A Boil on the Back of the Neck. Each heart has its moments of pleasure and

pain
That follow the ebb and the flow;
Each soul has its portion of sunshine and rain,
Hope dawnings and suneste of woe.
But there're few other evils to which flesh in

heirth sorrow our joy can so fleck,
And fill our whole being with so much despair,
As a boilon the back of the neck.

A man's wife may tell him in tones low and A man's wife may ten. ....

weet

Her mother is coming to stay,

He may tread a banana peel down in the street

And swear in a dignified way.

Somebody may walk on his favorite corn,

He may foolshly cash a snide check,

But the one thing that makes him regret he way Is a boil on the back of the neck.

The brooklet e'en sings in a sad undertone,
The skies are all clouded with care,
And nature's voice cehoes a saddening moan,
The breezes come freighted with care.
The future is naught but a desert of night,
The present a miserable wreck,
Without even just one faint spark of delight,
For the man with a boil on his neck.

Cupid's Commercial Failure. Negotiations now have ccased, the game is called

a draw.

Miss Caldwell with her millions failed to capture
Prince Murat. He brought to her a title of distinction to be

While there would be no limit to the title he would bring, He soon discovered all her gold was anchored to

She was to buy the bauble and to pay for it in

The title of "The Princess," which nobility holds She wished him to bestow for just a paltry sum

While she would bear the name which his nobility

confers,
The bank account, as heretofore, would still be
kept in hers.

An heiress who will titles estimate so very low Deserves to finally become plain Mrs. So-and-so

## AN AMERICAN GIRL.

CHAPTER XXI. LORD LANDSDOWNE.

One morning in the following week, Mrs Burnham attired herself in her second-best black silk, and, leaving the Misses Burnham practising diligently, turned her steps to-ward Oldclough Hall. Arriving there, she was ushered into the blue drawing room by in a few minutes Lucia appeared. When Mrs. Burnham saw her, she as-

sumed a slight air of surprise. "Why, my dear," she said, as she shook hands, "I should scarcely have known

you.''
And though this was something of an exaggeration, there was some excuse for the exclamation. Lucia was looking very charming, and several changes might be noted in her attire and appearance. The ugly twist had disappeared from her delicate head, and in its place were soft, loose waves and light puffs; she had even ventured on allowing a few ringed locks to stray on to her forehead; her white morning dress no longer worethe trade-mark of Miss Chickie, but had been remodeled by some one of more taste.

"What a pretty gown, my dear!" said Mrs. Burnham, glancing at it curiously. "A Watteau plait down the back—isn't it a Watteau plait?—and little ruffles down the front, and pale pink bows. It is quite like some of Miss Octavia Basstt's dresses, only not so over-trimmed.'

'I did not think Octavia's dresses would seem over-trimmed if she wore them in London or Paris," said Lucia bravley. "It is only because we are so very quiet, and dress so little in Slowbridge, that they seem

"And your hair!" remarked Mrs. Burnham. "You drew your idea of that from some style of hers, I suppose. Very becoming indeed. Well, well! And how does Lady Theobald like all this, my dear?" 'I am not sure that -- " Lucia was begin ning, when her ladyship interrupted her by

"My dear Lady Theobald," cried her visitor, rising, "I hope you are well. I have just keen complimenting Lucia upon her pretty dress and her new style of dressing her hair. Miss Octavia Bassett has been giving her the benefit of her experiment ence, it appears. We have not been doing Who would have believed that she had come from Nevada to improve us?

"Miss Octavia Bassett," said my lady, sonorously, "has come from Nevada to teach our young people a great many things —new fashions in duty, and demeanor, and respect for their elders. Let us hope they will be benefited."

"If you will excuse me, grandmamma," said Lucia, speaking in a soft, steady voice, "I will go and write the letters you wished written."
"Go." said my lady, with majesty, and

having bidden Mrs. Burnham good-morn-

ing, Lucia went.
If Mrs, Burnham had expected any explanation of her ladyship's evident dis-pleasure, she was doomed to disappoint-ment. That excellent and rigiorous gentlewoman had a stern sense of dignity, which forbade her condescending to the confidential weakness of mere ordinary mortals. Instead of referring to Lucia, she broached a more commonplace topic.

"I hope your rheumatism does not threaten you again, Mrs. Burnham," she remarked. I am very well, thank you, my dear,

said Mrs. Burnham, "so well, that I am thinking quite seriously of taking the dear girls to the garden-party, when it comes

"To the garden-party!" repeated her ladyship. "May I ask who thinks of giving a garden-party in Slowbridge?"
"It is no one in Slowbridge," replied this lady, cheerfully. "Some one who lives a little out of Slowbridge—Mr. Burmistone, my dear, Lady Theobald, at his new place." Mr. Burmistone!"

"Yes, my dear, and a most charming affair it is to be, if we are to believe all we Surely you have heard something of it from Mr. Barold?"

'Mr. Barold has not been to Oldolough for several days."
"Then he will tell you when he comes for I suppose he has as much to do with it

as Mr. Burmistone. 'I have heard before," announced my lady, "of men of Mr. Burmistone's class securing the services of persons of established position in society when they wished to spend their money upon entertainments, but I should scarcely have imagined that Francis Barold would have allowed him-

self to be made a party to such a trans-"But," put in Mrs. Burnham, rather eagerly, "it appears that Mr. Burmistone is not such an obscure person, after all. He is an Oxford man, and came off with

honors; he is quite a well-born man, and gives this entertainment in honor of his friend and relation. Lord Lansdowne. "Lord Lansdowne!" echoed her lady

ship, sternly.
"Son of the Marquis of Lauderdale whose wife was Lady Honoro Erroll." "Did Mr. Burmistone give you this in-formation?" asked Lady Theobald, with

ironio calmness. Mrs. Burnham colored ever so taintly. "I-that is to say-there is a sort of ac quaintance between one of my maids and the butler at the Burmistone place, and when the girl was doing Lydia's hair, she told her the story. Lord Lansdowne and

his father are quite fond of Mr. Burmistone, it is said." "It seems rather singular to my mind that we should not have known of this

"But how should we learn? We none of experience.
"If I had been clever," Lucia said once

third cousin. We are little-just a littleset in Slowbridge, you know, my dear-at least I have thought so, sometimes lately," "I must confess," remarked my lady, "that I have not regarded the matter in

that light."
"That is because you have a better right to-to be a little set than the rest of was the amiable response. Lady Theobald did not disclaim the

privilege. She felt the sentiment an extremely correct one. But she was not very warm in her manner during the remainder of the call, and, incongruous as such a state ment may appear, it must be confessed that she felt that Miss Octavia Bassett must have something to do with these defections on all sides, and that garden-parties, and all such swervings from established Slowbridge custom, were the natural result of Nevada frivolity and freedom of manners. It may be that she felt remotely that even Lord Lansdowne and the Marquis of Lauderdale were to be referred to the same reprehensible cause, and that, but for Octavia Bassett. Mr. Burmistone would not have been educated at Oxford and have come off with honors, and have turned out to be related to respectable people, but would have re-

mained in appropriate obscurity.
"I suppose," she said, afterwards, to Lucia, "that your friend Miss Octavia Bassett is in Mr. Burmistone's confidence, if no one else has been permitted to have that honor. I have no doubt she has known of this approaching entertainment for some

weeks."
"I do not know, grandmamma," replied Lucia, putting her letters together, and gaining color as she bent over them. She was wondering, with inward trepidation, what her ladyship would say if she knew the whole truth—if she knew that it was her grand-daughter, not Octavia Bassett, who enjoyed Mr. Burmistone's confidence.

"Ah," she thought, "how could I ever dare to tell her?" The same day Francis Barold sauntered up to pay them a visit, and then, as Mrs. Burnham had prophesied, Lady Theobald heard all she wished to hear, and, indeed, a

great deal more. What is this I am told of Mr. Burmistone. Francis?" she inquired. intends to give a garden-party, and that Lord Lansdowne is to be one of the guests, and that he has caused it to be circulated that they are cousins."

"That Lansdowne has cause it to be circulated—or Burmistone?"
"It is scarcely likely that Lord Lans

"Beg pardon," he interrupted, fixing his single glass dexteroasly in his right eye, and gazing at her ladyship through it. "Can't see why Lansdowne should object. Fact is, he is a great deal fonder of Burmistone than relations usually are of each other. Now I often find that kind of thing a bore, but Langdowne doesn't seem so. were at school together, it seems, and at Oxford, too, and Burmistone is supposed to have behaved pretty well towards Lansdowne at one time, when he was rather wild fellow-so the father and mother say. As to Burmistone 'causing it to circulated that sort of thing is rather absurd. The

man isn't a cad, you know."
"Pray don't say 'you know,' Francis,"
said her ladyship. "I know very little but said her ladyship. "I know very little but what I have chanced to see, and I must confess I have not been prerossessed in Mr. Burmistone's favor. Why did he not ose to inform us---

"That he was Lord Lansdowne's second Cousin, and knew the Marquis of Lauderdale, grandmamma?" broke in Lucia, with very pretty spirit. "Would that have prepossessed you in his favor? Would you have forgiven him for building the mills, on Lord Lansdowne's account? I—I wish I was related to a marquis, which was very bold indeed.
"May I ask," said her ladyship, in her

most monumental manner, "when you became Mr. Burmistone's champion?"

CHAPTER XXII. "YOU HAVE MADE IT LIVELIER."

When she had become Mr. Burmistone' champion indeed! She could scarcely have told when, unless, perhaps, she had fixed the date at the first time she heard his name introduced at a high tea, with every politely opprobrious ephitet affixed. had defended him in her own mind then, and felt sure that he deserved very little that was said against him, and very likely nothing at all. And the first time she had seen and spoken to him, she had been convinced that she had not made a missake and that he had been treated with crue injustice. How kind be was, how manly, how clever, and how well he bore himself under the popular adverse criticism! She only wondered that anybody could be so blind, and stupid, and wilful as to assail

And if this had been the case in those early days, imagine what she felt now when—ah, well!—when her friendship had had time and opportunity to become a much deeper sentiment. Must it be confessed that she had seen Mr. Burmistone even oftener than Octavia and Miss Belinda knew of? Of course it had all been quite accidental; but it had happened that nov and then, when she had been taking a quiet walk in the lanes about Oldclough, she had encountered a gentleman, who had dis-mounted, and led his horse by the bridle, as he sauntered by her side. She had always been very timid at such times and had felt rather like a criminal; but Mr. Burmistone had not been timid at all, and would. indeed, as soon have met Lady Theobald as not, for which courage his companion admired him more than ever. It was not very long before to be with this hero re-assured her, and made her feel stronger and more self-reliant. She was never afraid to open her soft little heart to him, and show him innocently all its goodness and igor ance of worldliness. She warmed and brightened under his kindly influence, and was often surprised in secret at her own

simples readiness of wit and speech "It is odd that I am such a different "It is odd that I am such a directory girl when—when I am with you," she said to him, one day. "I even make little jokes. I should never think of making even the tiniest joke before grandmamma. Somehow, she never seems quite to understand jokes. She never laughs at them. You always laugh, and I am sure it is very kind of you to encourage me so; but you must nor encourage me too much, or I might forget, and make

a little joke at dinner, and I think, if I did she would choke over her soup." Perhaps, when she had dressed her hair and adorned herself with pale pink bows, and like appurtenances, this artful young person had privately in mind other behold ers than Mrs. Burnham, and other commendation than that to be bestowed by

that most excellent matron. "Do you mind me telling you that you have put on an enchanted garment," Mr. Burmistone, the first time they met when she wore one of the old-new gowns. 'I thought I knew before how---

I don't mind at all," said Lucia blushingly brilliantly. "I rather like it. It rewards me for my industry. My hair is dressed in a new way. I hope you like

that, too. Grandmamma does not."

It had been Lady Theobald's habit to to treat Lucia severely from a sense of duty. Her manner towards her had always rather the tone of implying that she was naturally at fault, and yet her ladyship could not have told wherein she wished the girl changed. In the good old school in which my lady had been trained, it was customary to regard young people as weak, foolish, and, if left to their own desires, frequently sinful. Lucia had not been left to own her desires. She had been taught to view herself, as rather a bad case, and to feel that she was far from being what her relatives had a right to expect. To be thrown with a person who did not find her

perhaps grandmamma would have been nore satisfied with me. I have often wished

I had been clever." "If you had been a boy," replied Mr. surmistone, rather grimly, "and had Burmistone, rather grimly, "and had squandered her money, and run into debt, and bullied her, you would have been her idol, and she would have pinched and starved herself to supply your highness's extravagance."

When the garden party rumor began to take definite form, and there was no doubt as to Mr. Barmistone's intentions, a discussion arose at once, and went on in every genteel parlor. Would Lady Theobald allow Lucia to go, and if she did not allow her, would not such a course appear very pointed indeed? It was universally decide that it would appear pointed, but that Lady Theobald would not mind that in the least, and perhaps would rather enjoy it than otherwise, and it was thought Lucia would have remained at home, if it had not been for the influence of Mr. Francis

Making a call at Oldolough, he found his august relative in a very majestic mood, and she applied to him again for inform-

ation.
"Perhaps," she said, "you may able to tell me whither it is true that Miss Belinda Bassett—Belinda Bassett," with emphasis, "has been invited by Mr. Burmistone to assist him to receive his guests.'
"Yes, it is true," was the reply; "I think I advised it myself. Burmistone is fond of her. They are great friends. Man needs a woman at such times."

"And he chose Belinda Bassett?"

"In the first place, he is on friendly terms with her, as I said before," replied Barold; "in the second, she's just what he wants,—well bred, kind hearted, not likely to make rows, et coetera." There was a slight pause before he finished, adding quietly: "He's not a man to submit to be-

ng refused—Burmistone." Lady Theobald did not reply, or raise her eyes from her work : she knew he was looking at her with calm fixedness, through the glass he held in its place so cleverly and she detested this more than anything else: perhaps because she was invariably quelled by it, and found she had nothing to

say. He did not address her again, immediately, but turned to Lucia, drooping the eyeglasses, and resuming his normal condition.

"You will go, of course?" he said. Lucia glanced across at my lady. 'I-do not know. Grandmamma-"Oh!" interposed Barold, "you must There is no reason for your refusing

the invitation—unless you wish to imply something unpleasant—which is, of course, out of the question. But there may be reasons -- ," began

Barold, in his coolest tone. "And I am your relative, which would make my position in his house a delicate one, if he

has offended you."
When Lucia saw Octavia again, she was able to tell her that they had received invitations to the fete, and that Lady Theobald had accepted them.

"She has not spoken a word to me about it, but she has accepted them," said Lucia. "I don't quite understand her lately, Octavia. She must be very fond of Francis Barold. He never gives way to her in the least, and she always seems to submit to him. I know she would not have let me go, if he had not insisted on it, in that taking-it-for granted way of his."

Naturally, Mr. Burmistone's fete caused great excitement. Miss Chickie was never

so busy in her life, and there were rumors that her feelings had been outraged by the discovery that Mrs. Burnham had sent to Harriford for costumes for her daughters. "Slowbridge is changing, mem," said Miss Chickie with brilliant sarcasm. "Our ladies are led in their fashions by a Nevada young person. We're improving most rapid—more rapid than I'd ever have dared to hope. Do you prefer a frill or flounce,

Octavia was in great good spirits at the prospect of the gaveties in question. She had been in remarkably good spirits for some weeks. She had received letters from Nevada, containing good news, she said. Shares had gone up again, and her father had almost settled his affairs, and it would not be long before he would come to England. She looked so exhilarated over the matter, that Lucia felt a little

Will you be glad to leave us, Octavia?" "We shall not be glad to let you go. We have grown very fond of you.' "I shall be sorry to leave you; and Aunt Belinda is going with us. You don't expect me to be fond of Slowbridge, do you, and to be sorry I can't take Mrs. Burnham—and the rest?"

Barold was present when she made this speech, and it rather rankled.

"Am I one o 'the rest' "he enquired, the first time he found himself alone with

her. He was sufficiently piqued to forget his usual hateur and discretion. "Would you like to be?" she said.

"Oh! very much-ver ally," he replied, severely. -very much-natur They were standing near a rosebush, in the garden, and she plucked a rose, and regarded it with deep interest.

Well," she said, next, think I shouldn't have had such a good time if you hadn't been here. You have made it livelier." 'Tha-anks," he remarked. "You are most kind.'

"Oh!" she answered, "it's true, If it wasn't, I shouldn't say it. You, and Mr. Burmistone, and Mr. Poppleton have certainly made it livelier." He went home in such bad humor that his host, who was rather happier than

usual, commented upon his grave aspect at "You look as if you had heard ill news, old fellow," he said. "What's up."
"Oh, nothing!" he was answered, sar

donically; "nothing whatever — unles that I have been rather snubbed by s young lady from Nevada."

"Ah!" with great seriousness; "that" rather cool, isn't it?"

"It's her little way," said Barold. "It seems to be one of the customs of Nevada.' In fact, he was very savage indeed. felt that he had condsecended a good deal lately. He seldom bestowed his time on women, and when he did so, at rare intervals, he chose those who would do the most honor to his taste at the least cost of trouble. And he was obliged to confess to himself that he had broken his rule in this case. Upon analyzing his motives and necessities, he found that, after all, he must have extended his visit simply because he chose to see more of this your woman from Nevada, and that really the whole, he had borne a good deal from her. Sometimes he had been much pleased with her, and very well entertained; but ofton enough-in fact rather too oftenshe had made him exceedingly uncomfort able. Her manners were not what he was accustomed to; she did not consider that all men were not to be regarded from the same point of view. Perhaps he did not put into definite words the noble and pat iotic sentiment that an Englishman not to be regarded from the same point of view as an American, and that the this sort of thing might do with fellows in New York, it was scarcely what an Englishman would stand, Perhaps, as I he had not put this sentiment into words; but it is quite certain that it had been uppermost in his mind upon more occasions than one. As he thought their acquaintance over, this evening, he was rather severe upon Octavia. He even roused so far as to condescend to talk her

over with Burmistone.
"If she had been well brought up," he said, "she would have been a different oreature.' "Very different, I have no doubt." said

us know Lord Lansdowne, or even the ulf I had been clever," Lucia said once "Very different, I have no doubt," said consequis. I think he is only a second or to Mr Burmistone,—"if I had been clever, Burmistone, thoughtfully. "When you

say well brought up, by the way, do you nean brought up like your cousin, Mis

Gaston? "There is a medium," said Barold, ftily. "I regret to say Lady Theobald loftily. last not hit upon it."
"Well, as you say," commented Mr.
Burmistone, "I suppose there is a

"A charming wife she would make for

a man with a position to maintain," re-marked Barold, with a short and somewhat savage laugh.
"Octavia Bassett?" queried Burmistone That's true. But I am afraid she would-a't enjoy it—if you are supposing the main to be an Englishman, brought up in the

egulation groove." exclaimed Barold, impatiently, "I was not looking at it from her point of view, but from his."

Mr. Burmistone slipped his hands in his pockets and jingled his keys slightly, as he did once before in an earlier part of this narrative.

"Ah! from his," he repeated. "Not from

hers. His point of view would differ from hers—naturally."

Barold flushed a little, and took his cigar

from his mouth to knock of the ashes. "A man is not necessarily a snob,' he aid, "because he is cool enough not to lose his head where a woman is concerned. You san't marry a woman who will make mis takes, and attract universal attention by her conduct."

"Has it struck you that Octavia Bassett would?" inquired Burmistone.
"She would do as she chose," said
Barold, petulantly. "She would do things
which were unusual—but I am not referring to her in particular. Why should 1?'

"Ah!" said Burmistone. "I only though of her because it did not strike me that one would ever feel she had exactly blundered She is not easily embarrassed. There is a sang froid about her which carries things off." "Ah!" deigned Barold, "she has sang froid enough and to spare."

He was silent for some time afterwards,

and sat smoking later than usual. When he was about to leave the room for the night, he made an announcement for which his host was not altogether prepared. "When the fete is over, my dear fellow, he said, "I must go back to London, and

shall be deucedly sorry to do it."
"Look here!" said Burmistone, "that's a new idea, isn't it?" a new idea, isn't it?'
"No, an old one; but I have been putting
the thing off from day to day. By Jove! I
did not think it likely that I should put it
off, the day I landed here."

And he laughed, rather uneasily. CHAPTER XXIII.

" MAY I GO ?"

The very day after this, Octavia opened the fourth trunk. She had had it brought down from the garret, when there came a summons on the door, and Lucia Gaston appeared.

Lucia was very pale, and her large soft eves wore a decidedly frightened look. She semed to have walked fast, and was out of breath. Evidently something had hap-'Octavia," she said, "Mr. Dugald Binnie

is at Oldclough."
"Who is he?" "Who is he?"
"He is my grand-uncle," exclaimed Lucia, tromulously. "He has a great deal of money. Grandmamma——" Shestopped short, and colored, and drew her slight figure up. "I do not quite understand grandmamma, Octavia," she said. "Last night she came to my room to talk to me; and this morning she came again, and—oh!" she broke out indignantly, "how could

she speak to me in such a manner!' "What did she say?" inquired Octavia. "She said a great many things," with great spirit. "It took her a long time to say them, and I do not wonder at it. It would have taken me a hundred years, if I had been in her place. I—I was wrong to say I did not understand her—I did—between bed finished."

"What did you understand?" "She was afraid to tell me in plain words

I hever saw her afraid hefore, but she
was afraid. She has been arranging my was alraid. She has been arranging my future for me, and it does not occur to her that I dare object. That is because she knows I am a cowar! and despises me for it—and it is what i deserve. If I make the marriago she 'hooses, she thinks Mr. Binnie will leave me his money. I am to run after a man who does not care for me, make myself attractive, in the hope that he will condescend to marry me, be cause Mr. Binnie may leave me his money. Do you wonder that it took even Lady

Theobald a long time to say that?" "Well," remarked Octavia, "you won't do it, I suppose. I wouldn't worry, wants you to marry Mr. Barold, I suppose."

Lucia started. 'How did you guess?" she exclaimed. "Oh, I always knew it. I didn't guess."
And she smiled ever so faintly. "That is one of the reasons why she loathes me so.

Lucia thought deeply for a moment; she recognized, all at once, several things she had been mystified by before.

"Oh, it is! It is!" she said. "And she has thought of it all the time, when I never suspected her."
Octavia smiled a little again.

thinking, her hands clasped tightly.

"I am glad I came here," she said at length. "I am angry now, and I see things more clearly. If she had only thought of it because Mr. Binnie came, I could have forgiven her more easily; but she been making coarse plans all the time, and treating me with contempt. "Octavia," she added, turning upon her, with flushing cheeks, and sparkling eyes, "I think that for the first time in my life, I am in a passion—a real passion. I think I shall never be afraid of her any more." Her delicate nostrils were dilated, she held her head up, her breath came fast. There was a hint of exultation in her tone. "Kes," she said, "I am in a passion. And I am not afraid of her at all. I will go home and tell her what I

And it is quite probable that she would have done so, but for a trifling incident which occurred before she reached her ladyship.

To be Continued).

In His Proper Place. Yes, "the world do move," after all. Those who were present at the meeting of the W. C. T. U. in the Baptist church one afternoon last week witnessed a sight which was calcuated to inspire the most ardent advocate of women's rights. Whilst the wives and daughters of the land were discussing the "third party" and other grave questions of state, one of the erstwhile "lord of creation" paced the corridors in the "lordly" endeavor of trying to keep his offspring from breaking out into oper rebellion. The wives and daughters looked upon the sight with feelings of satisfaction at the thought that man had at last found his proper place, and the "yoke" had been broken. As for the fallen "lord," he presented the appearance of a man who was prepared to sell himself without making anything on the transaction .- Galt Refor

The Smallest Republic in the World. Probably the smallest republic in the world is the one which declared its independence on August Sth, at Franceville, one of the islands of the New Hebrides, and elected M. Chevilliard its President. The nhabitants consist of 40 Europeans cluding a solitary Englishman, a mission-ary) and 500 black workmen employed by a French company. The new flag of the republic having been duly hoisted, the French gunboat Saone landed a detachment and saluted the flag.

-The man who does not find advertising profitable cenerally finds business unprofitJAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A Contemporary Poet Whose Works Will Survive Our Time

His Epigrammatic Wit-Philosophy in the Garb of Dialect-A Born Reformer-One Whose Heart is Right.

The poetry of our language has been enriched not a little by the productions of that versatile bard James Russell Lowell, who now spends the declining years of his life at his lovely home, "Elmwood," at Cambridge, Mass. Perhaps his "Bigelow Papers" have done most to popularize him, in America, but meritorious as they are he has left numerous other works which will endear his memory to posterity when, the special circumstances and occurrences at which the "Bigelow Papers" were directed being but a reminiscence, they will cease to exercise the force they do on the minds of the present generation, many of whom were on the scene when the carse of legalized chattel slavery was wiped out of America. His is not the poetry that dies with the poet.

He was born at Cambridge, Mass., on

February 22ad, 1819, studied law and was in his twenty-first year admitted to the bar. The work was uncongenial, although there are not lacking in his works evidences that he derived benefit from the course of study and he soon abandoned it and turned his attention to literature. In 1841—when he was 22 years of age—his first published work, "A Year's Life," was given to the public. In the following year "A Legend of Brittany, and other Poems," appeared and did not fail to attract attention and evoke criticism. Since that time his name has been more or less prominently before the world of letters. He engaged with Robert Carter in publishing a magazine called "The Pioneer," but not even the pens of Poe and the gifted elder Hawthorne could aid him to success. In Papers' and "The Vision of Sir Launfal" appeared and were well received. Everything he wrote at or about that period breathed the spirit of the abolitionist. Into that movement he put his whole heart and influence, often to his own great personal discomfort and disadvantage. He cared not how great was the odds against him, always exemplifying his belief that

"They are slaves who dare not be In the right with two or three." "From 1857 to 1862 he edited the "Atlantic Monthly," and from 1863 to 1872, in company with Charles Norton, he edited the "North American Review." His country honored him by appointing him Minister to Spain and, subsequently, to England, in both of which countries he gained an enviable popularity. It can scarcely be said that he was a brilliant diplomatist—indeed occasion never tried powers-but he never failed to gather friends, and among all who have held the position in either of these countries, none leave behind such a fragrant memory. That he was no parish politician is breathed in his ' Fatherland.

' Where is the true man's fatherland ? Is it where he by chance is born?

Doth not the yearning spirit scorn

In such scart borders to be spanned?

O yes! His fatherland must be

As the blue heaven wide and free.

Where'er a human heart doth wear

Where'er a human heart doth wear Joy's myrtle wreath or sorrow's gyves, Where'er a human spirit strives After a life more true and fair. There is the true man's birthplace grand, His is a world-wide fatherland." It would be quite impossible, in a brief sketch, to give anything like representative extracts from his very voluminous works but a few gems will not fail to show some

thing of his versatility and wide range of mental vision. From his "Present Crisis," a poem of the abolition times, I quote: Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the
good or evil side;
Some great cause God's new Messiab, offering
each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sneep
upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and the light.

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit and tis
prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the
coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is
crucified
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they
had denied.

had denied. \* \* For Humanity sweeps onward; where to-day the Martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in Far in front the cross stands ready and the

erackling faggots burn, While the hooting mob of yesterday is silent awa To glean up the scattered ashes into History's Perhaps there may be grander thoughts put into nobler verse and expressing more forcibly a great truth, but I have not med with the particular example. Woman's

harshness to the unfortunate of her own sex seems to have forcibly impressed Lowell, and, in his "Legend of Brittany," a beautiful story, after leaving the betrayed girl freezing at the door he administers this stinging rebuke to the "Levitee" of the sex: of the sex :

Thou wilt not let her wash thy dainty feet
With such salt things as tears, or with rude
hair
Dry them, soft Pharlsee, that sitt'st at meat
With him who made her such, and speak'st
him fair, him fair, Leaving God's wandering lamb the while to bleat Unbeeded, shivering in the pitiless air; Thou bast made prisoned virtue show more wan And haggard than a vice to look upon.

What Scot has ever read his "An Incident in a Railroad Car " without a swelling of the heart? Where was ever more modest or feeling tribute to Scotland's immortal bard than in those quiet verses He spoke of Burns: Men rude and rough Pressed round to hear the praise of one Whose beatt was made of manly, simple stuff, As homespun as their own.

And when he read they forward leaned, Drinking with thirsty hearts and ears His brook-like songs whom glory never weaned From humble smiles and tears.

Slowly there grew a tender awe, Sun-like, o'er faces brown and hard, As if in him who read they felt and saw Some presence of the bard.

If there is any Scot, any lover of Burns, or any one who appreciates the charm of poetry of feeling, who has not read the poem I quote from he has my sympathy. Lowell gives Burns a high rank and warm reception in his heart. His "At the Burns Centennial" is also a noble tribute to the great poet; and a proper cobuke to those whose superior righteousness nerves them to sit in judgment upon nim is contained in the verse;

They make religion be abborred
Who round with darkness gulf her,
Who think no word can please the Lord
Unless it smell of sulphur.
Doar Poet-beart that childlike guessed
The Father's loving kindness,
Come now to rest! Thou didst His hest,
If haply 'twas in blindness, In his "Anti-Apis" he expresses in verse a great truth concerning the growth of laws as founded upon our ideas of right

and justice, and the hope of improvement ever present amid the blunders natural to But dig down, the old unbury; thou shalt find on every stone That each age bath carved the symbol of what god to them was known.
Ugly shapes and brutish sometimes, but the fairest that they knew,
If their sight was dim and earthward, yet their bope and aim were true.

And mark the rebuke that is administered in a succeeding verse: Think you Truth a farthing rushlight to be pinched out when you will With your deft official fingers and your politities a kill?

Is your god a wooden fetish, to be hidden out of

That his block eyes may not see you do the thing that is not right? Few men with better grace could utter | need blasting.

such words, for Lowell has been pre-eminently a man having the courage of his convictions, and as such he is universally most biased and unjust kind, when his pen was one of the most active in the advocacy of the abolition of slavery; but his honest of motive has never been impugned. By the way, his "Fable for Critics" is

most interesting production—a real work of genius, whether viewed as a poem or merely as a jingling rhyme, but which space forbids further reference to here. But a glance at his "Bigelow Papers.

But a giance at his "Bigelow Pa
How in this for dialect philosophy?

Ez fer war, 1 call it murder—
There you hev it plain an 'flat;
I don't want to go no turder
Than my testyment fer that;
God hez sed so pinmp an 'fairly,
It's ez long ez it is broad,
An' you've got to git up airly
If you want to take in God.

Taint your eppyletts an' feathers
Make the thing a grain more right;
Taint afollerin' your bell wethers
Will excuse yo in His sight;
Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
An'go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment aint to answer for it,
God 'll send the bill to you.

I dunno but what it's pooty
Trainin' roun' in bobtail cats—
But it's curus Christian dooty
This 'ere cuttin' folks's throats.

And in the same strain he makes our philosophical friend "Birdofreedum Sawin," remark on his Mexican war experiences: Phero's sutthin' gits into my throat that makes it hard to swaller, it comes so nateral to think about a hempen coller;

Its glory—but in spite o' all my tryin' to get callus.

I feel a kind o' in a cart aridin' to the gallows. And how correctly he valued much of the current political demagoguery of the age: The side of our country must allers be took,
An' President Polk, you know, he is our country,
An' the angel that writes all our sins in a book
Puts the debit to him an' to us the per contry

Wal, its a marcy we've got folks to toll us The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters I vow,
God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers
To start the world's team when it gits in a
slough;
Nor John U

Fer John P Robinson ho Says the world'll go right if he hollers out Gee! Lowell had had a good deal of experience with "practical politicians" and certainly never were those professionals more lam-

pooned than by him. He had seen that Resolves air a thing we most gen'ally keep ill, They're a cheap kin' o' dust for the eyes o' the And that so far as the professional politician is concerned

A marciful providence fashioned us holler O' purpose that we might our principles swaller

Aint principle precious? Then who's going to use it Wen there's resk o' some chap's gittin' up to abuse it? He was early disgusted with the glittering generalities in which some alleged statesman delight ever to deal, and this is

how he gets at it : I'm willin' a man should go tollable strong Agin wrong in the abstract, for that kind o wrong
Is allors unpop'lar an' never gets pitied
Because it's a wrong no one ever committed;
But he mustn't be bard on pertikler sins;
Cause then he'il be kickin' the people'sown shins.
His " Pious Editor's Creed " is a very

neat thing of its kind, but I must not pause to quote. The temptation to do so is great but space is limited. In sorrow's mood Lowell's poetry holds the deepest feelings in sway. What mother can read his After the Burial "unmoved?

Console if you will, I can bear it; 'Tis a well-meant alms of breath But not all the preaching since Adam Has made Death other than Death

Yes, it's pagan; but wait till you feel it, That jar of our earth, that dull shock When the ploughshare of deeper passion Tears down to our primitive rock. That little shoe in the corner

So worn and wrinkled and brown, With its emptiness confutes you, And argues your wisdom down. But for the present I must close a volum rom which I have derived not a little pleasure and profit. Versatile beyond many great authors; ever natural; pos-sessing a manly heart and gifted with the true poetic fire, nothing that he has pro-duced will be found profitees. He has not yet ceased to woo the Muse, although he has " wa med both hands at the fire of

life," and bids fair to realize Happy their end
Who vanish down life's evening stream
Placid as swans that drift in dream
Round the next river bend!
Happy long life with honor at the close,
Friend's painless tears, the softened thought of foes!
And yet like him to spend

All at a gush, keeping our first faith sure
From mid-life's doubt and eld's contentment
poor—
What more could Fortune send? Few poets have had such an untroubled life as the slight, spare man, crowned with a wealth of curly gray hair, and with wavy beard, who whiles away the evening of his live in comfort among those who love and revere him in his pleasant home at Cam-MASQUETTE.

Salvation Lassies in Saloons.

The women of the Salvation Army have taken to visiting the liquor saloons of New York and Brooklyn in order to sell the War Cry, the newspaper of the army.
Two of the very pretty army girls were in
a notorious saloon not a thousand miles away from the Sun office, on this mission the other night. Leaning against the bar were gamblers and puglists, and one or two who have been jailed for using their pistols too freely. They seemed to be shocked at the appearance of the girls among them. The modest dress and red ribbons on the ugly straw bonnets easily told them who the visitors were. Several papers were bought, when a strapping pugilist strode up and said: "Young women, I'll buy the whole bundle if you promise never to come here again." The promise never to come here again." proposition was not considered for a second. They said they believed it to be their duty to visit such places, adding that the nuns of the Roman Catholic that the nuns of the Roman Catholic Church did so. "But, don't you know that somebody might insult you," the birman almost pleaded. "No, sir," replied the speaker of the two, and in words touched with scorn, she added: "No man will insult us; the remarks of others would not have the "I was called a few after remarks." It was only after persistent m the proprietor that the not hurt us." entreaty from the proprietor zealous women were induced to leave the

Barbers Have Good Eyes.

Ever get shaved by a barber who wore lasses? Just think over now, and see if glasses? you can remember any barber who ever wore glasses. I've been in the business 20 years, says a writer in the Chicago Tribune. and I would be more apt to see such bar-bers than you. I don't believe that I ever saw more than three. A man who can't see well has no business fooling around another man's face with a razor. I went into recruiting office once thinking I would enlist. They asked me several questions, one of them being an inquiry about my business. I said I was a barber. The recruiting officer replied at once: "Then your eyesight is all right." I don't think I ever saw a cross eyed barber in my life. As a rule, the barber's eyesight is better than any class or business or profession

Under Certain Conditions. "Do you like the Scotch ?" saked one travelling man of another who was reading

Burns. "Yes," was the reply, "if its cold weather and the Scotch is hot enough."

-A new Krupp gun beats the world The calibre is 13½ inches, barrel 40 feet in length, and its greatest diameter 6½ feet It shoots 11 miles and fires two shots per minute, each shot costing between \$1,250 It shoots 11 miles and fires two shots and \$1,500.

-Some things are so rocky that they

WHERE MAMMA WAS.

Pathetic Incident of Travel on a Railroad
Train, It was on a Pennsylvania railroad train, coming north from Washington, says a writer in the New York Sunday Sun. All the passengers but two in the sleeper had dozed off. The exceptions were a young

man and a baby. The former was willing to follow the example of the majority, but the latter objected in a loud voice. Its cries awoke the other passengers, and some pretty strong language was heard. The young man got out of his berth and carried the baby up and down the car, trying to soothe it. But the baby was ailing and fretful, and its voice would not be stilled. Finally a gray-headed man, who was evidently an old traveller, stuck his head out from behind the curtains and called to the

young man in a rather sharp voice:
"See here, sir, why don't you take that child to its mother. She will be able to child to its mother. She will be able to manage it much better than you. It evidently wants its mother." "Yes, that's it," echoed half a dozen

other irritated passengers. The young man continued to pace up and down for a moment, then said in a quiet,

strained voice:

"Its mother is in the baggage car." There was an instantaneous hush for a moment. Presently the gray-headed man stuck his head out into the aisle again.

"Let me take it for a while," he said, softly; "perhaps I can quiet it."

Highlanders in Paris.

The Scottish games given at Paris, as a

side show in connection with the exposition, appear to have been a grand success, and for the time threw Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show into the shade. The sports appear to have been well contested, although there was evidently a great deal of hippodroming. The Highland danoing was received with tumultuous applause, and the men in kilts were the heroes of the hour. Even the squad of Glasgow "bobbies," magnificent specimens of physical manhood as they were, did not command half the admira-tion that was so freely bestowed on the " great big bare-legged Hielan'men." Lord Lytton, the British Ambasador, was present on one of the days, and had as a special guard of honor the whole squad of the Glasgow police. The climax of the proceedings was reached on the 18th inst. From behind the mountain scenery that nems in and forms the back ground of the Wild West Show emerged a procession consisting of the pipers, the band and the main body of the Highland competitors. It was headed by Colonel and Mrs. White, the former attired in a uniform resembling that of the Gordon Highlanders, including the familiar red military tunic, sword, belt and bearskin headdress; while Mrs. White wore a tartan costume. The kilted lads made a splendid show on parad s, being perhaps as fine a body of men as Scotland or any other country could produce. The band, as it led the way round the big arena, played the "Marseillaise" and Scots wha hae "—airs which both evoked enthusiastic plaudits on the part of the Scottish and native spectators. The demonstration terminated with the British National Anthem, played by the band in the centre of the arena, Colonel and Mrs. White having meanwhile taken up their position on the round pulpit like platform from which Colonel Cody's spokesman is wont to announce to the audience the successive

items for the Wild West entertainment.

The most fashionable color, at present, is the hue of health, and it will never go out of style. Its shades and tints are various, but all of them are exceedingly becoming. It is perfectly astonishing what a change is being daily wrought by Dr. Fierce's Favorite Prescription in the looks of sickly women. Sufferers from any sort of "female weakness" or irregularity, back ache or nervous prostration should give it a trial. All druggists.

All in a Name.

orse? What's his name? Simpkins-Well, I call him Balaklaya. "That's a deuoed queer name for a horse?

"Yes, you see the charge was "00, don' you know,"-Time.

"Regularity." "Yes," said the Professor, "when I regulate my time piece, I consult the best authority in town—the watchmaker's chronometer. In the same way, when need a digestive pill, I invariably take Dr. Peirce's Pleasant Pellets, because they ar so accurately graduated, so gentle in their effects, regulating the intestinal action with such nicety that the system is left invigorated, the natural functions are resumed

my brain is clear for work, my spiritg serene, and my appetite splendid." A Perenuial Subject.

Editorial writer (for Democratic paper)—can't think of a subject this morning to save me. Proprietor-Well, you might administer deserved rebuke to Baby McKee. We haven't said anything about her for two days .- Time.

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient," Catarrh is not simply an inconvenience inpleasant to the sufferer and disgusting to others—it is an advanced outpost of ap-proaching disease of worse type. Do not neglect its warning; it brings deadly evils in its train. Before it is too late, use Dr.

quack medicines 'till it is too tate-'till the treamlet becomes a resistless torrent. It

Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It reaches the seat of the ailment, and is the only thing

that will. You may dose yourself with

physician. "A word to the wise is sufficient." Sennacherib Unearthed. The results of English researches in Assyria the past year are said to be very valuable. Almost the whole of Sennacherib's great palace at Konyunjik has now been cleared out, including the library and chambers, and the result is that some seventeen hundred new tablets, etc., have

been secured for the British museum Acknowledged Her Ignorance, Mrs. Gullible—Do you know, dear, John is just as boyish in his feelings as he ever

was ! Mrs. Kawler—Indeed ?

Mrs. Gullible—Yes, why it was only last night I heard him talking in his sleep about seeing the elephant. The dear fellow had doubtless been to the circus. -In 1350 hatmakers got 1d. per day

master carpenters, 3d.; carpenters, 2d. master masons, 4d.; masons, tilers an thatchers, 3d.; and laborers, 14d. -A Leeds firm has built the biggest lathe. It weighs 300 tons, covers 75 feet by 20, and bores a hole 40 inches in dia-

meter through a 32 foot long ingot. DONL 47 89

A GENTS MAKE \$100 A MONTH with us. Send 20c. for terms. A colored rug pattern and 50 colored designs. W. & F BUSH, St. Thomas, Ont.

DUNN'S
BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND