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Sittings of the Division Courts of the Co. of Halton.

For the Year 1887

Place of Sittings and P. O. Address of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sep.	Nov.	Hour of Opening
1 Milton	Wm. Panton.	28	25	27	15	30	25	10 a.m.
2 Oakville	R. Balmer	12	9	10	13	7	2	10 a.m.
3 Georgetown	E. Grant	18	15	10	12	15	8	9.30 a.m
4 Acton	J. Matthews	20	17	12	〃	15	10	10 a.m.
5 Campbellville	S. R. Lister	14	11	6	〃	9	4	9 30 "
6 Burlington	G. O. Bastedo	11	8	5	〃	6	1	11 "

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, Tuesday 14th June, and 13th December, at 10 a.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, Tuesday, 4th April, and 3rd October, at 10 a.m.

County Court Sittings—Formerly Terms—Monday, 3rd January, 4th April, 4th July, and 3rd October at 10 a.m.

Judges Chambers.—Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, except on Court days and during vacation, at 11 a.m.

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HER MARTYRDOM.

With some little difficulty he found her pretty Parisian maid Fanchette, who had a shrewd idea how matters stood between her beautiful mistress and the handsome captain.

"Ask Miss Rane if I can see her just for two minutes before the dinner-bell rings," he said hastily.

And Fanchette, noticing how strange and ill the captain looked, replied—

"Miss Rane is out, sir. She has been out all the afternoon, and has not yet returned."

"Out!" he cried, in amazement. "Are you sure, Fanchette?"

"Quite sure, sir," she replied. "I helped my mistress to dress."

"Where was she going?" he asked quickly.

"I understood that she intended to walk to Culdale, sir; I do not know what for, Lady Culdale wished her to have the carriage, but she declined, preferring to walk."

"At what time did she go?" asked the captain.

"I am not quite sure, sir; but it was some time after luncheon. I am expecting her every minute."

No fear or apprehension came over him; but he was surprised that she should remain out so long. He concluded however that she had been tempted to linger over her shopping.

"I shall be all right when I have seen Gladys," he said over and over again.

He lingered about the hall for some time, in the hope of meeting her; but no Gladys came.

CHAPTER LV.

The drawing room at Culdale Hall was well-filled with a brilliant party when Captain Wynyard entered. He looked round at once for Gladys, and, not seeing her there, he went over to his hostess and asked impatiently where she was.

"Miss Rane? repeated Lady Culdale. "She is with the rest of the party, I should imagine. I have not seen her since luncheon."

"I was told that she was with you this afternoon," said Captain Wynyard.

"(July for a minute," replied Lady Culdale. "She told me she wished to go to Culdale for some wool or colours—I forget which. I asked her to take the carriage; but she said she preferred to walk. I have not seen her since."

"She is not here," said the captain.

Lady Culdale smiled at his undisguised impatience.

"My dear captain, how impatient you are!" she remarked.

"I am," he confessed, in grave tones. "I want to see her particularly."

"She has probably come home late," said Lady Culdale, "and will therefore be late in coming down."

The captain did not like to pursue the matter further; but he would have given much if he could have asked Lady Culdale to send to Miss Rane's room, in order to ascertain if she were really there.—He was longing to see her, for he believed that her presence would banish the fearful vision that haunted him persistently. His hands trembled, and he had a strange sensation of faintness. "I shall be all right the moment my eyes rest on her face," he told himself. But the last bell had rung, and still she had not come.

Lady Culdale, taking compassion on him, quietly left the room and sent for Fanchette. To her astonishment, she found the girl in a state of great alarm and distress.

"My mistress has not returned, your ladyship," she said.

After a few questions, Lady Culdale herself grew anxious.

"I wish I had made her take the carriage, Fanchette," her ladyship remarked. "Do you think it is possible that she has lost her way?"

Fanchette's face brightened at the idea.

"I think it very likely, your ladyship," she answered.

"Send two of the men to Culdale to inquire," said her ladyship. "Do not spread an alarm, Fanchette. I will say that Miss Rane will not join us at dinner. But," she added to herself, "I must tell the captain the truth.

He will not be satisfied with an excuse."

The captain looked much distressed and concerned when Lady Culdale called him aside and told him that her young friend had not returned.

"Do not speak of it until after dinner," she added. "It would only create unnecessary alarm, for I have no doubt she is all right. I have sent two of the menservants to Culdale."

"With your permission," said the captain, "I will go myself as soon as dinner is over."

"By all means," agreed Lady Culdale, "if she has not returned by then; but do not tell any one. Miss Rane would be much annoyed at the idea of any commotion or alarm, even supposing that she had lost her way."

"I will be careful," said the captain.

Lady Culdale, on joining the company, announced that she was sorry Miss Rane would not join them at dinner.

The captain took down another lady, to whom he hardly spoke, his gay humour and courteous manner having apparently completely deserted him. He was in no mood for conversation, for the remembrance of the hand emerging from the water haunted him. Nothing but wine perhaps could make him forget it. The lady whom he had taken down to dinner was astonished that the genial man, for he seemed completely to forget her existence.

The captain longed for dinner to be ended that he might be at liberty to seek for Gladys. Nothing worse could have happened to her than that, from not knowing the neighbourhood well, she had missed her way. But then the road from the park to Culdale was straight as an arrow.

When dinner was over and the ladies had left the room, the captain excused himself to his friends and also retired, had Lady Culdale was lingering outside to speak to him.

"Miss Rane has not returned," she told him, "and I am growing quite anxious about her. Will you go and look for her, at once, captain? If you find no trace of her, I shall have to raise an alarm. I want to avoid that, if possible. Every one would be distressed, and our party spoiled. Let us hope she is safe and well."

"I am anxious too," said the captain; "I shall lose no time."

But the men returned and the captain returned without bringing Miss Rane with them. They ascertained that she had been to Culdale and had made purchases at two shops—silk at one and cotours at the other; but both the tradesmen who served her said she had left Culdale about four o'clock, and one had seen her walking down the High Street. The conclusion arrived at was that, if she had lost her way, it must have been between Culdale and the hall.

Lady Culdale, seriously alarmed, sent for her husband and told him of her distress.

"What an extraordinary thing!" he cried. "You are quite sure that it is not a jest, Nellie?" he asked.

"Do you think that I am capable of jesting on such a subject?" Lady Culdale said indignantly. "I tell you the girl is lost."

"That is nonsense!" declared Lord Culdale. "She must be somewhere. There are no woods between the hall and the town, and there is no piece of water."

"Something must be done!" cried Lady Culdale.

Her husband looked at her sagaciously.

"Nellie," he said, "do you think she has eloped with anybody?"

"No, I do not, since there is no one else missing," replied her ladyship. "I am truly and honestly afraid that some accident has happened to her. What shall we do?"

Lord Culdale consulted his male guests, and the mysterious disappearance of Gladys Rane was thoroughly discussed. One suggested that the chief of the local constabulary should be sent for; others that the whole party of men and all the men-servants in the house should go out in search of her. Yet that plan, though most sensible, seemed to strike every one as certainly useless, for she could not have mistaken the road, as it was known to her, and, even if she had, she would have found her way home long ago.

The news soon spread throughout the hall. It was found impossible to conceal what had happened from the ladies, who were eagerly anxious. Could she have fallen into a stream? they asked; and the answer was that there was no water between the hall and the town. No satisfactory reason could be assigned for her absence, and the ladies gave themselves up to wild and improbable conjecture.

Lady Culdale sent for Captain Wynyard to her own room. She was weeping bitterly when he entered.

"I have never had such a trouble in my life," she sobbed. "I am quite at a loss what to do. Of course, if nothing is heard of her, I must telegraph for Lady Kinloch."

"Where is Lady Kinloch?" asked the captain, with horror at the idea of what Lady Kinloch would say and think if she found him there.

"She is in Dublin, with a friend of hers who is ill. I persuaded her to let Miss Rane stay at Culdale with me during her absence. She was unwilling, at first; and now this dreadful affair has happened. What shall I do?"

"I cannot imagine what has become of her," said the captain. "Miss Rane is too proud and too sensible to do anything sensational. She would never run away; and there are no brigands here to carry her off," he added, with a faint attempt at a smile.

"Great heavens, there was the vision again—a white hand stretched out of the eddying water! He reeled against a chair.

"Lady Culdale," he gasped, "will you ring for a glass of brandy? I feel terribly ill."

"I am sure you do—you look ill!" she cried, as she rose hurriedly and rang the bell.

Captain Wynyard was asking himself what this strange event meant, that the woman he loved should disappear on the very night when he had taken his first step towards winning her. Angela Roodeen was sleeping her last long sleep in the depths of the lake; but whose was his darling Gladys Rane? If he could have known the truth, that Angela was sleeping with her mind more at rest than it had been for a long time, and that the woman he loved was drowned by his own hand, what would he have said or done?

"It seems heartless to sit and cry about her without doing anything; but I do not see what we are to do."

"Nor do I," mournfully observed the captain. "But the morning light is sure to bring us some news of her."

He drank the brandy greedily, yet still felt deadly faint. How strange it was that they should both disappear on the same night—Angela whom he hated and had murdered, Gladys whom he loved and had lost! Not the faintest glimmer of truth came to his bewildered brain.

There was little rest in Culdale Hall that night. The women all retired, but many of the men sat up, a few going out at intervals in search of her whom they should never see alive again. That beautiful Gladys Rane should be missing, should be perhaps in danger, and they powerless to help her, was horrible even to think of.

CHAPTER LVI.

"A woman found drowned in the lake at Brantome Park!"

The words seemed to fly from one to another—the very air seemed to catch them and carry them along.

One of the keepers, on going between four and five in the morning to look after some water-fowl, fancied he saw something strange on the lake—a light paper parcel, floating as the wind blew. He took a long pole, and drew it towards him, and, on opening it, found that it contained a skein of fine blue sewing silk, such as ladies use in embroidery. Farther down, near the fountain, something else was floating in the water. This too, he drew out, and found it to be a beautiful handkerchief of fine lace, with delicately embroidered monogram, the letters of which were "G. R."

In one moment he understood. He had heard of the missing lady as he walked along the road to the park. He met two of the Culdale menservants and talked together for some time. At first they spoke seriously, and wondered what accident had befallen her; but, after a time, one of the men remarked, carelessly that it was a case of "Jock o' Hazeldean"—that the missing lady was a most beautiful woman, and there was no doubt a lover in the case. They had parted with a laugh, the servants going back to Culdale, and the keeper, John Thorne, going on to Brantome.

The man stood dazed and bewildered as he held the handkerchief in his hand.

"She is here!" he declared. "She has not gone with a lover, or lost her way. She is drowned in this lake. May heaven forgive our light words!"

It was but the work of a moment to get into a boat moored close by and row across the water to the fountain, and but little time elapsed before his suspicion was confirmed that the missing young lady lay at the bottom of the lake.

Thorne hastened towards Culdale, and when half-way there, he met Lord Culdale, with two or three gentlemen, and told them his terrible news.

His lordship looked at the handkerchief, with its finely-embroidered monogram of "G. R."

"Gladys Rane!" he gasped. "But how, in the name of heaven, could she have fallen in the lake at Brantome?"

They hastened to the lake, and soon raised the body, and laid it reverently on the stone terrace. The face was calm, even smiling. Perhaps—heaven was good!—her last thoughts had been pleasant ones. The exquisite features and the rippling black hair were almost as they had last seen them. They were strong men, but as they looked on the fair dead woman, tears filled their eyes.

A hat that Lord Culdale recognized as Miss Rane's lay on the steps, just where it had fallen from her hands. Something very thin and light clung round her. It was like a gossamer web, and, in raising her, one of the men tore it from her hastily, and flung it upon the bank, where it lay unnoticed.

The alarm had been given at Brantome now, and the servants came hurrying out. Hearing the commotion Angela asked the housekeeper what it meant, and the answer almost stunned her.

"There has been a terrible accident, Miss Charles," replied Mrs. Bowen. "One of the ladies who has been stopping at Culdale has been found drowned in our lake!"

"A lady from Culdale?" Angela questioned; and then Mrs. Bowen told her the whole story as she had heard it from the servants—how one of the visitors at Culdale, a very beautiful lady, had been missing since yesterday afternoon, and had been found drowned in Brantome lake.

"What was the lady's name?" Angela asked, in a voice quite unlike her own.

The housekeeper replied that she was not quite sure—it was either "Dane" or "Rane"; but she knew that the unfortunate lady was a famous London beauty.

"I am going down to the lake, Miss Charles," she added; come with me," and Angela went.

She was bewildered and incredulous. It could not be Gladys Rane, she tried to convince herself. She had been with her on the evening before, and had left her well and strong. What should bring her to Brantome? What had lured to her death? How well she remembered her sitting under the shade of the trees! As she thought of their meeting, the dark lovely face seemed to rise again before her. Surely Gladys Rane, with whom she had spoken so lately, was not the girl who had been found drowned.

Angela had never felt any respect for Miss Rane; but she would have been shocked at such a terrible calamity had the victim been the greatest stranger. It seemed hardly credible that this beautiful woman who had been queen of the season should have met with such an awful death while help was so close at hand.

When her eyes fell on this little group of men standing near the silent figure on the terrace, she uttered a cry of anguish; but apparently no one noticed it.

Keeping close to Mrs. Bowen, she walked slowly to the terrace. One glance was enough to satisfy her that the dead body found in the lake was that of Gladys Rane. The face that not many hours before was brilliant in its loveliness and bloom was now white as marble, cold, and still!

"What brought her here?" Angela asked herself. Could it be that Gladys had come in search of her, and that, in trying to make her way to the hall, she had fallen accidentally into the lake?

Every one seemed to agree that she had fallen in accidentally. When Miss Rane was last seen, she was wearing valuable jewelry; and costly gems still shone on her fingers, a necklace of gold clasped the white throat. They had not been touched; therefore it was evident there had been no robbery, no assault. As for murder, no such thought was entertained. Who would have any interest in the death of this beautiful woman whom every one loved and admired? No one dreamed that it was anything worse than a terrible accident.

Angela did not go near the little knot of gentlemen; but, seeing one of the Culdale servants standing alone, she went up to him.

"Does any one know," she asked, "how the accident happened?"—and the answer was "No."

"Does any one know what brought the poor lady to the lake?" she asked again; and again the answer was "No."

"She must have come in search of me," thought Angela; and the thought saddened her inexpressibly.

Suddenly she saw something on the bank which attracted her attention—something saturated with water, and lying in a shapeless heap, something from which the water had taken the glistening beauty, leaving it a mere rag. She saw the gleam of the sun on the bright clasps, and in a moment the truth flashed across her. She had left her silver-gray wrapper in the field where she had left Gladys Rane.

Now she remembered how she had unfastened it, and how it had fallen from her shoulders, and how in her sorrow and excitement she had come away without it. Perhaps Gladys Rane was on her way to bring it to her when the accident happened!

With a great throb of relief she remembered that Miss Rane did not know where she was staying, so that it was impossible she could have come for the purpose of seeing her. Besides, Miss Rane would never dream that she was staying at Brantome Hall; it was the last place in the world where she would think of finding her. Whatever motive had brought her there, it could not have been to see her, Angela felt fully assured. She remembered how she had gone in the opposite direction so as purposely to mislead her.

Then it occurred to her that Miss Rane, being a stranger in the neighbourhood, might not have known the way; and she felt a keen pang of regret that she had not thought of telling her. Vividly rose before her the picture of the fields and the two roads—the one to the left, narrow and shadeless, leading to gray, weather-stained Culdale; the one to the right, broad and bordered with tall spreading trees. Suddenly, as if by inspiration, Angela felt that she had solved the mystery—Miss Rane had taken the wrong road! She had walked to Brantome instead of returning to Culdale. But how the unfortunate girl had fallen into the water was as great a mystery as ever. Still this would not have happened if she had but thought of giving her the needful instructions!

Angela stood at a distance while the men reverently raised the dead body and bore it away to Culdale. She had hesitated as to whether she should say what she knew; but a moment's reflection convinced her that it would be useless to do so. It would only draw public attention to herself and her story, which, for her own sake and her mother's, it was better not to do.

She watched the sad procession as the men disappeared amongst the trees. Was it possible that this was the last she should see of her mother's rival Gladys Rane? Was it Gladys Rane indeed that was carried cold and silent back to the house where she had only, a few short hours before reigned a very queen of beauty and grace? Ah, yes—never more would her mother's heart ache because of her!

But Angela was yet to learn that the unfortunate girl had been murdered and by whom, yet to learn that a chain of circumstances had placed her deadliest enemy at her mercy.

CHAPTER LVII.

It was still early morning when Captain Wynyard, tired out with his long search, haunted by dreadful memories, horrible thoughts, lay down on the sofa in the library to secure if possible a few hours' rest. Like Lord Culdale, he had great hope that the post would bring some news of Gladys, and he tried to convince himself that it was impossible that she could disappear mysteriously and leave no trace. When he closed his eyes and tried to rest, two faces rose persistently before him—that of the girl he had slain and that of the woman he loved.

"I wonder," he said to himself, as he tossed restlessly; "if I shall ever sleep again—if for one moment in my life I shall fail to see Angela Rooden's outstretched hand?"

Presently his eyelids drooped; but before deep sleep had come to him he was disturbed by the murmur of many voices—

"Found drowned, found drowned!" he started from the sofa, his face livid, his whole frame trembling. A cry of agony and terror broke from his parched lips.

Ah, then they had found Angela! But why should servants and labourers come trooping here? Past the window ran Fanchette with a wild cry; there ran Lady Culdale, pale and terror-stricken! What did it all mean? Why should they be so overcome because Angela was drowned? What was she to them?

Then slowly from between the trees emerged a little group of men, carrying between them a figure on a rudely-contrived litter, shielded from the observation of human eyes.

"Great Heaven! Why were they bringing the dead woman there? Why should they carry Angela Rooden to Culdale?

"What madness!" he gasped.

His face was perfectly livid, his brain burned with a thousand torturing thoughts. Why were they bringing the drowned woman there? he asked himself again.

His heart beat horribly fast, great drops gathered on his brow, as he saw the men slowly approaching the great hall door with their burden.

"Oh, Heaven, I cannot meet that!" he cried.

He opened one of the long glass windows and went out. He saw the crowd and heard the hushed voices. His bewilderment only increased. Had they carried his wife's dead daughter here to confront him?

"This is a horrible affair!" said one of the guests, Colonel Moncrieff, who had joined him.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Miss Rane has been found drowned in the ornamental lake at Brantome Park."

Captain Wynyard fell, as though shot, to the ground. Colonel Moncrieff suddenly remembered to have heard some rumours about the captain and Miss Rane, and he felt how indiscreet he had been.

"I should have been more careful," he said to himself. "I ought to have remembered."

He would not call any one to his aid, but went quietly into the house, and fetched a glass of brandy. He held it to the captain's lips, and in a few minutes Captain Wynyard opened his eyes.

"Is it true?" he gasped.

"I am afraid so," replied the colonel. "Early this morning one of the keepers at Brantome, passing by the lake, noticed something unusual. He went to see what it was, and found Miss Rane's body in the lake."

"Miss Rane!" cried the captain. "It is impossible! Miss Rane drowned at Brantome! What could she have been doing there?"

"No one knows; but there she was, poor lady! And they have brought her home dead."

"Dead!" repeated the captain; and Hugh Moncrieff never forgot the horror with which his friend uttered the word. He trembled like a leaf, his brain reeled, his eyes became dim.

"Help me, Moncrieff," he said. "My sight and my strength are gone from me, for I loved Gladys Rane. Help me back to the room, and leave me there alone."

Colonel Moncrieff did as he was told; and the next minute the unhappy man was alone, his face buried in his hands.

"Let me try to think clearly," he said. "I murdered Angela Rooden—flung her into the lake. Yet Gladys Rane is found there. Are they both drowned? It was Angela; I could swear it, although I did not see her face. I knew the silver-gray wrapper, which I bought and gave to her myself, and the dark rippling hair. Besides, Angela was at Brantome; but how could Gladys have come there? Yet no one speaks of finding Angela. Could I—oh, perish the thought—could I have mistaken one for the other?"

A cry of despair burst from his white lips, but he recovered himself almost immediately. The idea was absurd; Gladys knew nothing of Brantome, she did not even know Angela was there; and how could she be wearing the silver-grey wrapper that belonged to his wife?

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Century for April.

The opening article of the April Century is also the beginning of the series of papers on English Cathedrals, the introduction to which was printed in the March number—the text being by Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer and the illustrations by Joseph Pennell.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris is the author of a story in this number entitled "Little Compton," the scene of which is laid in Georgia, before, during, and at the close of the war, the characters including representatives of Northern and Southern sentiment.

The "Life of Lincoln" is this month devoted to "The Territorial Experiment" (that is to say, the Kansas difficulties). Lincoln's opinions and positions in regard to slavery are fully set forth, partly in extracts from his speeches.

The sixth installment of Mr. Stockton's "Hundredth Man" is characterized by two popular topics, the "Boycott" and "love."

Mr. Lathrop contributes an article on "Some portraits of Hawthorne" apropos of the photograph by Mayall of London.

Dr. Edward Eggleston continues his series of papers on colonial history, by an article on "Church and Meeting-House before the Revolution," the illustrations of which include a number of the most curious and representative church buildings of that period.

In a popular paper on the "Veda," Professor W. D. Whitney, of Yale, defines the place of this work in the sum of men's literary productions, showing how and why it has the especial value claimed for by its students.

Edward Atkinson, Esq., follows up in this number the valuable paper already contributed by him to The Century by another on "The Margin of Profits," considering the question whether capital is securing an undue share of the joint product of labor and capital.

Mark Twain appears in this number in a new role—that of a humorous critic of the methods of primary education, in an article entitled "English as She is Taught."

The paper in the War Series is this month contributed by General D. H. Hill, and deals with "Chickamauga,—the Great Battle of the West"

In "Memoranda on the Civil War" are short communications from Gen. J. S. Fullerton on "The Reserve Corps at Chickamauga," and Dr. D. M. Polk on General Polk's action in the same battle.

In the editorial, "Topics of the Time" are three articles: "Lincoln and Lowell," setting forth Mr. Lowell's penetrating insight into the character of Lincoln and prophetic view of a reconstructed union of the sections; "The Injustice of Socialism," attacking the Socialistic principle of recompense; and "English as She is Taught," pointing the moral of Mr. Clemens's paper.

In the "Open Letters" is a collection of opinions in favor of International Copyright on music, from twenty-one American musicians, who are not less emphatic in their demand for a just public policy than the authors who contributed to the similar "symposium" in The Century for February, 1886. The contributors include Dudley Buck, John K. Paine, G. W. Chadwick, Theodore Thomas, Arthur Foote, H. A. Clarke, George F. Root, Harrison Millard, H. W. Parker, and other well-known names. These expressions of opinion are accompanied by comment on the present situation of Copyright legislation by John R. G. Hassard. There is also a communication from George H. Wilson, on the "Cantata and American Composers."

There is also a defense by Gustav Kœrner of General Shields against the characterization of him by the author of "The Life of Lincoln" in the January number.

The poetry includes some new names and consists of: "Love Song," by Amelia Rives; "For I Know Her Redeemer Liveth," by Solomon Solis-Cohen; "The Enchantress," by Minna Irving; "Sunset Walks," Julia M. Lippman, and a pair of poems by Gertrude Hall; "Rejected," by Florence Earle Coates.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE for April contains: 'The Scientific Bases of Anarchy,' Nineteenth Century; 'Byoniana,' Murray's Magazine; 'The Doctor,' an old Virginia Fox Hunter, Blackwood's Magazine; 'An Old Couple,' Contemporary Review; 'Our Noble Selves,' Fortnightly Review; 'The Rivalry of England and Prussia,' National Review; 'Strictly Incog.' 'The Talk of Paris,' Murray's Magazine; 'An African Bishop,' Paul Bert's Science in Politics,' Contemporary Review; 'The Progress of Savage Race,' Spectator; 'About Fiction,' Contemporary Review; 'Notes on New York,' Nineteenth Century; 'Staff,' Henry Northcote,' National Review; 'The Death of Francois de Senac,' Begravia; 'The Mur and Police,' Fortnightly Review; 'A Nautical Lament,' Gentleman's Magazine; To the Daisy,' Temple Bar; 'The Gentleman Commoner,' Leisure Hour; 'Wit and Wits,' Temple Bar; 'The Humpy of Kerry,' Spectator; 'Deaf and Dumb,' Merry England; 'Twenty-four Hour in a Newspaper Office,' Nineteen Century; 'Literary Notices, Foreign Literary Notes and Miscellany. Published by E. R. Pelton; 25 Bond Street, New York, at $5 per annum; single numbers, 45 cents.

TO CURE THRUSH.—Keep the feet dry; remove all decayed or detached parts from the frog, but with care not to injure sound parts, or to draw blood. By means of a hoof-pick, and aid of water, remove all matter and dirt from the crevices or clefts; and by means of a blunt-pointed, small stick of wood, insert once a day a portion of powdered sulphate of zinc or copperas, and after a week or ten days only one daily application. The horse should not stand in the urine or filth.