The assumption that the war will be a short one is, it is held, strengthened by recent utterances of Senor Sagasta and Don Carlos, and by the rise in value of Spanish 4s. The Premier in a pessimistic review of the situation declares that "Spain is desolated and ruined by internal troubles. Don Carlos, who has hitherto intimated that the assertion of his claims to the throne was of less importance than the success of Spain against a foreign foe, now denounces the incapacity and corruption of the administration. Whatever hope may have been entertained that he would not make Spain's distress his opportunity has disappeared. The Parliamentary groups are struggling for supremacy and fiercely attacking the Government, their indictcannot, it is argued, long carry on a out by the improvement in the price of Spanish bonds.

There will be hope that it may be so. But the theory does not square with Semor Sagasta's latest utterance, that his government will prosecute the war to the bitter end. No he is right. There can be no more fit- cely had the princess sunk back upon it lacked yet several minutes of setdoubt the Spanish Premier desires peace, and has known from the outset the hopelessness of the struggle. But he knows also that the ministry work as he proposed." which first proposes peace will be overthrown, and that the real danger of Spain is anarchy. He may court defeat on a side issue if he is assured that his successor will be a military committee with, say, Campos at its head, strong enough to resist a rival combination of revolutionary chiefs. When, under such a committee, the utter hopelessness of successful resistance to the United States has been demonstrated, he may return to power free to treat for peace without incurring the penalty of popular vengeance. As for the rise in Spanish 4s, it is due in persist in this. Think how much the trance. His hands were clasped togethpart to recent payments of interest in gold, in part to the hope of investors since the defeat at Manila that the war may end before resort is had to issues of paper currency.

While it is, of course, always possible that the Spaniards may commit some blunder which may lead to an early ending of the war, it will be unwise to reckon upon such a contingency. likely to be one calling for a good deal of patience and calm determination. In her desire to save ships which she cannot replace, it is improbable that Spain will for the present seek a general naval engagement. Indeed, her conduct of the war thus far renders it doubtful whether attempt will be made to defend Cuba at all by sea. Failure to do so will, of course, entail the loss of the island, but even that will not involve total defeat for Spain. Such a defeat, should she persist in rejecting peace can only be forced by the capture of the great Spanish home ports, an exceedingly difficult and hazardous undertaking. For it would mean the establishment of a coaling station in Europe, an effective blockade of the Spanish coast and the prosecution of the war far afield, in waters where the presence of an American fleet would be certain to excite the jealousies and resentment of European powers. No doubt it is improbable that Spain will prove thus stubborn, but she may; and in any event it will be wise for the people of the United States to possess their soul in patience, however trying the prolongation of the contest through weeks and months may be.

A STUTTERING SOLDIER.

Colonel Hunt says that a private in the First Regiment, Ohio, refuses to go to the war because he stutters. You don't go to talk, but to fight,

said the colonel. But they'll p-p-put me on g-g-guard, and a man may go ha-ha-half a mile before I can say, Who-who-who goes

Oh, that's no objection, for there will be another sentry placed along with you, and he can challenge if you can fire.

Well, stammered the private, b-b-but I may be t-taken and run through the g-g-gizzard before I can c-c-cry ququ-quarter.

TOO GENEROUS FOR HIM.

When the young millionaire who is visiting the city called upon a lady acquaintance who is a born match-maker, she urged upon him the necessity of getting married and settling down. I have four eligible nieces, she said, and all would make good wives.

He simply disavowed any intention of making more than one woman his wife, and escaped before she rallied.

THE WAY WITH CRITICS. nocturne and a symphony. Flack-You don't mean it?

that the other will ask: By the way, ed death without it. what is the difference.

THE PAINTER OF PARMA;

- OR, -

THE MAGIC OF A MASTERPIECE.

down on a small table that stood near | Pardon me if I have offended. in silence, his eyes fixed upon the duke-" outlined face on his canvas. At length He had turned away and covered his it would give thee pain to be separatthe sitter interrupted him.

ing the time I give you." ed in a deed of guilt, the painter bosom. caught up his working tools, selected a brush and applied its point to a gout lighting up her lovely features, went it-love?

war. And this conviction is borne appeared for a moment upon the paint- thee alone! Remember, I too am an turned away, and having set a few it cost him an effort.

> pace from his easel-his voice was low not dream." of the grand cathedral organ-"Lady upon the latch of the door, and scar- Zanoni stepped forth upon the sidewalk tell the duke that I can not finish the her appearance.

spoke hurriedly, seeming at a loss to is?" comprehend him. "Surely, you cannot "I am sorry you have been weary, south.

picture!"

"I said not that, princess. I will fin- I will be ready shortly." ish it; but it must be with the help When she was ready to accompany one of my own imagining,"

er that he desires."

be wroth if he will. For myself my good angels guard and bless thee!" powers are limited. I am human, like other men. Tell your guardian I can not do it."

duke anticipates in the possession of er; his lips apart; his face paler than more than that-if you knew how high- look in them, as though he gazed at ly he praised you-how much above all something held only in memory. At other painters in Parma he holds you- length, with a start and quickly drawn if you knew how he almost worships breath he smote himself on the breast have begun.'

that frightened her. In a moment the "Heavens! What have I done? Should they conduct their campaign but she had struggled against ad- trusting, yielding heart may suffer? even measurably well, the contest is mitting it. Could she have had her What have I to do with such as she? rest and calm delight.

steady and solemn.

his bidding further. Tell him I will had never been, Juan Zanoni shall live; finish the picture, but it must be aft- his name shall dwell upon the lips of er my own ideal. I will remember men and women in generous, gratified your features if I can-if not-"

"Forget!" He startled her again, poor!

ment he stood with his hands clinch- ered. I must have air." every joint.

grave. It was in a land far distant him. found a home in Parma. The place at- him.

Zanoni had laid his palette and brush spoken. They were forced from me. by, and for a few minutes had stood heart is- Oh, go !- go and tell the will and purpose; if thy heart hath been

"Come, signor, you are not improv- struggled to speak further, he felt me hath possessed thee, why should the two warm arms flung over his should- separation be? If I am permitted to With a start almost like one detect- ers and a bowed head pillowed on his read thy character aright, when thou

"Isabel!"

"Zanoni !- Juan !"

this the lady, with a bright smile does it mean? Isabel!-Oh! is it -is life! if I thought thy happiness in all

"We must make the most of every Life to me henceforth can be nothing find a foreign foothold and home, A nation so rent by internal troubles minute, Zanoni, for I fear my guard- without the light of thine eyes, and where love shall be our life. Oh, my ian will very soon demand that my the music of thy sweet voice. Yes - darling! God keep thee!" visits shall cease." A shadow of pain yes-it is love-love-for thee and for Then he let the curtain fall and er's pale face, and a perceptible tre- orphan. The duke is good to me; but things in their proper places he went mor shook his frame; but whatever the he is not one to love. I can say as out, closing and locking the door after emotion, he quickly overcame it though thou sayest-since my mother died I him.

his implements and moving back a look at thee, that I may know I do sinking from sight; but instead of that and sweet, like the deeper, richer notes At that moment they heard a hand the tops of the tallest trees; and when

ting time than the present for your the ottoman, with her face bent upon ting. The daylight and the beautifu visits to my poor studio to cease - her hands, when old Madelon, looking twilight would last for an hour a to cease now and forever! You may as indignant as she dared to look, made least.

mean that you will not finish the Madelon. Signor Zanoni had been telling me a story that interested me.

of another face than yours; or from her duenna she turned to the painter and gave him her hand. A broad "But-Oh! signor! the duke will be screen shut them from Madelon's gaze. had struck the path he most loved, and case, His garb was rich and game very wroth. It is my face, and no oth- 'Juan, I may come again? You was walking thoughtfully on, looking and he seemed proud of the app will need me?

"I can not help it, signora; he must "Yes! Yes; forever! God and all CHAPTER II.

For a time after he had been left "Oh! Signor Zanoni! You will not alone the painter stood like one in a the finished picture-finished with my was its wont; while his eyes, lighted portrait on the canvas. And, signor, by a soul-sent glow, had a far-away your genius-if you knew, I am sure and took a step as though he would you would go on to the end as we pace the floor but he stopped instantly and fell into thought, and by-and-by The artist turned upon her a look he gave his thoughts words.

truth burst upon her. She had known What is to be the end of this ? Am it before; or, at least, she had sus- a villain? Have I betrayed a patron's pected it-had been impressed by it- confidence only to the end that a wish the work would have gone on; her She a princess, and I only a- MAN! sittings under the light of his won- She, one of the wealthiest among the derful eyes, and the charm of his wealthy, and I, one of the poorest of matchless voice, would have had an the poor! But no! No! I will not say end-never. But under the influ- that. I am rich-rich beyond compute. ence of that work the veil fell, and Not all the wealth of all the world the end came-the end of tranquil piled in one dazzling heap could purchase for one of these moral and in-Again Zanoui controlled himself, and tellectual paupers, ycleped patrician, a when he next spoke his voice was moiety of the genius that makes me honored and respected. Aye, and when "Signora, we will not dispute. Let they are dead and gone and forgotten, the duke feel as he may. I can not do as utterly forgotten as though they accents, when the duke who now rules "Ah! signor, can you so easily for- in this land shall have sunk into nothingness and oblivion. No, no- not

'If I could paint a human soul-if I "But what can I have to do with could put upon canvas that which lives Isabel di Varona? Oh, if I could take forever—then might I paint yourself her to my bosom and call her mine; if from memory. But I can not explain. I could make her my wife, what a I can feet it, and I do know it, but I glory life would be! O fool! fool! cannot make it plain to another. Your When I can fly, then, and then only, message to the duke is very simple." can I marry with her! Time was and The princess had become pale, even to in this very city, when such as whiteness; her hands were clasped ov- would have been put to death by marer her heaving bosom and her whole rying with a woman of the nobles; frame was moved by a perceptible and, even now, I believe, there is puntremor. Presently, with an earnest, ishment by imprisonment. At all evyearning look, she murmured, scarcely ents, the law would rob me of my above a whisper, and in broken tones: worldly chattels and turn me adrift, "Zanoni! You wish that I shall whipped and disgraced. Can I ask her come-never-never - never -again?" to flee with me? Can I even allow her He could endure no more. A mo- to offer such a thing? I am bewild-

ed; his face white like marble; his With this he went to the closet where eyes aflame to their profoundest clothing not in use was hung up, and depths, and his frame quivering at having exchanged his working frock for a doublet of plain black velvet, he "Signora! Princess! Isabel! Can you buckled on a light rapier and put on not see? Wait. Let me think. I will his cap. As he came back he stopped speak presently." He took a few turns before the canvas on his easel and to and fro across the room, evidently took hold of the light silken covering fighting a mighty battle with himself; for the purpose of dropping it over the and when he finally stood before her painted surface. He had shaken out again he was outwardly calm. She sat the folds, and was upon the point of with folded hands, pale as before, gaz- letting it fall, when he paused, stand-

ing at him with her soul in her eyes. ing for a time as though in a dream. "Lady, I will be brief. Years ago,- The conversation he had held with long, long years to me-I saw my mo- the princess came back to him, and ther's mortal remains laid away in the with a thought that fairly startled

from this. Oh! how I loved her! She "Who shall say what the end may was pure and good-I fear not to say be," he soliloquized. "Suppose that a saint on earth. She was gone and old woman's keen eye should have demy heart for a time seemed broken, tected something akin to the truth! I had one friend—Antonio Velasquez And suppose she should speak of it to Murillo's last and most favored pupil. the duke; or, what is more likely, to With him I gave myself to art and Count Denaro; or she may give her suscame to love it with a passion that picions to Steffano! Oh, how I deknew no bounds. My tutor died, and spise that man! Should Antonio die once more I was left, but not alone. childless, as he now is, his brother I now had my art, and to it I gave would reign in his place. Steffano my love-my life. And from that time Farnese, Duke of Parma! Would the I loved no other thing, if I except the people suffer it? Heaven send that I memory of things dead and gone. And come not in contact with him. His in-I fully believed my heart would never solence would madden me beyond my know the passion of love again. But power of self-control. I know not why I did not know what the future held I loathe that man as I do. But I know in store. I came to Italy, and finally I am not alone in my feelings toward

Flick-Call him a musician? Why, he tracted me. Here I saw in time a "But," he went on, turning again to doesn't know the difference between a face that reminded me of my mother. the picture on his easel, "if that wo-Need I tell you that it was your own; man speaks, the princess will be perand ere I could realize the result, it mitted to visit here no more. In that And they hurry to get away from came-a love so deep, so strong, so event I will paint the face after my one another. Each is terribly afraid much a part of my life, that life seem- own inspiration, and the duke may take it or leave it to me, as he pleases.It "Isabel! Isabel! The words are may be the face of Isabel; it may be

another face. But, be it what it may, it shall be worthy of the place I give it. Yet-the princess may continue her sittings. We can not tell. Ere long I could have her beautiful features so fixed upon the canvas that I could not go astray in the finishing tones."

curtain, and again held his hand and sickness and weakness gave way to heals gazed upon the features outlined upon the canvas, "Oh, Isabel! My love! My life! It may not be so darksome as my fears would picture it. My If thou hast loved me of thine own given to me wholly and entirely; if face with his hands, and while he ed from me; if, in short, thy love for lovest it must be with all thy soul and all thy strength. If thus thou lovest me should I not do thee grievof color on his palette. While he did "Merciful Father in heaven! what ous wrong to forsake thee? But my the time to come lay in thy love for "Oh, Juan, do not drive me away! me, I would risk everything. We will

have known no love until I met thee." Old Madelon had spoken to her mis-"Lady," he said, again putting aside "Isabel!-my life! my love! Let me tress of the sun as though it were it had, at that time, scarcely touched

A favorite walk with the artist was "Dear Princess, I began to be fright- along the banks of the river-the Par-"Signor! What means this?" She ened. Do you know where the sun ma, which flowed through the city, very nearly its center, from north to

He loved to watch the children there at play; to look upon the beautiful white swans that floated on the tide, and to see the gayly-decked gondolas as they plied to and fro, bearing their born under entirely different circ happy freights of pleasure-seekers. He stances, and such, in fact, had been to over the water, but really seeing no- ance he made. He fancied the women thing, when loud voices ahead of him admired him, and even the plaudited attracted his attention, and on look- the children, who were dazzled by ing in that direction he saw that which gilt and glitter, pleased him. troubled him, and for a brief space he | The other two of the party w was undecided as to the course he younger men and sons of wealth should pursue. What he saw was this: nobles. Four young men, all noblemen, two Our hero's first impulse upon rem

of whom he knew but too well. These nizing the approaching party was a latter were Count Guiseppe Denaro, turn aside and avoid them, but the and Steffano Farnese, called marquis had seen him, and he knew his me by courtesy.

broad-shouldered and stout; but his on, quietly and silently, if possible flesh-and he was decidedly inclined to but, at all events, to keep boldly at embonpoint-was rather of adipose tis- As he came nearer, however, he heat sue than muscle. He was of dark com- that which destroyed all hope of s plexion, black hair and black eyes, ence. He heard Steffano Farness at and very good-looking. He might be in a loud, bantering tone with called handsome. His age was twen- count: ty-five. His father had been dead "Put the question to him. Hol several years, and he was now the trust you do not fear." head of the family-a family of wealth The count's response Zanoni and ancient lineage. The Marquis Steffano Farnese was quis again spoke:

a man of a different stamp. He was! "I' faith, if you will not, I will." thirty years of age, or thereabouts- us know what he means. Remember he looked older, taller than was the the lady is my cousin, or something count, and though not so heavy of like it. Bless me, if I know exact body he was evidently more muscular how the blood runs." and much stronger of limb. He was The artist, by a powerful effort, sp darker than the other, his hair and ceeded in putting out of sight all sp eyes black as black could be, his of his just indignation, and moved in forehead low and receding, ears small as though he had heard nothing. and set closely back against the spot he came still nearer he was further where phrenologists locate the bumps perplexed by the discovery that see of destructiveness and combativeness, fano had been drinking. He was my The face was not a pleasant one, at intoxicated-far from it -but min least not pleasant to him who was used | wine made him quarrelsome and to reading the character there. Yet ish, and he had drank that. As in he could laugh and be gay, and he had were on the point of meeting Zanon his good looks as he may have had his gave the party as wide a berth as por good qualities. He was eight or nine sible, but he was not to pass quietly years older than his brother the duke Steffano put himself in his way, at the and he had nothing of his brother's same time exclaiming in a coarse, a looks, either in form or feature; nor thoritative tone: was he like his brother mentally or morally. The two must have been

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nerves have been very weak, my sleep fill and disturbed by dreams, consequently! arose in the morning unrested. I tu frequently very dizzy and was mon troubled with a mist that came before to eyes, my memory was often defective and had fluttering of the heart, together with sharp pain through it at times. In the condition I was easily worried and fat enervated and exhausted. Two months I began taking Milburn's Heart and New Pills, since that time I have been gaining health and strength daily. They has restored my nerves to a healthy condition removed all dizziness and heart trouble a now I sleep well and derive comfort w rest from it. That Milburn's Heart w Nerve Pills are a good remedy for Nerves ness, Weakness, Heart Trouble and simile complaints goes without saying." Pro 50 cts. a box at all druggists or T. Milber & Co., Toronto, Ont.

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had been spoken; hence a turning asi Count Denaro was a well-built man, might imply either fear or consider slightly below the medium height cause of distrust. He resolved to ke

not hear; but a little later the

"Hallo! Signor Painter! a

with you!-Our hero stopped and bowed respen fully. He was determined not to

his temper. "What is your pleasure, marqu he returned mildly.

"I'll tell you," the marquis said, contemptuously as possible. "By hocus pocus, which nobody can uno stand, and in a fit of idiotic stupic my brother, the duke, hired you ! tempt a portrait of the Princes Varona. What we wish to know how much longer you plan to kee dancing attendance upon you. you inform us?"

"Marquis," answered the artist, ly and still respectfully, "we will if you please, discuss the affai the princess in this public place. As Steffano started to speak the count caught him by the and sought to draw him back, bu

was roughly shaken off. "Oho, my gay and gallant pal man! You think to hide yoursell hind the lady's honor. Leave your betters, if you please, and wer me. The lady's name need not mentioned. You know how much l er you intend to keep the farce and it is our wish to share the ED ledge with you. Tell us.

"Marquis will you allow me to If you would know anything subject you have broached, duke. I have no information to you."

"Won't you answer me?" "I have answered." "Will you answer the question

put to you?" "I will answer no further than I m already done."

"You are a sneak and a cowardly lian !-Let me alone. By heaven you meddle I'll turn my point yourself!" This last was spoken hot anger to the count, who again sought, and this time with ergy, to draw his companion from the trouble he was making. aro knew the marquis well enough know that further endeavor would worse than useless, so he could leave the quarrelsome, wine-hea man to his will and pleasure. (To be Continued.)

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