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The Grey Review.

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AN UNDERGROUND CITY.

Interesting Discovery Made by Russian Explorers in Asia.

The Russians have made a singular discovery in Central Asia. In Turkestan, on the right bank of the Amon Daria, is a chain of rocky hills near the Bokharan town of Karki, and a number of large caves which, upon examination, were found to lead to an underground city, built apparently long before the Christian era. According to effigies, inscriptions and designs upon the gold and silver money unearthed from among the ruins, the existence of the town dates back to some two centuries before the birth of Christ. The underground Bokharan city is about two versts long, and is composed of an enormous labyrinth of corridors, streets and squares, surrounded by houses and other buildings two or three stories high. The edifices contain all kinds of domestic utensils, pots, urns, vases and so forth. In some of the streets falls of earth and rock have obstructed the passages, but, generally, the visitor can walk about freely without so much as lowering his head.

The high degree of civilization attained by the inhabitants of the city is shown by the fact that they built in several stories, by the symmetry of the streets and squares, and by the beauty of the baked clay and metal utensils, and of the ornaments and coins which have been found. It is supposed that long centuries ago this city, so carefully concealed in the bowels of the earth, provided an entire population with a refuge from the incursions of nomadic savages and robbers.

Electricity Falls to Kill It.

A house snake four feet and two inches in length was captured at Rochester. Instead of killing the reptile at once it was decided to try the effect of electricity on it. It was taken to the electric light power-house where a wire was attached to his mouth and one to his tail. How many thousand volts were used is not stated, but the electrician said it was sufficient to instantly kill a dozen men. The snake twisted and turned and then stretched out stiff. The chief electrician said he was dead and ordered the current turned off. The apparently dead body of the reptile was then placed in the sun and soon began to crawl off. Again it was caught and the current applied, but with no better results and finally it was killed with a club.

The Old Man Won.

Playing the old game, I see, said the Disagreeable Father to the Charming Youth who was making love to his daughter.

Yes, sir, and hearts are trumps, glibly responded the C. Y.

I make it clubs, retorted the D. F., and closed the game.

A BOON TO HORSEMEN.—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or calloused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, sweeny, stifles and sprains GEORGE ROBB, Farmer, Markham, Ont. Sold by McFarlane & Co.

Ignorance is less removed from the truth than prejudice.—Diderot.

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STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

By midday I had got as far as the village of Saalfeldt, but as I was on the direct road for Osterode, where the Emperor was wintering, and also for the main camp of seven divisions of infantry, the highway was choked with carriages and carts. What with artillery caissons and waggons and couriers and the ever-thickening stream of recruits and stragglers, it seemed to me that it would be a very long time before I should join my comrades. The plains, however, were five feet deep in snow, so there was nothing for it but to plod upon our way. It was with joy, therefore, that I found a second road which branched away from the other, trending through a fir-wood towards the north. There was a small auberge at the cross-roads, and a patrol of the Third Hussars of Conflans—the very regiment of which I was afterwards colonel—were mounting their horses at the door. On the steps stood their officer, a slight, pale young man, who looked more like a young priest from a seminary than leader of the devil-may-care rascals before him.

"Good day, sir," said he, seeing that I pulled up my horse.

"Good-day," I answered. "I am Lieutenant Etienne Gerard, of the Tenth."

I could see by his face that he heard of me. Everybody had heard of me since my duel with the six fencing-masters. My manner, however, seemed to put him at his ease with me.

"I am Sub Lieutenant Duroc, of the Third," said he.

"Newly joined?" I asked.

"Last week."

I had thought as much, from his white face and from the way in which he let his men lounge upon their horses. It was not so long, however, since I had learned myself what it was like when a schoolboy has to give orders to veteran troopers. It made me blush, I remember, to shout abrupt commands to men who had seen more battles than I had years, and it would have come more natural for me to say, "With your permission, we shall now wheel into line," or, "If you think it best, we shall trot." I did not think the less of the lad, therefore, when I observed that his men were sometimes out of hand, but I gave them a glance which stiffened them in their saddles.

"May I ask, monsieur, whether you are going by this northern road?" I asked.

"My orders are to patrol it as far as Arensdorf," said he.

"Then I will, with your permission, ride so far with you," said I. "It is very clear that the longer way will be the faster."

So it proved, for this road led away from the army into a country which was given over to Cossacks and marauders, and it was as bare as the other was crowded. Duroc and I rode in front, with our six troopers clattering in the rear. He was a good boy, this Duroc, with his head full of the nonsense that they teach at St. Cyr, knowing more about Alexander and Pompey than how to mix a horse's fodder or care for a horse's feet. Still, he was, as I have said, a good boy, unspoiled as yet by the camp. It pleased me to hear him prattle away about his sister Marie and about his mother in Amiens. Presently we found ourselves at the village of Hayenau. Duroc rode up to the post-house and asked to see the master.

"Can you tell me," said he, "whether the man who calls himself the Baron Straubenthal lives in these parts?"

The postmaster shook his head, and we rode upon our way.

I took no notice to this, but when, at the next village, my comrade repeated the same question, with the same result, I could not help asking him who this Baron Straubenthal might be.

"He is a man," said Duroc, with a sudden flush upon his boyish face, "to whom I have a very important message to convey."

Well, this was not satisfactory, but there was something in my companion's manner which told me that any further questioning would be distasteful to him. I said nothing more, therefore, but Duroc would still ask every peasant whom we met whether he give him any news of the Baron called Straubenthal.

For my own part I was endeavouring, as an officer of light cavalry should, to form an idea of the lay of the country, to note the course of the streams, and to mark the places where there should be fords. Every step was taking us farther from the camp round the flanks of which we were traveling. Far to the south a few plumes of grey smoke in the frosty air marked the position of some of our outposts. To the north, however, there was nothing between ourselves and the Russian winter quarters. Twice on the extreme horizon I caught a glimpse of the glitter of steel, and pointed it out to my companion. It was too distant for us to tell whence it came, but we had little doubt that it was from the lance-heads of marauding Cossacks.

The sun was just setting when we rode over a low hill and saw a small village upon our right, and on our left a high black castle, which jutted out from amongst the pine-woods. A farmer with his cart was approaching us—a matted-hair, down-cast fellow, in a sheepskin jacket.

"What village is this?" asked Duroc.

"It is Arensdorf," he answered, in his barbarous German dialect.

"Then here I am to stay the night," said my young companion. Then, turning to the farmer, he asked his eternal question, "Can you tell me where the Baron Straubenthal lives?"

"Why, it is he who owns the Castle of Gloom," said the farmer pointing to the dark turrents over the distant fir forest.

Duroc gave a shout like the sportsman who sees his game rising in front of him. The lad seemed to have gone off his head—his eyes shining, his face deathly white, and such a grim set about his mouth as made the farmer shrink away from him. I can see him now, leaning forward on his brown horse, with his eager gaze fixed upon the great black tower.

"Why do you call it the Castle of Gloom?" I asked.

"Well it's the name it bears upon the country side," said the farmer. "By all accounts there have been some black doings up yonder. It's not for nothing that the wickedest man in Poland has been living there these fourteen years past."

"A Polish nobleman?" I asked.

"Nay we breed no such men in Poland," he answered.

"A Frenchman, then?" cried Duroc.

"They say that he came from France."

"And with red hair?"

"As red as a fox."

"Yes, it is my man," cried my companion, quivering all over in his excitement. "It is the hand of Providence which has led me here. Who can say there is not justice in this world? Come, Monsieur Gerard, for I must see the men safely quartered before I can attend to his private matter."

He spurred on his horse, and ten minutes later we were at the door of the inn of Arensdorf, where his men were to find their quarters for the night.

Well, all this was no affair of mine, and I could not imagine what the meaning of it might be. Rossel was still far off, but I determined to ride on for a few hours and take my chance of some wayside barn in which I could find shelter for Rataplan and myself. I had mounted my horse, therefore, after tossing off a cup of wine, when young Duroc came running out of the door and laid his hand upon my knee.

"Monsieur Gerard," he panted, "I beg of you not to abandon me like this!"

"My good sir," said I, "if you would tell me what is the matter and what you would wish me to do, I should be better able to tell you if I could be of any assistance to you."

"You can be of the very greatest," he cried. "Indeed, from all that I have heard of you, Monsieur Gerard, you are the one man whom I should wish to have by my side to-night."

"You forget that I am riding to join my regiment."

"You cannot, in any case, reach it to-night. To-morrow will bring you to Rossel. By staying with me you will confer the very greatest kindness upon me, and you will aid me in a matter which concerns my own honour and the honour of my family. I am compelled, however, to confess to you that some personal danger may possibly be involved."

It was a crafty thing for him to say. Of course, I sprang from Rataplan's back and ordered the groom to lead him back into the stables.

"Come into the inn," said I, "and let me know exactly what it is that you wish me to do."

He led the way into a sitting-room, and fastened the door lest we should be interrupted. He was a well-grown lad, and as he stood in the glare of the lamp, with the light beaming upon his earnest face and upon his uniform of silver gray, which suited him to a marvel, I felt my heart warm towards him. Without going so far as to say that he carried himself as I had done at his age, there was at least similarity enough to make me feel in sympathy with him.

"I can explain it all in a few words," said he. "If I have not already satisfied your very natural curiosity, it is because the subject is so painful a one to me that I can hardly bring myself to allude to it. I cannot, however, ask for your assistance without explaining to you exactly how the matter lies.

"You must know, then, that my father was the well-known banker, Christophe Duroc, who was murdered by the people during the September massacres. As you are aware the mob took possession of the prisons, chose three so-called judges to pass sentence upon the unhappy aristocrats, and then tore them to pieces when they were passed out into the street. My father had been a benefactor of the poor all his life. There were many to plead for him. He had the fever, too, and was carried in, half-dead, upon a blanket. Two of the judges were in favour of acquitting him; the third, a young Jacobin, whose huge body and brutal mind had made him a leader among these wretches, dragged him, with his own hands, from the litter, kicked him again and again with his heavy boots, and hurled him out of the door, where in an instant he was torn limb from limb under circumstances which are too horrible for me to describe. This, as you perceive, was murder, even under their own unlawful laws, for two of their own judges had pronounced in my father's favour.

"Well, when the days of order came back again, my elder brother began to make inquiries about this man. I was only a child then, but it was a family matter, and it was discussed in my presence. The fellow's name was Carabin. He was one of Santerre's Guard, and a noted duellist. A foreign lady named the Baroness Straubenthal having been dragged before the Jacobins, he had gained her liberty for her on the promise that she with her money and estates should be his. He had married her, taken her name and title, and escaped out of France at the time of the fall of Robespierre. What had become of him we had no means of learning.

"You will think, doubtless, that it would be easy for us to find him, since we had his name and his title. You must remember however, that the Revolution left us without money, and that without money such a search is very difficult. Then came the Empire and it became more difficult still, for, as you are aware, the Emperor considered that the 18th Brumaire brought all accounts to a settlement, and that on that day a veil had been drawn across the past. None the less, we kept our own family story and our own family plans.

"My brother joined the army, and passed with it through all Southern Europe, asking eve ywhere for the Baron Straubenthal. Last October he was killed at Jena, with his mission still unfulfilled. Then it became my turn, and I have the good fortune to hear of the very man of whom I am in search at one of the first Polish villages which I have to visit, and within a fortnight of joining my regiment. And then, to make the matter even better, I find myself in the company of one whose name is never mentioned throughout the army save in connection with some daring and generous deed."

This was all very well, and I listened to it with the greatest interest, but I was none the clearer as to what young Duroc wished me to do.

"How can I be of service to you?" I asked.

"By coming up with me."

"To the Castle?"

"Precisely."

"When?"

"At once."

"But what do you intend to do?"

"I shall know what to do. But I wish you to be with me, all the same."

Well, it was never in my nature to refuse an adventure, and, besides, I had every sympathy with the lad's feelings. It is very well to forgive one's enemies, but one wishes to give them something to forgive also. I held out my hand to him, therefore.

"I must be on my way for Rossel to-morrow morning, but to-night I am yours," said I.

We left our troopers in snug quarters, and, as it was but a mile to the Castle, we did not disturb our horses. To tell the truth, I hate to see a cavalry man walk, and I hold that just as he is the most gallant thing upon earth when he has his saddle-flaps between his knees, so he is the most clumsy when he has to loop up his sabre and his sabre-tasche in one hand turn in his toes for fear of catching the rowels of his spurs. Still, Duroc and I were of the age when one can carry things off, and I dare swear that no woman at least would have quarreled with the appearance of the two young hussars, one in blue and one in grey, who set out that night from the Arensdorf post-house. We both carried our swords, and for my own part I slipped a pistol from my holster into the inside of my pelisse, for it seemed to me that there might be some wild work before us.

The track which led to the Castle wound through a pitch-black fir-wood, where we could see nothing save the ragged patch of stars above our head. Presently, however, it opened up, and there was the Castle right in front of us, about as far as a carbine would carry. It was a huge, uncouth place, and bore every mark of being exceedingly old, with turrets at every corner, and a square keep on the side which was nearest to us. In all its great shadow there was no sign of light save for a single window, and no sound came from it. To me there was something awful in its size and its silence, which corresponded so well with its sinister name. My companion passed on eagerly, and I followed him along the ill-kept path which led to the gate.

There was no bell or knocker upon the great, iron-studded door, and it was only by pounding with the hilts of our sabres that we could attract attention. A thin hawk-faced man, with a beard up to his temples, opened it at last. He carried a lantern in one hand and in the other a chain which held an enormous black hound. His manner at the first moment was threatening, but the sight of our uniforms and our faces turned it into one of sulky reserve.

"The Baron Straubenthal does not receive visitors at so late an hour," said he, speaking in very excellent French.

"You can inform Baron Straubenthal that I have come eight hundred leagues to see him, and that I will not leave until I have done so," said my companion. I could not myself have said it with a better voice and manner.

The fellow took a sidelong look at us, and tugged at his black beard in his perplexity.

"To tell the truth, gentlemen," said he, "the baron has a cup or two of wine in him at this hour, and you would certainly find him a more entertaining companion if you were to come again in the morning."

He had opened the door a little wider as he spoke, and I saw by the light of the lamp in the hall behind him that three other rough fellows were standing there, one of whom held another of these monstrous hounds. Duroc must have seen it also, but it made no difference to his resolution.

"Enough talk," said he, pushing the man to one side, "It is with your master that I have to deal."

The fellows in the hall made way for him as he strode in among them, so great is the power of one man who knows what he wants over several who are not sure of themselves. My companion tapped one of them upon the shoulder with as much assurance as though he owned him.

"Show me to the Baron," said he.

The man shrugged his shoulders, and answered something in Polish. The fellow with the beard, who had shut and barred the front door, appeared to be the only one among them who could speak French.

"Well, you shall have your way," said he, with a sinister smile. "You shall see the baron. And perhaps, before you have finished, you will wish that you had taken my advice."

We followed him down the hall, which was stone-flagged and very spacious, with skins scattered upon the floor, and the heads of wild beasts upon the walls. At the farther end he threw open a door, and we entered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Poets' Corner.

The Abiding.

Wishing for to-morrow
Sighing for yesterday!
Vague the delight we borrow—
Vain the regret we pay!
Sick of an unseen sorrow,
Still in the night we stay—
Wishing for to-morrow,
Sighing for yesterday.

Here are the joys that vanish—
Here are the sweets that pall!
Rife in the hours we banish,
Thick in the sands that fall;
And we fly to our lovers that are Spanish—
Castles that rise at our fall—
Where are joys that cannot vanish,
And delights that never pall.

Nothing has life but illusion—
Nothing abides but the dream!
Afar from all change and confusion
Lies the region where things only seem!
Sacred from time's intrusion,
In Light everlasting they gleam;
Nothing has life but illusion—
Nothing abides but the dream!

After Years.

"Give back my child!" I plead that day,
My face against the coffin-lid.
"Here is the place, upon my breast;
Not there, in cold and darkness hid.
Why, he had just begun to live—
To know my face, to learn, to reach
His hand to meet my lips, and make
Sweet essays at some unknown speech!

"Untrodden round his baby feet
The whole fair realm of childhood lay;
Nor stone nor thorns to make them bleed—
My hand had smoothed them all away.
No wind of heaven had buffeted
His sunny head with cruel breath—
My arms had safely sheltered him.
Give him to me, O Death!"

Now, standing by that little grave
Where in and out the passing years
Wove tapestries of green and gold,
I smile remembering my tears.
I lay my gray head on the mound
That drank my tears, and beath my breath
I whisper: "It is better so!
Keep him, O gentle Death!"

Mother's Lullaby.

Hush-a-bye, baby!
Mother will sing to thee.
Soft is the moan of the wind in the tree,
Angels are listening,
Bright stars are glistening,
Like sentinels watching my baby and me.

Hush-a-bye, baby!
What shall I sing to thee?
Sinketh the bird to her nest on the lea;
Shadows are creeping,
Moonbeams are peeping,
Twilight is deepening o'er moorland and sea.

Lullaby, dearie!
Mother is near thee.
Bright may the dreams of my little one be.
Angels defend thee;
God his love send thee,
And carefully guard both my baby and me.

Open the Door.

Open the door, let in the air.
The winds are sweet and the flowers are fair;
Joy is abroad in the world to day.
If our door is wide open he may come this way.
Open the door.

Open the door, let in the sun.
He hath a smile for every one;
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems,
He may change our tears to diadems.
Open the door.

Open the door of the soul, let in
Strong, pure thoughts, which shall banish sin;
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine.
Open the door.

Open the door of the heart, let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin;
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware.
Open the door.

Hardships After a Wreck.

PORT TOWNSEND, Wash., Aug. 6.—The steamship Topeka, which arrived at Por Townsend recently, had on board the remains of the crew of the sealing schooner C. G. White, which was wrecked on Wood Island, Alaska, early in the spring. The party consists of seven men, all that are left of a crew of twenty-seven. Among the survivors is W. E. Ball, a marine engineer, who thought a trip to Alaska would do him good. He comes back with both feet gone. F. A. Sweeny, a sailor, was one of the few who had the fortitude to tramp thirty-seven miles through deep snow to the nearest settlement to get relief for his half frozen comrades, and he is the only one of them who comes home whole. August Wiekstrom, second mate, was the only officer who escaped. He lost three toes of the right foot, together with one of the large bones. M. Mathieson, a sailor, lost one toe of his right foot. E. J. Voisionet, a French youth, who shipped as cabin boy, is the worst sufferer. His injuries include the loss of two toes and the heel bone from the left foot, the first and second toes from the right foot, together with the ball of the foot three and a half fingers from the left hand, two from the right, and the tips of his ears. F. A. Murray, a seaman, suffered injuries which will make him a cripple for life.

His First.

Young Spriggins (gleefully)—Congratulate me, old boy! Mother and child are doing well.

Old Boy—Eh? So you are a father, eh? What is it, boy or girl?

Young Spriggins (blankly)—I—I forgot to ask.

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

Henri Rochefort has followed the example of Zola and Jules Claretie and taken to a bicycle.

Russia produced 297,500,000 poods of petroleum in 1894, a falling off of over 27,000,000 from 1893. A pood is 36 pounds.

The Emperor of Germany has ordered his children to acquire proficiency in swimming during their stay on the island of Rugen.

Count Tolstoi is an enthusiastic bicyclist and has joined the Moscow Cycling Club, which numbers among its members many locally famous "scorchers."

The aged Baroness Burdett-Coutts is said to be remarkable for the youthfulness of her attire, her taste leaning toward delicate stuffs in pink and rose colours.

Madame Gaches-Sarrante, the French feminine doctor, of some renown, is of the opinion that cycling will eventually drive the modern corset from the garb of the fair sex.

Lady Gwendolen Cecil, Lord Salisbury's literary daughter, has acknowledged the authorship of the recently published story "The Curse of Intellect, which has made a hit in England.

Seven cases are recorded in England during the present century where the bride has been married to the best man by the clergyman's mistake or the groom's stupidity.

Sir Frederick Leighton, who has been seriously ill in Algiers, has excelled in other ways than with the brush. He is a musician of fine taste, a soldier, orator and a man of fashion.

Sir John Pender says that £41,000,000, upwards of $200,000,000, has been sunk in ocean cables. At present there are 11 cable lines across the Atlantic, and these alone have cost $70,000,000.

In France it is written, under severe penalties, for anyone to give infants under one year any form of solid food unless such be ordered by written prescription, signed by a legally qualified medical man.

Gladstone looks forward to the future without fear of death. In declining to do some literary work recently on account of press of other business, he agreed to begin the task in the latter part of 1896.

Lady Henry Somerset has set out to abolish the British barmaid by legislative enactment. The chief opposition is said to come from the barmaids themselves, who number 50,000 in the United Kingdom.

A lady died the other day in England and in her will it was found that she had left the whole of her fortune, amounting to £50,000, to the local newspaper, the perusal of which had given her many happy hours.

Thomas Butler, an Englishman, does not believe "Chinese" Gordon was killed at Khartoum. He thinks the hero is a captive in the wilds of the Soudan. Butler was a companion of Gordon in many of his stirring adventures.

Nonsuit in England is a renunciation by the plaintiff of his suit, generally upon the discovery of some error or defect when the matter is far advanced that the jury is ready at the bar to deliver a verdict. The plaintiff is to pay all costs.

Mr. Herbert Spencer is irritated by the use which has been made of his name and views in support of socialism, and he goes so far as to say: "I believe the advent of socialism to be the greatest disaster the world has ever known."

W. S. Gilbert, who once said that he would not write any more comedies, has reconsidered his decision. A new play from his pen may be produced by Mr. Willard at the Garrick—a London theatre n which Mr. Gilbert has a proprietary nterest.

Long as she has resided in England, the Princess of Wales has never mastered the English accent. "Channel," for instance she pronounces "shannel," and there are many other difficulties of speech which betray that she is a foreigner born and bred.

On the omnibus tickets in London are found a variety of patent medicines. The Dublin tramcar tickets tell the virtues of the whiskey manufactured in that city. Glasgow, which owns its tramcars, prints Scripture texts on the cheap tickets for workingmen.

There was an element of superstition in the betting of the ex-King of Servia at the Paris Grand Prix, when he won $140,000. A mare had won every eighth Grand Prix race previously run, and his idea that a mare would win the 1895 race proved correct.

Cecil Rhodes' estate near Cape Town South Africa, is laid out on an ambitious scale. Among its features are a preserve for big game containing lions and antelopes, several miles of fine avenues, a glen carpeted with violets and hydranges, and a museum of Cape Dutch curios and Matabele relics.

Since the earthquake in Florence there is hardly a street in the ancient town that does not contain one or more lighted shrines holding figures of the Madonna and saints. In some streets there are as many as four or five of these shrines, with garlands of evergreens and flowers around them and rows of burning candles before the images.

Recent statistics show that the total "banking power," as it is called, of the world is £4,000,000,000, or $20,000,000,000. Of this North America, controls £1,200,000,000, while in Europe, including Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium and the Netherlands, all the great "capitalist" nations control but £2,300,000,000.

A Frenchman proposes a tax on corsets. He maintains that the corset is a luxury and its use a harmful deference to an antiquated dictum of fashion. As in France alone about nine million corsets are worn out annually, even a very light tax would appreciably benefit the ever-yawning exchequer. The Frenchman's idea is on par with the Italian's who last year proposed to levy a tax on beards. Taxing vanity, you know.

Very Like Him.

Elderly Gentleman—This is a remarkably good photo of my son! Very like him, indeed! Has he paid you for it yet?

Photographer—No, sir.

Elderly Gentleman—Ah, very like him, indeed.

Blew It In.

Woggles had a lot of money at one time.

What became of it?

He blew it in.

How?

Invested it in a pneumatic railway scheme.

Serious Symptoms.

Why, asked Dismal Dawson, leaning over the fence, why do you keep on diggin' when the boss ain't around?

Because I really like the job, said the new farm hand.

Got a real likin' fer work?

Sure.

You'd orter take treatment.

Ibsen was seen recently at a court ball in Norway, and his small figure fairly blazed with stars, crosses, collars, pendants and other decorations of all kinds from all sources.

QUEEN'S OLDEST SUBJECT.

Hale and Hearty at 103—Reads French and Italian Classes Daily.

Who the Queen's oldest subject is it would be difficult to say. One of the oldest is Margaret Anna Neve, who lives in the Island of Guernsey, and who has attained the age of 103. A relative who contributes an account of the veteran to the Leisure Hour tells that she was born on May 18, 1792, and every day goes through more than many only half her age. She has travelled a good deal in her time, and her last long journey was undertaken when she was ninety-two. She then went to Cracow, in Poland, to see Kosciusko's monument, and also to Russia. On the long journey to Poland her only companion was her sister, who was then eighty-nine years of age.

HOW THE CENTENARIAN SPENDS HER DAY.

When visited recently Mrs. Neve was found in the garden weeding and pulling up butter cups, a task at which she continued for an hour and a half. After gardening she generally goes indoors and reads for an hour and a half, history as a rule, often in French or Italian, both of which languages she knows as well as English. Milton and Dante have been, and still are, her favorite books. Sometimes she enjoys a little German or Spanish, and she reads her Greek testament frequently. After her dinner at 2 o'clock, when she eats much the same as others do, she has a nap till 4 o'clock; and then she talks and knits and has her tea. About 10 o'clock she retires to rest. She reads family prayers every morning and evening; and when the light is good in the morning she reads without glasses of any sort.

A GUEST A HUNDRED YEARS YOUNGER THAN HERSELF.

Once a week Mrs. Neve has a luncheon party, and one of her favorite guests is her great-nephew, not quite three years old, and rather more than 100 years younger than herself. She walks about the house and grounds entirely by herself, and not long ago went up a step-ladder into a loft to look for something she wanted and to see what was that there. She frequently goes out to the meadow to see the cows, and calls them all by their names and feeds them out of her hand. Quite recently a photo of this interesting old lady was sent to be shown to the Queen, who asked if she might keep the likeness, as that of one of her oldest subjects.

FROM EGYPTIAN TOMBS.

Marvellous Workmanship in the Jewel Which Have Been Found.

The treasures which have been unearthed by M. de Morgan in Dashur, are now on exhibition in the Gizeh Museum of Egypt. Best preserved of the necropolitan trophies is a bronze-bladed poniard which was taken from the sarcophagus of Princess Ita, who lived many centuries ago. Considering the date of this weapon, it is a marvelous piece of workmanship. The handle is made of solid gold, inlaid with cornelian stone, lapis lazuli and Egyptian emerald. The pommel is formed of one large lapis lazuli.

THE QUEEN'S CROWN.

More intricate, but cruder, and, perhaps, less artistic, is the crown of Queen Khnomuit. It is made of solid gold, the motives being miniature lyres, also inlaid with emerald, cornaline and lapis lazuli. All these motives, all these flowers also, which link these lyres together, are finished with such scrupulous precision and display such ingenuity of artisanship that they compare favorably with the best works of the modern goldsmiths and lapidaries.

It would be a difficult task to enumerate here all the bigoux which have been taken from the ancient coffins. They are nearly 6,000 of them. Vultures chiseled of pure gold, hawks' heads and tiger claws, all beautifully enameled and inlaid, and hundreds of clasps surmounted with lions, tigers, snakes and other wild animals.

MONTHS TO DECIPHER THEM.

It will take the French Egyptologists several months to decipher the small hieroglyphics on all these ornaments, heavy earrings and finger rings, which are generously inscribed. Some of them will perhaps only furnish names which will never be identified with the history of ancient Egypt. They will tell the domestic tales of births, love and marriages, but other inscriptions, especially those of the queen's and king's rings, will elucidate much that our historians have been unable to harmonize. They have grappled for years with the Egyptian chronology, and it is a question whether, after all, we will succeed in ever obtaining an accurate chronology of the pharaonic dynasties.

"Cannot we become as one?" he pleaded earnestly. "That depends," replied the new girl. "Which one?"

The Pueblo Indians are a moral race. They have resisted all attempts of traders to introduce whiskey and playing cards in their midst.

James E. Nicholson.

Almost
Passes Belief
Mr. Jas. E. Nicholson, Florenceville, N. B., Struggles for Seven Long Years with
CANCER ON THE LIP,
AND IS CURED BY
AYER'S Sarsaparilla
Mr. Nicholson says: "I consulted doctors who prescribed for me, but to no purpose; the cancer began to
Eat into the Flesh,
spread to my chin, and I suffered in agony for seven long years. Finally, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a week or two I noticed a
Decided Improvement.
Encouraged by this result, I persevered, until in a month or so the sore under my chin began to heal. In three months my lip began to heal, and, after using the Sarsaparilla for six months, the last trace of the cancer disappeared."
Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla
Admitted at the World's Fair.
AYER'S PILLS Regulate the Bowels.

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RESERVE FUND	600,000

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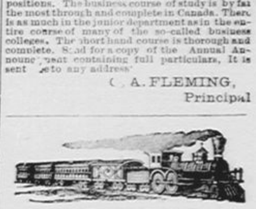

Grand Trunk Railway.
TIME TABLE.

GOING SOUTH.		
Durham	7.10 a. m.	6 40 p. m
Holstein,	7.40 "	7.10 "
Mt. Forest,	7.55	7.35 "
Palmerston	8.20 "	8.10 "
Guelph,	10.25 "	"
Toronto,	12.20	"
London'	11.15 a. m.	
GOING NORTH!		
Durham	5.45 p. m.	10.00p. m
Holstein	5.15 "	9.34 "
Mt. Forest,	4.55 "	9.2 "
Palmerston	4.25 "	8.35 "
Guelph,	10.31 "	5.34
Toronto	8.20 a. m.	4.25 "
London,	7.25 "	3.35 "

Connections with morning and