A Man's a Man for a' That!

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage if sorrow come to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil
But only whitens soft white hands—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Hugh; he was quite appalled at the notion of any likeness between this absurd specimen of humanity and himself; but happily the little mother did not hear him, for she was adjusting the long robe to her liking.

"There, you must take him, Hugh; I want to see him once in your arms—my two treasures together;" and she held the baby to him.

Hugh did not see how the weak arms trembled under their load, as he retreated a few steps in most genuine alarm.

"I take him! My dear, I never held a baby in my life; I should be afraid of dropping him; no, let him stop with his mother. Women understand these sort of things. There, now, I thought so, he is going to cry; and Hugh's discomfitted look was not lost on Fay, as the baby's shrill voice spoke well for his strength of lungs.

"Oh, hush, hush," she said, nearly crying herself, and rocking the baby to and fro feebly. "You spoke so loudly, Hugh, you frightened him; he never cries so when we are alone."

"You will be alone directly if you do not send him away," was her husband's impatient answer; it is not pleasant for a man to be deafened when he is tired after a long journey. Why, I do believe you are going to cry too, Fay; what is the good of a nurse if you exhaust yourself like this?" And he pulled the bell rope angrily.

"Oh, please don't send my baby away," she implored, in quite a piteous voice; "he is always with me now, and so good and quiet, only you startled him so."

"Nonsense," he returned decidedly; "your illness has made you fanciful; surely I must know what is best for my wife. Nurse, why do you allow Lady Redmond to wear herself out with a crying child? it cannot be right in her weak state."

Fay gave up her baby without a word; she was too gentle to remonstrate, but if he could have read her thoughts. "He does not care for his child at all," she was saying within herself; and then she was very quiet, and shielded her face with one hand. Sir Hugh was rather uncomfortable; he knew he had been out of temper, and that he was disappointing Fay, but he never guessed the stab he had inflicted when he had refused to take their boy in his arms.

"Well, Fay," he said, in rather a deprecating manner, "I meant to have had a little talk with you, now that noisy fellow is gone; but you seem sleepy, dear; shall I leave you to rest now, and come up again after dinner?"

Fay uncovered her eyes and looked at him rather oddly, he thought, but she made no answer. Hugh rose and looked at his watch, and repeated his question.

"No," she said, very slowly; "do not trouble to come up again, Hugh. I cannot talk to you to-night; I shall be better quiet."

"There, I told you so," he cried, triumphantly. "I knew that little rascal had tired you."

"My baby never tires me," she answered, wearily, and closed her eyes. Oh, if she could only close them forever! But then she remembered how terrible death had seemed to her in her illness—a bit of infinite pain.

Hugh looked at her a little puzzled; his Wee Wifie was very much altered, he thought; and then he kissed her two or three times with some affection, and went to his dressing-room.

But when she heard him go down stairs she rang for the nurse to bring back her baby directly. The woman did not like her excited look, or the fierce way she almost snatched him to her bosom.

"You had much better try and get a little sleep, my lady," she said, kindly; but Fay only shook her head. It was not bedtime yet, she said, but she would like to be quiet with her baby for a little. And when nurse had gone to have a talk with Janet, she tottered from the couch, and knelt down beside it, and wetted the white robe with her tears.

"It is all over, baby," she moaned; "he does not care for you or for me either—he only wants Margaret; but you must love your mother, baby, and grow up and comfort her, for she has no one but you to love her in the whole wide world."

Lady Redmond had a serious relapse after this, and it was two or three weeks before she was carried to the couch again.

* * * * * * *

Hugh had not learned his lesson yet. Neither his wife's illness nor his own had taught him wisdom; he was as restless and unreasonable as ever.

He grew very impatient over Fay's prolonged weakness, which he insisted was due in a great measure to her own fault. If she had not excited herself so much on the night of his return, she would never have had that relapse. It was a very tiresome affair altogether; for his own health was not thoroughly re-established, and a London physician had recommended him a few months' travel; it was just what he wanted, and now his trip to Cairo and the Pyramids must be indefinitely postponed.

He rather obstinately chose to believe that there was a want of will in the matter, and that Fay could throw off her weakness if she liked. Still he was very kind to her in his uncertain way—perhaps because the doctors said he must humor her, or she would fade away from them yet. So he told her that she would never get strong while she lay moping herself to death in that little painted bird-cage, as he called the blue room. And when she answered listlessly that she could not walk—which he was at first slow to believe—he used to carry her down to one of the sunniest rooms in the old Hall—into either the morning-room or library—and place her comfortably on her couch with her work and book before he started out for his ride.

It was a new thing to have those strong arms performing such gentle offices for her. Fay used to thank him gratefully with one of her meek, beautiful looks, but she seldom said anything—his kindness had come too late to the poor child, who felt that her heart was slowly breaking with its hopeless love. For who would be content with the mirage when they are thirsting for the pure water? Or who would be satisfied with the meted grain and the measured ounce when they have given their all in all?

Those looks used to haunt Hugh as he rode through the Singleton lanes; he used to puzzle over them in an odd, ruminative fashion.

He remembered once that he had been in at the death of a doe—where, or in what country he could not remember; but she had been overtaken with her fawn, and one of the huntsmen dispatched her with his knife.

Hugh had stood by and shuddered at the dumb look of anguish in the wild deer-eyes, as with a sobbing breath the poor creature breathed its last, its helpless fawn licking its red wounds. Hugh had not been able to forget that look for a long time; and now it recurred to his memory, and he could not tell why Fay's eyes reminded him so of the dying doe's—it was an absurd morbid idea. And then he touched his black mare a little smartly, and tried to efface the recollection by a rousing galop. But, do what he would, he could not get it out of his mind that his Wee Wifie was sadly altered; she was not the same Fay whose little tripping feet had raced Nero and Pierre along the galleries with that ringing laugh. This was a tired Fay who rarely spoke and never laughed—who seemed to care for nothing but her baby.

Hugh used to tell her so sometimes, with an inexplicable feeling of jealousy that rather surprised him; but Fay did not understand him.

"What does it matter for whom I care?" she would say to herself. "I must love my own baby." And then she would think bitterly that Hugh seemed to like her better now that she had ceased to vex him with her childish demonstrations. "I am getting very dignified," she thought, "and very quiet; and I think this pleases him. Do old people feel like this, I wonder, when all their life is ended, and they have such feeble, aching limbs? Ah, no; I do not believe they suffer at all. But now I seem as though I can never rest for my longing that Hugh may love me and tell me so, before I die." And so she would prose on in her sad plaintive little way.

No wonder Sir Hugh marvelled at her, so silent of tongue, so grave of look—such an altered Wee Wifie; but all the conclusion at which he had arrived was that the baby had been too much for her, and that, when the summer heat was over, she would grow strong again. And Fay never contradicted him.

And by and by, when the days grew a little cooler, Fay began to creep about the garden a little, and call herself well. Hugh drove her out once or twice in her pony carriage; but she saw he did not like it, and begged him to let her go alone—such reluctant courtesies gave her no pleasure. But presently Erle came for a brief visit, and was her ready escort, and after that she really began to mend.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FAY'S MISTAKE.

She loves with love that cannot tire,
And when, ah, woe! she loves alone
Through passionate duty love dannts higher
As grass grows taller round a stone.
Coventry Patmore

Never 'tis certain that no hope is—none?
No hope for me, and yet for thee no fear,
The hardest part of my hard task is done;
Thy calm assures me that I am not dear.
Jean Ingelow

Erle was quite shocked at Fay's changed appearance, but he said very little about it. He had an instinctive feeling that the shadow had deepened, and that Fay was sick at heart, but he only showed his sympathy by an added kindness, and an almost reverential tenderness; and Fay was deeply grateful for his delicacy, for she knew now that though she had been blind, others had had their eyes open; and she had a morbid fear that every one traced her husband's restlessness and dissatisfaction with his life to the right cause, and knew that she was an unloved wife. Fay was very proud by nature, though no one would have guessed it from her exceeding gentleness; and this knowledge added largely to her pain. But she hid it—she hid it heroically, and no one knew till too late how the young creature had suffered in her silence.

Erle and she were better friends than ever; but they did not resume their old confidential talks. Erle had grown strangely reticent about his own affairs, and spoke little of his *fiancee* and his approaching marriage. He knew in his heart that Fay had read him truly, and knew that his warmest affections had been given to Fern, and he had an uneasy consciousness that she condemned his conduct.

Fay never told him so; she congratulated him very prettily and made one of her old mischievous speeches about "the young lady with the go in her"—but somehow it seemed to fall flat; and she asked him a few questions, as in duty bound, about his prospects, and how often he saw Miss Selby, and if he would bring her to Redmond Hall one day; "for I mean to be very fond of your wife, Erle, whoever she may be," she continued; "and I hear from the Trelawneys that Miss Selby—but I must call her Evelyn now—is very nice indeed, and that you are to be congratulated."

"She is far too good for me," returned Erle, with a touch of real feeling, for his *fiancee's* unselfish devotion was a daily reproach to him. Could any girl be sweeter or more loving, he thought.

Fay sighed as she watched him. Erle had changed too, she said to herself; he was nicer, but he had lost his old-time merriment; he looked graver, and a little thin, and there was not always a happy look in his eyes. Fay sometimes feared that the other girl with the fair hair had not been forgotten; she wanted to tell him that she hoped Evelyn knew all about her, but she lacked the courage, and somehow it was not so easy to talk to Erle this time.

But there was one subject on which he dilated without reserve, and that was on Mr. Ferrers' search for Crystal. He was in New York now, he told Fay, with his sister, and he was waiting for further intelligence before he followed Miss Davenport. "Miss Trafford corresponds with him," he continued, with an effort; "but it seems the travellers have little time for writing." But he wondered, as he talked about the Ferrers, why Fay changed color so often—he had heard it was a sign of delicacy.

"I am tiring you," he said, hastily; "you are looking quite pale; you want a change sadly yourself, my Fairy Queen." And Hugh, entering the room at that moment, caught at the word, and came up quickly to the couch.

"Don't you feel so well to-day, pet?" he asked, kindly; "why are you talking about a change."

"It was only Erle's nonsense, dear," she said, hurriedly. She never could speak to him without a painful blush, and it always deepened if he looked at her long, as he did now.

"I never saw you look better than you do to-day," returned her husband; "she is quite rosy, is she not, Erle? But you are right, and a change will do her and the boy good. I was thinking how you would like to go down to Devonshire, Fay, while I am away."

"Away?" she said, very quietly; "where are you going, Hugh?"—but there was no surprise in her face.

"Oh, you cannot forget," returned Hugh, impatiently, "unless that baby puts everything out of your head. Do you not remember that I told you that Fitzclarence was coming down this week to arrange about our trip to Cairo."

"No," she replied "you never said anything about it, Hugh;" which was the truth, for he had never taken the trouble to inform her, though Mrs. Heron had had orders to prepare a room for the expected guest.

"Well, well," rather irritably, "I meant to tell you, but one's memory is treacherous sometimes. He will be down here about Wednesday or Thursday, for in another week we hope to start."

"Indeed," returned Fay, in her tired voice, pulling off her baby's shoe; but to Erle's astonishment, she manifested no emotion. As for Sir Hugh, he was relieved to find his Wee Wifie was becoming such a reasonable woman. Why, he could talk to her quite comfortably without fear of a scene.

"What will you do with yourself, dear," he continued, briskly. "Don't you think it would be the best thing to go down to Daintree and show your baby to Aunt Griselda?"

"Just as you like," was the indifferent answer. But Erle interrupted her.

"How long do you mean to absent yourself from the bosom of your family, Hugh?"

"Oh, two or three months; we cannot follow out the route Fitzclarence proposed under that time—about ten or eleven weeks, I should say."

"Three months? Well, all I can say is marriage is not the fettered state that we bachelors imagine it to be. I had no idea that one could get leave of absence for half that time. I hope my wife will be as accommodating as Fay."

"There was a concealed sarcasm in Erle's careless speech that jarred upon Hugh, and he answered angrily,

"I wish you would not talk such nonsense, Erle. Fay has the sense to know that my health requires complete change, and I shall not be the man I was without it. I ought to have had three months last time, only her illness recalled me. But now I can leave her more happily."

"And you expect to make the trip in eleven weeks with Fitzclarence as the leader of the expedition. Fitzclarance, so renowned for his punctuality—so celebrated for never altering a given route at a minute's notice."

Erle was going too far, and Sir Hugh answered him with decided impatience.

"I did not know Fitzclarence was a friend of yours, Erle; but I never listen to the idle gossip one picks up at one's club. I am perfectly satisfied with his arrangements, and so are the other men—we have two other fellows going with us. Fay, my dear, I should like you to write at once to your aunt, and ask her if she can have you and the boy. The cottage is rather small; do you think you could do without Janet, and only take nurse?"

"Oh, yes," replied Fay, in the same constrained voice; but Erle saw that she had become very pale. But just then Ellerton entered and told his master that some one was waiting to speak to him on business; and so the subject dropped.

Erle looked rather wistfully at Fay when they were left alone together. "I am afraid you will be very lonely when Hugh goes away," he said, kindly. "Why need you go to Daintree; you will be dreadfully dull there with only your aunt. I do not see why you should not come to Belgrave House first, while Mrs. Montague is there. She is a very pleasant woman, Fay; and you could do just as you like, and you would see Evelyn, and I am sure you two would soon be great friends. Do come, Fay; and you can go to Daintree afterwards."

Fay shook her head with a faint, dissenting smile; but she was touched by his kind thought for her.

"No, Erle," she said, decidedly, "it would not do at all. Hugh would not like it. He wishes me to go to Aunt Griselda."

"What does it matter to him where you go, so long as he is enjoying himself," burst from Erle's impatient lips; her meekness really provoked him. But he regretted the rash speech as soon as it was uttered, especially as a soft hand touched his.

"Hush! Erle," she said, gently, "you should not speak like that; not to me at least. Do you not know that I have no greater pleasure in the world than to obey my husband's wishes. No," she continued, and her eyes grew misty, "I have no other happiness but that—no other happiness but that."

"But, Fay," interrupted Erle, eagerly, "what possible objection could Hugh have to your staying at our house while Mrs. Montague is there? We would wait on you, and watch over you, as though you were a queen."

"Yes, yes! I know that—you are always so kind to me, Erle; but it would never do for me to come to Belgrave House. Hugh does not like Mr. Huntingdon."

"Very few people do," muttered Erle, "but he has always been a good friend to my mother and me."

"Yes, I know; and he is your uncle, so of course you make allowances for him. But Hugh has told me the story of poor Nea Huntingdon; and, somehow, I feel as though I could never visit Belgrave House until you are master there."

Erle smiled. "When that day comes, Mrs. Trafford shall reap a golden harvest after all her hard work. You do not know how I long to help her, and make life easier for them all. Think of such women living in a place like the Elysian Fields—over that shop too; and yet, if I were to take up their cause now, I should only forfeit my own chances, and do no good. So you mean to be obdurate, my Fairy Queen, and not come to us."

"No, dear," she said, quietly, "I could not come." But she never told him that one of her reasons was that she might possibly meet the Ferrers there, if they were coming back from America; and she felt just now as though she could not have borne such an encounter.

Erle had to go up to London the next day, but the Hon. Algernon Fitzclarence took his place the following evening, and after that Fay had a miserable time; for all day long Hugh and his guest were planning the route for their trip, or talking over previous tours.

Either Fay's knowledge of geography was very limited or her head got confused; but as she listened to them, she felt as though Egypt were thousands of miles away, and as though Hugh would certainly get lost in those trackless deserts, and was cruel to leave her for such dangers, she thought. And sometimes she got so nervous that she would make an excuse and leave the room, that she might not hear any more. And then she would wander about the grounds in an aimless way, trying to throw off the oppression that was growing greater as the days went on. It was not that she did not want her husband to leave her. Her loneliness could not be greater if he went away—so she believed in her wretchedness; but she was so terrified for him. And she had taken a dislike to the Hon. Algernon Fitzclarence. He might be a great traveller, as Hugh told her, and a very amusing companion; but his manners were not to her taste. Fay's innocence instinctively took alarm at the covert admiration conveyed in her guest's looks and words. He was too much a man of the world to pay her open compliments; and indeed her gentle dignity repelled him; but he made her understand that he thought his hostess very charming.

Hugh noticed nothing; he was rather pleased than otherwise that a fastidious man like Fitzclarence should admire his little wife. Fay was certainly very pretty, even in her husband's eyes, and she was so much improved—not half so childish. But it was a relief to Fay when the Hon. Algernon departed. Hugh was to join him in town for a day or two to procure his outfit, and then come back to the Hall to bid Fay good-bye. It was on the second day after their guest had left Redmond Hall that Fay went into her husband's room to dust and arrange his papers as usual.

It was a duty she had taken upon herself from the first. Sir Hugh had a masculine horror of what he called servants' interference—he never allowed them to touch the papers on his writing-table or bureau; and his strictures on the feminine duster were so severe that no one but Mrs. Heron ever ventured even to remove the overflowing waste-paper baskets.

But when Fay came to the Hall she assumed the duty as her right, and took a great pride and pleasure in her task; and Hugh's first marital praise was bestowed on the clever little fingers that tidied without disarranging his cherished papers, and after that the work became her daily pleasure. But this morning there was an unusual amount of disorder and confusion. Sir Hugh had sat up late the previous night sorting and destroying his letters; and not only the baskets but the floor was heaped with a profusion of torn paper. Fay felt weak and tired, and she went about her work slowly; but she would not ring for a servant to help her; it would be a long time before she tidied Hugh's papers again, she thought. And then her attention was attracted by an unfinished letter lying at the bottom of the *debris* which she first believed had been thrown away by mistake—but on closer inspection she found it was torn across. But it was in her husband's handwriting. Fay never knew why the temptation came to her to read that letter. A sentence had caught her eye, and an intense wish suddenly came over her to read the whole and know what it meant. Afterwards she owned that her fault had been a great one; but she was to pay dearly for her girlish curiosity.

It was a mere fragment, and was apparently the concluding portion of a long explanatory letter.

". . . And now I have told you all frankly, and however much you may condemn me, at least you will be sorry for me.

"For, indeed, I have done all that a man can do, or at least the best that is in me, and have only been beaten and humiliated at every turn. I can do no more. My illness has exhausted me, and taken away all strength of resistance; and though it may seem cowardly to you, I am forced to run away, for my present life is unendurable. Just put yourself in my place, and think what I must suffer.

"So you must not blame me, dear, if I have come to the conclusion that the same place cannot hold us both—at least not for a time. One or other of us must leave; and of course it must be I. The misery of it is too great for my endurance, until I can learn to forget the past; and, as I have told you before, Margaret,"—the word lightly scratched through and "I" substituted, only Fay never noticed this—"I think it right to go; and time and absence will help us both. She is so good and gentle; if she knew all, she would own that this is my duty; but——" here the letter was torn across, and Fay read no more. But as she stood there her fingers stiffened over the paper, and an icy chill seemed to rob her of all feeling. She thought that letter was written to Margaret, and now her despair had reached its climax.

Poor, unhappy Wee Wifie; it was a most fatal mistake. That letter had been written by Hugh one night when he could not sleep, and it was addressed to his wife. He had come to the conclusion that he had lived the life of a hypocrite long enough, and that it would be wiser and more honest if he unburdened himself of his unhappy secret and told Fay why he had thought it better to go away. He had tried to speak to her once, but she did not seem to understand, and he had grown irritable and impatient; it would be easier to make excuses for himself on paper. He could tell her truly that he was very fond of her, and that he wanted to make her happy. "I mean to make you a good husband," he had said in a previous portion; "one of these days, if you are patient with me, you shall be the happiest little woman in the world."

Hugh never finished this letter; something happened to distract his attention, and he never found an opportunity of completing it. The night before he had read it over, and the beginning had not pleased him. "I will write another when I am away," he said to himself; "I am afraid she will feel herself hurt if she reads this, poor little thing. I have not been sufficiently considerate." Unfortunately Fay had come to a different conclusion. She thought the letter had been written to Margaret, and that the "she" who was mentioned was Hugh's wife. Yes, it was his wife of whom Hugh spoke when he said the same place could not hold them both, and for "place" the unhappy girl substituted "house." Hugh could not remain in the same house with her. "She was good and gentle; if she knew all,"—ah! and she did know all—"she would own that it was his duty; his present life was unendurable," and therefore—therefore he was going to Egypt with that dreadful man who would lead him into danger. "One or other of us must leave, and of course it must be I."

"No, no, my bonnie Hugh," she said at last, with a dim smile, as she lifted up her eyes to his portrait; "if one must be sacrificed it shall not be you—no, my dearest, it shall not be you." And then, in her childish ignorance, she made up her mind that Hugh should not go to Egypt.

"You are very unhappy, darling," she went on, pressing the letter in her hands; "you are terribly unhappy because you cannot love me and care for your boy; but you shall not be troubled with us any longer; and, indeed, I could not stop—" and here a blush of shame came to her sweet face—"knowing what I know now. No, baby and I will go, and you shall not leave your beautiful home and get lost in those horrible deserts; you shall stay here and learn to forget all your troubles, and presently you will be happy, and it is I who will go, my dearest."

(To be continued.)

Mark Twain's Meanest Man Outdone.

The Brockville *Recorder* publishes the following: "The writer was on the road to Farmersville and had to wait some time at the Elbe toll-gate, which was blocked up by a waggon with a hay rack. As we finally drove up and handed over our four cents the old lady in charge of the gate said: 'If you wait long enough I'll tell you why that man was so long here. You see this morning he went past with a load of hay so large it would not go through the gate. To help him out of the trouble my husband and myself got rails from the fence and fixed up the side of the road, so that he could drive around the gate, and he got by without unloading. When he came back just now he refused to pay only one way, as he said he had only gone through the gate once. What do you think of that?' said the old lady as we drove on."

Lessons in Natural Philosophy.

"Yes, Tommy," said the teacher of the infant class, "that is right; vegetables come from the ground; and now can Willie Waffles tell us where meat comes from?"

"Yessum," responded Willie, with the air of one familiar with the subject, "meat comes from the butcher's."

The Place for Our Superfluous Girls.

Keep a close watch to-night and see which of the one hundred young gentlemen of our town escort the six young ladies to the concert.—*Quincy (Texas) Advance.*

MAGNETIC WIND.

A Remarkable Subterranean Bellows Near a Texas Town.

About 100 miles east of El Paso, near Sierra Blanco, on the line of the Texas & Pacific Railway, there is a strange phenomenon that has just come to public notice. The authority for the statements about to be made is ex-Governor John C. Brown, of Tennessee, receiver of the Texas & Pacific, who visited this city a few days ago, accompanied by several officials of the road, in whose jurisdiction the phenomenon is located. Governor Brown and Superintendent Judy told the story to one or two persons here, and it has just come out. About three years ago the Texas & Pacific Railway Company undertook to sink an artesian well a few miles east of Sierra Blanco, which is a little hamlet, 95 miles east of El Paso. The workmen put the pipe down about 600 feet, when suddenly an underground cavern was struck, the drill dropped about 6 feet and a current of air rushed up the pipe. Drilling ceased and the well was abandoned, the 600 feet of pipe remaining in the ground and giving a connection between the surface of the earth and the subterranean cavity a quarter of a mile beneath. The phenomenon did not at that time attract the attention of any one sufficiently to investigate. Recently, however, Superintendent Judy's attention was called to it, and his personal examination and inquiries have developed peculiar facts and testimony about the wonderful well. Gov. Brown stopped to see it on his way here. Not many people live near the well, but those who do reside in the neighborhood of it are thoroughly acquainted with it. Ever since it was abandoned, three years ago, the people near by have been in the habit of going and sitting about the well in summer to enjoy the cool and invigorating air that rushes up the pipe. One of the strangest things is the fact that the current of air ebbs and flows like the ocean tides. From 10.15 a.m. to 10.15 p.m. a current of air rushes out of the pipe with a sound that resembles the noise made by a locomotive blowing off steam so loud that it can be heard for forty or fifty yards. At 10.15 p.m. the overflow of air ceases and a strong suction sets in, which lasts for the next twenty-four hours, this ebb and flow continuing day after day. It has been observed by horsemen that whenever they get in the neighborhood of the well strong magnetic forces are felt and sparks are given off if the horse's mane is touched. Recently a man from Sierra Blanco was sitting close to the well, and on taking out his pocket-knife found a nail which he had in his pocket clinging to the knife. He held the knife in the current of the air and found the magnetic property was greatly increased. Several weeks ago Supt. Judy held his pocket-knife in the current of air for four minutes, and the knife is still strongly magnetized from the effect. The overflowing current of air is believed to possess remarkable curative properties. Its efficacy is to be tested by experiments upon cases of paralysis and other diseases. The people who live near the wonderful well call it the "fountain of youth."—*Galveston News.*

Extraordinary Scene in a Church.

An extraordinary scene occurred in All Saints' Church, Woodford Wells, Essex. It was the occasion of the usual harvest festival and the building was crowded. As soon as the service commenced an elderly man, of gentlemanly appearance, jumped up from his seat excitedly, and, pointing to a lady who was entering, exclaimed, "Oh, what a bonnet!" He continued muttering to himself, and occasionally starting to his feet during the prayers, as well as beating time with his hands to the music. The churchwardens and others endeavored to pacify him, but when they approached him he placed himself in a threatening attitude, the consequence being that no one was able to lay hold of him. Meanwhile many of the worshippers left the church in a state of alarm. When the first hymn was given out by the vicar, the man again jumped up suddenly, left his pew and advanced toward the vicar, every one expecting something serious to happen. The man, however, went up to a lady, put his arms around her and embraced her, to her great consternation. He then turned and walked out of the church and no one followed him. He is a stranger to the locality, and the supposition is that he is an escaped lunatic.

As She Is Wrote.

The *Gran Establecimiento de Modelos* of Jose Gamero Cruz, Granada, advertises as follows:

Geometricals reductions of the more conspicuous and better conserveds reliefs of the Alhambra Arabian palace.

Windows, porches and models of Generalife Said Palace Tower of Infantas and others Arabian monuments of architectural importance.

Warehouse of the photographs of the Alhambra and Generalife and images in boil-elay of the best famous andalusians exemplars types.

Ornament of edifices in arabian style in alls class of works and arabesques flowers pots.

Dont purchases nothing until visit this establishment.

The prices are very reduceds and incredibles.

We remit the demands out Spain with readiness and economy.

Keep this advertisement of the trading-house Joes Gamera Cruz and use it as a pocket in order to place the visiting cards.

The Origin of Man.

In a recent lecture at Rochester, Rev. C. A. Johnson, in dealing with the subject of "Evolution," said: "I propose to solve this vexed question and present evolution in its proper light, so that you can understand what evolution is composed of, relative to the material which go to make it up. Evolution is as settled a scientific doctrine as the laws of gravitation. It is of great importance for us to know whether man descended from a stock of primates back to which we may trace the converging pedigrees of monkeys and baboons until their ancestry becomes indistinguishable from that of rabbits and squirrels. We shall have some difficulty in settling the questions that at times arise from the cases of human nature which exists potentially in mere inorganic matter and the chain of spontaneous derivation which connects incandescent molecules or star-dust with the world and with man himself."

Somewhat Contagious.

"Hello! Bill, my girl, where's your pa? Haven't seen him on the street in a long time."

"He's sick."

"And where's your ma? Haven't seen her lately."

"She's sick."

"Where's your brother George? Don't see him any more."

"He's sick."

"And where are you going in such a hurry?"

"Going to the doctor's. I'm sick."

"What, all sick? What's the matter?"

"Oh, Cousin Nell has come to board at our house, and she's taking music lessons."

A Mean Man.

Husband—Getting ready for the opera? Wife—Yes, dear.

H.—D'ye know why a woman getting ready for the opera reminds me of an unplucked fowl?

W.—Not knowing, can't say.

H.—Because she has to be undressed to be dressed.—*Boston Courier.*

There are nearly 5,000 Hungarian voters in the city of New York.

A BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

The Romance Woven from the Strains of the Piano Next Door.

I wonder why the piano isn't going this evening? My pretty little neighbor must be otherwise engaged. The door-bell rang a moment ago, so Sir Welcome Beau is doubtless in attendance. Ah, me! I believe I'm just a wee bit jealous of that handsome, smiling fellow. It's a little trying for a crusty old bachelor to sit up here in his lonely den and wonder what those two young people are about next door. Humph! They're probably enjoying themselves after the manner of young folks. Sentiment and small talk without limit is doubtless the bill-of-fare. Yes, yes, how silly I am to envy them. Isn't this fresh magazine and my generous pipe of "Lone Jack" far preferable to such nonsense! Of course it is!

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"Ah! there, she's playing now! How she makes that instrument speak! It voices her very feeling more truly than ever tongue could. Yes, he's certainly there to-night; and she's talking to him through that piano just as plainly as can be, the little minx! I wonder if he can interpret her music?

There, now, those quick treble notes—those bird-like runs and trills—don't they say, just as plainly as daylight: "I'm so glad you came to-night—so glad, so glad, so glad, glad, glad, glad, glad;" and now those softer, deeper notes! Can't you hear? "For I love you. O, I love you, love you, love, love, love—" Oh, you young looney, you! Why don't you take her right off that piano-stool and fold her in your arms and kiss her? I have no patience with such a young noodle. What wouldn't I give to be down there in your place for just one minute, young man—just one single minute! Ah! There, now! The music suddenly stops! The youngster's evidently come to his senses at last! Well, God bless them—God bless them!

What! is that a tear? It is, by Jupiter! and I've let my pipe go out, too, and haven't turned a leaf in that magazine yet. What an old idiot I am, to be sure!

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"Yes, little maid, I know you are very sad this evening. The first plaintive note of the piano told me so; and there's no use in your repeating it so often. You'll make me sad, too, if you don't stop soon. How often has the piano told me, within the past two weeks, that *he* has gone. Oh, so far—far—far away—away—away; across the sea—the sea—the—sea; and you're so lonely—so lonely, that your heart is almost breaking—breaking—breaking—breaking. Poor little girl! I wish I could cheer her up. I'd give my right hand to bring her absent lover back to her this minute. Well, I declare! is that more tears? I'm getting to be as soft as a woman. I must cease this moping here in my den, every evening, listening to that sentimental little woman pouring her heart out at her piano. It's not good for me, I'm afraid.

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"Great Heavens! I shall go wild if this continues! Every evening since that steamship has been overdue the agonized tones of the piano have almost driven me crazy. And there it goes again, telling me over and over, in weird, distracted tones: 'He is dead, dead, dead; he is drowned, he is drowned. I, too, will die, will die; I, too, will die.' And those wild, piteous chords! Do they breathe a prayer? I think they must. Ah! how they pierce my heart!

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"There is resignation in the piano's tones to-night. The steamer is lost. They have given up all hope. I saw a man of prayer at the house this evening. He has doubtless comforted her. But, oh, what unspeakable sadness there was in her face, as she stood at the window this evening as I passed! Yes, the piano is resigned to-night. In sad, low tones it speaks of heaven, and reunion, and peace and joy unutterable! There are still tears in its notes, to be sure, but they are brightened with hope. And now the hope grows stronger and seems almost ready to burst forth into a hymn of celestial gladness. But there, the door-bell rings, the music stops, and—what was that? A scream?

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"Well, bless me if it isn't almost too good to be true. So he isn't drowned, after all? I wonder what they all thought of me for rushing in where the returned lover and his sweetheart, almost wild with joy, were clasped close in each other's arms, with the rest of the family standing about weeping for gladness. I suppose I had no right to intrude, but that scream justified it.

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"The old piano seems almost bursting with happiness again to-night. It fairly delights me to hear it. I'm so glad the young folks are not going away from the house next door, now that they are married. I should miss the piano, oh, so much. My! what a divine hymn of gratitude and bliss there is in those simple, soulful measures that the happy little woman is playing now! Heigh-ho! That young fellow got a rare treasure! But I don't envy him. No—I—don't—believe—I—do. But, anyhow, here is his health, and long life to the young couple. May they live long and prosper!"

Was America Ever Discovered?

At the time when Columbus started in search of the New World nearly every man, woman and child in Europe insisted that there was no New World to discover. When he came back, crowned with success, a large proportion of these good people adhered to their theory, and if they were alive to-day many of them would doubtless insist that America had never been discovered at all. A man will give up anything in the world more readily than a pet theory. For example, look at the individuals who still maintain that consumption is incurable. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured thousands upon thousands of cases, and will cure thousands more, but these people can't give up their point. Nevertheless the "Discovery" will cure any case of consumption, if taken in time.

—Mr. Edison is unquestionably the smartest inventor of the age, but if he really wants to serve his fellow men let him invent a machine that will take all the little bones out of fish.

For Constipation, "liver complaint," or biliousness, sick headache, and all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the liver and stomach, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets—a gentle laxative or active cathartic, according to size of dose.

Putnam's Corn Extractor

Is the best remedy for corns extant. It acts quickly, makes no sore spots and effects a radical cure. A hundred imitations prove its value. Take neither substitutes offered as good nor the close imitations of the genuine too often offered.

Six Months After Marriage.

She—"Why do you look so unhappy, George? Don't you know we are one now?"

He—"Yes, I've heard that before, but when it comes to paying the weekly board bill the landlord don't seem to think so."

The Ontario & Niagara Navigation Company's new steel steamer the Cibola was successfully launched yesterday at Deseronto.

A constitution for the proposed annual Industrial Exhibition in Ottawa has been approved by the Citizens' Sub-Committee, and will be submitted to the general committee for adoption to-morrow.

A USEFUL DEAC[illegible]

He Couldn't Pray or Sing, But He Could Keep the Dogs Out of Church.

The Rev. E. A. Dickinson, editor of the *Religious Herald*, of Richmond, Va., was telling the Philadelphia Baptist Association the other day how necessary it was to enlist the active services of every member of a congregation, when some one pertinently asked: "What are you going to do with a man that can't do anything?"

"That's a mistake," returned the reverend journalist. "Every man is of some use. If he can't do one thing he can do another. The point is to find out just what he is fit for, and having found it put him at it. This recalls an actual experience I once had in a backwoods congregation in Virginia. It was my first visit among the people and I was anxious to make it successful. It should be remembered that church in the backwoods means a gathering of all the people and a good many dogs. After the opening hymn I called on old Deacon Blank to lead us in prayer.

"'Taint no use askin' me,' he said, 'I can't do it.'

"'Suppose you start the next hymn, then?'

"'Can't sing either.'

"'How about taking up the collection? I guess you can manage that?'

"'Nop. I'm a bad hand at getting 'round. Better get some one else.'

"Noticing that the old fellow carried a stout walking stick an idea was suggested.

"'Well, brother, do you think you're able to keep out the dogs?'

"'You bet I air,' he confidently replied. Then taking a seat at the door, he battled with the brutes throughout the meeting, and after it was over more than one of the congregation was followed home by yelping curs with broken limbs.

Every man has his sphere of usefulness.
—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Chronic nasal catarrh positively cured by Dr. Sage's Remedy.

Anton von Werner is painting a picture of Kaiser Wilhelm at the age of 90, sitting surrounded by his family. It is to be a jubilee present to Queen Victoria from the Germans resident in England.

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, careless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, through that great blood purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing the entire system, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and k