To the Mourners.

This is the poem Laureate Tennyson wrote for the *Nineteenth Century* as a tribute to the Duke of Clarence:

The bridal garland falls upon the bier,
The shadow of a crown that sat him hung
Has vanish'd in the shadow cast by Death;
So princely, tender, truthful, reverent, pure,
Moors That a world-wide Empire mourns with you,
That all the thrones are clouded by your loss,
We slender solace. You be comforted;
For if this earth be ruled by Perfect Love
Then, after His brief range of blameless days,
The toil of funeral in an Angel ear
Sounds happier than the merriest marriage-bell.
The face of Death is toward the Sun of Life,
His shadow darkens earth; his brow grows
Is "Onward," no discordance in the roll,
And march of that Eternal Harmony
Whereto the worlds beat time, tho' fatally heard—
Until the great Hereafter means is hope.

A BARITONE'S DEVOTION;

OR, A TALE OF SUNNY ITALY.

The next day was Whit-Sunday. Carlo, as usual, drove in to Naples with the Brittons, and was very glad that the great excitement of "Uncle George's" probable arrival excluded all other topics of conversation. It lasted throughout the drive, and, indeed, engrossed Captain Britton's thoughts so much during church-time that he was glad to effect his escape with Sibyl after the sermon, leaving Carlo and Francisco to the second service, while he hastened to make inquiries as to the Pilgrim.

To his surprise and delight, he was greeted just outside the church by his brother.

Sibyl, who had very vague recollections of her uncle, studied him with a child's keen criticism.

"He is like papa," she reflected, "but smaller and finer; his beard is beautiful, and white and curly, like a Father Christmas; he laughs with his eyes. I like him."

Having satisfied herself on this point, she began to listen to the conversation.

"Yes, we got in early this morning," her uncle was saying. "We had very light winds all the way from Leghorn—in fact, yesterday we were becalmed, but after the squall we got on better. What a paradise you live in, to be sure! Ah, is this your little one? Why, Sibyl, you have grown out of all knowledge! And what have you done with Francesca?"

"Francesca will be here directly," replied the captain. "We may as well wait for her, if you are not in a hurry. By the bye, George, I think you have not heard that she is to be married shortly."

"What high and mighty nobleman has been so happy as to meet with your approval?" said Mr. Britton, well aware of his brother's weakness for titles, and convinced by his beaming face that the marriage was desirable in his eyes.

"A young Italian neighbor of ours, Signor Donati; not a noble at all, but of a good old family, and likely to do well at the Neapolitan Bar. Oh! I am thoroughly pleased with the affair—thoroughly pleased—and Donati is heir to a rich old uncle; so it is satisfactory in every way."

"I hope he is good enough for dear little Fran," said Mr. Britton, dryly. Somehow the notion of his pretty niece marrying the first-foreigner who proposed for her did not please him.

"Well, as to that, I doubt if there is any one in the world quite good enough for her," said Captain Britton, rubbing his hands, but slightly embarrassed by the presence of his prayer-book. "You will like Donati, though, I am sure of that. He is a fine fellow. Just now, poor boy, he is in great trouble—lost his mother quite suddenly, and of course he's dreadfully cut up. In fact, I think the only thing that will be to hasten on the marriage, and get him right away from the place for a bit. Ah, here they come! That's right!" and he hurried forward lest Sibyl should forestall him as a newsbearer."

Mr. Britton glanced quickly at Francesca's fiance, and felt his insular prejudice melting away. A more beautiful face he had never seen. Something of its serenity vanished, however, as Captain Britton approached—a scare of shade passed over the forehead, and he evidently came back to the present with an effort. The captain brought him forward, and introduced him in his usual rather boisterous and patronizing way. Mr. Britton was all the more struck by the grace and dignity of the Italian, and he held out his hand cordially.

"I have been hearing of you, Signor Donati," he said, pleasantly. "You must let me congratulate you, for, indeed, I think you are a very happy man."

The Italian smiled, surely the saddest smile ever seen, as he bowed his acknowledgments. Mr. Britton was startled and perplexed, but Francesca's happy face reassured him; and had not the captain said that his future son-in-law was in trouble?

"I want you all to come and spend the day on my yacht," he said, turning to his brother. "The gig is waiting down by the Arsenal. Come, you must really take compassion on my solitude. Signor Donati, I hope you'll put up with that barbarous custom, an early dinner; but the fact is, our cook's cuddy is so near the men's quarters that if I dine late the poor fellows are half grilled at night."

After a little more discussion they all set off for the Arsenal, "where the "gig," a term which had baffled Carlo altogether, resolved itself into a four-oared boat, manned by trim-looking English sailors, who bore the name of the Pilgrim in red letters across their blue jerseys, and in gold letters round their hats. Mr. Britton took his place in the stern, insisting that his brother must sit beside Sibyl to trim the boat; and, having thus managed that the lovers should be side by side, gave the word to start. Sibyl gave a cry of delight as the golden-brown oars were promptly raised in the air and simultaneously lowered into the water.

"Oh, Uncle George!" she cried, "how happy you must be with this dear little boat always waiting for you, and men to do so beautifully just what you say!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Britton, laughing, "wait till you are on board the Pilgrim! I see," he added, turning to Carlo and Francesca, "that you two have already taught this little one to understand the proud sense of possession."

Francesca smiled and blushed. Carlo appeared to be engrossed with a vessel which they were passing, the huge Duilio, then not quite completed.

"I suppose," he said, turning back with a bright smile which veiled the pain at his heart, "I suppose there is no need to introduce you to our monster vessel; you probably know much more about her than we do."

"They tell me our neighbor the Aida belongs to an Italian count or duke, or something of the sort," said Mr. Britton. "What was the name, Oxenberry; do you recollect?"

"Count Carossa, I believe, sir," said the coxswain.

"Count Carossa!" said Captain Britton, with a beaming face. "The name seems familiar to me. A friend of yours, perhaps, Carlo?"

"No, sir; I have never even met him," said Carlo, repressively.

"But the name is familiar to you, surely?"

"It is certainly a well-known name," said Carlo, still in the same tone.

Mr. Britton was a little puzzled; he could not make out whether the Italian knew of something not to the credit of Count Carossa, or whether his tone merely implied a great distance of the captain's love of the aristocracy.

By this time they were alongside the yacht, and the captain, forgetting all about the count, began to admire his brother's latest toy.

"A very pretty little vessel indeed, George. I confess I envy you. Sibyl, what do you say—shall we not sell the villa and live afloat? Now, Carlo, don't forget to take your hat off to the deck; it's a mortal insult to forget that!"

Carlo laughed. Just for a little time he forgot his cares, and his first thought, as he glanced round the deck, with its exquisitely smooth and white boards, its shining brass-work, its ensnarly arranged skylights and companions, was this:

"A yacht is the best place in the world for private conversations. One more day of freedom! One more day's peace of mind for my darling.

As for Sibyl, she was wild with happiness, now watching the gig as it was hauled up, now trotting off hand-in-hand with the coxswain to the forecastle, looking with longing eye at the rope-ladders, and chattering without intermission.

It was not without difficulty that Francesca tore herself to be washed and brushed before dinner, and had it not been for the fascinations of the shifting table in the saloon, she would hardly have been induced to stay down below for so dull a duty as eating.

Carlo, to whom the rules of the English table had always been incomprehensible, could not repress an amused smile, but he wisely avoided taking part in the discussion which ensued on sailors' Sabbatarianism, being, of course, ready enough to speak out his own opinion if it were asked, but not feeling bound to volunteer it. The argument was at last interrupted by the entrance of the steward.

"A boat has just come across from the Aida, sir, with Count Carossa's card, but the captain can't make out what the men say, all of them being Italians."

Carol at once offered to act as interpreter, and ran up on deck, returning with the message, which he delivered with an impartial face.

"Count Carossa presents his compliments to the owner of the Pilgrim, and if would give him much pleasure to make his acquaintance. If quite convenient to Mr. Britton, the count will call upon him in the afternoon."

"Very happy to see him, I'm sure," said Mr. Britton, who was the soul of hospitality. "Perhaps, Signor Donati, you would be so good as to frame a polite message for me and deliver it to the messenger—or stay, I'll write it on my card."

This done, they all adjourned to the deck, where before long they were joined by Count Carossa, a fine-looking man of two or three-and-thirty, to whom Captain Britton took very kindly. There was much amusing discussion as to the merits of the two yachts, then of Mr. Britton's homeward route, during which the count discovered that Francesca and her father were living in the neighborhood, and did his best to push the acquaintance, eliciting very easily an invitation to dinner on the following Wednesday.

Carlo, after the count's arrival, had kept sedulously in the background, and had said but little. Happening to glance at him once, Mr. Britton was struck by the strange expression of his face. He hastily turned his eyes toward Francesca; she was smiling in answer to some polite nothing addressed to her by the count.

The afternoon was spent in rambling about Naples, showing Uncle George as many lions as he cared to see; then they returned to the yacht, to that curious English meal called "tea"—a new experience to Carlo—and it was arranged that they should drive home in the cool of the evening, taking Mr. Britton with them.

"It has been such a delightful day," said Francesca; "I think I agree with Sibyl that being a Sunday it has been all the nicer."

The lovers were standing near the wheel in the dim starlight; perhaps Carlo was glad that the light was no clearer.

"See," he said, "there is Venus just setting; not there; look out yonder behind St. Elmo."

CHAPTER XI.

A FIRST ENCOUNTER.

"Blest, too, is he who can divine
Where real light doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.
"Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road."

—Faber.

"I have something to say to you, *carina*; let us linger behind the others; there is no hotter place on earth than these streets of Pompeii, and I think we know them well enough."

The whole party had driven over early on the Monday morning to show Mr. Britton the more recent excavations; he had been to Pompeii before, but many years ago.

To Carlo and Francesca, however, those old gray streets and ruined temples were perfectly familiar, and Francesca was not sorry to follow out Carlo's suggestion, and dispatched Sibyl to tell the others that they would wait in the Temple of Venus till their return.

"At which message you may be sure Uncle George will laugh," she said. "Had we been wise in our generation, Carlo, we should have chosen the Temple of Isis, but then this is my favorite; and, after all, we are proof against teasing now."

Carlo smiled sadly as he looked across the beautiful expanse of country. On one side, beyond the ruined streets, lay the verdant Campagna, bounded by Vesuvius and Somma; on the other was a yet more lovely view of sea and mountains, with the white houses of Castellamare gleaming in the sunshine.

"We have not chosen a very shady place," said Francesca. "But, see, there is just a little patch of shadow down there. Let us come."

"Do you know what that is?" said Carlo, repressing a shudder.

"Why, yes, to be sure," she replied, gayly; "it's the altar of sacrifice. How fond Clare used to be of poking about in here—don't you remember? I wish she had come with Uncle George."

"And I, too; I would have given anything to have had her here—for your sake, *carina*."

There was something so unusual in his tone that Francesca looked up quickly.

"Carlo *mio*, you frighten me! Come and sit down on this step by me in the shade. Why do you wish Clare here for my sake? What do I really want with any one now that I have you?"

"But if, as we were saying last night, there was a battle to fight and I had to leave you?"

"Carlino! what do you mean? Surely there is not going to be a revolution—a war?"

"Oh no, it is much tamer than that," he said, with a slightly bitter smile. Then a sudden light illumining his face, he put his arm round her and held her closely.

"My dear one," he said, speaking rapidly and with great earnestness—"my own true love, you gave me fresh courage last night by your words. *Carina*, there are other wars than those between nations; there is the great war in which you and I have vowed our service; you would not wish me, I know, to prove coward in that—to be a deserter. I must tell you, in plain words, the actual case, even though it is hard to do it—even though I would give the world to keep all knowledge of such evil from you. Francesca, do you know what killed my mother? I will tell you. It was the knowledge that Anita was living in hourly peril of proving unfaithful to her husband! He—that one who would ruin her—that one who dares to call his foul passion by the name of love, is actually a member of Merlino's company. Merlino himself suspects nothing; if he did he would half kill Anita. I have thought of every possible plan for getting rid of this villain without betraying my sister, but, darling, there is only one way that will answer, and it is this; to get rid of this man—this baritone—I must take his place myself."

"You must offer," said Francesca, faintly; "but perhaps Signor Merlino will not accept you."

"The post has already been offered to me by Merlino, and on Wednesday, Francesca sing, I must let him know whether I accept his offer or not."

"Ah!"

She locked her hands together convulsively, but only that one sob of intense, intolerable pain escaped her.

There was silence—a silence so deep that the distant sounds of the workmen busy over the excavations seemed quite near. A little lizard darted across the pavement close to their feet, and plunged into the maidenhair that fringed the altar.

Francesca opened her eyes.

"My love! my love!" she cried, "don't look like that! See, Carlo *mio*, I am going to keep my word. I will say, like the wives in the old days, 'Go and help,' and I'll not cry; I promise you I'll not cry. And yet—yet—oh! how can I help it when you set me so bad an example?"

With a stifled sob she broke off and hid her face on his breast. The sight of her suffering had unnerved him, but quickly he regained that strange self-mastery which was all the more remarkable because it was combined with an ardent, emotional, highly-strung temperament.

"You are helping me to keep my word," he said, drawing her yet closer to him. "As a child I promised my father on his death-bed that I would shield Nita, and my mother's last entreaty you heard."

"Do I help you?" she said eagerly; "do I really help? Then I am no longer unhappy. It was the thought of your going quite away where I could do nothing—nothing for you—it was that broke my heart. If, even away, I can help you—if even in this we can work together—then I can bear it."

"Your father," he said, hesitatingly; "I must tell him at once—and, *carina*, he will not see things in the light you see them."

"He will not approve of your going on the stage," said Francesca. "He will be vexed and annoyed, but he cannot help seeing that it is the only thing to be done."

Carlo made a faint gesture of dissent. The last sentence was so like Francesca, so unlike the captain.

"He will most naturally wish that I had never spoken to you. Indeed, I myself could almost wish it, darling; for what have I brought you but trouble and grief, and the shadow of disgrace?"

"You have brought me yourself, Carlino," she said, with a sweet mirthfulness in look and tone; "you don't seem to think much of the gift, it is true."

"And yet if I had kept silence a week longer all would have been different. I should have gone off with Merlino's company, and there would have been no discussion and remonstrance; I should not have vexed your father—should not have felt that I had spoiled your life. You would have been free, and the pain would have been mine alone."

"Why, you vain boy!" she exclaimed, half laughing, half crying. "do you think it was that tale you told me in the Belvedere that made me love you? You know quite well I have loved you for years and years! And then you talk of going away in silence and leaving me free and happy. Carlino, I'm ashamed of you!"

Like two children, they forgot for a little while the dark future, and basked in the sunny present. Parting was a thought hardly to be conceived while they sat together in the old Temple of Venus, and made love to each other after the fashion of lovers in all ages and climes.

After a time they talked of Carlo's future life; he spoke warmly of Sardoni, quoted Piale's high opinion of Marioni, the conductor, and said all that could be said in Merlino's favor. He wanted to paint his new life in bright colors for her sake, and he talked cheerfully of winning Nita's love and confidence, speaking with more assurance than he really felt.

Carlo was invited to dine at the Casa Bella that evening; he had not yet made up his mind whether he would tell all to Captain Britton face to face, or whether he would write him a letter. Though a very fluent speaker, he was not particularly fond of writing English, however, and if only a favorable opportunity could be found he rather inclined to an interview with the captain.

The opportunity came. Dessert was over, Francesca had left the room, Mr. Britton excused himself soon after, as he had a great number of letters to write; the captain drew his chair up to the table again and passed the wine to his guest. Carlo knew then that his time was come; the hand with which he helped himself to snow trembled a little, but his voice was firm and well modulated when he spoke.

"It seems a little ungracious to be glad that Mr. Britton's holiday should be invaded by business letters," he began, "but I particularly wanted a few words alone with you."

Captain Britton thought of his scheme for hastening on the marriage, and quite hoped that the same idea had occurred to Carlo. A kindly smile played about his broad mouth.

"I, too, wanted to speak with you all day, but these family parties are no time for confidential talk."

Carlo thought of the Temple of Venus, and was silent. Captain Britton resumed:

"The fact is, I am anxious about you, my dear fellow; you look to me far from well. I wish that sister of yours was at the other side of the Atlantic, and that's the truth of it; it was a bad day for all of us when she returned. When do they leave Naples? You'll never be yourself again till you are rid of that brother-in-law."

"I am not likely to be rid of him for some time to come, I fear," said Carlo, plunging boldly into his subject. "It is about the step which I propose taking that I wish now to speak to you."

Did he mean to propose that wedding journey which the captain had planned? His face was grave almost to sternness, but then the Merlinos were quite enough to account for that.

"I know it is a step which you will disapprove," resumed Carlo. "And yet—there is no help for it—take it I must."

Captain Britton's hopes sank; he began to think apprehensively of all the things he should least like to happen.

"Well, short of turning Romanist again," he said, after a pause. "I don't think anything you are likely to do would disquiet me very much."

"It will, however, delay our marriage," said Carlo; "that is, I fear, quite inevitable."

"Well, well," said Captain Britton, thinking that he meant to study for some of the higher branches of the law, "you are both young, and I can assure you I'm in no hurry to get rid of my little Francesca. Have you discussed the matter with her?"

"Yes, and she agrees with me that I must go."

"Go! Where?"

"With Merlino's company; it is the only way in which I can keep my promise to my mother—the only possible way of shielding Anita."

Captain Britton was so much startled that for a minute he could not speak, only the color rose to his forehead and his eyes opened wider. In all his trouble and anxiety Carlo could not help observing that he bore a comical resemblance to the crimson shade over the lamp, with its owl's head and round, staring eyes. How was he to make this man, of all men in the world, understand Nita's position and sympathize with its difficulties? While he hesitated how best to put her case without divulging too much, the captain recovered his breath.

"Do I understand that you mean to turn actor?" he asked, in a sort of hoarse roar.

Tone and manner were alike overbearing. Carlo made one of his dignified little bows and said gravely, "Merlino has offered me reasonable terms, and Piale has long wished that I should go on the stage. Had I only my own wishes to consult I should certainly not choose the career of a public singer, but, sir, I promised my mother to shield Anita, and I must do my best—I must think of her."

"I should have thought you were bound to think of your promised wife, said the captain, wrathfully—"to consult her wishes."

"Francesca agrees with me," said Carlo; "she would never keep me back from a duty."

"Francesca is a fool, then. Duty, indeed! A duty to mix yourself up with a set of idle, profligate fellows! A duty to pander to the taste of the dissolute, and play the buffoon on the stage, and be clapped by all the scum of the town!"

Carlo by a great effort strangled the words of angry remonstrance which rose to his lips, and tried to understand the feelings of an Englishman with Puritan traditions. He would at least try to explain the state of affairs patiently.

"It is very hard for me to understand the view you take of the stage, sir," he began; "we Italians honor and respect our theatre; it is not, as you would say, the haunt of the dissolute, but the resort of the whole people——"

The captain interrupted him; he was all the more angry because his companion had managed, so far, to exercise a well-bred restraint. Some devil prompted him to rouse the Italian's latent passion.

"Yes," he said, sneeringly, "I know your national tendencies well enough, but I had thought you were superior to your countrymen. I see I was wrong; your are as frivolous and pleasure-seeking as the rest of the lot; it was well said of you Italians that you were only fit for artists' models and the operatic stage."

Carlo sprung to his feet, fire flashing from his eyes.

"No man is called on to sit still and hear his country insulted," he cried. "The words are not worthy of you, sir; I am sure you will retract them."

"If I retract them in part I certainly still apply them to you," said Captain Britton. "What have you proved yourself but fickle and frivolous? You have altogether deceived me."

His patriotic feelings somewhat smoothed, Carlo grew a little calmer; the personalities were less intolerable; again he made an effort patiently to put before the captain the whole case; this time he was determined that he would make him fully comprehend it and hear it out.

"You condemn me, sir, before you have grasped the situation," he began, his voice so subdued by the strong restraint he was putting on himself that it sounded low and monotonous. In words plain enough to make the Englishman wince he briefly described the dilemma. "Knowing this," he went on—"knowing, too, that my mother trusted me to avert the danger, you surely cannot judge me harshly for taking this step. I know the stage was dishonorable in your eyes, but I thought you would see in time that for me it was a necessity."

The captain had risen, too, and was pacing the room with quick, irritated steps. Nita's story had been a severe shock to him, Carlo's plain speaking still caused his ears to tingle, and the thought of any sort of connection with a family on the borders of such a scandal was unbearable to him. He had a just pride in his Britton ancestry, in his honest, God-fearing forefathers; his strong love of family, his sense of kinship, was the best part of the man. But virtues generally have their corresponding vices, and the captain had an overwhelming idea of his own dignity, and a habit of coking on other men's affairs from a lofty height, which often made his judgment faulty.

"I don't think you in your heart believe all this you say to me, sir," said Donati, struggling even now to make excuse for Francesca's father. "All I can do is to bow to your decision. "You will let me see Francesca?"

Something in his patient dignity, in his manly forbearance, struck a hard blow at the captain's pride. What a contrast there was between his own behavior and the behavior of the Italian! The thought chafed him, and called forth a burst of passionate anger.

"I shall not dream of permitting you to see her," he cried furiously. "I'll have no more of your kissing and caressing for my daughter; you'll have enough of that at the theatre. Keep your caresses for the prima donnas!"

Carlo's English had forsaken him; his voice, so subdued a minute before, was now eager and passionate; his gesticulations were vehement as he poured forth a torrent of angry remonstrance, a storm of words so rapidly uttered that to foreign ears they were hardly intelligible.

The captain was only conscious of two things: that he deserved this burst of indignation, and that he must somehow get rid of his fiery guest. At such a moment, and in such agitation, he was not likely to weigh his words. At length Carlo paused for a moment, not because his wrath had cooled, but because his breath failed him. The captain instantly snatched at his advantage.

"I will at least save my child from further contact with a deceiver!" he exclaimed, hoarsely. "She is mine," and I owe it to her to shield her from such as you."

Carlo walked slowly home. The idea of bringing the Englishman to his feet and making him crave pardon soothed him a little. "This anger shall not get the mastery of me," he said to himself. "I will go in and make my preparations for leaving home just as if this had not happened."

And, with the sort of unreal strength which anger gives, he actually did begin his sorrowful task, called the servants together, told them that he was leaving Italy, paid them their wages and dismissed them. Then, more tired by the sight of their grief and surprise than he had fancied would be the case, he sat down to his desk and began to write letters. There was the lease of the Villa Bruno to be disposed of—it was his for another year; he wrote to a house-agent in Naples. There was the furniture to be sold; he wrote to an auctioneer, asking that an early date might be fixed for the sale. At any other time these letters would have cost him much to write; but now he felt little, for fierce anger crowded out grief and regret. He had not in the least realized that he was never again to see Francesca; he could realize nothing but that he had been insulted—grossly insulted—by the man who should have been his best friend. And yet, though he was still beside himself with passion, he was all the time aware of an inner voice urging him to forgive.

After a while he was seized with a strong desire to start afresh which comes to every wounded soldier, whether he fights in the legions of the Seen or the Unseen. His share of the wrong must first be set right; that was as clear as it was hard. He doubted if he could bring himself to do it, but he went so far as to go down to the *salotto*, take out his desk, and sit down with pen and paper before him. And at length, just as faint golden streaks appeared in the horizon heralding the day, the letter was finished and the struggle over.

Carlo could not rest till he had done all that could be done, so he went out into the cold dawn, and, making his way to the Casa Bella, dropped his missive in the letter-box. Then, when all was over, when he knew that for the last time he was leaving the house which contained all that he loved, his desolation suddenly broke upon him. Wrath had stilled grief, but now that his anger had passed, grief claimed him for her own. His betrothal was at an end; Francesca was no longer his; even a farewell was denied him. With heart-broken wonder he marveled how it was that only now did he fully take in the idea. What was Captain Britton? What were all the insults in the world before the one bitter, desolating fact that he was parted from his love?

How he got home he never knew, but he vaguely remembered finding his way to his own room, and seeing through a mist the stately and the red letters of "Aspromonte" beneath. Then, in his great anguish, he had cried aloud, "Strengthen me, O God! that I, too, may be faithful till death."

But afterward all was a blank; and when he came to himself the sun was far above the horizon, and he was lying at full length on the floor, feeling stiff and sore and bruised.

(To be Continued.)

The Trolley Goes.

New York *Electrical World*: A striking example of the efficiency of the trolley may be seen by New Yorkers who live in Orange. Talking about the mule and horse going, the trolley can beat them at their own game, for it certainly goes at least 50 per cent. faster—retiring the animals at the same time. On the new electric line just opened between Newark and Orange the time between the terminals of the line has been reduced from an hour and seven minutes to forty-two minutes. And yet some people persist in wondering why the trolley system is a favorite and why the receipts of a road increase as soon as the horse is discarded and the electric motor put in its place. Just consider the number of friends the new electric line will make and the number of extra 25-minute naps that will be taken in the morning. The wonder is, not that electricity is so frequently introduced, but that horse cars should be tolerated at all when the railway companies can be persuaded into using electricity.

Political Scheme.

Life: Jobson has a plan to make big money, he says."

"What is it?"

"A scheme to kidnap Blaine in a few months."

"Where does the money come in? His friends wouldn't be foolish enough to pay a ransom."

"Oh, but Jobson's idea is to threaten to turn him loose unless Harrison planks down."

At the Church Fair.

He—Your parents were prophetic, Miss Goodyear, when they christened you Charity.

She—Oh, no! It was because I began at home.

Dangerous Proximity.

"Is your father in immediate danger?"

"Indeed he is. There is a doctor upstairs, now."

Within sixty-two years Mexico has had fifty-four presidents, one regency and one empire, and nearly every change of government has been effected by violence.

First it's slippery,
Then it's sloppery;
Now you melt,
And then you freeze;
Now you cough,
And then you sneeze;
Watch the mercury
Hop and skip;
It's not strange
We have the grippe.

Mr. John D. Rockfeller, who is now one of the very richest men in the world, is a firm and devoted Baptist.

"German Syrup"

A Farmer at Edom, Texas, Says: "We are six in family. We live in a place where we are subject to violent Colds and Lung Troubles. I have used German Syrup for six years successfully for Sore Throat, Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and spitting-up of Blood. I have tried many different kinds of cough Syrups in my time, but let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best. That has been my experience. If you use it once, you will go back to it whenever you need it. It gives total relief and is a quick cure. My advice to everyone suffering with Lung Troubles is—Try it. You will soon be convinced. In all the families where your German Syrup is used we have no trouble with the Lungs at all. It is the medicine for this country."

John Franklin Jones.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

A DETROIT MIRACLE.

A Great Triumph for Canadian Medical Science.

Particulars of One of the Most Remarkable Cures on Record Described by the Detroit "News"—A Story Worth a Careful Perusal.

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 29, 1892.—A case has just come to light here, the particulars of which are published in the *Evening News*, which will be read with considerable interest by all Canadians, as it records the remarkable achievement of a Canadian medical discovery, which has already, in its own country, won great and enduring fame. At this added triumph there is no doubt the fellow countrymen of the proprietors will rejoice, as it sheds lustre on Canadian science. The story is told by the *News* as follows:

The following paragraph, which appeared in the *News* a short time ago, furnished the basis of this information—a case that was so wonderfully remarkable that it demanded further explanation. It is of sufficient importance to the *News'* readers to report it to them fully. It was so important then that it attracted considerable attention at the time. The following is the paragraph in question:

"C. B. Northrop, for 28 years one of the best known merchants on Woodward avenue, who was supposed to be dying last spring of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis, has secured a new lease of life and returned to work at his store. This disease has always been supposed to be incurable, but Mr. Northrop's condition is greatly improved, and it looks now as if the grave would be cheated of its prey."

Since that time Mr. Northrop has steadily improved, not only in looks, but in condition, till he has regained his old-time strength.

It had been hinted to the writer of this article, who was acquainted with Mr. Northrop, that this miraculous change had been wrought by a very simple remedy called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. When asked about it Mr. Northrop fully verified the statement, and not only so, but he had taken pains to inform any one who was suffering in a similar manner when he heard of any such case. Mr. Northrop was enthusiastic at the result in his own case of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was a remedy that he had heard of after he had tried everything he could hope to give him relief. He had been in the care of the best physicians who did all they could to alleviate this terrible malady, but without any avail. He had given up hope, when a friend in Lockport, N. Y., wrote him of the case of a person there who had been cured in similar circumstances by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The person cured at Lockport had obtained his information respecting Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from an article published in the Hamilton, Ont., TIMES. The case was called "The Hamilton Miracle" and told the story of a man in that city who, after almost incredible suffering, was pronounced by the most eminent physicians to be incurable and permanently disabled. He had spent hundreds of dollars in all sorts of treatment and appliances only to be told in the end that there was no hope for him, and that cure was impossible. The person alluded to (Mr. John Marshall, of 25 Little William street, Hamilton, Ont.) was a member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, and after having been pronounced permanently disabled and incurable by the physicians, was paid the $1,000 disability insurance provided by the order for its members in such cases, for years Mr. Marshall had been utterly helpless, and was barely able to drag himself around his house with the aid of crutches. His agonies were almost unbearable and life was a burden to him, when at last relief came. Some months after he had been paid the disability claim he heard of Dr. William's Pink Pills and was induced to try them. The result was miraculous; almost from the outset an improvement was noticed, and in a few months the man whom medical experts had said was incurable, was going about this city healthier and stronger than before. Mr. Marshall was so well known in Hamilton that all the city newspapers wrote up his wonderful recovery in detail, and it was thus as before stated, that Mr. Northrop came into possession of the information that led to his equally marvelous recovery. One could scarcely conceive a case more hopeless than that of Mr. Northrop. His injury came about in this way: One day nearly four years ago he stumbled and fell the complete length of a steep flight of stairs which were at the rear of his store. His head and spine were severely injured. He was picked up and taken to his home. Creeping paralysis very soon developed itself, and in spite of the most strenuous efforts of friends and physicians, the terrible affliction fastened itself upon him. For nearly two years he was perfectly helpless. He could do nothing to support his strength in the least effort. He had to be wheeled about in an invalid's chair. He was wake, pale and fast sinking when his timely information came that veritably snatched his life from the jaws of death. Those who at that time saw a feeble old man wheeled into his store on an invalid's chair would not recognize the man now, so great is the change that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have wrought. When Mr. Northrop learned of the remedy that had cured Mr. Marshall in Hamilton and the person in Lockport he procured a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through Messrs. Bassett & L'Hommedieu, 95 Woodward avenue, and from the outset found an improvement. He faithfully adhered to the use of the remedy until now he is completely restored. Mr. Northrop declares that there can be no doubt as to Pink Pills being the cause of his restoration to health, as all other remedies and medical treatment left him in a condition rapidly going from bad to worse, until at last it was declared there was no hope for him, and he was pronounced incurable. He was in this terrible condition when he began to use Dr. William's Pink Pills, and they have restored him to health.

Mr. Northrop was asked what was claimed for this wonderful remedy, and replied that he understood the proprietors claim it to be a blood builder and nerve restorer, supplying in a condensed form all the elements necessary to enrich the blood, restore shattered nerves and drive out disease. It is claimed by the proprietors that Pink Pills will cure paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, palpitation of the heart, headache and all diseases peculiar to females, loss of appetite, dizziness, sleeplessness, loss of memory, and all diseases arising from overwork, mental worry, loss of vital force, etc.

"I want to say," said Mr. Northrop, "that I don't have much faith in patent medicines, but I cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The proprietors, however, claim that they are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is used, but a highly scientific preparation, the result of years of careful study and experiment on the part of the proprietors, and the pills were successfully used in private practice for years before being placed for general sale. Mr. Northrop declares that he is a living example that there is nothing to equal these pills as a cure for nervous diseases. On inquiry the writer found that these pills were manufactured by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Morrisville, N. Y., and the pills are sold in boxes (never in bulk by the hundred) at 50 cents a box, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. from either above addresses. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment with them comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatments. This case is one of the most remarkable on record, and as it is one right here in Detroit and not a thousand miles away, it can be easily verified. Mr. Northrop is very well-known to the people of Detroit, and he says he is only too glad to testify of the marvelous good wrought in his case. He says he considers it his duty to help all who are similarly afflicted by any word he can say in behalf of the wonderful efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If any of the *News* readers want any further information, we feel sure Mr. Northrop would willingly oblige them, as he has the writer, in relating these acts to him.

A Game With a Limit.

"Johnny," said the elder little brother, "you must be sure not to ask for any of the wild duck twice."

"Why?"

"Because I heard father tell the company that they could have a little game with a limit to it."

"This is my sixth pint," remarked the man in the saloon. "I've quarrelled with my wife and had to come here to solace myself. It's terrible the money that woman costs me."

HELPING THE BARBER.

How the Tonsorians are Sometimes Done Up by Seats.

In many trades business is dull just now. The city barbers are feeling the depression and in many shops there are more than one vacant chair. The barbers work hard for their money and they are entitled to every cent they earn. But they do not always get it. Of course the regular customer pays—sooner or later. Some of them later, but the barber doesn't mind that. The fragrance of the magnificent Havanas smoked by the man who gets credit compensates the barber for waiting for his dimes. Several tonsorial artists get together this forenoon in one of the leading shops. They talked of pugilism, cock fighting, dancing, politics, the grip, the Prison Gate Mission and a hundred other topics. Likewise they discussed the deadliest foe, the beat of the barber shop. One of the artists caught sight of something passing. He jumped up and called out, "There he goes now, boys, that cock-eyed fellow who stood me off for a shave and hair-cut on the Saturday night of the Stinson election excitement." The others arose and took mental notes of the beat. Some of them identified him as having served themselves in a similar fashion. "Talking of beating," remarked George, "I will never forget a customer I waited on in Hank Duval's shop, on John street, full seventeen years ago. He was a la-la. That fellow came into the shop about 11.30 a. m. with more airs than Prince George. He wanted everything on the bill of fare, and I set to work to fill his order. I cut his hair, I shaved him, I shampooed him, I dyed his whiskers, waxed his Imperial, brushed his clothes and turned him out a new man—outwardly. But his heart was bad. During the sitting he was one of the most particular roosters I ever served. He snubbed me because I let a drop of dye on his skin, insinuated "that I was an apprentice at the art of cutting hair, threatened to tell the boss because I put the lather brush too close to his mouth, and made me so nervous that I almost accidentally cut his weasand. I'm sorry I didn't now. And what do you think? When he was going out he said, "I have just sold a lot of grain to Morgan Bros., and he will pay me presently. When I get the money I will return and settle." The amount was $1. I saw my customer enter the Morgans' door. That was the last of him. Mr. Morgan told me a few minutes after that a gentleman had entered at the front and gone out of the side towards Main street. Then others of the barbers told their woes as they toasted their toes. Honestly speaking, it's a mean thing to bilk the barber.

106 Agnes St., Toronto, Ont., May 23, 1887: "It is with pleasure that I certify to the fact of my mother having been cured of a bad case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and this after having tried other preparations without avail." WM. H. MCCONNELL.

An Appeal to Lincoln.

"I have here," said a Boston veteran, "a scrap which I cut out of a paper many years ago which may interest some of you, as the man concerned was a Boston man, and the story it tells illustrates what kind of a man the best of American Presidents was.

"Franklin W. Smith, an army contractor, was tried by court martial and found guilty of pocketing $20,000 or $25,000 out of a contract with the navy department for supplies. The report of the court martial was sent to President Lincoln for his examination, who returned it with this characteristic endorsement:

"'Whereas, Franklin W. Smith, had transactions with the United States Navy Department to $1,250,000, and had a chance to steal $250,000; and whereas, he was charged with stealing $10,000, and from final revision of the testimony it is only claimed that he stole $100—I don't believe he stole anything at all.

"'Therefore, the records of the court-martial, together with the finding and sentence, are disapproved, declared null and void, and the defendant is fully discharged.

"'A. LINCOLN.'"

Rooms of the Vatican.

The present extent of the Vatican is enormous, the number of rooms, at the lowest computation, being 4,422. Its treasures of marble statues, ancient gems, paintings, books, manuscripts, etc., are to be compared only with those in the British museum. The length of the statue museum alone is a fraction over a mile. Conservative writers say that the gold contained in the medals, vessels, chains and other objects preserved in the Vatican would make more gold coins than the whole of the present European circulation.

—For very tender feet an insole of inflated rubber is made.

It is said that a factory in Michigan is now making underclothing from a wood fibre which is said to equal in every respect that made from wool.

Miss Ada Freeman, sister to Kate Castleton, and herself an actress, has come into notoriety in Oakland, Cal., by dressing in boy's clothes and playing detective to an unfaithful lover. She found the man, with whom she was to have been married on a day near at hand, was already married. And now she wants to wear boy's clothing long enough to cowhide the villain.

Elder Sister—I must drive round to Hose & Mantle's; I hear they have quite a new thing in gloves. Younger Sister (sweetly)—Indeed! And when you get them on it will be quite an old thing in gloves—won't, darling!

A DOUBLE RELEASE.

Story of a Life Reclaimed—A Prisoner Pardoned Because Dying of Consumption is Recalled to Strength.

Alexander Newman was sentenced to serve twenty-one years in the Penitentiary at Kingston, Ont. His physical system gave away under the confinement and reduced him to weakness and emaciation. Consumption easily found him a subject for its remorseless attack. He wasted away steadily in spite of the well meant energies, skill and kindness of the hospital staff. His case was pronounced hopeless, with no expectation that he could survive another winter, consequently