Ty pretty Annette, you haunt me yet With your beautiful eyes of liquid jet; and try as I may, I cannot forget 'hose haleyon days when first we met Fifteen summers ago.

I was a college youth from town, You were a country girl—don't frown-Bweet simplicity—pure white gown, Tangled curls of darkest brown—

I called you "my darling, my angel, my dove!"
And swore by the tranquil stars above
That you were "my first—my only love!"
Ard, like the late Bomeo, talked of your "glove!
Fifteen summers ago.

Like the fickle nights in the aucient lay, I falsely "loved and rode away;" Left you with vows to return "some day" And—forgot you soon in the city gay— Fifteen summers ago.

But yo did not worry, my lady fair,
For instead of pining in proud despair,
Or romantically climbing the golden stairYou markied a gouty old millionaire—
Fitteen summers ago.

Oh, to go back to the days of June, Just to be young and alive again, Harken again to the mad, sweet tune Birds were singing with might and main: South they flew at the summer's wane, Leaving their nests for storms to harry, Since time was coming for wind and rain Under the wintry skies to marry.

Wearily wander by dale and dune
Footsteps fettered with clanking chain;
Free they were in the days of June,
Free they never can be again;
Fetters of age and fetters of pain,
Joys that fly and sorrows that tarry—
Youth is over, and hope were vain
Under the wintry skies to marry.

Now we chant but a desolate rune-Now we chant but a desolate rune—
"Oh, to be young and alive again!"
But never December turns to June,
And length of living is length of pain;
Winds in the nestless trees complain,
Snows of winter about us tarry,
And never the birds come back again
Under the wintry skies to marry.

Youths and maidens, blithesome and vain, Time makes thrusts that you cannot para Mate in season, for who is fain Under the wintry skies to marry?

THAT BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

" Have you, indeed, no more to say about her?" she returned, wistfully.
"Yes, there is something else—only I am afraid that you will laugh at the fancy, dear," said Cyril Wentworth, with a maswhine dread of ridicule.
"No, I will not laugh at you. Tell me,"

said Beatrix, anxiously.
"I am not at all sure you will not laugh,"
he said, "but I will tell you the truth. he said, "but I will tell you the truth.

Athough I have never seen any one
quite so lovely as your Mrs. Lynn, yet she
recalls to my mind some one else whom I
have met—indeed Beatrix, the resemblance
is simply marvellous," he exclaimed, glancing across to where the lovely authoress
stood conversing with Mr. Gordon.

"Whom does she resemble?" Beatrix
inquired with her heart on her lips.

"I am sure you will see the likeness as

"I am sure you will see the likeness as soon as I mention it," he said. "Look closely at Mrs. Lynn, Beatrix—at her rare type of beauty, her dark eyes, her golden hair, her blonde coloring, her delicately chiseled features, her sweet, red lips. She is like one long dead. She is like Laurel

A sigh of relief came from her lips. "I was sure you could not fail to see the semblance," she said. "So you had already noticed it?" he

"Could one help it?" she whispered. "I will tell you a secret, Cyril. I believe that this is Laurel Vane herself."

But she is dead," Cyril objected, dazed by the suddenness of his wife's revelation. not believe it. There has been some dreadful mistake. I believe that St. Leon Le Roy's wife lives in the person of must be the refinement of torture." Mrs. Lvnn." exclaimed Beatrix, whisper-Mr. Ford, stood a little apart watching the centre of the long room to the measured beat of the gay dance music. She did not know why she turned her head and looked groom's arms!" know why she turned her head and looked in another direction, but it must have been in magnetic obedience to an evil spell, for in a moment she met the glance of Maud in a mo

with bold and eager eyes.

To have saved her life, Laurel could not have repressed that agitated start, that tremor that shook her from head to foot at sight of her old enemy's face! She had been proof against the softness of love, the pallor of death. It seemed as though she was possessed by some horrible nightmare dream, as she met those bold evil eyes, and realized that he recognized her as Laurel Vane whom he had so relentlessly pursued

with his evil designs.
With a terrible effort she turned her eyes from the villain's exultant face, and they rested by chance on Beatrix, where she stood leaning on her husband's arm. But whose was that other form beside Beatrix—that tall and stately presence? She gave a great gasp of blended emotion— St. Leon Le Roy!

CHAPTER LXII.

St. Leon Le Roy-what had brought him here at this moment of all others? What strange trick did fate mean to play her in strange trick did fate mean to play her in thus surrounding her all in a moment, as it were, with these people who had so malign an influence upon her past? Her heart beat with deadly fear. One white, ringed hand furtivaly specific. ringed hand furtively sought her uncle's arm and clung to it as if to save herself from falling to the floor. Through the wild rythm of the dance music, through the measured echo of the flying feet of the waltzers, she instinctively felt him pausing before her—she heard Mrs. Wentworth's voice saying, with a strange, sweet

ring in it:
"Mr. Le Roy, this is my dear friend, Mrs. Lynn.' Laurel could not speak for a moment A deadly fear possessed her. She heard a clear, calm, self-possessed voice saying,

"Mrs. Lynn and I have met before. We are neighbors at our homes on the Hudson."
She did not look up, but she saw his

strong, shapely white hand held out to her, and as she laid her own within it his gentle pressure seemed to say dumbly:
"Do not be afraid, dear. They shall not

Laurel could not speak for a moment.

Happily, Beatrix broke the silence by exclaiming, in a voice from which she could not keep the ring of disappointment.

"Neighbors and acquaintances! And I did not dream that you had met before!" The whole fabric of the pretty romance she had been building up was destroyed in a moment, like "the baseless tabric of a lream." She felt like bursting into tears of disappointment. What beautful hopes she had built upon Mrs. Lynn's resem." If eared and dreaded she dismissed him wholly from her thoughts, and gave herself up to the secret, trembling joy of St. Leon's presence. Her heart was a traitor to her will. It exulted in his nearness despite her reason, that told her they were better apart if she meant to carry out her vow of pride and scorn.

She leaned upon her thoughts, and gave herself up to the secret, trembling joy of St. Leon's wholly from her thoughts, and gave herself up to the secret, trembling joy of St. Leon's wholly from her thoughts, and gave herself up to the secret, trembling joy of St. Leon's wholly from her thoughts, and gave herself up to the secret, trembling joy of St. Leon's wholly from her thoughts, and gave herself up to the secret, trembling joy of St. Leon's wholly from her thoughts, and gave herself up to the secret, trembling joy of St. Leon's wholly from her thoughts, and gave herself up to the secret, trembling joy of St. Leon's wholly from her thoughts, and gave herself up to the secret, trembling joy of St. Leon's wholly from her thoughts, and gave herself up to the secret, trembling joy of St. Leon's wholly from her thoughts, and gave herself up to the secret, trembling joy of St. Leon's wholly from her thoughts, and gave herself up to the secret, trembling joy of St. Leon's the secret, trembling joy of St. Leon's the provent was a traitor to her will. It exulted in his nearness despite her reason, that told her they were better apart if she meant to carry out her vow of pride and scorn.

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The whole fabric of the pretty romance she had been building up was destroyed in a moment, like "the baseless tabric of a dream." She felt like bursting into tears o fdisappointment. What beautful hopes she had built upon Mrs. Lynn's resemblance to Laurel Vane! And oh, if Mr. Le Roy and the novelist could guess how she and her father had plotted to bring them together, how angry they would be. While these vexatious thoughts rushed over her, she heard Mrs. Lynn saying in a cool, calm, almost indifferent voice:

cool, calm, almost indifferent voice:

"Yes, Mrs. Wentworth, my uncle's home
on the Hudson adjoins Eden. While we
sojourned there this summer we had the
pleasure of meeting Mr. Le Roy and his

And in the next breath Mr. Le Roy said, suavely:
"Will you give me this waltz, Mrs.

She laid her gloved hand on his arm, and

aney were whirted away to the rythm of the cellicious waltz music. Who could tell how quickly Laurel's heart beat as she "felt her true love's arm round her once again?"

Beatrix, with her father and husband, stood gazing a little blankly at the graceful forms of the handsome, well-matched pair.

All three were bitterly disappointed at the pressie ending of the pretty company they presaic ending of the pretty romance they had built up, and of which they had confi-dently expected to behold the delightful

But the most amazed of all were Mrs. Merivale, and her coadjutor in malice, Ross
Powell. They had stood near enough to
witness the meeting between Mr. Le Roy
and Mrs. Lynn, and, while filled with rage
at the sight, they had been utterly onfounded at the result.

Mr. Le Roy's cool declaration, "We have

met before," Mrs. Lynn's apparent calm. ness and insouciance, astonished them. They looked into each other's eyes in wonder and amaze, and Ross Powell asked,

hoarsely:
"What does it mean?" "What indeed?" she echoed. "Is the

man blind, or are they acting a part?"

He seized upon the idea quickly.

"They are acting a part," he said. "I could swear that Mrs. Lynn is Laurel Vane, and, of course, her own husband could not be deceived in her identity. Decidedly they are playing a part. But why? Have you an idea?"

why? Have you an idea?"
"I cannot imagine," the replied. "And
yet I would have the world to know. Is he yet I would have the world to know. Is he still angry with her? Is it possible he can recognize her and not choose to claim her?"

"Is it possible that he is mad?" he asked, contemptuously. "No: there is something deeper than that behind their masquerading. Why, she is simply peerless! What man in his senses could behold her and not claim her, knowing her his?"

The recognized his and the still recognized her in the still recognized his proposed her his the still recognized his rec

The yearning in his voice made her bit-terly angry. How she hated that beauty that made men mad for her sake?—that satin-smooth skin, those great, wine-dark syes, that golden hair, that fire and soul that made Mrs. Lynn so peerless, doubly crowned, doubly laureled by both beauty and intellect ! "I thought you hated her!" she said.

scornfully.

"So I do. I hate her and I love her in
the same breath. Can you understand
the feeling?" he asked, hoarsely, and almost

under his breath.
"Yes, I understand," she answered, with "Yes, I understand," she answered, with subdued bitterness.

"The first sight of her lovely face stirred all the old passion within me, and yet I hate her, too," he said, darkly. "I cannot bear that that purse-proud aristorat should win her back. I could sconer bear to strike her dead at his feet than to see

them happy together!"
He stood glowering at the graceful figure as it whirled down the long ball-room in the clasp of St. Leon Le Roy's arm. All the worst passions of his nature were roused by the sight. The first sight of Laurel in all her womanly beauty had kindled anew the fires of his passion for her, while his resentment at her scorn burned to fever heat. He had spoken the truth when he said that he hated and loved her in the

Mrs. Merivale gazed at him with quickened breath and evilly flashing eyes. She had set herself the deliberate task of arousing all the worst instincts of this wicked and undisciplined nature. Through Ross Powell she would have her revenge on those two whom she hated. He was the blind instrument in her hands to work out her

wicked will.
"I do not blame you, Mr. Powell," she said, in a tone of gentlest sympathy. "I know that men feel deeply and strongly on such subjects, and I can imagine what it must be to see the woman one loves beloved by another man and loving him in return. It must almost drive one to madness. It

"It is hell!" he muttered back, hoarsely, and with concentrated bitterness and "It would be easier to see her dead, I gay crowd of waltzers whirling down the fancy," pursued the willy tempter, softly, centre of the long room to the measured "Death is a grim bridegroom, but better

Look!" she answered. Mr. Le Roy and Laurel had slipped out of the circle of dancers and were leaving the ball-room arm in arm. Mrs. Merivale

laughed a hateful, significant laugh.
"They are going out on the shore," she said. "We all know the romantic, softenbeen proof against the solutions of the solutions of friendship, but in that allurements of friendship, but in that instant the deadly influence of fear and ing influences of moonlight, music and love. They will no longer be able to keep a strangers. They will be detestation sent a shudder through her frame and blanched her lovely face to the up the farce as strangers. They will be melted by the soft influences of the night and fall into each other's arms. Finis reconciliation, renewed vows of love, beatific happiness!"
Half maddened by her words, he ground

his teeth over a fierce and bitter oath, and shaking her hand from his arm, strode out of the room with "the fires of hell" in his heart.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Mr. Le Roy and Laurel had indeed gone out upon the shore. He had invited her to do so, and she had complied, for she was full of half-angry wonder as to what had brought him there. She was frightened too, when she found herself surrounded by all those people who belonged to her past She asked herself if it could have happene

mingled terror and annoyance, bravely assuring herself that there existed no

cause for them.
"I have done nothing—these people have naught to do with me. I am foolish to feel afraid when I see them all around

me," she repeated to herself.

When she tried to analyze her feelings, she found that it was only Ross Powell who inspired her with such terror. She was not afraid of Mrs. Merivale. She simply despised her; and, secure in her fancied incognito, she did not feel apprehensive concerning the desire of the jealous woman to work her ill. It was only Powell of when the fall of the ideal of the interval whom she felt afraid. His evil, exultant and she had already had evidence of his and she had already had evidence of his willingness to destroy every hope of her life so far as lay in his power. It was wholly through dread of his haunting glance that she accepted Mr. Le Roy's invitation to leave the crowded bail-room and go out upon the shore; and once away from the baleful presence of the enemy she feared and dreaded she dismissed him

her husband's arm. The beauty of the moonlight and the sea, the mellow notes of the dance music, all had their own effect upon her. Mrs. Merivale had rightly estimated each as a softening influence. It was such a night as Emma Alice Browne describes in her sweet poem, "The Bal-

Before us bathed in pearly light, A reach of ocean heaved and rolled, Girt with the purple zone of night, And clasped with one pale glint of gold.

Behind us, in the gay saloon,
The flutes wailed out their sweet despair;
The passionate viols sobbed in tune,
The horns exulted, and the air
Pulsed with the low, mellifluous beat
Of dimpling waves and dancing feet.

St. Leon looked down into the beautiful

they were whirled away to the rythm of the coloious waltz music. Who could tell how quickly Laurel's heart beat as she "felt her true love's arm round her once again?"

Beatrix, with her father and husband, stood gazing a little blankly at the graceful forms of the handsome, well-matched pair.

All three were bitterly disappointed at the prosaic ending of the pretty romance they had bailt up, and of which they had confidently expected to behold the delightful they were empty and in arm, each heart binsy with its deep emotion, neither heart binsy with its deep emotion, neither heart

Standing thue, arm in arm, each heart busy with its deep emotion, neither heard the furtive steps creeping slowly up behind them, nether saw the cruel, jealous face with its wild eyes glaring upon them, neither saw the gleam of the slender dagger clutched in the murderous hand, neither dreamed of the man who lurked behind them, nor of the woman who followed at a standing of the man who followed at a standing of the man who followed at a standing of the man who followed at a safe distance, eager to sate her venges in the sight of her rival's heart's blood.

"Mrs. Lynn you are angry with me because I am here," said St. Leon, half-questioningly.

"No," she answered, without removing her eyes from the moon-gilded waves that broke at her feet in snowy surf. She felt too weak to meet the mute pleading of

those eyes she loved so madly.
"You think that I have followed you

"You think that I have followed you here," he went on, sadly. "But you are wrong. Much as I might have wished to do so, dear as your presence is to me, I could never—"

The deprecating words were never finished. A terrible form flashed suddenly before them, a terrible face gleamed in the light, a dagger flashed upward in the air, and a voice hears with misery and mad. and a voice, hoarse with misery and madness, rang out fiercely:
"Die, Laurel Vane—die!"

The dagger glittered against her snowy breast, the hand of the frenzied madman would have driven it swiftly home, but all in an instant she was caught away, and the descending blade was sheathed in another breast—the broad breast of St. Leon Le Roy. The arms that had closed wildly around Laurel for a moment fell away from her, and he dropped on the sands at her feet, the hot blood spurting from his heart, and deepening the rosy hem of her satin robe to a horrible crimson, while her St. Leon, you have died for me!

CHAPTER LXIV.

"You have died for me!" the stricken wife repeated, and then, overcome with horror, she knelt down beside the dead man, and with her arms about him, and her head upon his breast, she relapsed into unconsciousness almost as deep as death.
Ross Powell stood still a moment, like
one frozen with horror. The maddened
cry from the lips of the woman he would
have slain rang fearfully in his ears. He realized in a moment to what fearful lengths he had been driven by his own jealous passion and the specious tempta-tions of Mrs. Merivale. He had slain his tions of Mrs. Merivale. He had sain his hated rival, but he had brought down retri-bution on his own head, for Laurel's wild shriek of despair had echoed loudly back to the hotel, and already a score of people were rushing to the scene. Startled, terri-fied, the murderer made a wild rush forward, still clutching in his hand the bloody dagger, but before he had run a dozen paces he was brought to a stop by a sudden pparition of a white-faced woman who flung herself wildly before him, hissing out, in tones of blended wrath and horror, a

terrible malediction upon his head: "Murderer! you have slain him! dared you, how dared you? May heaven's ourse light upon your head! May you swing from the hangman's rope! May

perdition seize your soul!"
She must have been mad, for she flung herself before him, she barred his way, she clung to him with her desperate white arms, heedless of his curses and remonstrances, terribly intent on delivering him up to justice, and so punishing him for the mad mistake he had made in slaying the husband and sparing the wife! She must have been mad, or she would

have known that he would not tamely submit to detention with the feet of the avengers gaining swiftly on his track, and his soul writhing in horror of the hangman's hastly rope. He tried to thrust her from im, to tear away from the arms that held him in desperate bondage; he shouted hoarsely for her to let him go.

"Devil in woman's shape, it was you that tempted me!" he cried out, with a fierce, blood-curdling oath. "Now let me go or I swear I will kill you as I did him!" She must have been mad, for she did not heed the threat—she only clung the tighter in spite of his frantic struggles to release himself from the arms that twined

around him venomously, like living serpents in the deadly embrace of hate. "I will never let you go-never!" she hissed out, madly, and in his frantic fear, hearing the steps of his pursuers coming nearer and nearer on his trail, he lifted the cruel dagger, still resking with Le Roy's life blood, and plunged it fiercely in her breast as it gleamed bare and white in the beauti-

ful moonlight. "Ah!" she gasped, and the white arms relaxed their hold, her body wavered and fell limply forward. He thrust it despe-rately from him, and sprung forward—

Free! but at what terrible cost to his soul. The woman whose low, soft whis-perings had tempted him to murder, the woman who in her madness would fain have delivered him up to the law's vengeance, lay dead upon the shore, the cold, white moonlight shining down into her ghastly, staring eyes and palid face. Retribution had overtaken her, and the fate she had plotted for another had recoiled upon her own head. The serpent she had loosed to destroy another struck its deadly fangs

into her own heart.

They lifted her up tenderly and pitifully, and bore her back to the hotel. They spoke of her with the gentlest pity and regret as the victim of a cruel murder, for no one ever knew the truth—no one guessed that she was to blame for the tragedy that had ended her life in so disastrous a fashion. The shadow of her sin never rested on her grave, for there was no one to betray her—Ross Powell was never apprehended. His deadly fear lent wings to his feet, and he escaped from his pursuers and made good his flight to a far-off land. He never returned to his native share he was never brought to institute. shore, he was never brought to justice. All his punishment came to him through his own coward conscience. The cruel whiplash of remorse followed him through the world. The double murder he had committed lay like a mountain's weight upon his soul. He had been bad and wicked, but of his own self he would never have com-mitted murder. He had been goaded into its commission by a temporary madness, and in time he repented most sincerely of his sin, and died in the humble hope of forgiveness by a merciful Redeemer.

CHAPTER LXV.

And Laurel?
Full of wonder and pity and sympathy, they lifted the golden head from Le Roy's breast, and bore her away. No one dreamed that he had given his life to save hers. No one dreamed that she belonged to him by the dearest tie possible to mortals: no one knew that her rightful place was by his side, and the sealed lips did not open to claim her right, for they were pale and rigid as if the finger of eternal silence had been laid upon them.

Strangers' hands carried her back to the hotel, and the news of the dreadful tracedy

Merivale as a woman of fashion, that the

wonder and excitement were most intense.
Popular indignation ran high against Ross
Powell. If they had caught him, it is most
probable that Judge Lynch would have been his executioner.

The sensation had its element of roman It was whispered far and near that the beautiful belle, Mrs. Lynn, had fainted with her head upon Mr. Le Roy's breast. They told how her delicate laces had been crimsoned by his life blood, how she had looked like a dead woman when they lifted her up. When it became known next day her up. When it became known, next day, that her excitement culminated in an attack of brain fever, the interest and sympathy and curiosity ran higher and higher. People agreed that there must have been something between Mr. Le Roy and Mrs. Lynn. They decided that they had been

lovers.

Mrs. Wentworth did not return to New York the next day. She remained to nurse her ill and unconsoious friend. Cyril Went-worth stayed also. Mr. Gordon went back, and brought his wife down to see her daughter. She was very willing to forgive her now. Years had softened her anger and resentment, and when she heard that Cyril Wentworth had proved himself worthy of her beautiful daughter she threw mide to the winds and forest him to the pride to the winds and forgave him, too.
They had a very tender reconciliation—the
mother and the daughter—in the quiet
room where Laurel lay ill unto death with brain fever, her beautiful golden hair cut close to her head, and cold, sparkling ice laid against the fevered brain to cool the subtle fire that burned in her veins.

Beatrix told her mother that she sus-pected—that Mrs Lynn was Laurel Le Roy —and Mrs. Gordon quite agreed with her. She had never forgotten the beautiful face of the girl who had deceived St. Leon Le Roy so bitterly. She recalled it again now, and she was sure that her daughter was right. There could not have been two such lovely faces in the world. She did not doubt that this was St. Leon's wife. She forgave Laurel now for all that she had done. It was easy to forgive her now,

satin robe to a horrible crimson, while her agonized cry rent the summer night: "Oh, St. Leon, you have died for me!" Her life was too precious. Laurence and Trixy were left to the care of the nurses, and Beatrix gave all her care and thought to the invalid. "I cannot do too much for her," said

> The day came at last when her patience and her fidelity were rewarded. Laurel opened her eyes and looked up with the light of reason shining in her face. The crisis of her terrible delirium was past.

gentle Beatrix. "She was like an angel

She would recover.

She looked at Beatrix, and a faint flush tole into her pale face.
"Have I told all in my delirium?" she

sked.
"You have told nothing. All your ravings have been of your books and of your child." Beatrix answered gently. A look of anxiety store into the hollow.

dark eyes.

"My little Laurie?" she said, wistfully.

"He is well and happy. He has been well cared for," answered Beatrix. "But I must not bring him to you yet; you are "Yes, I can wait," Laurel answered, patiently. Then she laid her thin, white hand on Beatrix's arm. "Can you forgive me?" she said. "I have been hard and proud and wicked. I have wilfully deceived you; I am really Laurel Vane." Beatrix bent and kissed the poor, pale

lips, that faltered over this humble 'My dear, I have known it all the while, she said, simply.
"And you forgive me for my duplicity?"

asked Laurel in wonder.
"My dear, if you can forgive me all the sorrow my wilful plot brought down upon your head, there is nothing I cannot forgive hulls does not materially differ from that you," cried impulsive Beatrix.
"You are not to blame," Laurel answered

and the warm color drifted over her face as she went on, sadly; "It was all the fault of my mad love, Beatrix. I blame no one for my folly and sin. If I had gone away from Eden with Clarice Wells nothing would have happened. I stayed, a brought down fate upon my own headand his."

completed these vessels will be works of modern engineering second to none. As "A happy fate, my dear, if only you will be reconciled to him," said Beatrix The dark eyes looked up at her, full of the pathos of regret and despair.
"Ah! now I understand all the pathos

that lies in those words, too late," she said.
"I was mad, I think—mad with my wounded love and pride. I denied my identity to him, I refused to listen to his repentance, I was cruelly hard and cold; and now my punishment has come. I repent, but he cannot hear me. My love annot reach him, for he is dead. "Dead! ab, no, my dear! Is it possible that you have been thinking so? He lives,

he will goon be well and strong again it only you will forgive him."

Then she stopped suddenly, for Laurel's

head had fallen back, her eyes were closed. The shock of joy had been too much. Laurel had fainted. When she came to herself again was a strange resolute look in the dark eyes. She took Beatrix's hand and held it ightly in both her own as if she reeded

strength and support.

"He lives," she said, wildly. "Oh, how glad I am! Now I will make atonement to him! He would have given his life to save mine. I will give him more than my "I do not understand you," said Bea-

trix, wonderingly.
"You shall know soon," said Laurel Dear Beatrix, do let me have Laurie ittle while. I am sure it will not hurt me. I am stronger than you think?" (To be continued.)

Photographing the Enemy.

A very interesting palicon-camera appara tus was included in the impedimenta of the special detachment of military eronauts who left for the Soudan a week or two since. The use of this ingenious contrivance will possibly be tested ere long. Briefly stated, the mode of procedure is to send up a captive balloon with a camera attached, duly set and focussed for taking negatives from a certain height. The operator has full control over both camera and balloon and hyperator of cleating right. balloon, and by means of electric wires can regulate the exposure of the plate, etc. The balloon is at length hauled down, and if successful in his work the camera will contain a plate which on development will give a view of the enemy's camp or fortifications, or whatever the object may be over which it hovered. The operation will be, of course, a difficult one to successfully or course, a diment one to successfully carry out; but experiments have been conducted with such success that the officer in charge, who has had considerable practice with the apparatus at Woolwich and Chatham, is sanguine as to his ability of proving its practical use in war time.—

London Figaro.

It is a common error to call the Central merica republic "San Salvador." It

the capital city. The name of the republi is simply "Salvador." Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia as if the finger of eternal silence had been laid upon them.

Strangers' hands carried her back to the hotel, and the news of the dreadful tragedy spread far and wide. It excited the greatest wonder. It was so sudden, so strange, so mysterious. No one knew the murderer, and no one guessed the motive for this double crime—no one except, perhaps, Mr. Gordon, and he was wisely silent. He deemed it for the best.

But it created a great sensation. Mr. Le Roy was so well known as a gentleman of birth, culture, and wealth, and Mrs.

Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia is the possessor of Shakspeare's gloves. They were given to Garrick at the Stratford Jubilee in 1769 by John Ward, the actor, who bad received them in 1746 from a cousin of Shakspeare, with the assurance that they were given to Garrick at the Stratford Jubilee in 1769 by John Ward, the actor, who bad received them in 1746 from a cousin of Shakspeare, with the assurance that they were given to Garrick at the Stratford Jubilee in 1769 by John Ward, the actor, who bad received them in 1746 from a cousin of Shakspeare, with the assurance that they were given to Garrick at the Stratford Jubilee in 1769 by John Ward, the actor, who bad received them in 1746 from a cousin of Shakspeare, with the assurance that they were given to Garrick at the Stratford Jubilee in 1769 by John Ward, the actor, who bad received them in 1746 from a cousin of Shakspeare, with the assurance that they were given to Garrick at the Stratford Jubilee in 1769 by John Ward, the ford Jubilee in 1769 by John Ward, the stratford Jubilee in 1769 by John Ward, the stratford Jubilee in 1769 by John Ward, the ford Jubilee in 1769 by John Ward, the stratford Jub

THE CANADIAN WARRIORS.

ord Derby's Reply to the Offer of Troops

The following is the Earl of Derby's reply to the Marquis of Lanedowne's offer of a Canadian contingent for service in the udan :

Downing street, February 24th, 1885. Downing street, February 24th, 1885.

"Mx Lord,—On the 19th inst. I briefly acknowledged by telegraph the offers made by Canadian officers, with the sanction of the Dominion Government, to supply troops for military service in Egypt, and I have now great pleasure in assuring you that the Queen was much gratified by these loyal proposals, and has commanded me to express Her Majesty's high appreciation of the patribite spirit by which they were prompted. Her Majesty's Government are well aware that a contingent specially enrolled from the various local battalions of the Dominion, and comspecially enrolled from the various local battalions of the Dominion, and commanded by such officers as Major-General Laurie and Colonel Williams, will, should circumstances admit of its employment in the present operations, form a very valuable addition to the forces under Lord Wolseley's command; and although they are not in a position to give directions for its immediate, any objects. directions for its immediate enrolment, they will inform you as soon as possible whether it will be in their power to avail themselves of a Canadian brigade at a later period of the year. I am well aware that although Canada has fortunately had no coassion, and is not likely to become no coession, and is not likely to have occa-sion, owing to the friendly faelings of its great neighbor and its distance from the complications of the old world, to use its complications of the old world, to use its military resources, a powerful force could rapidly be raised in the various Provinces of the Dominion, and would be cheerfully placed at the diposal of the Queen for service beyond the sea in any exigency. Many thousands of these men have been well drilled, and excellent provision has been made for the education of their officers, and Her Majesty's Government are sensible that the spirited offers which have caused so much pleasure to this country represent so much pleasure to this country represent out a small fraction of the assistance which would be readily tendered by the people of Canada if the necessity for it should

A New Kind of Cruiser for the Britis

arise.—I have, etc., (Signed) DERBY.
"The Marquess of Landowne."

Navy.

The new belted cruisers, or, as they have been called in Parliament, the "new Merseys," for which certain shipbuilders have just been invited to tender, differ from their more recent predecessors in having 10 feet more beam, being 300 feet by 56 feet, and in beying an ingreese of 1 300 tend in the in having an increase of 1,300 tons in the displacement, making them up to 5,000 tons. The protective deck has been replaced by an armor belt 200 feet long, formed of 10-inch steel-faced armor of 6 inch of backing. The ends are protected by an underwater belt similar to the Merare very fine, the part of the water-line not actually protected by armor is proportionately very small. The engines of these vessels are to be 7,500-horse power, to be obtained by the use of forced draught in a closed stoke-hole. There are four boilers, double-saided having a total create arrives. double-ended, having a total grate surface of about 500 square feet, and working at a pressure of 120 pounds. Their total weight is not to exceed 720 tons. They are of a similar type to those sup-plied to the Leander class by Messrs Robert Napier & Sons, having cast steel framing and hollow steel shalting throughout. The armament consists of two 18-ton guns arranged—one forward, to fire all round the bow to about fifty degrees abalt the beam, and one aft, to fire through s similar sweep round the stern. In addition to these, there are twelve 4-ton gun and six machine guns. A torpedo arma-ment will also be provided both above and of the smaller and earlier ironclads of Her Majesty's navy, such as the Hydra, Nelson and Conqueror, but they are of steel throughout. These belted cruisers will each be manned by a crew of from 350 to 350 officers and men, for whom very good accommodation is found on the second deck above the water line. All the usual

essels of war they cannot fail to be for midable. Their weak point appears to be their speed, which is not more than eighteen knots.—Glasgow Herald. Too Much Fight for Him. The other evening, during the performance of the spectacle of the Zulu war at Cooke's Circus in Liverpool, Mr. Cottle, who impersonates Lieut. Melville, had a hand-to-hand combat with a Zuln chief, the combat lasting for some minutes. This encounter was too realistic for one of the spectators, for, after watching the combat for a time with interest and suppressed excitement, the man, evidently thinking that his countryman was being overpowerd by his savage foe, leaped into the arena and at once grappled with the Zulu chief. The onslaught was so sudden and so vigorous that the Zulu chief was quite taken aback, the unfortunate impersonator of the savage the uncoronate impersonator of the savage chief had received a somewhat severe pummelling, one of the blows leaving a memento in the shape of a not very pre-sentable or ornamental black eye.

refinements of a cruiser have to be pro-vided in their most modern form. When

The Jersey Ahead.

Brother Singerly's Holstein cow is not such a peerless marvel after all. The story is that she gave 72 pounds of milk one Saturday, and that was pretty fair for single day. But Mrs. Shoemaker, of Baltisingle day. But Mrs. Shoemaker, of Baltimore, owns a Jersey cow named Princess Second that gave in one week 299½ pounds of milk, yielding 46 pounds 12½ ounces of butter—a wendrous record indeed. In comparison, Brother Singerly's Holstein cow seems to be nowhere. It is not surprising that he did not think best to publish the amount of butter his cow could produce in seven days. Any way the Helsteins in seven days. Any way, the Holsteins are not equal to the Jerseys, except for beef.—N. Y. Sun.

Northwest Enterprise. Gentleman (Irish), comfortably settled would correspond with lady not dishking colonial life, with view to makeimony money no object. E. A. Cooper, Qu Appelle N.W.T., Canada.—Irish Times.

Hats are made higher than ever. The new shapes of straw hats have the brim narrowed at the back; their trimming consists of clusters of feathers placed, as it were, haphazard, but taking care to fasten one in the middle, in front, raised up con-siderably above the hat, so as to make it look much higher than it really is; others are of strange, irregular shapes, oddly bent in and out.

George Stephenson, the famous engineer was a good deal pestered by semi-scientific people. Although he once declared that "the gift of the gab" was the greatest power above the earth, or under it, he confessed to another power soon afterward with a gallantry that quite covered the reply to a lady who with a gallantry that quite covered the rebuke conveyed in his reply to a lady who worried him greatly on engineering questions at an otherwise pleasant party. "Tell me now, Mr. Stepheneon," said the lady, adjusting her eye-glasses and looking uncommonly wise, "what do you consider the most powerful force in Nature?" "Oh, I can soon answer that question," said Stepheneon: "it is the age of a morneon. Stepheneon; "it is the eye of a woman for the man who loves her; for if a woman looks with affection on a young man, and he should go to the uttermost ends of the earth, the recollection of that look will bring him back. There is no other force " Marriand. My Maryland."

. . . "Pretty Wives, Lovely daughters and noble men."

My farm lies in a rather low and mia atic situation, and

" My wife!"

Who?" "Was a very pretty blonde!"

Twenty years ago, became " Sallow !" " Hollow-eyed!"

"Withered and aged!" Before her time, from "Malarial vapors, though she made no articular complaint, not being of the

grumpy kind, yet causing me great uneasi-

"A short time ago I purchased your remedy for one of the children, who had a very severe attack of biliousness, and it occurred to me that the remedy might help my wife, as I found that our little girl upon recovery had

"Her sallowness, and looked as fresh as a new blown daisy. Well the story is soon told. My wife, to-day, has gained her oldis now as handsome a matron (if I do say it myself) as can be found in this county, which is noted for pretty women. And I have only HOP Bitters to thank for it. "The dear creature just looked over my

the days of our courtship, and that reminds me there might be more pretty wives if my brother famers would do as I have

ione."

Hoping you may long be spared to do good, I thankfully remain,

C. L. JAMES. BELTSVILLE, Prince George Co., Md., May 26th, 1883.) May 26th, 1883.)

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Mallock, the author, writes from his villa near Monte Carlo, "I prefer my courtships to be like Cook's tours—personally con-

Look Here.

Do you feel blue and despondent? Do pains rack and tear away at nerve and muscle, and have you been disappointed in finding a remedy that will afford certain and speedy relief. If so, go at once to any drug store and buy a sample bottle of Polson's Nerviline. Polson's Nerviline never fails to relieve neuralgia, cramps, headache, rheumatism, and all laternal or external pains. J. B. Carman, druggist, Morrisburgh, writes: "All parties I sup-Morrisburgh, writes: "All parties I supply speak very favorably of Nerviline, and always purchase a second lot." Polson's Nerviline is sold in sample bottles at 10 cents; large size 25 cents—by all druggists and country dealers everywhere. Try s

The blouse, or Russian redingete, is to be worn a good deal this spring.

-- Dr. S. B. Brittan says ; " As a rule physicians do not by their professional methods build up the female constitution, and they seldom cure the diseases to which it is always liable in our variable climate and under our imperfect civilization. Special remedies are often required to restore organic harmony and to strengthen the enfeebled powers of womanbood, and for most of these we are indebted to persons outside of the medical profession.

Among the very best of these remedies I assign a prominent place to Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of Why will you allow a cough to lacerate filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup i pleasant to the taste, and unsurpass elieving, healing and curing all affection of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds

What! Limping Yet? Why should you go limping around when Putnau's Core Extractor will remove your corns 12 a day? It will give almos nstant relief and a guaranteed cure in the end. Besure you get the genuine Put-nam's Corn Extractor, made by Polson & Co., Kingston, for many substitutes are being offered, and it is always better to get the best. Safe, sure, painless.

CI the 175,000 inhabitants of the would be State of New Mexico 75,000 are Mexi

cars.

Is It Really Consumption? Many a case supposed to be radical lung disease is really one of liver complaint and indigestion, but, unless that diseased liver can be restored to healthy action, it will so clog the lungs with corrupting matter as to bring on their speedy decay, and then indeed we have consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, in its worst form Nothing can be more happily calculated to nip this danger in the bud than is Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By

The emigration statistics of Ireland for 1884 show that the emigrants who left Irish ports last year were 76,043, a de crease of 20,873 as compared with 1883 the number of males being 38,177, or 17,216 less than in the previous year, and of females 37,866, a decrease of 15,657. Of the 76,043 emigrants in 1884, 75,868 were natives of Ireland, and 180 were persons belonging to other countries.

sometimes results from neglected or badly treated piles. By our improved methods, without knife, caustic or salve, we speedily and permanently cure the worst pile tumors. Pamphlets, references and terms. two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street,

value in correcting certain popular de-lusions. Contemporary historians believed that the pious and unfortunate Queen Catharine of Aragon died by foul means from slow poisoning. Dr. Norman Moore, however, who has investigated the true cause of death in several historical characters, has discovered, after a careful examination of notes made by the normal particles. ation of notes made by the person wh embalmed the body of the Princess, tha she really died of melanotic sarcoma of the heart.

To break up colds, fevers and inflamma-tory attacks, use Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Wesd.

An editor declares that the difference An editor declares that the difference between wit and humor, and again between talent and genius, is only the difference between the raspberry and the strawberry. Doubtless God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, and doubtless God might have given man a better gift than humor, but He never did. Woman has not the full gift; she has wit and some humor, it is true, but she has only a slighter sense of humor, whence comes much marital unhappiness. As George Eliot tells us, "A difference of taste in jests is a great strain of the affections."

"Pa, what is a crank?" "A grank, my

"Pa, what is a crank?" "A crank, my son, is a person who has sincere conviction that do not agree with my sincere convictions." Times Not to Agree.

" I am tired of life," said a young fellow "I have met with nothing but continued disappointments, and I can see no use in prolonged existence."

"I don't see why you should live," re-

joined an acquaintance. "I don't know that you have ever done any good in the world, and can't see why you want to live." "What!" exclaimed the disheartened man, who had expected sympathy; "doa's see why I should live? Confound your ugly picture, I've got as much right to live

as you have."
There are times when it will not do to agree with a friend.—Arkansaw Traveler.

HEADS VERSUS TAILS .- "John," said a Scotch minister to his beadle one morning, I would seem to have been more than usually successful in pleasing the congregation on Sabbath. To which of the three heads of my sermon would you attribute my success?" "Weel, sir," replied the beadle, with something like a leer in his eye, "to tell ye the truth, congregations noo-a-days concern themsel's less aboot the heids than the tails of sermons. The ane ye preached on Sabbath was considerably shorter than the general rin o' yer discourses, and therefore was weel pleased wi't."

A train load of work horses which has just started from Walla Walla, W. T., for Chicago is the first shipment of the sort ever made across the continent.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S

* VEGETABLE COMPOUND * * * * IS A POSITIVE CURE * * *

For all of those Painful Complaints and * * Wezknesses so common to our best * * * * * FEMALE POPULATION. * * * * IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORK OF F. IT WILL CURE ESTINELT THE WORST FORK OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, EVENT OF THE CONTROL OF PLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAK. NESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

* TO WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUNORS FROM THY UTERUS IN AN PERILY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THERE IS CHECKED VERY SPEEDILY BY ITS USE. * IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROY, ALLCRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAR NESS OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEAT ACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY, DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION.

* THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING FLAY, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

* IT WILL AT ALL THIES AND UNDER ALL CHECKS STANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE STSTEM.

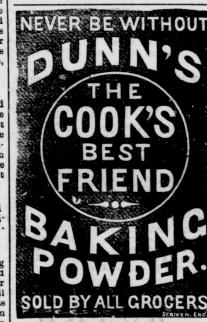
43-TIS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITMATA

* HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN, AND

THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS DI

LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY. * FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS TEITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURPASSED.

* LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND prepared at Lynn, Mass. Price \$1. Six bottles for \$1. Sold by all druggists. Sent by mail, postage paid, in form of Pills or Lozenges on receipt of price as above. By Pills of the price as another stamp. Letters confidentially answered.





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