Hawaiian National Hymn, (Translated for the Paradise of the Pacific.) Hawaii! sea-girt land! Strong for thy monarch stand; Sons of the ancient band, Stand for your King.

O Thou who reign'st above, Father of might and love! Grant that thy peaceful dove Brood o'er our land.

Hawaii's true-born sons, Cherish the high-born ones-From all their lineage runs Guard the young chiefs.

Chorus-O Thou who reign'st above, etc. Hawaii! young and brave, Thine 'tis thyself to save! Hopeful thy banner wave— Upward, and on!

Chorus-O Theu who reign'st above, etc.

DOCTOR. THE

Mrs. Atherton gave a motherly smooth to Letty's brown hands in passing, and stepped quietly from the room.

quietly from the room.

For a second or two the girl stood where she had left her, an ominous ori usen spot burning on her cheek, an omin us flame alight in her gray eyes. Then aer head dropped on her clasped hands, and she burst into angry tears.

"How dare she?" she cried, through her gasping sohe. "how dare she?"

gasping sobs; "how dare she?"

Mrs. Atherton dared to do an thing, as Letty had yet to learn, and any passionate orying out against her sharp words was

wasted.

Ernest Devereux, sitting smoking by his fire in the room next to Letty's, neard her indignant sobs, and wondered, in an absent kind of way, where they came from. Could he have seen her, as she orounder on the rug before the fire, her dark face flaming, her gray eyes dim with scorohing tears he might, perhaps, have thought a little more of the heart and a little less of the fortune of this woman he had come down to marry. When, a little while after, Mr. Leigh, tapping at her door, asked, with a touch of irony in his tone, if he should send her boxes and parcels to the station, Letty, steadying her voice as well as she could, replied, "No." She was not going to Hulston that day. He went down smilling, and met Mrs.

down smiling, and met Mrs Atherton in the hall.

Atherton in the hall.

"I told you how it would be," he said.

"Letty would not dream of disobeying me."

"No, the dear girl would not," she replied smoothly; "your word was enough."

"Oh, quite enough," said Mr. Leigh;

"and it was the same with her mother."

"and it was the same with her mother."

He seemed quite to plume himself on the absolute control he possessed over his daughter's will, and Mrs. Atherton did not daugnter's will, and Mrs. Atherton did not break the illusion, though she knew very well that, but for her womanly shaft sent straight and surely into a tender part, Miss Letty would not have been so easily con-

A letter had to be sent off to Hulston. saying she could not come, and why, and then Letty dressed, and went down to entertain Mr. Devereux. Very little was left for her to do in that

Very little was left for her to do in that way; no man knew bester how to be easily agreeable than Ernest Devereux, and to-day he was doing his best to shine. There was something in the frank, upward glance of the girl's eyes that drew the truth into his own; some spell there must have been in her low, clear voice that brought the manlier ring to his, and the honester words. Perhaps never had Ernest Devereux been so nearly a good man as when in the pres.

Perhaps never had Ernest Devereux been so nearly a good man as when in the presence of Lesty Leigh.

The short November day passed rapidly and more pleasantly than she could have believed any day could pass for ner now, and so many after days, till it grew into weeks, and Christmas was near at hand.

Mr. Leigh proposed giving a number of select parties to which the cite of the neighborhood should be invited in turn, for his rooms were too small for one grand assembly, such as his proud old heart would have delighted in. No one whose coming could delighted in. No one whose coming could add to the tone or the pleasure of these add to the tone or the pleasure of these gatherings was forgotten by Mr. Leigh, who himself made out a list of those who were to be asked, Mrs. Atherton ably helping him; and while the rion were being remembered by them, Letty, in her quiet way, did sensitive to get away from the glare and the music, it sets to get away from the glare and the music, it sets to get away from the glare and the music, it sets to get away from the glare and the music, it sets to get away from the glare and the music, it sets to get away from the glare and the music, it sets to get away from the glare and the music, it sets to get away from the glare and the music, it sets to get away from the glare and the music, it sets to get away from the glare and the music, it sets to get away from the glare and the music, it sets to get away from the glare and the music, it sets to get away from the glare and the music, it sets to get away from the glare and the music, it sets to get away from the glare and the music, it sets to get away from the glare and the music, it sets to get away from the glare and the music, it sets to get away from the glare and the music get away from the glare are get away from the glare and the music get away from the glare and the music get away from the glare are get away from the glare and the music get away from the glare are get away from the glare away from the glare are get away from the glare away from t

not forget the poor.

Ernest Devereux, following as esquire, and, watching Letty day by day as she went among the people, began to think there must be some subtle pleasure in doing good that so brightened the sweet, dark, wemanly face he was fast learning at learning to the large say. The light, as it played on both their that so brightened the sweet, dark, womanly face he was fast learning to look upon as beautiful. He had seen ladies standing behind the stalls of bazaars and fancy fairs, selling off at fabulous prices useless articles that their own fair hands were supposed to have formed, and smilling their sweetest as they oeaxed the gold out of tightly buttoned up pockets in the name of the destitute poor of London or elsewhere. He had seen them leaving their carriages stand in by streets, while they themselves stepped daintily over soiled pavements, in search of some favored seamstress, whom they had heard to be in want, and, on the impulse of their own warm hearts, had come to relieve. He had stood by while a lady signed a check on her banker for a good round sum, and handed it over for the benefit of some charitable institution, and he had known the same lady to give up many of the pleasures, we had almost said duties, of her station, to attend meetings and form one on committees, meetings and form one on committees, assembled for the purpose of helping these

assembled for the purpose of helping these same poor.

Ernest Devereux had known all this, but he had never known, or even dreamed of, the face-tc-face sympathy, the warmhearted pity, the open-handed, delicate helpfulness, that marked Letty Leigh's visiting among her poor neighbors. "My poor sister" with her was no Christian pill, to be swallowed with a wry face, in hope that the good it would do hereafter would make up for its present bitterness. She spoke little of charity and love, but those great twin sisters were her constant guides; and Ernest Devereux, seeing this, felt many a sting of conscience as he thought of his necessities and the resolves they had forced him into.

On New Year's Eve a pleasant party was

On New Year's Eve a pleasant party was gathered in Mr. Leigh's rooms—not a very large one—and mostly young people. It promised fairly to be a success.

Letty had never been so nearly beautiful as she was that night, in her pure white silk, with its sweeping train—for Letty delighted in extravagantly long dresses; her cheeks a delicate rose color, her dark gray over alight with pleasure and excitement, eyes alight with pleasure and excitement, and a twinkling bunch of holly berries in

her shining hair. So deep grew the flush on her cheeks as the night passed that one lady, sitting near the door with her three pale daughters, growing paler every hour with spite and envy, gathered round her, whispered to the eldest:

"I shouldn't like to say it to anyone but you, Tilda, but I do think Miss Leigh paints."

Tilda feeling the bleed still in the light street was the same and the

paints."

Tilds, feeling the blood settling in the tip of her nose instead of in her cheeks, throw a resentful glance at Letty, radient in a circle of admirers, as she answered:

"I dare say. She looks very like as if

The Misses Topham were not famed for The Misses Topham were not famed for elegance of diction—and no great wonder that they were not. Rumor did say that their grandfather had thought himself blessed when he was owner of a fishing-smack, but the present Misses Topham, their mamma and papa, and one brother, were the essence of well-to-do respectability, lived in great state at Topham Lodge, and kept a groom; and what more would you have?

A little later that same evening Ernes Devereux, leaning idly against the pillar by which Letty was standing, and having nothing better to say just then, told her that he had met Dr. Lennard riding a little way

the had met Dr. Lennard riding a listle way out of Fenmore that morning.

"I never saw a man so changed in my life," he said; "he looked years older, quite an old man, and he was as distant and cold as possible. I am sure one sight of his grave, pale face, would cure any of the young ladies who used so to adore him."

The first bars of a valse came floating toward them, and Ernest Devereux stood silent, keeping time with one hand on the pillar against which he leaned. It was a sweet, plaintive air, but Letty was not heeding it; she was thinking, with inward tears, of one true heart that could not be estranged, because the face of its idol had blanched and aged.

"He said he had only come back for a few days to settle his affairs and dispose of his practice." continued Evertines described to the second of the second o

few days to settle his affairs and dispose of his practice," continued Ernest Devereux. "He is going to live at Cranleigh."

A mazy whirl of many-colored lights, a buzzing sound, growing louder and louder every instant, till she felt as if her ear must burn under the pressure, and Letty lay pale and still on Ernest Devereux's arm. She had fainted.

A pressing, useless crowd was gathered round them in an instant, and many were the reasons named as the cause of this sudden attack.

sudden attack.
"I thought she looked too brilliant to be quite in health," said one.
"Yes, she was evidently excited, and the heat has been too much for her," said

another.

Not one of them imagined the real cause of that deathly faint, not even the man who had struck the blow, so to speak, and seen her reeling under it. She was carried to her own room, and Mrs. Atherton and a couple of young lady friends attended on her

"Poor dear," said Mrs. Topham, who "For dear," said Mrs. Topham, who was at heart a kindly woman, "how white she is to be sure!" And then she said, lower still, "Astonishing Tilda, isn't it? But I was mistaken, and I'm sure I'm very sorry. She couldn't be rouged, you know, and turn like that."

In little wore than an hour's time Letty.

In listle more than an hour's time Letty In little more than an hour's time Letty was down again, moving about among her guests, but with a face so pale, an eye so fixed, that people turned to look after her as she passed. Ernest Devereux caught a glimpse of her, and breaking from a group of gentlemen who surrounded him, made his way to her side at once.

"Mies Leigh," he whispered, bending over her so as not to be heard, "do let me persuade you to go back to your room. You are not fit to be here."

She answered with a smile and a quiet

She answered with a smile and a quiet shake of the head.

shake of the head.
"Do take my advice," he said. "I can see that you are suffering acutely."
She glanced quickly up at him, and then bent her head over her bouquet, but still

she did not stir. "It is too warm and noisy for your here," he continued. "Come down to your own little parlor; we shall at least be quiet

The light, as it played on both thei The light, as it played on both their faces, showed very different emotions on each. His was pale and agitated, sudden scarlet flushes coming and going across the sallow cheek, fugitive gleams of tenderness coming and going and going in the fair blue eyes. Letty's face was as pale and still as it had been in the drawing room, her eyes eyes. Letty's face was as pale and still as it had been in the drawing room, her eyes half closed, her lips pressed close together, she sat and scattered the orimson petals of her roses over her lap in silence.

she sat and scattered the crimson petals of her roses over her lap in silence.

Ernest Devereux was the first to speak, and his low, earnest tones woke the dreaming girl with a start. It was the same tale he told her on the sands some months back, but told now with many passionate changes that had been absent then. He had pleaded for the hand of the heirses then; now he was pleading for the heart of the woman; and all the carnestness and truth of his nature rose into his face as he spoke.

Letty had then answered "No," firmly and easily; now she whispered it with a faltering tongue that would scarce obey its office. She measured his love by her own; and feeling through every quivering nerve what it was to love in vain, her heart was stirred with pity for him; and he saw that it was so by her face.

"No, don't answer me now," he said.
"To-morrow, or the day after you shall tell me. I am willing to wait any time it pleases you. Only give me some token by which I may know there is hope in waiting, and I will be content."

He bent closer to her as he spoke, and took both her cold hands into his, lovingly, tenderly, with the soothing touch he might have used to a grieving child. Her life was very bare, her heart was very empty; any love was better than none, and she left him hold her hands, and press warm kisses on them in silence.

Ernest Devereux was a gentleman still, after all those years of subtefuge and hand-

them in silence.

Ernest Devereux was a gentleman still, after all those years of subtefuge and hand-to-mouth existence, and he would not press his suit any further then. He told her he final answer for a day or two, or three if it loved her, and he put off the giving of her pleased her, himself content to wait; and there he left her.

So while the music pealed out louder and

louder, and the hum of fresh voices and bursts of silver laughter came fitfully to them, they sat quiet and silent in the little r summer parlor; the bronze lamp throwing a mellow light on Letty's dark, still face, and only half revealing the gleaming statuettes and shining silver ornaments scattered throughout the room.

Ernest Devereux leaned his arm on the low mantle, and his head on his arm, and looked down silently on the face of the woman he loved and hoped one day to make love him. That she did not love him he knew, but she was young and tender hearted; once his, her love, he thought, would be easily won.

As he stood there in the half shade, a genial softness stole over his handsome, oynical, world-hardened face—a shifting, tremulous, tenderness—that had never rested there since his boyhood, if even then. He was not wholly bad, although he, was very selfish; but to-night self was forgotten for the time; and the quaint, dark face, that his friend had so ridiouled, seemed to have a vivid, witching beauty, as it shone out on him between the dim half, lights of the low fire and the bronze lamp overhead.

Letty, sitting there, all unmindful of the low free and the bronze lamp in the little of the summer parlor, and Letty, sitting there, alm throwing the their geal penetrated even the quiet of the summer parlor, and Letty, raising her white, stony face with a shiver from the time the little for her forever. And with the new year, and its bright dreams had, indeed, died for her forever. And with the new year, and its bright dreams had, indeed, died for her forever. And with the new year, and its bright dreams had, indeed, died for her forever. And with the new year, and its bright dreams had, indeed, died for her forever. And with the new year, and its bright dreams had, indeed, died for her forever. And with the new year, and its bright dreams had, indeed, died for her forever. And with the new year, and its bright dreams had, indeed, died for her forever. And with the new year to you, my own love—happier tha

lights of she low life and she bronze tamp overhead.

Letty, sitting there, all unmindful of the tender gaze of those keen eyes, was thinking, with vain, rebellious longing, of what might have been if Paul Liennard's wife had never left her those ill-fated riches.

"He might have loved me then," she thought, "and need never have left Fenmore. We might have been so happy in that old brown house, with only my father, and none of this hateful money to gather people round us who would not care if we died at their feet, so that they were safe. Oh! if he had only been poor, I would have married him, and worked for him, and borne anything for his sake."

So she kept thinking, with fretful pain,

So she kept thinking, with fretful pain, as she sat there, and picked away first the leaves, and then the blossoms of her

leaves, and then the blossoms of her bouques.

Letty was just like the rest of us; she was willing to endure any trouble but the one that was pressing down on her. Her shoulders felt strong to bear any of the crosses that might have been laid on them, but they bent and shivered under the burden that they were called upon to carry.

"We thought you were lost, or had run away, or something dreadful had happened, Letty, dear," called out a clear, ringing voice, as its owner swept into the room, turning over a tiny Parian Psyche with her voluminous skirts, as she passed. "You have been searched for everywhere, you naughty darling, for you were most particularly wanted.

The young lady, the twenty-first, and

particularly wanted.

The young lady, the twenty-first, and most demonstrative, of Letty's new friends, was standing on the rug by this time, her gauzy skirts dangerously near the steel bars of the grate. She was looking up with a mischievous wonder at Ernest Devereux's smiling face, and Letty's grave one.

"I beg pardon a thousand times, if I am intruding," she said, with a little mock courtesy, and a pretense of going away again.

Ernest Devereux stopped her,

gallantly pushed forward a chair for her close to Letty's side, himself standing the while, and watching the two girls.

"Who wanted me," Letty asked, looking down with a half blush on the scattered petals strewing her lap and the carpet at

her feet.
"Doctor Lennard," was the reply. "He is leaving Fenmore, and he called to say good-bye. Of course he knew nothing of the party; but it was odd to come at this

nour, wasn's it ?" The rosy blush was a burning flame now heeks, neek and bosom one painful, flush

He had no time to wait till you could be found," continued the young lady; but he left his respects, and compliments of the season and all that. He's going by the 12 o'clock train, and it's half past 11 now, and more."

now, and more."
Putting up one white jewelled hand to shade her eyes from the fire, the speaker looked at the tiny ormolu timepiece which stood on the mantle, and which just at that moment began to ring the three quarter chimes. It was a quarter to 12. In fifteen minutes more he would be gone away from Fenmore forever!

An insane impulse to up and fly to him. and pray him to stop, to stay for her sake, seized Letty. She felt as if she would go mad sitting there quietly, and her love passing away from her forever.

Miss Lyle rose, and, shaking out her skirts, declared she was engaged for the very value they were playing, and declared she must go.

she must go.
"Mr. Lawton will be seeking me every." where as it is." said she, "and thinking I have gone off after you, Lesty, for they none of them know where you are hid."

As she opened the door to pass out, a gush of mingled music and laughter swept in; an essence of joy it seemed; and Letty hearing it buried her face in her hands and burst into tears. That sound of outer happiness tingled along her bruised heart like a shock of agony, breaking down pride and firmness at one dash.

and firmness at one dash.

Ernest Devereux was shocked, touched even at the sight of those sealding tears; he felt as though he must do something to soothe her, but she would not be soothed; his words fell dull on her ears; and the loud, passionate sobs only ceased to give place to low, broken gasps that seemed to come from her very heart, and that a stricken one.

"My darling, my own Letty, you must tell me what is grieving you," he cried, drawing her hands foroibly away from her face; and then, as a sudden thought flashed upon him, he added "Dr. Lennard!—was he?—did you?"

upon him, he added "Dr. Lennard!—was he?—did you?"

"I loved him," she broke in with a sob, half shame, half sorrow, as she bent lower and lower to avoid his reproachful eyes.

For a moment he stood passive, his face as white as the bent face before him; the muscles of his close mouth twitching. Then he stooped and drew Letty to him, clasping her closely, tightly, as one who would not be denied.

"Forget him, Letty," he whispered, softly. "Let my love fill the place of his in your heart. He is not worthy of you, dearest."

The tiny ormoly toy on the story of the single place of his in the story or the story o

dearest."

The tiny ormolu toy on te mantel struck 12, and finished with a silvery, ting-ling cadence. A second later, and the sonorous peals of Fenmore bells came clearly sounding over the snowy fields. They had been ringing the old year out, but so softly and sadly, that the music in Mr. Leigh's tiny drawing-room had drowned their chimes. They were ringing

strong, and loving withal, was being softly passed over her heated brow.

"Thank you!" The low, even words jarred upon him strangely. But now, and he was thinking and saying how little would content him till she could give him all, and already the stony calm of her manner was fretting him. She had told him herself that she did not love him, but the snoken words were nothing to the him herself that she did not love him, but the spoken words were nothing to the written evidence before him, plainly to be read in the quiet face, not drooped nor rosy; the gray eyes, their depth unstirred and sleeping; and the close red lips that only breathed of grief and longing. For a moment he stood beside her, half touched, half angry, then he kissed her and let her go.

go.
"Well, after all," he thought, "she is only a child. Just row she is feeling naturally sore at this fellow's indifference;

naturally sore at this fellow's indifference; but she will get over that, no fear."

On that dull November morning on which her father left her to go to London, Letty hed longed for a change, no matter of what kind.

"Any change must be for the better," she had said then.
In the cold, gray dawn of the first day in

In the cold, gray dawn of the first day in the new year, she was lying on her bed, moaning and shrinking away with fear and dread from the very change she had been so ready to welcome while yet distant. In the room next to her's Ernest Devereux sat by the fire, smoking. He had not gone to bed at all, and his head had grown dizzy poring over a morogon bound volume were poring over a morocco-bound volume were his debts were jotted down in unpleasantly round numbers. He was smoking comfore-ably now, and thinking of Letty. The softened look had not quite left his face, and he half smiled, half sighed as he

and he half smiled, half sighed as he thought of her.

"Poor little girl!" he said to himself;

"she is terribly out; but the fellow was old and boorish. She will soon forget him —she cannot help it."

The young man passed his ringed hands carcssingly through the silken tangles of his whiskers as he said that, mentally comparing Paul Lennard's dark, bearded face, with its pale square brow and grave, searching eyes, to his own fair, handsome one.

"By Jove, I would not hurt such a good little soul for the world, though I don't pretend to be much of a Christian."

He threw the stump of his cigar into the grate as he spoke, and, with a yawn, drew the curtains back, and let the yellow, sickly light of the young day oreep in, while he

light of the young day creep in, while he lay down to get a few hours' sleep before breakfast time.

CHAPTER VI.

44 LETTY, REMEMBER WE ARE ENGAGED."

March was in, and Letty, to whom a little of her old bloom had come back, was being daily blown and blustered into something of her past fresh youth by the keen winds that swept and surged round her as she took her long, lonely walks over the sands in her sealskin jacket and flowing woolen dress. Those walks were not always lonely, not often, indeed, considering that London was more than a hundred miles away from Fenmore, and that it was in London her lover was forced, as he said, to live. March was in, and Letty, to whom

one could be more attentive, more gallant, more loving even, than Ernest
Devereux had been during these two bleak
winter months. Letty had long since
learned to miss him when absent, and wait expectantly for his coming. She was every day learning to do more, though she thought very often of Paul Lennard's noble, carness face, and sometimes caught heraelf wishing that her lover was a little bit more like him. Such as he was, however, he was very well; and if she had cared less for him than she did, she would yet have had her reward in the joy and zomfort their engagement gave her father, for Ernest Devereux and she were now formally engaged.

Ernest Devereux and she were now formally engaged.

The old man was now in high delight: he talked vaguely of great good fortune yet in store for her, and for which she would have to thank him when it came. He spoke of a handsome house in Belgravia, and a dashing turn-out for his pet, as largely and confidently as though Mrs. Lennard's legacy had been hundreds of thousands in place of thousands.

nousands.

Letty sometimes smiled, and smiling, Letty sometimes smiled, and smiling, wondered at the old man's talk; but she always thought lovingly of him, and thanked him in his heart for this unexpected care of her. But what often surprised her was, that Ernest Devereux, cool, wise, man of the world, seemed to see nothing extravagant in all this, that sounded in her ears but as so much fond habbling.

babbling.

Toward the latter end of March Mr.
Leigh went on one of his mysterious visits
to London, and Ernest Devereux, who had

Leigh went on one of his mysterious visits to London, and Ernest Devereux, who had been staying a few days with them, went, back with him. They were both to return before the thirtieth, they said, and they smiled at one another meaningly as viney said it. But the thirtieth passed, and April came in, and wore on toward May, and they had neither come nor written. Letty was surprised, and a little vexed, but not at all frightened as yet.

Ernest Devercux was in the habit of sending her long, loving letters, written on dainty paper, with the Devereux and Ashley crest on the top. She had received them as a matter of course, and put them safely by in the pearl and shony box where her few treasures were stored; among the reason for keeping which she could hardly have given, even to herself.

Now that he was so long away, and no letters were coming, she began at first to wonder, and then to fret; and finally she grew angry at what she looked on as slighting indifference upon his part. She did not

love him well enough to make excuses for him, and so she went her long walks alone, and brooded over this new phase in her

and brooded over this new phase in her engagement.

One fair, sunny afternoon, when the sky was more settled than usual, Letty put on hat and jacket and went down to the shore. There was a freshness as of new life in the kind breeze that brushed her face softly, and the great waves rolled in with a musical murmur very pleasant to listen to on that mild April day, and looking over the restless green waters, moving joyously under the spring sunshine, a little of stirring gladness entered into her heart as she stood there. Then she sat down and buried her hands in the soft warm sand, and thought of Paul Lennard, lovingly, yearningly, as she the betrothed wife of another man, should not have thought of him. She

ingly, as she she betrothed wife of another man, should not have thought of him. She knew that very well, but she could not help it; so she sat still in the warm sunlight, and dreamed her dream, lulled by the drowsy murmur and roll of the sea.

A heavy step coming over the sands, a heavy hand laid on her shoulder, and Letty a started to her feet, and turning suddenly faced Ernest Devereux.

So she put out her hand to him with a smile and a blush, wondering that while he took it, and held it tightly in his, he never smiled or spoke. Then she saw how pale and haggard he was, how ill he looked, and a feeling of fear stirred in her.

"What has kept you away so long, Ernest?" she asked. "Have you been ill?"

(To be Continued.

WOEMS AND EPITAPHS.

What Vandal Hands Have Done to a Family Vauit.

The family vault of the Boulton family The family vault of the Boulton family is situated on the edge of the Rosedale ravine, across from the eastern extremity of St. James' Cemetery, says the Toronto World. Whoever chose the site chose it well, for a more beautiful spot could not be imagined. But there is horror in the midst of all this, for the vault door is wide one and the battered college and scattered. open and the battered offins and scattered bones of generations of Boultons are exbones of generations of Boultons are exposed to view. It is a sight to make the blood run cold. Same grout has torn the blood run cold. Same grout has torn the lid from each offine and turned it upside down and skulls are lying here and there. Some of the bones have been pitched out on the sward. The place shows that it has been neglected for years. There is a baby's coffic in the northeast corner which has been untouched, but all the other coffices have been broken and descerated.

The only Boulton that has been safe from the hands of the descerator is the wife of John Hillyard Cameron (Elizabeth Boulton), who died April 20th, 1844, and who is buried safely under the sod beside the vault. Beside her is buried a sixweeks-old child, whose advent into this world was the primary cause of her death.

Americas' Ally Described.

Americas' Ally Described.

New York Daily Commercial Bulletin: Russia is the curse of modern civilization; the negation of its spirit; the counteractant of its intellectual forces; the embargo on its social advance; the antagonist of its political progress. She stands for ignorance as against intelligence; for class against mass; for autocracy against democracy; for absolute desposiem against constitutional liberty; for race antagonisms as against international amities; for war against peace. Her highest conception of national greatness is the organization of armed brute force. The chief end of her government, her commerce, her wealth, her vast numerical resource, is the creation of military power. She exists to oppose, to repress, to agrees, to invade, to destroy. She stands out among the European nations as the one country that effectively confronts the elevating forces of modern progress with brute resistance. That is her function, her mission among the nations.

A Few Don'ts for Girls.

Don't keep the fact that you are cor-responding with some man a secret from your mother.

Don't write foolish letters to anybody,

men or women. ee them Don's les Tom, Dick or Harry call you by

your first name, or greet you with so your ness name, or grees you wish some slang phrase.

Don't shink that you can go untidy all day, and then look very fine at night, for fine feathers do not always make fine birds.

Don't let any man kiss you or put his arm about you unless you are engaged to be married to him, and even then be a little sting, with your favors.

stingy with your favors.

Don't let any man believe that simply for the asking he can get "that pretty Smith girl" to go out driving with him, to accommodifie the sense of the appearance. pany him to the concert, or to entertain him for an hour when he can't find anybody

An Eye to Business.

Rochester Herald : There was a hanging entertainment, with a negro in the principal role, at Trenton, Georgia, last Friday. The enterprising landlord of a hotel there, appreciating the importance of the cocasion and its opportunities, advertised as follows:

follows:
Are you going to the hanging? The
Blank House at Trenton, Georgia, offers
an excellent view to witness the execution.
Stop at the Blank House, Trenton, Georgia,
when visiting the hanging, May 15th. Can
see all from windows. Gallows within 150
yards. Meals fifty cents.

Lynched the Agent.

Montreal Star: A party of Hungarians, who were deceived by the glowing accounts of life in America into emigrating, returned to their native land a few days ago, hunted up the agent who had deceived them and hanged him to a convenient tree. Such object lessons as this might be expected to do more to stop immigration than all the restrictive laws yet passed.

-The one hundred and third General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, the Northern Assembly, as it is generally called, is now in session in Fort Street Church, Detroit. This is, perhaps, the most important American ecclesiastical gathering of the year. The Assembly represents 32 synods, 313 presbyteries, 6,128 ministers, 6,894 churches, 23,809 elders, 775,903 members, a Sunday school membership of about 900,000, and a revenue of upwards of \$14,000,000.