TO THE REPORT OF STREET TOWNS OF THE

(Continued.) XXII.

THE HOME OF THE HOMBLESS.

Crow's Nest had become the place of refuge of Gentleman Joe, the Lefthander, Harry, and Mouse in a very simple and natural manner. atural manner. When the Lefthander left the home of Mr Grantham before daylight, carrying Mouse in his arms, he went out of the town toward the mountain, the place of rendezvous which he had agreed upon with his two friends. This was a secluded spot about half-way up the slope of the Blue Ridge, on a little plateau, and not far from the stage-

road, where a small stone chapel, as it was called, stood, Just without the enclosure was a very fine spring, which gushed up from beneath the gnarled roots of an oak; and here, beside a cheerful fire, atood Gentleman Joe and Harry, the latter holding in his hand a rifts, which he had always carried about with him to hunt when the circus stopped in the rural districts to recuperate, as it

"Here you are, Lefthander!" Harry ex-"And Mouse, too—but about break-fast?" said the Lefthander.
"You see, we thought of that," said Gentleman Joe, pointing to the fire, where a coffee pot was boiling, and some beef

frying in a pan.
"We came here last night, and made a "We came here last night, and made a fire and camped out; Harry had bought the pot and frying pan and tin cups, with some coffee and sugar and beef and bread, so that you, and Mouse especially, should not go without your breakfast."

The Lefthander had deposited Mouse on the roll of blankets near the fire, on which Harry and his father had slept.
"Well, that's like you, Gentleman Joe,"

he said; "you're a man of more sense than all of us. But what is she doing: What are you after, Mouse?"

"I am after my business," said Mouse, who was limping around and carefully superintending the cooking. "I'm the house-keeper—which you will please understand, and not interfere with me." The Lefthander sat down and looked at the child, as she bustled about, with a

pleased smile on his lips. She seemed to have quite forgotten her accident, and with one hand deftly raised the coffee-pot from the coals, took off the fried beef, and arranged them, with a large loaf of bread at d some tin cups and brown sugar which were near by, on the greensward.
"Well, whoever saw the like!" the Lefthander said, with admiration; "here's

your little mother and house keeperess for "And we're a troupe at last, by ourselves!" said Mouse. "We'll have the hand-organ, and the monkey with the feather in his cap, after all—and I'll see the flowers and the sunshine, and carry the hat around, as I told you I would, Harry!"
"It really looks like it," said Harry, laughing; " and I see one thing plainly,

What is that, sir?" "That you're going to be manager and commander-in-chief of this troupe!" They sat down and breakfasted, enlivening their repast with jests and laughter. The air of the fresh morning seemed to fill their pulses with life and enjoyment. The sunrise bathed them in its golden beams, the birds were singing, the bivouac fire crackling; the wanderers, without a shelter, had found something like a home in this secluded nook, and enjoyed the present moment, without thinking what might be-

was excellent; but, unfortunately, at the moment it was quite impracticable. With the exception of the Lefthander, who had a portion of his last week's salary yet unspent in bar-rooms, the little party were spent in bar-rooms the little party were without money. It was, therefore, necessary to defer the troupe scheme, and cast about them for some means of immediate support. First of all, they must look out for shelter somewhere; then they would have time to think. So, having finished breakfast, they made a package of the blankets, cooking utensils, and the rest of the pro visions—Harry took them on his back— the Lefthander lifted Mouse in his arms though she declared that she could walk, and they set out up the mountain road leading through the Gap.
All at once the Lefthander stopped, and

Where is you travelling-bag, Mignen?"
"My travelling bag, poppa! Haven't you got it?"
"I have it behind, fool that I am! exclaimed the Lefthander.
"It must be at the fire."

" No, it was not left at the fire," Harry said; "neither you nor Mouse had the bag when you joined us, Lefthander." "Then I've left it at the priest's —I mean the parson's," the Lefthander said, knitting his brows; "and I must go back

He uttered these words with an excitement extremely unusual in him. It was plain that for some reason he attached the utmost importance to the travelling-Wait for me, I will not be long," h

He deposited Mouse on her feet, pointed to a grassy bank, which afforded her a good place to rest, and set out for Piedmont. In an hour he returned, with an express of decided gloom upon his features.

'' Did you find it, poppa?'' Mouse said,

quietly.
"No. Mignon. It was not left there. I must have dropped it. That will be

He stopped, knitting his brows. "The parson was not at home. A sick person had sent for him, but I saw his old servant, who attends to the rooms and beds, and she was in the room you slept in after we went, and saw nothing. It is lost. I looked all along the road, but could see nothing of it. It will be un-fortunate. I will make another search

when we have found a place of shelter."

After saying this, the Lefthander relapsed into silence, and, taking Mouse in his arms, carried her up the mountain and through the Gap. Having reached the western embouchure, they saw a country road leading to the left, struck into it at hap-hazard, and followed it for a mile or two along Walling Water mail they two along Falling Water, until they reached a spot where the stream fell over a ledge of rocks, from which it derived its name. Just beyond this was a ford, and, on the opposite hill, what seemed to be a deserted house. The Lefthander pointed to it and said,
"There is the place. From the look of
things no one lives in that house, and
we can go there and stay for the night, at

He shaded his eyes with his hand and

added,
"It's forlorn enough looking, and there's
no one there; we will not be disturbed
unless there are ghosts."
"Ghosts, ghosts!" said Gentleman Joe,
dreamily; "yes, there are ghosts. They
are all around us—don't you believe that,

Lefthander?"
The Lefthander looked at his companion. Gentleman Joe was falling into one of his strange moods.

"I have been here before," murmured Gentleman Joe, putting his hand to his forehead; "when was it? But it was a

forehead; "when was it? But it was a dream only, I suppose."

A piteous expression came to his face, but he said nothing more, and his companions, apparently accustomed to his vagaries, paid no attention to his words. The Lefthander led the way through the ford, which only came to his knees, carrying Mouse in his arms, and, following a path on the other side of the stream, they ascended the hill and reached the deserted house. It was the dreariest of the dreary, and the rotting porch gave way under the

Lefthander's tread; but in the bare room within there was a broad fire-place, and Harry had soon collected some dry limbs lying around, and kindled a cheerful fire. Then, as their long tramp had made them hungry, Mouse set about preparing dinner, which consisted of coffee and fried beef and bread—after which they made an examination of their new domicile.

It had probably been a very comfortable

atter which they made an examination of their new domicile.

It had probably been a very comfortable establishment once on a time, but now everything was going to decay. The creaking door had flown open under the Lefthander's ponderous pressure—it was only secured by a rusty latch—and the staircase leading to the rooms above trembled under their feet. The lower story was completely bare, but in an upper room they found a small pine table, and two or three old chairs without backs, which they brought down and arranged in front of the fire. Then Harry and the Lefthander went out and collected another supply of wood, and by that time the sun began to decline. When night came they made a bed for Meuse of the blankets, and stretching themselves upon the floor fell asleep. Such was the first day spent by the wanderers at Orcw's Nest.

asleep. Such was the first day spent by the wanderers at Crcw's Next.

On the next morning a council of war was held, and they unanimously resolved to remain where they were for the present. They had provisions for some days, and another supply could be purchased and brought from Picdmont: there was an excellent spring fifty yards from the house, which they had made the coffee from on the preceding evening; and, if Mouse could only be made comfortable, it really was a very good place to live in, this deserted house. What they wanted was another supply of food and beds, and Harry said that he would go and buy them.

"Just buy some cotton, Harry, and I'll stitch up the beds," said Mouse; "that is, if you'll buy me some needles and a spool of thread—all was lost with that travelling-bag."

The Lefthander produced all his money and gave it to Harry.
"And don't fail to go to the parson's,

and ask if they are certain about that bag
-that it was not left."
Harry nodded, set out at a long, springy gait, and disappeared. He did not return until late in the day, but he had thought of everything. He brought a supply of sugar, coffee, flour, bread, salt, some beef, a ham, and the cotton, with the needles

If so it will be safe, and I'll get in Clare de Lune will see to that." As he uttered the name of Clare de Lune the Lefthander fell into a fit of musing.

he said; "she is a good girl.

Mouse had meanwhile set about stitching in the beds, which she did with a business r which was impressive. But she really was extremely expert with her needle. On the next day she had finished them all, and then they were filled with the pine tags from the thicket in rear of the house; and that night, after an excellent supp r, the whole little troupe slept in perfect comfort. Thus their life at Crow's Nest began in

earnest; and finding themselves unnolested, they remained. Nearly a month passed in this manner, Mouse had completely recovered from her sprain, and the wanderers passed their time in rambling through the beautiful September woods, in talking to each other, and in resolving that they would in some manner organize the troupe with the menkey and the hard organ without delay. But nothing was really done toward it, and day fall them in the future.

Breakfast finished, that future demanded after day passed by, and their supplies dwindled. Then came the irruption of consideration. Where should they go, and what means of support could they have recourse to? Mouse's plan of organizing themselves into a troupe, with a hand-organ, a monkey, a tent, and waggon, factory: they would not be forced to leave, at least. But there remained the paramount question how they were to live in

The wanderers were face to face with

BY THE FIRE IN THE MOUNTAIN. On the night succeeding Mr. Cary's visit, after Mouse had gone to sleep in her warm corner, the Lefthander and Harry, seated before the fire, held a consultation on the subject of their ways and means It was a chill night, and the muffled sigh of the wind in the pines, waving to and fro in the moonlight without, gave notice that

winter was approaching.

The Lefthander was smoking his short pipe, and leaning one ponderous arm upon nis knee. They had been discussing the melancholy fact that they had almost no-thing left to eat, and Harry's powder was exhausted, and they had no money to buy

"The main thing is Mouse," said the Lefthander. He looked at the child, who was sound a leep, and his face softened, as "One of us must stay with her," he said. "You and me, Harry, might find

work by going off somewhere, but what would become of Mouse and Gentleman Harry shook his head. 'It would never do to leave them. Mouse is a child, and my poor father—"
He stopped, and touched his forehead

"He scems worse than ever of late. He wanders around in a strange, absentwanders around in a strange, absent-minded way, looking at everything, and muttering to himself in a manner I don't understand. Only yesterday I heard him say to himself, 'Why, I remember all

Strange enough," the Lefthander said, Incliced the same thing, and asked him f he had ever been here before; but he nade me no reply. I know he heard what said, for he turned round and looked me

in the face with a cunning look, as if he meant to keep his own counsel "Harry listened to these words with a deeper impression of gloom upon his face than before.

"I never could understand father," he

"I never could understand father," he said; "and he always manages to turn aside any questions I ask him. But about the bread and meat, Lefthander—we must see about that. We must find work."

"Work!" said Gentleman Joe, suddenly arousing himself and turning round; it was plain that he had not heard what had been said before. "Work, did you say? Yes we must work for Mouse." Yes, we must work for Mouse."
"Well, that's the trouble, Gentleman Joe," the Lefthander said; "we're at the end of the rope. The provisions are about might go and work, as I told Harry just now, but how about Mouse? I don't

mean Mouse shall want anything." He knit his brows.

'I won't steal, but it's come to this that somebody will suffer before Meuse does! You see, I don't mind myself. I've given up deink, and am willing to work; but if I

Set traps," said Gentleman Joe, quietly. "Why," exclaimed Harry, "we never thought of that, Lefthander! The moun-tains are full of game, and nothing is easier, if we only knew how."

"I know," Gentleman said; and mono-polizing with sudden ardour the whole con-Gentleman Joe entered upon the subject of constructing traps for game in a manner which showed that he was matter of the art. Harry and the Left-hander I stened with admiration, and did

All then lay down in front of the fire, wrapped in their blankets, and were soon asleep—all but Gentleman Joe. He had closed his eyes, but in about half an hour

taking the whole load upon his back, set ont with his companion.

They descended the hill, crossed the stream at a narrow spot upon a log, and entered the woeds clothing the alops beyond. The vicinity was wild and uninhabited. Here and there ravines penetrated the mountain, nearly concealed by overhanging trees which threw deep shadows, growing deeper as the sun sunk. Making their way into the silent depths the trappers set their traps, which were already beited, and then attempted to retrace their steps towards the crossing of the stream.

This proved far less easy than they had supposed it would be. Night had fully come now, and scarcely a ray penetrated the shadowy gorge into which they had advanced for a considerable distance. The moon had not risen, and a haze hid the atars—in addition to which they had lost the points of the compass. There were no paths to guide them, the steep sides of the gorge affording he foothold even for the mountain castle; and, after wandering around for some time, the Lefthander and Gentleman Joe came to the depressing

"I went to the parson's, but he was away from home again," he said. "You must have dropped your travelling bag in the circus tent, Lefthander."

"I could swear I did not!—it is possible. If so it will be safe and I'll possible." I know where we are " Jos. "I know where we are."
"You know! How?"

conclusion that they were lost in the moun

" Well, I know. That is the Hogback "That ridge? "Well, that's some the betrauter fell first a state of the scenes at the circus.

"Some day I'll see her again, perhaps,"

thing. So we are near a place called the Hogback? You are no stranger here, then?—What does all this mean, Gentle-

They were pushing through the thick fringe of pines at the moment-all at once a light shone in front of them. "Some one is hunting," said the Left-hander; "they can tell us the way." He advanced in front of Gentleman Joe. and they steadily approached the light, which they now saw was that of a fire burning in a concealed nook between two ledges of rock, and hidden from any one

approaching in all directions except from the difficult spot to which the trappers had wandered in the darkness. There was something wild and weird about this l ght and its sorroundings. The masses of rock rose above it to the right and left in rugged ledges, with cedar bashes and trailing vines starting from every crevice. On these the red light of the first hrew fantastic shadows, and as it soured aloft from of a mountain-ash reaching far over the ledge, and nearly drooping to the ground. What more than than all astonished the What more than than all astonished the Lefthander and his companion was an object only a few feet beyond the fire. Could his eyes deceive him? this something was a door in the side of the mountain; there was no doubt of that. It was nearly covered by the drooping fellage—but there

it was.
The Lefthander stopped, and laid his hand on the arm of Gentl: man Joe.
"These people are not hunters," he said,
in a low tone; "look at them"

Shadows were moving to and fro in front of the fire, and dark figures, in rough dresses, were dimly visible as the trappers cautiously drew nearer.

"If I was in the Bohmerwald Mountain, I should say they were the wrong sort of people to go near," said the Lefthander, in a low voice.

The figures at the fire probably heard his

voice, for one of them, with a gan in his hand, left the group and came in the direction of the sound.

"Wro goes there?" said the figure.
The Lefthander continued to advance. hereupon the figure ra sed his gun to his shoulder, and ordered-

The Lefthander was within twenty paces. He stopped.
"Weil," he said, in his phlegmatic voice, "I have halted to oblige you. Who

"Plain people. Who are you?—What s your business here?"
"Setting traps," said the Lefthander: "and you'll do me a favour, friend, if you'll tellme how to get out of this develish

The figure came nearer, and bending down peered into the Lefthander's face; as his back was to the fire, his own was You are the big man living at the

Crow's Nest house," said the figure.
"Yes," said the Lefthander.
"Who is with you?"
"One of my fr.ends."

You are tramps?" "You may call us that, if you fancy."
"Wait a little." The figure went back to the fire and held

brief colloquy with the men there. He hen returned to the Lefthander, and said, "Come on, friends—both."
The Lefthander and Gentleman Joe ap-Jones and two or three others were standing. The person who had held the colloquy with them was Daddy Welles.

XXIV.

As the sun was sinking a party of about a dezen horsemen rode out of Piedmont, and proceeded westward at a round pace through the Gap in the Blue Ridge.

These horsemen were internal revenue employes, going to break up illicit distillaries of spurit in the mountain and arrest employes, going to break up illicit distil-laries of spirit in the mountain and arrest the malefactors. At their head rode a portly gentleman, the marshal of the dis-trict, and beside him was Mr. Douglas Lucelles; General Lascelles having been spplied to as a justice of the peace for search warrants had granted them, but re-

quested his son to accompany the party and see that unoffending persons were subjected to no improper annoyance.

The marshal was in a very bad humour. He had made more than one foray on the "moonshiners," as the illicit distillers were called, but always without result. Intimations thereupon reached him from head quarters that he was regarded as wanting in efficiency. Hence indignation, and a fixed resolution to break up the illegal establishments if they could be discovered. But this, unfortunately, was the trouble. The stills were known to be in the recesses of the mountain, but it was not probable that they would carily be dishander I stened with admiration, and did interrupt him.

"I'll make the traps to-morrow," sa'd Gentleman Joe. And it was agreed that they should rise early and set about the work at once, in order to have the traps ready by the ensuing evening.

All then leave the traps of the law; and the mannfacture of the law; and the law; an

"moonshine whiskey" was generally laughed at, and regarded as only the harmasleep—all but Gentleman Joe. He had closed his eyes, but in about half an hour opened them again and looked intently into the fire. Then he turned round and surveyed every portion of the room with a vague, dreamy glance.

It augued at, and regarded as only the harm close to the harm close of the pressed entire we have a close of the pressed entire we have a content of the plausible view was taken that these honest people were only making "a little something" for their families in a quiet way, without injury to anybody. They himself rather were good ex-Confederates, impoveriahed being arrested,

plorable, air? The law must be obeyed—but how enforce it?"

"That seems to be the problem," said Mr. Lascelles, with the same indifferent air. In fact, he was scarcely listening to the marshal. He had accompanied the party in accordance with the request of General Lascelles, but cared little or nothing apparently for the result. General Lascelles, but cared little or nothing, apparently, for the result.

"A perfect wild goose chase, sir!" the marshal exclaimed. "How are we to discover these illicit distilleries? No one will inform on the law-breakers. They are all in league together. Not a man, woman, or child will open their lips. Ask them questions, and you have a langh for your pains, Mr. Lascelles! They are banded together in one great conspiracy against the law, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that I obtained the names of some who are suspected." mes of some who are suspected."

You have the names "Yes. Here is a list. You can look at Mr. Lascelles took the paper and ran his eye over it.
"Well," he said, returning it with a

careless air.
"And the names are all. There's not a particle of evidence against them. This name at the head is that of the leader of them, I hear—a certain Daddy Welles, as he is called—and the Barney Jones mentioned is said to be his head man." "Well, I know nothing of them. These

names are all?"
"All, with the exception of a gang of tramps, who are said to have established their head quarters on the farm of a Mr. Cary—who, for that matter, may be in alliance with the moonshiners. Their presence on this land is suspicious."

"I know Colonel Cary, and think it improbable that he has anything to do with

the moorshine people."
"Well, to be frank with you, I suspect everybody, and will form my own opinion from what I see. I am a stranger in this region, and have had the greatest trouble in obtaining directions where to find the homes of these people. We must be near the first I propose to visit-that of the man Welles. That is the house yonder, probably."

The mersbal pointed to what was, in fact, the residence of Daddy Welles, and turned into the mountain-road leading up to it. The cortege followed him, and side the shadows, and as it soured aloft from by side he and Mr. Landles rade up to time to time, the glare feel on the boughs the gate in the fence, where they dis-

the gate in the fence, where they dise mounted.

The sun had just sunk behind the fringe of woods on the summit of the opposite range, and dusk was drawing on. There was no moonlight yet, but the stars were beginning to twinkle in the blue sky to the cast, mellowing into purple and crange as it extended westward toward the rosy flush above the pines. The marshal opened the small gate, walked up to the perch, followed by Mr. Lascelles, and knocked at the door.

American books this week—Bayard Taylor's "Studies in German Literature," Juliah Sturgis' "Little Comedies," and Professor Noah Porter's "Portraits and Sketches of the Lives of Philosophera," Of the former it says:—"Down to a certain point they are the best English introduction to German literature that we have met with."

How many persons understand the exact meaning of this term "Philistinism," so often met with now in their general reading? A writer in the Atlantic for itin

opposite. Set down, said the Daddy, cheerfully; and addressing Elliot, he added, in dulcet tones, "Jest to think these gentlemen are after moo shine whis-key men, and think I'm one of 'em. What a queer idee!"

Thereat the Daddy laughed, and the whole mystery flashed on Elliot. The word "queer" sent his mind back to the talk with the "stage-driver, who had used the very term, and here at last was the explanation—Daddy Wallas was a "" in wax and draws from it. He hates comon-Daddy Welles was a " moon-

The marshal declined the proffered seat. "It is my disagreeable duty to arrest you, Mr. Welles," he said, in his curt official voice, "and to search your house for evidence of your complicity in these illegal "To be sure," the Daddy responded, cheerfully. "P'r'aps you've got a sarch

'Here it is," Daddy Welles spelled it over carefully, and returned it.

"That's accordin' to law, friend. Better begin at the cellar."

With this business-like observation he took one of the candles from the table and preceded the marshal, who followed him.

preceded the marshal, who followed him. The cellar was first inspected, and then all therooms in succession, after which the Daddy suggested that there was the stable and the cow-house. It was perfectly plain, however, that, whether innocent or guilty, Daddy Welles was prepared for the enemy, and the mashal declined to search further. "This is all a farce!" he growled; "you are warned. Well, get your horse and go with me."

with me."

"To be sure," said the Daddy, cheerfally; "it's agin law to arrest a peaceful citizen in the bosom of his fam'ly; but, bleas you, I don't mind that."

The Daddy then retired, and soon reappeared wrapped in an old overcoat, stating that he was ready, and a few minutes afterward the party were again on their way, leaving Brantz Elliot in a state of bewilderment at the whole scene.

A ride of half a mile brought them to the small residence of Mr. Barney Jones.

Daddy Welles called out; "it's only a few friends come to see you."

Thereupon Mr. Jones lowered his weapon, cheerfully observing, as they dismounted and approached, that he had come mighty nigh blowin' their headsoff, as tramps were prowlin' round. Learning their business, he gave a dramatic start of astonishment, he gave a dramatic start of astonishment, and manifested a strong desire, judging from the expression of his face, to perform the blowing-off ceremony on general prindples; but, having been reduced to a peaceful state of mind by Daddy Welles, he expressed entire willingness, nay, the utmost anxiety, to have his premises searched, assisted in every manner, and professed himself rather pleased than otherwise at being arrested.

(To be Continued.)

## LITERATURE AND ART.

Dr. James Geikie is preparing a volume on "Pre-Historic Europe : a Geological Sketch."

George Barnett Smith's "Life of Glad-stone" has reached a fourth edition owing to the present boom.

The English version of Professor Nordenskjold's "The Voyage of the Vega," will be published as soon as possible. A life of the Prince Imperial has been written by Miss Helen Barles, who has been aided by many who knew the young

Berthold Auerbach's new novel, "Brig-tta," is making a great sensation in Geritta," is making a great sensation in Ger-many. It is to appear in English in the Sanchritz German series.

H. C. Decanver has compiled a "Catalogue of Works in Refutation of Methedism, from its origin in 1729 to the present time; of those by Methodist authors on lay representation, Methodist episcopacy, &c., &c., and of the political pamphlets relating to Wesley's 'Calm Address to our American Colonies.'

An autograph letter of Burns and two of Tom Campbell are soon to be sold in London. In one of Campbell's he says of Fusell:—"I think this painter of devils little better than a devil in mind and conversation. He is disgustingly conceited and overbearing."

The Russian poet Surikof, who has just died, was the son of a peasant and the apprentice of a green grocer. After he came of age he set up a small shop in Moscow or the sele of old iron. In it he spent the whole day, and in it his best poems were written. Like Koltsof and Nikitin, the best of Russia's poets of the people, he died of consumption.

The library of the Mexican historian and statesman, Don José Fernando Ramirez, will be sold in London in July. It contains many important books and manuscripts, collections of the constitu-tions of the Mexican States, of the Orden anzas de las Indias, &c. There are also several rare productions of the early Mexican press.

How many persons understand the exact meaning of this term "Philistinism," so often met with now in their general reading? A writer in the Atlantic, after citing as the door.

Daddy Welles promptly appeared, and greeted his visitors with an amiable smile.

"Is your name Welles?" said the marhillebrand: "The word Philistine is a "Is your name Welles?" said the marshal, referring to the paper which he held in his hand—"Daddy Welles?"

"They do call me that sometimes, friend," said the Daddy, mildly. "Won't you come in?"

"I wish to see you, sir," the marshal said, in a curt voice. "I am informed that you are connected with the illicit distillation of whiskey in this mountain."

"Why, what could have put such an idee in your head, friend? But come in, "It is claimed that Melssonier, a yeary shy

said, in a curt voice. "I am that you are connected with the illicit distillation of whiskey in this mountain."

"Why, what could have put such an idee in your head, friend? But come in, come in; the nights are gittin' cold, and man, is reserving his large atelier for his large picture, which he means to paint by and by, when he is through with small pictures. He plays billiards on a table of the early Italian style, and adores his son, who is his companion, friend and neight solution. who is his companion, friend and neigh-bour. Meissonier is short and broad, with a round, full face, having plenty of colour. He has a bright eve and grey hair and beard. Edmund Yates speaks of him as a man who fits a pilot jacket. He found a strong fellow whom he hired to go to his studio every day and struggle other fellows, ten minutes at a time, as a model for a fighter. He allows his model to place himself. When Meissonier has fixed an attitude in his mind he models it

> Publicity has been given to a statement that a numerous body of Mr. Ruskin's friends are desirous that a statue of the author of "Modern Painters" should be placed in the School of Drawing at Oxford. The school itself owes its existence to the generosity, and bears the name of the illustrious "Graduate of Oxford," as Mr. Ruskin modestly styled himself on the title of the volume which first made him title of the volume which first made him famous. It is proposed, therefore, to raise by subscription a sum sufficient to procure a life-size figure, the costs of which, in terra cotta, would be about seven hundred pounds; in bronze, one thousand pounds; and in marble, twelve hundred pounds. The idea of a terra-cotta statue is not by any means a bad one. Terra-cotta, as a material, adapts itself excellently to the representation of modern costume, and that which might be intolerable in bronze or marble, would be sightly and even or marble, would be sightly, and even p'ouresque, in skilfully moulded clay. Mr. Ruskin has surely every claim to the honour of a public recognition of the admiration which is so widely felt for his genius as a writer, his learning as a scholar, his philanthropy, and his blameless character.

Dr. Doran's "Lives of the Queens of England of the House of Hanover," with a characteristic preface by R. H. Stoddard, is announced by A. C. Armstrong & Son, In this preface Mr. Stoddard says:—"We reach what may be called the low comedy of high life when we come to Caroline of Brunawick, the wife of George IV. She was a very unsavoury person, it must be confessed, and if not guilty of the charges which were brought against her she ought to have been to be consistent. She was A ride of half a mile brought them to the small residence of Mr. Barney Jones, who, hearing the clatter of hoofs, made his appearance armed with a gun, which he directed toward the group, demanding who they were, and expressing his intention to blow their heads off unless the question blow their heads off unless the question was no better than she should be, but admitting that such was the case (as no doubt mitting that such was the case (as no doubt some of her party did among themselves), some of her party did among themselves), she was good enough for him; for between ourselves, my Lord, the First Gentleman of Europe—('Hear, hear!')—is the greatest blackguard alive. This may have been treason then, but it is not treason now, for, thanks to history, of which men are no longer afraid, the world has made up its mind about the Georges and their opens."

Edward Fournier, who has just died in Paris, aged 61, was one of the most volu-minous and scholarly of French contempo rancous authors. His whole life was passed in reading and making books, much of his writing having been in collaboration. He furnished comedies, comic operas, and dramas to the stage, the most

"The sum," he said, in a low votor, pressing his hand to his forehead. "This is Grow's Nest-where have I been all this time?"

He said seemed to be strengelling with common to first and sell; in the form of bread, why time?"

He said seemed to be strengelling with common to first and sell; in the form of bread, why time?"

He said seemed to be strengelling with common to first and sell; it was borned to be strengelling with common to first and sell; it was borned to be strengelling with the common to allow them the drinks and sell; it was borned to be strengelling with the common the common to a low them they must not a low on the first and the said as a way from the first and the said as a way from the first and the said as a way from the first, suntering.

"I must have desaund to the first and the said as a said that is a said that is said the said said in must improve the said as a said that is said the said said in must improve the said as a said that is said the said said in the said that said said must improve the said as a said that said said must improve the said as a said that said said must improve the said as a said that said said must improve the said as a said that said said must improve the said as a said that said said must improve the said as a said that said said must improve the said as a said that said said must improve the said as a said must improve the said as a



HOME EVIDENCE

IN FAVOR

## PAIN-KILLER.

Hint No. f. If you wish to save yourself, your family, and your friends a world of suffering Doctor's bills, go at once to the nearest store, and buy a

few bottles of PAIN-KILLER.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, at same

Hint No. 3.

"viz, 25 cents." Turn on your

heel and say, Good-bye. Sir ! That man cares more for the

Hint No 4.

Beware of all the worthless

mixtures, and dirty, greasy

ed you in almost every store

PAIN-KILLER. These mix-

tures are gotten up expressly

the PAIN-KILLER, but have

dozen regular sized bottles, or

any part of the Dominion.

to sell on the reputation

nothing in common with it

combinations which are offer

WHY experiment with unknown mixtures without character or reputation, when this world-renowned PAIN-KILLER which has stood the test of over and pain, which at present 40 years, can be had for the same price at any Drug they endure needlessly, and also save many dollars in Store in the Dominion?

READ THE FOLLOWING

OTTAWA, ONT . March 2, 1880. The writer has been selling Perry Davis' Pain-Killer now for the last 22 years, and can confidently recommend it to the public as a sure remedy for Cholera, Diarrhoza, Sore Throat, Chronic Coughs, Bronchitis, Burns, Scalds, &c. Have known it to ture a case of Syphillitic Sore Throat of two years' standing, when all the usual remedies failed. The patient took half a teaspoonful in water three times a day, and gargled the throat three times a day as follows one teaspoonful in a wine glass of water, and used as a gargle. Yours, H. F. MACCARTHY.

MAITLAND, ONT. February 26, 1880.

Hint No. 2.

Ask your Druggist, Grocer or Shopkeeper, for a bottle of PAIN-KILLEB. If he passes it down without ceremony, ask him while extracting the quar- have used it once, will use it again; it makes friends and ter dollar from your wallet, Yours truly, JOHN DUMBRILLE, Druggist if this is the genuine made by

SPENCERVILLE, ONT., February 26, 1880. time watch the expression on his face. You can easily tell Davis Pain-Killer constantly in stock for upwards of twenty years, if his conscience is all right; during which time it has taken the lead in sales over all other parelso examine the bottle closely yourself.

No effort is required now on our part to sell it, as it is as staple an article as flour in our trade. Yours truly,

MADOC, ONT., February 16, 1880. It gives me much pleasure to state that during a drug career of It gives me much pleasure to state that during a drug career of more than a quarter century, I can testify that your justly cole brated Pain-Killer has not only held its own as a family medicine, but still occupies the front rank wherever duty calls it. My customers speak very highly of it, and I could send no end of testimonials showing up its merits and intrinsic worth, were it necessary, which it is not. It should, however, be called "Excelsion Pain-Killer." I pride myself in never being out of it.

Yours very respectfully, JOHN G. DEANS, STOCO. ONT., February 17, 1880. When you ask for a bottle of PAIN-KILLER, and the gen-We have great pleasure to state that the Pam-Killer holds its position in this place as the old, reliable family medicine. Although there are a great many other semedies in the market—some bearing nearly the some name—as Pain Relief, Pain Remover, Pain Destroyer, and such like names, we find the people know the difference, and are sure to ask for Perry Davis' Pain-Killer. We have been selling Pain-Killer for the last fourteen years. tlemanly store-keeper, withou scarcely looking, remarks, "w "are just out, but have another "article as good or better,

Yours truly P, & P. MURPHY. PORTLAND, ONT., March o. 1880. heel and say, Good-bye, Sir I
That man cares more for the
two or three cents extra profit
which he gets than he does for
your health or happiness.

I have been using the Pain-Killer for many years with results
that justly entitles me to recommend it. As a family medicine,
we consider it almost indispensable: being good not only as a
pain-killer, but for colds and sore throat, and many other aliments
for which it appears specially adapted. I have used it myself,
chiefly as a liniment, and find it valuable for rheumatism and
pains and stiffness belonging to old age. I pronounce the PainKiller a good and cheap medicine, and worthy of all acceptation,
and send you this certificate that you may assure the public that
it is no humbug.

Yours truly, THOS, GRAHAM.

Yours truly, THOS, GRAHAM. ESCOTT, ONT , March 4, 1880. We hereby certify that we have used Perry Davis' Pain-Killer nour families for several years. We consider it a very useful and necessary article to be kept in all households as a resort in case of occidents and exposure to attacks occasioned by cold.

J. J. DOWSLEY, JOSEPH P. REDMOND. MAITLAND, ONT., February 25, 1880.

cd you in almost every store you enter, and which some unprincipled shop-keepers try to palm off as a substitute for the PALY K I LEP. These wind the state of the palm off as a substitute for the palm of the pa Yours very truly, N. W. LAFONTAINE.

> I have sold the Perry Davis Pain-Killer for over thirty years, and the same has always given my customers entire satisfaction, and I have much pleasure in recommending it as a good and reliable family medicine. S. S. SCOVIL.

PRESCOTT, ONT., February 27, 1880. I have sold your Pain-Killer for the last nineteen years in this place, and feel safe in recommending it to the public for the liseases given in your circular. I can assure you my custoff as speak well of it as a general family medicine. It takes the lead of all other similar preparations. Yours, &c.

COBOURG. ONT., March 2, 1880. Hint No. 5.

If you cannot obtain the genuine PAIN - KILLEE in your locality, (a fact not very likely), you should address the Proprietors, and by sending them the sum of \$3.00, one does now locality had been larger than any other patent medicine that I have on my shelves, and in those years I have never heard a customer say aught but words of the highest praise in its favor. It is an article that seems to have combined in it all that goes to make a first class family medicine, and as long as I have a house and store, Perry-Davis' Pain-Killer will be found in both.

Yours, &c., J. E. KENNEDY.

MADOC, ONT., February 16, 1880. be sent, charges prepaid, to the nearest address by railway to any part of the Dominion.

Your Pain-Killer as a family cure ail has been in constant use in my household for a long term of years, and I would never deany part of the Dominion.

It never fails me. I call it the "Old Reliable." Yours very truly, HORACE SEYMOUR. TAMWORTH ()NT March 4, 1880.

For twenty-three years last past I have sold Perry Davis Pain-Kiker, and have always found it to give good satisfaction. I have frequently used it in my family, and received great benefit from the use of it in that way. Although many imitations of it have been put on the market, and are pushed hard, yet the old, reliable Perry Davis Pain-Killer holds its own, and is a very popular domestic medicine.

Yours respectfully, JAS. AYLSWORTH,

## The PAIN-KILLER

Is recommended by Physicians, Ministers, Missionaries, Managers of Factories, Work-shops, Plantations, Nurses in Hospitals, in short, everybody everywhere who has ever given it a trial.

TAKEN INTERNALLY, it cures Dysentery, Cholera, Diarrhoa, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach, Bowel Complaint, Painter's Colic, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Sudden Colds, Sore Throat, Coughs, &c.

USED EXTERNALLY, it cures Boils, Felons, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Old Sores and Sprains, Swellings of the Joints, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia and Rheumatism, Chapped Hands, Frost-hitten Feet, &c. The PAIN-KILLER is put up in 2 oz. and 5 cz. bottles, retailing at 25 and 50

PERRY DAVIS & SON & LAWRENCE, PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL AND PROVIDENCE, R. I.

cents respectively,-large bottles are therefore cheapest.

OTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

AILMENTS, DISEASE, &c.

If it be not at the breast, but has been weaned, then keep him for a few days entirely to a milk diet—to the milk of on now—either boiled, if it be hot weather, t eep it sweet ; or unbeiled, in cold weath has it comes from the cow, mix rith warm water.
The best medicine is the old-fashione

The best medicine is the old-fashione one of borax, a combination of powdere lumb-sugar and borax being a good one for the purpose: the powdered lump-sugar in creases the efficacy, and the cleansing properties of the borax; it tends, moreover make it more palatable :- Take o made into twelve powders. One of the

four hours.

The best local remedy is honey of borax, which ought to be smeared frequently, by means of the finger, on the parts affected.

Thorough ventilation of the apartment must be observed; and great cleanliness of the state of the same of the vessels containing the milk should be insisted upon.

In a bad case of thrush, change of air to the country is most desirable; the effect ometimes in such cases, truly magical.

If the thrush be brought on either by too much or by improper food; in the first case of course, a mother must lessen the quantity; and, in the second, she should be selection. in such cases, truly magical.

more careful in her selection.

What not to do.—Do not use either a ndis-rubber teats, they are now nearly exploded; they were, in olden times, fruitful auses of thrush. Do not mind the trouble causes of thrush. Do not mind the trouble of ascertaining that the cooking-vessels connected with the baby's food are perfectly clean and sweet. Do not leave the purity and the goodness of the cow's milk (it being absolutely necessary to feed him on artificial food) to be judged either by the milkman, or by the nurse, but taste and prove it yourself. Do not keep the milk in a warm place, but either in the dairy or in the cellar; and if it be summer time, ield a warm place, but either in the dairy or in the cellar; and if it be summer time, let the jug holding the milk be put in a crock centaining lumps of ice. Do not use milk that has been milked longer than twelve hours, but if practicable, have it milked direct from the cow, and use it immedi-ately—let it be really and truly fresh and

When the disease is severe, it may require more active treatment—such as a dose of calomel; which medicine must never be given unless it be either under the direction of a medical man, or unless it be in an extreme case, such as dysentery; therefore the mother had better seek

In a severe case of thrush, where the complaint has been brought on by artificial feeding—the babe not having the advantage of the mother's milk-it is really surprising how rapidly a wet-nurse—if the case has not been too long deferred—will effect a cure, where all other means have been tried and have failed. The effect has been truly magical! In a severe case of thrush air and thorough ventilation are essential to recovery.

(To be Continued.) USEFUL RECEIPTS.

VEGETABLES. SUCCOTASH IN WINTER. Wash one pint dried lima beans and one and a half pints dried corn; put beans in and a half pints dried corn; put beans in kettle and cover with cold water; cover corn with cold water in a tin pan, set on top of kettle of beans so that while the latter are boiling the corn may be heating and swelling; boil beans fifteen minutes, drain off, cover with boiling water, and when tender (half an hour) add corn, cooking both together for fifteen minutes; five minutes before serving add salt, pepper, and a dressing of butter and flour rubbed together, or one-half tea-cup cream or milk thickened with one tablespoon flour.

SPINACH.

Look over the spinach and wash in four waters, boll twenty minutes, drain in a colander and cut with a knife while draining; season with pepper, salt, and a little butter, bell two eggs hard and slice over the top; serve hot.

BAKED TOMATOES.

Cut a thin slice from blossom side of twelve solid, smooth, ripe tomatoes, with a teaspoon remove pulp without breaking shell; take a small, solid head of cabbage and one onion, chop fine, add bread-crumbs rubbed fine, and pulp of tomatoes, season with pepper, salt, and sugar, add a tea-cup good sweet cream, mix well together, fill tomatoes, put the slice back in its place, lny them stem end down in a buttered pie-pan with just enough water to keep from burning, and bake half an hour. They make a hand-some dish for a dinner table.

ESCALOFED TOMATOES.

ESCALOPED TOMATOES,

Put in a buttered baking-dish a layer of bread or cracker crumbs seasoned with bits of butter, then a layer of sliced tomatoes seasoned with pepper, salt, and sugar if desired, then a layer of crumbs, and so on till dish is full, finishing with the crumbs. Bake from three quarters of an

hour to an hour.
FRIED TOMATOES. slices, salt and pepper, dip each slice into wheat flour, then into beaten eggs, and fry at once in hot lard; serve hot. A cup of milk is semetimes, thickened with a little flour and butter, boiled and poured over

MOTHER'S SLICED TOMATOES. MOTHER'S SLICED TOMATORS.

Prepare half an hour before dinner, scald a few at a time in boiling water, peel, slice, and sprinkle with salt and pepper, set away in a cool place, or lay a piece of ice on them. Serve as a relish for dinner in their own liquor, when vinegar and sugar may be added if desired.

STEWED TOMATOES.

STEWED TOMATOES.

Scald by pouring water over them, peel, slice and out out all defective parts; place a lump of butter in a hot-skillet, put in tomatoes, season with salt and pepper, keep up a brisk fire, and cook as rapidly as possible, stirring with a speon or chopping up with a knife (in the latter case wipe the knife as often as used or it will blacken the towatoes). Serve at one in a wipe the knife as often as used or is the blacken the tomatoes). Serve at once in a deep dish lined with toast. When iron is used, tomatoes must cook rapidly and have constant attention. If prepared in the constant attention is the constant attention in the constant attention in the constant attention is the constant attention.

TOMATO TOAST. Run a quart of stewed ripe tomatoes through a colander, place in a porcelain stew-pan, season with butter, pepper and salt and sugar to taste; cut slices of bread thin, brown on both sides, butter and lay on a platter, and just as the bell rings for tea add a pint of good sweet ream to the stewed tomatoes, and pour them over toast.

Wash, peel, cut in slices, and place in kettle, and keep well covered with water; boil from half to three-quarters of an hour for until you can easily pierce them with a fork; drain well, season with salt, pepper and butter and mash fine. Do not boil too long, as they are much sweeter when cooked quickly. Turnips may be cut up and baked.

Factory Facts. Close confinement, careful attention to all factory work, gives the operatives pallid faces, poor appetite, languid, miserable feelings, poor blood, inactive liver, kidneys and urinary troubles, and all the physicians and medicine in the world cannot help them unless they get out doors or use Hop Bitters, made of the purest and best remedies, and especially for such cases, having abundance of health, sunshine and rosy cheeks in them. None need suffer in they will use them freely. They cost but a trifle. See another column. Close confinement, careful attention to

An Illinois girl with a breach of promise suit testified that it was the usual thing for girls to show their love letters to fifteen or twenty other girls, in order to make them jealous.