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hos the elect, with whom—it was patent to the illest apprehension—this young person was ly Hel_ alove. She accepted Sir Victor, you under-tand, while this Mr. Stuart was her lover; a komoo case enough, and not worthy of menhomeon case of what came after. His manhou except arely perfect too. He was, I think thout exception, the very handsomest and million fastinating man I ever met. You would never dream—never!—that he was an would never Gwendoline will tell you the American. The sister was thoroughly transatlan-same. The sister was thoroughly transatlan-ic, biled slang, said 'I guess,' spoke ic, biled slang, said 'I guess,' spoke ic, biled slang, said 'I guess,' spoke ic, biled slang, said 'I guess,' spoke with an American girl's broad stare. three and mother were common to a de-

The latter and mother were common to a de-me; but the son—well, Gwen and I both are very near losing our hearts to him— the we, dear?" Speak for yourself," was Gwen's ungraous snawer. "And, oh! for pity's sake, ortis, cut it short!" Pray go on, Lady Portia!" said Miss

ward, looking interested. alam going on," said Lady Portia. "The ice part is to come. The Stuart family, a month or more before the wedding, left Chebire and came up to London—why, we can of surmise-to keep the lovers apart. Imbediately after their departure, the bride elect s taken ill, and had to be carried oil to Tortry for change of all and all that. The redding-day was postponed until some time october; but at last it came. She looked rery beautiful, I must say, that morning, and feetly self-possessed; but poor Sir Victor! be was ghastly. Whether even then he sus-peted something I do not know; he looked picture of abject misery at the altar and the realist. Semething was wrong; we all set that; but no explanation took place he. The happy pair started on their wed his journey down into Wales, and that was he last we ever saw of them. What followwe know; but until to day I have never my eyes on the bridegroom. The bride,

"Why?" the Honorable Mary asked. This, my dear: An hour after their arital in Carnarvon, Sir Victor deserted his aide for ever! What passed between them, hat scene ensued, nobody knows, only this

suppose, none of us will ever set eyes on

he positively left her for ever. That the mdsome and fascinating American cousin asomething to do with it, there can be no out. Sir Victor took the next train from Tales to London; she remained overnight. ext day she had the audacity to return to wyss-place and presents herself to his aunt, dy Helena Powyss. She remained there uday and two nights. On the first night, miled and disguised, Sir Victor came down m town, had an interview with the aunt, doubt told her all, and departed again thout seeing the girl he had married. The de next day had an interview with Lady dena-her last-and next morning, before one was stirring stole out of the house the guilty creature she was, and never sheard of more. The story, though they is to hush it up, got in all the papers— knance in High Life," they called it. Craybudy talked of it—it was the nine days' ander of town and country. The actors in tone by one disappeared. Lady Helena hat up Powyss-place and went abroad; Sir lictor vanished from the world's ken; the beroine of the piece no doubt went back to her native land. That, in brief, is the story, my dear, of the interesting spectre I met today on the steps of Fenton's. Now, young ladies, put on your bonnets and come. I wish o call at Madame Mirabeau's, Oxford Street, efore going to the Park, and personally inpect my dress for the duchess' ball to-

i Lady l'ortia Hampton was bowling along Oxford Street. What did you say to Sir Victor, Portia?" hersister deigned to ask. "What did he say

Ten minutes later and the elegant barouche

He said very little to me-the answers he are were the most vague. I naturally encired concerning his health first, he really oked so wretchedly broken down; and he sid there was nothing the matter---that he ad been a little out of sorts lately, that was My conviction is," said Lady Portia, o, like the rest of her sex, and the world, the worst possible construction on everying, "that he has become dissipated. Purecircles and hollow eyes always tell of late ours and hard drinking. I asked him next here he had been all those ages, and he anrered briefly and gloomily, in one word, broad.' I asked him thirdly, where and w was Lady Helena; he replied that Lady lens was tolerably well, and at present in adon. 'In London!' I exclaimed in a ocked tone, 'my dear Sir Victor, and I not nowit! He explained that his aunt was livig in the closest retirement, at the house of friend in the neighborhood of St. John's wood, and went nowhere. Then he lifted hat, smiled horribly a ghastly smile, turnd his back upon me, and walked away.

Sampton, or my health, or anything."
Lady Gwendoline did not reply. They had ust entered Oxford Street, and amid the moving through of well-dressed people on the Avement, her eye had singled out one figure the figure of a tall,, slender, fair-haired

Never asked for you, Gwendoline, or Colonel

"Pottia!" she exclaimed, in a suppressed oice," "look there! Is not that Sir Victor Catheron now?"

Where? On, I see. Positively it is, and -yes-he sees us. Tell John to draw up, sendoline. Now, Mary, you shall see a hero of romance for once in your life. Reshall take a seat, whether he likes it or ot -- My dear Sir Victor, what a happy semad recontre, and Gwendoline dying to see you. Pray ler us take you up-oh, we will have no refusal. We have an unoccupied est here, you see, and we all insist upon your occupying it. Miss Howard, let me present or nearest neighbor at home, and particular lend everywhere, Sir Victor Catheron. The lonorable Miss Howard, Sir Victor."

They had drawn up close to the curbstone. The gentleman had doffed his hat, and would hours." ave passed on, bad he not been taken possession of in this summary manner. Lady Gwendoline's primrose-kidded hand was exended to bim, Lady Gwendoline's smiling te beamed upon him from the most exquiite of Parisian bonnets. Miss Howard bowed and scanned him curiously. Lady Portia was not to be refused --- he knew that of old. of two bores, it was the lesser bore to yield than resist. Another instant, and the batouche was rolling away to Madame Mirabeau's, and Sir Victor Catheron was within t. He sat by Lady Gwendoline's side, and under the shadow of her rose-silk and pointlace parasol she could see for herself how shockingly he was changed. Her sister had not exaggerated. He was worn to a shadow; his fair hair was streaked with gray; his lips were set in a tense expression of suffering, either physical or mental—perhaps both. His blue eyes looked sunken and lustreless. It was scarcely to be believed that ten short months could have wrought such wreck. He talked little—his responses to their questions

were monosyllablo. His eyes constantly

there was a young man, a cousin of the the alert, ever on the watch—waiting and watching for some one he could not see. Miss Howard had never seen him before, but from the depths of her heart she pitied him. Sorrow, such as rarely falls to the lot of man. had fallen to this man, she knew.

He was discouragingly absent and distrait. It came out by chance that the chief part of the past ten months had been spent by him in America.

In America! The sisters exchanged glances. She was there, no doubt. Had they met? was the thought of both. They reached the fashionable modiste's.

"You will come in with us, Sir Victor," Lady Portia commanded gaily. "We all have business here, but we will only detain you a moment."

He gave her his arm to the shop. It was large and elegant, and three or four deferential shopwomen came forward to meet them and place seats. The victimized baronet still listless and hored, sat down to wait and escort them back to the carriage before taking his departure. To be exhibited in the park was the tarthest possible from his intentions.

Lady Portia's dress was displayed—a rose velvet, with point-lace trimmings—and found fault with. of course. Lady (fwendoline and the Hon. Mary transacted their affairs at a little distance. For her elder ladyship the train didn't suit her, the bodice did not please her; she gave her orders for altering sharply and concisely. The deferential shop girl listened and wrote the directions down on a card. When her patroness had finished she carried robe and card down the long room and called:

" Miss Stuart!" A voice answered-only one word. "Yes," softly spoken, but Sir Victor Catheron started as if he had been shot. The long show-room lay in semi-twilight—the gas not yet lit. In this twilight another girl advanced, took the rose-velvet robe and written card. The light flashed upon her figure and hair for one moment—then she disappeared.

And Sir Victor? He sat like a man suddenly aroused from deep, long sleep. He had not seen the face he had caught but a glimpse of the figure and head; he had heard the voice speak, but one

little word, "Yes;" but-Was he asleep or awake? Was it only a delusion, as so many other fancied resemblances had been, or was it after all-after

He rose to his feet that dazed look of a sleep-walker suddenly aroused, on his face. Now, then, Sir Victor," the sharp, clear voice of Lady Portia said, at his side. "your martyrdom is ended. We are ready to go."

He led her to the carriage, assisted her and the young ladies in. How he excused himself-what incoherent words he said-he said he never knew. He was only conscious after a minute that the carriage had rolled away, and that he was still standing, hat in hand, on the sidewalk in front of Madame Marabeau's; that the passers-by were staring at him, and that he was alone.

To be continued.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT .- During piercing winds and excessive variations of temperature every one is more or less liable to internal and external disease. Throat, chest, liver, bowels, kidneys, and skin, all suffer in some degree, and may be relieved by rubbing the Pills, for administering which full directions accompany each box; in truth, any one who thoroughly masters Holloway's "instructions" will, in remedying disease, exchange the labor of an hour for the profit of a lifetime. All bronchial, pulmonary, and throat disorders require that the Ointment should be thoroughly well rubbed upon the skin twice a-day with great regularity, considerable briskness, and much persistence.

SHORT STORIES.

To make a horse fast-Do not give him anything to eat . - Waterloo Observer.

Americans are said to have spent over \$8,000,000 in France last year for works of art, engravings and books.

"That butter is too fresh," as the man remarked when the goat lifted him over the garden ience .- Lowell Citizen.

The Boston Public Library contains 391,338 volumes, the largest number of books under one administration in the country.

The new song is entitled: "Between the Green Corn and the Gold." It should be sung in a husky voice.-Lowell Citizen.

The idea that nothing harder than diamonds could be made has been exploded, a St. Louis bride having made a batch of biscuit.

A woman died in a circus in Kingston, N. Y., the other day. The clown had probably gotten off a new joke .- Cincinnati Saturday

Night. Much charity which begins at home is too feeble to get out doors, and much that begins out doors never gets in the home circle .-

Meriden Recorder. We are told that the ancient Egyptians honored a cat when dead. The ancient Egyptians knew when a cat was the most to be

honored .- Boston Post. It is stated that the President's physicians decided some time ago to charge \$100 a day each for their services during the time of the

President's illness. Sitting Bull's daughter is named "She-Who-Glances-at-You-as-She-Walks." Miss Bull had better Look-Where-She's Going-or-She-may-Stub-Her-Toe .- Lowell Citizen .

A Lowell man has a wife of such a changeable disposition that he says some days he loves her enough to eat her up and the next day wishes to gracious he had .-Lowell Citizen.

"What is the greatest charge on record?" asked the Professor of History. And the absent-minded student answered : "Seventeen dollars for back hire for self and girl for two

A local paper says : The name of Maria is so popular in Montreal that when a cat climbs a back fence in a well-populated neighborhood and plaintively vocalizes, "Maria: ?" twenty windows are hastily thrown up and twenty female heads are thrust out, wildly answering: " Is that you, Charley?"

She satat the table of a fashionable watering place, and she wore a crimson satin dress cut as close to the shoulders as law and shoulders allow. She swept the air with her bare arm, gand as her fingers were covered with rings she seemed to bring down the stars every time. She plunged her fingers into one dish after another and wiped her mouth on the back of her hand. One of her neighbours quietly passed her a napkin and she picked it up as quietly and said: " Here! quick ! somebody has lost a handkerchief. I never carryanything as coarse as that."

A correspondent of Forest and Stream gives the following anti-mosquito recipe: Three Wandered away from their faces to the pass- Rub in every half hour until the pores have ounces of sweet oil, one ounce carbolic acid. eraby. He had the look of a man ever on thoroughly absorbed it.

FRAGMENTS.

Hay is selling in Halifax for \$14 a ton. There is a great demand for working men

in Toronto. More heavy rains are reported from various cream coloured silk muslin; the skirt is coverparts of England.

The Bank of Belgium has raised its rate of discount to four per cent.

An advance in the rate of discount at the Bank of Germany is expected.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone has replied to Mr. T. M. Healey's recent criticisms.

The Canada Atlantic Railway is completed from Coteau to Alexandria village. The Spanish elections have given the

Ministry an overwhelming mejority. Major Taschereau has been ordered to reoin his corps, "B" Battery, at Kingston, Ont. It is said that the Canadian Indians have been hunting the buffalo on the south of the

Captains of vessels at Kingston, Ont, find t difficult to get sailors for less than Union

WAGES. Mr. William Fowler, (Liberal) M. P. for Cambridge borough, will sail for America on

the 6th prox. Mr. John Walter, proprietor of the London Times, and M. P. for Berks, will sail for

America next week. The preliminary survey for the Morrisburg Ottawa Railway is about half completed, Metcalfe village having been reached.

General Hancock speaks in very warm terms of Vice-President Arthur in view of his probable succession to the Presidency. It is currently rumored in Quebec that the

North Shore Railway between Quebec and Ottawa has been disposed of to a French syndicate. The Indian correspondent of the Times is

able to give a positive assurance that the Marquis of Ripon has no intention to resign the Viceroyalty. A peculiarity of the lynching of Charles Stewart, a Mississippi wife murderer, was that

his father in-law prayed for him and helped to adjust the noose. The Department of Marine and Fisheries has ordered an investigation into the alleged

accidental shooting on board the police steamer last week of Delisle by O'Dowd. The Brantford Mail says that although the town has been exceptionally full, there has been but little drunkenness. This it attri-

butes to whiskey knocking under to lager. The nomination, on his return to Constantinople, of Hobart Pasha to the post of Minister of Marine, tends to show that the English element is again coming into favor with the

The London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has made an appeal to people who are leaving town to make due provision for the support of their cats during their absence.

Over 800 students of various German universities held recently a grand anti-Semitic meeting in the Thuringia Wald. Congratulatory telegrams were sent to Prince Bismarck and the Emperor.

A Kansas Reformer asks the Legislature to prescribe by law the quantity and quality of food which a person may eat in that State. in this Ointment, aided by proper doses of He believes that most of the ills of mankind arise from overfeeding.

The Prince of Wales has joined the Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Yacht Club, of which Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar is the Commodore, and has intimated his desire to take part in one of their races.

Mr. T. R. Buchanan (Liberal), was on Tuesday elected without opposition at Edinburgh to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons caused by the raising to the bench of Mr. John McLaren (Liberal).

Mr. J. G. Lowe, Secretary of the Department of Agriculture, who has just returned poor young man, and had he been seen lugyear in the prairie provinces are turning out splendid, the yield being heavy.

A Chicago freight train on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road last night struck a horse and waggon, wrecking five cars, killing Hiram Weiser, a brakeman, and 50 cattle, and injuring a large number of others.

During the last English steeplechase senson three fatal accidents occurred. It is curious that none of these accidents occurred in consequence of the fences, each having happened from falling on the flat.

It is probable that Potvin, arrested on the charge of complicity in the murder of James Wetherall at Sherwood recently, will have to remain in gaol until the October Assizes, as Justice Strong has declined to sign the necessary papers for his release.

New York has just lost by death a man aged 102. A centenarian is a novelty in any country, but Lontulas Brannigan, the man we speak of, actually emigrated from Ireland at the age of ninety to better his fortune. He leaves a wife aged eighty-five.

The French boys at school are now taught military drill, the gun manufacturers of Tarbes have just completed 300,000 fusils scolaires, or pupil rifles, to be distributed throughout the various schools. Here are the materials of a prospective National Guard.

At the English University club, men may be admitted at any age, and numbers of young men join immediately after quitting college, the very time when a club is most needed to keep them away from undestrable reports. In of one particular dress. One day when she New York on the other hand, the committee saw a poor old man travelling the highway of the University Club have thought fit to forbid the entrance of any one who has not left college five years - a result which has led to the reformation of another club.

Writing last Christmas to Mr. Heath, Lord Beaconsfield said: "Your life is occupied with two subjects which always deeply interest me- the condition of our peasantry and · · · With regard to trees, I passed part of my youth in the shade of Burnham Beeches, and have now the happiness of living amid my own 'green retreats.' I am not surprised that the ancients worship. ped trees. Lakes and mountains, however glorious for a time, in time weary; sylvan scenery never palls" One of the great temptations to cut down, in England, fine oaks, viz, the high price paid for them by the Admiralty, has been removed by ironclads. There is an oak wood in Glamorganshire for which, fifty years ago, £250,000 was offered by the Government. Probably now it would not fetch £50.000.

THE FATE OF AN ÆRONAUT.

Paris, Aug. 24-The body of the eronaut of the Armentieres, who made an ascension from Montpelier on the 14th inst., has been found, frightfully mutilated, at the L'Espiquette lighthouse.

A Philadelphia scientist was given an honorary degree by a certain college and was at first much pleased, but since looking over the list of others who had received the same THE LATEST FASHIONS.

From an article in the August number of Myra's Journal on the latest Paris fashions, signed "Countess de B-," we give the following extracts:-

A Walking tollette for a young lady is a

ed wath alternate pleatings of muslin and

dentelle de Malines, and crossed in the upper

part with a panier drapery trimmed with lace and bows of moire satin ribbon; the corsage short at the sides, is bordered with lace mingled with bows of narrow satin ribbon. The basques at the back are formed into leaf-shaped ends, bordered with lace and ribbon, and to accompany the costume is a Mazarin pelerine of silk muslin, lined with merveilleux and trimmed with lace; a full ruche of lace at the neck is fastened with a large bow of ribbon. The chapeau is of the same material as the dress, with a reath of field daisies, and strings of silk muslin fastened at the left side under a bouquet of dasies; and the parasol is of cream-colour merveilleux, lined with pale rose-colour, and edged with lace; a spray of field daisies ornament the outside. A handsome dinner dress is of black broche grenadine, trimmed with Spanish lace; the skirt of merveilleux satin is bordered with a 20-inch pleated flounce of grenadine, crenelated at the edge on a frill of Spanish lace; the corsage forms a half polonsise in Louis the Fifteenth style, gathers round the shoulders and at the lower part of the corsage, the gather ornamented with motifs of embroidery and jet. The polonaise is draped in front, and trimmed with lace and motifs of embroidery; the front of the corsage ornamented with a double Jacket of Spanish and antique Valenciennes lace. finished with a bow of satin ribbon. At the left side of the corsage is a spray of red acacias, and the sleeves have sabot parements trimmed with Spanish and Valenciennes lace. A costume for evening or for concert wear is of torquoise blue satin merveilleux with shaded stripes: the skirt of plain blue is bordered with a 12-inch flounce, cut in deep square scallops, edged with an open-work embroidery all the colours of the stripes; the long tunic of shaded merveilleux is pointed at the edge and bordered with embroidery six inches in width. The corsage, also of shaded merveilleux, is cut in a square scallop in front and at the sides, and bordered with embroidery; the back, of princess form, is puffed on the skirt, and edged with embroidery. The elbow sleeves are crenelated and ornamented with bows of ribbon and embroidery; the points of the corsage have similar bows of shaded ribbon. To complete the toilette is a small visite of plain merveilleux with gathered sleeve, the whole bordered with embroidery, and the neck fastened with a ribbon. Costumes for the seaside differ from those provided from the country, when intended to be worn in boating excursions and for yatching parties; but from the esplanade and the sands we see some of the prettiest and most fanciful costumes possible, trimmed largely with thread lace-India voiles in chequers and stripes and of the brightest colours, ornamenting skirts of plain voile or surah-polonaires of foulard or sateen worn over red serge skirts with red straw bats to match.

ANCIENT HISTORY. SOME CHAPS WHO HAD A DOLLAR OR TWO.

Thousands of men have envied Astor, Stewart, Vanderbilt, Mackey, Keene, Gould and the fellows who can buy strawberries at \$1 per box, but the richest of them are mere vagrants when compared to some of the ancients. There was Ninus, for instance. He was the son of Nimrod, the old hunter, who made lions scratch for holes and the tigers take to ditches. Old Nin left his boy £130,000,000 in cash, besides 120,000 cattle, a piece of land about as big as Arkansas and 14,000 likely slaves. There were no lawyers in those days who made a specialty of breaking wills and gobbling estates, and young Ninus quietly took possession and cast about for some plan to keep himself out of the poor house. He was considered a from Manitoba, states that the crops this | ging his girl to an ice-cream saloon or riding out in a livery rig, his friends would have said he would bring up in a garret. By a lucky capture of territory from the Assyrians, together with 20,000 slaves, 125,000 cattle, ten waggon loads of silver and lewels, and a few other trifles, Ninus walked up the social ladder until big-bugs asked after his wife and babies, and he could lose three gantes of billiards without wondering if the owner of the saloon would take a " stand off." He was worth £350,000,000 when he died, and yet for the last five years of his life he went without mutton, because the price

had raised to three cents per pound, The heiress with a \$50,000 bank account considers herself some pumpkins, but what a three-sent piece she would have been alongside of Queen Semiramis. She not only had the lucre left by Ninus, but in ten years she had increased it four-fold. Just multiply £350,000,000 by two and you have the amount of her bank balance, to say nothing of jewels and clothing and furniture and palaces and slaves and cattle. Had she sold out and cleaned up she could have drawn her cheque for about £700,000,000. She didn't worry about where her spring bonnet was to come from, and when a new style of dress goods came out she didn'thit up nights for fear some neighbor would secure a pattern first. While she made things lively for her enemies she was soft on her triends. She gave her waiting maid half a million dollars in a lump for dressing her hair in a new style, and she tossed the same amount to her dressmaker as a reward for the excellent fit on foot she presented him with 500 asses to ride on, and insisted on his accepting £50,000 to pay his tolls and tavern bills.

Cyrus, King of Persia from the year 538 to 580, had some little change to begin with, and in ten years he could draw his cheque for £500,000,000. He didn't haggle over the price of a slave when a man came to buy, but presented him with 1,000. He at one time owned 30,000 horses, 40,000 cattle, 200,000 sheep, 15,000 asses and 25,000 slaves, and when he got tired of a palace costing £1,000,-000 he gave it away to some poor washwoman with seven children to support. He one day sat down to a dinner which cost £30,000, and in the afternoon he went on a £50,000 drunk. The police didn't run him in, or he would doubtless have insisted on paving a fine of £20,000 and presenting His Honor with a house and lot in the toniest part of Bahylon,

King Menes was another well-heeled man. It was too much trouble to count his cash, and so he weighted it. One day when an old triend asked him for the loan of a few dollars until Saturday night he sent him a. procession of sixty asses, each animal with 150 pounds of gold coin. He paid £100,000 for a bird which could whistle, the same for a trick dog, and he had such a fondness for white oxen that he shelled out £25,000 spiece for them, and at one time had a drove of 2,000. When he got out with the boys he made things lively. During one spree in his city of Memphis, he gave away £500,000, and he didn't get dead drunk at that. At degree from the same college he is inclined one time he had 600,000 gold chains, 1,000,- was two days before he let me know that I my good sir," said Colman. " we only want to see the institution for libel. " was two days before he let me know that I my good sir," said Colman. " we only want to had struck the richest ore that he had ever get a stave out of you."

000 daggers, and Lord only knows how many fish-lines, jack-knives and tobucco boxes His wife had £1,000,000 a year in pin money and when his eldest son went up to Thebes to see the elephant, he was followed by 500 friends, 1,000 slaves, 2,000 horses and £500,-000 for fare, checks and beer money.

DEATH FROM A DOG'S BIFE. I KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME, IT'S THE

Another death from hydrophobia has occurred at the New York Hospital. The victim was a boy about 13 years of age, named James Cavanagh, residing with his parents at No. 205 West Twenty-ninth street. In April last he was bitten by a dog on East Sixteenth street. His wounds were dressed by the physician, and nothing more was developed in the case until last Monday morning, when he was taken with spasms. He was placed in the New York Hospital the same afternoon, and died the following night.

The Star reporter visited the residence of pared for burial. James Cavanagh, the father of the dead child, is a hackman. He told the tollowing story of this singular case:

"Last April," he said, "we were living at No. 546 East Sixteenth street. My son James went out to play in the street in the evening. He was not gone more than five minutes when he returned home with his hand bleeding. He told his mother that some boys were tensing a dog, and he went up to the animal. who seized him by the hand and bit him severely."

"What was done to the wound?" "My wife took him to our family physician, who cauterized the wound, at the same time telling her that he feared evil results

would follow." " Was the dog mad?"

"That I am unable to say. The children in the street said the dog belonged to an engine company on Eleventh street. We heard nothing of any mad dog."

"When did the symptoms first appear?"
"On Monday morning. For two weeks previous the boy had been very melancholy. feared it was the result of a kick from horse which he received last September. 1 never gave a thought to the bite of the dog, but my wife feared it from the first symptoms of melancholy. About five o'clock that morning Jimmy arose and dressed himself, and went out on an errand. When he returned he was taken with a spasm. At first I thought it was a fainting fit, but he had three of them. I summoned the doctor, and he advised me to take him to the New York Hospital. We took him there that afternoon. When I left him and kissed him, he

"I know what's the matter with me; it's the dog's bite. You are going to leave me here to die."

" I was summoned to the hospital on Tuesday afternoon. Three hours after I arrived James died. He was conscious to the last. He expired as peacefully as a baby."

On the boy's admission to the hospital he was treated immediately for hydrophobia by hyperdermic injections of curare. The drug curare is a poison used by the South American Indians, and is said to be the best known remedy for rabies. Shortly after he was admitted he had a spasm, which affected principally the muscles of the throat and neck. The attending physician entered the room with a glass of water, which the boy had asked for. As soon as he saw the water his eyes seemed to expand with terror, and a convulsive movement of the throat was noticed.

"Wait a few minutes," said the plucky little

fellow, "and I'll try again." On recovering somewhat, he sprang across the floor to the tumbler, seized it and endeavored to force the water down his throat. After taking a mouthful of the liquid, he dashed the tumbler to the floor and was seized with a strong convulsion, ejecting the water he had tried to swallow. About 8 o'clock in the evening a series of convulsions began and continued most of the night. He frothed at the mouth and made a low whining noise, similar to the yelping of a young puppy. These convulsions occurred at intervals until n few hours before death. The lad's courage never deserted him for a moment.

"I know I am going to die," he said, on Tuesday morning, "and, oh, I want to see my mother.

The physician in charge told him he would send for his parents. The little fellow watched for their coming. "I will say a prayer," he said, "and perhaps she will

He lay for a while with his eyes closed, his hands clapsed and his lips moving.

"I have said a prayer," he exclaimed, opening his eyes, "and I know my dear mother will come." His pathetic words caused even the hospital nurse-who is used to such

scenes-to shed tears. Mrs. Cavanagh has lately become the mother of a pair of twins, and was unable to leave the house, but Mr. Cavanagh went to the hospital. The boy knew his father, and held out his little hand to him when he entered. The wound was on the right hand. The animals teeth had fastened to the index finger and went through to the palm. The only evidence of the wound that remained was

a small white, crescent-shaped scar. The case attracted a great deal of attention among the physicians of the hospital, who studied it carefully. A peculiar phase was the absence of convulsions at the approach of death. This is believed to be due to the effects of the curare. There are on record two au thentic cases of hydrophobia that have been cured radically by this drug.

Although four months elapsed between the time when the wound was received and the appearance of the disease, it was not an unusual occurrence. The physicians say there is authority for the statement that cases have been known where twenty years have elapsed between the period of receiving a bite from a dog and the appearance of the symptoms of hydrophobia.—N. 1'. Star.

TOO MUCH RELIGION. THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD LEAD-

VILLE MINER. He was on his way eastward from Leadville. He had on a ragged old suit, a bad hat, and he had been taking his meals about thirty

hours apart to make his money carry him through. "Yes, I like the country out that way," he replied to the query. "The climate is good, the scenery is fine, and some of the people

are honest as needs be. The trouble is knowing how to take bad ones." "I should think that would be easy!"

"Yes, it looks that way; but I had some experience. I am the original discoverer of the richest mine around Leadville. Yes, I am the very man, though you wouldn't think it to see these old clothes.

"Then you don't own it now?" "Not a bit of it. I'll explain. I was poking around on the hills and found signs. I collected some specimens for assay, staked off a claim, and went off to the assayer's. It

assayed, and then I hurried back to my claim. Hang my buttons if it hadn't been jumped.

"Why a gang of sharpers had found the spec and built up a pol : suanty and hung out a sign of First Baptist Courch over the door. True as shooting, they had, and the law out there is that no man can sink a shaft within 200 feet of a church building. They saw me coming, and when I got there they were holding a revival. There were six of them, and they got up one after another and told how wicked they had been, and how sorry they were, and —would you believe it?—they had the cheek to ask me to lead off in singing. 1 went to law, but they best me. Three days after the verdict the First Baptist Church burned down, and before the ashes were cold the congregation were developing a mine worth over \$3,000,000. You see, I didn't know how to take them." "Was there any particular way to take

them?"

"You bet there was. I ought to have opened on that revival with a Winchester Mr. Cavanagh last evening. The body of the rifle, and given the Coroner S50 for a verboy had been brought home, and was predict that they came to their death from too dict that they came to their death from too much religion."

THE TWO-HEADED NIGHTINGALE.

THE CURIOUSLY JOINED WOMEN WHO SPEAK OF THEMSELVES AS ONE PERSON.

From the New York World. Miss Millie-Christine, or Miss Christine-

Millie, or the Misses Millie and Christine, the hyphenated mulatto women, otherwise the "two-headed nightingale," are giving daily receptions at Bunnell's Broadway museum. She, as the twins are commonly called, was born of slave parents in North Carolina thirty years ago. She is two persons with but a single waist, four legs that walk as two. There is one trunk furnishing the vitality for two distinct and well-developed busts, each surmounted by a head of more than average size. When she was a little girl she was abducted and carried to Europe. Afterwards she was recaptured, and since then has been exhibited all over the world. Millie-Christine always speaks of herself with either mouth indifferently as I." never using the plural "we," to which she is clearly entitled. She is very modest and ladylike in appearance, although the crab-like progression on four legs or the henlike walk on two legs, at her own pleasure, is more remarkable than graceful. She occupies one chair when seated.

Yesterday a reporter attempted to converse with both of her at onco. It took him some time to discover which part of her was Millie and which Christine. To find any young woman who can converse fluently and intelligently in English, French, German, Italian and Spanish is not common; to find a two-mouthed woman who can contemporaneously discourse with two persons in any two of these five languages, on any topic, is something novel. Yet this is what Millie-Christine can do; or she can sing a duet very nicely, or sing and talk at the same time. A question directed generally at her is answered by both of her, different words being used, but both minds reaching the same conclusion. Millie-Ohristine has been received by Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, and in the languege of the advertisement "by all the crowned heads of Europe

"What did Queen Victoria say to you?"

asked the reporter. "Oh, the same as any one. She wanted to know where I was born, how old I was, if I'd always been so-all the foolish questions that common people ask."

"What is the most foolish question any one ever asked you,"

That would be hard to say, I've got so used to it now that it is only once in a great while one asks something that makes me laugh and say to myself, 'That's new anyhow.' Everybody asks some foolish question-everybody but newspaper men," with a

"How do you do on the cars?" "One hands the ticket to the conductor. and if he objects he is told he can put the other one off."

"How would you do if one were a hard-shell Baptist and wanted to be immersed, and the other insisted on sprinkling ?"

"I never have any differences of opinion. and always agree on everything-what to wear, eat, say or do. The two mouths only eat about as much as one ordinary body would require, and I make all my own dresses.'

"How if one had a lover and the other hadn't ?" One laughing and the other with a tawny blush, replied: "I have a good many admirers, but no lovers. I haven't got so far

Mille-Christine now owns the North Carolina plantation on which she was born, and she has its old father and mother living on the place. One of her looks a trifle older than the other of her, but it would not be proper to say which of it it is.

WITAND HUMOR.

If a man cannot be cured by smoking, he is less susceptible than a ham.

An uptown grocer has a strong run on ton, and he calls his scales "ambush" because they lie in weight. The latest attempt to raise money that was

heard of is by a fellow who tried to pawn the "silent watches of the night." A Methodist preacher is reported to have recently said, "Brethren, the muddy pool of

politics was the rock on which I split." Fashionable young lady detaching her hair before retiring: "What dreams may come

when we have shuffled off this mortal coil!" As the human head is about twelve inches long, what's the difference between a man's being shorter by a head or shorter by a foot?

A French scientist has bottled electricity. But here again America is ahead: Jerseymen have bottled Jersey lightning" for years past. A young man asked a sailor, "Can you tell me why no hotel-keeper would like to board a ship?" "Because its hold is too great," replied he.

A Blank Day .- Old gent (greeting friend) : "Hullo, Jorkins! been fishing? What did you catch?" Jorkins (gloomily): "Ha'past six brain home!"

Cincinnati men are so fond of music tha they won't hurl a boot-jack until they look out to see that it is a cat and not a Cincinnati prima donna singing.

"Your horse has some unmistakeable points," said a man to an equestrain mounted on a very lean animal, " Yes," was the reply, "he seems made of them." Mrs. Plaindame, after looking long and

carefully at a plaster cast of Shakespeare, remarked: "Poor man; How pale he was! He couldn't have been well when it was taken." A young gentleman being pressed very hard in commony to sing, even after he had solemnly assured them he could not, observed testily,

they intended to make a butt of him. " No.