

and shown myself supremely conscious of my aloneness, you might have forgiven me for not being a scion, in the direct line, of the house of Stanley or Russell."

For once in her life Augusta Harcross gave way to a little burst of womanly feeling. She rose suddenly, and went towards the door leading to her dressing-room, and then pausing on the threshold, turned to her husband.

"I believe I could have forgiven you anything, Hubert, but the confession that you have never cared for me."

Something in her tone and look touched him, even in the midst of his indignation. He went over to the doorway, and stopped her as she was leaving the room.

"Never cared for you, Augusta!" he repeated. "What foolish stuff all this is! Why do you goad me into a furious passion, and then take what I say for gospel? Forgive me for anything, but I may have said just now, it had no real meaning. I was stung to the quick by your contemptuous allusions to my mother. I give you my honour, Augusta, she was a good woman. Whatever may be the mystery of that fatal alliance, I would pledge my life that she was guiltless. I am never likely to know the details of that story; why should you wish to be wiser than I? Let it rest with the dead. My childhood and youth were protected by a friend of my father's, a man whose nature was as noble as his was base. Come, Augusta, be reasonable," he went on, regaining something of his usual easy manner. "Forgive me for any nonsense that anger may have made me say just now, and let us drop this subject at once and for ever. This is the first time it has been broached between us. Be wise, my dear, and let it be the last."

"As you please," Mrs. Harcross replied coldly. "Since nothing you could tell me could possibly lessen the pain this discovery has given me, I am not likely to torment you with any further allusion to it. As for what you said of myself just now, I may forgive, but I am not very likely to forget it."

"Did I say anything very forcible?" asked Mr. Harcross with a little careless laugh; "I may take it all for what it was worth, Augusta. A man's tongue runs at random when he is in a rage. Upon my word, I don't know what I said. I was very fond of my poor mother—I can see the dear face now, not what it is in that portrait, but faded and careworn as it grew before she died—and when I consider what her life might have been, and how that villain ruined it, there is no limit to my hatred of his memory. But I will never speak of him again. Shake hands, Augusta, and forget that I have been a brute."

So there was reconciliation and peace, rather a hollow peace, perhaps, at the best, but sufficient for the preservation of the amenities of domestic life, which were not outraged that season by any obvious estrangement between Mr. and Mrs. Harcross. To the polite world they were still "My dear Hubert" and "My dear Augusta," nor did footmen breaking in upon their privacy with a coal-scuttle or a salver of letters ever discover them sulky or quarrelsome. Yet Mrs. Harcross had in nowise forgotten the impulsive utterances of that night, and the bitter doubt of her husband's affection came very often between her and her joys of matrimony.

Nor could she teach herself to forget that miserable discovery which Mr. Weston Vallory's good-nature had assisted her to make. There are some women in whose gentle souls the knowledge of such a blemish in the life of their best beloved would have inspired only a sympathetic tenderness and pity, women who would have loved Walgrave-Harcross only so much the more—who would have been so much the more proud of the reputation he had won for himself, for the sad story of his birth and childhood. But Mrs. Harcross was not such a woman. She never thought of her husband's secret without thinking how it would find its way into the eyes of her own particular world if she suddenly made public—as it might be, she told herself, at any moment. She had no power of looking beyond that narrow circle in which she revolved. Westbourne-terrace bounded her world on the north, and Eccleston-square on the south; Brighton and Scarborough, Ems and Spa, were the outlying dependencies of this empire. Of the vast mass of humanity outside her sphere, of the great human race of the future, to which, should her husband win greatness, he might safely confide his fame, Mrs. Harcross thought not at all. Had her husband been an Erasmus or a Raphael she would have still been ashamed of him, with that blot on his escutcheon.

"I have often felt uncomfortable when my friends have asked about his people; whether he belonged to the Walgraves of Cheshire or the Hadley Walgraves, and so on," she said to herself. "What shall I feel now?"

Walgrave-Harcross went on his way, and made no sign. Everything prospered with him; his reputation ripened like fruit on a southern wall. He had a wonderful knack of making the most of his successes, without any appearance of self-appreciation. Men of high repute deferred to him, and acknowledged that in his own particular line he was unapproachable. The reputation was not, perhaps, a very lofty one, he was hardly on the high-road to become a Bacon, or even a Thurlow; but it was a reputation that made him a marked man at dinner-parties, and raised Mrs. Harcross day by day just a step higher on the crowded slope which leads to that Heavenly Jerusalem of "the best society"; and this state of things would have entirely satisfied Mr. Vallory's daughter, had it not been for that bitter secret which vexed the repose of her soul.

Wide as the gulf had always been between husband and wife, it widened a little more after this, or perhaps it was rather that the severance became more perceptible. There was a kind of embarrassment in their intercourse. Hubert's manner was at once cold and apologetic. Augusta gave way to melancholy by the domestic hearth, instituted a chronic headache, and isolated herself in her morning-room with the furs and chintz robe. That splendid interior in Mastodon-crescent did not make a lively picture, when there were no guests to call forth the social instincts of Mr. and Mrs. Harcross. But they never quarrelled; on that point Augusta congratulated herself with a lofty pride.

"I have never quarrelled with my husband," she said to herself, "not even on that dreadful night when he deliberately insulted me. There were not many evenings, however, on which the house in Mastodon-crescent was thus gloomy. During the season Mr. and Mrs. Harcross rarely stayed at home together, except to

receive company. There were occasions when the gentleman excused himself from going out, and sat alone in the chilly library till the small hours, craning himself with facts and figures for the next day's business; but Augusta was not fettered by his labours, and went forth alone, radiant and splendid, to awaken envy in the breasts of less fortunate matrons.

Mrs. Harcross and George Davenant became fast friends in the interval that elapsed before the damsel's marriage. George was an enthusiastic worshipper of the beautiful, and that cold perfect face of Augusta's had won her heart at once. She exalted the lawyer's daughter into a heroine, and was as much flattered by Augusta's notice as if she had been one of the greatest ladies in the land. Other girls had complained of the impossibility of "getting on" with Mrs. Harcross, but bright little George warmed the statue into some kind of life. If Mrs. Harcross could be warmly interested in any subject, that subject was dress, and at such a period it was naturally a theme of no small importance in the eyes of Miss Davenant. In giving her new friend her sympathy, Mrs. Harcross perhaps regarded her less as a young lady who was going to be married than as a young lady who required a trousseau. She carried Miss Davenant about shopping with her in her own barouche, or brougham, as the weather suggested, until Mrs. Chowder, the damsel's aunt, feeling herself a creature of limited ideas in comparison with Mrs. Harcross, dropped into the background quietly, and contented herself with ordering *recherche* luncheons for her stylish guest, and placidly coinciding with all Augusta's opinions.

To be continued.)

## "I HAVE DRANK MY LAST GLASS."

BY LOUISE S. CHAPMAN.

No, comrades, I thank you, not any for me! My last chain is riven, henceforward I'm free! I will go to my home and my children to-night. With no fumes of liquor their spirits to brighten! And with tears in my eyes, I will bid my poor wife To forgive me the wreck I have made of her life! I have never refused you before! Lot that pass, For I've drunk my last glass, boys, I have drunk my last glass!

Just look at me now, boys, in rags and disgrace, With my bloodied, haggard eyes, and my red, bloated face! Mark my faltering step and my weak, palsied hand, And the mark on my brow that is worse than Cain's brand! See my crowns old hat, and my elbows and knees Alike warmed by the sun or chilled by the breeze; Why, even the children will hoot as I pass— But I've drunk my last glass, boys, I have drunk my last glass!

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at me now, That a mother's soft hand was once pressed on my brow. When she kissed me, and blessed me, her darling, her pride, Ere she lay down to rest by my dead father's side; But with love in her eyes, she looked up to the sky, Bidding me mutter her there, and whispered, "Good-bye."

And I'll do it, God helping! Your smile I let pass, For I've drunk my last glass, boys, I have drunk my last glass!

Al! I've spent my last night—it was not very late For I'd reeled home last evening, and landlords won't wait. On a fellow who's left every cent in their till, And has pawned his last bed, their coffers to fill! Oh! the torments I felt, and the pangs I endured! And I begged for one glass—just one would have cured!

But they kicked me out door—I let that too pass, For I've drunk my last glass, boys, I have drunk my last glass!

At home, my pet Susie, with her soft golden hair, I saw, through the window, just kneeling in prayer; From her pale, bony hands, her torn sleeves were streaming down, While her feet, cold and bare, shrank beneath her scant gown; And she prayed—prayed for bread, just a poor crust For one crust on her knees, my pet darling plead; And I heard, with no penny to buy one, alas! But I've drunk my last glass, boys, I have drunk my last glass!

For Susie, my darling, my wee six-year-old, Though fainting with hunger and shivering with cold, There, on the bare floor, asked God to bless me! And she said, "Don't cry, mamma! He will! for you see."

I believe what I asked for! Then, sobbing, I crept Away from the house; and that night, when I slept, Next my heart lay the PLEDGE—You smile! Let it pass, But I've drunk my last glass, boys, I have drunk my last glass!

My darling child saved me! Her faith and her love Are akin to my dear sainted mother's above! I will make her proud, my little Susie, to see, And when I'll go to my last resting-place, And she shall kneel there, and weeping, thank God Not a drop more of poison my little child e'er pass, For I've drunk my last glass, boys, I have drunk my last glass!

## A TELEGRAPHIST'S STORY.

"And you must really go away, and remain all night in that nasty old box of yours, and leave your little Rosebud, as you call her, all alone here, to imagine all sorts of horrid things happening to her poor old boy. Couldn't you stay at home just for this one night?"

"Couldn't possibly do it, my love," said I, struggling into my great coat, and possessing myself at the same time of my big driving-gloves, which my little wife was absently trying to fit on her own little hands.

"Not if I very much wished it, Willie? Do you know I felt so strange and lonely last night when you were away that I could hardly make up my mind to go to bed at all; and to-night I can scarcely bear the thought that you should be so long absent. You know what a timid, foolish little thing I am."

Her arm quietly stole round me, and she looked up to my face with a wistful anxious look, while a tear stood glistening in the corners of her sweet blue eyes.

"Why, you were gone," said I, kissing away the bright token of her earnestness, "what has put such absurd thoughts into that wise little of yours? Are you afraid that the miles will waylay me, and split me away to their eternal land? But here comes the gig; so good-bye, and don't fret for the short time I am away. I shall be back before you have done dreaming."

So saying, I mounted the gig, and drove rapidly along the frozen road.

At the time of which I write, I was telegraph superintendent on the Wilton and Longbank line of railway. One of the clerks who was on night duty had been taken suddenly ill, and being unable to find a suitable substitute, I had taken his place myself until such time as he should recover. I had only been married a few months, and was by no means reconciled to the necessity of leaving my wife and home to pass the night in this "nasty old box," as Meg, called

it—and she was perfectly correct in her description. But I knew that it was a necessity, and I knew likewise that my grumbling of mine could amend the matter.

A drive of about eight miles brought me to my post. There was nothing very extraordinary in the duty to which I had been called away, nor was it any new experience to me; but on that night my mind was filled with vague, indefinite fears, or which I tried in vain to account. The night was clear and windless, and away in the north-western sky the aurora borealis was fitting to and fro in a thousand strange, fantastic shapes. On entering the telegraph station, the clerk whom I had come to relieve was ready to depart.

"You won't have much work to-night, sir," said he. "The instruments are quite unworkable; no signals have been received for the last three hours. Good-night."

When I was left alone, I found that it was as he had said. The electric currents, which are developed in the atmosphere during the meteorological changes, had rendered the wires quite useless; and although the needles swung ceaselessly backwards and forwards, they made no sign which the wisdom of man could interpret. Seeing that my office was likely to be a shanty, I drew my chair to the stove, and, taking down a book which I saw on a shelf, I tried to interest myself in "Lancelotti."

I was turning listlessly over the leaves, the stillness was startled by the sharp, quick clanging of the electric bell, the usual signal to prepare to write off a message. With a shiver of alarm I turned quickly to the instrument, but soon perceived that the bell had been rung by no earthly power, for the vibrating needles made no intelligible sign, and I knew that the sound had been produced by a current of atmospheric electricity acting upon the wires.

Smiling at the nervousness which caused me to start at so ordinary an occurrence, I turned to my desk, and again sat down by the fire. But smile as I would, and reason as I might, I felt that I was fast succumbing to vague, foundationless fears. Thinking that the atmosphere of the room, which I felt close and hot, might have something to do with my peculiar condition of mind, I flung open the door, and stepped outside, in the hope that the cool air might scare away the phantoms of my brain. As I crossed the threshold, the midnight express crashed past with a speed and force that shook every timber of the building, and uttering a loud shriek, disappeared into the tunnel at the end of the steep gradient, on the summit of which my station was placed. When I had gone there was stillness, stillness broken—if I can call it broken—only by the peculiar sighing of the air passing along the wires, which is heard even in the calmest of nights. I stood and listened to the strange, monotonous, Aeolian-harp-like sound, now so faint as to be almost inaudible, and now swelling into a wild low wailing. I looked up, and saw Orion and the Pleiades, and thought how often on nights not long ago, when I had watched for Maggie in the wood, I had gazed up through the tall sombre firs and watched their trembling boughs. From that my mind reverted to the earnestness with which my wife had asked me to remain at home that night, and the usual pensiveness of her manner when she bade me good-bye. What could be the meaning of it all? As a general rule, I had a most profound disbelief in omens, presentiments, and all sorts of superstition; but in spite of it, I felt that I would have given a good deal, at that time, to be transported just for one minute to my home, to see if it was well. I might have called up my assistant, who lodged in a farm-house not far distant, and gone home; but as I could have no good reason for going away, I resolved to remain where I was, and get through the night as best I could. I therefore turned inside again, filled my pipe, and lit it, but the weed had lost its tranquillizing power. As the wreaths curled slowly upwards, I saw my wife looking at me tenderly as when I had left her. Again the bell rang sharply; but, as before, no intelligible sign was made by the needles. I leaned my elbows on the desk, and with my hand between my hands, watched their unending motions. An hour's night passed thus, when once more I was startled by the clanging of the bell. This time it was louder and more urgent, and it seemed to me, though perhaps I may err here, with a peculiar uncanny sound, such as I had never heard before. I am utterly unable to tell in what manner the impression was produced, but it seemed as if there mingled with the metallic ring the tone of a human voice—and it was the voice of one I knew. The needles, I now observed, began to make signs which I understood; and slowly, as if some novel was working the instrument, the letters "G-o-m-e" appeared. No sooner had I read off the final "G" than, to my astonishment and terror, I distinctly saw the handle of my instrument, though I was not touching it at the time, move rapidly, as if grasped by some invisible hand, move rapidly, and make the signal "Understood," which the receiver of a message transmits at the end of every word.

A cold thrill ran through me, and I felt as if every drop of blood was leaving my heart. Could I have been the subject of an optical delusion? I knew that such was not the case, for I plainly heard the quick click of the handle as it turned; and I now could perceive that another word was being slowly spelled out. But so bewildered and terrified was I, that I failed to catch the signs; again my handle moved, and this time made the signal "Not understood." With an overwhelming feeling of awe, I watched the dials intently while the letters were again signalled, and this time I read "H-o-m-e." Then there was a cessation of all motion for a second or two, and once more the needles resumed their incoherent vibrations. I stood petrified with fear and amazement, half-believing that I was in a dream, for reason refused to accept the evidence of sense. Could that be a message for me? If so, whence came it? What hand had sent it? Could it be that some power higher than that of nature thus warned me of impending danger? Should I obey the mysterious summons?

While I thus deliberated, the bell again sounded with a clatter still more loud, impetuous, and unearthly, and after a few uncertain movements, the magnets repeated the words "Come home—come home!"—the handles moving as before. I could remain at my post no longer. Come what might, I felt that I had no alternative but to obey. I ran to the house where the clerk lived, and on rousing the landlady and gaining admission, told her that he must take my place immediately, as I had been suddenly called away. The landlady, somewhat surprised at my excited and startled manner, but what he said or did I cannot recollect. On entering the station where my horse was stabled, I perceived a saddle hanging on the wall; and knowing that I could get over the ground more swiftly riding than driving I put it on my back, and in a few moments was dashing along the road in the direction of home. I shall never forget that ride. Although I urged my horse with whip and voice until he flew rather than galloped, the pace was far too slow for my excited mind. Woods, bridges with their rustling streams whirling beneath them, farms, houses, with the deep-toned watch-dogs, were awakened by the loud vent of hoofs, shot past me like images in a dream; and at last, breathless and

wanting, we clattered up the long causeway wayed street of the village near which I lived. All was dark and silent in the houses, and the windows seemed to stare blank and vacantly in the white moonlight. Suddenly a horse and rider appeared at the other end of the street, and in a hoarse voice uttered a loud cry: "Fire!" At the same instant, the church bell was rung violently, and at once as if by a common impulse, the whole village started into life. Lights appeared in the houses, and a hundred windows were dashed quickly up. I saw white figures standing at them, and heard voices cry, "Where?" "Check your horse with a jerk, which threw him on his haunches, I listened for the reply, "Fragile House!"

Great Heaven! my worst fears were realized. It was my own house. I choked down the agony, which almost forced a cry, and pressing onward with redoubled speed, soon arrived at the scene of the fire. The house was a large old one, and when I reached it, smoke was issuing in thick murky volumes from the windows of the second flat, while fierce tongues of flame were already leaping along the roof. A crowd of men were hurrying confusedly about with buckets and pails of water. In the center of a group of women I found our maid, Mary, stretched on the grass in a swoon. "My wife!" I exclaimed, as I rushed forward, "where is she?" "God knows, sir," said one of the men; "we have twice tried to reach the second flat, but were each time driven back by the smoke and fire."

Without uttering a word I entered the house and ran along the lobby. The stair, fortunately, was built of stone, but the wood-work on each side was one mass of blazing, crackling flame. Before I had taken three steps, I felt black, blinded, fainting, and half-suffocated with the smoke. Two men who had followed caught me in their arms and tried to restrain me by force from endeavoring to ascend again. "Don't attempt it if they say so," you will only lose your own life, and can't save hers." "Let us, you cowards!" I cried, as soon as I could speak; and, with the strength of madness, dashed them aside. I rushed up the stairs, and this time succeeded in reaching the first landing in safety. The room which we used as our bed-chamber led off a small parlor which was situated on this flat. Groping my way through the smoke, I found the door, but, to my horror, it was locked! I dashed myself against it again and again, but it resisted all my efforts. To return as I had come was now impossible, and I knew that the only hope of saving even my own life now was to go forward, to give me strength, and lifting my foot, I struck it violently against one of the lower panels of the door. It yielded a little. Another blow, and it was driven in. I crept through the opening, but so thick was the smoke in the parlor that I could distinguish nothing. "Maggie, Maggie!" I shrieked, "where are you?" but no answer was returned. Crossing the parlor, I gained our bed-room door. To my joy, it was open, and stretched on the floor I found the apparently lifeless form of my wife. I bent over her, and on placing my hand on her heart I found that it was still beating. I lifted her very tenderly, and carried her to the parlor, in my arms to the window, which I broke open. Of what followed I am only dimly conscious: I have a confused remembrance of men bringing a ladder, and strong arms helping us down, and the people clearing; but it was all very vague and indistinct. My next recollection is that of finding myself in my father's house, all bruised and weak, but with my own wife bending over me, and tending me with loving hands. We had been burned out of house and hold. Fortunately, everything was insured; but even had it not been so, I had been content so long as she had been saved to me.

On the evening of the next day, when the short winter twilight was fast closing round, and the first snow-flakes were falling, Maggie drew a little stool close to the couch on which I lay, thinking over the strange events which I have now related. I had said nothing to anybody regarding the warning which I had so mysteriously received; and when questioned as to what made me return so opportunely, had always made some evasive answer, for I feared that the reality would never have obtained belief.

"Willie," said the soft voice of my wife, "if you had not saved me!"

"Hush, my darling. Don't talk like that, for I can't bear to think of it."

"But it might have been. And do you know, Willie, I had such a strange dream on that awful night?"

"A dream, Maggie? Tell me what it was."

"You remember," she said, drawing closer to me, "the evening you took Mary and me into the telegraph office, and told us all about the batteries, and magnets and electricity, and a great many things which we couldn't understand at all, though we pretended to do so lest you should think us stupid?"

"Perfectly."

"And you remember, too, how, when I said should like to send a message with my own hands, you guided me, while I sent a message to your brother Robert, who was in the office at Lowestoft then? And at the end of it was, 'Come home—come home!'" which I repeated over and over again, until I could do it quite well without your help."

I turned quickly round, but she was gazing intently at the fire, and did not perceive the startled look I gave her.

"Willie," she continued, "the night before last, when you were away, I could not sleep for a long time after I went to bed; and when I did sleep, I dreamed—such a horrible dream! I thought that I was in your office again; and I had fled there because I was chased by some Terrible Thing. I did not know what it was, but it was close behind me, and I thought nobody could save me but you. But you were not there; so I seized the handle, and signalled the words, 'Come home—come home!'" as you had taught me, thinking that would be sure to bring you. Then when you did not come, I felt its hot breath on my neck, as if it was just going to clutch me in its dreadful arms, and I screamed so loud that I awoke. The room was all dark, and filled with smoke so thick that when I jumped up I faintly saw a light. And O, Willie, if you had not come just when you did, I might!"

"There, Maggie, don't let us think of what might have been, but rather let us be thankful that we are spared to each other still."—*Chamber's Journal.*

## JAPAN.

Among the many important changes which have been wrought in the social and political status of the nations of the world within the past ten years, not the least remarkable have been those affecting the great countries of the Orient, China and Japan. For more than three hundred years every attempt on the part of foreign powers at commercial intercourse was stubbornly and persistently resisted by these two nations, who declared, in language both polite and capable, that they were simply content to manage their own affairs and to produce all that was required for the good of themselves or for the development of their respective countries. Neither arguments nor threats were of avail, however. The attempts of the

foreign powers to gain a foothold in the great commercial cities knew no relaxation, and they were finally crowned with a partial success. Of the wonderful progress made in civilization by the Chinese since their intercourse with foreigners, and the consequent enormous increase in the commercial facilities and trade life of the country, we have already spoken. It is our design in the present article to touch more particularly upon the changes which are taking place in Japan—by far the more important and interesting country of the two—and to glance at the probable results of the newly-instituted policy of its rulers. A full file of Japanese papers covering dates from April 1st to May 26th, which have just come to hand, will enable us to speak from reliable data.

When, eighteen years ago, the treaty between the respective governments of the United States and Japan was concluded, the most sanguine believer in progress would not have dreamed of the mighty steps which have since been taken in the way of social, commercial and political reform. The Mikado, who, say the ancient historians, sits motionless all day upon his throne, moving neither hands nor feet, veiled from the sight of even his chief officers, and speaking only to the great minister—the Mikado has not added the customs of a thousand years, has mingled with the people of his capital; has held receptions and shaken hands with foreigners; has interested himself in the various reforms of the empire, and now the late Japanese mail brings us the account of his visit to and examination of one of the public schools of the city. These facts may seem of slight interest to those unacquainted with the laws of Japanese royal etiquette, but to those who have any knowledge of the iron rules which for centuries have enlivened the emperor's court, they appear the records of a miracle.

Within the past few years, the practically independent local governments which formerly existed under the rule of the Daimios have been abolished, and without resistance. In their place provincial governors have been appointed, who act under the orders of the central government at Yedo, the Daimios having mostly removed to the capital, some of them enjoying special salaries for former services rendered. The first practical consequence of the new system will be a better administration of finance. The old provincial limits will be retained, and the revenues of each province will be applied solely to local objects; but the central administration will now exercise a control over the expenditure and see that the money is properly appropriated. Under the old regime each Daimio could contract loans on his own account, coin bad money, and issue notes which were not negotiable beyond the limits of his particular province. These abuses, by the new order of things, can no longer occur. The result of this policy will be seen in the fact that the government notes are now worth from eight to ten per cent more than the old coins.

The government has also shown that it fully appreciates the policy of encouraging the different industries, both the old and the new, introduced by the foreigners. It has issued an order summoning to the capital the most skilled leaders of silkworms for the purpose of making an enquiry into the reason of the great deterioration in quality of Japanese silk and silkworms' eggs which was manifested last year. The traffic in cocoons has fair to become immense, and swarms of ignorant people who have been preparing to embark in it have been notified that they will not be allowed to do so without properly instructing themselves. This policy is in general applied to other industries, and is one which might be profitably followed by other governments. A patent law has also been passed, which holds out special inducements to native inventors.

In regard to social matters, the government has recently issued a decree forbidding the exhibition or sale of obscene books and pictures, which have always been as common in Japan as spelling-books in America. All exhibitions of indecent tendency have been prohibited in the theatres under severe penalties, and laborers who have been accustomed to work without the limitations of decency are now obliged to conform to the demands of public decency. The occupation of bath houses by men and women together has been prohibited, and a rule requiring the doors and windows of all such establishments to be screened that their interior cannot be seen from the streets has been published. All women in Japan in former times were considered inferior to men, and consequently were prohibited from visiting many of the sacred places and temples in Japan. This restriction has now been removed by the government, and women now enjoy equal rights in this respect as men. Old religious prejudices are also being rapidly broken down, even the truth of the prevailing faith is often called in question, and the people now openly discuss which religion is the best, the High Church dignitaries not hesitating to take part in such discussions. It has been duly announced that all Buddhist and Shinto priests may wear foreign clothes, if they are so disposed, except during the actual performance of their religious duties. The priesthood, who have exerted a species of spiritual tyranny, have been deprived of all personal rank, and the high authorities of the Buddhist religion have been forbidden to under any titles heretofore, as they have hitherto had the privilege of doing.

In educational matters the Japanese Government is showing commendable vigor. It is intended to open academies for the study of science and literature in Yedo, Sendai, Nippon, Nagoya, Osaka, Kanazawa, Hiroshima and Nagasaki; and a second school for girls is to be at once established in Yedo. Besides these it is proposed to establish new foreign schools in various parts of the Empire, where the different languages of Europe will be taught, with the commercial and mathematical branches. An additional grant of \$2,000,000 has been asked by the Department of Education for that purpose, and will probably be granted. Some trouble has lately taken place in the Yedo schools, owing to a defect of the school system, and in consequence, some are to close, the government refusing to grant aid in money to any pupils save those in government institutions.

Such, in effect, are some of the changes which have taken and are still taking place in Japan, exhibiting a degree of progress in little more than a decade which certain other nations have failed to attain in a century. This ambition to mark with civilized nations not only in the advantages which spring from a knowledge of the arts and sciences, but in the workings of the social and educational systems, will carry what it feeds on," and there is every probability that a hundred years hence Japan will rank as high among the enlightened nations of the earth as England does to-day.—*Boston Globe.*

DISKASES such as Consumption, Bronchitis, Debility from Typhoid and other Low Fevers, from excessive grief, study, or close confinement, and prostration of the system, yield to FLOWERS Compound Syrup of Hyaloposiphites, sooner than any remedy ever before discovered. The mucous of the throat are strengthened, digestion becomes complete, the lacteals take up nutrition, the blood becomes purified and pure, the nervous system vigorous, and the thin, pale or sallow complexioned become plump and healthy, and regain the ruddy tint of health.

Liver troubles, which end in death, permanently cured by FLOWERS' Compound Syrup.