

"I think it was far nicer your saying nothing," says Clarissa, very gently. She is a little disappointed in George; a woman may be glad to marry a man, but she shouldn't say so, at least not exactly in such a cold-blooded fashion. "I can quite understand it," says George, with sufficient hesitation to convince herself, at least, that she does not understand it. Now you feel nervous in spite of your happiness.

"Oh, you always know everything," says George, so lovingly that Clarissa hates herself for thinking even one unpleasant thought of her. "Well, he went on to say he never loved before. Now, honestly, Clarissa,"—in a thoroughly matter-of-fact tone—"do you think that could be true?"

"Why shouldn't it be true?" says Clarissa, wishing with all her heart the other would be a little more sentimental over her own first love affair, as she believes it to be. "Well, yes, of course; he is rather young, and beauty goes a long way with some men."

Again Clarissa stares. She hadn't thought George vain of her own charms. How difficult it is to know any one, even one's chief friend! "Then he went on to say he could never feel real happiness again until he knew he was loved in return."

"Well?"—breathlessly—"and then—?" "I said,"—with the gayest little laugh imaginable—"I thought he was loved in return."

"You thought, George! What a strange answer! I do think you are a little bit coquette! I am so glad, though. Do you know, I gessed all along how it would be?"

"So did I. I knew very well how it would end. I felt he would fall a victim sooner or later. It is rather soon, isn't it? But of course it is only natural I should know about it?"

"Yes, only natural." Clarissa can think of nothing else to say. Not like this had she felt when—? To talk of him as a victim! "I hope everything will be settled soon," goes on Miss Broughton, gayly, "Happy is the wooing that isn't long adoring. And I should like the marriage to be soon; wouldn't you? I think next time I see him I shall ask him about it."

"Oh, George, don't. Indeed I would not, if I were you," exclaims Clarissa, in an agony. Good gracious! Is she lost to all sense of shame? "He won't like it. It is surely the man's part to speak first about that."

"Oh, very well,"—amicably. "But there couldn't be any harm in my speaking about it." "Just as much as in any other woman's."

"Not so much as if it were Cissy?" "Twice as much. What has she got to do with it?" "Well, a great deal, I take it,"—laughing again. "As a friend she may feel some interest in him, I suppose. But she is not going to marry him."

"Well, I think she is. You don't think she will refuse him, do you?"—anxiously. "Cissy Kedmond?" "Cissy Kedmond."

"Do you mean to tell me," says Clarissa, growing very red, "that it is Cissy you have been talking about all this time, and not yourself?" "Myself! What on earth are you thinking of?" It is now George's turn to blush crimson, and she does it very generously. Then she breaks into wild mirth, and, laying her head on Clarissa's knee, laughs till she nearly cries. "Oh, when I think of all I have said!" she goes on, the keener enjoyment in her tone—"how I praised myself, and how cavalierly I treated his proposal, and—what was I said about asking him to name the wedding-day?" Oh, Clarissa, what a dear you are!—and what a goose!

"Well, certainly, I never was taken in my life," confesses Miss Peyton, and then she laughs too, and presently it is as deeply interested in Cissy's lover as if he had indeed been George's.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Sin and shame are ever tied together. With Gordian knots, of such a strong thread spun, They cannot without violence be undone." WEBSTER. "Sharper than the stings of death." REYNOLDS.

Uxos Pullingham a great cloud had descended. It had gathered in one night—swiftly, secretly—and has fallen without warning, crushing many hearts beneath it. Shame, and sin, and sorrow, and that most terrible of all things—uncertainty—have come together to form it, while doubt and suspicion lie in its train.

Ruth Annersley is missing! She has disappeared—utterly! entirely!—leaving no trace behind her, no word, no line to relieve the heart of the old man, her father, and which is slowly beginning to break, as the terrible truth dawns upon him.

Only yesterday she had poured out his tea as usual, had bidden him good-night—lovingly, indeed, but not as one would bid an eternal farewell. Afterward, he remembered, she had not given him—on that night of all others—the customary kiss, but had passed away from him coldly, callously—or was it that she feared?

Tired out with his day's work, the miller had gone to bed. The girl, as was her habit ever since the longer evenings had set in, had gone for a little walk into the dewy woods, where we are told an over-coming wisdom. Alas! that they should have taught her so little. She has crossed the road before the very eyes of her household, had entered the green forest of early-breaking leaves, had faded from sight, and never came back again.

The old man, who rises and goes to bed with the sun (most constant companion of simple minds), had slept peacefully all night, never doubting that the child of his heart lay dreaming calm and happy dreams in her own room. Not until the morning was far advanced did he discover that Ruth's bed had known no occupant the night before.

Afterward, too, he remembered how little this thought had jarred upon him just at first. It was strange, vexing; she should have told him where she meant to spend her evening; but beyond that, it caused him no pang, no suspicion.

For a time lived in a neighboring town—probably she had gone there. It was only four miles away—a walk through it but taken many a day, and thought nothing of it; but it was imprudent starting on such a journey so late in the evening; and, besides, there was always the old mare to drive her there and back.

Messengers were dispatched to her aunt's house, but they returned bringing no tidings. She was not there—had not been for over a fortnight.

Day wanes; twilight is descending. "Leaving on craggy hills and running streams A softness like the atmosphere of dreams." All day the miller has sat apart, his snow-white head upon his arms, in the room her hands had beautified and made so dear. With passionate indignation he has thrust from him all his attempts at sympathy, all the hurtful, though well-meant, offers of assistance held out to him by kindly neighbors.

(To be Continued.)

INVOCATION.

FROM THE GARLIC. Come, come, come, my love, come and hurry, and come my dear; You'll find me ever loving true, or lying on my back; For love of you has burned me through—has opened a gap for Death, I fear; Oh, come, come, come, my love, before his hands are here.

Though angelic swords should bar your way, Turn you not back, but persevere; Though heaven should send down fiery hail, rain lightnings, do not fear; Let your small, exquisite, white feet fly over hills and mountains sheer; Bridge rivers, scatter armed foes, shine on the hillsides near.

Like citizens to greet their Queen, then shall my hopes, desires, droop out; Eager to meet you on your way and compass you about— To speed, to urge, to lift you on, amid storms of joy and floods of tears, To the palace tower, the battered wall, delivered by your spears.

The javelin-scourges of your eye, the lightnings from your glorious face, Shall drive away death's armaments gray in ruin and disgrace; Lift me on, shield, and succour me; my ancient courage you shall rouse, Till like a giant I shall stand, with thunder on my brows.

Then, hand in hand, we'll laugh at Death, his brainsick skull, his nervous arm; How can he wreak our overthrow, or plot, or do us harm? For what so weak a thing as Death when you are near, when you are near? Oh, come, come, come, my love, before his hands are here!

—Roger Jordan, in Century.

GOLDEN INFORMATION.

A white girl, said Mrs. Dr. A. Jordan, 51 Lincoln street, Worcester, Mass., one of my friends from the South spoke to me very highly of St. Jacobs Oil. I resolved to try it on my patients, and I must confess that I was surprised at the results. It has never failed to cure all that it claims to, and I prescribe it willingly and confidently to those of my patients who suffer with rheumatism, sprains and all bodily pains. It is certainly a wonderful remedy, and I can highly recommend it.

GENERAL SCOBEEFF.

Appropos of General Scobeeff's recent speeches in Paris the Pall Mall Gazette furnishes the following interesting sketch of the career of that remarkable soldier:

Before these unfortunate speeches of his, General Scobeeff was best known to Englishmen as the hero of the third assault on Plovna. That, however, was only an incident, and by no means the crowning incident in General Scobeeff's career. Even the battle of Senovo, where he captured an entire Turkish army of 36,000 men and forty-one guns with the aid of 25,000 men without artillery, although the most brilliant and decisive victory he has yet achieved, can hardly be spoken of as a crowning incident in a career which as yet has only begun.

For he is not yet thirty-seven years of years, and without exaggeration he may be described as by far the most remarkable man of his years in Europe.

General Scobeeff supplies a striking illustration of the doctrine of heredity. He is a soldier born of soldiers. Not only is his father a general of distinguished ability, but his grandfather rose by sheer force of fighting capacity from the ranks to first rank as a general in the Caucasus. From his youth upward Michael Dmitrievitch has been a man of war. When only eighteen he took so energetic a part in some disturbances at the university that his attendance at that seat of learning was summarily dispensed with, but not before he had acquired a mastery of several languages and an omnivorous appetite for reading. There are few better read men in Europe than the general who made himself the idol of the Russian army before he was three-and-thirty.

Wherever he went he carried his books with him, and read, for instance, the account of the massacre of Cabul in 1842 when sitting in his garden at Bokhara, not knowing but that the next day he might have to share the fate of Alexander. How he has found time to read amid the exciting life he has led is a mystery which Lieutenant Greene does not profess to solve.

After his dismissal from the university he was sent with a regiment of Guards to assist in suppressing the Polish insurrection. That was in 1863, when he was eighteen. Scobeeff returned with his regiment to St. Petersburg, but soon sickness of the dysentery which in vogue with Guardsmen elsewhere than in London. He could not attend the life of the 4 fine gentlemen of the Guard, and he left their society for the Staff College about the time the Prussians were winning the battle of Sadowa.

After two years' diligent study he was sent off with a captain's commission to the Caucasus—where his grandfather had gained his laurels—the year before the Franco-Prussian war broke out. He was then a youngster of four-and-twenty. The first two or three years were passed in guerrilla war in the mountains—a service useful but uneventful. In 1873, when his upward career may properly be said to begin, he was transferred to Turkestan, and took part in the famous expedition to Khiva as lieutenant-colonel of a Cossack regiment. He displayed such daring and enterprise that when Khiva was captured he was despatched with a couple of nomads to explore the desert region through which the Krasnovodsk column was to have advanced on the robber khanate of the steppe, but from which it had recoiled in dismay, after half its members had died for want of water.

Scobeeff, having discharged his difficult mission with brilliant success, was decorated, promoted to a colonelcy, and attached to General Kaufmann's staff. In 1875 he gained his major's starship, in the first expedition against Khokand, and in 1876 he conquered that province at the head of 4,000 men, and was made governor of the tract of 30,000 square miles which he had added to the Russian Empire. As soon as the natives were defeated he waged such vigorous war on peacocking contractors that they accused him of defalcations, and got him reported to the Emperor as being a million roubles short in his accounts. Scobeeff posted off to the capital, demanded an inquiry, displayed vouchers, and, after an exhaustive investigation, received a certificate that his accounts were all in order in every particular.

No sooner had this been settled than the Russo-Turkish war broke out, and Scobeeff marched off to Bulgaria without a command.

The story of his exploits in the Bulgarian campaign includes all that was most exciting in the war which brought the Russian army within sight of the minarets of Stamboul. From the day when, to show the staff he was made of, he swam his horse across the Danube while General Dragomiroff was forcing the passage at Simlitz, to the time when he could with difficulty be restrained from marching into Constantinople as soon as the British fleet entered the Sea of Marmora; he was the most prominent actor in the drama. He became the legendary hero of the campaign,

and in the minds of the common people he almost monopolized its glories. He was always in the forefront of the hottest battle; four horses were shot under him in ten days, but he was only wounded once, and after being in constant expectation of death for months he returned home safe and sound. His white uniform was to his soldiers as the white plume of Henri Quatre at the battle of Ivry. "I have heard the soldiers speak of him," says Lieutenant Greene, "as a general under whom they would rather fight and die than fight and live under another."

They had often to die—sometimes 50 per cent of his command perished; but he spared no exertion to minister to their wants and to supply their needs. His division was the best fed and best clothed and best armed in the army. He was always with them in the most exposed positions in the fight, sleeping with them in the trenches and looking after all their necessities in the camp. In short, says Lieutenant Greene, "he succeeded so thoroughly in making himself one with his division that his men responded to his thoughts as readily as the muscles obey the will. I doubt if a more thoroughly ideal relation between a general and his men has existed since the days of Cromwell."

His custom of wearing white, as if to court the bullets of his enemies, his reckless personal bravery, and the strange custom of his of always "going into battle in his cleanest uniform and fresh underclothing covered with perfume, and wearing a diamond-budded sword, in order that, as he said, he might die with his best clothes on," gained him the reputation of a wild dare-devil, which somewhat obscured his real capacity as a general. In reality they only showed how thoroughly he had divined that secret of power which lies in fascinating the imagination as well as of appealing to the reason of men.

When he was sent to take the Geok Tepe and subdue the Tekkes many shook their heads, and predicted that his impetuosity would be his ruin. So far from that being the case, he displayed the utmost caution, acted with the greatest deliberation; refused to move from July to December, until he had made all his preparations; and after he had carried on campaigns to the trenches no fewer than 1,575,000 rounds of ammunition, to say nothing of several thousands of heavy shot and shell, he laid siege to Geok Tepe, and captured that hitherto impregnable stronghold. He had 10,000 troops against 40,000 Asiatics, and he achieved the conquest of the Akhal Tekke country with a loss of 937 men. Only once in that campaign did Scobeeff display his usual recklessness. After the fortress had fallen he was riding through the country with his escort when he met several Tekkes. He asked who they were. They answered "Friendly Tekkes." "How can I believe your word?" he asked again. "Tekkes never lie," was their confident response. "Well," replied Scobeeff, "if this is the case, I will send my escort home and will return accompanied by you." He was as good as his word, and his trust in the word of the nomads was not misplaced.

General Scobeeff is a Russian of the Russians. His life has hitherto had only one serious cloud, due to an alliance with one who was as cosmopolitan as he was Muscovite, and it no longer exists. As his recent speech shows, he is singularly unpolitical, unselfish and enthusiastic. Five years ago he used to horrify English correspondents in Bulgaria by discussing plans for the invasion of India, and he fully shares the national resentment against the interference of the Congress of Berlin. He has a great career before him; but if M. Akassoff were to ask him to sacrifice his life as a volunteer in the ranks of the insurgents of the Herzegovina he would go to death without hesitation to advance the interests of the cause. It is not often that such enthusiasm is linked to a "stupidous military genius," which leads Lieutenant Greene to declare that should Scobeeff live twenty years more, he will be commander-in-chief in the next war about the Eastern question, and history will then speak of him as one of the five great soldiers of the century, side by side with Napoleon, Wellington, Grant and Moltke. This may be; but at present General Scobeeff would deserve better of his country if he were to endeavour to emulate the taciturnity of Grant or the prudent reserve of Moltke.

Mrs. O'Hearn, River street, Toronto, uses Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for her corns, for cracked and sore feet, she thinks there is nothing like it. She also used it when her horses had the epizootic, with the very best results.

GENERAL IGNATIEFF ON THE IRISH.

The St. James' Gazette has the following:—According to the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Memorial Diplomat, an English "Lord K." (query Lord Stratford and Campbell?) arrived at the Russian capital to ask Count Ignatiew why the Russian Government had not taken measures in favor of the Jews. Count Ignatiew replied that there were nearly 10,000 Russian, including some hundreds of Jews, in prison awaiting punishment. Then, turning upon his questioner, the Russian Minister expressed his sincere regret at the unhappy state of Ireland. He went on to say that he would gladly offer an asylum in Russia to all the Irish who would settle in that country. The Irish emigrants should have land gratis, and subsidies, besides, if the English would consent to take Russian Jews in exchange. For his part he would readily give England ten Jewish families for each Irish family that would settle in Russia.

GENERAL SCOBEEFF.

St. Petersburg, March 9.—General Scobeeff presented himself on Monday at the office of the Minister of War, who telegraphed him to return. The Minister abused Scobeeff for the abuse he had made of his simple coat, during which he became merely a private individual. The general called on Ignatiew, who laughed heartily, while blaming him for repeating in Paris his St. Petersburg speech. General Scobeeff said the editor of La France collaborated his speech and had prepared for publication four days before he (Scobeeff) arrived in Paris. No one was more astonished than he at the excitement his speech had caused. Every one sought to turn it to account, but more especially the party which is seeking to return to power in France. In reply to a question as to whether the Emperor would send for him, Ignatiew replied that the Emperor had taken no part whatsoever in his recall. It was simply an act of military discipline with which His Majesty had nothing to do. Scobeeff will have an opportunity of meeting the Emperor on Monday at the ceremony which will mark the close of the Imperial mourning.

INGENUOUS INVENTION.

Some shrewd Yankee has invented a key that will wind any watch; it is neat, attachment to a charm, and it is said to work like a charm. So does that grand Key to Health—Burdock Blood Bitters, the greatest discovery of the age. It unlocks all the secretions, and cleanses and invigorates the entire system. Sample bottles, 10 cents; large size, \$1.00. All medicine dealers.

Nursery Tales.

[Dinner Tribune.]

What is the Man in the Big Coat and Broad Hat? It is a Hack-Drive. What is a Hack-Drive? He frequently is a Reformed Train-Robber. He does not rob Trains any more, but he robs poor young men who are too Fat to Walk Home at Night. Does the Hack-Drive Drink? Yes, whenever he is invited. He will also Smoke one of your Cigars if you will Urge him. Will the Hack-Drive stop the Hack at the Corner and let you Walk the Rest of the Way to the House so that you may Tell your Wife that you Walked all the Way Home? He will by a Large Majority.

Here we have an Oyster. It is going to a Church Fair. When it Gets to the Fair, it will Swim around in a big Kettle of Warm Water. A Lady will Stir it with a Spoon, and Sell the Warm Water for Two Bits a Pint. Then the Oyster will Move on to the next Fair. In all this way the Oyster will visit all the Church Fairs in town, and Bring a great many Dollars into the Treasury. The Oyster goes a great Way in a Good Cause.

Is this a Locomotive Head-light? No. Then it must be a Drug Store Illuminated. No, it is a man's Nose. What a funny Nose it is. It looks like a Bonfire. Half a dozen such Noses would make a Gaudy Fourth of July Celebration. It is too bad that such a lovely-tinted Nose should have such a Homely Man Behind it. The Nose has cost the Man a great Deal of Borrowed Money. If it were not for the Nose a great many Breweries would Close and a great many Distilleries would Suspend. If the Man drinks too much Water, his Nose will lose its Color. He must be careful about this. How many such Noses would it Take to make a Rain-bow half a Mile long? Ask the Man to let you Light your Cigar by his Nose.

This is a Contribution Plate. It has just been Handled around. What is there upon it? Now Count your Silver or you will make a Mistake. Four Buttons, one Nickel, a Blue Chip, and one Spectacle Glass. Yes, that is Right. What will be done with all these Nice Things? They will be sent to Foreign Countries for the good of the poor Heathens. How the poor Heathens will Rejoice.

Here is a Man who has just stopped his Paper. What a miserable looking Creature he is. He looks as if he had been stealing sheep. How will he know what is going on, now that he has stopped his Paper? He will Borrow his Neighbors' Paper. One of these Days he will Break his leg, or be a Candidate for Office, and then the Paper will say nothing about it. That will be Treating him just Right, will it not, little Children?

This man is a School Teacher. He is going to Sit Down in the Chair. There is a Bent Pin in the Chair and it will Bite the School Teacher. The School Teacher is a very Able Man, and he will find it out as soon as the Bent Pin tackles him. Will the School Teacher resign again? We should Smile. He will Play a Sonata with the Ferret on the Boy's Back. The boy put the Bent Pin in the Chair. He is trying to be a Humorist. When the School Teacher gets Thorough with him the Boy will eat his meals from the Mantel-Pieces for a week.

Consumption Cured.

FROM ANSELM ARCHER, of Fairfeld, Me. "Seeing numerous certificates in the Maine Farmer, endorsing the Great Lung Remedy, WISTER'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, I take great pleasure in giving publicity to the great cure it accomplished in my family in the year 1856. During the summer of that year my son, Henry A. Archer, now postmaster of this place, was attacked with spitting of blood, cough, weakness of lungs, and general debility; so much so that our family physician declared him to have a seated consumption." He was under medical treatment for a number of months, but received no benefit. I was induced to purchase one bottle of WISTER'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, which benefited him so much I obtained another, which in a short time restored him to his usual state of health. I can safely recommend this remedy to others in like condition, for it is, I think, all it purports to be—THE GREAT LUNG REMEDY FOR THE TIMES! The above statement, gentlemen, is my voluntary offering to you in favor of your BALSAM, and it is at your disposal." 50 cents and \$1 a bottle. Sold by dealers generally.

MR. EGAN'S FINANCIAL REPORT.

THE LAND LEAGUE FUNDS INTACT AND SAFELY AND JUDICIOUSLY INVESTED. Hon. D. C. Birdsall, a member of the General Executive Committee appointed by the Chicago Land League Convention, has received the following letter from Patrick Egan, Treasurer of the Land League Funds: Hon. D. C. Birdsall, No. 165 Broadway, New York: MR DEAR SIR—To you, as a leading member of the Committee of Seven appointed by the Irish National Convention at Chicago, I desire to make, on behalf of the Trustees of the Land League Fund, a proposition, which I beg you will place before your committee and before the several organizations which have contributed to the fund, should you deem it necessary to do so.

My colleagues, and especially I, as acting treasurer, feel that the handling of so large a fund as that so generously subscribed for the support of the mighty struggle carried on by the Land League, is a heavy responsibility. Up to the present date we have received from all sources in America, including \$1,000 from Canada, the vast sum of \$106,000 (\$530,000) for general Land League purposes. This is independent of nearly £200,000 (\$800,000) contributed through the medium of the Land League to the relief of distress in Ireland in 1880. Yet such is the generous confidence reposed in us that only in some two or three instances, and those from the senders of small sums, have any requests reached us for particulars of disbursements. We would ourselves, however, be more than anxious to publish the fullest details regarding the application of the fund, but it must be apparent to our friends that it would be impossible to do so without giving to the enemy information which they would inevitably use to the detriment of our movement.

The course we propose under the circumstances is: That for the satisfaction of our friends who have nobly and so freely contributed this large amount, and for our own protection against the slanders of enemies, an audit committee, to be composed of a limited number of gentlemen, in whose honor and discretion the subscribers on your side, and our executive on this, would have entire confidence; should be appointed, by your committee, or by the several organizations al-

ROUND THE WORLD.

A young man had no more than slipped an engagement ring on a Milwaukee girl's finger when it was missing. Her brother had adroitly removed it, and next day it was recovered in a pawn shop.

Dr. Dunlop of London must be stampy a monster in temperance folks' eyes. In the course of a recent medical inquiry he asserted that beer was an absolutely essential adjunct to a pauper's diet.

The other day a party of seven undergraduates, at Koble College, Oxford, walked into the room of one of the most inoffensive of their fellow students and cropped his hair, so as to give him the appearance of a convict.

The English life insurance companies have lost heavily on several occasions during the last three years; notably when the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Anglesey, and Mr. Saville died; and now again they are hard hit by the early decease of Lord Londale.

A determined flirt, according to the London World, is to be made by the Duchess of Edinburgh and other leaders of fashion this season to get people to commence their dances earlier. The men are the principal sinners in this matter. It is not thought the thing to appear at a dance before midnight, and thus night is turned into day for weeks together, to the detriment of mind and body.

In a recent lecture on cathedrals, in England, Mr. H. R. Gough said that at Canterbury the services ceased for a year after Thomas a Becket's death, all the costly ornaments were removed, and the bells were never rung. He was canonized two years later, 1172, and Canterbury became one of the greatest shrines in Europe, pilgrims of all ranks flocking there, and many bringing offerings of enormous value. A great many of the old parish churches of England are dedicated to St. Thomas a Becket.

Italy mourns the loss, at the age of 91, of her oldest master, Francesco Huey, President of the famous Biera Academy at Milan. In youth he was a friend of Goethe, and gained the first prize at the Academy competition in 1811 with a masterly painting of the great sculptor's Laocoon group. From the date of this, his first success, to that of his death, he painted over 250 historical pictures, several of which became the property of the Italian nation, while others adorn the royal collections at Turin, Florence and Rome.

The Statistical Office at Vienna has just published some interesting particulars with regard to the press in Austria. They show that from 876 in 1875 the total number of periodicals rose to 969 in 1876, to 1,001 in 1877, to 1,050 in 1878 and to 1,074 in 1879. The increase, therefore, during the five years was at the rate of twenty-two per cent. This total comprises publications of every description, the greatest number of political journals appearing at Vienna, while Bohemia has sixty-four political journals for 5,600,000 inhabitants, and Galicia thirty for 5,000,000 inhabitants.

An ex-professor of mathematics in a Russian university, who escaped from Siberia a few months since, says that to an exile in Siberia, under certain circumstances, escape offers no great difficulty. It is more an affair of money than anything else, the distances being so great and the population so sparse that very close surveillance is impossible, and escape from penal servitude is a terrible undertaking, and is very rarely accomplished. Sophia Bernina, who recently found her way into Switzerland, is the only woman that has yet performed the feat.

The ranks of M. Zola's opponents have been swelled by a certain M. Louis Vabre, whose name, like that of M. Duruy, has been borrowed for a character in Zola's new novel, "Pot-Bouille." This gentleman appeals to the author, as a man of honor, to remove the name from the novel. M. Zola writes to the Gaulois to say that he complies with M. Vabre's wish, but satirically adds that since the late trial he is not in a position to grant anything as a man of honor, but as a criminal, who, if he resisted, might be thrown into the deepest dungeon. "The name of Vabre is replaced by that of 'Sans Nom' ('No Name')."

A young friend of mine, says Labouohers in the London Truth, was dining with his father a few nights ago. "George," said the fond parent, when they next met, "you took my overcoat instead of your own, and I regret to say I found the pockets of your coat full of cigars and matches." "I discovered my mistake, father," replied the son, "directly I got outside, for I found the pockets of the coat I had on contained chocolate creams and three pairs of ladies' gloves."

Acts of vandalism and fanaticism are beginning to recur in France. The youths have been caught in the Louvre in the act of daubing with vermilion two portraits of Francis I, and a nocturnal attempt has been made to burn down the Chapelle Expatoire. The keeper discovered a volume of smoke in the chapel, and the altar carpet, part of a chair and some flowers had been burned; but the fire had died out before his arrival for want of material. The incendiaries must have scaled the walls to enter the court, and next forced open the door of the building.

I understand Her Majesty has received each day since Parliament opened, a letter from the Premier, containing a précis of the debate. About 12 o'clock each night Mr. Gladstone may be seen writing a letter in his place on the Treasury Bench, and this incident occurring with astonishing regularity every night for a week, excited the curiosity of some of his followers, who pushed their inquiries so keenly that they were at last informed what this mid-night epistle was. I am sure the Premier's description of the vagaries of the debate must be amusing—and I fancy that if the report be faithful, the member for Cavan will rapidly find his way to the Royal favor.—Truth.

What most astonishes those who visit the boring for the British Channel Tunnel is, first, the complete dryness of the rock, and, secondly, the marvellous ventilation of the long and narrow tunnel (it is only seven feet in diameter), which extends now 1,100 yards under the sea, and which, it is promised, will by Easter be fully a mile long. The air at the head of the boring is far purer and pleasanter to breathe than the air of any London street, and the reason is obvious. It is, in fact, the very healthiest sea breeze, caught just below Shakespeare's Cliff, and, after compression, conducted thence in a five-inch iron pipe to the boring machine, 1,100 yards off; there the air escapes in the most inoffensive and even agreeable manner.

Apply flannel saturated with Raygard's Yellow Oil and administer the Oil internally on a little sugar as directed on the bottle. Yellow Oil cures Rheumatism, Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Lameness, and all flesh wounds. All dealers supply it, price 25 cents. 314

ANOTHER SPEECH FROM SCOBEEFF.

BRESEN, March 10.—Scobeeff delivered an address to a number of Russian officers, stating that the best Russian is the Czar. Europe knows he said what he thinks on the Slav question. His recall was only a new humiliation proceeding from the man who, with blood and iron, formed the Empire, which must be destroyed by Russian blood and iron.

THE QUEEN'S ASSAULT.

Whitson, March 10.—McLellan, the Queen's assaillant, has been committed for trial charged with high treason.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS 'TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE.

Dr. Bliss, if not a success at probing for bullets, was highly successful in despatching a bullet; but the greatest bulletin of success is that which heralds the wonderful success performed by Burdock Blood Bitters, that matchless tonic and blood purifier which acts, as one upon the Bowels, the Skin, the Liver and the Kidneys, while it invigorates, and strengthens the whole system.