

REMINISCENCES OF LAKE OREAMPLAIN.

O! beautiful lake by whose verdant shore, I have sat idly dreaming the livelong day...

MARGUERITE.

LADY KILDARE; Or, the Rival Claimants.

CHAPTER IV. TAKING TIME TO CONSIDER.

While the singular events we have narrated were occurring to the Lady Kathleen Connor and her two sisters, the Lady Nora Kildare was face to face with the great question which had arisen in her own life.

"You Lord Redmond Kildare!" she exclaimed incredulously. "Impossible! My noble Redmond left no family. This story is incredible!"

"You accuse me of being an impostor, then," he demanded.

"I have not yet formed an opinion," returned the young Lady Nora haughtily.

"But I think it not a little strange that you should come direct to me, instead of going to my guardian!"

"Would you have preferred to hear the story through Sir Russell Ryan?" asked Redmond Kildare.

"I would have preferred to hear the story from you," she said.

"You are certainly modest in your demands, if you can prove yourself the heir!" said Lady Nora, her proud young face paling slightly.

"I am willing to examine your proofs, sir, but my opinion as to their value amounts to little. They must be submitted to keen and experienced lawyers before your claims can be admitted!"

Lord Redmond bowed assent, and displayed his formidable bundle of documents.

The portrait was that of the Lady Nora's grandfather, the fifth Earl of Kildare.

Lord Redmond stared at this picture a few moments in close scrutiny, and then walked up to it, and turning deliberately faced the Lady Nora.

"Compare my face with that of this portrait," he said. "He was my grandfather and yours. Have I not his blood in my veins?"

"You certainly look like my grandfather," admitted the Lady Nora. "But the resemblance proves nothing."

"It proves a great deal," declared Lord Redmond, "when it is added to my other evidences. Be kind enough to examine them, Lady Nora."

He told his story. Pardon the cowardice which kept me from you as such a moment. I shall vindicate myself tomorrow. This cowardice of mine, Lady Nora, has kept me silent all these years...

"I need not say that all my sympathies are with you in this matter. The daughter of Lord Fitzgerald Kildare should be the one to maintain the name of Point Kildare, and to maintain the supremacy I have been so long criminally silent."

"But the time has come to speak. As your late father's lawyer, and the associate guardian with Sir Russell Ryan of your fortune and person, and as Sir Russell's Irish lawyer, my situation is most painful."

"I obeyed him implicitly. The boy was educated, and is now a man. I never told him of his identity. He has always worn a humble name. But by some fatality, his mother was discharged from the asylum a month since, cured! He knew, of course, that she was his parent."

"I have advised Redmond to see you first of all. I dread a scandal as I dread death. I have written to Sir Russell Ryan already. You may expect him with me at Point Kildare in the course of a day or two. It would be well to keep Redmond at the castle until we come. Do nothing rashly."

"Your affectionate cousin and guardian," "MICHAEL KILDARE."

This letter, so startling in its announcements, and so confirmative of Lord Redmond's story, startled the Lady Nora more than all that had preceded it.

Her sweet young face deepened in its pallor. Her sunny brown eyes glowed with a startled expression. Her small head drooped as under heavy weight. The sudden shock seemed too much for her.

"This letter has greatly surprised me," she said, her high clear voice tremulous with a deep emotion. "Have you seen it?"

"I have not," replied Lord Redmond, respectfully. "But Mr. Kildare informed me that it was a statement confirming my claims."

The Lady Nora put the letter in her pocket. Her bright, arch face, usually so gay and debonair, was very grave and thoughtful.

"Certainly, Lady Nora," and Lord Redmond tossed over his papers with a white and shapely hand. "Here is the certificate of the marriage of Lord Redmond Kildare to Madeleine Bonham, stipular, in the parish church of St. Mary's, Newington Surrey."

"I can't tell whether it is genuine or not," she observed. "I must leave its examination to Sir Russell. Of course it will be necessary to look at the church registers, as this is but a copy."

"It looks plain enough," said the Lady Nora. "And you are convinced of the merit and justice of my claims?" asked Lord Redmond, fixing a keen gaze upon her.

"I do not say that," replied Lady Nora half haughtily. "When I can say that in all sincerity, all that remains to me is to leave the case to the law, and resigning everything to you. Either you are owner here, you have made out a strong case, which I must leave to other and wiser heads than mine to consider."

"Out of the question," he said, "I am not to be suspected, I think," she said with an effort. "You do not think how much I have at stake?"

"I do think, Lady Nora," he interposed quickly. "Forgive me. You have the finest place in Austria, the grandest home, linked with a thousand associations. You have relations and friends, your family pride—"

"More than that," said the young girl, a spasm of pain convulsing her features. "More than you know or can dream! A thousand cherished hopes and plans—But enough! I shall leave my courage if I talk more on this subject."

"She put up her hand in a gesture commanding silence, and continued her walk. Lord Redmond's face, as he continued to watch her, might have given her a hint in regard to the 'compromise' to which he had so often alluded."

"The young girl's glowing beauty, so really radiant, to pure and dainty and sweet, had its due impression on his heart. Already he was thinking with high hopes of owning Kildare, with the Lady Nora as his bride."

"It will all come around in due time," he thought, with a thrill of joy. "It will have to come! I know she will consent to the 'compromise' sooner or later. She won't be turned out of the castle, when she can continue to rule here by becoming my wife!"

"I'm afraid it's only too plain," she said to herself. "I'm afraid that he is the real heir of Kildare, and I am only a penniless usurper! And I wanted so to enrich poor Larry! Larry is in debt, and can never extricate himself without assistance. And I hope and planned to be the good angel that was to redeem his estate, and enrich him and give him back his old position in the country! And now I shall be as poor as he, and we can never marry! I shall fight this man's claims until fighting is useless, for his success will prove our desolation and ruin. Oh, why was this trouble sent to us now, just when the world looked so bright, and I knew that Larry loved me!"

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. Mission in Charlottetown.

On Sunday, the 27th ult., the Redemptorist Fathers, Catulle, Strubbe, Caron, Flynn and Girard, of Montreal, commenced a Mission in this city, which was continued with remarkable success until Tuesday evening, the 5th inst.

The services were admirably arranged, there being no impediment left in the way of any person, and the whole congregation responded with the utmost fervor and piety to the directions laid down. During each day the church was thronged, and every person, who was not prevented by unavoidable circumstances, was present at one of the services at least.

The untiring zeal of the Missionary Fathers, who, after a hard day's work remained in the confessional far into the night, will never be forgotten by the Catholics of this parish. Fathers Strubbe and Caron, preached the grand sermons of the Mission, frequently moving the congregation to tears, whilst Fathers Catulle, who is a saint on earth, Flynn and Girard delivered eloquent and impressive discourses at the different services.

On Sunday, the 3rd inst., the memorable ceremony of blessing and erecting the Mission Cross, a magnificent souvenir in the cathedral, was conducted at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when a sermon of great power and effect was preached by Father Caron, followed, at 7 p.m., by a Temperance service and sermon, by Rev. Father Strubbe, for men only, the Cathedral being filled to the doors.

This sermon as well as all his other discourses, was a masterly effort, and made a deep impression upon the vast assemblage present. At the conclusion of the sermon, nearly every person present stood up to take the pledge, and then all went forward to the Communion veil to receive the Temperance Cross. The first pledge was one of total abstinence for life, the second total abstinence for a period of ten years, and the third against getting drunk or entering a tavern between noon on Saturday and Monday morning. Should any person violate his pledge, he was instructed to return his cross at once to the parish priest.

This Mission will long be remembered in Charlottetown, and many a fervent prayer will be offered up for the good Fathers, wherever their lot will be cast, by the members of St. Dunstan's congregation. RESIDENT.

HE RECEIVED A MESSAGE FROM THE EXPRESS.

Christopher Gould, the assistant despatcher at the Philadelphia and Reading railroad, who resides at 609 North st., Harrisburg, last Wednesday received \$15,000 from the Louisiana State Lottery. He held one-twentieth of ticket No. 8,174, which drew the first capital prize of \$300,000, in the drawing of the 10th inst. In a personal interview with the gentleman, we informed us that the first ticket he ever purchased was about four months ago, and that \$3 was all that he had invested in it. —(Lecton Pa.) Advocate Sept. 27.

The recent discovery by a New England chemist of a cheap patent for dissolving zinc by combining it with hydrogen turns out to be a very valuable one. The product is a solution called "zinc water," which has the power of making wood, to which it has been applied, absolutely fireproof.

A MEDICAL STUDENT'S WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE.

BROOKLYN, July 31st, 1887. Reverend Sir,—I give you in this letter a complete history (as far as I can recollect) of my case, which you asked for in your letter to me. I hope you do not think me ungrateful for not writing to you, for I assure you I have had no doubt, had I known you desired it. Since my last letter to you, which I believe was some two or half years ago, I have had an attack of Acute Bright's Disease. I contracted this disease in April, 1885, and did not recover till September of the same year. In October, 1885, I began the study of medicine and I will graduate with G.D.'s help next March. As you doubtless suppose I have read with great zest the various authors' opinions on epilepsy and the great truth has long since been driven home to me, that but for God and you, His worthy disciple, I would still be a hopeless invalid, an incubus on my parents' hands.

My first attack of epilepsy took place about May, 1882. I believe the physician, who first saw me, was a homoeopath, and he told my parents I was stricken with an incurable disease. From my first spasm I kept right on having one after another. I had no premonitory symptoms but would fall right over, no matter where I was. I would bite my tongue and I believe I frothed at the mouth at times. I always slept heavily after an attack. In October I went to Brooklyn and my mother took me at once to our family physician. He told her that he could not cure me but that he could give me something which would prolong the period between each attack. Before this I had an attack once a week, some times two or three times a week, which in such cases he said prolonged the period between each attack. My parents, however, wished me cured and for this end were always looking for somebody who could cure me. About January, 1883, my mother was told by a practicing physician in Brooklyn, that a friend of his (a specialist) could cure the disease. My father brought me to him, and he said he could cure me in time, but I must have patience. We asked him how long, and he said about six months. He gave me a box of pills every time I went to him and I took them faithfully. I got no better; in fact I got worse after a time, so that I finally, after treating with him some six or eight months, sent him a letter saying that I would not treat for it any longer. At this time my sister heard of a case similar to mine of a lady living in Brooklyn, who was cured by you. She had some difficulty in getting the particulars from the party. Whoever she was, did not wish her name mentioned. However, she got your address and gave it to my mother. I wrote to you sometime in November, 1883. I received your medicine, I think January 1st, 1884, and I took the first teaspoonful that day. I began taking it under most unfavorable auspices. I believe I had one spasm that day and one two weeks after. I have not had the least indication of the disease since that time, in fact I believe I am healthier now than I have ever been.

I have endeavored to give you as complete a history of my case as possible and at present I fail to recall anything else. I hope you will pardon my apparent forgetfulness. Believe me, if I have not written to you, I have at least always thought of you and shall do so till the end of my time. My mother and father wish me to renew their thanks to you and to assure you that they will never forget you. As for myself if there is any time I can be of service to you, I hope you will let me know it. That God may always watch over you and guide you in your good work is always the prayer of

Your grateful patient, A. F. C., Brooklyn, N. Y. No. 344 Jay St.

AUTUMN.

With shy brown eyes she comes again, With hair a-sway, silver skin, As full of light as golden rod: Love in her voice, love in her nod, She treads so softly no one knows The time she comes, the time she goes.

The grass is brown, the leaves begin Their gold and crimson dyes to win, Each cricket sings as loud as ten To drown the noisy locust, when You come, O maid, to bid you cry To summer sweet a long good-bye.

And when you go the leaves are gone; The aster's farewell scent is blown: Poor Cupid puts away his wings, And close to cosy corners clings The rude wide usher, with a shout, The winter in, the autumn out.

There's sadness in her shy brown eyes, Though gay her gown with sunny dyes; Love in her voice—but telling most Of one who's loved, but loved and lost, She treads so softly no one knows The time she comes, the time she goes. —Boston Journal.

It melted us.—It is well known all over town we have held a mortgage for the last three months on the entire outfit of our contemporary. It covers everything but his own worthless carcass, and can be foreclosed any minute. This being the case, we are often asked why we don't take possession when that blotch on journalism refers to us in such exalting terms as "Jackass," "Har," "hyprocrite," and so forth. We did go over oneday last week calculating to turn him out on the spot, but he fell to weeping and melted us. While it seems hard for a man to be abused by his own property, we haven't the heart to kick away the barrel. And besides, he runs such an abject apology for a weekly newspaper, that the Acker receives hosts of compliments by comparison. We are not going to be mean with him—not unless he quits abusing us and tries to publish a good paper.—Arizona Kicker.

A dancing master and musician of Richmond, Ind., has won some notoriety by ordering his tombstone, although in perfect health. His grave will be marked by a stone out of imitation of a violin. There are many ways for obscure men to notify other people of their existence.

The question of co-education in Pennsylvania is just now a burning one. Mr Childs is championing the young woman who are anxious to get into the university, and with his customary gallantry, he speaks warmly for their cause. The young men protest in rather ungalant fashion, and say that if the university be thrown open to women, then the women's college at Bryn Mawr should be thrown open to men.

Some men try advertising as the Indian tried feathers. He took one feather, laid it on the board and slept on it all night. In the morning he remarked: "White man says feathers heap soft; white man—fool." —Exchange.

"You're a nice editor, Chubb's?" "What's the matter now?" "Why, you say 'the publisher of the Daily Voice is an unmitigated ass.'" "Well, he is!" "But you add, we advise our brother journalist to reform his stupid ways!" —Chicago Ledger.

MASSACRED FOR REVENGE.

Dr. Peters' Party Shed Blood and the Natives Retaliated. ZANZIBAR, November 6.—It is reported that Masais or Somalis have massacred Dr. Peters, the German explorer, and his whole party except one European and one Somali, who were wounded and who are now at Ngao. The latest known news about Dr. Peters, who started inland from Vitu on July 26, was that he reached Korkoro, a long distance up the Tana river. It is not known whether the second column of the expedition, which left Vitu in September under command of Herron Boroher, ever joined Dr. Peters' advance party.

BEZELIN, November 6.—Despatches to the Emin Relief committee confirm the report of the massacre of Dr. Peters and his party. The European who escaped is Lieutenant Fredemann, a companion of Dr. Peters, who was wounded. The Boroher column did not join Dr. Peters' column.

KNOW HIS DANGER. The relief committee state that at last reports Dr. Peters was in the district of Matakela, September 12, with Lieut. Thodemann and only 25 soldiers. He was fully conscious of the dangers threatening him. It is not unlikely that the Somalis joined the Masais. The National Zeitung says: "Dr. Peters fell honorably as a soldier. He was a victim of his own convictions. Should the German colony develop as he hoped, he will always be gratefully remembered as the founder."

The Tagblatt reproaches those who lacked the expedition to proceed while lacking necessary means and in spite of warnings. The North German Gazette endorses the opinion of the Frankfurt Gazette that the Emin relief committee of London is purposefully keeping the public in the dark regarding the news from Henry M. Stanley.

ZANZIBAR, November 7.—Dr. Peters' party was massacred near Korkoro, on the Tana river. One European, supposed to be Capt. Rust, and one Somali escaped. The party are supposed to have been killed by the Somalis or the Gallas, though the Masais are credited with the butchery. It is unlikely that the Masais had a hand in the massacre as their country is further west. Korkoro is 150 miles from the coast, following the course of the Tana river. The latter forms the eastern boundary of the British East African company's territory. Dr. Peters, in following the course of the Tana, established German stations on the east bank to the great disgust of the English, who finally headed him off and followed his example. Though his ostensible object was to relieve Emin Pasha, he lost no opportunity of advancing German interests, and thus gained the enmity of the British African company and its allies. Korkoro is in a part of the country beyond British influence, and is inhabited by the Gallas and the Somalis, both warlike tribes. There are no details of the massacre, but no doubt is entertained of the death of Dr. Peters and the extinction of his expedition.

It is reported that the German flag has been hoisted at Port Durford. Capt. Wiemann, with a large force, will attack Saadoni to-night.

BRITAIN, November 7.—While the Peters' expedition was ascending Tana river Lieut. Tiedmann, in a quarrel, was compelled to shoot four Masais. It is probable, therefore, that vengeance was the motive for the massacre of the party.

WHAT ENGLAND THINKS OF IT. LONDON, November 7.—Though the enterprise of Dr. Peters was widely viewed in England, as his main object was believed to be the establishment of German trading stations, the Chronicle says: "The news of the massacre of Dr. Peters and his party must have sent a thrill of emotion throughout Europe, but it seems strange that in exploration, and in colonization, the Germans do not succeed like the English. They do not apparently understand the art of getting on with native races. They evidently rely more on force than on conciliation. The English have been eminently successful in their dealings with natives. No such disaster as that which has befallen Dr. Peters' expedition has overtaken any of the expeditions which have been started under English leadership from Zanzibar since the days when Burton and Speke first penetrated to the interior of the dark continent."

The Times says: "The news of poor Peters' death and further details about Stanley and Emin Pasha absorb public attention."

The Standard says: "Another distinguished man has to be added to the gloomy death roll of African exploration and adventure."

The News says: "Dr. Peters falls an honored victim to his zeal in the service of his country. We can feel nothing but sorrow for his untimely death. Africa is wide enough for us and for those he served, and every pioneer of civilization in the wilderness is a pioneer for the entire race. Dr. Peters has been denied the glorious fortune which has been reserved for Stanley, and which has been fairly won by the judgment, courage and inexhaustible energy of that prince of explorers."

A New Papal Encyclical. NEW YORK, November 6. The correspondent of the Catholic Review at Rome writes that the Pope has completed, after two years' labor, an encyclical on the social question. It is divided into two parts, one philosophical and doctrinal, the other of practical application. The first part will be wholly original, and the second part will recapitulate teaching already given. The Pope has consulted the most notable authorities on the social question, especially Cardinal Manning, about pacific arbitration to settle differences between employers and operators. The correspondent says that it is probable the encyclical will be issued near the end of this month.

"Our paper is two days late this week," writes a Nebraska editor, "owing to an accident to our press. When we started to run the edition on Wednesday night, as usual, one of the galleys gave way, allowing the forward galley to fall and break as it struck the flunker's lipper. This, of course, as any one who knows anything about a press will readily understand, left the galley plank with only the flipper to support it, which also dropped and broke off the wapperohoko. This loosened the flanking between the raised and the fibberanotcher, which also caused trouble. The report that the trouble was caused by over indulgence in intoxicating stimulants by ourself is a tissue of lies, the puffed appearance of our right eye being caused by our going into the bath, and the press in our anxiety to start it, and pulling the coupling pin after the slapping was broken, which caused the dingy to rise up and waltz us in the optic. We expect a grand new galderfinks on this afternoon's train." —Chicago Tribune.

Humorist.—"I suppose this little joke will go at regular rates if accepted?" Editor.—"Yes, I guess so. It is too old to travel for half-a-year longer." —Terre Haute Express.



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An Exciting Ocean Race.

NEW YORK, November 7.—One of the most exciting ocean races that has ever been recorded was finished yesterday afternoon, when the two famous ocean greyhounds, the Teutonic of the White Star Line and the City of New York of the Inman line, rushed past the Sandy Hook Lightship within a few minutes of each other. The Teutonic won by a neck, her corrected time being thirty minutes less than that of the New York. On Thursday, October 31, the New York steamed out of Queenstown, passing Roche's Point, where the course of the ocean race begins, at 1.45 p.m. Her rival followed at 2.33 p.m. The goal was passed by the New York at 5.05 and by the Teutonic at 5.14 p.m. yesterday.

Great enthusiasm prevailed on board the New York as she passed over the line and started upon the race. There was a strong gale, with a choppy cross sea, to contend with, but the great ship ploughed swiftly along. Next morning those who glanced astern saw nothing of the Teutonic. At noon the log showed that the run since leaving Queenstown had been 354 miles. During the afternoon there was a noticeable decrease in the speed of the vessel owing to the fact that the port engines were slightly out of order. For three hours the New York was handicapped by the defect to her machinery. At length the outlines of a great ship began to rise out of the sea in her wake, and finally the Teutonic was made out gaining rapidly upon them. But the defect was overcome, and the New York plucked up her former high rate of speed. When night closed in the Teutonic was still in sight, but some miles in their wake. The head gale and choppy sea abated but slightly during the night. Next morning the Teutonic was seen in the same relative position as on the evening before.

All day long the New York held her lead, and all day the Teutonic kept close behind her. At noon the day's run of the New York was announced as having been 417 miles. During the following twenty-four hours the two vessels held the same relative positions as on the previous day. The New York's run at noon was given as 461 miles. During the twenty-four hours that followed, and which ended Monday noon, the New York drew ahead about four miles, to the great delight of all on board of her. The weather was improving, and the day's run was found to be 434 miles. Then for another 24 hours the New York held her lead, but was unable to gain a single mile upon her swift rival. This day's work was 482 miles. During the next 24 hours, which ended yesterday at noon, the New York made 478 miles. But, in the meantime, the Teutonic had gained considerably, and made 495 miles, the best single day's run for the race. The New York's 40 fliers claim that they were delayed at this time in order to take a pilot on board, but they did not see the Teutonic stop for a pilot. At noon the Teutonic was only a few miles astern.

Soon the ships were struggling to finish, the Teutonic gradually forging ahead. The afternoon's work of the New York was 116 miles. The day's runs of the Teutonic were 330, 426, 481, 470, 482, 495 and 116. The correct time of the Teutonic, allowing a difference of 4 hours 22 minutes between Queenstown and New York was 6 days 7 hours and 3 minutes. The correct time of the New York was 6 days 7 hours and 33 minutes. The former travelled 2,780 miles and the latter 2,776.

The New York which has usually beaten the Teutonic in her races with that vessel, has made a record of 6 days 4 hours and 17 minutes, the best time that either has yet made.

What a man seeks, that he finds. What he wills, that he can; what he prays for himself, that he attains—only he must not desire impossible things. Men are often capable of greater things than they are aware of. They are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent. —Horace Walpole.

Childhood often holds a truth with its feeble fingers which the grasp of manhood cannot retain, and which it is the pride of utmost age to recover. —John Ruskin.