I was recommended change. It had been impressed upon my father, a member of the French Senate, and my mother, and all the relatives anxious in me and for me, that only perfect change would do me any good. I was in a low way and wanted reusing. I was in a bad way, and fresh air and foreign was in a bad way, and fresh air and foreign was in a bad way, and fresh air and foreign scene and character might bring about a better state of mind, if I were willing to help myself, they hoped. It was as if they doubt-ed that from the outset; it was as if I doubt-ed it myself, knowing what help I wanted, and how useless any efforts of my own would

Assuredly be.

Yes, I was in a bad way—even for a young Frenchman. I had reflected too much, they told me—I had studied too hard—I had become too philosophical and argumentative. I was versed in all the theories of the French and German "schools;" I had analyzed all beliefs, and yet believed in very little. They said at home that I was reading myself to death.

death.

They were partly right and partly wrong. I had lost energy and strength of late; I had become merbid and misanthropical, and I let them send me abroad, stipulating for only one condition—that I should be allowed to go alone. I was an only son, and accustomed to my own company. I was conceited enough to think that there was nothing like it, having a fair opinion of myself, and implicit credence in my own wild speculations. My one ambition was to be the founder of a new sect, but friends held aloof very wisely, and thought that I was going mad.

thirtiends held aloof very wisely, and thought that I was going mad.

It is possible that I was not very wise, and that people saw a change in me; they called sue a clever fellow, but they were not anxions for my company. I was too deep for them, and I knew too much, they said, of everything but—men and woman and the world! If this was satire, it was true enough. My world had been all books and all philosophies, and I cared for little else. Men I doubted, women I thought childiah and vain, and the world I knew was selfish to its backbone.

Still, I would go a broad. They were anxious about it at home, where I had no wish to stay; I was killing myself by over-study, and I had no particular desire to die, though life seemed a dull and commonplace affair to me.

me.

I chose England for a resting-place. They were curious folk in England, I had heard, and there I might be fortunate enough to meet a kindred spirit, a somebody to understand me and sympathize with all my aspirations, my schemes, for the general good of a community which in the aggregate I despised

Already.

I found no one of my tastes and feelings; I was an enthusiast, and English folk were alself of me. I raved and gesticulated too most for them in my heat of argument, and they were glad to get away. In this English country I had selt better for a while; but the dead were of an indifference to make country I had selt better for a while; but the deep, deadly sense of an indifference to mankind came to me again, born of my experience of shallow men, and I passed from London to the sea-side—making toward my native France again after months of change which had done me little good. This was the first step toward a new life—to the romance and mystery floating beyond the world of science and soler fact in which I had been submergand soler fact in which I had been submergand. ed. As the poets say, my time had come at last—my fate had stepped across the border-land toward me. And fate was a woman, of

fate, then-a dark-haired, dark-eyed lady of above the middle height, a young lady in grey, whose years had not numbered a score, and who was so strangely beautiful that people and who was so strangely occurred that people gazed at her, as at a picture by some master-hand, crossed my path, entered the same railway carriage with me, glanced critically but not boldly at the faces of her fellow-passengers, and then looked steadily from the window until the train was moving from the

station.

Hers was a face which attracted mer at once, although until that hour I had been a woman-hater. It was hardly its beauty—say, rather, the strangeness of its beauty and the depth of its expression. There was greatintelligence, I was sure, behind those well-drawn features—there was a deep sadness even, endeavouring to disguise itself by a set immobility—there were trouble and anxiety, but there was also the courage to resist. I thought all this as I watched my fellow. thought all this, as I watched my fellow-traveller; and I sketched a story from her face very far from the truth—as was natural, deep thinker though I was.

She did not seem to notice those who travelled with her again; to the end of her journey she read numerous letters, which she drew from a small value resting on her lap, letters which were in various handwritings, letters which were in various handwritings, and bone always foreign post-marks. Once or twice during the persual of these epistles I observed that ahe smiled—smiled brightly and hopefully—and the light upon her face then was very fair to see. That she attracted me strangely, I have said; and that it was not for her beauty, I was assured. One of my facts or fallacies, in which the world would not believe, was that there were men or women, or both, born to meet each other at a predestined period of life, who were forever steadily approaching to one fixed point, and were all their lives directly or indirectly influencing each other by strange subtle and were all their lives directly or indirectly luftuencing each other by strange subtle means, of which philosophy knew nothing and cared less. And this might be the life that had been waiting for me, and was already influencing my own. I did not think so at the time, although impressed by the sad, thoughtful face—by the story in it, and marvelling already why she travelled alone, and what her mission on this weary earth might less.

I searcely thought so at the hotel at Folke-I searcely thought so at the hotel at Folkestone, where we met again, although I was struck by the coincidence which took her there, and which sat her by my side at the table d'hôte, where she ate little and thought deeply, and seemed unconscious of the admirting, curious, thoughtful glances bestowed freely upon her by the guests. It struck me even that she was scarcely a stranger there, and that people seemed to recognize her; once the manager of the hotel came and apoke to her, and bowed obsequiously to certain orders which she gave to him in a low woice. She wore at dinner the same dark grey dress with which she had travelled with grey dress with which she had travelled with me frem London, and her hands, which were now ungloved, were totally destitute of rings. No one spoke to her, and she spoke to no one; but she was not embarrassed by the isolation of her position—on the contrary, looked steadily and almost critically about here at times as if expectant of a friend.

her at times, as if expectant of a friend.

I did not address her, on my own part, albeit strangely tempted once or twice. I was preternaturally reserved by the habits of my youth, and there was a doubt in my mind whether she might not take it as an offerni whether she might not take it as an offence, and resent it. I did not believe she had reand resent it. I did not believe she had recognized me as her travelling companion, and
I thought she was English and more reserved
than I even. Before the table d'hôte was
quite finished she rose and walked gracefully
the full length of the dining-room, looking at
the guests, as she passed on, as if half-expectant still of the friend among them somewhere, but betraying no emotion or embarrassment at the attention which she received
in return. As she passed from the room, a
short, stout man, who had sat on the other
side of her, and who was to me the very personification of vulgarity, with his greasy face sonification of vulgarity, with his greasy face and coarse, broad smile, leaned across the chair left vacant between us by her departure, and said in a loud voice :

lady in grey is back again, after all. I took odds on the event last month."
I did not respond at first; then a new curiity led me to ask questions of this familian

'Is she often here ?" I asked. "Is she often here?" I asked.

"Oh!yes, very often," he replied; "winter, as well as summer, I run against het. Always the same stand-offish style. I can't bear stuck-up people. And always in that grey dress, or in a dress of the same colour—hanged if I know which."

"Is there anything remarkable in her being here? You are here very often yourself, I presume?"

Miss Grey, as I call her | I've b and her other name, but dashed if I can (all it to mind, and the more I see of her the less I make her out. She's just as much on the other side of the Channel, always at the Grand Hotel, Boulogne, and always nothing to do but dawdle about the place reading lots of letters. I've seen her sit for yours on the beach outside, too, staring at the sea like a woman melancholy mad; you will see her yourself to-morrow. She's an ocid one, I can tell you; quits a mystery here."

"Indeed!" I said, growing bired of my friend's loquacity, which was not to be readily suppressed now.

"You're in the wine trade, sin't you!" he said suddenly; "haven't I me! you!"

"I am not in the wine trade, sin't you!" he said suddenly; "haven't I me! you!"

"I am not in the wine trade, sin't you!" he said suddenly; "haven't I me! you!"

"Oh! I see, a regular gent, 'aking it easy.

wade."

"Oh! I see, a regular gent, well, there's nothing like it, if the coin will hold out. French, of course?"

"Yes, I am a Frenchman."

"Going across to-morrow—or going to make a stay here! I go across to-morrow," he added, by way of an extra inducement for me to continue my journey. That last remark decided my course of action.

"I shall remain here a few days," I replied.

"I shall remain here a few days," I replied.

"If you make it a few weeks, I shall be back again. My name's Sannders."

I did not reciprocate his confidence; I was tired of the man's obtrustiveness, and anxious to get away from him. I did not think that he would trouble me presently and be one of the links of a chain that was being forged already for me. I only knew that here was a specimen of the English bagman highly developed, and that every word he said jarred upon me unpleasantly. I got up to withdraw: the disner was over, and I cared not to linger over had wine and an indifferent dessert.

dessert.

"I'll give you one tip before you go," he said, touching my arm and grinning at me; "don't try it on with the lady in grey. She don't care to speak to anybody, and she can shut you up with half a look. By George, it is a scorcher of a look, pretty as she is! I shan't forget her in a hurry—I wouldn't have sat here I I had known she was coming this evening. If you're going to have a cigar anywhere, Bill Saunders is your man, you know."

"Thank you—I shall be engaged this even

"Thank you—I shall be engaged this evening."

"Oh I no offence—just as you like—I'm never hard up for a pal."

I thought this was the end of Mr. Saunders, and that he was not likely to cross my path again. I had not met a man before whom I had so quickly disliked as he. This was the Englishman of the farce—more like the beings my countrymen depicted than any I had encountered yet.

I went out to the high road, and the parade upon the sea, walking past the few holiday

pen the sea, walking past the few holiday olk left, and the band that was braying fo folk left, and the band that was braying for their amusement, walking on as far as Sandguste and descending the cliffs to the lower read, where I found that there was a return route nearer to the sea. The evenings were drawing in at that period. It was the middle of October, when the night falls early and the breeze from the sea is keen and dold after sundown. I walked back toward my hotel at a rapid rate; half-way toward folkestone I came upon the lady in grey walking as rapidly in the opposite direction. I was sure it was she; there was a grace and manner distinctive enough to betray her even in the darkness.

tive enough to betray her even in the darkness.

To my surprise, she advanced toward me, and I stopped and raised my hat. She did not recognize me, it seemed.

"Can you tell me how far it is to Hythe, cir, by this road?" she inquired in haste.

"No, madam, I am a stranger here."

"I think it is near Sandgate, but I am not sure. Thank you, "she said; then she passed me and went on swiftly again into the shadows, where she was lost.

I was bewildered—the lady in grey had a mission to fulfil, and there was a mystery in it and her isolated life. It was not my business to interfere with it, and it was wholly unlike me to become impressed so quickly by other people's movements, but I was interested in her—aye, and drawn thward her?

I saw no more of her the following day: she was not at the table d'hôte in the svening, as I had expected.

Old patrons of this hotel, men and women who were forever in its precincts, spoke of her to my surreise at the dinner she with.

her to my surprise at the dinner-table with a freedom which I—perfect stranger to her though I was—felt disposed to resent.

"Miss Grey is on the wing again," a red faced, white-moustached man said, with a short laugh.

faced, white-moustached man said, with a short laugh.

"Quite a romance, this flitting," answered the lady to whom he spoke; "I should be glad to know her history."

"You may depend upon it you never will," answered the first speaker.

"She is very young, and so very quiet too, or I should have thought—" and then the lady stopped, not knowing what she thought, or not caring to confess it.

"I declare I would not come here at all, or bring my innocent daughters here, if Monsieur De Lorme" (this was the proprietor of the hotel) "had not assured me that she came to him with the highest credentials from abroad."

"Ah! these Frenchmen will say anything."

came to him with the highest credentials from abroad."

"Ah! these Frenchmen will say anything."

"I can't help thinking she's an actress."

"Or an adventurees," said another voice—another lady's voice too, "or worse. I have no confidence in fladies with a mystery; the mystery is always worthless and discreditable."

ble."
"Not always but very often certainly," said one more charitably disposed.
She was at the hotel the following day, and I seemed waiting for her. I knew that she had arrived late last night: a knew that she had arrived late last night: a chance inquiry of an inquisitive visitor at the breakfast table had given me the news. I saw her in the morning reading on the beach, sitting apart from the few visitors who were there, and deeply interested in her book. I do not believe she looked up from her volume once, even to regard the sea, foaming and lashing against the shingle furiously that day. I sat at a distance watching this mysterious lady, and hardly conscious I was watching her.

lady, and hardly conscious I was watching her.

At the dinner-table we were together once more. Strangely enough, I had chosen the seat next her again. As she came down the room I felt my heart beating faster than its wont, lest she should pass the chair vacant on the left. For a mement she paused, and even hesitated, then took the seat and looked for an instant at me.

Before I could remember the commercial traveller's story of face austere reserve, or think even of my own, by an impulse for which I could hardly account, save that it was natural to be courteous to one whose face had grown familiar as a guest's, I bowed low and murmured, good evening.

She returned my salutation promptly and with a faint smile, at least of the same that allows a I had almost anticipated and feared from the traveller's legend of two nights ago.

two nights ago.
"Good evening," she replied.
She seemed less thoughtful and more observant—numbers had thinned at the hotel; the old gentleman with the white moustache had gone to Loadon; Saunders, of the firm of Toats & Twirl, had not returned from of loan & Iwiri, had not returned from Paris; one or two new faces, pale with the voyage across, were at the dinner-table; several of the olf were missing.

I was wondering if I dared speak to her again, when she addressed me so suddenly that I started and coloured.

"Do you intend a long stay here?" she in-

"Do you intend a long stay here?" she inquired.

"I—I hardly know, madam. I am not pressed for time."

"It is not a place where much amusement is to be found at this time of the year—the mights are long and the air is cold."

"I am travelling for my health, unfortunately—not for amusement."

"Indeed!" she said, with some interest in her tone of voice. "I should not have thought you were an invalid."

"I dispute the assertion myself at home—but there are friends in France who will not take my word."

take my word."
"You are French?"
"Oh, yes."
"You speak English excellently—it's only
your appearance which is French."

and a contract of the same of the

hirse me thus carry managed; it was all very a had become acquainted; it was all very mange—I could see some wondering looks cross the table at us—but it was a pleasant shought to me. She was particularly observant, for suddenly a little musical language scaped her, and she said in a low tone:

"Our good friends opposite are taking it for granted that we have met before. It is so seldom that I care to speak to anyone at this place—certainly not to any Englishman."

"You are French, then, also?"

"My father is French, my mother was an Englishwoman."

Englishwoman."

It was on the tip of my tongue to ask her where her father was living, and why she was always travelling alone; in my eager curiosity the question had nearly escaped me. But I was silent, and to my great surprise she appeared to reply to my thoughts, as though it had been easy to read them for herself.

"A father was made assemble secretary and asse

"A father very much engaged compels me to rely upon my own resources a great deal, and I am fond of travelling about and study-ing human nature. It is my profession, in fact."

ing numan nature. It is my profession, in fact."

"You write?"

"A little—for a living. And you," she added, regarding me very steadily, "unless I am greatly mistaken, are one of the grand army of letters also?"

"No, madame; I do not write."

"Ah! you are modest and conceal the truth," she said, smiling.

"I am only a dreamer, they tell me at home," I answered, "and I have come to England to dream on. I have no wish to turn my-pen to profit—I am neither newelist, dramatist, nor poet."

"Nor poet," she repeated to herself.

"Only a dreamer, madame. I had a hope one day to say philosopher, but that is dying out."

out."

"As fast as other dreams—ah! they soon fade," she murmured.

She did not say any more; it seemed almost as if she had turned from me, disappointed that her estimate of me had been incorrect. I was only one of the crowd that she had taken so much pains to avoid, and there was no sympathy between us. This was a clever woman, and I was a weak fool. I had said too much, and let her see how shallow I was, and she did not care for my boy's philosophy.

I made no further effort to engage ther in conversation; my pride told me she was tired

I made no further effort to engage ther in conversation; my pride told me she was tired of me, and I was very quickly silent. It was only after she had withdrawn that I felt. I had loet an advantage in her eyes, and that I might have said something to prove at least that I had thought a great deal. I noticed that I was regarded with some suspicion by the guests, and I knew afterward that it was the first time the young lady in grey had been seen to converse at length with any of the visitors at the hotel. I was the favoured one—or the old friend lurking about in disguise, and for some hidden purpose which they hoped to fathom presently.

The next day I had made up my mind to cross the Channel and proceed homeward, but my plans were all upset by last night's conversation. I was a man under a spell—here was the unseen, incomprehensible motive force in which I believed, and which was drawing me toward this mystery, and making the young Frenchwoman a part of my waking life. The dreams had vanished, and she was here in the foreground to ensnare or counsel me—to exercise a supernatural power over me, if she were vain and fond of power. I did not own—I could not think at this time—that it was simply love for her which was affecting me. I had no belief in the love of

did not own—I sould not think at this time—that it was simply love for her which was affecting me. I had no belief in the love of man for woman—I would more readily place credence in my theory of mysterious attraction, which was but a heart's deep passion under another name. I was a weakling boasting of my strength, but I was close upon my knowledge of the truth, and it would soon dismay me. I did not know what havoc love could make in a man naturally weak, and naturally anxious to be trusted.

We became friends, Virginie and L. The ice once broken between two reserved natures, each alone in a strange country, and each not one and-twenty, and there was no freezing again of her demeanour toward me. If she did not look up to me, she respected me at least, and the smile with which she met

me of a morning, her readiness to converse, to speak of her tamily and mine, to let me by degrees learn something of her and tell her not a little of myself, were ties to draw me closer every day. I kniw that I loved her them

closer every day. I knew that I loved her then despite the mystery which still surrounded her, despite the assurance to my heart that she was not telling me her whole history, and that there would be more to learn some day. I could not expect implicit confidence from her, and yet she hall had entire confidence from me. I felt that I could trust her, I was only secretly pained that she could not put her faith in me.

Presently she knew all my life, my ambitions, my wild theories, out of many of which she reasoned me with keen, incisive arguments that proved how much stronger and brighter this mind was than my own; she was my junior by 18 months, but I was like a child in the hands of its mother when she took me to task, and railed at my speculations.

tions.
"You are very weak, Armand," she said to me one day, and with so pitying a look in her eyes that I winced under it. "I could

to me one day, and with so pitying a look in her eyes that I winced under it. "I could wish, for your sake, that you were a stronger-minded man."

"You think I am easily led away, then?"

"I hardly know what to think of you," she said sally, "oe what..."

"Well?" Fasked, as she paused.

"Or what will become of you," she added.

"Without you..." I said impulsively;
"ah! I don't know now!"

She coloured. She had not been prepared for so hasty an outburst of my feelings...I was not prepared myself. The very misery of my tone of voice perhaps convinced her, for the first time, of the deep love I had for her. She was surprised, and for a moment abashed...she know my secret now, and was too wise to shem wholly to misinterpret it. She was above so womanly an affectation,

We were sitting at the pier-head together, waiting for the Channel boat's arrival. It was wintry weather, and no one was abroad that day but ourselves. The wind was coming fiercely across the sea, and the clouds were threatening rain. The holiday visitors had all flown homeward, and there was only life and bustle in the little harbour beyond, and two strange hearts trying perhaps to under, stand each other here, and one failing very miserably.

"You will be soon going home for good," she said, after an awkward silence; "I fancy even that your friends are growing anxious."

"What makes you think this?" I asked quickly.

"What makes you think this?" I asked "What makes you should have quickly.

"Letters come more frequently to you, and you are sad after their persual."

"Just as if I did not care to return to the home to which I am summoned!" I added,

with a forced laugh.

"And that is true, too ?"

"Yes—quite true," I answered, "and you know it."

"Yes—quite true," I answered, "and you know it."

She regarded me very steadily now, and looked ne longer away. The crisis had come, and she was prepared for it.

"Because you leave me here, and after a fashion," she shivered, as with the northern blast, "we have become triends."

"Oh! you speak bitterly," I cried, "but God knows that you are a friend that is very dear to me. To lose you is to submerge my whole life, which I would rather part with than say good-bye."

"Why! this is the rawing of a man on the stage, Armand," she said warmly, "and I will beg of you to cease."

"Oh! I know you don't care for me—that I am never likely to be more in your estimation than a madman and a misanthripe—that we see not even suited to each other, but," I added, "I can'thelp loving you, or saying so, any more than I can help breathing. It is the plain truth, and you may as well know it, Virginie."

She looked at me with the same steady, pitying look.

"I am very sorry to hear it."

"And it is no news to you," I added.

said—and it will be natural on your part, if not now—presently."

"Impossible."

"Idon't know," she answered very thoughtfully; "your self-love is wounded when I tell you it is hopeless that I can think of you as one dear to me in any way—or as one even with whom I shall be sorry to part."

"Ah i don't say that. Spare me a little,"

"Not sorry, because I am sure it is for the best. What would your father say to such a mealliance as you have had in your thoughts?—what would he, a French officer and gentleman, think of it, a power in the Senate, a Mimister of the State? Have you not told me more than once how proud he is—and is there not that about my lite which is not to be explained?"

She spoke fearlessly now, but she was startled by my answer. Prepared for many eccentricities on my part, she was not prepared for this.

"My tathers to swood but he lower his see."

for the first time in her life she was not a woman alone to me.

I shrank back—I could have stolen away for good—forever from her. This was the meeting, then, and this her answer?

I stood by the light-house still. There came a second thought to me that this could not be the end of all, that she would approach and offer some words of explanation, perhaps of comfort, to me. In my wild theory I had faith enough yet to believe that she would come to me.

And she came. With her hood thrown back and tears brimming in her eyes she advanced, both hands extended to me. The tall man by whom she was accompanied stood, like a sentinel, in the background, some flifty paces away, as though he respected us, and would leave us to ourselves.

"Virginie!" I cried, "you have returned—you have come back to me!"

I had forgotten everything at the sight of her, at the contact of her hands with mine. I remembered only that I loved her desperately.

"Armend, I have come to ask your foroccentricities on my part, she was not prepar of for this.

"My father is groud, but he loves his son,' I said. "Here is his answer to your ques-tion."

"His answer!" she cried, in her amazement.

"I have no secrets from him. I wrote and told him all that was in my heart," I said.

"I spoke of my love for you, and of the one chance of peace and happiness which it afforded me."

"This was unwise, before you knew, or thought—"

"Read his letter, Virginie, and see what he says for himself and—for me."

I put my father's letter in her hands, which trembled very much as she received it—the face was of a new pallor also, and the fresh young lips were compressed as with a grief or pain. Her emotion gave me a new hope, and my heart bounded at once from the depth of its despair.

I watched her read the letter—I had strong faith in its contents impressing hier. It was

faith in its contents impressing her. It was the epistle of a loving father to an only son—of a man who was very anxious for his son's welfare, and had been for years terribly soli-

welfare, and had been for years ferribly solicitious concerning him.

"I shall be only too happy to see you united to a lady well educated, well born, and amiable," he wrote. "I can know of no bar to such a union, and I have not a word to urge against it. Strange as you are, Armand, I think I can trust your judgment in this matter, and I believe you are not the man to have set your affection on this lady hastily and without full reflection. More, I believe in her, as you do yourself. You give no particulars of her family—ask her, should she favour your suit in due course of time, to put me in communication with her parents, and let us all meet together with full and happy hearts."

let us all meet together with full and happy hearts."

There was more than this—news of home and of old friends, but the opistle returned to my love for Virginie again.

"Bring her to us at Dieppe, where we have gone for a holiday—she will be welcome," were his last words. Virginie read the letter carefully, and by degrees was firm and calm again.

"Yes, this is a trusting father," she murmured, "and I have always thought him cruel and exacting—one," she added quickly, "who by his austerity and want of sympathy with you had driven you from home. See how easy it is to judge, and judge falsely."

"You thought this of my father, Virginie!"

"Yes. You were a man so ill-trained and wild," she answered," "that your youth had been uncared for, or cared for too much, I felt assured. But what would be think of me? You have not told him that I am alone here, to many an object of suspicion, and to many more incomprehensible. I am a woman alone "and there is always a doubt over such an anomaly, and the world has a right to be wary of her."

She spoke indignantly, and beat the letter I had given her on the palm of her gloved hand.

hand.

"But you can defy the world—there is no mystery which you cannot clear—there is—"

"There is nothing but resignation to my position," said Virginis. "I cannot defy the world, and it is beyond my power to explain."

"I ask for no explanation—I will be content with you," I cried. "Give me only hope to win you, and I shall care for nothing else."

"That is romance, and we are in a prosaic

tent with you," I cried. "Give me only hope to win you, and I shall care for nothing else."

"That is romance, and we are in a prosaic world, Armand. Still," she added, after a pause, "I thank you for all your faith in me; it is far more than I deserve."

"And you will..."

"I will think again," she added, with the old puzzled, pitying look returning to her face. "Give me four days to consider everything; leave me this letter to offer me some strength, even—your father's words of faith in the woman his son loves—and meet me here four days hence, in the Christmas week approaching. Will you?"

"Will I!" I cried. "Oh! with what hope and with what prayers will I wait! And meanwhile."

"Meanwhile, leave me to myself—don't watch me," she added, with a new and terrified look, "for I am afraid of you and of my own strength, and am desperately unhappy. I may remain here, I may disappear; but do not say a word to me again until we meet in this place. Fremise!"

I promised her, and she rose, and in an impatient, agitated way waved me from her. The ordeal of my silence had commenced; the beginning of many hopes and bright visions from a roseste cloudland had set in, to be followed by hours of deep regrets and unavailing doubts.

It was the traveller Saunders who turned my secret joys and hopes to a grief bitter and incomsolable. He had been away dome months in lieu of weeks, and was full of spirits at the result of his travels and the commissions he had obtained. In his horrible frankness he told me what he had earned, what business he had tradisceed, and how immensely he had been admired abroad by everybody—male and female, he added, with a wink.

"And that reminds me of the grey lady—you remember the grey lady who was here

Solomon was a great man and a wise man is had been admired abroad by everybody male and female, he added, with a wink.

"And that reminds me of the grey lady—you remember the grey lady who was here you came down?"

"Yes—I remember."

"I met her in Faris yesterday—and of all places in the world, guess where?"

"I am not handy at guessing." I said, with a sickening feeling at my heart; "I do not acre to guess."

"At the Bal-mangué at the Opera, then—the biggest swell of all. No more of your grey suits and simpering smiles—oh! trust her."

"Are you sure of this? This must be a lie, for certain."

"Hallo! draw it mild, old fellow, please," he cried.

"She was at a masquerade?"

"Hallo! draw it mild, old fellow, please," he cried.

"The world is like a skating park, nice there day with a coffin under yon.—New York the contain. It was just for a moment, and then pool—gone."

"You may have been deceived."

"You may have been deceived."

"You may have been deceived."

"I am never deceived in my life," was the boastful raply; "I am a thundering sight too ents for that."

It seemed impossible that I could place redence in this, but it impressed me. She the disappeared from the hotel—the waiter, whom I bribed into my confidence, told me at he had left for France by the mail-boat on the very day she had implored my allence. It was so like the truth, and yet so like a base in front more miserable than ever. When the four days had expired, I returned to Folkestone in the old, hosterous Christmas week, and took up my place at the little light-house

where I had parted from her last. I believed she would return. In all my agonizing doubts of her, I did not doubt her word. And after that, the accusation—and the last fare-well. The woman triumphant, perhaps, but the man no longer the dupe of his implicit trust in her.

A singing school has been started at Burritt's Rapids, and is said to be quite a success.

The Lindsay Post and the Omemee Warder are at war on the merits of the recent Irwin the man no longer the dupe of his implicit trust in her.

I was before my time; and before its time, also, hurled over by a fierce wind and tide in its favour, came the Channel boat. It swept in storm-tossed and panting, and I looked down upon its drenched deck from the pier-bead as if in search of her, and as if assured ahe would be there.

And I was not mistaken. It was she, paler and more beautiful even, whose face looked at me from beneath the hood, and did not smile a recognition. By her side and with her two hands linked upon his arm, was a tall, grey-haired man of some fifty years—for the first time in her life she was not a woman alone to me.

Almonte having been erected into a town, a Public School Board of six new trustees has been selected by acclamation.

The cadeta belonging to the Royal Military College returned to their duties on Monday, 3rd instant, having had twelve days' leave of absence.

Napance is quite excited over the alleged "vast expenditure" of moneys for school purposes during the year 1880. An indignation meeting has been called by requisition of the mayor.

Mr. Bowerman, of Ameliasburg, and the other teachers have advantageously changed the character of the ordinary Christmas school examinations to that of a "grand review" of the year's work.

The question as to how far a trustee can

hours.

The officer appointed to take the school census for London has just completed his work, and from his returns it is found that, so far as can be ascertained, there are at present 4,360 children in London, as compared with 4,672 in 1877, 4,364 in 1878, and 4,447 in 1879, showing a slight decrease on former years.

"Armand, I have come to ask your forgiveness, if you will grant it to me—as I pray
you will."

"What does it mean?"

"That I have deceived you, in my own
selfish interests, very cruelly; and that I
have only your hate to look to."

"That man—who is he?" Three silver medals were awarded at the Almonte High School examination—one for ex-cellence in French and all the subject branches; the second for excellence in Latin and all the English branches; the third to the pupil who

"My father—an escaped prisoner from the French Government—a political refugee who stands at last where tyranny cannot touch him. I have been living here, and watching here, two years, in the hope of his escape. I have waited for him, oh! so long and hopelessly until you.—" At the entertainment given by the scholars of the Mount Elgin Public School, Mr. J. C. lessly, until you—"
"Your father!" I exclaimed; "oh! thank
God! let me go to him—let me—" Hegler, barrister, of Ingersoll, presented a silver medal to Miss Susan C. Smith, she having won the most marks during the year at the regular monthly examinations. There "No -please, no for my sake."
"Is there another mystery—do I know all the truth, Virginie?"
"Not yet."
"Ha! Is it true that you were in Paris

at the regular monthly examinations. There were also three presentations on this occasion, one to the head master, one to his assistant, and one to Mr. Hegler himself.

The Stratford Board of Education have unanimously resolved to dissolve the union at present existing between the Public and High schools of that town. It is proposed that the debt of \$30,000 on the High school building be assumed by the new High School Board, and that the Public School Board pay a rent to the High School Board of \$500 a year for the use of the second flat in the new a rent to the High School Board of \$500 a year for the use of the second flat in the new school building. These details will be dis-

At one of the Christmas examinations held At one of the Christmas examinations held at a school in the country, a pleasing feature was introduced. One or two of the best pupils in spelling, addition, geography, &c., were selected for competition in each subject. Questions in these various studies were put to the young aspirants till ope or other failed. Great merriment was occasioned when one of those who remained standing for some time was at length overcome by for some time was at length overcome some knotty point.

souls plotted his deliverance."

"But—"

"But—"

"But I was a spy, Armand, to you," she continued. "It was the knowledge that you were travelling in England that set me on your track. Orders were telegraphed to me to seek you out—to make you my friend—you, son of the Minister—to deceive you. And," she added sorrowfully, "I have done so."

"A spy!" I echoed; "a spy!"

"For my father's sake—a spy. Yes, that is all I am—and all I have been—and can ever be to you. And if you will forgive me, knowing how I loved that father, and how cruelly he had been treated by his enemies—if you will only say forgiveness I shall be happy presently."

"You should be happy now—you have attained all that you strove for—why should any words of mine be of any comfort?"

"Because—it is only you whom I have deceived, and you thought so highly of me, and had so deep a faith. Because," she said, "it was by that letter which you left with me that we forged your father's signature to an order for the immediate release of one terribly unfortunate—because—"

"Ha! I remember; yes, that was treachery."

"It was a daughter's love surmounsing." graph album to the assistant teacher, Miss Seaton, by their pupils.

"It was a daughter's love surmounting every trust but one—because of that forgive me, Armand, if you can."
"I have been cruelly deceived." Bobcaygeon is proud of its two schools. They were put to the severe test of having their pupils examined, not by the teachers or trustees, but chiefly by local experts. The Independent says:—"The arithmetic class was examined almost entirely by visitors, and the rapidity with which questions of the nature of

"Because I am going away to make his life content—because you I shall never see again—forgive me, do i" I was silent.

"Because I am unhappy, even in the midst of my success—because we part thus, and forever—because, Armand, I had learned to love you very deeply at the last, and knew not what to do!"

"Verpine—is this true?" "Virginie—is this true?"
"Heaven be my witness that it is," she

"Then—"
"Nay—let me go my way now, forgiven by the only man I have loved—and deceived. God bless you—kiss me—and good-bye."
She held her face up to me like a little child, and I stooped and kissed it—sign of forgiveness and of my strange love for her.

Then she tottered away, and would have fallen, had I not hastened after her, and supported her steps toward the grim man waiting for his daughter. He raised his hat as we approached, and she passed from me to him—and I saw her no more in all my after life. proached, and sne passed trous and I saw her no more in all my after life.—

FUN AND FANCE.

"Then—"

ately.
"Armand, I have come to ask your for-

at the Opera Bal-masqué a few nights ago?"
"Quite true," she answered. "I met my
father's friends there, and it was in that

motley, dissipated crowd that some earnest souls plotted his deliverance."

A London hat manufacturer claims for him-self the title of "Universal Sympathizer," because, he says, he has felt for every one. Maiden lady's quotation slightly altered from an old aphorism:—" When singleness is bliss 'tis folly to be wives."—Rome Sentinel.

is bliss 'tis folly to be wives."—Rome Sentinel.

Before we decide whether drunkenness is a vice or an amiable weakness, we want to know whether the drunkard is a man of property or a tramp.—Boston Post.

When that fast Southern mail begin to arrive on time, some of our Texas contemporaries will be able to have an original editorial in every issue.—Galveston News.

When Greece was in her glory tramps were unknown. If a man started out to be one be unknown. If a man started out to be one he was recognized as a philosopher and given a fat position in the Government.—Detroit Free

Solomon was a great man and a wise man; but even Solomon couldn't sew a button on the back of his shirt collar without taking the shirt off, and we know it.—Keokuk Con-

EDUCATIONAL NOTES. CANADIAN.

Mr. J. P. Balfour, whose services have been dispensed with by the Clinton School Board, has been appointed second teacher in the Sarnia school at a salary of \$700 per an-

terfere with teachers in the administration of discipline in their schools was recently settled in Draper, where a trustee and J.P. was fined \$3 and costs for seeking to prevent a teacher from keeping in some of his pupils after school

stood first in the mathematical group. Two of the medals were given by Principal Mo-Gregor, and the third by Mr. Fawcett.

A prize, consisting of a gold dollar, was offered by the head master of the Thamesford public school, at the recent examinations, for the best recitation. The judges being unable to decide between the respective merits of two of the pupils, it was decided to give each a gold dollar. A fine gold pen, holder, and pencil was presented to the head master, Mr. W. F. Dickson, and a very handsome autograph album to the assistant teacher. Miss

rapidity with which questions of the nature of posers were solved was marvellous. The arithmetic of the senior classes astonished some, at least, of the spectators, and how they did it is like 'one of those things which no fellow can find out.'"

no fellow can find out."

Some statistics with regard to collegiate institutes in Ontario are given by the London Free Press. The rate per pupil, based upon teachers' salaries and average attendance, was in London, \$19; Hamilton, \$21.70; Brantford, \$22.90; Collingwood, \$19.60; Galt, \$24.19; Kingston, \$29.50; St. Catharines, \$27.70; Toronto, \$29; Ottawa, \$28.09; and all the high schools and collegiate institutes in Ontario, \$22.03. The attendance at the institutes compares as follows:—London, 297; Brantford, 280; Collingwood, 271; Galt, 270; Kingston, 132; Ottawa, 217; Pete boro', 221; St. Catharines, 264; Toronto, 302; Hamilton', 567. In the public schools the cost per pupil, based upon the average attendance, has been:—London, \$9.64; Hamilton, \$11.10; Ottawa, \$17.40; Toronto, \$14.32; and in all Ontario, \$13.05. In the United States the cost seems to be a little more than in this province.

ittle more than in this province,

Dartmouth College has decided to admit There are 1,302 Jews in attendance at Berin University.

lin University.

At Kazan University several learned professors are preparing to translate Shakespeare into the Tartan language.

Prof. Tracy Peck, the new professer of Latin at Yale College, wishes the Roman system of pronouncing Latin adopted there.

The New York School Journal denounces the action of the Land Leaguers, calling them Irish agitators, and saying that "the English Government will soon make an end of this

Harvard students, roused by the success of "Agameninon" at Oxford, have resolved to produce "Œdipus Tyrannus" in the original Greek. Whoever takes the part of Œdipus has the unenviable task of learning 700 lines of solid Greek before next May.

the unenviable task of learning 700 lines of solid Greek before next May.

The special committee of the New York city Board of Education reported at its last meeting in favour of reducing the salaries of all those employed under the Board of Education by 3½ per cent., and the salaries of all assistant superintendents by 10 per cent.

The rule of Jefferson (Mobile, U.S.) School Board, that any pupil absent six half days in four consecutive weeks without satisfactory excuse shall be suspended, has been held by the Judges of the Supreme Court of Missouri to be a reasonable and proper one. The judges were unanimous in their judgment.

The total number of teachers employed in the United States is 269,132, and in the territories 2,012. The salaries for men throughout the whole of the States and territories vary from \$28.22 per month to \$106, the latter sum being given in Nevada. The salaries of females vary from \$15.92 to \$34. In Maryland, Mississippi, and Indian territory the salaries of men and women are the same. The total annual school income throughout the United States is \$86,978,101, and the expenditure \$90,520,958. The expenditure per capits of the school population varies from 76 cents in North Carolina to \$24.78 among the Cherokees.

AMERICAN NOTES.

pulation of New England is 4,011,-The capital in the United States is estimated at \$32,000,000,000, and the average

ual income \$165. A dead panper's coat, at Fort Scott, Kansas, was found to be lined with \$500 in good money, which goes to the State, no heir appearing.

The city authorities of Chicago and the street car companies are fighting over the validity of an ordinance imposing a tax of \$50 on each street car.

According to the Oil City Derrick, Sara Bernhardt hung up her stocking on Chr. stmaseve and the only thing Santa Claus could put in it was a lightning rod.

There were twenty-five homicides committed in San Francisco last year, some of them of peculiar atrocity, and not one of the perpetrators has yet been convicted. A young French couple, who do not understand a word of English, were married the other day in Texas by a Justice of the Peace, who pronounced the ceremony in English. Eastport, Me., exported 65,000 cases of

sardines last year, worth \$650,000, against 25,000 in 1879. Seven new factories were erected, making thirteen now in operation. Three car-loads of silk worms, valued at \$1,000,000, arrived at New York over the Erie railroad on Wednesday last. They came from China by the way of San Francisco, and were shipped to France the next morning.

"What do you ask as salary?" said an American hotelkeeper to a young man whom he proposed to engage to attend his bar. "Five dollars per week with the run of the till," he replied, "or fifteen dollars without." Some Chicagoans have bought at Boston a whale weighing forty tons, and are taking it by rail to Chicago for exhibition. The carcase, fifty-five feet long, is imbedded in ice on two platform cars, and two tons of ice have been shovelled into its stomach.

Somebody advertises in a Utica paper a valuable gold pin, found by him and two companions in a street of that city August 12th, 1831. The pin bore two initials, with "Obt., 17 Oct., 1819," and the advertiser says that possibly there may be still living in Utica some person who has mourned for the loss of the pin, as it is evidently a mourning pin for some aged person.

Speaking of the gigantic crops of wheat, the American Miller remarks that few people, even in America, realize how inexhaustable their resources are for wheat-growing. The total area of lands available for wheat culture in the United States is not less than 470,000,000 acres. The entire wheat crop of the prest year, appearantal though it was the past year, phenomenal though it was, would not supply seed enough to sow so vast an area of wheat lands.

an area of wheat lands.

There is a sharp trader developing among the Boston boys. A growing boy the other day sold a companion two pairs of brown pigeons as "dun tumblers." The purchaser watched the birds for a week, and was disapwatched the birds for a week, and was disappeinted in the tumbling part of the programme. So he went to the boy who sold him the birds and complained of having been cheated. "Why," said the seller, "they are just what I warranted, they are done tumbling, and won't do it any more." There are 130,000 owners of cotton planta-

tions in the ten states constituting the cotton belt of the South. They produce 5,000,000 bales, worth \$225,000,000 in the raw state. bales, worth \$225,000,000 in the raw state. This cotton spun into yarn is worth \$450,000,000. The cotton spinners of Great Britain, whither the cotton is shipped, pocket the difference between the raw and the manufactured article. This fact leads L. R. Cockrill, vice-president of the Mississippi valley planters' association, to advocate the erection of spindles where the cotton is grown and of spindles where the cotton is grown and the retention of \$225,000,000 in the South.

The high art mania is cutting high jinks in Boston, and the house painters have become confirmed impressionists. A Highland District man who wanted his house repainted called upon one of the craft. "Well," said the painter, "what's your taste? I can give you a harmony in green and white, or a symphony in lavender and brown, or a nocturne in yellow and blue." And the house-holder, whose life had been given up like that of the late Charles Sumner to the amelioration of the condition of the races of marking was too. Charles Summer to the amelioration of the condition of the races of mankind, was ter-ribly embarrassed and obliged to say he didn't

A gentleman was going home at a late hour recently, when he was suddenly confronted by a footpad, who, with pistol pointed at his head, demanded his money. The gentleman assured the fellow that he had no money—that he had "been to a fair." Before he could say more the rascal dropped his pistol, put it in his pocket, and presently took out his wallet, and crushing something into the citizen's hand, said, in grief-broken accents, as he turned on his heel, "Been to a fair! Poor fellow! take that—I wish it was more."

Poor fellow! take that—I wish it was more."
He was soon lost in the uight. Upon approaching a street-lamp the gentleman found that the miscreant had given him a \$10 bill. Verily, one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

A little boy called at one of the Hartford banks on Christmas morning, and standing on tiptoe so that he could just look over the country said. "Wish you a merry Christ. on tiptoe so that he could just look over the counter, said: "Wish you a merry Christmas!" The bank officer to whom it was addressed, having been greeted thus about six dozen times in the last half hour, paid no attention. But, noticing that the little fellow still stood his ground as if expecting something, the bank man said: "Well, sonny, what is it?" "Wish you a merry Christmas!" repeated the lad. "Oh, well, I wish you a happy New Year. And that makes us about square, don't it?" answered the bank man. This was a set-back to the boy, who stood for a full minute evidently trying to collect his thoughts. Finally the little boy's eye brightened as though a happy idea had struck him, and he said: "Mister, you wished me a happy New Year," and reaching over the counter as far as his little arm could go, continued, "Here's a penny for you." He dropped the coin and ran out of the bank as fast as his legs could carry him, doubtless fully satisfied that he had done the proper thing.

as fast as his legs could carry him, doubtless fully satisfied that he had done the proper
thing.

James Stephenson, sometimes called "Modoc Jim," is a member of the Omaha Common Council, whose overpowering interest in
certain city sewer contracts, declared by the
Supreme Court of Nebraska to be illegal, has
secured for him a sound thrashing, and probably expulsion from the Board. Stephenson
got up in meeting on Monday last and outrageously abused the members of the Supreme
Court. When remonstrated with by the
President, James E. Boyd, Stephenson applied vile epithets to him, and charged that
he had been bribed. Mr. Boyd threw off his
coat, saying, "No man can charge me with
dishonesty or doubt my veracity and live,"
and advanced on Stephenson, whom he threw
to the floor. Stephenson said he wanted to
explain. Mr. Boyd yelled, "I want no explanation. Do you charge me with dishonesty? Yes or no is all I want." Stephenson,
thoroughly scared, cried "No," when Boyd
released him, and apologized to the souncil
for his part in the affair. Stephenson has
been asked to resign, and may be called to
account for his language in regard to the
Supreme Court, that body having power to
fine and imprison him for contempt.

EPPS'S COCOA. -GRATEFUL AND COMPORT-ING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocca, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured bever S24.78 among the Cherokees.

Benefactors.

When a board of eminent physicians and chemists announced the discovery that by combining some well-known valuable remedies, the most wonderful medicine was produced, which would cure such a wide range of diseases that most all other remedies could be dispensed with, many were sceptical; but proof of its merits by actual trial has dispelled all doubt, and to day the discoverers of that great medicine. Hop Bitters, are honoured and blessed by all as benefactors.

Fast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors fills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundred us a ready to disease. Hundred us a ready to disease. Hundred use the maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. Wa may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame. "Civil Service Grastic. Sold only in packets labelled "James Erres & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London, Eng." Also makers of Epps's Chocolate Research for effections and the properly nourished frame. "Civil Services Grastic." Sold only in packets labelled "James Erres & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London, Eng." Also makers of Epps's Chocolate Research for effections and the property of t

## THE FARM.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Mount Forest Confederate con that the railway meeting in, that to "packed by people from the country."
was shameful. What right have farm express an opinion on a great public Our opponents are never happy unless can exclude the country people and adr townsmen by ticket.

·The sea-serpent season closed with éclat, and the lovers of snake stories pa resigned themselves to the torpid period til the summer sun should again warm larmer's hand. This was evidently farmer who sold milk in the city, el make would never have lived till morn

The Philadelphia Record is not ov leased with the tariff on lumber, and I he stripping of the Pennsylvania while we have such vast tracts unt It is an ill wind, however, that blows i any good, and the tariff which places a apon the importation of our lumber in United States will eventually work to rantage. if, indeed, it is not even benefit to us in keeping us from laying our forest lands to the extent that we lone were there no restrictions on the in the future, when our neighbours' wo depleted, will come our turn, and the prices will pour money into the countr

Scotland has it—the land reform fee public meeting was held recently at ness, at which a member of Parliame pided, to consider the depopulation Highlands by evictions. Resolutions reform of the land laws and condemni evictions were unanimously and enthrically agreed to. Wales has yet to be from, but one thing becomes more and assured every day, namely, that no Land Act can be passed without being ed by an Act applying to the rest United Kingdom. The obnoxious entail are doomed, and if the noblems future wishes to hand his estates do his posterity, he will only be able to do living himself within his rent roll.

The Columbus State Journal declar phatically that "at least ten thousand Ohio farmers do leave the State every In their view they must leave the S change their occupation. They know I sonal observation that we have mere traders, and drovers enough—more enough. Hence, when the avera engage in other occupations, or mus new homes and new farms somewher Sir Richard Cartwright were an Ohi tician, this would afford him a rare tunity for his "Cassandra in pantal business. The newspapers of the old know that such movements of young inevitable in every free and gro but most of our Reform contemporaries gloat over such an admission as dama their country and its Government.

preparations for his experiment in te ing in the United States. Two hundr of land have been purchased in So lina, and a gentleman who has had exp in tea culture in India will superintend tions. Mr. LeDuc says "it will take years for the garden to reach a beari have tea to put upon the market, and expectations, the yield will be abor pounds to the acre. Up to seven ye plants will give an increased yield, as will not be required to be renewed for years. The renewal is made by the plants and allowing them to grow the roots. The chief expense in the es manuring of the plants, the picking leaves, and the manufacturing of the into the several qualities. In time, as soon as necessary, all requisit ing sheds and other buildings will be en and all necessary machinery will be p When the farm is thoroughly establis will give employment to a large num persons. It will take time and careful vation, but I am satisfied that we will

There are at least three things in

complete success.

the Canadian farmer does not do that trade which he might. These are apples, and eggs, for each of which the always a steady demand abroad. Of th always a steady demand abroad. Of the mentioned article there is an increase consumption in England, and good price always obtainable. Honey is easy of ment, and easy to keep, and there can doubt that its exportation in good quawould be found excellently remuner That Canadian apples have found favour, in Britain we have ample evic in another column an extract is given fro Horticultural Magazine, stating that an apples are beating the United States prout of the field, ours being of richer fia better preserved, and well packed. In better preserved, and well packed. It recent transactions in Covent Garde of Canadians were in the proportion the Americans of six to one. Th the Americans of six to one. The very gratifying, and should prove instruto our horiculturists. Some idea of the nitude of the egg trade can be gathered. the fact that nearly forty million dozen handled in New York in a year, and a moment eggs are selling at wholesale is city twelve or fourteen cents over what can be produced here for at retail, sample of the prices, we quote :—" Ne sey, Long Island, Staten Island, and chester, small packages, 40 and 42 cen dozen; Pennsylvania and State, 38 at cents; Western and Southern, 38 at cents; fall-laid, 35 and 37 cents; ice-and seconds, 32 and 33 cents; limed, 3 and 31 cents for regular lots, a few sel State selling nearly up to fresh." No each of these things—eggs apples, and t —we in Canada have abundance, and, ample opportunity to increase their an there is no possible reason why a very p able export trade should not be done in

A case raising quite a new point a tween landlord and tenant is now before of the Masters in Chancery. The lord seeks to restrain the tenant, a farm Kent, from picking flints from the land cupied by him. alleging that the land jured thereby, and that the tenant height to take the flints for other purthan to enable him to gather his he without inconvenience. On behalf o landlord, Mr. Tucker, it is stated the flints afford considerable shelter to the wheat on the exposed situations, where wheat on the exposed situations, where are mostly found, and that during su they largely assist in maintaining a he they largely assist in maintaining a h moisture in the soil. The flints in th are ploughed and harrowed up for mal turing purposes. Mr. Edward Millard, to the landlord; Mr. E. E. Cronk, land of Sevenoaks; and Mr. Daniel Watney ported the landlord's case. The tenant Linger) pleads the custom of the country all country and the country with calls several witnesses, farmers, and in support of his ease. - Land Agents'

The value of the declared exports fr consular district of Kingston, durin past three months, was \$304,004.73. business of the past year has been the l since 1871. Barley and lumber are no