he walked movement and some town. It was a value of the walk and only two lights were visible; One. Witness!—as stainless as when I was an infant a place for confidential communion. In that buning red, a cyclopean eye close to the fine my mother's, arms. It was Edith who ground, showed that the incentive to any and every possible sin was to be sold by the bottle or glass; mixed was my guardian angel incarnate. A Only a son; there, her daughters came for advice or neat, according to the taste of the my mount of that was my guardian angel incarnate. A Only a son; there, her daughters came for advice or neat, according to the taste of the me through paths that might have led to particular about the me through paths that might have led to particular about to lose. person having a soul to lose.
The other light was in three windows, at

the top of a building, where the Know-Nothings held their secret meetings. Captain Cary knew what that light meant, 2: He stood awhile on the bridge, and watched it, won-dering how a nation was to preserve its honor if governed by such men and such means. A secret conclave met with closed doors and password, and not one man of proved integrity

"If they are patriots, then Washington was to do their cyll work. "I'd like to clean out that hall I" he mused as he went.

to have one wish, and that an imperative you feel that you must let nature have way a "Take me away from here, Cary ! he begged. "There is nothing to keep you now. Clark says that you have seen Major Cleaveland, and that all is ready to sail. Don't wait. Sail early in the morning."

It was true. There was nothing to keep

the ladies of Mr. Yorke's family, and it was the captain yielded. He wrote a note of explanation and apology to Mrs. Yorke; and so It happened that when that lady's messenger Haleyon was miles below, standing out through the Narrows, with a blue, sunny sea stretching in front of her straight to the South Pole. On the deck sat Dick Rowan, leaning on the rail and watching the foam toss and drop, toss and drop, with a lulling motion, like the toand-iro of white, mesmerizing hands. And the face that watched that motion looked half-mermerized, pale and dreamy, with only a gropi g of thought in it.

The ship went well, and within a few days they saw the rising sun shine on the masts that very day, Father Fitzpatrick, of Boston -Father John, his friends called him-coming in rather late from a lecture, was told that a gentleman was waiting in his room to see him. He went in and found Dick Rowan sitting there, but not the Dick Rowan he had haptized the year before, and welcomed home, and talked gayly with within a few short elder brother, and a stern, pale man, too.

"Father," Dick said faintly, "I want you to keep me a little while. I have come here for sanctuary. If there is any help in religion when other help iails, I want to know it

"But what has happened? What is the matter?" the priest exclaimed. Dick sank back into the seat from which he had risen. "I've lost Edith, sir, and my life has all gone to pieces."

"Is she dead?" the priest asked.

"No, sir; but she loves some one clas." Father John drew his chair close to the young man's side, and took his hand. " My dear con," he said, are you going to despair because a woman has been false to you? Dick looked up as though not sure that he heard aright. What! any one call Edith this morning?' she asked. false?

would marry me now, if I would let her."

Dick stared at the priest in an almost indignant astonishment. "What, sir!" he exmarry s woman who loves another man? I always feared this, at the botton of my heart, though I would not own that I did. And it was always true, I suppose, only she did not know it. I made a great mistake. I thought that, if I tried to be good to God and to her, she would love me. But I have been thinking it all over during the last week, and I have found out that we choose by our hearts, not our heads, and that we do not really love a person when we can tell the reason why. I had no right to buy her. The belonged to some one else." He shivered, looked down a moment, then said huskily, "Yes, Edith was true!" and, dropping his face into his hands, burst into tears. " My dear son!" Father John said, putting his arm around Dick's shoulder, "don't give up so! You have youth, and health, and friends, and a work to do in the world. Don't let this discourage you. She is only a wo-

"And I am only a man!" said Dick. "What about your ship?" the priest asked, after a little while.

Dick raised his face and controlled himself to speak. "Captain Carey is to take charge 'of her," he said. "I couldn't sail in the Edith Yorke again sir. I would not trust myself off alone in her, with nothing else to think of, and no escape unless I jumped into the ocean. It is haunted by her. Every their messenger. When he had delivered his plank and spar and rope of that ship is steeped in the thought of her. I have faucied her there speaking and laughing and singing, just as I expected she would some day, and asking me the names of everything. When I used to walk up and down the "deck I'd imagine her beside me. I could see her her beside me. I could see her dress fluttering, and the braid of hair, and two little feet keeping step. Why, sir, it was so real that I would sometimes snorten my steps for her sake. I never neglected my duty to her; but I looked at everything though a little rosy thought of her, and that made hard work pleasant. No, I can never a gain sail in the Edith Yorke. Have patience w. th me, father. Recollect, I have to everter wall that was my world, and have not a poin t to rest my lever on."

is your reason?" Diok a tarted up fiercely, and began to walk the position of a calprit, Carl would not allow the floor. "I cannot bear it! I will not himself to care. bear it!" he exclaimed. "You preachers. "I thought the with your reason, that tramples on all feet, ing, are as a d as the scientists, whose science anything but a rustic." tramples on all faith. God made the tide. As he said this, an sir, se well as the rook, and the storm as well as the calm, and it is for Him to say whether either is a jeculeliness. People who are wise, when they sit in their safe homes, and hear the wind howling, pity the sallor, and tremble for him; but, when you see a soul among the breakers, you soom; it, it it fell you. I will not bear such soom What do you think this loss is priest, who sat looking steadfastly at him, "It close, white folds, shutting ber in ... 

hes sid and it would not be very hard for, were a dissolute man. I could find a miser ta in summer, and where she held you to come on purpose to see us.

Then he went. Everything was quiet as her place; but I am neither. I stand here, a cosy, shady nook, with only a sois, and he walked down through the town. It was twenty-eight years old, and I call God to table and chair in it, and seemed intended as witness; as stainless as when I was an infant. me through paths that might have led to perdition and kept me safe. If, in anger, an oath rose in my teeth, I falt her hand on my mouth, and did not utter it. If I was tempted with most impossible to be confidential in a large, wine, I remembered her, and pushed the glass away. I can be blood-thirsty, sir, if I am provoked, but many a sallor escaped the lash and from for her sake. Once I had my hand at a man's throat, with a mind to wring his vile life out of him, but I thought of her, and let him go. The memory of this is not to be reasoned away. Do you remember sir, the not one" was the conclusion the sailor came time when you first thought of your vocation, not one, was the constant and sand count of your vocation, to; and having reached it, he walked on, and and sat down to count the costs? When you left that nest of slanderers and plotters; called up the vision of your life before you and stripped from it one after another, wife, children and home and all that they mean, when he resched the ship, he found that did you want any one to preach to you in that Dick Rowan had roused himself sufficiently hour of common sense and reason? Didn't

While Dick Rowan, bold with passionate feeling, poured forth this torrent of words the again : priest sat perfectly motionless and looked at him. There was no sign of anger, no conthem till noon, except their engagement with | sciousness of insuited diguity in his face, but only a profound sadness. This was no haughcertainly for Dick to say whether that should ity churchman, as his many lovers know, but be kept. There was some discussion a worthy follower of that lovely One who on the subject, but Dick was inexcrable, and said, "The servant is not above his master." When Father John towered in the pulpit, or spoke from the restrum, with his "Thus saith the Lord!" and "I am Peter and James and reached the wharf in the morning, the John!" there was an authority which could not be defined and a loftiness which would not have bent before Casar; but in things temporal and when winning and comforing souls his was a charity most tender and a.

little while, and didn't you find it go over

you like a wave?"

humility most imposing.
Something in that face, now sleeping with Abraham and the fathers, arrested the young man's impairous speech. He faltered and stopped; and, when the arms were stretched out to him, dropped on his knees and leaned his face sgainst that kind bosom. "Forgive me, dear father!" Dick said. " I

did not mean to be rude, nor to torget the and spires of New York. The evening of reverence due to you. I know that all you would say to me is true; but-I die hard !"

CHAPTER XXII.

FXPLANATIONS. Meantime, what had been going on in the Yorke family at Seaton? Mrs. Yorke had not feared that there was any serious trouble. Edith had shown for him. When I till she learned that Dick Rowan had gone knew, last year, that he had proposed, it was weeks. This man might have been Dlok's away. She was in bed when her young pec- all i could do to control my anger. I knew ple returned the night before, and knew only what Clara came to her door to say :

"We have had a delightful sail, mamma, and are all well. I hope that you have not been anxious. Mr. Rowan fell overboard for a diversion, and, of course, got wet; but Cap. souled fellow, and he loves her deeply; but tain Cary pulled him out, and he is all right now. Good-night, mamma, for me and the girls, and Carl. We are all here."

However late her children might be out, Mrs. Yorke could not close her motherly eyes till she knew they were safe under the home roof again. Then she turned upon her pillow, and dropped aslesp, giving thanks. She felt a elight unessiness when Melicent, before breakisst the next morning, asked her to send Patrick down to enquire for Dick. "Why, was he hurt? Is he not coming up,

"I presume that he is very well, mamma,"

"No, sir she was not false," he said. "It the daughter replied. "But it would look was something that she couldn't help. She would marry me now. If I would let her." "Why, then do you not marry her?" the the young woman evidently did not wish

way, then do you not marry ner?" the father asked. This is probably a fancy, which will pass away; and if she is good and true, she will do her duty by you."

Dick stared at the priest in an almost inin possession of a secret, as James Russell Lowell has said, "will not let the cat out of claimed, "do you think me mean enough to the bag, but they give its tail a pull to lat you know that it is there."

Mrs. Yorke said no more. She found this manner annoying. But she observed at breakfast that Carl ste nothing, and that Clara kept up a constant stream of talk, that seemed designed to cover some embarrassment. She noticed, also, that no mention was made of Dick Rowan or their sail of the day before, When she srose from the table and went toward the entry-door, her eldest daughter interposed, with an air of being in charge of affairs. 'I would not disturb Edith now,

"Melicent!' exclaimed her mother baughtily, and waved the young weman aside. Edith was lying on her bed, dressed as on the day before, her face hidden in the pillow.

She started when her aunt spoke to her, and turned a pale and tear-wet face. It did not need this to tell Mrs. Yorke that her niece's headache came from the heart.
"My head does ache, Aunt Amy," Eilth "But I am distressed about Diok. He

is displeased with me. I do not wish to speak of it to any one but him," "I have sent Patrick down, my dear," her aunt sald; "and you shall know as soon as

he returns." Mrs. Yorke and her two daughters sat together, pretending to read and sew, but all watching the avenue gate for the return of news, and gone, the mother spoke with au thority.

"Girls, I insist on knowing, at once, the meaning of this!"

"You had better ask Carl, mamma; he is the one to explain," answered Melicant, "But I must say that Mr. Bowan has behaved ill. A young man whom one of our family has promised to marry should at least act like a

gentlemen." { " Send Carl to me," Mrs. Yorke said rising. And, Clara, say to Betsey that I shall see ao one to day, then go up and tell Edith."

Carl was pacing one of the garden paths, and, for the first time that day, his manner showed agitation. He had already heard Patrick's news, and his first thought was to cohe Melloent's opinion that one who had shows the juints in our prudent resolutions. poin t to rest my lever on."

been connected with their family should at The mocalight, the music, the sir, the water, or a government our year motion, were inforticating. And excher ned. "Where is your faith? Where withdrawal not only gave occasion for gossip, but it was rude to Edith. That it left him in

"I thought the fellow had more spirit!" he mutterso." "But it isn't in him to set like

As he said this, an inner voice made answer; not the voice of conscience, for that acquitted him, but the voice which he expected to hear from without " "Neither is it in him to speak or sing love to another man's promised wife, though silence should break his heart."

"And what if it broke hers?" asked Carl, as though he had been spoken to: He glanced up at the window of Edith's hassook sgain, "My heart sobes for him

tired when she wished to be slone. It was a place where a rebel could be brought to submission, or a penitent comforted. It is alwell lighted room

"Have you had any quarrel with Mr. Rowan. Carl ? his mother asked the moment he appeared.

"Not an unpleasant word has passed between us, mother," he answered. She had been standing, but sank back into the sois as he spoke, and he closed the door, and came and stood before her, doubting at first what the tone of their interview would be. Ber question bad been imperative, and that he could not bear. There are times in the life of the most dutiful when they feel that there is for them then no legitimate human authority outside themsolves. But he saw that her face was pale, though the red curtain lowered over the one window behind her warmed all the light that entered; and her voice was entreating when she spoke

" My son, have you nothing to tell me?" He sat down on the hassock at her feet, and leaned on her lap; and she knew all bsfore he had uttered a word.

"My child," she whispered leaning toward him, "your happiness is my dearest wish; but there is honor!

He took her trembling hands, and met her look firmly. "Yes mother, there is honor," he said. "But listen to me before you conclude that it should be mentioned here in the subjunctive sense. You know mother, I could not speak of love to a child. I did not wish to. It was enough for me

to see that Edith was surely, though unconsciously, drawing toward me. If you had a rare plant, with a single bud on it, would you thank the one who would pluck the bud open before its time for blooming? And what flower is so delicate and sacred as a young girl's heart? Besides such a thought comes to a man also, when comes first, with a feeling of silence. To my mind, it would have been rude and indelicate to speak hastily. There was time, and meanwhile I guarded myself and her. Of course I saw what Rowan wanted and meant, and he also understood me: I am sure of that. I never dreamed though, that he would succeed. I was not prepared for that passion of pity and gratitude which Edith had shown for him. When I that he must have seen in her some instinctive recoil at first, and yet have appealed to her pity. He did not leave her free to obcose. I do not say that he realized that. He is an honest, noblehe lacks a certain fineness which should have told him when urging was proper, and when it was coarsely selfish. I am willing to admit that it may have been only a mistake on his part; but people who make mistakes have to suffer by them, and, if they are not to blame, no one else is. I, too, made a mistake then, mother, and I have suffered from it. I had a thought of saying to Edith, Since you are to think of him as a sultor, think of me also, and choose between us. Two motives prevented me. One was pride. I would not enter into competition with him; and there I was selfish. But the other was better. I saw that she was incredibly childish and looked mnon his proposal rather as a request that she should go and live with him and his mother as she had lived with them hardly help it. I would have spoken but for But no, I thought. "Let her answer him him fairly first.' I supposed I knew what that answer would be; and when she came down stairs the next merning to meet

him, I felt sure that it was to refuse him. I stood in the entry when she passed, and she knew that I was there, but would not look at me. She was very pale I saw, and I thought it was for his sake. It seems it was for her own sake. No matter what I felt when I heard the words with which they met. I went away, you know; I did not choose to make a scene. When I came back, I had made up my mind to speak to him clearly, and as irlendly as I sould, and ask that he should give her back her promise, and leave her free to shoose again. He would have done it mother; I am sure he would. Had he been too loverlike, I should have made no delay; but, as it was, I thought best to wait till his visit was over. You could scarcely expect me to be perfectly cool and reasonable siways. Under the circumstances, I think that I have shown as much fairness as any one has a right to require of me I meant to see him last night,

after the girls had come home-went to the sail with that intention. But he made me angry at starting. He stood there, and sang that balled from Le Misanthrope. ' Si le roi m'avait donne'

-sang it before me, and with such an air of triumph and certainty as made me feel anything but pitiful toward him for a little while Edith was offended, too. I saw her color with resentment. 'Ma mie!' It was too public a claiming. When we came backyou know what a night it was, mother." Carl stopped, his face growing very red. "There are some things not easy to tell," he said.

Mis Yorke put her arm around him and drew his head to her bosom. "Not even to your own mother, dear?" she

whispered, with her obeek resting on his hair, "It was my heart that taught yours to beat, Oarl."
In that sweet confessional, he went on with

his story. "It was such a scene as gives one that faint awaying of the brain that just Edith was there, and so beautiful !-- an Undine, drooping over the boat side, as though she might any moment slip into the water, and disappear, if I did not stay her. I sang what I would have said. I called her, and she turned to me!"

Carl lifted his head, oaught his mother's hands, and kissed them joyfully, then stood up before her with an air as triumphant as Dick Rowan's own. "The time had come, and she was mine!" he exclaimed, " Edith belongs to

me, mother?"
For the moment everything else was for gotten; and the mother forgot, too, till she saw his face cloud over.

" Poor fellow I's sald Carl, and Enelt on the suon scorn with the demanded stopping before the obamber. The ourtain was down, havging in When he saw Edith look at me, he is inted. It seems cruel to be so happy at such a cost. I went up to Heater's last.

I would have borne any reproach from him. would have been patient and would have explained everything to him. I think, mother, that I could even have made a friend of him. He is generous. But it is too late now." "You must go away at once, Carl." Mrs. Yorke said presently, "It is the only proper thing to do. The family are pledged to Mr. Bowan, and, till all is settled between him and Elith, you must bave no intercourse with her, here. My position is one of great

delicacy. I cannot even advise Edith." While they talked Edith had risen and written two letters, one to Dick Rowan, the other to Fataer Rasie, Both were short, the former only a line.

"You have no right to treat me so" wire wrote. " If you go sway without see La ma, never call yourself my friend again it It seemed hard; but she has said to

herself: " If he leaves me here with Carl I shall not be able to be true to him." She dressed herself to go cut and post these letters, and had just come down stairs, when she met Carl in the ontry. She stopped abruptly at aight of him, and a deep crimson mantled her face as she waited for

him to let her pass. It was a new blush for Edith, for she knew why she blushed. But the Spartan spirit he had admired in the child was not dead, and she was herself the next moment. She bade him a quiet " Good morning, Carl !" and was passing on, when he asked to see her in

the parlor.
" Certainly," she said, too proud to shrink. Carl smiled as he held the door oven for her to pass, and closed it after them. He was pleased with her dignity.

"I have been talking with my mother, he continged, " and she tells me that I must go away immediately. Do you agree with her ?"

Possibly she had seen and misunderstood his smile, for she chose to be very high with bim. "I do not know why you should go," she said, coldly.

" Shall I tell you why it seemed to us that I should?" he asked. Her look changed at the tone of his voice, which seemed reproachful. Why should she assume with him what was not true? When had he ever shown himself unworthy of her

confidence? " No, Unil," she said; " you need not tell it me, and you must say nothing to me that you would not say to a married woman. I zines will no longer have his contributions. trust you, Carl. You have always been honorable. You are very dear to me, and I trust you perfectly. It is best that you should go." The last words were spoken rather faintly,

door. "I shall go to Boston," he said, and stay there. In a few weeks you will all come up, and I shall see you."

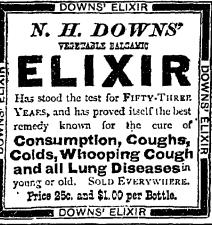
and she had turned from him and opened the

(To be continued) COULD HARDLY STAND ON HER

FEET. B. V. PERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N.Y.: and the Dear Sir-I must tell you what your medicine time. has done for me. Before taking your " Favorite Prescription" I could hardly stand on my feet, but, by following your advice, I am per fectly cured. The "Favorite Prescription" they have made already as orators and legis-is a wonderful medicine for debilitated and lators. They are mostly young men and nervous females. I cannot express how thankful I am to you for your advice. Yours truly,

MRI. CORNELIA ALLISON, Peosta, Ia.

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FOLD BY ALL DRIGHSTS EVERYWHEET

THE IRISH PROBLEM OF THE

Where are the Parliamentary Candidates to Come from?

4.00 BRALITIES OF AN IRISH MEMBER'S CIFE.

Some of the members of Mr. Parnell's party -indeed the most important of them-are journalists and literary men by profession. They write leaders for the London dailies, reviews for the weeklies, essays for the magasines, London letters for the provincial papers; they write books—biographies, histories, novels. The outside public has a sort of general idea that literary work of this kind requires more brain-waste than the ordinary work of almost any other profession. But the outside public can have no approach to a real conception of what it means to strive to make a living by literature.

To continue to earn anything like a competence the average litterateur has to do more work, and more difficult work, than any other toiler with the mind. His intellect must always be on the rack; if he would have anything better than a mere pittance he is called on to coin the very fibre of his brain. He cannot slacken the tension, like the doctor, the majority of whose patients and their allments are of a commonplace uniformity to which he gets accustomed, and who has his routine prescription which suits a hundred complaints; nor like the lawyer whose part. ners and juviors and clerks help him through his drudgery. The literary man who would rise in his profession must ever keep all his wits alive and all his nerves a strung; his energies or his wakefulness must never fisg, otherwise he ceases to be en rapport with the swiftly-varying topics of the hour; he "loses touch" of the means by which his public are kept interested; the is imparted only after so much pain; and his The man who hopes to succeed by writing elee. The very battling against the mighty multitude of rivals-every duffer (or as Fichte calls him, "bungler") who has failed at every other calling, thinks he was born to succeed at literature—is a giant trial in itself. By dint of strenuous striving and constant maintenance of his standard of excellence, the literary men, if the stoff is to him, may in time come to "make a name." When he makes his name he can make his own price. and then will arrive your writer's barvest

The journalists and writers among Mr. Parnell's party have the stuff in them to make a name, as they have proved by the names they were in the strenuous striving period when the parliamentary career broke across their labors. Not more than one or two of them had reached their harvest time. Indeed we fear it would not be quite safe to say that any of them had but Justin McCarthy. That distinguished man, before he became Vice President of Mr. Parnell's party had won a world wide fame and made an ample fortune as a journalist, novelist and historian. But How can they work at this the others? profession, which demands such complete absorption of time and energy if all their time and energy is given up to the service of their country in Parliament? How san they sit down to write their vigorous articles, their brilliant essays, their scholarly reviews if they have first exhausted their brains in political correspondence, blue book study speeches, debates and the fearful wear and tear of the Irish Parliamentary representative's every day life?

We know that they cannot do it. That is the simple answer. We know that night after night they have to sacrifice the work which brings them money, in order that they may do the work which brings them none-which brings them nothing indeed but misconception, inappreciation, and contumely and that reward which noble minds find in the conscionspess, to themselves, of noble duty done. We know that it is only by efforts bordering on the superhuman, which no constitution that ever was made could hold out against, that they have managed to do the work which brought them their mere bread and butter. Work done in snatched moments during the intervals of wearying debates, while other members are or joying their naps; efforts to concentrate the attention amid distractions and constant interruption; work done when the jaded frame should be seeking to recover some of its squandered strength in sleep-let any man who reads these lines, no matter what his business or profession, attempt to understand what this means and he will have some idea of the realities of the Irish Parliamentary career.

There is no use that we can see in hanging the vall of false delicacy between the truth of this thing and the people who should be made acquainted with the full measure of their indeutedness. We have seen sneers, directed from this side we are ashamed to say, at Parliamentary work and "Parliamentarians"—the gingerbread services they perform, the money they pocket, the cheap fame they acquire by their "blatherskite." If the sneerers, who, for the most part have never seen a day's suffering in pocket or person from the Irish cause, naderstood their place, they would take off their lists every time they spoke of the Paritamentarians. The plain fact is, these scholars and gentlemen, though devoting themselves to the service of their country. have often been reduced to that ultimate strait in which man wants for his daily bread! Of these men, mared in case and comfort, accustomed to the refinements and some of the luxuries of civilized life and who could afford to be surrounded by them constantly if only they pursued their own course, their own way, and devoted to their own advancement those talents which they give to the advancement of their country—of these men the strange feet that they and theirs have often wanted for their ordinary meals is literally true

The difficulty of doing the work is not the do. The German Juden heize was never flercer than the Irish hatred which exists in come English circles, especially in London. An Irishmen is handicapped every way. But when he becomes an active Irish politicism, almost his last chance is lost. In addition to Parliament, belonging to that section which ment informs the world that "very fine must acts under Mr. Parnell, have actually been lin neckoloths are to be sold at 5s aplace." cashlered from valuable situations by rabid Hibernophobist newspaper proprietors and Rev. J. G. Brukes writes at 1 consider publishers. We know one who was a leader Perry Davis Pain Killer the best remedy Liver to on a certain London Dally, at a salary ever knew for dyspepsia.

of £600 (\$3,000) a year. That tamous night. when the fight against Coercion was waged. all night long until it collectated in the expulsion of the Irish members in a body, he distinguished himself during the fierce on counter. Next day, when he appeared at his newspaper office, he was presented with a fortnight's salary and informed that his ser-vices were no longer required, as it would not suit the proprietors' interests to retain a politician of so pronounced an Irish type upon their staff. We know snother who held the position of specialist on one of the greatest of the London reviews. One morning, whenhe brought in an erudite article on a new foreign book, he was told no more contributions would be accepted from him on account of the part he had been taking recently in Parliament. That day that member's tender-lady-wife had to go without her dinner, because the stal wart farmers of an Irish constituency had a true man and not a traitor to represent them in the English Parliament. The traitors enjoyed the joke mightly while they were invited to my Lord Tomnoddy's dinners and my Lady Tenniscourt's afternoons, while-Government lawyers poured briefs into their bags, and Government newspapers requested: tuem to write for them and name their own price, and Government whips whispered of certain little commissionerships and snug sinecures, or stipendiary magistracies and local offices for sons or brothers, or consulates. in foreign cities, or governorships of delightful little colonies in the South, where a mancould reiga with the state of a king, and enjoy the doice far niente all the day long. All this must sound almost incredible to

The state of the s

American ears, indeed to Irish ears, which do not hear half enough about it. But it is only too true and comes about too easily, and naturally, too inevitably. These are the realities of the Irish member's position. These are the sort of sacrifices these "Parliamentarians" have to make in order to do a noble duty and set a bigh example before their countrymen. The sufferers have suffered and made no sign. No word of complaint has ever. sscaped their lips. Their pride has kept them. from letting the country know what the country should have made it its business from the first to have known all about. In stience they verve and polgonary leave his writings and have carried endurance of unimegined thingsthe polished grace of style and the case which | up to the point where their own powers of enduring further fistly fall them. We do not market falls away. Newspapers and maga-zines will no longer have his contributions. or more trying that man could make. Death on the field of battle to has no alternative but to give up all his time mind is cheap and casy compared with and thought to his writing and to nothing this prolonged and complete self-immolation, mind is cheap and easy compared with this surrender of glowing possibilities, this denial of the promise of the tuture and all that can make life worth living in the present, this continual grating on men's most sacred private feeling. It will be readily comprehended that this position of patriotic sacrifice is as impossible for the subject to maintain as it is for the country to permit. If these men were fatuous enough and forgetful enough of their duty to themselves and that part which should become an indebted country, to desire it, it would be physically, if in no other sense, impossible to continue the unnatural relation. Hence it comes about that some of the brightest and ablest of the members of Mr. Parnell's party will not answer to their names when the mutter-roll is called for volunteers for the next general election.

This presents a problem to Iroland of great national magnitude. Is this vanguard and hope of the national army to be thus lost tothe country? How is the difficulty to be met?

But the difficulty is greater than is even evident from the above. The members so far treated of, at any rate, live in London. Their work, their homes, are in that metropolis, where their Parliamentary duties also lie. What of the candidates-for the futurecontingency, when the places of the renegades are to be filled with true men-whosehomes, whose works, whose business, whose means of living are in Ireland?-Boston Pilot.

STARFLING DISCOVERY IN PARA. GUAY.

TRIBE OF INDIANS ADDRESS WITH TAILS. Rio Jameino, May 26 .- The existence of a tribe of Indians in Paraguay with tails is asserted apparently on good authority. An. Argentine who has a yerba establishment in the Paraguan Missions in the district of Tacura Tuyu, was collecting yerba when his mules were attacked by Guayacuyes Indians who fled after killing several mules. The muleteers pursued firing on the Indians, one of whom a boy of 8 years was wounded and captured. The boy was brought to Posados and excited much wonder, and some Germans photographed him, he having a tall from six to eight inches long. The boy is very ugly, but his body is not covered with hair. A brother in possession of Col. Rosa-has also a tall, and, it is said, all the tribe are similarly adorned.

MRS. LANGTRY AT THE RACES. erendie gereard's " sole" wine and see: CLAPS HER BANDS.

New York, June 20 .- In the principal race at Sheepshead Hay yesterday, Freddie. Gebhard's horse " Kole" ran and won. And Mrs. Langtry was there to see him run, and she applanded most vigorously when he won. She occupied the most prominent chair is the first box of the upper tier, directly opposite the judges stand, and was very plainty attired in a dress of light color and texture. During the four hours occupied by the racing, Mrs. Langtry was the target of thousands of eyes and a great many field glasses. O'Denovan Bossa was smong her admires. Except while the races were in progress her attention was ocoupled by the gentlemen who were favored by an introduction at the hauds of Mr. Gebhard. The I tter was highly elated by the success of his horse, and his winnings weresecond in amount only to those of Plunger Walton, who invested heavily in both the suction pool and book betting. Mrs. Lingtry also invested in the pools, buying \$100 worth. of French Mutual tickets, which paid her \$158 clear profit:

In the days of Queen Anne, says the London Truth, it was the fastion among those who were then called beaux to wear that waistoost open, in order to show as much shirt as possible. A lady, writing in the Taller, says, "There is a fat tellow, whem I have long remarked, wearing his breast open in the midst of winter, out of an affectation worst that has to be seed. The very fact of of youth." This was supposed to have a their being active Parnellites has deprived very killing effect on the fair sex, for the some of these members of the work families to same lady observes: "A sincere heart has same lady observes; \* A sincere beart has not made half so many conquests as an open walstoost." Stirts then were dearer than-they are now, for Swift tells Stells: "I have paid Harrison while he was with me seven guiness, in part of a dessu of shirts he brought me from Holland." Neckoloths were even being boycotted in society, he is boycotted in dearer propositionately than shirts, for in the his business. Some of the Irish Members of Daily Congress. Nov. 4, 1708, an advertise. Parliament, belonging to that section which ment informs the world that a very fine must