

beneath a gentleman to accept such a place. I am sorry if you have been treated like one by the maid Marie. I shall write to my wife and express my surprise that the door was shut in your face. Meantime, Captain, I wish you to understand henceforth that no one can speak disrespectfully of her without insulting me, and no one can insult me without suffering for it at my hands. I was wrong to have imposed this trial of faith in me on my wife: it was for reasons that at the time, I thought would benefit her in the end. I was mistaken; but I must still ask you, so long as you remain in N., to consider it a matter of mine personally, and not one belonging to the public. You told me before I left the South that your ship was nearly ready to sail; pray do not on my account feel under any obligations to remain in N. till my return. After all, it is best for my wife to be left at liberty to choose her own friends. I have the utmost confidence in her. This will relieve you from all further necessity to trouble yourself about her. If you desire any assistance in the way of introduction to merchants who will give you cargo, Riggs and Blunt can help you. Ask them then to pay you what I promised you the day I left home. I left orders with them to do so before I came here. As to my department here or elsewhere, I allow no man to make his comments to me about it; I am able to do without advice which I do not ask for.

"While I naturally feel very much incensed at the insinuations in your letter, I am inclined to believe that you entirely mistake my wishes. It is humiliating to think you could rank me with a class of men so base. But here let the subject end.—Yours,
"DANIEL COURTNEY."
"Colonel," said Daniel, "here is my letter. It is a hard thing to deal so gently with such an insult, but this is a part of my punishment. I agree with you that we cannot afford to anger Donaldson."
The Colonel read over the letter carefully. "Very good! Diplomatic! I can't suggest a change. Agree with you it is hard to send to one of your negroes to give the villain a strapping; but he could turn on you and be a troublesome enemy."
"How gladly my old Jacob would give him the lash," said Daniel. "I'm glad the letter pleases you. I shall not feel at ease till I hear from the fellow. Now I must write to Angelina, she may be in trouble."
"I'll go away now," said the Colonel. "You know best how to pacify her. I shall come again this evening. Good-bye."
"Good bye," said Daniel. "I can't say much, for there is too much to say; but I can tell you that to have such a friend as you are is the 'medicine of life.'"
"Don't speak of it! I shall not betray you nor leave you." They shook hands cordially. Of all the adulations his money could buy, there was not a drop in it so sweet as the friendship of Colonel Keane; that could not be bought at any price. Daniel looked after him till the door closed, with a tenderness almost womanly—"A sore heart is a tender one." Then he wrote his letter to Angelina. "My Dear Wife:—My heart to-day is sorrowful almost to death, when I think of what I have subjected you to suffer; but, dearest, a little more patience, a little more sacrifice for your love for me, and then you will be rewarded, and my punishment will be over! Oh, what an anticipation this is for us, my Angelina! You are a true woman, and have womanly instincts, and therefore you must have blamed me, oh, bitterly blamed me, for my seeming unkindness. I will tell you now what I have never dared to tell you before, that there was such notoriety given to your suit against De Grasse in New Orleans, that I thought it best for both of us to wait till that had died away to make known our marriage. I could not bear to have the public make comments on our union, and to have your name on the lips of profligate men, so I concealed our marriage. But my love, my wife, I think now is a great mistake of mine, for it has led us both into so many trials and difficulties. Here in Washington, I was as an unmarried man, and a man of great wealth, I am courted; but, my dear, I told her as you wished me to do, that I was your husband and Pura's father, and that you were good and beautiful, and we parted never to meet again. I never said a word of any love to her, Angelina.

"My dear wife, I must pain you a little by telling you that Captain Donaldson has complained that you have refused to see him. Did you forget that I told you that he is my friend? I have written to him that I would write to you about it. Now, my Angelina, go to our friend, Mrs. Harper, and ask her what to do about his visits to you, and then whatever you both decide, will please me. I am quite well again. It will not be long before I am home, and then—oh, then, will we not be happy? The world continues to laud and honor my wealth. I wonder, if I announced to-morrow that I was bankrupt, how many friends I should find to sympathize with me in the great loss? I know you with me in the great loss, and love me all the more that she was my only one—oh, my wife! Write and tell me who visits you, and if they come because they think you are a widow? Pura, you know, complains that you were a wife. Be careful, as I told you, whom you admit. I prefer that no gentleman should be introduced. Do you consent to this? Marie must not make you suspicious of evil. I wish you to be, my Angelina, as I left you. If you hear gossip about me, do not heed it. I shall live almost like a recluse here the rest of the winter. My sickness has taught me I must give up society. Little wife, ever love your husband.

"DANIEL COURTNEY."
The evening after these occurrences, the Colonel and Mr. Courtney were discussing the satisfaction that Daniel had given to the Southern members in his management of the points in favor of their Bills.

"It is the subject of conversation on both sides," said the Colonel. "Our praise is in the mouth of everyone. Upon my word, I believe your friends would make you the next President if they could, and I do not know that they cannot. I assure you, Courtney, more than one is thinking seriously of nominating you as a Southern Candidate for the Presidency when the time comes."
"Not for worlds would I with it," replied Daniel, with spirit. "My enemies would not leave a feather unplucked in me; no man who has given the gift of a chance to political fame to his character should allow his name to be used as a candidate for office afterwards. I once had this ambition on the brain—to be President—but I am now cured! I have so much wealth that I need not add public life to the burden."
"I think you are right, but I believe you would carry the election."
"No doubt."
"Why not try?"
"Because I would not run the gauntlet." Just then an uproar was heard outside the house, and a confusion of voices, and "Courtney! Courtney!" was called by hundreds of people of all classes. The Colonel hurried to the window, and as far as he could see, the street was packed with people—men and boys, calling again and again, "Courtney!"

The band was playing a national air, but as

soon as Mr. Courtney appeared on the balcony, there was a silence, and the cheers of the crowd were deafening. How handsome, how like a prince he looked, and with what enthusiasm his friends offered the young orator their homage. It was whispered to him that this was a serenade gotten up by Mr. Crawford and others on the occasion of presenting to Mr. Courtney a magnificent service of silver in testimony of their appreciation of his services to his country, his many generous acts of state-manship in advancing public good, and for his noble virtues as a private gentleman, to whom all honor was due.

These sentiments were embodied in a speech made by the leading member of the Committee, who made the presentation, accompanied by fifteen or twenty members of the Board of Arrangements, in whose name the silver was given. Mr. Crawford's name headed the list, but he was absent.

Mr. Courtney said a few appropriate words to the crowd, and after the serenade, ordered a supper for them at the hotel. He then addressed the Committee, but he was so much affected by this demonstration, that he broke down once or twice. Yet he was never so eloquent. While his soul had been so harrowed by the humiliating scenes of the previous night, this little respite and public praise was a temporary balm. The consciousness that he had not as yet lost his favor, gave him courage to hope that, with the aid of his excellent friend, Colonel Keane, he might yet in part redeem the past, and save himself from loss of reputation. But who that has been in the power of the world, has not found that it is a fickle, hard, and merciless master, who will strew branches in the way of the hero, and in three days after follow the crowd, if that crowd cries "Crucify him!"

The next day in the House, everyone who met Mr. Courtney congratulated him, and bestowed their praise on the hero of the day. But his heart was sick. It could not be lifted out of its darkness by such homage. He could only smile and appear before men to be happy. Some, however, said that Mr. Courtney was so used to public adulation that he seemed indifferent to its increase; others remarked that his late illness had left a sadness in his expression of countenance. One old friend came up to him and said:
"Mr. Courtney, your friend Crawford was absent last night. He and his family have gone to Charleston. Miss Crawford was threatened with fever, and the doctor ordered change of air."
"Ah! answered Daniel. "I'm sorry that Miss Crawford is sick. I've seen very little of the family the past several weeks."
He was astonished at his own coolness. It was a relief to him that the Crawfords were gone. And his hope was that Miss Crawford would learn that the broken idol that lay at her feet in shattered pieces was not worthy of her sorrow of heart. Few who have suffered from such delusions have been strong enough to rise above the pain they leave behind them. There is left the worn, shipwrecked memory of the idol as it was when it was whole; this, no time will dim if the memory is of first love. Emily Crawford will never love again as she loved Daniel Courtney. Her heart's sacrifice is one of the sad consequences in the chain that we are following to its end.

We need not go to books of fiction to fire our imaginations with the unreal. There are strange and instructive developments in life all around us, if we but open our eyes to see them, and our hearts to receive instruction from them. In the moral world, as in the physical, the seed that is sown is sure to produce fruit of its kind. This is an inevitable result, and what a terrible responsibility it throws upon human beings who are employed in the Master's vineyard!

The reader who has followed Daniel Courtney so far has no doubt pitied the vanity that held such power over him, and he may be startled at the terrible punishments he has brought on himself by it. Is he not likely to condemn them, we ask?
Mr. Courtney's good acts were not without beautiful fruit; but these are not in our plan, in this volume, of following the one act that began the sad succession of difficulties which have embittered his life so far. Some will argue, how is it possible that a man who really had a good nature, could have wronged and wounded a wife as he was doing. Was it not selfish regard for his vanity? It is true that there was this contradiction in Daniel Courtney's character. He had a peculiar objection to being talked about. He was sensitive and timid when his actions were the subject of public comment, and he would do almost anything to avoid it. Therefore, when he married a young girl of humble birth, of no fortune nor fame, he dreaded the world's remarks on the subject. The DeGrasse suit had called forth such indignation against the fellow, that Daniel hated to have his wife's name coupled with his, so he foolishly decided against the marriage. He had a friend Mrs. Harper, that until gossip had drawn it in arrows upon the scandal, it would be better to withhold the publication of the marriage. Mrs. Harper, with a prophetic mind, foresaw the dangers of such a resolution, and, as we have seen, urged a different course.

"After a little time—not yet—it is better to wait," is all that he would say, and so, darker at each step, away from the right his life went on. It will require great heroism now to retrace the road that may—we can only say that may—lead him back to the glorious light of day. Who can tell that while he delays he may not hear the summons from on high!
"Thou fool, this night thy soul is required of thee!" Lost, lost opportunities! Oh, the misery of lost opportunities!
(To be continued.)

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN.
You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Eys's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, loss of Vitality and Manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, etc., mailed free by addressing Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

The fast mail time between Philadelphia and New Orleans is now about forty-two hours.

CONSUMPTION CURED.
An old physician having had placed in his hands by a returned Medical Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc., after having tested its wonderful curative powers, in hundreds of cases, desires to make it known to such as may need it. The remedy will be sent free with full directions for preparing and using. Send 2 cent stamp. Address Dr. W. H. Armstrong, 44 North 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Name this paper.

Recent explorations at Memphis, in Egypt, have brought to light a large number of harps and other musical instruments, supposed to be at least 3,000 years old.
If sick headache is misery, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills if they will positively cure it? People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

A HELP TO GOOD DIGESTION?

In the *British Medical Journal* Dr. W. Roberts, of England, discusses the effect of Roberts, tea, coffee and cocoa on digestion. All of them retard the chemical processes, but most of them stimulate the glandular activity and muscular contractions. Distilled spirits retard the salivary or peptic digestion but slightly when sparingly used. Wines were found to be highly injurious to salivary digestion. On peptic digestion all wines exert a retarding influence. They stimulate the glandular and muscular activity of the stomach. Effervescent wines exert the greatest amount of good with the least harm to digestion. When one's digestion is out of order everything goes awry, unless, as in the case of T. T. Sells, of Bellaire, Ohio, who had had dyspepsia for seven years, the digestive apparatus is kept in apple pie eating order by Warner's Tippecoes, the best appetite producer and regulator in the world.
Tea, even in minute quantities, completely paralyzes the action of the salivary glands. Tannin in strong tea is injurious. Weak tea should be used, if at all. Strong coffee and cocoa are also injurious if used in excess.—*The Cosmopolitan.*

GATHERED TO HIS FATHERS.

AWFULLY SUDDEN DEATH OF WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT IN NEW YORK YESTERDAY AFTERNOON.

NEW YORK, Dec. 8.—Wm. H. Vanderbilt died suddenly at his residence on Fifth avenue about three o'clock this afternoon.
New York, Dec. 8.—The announcement of the sudden death of Wm. H. Vanderbilt spread like wildfire through the city this afternoon and large crowds soon surrounded the bulletin boards of the various newspaper offices where the statement was posted. In the vicinity of his mansion on Fifth avenue the scene to-night was one of impressive solemnity. The blinds on the windows of the brown stone pile were closed. Inside the servants and friends tiptoed about with grave and saddened faces. The door bell was rung every minute and the inside portals swung open to admit other friends who came to mourn with the mourners. Upstairs behind the drawn curtains of the millionaire's bedroom were sobs and tears. The children of the dead money king gathered there about his corpse. None of them had been with him in the hour of his death. As he lay upon the carved bed in the large square room, the windows of which overlooked the avenue, Mr. Vanderbilt looked as if he had fallen in a gentle sleep. His features were as peaceful and as natural as if he had just ceased talking and lain down to rest. His death had been as painless as it was sudden. After arising to-day Mr. Vanderbilt had held his usual morning conference with his sons, Cornelius and William K., who were active managers of his railroad properties, and afterwards with Mr. E. V. Rossiter, his private secretary, and treasurer of the New York Central Railway, to whom he submitted a large share of the management of his private business affairs. During the morning conference he had been more than ordinarily alert and active, so much so as to excite comment, to which he replied in a good-humored jocular vein. He had eaten a good breakfast and was looking forward with pleasant anticipations to a ride up the boulevard with his sister-in-law in the afternoon. At 11 o'clock he sent to the Grand Central Depot for his old time friend, Chauncey M. Depew, with a message that he wanted to see him. Mr. Depew was engaged, and sent word that he would not be able to come for an hour or two. Vanderbilt delayed the appointment till 1 o'clock, and to occupy the interval went down to the studio of Mr. Ward, the sculptor, in West Fifty-second street, to sit for a bronze bust of himself. He returned and took lunch at 12.30 with his wife, his son George and Mr. Twombly, and at the table was noticeably bright and cheerful. At one o'clock Robert Garrett, president of the Baltimore & Ohio, called and engaged with Mr. Vanderbilt in a long and animated conversation about railroad matters. The conference lasted more than an hour, and Mr. Vanderbilt sent word to Mr. Twombly that he would be compelled to forego the intended drive. It was while the talk turned upon the scenes of his childhood and early work contrasted with the tremendous achievements of his ripe old age that Mr. Garrett, sitting on the sofa and facing the millionaire, who leaned forward in his arm chair, as was his habit when thoroughly interested, or who visited was suddenly made aware of a slight indistinctness in Mr. Vanderbilt's speech that grew into an inarticulate sound. As he leaned over to catch his words

MR. VANDERBILT PITCHED FORWARD without a warning and fell heavily to the floor on his face. Mr. Garrett sprang to his feet with an exclamation of alarm, and seizing a pillow from the sofa laid it under his friend's head, and then summoned Mrs. Vanderbilt and George, the youngest son. Dr. McLean, the family doctor, arrived in a few minutes, but his intervention was useless. Mr. Vanderbilt never spoke or moved after he fell under the sudden stroke and died within a few minutes without a struggle. Dr. McLean pronounced his death the result of a sudden stroke of paralysis or to the bursting of a large blood vessel at the base of the brain, of the kind that are absolutely fatal at the moment, and stated that his death was as painless as it was sudden. By arrangement of the nearest friends with members of the family it was decided that the funeral was to be on Friday night at 10 o'clock from St. Bartholomew's church. Mr. Vanderbilt had made a will. What its provisions are is not known to any one outside of the family and his confidential counsel and friend, Mr. Depew. The children Mr. Vanderbilt leaves are in their regular succession as to age from Cornelius, who is about forty years old, down to—Cornelius, William K., Frederick W., and George W. and four daughters—Mrs. E. E. Shepard, Mrs. William D. Sloan, Mrs. J. H. McK. Twombly, and Mrs. Dr. Seward Web.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.
William H. Vanderbilt, eldest son of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, was born in Richmond county, Staten Island, on May 5, 1821. He was sent to the Grammar school of Columbia college, where he acquired the requisite knowledge for a business life. At the age of 18 he entered the house of Drew, Robinson & Co. of Wall street, where, as a clerk, he soon won the confidence of the firm, then known as one of the strongest operators on the street. At the end of two years Mr. Vanderbilt's diligence had impaired his health, and he determined to try his hand at farming and for a time he devoted his attention to the cultivation of 350 acres on Staten Island. His agricultural efforts proved successful and yielded him a good income. He was subsequently appointed to the receivership of the Staten Island Railroad company, which had become loaded with debts and embarrassments, and in this position he evinced the talents which have made him one of the first railroad men on the continent. In ten years he had paid off the claims against the Staten Island Company, connected it with New York by an independent ferry and placed it upon a substantial financial basis. The stockholders

then pressed upon him the presidency of the company, which he resigned when called to Europe to attend upon his dying brother, George. On his return he entered again upon a busy career. In 1854 he was elected vice-president of the New York and Harlem Railroad company, and the following year of the Hudson River Railroad Company. From this time forward his life has been a part of the railway history of the country. At once the confident and son of the Commodore, he became the able assistant through whom the comprehensive plans of that master mind were carried into quick and successful execution. In 1869 the Central and Hudson River Companies were consolidated through the instrumentality of Commodore Vanderbilt, creating a new corporation of unequalled wealth and power and Mr. William H. Vanderbilt was named in the articles of consolidation its vice-president and executive officer and afterward became its president. "Billy," as his father always called him, inherited by will the bulk of his father's estate, which consisted mainly of railroad property. In his manners he was warm and genial, liberal in his charities and hospitable in his social disposition.

AN ESTIMATE OF HIS WEALTH.
Mr. Vanderbilt died possessed of wealth which seems almost fabulous. His fortune was at one time placed as high as \$200,000,000, and it is believed that he was the richest man in the world. In January, 1883, he told a friend that he was worth \$194,000,000, and added: "I am the richest man in the world. In England the Duke of Westminster is said to be worth \$200,000,000, but it is mostly in land and houses. It does not pay him 2 per cent." This was an unusual instance of boastfulness on Mr. Vanderbilt's part, and he was generally non-communicative in regard to his financial condition. A year ago it was known that he had \$34,000,000 in Government 4 per cent. bonds, but this was afterward reduced to \$35,000,000, partly to aid his sons, who had lost \$10,000,000 in Wall street. He afterwards purchased \$10,000,000 more of the 4 per cent., and he had besides \$1,000,000 in Government 3 1/2 per cent. It is said that his Government bonds are worth \$70,000,000. He owned in addition \$22,000,000 worth of railroad bonds, \$3,200,000 of state and city bonds, and had \$2,000,000 in manufacturing stocks and mortgages. He stated to a friend that his ordinary expenses in a year were \$200,000. A Wall street man, referring to his wealth, said: "From his Government bonds he draws \$2,372,000 a year; from railroad stocks and bonds, \$7,394,000; from miscellaneous securities, \$576,695; total, in round numbers, \$10,500,000 a year. His earnings are thus over \$25,000 a day, \$1,200 an hour, and \$19 7/8 a minute." This was a year ago, when his wealth was estimated at \$200,000,000. Some of his securities have since advanced in value since then, but at the time of his death his fortune was enormous.

VANDERBILT'S CHARACTERISTICS.
BOSTON, Dec. 9.—"The Standard" writes to the *Herald* regarding Vanderbilt's characteristics: William H. Vanderbilt kept a Gatling gun in his palatial residence on Fifth avenue. You didn't know that, did you? In good truth it is a fact with which people are very generally unacquainted. Some time more than a year ago there was a very considerable Socialist row in the metropolis, and a meeting of a rather formidable description was held at the Cooper institute. I remember quite distinctly that the papers at the time were full of what the Socialists proposed to do. One of their first declarations was that they would hang J. Gould. After that they proposed to take Mr. Vanderbilt out and decorate the nearest lamp-post with his rather corpulent figure. Included in their plans was the design of burning all the Vanderbilt houses. Mr. Vanderbilt was not a man of person, neither to be frightened nor excited by such threats as these, but he obviously determined not to have his rights imposed upon without a struggle, and he went down to the firm of Schuyler, Hartley & Graham, and purchased the Gatling gun which is now reposing in one of the unused apartments of his mansion. It will be seen from this that Mr. Vanderbilt did not at all underestimate the possibilities of the Socialistic situation, and it will also be seen that he was made of the stuff which easily takes flight. There was no more characteristic personage in America than the great millionaire, and there was no man in this country who had more lies told about him, who suffered more in the public estimation from misinformation, or who cared less what people said and thought about him. Mr. Vanderbilt's remarks were few and generally simple. Every one who is at all familiar with the manner and customs of prominent Americans is, of course, well acquainted with the great New York Central manager's fondness for spending his days in association with horses. But while Mr. Vanderbilt put in two or three hours every day in the pastime of driving up the road, and spent still more of his hours in the magnificent stables which house his fancy horseflesh, the methods by which he disposed of the rest of his time are comparatively unknown. There was a period when he devoted a good deal of his attention to the affairs of railway stocks down in Wall street, but for the past year he has operated little, if any. But, when Mr. Vanderbilt was not buying or selling stocks, he liked to amuse himself with watching the market and associating with the men who manipulated it. Of an evening you would often find Mr. Vanderbilt around the Windsor Hotel, where most of the speculators congregated, every night to talk over the situation between ships and champagne and wreaths of fragrant seltzer. The great millionaire, however, seldom lounged about the lobby or café. There is a little sitting room opening off to one side of the hall, near the forty-sixth street entrance, and here, in company with half a dozen friends, it was his delight to sit and pass away a few hours of the early night. They say he could spin anecdotes as fast as entertaining as any man in the rather brilliant circle which make its headquarters at the Windsor, and his views on national and financial matters were generally of sufficient soundness to merit serious consideration. In these evening chats Mr. Vanderbilt seldom touched a drop of wine, and never drank liquor, but he possessed a singular fondness for seeing other men enjoy themselves in this direction, and when surrounded by his friends he would keep the table supplied with the choicest brands of cigars and champagne as long as his companions would consume them. People who knew him well could not help but be glad above all things was a man who treated him with no more than ordinary civility, and who plainly showed him that a great millionaire was to be considered no more than an ordinary human being. In fact, after all, he was a rather disconcerting sensation to always feel that people regard you simply for your financial superiority, and it isn't in the least wonderful that a man holding this kind of thing constantly in mind should occasionally become disgusted and petulant. Vanderbilt liked to be treated as a fall fellow well met, and he did not enjoy the sensation of being lionized and lauded.

All the fruit and other trees in Santa Barbara, Cal., are being dug up and English walnuts planted in their stead. The craze is rapidly spreading.

SYMPATHY FOR IRELAND.

THE CITIZENS OF HALIFAX GIVING AID TO THE PARLIAMENTARY FUND.

HALIFAX, Dec. 4.—A meeting of the citizens of Halifax, held on Friday for the purpose of expressing sympathy with the people of Ireland in the effort now being made by them to obtain local self-government, was largely attended. The chair was taken about 8 o'clock by Dr. Farrell, president of the Canadian Irish Society, with His Grace the Archbishop on his right, and Mr. J. P. Sutton, of Quebec, on his left; the following, among other gentlemen, being also seated on the platform: Hon. S. J. Power, Hon. J. A. Butler, Hon. W. S. Fielding, Hon. J. W. Langley, Messrs. Stairs and Daly, M. P. Very Rev. Monaghan Power, Messrs M. J. Power and W. D. Harrington, M. P. P., Dominick Farrell, John M. Inglis, John Pugh, ex-M. P., Michael Walsh, J. P. Parsons, Thomas O'Malley, R. Motton, T. P. Connolly, James Dwyer, Henry Peters, J. N. Lyons, R. O'Mullin, D. F. Power and J. J. O'Brien. St. Patrick's brass band, which had played in front of the building previous to the meeting, occupied the orchestra.

The chairman in his opening remarks explained that they had assembled to show that they wished Ireland to have a similar system of government as Canada, and that it might show the same happy result. He thought the Irish people need not be afraid to apply to the Nova Scotians for sympathy, who, while remaining loyal to the British government, and British institutions, were also ready to give aid to the party who are working that the same loyalty might be obtained in Ireland through an independent government.
Mr. Sutton, of Quebec, then introduced, said he was there as a commissioned agent of the Irish people to ask their aid and support. It seemed strange that in this latter part of the 19th century Ireland should be bound and dragged to the chariot wheels of the British empire. Ireland was a nation in herself and desired to assert her rights as a nation, though in doing so it was not necessary that she cease to be part of the empire. Ireland at present was very unfairly represented in the British parliament and could not obtain attention to her demands. The speaker then proceeded to briefly review the history of the Irish union, quoting from various statesmen of the time in support of his views. One of the points urged against the present movement for Irish parliamentary independence was said to be that the rights of the Protestant minority would be trampled upon. It was an insult to them to make the charge. Ireland never asks her faithful sons what creed they subscribe to, and never has Ireland wanted a faithful son to the front, but that a Protestant was ever ready to tread a path that led too often led to prison or to the scaffold. (Applause.)

Mr. M. B. Daly, M. P., was then called upon, and in an eloquent address proposed the following resolution, which was adopted: Whereas, the experiences of nearly a century has conclusively shown that the administration of the affairs of the people of Ireland by the parliament in England; is neither conducive to the prosperity of Ireland nor satisfactory to the people; and Whereas, for many years past the people of Ireland have been practically a unit in demanding local self-government for the country, or in other words some such form of government as the people of this Dominion now enjoy; and Whereas the Canadian people having experienced the many beneficial results which flow from the excellent system of government under which they live;

Be it therefore resolved, that we, the citizens of Halifax, in mass meeting assembled, do hereby extend to our fellow subjects in Ireland our hearty sympathy and material support in every legitimate effort to obtain for Ireland some such form of government as obtains in this Dominion of Canada—a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.
After appropriate addresses by Hon. J. W. Langley and Mr. Motton, His Grace Archbishop O'Brien was called upon, and in the course of his remarks said he had always hoped for the time to come when Ireland would have her own local parliament. Everyone was prepared to say that Irishmen were entitled to the same rights as the people in Nova Scotia. He did not think so meanly of any man in Canada as to doubt his loyalty, but he did not think that any of them would stand the injustice that had been heaped upon the Irish people. Loyalty could only come from reasonable beings, and it treated with injustice every one will rebel against it. If justice is done he believed that the people of Ireland will be just as loyal as the people of Nova Scotia or as any other people. This was so plain that he almost felt ashamed of referring to it.
Mr. J. N. Lyons then proposed a lengthy resolution approving of the formation of the Irish parliamentary fund in Canada and the United States, and strongly recommending it to the practical support of the citizens of Halifax in sympathy with the movement of the people of Ireland for local self-government and parliamentary reform.
This was also adopted, after which the meeting adjourned.

THE END OF A BORDER DESPERADO.

EAGLE PASS, TEX., Dec. 11.—On Wednesday night Sheriff Oglesby, with two deputies, went to Delgado ranch, a notorious resort for horse thieves and desperados, situated on the Rio Grande, 20 miles below here, to arrest Manach Delgado, a smuggler and horse thief. They found him sleeping in a stable, and seizing him when he awoke he fired the bullet through the temple of one officer. The Sheriff returned the fire, sending a bullet through Delgado's heart. The firing aroused the other desperados, who attacked the officers and drove them from the ranch. Obtaining reinforcements the Sheriff again attacked the ranch in the morning. Many were exchanged, and three Mexicans were killed. The gang escaped into Mexico carrying several wounded with them. Delgado has been a terror to the border and was reported to be very rich. A large quantity of plunder was captured.

HOLLOWAY'S Ointment and Pills.

Rheumatism and Rheumatic gout are the most dreaded of all diseases, because their victims know that they are safe at no season, and at no age secure. Holloway's Ointment, after long and painful use, gives greater relief than any other application; but it must be diligently used to obtain this desirable result. It has been highly commended by rheumatic subjects of all ages and of both sexes, for rendering their attack less frequent and less vigorous, and for repressing the sour perspiration and soothing the nerves. In many cases, Holloway's Ointment and Pills have proved the greatest blessings in removing rheumatism and rheumatic gout which had assailed persons previously and at the prime of life.

ORGANIZING AGAINST THE CHINESE.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., Dec. 11.—A large and enthusiastic meeting of the workingmen was held last night to discuss a plan to force the Chinese from the avenues of labor now held by them. Addresses were made by a number of prominent citizens, and resolutions were passed favoring a state convention to formulate a plan for a general movement all over the state against the employment of Chinese.

SKILFUL SURGICAL OPERATION.

The American Ambassador at Vienna, M. Kasson, has lately forwarded to his Government an interesting account of a remarkable surgical operation lately performed by Professor Pirolozzi, of Vienna, which, wonderful to tell, consisted in the removal of a portion of the human stomach, involving, nearly one-third of the organ—and strange to say, the patient recovered—the only successful operation of the kind ever performed. The disease, for which this operation was performed was cancer of the stomach, attended with the following symptoms:—The appetite is quite poor. There is a peculiar insupportable distress in the stomach, a feeling that has been described as a faint "all gone" sensation, a sticky slimy collects about the teeth, especially in the morning, accompanied by an unpleasant taste. Food fails to satisfy this peculiar intonation; but, on the contrary, it appears to aggravate the feeling. The eyes are sunken, tinged with yellow, the hands and feet become cold and sticky, a cold perspiration. The sufferer feels at all times and in all places, a sticky slimy coating. After a time the patient becomes nervous and irritable, gloomy, his mind filled with evil forebodings. When rising suddenly from a recumbent position there is a dizziness, a whirling sensation, and he is obliged to grasp something firm to keep from falling. The bowels constive, the skin dry and hot at times; the blood becoming thick and stagnant, and dark, or nearly so. After a time the patient spits up food soon after eating, sometimes in a sour and fermented condition, sometimes sweetish to the taste. Oftentimes there is a palpitation of the heart, and the patient fears he may have heart disease. Towards the last the patient is unable to retain any food whatever, as the opening in the intestines becomes closed, or nearly so. Although this disease is indeed alarming, sufferers with the above-named symptoms should not feel nervous, for nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand have no cancer, but simply dyspepsia, a disease easily removed if treated in a proper manner. The safest and best remedy for the disease is Seigel's Curative Syrup, a vegetable preparation sold by all chemists and medicine vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, (Limited), 17, Farringdon-road, London, E. C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system.
St. Mary street, Peterborough, November 22nd, 1885.
Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefit I have received from Seigel's Syrup. I have been troubled for years with dyspepsia; but after a few doses of the Syrup, I found relief, and after taking two bottles of it I feel quite cured.
I am, Sir, yours truly,
Mr. A. J. White.

September 8th, 1885.
Dear Sir,—I find the sale of Seigel's Syrup steadily increasing. All who have tried it speak very highly of its medicinal virtues; one customer describes it as a "Godsend to dyspeptic people." I always recommend it with confidence.
Faithfully yours,
(Signed) CHAS. A. WILLS,
Chemist-Dentist, Merthyr Tydfil.

To Mr. A. J. White,
Seigel's Operating Pills are the best family physic that has ever been discovered. They cleanse the bowels from all irritating substances and leave them in a healthy condition. They cure constiveness.
Preston, Sept. 21st, 1885.
My Dear Sir,—Your Syrup and Pills are still very popular with my customers, many saying they are the best family medicines possible. The other day a customer came for two bottles of Syrup and said "Mother Seigel" has saved the life of his wife, and he added, "one of these bottles I am sending to my sister-in-law to a friend who is very ill. I have much faith in it." The sale keeps up wonderfully, in fact, one would fancy almost the people were beginning to breakfast, dine, and sup on Mother Seigel's Syrup, the demand is so constant and the satisfaction so great.
I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
(Signed) W. Bowker,
Spanish Town, Jamaica, West Indies, Oct. 24, 1885.

Dear Sir,—I write to inform you that I have derived great benefit from "Seigel's Syrup." For some years I have suffered from liver complaint, with its many and varied concomitant evils, so that my life was a perpetual misery. Twelve months ago I was induced to try Seigel's Syrup, and although rather sceptical, having tried so many reputed infallible remedies, I determined to give it at least a fair trial. In two or three days I felt considerably better, and now at the end of three months (being continued) I feel as if I were a new man. I feel different being altogether. It is said of certain pains that they "come as a boon and a blessing to man; and I have no reason to doubt the truthfulness of the statement. I can truly say, however, that Seigel's Syrup has come as a "boon and a blessing" to me. I have recommended it to several fellow-sufferers from this distressing complaint, and their testimony is quite in accordance with my own. Gratitude for the benefit I have derived from the excellent preparation prompts me to furnish you with this unsolicited testimonial.
I am, dear Sir,
Yours very gratefully,
(Signed) CHAS. B. BEAGY,
A. J. White, Esq., Baptist Missionary,
Huntingdon, Whitehaven, Oct. 16, 1885.

Mr. A. J. White.—Dear Sir,—I was for some time afflicted with piles, and was advised to give Mother Seigel's Syrup a trial, which I did. I am now happy to state that I have restored me to complete health. I remain, yours respectfully,
(Signed) J. H. HATHORN,
A. J. WHITE, (Limited), 47 St. James Street, Montreal.
For sale by all druggists and by A. J. White (Ld.), 47 St. James Street City.

GLADSTONE WANTS OFFICE.

LONDON, Dec. 9.—Returns secured up to 3 p.m. show the election of 331 Liberals, 248 Conservatives and 81 Nationalists. Seven Parliamentary seats remain to be cleared. The Liberals count upon obtaining three of these seats, which would raise their total to 334 against 336 Conservatives and Nationalists. A report, which is believed in the Liberal clubs, is current to the effect that Mr. Gladstone has decided to seize the first chance to oust the Conservatives. He is said to be eager for office, proposing to conclude his public life with the production of a home rule measure for Ireland. Mr. Bradlaugh has entered into negotiations with the Liberal leaders. He proposes not to present himself at the bar of the House of Commons to take the oath of office at the opening of Parliament, provided the Liberals will introduce and support a bill allowing members elect to affirm instead of taking the oath. The number of members of the new House of Commons never before elected to Parliament is 332. This has had no parallel since the first parliament under the Reform bill in 1832.

THE PARLIAMENTARY FUND.

Mr. T. D. Sullivan, at a meeting of the National League in Dublin yesterday, denounced Mr. Philip Callan for running against Mr. Farnell's nominee, Mr. Joseph Nolan, in Louth. It was stated at the meeting that the donations to the Parliamentary Fund amounted to £20,478. Of this sum Ireland had contributed £673, America \$5,000 and other places \$800.

A BLOODTHIRSTY SPEECH.

DUESBORO, GERMANY, Dec. 12.—General Von Loeb, in returning his thanks to the military band to-day, said "The Rhish says Westphalian order, as heretofore, will save their brotherhood in arms if we shall be obliged to meet the enemy, as well may happen." The speech has caused a sensation.