

knows Brandy, positively beaming on the specimen of 'inconstant womanhood' before him.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, I'm sure," says Dandy, with suppressed effusion and a tender glance at the "flowering face" that hides the "serpent heart."

After which, catching each other's eyes, they have much ado to keep from giving way to the desire for laughter that is consuming them.

"How on earth did she come here?" says Tremaine, taking Dandy apart into a window. "Don't know, I'm sure; haven't the faintest idea," returns that youth, faintly.

"But I have. So I shall explain."

"All yet seems well, and if it end as most. The bitter part, more welcome is the sweet."

"It is unnecessary, and I should think, utter waste of time and ink, to tell you that on the day Mrs. Charteris leaves town to visit the Brookes, Mr. Blunden also takes the train to seek the seclusion that the country grants."

This arrangement rather pleases Fancy, who at any time infinitely prefers another's society to her own, and is as near un happiness as her sunny nature will permit when debarred from giving free expression to her sentiments.

She chatters unrestrainedly during the entire journey, and laughs, too, with such unfeigned merriment and lightness of heart as every passing thought as draws down upon her the scowls of two painfully plain, and therefore doubtless strictly moral, young women who are seated at the other end of the carriage.

They are reading the "Quiver" and the "Leisure Hour" as though their lives depended upon their getting to the last page before the expiration of their journey. Only twice do they draw breath to ask each other if the magnificent scenery they are passing through isn't "very pretty."

Arrived at Laxton, Arthur sees Mrs. Charteris into the carriage that awaits her, and then pauses irresolutely before closing the door, as though undecided what to do next. He glances first at the dog-cart, that stands ready for him in the distance, and then at Mrs. Charteris.

"Do you know you will have to pass Laxton Hall on your way?" he says presently, with a mean but futile effort at deception. "I think I should like to see Dugdale, if you will take me so far. He will send me over to Jack's afterwards."

"You will drive there in the dog-cart, can't you?" asks she, with an unkind pretence at innocence.

Presently, as Fancy still speaks, Kitty's face changes, grows troubled, and at last tears show themselves within her watery eyes.

"Then we are friends," says Fancy, in a soft tone, that trembles ever so slightly. "Yes—yes, indeed; it was all a mistake," returns Kitty, in a low voice.

Then turning to her husband, she says, hastily—"You must help me to persuade Mr. Charteris to come and stay with us when her visit at Brookville is at an end. Arthur—with a faint smile—"will perhaps, stay on with us, and try to make the country a little less dull for her."

"I'm sure I hope you will come to us," says Sir John, heartily, addressing Fancy, and looking surprised, but very pleased.

Every one is pleased, especially Gretchen. Brandy and Dandy exchange a sly wink behind their backs, which, being intercepted by the indefatigable Flora, draws from her lips a dignified rebuke.

"It is a charming arrangement," says Gretchen, when Fancy has accepted the invitation. "You make me almost regret—laying her hand with a fond pressure, and a glance of ineffable tenderness, upon Kenneth's shoulder—that I must leave you all and go to Italy. But perhaps—with a passing look at Arthur and Fancy—"some of you will follow us there before long."

"Do; come, all of you," says Kenneth, pathetically, "if only to keep us from boring each other to death."

"I should like to go immensely," says Miss Tremaine, advancing from the background that being a position she very seldom affects. "No! You don't say so!" exclaims Brandy, enthusiastically. "Well, you shall go then, and I shall be your escort. Let us start at once. It is no distance; just a nice little walk."

"I wonder whether it will be Hanwell or Colney Hatch?" murmurs Miss Flora, in a dreamy tone, meant to wither, and with a glance of lively scorn.

Kitty, turning to Mrs. Charteris, says, with a little fond blush—"You have not seen my baby yet, I think. I brought him with me to-day, to let his auntie see him. You know she is his second mother. Come up-stairs with me, and I will show him to you."

After which, if any woman thinks the reconciliation is not quite complete, all I can say is, she knows nothing about it.

And so—down with the curtain, and lights out! The play is over, and the poor players fit like pale ghosts into the gathering darkness. Will you—so I ask you—give them a kind thought? With this request, "I kiss your hand, and so leave you."

THE END.

TWO WOMEN. There were two women of self same clay. Fresh as a flower, pure as a pearl.

And the other woman—a simple girl, Fresh as a flower, pure as a pearl. Only a pleasant maid; Dearly she loved her native wild.

"We take the liberty of appending to Miss Parrell's charming poem an impartial account of the recent Belmont slaughter by the police. The special correspondent of the Dublin Freeman's Journal says:—

"The police were pursuing the crowd, which was fleeing in every direction. Ellen Macdonagh was amongst them running for the protection of the nearest house, only a few yards distant. She stumbled before a low stone wall and fell near a bayonet. One of the police pursuing with fixed bayonets came up, and as she lay prostrate upon the ground, thrust the bayonet into her side, as a man thrusts a fork into hay. The bayonet entered immediately beneath the short ribs on the left side, and pierced the peritoneum. At the same time she was probably, could not have saved her, and I think she received none at all. Peritonitis usually brings terrible pain, and Ellen Macdonagh's death from this cause must have been full of agony."—Boston Pilot.

A Remarkable Cure. FROM LEWIS PHILIP, OF WEST TOWNSEND, VT. "Several years since I took a severe cold, which settled on my lungs, where it remained without relaxation. I was then in Massachusetts; and growing worse and becoming unable to attend to my business, I returned home, and commenced searching in earnest for some medicine which would restore my lost health. I consulted physicians, I tried many remedies, but obtained no help, but daily grew worse. I had a terrible cough, and raised a good deal of blood. I had profuse night sweats and severe pain in my side. I continued in this state for months, and became so weak that it was with great difficulty I could walk, when I was advised to try Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry; and to my great joy I soon found that this remedy had arrested the disease. I continued to use the Balsam to the extent of five bottles, and have since then experienced no difficulty of the lungs. I believe the Balsam saved my life, and I shall ever hold it in high estimation. 50 cents and \$1 a bottle. Sold by all dealers generally."

IRELAND. What Henry George thinks of the situation—How it strikes an American Radical—The new political economy—The doctrine of State ownership and the land agitation.

Mr. Henry George, author of "Progress and Poverty," has been to Ireland to study for himself the present phase of the Irish agitation and the condition of the country generally. Coming from such a champion of land reform, the following interview with Mr. George, by the Toronto Globe correspondent, cannot but prove of much interest at the present crisis in Ireland's history:—

"Mr. George, what are your impressions of the political situation in Ireland?" "It was shortly after a dinner at the author's comfortable lodgings, and we had been for some time chatting on promiscuous subjects over punch and cigars when I put this question. Mr. George looked up, saw my notebook and pencil ready to record his reply, and resigning himself to the inevitable came down as readily as a general as Davy Crockett's cool. "Oh, you want a regular interview. Well, go ahead," said he, as he lighted a fresh cigar and stretched himself out full length on the sofa.

"Yes, I will begin by asking yourself on the present position of matters in Ireland." "I don't think," said Mr. George reflectively, "that there can exist a despotism more demoralizing or intolerable than the government of a foreign power wielded by the landlords in the interest of their class. The fundamental ideas of personal and political liberty that we are accustomed to associate with the English language and Anglo-Saxon traditions are utterly subverted and trampled upon."

"Did this condition of matters surprise you?" "Yes, I never fully realized it before I came to the country. I don't think any American can realize it until he comes here. Of course I knew that a man in Dublin Castle could send any man to prison during his will and pleasure, but I did not realize how in all its details the entire system of government partook of the same arbitrary character. In Ireland there is no such thing as local self-government."

THE NEW RENT PROGRAMME? "I do not think that it affords any solution to the land question, but as a temporary defensive measure it is justifiable, and I am glad to see the people standing out against the enormous force called in to make them pay rent. The landlords of Ireland, so far as their effect upon the country is concerned, are something better than a lot of ravenous wild beasts. They have decimated the population and desolated the country, so many rivers or tigers would have done. The agitation against them and their rule was legitimate and constitutional, and when in their interests and at their dictation all semblance of constitutional government is set aside and a reign of terror inaugurated, a general refusal to pay rents is a wise and patriotic measure, and it persisted in will bring them to terms."

"Supposing, however, that the question should be settled by the present occupants retaining their holding rent free?" "I should regard that as a misfortune—not that the peasant proprietor would not be far better than the present state of things, but it would not be the best solution obtainable, and would in my opinion, if it could be established, stand in the way of more radical measures."

"To what do you refer as more radical measures," asked the correspondent. "I refer to the complete NATIONALIZATION OF THE LAND, the recognition of the fact that the land of Ireland is the property of the whole Irish people, and not of a class, be they few or many."

How could this be accomplished? "Simply by making the State the universal landlord and using the revenues of land for purposes of common benefit."

"Then you do not believe in a general scheme of sub-division of the land, giving to each his share?" "No; that would be utterly impossible, and, if possible, would be entirely inconsistent with modern civilization and the improvement of modern industrial processes. It might suit a people in a rude state, where everyone was an agriculturist, and each family produced within itself all that is needed; but it would not suit a community in which the division of labor has gone to any considerable extent—neither would it be possible in a growing community to ensure equality by any scheme of division. Even if by making the separate lots in some places square feet and in others square miles, an approximation to equality in value could be obtained, this equality would not last, for the value of land is constantly changing by the growth of cities, the opening of new means of communication, etc., and a new division would be required at very short intervals in order to maintain even a semblance of equality."

"How far do you think that the idea of the nationalization of the land enters into the Irish land agitation?" "Up to this time not at all. The Land League leaders have not been much more logical than Mr. Gladstone. In fact I do not see any very great difference between them except that one goes a little farther than the other. There was a great deal of truth in the remark of Lord Salisbury that Gladstone wanted to reduce rents 30 per cent, whereas Parrell would cut them down 50 per cent, and because of the difference of 20 per cent. between them the one ran the other into his beginning, and, as in all revolutions, the leaders of the popular party will be hurried along."

FARTHER AND FASTER than they dreamed of in the outset. The progress already made in Ireland has been enormous, and when the people begin to think and to talk about the right of property in land private ownership of land is doomed. The full recognition of the equal right of every human being to the land on which and from which he must live is only a question of time."

"Are there any indications that the idea of land nationalization is leaving the agitation?" "It is beginning to, and the action of the Government in imprisoning the popular leaders and attempting to dragoon the people secures a very extensive radicalization of the movement."

"What are the views generally taken by the Land Leagues in America?" "They are a great deal more radical than the opinions of the Irish Leaguers. They were not at the beginning, but a very rapid advance in this direction is taking place among them. To my own personal knowledge in all parts of America there are a rapidly increasing number of earnest and influential men who believe precisely as I do."

"How would the adoption of such a programme as you indicate for the nationalization of the land affect American support of the League?" "It would strengthen it, and that not only in America, but it would bring the cause sympathy and support in all parts of the civilized world, and especially do I believe that it would strengthen it where it seems to me that the heart of the great fight must be—in England."

THE ENGLISH LAND QUESTION. "Then you think that the movement will spread to England?" "It seems to me to be an impossibility to prevent its doing so. There is an English land question just as truly as there is an Irish land question, and the attention that through the Irish land agitation is being called to the land question must ultimately bring it up in England, and the more radical the character which the agitation here assumes the quicker will this take place."

"Then you expect that the English farmers will take hold?" "On the contrary, I have little or no hope from the English farmers. The classes I look to with most hope are the labouring and industrial classes, and in the beginning of the movement at least, to the population of the cities more than to the population of the country."

"You think, then, that the question concerns the people of the cities?" "Certainly, they live on and from the land just as truly as the people of the country, and the fact that there are nearly one million paupers in manufacturing England, and that in the great and rich city of London PEOPLE DIE OF STARVATION, is as direct a consequence of the monopolization of the English soil as Irish famines are of the monopolization of Irish soil. People do not begin to appreciate the importance of the land question until they get past the idea that land is something with which only agriculturists have to do."

"And you think that the people will begin to see this?" "Yes (in a very confident tone.) Everything that I have seen here convinces me that I have been right in believing, as I have for some time believed, that it is a true revolution that is here commencing. Everything is working together to keep it on, and those who are trying to oppose it are really doing more to precipitate matters than those who favor it. It has got such a start now that I do not think that any human power can stop it. Not only do I find that the most intelligent and thoughtful men I have met in Ireland share the same view, but that it is also the opinion of Englishmen and Englishwomen in whose judgment I have great confidence."

The interview here terminated. Do not drug the system with nauseous purgatives that only debilitate. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS is nature's own Cathartic; it acts at once upon the Bowels, the Skin, the Liver and the Kidneys, arousing all the secretions to a healthy action. It purifies the Blood and cures all Humors, even the worst form of Scrofula, and tones up the Nervous and Debilitated.

A young woman in a New Jersey village, who, in consequence of some petty scandal, left the place, resolved to revenge herself for the annoyance. Her brother having become stricken with small-pox in New York, she brought him to a vacant house in the village, and, with her other, went freely among the people of the village. From this source, and the hack with which she brought her brother to the house, the disease has been spread among the village—almost creating an epidemic. They still talk about her, but in somewhat different style. Composed of powerful drugs so compounded as to produce almost miraculous cures in the history of Kendall's Spavin Cure, See advt.

PANIC STRICKEN WORSHIPPERS. A MAN SHOOTS HIMSELF IN THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, OTTAWA. OTTAWA, Jan. 13.—A startling sensation occurred in the basement of Notre Dame Cathedral to-day, which sent a thrill of horror through a congregation of ladies during this afternoon's devotions. A few days ago a man named Walsh called at the Bishop's Palace, and from his manner the Father to whom he addressed himself came to the conclusion that he was non compos mentis. He questioned the man about his friends but could obtain no satisfactory information. Finally he induced Walsh to walk over to Father Malloy's Home, where he was taken in charge and cared for. Nothing of an unusual character occurred until this morning, when Walsh was allowed to go to the cathedral with another inmate and join in the devotional exercises in the basement chapel. They took a front pew, but during the service they talked aloud, and so annoyed the congregation, made up of ladies, that one of them requested their removal. Walsh refused to retire, but his companion obeyed instructions. Father Malloy was sent for, and the sexton requested to summon the police. When the officer arrived he looked through the church for the disturbing element, but he could not be found, and a search was made in the upper part of the church. This proved unsuccessful when the officer returned to the basement, he espied Walsh in a pew, crushed down on his knees. He immediately advanced towards him, and as he did so, the report of a revolver resounded through the building, and the lunatic fell back a dead worm. Simultaneously with the report the women began to scream and, panic stricken, rushed towards the door. Several of them fainted and had to be carried into an adjoining house. Two ladies sat immediately in front of the suicide and several immediately behind. Dr. Valade was immediately summoned, but the deadly weapon had done its work and placed the victim far beyond the power of man to resuscitate.

The proprietors of Kendall's Spavin Cure have hundreds of letters on file speaking in the highest terms of the benefits derived from its use. When you find one case where it has failed to give relief, there are hundreds where it has proved a success. Read advertisement.

WRECK OF THE "LION." THE MYSTERY UNSOLVED. St. John's Nfld., Jan. 9.—Another theory is started that the steamer "Lion" was lost on the southwest side of Baccalaw Island, beneath the lighthouse, which towers 450 feet above the sea level. The light at this season of the year would be enveloped in a frosted atmospheric network, as this is almost universally the case. The steamer, under those circumstances, it is thought rushed on at full speed, the officer in command on the bridge looking out for the light, in order to shape his course into Trinity Bay; that the steamer in this way dashed her prow against the lofty precipitous cliffs, her bows being stove in, her boiler, too, probably exploding, and the powder magazine completing the work of destruction by instantaneous explosion. The "Lion" was built of oak. She was valued at some \$50,000, and was insured in London, England. Her cargo, valued at \$20,000, was uninsured. She had been engaged during the past twelve years in the Newfoundland sealing and whaling fisheries, and was possessed of enormous strength. The Newfoundland Government has just despatched the steamer "Cabot" to the probable scene of the calamity, but it is so likely that no human aid can now avail to save either life or property or even to unravel the mystery that surrounds the particular mode in which the ill-starred steamer met her doom.

Why will men allow themselves and their noble horses to suffer when Kendall's Spavin Cure, properly applied, will remove all suffering from man and beast? Read advertisement.

MONTREAL AND SOREL RAILWAY. The Montreal and Sorel Railway are still in difficulty with property holders in Longueuil, not having settled with a certain number of them, though they have trespassed upon their properties and taken possession of large tracts of land without the slightest reference to the wishes and claims of the owners. The probability is that the outcome of the difficulties will be a number of law suits.

When doctors disagree who shall decide? The people often decide by "throwing physic to the dogs," and trying BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS, and the result is always satisfactory. Burdock Blood Bitters is the Mulum in Parvo of medical science, curing all diseases of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys. A trial bottle only costs 10 cents. A dollar bottle may save you many dollars in doctor's bills.

Not long ago Mr. Beecher's door bell was rung by a bright-faced boy, who seemed to be in breathless haste as he asked to see the clergyman. He was admitted, and at once explained that two gentlemen down the street were holding a debate over the proper spelling of a word, and had sent him for Webster's Unabridged to settle the question. The quarto was obligingly handed to the messenger who hurried off with it. Mr. Beecher has never learned how the orthographic difficulty was adjusted, but he is aware that his library is minus one dictionary. The zealous young collector is probably ambitious to establish a book store, as he has been heard from in other parts of Brooklyn prosecuting the same industry with local variations.

The Liver is the grand purifying organ of the system; when inactive, or obstructed, bad blood and ill health are certain results. Burdock Blood Bitters cures all diseases arising from disordered Liver, Stomach, Bowels or Kidneys, purifying, restoring and strengthening. It regulates the Bowels, cleanses and enriches the Blood, and imparts tone to every organ of the body. Trial Bottles 10 cents.

THE "SILVER CHIMES." They whisper first of all, In that quiet even fall, Of the happy days of childhood that we passed. When each Garland that we made Secret to our beautiful to fade, And each butterfly more radiant than the last, They are chiming, &c.

Of a waking up to life, Of a long and bitter strife, Of a restless spirit fretting in its pain; Of a season when the bells Only racked us with their spells, Only mocked us with old memories again, They are chiming, &c.

Of a peaceful life at last, Of a sense of peril past, Of a future left in Safer Hands than ours; Of a sweet retreating day, Riving on our lives anew, As the raindrops fall and satisfy the flowers, They are chiming, &c.

Here is a song adapted from Butts, and appointed to be sung at all Fair Trade meetings throughout England:— John Brummagen, my Jo, John, When we were first acquaint, Freg Trade was all unknown, John, Yet farmers paid their rent, But now, though trade is free, John, When asked for what they owe, Each farmer shakes his rusty pow John Brummagen, my Jo!

John Brummagen, my Jo, John, Both ends was "wrested" together, We've tried the new and John, And now must try the other, The scheme must topple down, John, Or forty years ago, And Fair of Free swap the place, John Brummagen, my Jo!

FAITH AND UNFAITH. By "THE DUCHESS" CHAPTER I. "A heap of dust alone remains of thee; 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!"

In an upper chamber, through the closed blinds of which the sun is vainly striving to enter, Reginald Branscombe, fifth Earl of Sartoris, lies dead. The sheet is reverently drawn across the motionless limbs; the once restless, now quiet, face is hidden; all around is wrapt in solemn unutterable silence—the silence that belongs to death alone!

A sense of oppressive calm is upon everything—a feeling of loneliness, vague and shadowy. The clock has ticked its last an hour ago, and now stands useless in its place. The world without moves on unheeding; the world within knows time no more! Death reigns triumphant! Life sinks into insignificance!

Once, a little flickering golden ray, born of the hot sun outside, flashes in through some unknown chink, and casts itself gleefully upon the fat white lion of the bed. It trembles vivaciously now here, now there, in uncontrollable joyousness, as though seeking in its gaily to mock the graduate of the King of Terrors! At least so it seems to the sole watcher in the lonely chamber, as with an impatient sigh he raises his head, and, going over to the window, draws the curtains still closer to shut out the obnoxious light; after which he comes back to where he has been standing, gazing down upon, and thinking of, the dead.

He is an old man, tall and gaunt, with kind but passionate eyes, and a mouth expressive of impatience. His hands—withered but still sinewy—are clasped behind his back; every feature in his face is full of sad and anxious thought.

What changes the passing of a few short hours have wrought!—so he muses. Yesterday the man now chilled and elent for evermore was as full of animation as he—his brother—who to-day stands so sorrowfully beside his corpse. His blood had run as freely in his veins, his pulses throbbled as evenly, his very voice had been sounding strong and clear and hearty, when Death, remorseless, claimed him for his own.

Poor Reginald! Had he known of the fell disease that had nestled so long within his heart?—or had no symptoms ever shown themselves to give him kindly warning? Certainly no hint of it had ever passed his lips, even to those most near and dear to him. He had lived apparently free from care or painful forebodings of any kind—a good and useful life too, leaving nothing for those behind (who loved him) to regret. Indeed, of late he had appeared even gay, happier, than before; and now—

It seems such a little time ago since they both were laid together. A tiny space taken from the great eternity, when all is told. How well the living man remembers at this moment many a boyish frock and light hearted jest, many a kindness shown and gift bestowed by the dead, that until now had wellnigh been forgotten!

He thinks of the good old college days, when they worked hard, and fought hard, and trained their fresh young limbs to mighty deeds, and walked, and rode, and held their own with the best, and showed open defiance of dons and deans and proctors; he lingers, too, on the days still further on, when Reginald, having attained to his kingdom, lavished with no meagre hand upon his more extravagant brother the money so sorely needed.

Now Reginald is gone, and he, Arthur, reigns in his stead, and—Alas! alas! poor Reggy!—Poor, dear old fellow! He rouses himself with an effort, and, going very softly to a small door that opens from the apartment, beckons gently to somebody beyond.

An old woman, dressed in deepest mourning, and of the housekeeper type, answers his summons, her eyes red with excessive weeping. "I am going now," Lord Sartoris whispers to her, in a low tone. "I have finished everything. You will remain here until my return."

"Yes, Mr. Arthur—yes, my Lord," she answers nervously; and then, as she gives the old title for the first time to the man before her, she bursts out crying afresh, yet silently, in a subdued fashion, as though ashamed of her emotion.

Sartoris pats her shoulder kindly, and then with a sigh turns away, and passes from the room with bent head and hands still clasped behind him, as has become a habit with him of late years. Down the stairs and along the hall he goes, until, reaching a door at the lower end, he pauses before it, and, opening it, enters a room, half library, half boudoir, furnished in a somewhat rustic style. It is a room curiously built, being a complete oval, with two French windows opening to the ground, and a glass door between them—partly stained—that leads to the parterre outside. It is filled with medieval furniture, uncompromising and as strictly uncomfortable as should be, and has its walls (above the wooden dado) covered with a high-art paper, on which impossible storks, and unearthly birds of all descriptions, are depicted as rising out of blue-green bushes. This room is known as "my lady's chamber,"—having ever been the exclusive property of the mistress of the house, until Mrs. Dorian Branscombe, in default of any other mistress, had made her own of it during her frequent visits to Hythe, and had refurbished it to suit her own tastes, which were slightly æsthetic.