A smug-faced lad looked over the fence (Sing hey where the birdlings sing and chirp

she, 'To see you eeru purp.'' A smile then smiled the smug-faced lad (Sing lack-a-day for the sunset red!) "Then laugh no more, good gossip, because The kettle is your'n," he said.

[The poetry after Browning; the man the dog; the woman after the boy.]

THE CHOICE OF THREE

A NOVEL.

Eva looked faintly from one to the other her head sank, and great black rings painted themselves beneath her eyes. The lily was broken at last.

You are very cruel," she said, slowly "but I suppose it must be as you wish. Pray God I may die first, that is all!" and she put her hands to her head and stumbled from the room, leaving the two conspirators facing each other.

"Come, we got over that capitally," said Mr. Plowden, rubbing his hands. "There is nothing like taking the high hand with a woman. Ladies must sometimes be taught that a gentleman has rights as well as Florence turned on him with bitter

orn.
'Gentlemen! Mr. Plowden, why is the word so often on your lips? Surely after the part you have just played, you do not the part you have just played, you do not presume to rank yourself among gentlemen? Listen! it suits my purposes that you should marry Eva; and you shall marry her; but I will not stoop to play the hypocrite with a man like you. You talk of yourself as a gentleman, and do not scruple to force an innocent girl into a wicked marriage, and to crush her spirit with marriage, and to crush her spirit with your cunning cruelty. A gentleman, for-sooth!—a satyr, a devil in disguise!" "I am only asserting my rights," he said, furiously; "and whatever I have done, you

have done more."

"Do not try your violence on me, Mr.
Plowden; it will not do. I am not made of the same stuff as your victim. Lower your voice, or leave the house and do not enter it

again."
Mr. Plowden's heavy underjaw fell little: he was terribly afraid of Florence.
"Now," she said, "listen! I do not choose that you should labor under any mistake. I hold your hand in this bus though to have to do with you in any way is in itself a defilement," and she wiped her delicate fingers on a pocket-handkerchief as she said the word, "because I have an en of my own to gain. Not a vulgar end like yours, but a revenge, which shall be almost divine or diabolical, call it which you will, in its completeness. Perhaps it is a madness, perhaps it is an inspiration, perhap it is a fate. Whatever it is, it animates me it is a fate. Whatever it is, it animates me, body and soul, and I will gratify it, though to do so I have to use a tool like you. I wished to explain this to you. I wished, too, to make it clear to you that I consider you contemptible. I have done both, and I have now the pleasure to wish you good-

morning."
Mr. Plowden left the house white with fury, and cursing in a manner remarkable in a clergyman.

"If she wasn't so handsome, hang me if I would not throw the whole thing up!" he

Needless to say, he did nothing of the CHAPTER XXX.

THE VIRGIN MARTYR.

Dorothy, in her note to Ernest that h received by the mail previous to the one that brought the letters which at a single blow laid the hope and promise of his life in the dust, had, it may be remembered, stated her intention of going to see Eva in order to plead Ernest's cause; but what with one thing and another, her visit was considerably delayed. Twice she was on the point of going, and twice something occurred to prevent her. The fact of the natter was the errand was distasteful, and she was in no hurry to execute it. loved Ernest herself, and however however deep that love might be trampled fast it might be chained in the dunher secret thoughts, it was still there, a living thing, an immortal thing. She could tread it down and chain it; she could not kill it. Its shade would rise and walk the upper chambers of her heart, wring its hands and cry to her, telling what it suffered in those subterranean places, whispering how bitterly it envied the bright and happy life which moved in the free air, and had usurped the love it claimed. It was hard to have to ignore those pleadings, to disregard those cries for pity, and to say that there was no hop that it must always be chained, till time away the chain. It was harder still to have ering. Still, she meant to go. Her duty to Ernest was not to be forsaken because

was a painful duty.

On two or three occasions she met Eva, but got no opportunity of speaking to her. Either her sister Florence was with her, or she was obliged to return immediately. The fact was that, after the scene described in the last chapter, Eva was subjected to the the last chapter, Eva was subjected to the closest espionage. At home Florence watched her as a cat watches a mouse; abroad Mr. Plowden seemed to be constantly hovering on her flank, or, if he was not there, then she became aware of the presence of the ancient and contemplative mariner who traded in Dutch cheeses. Mr. Plowden feared lest she should run away, and so cheat him of his prize; Florence, lest she should confide in Dorothy, or possibly Mr. Cardus, and supported by them find the courage to assert herself and defraud her of her revenge. So they watched her every movement.

At last Dorothy made up her mind to At last Dorothy made up her mind to go and see Eva at her own home. She knew nothing of the Plowden imbroglio; but it did strike her as curious that no one had said anything about Ernest. He had written—it was scarcely likely the letter had miscarried. How was it that Eva had not said anything on the subject? Little did Dorothy guess that, even as these thoughts were masing through her mind. thoughts were passing through her mind, a great vessel was steaming out of South-ampton docks, bearing those epistles final of renunciation which Ernest, very little to

his satisfaction, received in due co Full of these reflections, Dorothy found herself one lovely spring afternoon knocking at the door of the Cottage. Eva was at me, and she was at once ushered into he presence. She was sitting on a low chair the same on which Ernest always pictured her with that confounded Skye terrier she was so fond of kissing—an open book upon her knee, and looking out at the little garden and the sea beyond. She looked pale and thin, Dorothy thought.

On her visitor's entrance Eva rose and

"I am so glad to see you," she said; "I

was feeling lonely."
"Lonely!" answered Dorothy, in her straightforward way, "why, I have been trying to find you alone for the last fortnight, and have never succeeded.' Eva colored. "One may be lonely with ever so many people round one." Then for a minute or so they talked

"Have you heard from Ernest lately?" she said, nervously.
"Yes; I got a note by last mail."
"Oh," said Eva; clasping her hands involuntarily, "what did he say?"
"Nothing much. But I got a letter by the mail before that, in which he said a good deal. Among other things, he said he had written to you. Did you get the letter?" Eva colored to her eyes. "Yes," she

rst.
" Have you heard from Ernest lately?

vhispered.

Dorothy rose, and seated herself on ootstool by Eva's feet, and wondered at he trouble in her eyes. How could she be roubled when she had heard from Ernest

What did you answer him, dear?" Eva covered her face with her hands.
"Do not talk about it," she said; "it is dreadful to me!"

too dreadful to me!"
"What can you mean? He tells me you are engaged to him."
"Yes—that is, no. I was half engaged.
Now I am engaged to Mr. Plowden." Dorothy gave a gasp of horrified astonish-

Engaged to the man when you were engaged to Ernest? You must be joking."
"O Dorothy, I am not joking; I wish to
Heaven I were. I am engaged to him. I
am to marry him in less than a month. Oh, pity me, I am wretched."
"You mean to tell me," said Dorothy

Plowden when you love Ernest?"

"Yes, oh yes, I cannot help—"
At that moment the door opened, and Florence entered, attended by Mr.

thing was wrong, and her intelligence told her what it was. After her bold fashion she determined to take the bull by the horns. Unless something were done, with Dorothy at her back, Eva might prove Advancing, she shook Dorothy cordially by the hand.

"I see from your face." she said, "that you have just heard the good news. Mr. Plowden is so shy that he would not consent to announce it before; but here he is to receive your congratulations."

Mr. Plowden took the cue, and advanced

effusively on Dorothy with outstretched hand. "Yes, Miss Jones, I am sure you will congratulate me; and I ought to be congratulated; I am the luckiest—"

Here he broke off. It really was very awkward. His hand remained limply hanging in the air before Dorothy, but not

awkward. His hand remained limply hanging in the air before Dorothy, but not the slightest sign did that dignified little lady show of taking it. On the contrary, she drew herself up to her full heightwhich was not very tall—and fixing her steady blue eyes on the clergyman's shifty orbs, deliberately placed her right hand behind her back behind her back. "I do not shake hands with people who

"I do not shake hands with people who play such tricks," she said quietly.

Mr. Plowden's hand fell to his side and he stepped back. He did not expect such courage in anything so small. Florence, however, sailed in to the rescue.

"Really, Dorothy, we do not quite understand."

"Oh, yes, I think you do, Florence, or if

you do not, then I will explain. Eva here was engaged to marry Ernest Kershaw. Eva here has just with her own lips told me that she still loves Ernest, but that she is obliged to marry—that man," and she pointed with her little forefinger at Plowden, who recoiled another step. "Is not that who recoiled another step. "Is not that rue, Eva?" Eva bowed her head, by way of answer.

she still sat in the low chair, with her ands over her face.

"Really, Dorothy, I fail to see what right ou have to interfere in this matter," said

"I have the right of common justice. "I have the right of common justice, Florence—the right a friend has to protect the absent. Oh, are you not ashamed of such a wicked plot to wrong an absent man? Is there no way (addressing Mr. Plowden) in which I can appeal to your feelings to induce you to free this wretched girl you have entrapped?"

"I only ask my own," said Mr. Plowden, sullrily.

sulkily.
"For shame! for shame! and you a minister of God's word! And you too, Florence! Oh, now I can read your heart, and see the bad thoughts looking from

"Oh, don't, Dorothy, don't; it is "Oh, don't, Dorothy, don't; it is my duty. You don't understand."

"Oh, yes, Eva, I do understand. I understand that it is your duty to drown yourself before you do such a thing. I am a woman as well as you, and, though, I am not beautiful, I have a heart and conscience and I understand sult to mark to the surface of th

ience, and I understand only too well. You will be lost if you drown yoursel mean it is very wicked," said Mr I mean it is very wicked," said Mr. Plowden to Eva, suddenly assuming his clerical character as most likely to be

effective. The suggestion alarmed him He had bargained for a live Eva. "Yes, Mr. Plowden," went on Dorothy you are right; it would be wicked, bu not so wicked as to marry you.

as women our lives, but he put a spirit in the should be should our hearts which tells us that we should rather throw them away than suffer our-selves to be degraded. O Eva, tell me that you will not do this shameful thing; not ont whisper to her, Florence."
"Dorothy, Dorothy," said Eva, risin, and wringing her hands, "it is all useless

Do not break my heart with your cruel words. I must marry him. I have fallen into the power of people who do not know what means in." what mercy is."
"Thank you," said Florence. Mr. Plowden scowled sarkly.
"Then I have done;" and Dorothy
walked toward the door. Before she
washed it she haused and turned: "One reached it she paused and turned: "One word, and I will trouble you no more. What do you all expect will come of this wicked marriage?"

arriage?"
There was no answer. Then Dorothy But her efforts did not stop there. She made her way straight to Mr. Cardus'

ffice.

O Reginald V she said, "I have such There, let me cry

"O Reginald?" she said, "I have such dreadful news for you. There, let me cry a little first and I will tell you."

And she did, telling him the whole story from beginning to end. It was entirely new to him, and he listened with some astonishment, and with a feeling of something like indignation against Ernest: He had intended that young gentleman to fall in love with Dorothy, and, behold, he had fallen in love with Eva. Alas for the perversity of youth!

versity of youth! ... Alas not the per-"Well," he said, when she had done, 'and what do you wish me to do? It seems that you have to do with a heartless, scheming woman, a clerical cad, and a beautiful fool. One might deal with the schemer and the fool, but no power on earth can soften the cad. At least that is my experience. Besides, I think the whole thinks a meaning the cade of the ning is much better left alone. I should be very sorry to see Ernest married to a woman so worthless as this Eva must be. She is handsome, it is true, and that is about all she is, as faras I can see. Don't distress yourself, my dear; he will get over it, and after he has had his fling out there, and lived down that duel business, he will come home, and, if he is wise, I know where he will look for consolation."

about the weather; so persistently did they discuss it, indeed, that the womanly instinct of each told her that the other was piness in life."
"Don't alarm yourself, Dorothy people's happiness is not so easily affected. He will forget all about her in a

year."
"I think that men always talk of each After all, it was Eva who broke the ice "I think that men always talk or each other like that, Reginald," said Dorothy, resting her head upon her hands and looking straight at the old gentleman. "Each of you likes to think that he has a monopoly of feeling, and that the rest of his kind are as shallow as a milk-pan. And yet kind are as shallow as a milk-pan. And yet it was only last night that you were talking fo me about, my mother. You told me, you remember, that life had been a worth-less thing to you since she was torn from you, which no success had been able to render pleasant. You said more, you said you hoped that the end was not far off, that you had suffered enough and waited enough and that though you had not seen enough, and that, though you had not seen her face for five-and-twenty years, you loved her as wildly as you did the day when she first promised to become your

wife."
Mr. Cardus had risen, and was lookin Mr. Cardus had risen, and was looking through the glass door at the blooming orchids. Dorothy got up, and following him, laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Reginald," she said, "think. Ernest is about to be robbed of his wife under circumstances curiously like those by which you were robbed of yours. Unless it is prevented, what you have suffered all your life that he will suffer also. Remember you are of the same blood, and, allowing for the difference between your ages, of very much the same temperament, too. Think how different life would have been to you if-anyone had staved off your disaster, and then one had staved off your disaster, and then I am sure you will do all you can to stave

ff his."
"Life would have been non-existent for

"Life would have been non-existent for you," he answered, "for you would never have been born."

"Ah, well," she said with a little sigh, "I am sure I should have got on very well without. I could have spared myself."

Mr. Cardus was a keen man, and could see as far into the human heart as most.

"Girl," he said, contracting his white eyebrows and suddenly turning round upon her, "you love Ernest yourself. I have often suspected it, now I am sure you do."

Dorothy flinched. "Yes," she answered, "I do love him "And yet you are advocating my inter-

ference to secure his marriage with another woman, a worthless creature who does not know her own mind. You cannot really care about him."

"Care about him!" and she turned her "Care about him!" and she turned her sweet blue eyes upward. "I love him with all my heart and soul and strength. I have always loved him; I shall always love him. I love him so well that I can do my duty to him, Reginald. It is my duty to strain every nerve to prevent this marriage. I had rather that my heart should ache than Ernest's. I implore of you to help me!"

"Dorothy, it has always been my dearest wish that you should marry Ernest. I told him so just before that unhappy duel. I

elephant is a big beast, it is hard work catching him up, because he never seems to get tired, and this was exactly what our party of hunters found. They followed that energetic elephant for hours, but they could not catch him, though the spoorers told them that he certainly was not more than a mile or so ahead. At last the sun began to get low, and their legs had already got tired, so they gave it up for that day, determining to camp where they were. This being so, after a rest, Ernest and the boy Roger started out of camp to see if they could not shoot a buck or some birds for supper. Roger had a repeating Winchester carbine, Ernest a double barrelled shotgun. Hardly had they left the camp when Assvogel, Jeremy's Hottentot, came running in, and reported that he had seen the elephant, an enormous bull with a wish that you should marry Ernest. I told him so just before that unhappy duel. I love you both. All the fibres of my heart that are left alive have wound themselves around you. Jeremy I could never care for. Indeed, I fear that I used sometimes to treat the boy harshly. He reminds me so of his father; and do you know,my dear, I sometimes think that on that point I are sometimes think that on that point I am not quite sane? But, because you have asked me to do it and because you have asked me to do it and because you have quoted your dear mother, may peace be with her! I will do what I can. This girl Eva is of age, and I will write and offer her a home. She need fear no persecution

"You are kind and good, Reginald, and thank you."
"The letter shall go by to-night's post.

"The letter shall go by to-night's post.
But run away now, I see my friend De
Talor coming to speak to me," and the
white eyebrows drew themselves together
in a way that it would have been unpleasant
for the great De Talor to behold. "That
business is drawing toward its end."

"O Reginald," answered Dorothy,
shaking her forefinger at him in her old,
childish way, "haven't you given up those
ideas yet? They are very wrong,"

"Never mind, Dorothy. I shall give
them up soon, when I have squared
accounts with De Talor. A year or two
more—a stern chase is a long chase, you
know—and the thing will be done, and
then I shall become a good Christian
again."

again."
The letter was written. It offered Eva a nome and protection.

In due course an answer signed by Eva herself came back. It thanked him for his

and see the bad thoughts lovaing your eyes!"

Florence for a moment was abashed and turned her face aside.

"And you, Eva, how can you become a party to such a shameful thing? You, a good girl, to sell yourself away from dear Ernest to such a man as that;" and again she pointed contemptuously to Mr.

herself came back. It thanked him for his kindness, and regretted that circumstances and "her sense of duty" prevented her from accepting the offer.

Then Dorothy felt that she had done all that in her lay, and gave the matter up.

It was about this time that Florence drew another picture. It represented Eva munications from physicians by which it would appear that the phenomenon is not such a rare one as was at first supposed. In one case of disordered digestion the patient emitted inflammable gas from the mouth which can be considered. drew another picture. It represented Eva as Andromeda gazing hopelessly into the dim light of a ghastly dawn out across a glassy mea; and far away in the oily depths here was a ripple, and beneath the ripple form travelling toward the chained naiden. The form had a numan head and be largely composed of marsh gas. It another case the gas was sulphuretee hydrogen. A case is reported in the British Medical Journal, in which, while blowing

cold, gray eyes, and its features were those of Mr. Plowden. And so, day by day. Destiny thrown out a match, the patient's breath caugh fire with a noise like the report of a pistol which was loud enough to awaken his wife One evening, while a confirmed dyspeptic was lighting his pipe, an eructation of gas from his stomach occurred, and the ignited gas burned his mustache and lips. In Ewald's book on indigestion, the analysis of gas in one of these cases was: Carbonic acid. 20.57; hydrogen. 20.57; carburgted space, shot her flaming shutters from dark ness into darkness, and the time passed on as the time must pass, till the inevitable nd of all things is attained.

Eva existed and suffered, and that w all she did. She scarcely ate or drank, o slept. But still she lived; she was not bray ough to die, and the chains were rivete too fast around her tender wrists to let he flee away. Poor nineteenth century Andromeda! No Perseus shall come to

The sun rose and set in his appointed course, the flowers bloomed and died, child en were born and the allotted portion of nankind passed onward to its rest; but Perseus came flying out of the golden east Once more the sun rose. The drago heaved his head above the quiet waters and she was lost. By her own act. of he own folly and weakness, she was undone. Behold her! the wedding is over. The echoes of the loud mockery of the bells have scarcely died upon the noon-day air, and in her chamber, the chamber of her free and happy maidenhood, the virgin martyr

tands alone.

It is done. There lie the sickly-scented lowers, there, too, the bride's white robe It is done. Oh, that life were done to that she might once press her lips to h

The door opens, and Florence stands efore her, pale, triumphant, awe before ner, pate, trialipant, inspiring.
"I must congratulate you, my dear Eva.
You really went through the ceremony very well, only you looked like a statue."
"Florence, why do you come to mock

"Mock you, Eva, mock you! I come to vish you joy as Mr. Plowden's wife. I hope that you will be happy."

"Happy! I shall never be happy. 'You detest him, and you marry him

here must be some mistake "There is no mistake-O Ernest, n larling!"
Florence smiled.
"If Ernest is your darling, why did you

ot marry Ernest?"
"How could I marry him when yo orced me into this?"

"Forced you! A free woman of full age an not be forced. You married Mr. Plowden of your own will. You might have married Ernest Kershaw if you chose. He is in many ways a more desirable match than Mr. Plowden, but you did not choose."
"Florence, what do you mean? You always said it was impossible. Oh, this is

off and lodged in her ear. In one minute she became blind, began to vomit, and was prostrated for an hour and a half. always said it was impossible. On, this is prostrated for an hour and a hall some cruel plot of yours?"

where he will look for consolation."

Dorothy tossed her head and colored.

"It is not a question of consolation," she said, "it is a question of Ernest's hap?"

she said, "it is a question of Ernest's hap?"

aways said it was impossible. On, this is prostrated for an hour and a hall lamps and the time is nothing impossible to those who have courage. Yes," and she turned upon her sister fiercely, "it was a plot, and you shall know it, you poor, the liquid in pledging the host. A bottle of purple ink was mistakenly opened for port wine at a Detroit supper and fourteen guests filled their mouths with

A RELIC OF JAMES II.

weak fool! I loved Ernest Kershaw, and

HANS' CITY OF REST.

n its effect endeared Ernest to Mr. Alste

One day—it was just after they had got

the elephant, an enormous bull with a white spot upon his trunk, feeding in a clump of mimosa, not a quarter of a mile away. Up jumped Mr. Alston and Jeremy,

s fresh as though they had not walked mile, and seizing their double-eight elephant rifles, started off with Aasvogel. Meanwhile Ernest and Roger had been strolling toward this identical clump of

imosa. As they neared it, the former saw me Guinea-fowl run into the shelter of he trees.
"Capital!" he said; "Guinea-fowl are

first-class eating. Now, Roger, just you go into the bush and drive the flock over me. I'll stand here and make believe they are

neasants."
The lad did as he was bid. But in order

to get well behind the covey of Guinea-fowl, which are dreadful things to run, he made a little circuit through the thickest part of the clump. As he did so his quick eye was arrested by a most unusual performance on the part of one of the flat-

prowned mimosa-trees. Suddenly, and without the slightest apparent reason, it cose into the air, and then, behold, where

ts crown appeared a moment before ppeared its roots.

(To be continued.)

MEN WITH BREATH OF FIRE.

Not Imps from the Foul Side of the Styx

But Real Human Beings.

We had occasion in a recent number

outh, which, upon analysis, was found t

out a match, the patient's breath caugh

acid, 20.57; hydrogen, 20.57; carburete-hydrogen, 20.75; oxygen, 6.72; nitrogen 41.38; sulphureted hydrogen, a trace. Th origin of these gases is undoubtedly the un

digested food, which in these cases unde

Dr. Chalmers Baffled.

When Dr. Chalmers became minister of Kilmany, in the north of Fife, he used to get his supplies from Anstruther. On one

occasion—so the story runs—he sent a written order for a sack of corn to a Mr. Thomson there. The corn never came, and Chalmers was much annoyed. Next time he was in Anstruther he called on Mr.

Thomson for an explanation. It was soon given. The merchant had been unable to decipher the minister's hieroglyphics and

decipher the minister's hieroglyphics and had put the note in his desk until Mr Chalmers-should call. "Not make out my writing!" exclaimed Chalmers indignantly—"Show it to me." He read a few words that they have truck completely he filed.

but then he stuck, completely baffled. H

was, however, equal to the occasion. With a pawky smile he returned the letter to the merchant, saying, "But the letter is addressed to you, Mr. Thomson; it is your business to read it, not mine."

Mind vs. Matter in the South.

A man came into the sanctum with

A man came into the sanctum with a fence rail to annihilate the editor for an alleged grievance. The latter, who was whittling, looked up and said: "My friend, did you ever consider that, even if

you did thrash me, you could not stop the publication of the paper, and it would only be the worse for you, because either myself or my successor would be bound to get even

heart's content, but the newspaper goes on forever." And, instead of thrashing the editor, the man left the fence rail as part

Mrs. Howell, of Paulding, Ga., was passing her husband, a few days ago, just as he tried to light a match by striking it on the wall. The head of the match flew

with you. You may lick the editor to y

payment of his subscription.-St. Jo.

Mo.) Gazette.

goes decomposition.—Science.

interesting Discovery at the Scote College in Paris The London Times of January 8th contains the following despatch from its Paris

weak fool! I loved Ernest Kershaw, and you robbed me of him, although you robbed me of him, although you promised to leave him alone, and so I have revenged myself upon you. I despise you, I tell you; you are quite contemptible, and yet he could prefer you to me. Well, he has got his reward. You have deserted him when he was absent and in trouble, and you have outraged his love and your own. You have fallen very low indeed, Eva, and you will fall lower yet. I know you well-You will sink, till at last, you even lose the sames of your own humilisation. Don't you you will fall lower yet. I know you well-You will sink, till at last, you even lose the sense of your own humiliation. Don't you wonder what Ernest must think of you now? There is Mr. Plowden calling you— come, it is time for you to be going." Eva listened aghast, and then sank up against the wall, sobbing despairingly. CHAPTER XXXI. Mr. Alston, Ernest and Jeremy had very good sport among the elephants, killing in all nineteen bulls. It was during that expedition that an incident occurred which in its effect endeared Ernest to Mr. Alston more than ever.

The boy Roger, who always went whereever Mr. Alston went, was the object of his father's most tender solicitude. He believed in the boy as he believed in little else in the world—for at heart Mr. Alston was a sad evnic—and to a certain extent was a sad cynic—and to a certain extent the boy justified his belief. He was quick, intelligent and plucky, much such a boy as you may pick up by the dozen out of any English public school, except that his knowledge of men and manners was more developed, as is usual among young colonists. At the age of 12 Master Roger Alston knew many things defied to most colonists. At the age of 12 Master Roger Alston knew many things denied to most children of his age. On the subject of education Mr. Alston had queer ideas. "The best education for a boy," he would say, "is to mix with grown-up gentlemen. If you send him to school, he learns little except mischief; if you let him live with gentlemen he learns at any rate to be a gentleman."

But whatever Master Roger knew, he did not know much about elephants, and on this point he was destined to gain some the presumption as estable. It have reason to know, moreover, that the announcement of the discovery evoked inquiries from the highest quarter as to the authenticity and safe-keeping of the brains of James II. Monseigneur Rogerson, who took a strong interest in the Stuarts, died three years ago and what had become of the relics, still apparently in his point he was destined to gain some this point he was destined to gain some the presumption as estable. It have reason to know, moreover, that the announcement of the discovery evoked inquiries from the highest quarter as to the authenticity and safe-keeping of the brains of James II. Monseigneur Rogerson, who took a strong interest in the Stuarts, died three years ago and what had become of the relics, still apparently in his possession up to that time, was a question of obvious interest. He had no relations in France, his kindred in the north of England were not likely to have interested into the elephant country—they were all engaged in following the fresh spoor of an apparently solitary bull. But, though an elephant is a big beast, it is hard work

in France, his kindred in the north of England were not likely to have interested themselves in these relies, and the new administrator is a French ecclesiastic, who returned no answer to an inquiry addressed to him.

I have, however, now ascertained that the cases are in the safe-keeping of Monseigneur Rogerson's executor, Mr. O'Keenan, a solicitor, pending a decision as to their ultimate disposal. The Duchess of Perth has no lineal descendants, at least in the male line, and as her heart was originally deposited under an inscribed slab on the chapel floor, it might fitly be on the chapel floor, it might fitly be replaced there. The brains of James II. might perhaps be inserted in a new urn, to be placed where the old one stood; but the Scotch college is now a French school, and though the tensity as though the tenants are very courteous to their rare British visitors, a better known depository might perhaps be found. The brains might, for instance, be interred at St. Germain, with what, I believe, are the only other remains of James II., namely, part of the flesh removed in the process of embalming. flesh removed in the process of embalming, and a portion of his bowels. These were and a portion of his bowels. These were discovered sixty years ago, while a church was being restored, and George IV. placed an inscription over them, which Queen Victoria has restored. The body itself, confided to the English Benedictines, in the expectation that it would eventually be transferred to Westminster Abbey, disappeared during the Revolution, and was probably thrown into a quarry. Other relies of James II. in Paris, at St. Omer and elsewhere, likewise disappeared, and a piece of his arm preserved till 1871 by the Austin nuns was made away with by the Commune, which used the Neuilly Convent as a barrack. There is consequently every reason for ensuring the preservation of the college relic. Mr. O'Keenan is, I under stand, in communication with Scotch is Cathelia kisharea. stand, in communication with Scotch Catholic bishops, and meanwhile it is satisfactory to know that the case is in safe custody.

The Tree of Death.

On the New Hope battlefield was a tree upon which the soldiers nailed the inscrip-tion: "Tree of Death." Seven Federals were killed behind the tree by Confederate sharpshooters. The tree was in advance of the Federal line and was about three hundred yards from the Confederate works It was used by Federal skirmishers, www.would stand behind it and load and th would stand behind it and load and then step out and fire. Confederate sharp shooters went along the Confederate line for nearly a mile in each direction, and then, being so far from the side of the tree that they could see behind it, by a cross firing made it as dangerous to stand behind the tree as to stand in front of it. Seven Federals were killed behind the tree, and it came to be known as the three of the tree. refer to a remarkable case in which the breath of an individual, or rather the eructations from his stomach, took fire when brought in contact with a lighted match. This case, which was reported in the Medical Record, has called forth communications from physicians by which it came to be known as the "Tree of Death tlanta Constitution.

> A Mimic Matrimonial Circus. Little Dot-"Mamma, Dick and I go married this morning."
>
> Mamma—"You did, did you? Who per

rmed the ceremony?"
"I don't know what you's talkin' about."
Well, how did you make out you wer arried?"
"Oh! Why, I got my dishes an' set th table an' then we both sat do said there wasn't a thing fit to eat, an' said he was as ugly as could be, an' he wen out an' slammed the door."—Omaha World

Rev. W. K. Spencer, of Adrian, has hair and is not very large, but it doesn't of the fool with him, for he is quite an adept the manly art. He gives a large class of his Presbyterian boys weekly lessons in athletics, and the only consideration he demands is a promise to refrain from bad habits. The boys keep the promise, too which is the best feature of the whole business.

ness. The gymnasium is in the basemed of the church.—Detroit News. Taffy Did It. Jabber-If you are so digusted with narried life what on earth made yo Jiber-Caramels, my boy, caramels,

Jabber-What have caramels got t vith it?

Jiber—As my best girl, my wife wa always supplied with caramels by me, he jaws were stuck fast so constantly that I never realized her powers of elocution until it was too late.

A Canard. Papa (reading from daily paper)—" The report that Queen Victoria sent President Cleveland a Christmas turkey proves to be a canard.' Now what does that mean, I would like to know?"

Mamma (languidly)—"Lucy, darling, tell papa what that means:

Lucy (promptly)—"Canard, papa, is
French word meaning a duck; so it simpl

means, you see, that the Queen sent Christmas duck to President Cleveland on know. Entire satisfaction of the family Harper's Bazar.

Mitigated Taffy. Judge Pennybunker—I declare, Miss McGinnis, you are getting younger and handsomer every day of your life.

Birdie—Now, Judge, don't overdo it, I'm not getting better-looking every day, out perhaps every other day.—Texas Nichola.

How to Keep Posted. Mrs. A .- "I see you have got a ne ervant girl?''
Mrs. B.—"Yes, I make it a point to get

new one every month.' "But that must be very inconvenient?"

"Yes, but there is nothing going on in
this town that I don't know all about it." A FORMER JUBILEE.

The Celebration in 1809 When George III. After it Was Lost the Obliging Conductor was King-An Eventful Year in an Could Nor the Enough F
Eventful Reign.

The London Times of January 8th contains the following despatch from its Paris.

At a time when every one is thinking of the following despatch from its Paris of an early four years of the following despatch from its Paris of an early four years of the following despatch from its Paris of an early four years of the following despatch from its Paris of an early four years of the following despatch from its Paris of James II and the heart of the Duchess of Perth. In laying a pipe under the third in the chapel floor the workmen came on a cavity, in which these relies were picked up. Monseigneur Rogerson, administrator of the Scotch endowments, who showed the third the chapel floor the workmen came on a cavity, in which these relies were picked up. Monseigneur Rogerson, administrator of the Scotch endowments, who showed the third that the college of the English Austin unus may next door; but it is more likely to have resulted from the exhumation of a college of the English Austin unus may next door; but it is more likely to have resulted from the chamation of a college of the English Austin unus may next door; but it is more likely to have resulted from the exhumation of a college of the English Austin unus may next door; but it is more likely to have resulted from the exhumation of a college of the English Austin unus may next door; but it is more likely to have resulted from the exhumation of a college of the English Austin unus may next door; but it is more likely to have resulted from the exhumation of a college of the English Austin unus near home, on the other hand, we had to lament the mismanagement and failure of profanation, and the did not contain the english and the college of the English and the title of Viscount Wellington.

It was King-An Eventfal Year in an extending the way in which to celebrate the coming year it may be a contained to the way in which the college and the title of Viscount Wellington.

It was King-An Eventfal Year in an extending the way in which to college and the title coming the sat down to an elegant supper." In the town of Windsor a large triumphal arch extended from the Castle Inn right over the High street to the town hall. Another arch of the same kind was mummated exactly 2,000 variegated lamps." Among other places, the royal town of Kew, where royalty was wont to spend months, was brilarch of the same kind was illuminated "by other places, the royal town of Kew, where royalty was wont to spend the summer months, was brilliantly illuminated. In London the jubilee was celebrated with becoming the jubilee was celebrated with becoming our head in the car."

It is displeasure at the high prices charged at the newly erected Covent Garden to culminated in the "O. P. riots." The foundation stone of the theatre had been laid in January with all the formalities of Freemasonry by the Grand Master, the Prince of Wales; and in September the theatre had opened with "Macbeth" and "The Quaker," Kemble playing the part of Macbeth. The expense of building had been great and the prices had been raised, at which the people were much offended, as we see in the doggerel rhymes invented for the time—"Mr. Kemble lower your prices; for no evasion will suit John Bull on this occasion." At this time, too, men's minds were full of the duel between Canning and Lord Castlereagh, which had lately taken place on Putney heath. Popular feeling was running high against the Duke of York is without additional charge with without additional charge with untended. In the car.

"But The tile is a mil without additional charge with untended in the car."

"But wy hat, I excladed."

"Indemnified nothing without additional charge with untended."

"Indemnified nothing with the same."

"What are you going "Report you to Ma yelled with defiant mien.

"That is a chestnut."

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"But untended."

"Indemnified n

Lord Castlereagh, which had lately taken place on Putney heath. Popular feeling was running high against the Duke of York with regard to his conduct in the war. But to return to the jubilee. On the morning of the 25th the Lord Mayor proceeded from the Mansion House to Guildhall, where, being joined by the civic dignitaries, a procession was formed to St. regular troops engaged in these rejoicings is explained by the fact that all available is explained by the fact that all available forces were on foreign service. A proclamation was issued for pardoning all deserters from the fleet unconditionally, and deserters from the land forces if they surrendered within two months. The Lords of the admiralty ordered an extra allowance of four pounds of beef, three pounds of flour and a pound of raisins to every eight men in His Majesty's ships in port, with a pint of wine or half a pint of rum each man. Several Crown debtors were also set free, as well as many ordinary

were also set free, as well as many ordinary lebtors, by public subscription. Such is a

At Dundee R. Dunn, laborer, has been fined 10s. 6d. for kicking a cat down a stair. Sir Andrew Clarke was on the 5th in sented with the freedom of the city

There is only our parishes, Kirkhill, Kilmorack, Kilarlity and Erckless. Rev. A. A. Campbell, Craithie, propose or rebuild his church in commemoration

ne Queen's jubilee. While there is not a snowdrop or a crobe seen above ground, yellow and recrimroses are in full bloom in the mans arden at Whithorn.

Mrs. Betsy Broath, or Stirling, widow Stirling, East Mill Wynd, Arbroath, ed on the 28th ult. at Portwilliam, aged 102 years, 7 months and 10 days. The death is announced, at the age

years, of Lady Margaret H. Bourke, da er of the fifth Earl of Mayo, and sister the sixth Earl, late Governor-General The Empress Eugenie has commission Macdonald & Co., of Aberdeen and London

to prepare a polished red granite sarcophas contain the remains of the Pri mperial. Two Aberdeen gentlemen, Mr. Ale Maconochie and Mr. Stott, accomplished hazardous feat on the 3rd inst. by walkin over the Ben Macdhui and Cairngorn

Iountains. On the 1st inst. Gordon, the wheelbarre

nan, arrived in Dundee, having successfully ompleted his journey to London and back ince Nov. 2nd. He received a royal wel

The Countess of Aberdeen has issued The Countess of Aberdeen has issued a appeal for a union to celebrate the jubile of the Queen's reign in a manner tha will commemorate the feelings of th women and girls of the United Kingdom. Mr. Francis Coutts, the originator of the acid cure and spinal system of treatment, lied at Cults, near Aberdeen, on the 2nd nst. Mr. Coutts was in his 81st year, and ad amassed a considerable fortune fro

the sale of his medicines. Among the wills announced in Scotlar bell, whose personal estate is returned upwards of £65,000; and Mrs. Playfair, Murray, of Holywood House, Edinburg representing upwards of £34,000.

Liver Without Bacon. Professor (who has been giving simplessons in physiology)—Where is you neart, dear?
Mabel—Here. Professor—And where is your liver? Mabel (indignantly)—I haven't an

ows have livers.

Professor—Oh, yes, you have. Mabel (after some thought)—Well, then where is my bacon?—Life.

A San Francisco judge has decide that a \$250 sealskin cloak isn't a necessar; article of apparel for the wife of a mai with an income of \$150 a month. This is a great blow at the sealskin industry. The Mediterranean is quite shallow. drying up of 660 feet would deave thr erent seas, and Africa would be i with Italy.

THE FAT PA SENGER'S HAT.

" 'I'm sorry, but you'll have to pay your

"'I have no more money,' I replied; my all was in my hat. Can't you ston the train ?' ". The tile is a mile behind us. It's against orders, but I'll let you through without additional charge. Next time keep

" 'But my hat.' I exclaimed with a hold air. 'I lost it through your rudeness and I must be indemnified.'
"'Indemnified nothing. There's no has

" But you have got to get me a hat just

* What are you going to do about it? "Report you to Marvin Hughit," I yelled with defiant mien. "That's a chestnut. Go to skeep. I'll

wake you up when we get to Chicago.
"This is what I did, and when I woke to the conductor. I didn't see him again during the rest of the trip, but I'll bet dol-

Guildhall, where, being joined by the civic dignitaries, a procession was formed to St. Paul's. He was received by the "West London Militia," and the interior of the cathedral was lined with "River Fencibles." In the evening there was a banquet in the Egyptian Hall, "with a plentiful supply of Madeira and red port of a most superior quality and flavor. At night all the principal buildings were splendidly illuminated. The paucity of regular troops engaged in these rejicings. Buy one and test it. Large bottles Nerviline only 25 cents, at all druggist

A Call From Trinity Trinity Church has extended a cell to lev. Francis Lobdel!, D.D., rector of St Andrew's Church, New York, to be come is rector. Dr. Lobdell is a man of 50 years, an able preacher, vigorous and rolust in physique and a worker. He has added 1,200 communicants to St. Andrew's in the past ten years. The Church has now over

were also set free, as well as many ordinary debtors, by public subscription. Such is a slight sketch of the jubilee held in the "good old days" when George III. was king.—St. James' Gazette.

Having used McCollom's Rheumatic repellant it has cured me perfectly of very painful rheumatism, from which I suffer d for years. I would recommend it to all suffering with the disease. Rev. G. Watte, Paris P.O.

Who Was Boss, Anyhow? Mr. Stiggins (his friends had brought him home from the club in a highly inebridition)-Boyze, came in wir nie a get er (hic) drink. Thish my house. I'm oss (hic) here!

Mrs. Stiggins (from the window)—Please eave the boss on the steps, gentlenen, and I'll come down and fetch him in. A Fortune for You.

new; capital not needed; you are started toth sexes; all ages. Wherever you live uld at once write to Hallett & Ce., Fert-aine; they will send you free, full infervards daily, from the first start. Some pade over \$50 in a day. The best chance nown by working people. Now is the 22 day not.

He wasn't a Snow Shoveller.
Farmer "Do you want this job of Trams Tramp—"I am not a snow shoveller; I sprinkle lawns. The man who shovels snow will be along in about ten minutes.

Grecian children wese taught to reverence and emulate the virtues of their accessors. Our educational forces are so wielded as to teach our children to admire next that which is foreign and fabulous and dead.—

A Texan who owns many sheep also owns a very valuable sheep dog called Shep. While away from home he telegraphed to his superintendent, "Send Shep by first train." Thes telegraph operator thought there ought to be another "e" in the second word, and sent the despatch as follows:
"Sheep by first train." The superintendent obeyed, and before the Texan could get the sheep back home again, many of them lied, and the affair cost him a great deal of oney. He is now suing the telegraph

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