THE ARCTIC OWL;

Or, a Naturalist's Dream.

Dedicated to Mr. James M. Le Moine, Spencer Grange, Quebec, and Mr. Thomas McIlwraith, Cairnbrae, Hamilton, Ont.

(By Rev. Duncan Anderson.)

What! from the icy Pole? Now draw it mild,
And on plain travellers, pray, play no tricks.
feel as haughty as Minerva's self,
And, if you ruffle me, as cross as twice two sticks.

"Just in by special," and his owlship winked;
"Twas somewhat slow, and took a good few hours,
From those 'high latitudes' that Dufferin knew,
Till I could rest my pinions in Canadian bowers.

"But then I dropped in at a station north,
To pay a visit to a friendly auk;
Some time was lost but what's that to an owl
Who longs to see his friends and have a social talk?

"Perhaps, tho', you may think it somewhat strange
To hear my speech; but let that wonder pass—
Some human owls speak, too, and why not I,
When words of wisdom came so glib from Balaam's ass?"

And then he talked of strange things—new and old—
Of Greenland's snowy plains and ice-ribbed shore—
Of mighty Pachyderms that once roamed there,
And of their pond'rous bones that now lie bleached and hoar.

"Ah! could you see those placid seas that bathe
The sphinx-like Pole, and bright as mirror gleam
Thro' the long Arctic night, while stars shine down,
Till like a double sky their twinkling shadows seem.

No sound then breaks the awful stillness there;
The ear the throbblings of the heart might sum;
Life plants no footstep on those silent shores;
Time there seems past—eternity's long morn has come.

Sweet Arctic night! that owls alone enjoy,
When human hearts beat cold, and alone and sad;
When bears reluctant leave their icy den,
And canines whine for sunlit homes, and then go mad

Now bursts the light upon some springtide morn;
Higher and higher climbs the orb of day;
The curtain rises from the wak'ning earth,
And the huge iceberg breaks its bonds and floats away.

Hark, the loud thunder of the mighty whale;
The walrus sports, like lambkin on the lee;
Fearless the seal basks on his rocky isle,
Nor dreads a human foe within that tranquil sea.

Tranquil—but for the rushing wings that bring,
From sunnier climes, a bright and joyous throng;
The cav'rn'd rock flings back the sea gull's scream,
While bill and dale ring with the warblers' nuptial song.

Nor wings alone bring visitants from far,
As wheel fresh squadrons from the trackless sky;
The shaggy musk ox o'er the meadow roams,
And wary reindeer browse where lowly lichens lie.

And these cold waves that once kissed torrid shores,
Their trophies northward bear with favoring breeze,
And the tall pine that graced some southern hill,
Now lies, all chafed and worn, on sands of polar seas.

Seas where the paddle's stroke has never stirred
The mimic wave to tuneful melody;
Unknown the spreading sail and bending oar;
And eye of man has never gazed upon that sea.

No living eye—for mark yon battered wreck,
That sparless, cordless, floats like phantom by!
Want-wasted forms crouch on its mouldy deck,
And glaring, sightless orbs stare upwards to the sky.

Onwards his helpless prey the ice-fiend bore,
And trebly locked them in their frozen cell,
Till biting cold and gnawing hunger told
A tale of want and woe no human tongue may tell.

And wives will wait to welcome husbands home,
And long in mothers' hearts hope's lamp will burn,
And maidens sigh to press the plighted hand;
But, ah! these shrive led forms will never more return.

And wind and tide will steer that creaking helm,
Till the worn keel rests still on ocean bed,
But the loved port that crew will never hail
Till He shall give command, "Yield up thy hidden dead!"

But pray excuse what Lachrymarys fill;
My niotitator is a better plan;
And we may weep, or whistle on the brakes;
Strange that an owl in aught should beat the nobler man!

But, to the point; I fear I've wandered far,
And left unspoken what yet brought me here;
Please think not, if our latitude exceeds
The "eighties," that we have no "Gazetteer."

But why, or how we know, it matters not.
All things of sublunary strain beguile
An owl's lone hours, and little birds may tell
Your own Canadian tales on far Jan Meyen's Isle.

And so it came to pass that whispers said
That Cairnbrae, famed Spencer Grange and you
Had won your spurs, but here I mean no joke,
But speak as if I'd graduated from the "Zoo."

And thus, in conclave grave of learned owls,
The Strix Cinerea and Nyctia swore,
And all the rest gave out responsive hoots,
That these thrice honored names be added to our corps.

Adopted by our tribe, without one nay,
Pray here accept this decorated scroll;
And Dr. Stewart's facile pen will give,
To wond'ring ears, its tale, when I am at the Pole.

woke—the dream was past; nor mystic scroll
Nor Arctic owl, my blinking eyes could see;
But all was phonographed on mem'ry's page,
And I to others tell what then was told to me

This Little Pig Went to Market.

When shades of night begin to fall, and in the quiet skies
The little stars peep slyly out like baby angels' eyes;
When every bird has ceased its song and slumbers on its nest,
My little girl, with sunny hair, gets ready for her rest.
We romp together for a time, and then she sits her down,
And takes her shoes and stockings off with many a dainty frown;
Then climbs upon my knee and says: "Please, papa, one more time,
Tell me about the little pigs!" and so I sing the rhyme:

CHORUS.

This little pig went to market, this little pig stayed at home;
This little pig he had roast beef, this little pig he had none.
This little pig cried wheek! wheek! wheek! I can not find my way home;
This little pig cried wheek! wheek! wheek! I can not find my way home.

Five little dainty, rosy toes, I count them each in turn,
And all in vain the baby tries the jingling rhyme to learn;
She mixes all the piggies up and misses half the toes,
But still she tries, and every time is sure that now she knows;
She thinks I'm very mean to laugh, and then a frown appears,
And then her lips begin to pout, her eyes to fill with tears.
But long before the teardrops fall I kiss them all away,
And once again I count the toes, and once again I say:

CHORUS—This little pig went to market, etc.

She makes one last endeavor now, she says it very slow,
But still there's not enough o pigs, or else an extra toe.
She don't know what's the matter, and she guesses that will do,
She says, I don't think anyway that pigs are nice, do you?
Her little eyes grow heavy and she thinks she'll got to bed,
So kneeling in her gown of white, the "Now I Lay Me's" said;
A last good night to one and all, a last kiss long and sweet,
And as I leave her to her dreams, I hear her still repeat:

CHORUS—This little pig went to market, etc.
—*Buffalo News.*

Should be Exempt.

New York Herald:

Since butchers are barred from the jury lis
When murderers are tried,
A few other people would not be missed
Were they likewise denied;
The dentist who slaughters his groaning prey—
Is he not a man of blood?
The barber who chins through the livelong day—
Who can stand his wordy flood?
Then the candy butcher, who holds up trains—
A fiendish man is he!
And the joker who addles his dearth of brains—
What a juror he must be!
And last, but not least, the deadly bore,
With a tongue as fine as silk;
No accused man could dodge the evergreen shore
If the jury were made of his ilk.

HOME.

A man can build a mansion,
And furnish it throughout;
A man can build a palace,
With lofty walls and stout;
A man can build a temple,
With high and spacious dome;
But no man in the world can build
That precious thing called home.

So 'tis a happy facu'ty
Of women far and wide
To turn a cot or pa'ace
Into something else beside,
Where brothers, sons and husbands tired,
With willing footsteps come,
A place of rest where love abounds,
A perfect kingdom, home.

THE LITTLE WIFE AT HOME.

The dear little wife at home, John,
With ever so much to do,
Stitches to set and babies to pet,
And so many thoughts of you;
The beautiful household fairy,
Filling your house with light,
Whatever you meet to-day, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

For though you are worn and weary,
You needn't be cross and curt;
There are words like darts to gentle hearts,
There are looks that wound and hurt.
With the key in the latch at home, John,
Drop the trouble out of sight;
To the little wife who is waiting,
Go cheerily home to-night. —*Exchange.*

"LAST CENTURY LOVERS."

A Tale of the American Revolution.

CHAPTER XI.

An apathy of waiting, begotten of a sense of the uselessness of all things save patience, that carried Betty through the dull, listless days of the waning year, was broken, late in November, by the rude shock of Miss Barbara's sudden death. One morning, after a busy day of superintending house cleaning and curtain hanging, she was found by Mandy, very still and cold in her high, curtained bed.

"And a sweeter smile or a naturaller looking body I never seen in my days, when laid fout," was the tearful eulogy of Mrs. Jessup, the joiner's wife, who exercised a semi-professional authority on such mournful occasions among the gentry, her help being certain to be proffered and accepted. "I've laid out whole families in the neighborhood, but I never seen the like o' that smile. Seemed like she were ill-favored in her life, and not much account with Miss Clem, but the Lord A'mighty were just beckoning her to heaven."

Miss Clem retired to her room and locked herself in, leaving the last sad offices to such neighborly bodies as Mrs. Jessup and Miss Stacy, who, in an agitation of lachrymose importance, shared, with the village matrons, something of Mrs. Jessup's lugubrious honors as having been the dear friend of the "corpse." Till the last day of her life Miss Stacy never alluded to this dear deceased friend save as "the corpse."

During the three days that followed, full of the presence of death with its realism of paraphernalia, the sense of hidden mystery behind the familiar closed door, and the bustle of the funeral repast, Betty, in defiance of all established precedent, took refuge—with the instinct of a child to return to the heart of its mother—in the sombre sympathy of wood and lowering skies that seemed in accord with her grief.

After the solitary mid-day meal, she would hasten away from the house, where she constantly found herself looking for the well-known step and household bustle. Sometimes she would forgetfully walk to the door of Bab's room, to be recalled to the sad truth by the chill air from the open window and the sight of the angular, sheeted outlines.

That Bab?

All the questions and wonders as to the problems of life and death, that had been banished in the glad sense of youth and love, recurred to Betty now in her solitary rambles, as she wanted through the leaves in the bare woods, or through the stubble fields where lay scattered ears of corn, the yellow rows shining between withered husks like the teeth of a mummy behind its cerements.

Once she found, lying in the road, under the hedge, a little bird with one of its wings broken. She picked it up and laid it on her muff, thinking that she would take it home to be cared for by Bab. Suddenly realizing that her aunt was not here, that she would never again see or speak to her in the old way, she walked down the dreary stretch of road between the brown meadows, with lips trembling and eyes that looked eagerly outward, as if the secret of the hereafter could be revealed in the glory of the sunset lighting the fading land.

The tiny creature was dying. A film formed over its bright eyes and the feathered breast palpitated.

She stopped and lifted it to her lips.

"You too are going, you little thing," she said, "to fly to that unknown land where Bab has gone. If you see her, tell her that I love her and miss her so much."

Then she laid its limp, dead body in a fallow, put a clod over it, and felt, somehow, as if Bab got that message.

Stealing upstairs at night, she would pause involuntarily at the closed door, as had always been her habit. It seemed cruel to leave Bab that way in the cold and dark, for she had ever been fond of a bright fire and gossip over the day's events, and Betty would lean her head against the door, whispering softly: "I remember. Good-night, dear Bab"

Interminable as seemed the three days of gloom, they drew to a close, ushering in the still gloomier day of the funeral.

All morning the people were arriving; for a funeral in the country is somewhat of a social event bringing together the interests of remote neighborhoods.

The front yard was full of coaches and gigs. Stragglers from the village were apt to join the groups of men who gathered out of doors, discussing the tobacco crop and the impending bad weather, and occasionally wending their way to the dining-room for refreshments.

In the parlor, where the furniture was covered with sheets and the open coffin rested on a bier in the centre of the room, the women gathered, stately ladies in mourning and powder at one end, and their humbler sisters in homespun at the other, conversing of the virtues of the deceased in hushed whispers, and predicting complacently that "Clementina would miss that sweet, sweet creature now she was gone."

This opinion, Miss Stacy, flitting between both groups, found generally endorsed; Miss Clementina being no favorite with her own sex, who voted her "whimsical and outrageous proud."

To Betty, sorrowing alone in her own room, came Mammy Lar, announcing with the pomp of woe that "thar mus' be 'bout five thousand 'heoles in the yard," that Dr. Wells had arrived, and that her aunt was waiting for her at the top of the stairs to descend and go with the funeral *cortege* to the graveyard. Her aunt, a tall figure, draped like herself in a black *crepe* veil that hid her face, took her hand and they descended together.

The ceremony was conveyed to Betty in a series of vivid expressions, for, as is often the case, the sense of grief was temporarily forgotten and blunted by the break in its monotony and the exciting presence of a crowd.

Betty felt the clinging dampness of the air as, still holding her aunt's hand, they passed directly behind the bier into the yellow grass of the garden. Through her veil the day looked darker than before as they stood by the open grave, while Dr. Wells, in his white surplice, read the impressive burial service. Half ashamed at her own distraction, the words fell unheeded on her ear.

She saw the lowering sky that seemed to cling to the dull earth, the turbid waters below the bank, and, in the foreground, barren trees, and naked flower stalks; even the matted crysanthemums, discolored with mould, and one pallid rosebud that clung to its stem, and shivered in the wind that blew over the water, chilling the bare heads of the men, and sending into the group around the grave swirls of rustling leaves

Betty's gaze took in the well-known faces around her with their unfamiliar expressions of grief. She felt almost amused at the long-drawn, ashen countenances of the darkies hovering on the outskirts, and Mrs. Jessup's display of a fine muslin handkerchief.

The Roziers held a conspicuous position among the mourners, for Mr. Rozier had been a playmate of Bab's when they were children. Betty wondered if he were thinking of those far-off days as he stood with bent head and eyes gravely fastened on the ground. On what? She shuddered, for her eyes were riveted on the long, black box that held the thing that had once been Bab, the chrysalis from which the glorified soul had fled.

"So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory," read Dr. Wells.

Suddenly Miss Clem's hand on hers tightened, and tightened in a grasp that almost caused her to cry aloud with pain.

She looked aside at her aunt, and, through the thickness of the two veils, saw that gaunt face set and rigid, with eyes that glared from under knotted brows, pained and frantic, fixed on vacuity.

"For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

Again the clasp tightened as if her hand were in an iron vise. The pained blood numbed her arm and settled like a weight on her heart, and a double blackness hid the world. She bit her lip to keep back a cry.

"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes."

Through the mist of pain clouding her senses came the sound of falling earth on the coffin-lid, a wild whirry of wind as a few heavy drops pattered on the dry leaves, sullenly increasing in volume.

Still clasped in that cruel bondage, they walked to the house and Betty felt herself ascending the stairs. At the second landing she was free, staggering and sinking upon the step, while her aunt, veiled and silent, moved away.

"Aunt," called Betty.

The tall figure, looming in the hall above did not stay.

"Leave me in peace," she cried, disappearing into her own room.

Anxious to escape from the approaching storm, carriage after carriage rolled off and the crowd rapidly departed, remembering as a last tribute to Miss Bab's memory the proverb: "Blessed is the dead the rain rains on."

Soon the house was empty and deserted, looking more isolated than before, in the deepening desolation of the beaten fields.

The rain lasted for several days, shutting out, like a veil, all save the garden and near view of the meadows, with their rows of pointed haystacks, over which blindly driven gusts swept, beating on the roof over Betty's head at night, and trickling from the eaves with a recurrent monotony that was like a voice singing to her in a language she could not understand.

During the days that followed the funeral Miss Clem did not appear, and there was little occupation for Betty save to endeavor to interpret this same unceasing murmur that followed her as she went from room to room, to escape from it and from the familiar fancied footsteps, pausing behind every closed door.

She sat in the parlor two evenings after the funeral, curled up in a big arm-chair. One of the silver sconces of the mirror was lighted, blending with the deeper glow of the logs throughout the room, gleaming in the tarnished gilt moulding of the cornice, and touching to a richer hue the folds of the long, red damask curtains. She was worn out with grief and resting in a reaction of emotion that left her tranquil. Love, that had made existence vivid and real, seemed far away, a light that had flashed and faded into the distance of a long road. Still, weary in mind and body as she was, it was good to think of Tom, alive and strong, somewhere in the night, loving her.

She could almost hear him say, as when in this very room, he had placed his hand on her hair, "Thou dear little girl, half dead with ennui." The monotone from the dripping eaves caught the burden and changed to Tom's voice, sweet and caressing, lulling her to sleep.

CHAPTER XII.

From this blissful oblivion Betty was roused by a noise in the hall. Starting up, flushed and half conscious, she saw the door open. On the threshold stood her aunt, a fantastic figure, clad in a short green silk in the fashion of twenty years before, with huge hoops displaying red, high heeled slippers. Her skinny, yellow neck was bare, and a tall head-dress covered with lace adorned her hair. She waved a peacock-feather fan to and fro, beckoning to some one in the hall where there was nothing to be seen except Mammy bearing a candle, the light of which fell on her bright kerchief and dark face, contorted in making signs that Betty half dazed could not understand.

"Enter, friends," said Miss Clem, waving to the suppositious persons. "Rise, girl, and courtesy to the guests. Here are your father and mother and Mr. De Courcy, who have come to spend the evening with us. Such a merry, pleasant evening!"

Her aunt was insane! This was the solution of the convulsive grip at the funeral.

With stern dignity, her eyebrows knotted and expression wild, Miss Clem motioned the imaginary guests to be seated.

"Converse with thy parents, child. I will sit here and speak to Bentley De Courcy, for it is long since I have seen him. Was it yesterday or years ago?"

Fear settled on Betty like a weight, a burden that would not be shaken off. Feeling stifled and faint, she sank back in a chair. Mammy stood beside her rubbing her hands.

"You mus' humor her, honey. You mus' humor her."

"What's that you say?" demanded Miss Clem, quickly.

"I wuz j s' tellin' Mars Edward how well he's lookin'. Seems lak I ain't seen him fur a long time."

"Yes, but Mammy," said Miss Clem, in a sharp whisper, "do you mark the blood on Mr. De Courcy's forehead, where the horse trampled on his head—his bonny yellow hair that used to be my pride?"

"Don't go, don't leave me," said Betty, as Mammy moved toward the door.

"Yer got to humor her. Don't be afraid, chile, she won't hurt yer. I'll stan' outsi le de do'."

The firelight flickered on Miss Clem's grotesque figure, throwing it into bold relief against the background of a shadowy corner, where there was vaguely defined the back of a straight damask chair, toward which, as she played with her fan and spoke, she occasionally glanced uneasily.

"You must excuse my sister Barbara," she said, looking around apologetically, "she cannot see you to night. I do not want her to hear me, but the truth is she's sitting over there in that corner. She's just dead and not used to it yet, poor silly thing, as we have been for so long. I have asked her repeatedly to come, but to no avail."

The fan went up, and she began to whisper behind it with a ghastly affectation of girlish coquetry.

Betty's attention became fascinated on this one spot. In her over-wrought state of mind the idea haunted her that in the chair sat her aunt Barbara, looking as when she had last seen her, with waxen, bandaged face and half closed eyes. The moments passed like hours. The drip, drip from the eaves became a mocking voice, goblin-like: "Go to the corner and look."

At length, capable of bearing the tension no longer, she crouched down, hiding her face in her hands

It was better thus. She could not see, but she could hear her aunt talking to the three dead people, for though invisible they were none the less present to Betty—not their spirits but some seeming resemblance to their bodies. But some demon had taken possession of Bab, in place of the pure soul, and that horror, hidden by the chair-back, was the most vivid of all.

How long it was she never knew, but at length Miss Clem, having finished her whispered discourse with Mr. De Courcy, began to address the company in a voice that changed and ran through the gamut of feeling.

"You ask me," she said, "news of the world. You have been hid away so long from thinking that you must have forgotten. Well, I will tell you, but in confidence, for you must know that it is only we—you are dead, and I, whom they call crazy—that see plainly how all things are tending. First, you ask me what is this life. Hearken! The world is an island set in space, and above and below and around is a mystery none can fathom. In the midst of this, coming into being, are the atoms called men who are born blind—purblind. Ay, listen! This miserable little spot, which may be effaced at any moment, is swarming with blind human worms, biting and crawling over each other, and burrowing in the slime whence they are generated.

"These worms are all mad about ambition or pride, and call themselves this or that pompous, lying name. Then they disappear and are seen no more, and the others keep blindly scratching and biting—and they are all mad—mad—mad!" She gave a short laugh. "You know I was always given to thinking on these fantastic subjects—always whimsical. What droll talks we used to hold in the old times! I mind me of one evening we sat in the gloaming. The bats were flying over the meadows. Honoria had on her knee a sweet babe, and I was happy, for you were there, Bentley, and you loved me. Who says that he did not love me? Yes, grizzled and ill favored as I am, I too have had my hey-day of youth and folly.

"'We will all meet again to visit the one that survivies,' said I, for I was a madcap girl given to vagaries—and we are all here! Then, when Bentley rode away I walked with him to the hedge and bade him farewell. He held my rose to his lips as he rode off, never to come again—never—for the next day they found you on the road with your skull crushed. Oh, God! oh, my God! what I went through then; for each of these countless human lives has a capacity for enduring pain that is not gauged by its insignificance and shortness of duration, but can be infinite. Oh, but had I the power equal to my will, the earth would crack to its base, and the stars flashing with fire, would tear on in a mad race of death. On, on! faster, faster!!—How they wail and cringe, these pitiful atomies! On—on—little world, into the calm of the bottomless abyss of annihilation!"

She paused a moment:

"No, you never came back, my love. In the long nights I used to creep out and lie on the grass where we parted, and look up at the stars waiting for you. I was an uncommon fool when a girl, and hare-brained enough. Sing? Ay, that will I, though I am hoarse."

The keys of the harpsichord jangled under her touch.

She hesitated a moment and then began to play a lively dancing tune.

"Dance the rigadoon, as you used, Bentley moves quite gracefully, Ah, w will have a merry evening.

Betty, with her eyes closed, saw it all, while the music went on, saw Mr. De Courcy as in the miniature, blonde and graceful, and her father in his blue velvet coat, the diamond ring on his finger glittering in his lace jabot, moving to and fro with stately movement, bowing with courtly grace. Her own dear mother sat still, looking at Betty with a sweet, gentle smile, and, in the corner—oh, horror!—a waxen, bandaged face peered now and then from behind the chair.

Suddenly the dancing ceased. Miss Clem changed abruptly into minor chords as she began to sing, with a cracked voice:

Damp are the curls on thy bonny head,
And thy cheek is wan and white;
But like glow-worms on thy earthly bed
Do thine eyes with love shine bright.

'Why have ye tarried so long,' she said,
'Since the night you rode away?
The years have come and the years have sped;
I am grown so old and gray;
And the lips you kissed then, fresh and red,
They can but mumble and pray.'

I come from out on the hill," she said.
'Where the snake and ground-rat dwell;
They held me fast in my chil y bed;
I could not come to thee well;
The light in my eyes is the light of dread
Lit from the fires of hell.'

"Ay, 'tis the light that burns within us all, smouldering in the ashes of youth."

The door opened and Mammy entered, bearing a waiter.

"I thought the company mought like some 'freshment," she said passing the waiter to the imaginary guests. "Now, Marse Edward, yer take some er dat cordial. It's mighty good. Miss Honoria, yer'll relish dat rusk. Honey," she whispered to Betty, "take two or free pieces." Betty shook her head and looked at her with white, supplicating face. She felt that she must have grown old in the eternity that had passed. Mammy was equal to the emergency.

"Laws sakes! Is yer all gwine home dis soon? Yer'll have a mighty bad night."

Miss Clem went through a profuse courtesying and leave-taking, following Mammy, who held a candle, into the hall.

"Still sulky, Barbara?" she called out. "Will you, then, stay there all night? Good-by."

Betty shuddered and walked backward out of the room, her eyes fixed on the corner. They moved upstairs, a strange procession, Miss Clem majestic in her finery, Mammy bearing the candle, and Betty, with pale face, peering over the banisters into the blackness below. When they came to the open door of her own room she crept in, shutting and bolting it behind her.

Here there was only the firelight, and in each of the four corners her fancy pictured the chair and its ghastly occupant.

She could not pray, after Miss Clem's words. Of what avail could be the prayer of an insignificant atom in such an infinity of souls?

Undressing herself and crossing the room, she caught the reflection of her white-robed figure in the mirror. She stood trembling, unnerved, the unceasing voice of the rain mocking her with elusive cadence. There was a sound of footsteps coming down the hall, stopping at the door. It was Bab, who was lonely in the parlor, and had to come to her.

"Lemme in, honey, said Mammy's voice. "What yer doin', standin' hyar in yo' bare feet, chile? Yer want ter ketch yer def er cold? Jump inter bed, an' lemme tuck yer in snug."

The relief of the kind, human voice was too much. Betty threw herself on the bed in a sort of nervous chill, where she could shed no tear, but lay cold and trembling.

"Dere now, honey, be quiet. She's bin dis way off'n on, ebber since Marse De Courcy died. She'll git over it in a day or two, an' be all right again. Don't yer tell nobody, Miss Bab, nebber let no one know it. Plenty dese yere pore white trash bin axin' me, but I never tells 'em nuffin. If she wuz fifty times crazier an' she is, she's Miss Vaughan, and bette'n any they low-lived selves. Dere now, pore little lam."

"Mammy, the next time she is so, I'll take care of her like Aunt Bab did."

"'Deed, yer won't den. Wat's de use uv a good-fur-nuffin nigger lak me? Miss Barb'ra killed herself that way. Yer' jes' gwine ter stay young an' pretty, and marry Marse Tom when he comes home lookin' so happy'n fine!"

Then Mammy, still patting the bedclothes, began to rock to and fro in her chair, crooning a plantation hymn:

"De stars in de elements am fallin',
De moon shall turn inter blood,
But the chillun ob der Lord
Am comin' home ter God.
Ble sed am de name ob de Lord."

until Betty was soothed to sleep.

It was a troubled and uneasy slumber, however, for she dreamed that, somewhere in mirk and gloom Tom's dear head rested on her breast, pierced with creul splinters of glass that broke as she tried to pull them out. At each groan from him a pain went through her heart, and she awoke to find herself alone, in a convulsive agony of sobs.

"He suffers, my love. Oh, God, let me suffer in his stead! Dear Christ, let me know that he is still lives!"

Wearied out, lying still, a great change came. The rain beat on the roof and the shadows deepened with the dying flame, but she had no fear. It was as if God had stooped and lifted her to heights whence she saw all created beings, the living and the dead mouldering in their narrow graves, alike pure and holy in his sight, fulfilling His will.

Folded in unutterable peace that was like the ebbing of a midnight sea, she and Tom were together, his arms around her, floating to some greater mystery—out—out—

CHAPTER XIII.

That winter life passed strangely at the Vaughans'. Miss Clem alternated from seasons of supreme authority, when her energy and oversight of the plantation were unnatural, to days of inanition and lack of interest in all mundane matters, even the events of the war, looking herself in her own room to pore over some musty volume. Thus much responsibility devolved upon Betty, who was all the better for being actively employed during the lonely, bleak months.

Beyond the actual life of everyday work and routine, of supervising the women in their sewing and distributing the weekly rations to the negro quarters, was a no less real inner life which she led in a new world where every sense was quickened, and the present and future seen only by the light of her love. Communication with Tom was impossible, but no doubts of his faith troubled her. Here, where they had walked and lived together, he seemed always present, and the barren land bloomed and blossomed to new wonders, like Aaron's rod, by the magic of a mysterious double life.

She said to herself, "My true love hath my heart and I have his"; and, secure in this happy consciousness, fears even as to his safety did not assail her.

(To be continued)

Dave Potts' Wife.

Boston *Herald*: We were sitting in a small public hall in a town in Connecticut, waiting for the lecturer to appear. There were about 300 people present, and, at a moment when everybody was quiet, a man marched up the centre aisle, mounted the stage, and turning to face the audience, he asked in solemn tones:

"Is Dave Potts in this 'ere crowd?"

Silence.

"Is Dave Potts in this 'ere crowd?" continued the speaker in louder and more solemn tones.

"Dave Potts is 'ere," said that individual, as he stood up. "Air anything wanted?"

"She be," answered the man on the stage. "Your wife has been tooken, and wants you."

"Tooken with what?"

"Fits, and the wuss kind, and two women was a rubbin' her when I cum away. Go hum, Dave Potts. You hain't no biznese crouching around a literary entertainment, any how."

And as Dave walked out the man came down and took a front seat with the air of an orator who had won a prize.

Playgrounds for Poor Children.

Harper's Weekly: The movement for small parks in the crowded parts of the city was successfully made during the mayorality of Mr. Hewitt, and the sum of $1,000,000 was appropriated for the purpose. It is thought twenty or thirty such parks as are now proposed might be maintained by the income of this sum. They are to be laid out simply as playgrounds, and the spectacle of last summer in the hilarious enjoyment of the children was very touching. There must be some supervision, of course, but the project is not an experiment. It has been thoroughly tested, and it is one of the happiest suggestions of the charitable and humane spirit of the time.

Legal Counterfeiters.

Pittsburg *Despatch*: Statesmen are the only people who are permitted to pass bad bills.

Scotland has 50,000 volunteers; while England, which should have 350,000, has only 170,000.

Signs of Death.

Bellows—What makes you fear your son out in Colorado is dead?

Fellows (with a sigh)—He hasn't written for money for nearly a month.

The Czarina's chin has begun to double and her girth is greater than of yore.

SITTING BULL

Adirondack Murray's Estimate of the Dead Indian.

A Great Historic Character—A Seer and a Prophet.

"Everybody is well satisfied at his death."

This is the sentence I read this morning in a great American journal touching the murder of the great Sioux prophet, Sitting Bull. I say murder, for murder it was and murder it was intended to be, unless all the reports sent eastward for the last month have been lies.

The land grabbers wanted the Indian lands. The lying, thieving Indian agents wanted silence touching past thefts, and immunity to continue their thieving. The renegades from their people among the Indian police wanted an opportunity to show their power over a man who despised them as renegades, and whom, therefore, they hated. The public opinion of the frontier—the outgrowth of ignorance, credulity and selfish greed—more than assented to a plan to rid the country of one who while he lived, so great was he in fame and in fact, must forever stand as a reminder of wars past, and a threat of war to come. Out of all these and other causes peculiar to the condition of things there localized, some accidental and deplorable, others permanent and infamous, was born, as Milton's Death was born, from Satan and Sin, the plot to kill him.

And so he was murdered.

His death is sad enough It would have been sad to many of us who knew him as he was and admired him for what he was had he died in peace amid the remnants of his people and the mourning of his race. But killed as he has been in obedience to a conspiracy and as the outcome of a plot to make an end of him, untried by process of law, proven guilty of no crime, unconvicted of any overt act, we pronounce his killing a crime and his sudden removal in the manner and substance of it an outrage and a murder.

THE GREAT MEDICINE MAN.

I knew this man; knew him in relation to his high office among his people and in his elements as a man. As to his office or rank I honored him. He filled a station older than human records. As a man I admired him. He represented in person, in manners, in mind and in the heroism of his spirit the highest type of a race which in many and rare virtues stands peer among the nations of the world. As to his rank or official station, we whites called him Medicine Man. It is a name that does not name. It is and has been from the beginning of our intercourse with the red race a delusion and the source of delusions among even the scholarly. A word of truth as to this:

When the French first mingled with the aboriginals of this continent they found in each tribe a man honored of all, in many respects greater than the greatest war chief. Of his rank there was no doubt. Of his functions only one was apparent; all others were hidden. They were connected with the religious rites and mysteries of a mysterious people. The one function of his high office that they could apprehend, the least of them all, as we now know in fact was this: He was the physician, the healer of his people. This they could see and understand and hence in their ignorance of his real office, of his nobler functions and rank, they named him the medicine man, and this misnomer clung to him and his office and has been perpetuated, blinding all eyes and hanging a veil of darkness between us and true knowledge.

But to the red men he, whom the whites in their ignorance misnamed the medicine man, the physician, the healer, was the prophet of the Great Spirit to the tribe, the seer of God, as Samuel was to the Jews, holding the relation to the war chiefs that Joshua held to Moses, and holding to their religion and its rites the same great rank and office as the High Priest among the Jews held to the Temple.

The man Sitting Bull was a war prophet, not war chief, to his people. The seer, in the line of seers of a race, beside which, as to antiquity, the Jews are but mushrooms. What was the misnomer, a joke, a term of contempt to us in our ignorance of fact and ancient things, to the red men—for the term Indian as applied to them is also a misnomer and a proof of fourteenth century ignorance—was a rank above all ranks won or bestowed by the tribe; an office above all earthly offices, connected and symbolic of the highest truths and deepest mysteries of their religion.

THE COUNSELLOR OF CHIEFS.

Hence, by virtue of his office, old custom and tradition, this man, Sitting Bull, was counsellor of chiefs, the Warwick behind the throne stronger than the throne, the oracle of mysteries and of knowledge hidden from the mass, hidden even from chiefs, to whose words of advice and authority all listened as to the last and highest expression of wisdom.

Such was Sitting Bull as to his office, as interpreted and understood from a standpoint of knowledge of the religion, the traditions and the superstitions of his people. That he was faithful to his high office all knew. That he was, in fact, counsellor of chiefs, that as Joshua did to Moses, so he in hour of battle upheld their arms till the sun went down and the battle was lost or won, let all who fought his tribe declare; that the gods of his race found in him a high priest faithful to his trust none can ever deny. He lived and he has died a red man, true to his office and his race. That leaf of laurel none can deny to his fame—not even his renegade murderers.

But no office, however great, is as great as the man if he fills it greatly, and this man Sitting Bull was greater as a man than he was even as a prophet. I met him often; I studing him closely as one of intelligence studies the type of a race—I may add of a departing race and I knew him well. And this I say of him. He was a Sioux of the Sioux, a red man of the red men. In him, his race, in physique, in manners, in virtue, in faults, stood incarnate. In face he was the only man I ever saw who resembled Gladstone—large featured, thoughtfully grave, reflective, reposeful when unexcited. In wrath his countenance was a collection of unexploded or exploding thunder—the awful embodiment of measureless passion and power.

In conversation he was deliberate, the user of few words, but suave and low voiced. In moments of social relaxation he was companionable, receptive of humor, a genial host, a pleasant guest. In his family gentle, affectionate and not opposed to merriment. When sitting in council his deportment was a model; grave, deliberate, courteous to opponents, patient and kindly to men of lesser mind. I suggest that our Senators copy after him

ELOQUENT AND PROUD.

In pride he was equal to his rank and race, a rank to him level with a Pope's, and a race of the oldest and bravest in the world. Of vanity I never saw one trace in him. I would couple the word with Gladstone or Webster as quickly as with him. He was never over-dressed. He wore the insignia of his office, as a king his robes, or a judge his gown. In eating he was temperate; from spirituous drinks an abstainer. His word once given was a true bond. He was a born diplomat. No foe ever fathomed his thought. I have watched him by the hour when I knew his heart was hot with wrath, but neither from eye nor lip nor cheek nor nostril nor sinewy hand might one get hint of the storm raging within. There was no surface to him. He was the embodiment of depth.

Was he eloquent? What is eloquence? Who may say—who may agree to it? Men tell me that Mr. Depew is eloquent, and that New Yorkers go wild with the glasses in front of them when their Mr. Choate is speaking. I have read their words. Their eloquence is not that of the great Sioux Prophet. Here are some words of his. You can compare them with your orators' best:

"You tell me of the Mohawks. My fathers knew them. They demanded tribute of them. The Sioux laughed. They went to meet them, 10,000 horsemen. The Mowhawks saw them coming, made them a feast and returned home. You tell me of the Abenaznis. They are our forefathers, and the forefathers of all red men. Thew were the men of the Dawn. They came from the East. They were born in the morning of the world. The traditions of my people are full of the Abenaznis. They rocked the cradles of our race."

And again—

"What treaty that the whites have kept has the red man broken? Not one. What treaty that the whites ever made with us red men have they kept? Not one. When I was a boy the Sioux owned the world. the sun rose and set in their lands. They sent 10 000 horsemen to battle. Where are the warriors to-day? Who slew them? Where are our lands? Who owns them? What white man can say I ever stole his lands or a penny of his money? Yet they say I am a thief. What white woman, however lonely, was ever when a captive insulted by me? Yet they say I am a bad Indian. What white man has ever seen me drunk? Who has ever come to me hungry and gone unfed? Who has ever seen me beat my wives or abuse my children? What law have I broken? Is it wrong for me to love my own? Is it wicked in me because my skin is red; because I am a Sioux; because I was born where my fathers lived; because I would die for my people and my country?"

And again:

"They tell you I murdered Custer It is a lie. I am not a war chief. I was not in the battle that day. His eyes were blinded that he could not see. He was a fool, and he rode to his death. He made the fight, not I. Whoever tells you I killed the Yellow Hair is a liar."

A SWEET SINGER GONE.

Madame Stewart Passes Away Singing of Her Loved Native Land.

Mrs. Walter Bruce (Madame Stewart), of Bruce and Patrick's Balmoral Choir, died on Tuesday morning at the home of her cousin, Mr. David Bruce, No. 265 North May street. It will be remembered that Mrs. Bruce turned suddenly ill at the concert given by the Orkney and Shetland Society in Farwell Hall on Dec. 17th, and was unable to finish her part of the programme. She was taken to the home of her relative and it was not at first thought that her illness was so serious, but on Sunday it was considered advisable to telegraph Mr. Bruce, her husband, who was in Pittsburg, and he arrived here on Monday.

Deceased, who was but 33 years old, was a very popular soprano of Glasgow, and her untimely death will be mourned by a large circle of friends and admirers in Scotland and America.

A touching incident in connection with Madame Stewart's closing hours was her pathetic singing of the old Scotch song, "The Bonnie, Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond" Her mind was evidently travelling back to the loved heather hills of her native land, of which she had often sung so sweetly, and it was with tear-dimmed eyes that those who smoothed her dying pillow listened to the failing voice of the sweet singer as she thus feebly breathed her farewell song;

"You'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road.
And I'll be in Scotland afore you.
But me and my true love, we'll never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.'

The funeral took place on Thursday, a large gathering of friends following the remains to the place of interment in Rose Hill Cemetery.—*Chicago British-American.*

The Scot and His Flag.

The following, taken from a Scotch paper of the year 1866 will be interesting reading now: "Dr. Norman McLeod said: The first thing I saw on entering the meeting to-night was the flag here (pointing to the Union Jack) You know that is the flag of our country. Very well, that is the bravest flag in the world. (Cheers.) It is the flag of the finest country on the face of the earth. (Cheers.) There is not a country in the world—and I have been in many—like it. (Renewed cheers.) I have been in ever so many and I never saw more beautiful hills, more beautiful lochs, more beautiful valleys, than those in our country. And there is not a town in the whole world to be compared with Edinburgh. (Cheers.) There is not a country in the world that has more beautiful songs; and there is no music that will make you laugh, and greet, and dance, equal to the old Scotch music. (Cheers) There is not a country on the face of the earth where you have more Gospel truth—where you have such Sabbath schools—where there is a clergy more earnest in instructing young and old in the fear of the Lord. What I have to say to you is, wherever you go on the face of the earth you are not to forget that flag, and you are not to disgrace your country. Over the whole world there are Scotchmen. I have preached to Scotchmen in Russia, in Sweden, in America, in Egypt, in Turkey, in Italy—there is hardly a place where I have not preached to Scotchmen; and these generally have been an honor to their country, except when they take to drink, and then they become the biggest blackguards on the face of the earth. (Laughter and cheers.)

How to Keep Healthy in India.

By direction of Sir Frederick Roberts, the principal army medical officer in India has issued on a flyleaf a series of simple rules for the maintenance of health in the hot weather in the plains. There are in all thirteen of these rules, couched in plain, terse language, and although intended primarily for the soldier and his family they are equally applicable to all Europeans. Thus people are warned that less meat and more fruit and vegetables would be more healthful; that spirits should be eschewed altogether, and malt liquor should not be taken until after sundown, and never on an empty stomach; that sleep should be taken before, not after meals; that amateur self-doctoring is bad, especially in such diseases as enteric fevers, which need to be taken promptly; that in dry weather it is well to sleep away from the stuffy atmosphere of rooms inhabited by day. Mothers are advised to see that young children are indoors in the hot weather by 7 a. m., to protect the head carefully, and if with umbrellas with white covers and green lining, so much the better. The value of flannel for wear in hot weather is insisted on especially at night, to avoid the chill, which may be deadly. Native bacon in every form is to be avoided, meat should be given sparingly to children, the best diet being soup in which vegetables have been well boiled, bread, milk, rice, arrowroot and eggs. Milk from native dairies should be boiled before use, and the purchaser should see the cow milked. Condensed milk is better for children than ordinary milk. The leaflet containing these directions has been circulated in all the barrack, cantonments and military stations in India.—*London Times.*

Some Things Worthy of Attention.

In order to call attention to the great care necessary before burying the dead, the following extracts from a medical journal are given namely, five signs of death:

First sign—Cessation of circulation and respiration.

Second—Cooling of the body from 99 degrees to that of atmosphere, usually in 24 hours or less.

Third—Rigidity, which begins in about six hours after death; after some hours there is again relaxation.

Fourth—Resistance of muscles to galvanization.

Fifth—Mortification, which generally commences about 40 hours after death, and usually shows first over the stomach.

Physicians should always see the dead person before giving a certificate, even in cases where they have been in attendance just before death.

On the authority of a physician it is understood that in embalming a slight incision is made first, before going on with the process, which seems a necessary safeguard.

The attention of mothers and nurses is called to the danger of covering infants' heads too closely, lest they should not have sufficient air to breathe freely.

Easy Washing.

Soak the clothes in the ordinary way night before washing. When ready to wash pass clothes through wringer. Then put in the boiler 2½ pails of water, ½ bar of soap, about 1 oz. of paraffine wax, which can be had in wholesale drug stores at 15c. a pound. The soap and paraffine will dissolve while the water is heating. The clothes may then be put in. When the water boils after the clothes are put in, note the time and continue the boiling one-half hour, after which take out clothes and rinse them in hot water; the dirtier pieces will require rubbing, the others, not so soiled, will not need the rubbing. The process of bluing is conducted in the ordinary manner. Paraffine wax will not damage the most delicate materials, but rather the contrary; delicate tissues are preserved in the same for years. The above process is not only a saving of labor, but also prevents destruction of clothes in the ordinary process of rubbing. This recipe is not for woollens.

Is it a Home Bird?

Albany *Argus*: Here is a tariff problem. An Arizona cow strayed across the border into Mexico and gave birth to a calf. Mr. McKinley should determine whether it is a pauper calf or a home industry.

Two remarkably big men were buried at Marshall, Ill., last week. Charles Keller, aged 90, weighed 400 pounds and an 18-year-old son of David Reynolds weighed a few pounds more than 400. There was no hearse in town large enough to carry the coffin of either of them.

The average Wellesley College girl weighs 119½ pounds and is a trifle over 5 feet 2 inches in height.

NEWSPAPER ETHICS.

A group of newspaper men dined together at Providence, Rhode Island, the other night, and, naturally, they talked shop. Some of the points brought out in the discussion will interest the general reader. For instance, there is news and news. The story of any crime is news, but indecent and purely sensational narration or "padding out" with shocking details is not news. The newspapers should give "all the news," but it should be genuine and decent and served with regard for public morality and so as to afford right instruction upon current events. The respectable newspaper will not smirch its columns even for "filthy lucre." There is a sensationalism which is proper, but it is born of real events, not of reportorial interpretation of them. The appearance of the one in the newspaper column is legitimate. The use of the other finds no excuse, save in a desire for a notoriety which cannot be gained by legitimate means.

We believe the decent sentiment of the public will agree with the views advanced above. There is news, that is, reports that come to every newspaper office, of actual events that is not fit to be laid before the general public. These events may be crimes of a particularly malodorous nature or social scandals, the publication of which will bear more heavily on the innocent than upon the guilty and with which the general public have no legitimate business. The suppression of such reports is in the interest of good morals and cannot harm any respectable journal.

Among the strongest points made on the occasion noted above was that of Talcott Williams, of the Philadelphia *Press*, in criticizing the personal and impertinent features of some modern journals. The practice of invading the homes of the people and prying into affairs that are essentially of a purely private character is an outrage upon the rights of the individuals concerned. We refer, of course, to cases in which the consent of the parties interested has not previously been secured. If a lady desires to have her entertainments and attire and personal affairs written up for the press there can be no serious objection to it providing the work is done in a proper manner. But the key-hole society reporter is an unmitigated nuisance and should be promptly kicked off the front stoop of a house where he is discovered carrying on his clandestine operations.

Some Plain Talk.

"Anti-Bazaar" in Montreal *Witness*: SIR,—The bazaar season is now set in, and methinks the *Witness*, *Star* and other city papers deserve a vote of thanks for the free notices and graphic descriptions of them, and we should thank our city fathers for granting the bazaars exemption from taxes, but, above all, thanks are due to the fancy goods dealers who so patiently accept the position and give their wares to these noble charities, pay all the taxes heaped on them and pay you good gold for every line in paper. All through the dark, damp spring, the hot dry summer and cold, bleak fall the "dealers" have been patiently waiting for and looking to the holiday trade to help them take up a note, reduce a heavy stock or cover loss of dull times, but just as their hopes are getting ripe the bazaar vulture sweeps down on them and all their hopes, ripe or green, are swallowed up. Ten thousand dollars, they say, was taken at one bazaar, but how much will be taken this winter through bazaars in our so-called Christ-like churches? Would it be too much to say $50,000? On all this there is no tax, no wages, no rent, often no cost and all profit. To whom does this amount rightfully belong? From whom is it stolen? How much harm will it do? How much good? How much will Christ accept, bless and use for his own glory? A few dealers may close their doors or be sold out, but this is nothing; no one cares; the churches and military clubs have their right! Mothers who would scorn to let their daughters serve in a store for an honest wage, deck them out like harlequins and place them behind a counter to preside over soap bubbles, ice cream or throws for over valued articles, or presumptuous political "tools"—and think they are doing God's work or a noble charity. If high-toned churches and military clubs have come down to the level of charity—then we have reached our best days.

Becoming Dangerous to Live.

Are we safe nowhere from bacteria, some one inquires, no even when we are sealed up in a vacuum in a glass case? Not content with showing us that horrid monsters claw and fight in every drop of water we drink, scientific gentlemen have now been microscopically overhauling a hailstone and finding that an infinitesimal speck of the ice contains no less than 400 to 700 of the bacteria, says the *Scientific American*. They may be the germs of smallpox, scarlet fever, leprosy, naughtiness and crime. Not even ice will kill them, for they thaw out and wriggle ferociously. The invention of the microscope revealed wonders to man, but it has made life a burden to nervous people. Nothing is free from microbes any more, nothing is pure, except the benevolent motive of one, says the same inquirer, who lends a friend $5 when he never expects to get it back again.

What Shall the Harvest Be?

Why! What can it be, but suffering and sorrow, disease and death, if you neglect he symptoms of a disordered liver? Take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It outsells all other remedies. Sold under condition that it must either benefit or cure the patient, or the money paid for it will be promptly returned. It cures all diseases arising from deranged liver, or from impure blood, as biliousness, "liver complaint," all skin and scalp diseases, salt rheum, tetter, scrofulous sores and swellings, fever sores, hip-joint disease and kindred ailments.

Fruit for Farmers.

As every farmer should raise some fruit for the use of his family, he should observe two general rules in making a selection and planting. The first is, to plant no more ground than he can prepare in the best manner, and always keep in good order; and the second is, to select only such fruits as are hardy enough to grow well and bear well in all seasons. There are some fruits that are easily injured by cold winters, if not killed by them; and others bear irregularly, or bear small crops, or have scabby specimens. Omit these, and select the reliable ones, and old well-tried kinds, and especially do not pay high prices for novelties until you can afford to expend something on empty experiments, or for knowledge merely, rather than fruit.

A Doubtful Point.

Montreal *Herald*: The Rev. Mr. McKay writing from the Northwest to the Oban *Times*, concerning the Scotch settlers out there says of them they all say, "Cha ohreid, muin tir na Gaidhealteachd, gu brath, gun bheil sinn cho math, air ar doigh, 'sa tha sinn." We will not question the accuracy of this peculiar statement. Many men have thought so, but the theory has not passed unquestioned. Equity and law do not always coincide in their decisions. Whether there was justification for the gun being there remains to be proved, but we never saw sin spelt with a double n. At any rate the man who first printed such a statement as the above should be prepared to prove it, and he cannot prove by us.

Buffalonian for Oronhyatekha.

Buffalo *News*: One of the interesting men of Canada is Dr. Oronhyatekha, of Toronto. He is an Indian who in his youth was chief of the Mohawks. The Prince of Wales urged him to go to England to be educated at the royal expense, and he was subsequently graduated from Oxford and from a London medical school. He is a good-looking, broad-shouldered six footer.

The best pictures so far taken of the moon show that parallel walls, whose tops are no more than 200 yards or so in width, and which are not more than 1,000 or 1,200 yards apart, are plainly visible.

Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson has settled for the winter at Cheltenham, England, where she is said to be engaged n writing a novel.

RED AND WHITE.

An American Girl's Description of a "Color Ball" at Nice.

"I wonder," said a young woman who had resided abroad for two years and has just returned, "that New York does not attempt a color ball, such as are frequently given at Nice. I attended two there, one red, the other white. The red was the more brilliant, but the white was exceedingly beautiful, too. At the former the men appeared in red satin coats, white satin breeches and red silk stockings and shoes. The ladies wore white with red roses. All the decorations and hangings were red, lamp shades and all, and the supper ornamentations were all of the same bright color. At the white ball everything was white. The men wore suits of white satin, with white shoes, and the ladies, of course, white dresses and flowers. Both were given by the nobility, and were very gay and attractive. As a novelty, I was told a black ball was once given, white shirts for the men and white flowers for the women being the only relief. New Yorkers adore doing uncommon things—they ought to try a Nice ball."—*New York Times.*

A Misplaced Pension.

Ottawa *Free Press*: An agitation in favor of abolishing the pensions of the heirs of "Nell Gwynne," who was the favorite mistress of King Charles the Second, has been started in England, and receives the support of Conservatives as well as Radicals The chief pension is the two thousand pounds paid annually to the Duke of St. Albans, whose only claim upon the British treasuary is the fact of his being descended from one of Nell Gwynne's royal infants—the particular one that Nell held out of a window as Charles II. passed, and told the king that if he didn't make him a duke she would drop him; that is, the infant, not the King. He was made a duke, and endowed with a pension of £2,000 a year as royal falconer; and that pension the nation has been paying for over two hundred years. It is very doubtful if the "Merry Monarch" ever anticipated that in 1890 the British people would be still paying £2,000 a year to the descendant of his mistress. The Duke of St. Albans is still nominally "royal falconer," but there are no hawks, no falcons and no pigeons to take care of, yet the payment goes on, and the Government proposes to commute the pension for twenty-seven years purchase. This while survivors of the Light Brigade are dependent on public charity for support.

The Bad Lands.

"What are the Bad Lands, of which so frequent mention is made in the telegrams about the United States Indian uprising?" asks a correspondent. The Bad Lands of Dakota are composed of white clay, which, by the action of rains, has been cut into hillocks. They are not high, seldom more than 40 or 50 feet, but it is up one and down another the whole way. There are no water courses, the nearest approach being a gully forty feet deep, with a foot and a half of mud at the bottom. At every few yards you must stop, and, with spade and shovel, cut a path down the side of a hill in order to descend, and then up the side of the one opposite in order to get up again. The mud is as sticky as tar, and in going a few yards the wheels of a waggon become solid round cakes, and all the mules you can hitch to it will not be able to pull it a foot farther. Then the spades are brought and the wheels cleared, the operation being repeated two or three times in 100 yards. The extent of the Bad Lands in Dakota is probably 100 miles from north to south by fifteen to thirty miles wide. The district is a good one for a crafty foe like the Indian warrior to hide in, but as a location to make a living it has not a redeeming feature.

When in the Box.

Mr. Robert Jaffray, of Toronto, writes to the Ottawa *Journal* in reply to Mr. McCarthy's defence of his examination of Mr. Jaffray in the street railway arbitration. Mr. Jaffray concludes as follows: "The evidence will show that I made no retort upon Mr. McCarthy till he had gone beyond all license allowed to any lawyers in any court; and, as he himself shows that he first introduced the allusion to retainers, his letter is a poor defence either of himself or the cowardly practice fortunately followed by but a few of the profession, and in following it in this case I don't think Mr. McCarthy has added to his reputation either as a man or as a lawyer. I am pleased to be able to say I have had general congratulation for standing up for the rights of the witness, and from none so generally or so strongly as from the legal profession."

"Away! Away! There is danger here!
A terrible phantom is bending near;
With no human look, with no human breath,
He stands beside thee—the haunter—Death!"

If there is one disease more than another that comes like the unbidden guest at a banquet, it is Catarrh. Insidiously it steals upon you, "with no human breath," it gradually, like the octopus, winds its coils about you and crushes you. But there is a medicine, called Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, that can tear you away from the monster, and turn the sythes' point of the reaper. The makers of this wonderful remedy offer, in good faith, a standing reward of $500 for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head.

An Inconsistent Old Fellow.

Wool—They say old Closefist left a clause in his will directing that his body be cremated.

Van Pelt—And yet he made his boast that he believed in giving the devil his due

"Well, said Brown to his newly married friend, "so your wife does the cooking? I wonder you are alive to tell the tale!" "Yes," replied the other, "but am alive—alive and kicking."

Lady Caithness, Duchess de Pomar, has applied to the French authorities for permission to erect a statute to Mary Queen of Scots on a site adjacent to her house in Paris.

D. C. N. L 3. 91.

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Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

I took Cold,
I took Sick,
I TOOK
SCOTT'S EMULSION
RESULT:
I take My Meals,
I take My Rest,
AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING FLESH ON MY BONES AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK."
Scott's Emulsion is put up only in Salmon color wrappers. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED
TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.
When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION