For THE TRUE WITNESS. SONS OF THEIR FATHERS.

The wanderer turn'd to gaze his last, On mountain, hill and vale;
The scene a the winess of the past,
Each tell a kindred tale.
You mountain's brow, with heather crowned, Was girt with glory's flame, For fer and near, and long renowned,

That sunny hi!l with emerald sward, Where no poisonous reptiles crawl, Was once the heunt of eage and bard, The lights of Tara's Hall. And the valleys smiling fair and bright, Where early churches rear'd Their cross above the mountain's height, Are places still revered.

Is Benburb's worthy fame.

But changed the day from what has been, No light on Benburb falls; No shouts of victory hads the Green, In proud historic halls. The crimson hand that well could wield, The sword Tyrconnell wore;
The first to strike, and last to yield, Now guards the scenes no more.

ut think we not that Eric s sons Forgets the glorious past, Nor tries to emulate the ones Who loved her to the last. Twas not the battle-field of fame, The rebel soldier's pride; But it was for Erin all the same, Where Mandeville has died.

His death has urged to nobler deeds, Where fame and honor shine, Such worthy men as Ireland needs Like the generous, brave O Brien. Tis not the dreary prison walls, An Irish heart can quell : Balfour's mad coercion brawls. Already seem to fail.

Nor think that exile horne away. To lands beyond the sea,
Will cease to watch, to aid and pray
That Ireland may be free. Nor say he'll lack in duty here, To just (if foreign) laws,

For what's to freemen half so dear? As freedom's sacred cause.

MARGARRY Scullion,

LADY LEOLINE.

By May Agnes Fleming.

CHAPER XVIII, CONTINUED

But Leoline had something of Miranda's courage, as well as her looks and temper; so she tried to feel as brave as possible, and not think of her unplesant predicament while there remained anything else to think about. Perhaps she might escape, too; and, as this notion struck her, she looked with eager anxiety, not unmixed with curiosity, at the place where she was. By this time her eyes had become accustomed to the light, which proceeded from a great antique lamp of bronze, pendent by a brass chain from the ceiling; and she saw she was in a moderately sized and by no means splendid room. But what struck her most was everything had a look of age about it, from the glit-tering oak beams of the floor to the faded, ghostly hangings an the well. There was a bed as one end—a great spectral oak of a thing, like a mausoleum, with drapery as old and spectral as that on the walls, and in which she could no more have lain than in a moth-eaten shroud. The seats and the one table the room held were of the same ancient and wierd pattern, and the sight of them gave her a shivering sensation not unlike an ague chill. There was but one door -- a huge structure, with shining panels, se-curely locked: and escape from that quarter was utterly out of the question. There was one window, hung with dark curtains of tarnished embroidery, but in pushing them saide, she met only a dull blank of unlighted glass, for the shutters were firmly secured without. Altogeth er she could not form the slightest idea where she was; and, with a feeling of utter despair, she sat down on one of the queer old chairs, with much the same feeling as if she were eitting in a tomb.
What would

he ever think of her, when he found her gone. And what was destined to be her fate in this dreadful out of the way place? She would have cried, as most of her sex would be tempted to do in such a situation, but that her dislike and horror of Count L'Estrange was a good deal stronger than her grief, and turned her tears to sparks of indignant fire. Never, never, never! would she be his wife! He might kill her a thousands times, if he liked, and she wouldn't yield an inch. She did not mind dying in a good cause; she could do it but once. And with Sir Norman despising her, as she felt he must do, when he found her run away, she rather liked the idea than otherwise. Mentally, she bid adieu to all her friends before beginning to prepare for her melancholy fate-to her handsome lover, to his gallant friend Ormiston. to her poor nurse, Prudence, and to her my-sterious visitor, La Marque.

La Marque! Ah! that name awoke a new

chord of recollection—the carket, she had it with her yet. Instantly, everything was forgotten but it and its contents: and she placed a chair directly under the lamp, drew it out, and looked at it. It was a pretty little bijou it-self, with its polished ivory surface, and enining clasps of silver. But the inside had far more interest for her than the outside, and she fitted the key and unlocked in with a trembling hand It was lived with szure velvet, wrought with silver thread, in dainty wreaths of water lilies; and in the bottom, neatly folded, lay a sheet of foolscap, She opened it with nervous haste; it was a common sheet enough, stamped with fool's cap and bells, that showed it belonged to Crom-well's time. It was closely written, in a light, fair hand, and bore the title "Leoline's His-

Leoline's hand trembled so with eagerness, Leoune's hand tremused so with eagerness, ashe could scarcely hold the paper; but her eye rapidly ran from line to line, and she stopped not till she reached the end. While she read, her face alternately flushed and paled, her eyes diated, her lips parted; and before she finished it, there came over all a look of the most unutilizable house. It decorated from her powerless. herable horror. It dropped from her powerless fingers as she finished; and she sank back in h ir chair with such a ghastly paleness, that it seemed absolutely like the lividness of death.

A sudden and startling noise awoke her from her trance of horror-some one was trying to get in at the window! The chill of terror it sent through every vein acted as a sort of counter irritant to the other feeling, and she sprang from her chair and turned her face fearfully toward the sounds. But in all her terror she did not forget the mysterious sheet of fools-cap, which lay, looking at her, on the floor and she snatched it up, and thrust it and the canket out of sight. Still the sounds went on, but softly and cautiously; and at intervals, as if the worker were afraid of being heard. Leoline went back, step by step, to the other extremity of the room, with her eyes still fixed on the window, and on her face a white terror, that left her perfectly colorless.

Who could it be? Not Count L'Estrange, for he would surely not need to enter his own house like a burglar—not Sir Norman Kingsley, for he could certainly not find out her abduction and her prison so soon and she had no other friends in the whole wide world to trouble themselves about her. There was one, but the idea of ever seeing her again was so unspeakably dreadful, that she would rather have seen the

form.
Still the noises perseveringly continued; there was the sound of withdrawing holtz, and then a pale ray of moonlight shot between the parted curtains, showing the shutters had been opened. Whiter and whiter Leoline grew, and she felt herself growing cold and rigid with mortal fear. Softly the window was raised, a

pale face and two great dark eyes wandered slowly round the room, and rested at last on her, stanging, like a galvanized corpse, as far from the window as the wall would permit. The hand was lifted in a warning gesture, as if to enforce silence; the window was raised high-er, a figure, lithe and agile as a cat, sprang lightly into the room, and standing with his back to her, re-closed the shutters, re shut the window, and re-drew the curtains, before taking the trouble to turn round.

This discreet little manceuvre, which showed her visitor was human, and gifted with human prudence, re-assured Leoline a little; and to judge by the reverse of the medal, the nocturjudge by the reverse of the medal, the houstinal intruder was nothing very formidable after all. But the stranger did not keep her long in snspense, while she stood gazing at him, as if faccinated, he turned round, stepped forward, took off his cap, and made her a courtly bow, and then straightening himself up, prepared, with great coolnens, to scrutinize and be scrutinized.

Well might they look at each other; for the two faces were perfectly the same, and each one saw himself and herself as others saw them. There was the same coal black, curling hair; the same lustrous dark eyes; the same clear colorless complexion, the same delicate, perfect features; nothing was different but the costume and the expression. The latter was essentially different, for the young lady's retrayed amazement, terror, doubt, and delight all at once; while the young gentleman's was a grand care-less suprize, mized with just a dash of curiosity. He was the first to speak; and after they had stared at each other for the space of five minutes, he described a graceful sweep with his hand, and held forth in the following strain;

and, and held icrin in the tollowing strain;
"I greatly fear, fair Leoline, that I have startled you by my sudden and surprising entrance; and if I have been the cause of a moment's alarm to one so perfectly beautiful, I shall hate myself for ever after. If I could have got in any other way, rest assured I would not have in the country and you have been a find by such risked my neck and your peace of mind by such a suspicious means of ingress as the window but if you will take the trouble to notice, the door is thick, and I am composed of too solid flesh to whick through the key-hole; so I had to make my appearance the best way I could."
"Who are you?" faintly asked Leoline.

"Your friend, fair lady, and Sir Norman Kingsley's. Hubert looked to see Leoline start and blush. and was deeply gratified to see her do both ; and her whole pretty countenance became alive

with new-born hope, as if that name were a magic talisman of freedom and joy.

"What is your name, and who are you?" she inquired in a breathless sort of a way, that made Hubert look at her a moment in calm astonishment.

"I have told you—your friend; christened at some remote period, Hubert. For further particulars, apply to the Earl of Rochester, whose page I am."

"The Earl of Rochester's page 1" she repeated,

in the same quick, excited way, that surprised and rather lowered her in that good youth's opinion, for giving way to any feelings so pleb ian. "It is—it must be the same!" ian. "It is—it must be the same :
"I have no doubt of it," said Hubert. "The

same what?"
"Did youngt come from France—from Dijon, recently?" went on Leoline, rather inappositely, as it struck her hearer.

as it struck her heaver.

"Certainly I came from Dijon. Had I the honor of being known to you there?"

"How strange? How wonderful!" said Leoline, with a paling check and quickened breathing. "How mysterious those things turn ont! Thank Heaven that I have found

some one to love at last !" This speech which was Greek, algebra, high Dutch, or there-aboute, so Mr. Hubert. caused him to stare to such an extent that, when he came to think of it afterwards, positively shocked him. The two great, wondering dark eyes transfixing her with so much amazement, brought Lecline to a sense of her talking unfathomable mysterles, quibe incomprehensible to her handsome auditor. She lorked at him with a smile, held out her hand; and Hub rt received a strange little electric thrill to see that her eyes were full of tears. He took the hand and raised it to his lips, wondering if the young lady, struck by his good looks, had conceived a rash and incrdicate attack of love at first sight, and was about to offer herself to him and dis-card Sir Norman forever. From this specul-

ation the sweet voice aroused him. "You have told me who you are. Now, do you know who I am?"
"I hope so, fairest Leoline I know you are

the most beautiful lady in Rogland, and to-morrow will be called Lady Kingsley!"
"I am something more," said Leoluce, holding his hand between both hers, and bending

near him; "I am your sister!"

The Earl of Rochester's page must have good blood in his veins; for never was the re Duke, Sir Norman was completely at a loss, and beside grandee, or peer of the realm more radically unaffectedly conchalant than he. To this unextested announcement be listened with most rapid and exciting events of the night had turn-dignified and well bred composure, and in his ed his head into a mental chaos, as they very secret heart, or rather vanity, more disappoints of than otherwise, to find his first solution of

her tenderness a great mistake. Leoline held his hand tight in here, and looked with loving and tearful eyes in his face.

"Dear Hubert, you are my brother—my lorg unknown brother—and I love you with my whole heart !"

'said Hubert. "I dare say 1 am for they all say we look as much alike as two peas. I am excessively delighted to hear it and to know that you love me. Permit me to embrace my new relative.'

With which the court page kissed facine with emphasis, while she scarcely know whether to laugh, cry, or be provoked at his composure. On the whole she did a little of all three, and pushed him away with a half pout.
"You insensible mortal! How can you

stand there and hear that you have found a sister with so much indifference?"
"Indifferent? Not I! You have no idea

"Never mod! I shall not tell you again.

You don't doubt it, I hore?"

"Of course not! I knew from the first mod!"

"Of course not! I knew from the first model.

ment I set eyes on you that if you were not my sister, you ought to be! I wish you'd tell me all particulars, Leoline."
"I shall do so as soon as I am out of this;

but how can I tell you anything here?"
"That's true!" said Hubert, reflectively. Well, I'll wait. Now, don't you wonder how I found you out, and came here?"
"Indeed I do. How was it, Hubert?"

"Oh, well, I don't know as I can altogether tell you; but you see, Sir Norman Kingsley being possessed of an inspiration that something was happening to you, came to your house a short time ago, and, as he suspected, discovered that you were missing. I met him there, rather depressed in his mind about it, and he told me—beginning the conversation. I must say, in a very excited manner.' said Hubert, parenthet ically, as memory recalled the furious shaking he had undergone—" and he told me he fancied you were abducted, and by one Count L'Estrange. Now I had a hazy idea who Count L'Estrange was, and where he would be most apt to take you to; and so I came here, and after some searching, more inquring, and a few unmitigated falsehoods (you'll regret to hear). discovered you were looked up in this place, and succeeded in getting through the window. Norman is waiting for me in a state of distraction; so now, having found you, I will go and

relieve his mind by reporting accordingly."
"And leave me here?" cried Lecline, in affright "and in the power of Count L'Estrange? Oh!
no, no! You must take me with you, Hubert,"
"My dear Leoline, it is quite impossible to
do it without help, and without a ladder. I

will return to Sir Norman; and when the darkness comes that proceedes day dawn, we will raise the ladder to your window, and try to get dreadful, that she would rather have seen the most horrible spectre her imagination could conjure up, than that tall, graceful, rich-robed form.

Shill the noises perseveringly continued:

Still the noises perseveringly continued:

Why, I do not know that this is a very dreadful place; and most people consider it a sufficiently respectable house; but still, I would rather see my sister auywhere else than in it. and will take the trouble of kidnapping her out

of it as quickly as possible."
"But, Hubert, tell me—do tell me, who is hand stole in and parted the curtains, and a Count L'Estrange?" Hubert laughed.

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I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Without injurious medication.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that Castoria cures Colic, Constipation,
I recommend it as superior to any prescription
Sour Stomach, Diarrhosa, Eructation,
Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes di-

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

"Cannot, really, Leoline ! at least, not until

to-morrow, and you are Lady Kingsley."
"But, what if he should come here to-night?" "I do not think there is much danger of that, but whether he does or not, rest assured you shall be free to morrow! At all events, it is quite impossible for you to escape with me now; and even as it is, I run the risk of being detected, and made a prisoner myself. You must be patient and wait Leoline, and trust to Providence and your brother Rubert!"

"I must, I suppose I" said Leoline, sighing, "and you cannot take me away until daydawn."
" Quite impossible ; and then all this drapery

of yours will be ever so much in the way. Would you object to garments like these?" pointing to his doublet and hose. "If you would not, I think I could procure you a fitont."
"But I should, though!" said Leoline, with

spirit, "and most decidedly, too! I shall wear nothing of the kind, Sir Page!" "Every one to her face!" said Hubert with a French shrug, "and my pretty sister shall have here, in spite of earth, air, fire, and water! And now, fair Leoline, for a brief time, adieu, and au revoir !"

"You will not fail me !" exclaimed Leoline. earnestly, clasping her hands.

"If I do, it shall be the last thing I will fail in on earth; for if I am alive by to-morrow morning, Leoline shall be free!"

"And you will be careful—you will both be careful."

Excessively careful! Now then.' The last two words were addressed to the window, which he had noiselessly opened as he spoke. Leoline caught a glimpee of the bright free moonlight, and watched him with desperate envy; but the next moment the shutters were absorbed was he in the endeavor, that he heeded closed, and Hubert and the moonlight were not the passing moments, until it struck him both gone.

careful l'

CHAPTER XIX.

HUBERT'S WHISPER. Sir Norman Kingsley's consternation and Sir Norman Kingsley's consternation and horror on discovering the dead body of his friend was only equalled by his amszement as to how he got there, or how he came to be dead at all. The livid face, upturned to the moonlight, was unmistakably the face of a dead man—it was no swoom, no deception, like Leeline's; for the blue, ghastly paleness that marks the flight of the soul from the body was stamped on every visid feature. Vet Six Norman could not realize rigid feature. Yet Sir Norman could not realize it. We all know how hard it is to realize the death of a friend from whom we have but lately parted in full health and life, and Ormiston's death so sudden. Why, it was not quite two hours since they parted in Leoline's house, and

even the plague could not carry off a victim as quickly as this.
"Ormiston! Ormiston!" he called, between grief and dismay, as he raised him in his arms, with his hand over the stilled hears; but Ormiston answered not, and the heart gave no pulsation beneath his ingers. He tore open his doublet, as the thought of the plague flashed through his mind, but no plague epot was to be seen, and it was quite evident, from the appearance the face that he had not died of the ance of the face, that he had not died of the distemper, neither was there any wound or mark to show that he had met his end violently. Yet the cold, white face was convulsed, as if he

had died in throes of arony, the hands were clenched, till the nails sack into the flesh; and

himself with a thousand conflic ing feelings of sorrow, astonishment and mystification. The rapid and exciting events of the night had turnwell might, but he still had common sense enough left to know that something must be done about this immediately. He knew the place to take Ormitton was to the nearest apothecary's shor, which establishments were generally open, and filled, the whole livelong night, by the sick and their friends. As he was meditating whether or not to call the surly watchman to help him carry the body, a pestcart came, providentially, along, and the driver -seeing a young man bending over a prostrate form-guessed at once what was the matter,

and came to a halt. "Another one!" he said, coming leisurely up, and glancing at the lifeless form with a very professional eye. "Well, I think there is room for another one in the cart,; so bear a hand,

friend, and let us have him out of this."
"You are mistaken!" said Sir Norman, sharply; "He has not died of the plague. I am not even certain whether he is dead at all." The driver looked at Sir Norman, then stoop ed down and touched Ormiston's icy face, and listened to hear him breathe. He stood up after a moment, with something like a small

laugh. "If he's alive," he said, turning to "Then I never saw any one dead! Goodnight, sir; I wish you joy when you bring him

"Stay 1" exclaimed the young man "I wish you to assist me in bringing him to yonder apothecary's shop, and you may have this for

your pains,"
"This," proved to be a talisman of alacrity for the man pocketed it, and brickly laid hold of Ormiston by the feet, while Sir Norman wrapped his cloak reverently about him and took him by the shoulders In this style his body was conveyed to the apothecary's shop, which they found half rull of applicants for medicine, whom their entrance with the corper produced no greater sensation than a momentarv stare. The attire and bearing of air Nor man proving him to be something different from their usual class of visitors, bringing one of the drowsy apprentices immediately to his side, inquiring what were his orders.

"A private room, and your master's attendance directly," was the authoritative reply Both were to be had; the former, a hole in the wall behind the shop; the latter, a pallid, cadavercus-looking person, with the air of one who had been dead a week, thought better of it and rose again. There was a long table in the aforesaid hole in the wall, bearing a strong family likeness to a dissecting table; upon which the stark figure was laid, and the pest-cart driver disapeared. The apothecary held a mirror close to the face; applied his ear to the pulse and heart; held a pocket mirror over his 'ooked at it; shook his head; and set

down the candle with decision,
"The man is dead, sir!" was his criticism,
"dead as a door na!! All the medicine in the shop wouldn's kindle one spark of life in such ashes !"
"At least, try! Try something-bleeding,

for instance," suggested Sir Norman,
Again the apothecary examined the body, and again he shook his head dolefully.
"It's no use, sir; but, if you will please, you

The right arm was bared; the lancet inserted, one or two black drops sluggishly followed, and nothing more.

the apothecary, wiping his dreadful little young man."

weapon, "he's as dead as ever I saw anybody in my life! How did he come to his end, sirnot by the plague?"
"I don't know," said Sir Norman, gloomily.

"I wish you would tell me that." "Can't do it, sir; my skill doesn't extend that far. There is no plague-pot or visible wound or bruise on the person; so he must have died of some internal complaint-probably dis-

e se of the heart." e se of the neart."
"Never knew him to have such a thing,"
said Norman, sighing. "It is very mysterious
and very dreadful, and notwithstanding all you have said. I cannot believe him dead. Can he not remain here until morning, at least ?" The starved apothecary looked at him out of

pair of hollow, melanch ly eyes, Gold can do snything," was his plaintive

reply.

"I understand. You shall have it. Are you sure you can do nothing more for him?" "Nothing whatever, sir; and excuse me, but there are customers in the shop, and I must leave, sir.

Which he did, accordingly; and Sir Norman was left alone with all that remained of him who, two hours before, was his warm friend. He could scarcely believe that it was the calm maj esty of death that so changed the expression of that white face, and yet, the longer he looked the more deeply an inward conviction assured him that it was so. He chafed the chilling hands and face, he applied hartshorn and burnt feathers to the nostrils, but all these applications, though excellent in their way, could not exactly raise the dead to life, and, in this case, proved a signal failure. He gave up his doctoring, at last, in despair, and folding his arms, looked down at what lay on the table, and tried to convince himself that it was Ormiston. So with a shock that Hubert might even now be waiting for him at the trysting-place, then grief stronger than death, stronger than every other feeling in the world; so he suddenly seized his hat, turned his back on Ormiston and the apothecary's shop, and strode off to the place he had quitted.

(To be Centinued.

THE GIRL WITH ONE STOCKING. At a recent sitting of the United States Senate, Mr. Vance, set colleagues and spectators in a roar by reading in aplandid atyla the following pastoral; which he said was entitled, "The girl with one stocking, a protective pastoral composed and arranged for the spinning wheel, and respectfully dedicated to that devoted friend of protected machinery and high taxes, the Senator from Rhode Island, Mr. Aldrich:

Our Mary bad a little lamb And her heart was most intent To make its wool beyond its worth, Bring 56 per cent.

But a pauper girl across the sea Had one small lamb also. Whose wool for less than half that sum She'd willingly let go.

Another girl who had no sheep Nor stockings-wool nor flax-But money just enough to buy A pair without the tax.

Went to the namer girl to get And make her stockings, not of flax. But both of wool complete.

When Mary saw the girl's design She straight began to swear She'd make her buy both wool and tax Or let one leg go bare. So she cried out : " Protect reform !

Let pauper sheep wool free! If it will keep both her legs warm What will encourage me? So it was done, and people raid

Where o'er that poor girl went, One leg was warmed with wool and one With 56 per cent. Now, praise to Mary and her lamb.

Who did this scheme invent, To clothe one-half a girl in wool And one-half in per cent.

All honor, too, to Mary's friend, And all protective acts, That cheaply clothe the rich in wool And wrap the poor in tax.

The reading of this piece of doggerel was re ceived with shouts of laughter, even Republi-can Senators leaning back in their seats and giving unrestrained way to their mirth. As for the people in the galleries, they acreamed and yelled frantically, and when Senator Vance sat down kept up their uprearious applause until the North Carolina orator gravely inclined his kead in acknowledgment.

A PHYSICIAN'S OBJECT LESSON. (From London Tid Bits.)

A doctor, prescribing for a baby, was eadly vexed by the efficiousness of the child's feminine relatives, who tried all sorts of home remedies for it, saying in apology :--

"We thought if they did no good, they would do no harm, doctor." At the end of his patience, the doctor one morning called for a bowl, a spoon, and some fresh butter, and began stirring the latter round with an air of grave importance. The ladies gathered about him inquisitively, but he gave them no attention until at last curlosity becoming rampant, they cried in

oborus :-"Oh, doctor, do tall us what you are going to do with the butter?"

Here was his chance. Facing them solemnly, he said:—"I am going to grease the baby's elbow with it. It may not do any good, but it won't do any harm."

"We never furnish a knife with pie," said prim waiter at a Keekuk, Iows, boardinghouse. "Then bring me the axe," cried the new boarder in despair.

Smith (to milkman)-I'll bave to ask you to chalk it up. Milkman abstractedly : Ob, that's all been attended to-oh-er-beg pardon; certainly, take your own time,

"Do you believe there is any such thing as luck?" asked a young man of a bachelor. "I do : I've had a proof of it." "In what way ?" 'It's all a waste of time, you see," remarked 'I was refused by five girls whon I was a EXTRAORDINARY CAUSES OF DEATH. ORIGINAL METHODS CHOSEN DY FAMOUS MEN TO SHUFFLE OFF THE MORTAL COIL.

Lely died of jealousy at the success of Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Quin, the comedian, died while emptying a

glass of Bordeaux. Henry I. died of an attack of indigestion, due to a surfeit of lampreys.

Elphinetone, the Chancellor of Scotland, was heart-broken by the battle of Flodden. Hannibal, says Juvenal, did not perish by a javelin or a sword; the slaughters of Cannæ were revenged by a ring.

The Emperor Frederick III, and his son, Maximilian I., both died, we are told, of eating too heartily of melone.

Valentia, the Spanish theologian, died be cause he was accused by the Pope of having falsified a passage in St. Augustine (?)

Henry I., King of Castile, was killed by the fall of a tile from the roof while taking his amusement in the court yard of the palace.

The death of Pope was imputed by some of his friends to a silver saucepan, in which it was his delight to heat potted lampreys.

Cheke, the great English scholar, "who taught King Edward Greek," died of grief at having perverted from his religious belief. Ireland, the literatuer, was honest enough (it is said) to die of shame at having palmed off upon the public as Shakespeare's a dramatic effort of his own.

The Italian philosopher, Rhodiginus, died of grief because Francis I. was taken prisoner at Pavia—which shows that he was not much of a philosopher after all.

Angeleri, a Milanese actor, was so overcome by his enthusiastic reception on his first appasrance at the theatre in Naples that he fell down at the side scenes and died.

The Italian architect Della Porta, the scholar Manutius, the Dutch painter Dujarn in-and how many others, more or less celebrated—have succumbed to dyspepsia.

Castello, a Spanish painter of the seven teenth century, died because he recognized his inferiority to Murillo-a degree of self-conscious humility to which no painter has since attained.

An hour before Malsherbes, the great French writer, breathed his last, he woke suddenly from a profound awoon to reprove his nurse for using a word which, in his opinion, was Indifferent French.

Alonzo Cano, the Spanish painter and sculptor of the seventeenth century, refused when lying on his deathbed to kiss a crucifix which was presented to him, because, he said, it was so badly executed.

The death of George I. seems to have been owing to a fit of indigestion. He was seized with his mortal illness while on his last journey to Hanover, and thrusting his head out of his coach window, cried to his coachman :-"Omaburg! Omaburg!"

When the famous musician Rameau was dying his confessor wearled him with a long nomily, and he, rallying his failing energies, exclaimed. "What on earth makes you come here and chant to me. Monsieur le Cure? You have a duce of a bad voice!"

More than a century ago an actor named Patterson played the Duke in Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure" (at the Norwich Theatre). He had just delivered the beautiful speech :--

Reason thus with life: If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing That none but fools would keep, when he staggered back and expired.—NewLondon Telegram.

LACING THE LIVER IN TWAIN. THE ORGAN ACTUALLY CUT ALMOST IN TWO BY CORSETS.

Says Dr. Austin Filmt, one of the highest and fairest authorities in America :- "The most important distortion of the liver ic produoed by tight lacing. In consequence of constriction of the lower part of the chest the liver is compressed from side to side, and a circular farrow or depression is produced, which may be so deep as almost to divide the organ transversely into two parts, of which the lower may even be tilted over the upper. Corresponding to the tight lace furrow the liver substance is atrophied, and the capsule is tnickened and opaque.

According to W. Johnson Smith, of Eugand, says the Youths' Companion, the wasting at the furrow may go on until the parts above and below it are connected merely by a membranous band. Recently, in this country, a physician cut off and removed the lower portion of the liver of a tight lacing patinent.

A late number of the Medical Record aduces the testimony of many physicians from differout parts of Europe as to the effects of tight lacing on health. As the names will be unfamiliar to our readers generally, we omit them and give only their condensed testi-

"It weakens the bony and muscular structures.

"It gives rise to intercontal neuralgia, resembling angina pecorie.
"It occasions congestion of the eyes by obstructing the reflow of blood from the head.

"It gives rise to gall stones. "Deficioncy of bile, dyspepsia, sickness, constipation, headaches, debility, may form a natural sequence.

" By diminishing the captivity of the lungs it may cause oxygen starvation and arterial anemia.'

MAXIMS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Every bee's honey is sweet The hors; showeth the owner. He that is at ease seeks dainties. Anger at a feast betrays the boor. In a good house all is quickly ready, Everything is of use to a housekeeper. As the year is so must your pot seethe. Many a good dish is spoiled by an ill sauce.

The biggest calf makes not the sweetest Never haggle about the backet if you get the fruit.

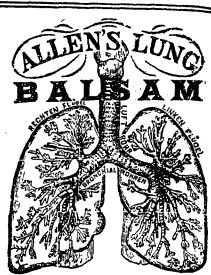
He that saveth his dinner will have the more supper.

There is winter enough for the snipe and rondcock too. Squeeze not the orange too hard, leat you have a bitter juice.

When the stomach chimes the dinner hour don't wait for the clock. They who have little butter must be content to apread this their bread.—Table Talk

"Oh, mother," cried a youngster who had been visiting an elder brother in school, "I learned lots to-day." "What was one thing you learned?" asked the fond parent. "I you learned?" asked the fond parent. "I learned in the 'rithmetic class," was the reply, "that the square of the base and prepeneictlar of a right-handled triangle is equal to the sum of the hippopotamus."

Double sleeves have become the leading feature in long mantles.



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Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the

HEAD

Achethey would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find those little pills value.

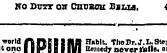
able in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. Bu after all sick head

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In violast 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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