THE WEEKLY, MAIL, TORONTO, THUBSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1883. A DESIGNING WOMAN iples saw Moses and Elias. Think of it seking in far-off lands for the slow coming of said, speaking as if a great weight lay on her chest. He stood with folded arms, and head bowed "Dearest-nay, do not start from me as if disciples saw Moses and Elias. Think of it dearest, for it is a precious consolation when the gate of life called death closes upon the departing spirit." The words fell brokenly upon the ears of wife and daughter; but a great peace took possession of their souls. He paused in gasping weakness, while, with streaming eyes, they moistened his lips and bathed his face and hands. Then there was a little silence, in which no sound was heard but Aunt Phemie's smothered sobs from the other side of the room. said, speaking as if a great weight iay on her chest. "Dearest—nay, do not start from me as if I were a cold, wave-drenched corpse. Feel my hand—it is warm and living; let me touch my lips to your forehead. Is that the contact of a corpse?" "What do you mean? You are not—" "I am Reginald Delamere, your own hus-band, dear ane, who was not drowned off the island of Ischin, but stands here, living, be-iore you. Sweet love, I never would have claimed your hand without your heart; but now that you have ireely given me your love, I may at last tell you how dearly you have been cherished in my widowed heart all these years. Do not tremble so. Sit down here beside me, on this rustic char, with your head against my shoulder—so—and let me tell you the strange romanic history that has singled me out for its here." And there, in the lucid moonlight, with the silvery drops of the fountain filling in the pauses of his low-spoken narrative, he told her the strange recital, while her heart throbbed within her at the noble chivalry of the nature which had so long gone unreward-ed, and the deep tide of love grew stronger as the listened. "On Rex, is this real?" she murmured. WOMAN'S KINGDOM. the early dew disconcerts the most carefully the early dew disconcerts the most carefully prepared crimp. A variety of what the humorist calls the "human girl," much in vogue in hotel piazzas in mountain resorts at this time, is the girl with ideas. She is a magazine of information on subjects generally recondite and unexpected. She is sober, proper, and yet primed to the lips with retorts and repartee. AGRICULTURA He stood with folded arms, and head bowed down upon his breast, when the soft beams of the moonlight seemed to draw a magic circle round about him, and the descending drops of the fountain shone and glimmered like a golden veil before his eyes—the spot where he had seen Ida last. "My treasure," he marmured through his set testh, "the light of my eyes—the only woman I have ever loved ! God help me to be true to her—to myself, in this last bour of peril ! To bave died for her would have been easy—but to live on, and never see her more, that is an ordeal more bitter than the grave. Ida ! Ida ! will you never know how more than faithful I have been ? In this world, no ! but in the next, where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage, you will know the discipling the set of the marriage would will know the discipling in marriage, you Love's Power. Love's Power. If I were blind, and thou shouldst enter E'er so softy in the room, I should know it, T should feel it, Something subtle would reveal it, And a glory round thee centre That would lighten up the gloom. And my heart would surely guide me, With Love's second sight provide me, One amid ine crowd to find, If I were blind ! We will always be pleased to rec of enquiry from farmers on any me ing agricultural interests, and ans given as soon as practicable. THE HUSBAND'S TRIAL. Plot for Alhambra Court POTATO STALK WEET CHAPTER XLVIL THE RETURN HOME. Foolish Girls. The New York police detectives are search-ing for one young girl who has fled from home, and have just captured another in a Bowery concert saloon. An old detective was asked if many complaints of this kind reached headquarters. "Yes," he answered, "a great many, but not so many as there might be." This was puzzling, and an explanation was asked. "Many young girls of poor and dis-sipated parents drift away from them with-out ever being enquired after. Where do they go? Usually from poverty, which they have long endured, to the shame they have become familiar with by contact with the dis-Foolish Girls, · The possible destruction of the CHAPTER I. "Mamma," said Ida, one evening, a few days subsequent to that upon which the mother and child were so happily reunited, as she came to Mme, Avioli's side in the twi-light, and nestled down on a low velvet ottoman at her feet, "when will you go home with me?" by an insect which destroys the st A FATEFUL EVENT. room. Suddenly rallying, he opened his eyes and looked at them with feverish eagerness. "Ah! I forgot! I forgot!" he panted, hurriedly. "Beware of him—I saw him— saw him too late—to escape the murderous ball—he sent. Beware—oi—my—murderer! Beware of—Ah! Ah—"" His voice died to an indiction side the If I were dead, and thou hadst spoken Ere thy presence I had known, I should know it. I should feel it. Something subtle would reveal it, And the seal at once be broken By Love's liquid undertone. Deat to other, stranger voices. And the world's discordant noises— Whisper, wheresoe'er thou art. Twill reach my heart ! plant is not confined to Canada, as An awed group stood on the grand sweep in front of Alhambra Court—a group of coat-less labouring men, with reverentially bared heads and white scared faces. Shocked whispers passed from lip to lip, while a door, lying on the grass near by, complaints are made by farmers in States, where the weevil is com most as great ravages as in Canad "How? do you mean to America?" quesworld, ho : but in the next, where there is neither matriage nor giving in marriage, you will know it all, my wife, my darling, and perhaps you will learn to love me then !" And as he stood there, the cold drops stood out on his marble-pale brow like dew. Truly, Reginald Delamere had spoken truth --this was worse than death, respondent of the Country Gentlen while a door, lying on the grass near by, told, in its ensanguined stains, a dreary story of physical suffering, and possibly death. Now and then one or another cast anxious half-shrinking glances along, the winding drive lending to the lodge gates. Suddenly the rattle of wheels and a clear peal of sweet, girlish laughter broke the omni-one first, the basel down the house tioned her mother, caressing the soft waves of silken hair which lay over her hands. "Yes, to Beecheliffe." from Radnor, Pa., who has paid His voice died to an indistinguishable murof silken hair which lay over her hands. "Yes, to Beechcliffe." "Are you tired of London?" "Not of London slone, mamma, but I am weary of the perpetual change and glare and glitter of foreign life. I long to get back to the peace and stillness of my sweet old home on the Connect cut river. And, besides all this, mamma, I want to be in the spot where he told me of his love-where we used to wander through the woods and vales together -where I was so strangely, indescribably hanpy." tion to the ruin the insect is wor mur. With a last feeble movement he press-ed the lips bent to his; with a last heavenly the result of his observations as If I were dead, and thou shouldst venture Near the coffin where I lay, Ishould know it, Something subtle would reveal it, And no look of mildest censure Rest upon that face of cisy. Shouldst thou k as me, conscious flashes Of Love's fire through Death's cold ashes Would give back the check its red, If I were dead 1 "It has been noticed that the become dried and dead a little t gazed into the anguished eyes above Then, without struggle or sigh he become familiar with by contact with the dis-solute whom they have grown to envy. The parents know well enough what the girl's disappearance means, and either do not search for how one do search nim. The five acres which I had planted slept. appearance they should have t CHAPTER XLVIII. The silver chord was loosed, the golde later. I am taking out the crop, prices were good I shoud be satisfied with the investment, for t At the sound one of the men hastily aspied, and the deep tide of love grew stronger as she listened. "Oh. Rex, is this real?" she murmured, when at length he ceased speaking. "Are you my husband come back from the dead ?!" "It is real, dearest, and I am your hus-band come back, not from the dead, but from the forgotten. Now tell me once again, a after all that I have related to you-do you have me ?!" MRS. GRESHAM AND THE COUNTESS. bowl broken, and the secret of the murder-er's name was buried in the silence and gloom disappearance means, and either do not search for her or do so only to demand help from her. In such cases they do not ask or desire police interference." "And of those recap-tured and reclaimed?" "Well, we either never hear of them again, or very soon the same old story is repeated to us." As a rule, detectives are inclined to take the darkest Mr. Gresham, with one pen back of his ear, another between his teeth, and a third convenient to his hand, was engaged in jotting down some manuscript notes at the library desk, when suddenly be felt the pens flying in all directions, and his shoulder grasped by a nervous hand, that of his wife. rated in low, husky tones: "Sh! There they come. Heaven pity "em, poor things—poor things !" Directly a pony phaeton appeared round one of the wooded curves, and bowled rapidly are extremely fine in size, smooth of his victim's grave. in appearance, and the quantity tubers large in proportion to and very few smaller ones. My are not aroused so much therefore CHAPTER IL AN OMINOUS VISIT. happy." For Ida had confided to her mother's ears Fashion Notes Two or three years previous to his death Guy Urguhart had left his Southern home for Massachusetts, the native State of his French dressmakers are working hard seep redingotes in the fashion. owards them. In it sat two ladies of rare blonde loveli-For Ida had confided to her mother's ears the story of the happiness which had sc marvellously eluded her grasp; the love tale. which had been so brief and bright, but which had left within her heartsuch a weight of sadness and vague yearning. Poor Ida 1 she had in-deed found a mother, but she could not but be conscious that she had lost something which might have been dearer and more precions still. present crop as about the future new pest has come, which next yo worse than the potato bug. The views of life, and it is to be hoped this one ness one a danty, slender creature, just bursting into womanhood; the other older, When belts are used the tunique and waist love me?" "I love you, Rex," she whispered, twining her hand in his with a motion he would have given worlds for some years ago. "I do love you, I cannot find words to express how dearly t?" wife. "Quick, Mr. Gresham, quick !" ejaculated that lady, breathless with the haste wherein she had sped to the library; "they are ovely and accomplished wife. With wife and child and a retinue of val was no exceptional character sust form a kind of blouse, but never bursting into womannood; the other older, but of extremely youthful appearance and marked statiliness of carriage and form. A glance would have satisfied the most casual observer that they sustained to each other the relation of mother and daughter. As the phaston drew near, the men shrank back and closer together, as if to escape the terrified questions mutely dilating the eyes fixed upon them Another moment and the prancing ponjes scarcely an exception, are punctum or worm, near the ground, and or asque, with a separate skirt. Living and Loving. ied servants, he located himself for a short ued servants, he located himself for a short time in Boston, subsequently removing to a villa which he had purchased and converted into the most delightful of residences. Alhambra Court was a magnificent seat, and prominent among its beauties was a vast rotunda, which, as it grew into a marvel of oriental splendour beneath the eye of its wealthy and æsthetic originator, was aptly named the Court of Delights. The Court of Delights. Plain straight jackets can be worn with white vests. Ladies also wear with these jackets a kind of puffed chemise of coloured A ray little maiden with glad brown eyes, Sings neath the blossoming bough; Up in the apple tree Robin replies-Building his nest I trow. "What is life? What is love?" sang the maiden the vine, it is found that the cent been consumed. The worm is snu ced in a nest or bed which it has end of its burrow. The cavity beld with its ' borings,' and though it coming !" In the same instant the carriage swept up learly !" In the same instant the carriage swept up to the door, "Dinner is ready, Ida," Mrs. Gresham said, as Mrs. Delamere was turning away, after the congratulations of their first meet-ing had been exchanged. "Won't you come into the dining,roopm now ?" "I will go upstairs with Mathilde a minute or two first," said Mrs. Delamere, "if you don't mind the delar." He pressed the little warm hand tenderly me. Avioli sighed. What would not Reginald Delamere, the young husband, who was now only a memory of the past, have given for the merest tithe of this love which "But, Rex-suppose-" She stopped here, and he finished the sen-What is hier what is not there, fair, Robin, O Robin trilling up there, What will you answer now? Never was maiden so happy as she, Never did birdie sing sweeter than he, And never did oracle truer word give ; "What is living but loving—to love is to live!" Green is much used for suits of veiling, light cloths, and fine woollen goods. The shade of green most favoured is dark, with a size (not more than an eighth of length) yet its plumpness and the Another moment and the prancing ponies had stopped, and the ladies stood upon the "Suppose you had taken it into your capricious little head to fall in love with ronze tint. its working show it to be a monster as well as appetite. The ones I se Ida poured out so free y upon the man who seemed, in Mme. Avioli's lovingly jealous eyes, a rival to his dead claims. What a Jackets of all kinds will be seen during the The Court of Delights was a cool retreat n summer, with its light cane furniture, cobweb laces, and flowers and fragrance and coming winter, and fancy vests for wear under these are already made at all Parisian of two kinds-the grub full and co me one else and marry him? Is that the Overwhelmed by an agony of doubt and Gold and Silver Braid. the other with the hind part exam don't mind the delay." The smile with which she spoke faded from uestion that is hovering on your lips ?" grub, but with its front part, near dark in colour, bug-like, and armed formidable mandibles or antenne (strange, inscrutable riddle was the human Gold, silver, and mixed braids still continue fear they mutely clung to each other, their gaze still piteously fastened upon the group. Directly the mother's pale lips parte 1. 'Yes. stablishments. Parisian theatre and opera cloaks are in bright colours and white. White gros grain cloaks are enriched with self-shaped Spanish trimmings, shaded silk embroideries, or gold rhythmic fountains. "Then, dearest, the record on my grave the most fashionable trimming for walking costumes, and also for the more dressy toil-ettes for atternoon wear. The skirts of these heart. her lips as she slowly ascended the stairs, and, entering her own apartment, sunk list-In winter it was luxurious with warmth. "When shall we go, then ?" she asked, alstone would have wiped out the possibility of any sin on your part," he answered, quietly. At the same instant a broad should red intelligent-looking man started forward. Pulling his forelock he faltered, huskily : colouring, rich Persian rugs, and upholstery most sadly. lessly into a chair. "There, Mathilde, take of my things," she tinguish with the naked eye). Th of costly satins and velvets. But at all times priceless bronzes and marbles, with other articles of vertu, were scattered about in lavish beauty and pro-"Would the day after to-morrow be too appears to be in the transition sta "Rex. you do not mean-" "I do mean that I would have died to dresses are frequently ornamented with per-pendicular rows of broad braid placed between soon ?" questioned Ida, wistfully. "No; I have been anticipating this move, he bug that has bored its way int said, languidly, "for I haven't a bit of life soutache work. and the worm that it would become days. It was the only one of the covered in opening a dozen or m but I am satisfied that it was the I'm sorry, ma'amthe wide box-plaits, the tunics and bodices outlined with several rows of narrow width. save you a pang, Ida. What would my life have been worth to me in that case? Not Many gathered waists are shirred on the The voice of Camp, the coachman. and am in some degree prepared for it. My little restless bird must not think that the "Is madame, then, so weary?" the girl asked, solutiously, as she removed the round straw hat and the light shaw! Ida had worn. "Yes, thred—tired," Ida repeated, dreamhoulders and waist, and form a fichu over fusion, while here and there a musical instru-ment of rarest workmanship hinted of the have been worth to me in that case? Not the turning of a finger." She nestled closer to his heart, as if the possible fear thrilled her into awe. "But, Rex, how could "you have been so silent all these years?" she asked. "I had learned the lesson of self-govern-ment, Ida," he answered, "but there were times when I was here in your presence, that the shallow tissue of concealment was shrilly upon the sentance. He had caught the roll of wheels, and came Imagine a gown of two shades of "clover" tinted vicuna of finest texture, which is the breast. They are flat in the back, with only a slight fulness at the belt. This is fluttering of her wings have escaped my cultivated hand of the beautiful young heirwatchful notice." "Have I been so restless, mamma ?" said trimmed in this way with excellent effect. The broad silver braid on the skirt has a patmade the entrance, for the worm i eaping from the hall, crying with starting lrawn in under a deep velvet belt. as not to stand the sligatest pr This charming spot had been a favourite Black lace dresses have full waists and jet mis'ess! Oh, Miss Alba! Son Ida laughing, and blushing. "I thought I had concealed my feelings perfectly." "It is not easy to deceive a mother's eye. tern of bright silver in relief on a dull ground; the narrow braids on the tunic and very short basque bodice are closely set, but of alternate bright and dull silver. The tunic, without in first starter of the set of th hence could have no out-door "But, to be sure," Mathilde said, "it was debil's done gwine an' kilt de mars' out an' amily resort during the life of Guy Urquelts, which form perfect coats of mail, and this pest is to remain among us, a long journey that, from London here." "It is not the journey," said Ida, drawing off her gloves. "I don't know what it is are so covered with jet-work that not a piece hart, and here, on a certain May more its devastations early in the "Killed paps ! Killed paps !" gasped Alba, with stiff lips and acquished eyes, while Mrs. Urguhart wildly threw up her hands Come, let us go upstairs; we have many things to pack, and Ellen and Mathilde must varm with the breath of June, sat Mrs. of the goods can be seen. These belts have afraid we shall sign for the either large buckles in the same style of jetwhen a little Paris green would tato from its worst enemy, for w Urguhart and Alba. gathered in festooned paniers, shows here and there a lining of velvet of a dark shade; a few loops and ends of velvet among the that wearies me so it is life, I think." As Ida sat in her room in the still apathy of a breaking heart, a soft hand touched her, that the shallow tissue of conc nearly rent asunder." It was just six weeks since Mr. Urguhar ent wa commence operations immediately, if you are to spirit us away so soon." Mme. Avioli's apartment and that of her work, or are fastened on one side by means with a smothered cry, and then stood staring at the negro white and rigid as marble. had been consigned to his last resting place. Sympathizing friends and acquaintances Do you mean the night when we stood of small hooks and eves. tive can save the crop from a A rather eccentric novelty is a jacket with a very short basque in Louis XIII. style, with a puffed chemisette taken around the waist and left to fall below the jacket. This here beside the fountain, and you told me o your love? Oh, Rex, if you had only spoker presence is only known when it h and Mme. Avioli bent over her. m," sobbed Camp, wringing his "done gwine an' kilt him like a dog had come and gone day after day till now daughter, which communicated by folding doors, now thrown wide open, were filled plant? "Ida-my daughter." The tears, like a blessed torrent of relief, the bereaved mother and child were left to the quiet and retirement for which they The editor, after examining th during the next day or two with a chaotic "Oh, mamma, I am so miserable." "My child, try to endure it; it is the lot of all women," said Mme. Avioli, sadly. "I was not sure of your heart, Ida," he sent by his correspondent, said "Hush !" sharply commanded the man mass of dresses, jewellery, books, music and the endless trifles which are indispensable to a woman's comfort, whether she is travelling had so long sighed in vain. is a pretty model, but it is difficult to have i potato stalk weevil in the pupal Mrs. Urqubart had just opened a letter reproperly made, as the puffing must have a certain fulness and depth or the effect is forms, and added it was quite con Middle and Western States. who had stepped forward. Do you want to ceived a minute before from the footman. Glancing hastily over it, she said to Alba :

Then respectfully pulling his forelock again addressed himself to the older lady : 'This accounts for Mr. Pinard's failure to ne addres ay his respects to us with others. He is in "Mrs. Urguhart, he is not dead, ma'am, only terribly wounded by a pistol shot. We found him in the Lowland woods, and brought Canada, or rather was, for he expects to read "Why, that is to-day, mamma !" exclaim-ed Alba, her sad face lighting. him home.

Standing there in the full radiance of the setting sun, Mrs. Urquhart's lovely face seemed suddenly transfigured with hope and This was written immediately on receipt of mine, which he says was promptly forwarded

kill them ?'

Her stony gaze softened, and she turned it from the negro to the man's kindly face. "Not dead ! Not dead !" she panted. "Oh, heaven bless you ! Heaven bless you for saying that !"

Then dropping her eyes with a soft, ecsta-tic smile to the shivering girl beside her, she

Not dead, my darling. Not dead, Do you hear?" Before Alba could reply she cried, in

Not dear?" Can remain in Boston but a short time, you bear?" Can remain in Boston but a short time. May even, in the interest of my client, be obliged to go to England and the Coatment. "And with the staggered, half-blindly, forward, with, the clinging shivering girl. As sudden-ly she stopped again. Turning her marble-like face, with its shining eyes, upon the bowed heads of the men, she litted a hand, and faltered, in tons

within herself that it was the even-handed re-tribution of Providence, thus denying to Ida the same love which fleginald Delamore had fixed staadiastly on the floor, trying to read the scaled mystery of the future which lay before her vision. Mme. Avioli observed her, quietly speaking ever and anon to her, to for a minute or two from the med So passed Ida Delamere's last days England ; and when she stood on the deck of the steamer once more, the salt air blowing

of the steamer once more, the salt air bowing back her curls, and calling deep, vivid rokes into her cheeks, she felt that a great oppress-ion was gone, and breathed more freely. The purple glow of the early autumn sun-set had faded into dnsk on the hills and woods of Beechcliffe, and the full moon was rising, like a tremulous shield of liquid pearl, over the copse of maples and wild beach, whose leaves were just beginning to be tinted with the golds and crimsons that foretell the many coloured glories of a New England autumn. Althouch one or two light freets

or permanently established. Mathilde was buoyantly happy—Ellen, the staid waiting maid of Mme. Avioli, was busy and silent, as

became her soler English temperament. Mmc. Avioli herself was engaged in giving orders and watching their execution, writing

notes of business or courtesy, and settling

her cheek resting on her hand, and her eyes

accounts-while Ida sat like one in a dream

once sighed for in vain. "I shall sufficient if I stay here a moment longer !" thought poor Ida. CHAPTER XLIX. HUSBAND AND WIFE.

HUSBAND AND WIFE. The moonlight, clear and soft as melted pearl, lay over the lovely lawn as Ida stepped out upon the marble floor of the portion and made the sylvan scene look like an enchanted vision. Ida breathed more freely as she lean-ed on the marble shifing and drank 'in the ex-quisite beauty of the landscape, her pearl gray dress shimmering around her as if she, too, were robed in the moonlight. "How much pleasanter it is out here !" she murmured to herself. "Oh, I wonder it the idle talk of the outside world will always be as wearisome to me as now. Perhaps the

cheek close against her bosom, with her lips pressed against the dark, silky hair, thought

be as wearsome to me as now. Perhaps the

fabrics. Some of these articles have lace fronts, while the backs and small side pieces And as her eyes, strained through the moon-light, perceived that Ids was not alone, she added, with something of surprise in her are of velvet. Others are of poplin and vel-vet in one colour. Only the small side pieces under the arm and the under part of the

Ida rose, with a g ance into her husband face, where shy, exultant triumph and a ful-ness of trusting love shone softly out, and

"this is my husband ?" "Why, it is Mr. Dorrillon !" called out

"Why, it is Mr. Dorrillon !" called out Mrs. Gresham, who had followed the countess to the door opening on the portico. "No!" said Ida, her voice thrilled with low, tremilous happiness, as her head rested on her husbend's arm, "he's my husband Reginald Delamere !" And the young husband, standing in the moonlight beneath the shadows of the stately portico columns of Beecheliffe, felt that he had at last conquèred fate, and won, by his own unaided efforts, the brightest jewel in all hfe's coronet.

a lew loops and ends of velvet among the folds at the back of the skirt, the ends of which are cut in long points and edged with narrow braids. A lovely dinner dress has a plain skirt of crimson velvet, cut in deep battlements at the edge, and trimmed with fillings of ficelle lace, which fall over a plait-ing of salmon satin. The velvet is applique all over with large prese of charily in the intervel all over with large roses of chenille in exqui site shades of salmon pink, outlined in gold thread. The tunic, of crimson flowered brocade, is untrimmed, and the pointed bodice is simply finished round the basque and allow the pointed Foremost among the coming novelties are waists with fronts and backs of different and elbow sleeves with frillings of lace as the skirt. A cluster of shaded feathers for an epaulette on the left shoulder

HEREDITARY DRUNKENNESS.

The Effects of Liquor Transmitted to Your Children's Children.

Children's Children. The following extract is from a lecture recently delivered by Dr. Willard Parker: The tendency of like to beget like is stamped upon the whole organic world. In the vegetable kingdom, peculiarities in species are produced and propagated by the obser-vance of certain conditions. The hereditary traits of animals are transmitted with won-derful accuracy, and the preservation of vari-ous breeds of domestic animals, and their im-provement even, is based upon the principle of heredity. In the human race, family traits of character and peculiarities of form, feature, complexion, and temperament, are carried from generation to generation. And since the fibre of the man, his natural vigour, since the fibre of the man, his natural vigour, and the constitution of his nervous system determine his intellectual grasp and charac-ter, we find, upon examination, that mental ability runs in families. An ex-ceedingly interesting and able work by an English author, Francis Galton, on "Heredi-tary Genius," was issued by a New York publishing house a few years ago, in which the various professions are classified, and the family relationship of many of the promi-nent members examined. It is there shown, among other things, that ability for the in-vestigation and decision of judicial questions was decidedly hereditary, and that many of the most eminent judges were grand-fathers, sons, and grandsons. This, however, is physiological heredity. There is a diseased heredity in which there is a still more marked tendency to the transmission of diseased conditions. Thus, as is generally well known, consumptive parents beget conborder is a fluted flounce. A shell-shaped lace trimming extends from the hips down the sides, and is taken in the back above the A tight-fitting redingote of grey gros grain Two plaits start from below the waist and form the necessary fulness. The garment crosses over the breast and close on the side. It reaches to the lower part of the skirt, and is lined with dark red surah. Over the plaits in the back are two grey satin ends terminat-ing with an olive-shaped pas-ementerie ornament. This ornament is drawn through the ments on the ends. Down the front of the waist are two rows of fancy buttons. well known, consumptive parents beget con-sumptive children, and the taint of certain specific diseases is sure to place its mark somewhere upon the constitution of offspring for several generations. But of all agents, alcohol is the most potent Every young man ought to take a vacation, especially if he has a grl. It will enable her to retire at an early hour when he is away, in establishing a heredity that exhibits itself in the destruction of mind and body. Its malign influence was observed by the ancients long before the production of whiskey or brandy, or other distilled liquors, and when fermented liquors or wines only were known. Aristotle says, "Drunken women bring forth children like unto themselves." and Plutarch remarks, "One drunkard begets another." Lycurgus made drunkenness in women infamous by exhibitions, and Romu-lus made it punishable with death, because the habit was regarded as leading to immorthe nabt was regarded as leading to immor-ality which would compromise the family in-tegrity. But although the broad features of alcoholism were appreciated by the ancients, later and more exact investigations have

about the last of August. burning affected vines, roots and as the insect's work in noticed. LIVE STOCK.

deposits a single egg in each pota

a slit previously formed with he beak. The larva bores into the heat

and thence always works downw

the root. It becomes a pupa within

and emerges in the imago or

Crystallized carbolic acid dissol to hogs with bran slop is found h farmers a sure oure for the hog has been tri-d several years and succes. The pure article resemb gum.

Among the recent importation dales is a for comprising eleven st six mares, brought out by Robert McKay, of Oxford county; and Joi of Glasgow, Scoland. They a bition here, and will also be shown

A new disease has appeared am n ar Madison, Wis., which is p n ar Madison, Wis., while first fatal. The affected animals first seek for eat, overcome by thirst seek oon die of fever. Though ther the ymptoins of hog cholera, say it is an entirely different disc Some excellent thoroughbred property of E. W. Chambers, wil auction at Springvale farm, East the 21st inst. The animals consi torns, Cotswold and Lincoln shire pigs, etc., catalogues and which will be furnished on ap Mr. Chambers, Woodstock. The first annual exhibition of t Horse Show Association of Am place in New York on Oct. 22-2 when \$11,000 will be given in r object of the association is to improvement of breeds of all-class and by offering handsome prize and encourage breeders and on parts of the world to compete. on Oct. 1st.

"I was not sure of your heart, Ida," he answered, in a low voice. "And, ob-but I have so much to tell you, Rex, and-" She stopped abruptly, the sentence half completed. Mme. Avioli was calling to her from the terrace beyond. "Ida, you have been out too long in the night-damps; come in, now, dear." And as her aves strained through the

"But, mamma, I had thought about it so ach-it seemed so rear to me-oh, mamma, and Mme. Avioli, holding her daughter's

who is that with you ?"

together they walked toward the house. "Madame," she said, as Mme. Avioli came half way down the steps to meet them,

leeves are of poplin. Black straw hats are trimmed with white répon or embroidered muslin scarfs. Fine ostly laces are to be extensively used on bonnets. Capotes are covered with black ganze tightly drawn over the frame, with rich black lace over the gauze also sewed on plain. The brims are bound with cordings of narrow velvet, and covered with two or three rows of lace. Winter ball dresses are also to

be trimmed with a profusion of lace.

An evening toilet may be of white silk, gauze, lace, and silk. The train skirt is of silk! On the lower part in front are two lace flounces. A large lace apron is slightly draped on the lower part under a white rib-bon rosette. Down each side of the apron is a breadth of goods which forms a slight puffing. The back of the skirt is of silk gauze lightly draped, and the train is covered with puffing alternating with lace. On the lower

men, she lifted a hand, and faltered. rillingly sweet and mournful : "You brought him to us. God forever bless you alt !"

Then as a sharp breath that spoke of sobbing broke from the group, she once more

arned and staggered away. At the foot of the stairs she found a group ing servants.

"Where ?" she interrogated, hoarsely look ing at them with dry, anguished eyes.

Dey car'ed him right up to yer own room moaned two or three in unison.

"A physician ?" next briefly questioned Mrs. Urquhart, her voice still strained and unnatural.

"Oh, mis'ess, mis'ess, de doctah am dar ried old Brutus, the butler. "But it ain't no use mis'ess-no use. De trump ob Ga-briel hab soun'ed fur de good mars', an' he's

done boun' to go at de call !" Mrs. Urquhart heeded him not-scarcely heard him, indeed. With her fair, clinging, stricken child she

vanished up the wide stairway. Noiselessly she hurried to the chamber in which her husband lay. As her hand touched the knob the door opened. It was the physician.

As he came out and closed it Mrs. Urqu-art seized his hand and fixed her eyes, full of anguished pleading, upon his, Involuntarily he averted his eyes, saying

in reply to the mute inquiry : "While there is life there is hope, Mrs.

Urquhart,". Mrs. Urquhart gazed at him an

and then whispered hoarsely : "The truth, doctor-look me in the face and tell me the truth. It will be kinder.

What hope ?" For an instant the doctor hesitated. The

"None, Mrs. Urquhart, none. In a very few-minutes all will be over." A great shiver passed through Mrs. Urqu-

nart's stately form, and then she asked

hollow tones: "You are not going to leave us-yet?" "I will take a seat in the hall here. Mr. Urquhart heard the wheels and is expecting

And with the words the doctor hastily moved away to a seat beside the open win-dow, and the mother and daughter-the wife

and child-entered the room of death. The heavenly messenger, called death, was truly there. Already his loving hand had set the gates ajar, and a white soul was pass-

ing. Noiselessly as Mrs. Urquhart and Alba had ntered, the dying man heard them and un-closed his eyes. Love flashed a radiant glow upon his peace

ful, sharpened features and touched his lips

with a fond smile. Feely motioning Aunty Phemie, the house-keeper, aside, he stretched out his arms. "Oh, my precious ones?" he gasped, as Mrs. Urquhart and Alba bent over him in speechless anguish. "Oh, my precious ones. God has indeed been good to spare me for this. To least my eyes once more upon your dear faces—to hear your loved voices—to kiss your sweet lips. Oh, my darlings, thank God that He has so blessed us !"

"Guy, Guy, dear Guy !" suddenly wailed Mrs. Urquhart, in an agony of tearless grief. Oh, Guy, my darling, my husband, if it would only please heaven to take me with

you !" "My dearest, our child," murmured the

"My dearest, our child," murhured the dying man, in tenderest accents. And he stroked, with feeble but loving hand, the graceful head of the girl as she knelt beside his bed, her lips pressed passion-ately against the fingers that lay cold and clammy on the light counterpane. "My darling," he fervently went on. "Remember that death touches but the ma-terial nart. Remember housing measured

"Remember that death touches but the ma-terial part. Remember hourly, momently, that so long as your loving heart cries for my presence I shall be near you. It is only out of sight, love. Your spiritual eyes opened, you would see me beside you even as the

autumn. Although one or two light frosts had touched the tenderer foliage on the up-land hills, the air was delici usly soft and balmy, and bore upon its wings the breath of and expres that there is none to be found." "What could papa have done with it?" sighed Alba. "We have searched every obable and improbable place of concealment the late roses and beds of mignonette and trembling violets, while the amber mists vithout success." through which the moon rose were trans The next moment she asked quickly : "But it's loss can make no material differ-

"So it is," assented Mrs. Urquhart.

rom the office.

tervals :

ment.

the court.

ceremonie.

Brutus's voice rose higher.

then glancing at the date and most-mark, she added : "There has been delay in mailing.

She resumed the perusal of the sheet, and

resently sighed wearily. "How sorry I am. He cannot administer the estate, Alba," quoting slowly at in-

" 'Can remain in Boston bat a short time

ncent and radiant as the atmosphere of midence, can it, mamma, since we are the only Mrs. Gresham, in her best black silk dress "No, dear ! but if there is a will, I should

and net illusion cap, was holding high counsel with Mrs. Hyde, in the housekeeper's room, while a flush of excitement on her cheek be-tokened the agitated state of her mind. "To think, Mrs. Hyde," said the good feel happier to find it." And again bending her eyes upon the let-ter, she read to the close. Then handing it to Alba, she faltered, tearfully : "Read it, dear. He speaks beautifully of

lady, eagerly, "that the letters should have been delayed so that we only got them at your father and our terrible affliction." As Alba took the letter both were startled by the sound of the old butler's voice in the same time with the telegram, which an-nounces their arrival this very night. The high altercation with some one. Mrs. Urquhart rose, and stood gazing to postal arrangements must be in very great fault somewhere !"

"1 should think so, ma'am," said Mrs. "Ya should think so, ma'am," said Mrs. Hyde, respectfully, While Mrs. Gresham was bustling round ward the drawing-room in deepest amaze-

Brutus's voice rose higher. "Scuse me, sah, ef I step afore you, sah, Dar ain't no wis'ters lowed inter de Court ob 'Lights witout special o'dahs, sah, an' mo' 'tikly since de good mars' was done gwine an' shot to deaf. De Court ob 'Lights am de famberly 'zort, sah, an' de pore mis'ess an' Miss Alba am dar now. So wif all de 'spec' in de worl' fer you, sah. I can't let you in till I speak to der mis—"" The sentence ended in a slight souffle and the house, watching the clock and running to look down the eastern avenue by turns, where a double row of spice-odoured balsam trees made a black-green awning of dense shadow from the porter's lodge to the carriage gate.

The porter's lodge was being kept by the gardener's little blind daughter, in the tem-porary absence of her father and elder sister. In till I speak to der mis-The sentence ended in a slight scuffle, and the next moment the stained glass door slip-Minnie Riley sat singing on the door stone, contentedly stroking the head of a fat, white kitten, she suddenly paused to listen. "It isn't a carriage," she murmured to herself, "nor it ain't a horse, but its fuotped in its groove and a stranger stepped Close upon his heels followed the indignant Brutus, who observing the cold. inquiring steps coming along fast and steady. And it

steps coming along last and steady. And it ain't the labourers on the quarry—it's a gentleman's tread; yes, and he's coming here, Coming for the big house, I suppose." And Minnie slipped from her perch and ran glance which his mistress fixed upon the in-truder, edged himself forward and panted, as he scraped his foot and to straighten his disarranged collar. "'Scuse me, mis'ess, but I 'beyed odahs, to open the gate as promptly as if she were not signtless.

scuse me, mis ess, but I beyed odahs, as well as I could, an' de-de genman jes' lifed me out ob de way an' comedin." "I heard him, Brutu-," said Mrs. Urqu-hart, quietly, "You are not to biame." She was right in her conjectures—a gentle-man stood there, but she could not see that he was tall, dark, and stately, with a Spanisn cloak thrown care easly across his shoulders, As the servant retired she fixed her eyes again upon the stranger, a man of some fortyand a light travelling cap drawn low over his five years and a singularly repellant aspect. "May I inquire, sir," she asked with a

brows. "Please, sir," cried Minnie, "if you're quet digaity, not wholly annixed with hat teur-" may I inquire, sir, to what I am in-debted for this singular intrhision?" A bland smile expanded the stranger's ungoing to give me anything, don't toss it on the ground, like some of 'em do, but put it in my hand, 'cause I'm blind."

The stranger smiled at this rather broad hint, and drawing a piece of money from his pocket, laid it in Minnie's outstretched pleasant visage, as he advanced to Mrs. Urquhart with a stealthy movement that involuntarily reminded Alba of a cat creeping up to palin. "Mrs. Delamere has not returned, I sup-

doomed robin. He smiled, and then sighed, with a swift pose?" he asked, in a voice that faltered change of countenance, and in low, oily strangely. "No, sir," said the chi'd, gleetully finger-

tones. "Relatives, my dear sister, may dispense with ceremony. I knew you would feel so, and therefore insisted upon coming in sans common ing her money; "she ain't got back yet; thank'ee, sir !" with a sudden recollection of the duties of gratitude.

"Is there much company at the house this evening ?" he pursued, doubtfully. "Relatives ! Sister !" involuntarily echoed Mrs. Urquhart. And in her profound amazement she stood

evening ?" he pursued, doubtinity. "No, sir ; they are all gone up the river to a picoic, and aint coming back till late, 'cause father said it was like fine folkses' thoughtlessness to keep him up till midnight wholly unobservant of the long, lean hand the stranger had extended. Quite undisturbed by the oversight, the to open the gate." "That is well." said the stranger, evident

stranger bowed fawmingly. "Yes, relatives, dear madame. Permit me to introduce myself as the brother-more That is well, "said the stranger, evident-ly relieved, and he struck up the graveled carriage road, httle Minnie still standing with her fresh cheeks pressed against the iron fretwork of the gate, listening intently to the hasty ring of his departing footsteps and wondering, in her small mind, why he walked so fast. correctly, the half-brother-of the late unfortunate Guy Urquhart." With these words he executed an elaborate bow and presented his card. Mrs. Urquhart glanced at it, a sudden fore-

boding of impending evil chilling her soul. Without a sign of her secret emotion, she raised her eyes to the visitor's face. "You, then, represent yourself to be Ash-land Udy, the son of my late husband's mother by her first husband ?" Mr. Udy lifted his hands deprecatingly.

and wondering, in her small mind, why he walked so fast. Yes, Reginald Delamere was walking fast, but not fast enough to escape from the demon of unrest within him, that urged him ever restlessly onward. "I am a fool," he pondered within him-self: "yet I am powerless to check myself in this mad foily. I seem to have passed entirely out of my own domination, to be the sport of a fatte which I cannot escape yonly safety is in total separation from her. Here, on the green slope of Beecheliff, I lay down all of hope, or pleasure, or ambition that life has to give—and hereafter my so journ in the world will be that of a pilgrim, Mr. Udy inted his hands deprecatingly. "Represent myself. That sounds a triffe unpleasantly suggestive of —ah—deception, No, my dear sister, I do not represent my-self. I am Ashland Udy." And once more Mr. Udy executed a finished

(To be Continued.)

bitterness will pass away after awnine, and yet it never can entirely. I must live on as people do after the light and sunshine have passed out of their lives—I must learn to be contented with the gray shadow and the quiet and the eventless days. Oh, well, it cannot last forever—only a few years at best, and the wears viril will be over." less will pass away after awhile

caunot last forever—only a few years at best, and the weary vigil will be over." The tears droppid from her evelashes and sparkled on her cheeks as she leaned against the flowery edge of the fountain, and a low, sobbing sigh broke from her lips. "If I could er.se from the records of life the days and weeks that have passed—if I could turn back the wheel of time and stand beside bim once more "" she unremend beside him once more !" she murmured, scarcely above her breath. "Ob, Frederic,

shall I never see you more?" Softly, like the murmurous sound of the low wind among the leaves, the drooping boughs of the elm were put aside, and the electric consciousness of a second presence on the lawn beside her thrilled through Ida's soul, even before she turned and saw that she was not alone.

" Ida !

"Ida !" She uttered a low cry. clinging to the fountain rim for support. Was the overtried bran giving way? was this the premonition of coming delirium which conjured up im-possible visions? or was her lover dead in foreign lands, and this, his spectre, come back

foreign lands, and this, his spectre, come back to haunt her? "Oh, speak to me—speak to me, for heaven's sake, Idal" he said in accents that trembled strangely in their depth. "Tell me that it was my name your spoke, or else —" and his brow hardened with rigid despair as he heard no sound issuing from the parted lips of the woman who stood before him, like - backwifted state. "Het me go away from lips of the woman who stood perfore him, like a beautiful statue, "let me go away from you, forever-forever, to curse the hour in which I first looked upon your face !" He tarned from her, striding across the lawn like a dark shadow in the moonlight-

lawn like a dark snadow in the moonlight-she put out her hands imploringly. "Frederic! Frederic! come back to me!" And before she was fairly conscious of her own movements, she had followed him, and

stood with both hands laid pleadingly on his arm, and her eyes litted, full of appealing

light, ic his face, "Frederic, I love you, I cannot live without you !"

She could feel the strong thrill that con ulsed his whole frame as she spoke, but she did not draw away the hands he had taken

into his own. "Ida, let me hear the words again. Speak

them once more that I may be sure that I am not deceived by the testimony of my own senses !" he said, slowly, still looking down There was neither fear nor shrinking coy-ness in her unture now-only the strange,

assionate outcry of one human heart speaking to another. "I love you ! stay with me-for life, with

out your answering love, would be a gift not worth the acceptance ! I love you, Fred-

He drew her tenderly-so close to him. that he could feel her heart pulsing against his, her soit hair stirred by the deep, strong respirations of his breath, This, then, was the moment for which he had hoped and the moment for which he had hoped and waited all these years—the fruition of his life's harvest—the goal he had striven for— silence and despair, for so long. She loved him at last—she had given the treasure of

him at isst-she had given the treasure of her heart voluntarily into his keeping. "Ida," he whispered, as she laid her cheek against his breast-"Ida-my wife !" "Your wife that is to be, dearest," she

equal to any emergency.

What more have we to tell? Our tale what more have we to ten it. Our is woven end d. The golden thread of love is woven into the fabric of story, and the pen which has so long followed the changing fortunes of Ida Delamere leaves her, at last, a loved highest puffing. A plaiting of lace falls from the waist to form a basque. and loving wife. Has life a brighter destiny than this to

THE END. A Donkey's suicide,

It has always been thought that man pos-sesses one point of supernority, if it can be so called, over the lower animals, in that he called, over the lower animals, in that he alone is capable of committing suicide. Man's sole claim to this sad privilege is now assailed from a quite unexpected quarter of the animal kingdom. The Paris *Paix* of the 12th uit, gives particulars of the suic de of a donkey, which was witnessed recently by a dozer persons, who are one and all convinced that Lady Paget says that a woman with big nose ought to wear hair at the back the head so as to re-establish the balance. the animal's death was premeditated and intentional. The unfortunate quadruped, which was reduced to a condition of ski which was reduced to a condition of skin and bone from eating too little and work-ing too much, managed to escape from his stables in the Rue du Chardonneret and made for the Seine, into which he entered near the and thus get a much-needed rest.

After shutting up her house for some time, Pont d'Austerlitz. A man who happened to be giving a Newfoundland dog a bath close a Philadelphia woman used a weak tincture of iodiue to stain herself and her children be giving a Newfoundland dog a bath close by, perceiving that the donkey made maeffort to swim and was on the point of drowning, despatched the dog to his assistance. Seizing the drowning animal's ear in his mouth, the Newfoundlander managed to bring him toland. But to no purpose. The donkey look dround with his large sad eye and quietly walked back into the water again. The dog was again sent after him, but this time the donkey kicked out so vigorously that his preserver. brown, and then succeeded in convincing all the neighbours that she had been to Quinn, being asked by a lady why it was

reported that there were more women in the world than men, replied :--"It is in conformity with the arrangements of nadame ; we always see more of Heaven than earth." kicked out so vigorously that his preserver could not approach. The donkey, ance be-yond his depth, resigned himself to the action

A Scotch paper relates the following story of a whimsical bequest :--Some years ago an English gentleman bequeathed to his two daughters their weight in £1 bank notes. A of the current, made no movement to sustain himself, and was speedily drowned. -St. James' Budget. finer pair of paper weights has never yet been heard of, for the elder daughter got

For and About Women.

£51,200, and the younger £57,344. Mrs. Mackey Genies the rumour that her daughter is engaged to a prince, and says: - "I mean to give my daughter to an houest man." The lucky man, whoever he may be, has our congratu ations. Also our sympathy, for Mrs. M. says her daughter will receive not a penny of dowry on her marriage. "I am so alarmed, Lizzie," exclaimed St. Louis girl, who was engaged to be married to a young army officer. "He hasn't written me in three days." "There is no occasion to get excited," was the reassuring reply ; " he is out of the reach of the Indians, ere is no epidemic prevailing where he is stationed, and when he last wrote he was i perfect health." "Oh, yes, I know all that, Lizzie," said the tunid, agitated creature,

'but then there's the army worm." Mrs. Parvenu had recently furnished her new house, and it was gorgeously done. Everything was in style, and the carpets were woven in one piece to fit each room. Mrs. Parvenu had a daughter, and of her she Mrs. Farvenu had a daughter, and of her she was talking to a visitor. "Ah, Mrs. Parve-nu "said the lady, "your daughter doesn't go out much." "No, not a great deal. It tires the poor dear so much." "Indeed ! Isn't she well?" "Oh, yes, well enough ; but you one many houses where she must call see. at many houses where she must call she has to walk over the seams in the carpet, and it hurts the poor dear's feet and makes her so tired."

The Human Girl

The Human Girl Your real frivolous girl, fictitious, auda-cious, mendacious, is seldom found at a great-er altitude above the sea than 1,000 feet, She belongs to a lower formation. Her proper plane is in the horizon. Given a sandy beach, drowsy with an ebbing tide, for foot-lights the reflected brilliancy of the twinkling stars, a bold cavalier equal to airy nothings, sotto voice, and her small part has a fitting theatre. She has no fellowship with moun-tain peaks and sylvan solitudes. A rocky path plays sad havoc with French heels and

thrown more light upon the subject. The hereditary influence of alcohol mani-fests itself in various ways. If transmits an appetite for strong drink to the children, and these are likely to have that form of drunkthese are likely to have that form of drunk-neness which may be termed paroxysmal; that is, they will go for a considerable period without indulging, placing restraint upon themselves, but at last all the barriers of self-control give way; they yield to the irresus-tible appetice, and then their indulgence is ex-treme. The drunkard by inheritance is a more helpiess slave than his progenitor, and the children that he backs are more helpiest the children that he begets are more helpless still, unless on the mother's side there is en-

grafted upon them untainted stock. But its hereditary influence is not confined But its hereditary influence is not confined to the propagation of drunsards. It pro-duces insanity, idiocy, epilepsy, and other affections of the brain and nervous system, not only in the transgressor himself, but in his children, and these will transmit predis-position to any of these diseases. Pritchard and Esquirol, two great authorities upon the which attribute helf of the press of inspute subject, attribute half of the cases of insanity in England to he use of alcohol. Dr. Benjamin Rush believed that one-third of the cases of insanity, in this country were caused by ininsanity in this country were caused by in-temperance, and this was long before its here-ditary potency was adequately appreciated. Dr. S. G. Howe attributed one-half of the cases of idiocy in the State of Mas-sachusetts to intemperance, and he is sustain-ed in his opinion by the most reliable authori-ties. Dr. Howe states that there were seven idiots in one family where both idiots in one family where both parents were drunkards. One-half of the idiots in England

drunkards. One-half of the idiots in England are of drunken parentage, and the same is true of Sweden, and probably of most European countries. It is said that in St. Petersburg most of the idiots come from drunken parents. When alcoholism does not, produce insanity, idiocy, or epilepsy, it weakens the conscience, impairs the will, and makes the individual the creature of impulse and not of reason. Dr. Carpenter regards it as more potent in weakening the will and arousing the more violent passions than any other agent, and thinks it not improbable that the habitual use of alcoholic beverages, which are produced in such great quantities in civilized countries, has been one great cause of the hereditary tendency to insanity.

Mr. R. Stratton, the success feeder of Shorthorns, says :-----for feeding fat stock for the Chris is--first, breed them right (and the pith of the secret). How this complished everyone must det himself, but having gained the fi point, best linseed cake, mixed and oatmeal, in equal quantitie pounds of each, with roots and found equal to anything. I have

Nature gave the hog natural li went wheresoever he pleased i food, drink, shelter, and please fore we should restrain him of liberty as little as possible. practice is to shut hogs up in Nothing can be more likely to ease. Farmers still believe that not be properly fattened in a This ought to have passed away belief that a hog could not be tened before it was two years now bred hogs are not disposed much exercise. The best plac herd of hogs for market is in a ter field. The worst place is in a which will soon become inexpre

Diseased Cattle on the Guely A few weeks ago we publish taken from the Farmers' Advo stated that thirty-five lambs | died on the Ontario Experim Guelph, from tapeworm. of the Agricultural College, reference to the above as "Guelph, Sept. 10.—Sir,—The the Farmers' Advocate as to the disease among the Ontario E farm flocks is simply untrue. tapeworm was effect nearly three months ago. Allow THE MAIL, and obligs the farmers We cheerfully set Prof. Brown this master, and congratu ate getting the disease removed so re

Fall Care of Stock.

In the fall of the year there is of stock being neglected than i think. The transition from the to the cool, and from the succule the warmer months to the fall quite an effect on the c ndition of permanent pastures the grass is d gone, and only on second growt grassy stubble fields can any kind be obtained. Hence between the and the commencement of wint feeding, stock are liable to suffe scant diet. Wh n this is the commence in the face of a hard w heart, and they conseque gain up, and there is a oss. We are fully of that the neglect of proper mu-stock in the fall is of more imp any other season of the year nave are getting bare every i have a ro ation of soiling, and y nights come, especially in the c cows, they should be put in a

<text><text><text><text><text> A very old woman, on her death-bed, in penitential mood, said : "I have been a great sinner more than . ighty years, and didn't know it." An old coloured woman, who had lived with her a long time, exclaimed : "Laws, I know'd it all de time."

A deaf mute married a blind girl in Char otte, N.C., last week. After the first diffi

What is Catarrh ?

culties of an introduction had been surmount-ed, the courtship is said to have advanced smoothly, and their mutual sympathy and understanding are now so deep that when they are together, each readily supplies the other's lack, and their combined senses are evaluated and their combined senses are