GEIST'S GRAVE.

Four years !—and didst thou s ay above
The ground, which hides thee now, but four ?
And all that life, and all that love,
Were crowded, Geist! into no more ?

Only four years those winning ways, Which make me for thy presence ye Call'd us to pet thee or to praise, Dear little friend 1 at every turn? That loving heart, that patient soul, Had they indeed no longer span, To run the course, and reach their gaol, And read their homily to man?

That liquid, melancholy eye, From whose pathetic, soul-fed springs, Seem'd surging the Virgilian cry, The sense of tears in mortal things—

That steadfast, mournful strain, consoled By spirits gloriously gay, And temper of heroic mould— What, was four years their whole short day?

Yes, only four !—and not the course Of all the centuries yet to come, And not the infinite resource Of Nature, with her countiess sum Of figures, with her fulness vast Of new creation evermore,

Can ever quite repeat the past, Or just thy little self restore. Stern law of every mortal lot!
Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear,
And builds himself I know not what
Of second life I know not where.

But thou, when struck thine hour to go, On us, who stood despondent by,
A meek, last glance of love did'st throw.
And humbly lay thee down to die. Yet would we keep thee in our heart-

And so there rise these lines of verse On lips that rarely form them now; While to each other we rehearse: Such ways, such arts, such looks, hadst thou

We stroke thy broad brown paws again, We bid thee to thy vacant chair, We greet thee by the window-pane, We hear thy scuffle on the stair; We see the flaps of thy large ears Quick raised to ask which way we go; Crossing the frozen lake, appears Thy small black figure on the snow!

Not only to us art thou dear Who mourn thee in thine English home; Thou hast thine absent master's tear, Dropt by the far Australian foam. Thy memory lasts both here and there

And thou shalt live as long as we.
And after that—thou dost not care!
In us was all the world to thee. Yet, fondly zealous for thy fame.

We strive to carry down thy name, By mounded turf and graven stone We lay thee, close within our reach. Here, where the grass is smooth and warm,
Between the holly and the beech,
Where oft we've watched thy couchant form

Asleep, yet lending half an ear To travellers on the Portsmouth road There choose we thee, O guardian dear Mark'd with a stone, thy last abode!

Then some, who through this garden pass. When we too, like thyself, are clay. Then some, who through this garden When we too, like thyself, are clay Shall see thy grave upon the grass, And stop before the stone, and say People who lived here long ago Did by this stone, it seems, intend

A DREADFUL CASE.

I thought it was very good of Messrs. Buckram & Blake to tell me on my sixtieth birthday that they did not believe in working a willing horse to death, and that therefor they had decided to allow me to retire from their service on two-thirds of my salary. had been with them altogether five-and-forty years, and it seemed but yesterday that I was appointed their chief clerk, having two subordinates; but full twenty years had passed since then. Now I had a staff of fifteen clerks under me, and my salary of four hundred pounds per annum will give you some little idea of the responsibility attached to my posi-tion. I cannot think for a moment that that unfortunate error of mine a week or two be fore they invited me to retire—I mean by sending a rather stern application for pay ment to the wrong parties—had anything a all to do with this event. True, when the blunder was discovered, Mr. Blake said, with a severity which was really quite uncalled for, 'Your memory is not what it used to be, Frogg'; but men who thought poorly of the ability of their chief clerk would scarcely on his retirement have made him a present for his wife of a neat little silver tea-service 'as a trifling tribute' (so ran the inscription on the tea-pot) 'to his long and faithful labours—would they, now? No. I flatter myself that I could have done justice to Buckram &

Blake for another ten years and more. However, I was by no means loath to b completely master of my own time at an ag-when I was still, as Mr. Harry Blake Buck ram said, in his funny way, 'a dashing old youngster.' Gardening (window-gardening, that is to say) had long been with me a passion. Yet Claremont-square, Pentonville afforded far too little scope for my horticultu ral genius. I do not refer to the square itself, but to the window-sills of the four rooms a No. 45 that my wife and I had occupied for many, many years. Here at length was an opportunity, in the large garden of some picturesque suburban villa, for the full dement of those powers which had hitherto been exercised after 6 o'clock in the evening on window flowers, and that in a verr fitful way. Geraniums in perennial pots might now yield to geraniums in beds. Perhaps, too (stranger things have happened in history), the name even of a humble city clerk might be handed down to posterity, and the Froggei variety of geraniums flourish in a thousand gardens generations after poor old Frogg him self was dead and gone!

I confess that with these dreams of the future which crowded my brain on my way home was mingled a feeling of shame at the thought of the vexation I had shown that very morning on learning that a tenant of mine intended next quarter-day to give up the cottage which he occupied at Dulwich. Why, as it had happened, nothing could suit me better. Of the house itself I had certainly never thought very highly. It was simply a rather poor specimen of modern Building So gothic semi-detached, as they call it. party-wall which separated my own from its companion house was a marvel of tenuity. That wall had evidently been built for the sole purpose of promoting a feeling of neighbourliness; since friendly conversation between the inhabitants of the two dwellings was quite practicable through it; and scandal was checked, thank heaven! by the fact that it could be easily overheard. But there was one advantage which my property possessed which to me was unmixed; namely, that a large plot of garden-ground was attached o; in none the worse condition, to my mind, because the present occupant of 'Marie Villa' (named after my wife Polly, by the way) had no soul for gardening, and had allowed it to become overgrown with weeds. For, beginning my career as a practical horticul-turist under such circumstances, the triumph over Nature which I fondly anticipated would be entirely my own. In years to come I could proudly say, 'I found a wilderness, I leave the Froggei variety of geranium in

glorious profusion !'
Well, to avoid verbosity—which is the bane of age—I will just state at once that the autumn following my retirement from the service of Buckram & Blake found me fully established as a gentleman-gardener. It was the noon of a dull September day. The man whom I employed to dig up the ground, and do the rougher work generally, had just laid down his spade and gone to dinner. My maxim is—as it was when I was Buckram's chief clerk—'Never be seen idle by a subordinate of the control of nate;' so it was not until the gardener's back was turned that I put my pruning-knife in my pocket, yawned lazily, filled my old briar root pipe, and prepared to look around reflec-tively. What a strange contrast was the scene around to that which daily greeted my eyes year after year from the top of the Islington bus! Thank God! the harsh clatter of the mill of commerce had not become such music to my ears that I could not enjoy

and in a neighbouring field chestnut trees, whose leaves were reddening with the decay of autumn, relieved the duliness of the slaty dropped from the tree of life as gently as those decaying leaves! O to find, perhaps, my views about the Froggei geranium appreciated by genial neighbours!

'If you please, sir, the mistress says a

they've come.'
The owner of the voice which thus inter rapted my meditations at a most interesting stage was that very worthy woman Am Lightbody, our middle-age servant-maid. Ah! I exclaimed, somewhat vacantly the influence of the thoughts which had just been passing through my mind conspiring with Ann's vague statement to prevent

more expressive response.

'The mistress can't make 'em out a bit, and she have her doubts, sir.'.

This satisfactory addition to my information was made while Ann held open the French window of the drawing-room, in order to allow me to mass into the house. to allow me to pass into the house. 'You mean that you have your doubts, Ann,' said I, 'and that your mistress did not

contradict you.'
'Well, sir, the Pantegon man's at the door and you can see for yourself. Such a 'eap lumber I never see, in all my exper'ence.' The drift of Ann's critical remarks began to be plain to me. We had been expecting fresh tenants of the adjoining house for some days, and now they were moving in.

'I cannot think he is a gentleman,' said my wife, as I approached the front window to inspect the "lumber," as Ann called it. 'I do hope there are no children,' she added, evidently feeling that the offsyring of a manual carrier of the state o

dently feeling that the offspring of a mar who was not a gentleman must necessarily b ill-mannered and unruly.

The person to whom she referred—clearly

judging by his actions, the owner of the van contents—was leaning against the railings of the next house, and from time to time cautioning the men—very much to their annoyance, I thought—as to their way of carrying in the goods. He was a tall, sallow man, with a thick but closely cropped beard, and a long ferocious mustache. His hands were in the pockets of a rather seedy blue serge jacket, and on his head was a wideawake that had evidently suffered very much from the rain. A short clay pipe, black with long service, gave the finishing touch to the disreputable appearance which he presented. My wife's opinion, that he was not a gentleman, seemed not altogether so groundless as I should have imagined. Discernment of character is not one of her strong points.

It was this that made me pause before plying to her comment on our neighbour, fo knew from long experience that she would feel so flattered by my agreeing with her judgment that her imagination would soon get quite beyond control; and this tall sallow man, in addition to not being genteel, would rapidly reach, in my wife's estimation, yet inguished pozitions in crime. In a week he would be a possible forger; in ten days a probable murderer.

Ah! little did I think when these thoughts

vere passing through my mind that very shortly I, Joram Frogg, the experienced, cool-brained commercial man, should deem my wife's most extravagant speculation strong probability.
'What do you think, Joram dear?' she in

quired anxiously.
'I have not made up my mind.' 'I wish we had never left Claremon Square, exclaimed my poor wife; of course interpreting my hesitation unfavourably to our neighbour. 'There now! I have been our neighbour. 'There now! I have been watching every single thing that has been taken out of the van, and there is not a shrub, nor a plant, nor a garden tool among them. And how you have talked, to be sure, about nice neighbours who had a taste for flowers! My heart sank as I reflected on the latt part of my wife's remarks. The feeling of repulsion I experienced on seeing that tall, carelessly attired man, was intensified when I realized that I dare not hope for neighbourly sympathy with the taste which had mainly nduced me to live in Dulwich. Neithe Polly nor myself was happy when we retired to rest that night, separated from an unsatisfactory neighbour by the thinkest of walls 11 i

H. MOTHOLES A November morning. The rime upon tree and shrub and the hard bare earth is slowly yielding to the rays of a winter sun. I, Joram Frogg, a frozen-out gardener, have come out into the air to enjoy the sudden burst of warmth, and to watch the glistening cicles change to dew-drops, as it were, and sparkle, each one, with the glory of the rain-

simply enjoying the unwonted sunlight. The easy life I have spent during the last month or two has, notwithstanding my energetic gardening, begun to affect me in a very disagreeable and unexpected manner. I have been getting fat! But I flatter myself that I have peculiar talent for meeting and overcoming lifficulties of every kind. The heavy garden roller which I bought on entering Marie Villa would have lain by, gathering the rust of idleness, during the winter months, had not the happy idea entered my brain of employing it in the interests of health. equently, every morning, be it wet or be it dry, sees me, for at least half-an-hour, manully trotting round the trim gravel paths of my flowery domain, with the garden rolle

Crunch, crunch—tramp, tramp tramp. The perspiration stood upon my brown in beads as I gave myself to my laborious task this sunny morning. I had made half-adozen circuits of the garden with my eyes bent upon the path before me, when the sound of a voice, trembling as with age, caused me to stop and look toward our neighbour's

'Hi! Good morning to you, sir.' 'Good morning, sir,' I replied, bowing the elderly, infirm-looking man who greete

He had a long beard of snowy whiten save round his mouth, where it was jet black. His eyebrows, also, were of the same hue contrast alone gave him a very singular look; but the addition of a huge sealski cap, with great flaps covering his ears, and long rough ulster coat, the collar of which was turned up, would have made his appearance comical in the extreme, save that the soft, almost beseeching expression of his dark

eyes forbade the thought This old man, plainly an invalid, with a tendency to limpness, had arrived in a cab along with our suspicious neighbour's wife toward the close of the day on which the house was tenanted. This was the first time, to my knowledge, that he had stirred out o

ors since then. He coughed violently for about a minute, and then said, as he wiped the moisture from his eyes: 'you are a very young man, sir; and a

rather lively young man, sir.'
'Sixty-one next birthday, sir,' I answered, with all the boastfulness of youth.

'Bless my soul, sir! Three years young than I am, but you have led a very quiet life, I suppose; and I have become sapless by long xposure to a tropical sun.'

A traveller, sir?' Forty thousand miles in India and Persia. Deary me, sir; deary me !' 'But I have made money by it,' he said,

huckling feebly,

I do not know whether it was the whisper ed tone in which he uttered these last words, or the vacant look in his eyes, but I began to feel that a tropical sun had enfeebled my new acquaintance mentally as well as physically. Lyhad no opportunity, however, for testing this suspicion of mine, for just then a stout-built, moon-faced German servant, whom our neighbours had brought with them, came from the house and approached the old gentleman. He submitted to take the arm which the maid silently proffered to him and be led indoors like an offending child.

be led indoors like an offe be led indoors like an offending child.

A week passed before I again had a chance of meeting our old neighbour. Every morning I had prolonged my garden-roller exercise in the hope of seeing him. My good wife suggested that his nephew (she was indebted to the thinness of the wall, by the way, for her knowledge of this relationship) had some her knowledge of this relationship) had some sinister motive for preventing intercourse be-tween us. I chid her at the time for her was a waste of pale grey sky; a mist hung upon the skirts of the meadows—in that light, a deep soothing green—which stretched toward Dulwich College and the Crystal Palace; so there the matter dropped.

Trancied, though, that old Mr. Les (another fact revealed by the walls) displayed, as it were, something of the spirit of an emancipated schoolboy as he greeted me. The first half-hour of our chat was delightfully pleasant. I talked of flowers; he of the adventures he had met during the years of his foreign travel. He further showed a generous admiration for my tractful expenses. admiration for my tasteful arrangement — the words were his own—of phloxes, asters the words were his own—of phloxes, asters and chrysanthemums, and sympathized with my ambition to associate the name of Frogg with that ever-cheerful favourite of both rich and poor, my much-loved geranium. But he did not profess to understand those delicate distinctions in flower and leaf which mean so much to the English florist.

'Nature delights to work on a bolder scale in those regions where I have been most

in those regions where I have been most familiar with her, he said; and amid the overpowering magnificence of tropical scenery, the quiet beauties of an English garden would solicit us in vain.'

These words were uttered in a gentle,

oughtful way, that impressed me "But still, sir, you can feel the beauty of our simple floral gems in their proper place?" "Gems!'he exclaimed, the expression of his countenance changing from that of the reflective sage. I was going to say, to one that was almost miserly. 'Ah, now you talk of something I understand. They are not watching us, are they?' he broke off, looking ner-

ing us, are they? he broke off, looking nervously in the direction of the house.

'No, no, 'said I, with subdued excitement, wondering what was to happen next.

He deliberately unbuttoned his long Ulster coat, shivering in the cold winter air as he did so; then he began to fumble at a belt which he wore. Several diamonds, of great value as I judged, in a moment more sparkled before my astonished eyes. He had annarent. before my astonished eyes. He had apparently drawn them from a little leather pocket, curiously concealed beneath this belt.

Ah! those are gems, if you like, sir,' he exclaimed, with an exulting chuckle, which brought to my mind the impression created at our first interview, that he was not quite right in his head.

'They are splendid,' I said; 'but why do

you carry them about with you? Suppose anyone, dishonestly inclined, were to learn that an elderly man had property of such value upon him! The thought of it makes 'I am not in the habit of exhibiting the reasures which it has taken my lifetime to

amass. I dare not. But I trust you, sir.' As a man of business, I thought there was here another proof of mental weakness in the fact that he should confide in one of whose intecedents he knew nothing, and of whose nesty he-had no further proof than a love f nature might suggest.

But I chanced at this moment to look up at e first-floor window of our neighbour's house; and there, watching with a strange and, as I thought, scornful smile, stood the tall, sallow man of whom both my wife's and my own impression was so distinctly unfavour-

I motioned to the old man to put away his ewels, for the German servant was approaching again; most likely sent by her master.

My strange acquaintance did not appear in he garden any more.

I have an innate horror of eavesdropping and, as I have repeatedly said to my dear wife, whose feminine curiosity tempts her to attach far too little attention to this evil, conversation not intended for her ears ought to be regarded with the same feelings as a let ter not written for her perusal. She would feel deeply insulted did anyone suggest that she was capable of reading another person's etter simply because the seal happened to be proken, and she could therefore de so without fear of detection. But women, alas, are never logical; and she will not see, or, perlaps, cannot, that the conduct is no less culpable when she greedily listens to the private conversation of others, just because accident, or carelessness, on their part has placed her within earshot. I know I have jested about the thinness of the wall between us and our neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Malden, permitting friendly talk or checking scandal, etc.; but, in sober earnest, I was annoyed with Mrs. Frogg that what was to me a subject for fun was to her a serious and practical means of picking up information concerning the tall

Lea.
Well, a few days after my interview with the latter, we sat in our cheerful, cozy front parlour (I hate that word "drawing-room" vhen applied to an apartment sixteen feet square); we were sitting, I say, in our cozy parlour; my wife, with her knitting in her ands, on an ottoman, which was drawn close into a recess by the fire-place; I, in my good old armchair, by the table in the middle of the room, and reading the last number of the "Gardener's Magazine." The entrance of Ann, with our customary "nightcap" of weak toddy and thin bread and butter, interrupted my study of an article on "Trenching,"

caused me to look up at my wife.
"Eavesdropping!"I was about to exclaim when my speech was arrested by observing the strange look of horror on Polly's face she had dropped her knitting, and sat with ands clasped tightly across her breast, and nead pressed closely against the wall.
"My dear girl, whatever is the matter with

"Oh ! it is dreadful," she whispered, hold-

ing up her finger to check me. "Pray come and hear what they are saying."

Exalted though my principles were about listening, I could not resist the impulse of the noment, but hastily rose from my seat and laced my ear against the wall likewise. Ann Lightbody, too, forgetting our relative posi-tions, dropped the tray of toddy on the table as if it were a hot coal, and rushed to the opposite side of the mantelpiece to imitate ur example. To anyone entering the room at that moment the scene presented must have been absurd beyond description. we were earnest enough, for what we heard

seemed to freeze our very blood.
"Is he dead yet?" we heard Mrs. Malden ask her husband, with a low musical laugh that seemed to us like the mirth of a fiend. "Thoroughly," responded he in a deep voice, which betrayed no sign of remorse or agita-tion; "your hint, that I should dispose of nim in his sleep, like Hamlet's uncle did hi roublesome brother, was capital.'

"O the wretch!" exclaimed Ann Lightbody t this point, in a tone so loud that I felt sure it would be heard through the wall and cause this dreadful man and his wife to cease their

In the excitement of the moment I forgot myself, and I shook my fist at the stupid servant. "Hold your tongue, woman!" I said in a hoarse whisper.

She obeyed, and at the same time motioned

oward my wife, who began to show a tenency to go off into screaming hysterics. I shook her thoroughly and whispered, For Heaven's sake, Polly, do command ourself, or we shall hear nothing more." The possibility of such a disaster seemed to be a sufficient restorative; and though she trembled violently, she controlled the hysterics and again we bent our ears to listen.

There was silence for several minutes. Then we heard Mrs. Malden ask gravely: 'What shall you do with the body "Oh, that is just the difficulty. As the eighbours must not have their suspicions oused, it must be buried at night, and a reort put about that the silly old man has gon to the country.

"Oh, dear, there is the property to dispose , is there not ?" I felt paralyzed with horror to think that oung and beautiful woman could talk with cynical calmness of disposing of the property of a man who had been done to death by her own husband. I had only seen her once of twice, and if my reading had not told me that the fairest form may sometimes be tenanted by the foulest spirit, I should have thought it utterly impossible for one so lovely to participate in the awful deed they were discussing or for those tender lips of hers to frame such a speech as the last one. All this flashed through my mind in an instant, and I listened fearfully for her husband's reply.

what I expected.
"Uncut diamonds tell no tale," said the sallow neighbour of mine in his deep voice, the time being. Excuse me if I have wound-laughing loudly. "Nothing could have ed your feelings by my conduct. I know

been luckier than my witnessing that little scene between my uncle and our fat neighbour over the garden walk."

In an ordinary moment I should have felt keenly the insuit conveyed in this remark, but my feelings were too highly wrought for it to touch me them.

to touch me then.

But Polly pressed my hand, and murmured,

"The horrid villain!"

We listened painfully for several minutes
more. We heard Malden's wife heave a deep
sigh. She was human, then. I had scarcely hought it.
"I can't bear to think—it is too dreadful."

she said, her voice trembling for the first

time during the fearful conversation.

Again her husband laughed loudly, and said in a tone, "What, my Lady Macbeth, trembling! Come, we'll to sleep. We are but yet young in deed." young in deed.' In a moment more we heard the door of the apartment closed. We three sat and looked at each other—blanched and speechless with horror.

IV. Ann was the first to recover her presence of mind. "Shall I go an' fetch the perlese, sir?" she said, in a subdued voice.
"Oh, don't leave me, Ann!" sobbed my on, don't leave me, Ann'! sobbed my poor wife, yielding to her pent-up emotions and clasping our servant round the waist. This was the first time in her life that she had been so undignised.

"You go, Joram," she continued. Then a sudden fear seized her.

"But we shall both the murdered white your continued.

be murdered while you are gone. Oh, why did I leave Claremont square?—we did have respectable neighbours there." The poor soul wrung her hands and began to laugh hysteri-I felt that everything depended upon my

moment break down too. I took out my pipe and slowly filled and lit it, in order both to steady myself and to impress these women with my self-command. "I'll telegraph to Chittick—that will be best," I said, after pacing the room once or

ontrolling my nervous system. Polly was eginning to get silly, and Ann might at any

"You can't telegraph to-night, sir; the orfice 'ull be shut," said the practical Ann. Mr. Chittick was an inspector in the detective force at Scotland Yard. Several years ack Messrs. Buckram and Blake were the victims of a forgery, and Inspector Chittick impressed me very much at the time with his sagacity and cool methodical style of investi-gating the crime. A feeling of friendship between us sprang out of this business; why, it is impossible to say, since the whole current of our lives—our tastes, our pastimes—differed widely; but I simply state a fact. The fact

was a source of great satisfaction to me inder the present trying circumstances. The reaching Dulwich on the receipt of my tele-gram, and would spare all unnecessary distress to Polly and myself as he proceeded to take he requisite steps for arresting Malden and his wife.

After some internal debating, I decided that it would be better to wait till the morn ing and then telegraph than to go off to the local police station that night. I have often since wondered at my courage and calmness. The wife and servant seemed to catch something of my spirit. We were unanimous that to go to bed was impossible; so Mrs. Frogg lay on the sofa, Ann in a sofa-chair which we wheeled out of the next room, and I sat up in my good armchair, preparing to watch the night through. By dint of a little coaxing I persuaded the two women each to take a stiff class of whiskey-and-water, into which I had ally dropped a very little laudanum, so that sleep might soothe the terrors of that awful

I sat and sat and sat, perplexed and sorrow ful. That the savage should kill his fellow-man I could understand, but that a beautiful ultured woman and an intellectual man-for Ernest Malden was that, I judged—should brutally slay a gentle old creature like Mr. Lea, with one foot already in the grave, made me shudder, did I say ?—nay, made me wonder on what dark foundation of guilt human nature rested. I had read of murders and thought them shooking; for a moment or two
until I got to the next article in the newspaper. But new the thing seemed brought
so close a nurdered man lying but a few yards from me, and his murderer sleeping, as far as I knew, nearer to him than I—that I felt simply baffled as I contemplated the pro

olem such a foul tragedy suggested.

Happily, nothing transpired during that edious night to create further alarm. In the morning, when the postman called, I got him to take a telegraphic message, which simply urged my friend the Inspector to come as early in the day as he possibly could, as I wanted to see him on business of a very pressing and extraordinary character.

About noon he came. Not a soul had stirred from the neighbouring house, and I had therefore the satisfaction of feeling that the lelay would not frustrate the ends of justice. The Inspector was a very cheerful fellow; in appearance and build a well-to-do country gentleman. He complimented my wife on her youth as he greeted her; said he envied me for a lazy old dog; and then, with a sudlen change to the character of the keen man of business, frugal of his time, inquired what was the meaning of my urgent message. As a precautionary measure, I requested Polly to leave the room; since I knew, from long experience of her nature, she would be sure to break in upon our conversation with sigh

and exclamations did she remain.

When we were alone, I told the story of Mr. Lea's eccentric conduct; his disappearance after his nephew had seen him showing ne the diamonds in the garden; and, finally the strange conversation we had overhear the night before. At first my friend was merely politely attentive : but, as I went on ne took out his note-book and carefully wrote down the words we had overheard. He ask d for particulars, too, of the appearance of Malden and his wife, and of the murdere

"Do you know anything of the business profession of Malden?" he then asked. I could only admit that on this point I was entirely in the dark.

"But has not your maid learnt anything or this subject from your neighbour's servant? he inquired; "servants are always gossiping, you know." "The woman next door is a foreigner-German-I think."

Inspector Chittick pursed up his mouth and tapped his note-book with his pencil. "That looks like a plan,"he remarked, after moment's meditation. "That fact is the trongest point in the case. It seems as hough it were designed that nothing should ranspire through the chatter of servants." 'Yet surely the real point is the confessi

eferentially. "That has to be proved," he replied. "In the meanwhile, I must compliment you on your shrewdness in sending for me in this quiet way. I shall at once telegraph for one of our men to stay with you here; and for another to be posted within a convenient distance of the house. As soon as they arrive I shall go and find out something about the antecedents of this Mr. Malden; that is, if you can tell me the name of the person who

onveyed his furniture here.' Fortunately I could do this. Mr. Chittich luly noted the fact, and then closed his note book, wrote out the telegram on a form which he had with him, and sent Ann without de lay to the post-office; cautioning her not to say a word to anyone about the affair of th When she was gone, he resumed the char

acter of the country gentleman by asking me how I liked my present life, and what progress I was making in gardening.

I was amazed at his coolness. "How on arth, Mr. Chittick, can you talk of such things when there is a murdered man next

"If the poor old chap is dead," he answer ed, "there is no occasion for hurry; and I cannot bring his murderer to justice by looking and speaking in a very important fashion at the present moment. Besides, I always avoid getting into an official habit, and this I find I can best do by dismissing a case completely from my mind whenever I reach a point where nothing further can be done for

this case has been a terrible ordeal for you

and your poor wife, but I am only too acc tomed to such things, unfortunately." The intelligence and strength of charact which these remarks suggested easily ex-plained why Inspector Chittick was held to be so far above the ordinary run of detective; be so far above the ordinary run of detective; and, further, made me reluctant to inquire, as I intended doing, his reason for not arresting Malden there and then. Was it possible that his keen eye saw a weak link in the chain of testimony I had placed before him? "Ah! Joram Frogg, there is more in heaven and earth and the Criminal Investigation Department than is dreamt of in your philosophy," I kept saying to myself, until the morning crept slowly away, and Inspector Chitick left.

Day after day passed, and nothing transpired to clear up this mystery. Several times Malden left the house for a few hours, and we then observed that the detective officer who lounged about the road followed him at a little distance. Once Ann burst into the room with the startling intelligence that there was a great noise of shovelling in the adjoining house in the vicinity of the coalcellar. Our resident detective, who was a grim, taciturn man—the very reverse of his grim, taciturn man—the very reverse of his chief—uttered the words. "Burying him," and quietly went to our coal-cellar to listen, leaving us in a state of the wildest agitation. At length, after an interval of nearly a fort-night, we had, for the first time, a communication from Inspector Chittick in the shape of a telegram:

"I have made an unexpected and startling discovery in re Malden. I will call this afternoon, and hope to do business. Malden is at home; intends leaving town to-morrow morn-mg with his wife and German servant."

I did not show this message to Polly, for I knew it would upset her. She was nearly broken down already with the suspense of the last week or two, and that fool of a woman, Ann Lightbody, kept priming her with hor-rors until the very sound of my own footstep was a terror to her—fancy that! My nerves, too, were a little unstrung, and I actually trembled when Ann ushered Mr. Chittick into the front room. He looked as solemn as the officer who had been living with us, and after greeting me, he gravely took a newspaper from his pocket and passed it to

me.

"Read that," he said, pointing to a portion marked at the top and bottom with ink. In a mechanical fashion I took the paper and began to read. It was part of an article on the "Magazines of the Month," and Tyburnia was the periodical the criticism of which he

Typurnia, as usual, is very strong in fiction. But it scarcely sustains its reputa-tion by mserting the highly melo-dramatic tale, 'The Cap of Midas.' The hero-villain of this story is a young Greek who is assistant to an aged diamond-merchant in Syracuse." My heart began to beat as I read the last

"This young gentleman is fired by an ambition to play an important part in the political life of the coming Greek federation. To obtain wealth, and with it influence, he murders his aged master for the sake of certain priceless gems which the old fellow has concealed in a relvet nightcap he is in the habit of wearing. This is the cap of Midas, we presume. Justin Corgialegno—the murderer—had read 'Hamlet' (Query. Has "Hamlet" been translated into modern Greek yet?) and drops poison into his master's ear, and steals the nightcap This poison, however, fails to do its work, so the assistant at once stabs the old man, and begins to feel the first difficulties of his lot, namely, how to dispose of the body of the

I looked up at Inspector Chittick sheepishly. A mocking smile lurked in the corners
of his mouth, I thought.
"Well, the hero buries his master in the rarden of his house, and starts off with this cap which contains the wealth that is to give

him political power. Here comes the melodramatic point of the story. The diamonds in this cap are of such enormous value that the murderer dare not attempt to sell them, feeling sure that inquiries will be made as to how he became possessed of such precious gems. Tortured by fear and desperate with hunger, he at leugth commits suicide with this cap of Midas placed mockingly upon his own head. The story is ingenious in some of its parts, but it is really to make a but it is really to the story in some of the parts. its parts, but it is really, to speak plainly, unworthy of the reputation of that promising young novelist, Mr. Ernest Malden."

"Mr. Ernest Malden," I muttered vacant a-a novelist !" The Inspector rose from his chair and slap ped me on the back, and poked me in the ribs, and shook me by the shoulders, laughing the while with such tremendous boisterousness that Mrs. Frogg and Ann burst into the room in a state of speechless amazement which I shall never forget Their appearance and students. gave just the finishing touch of absurdity to the situation; and as the grotesqueness of the blunder which we had one and all made dawned upon me, I, too, began to laugh until

the tears rolled down my cheeks. "Polly!" I gasped, as soon as I could speak, "Mr. Malden is a novelist! and oh, uch a vile murderer—on paper! Ha, ha, ha! oh, oh, oh! he, he! oh! ha, ha, We really never saw poor old Mr. Lea again, for he died at Brighton of softening of he brain a few weeks after his nephew and nieco joined him. Their leaving town—referred to in the Inspector's telegram—was with this object. The old gentleman, as we afterward learned, was taken away from next door in a cab one evening when we must all have been at the back of the house. Had we but seen him go, we should have been spared a great deal of terror, and many unjust suspicions of our neighbours' characters. Yet, on the other hand, this tale would never have been written, and I should have lost an opportunity, to say the least, of opening my heart to a sympathetic public about the Froggei variety of geranium. The "variety will be a reality ere long, be it known to all

A SCOUNDREL'S WILES.

Nova Scotian Bigamist. Dupes a Confiding Girl. HALIPAX, Feb. 20.—A young man who had een employed in a mercantile office in Halifax, but more recently engaged in business or his own account in a rural district, came to town a few days ago and made a proposal or immediate marriage to a young girl to whom he had been paying attention during his resi-dence in this city. She accepted the proposal dence in this city. She accepted the p with the approval of her friends, and to accompany him next morning to a western town to have the marriage performed by a clergyman residing there. The pair left to go to the railway station to take the Annapoli rain. Later in the day the friends of the rirl heard that the man had been married a few days previously to a girl in the rural district in which he had lived. The afternoon train took an aunt and another friend to the western town where it was expected the pai would be found, but no tidings of them could be obtained. It was subsequently learned that they had taken the Intercolonial train. It is supposed he led the girl to believe that they were going towards Annapolis, that she did not find her mistake till too late, and that he then forced her to go with him to the States. It is said that he lately sold out his ousiness in the country.

Eles's Cocoa.—Grateful and Comfort ING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful ap-plication of the fine properties of well-select-ed Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our break-fast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundrens of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. Was may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Sold only in packets labelled "JAMES EPPS & Co., Homosopathic Chemists,

NEARLY FROZEN TO DEATH.

Terrible Sufferings of a Young Lady. OTTAWA, Feb. 17.—A sad tale of the suffering caused by the intense cold of last week comes from Renfrew. Miss McCarry, whose parents reside in the township of Bristol, P.Q., has been living in the State of Michigan, but was summoned home on account of the illness of her father. Her friends were to meet her at the Sand Point station, but owing to the trains being delayed by weather she did not arrive at the time expected, and they returned home, thinking she might not have started. When she reached Sand Point Miss McCarry was anxious to get home, and started to walk across Chats lake. The thermometer was many degrees below zero, and a keen wind had full sweep over the ice. Very soon the intense cold completely overcame her, and she fell within sight of her home, unable to stir a step further. Fortunately assistance arrived before she perished. As it was her hands were frozen so hard that the fingers of one could not be unclosed for some hours. OTTAWA: Feb. 17 .- A sad tale of the suffer one could not be unclosed for some hours. When her mits were taken off the top joint of one finger came off, and others have to be amputated, and her feet were so terribly ozen, even above the ankle, that it is feared must be amputated. Miss McCarry is only 17 years of age.

A TERRIBLE SCANDAL.

A Clergyman Charged with an Atrociou London, Feb. 17.—A terrible scandal is reported from Thedford, affecting the charreported from Thedford, affecting the character of a prominent clergyman, who absconded late last fall. This clergyman is said to have violated a girl of tender years in a ravine north of the village. He was detected by a young man, a resident of the village, whose word has always been looked upon as reliable. The minister begged of him to keep the matter a secret and promised him money. the matter a secret and promised him money if he would do so. He replied that he would, but that the minister must leave the place at once. This the minister agreed to, and removed to Arkona. The young man kept the secret as long as he could, but finally it leaked out, and a friend of the minister having warned him, the rev. gentleman deemed it prudent to leave for Chicago. Chicago. Meantime, the scandal has spread all over the place, and is now the all-absorbing topic. The young man still sticks to his story, refuses to reveal the name of the girl. minister in question was a talented man, and had a large congregation. The affair has caused the members great annoyance, and it is hoped that the facts may not be as stated.

MAN OR MONKEY?

something of a disagreeable BUFFALO, N.Y., Feb. 19.-While Dr. Wetmore was sitting in his office last Thursday, a woman bearing a babe in her arms entered and desired to consult him about its deformity. The doctor took the infant from her arms, and was astonished to find himself looking into a monkey's face. A critical examination was made. The child was a female, a little over eleven months old; its body and limbs were those of a human being, the skull was in a normal condition, but beginning just you all that is in the house." above the eyes and extending over the head was skin of a light brown hue supporting a growth of coarse reddish-brown hair. The eye-brows were of a drab colour, long and overhanging, normal bright blue eyes, then descended into a monkey's nose, the shape being perfect and showing perfectly ape-like nostrils. The upper-lip was hairlipped and in exact conformity with the monkey nose, on each cheek was a growth of redbrown hair, that on the left side of the face being the longer and ending in a curl. The mother, who is about 32 years of age, strong and healthy, said she was an immigrant from Ireland, and came to this country a few months ago. Three months prior to the birth of her child, while sitting alone in her house one evening, she went to the door in response to a rap, and was severely fright-ened by confronting some boys who had on false faces. As to the form of the masks she could not say, but was of the impression that they, were those of apes. Shortly after she received another scare on discovering that her kitchen was on fire, and the impressions were uppermost in her thoughts until her confinement. She thought Dr. Wetmore might perment. ent. She thought Dr. Wetmore might per form some plastic operation and remove the abnormal developments, but he sadly told her that should he attempt such an operation would leave the face more deformed than of fully 6 feet 2 inches in height, was very temperate in his habits, and bore a good He advised her, when the child grew lder, to shave the face. The doctor concharacter. He was buried in a family plot in Biddulph a week ago yesterday. being dean of the faculty of the College of

and commented upon by the corps of physicians

LYNCH LAW IN TENNESSEE. Five Murderers Taken from the Dock by a Mob and Hanged. nine o'clock this morning. After the usual opening ceremonies, the lodge took up the consideration of reports of committees, the NASHVILLE, Feb. 19.—Just as the judge had given his charge to the jury at Spring-field in the case of the Laprade murderers, and the sheriff was about to conduct the pris oners to gaol, an armed mob rushed into the court-room, seized the five negro prisoners, and hurriedly rushed them out on the ver-

tempted to rescue the prisoners, and over one hundred shots were fired without effect. The mob succeeded in hanging the prisoners to the railing of the verandah. It is reported that Duffy and Murphy, the Laprade murderers who turned State's evidence, were found hanging to a tree near

andah of the court-house. The officers at-

Physicians and Surgeons, he sent her to the institution, where her offspring was scrutinized

Guthrie, Ky., this morning.

A Springfield special says:—At the lynching last night Jim Elder asked for time to pray. One of the mob asked, "Did you give Laprade time to pray?" Elder responded, "No, I didn't," whereupon he was noosed and swung instantly. The men were hanged from the verandah of the court-honse, and were not cut down until eight this morning. The mob last night would not permit a match to be lighted, and after securing the prisoners extinguished all the court-house lights. coroner's jury returned a verdict of "

from the hands of persons unknown."
SPRINGFIELD, Tenn., Feb. 19.—The crime for which the five negroes who were lynched were arrested was the murder of an old farmer last September by negroes, who entered his house by night, and tried by hor-rible tortures to extort a statement as to the whereabouts of the money he was supposed o have. The murder caused intense excite ment. Jim Higgins, an old negro, was suspected, and his feet burned till he confessed. Higgins had to have one foot amoutated, and lied in gaol four nights after the extorting of the confession. Two of the murderers, Bel and Jamieson, were taken from Springfield gaol and lynched. On the same night, a white rderer named Ramsey was shot dead in his The excited feeling was maintained until it culminated in the lynching of Higgins accomplices last night.

A Good Thing.

German Syrup is the special prescription of Dr. A. Boschee, a celebrated German physician, and is acknowledged to be one of the most fortunate discoveries in Medicine. It quickly cures Coughs, Colds, and all Lung troubles of the severest nature, removing, as it does, the cause of the affection and leaving the parts in strong and healthy condition. It is not an experimental medicine, but has stood the test years, giving satisfaction in every case, which its rapidly increasing sale every season confirms. Two million bottles sold annually. Beware of medicines of similar names, lately introduced. Boschee's German Syrup was in-troduced in the United States in 1868, and is now sold in every town and village in the civilized world. Three doses will relieve any ordinary cough. Price 75 cents. Sample bottle, 10 cents. Every druggist in this country will tell you of its wonderful effect. Over 950,-000 bottles sole failure known. bottles sold last year without a single

throat, hoarseness, pains in the chest, congestion of the lungs, one application of the Familine Balsam will give instant relief, and a quicker cure than any known remedy. Try THE BIGAMIST BAGGED.

E. J. Taylor Arrested in St. Thomas

The latest development in the bigamy case of which mention was made in THE MAIL a short time ago is the arrest of the bad maa E. J. Taylor. As will be remembered, he left his wife doing a good business in the confectionery line on Adelaide street, and went to Brantford as a chromo agent, or, as the local The motion was carried. paper euphoniously put it, a vendor of cheap Yankee trash. There he married a confiding young lady, and skipped out leaving a num-ber of bills unpaid. The rest of the story ber of bills unpaid. The rest of the story comes from a special correspondent at St. Thomas, telegraphed last night as follows:—On Saturday Chief of Police Fewings received a telegram from Toronto asking him to look out for one Taylor, clias Bingham, who is wanted on a charge of bigamy. The chief was unable to find the party until this morning, when he received a photo of the too much married man, and subsequently came upon the deceiver promenading along Hiawatha street in company with his second wife, and promptly arrested him, ascertaining subsequently that the couple have been stopping at a private boarding-house here since subsequently that the couple have been stopping at a private boarding-house here since Friday. The unfortunate girl appears to be totally innocent, and states that she was married to T. H. Bingham at Brantford, on January 23rd, after a few days' acquaintance, and his telling her that he had buried a wife and two children in Vermont. Subsequently has teld be his and a second for the state of the second forms.

THE McGILLIVRAY SUICIDE. A Farmer Cuts his Throat from Ear to Ear in a Fit of Despondency.

London, Feb. 21 .- The following par-

ticulars have been received concerning the late suicide in McGillivray. Frank

he told her his real name was E. J. Taylor,

but he had assumed the other owing to some

difficulty he had at Belleville concerning chromos. He also altered the name upon the

marriage license to Taylor. The prisoner con-fessed his guilt to the chief, and also admitted

that he has a wife and two children now

living in Toronto.

Neil, a thriving farmer living on the 19th concession of McGillivray, about five months ago married a daughter of Mr. Moses months ago married a daughter of Mr. Moses Mawson. They lived on the same farm as Mr. Neil, sr., but in a separate house. The young couple got on very well and apparently lived happily together, going to church regularly every Sunday. They were both members in good standing of the Methodist church at Salem, 19th concession. A short time ago it was notified by concession. time ago it was noticed by some of the neigh bours that young Neil looked depressed and dejected, and was apparently brooding over It has since turned out that he had some slight misunderstanding with his father about money matters, yet there was nothing violent in their relations, only the young man fell into a fit of melancholy. A week ago last Friday his wife said she would go across to his father's, a few rods away, for some yeast. He told her then to bring his father back with her. After the woman left the house Frank sat down at the table and wrote the following in a pass-book, which he had been using as a diary:—"I now take my pen in hand to let you know I have killed myself, and I leave you all that is in the house." There was no signature to the document, and after the word you" there was a blank, which it is supposed the misguided young man intended to fill up with his wife's name, but what with nervous ness or emotion he failed to accom-plish it. In another part of the pass-book he refers to the unpleasant relations between himself and his father, who he seemed to think had been harsh with him. After writing he rose up and took his razor from the top of the bureau, and deliberately cut a fearful gash across his throat. He evidently did not succeed in cutting either the windpipe or the jugular vein at the first stroke, and gashed himself again and again, till he had cut his head nearly half off. Just as he fell down in a pool of his own blood, hi father and wife entered and gazed on the horrible scene, from which the shricking wife fled holding her apron over her eyes. It is now rumoured among the neighbour there is some mystery about the affair. deceased kept, it appears, another pass-book in which he usually kept his accounts. This book is reported missing. The financial diffi-culty between Frank and his father is said to have amounted to an item of only \$40. There are many in the neighbourhood who are of the opinion there should have been an inques The deceased was a tall, slender youth

ORANGEMEN IN SESSION.

Second Day's Meeting of the Grand Lodge of Ontario West. ST. MARYS, Feb. 16.—The second day's session of the Grand Lodge commenced at

first in order being that dealing with in ernal reforms. This was discussed at great At helf-past ten the Grand Lodge proceed ed in a body, headed by the St. Marys town band, to St. James' Episcopal church, where services were held, the Grand Chaplain offi-

iating, assisted by the rector, Rev. J. T Wright, and the choir. The Grand Lodge met at two o'clock p.m. and resumed the consideration of the report of committee with reference to internal reforms, which occupied the greater portion of the afternoon. Finally memorials were adopt-ed for presentation to the Grand Lodge of British America, praying for certain changes

in degree work.

At the evening session several reports of standing committees were disposed of. A special committee was appointed to prepare and submit to the various district and odges in Ontario West for consideration a benefit endowment scheme for the member

f the order. A resolution was unanimously passed extending the sympathy of the Orangemen of Ontario West to the brethren of Ireland on the present disturbed state of that country, and commending them for their noble stand on the side of law and order.

The election of officers was next proceeded with, and resulted as follows:—Major James Bennett, Toronto, R.W.G.M.; Captain H. A. L. White, St. Marys, D.G.M.; Major John Hoey, Rosemont, A.D.G.M.; Rev. Hugh Cooper, Rondeau, grand chaplain; N. C. Wallace, M.P., Woodbridge, grand treasurer; James Norris, Toronto, grand secretary; Dr. Burgess, Listowel, deputy grand secretary; William Douglass, Eglinton, grand lecturer; W. H. Murray, Goderich, deputy grand lec-turer; Arthur Robb, Stratford, grand director f ceremonies.

It was decided to hold the next annual

meeting at Strathroy.

English Landlords in the Cabinet. Will no one who is alarmed at the prospect of Mr. Gladstone's coming legislation on the subject of land remember that the Premier is himself a landlord, and take comfort? Mr. Gladstone owns nearly 7,000 acres in Flint and Lancashire. In fact, the landed interest is pretty well represented in the Cabinet. The Duke of Argyll owns 175,000 acres, rental over £50,000; Lord Hartington's father 200,000 acres, and £180,000 a year; Lord Spencer 27,000 acres, and £46,000 a year; Lord Kimberley 11,000 acres, and £25,000 a year; Lord Northbrook 10,000 acres, and £12,000; Mr. Dodson 3,000 acres, and £3,500, Lord Huntly, who has just en rolled himself in the ranks of the Ad tration, is lord of 90,000 acres, and £27,000 a vear. - Truth, Feb. 2.

A cough, cold, or sore throat should stopped. Neglect frequently results in an in-curable lung disease or consumption. Brown's Bronchial Troches do not disorder the stomach like cough syrups and balsams, but act directly on the inflamed parts, allaying irritation, give relief in asthma, bronchitis, coughs, catarrh, and the throat troubles which singers and public speakers are subject to. Sold at 25 cents a box everywhere.

DOMINION PARLIAM

(Continued from Third Page.) a license, and must ask that the pa

ABATEMENT OF INTEREST Mr. PATTERSON (Essex) moved correspondence respecting the abateme terest made to purchasers of lands on dian reserves, township of Anderdon, o Essex. He explained that these land ceptionally high prices, owing to being conducted in such a manner a have vitiated the sale had it been by a private individual for his own I The motion was carried. HOME-GROWN TOBACCO.

Mr. PATTERSON (Essex) moved turn showing the amount of inland on Canadian grown tobacco for the ing the 31st December, 1880. He that in the county he represented being the most southerly point in on, in former years was produce which commanded a very high price real, but owing to the working of th Act no sale for this tobacco Essex licensed bonded warehouse own from Mr. Porcheron, of Montreal; from Mr. Foreneron, of Shellston, injurious manner in which the pre-worked, and complained that an injus eing done Ontario farmers, who the growth of tobacco very profitab past. The Quebec farmers were only four cents a pound, while manu who brought in foreign tobacc compelled to pay twenty cents tobacco, and this difference was fata cultivation of the plant in Ontari Quebec farmers manufactured leaf, Ontario farmers did not do so. duty of 14c. per pound would be lev was important to have the interest

Sir LEONARD TILLEY replied had listened to the hon, gentleman's with a great deal of attention, but theless failed to ascertain any pro-the Act which affected one provin than another. Its provisions were as far as the Dominion was concer had found the inhabitants of Ontari ready, if not more so, to take hold of turing enterprises as the peoplin any part of the Domini he could not see why the of Quebec should have an a which was not enjoyed or by the inhabitants of Ontario. We ence to the proposition to allow he tobacco , to be used in manufactor they imported foreign leaf, the would be that from the moment the home-grown tobacco to enter these they lost all the control they had a and which enabled them to prevent or illegal proceedings in the mat Government could not legislate for did not think proper to take advant provisions of the law. The motion was carried.

The House adjourned at 10.10 p.m

Mr. Blake's Bill. The following is Mr. Blake's bill the independence of Parliament:—
"1. If any member of the House mons acts for profit, fee, or rewar the Government of Canada, or ar ment thereof, as agent, attorney, advocate, representative, or othe behalt of any person in respect of demand, or application preferred Government or any department person, or of any claim or demand the Government or any depart such person, or of any matter depen difference between the Governm department and such person, the semember shall thereby be vacate olection thenceforth be null and voi '2. If any person whose seat in of Commons has been vacated, Act, shall nevertheless continue to therein, he shall thereby forieit the \$200 for each day in which he so sit any court of competent jurisc 3. This Act shall extend to an

tion begun or concluded during a Parliament." OUR CANAL SYSTE

An Expression of Opinion from t Buffalo, N.Y., Feb. 21.-In t that the new Welland canal when will be, not only a rival, but a very one, to the Erie canal route, stre abolish the tolls on all freight. The cial Advertiser of this city, a less stalwart Republican organ po influence with the present Admir heads the movement in this section, all the journals, both Democratic a lican, throughout the State have asking for free canals. The follow to-day's Advertiser may be cited specimen of the arguments brought for "While the people of this State gling through their representative Legislature over a few thousan more or less that may be from commerce in the way tolls our neighbours on the expending millions of dollars in the ment of their water-ways, and are all taxes upon commerce in transi people of the West are in warm with the Canadians in their efforts the carrying trade, and will do wh to build up the northern route. for them to do so. The more average rates of freight. We taug dear experience that they would reason to expect consid State had a monopoly of the long as we did enjoy that manded 61 cents a bushel toll the Western grain reached our transferring the trade from to the Canadian route, ledo, Milwaukee, and Clevels become great ports of entry. They

with reason, that the same bott

Western grain to Europe will

merchandise to the port of depart

agency of the Canadian route a ftion of the business that has made

city the metropolis of this cont

to build up the Canadian route

grain received at Buffalo ! ale

season, which the Advertice

ing the benefit derived from the

sequently they expect to secure

million dollars, it concludes :- "plain part of wisdom for New Yor make the canals free and to concontemplated improvements at t possible day." A WARNING TO EMIGRA

Agriculture Under Difficulties—A Bitter Experience in Nebra BUFFALO, Feb. 19.—A man name with his family arrived in Buffalo on their way east to Little Fall braska. He told a pitiful story ships in that country, where he h ing to provide a home. Last soaso were almost destroyed by bugs and pers, and the cold of the present killed his cattle, horses, and sheep. east on the Erie and when he arriv ester he had to appeal for aid

Familine for Pimples, Itching, tions of the Skin, Old Sor and Outward Humours of any kin where other ointments and salves