

here with unbroken bones; his third, a dis- creet conviction that he had about put his foot in it, and was in an excessively bad fix; and last, but not least, a firm and rooted determina- tion to make the best of a bad bargain, and never say die.

His first object was to take off his plumed hat, and make a profound obeisance to her majesty the queen, who was altogether too much sur- prised to make the return politeness demanded, and merely stared at him with her great, beau- tiful, brilliant eyes, as if she would never have done.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" said Sir Norman, turning graciously to the company; "I beg to present to you this unwarrantable intrusion, and promise you, upon my honor, never to do it again. I beg to assure you that my coming here was altogether involun- tary on my part, and forced by circumstances over which I had no control: and I entreat you will not mind me in the least, but go on with the proceedings just as you did before. Should you feel my presence here any restraint, I am quite willing and ready to take my departure at any moment; and as I before intimated, will promise, on the honor of a gentleman and a knight, never again to take the liberty of scrambling through the ceiling down on your heads.

This reference to the ceiling seemed to explain the whole mystery; and every body looked up at the corner whence he came from, and saw the flag that had been removed. As to his speech, everybody had listened to it with the greatest attention; and sundry of the ladies' rejoiced by this time that he was flesh and blood, and no ghost, favored the handsome young knight with divers glances, not at all displeas- ed or unadmiring. The queen sank back in her seat, keeping him still transfixed with her hardly splendid eyes, and whether she admired or otherwise, no one could tell from her still, calm face. The prince consort's feelings for such there could be no doubt he was—were involved in no such mystery; and he broke out into a hyena-like scream of laughter, as he re- garded, once more, the look, his young friend of the Golden Crown.

"So you have come, have you?" he cried, thrusting his unlvely visage over the table, still it almost touched Sir Norman's "You have come, you have come, after all I said?" "Yes, sir, I have come!" said Sir Norman, with a polite bow.

"Perhaps you don't know me, my dear young sir—your little friend, you know, of the Golden Crown." "Oh, I perfectly recognize you! My little friend," said Sir Norman, with bland assent, and unconsciously quoting Lælius, "once seen is not easy to be forgotten."

"Upon this, his highness set up such another screech of mirth that it quite woke an echo through the room; and all Sir Norman's friends looked grave to see his highness laughed, it was a very bad sign.

Instead of complying, however, the prince, who seemed blessed with a lively sense of the ludicrous, was so struck with the extreme fun- niness of the young man's speech, that he relaxed into another paroxysm of levity, shriller and more earthy, if possible, than any preceding one, and which he exhausted, until he was forced to sink into his chair, and into silence through sheer fatigue. Seizing this, the first opportunity, Miranda, with a glance of dis- pleased dignity as Caliban, immediately struck in.

"Who are you, sir, and by what do you dare to come here?" Her tone was neither very sweet nor suave; but it was much pleasanter to be asked ex- amined by the owner of such a pretty face, than by the ugly little monster, for the moment gasping and extinguished; and Sir Norman turned to her with alacrity, and a bow.

"Madame, I am Sir Norman Kingsley, very much at your service; and I beg to assure you I did not come here, but I have, through that gentleman, and very much against my will."

"Equivocation will not serve you in this case, sir," said the queen, with an austere digni- ty. "And allow me to observe, it is just probable you would not have fallen through that hole in our royal ceiling if you had kept away from us. You rained that flag yourself—did you not?"

"Madam, I fear I must say yes!" "And why did you do so?" demanded her majesty, with far more sharp asperity than Sir Norman dreamed could ever come from such beautiful lips.

The rumor of Queen Miranda's charms has gone forth apace, and I fear that many a man drew me either," responded Sir Norman, in- venting a polite little work of fiction for the occasion; "and, let me add, that I came in to find that rumor had under-rated instead of exaggerated her majesty's said charms."

Here Sir Norman, whose epine seemed in danger of becoming the shape of a rainbow, in excess of good breeding, made another genu- flexion before the queen, with his head in the region of her heart. Miranda tried to look grave, and wear that expression of averted solemnity I am told queens and rich people always do; but, in spite of herself, a little pleased smile rippled over her face; and, noticing it, and the bow and speech, the prince suddenly and sharply set up such another screech of laughter as no steamboat for the present, in the pres- ence of steam, could begin to equal in ghastrous- ness.

"Will your highness have the goodness to hold your tongue?" inquired the queen with much the air and look of Mrs. Caudle, "and allow me to ask this stranger a few ques- tions uninterupted?" Sir Norman Kingsley, long have been above there listening and looking on."

who lays hands on him until that consent is given, shall die, if I have to shoot him myself!" Sir Norman Kingsley, stood near, and fear not. At his peril, let one of them touch you?"

"Sir Norman bent on one knee, and raised the gracious hand to his lips. At the fierce, ringing, imperious tone, all involuntarily fell back, as if they were accustomed to obey it; and the prince, who seemed to-night in an uncommonly facetious mood, laughed again, long and shrill.

"What are your majesty's commands?" asked the discomfited duke, rather sulkily. "Is this insulting interloper to go free?" "That is no affair of yours, my lord duke!" answered the spirited voice of the queen. "Be good enough to finish Lord Gloucester's trial; and until then I will be responsible for the safe- keeping of Sir Norman Kingsley."

"And after that, he is to go free—eh, your majesty?" said the dwarf, laughing to that extent that he ran the risk of rupturing an artery.

"After that, it shall be precisely as I please," replied the ringing voice; while the black eyes gleamed to his case. "Guard, keep a sharp eye on your prisoner. Ladies and gentlemen, be good enough to resume your seats. Now, your grace, continue the trial."

"Where did we leave off?" inquired his grace, looking rather at a loss, and scowling vengeance- like at the handsome queen and her handsome protégé, as he sank back in his chair of state.

"The case was concerning his guilt, or about to do so. Pray, my lord," said the dwarf, glanc- ing upon the pallid prisoner, "were you not saying you had betrayed us to the king?"

A breathless silence followed the question—everybody seemed to hold his very breath to listen. Even the queen leaned forward and awaited the answer eagerly, and the many eyes that had been riveted on Sir Norman since his entrance, left him now for the first time and settled on the prisoner. A piteous spectacle that prisoner was—his face whiter than the snowy nymphs behind the throne, and so dis- torted with fear, fury and guilt, that it looked scarcely human. Twice he opened his lips to reply, and twice all sounds died away in a chok- ing gasp.

"You hear his highness?" sharply inquired the lord high chancellor, reaching over the great wall, and giving the unhappy Earl of Gloucester a rap on the head with it. "Why do you not answer?" "Pardon? pardon?" exclaimed the earl, in a husky whisper. "Do you believe the tales they tell you of me. For Heaven's sake, spare my life!"

"Confess!" thundered the dwarf, striking the table with his clenched fist, until all the papers thereon jumped spasmodically into the air—"confess at once, or I shall run you through where you stand!"

The earl, with a perfect screech of terror, flung himself flat upon his face and hands before the queen, with such force that Sir Norman expected to see his countenance make a hole in the floor.

"There is no mercy for traitors!" she coldly said. "Confess your guilt, and expect no par- don from me!" "Lift him up!" shouted the dwarf, clawing the air with his hands, as if he could have clawed the heart out of his victim's body; "back with him to his place, guards, and see that he does not leave it again."

Squirming and writhing and twisting himself in their grasp, in very uncomfortable and cele- nate fashion, the earl was dragged back to his place, and forcibly held there by the two guards, while his face grew so ghastly and convulsed that Sir Norman turned away his head, and could not bear to look at it.

"Confess!" once more yelled the dwarf in a terrible voice, while his more terrible eyes flashed sparks of fire—"confess, or by all that's sacred it shall be your doom. Guards! bring me the thumb-screws, and let us see if they will not exercise the dumb devil by which our ghastly friend is possessed!"

"To be Continued."

"Madame, I fear I must say yes!" "And why did you do so?" demanded her majesty, with far more sharp asperity than Sir Norman dreamed could ever come from such beautiful lips.

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HOLIDAY FASHION NOTES. All shades of green are immensely popular. Red green is that pallid gray green seen in water washes.

Serpent and jasper are indescribably changeable greens. The latest fancy in boas are those made of ock's feathers.

The Henri deux is the favorite round hat with girls who affect the artistic in dress. Among the dark metallic greens in favor are Rambrant, antique, spruce and bottle green.

Some very fine ostrich feather fans are made of only three long white plumes mounted on jewel-tipped handle of ivory, pearl or shell.

The attempt to abolish the bustle is not altogether successful, but the result is good. The bustle is a mere ripple in the back draperies, not an unsightly hump on the back.

This is an ostrich feather season. Fans, boas, band trimmings for hats and dresses, and tips and plumes for bonnets and hats, all of which are in high favor.

The silk-waistcoats of dressy tea gowns and lace frocks for dressy wear are some- times covered with silver or gold tinsel dots and small figures, and fastened with buttons to match.

Boutonnieres, glove hooks, buckles, tiny mirrors and ivory tablet cases come in dead bright and old silver, along with numbers of other fanciful pendants, to dangle from a lady's chainette.

Pale gray tulle flecked with steel spangles and beaded with a steel corset make a very effective ball gown. To relieve its tone a corsage bouquet of blush roses may be worn.

A lively suggestion for a debutante's Chris- mas gown, to be worn in the evening, is a white silk, broadened or embroidered or paint- ed, with flecks of sparrow, veiled under a cloudy drapery of white tulle, flecked with snowdrops made of tiny tufts of ostrich curled hair.

Among the prettiest trimmings for bonnet crowns are little squares of fine cloth, deli- cately in color and soft in finish, braided or embroidered in small, close-set figures, buds, leaves, bees, fish, shells and stars, and the edges pinked out. These falling over a brim and crown of velvet have a wonderful flat and artistic effect.

In spite of the assertions of fashion reporters that long cloaks alone will be worn by fashion- able women, there are unnumbered and in- numerable short wraps in velvet, bengaline, cloth, broche and plush seen along the fashionable thoroughfares, and these are all in new shapes, new colors, and made as dainty as possible with embroideries and passementeries of jet, silk cord, metal, lace, ribbon, fringes and "motifs" or sprigues, glittering with rain fringes.

One of the prettiest gowns for a debutante at an afternoon tea is of white cloth, fine, soft and pliant as chamomile, made in an em- pire gown but trimless, the skirt bordered with gold tinsel stars in graduated sizes. The white silk waistcoat, front breadth or tabler, and such were also embroidered with gold stars.

THE COUNTY OF MAYO. The following is a translation by George Fox of one of the most popular songs among the peasantry of Mayo and Galway, who still speak the National tongue.

On the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat I sat in woful plight Thro' my sighing all the weary day and weep- ing all the night, Were it not that full of sorrow from my people I go, By the blessed sun 'tis royally I'd sing thy praise, Mayo!

When I dwell at home in plenty and my gold did much abound, In the arms of fair young maids the Spanish all went round. 'Tis a bitter change from those gay days that now I'm forced to go, And must leave my bones in Saota Cruz, far from my own Mayo.

They are altered girls in Irral now 'tis proud they're grown and high, With their hair bags and their top notes, for I pass their buckles by. And is little now I heed their airs, for God will have it so, And I must depart for foreign lands and leave my own Mayo.

'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not Earl of Arril still, And that Brian Daff no longer rules as lord upon the hill; And that Colonel Hugh MacGrady should be lying dead and low; And I sailing, swiftly sailing from the County of Mayo.

ABOUT THE HOUSE. To keep varnished wood looking fresh and bright rub it thoroughly with oil from time to time. Clean oilcloth with a wet towel pluned over a stiff broom and rub with long sweeping strokes.

When putting away the silver tea or coffee pot which is not used every day, lay a little stick across the top under the cover. This will allow the fresh air to get in and prevent mouldure.

Shells which are to be broken into water should not be broken into boiling water, as the motion destroys their shape, but let the water be as hot as possible without boiling, and then let them stand several minutes on the back of the stove.

Paper bags, in which many articles are sent from the grocery store, should be saved for when blacking a stove. You can slip the bag into one of these and handle brass just as well, and the hand will not be soiled, and when through with them can be dropped into the stove.

Set a pitcher of water in the sleeping room, and in a few hours it will have absorbed nearly all the respired gases in the room, the air of which will have become purer, but the water utterly filthy. The colder the water, the greater the capacity to contain the gases.

At the ordinary temperature a pint of water will absorb a pint of carbonic acid gas and several pints of ammonia. A burn becomes less painful the moment air is excluded from it. For simple burns, oil, or the white of an egg, can be used.

One part of carbolic acid to six parts of olive oil, is found to be invaluable in most cases, slight or severe, and the first layer of lint should be removed until the cure is complete, but saturated by the application of fresh outer layers from time to time.

Surprisingly dainty housekeepers are now adopting the old-fashioned custom of using lavender in the linen presses and cedar closets where are stored away the household linen and the waning season's garments.

Here are some very pretty trifles which are being made by women who cannot afford ex- pensive Christmas presents, but who can offer some dainty bit of their own handwork as the most charming of gifts.

LONG LIFE IN BELGIUM. Nowhere do people live longer than in Bel- gium. In West Flanders alone—which is but one of the nine provinces—there are four ven- teenarians—First, Mr. Ruytgenhem, a bachelor, at Rattervoorde, is 106 years old.

Second, John Verhulst, at Wavolghem, is 106 years old. He was a soldier under Napoleon 1, in Russia, and lost his ears in the frost at Mos- cow. Third, a spinster, called Auntie Theresa, who lives at Blessegem, is 101 years old. Fourth, Lady Divilghe, who resides at Moserow, is 102 years old, who enjoys the perfect use of her senses.

STANLEY BETRAYED. HE IS FORCED TO SURRENDER TO THE MAHDI'S OWN FORCES.

Treason on the Part of Emin Pasha's Own People Lead to the Capture of Explorer Stanley and Emin Himself—The British Cabinet Considering the Terms of Their Release.

LONDON, Dec. 14.—The Standard says it has reason to believe that the letter received at Suakin from Osman Digma stated that the Mahdi's troops had at length been successful, that Emin had held out bravely, but his men mutinied and delivered him with a white trav- eller, supposed to be Stanley, to the Mahdi's leader. Digma sends proofs tending to support the truth of his assertions.

It is rumored Osman Digma in his letter ex- pressed a willingness to surrender Emin Pasha and his white companion provided Egypt would not accept it. It is believed both captives will be killed. The British cabinet are now discussing the situation.

CAIRO, Dec. 14.—In the letter received at Suakin from Osman Digma and which is sup- posed to have contained the announcement that Stanley had fallen into the hands of the Mahdi, were enclosed copies of a dispatch from the Dervish leader on Lado to Khalifa Pasha, giving the date of Emin Pasha's surrender on October 10, and a letter to Emin Pasha from the Khedive, which the latter handed to Henry M. Stanley when he was at Cairo.

LONDON, Dec. 14.—Osman Digma, in his letter to Gen. Grenfell, says that Emin Pasha and Henry M. Stanley were captured and the Mahdi's forces on Oct. 10th, at Lado, and having been betrayed by Emin's own people. An authentic- ation of this statement, Osman enclosed a letter from the Khedive of Egypt to Emin Bey which was given to Stanley when he was in Cairo.

IRELAND'S TROUBLES. Mr. Parnell Makes a Report on his Enquiry.

LONDON, Dec. 14.—Mr. Parnell's report on the Irish question is almost completed. He directs attention to the anomalous fact that the Government authorities in Ireland from the lord-lieutenant downward are Protestants and not well-disposed towards Catholics. On the other hand he says the agrarian struggle engenders outrage and a total violation of the moral law.

He himself has improved the state of affairs, but much remains to be done. The Irish people refuse absolutely to admit that the plan of campaign is criminal. They consider it a legitimate retaliation upon the land owners who, they say, must pay for the murders of their class in the past.

The land owner's sometimes succeed in quieting the people by obtaining concessions from the land- lords, but generally they inspire little confi- dence. The Pope may still do much, provided he can convince the Irish people that he is not acting in accordance with an agreement with the English Government. The people must be made to comprehend the moral importance of their acts; they must be taught to ac- custom themselves to a separation of political questions from moral questions. They must not serve as the instrument of those who, under the pretext of nationality, lead them to the commission of acts that are contrary to morality.

Mr. Parnell expressed the most absolute disapproval of boycotting. He signifies the opinion that Irish political aspira- tions must be satisfied before peace can be restored.

THE PARNELL COMMISSION. THE JUDGES GETTING TIRED OF THE CASE—THE EVIDENCE YESTERDAY.

LONDON, December 14.—At the sitting of the Parnell commission to-day Attorney- General Webster, requested that the court should sit on Tuesday next that he might be enabled to make an application as to what course the court would pursue respecting William O'Brien, and an article which had appeared in his paper, the United Ireland, in which it was stated that "the time has ar- rived for plain speaking in regard to the forger's commission. We do not intend to fall for the forger allows us to speak."

We do not care twopence for the opinion of three judges who were especially selected in the teeth of a justly indignant Liberal press by the forger's friends and accountants. Justice Hannen indicated that the court had arranged to adjourn to-day. He added that if he could he would instantly relinquish his seat in the Commission, but he had a duty before him which it was impossible to evade.

Mr. Keid, of counsel for the Parnellites, called attention to observations made by the witness of Morton College, in which he likened Michael Divilghe, and other Home Rulers to the Whitechapel murderer. The judges retired for consultation, and when they returned Justice Hannen an- nounced that they had decided that an affidavit, reciting the utterances of Mr. O'Brien and his paper, must be immediately filed, and that Mr. O'Brien must appear before the Commission at 10 o'clock to-morrow. They had also decided that a notice must be served upon the witness of Morton College ordering him to attend the first meeting of the new sitting in January.

Thomas O'Connor, who testified on the 4th instant concerning the alleged doings of the Inner Circle of the league, was recalled and cross-examined by Sir Charles Russell for the Parnellites. O'Connor adhered to the state- ment that he had received £7 in payment for moonlighting. The money was in £1 notes, and two of them were cashed by the National bank. He had decided, he said, to give evidence simply with the object of putting an end to the hall upon earth in Ireland. Sir Charles Russell asked: Were you asked, in order to originate the Parnellites, to tell queer things? Witness evaded the question, but Sir Charles pressed him hard, remarking that he used the term "queer things" advisedly. Witness at last admitted that Mr. Walker, in behalf of the Times, had "strongly urged him to give evidence."

Sir Charles Russell here produced a letter and handed it to witness, who admitted that he wrote it. It was addressed to his brother and said he (witness) had got himself an- noyed by the Times, thinking he could make a few pounds, but he found that he could not unless he would swear to queer things. On the redirect examination, witness, in reply to Attorney-General Webster, said that since he first gave evidence his family had telegraphed him to the effect that they would dis- tance unless, when he was cross-examined, he denied the evidence he had already given before the court. Later in the day Mr. Redmond stated that Mr. O'Brien was in Dublin and would probably be unable to attend to- morrow. The court was, therefore, adjourn- ed to January 15.

Some plays are so solemn that men have to go out of the theatre to smile. A six-year old child being asked, "What is rope?" replied, "A fat string."

My friend, look here! you know how weak and nervous your wife is, and you know that Carter's Iron Pills will relieve her, now why not be fair about it and buy her a box?