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rose and fell; clamors broke out under the windows. No one knew what to expect. Trajan wondered why some friend did not warn the empress that precious time was wasting. The wan group with glasses in hand scanned the Place de la Concorde. There was yet a possibility of quelling anarchy. Even Trajan recoiled aghast at the spectacle. Not less than 150,000 white-faced, fierce-eyed people crowded the great square.

Frightful cries came in blood-curdling echoes from thousands of throats. "Down with the empire—down with Bonaparte—death to the Man of December!" The soldiers, however, were there. Serried ranks of blue jackets and silver corslets, the cuirassiers of the guard; they formed a line of scarlet and blue, between the, as yet, unmolten passion of this dense mass of destruction, and the hall of the Legislators. The alert, fierce swords gleamed in reassuring menace, the chassepots of the undisciplined mob, or the educated host of order, gave way? The empress watches the deadly dumb show, dumb hersel as the sphinx below her. The soldiers, resolute, statue-like, wait in silence. The swaying horde, equally resolute, but surging as the sea surges when the first impulse of the simoon is upon it, waits. The clamor rises louder and louder. A single act, a touch, and the guns will vomit death into the packed mass, unarmed, save by the mysterious paralyzing potency of numbers.

"Great God—forbid them to fire!" cries the empress, choking, and sinks back on the side of the simoon is upon it, waits. The clamor rises louder and louder. A single act, a touch, and the guns will vomit death into the packed mass, unarmed, save by the mysterious paralyzing potency of numbers.

"Great God—forbid them to fire!" cries the empress, choking, and sinks back on the side of the simple of the simple of the content of the content of the content of the process of the land the wind and the help of the simple of the sin

tained through the long ordeal wavered. The slender frame shuddered; the voice The slender frame shuddered; the voice refused to respond to the horrifying impulse of abandonment. She looked around helplessly; at sight of the calm, courageous faces of the three men she steadies her trembling limbs, and the haggard eye illuminates with a new impulse. Then a hoarse roat, menacing, confused, penetrates the massive walls. She mastered the sensation, gave her hand with a melancholy flash of her old imperial face to the ambassador, and said calmly:

"I will take leave of our friends." De Nigra led her to the door opening into the

Nigra led her to the door opening into the salon. The apartment was crowded with the remnant of the families of the friends of the dynasty. Prince Metternich was just about to enter; he halts at her side of the dynasty. Prince Metternich was just about to enter; he nalts at her side as she stands a moment like a vision of woe seen dimly through the tears of the assembly; she bowed with kindly dignity, and was gently forced back by the prince. A hand-bag is hastily packed by Madame Le Breton, and as it is finished Count de Lesseps enters the room. The crowd was already in the ante-chamber, parleying with the guard. Everything had been arranged outside. The party must fly through the palace wing that runs along the river and make its exit through the Louvre, where at the moment there was no tumult. Metternich and all save Lesseps, Trajan, and Rawdon were to remain and keep the invaders at this point, until the flight of the empress was secured. She had wrapped herself in a plain water-proof and drawn a veil over her face. The route to be traversed runs along the Seine side of the palace, a distance of a third of a mile. At the iron doorway dividing the picture galleries from the Pavilion de Flore, the empress' quarters, the party were hersucht to a helt. Heavent the the picture galleries from the Pavilion de Flore, the empress' quarters, the party were brought to a halt. Heavens—the strong doors are locked. The warden had disappeared days before. The miserable victim is caught in a trap. Trajan looked about for a weapon. There was none. Madame Le Breton cried out to wait, and hurried back along the passage. The empress sank exhausted on one of the red velvet banquettes used by the door-keeper. Trajan looked out on the river bank. The

o Royal Rese! the Roman dress'd
His seest with thee; thy petale pressed
Augustan brows; thy odor fine,
Mixed with the three-times-mingled wine,
Leut the long Thracian draught its zest.
What marvel then, if host and guest,
By Love, by Song, by Thee careased,
Half-trembled on the half-divine,
O royal Rose!

And yet—and yet—I love thee best;
In our old gardens of the West;
In our ol

reside on the latar colonnade, where Catherine de Medici and the king had stood on the night of St. Bartholomew, a little ragamuffin, seated on the edge of the stone support of the golden railing, started

regular distances signals were exchanged with men standing at street corners. Raw-dominates are made as a propose to numbers.

"Great God—forbid them to fire!" cries the empress, choking, and sinks back on the seat behind her.

Hark—silence—a sullen roar, swelling until the very walls seemed to reel; the soldiers close up impassively; the movement makes a wave of flashing steely brightness, like lightning playing on the edges of a cloud. Silence again, ominous and profound.

"To the lantern with the Bonapartes!" ("Banishment for the empreor!" the guns are raised, the guns are pointed; "Ganishment for the emperor!" the guns are simed; the ranks close in once more, until red seems like a vast liberty cap, covering the 150,000 heads.

"Vive la Nation!"—"Vive la France!" ("To arms for the patrie in danger!" "Vive la Nation!"—"Vive la Republique, one and indivisible?" The arms are lowered and reversed; the flash of the swords glints out an instant and all is dark. The people surround the soldiers; they embrace. The evil empire of fraud and sham is at an end—thottled by the people's hands even in the stronghold of its strength.

It was two o'clock. A tall man, black almost as an African, sauntered carclessly into the apartment. The empress started up. It was the Italian ambassador, De Nigra. He seruthinsed the anxious, silent the propriation of the screen of the scarce dear the propriation of the scarced Scriptures to the bother with an intervent the coast was clear. The content and the soldiers; when here of the same do to the Bible was the one means of the sible was the one means of the si said:—
"You have not an instant to lose; the revolutionists are marching in the palace. They are entering by the Carrousel. You must fly and with as few people as possible."

For the first time the courage maintained through the long ordeal wavered. The slender frame shuddered; the voice.

On Wednesday, the 7th, after a detour in Belgium to ward off suspicion, the party reached Deuville on the Norman coast, fearing to venture on any of the regular lines across the channel. At the little town, the escort looked in vain for a bark to carry the remnants of Cæsar to safety. By the merest chance an English nobleman had his yacht in port awaiting the arrival of his wife from Italy. When the situation had been cautiously confided to him he made every preparation for receiving the hunted relic of a great reign. A few hours later her alarm and anguish were forgotten in the arms of her son at the little town of Hastings—where \$00 years before another French Prince had landed, who changed the course of British history and the destiny of a people. On Wednesday, the 7th, after a detour in

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla, and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron. Its control over scrofulous diseases is unequalled by any other medicine.

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No smoker who has ever used the Myrtle Navy tobacco for, say a month, ever relinquishes it for any other brand. Its flavor is rich and full, and it never burns the tongue or parches the palate. It is, in fact, the ne plus ultra of smoking tobacco.

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Down in Dixle.

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Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites—is more reliable as an agent in the cure of Consumption, Chronic Coughs, and Throat Affections, than any other remedy known to medical science.

A POPULAR DELUSION.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

There is a widespread delusion that education and intellectual cultivation keep men from evil doing. When a crime is revealed to the public—a crime which has been done by a man of education—we are sure to hear expressions of surprise that such a man could have fallen so low.

Now a little attention to the lessons of experience will show that intellectual education without moral training has no effect in keeping men from crime.

Julian the Apostate, that Roman emperor who tried to turn the world back to the false gods of Paganism, was a man ow what is called culture. He had read so much of the Pagan philosophers and so when a harmless medicine as saked for."

"Why," he asks, "should the journalist as a bar to an action for dispensing poison of the decident of the pages of their own children.

"The draggist," says a correspondent of the Journalist, writing of vile things in newspapers, "cannot plead good faith as a bar to an action for dispensing poison of what is called culture of the intellect, and of all that is asthetic, reached higher in Greece and Rome than it has ever attained since. The writers and painters of the Renaissance only revived Pagan letters and art; from a literary

a literary and artistic point of view, have never gone above the level of Virgil and

the painters and sculptors of the Greeks.

The old world had intellectual education and cultivation enough. Neither that education nor cultivation could save it. So utterly had it south. it. So utterly had it sunk in corruption that it needed a God to save it, and He

that it needed a God to save it, and He came.

In our day, it is plain that education and skill do not make men moral or keep them good. The forgers, the "embezzlers," the careful criminals who cover up their tracks, are not uneducated. On the contrary, they will generally be found to be people that have had "advantages." Why, then, do we constantly hear the exclamation of astonishment when a man of education ment when a man of education

constantly near the exclamation of astonishment when a man of education is discovered to be a criminal?

"Schools are multiplying!" cry our apostles of progress; "let the whole world read!" "All the negroes of the South want is the spelling-book," echo modern philanthropists. Let the world read. Let the negroes master the spelling-book; and still they will remain as ignorant as they were of the way of loving and serving God.

Our Lord did not give the printing-press as the means by which we are to be saved. Why, then, should even Catholics seem to approve of the error which makes the whole world turn on print?

injury. Eddie then turned the revolver on himself and fired three shots. One bullet entered his left side, lodging beneath his lower rib. He was removed to his home at No. 266 West Twelfth street, where a physician pronounced his wound not to be dangerous. Young Bernardy was greatly infatuated with the little girl. For a few days he has been moody and discontented, and seemed to be brooding over some trouble, the nature of which he would not impart to his parents. To-night he said that he had become jealous of Tressy, and to-day resolved to end the career of his sweetheart and his own earthly misery, just like the grown folks he had read of in the papers.

Cases of a similar kind are of frequent occurrence, And yet the cry of the popular teacher is: "Read"! Not read carefully selected books or periodicals, but: (Read"! Could any cry be more unreasonable? If a farmer would turn his cows into a clover field and let them eat until they should die of their gluttony, he would be set down as a fool by people of common sense. But people, who pride themselves on their common sense, say to all the foolish little calves in the clover field of literature: "Read."

And what do they read? The newapapers or the weekly story papers.

There happened recently in New York the most terrible misfortune that could happen to a young girl, whose parents—after the manner of their kind—thought she could "take care of herself." She went to a ball, danced until after midnight, and then suffered frightful wrong, it is alleged, at the hands of a ruffian. The particulars of this matter were duly set forth in the daily papers, with more or less elaboration, according to the policy of such papers. Young people of all ages read these details as part of their day's routine. Would it not be an infringement on the glorious liberty of reading what they please to deprive them of the family paper?

After their prayers and their breakfast, city children may refresh themselves with

family paper?

After their prayers and their breakfast, After their prayers and their breakfast, city children may refresh themselves with the "news of the day" until the school bell rings. The "news of the day" is very tame indeed, if there are not half-a-dozen crimes of various complexions in it. During recess, these young persons, educated by the art of reading, can exchange views on the last divorce case or murder, or practice hanging on one another! This is progress. progress.

The editorial pages of the daily papers

The Bishop of Nottingham, in the Nottingham Daily Express, publishes the translation of a passage from a recent number of the Lanterne. It is as follows:

"The Prince of Wales, in his character of future Pope of the Anglican Church, cannot repudiate the Grand Architect, we well understand. The Grand Architect is part of the constitution, like the king or queen. Like them he is a peg (cheville). He plays no other part therein. But a peg presumptive cannot expel its fellow peg. The edifice of monarchy is not very solid on the other side of the Channel. An unsettlement has come so quickly."

"The Prince of Wales replies like the Emperor Joseph II.: My business is to be a royalist! And, in this particular situation, he adds: My business is to be deist!"

deist!"
"But all the Freemasons of England do not find either the monarchy or the divinity absolutely necessary. They have not all the good reasons of the Prince of Wales for sharing his good opinions."

"When Bradlaugh lately came to Paris, he put himself in communication.

"When Bradlaugh lately came to Paris, he put himself in communication with the Grand Orient of France. He explained to them the situation. A great meeting of English Freemasons will be held in London to protest against the decision of the Grand Lodge, and to renew the relations of English with French Masonry."

"The Prince of Wales will be dismissed along with the Grand Architect.

"The Prince of Wales will be dismissed along with the Grand Architect. Would he like us to give him a piece of good advice, very generous in a republican? Don't let him mix himself up too much in the last named. He is so worn-out."

The Religious Home. From the home sanctuary, the incense of prayer should ascend as a most sweet morning and evening sacrifice to the

How beautiful and rich in blessing the

assemblage of parents and children for morning and evening prayer.

In such families we are sure to find proofs of the special benediction of heaven.

heaven.

Faith, religion and virtue are thus fostered to luxuriant growth, and final perseverance almost assured. We earnestly exhort all parents to this salutary cus-

And if it be not always feasible in the morning, at least every evening, at a fixed hour, let the entire family be as-sembled for night prayers, followed by a short reading from the Holy Scriptures, The Following of Carist, or some other

A Dangerons Case.

\* ROCHESTER, June 1, 1882. "Ten
Years ago I was attacked with the most
Intense and deathly pains in my back and

-Kidneys. A Dangerous Case.

"Extending to the end of my toes and to my brain!
"Which made me delirious!

"From agony.
"It took three men to hold me on my bed at times!
"The Doctors tried in vain to relieve

me, but to no purpose.

Morphine and other opiates!

"Had no effect!

"After two months I was given up to

"Atter two months I was given up to die!

"When my wife heard a neighbor tell what Hop Bitters had done for her, she at once got and gave me some. The first dose eased my brain and seemed to go hunting through my system for the pain.

my system for the pain.

The second dose eased me so much that I slept two hours, something I had not done for two months. Before I had used five bottles, I was well and at work as hard as any man could, for over three weeks; but I worked too hard for my strength, and taking a hard cold, I was taken with the most acute and painful rheumatism all through my system that ever was known.

"I called the doctors again and after several weeks, they left me a cripple on crutches for life, as they said. I met a friend and told him my case, and he said Hop Bitters had cured him and would cure me. I poohed at him, but he was so earnest I was induced to use them again.

In less than four weeks I threw away my crutches and went to work lightly and kept to using the bitters for five weeks, until became as well as any man living, and have been so for six years since.

It has also cured my wife, who had

been so for six years since.

It has also cured my wife, who had been sick for years; and has kept her and my children well and healthy with from two to three bottles per year. There is no need to be sick at all if these bitters are used. J. J. Berk, Ex-Super-

visor.
"That poor invalid wife.

"Sister!
"Mother!

"Mother:
"Or daughter!
"Can be made the picture of health!
"with a few bottles of Hop Bitters!
"Will you let them suffer?"

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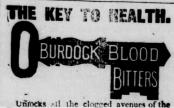
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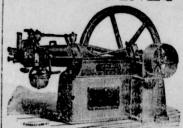
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