

What the warmest woman alive? How very becoming! It reminds me... with an irresistible laugh... of one of the children's songs—something about a lady!

with round cheeks glowing, like roses all a-blowing. I must say you are not very flattering tonight. Her tones try to be reproachful, but her smile ripens and covers all her face, and falling into her eyes, loses there wide awake, rendering her more desirable than ever.

"This sort of thing can't go on," says Arthur, with sudden despair. "Fancy, let us be as we were before our one fatal quarrel. Surely I have suffered sufficiently for my sins. Do forgive me and take me back."

"Then say you love me," slowly. She hesitates. "Say it," entreats he, standing before her in the path, and taking both her hands.

"Well, then, I do," returns she in a tone he has never heard her use before; "with all my heart." She throws up her head and looks him fully, honestly in the eyes. It is a complete surrender. "I love you as I never loved any one before, as I shall never love again. But—if we should fall to make each other happy? It is this thought that haunts me."

"I can answer for myself," says Arthur, with passionate earnestness; "and for you—let me try what the devotion of my whole life can do."

"Let us have one more trial of our faith first. I am going to Italy with Cyclamen next week—that is, on Monday, and I shall probably stay there for three months."

"During that time you must not write to me or seek in any way to see me; but when I return—if you still care—come to me. We shall both be more certain then, and it is but a day or two out of our lives. Yes, dearest, it is for the best."

"What an interminable time!" groans Arthur, miserably. "Better than never, surely." "Yes," hastily—"of course. It shall be as you wish; but at least promise me that when this eternity is at an end you will not keep me longer waiting; you will then marry me."

"If you are faithful, yes." They have turned into another path, and plainly there is no one in sight. A little misty veil has arisen and hangs between heaven and earth.

"May I kiss you now?" asks Arthur, deferentially, being mindful of a past hour, during their first engagement, when he had nearly escaped annihilation for stealing a careless without permission.

"If you compel me to answer that question, I suppose I must say no," whispers she, half shyly, half playfully. She shrinks a little from him and blushes warmly—not an unbecoming or a vehement color, but a faint rosy glow of a blush, that conveys all the sweetness of confusion without any of the gaucherie that unhappily, as a rule, belongs to it.

"Then suppose that hateful word and yet let me take the answer I would have from your lips," says Arthur fondly, and, stooping kisses her twice unrebuked. Nay, more, I think one if not both of those kisses is softly returned.

CHAPTER XXXIII. "Oh break, my heart—poor bankrupt, break at once!" Bor had they "wist before they kist" that their innocent embrace would cause all the mischief that followed on it, I believe they would both, even at that supreme moment (to their credit be it recorded), have put off the caress to an indefinite period.

To return to Kitty. Firmly impressed with the belief that Arthur is in reality her husband—so strongly does he resemble him in his present costume—she watches his every movement with a feverish anxiety that kills all enjoyment of the charming scene before her.

Her eyes, filled with agonized doubt, follow him from place to place, and when he disappears from the ball-room during his tete-a-tete with Fancy she grows restless and unhappy—so gnawing a thing is jealousy, so engrossing, so base.

Half through a desire to gain some air to cool her aching forehead; and half through a hope that in the garden she may again meet the gray domino, she lets her partner—a dear grizzled old general, all covered with medals and the melancholy remains of what must have been valiant small-pox—lead her on to the veranda and into the quiet night.

Her heart is so full that ordinary converse is impossible to her; and presently, under a pretext that she is chilly, she sends her companion in-doors again in search of some covering. The gallant old warrior, returning with a shock from Camporee, where he has been reveling in ghouly recollections, flies to do her bidding whereupon Kitty—who has been wishing him among the massacred ones for some time past—with a sigh of petulant exhaustion, sinks into a garden-chair, and covers her face with her hands.

Her thoughts are almost unbearable; but presently the noise of slowly-approaching footsteps, the sound of a voice only too familiar, only too detested, brings her back to the passing moment. Raising her head, she leans a little forward and looks straight before her.

On the path, some yards from her, walk two people, evidently in close and earnest conversation. Her heart almost stops beating, as on one of them she recognizes the gray domino with the quaint device worked upon the shoulder. It is impossible to mistake it for any other. Only last week she had seen it, and had stayed to examine the strange crimson cross that adorned it. But now the cross is gleaming blood-red in the light of a Chinese lantern that, concealed in a shrub close by, flings out its rays upon those who chance to pass.

Impossible, too, to believe herself mistaken in that tall, handsome figure, the well-shaped head, the rather square cheek and chin. It is Sir John beyond all doubt, and by his side is Fanny Charteris.

In her passionate rage and despair she starts to her feet, hardly knowing what it she means to do. Unfortunately, she does nothing. At the moment when she sees the next turn will hide them from her view, and has almost made up her mind to follow them at every risk, and end forever, one way or the other, the doubts that distract her, the two on whom her gaze is centered stop suddenly; and the gray domino, placing his arm gently, but lovingly round the waist of the pale-blue domino, bends his face to hers. There is some faint but unmistakable hesitation on the part of the latter—a short demur, and then—their lips meet.

Kitty closes her eyes, and a long, gasping sob, filled with the acutest of all agonies, despatch, escapes her. Involuntarily she lifts her hand and presses it convulsively against her heart, as though, to still the pang that threatens to annihilate her. Her very lips are ashen. For one terrible moment she fears she is going to faint. Then, by a supreme effort, bringing herself back to life again, she once more (with that strange longing to know the worst so common to all humanity) turns her head in the direction from whence she has received her death wound.

has removed his arm, and is now speaking rapidly and with apparent eagerness. The soft silvery veil of mist still hangs upon the air, rendering all things indistinct; but as Kitty gazes, trying to pierce the gloom, a sweet, low, musical laugh comes to her. She grows, if possible, a shade paler, yet the sound of mirth restores her to some kind of composure. They can jest, then, while her heart is breaking. She draws herself to her full height, and forgetful of her partner, the desired shawl, everything, returns to the house.

Just inside the observatory door she encounters Cyclamen, who is unmasked and is looking rather tired.

"I am going home, dear," she says, as if in explanation to Kitty. "Olive looked a little feverish, I thought, when leaving—nothing to signify you know; but now I have seen this fancy fit, I shall return to her. Have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Immensely!"—in a quick, hard voice. "I cannot possibly describe to you how much; you must say I exaggerated." She removes her own mask as she speaks, and flings it from her impatiently, and she sighs as one might just released from suffocation. "It is all charming," she goes on, speaking fast, as though fearing silence; and I have been so amused just now watching Sir John in the garden—or rather in the path leading to it."

"But I thought you told me, dear, he wasn't coming?" says Cyclamen, impulsively. "So I did. No doubt he altered his mind, intending to give me a pleasant surprise. He has succeeded. But perhaps I found him out too soon. That always spoils a jest, does it not?" She laughs recklessly.

"But I think," says Cyclamen, smiling, too, out of courtesy, though her heart misgives her for friend, "you must have been mistaken. Sir John I am sure is not here to-night. If he had been, he would have claimed my hand for the third waltz, for which he asked me."

"Couldn't find you, probably. You look so different when masked. He is here, at all events. I knew him, not only by the cross upon his shoulder, but by the little true-lover's knot I myself worked upon his sleeve. He made me do it one night in Italy, I should miss him at some ball to which we were going. You see, crosses are so common on dominoes there, they scarcely make a distinction." She laughs again, this time with great bitterness. "What a devoted couple we were, were we not? And how the devotion has lasted! However, that little tender mark on the sleeve was a happy thought; it enabled me to know him to-night."

"Still," says Cyclamen, very gently, though with an assumption of gaiety, feeling all the delicacy of the situation, "in spite of laying myself out to the change of obstinacy, I yet think you must be mistaken."

"May I not be allowed to know my own husband?" says Kitty, with a vivacity that borders on anger. "He was out there a moment since, he is there still, walking with—"

At this instant Cyclamen, with great presence of mind, starts back with a little cry from the plant she has been pretending to examine.

"How it hurts, the cruel thing!" she says, plaintively. "It has pricked my finger. Do you know, Kitty, in spite of all the loveliness around me, I grew wearied? And I am rather anxious about my Olive. Do not laugh at me if I tell you I shall go home directly to sit beside her bed and see that her sleep is sound."

"Laugh at you! I?" says Lady Blunden, in a low tone. "Oh, no! I should be the last to laugh at you. Surely you are greatly blessed in the certainty that the one thing you love loves you. I may envy you; I could not laugh at you."

"You look tired yourself, dear. Come home with me."

"I should like to; but—"

"This is our dance, I think, Lady Blunden," says Launceston at this moment, appearing from no one knows where. "We are fortunate. *Mon Reve* is your favorite waltz, I think?"

"Is it, says Kitty, "A dreamer of dreams,"—that is what I have been for very long, I seem to me. Yet now that I am awake am I any the happier? Our dance did you say, Mr. Launceston? I had forgotten it; and now I have almost promised to go home with Lady Cyclamen."

"Not so soon, surely?" says Launceston, betraying his dismay and disappointment, not with vulgar ostentation but with consummate skill. "I have been looking forward to this dance all night—nay, for a whole fortnight; and now just as the cup is at my lips you dash it away."

"What shall I say, Cyclamen?" says Kitty languidly.

"Cyclamen regards her earnestly with a glance full of scrutiny. She marks the brilliant spots that burn upon her cheeks, the curious gleam in her dark eyes, the almost reckless carelessness of her manner."

"Come with me," she says, quietly but persuasively. "You have been out too much of late, and you are overdoing it. Health is not a thing to be trifled with."

"But this one dance—it cannot harm you much," entreats Launceston, eagerly. "It is always the one rock more that wrecks the ship," says Cyclamen, calmly. "Will you see us to our carriage, Cecil?"

He is quite old friends with Lady Cyclamen.

"How difficult it is to decide!" says Kitty, as though wavering, and turning a bewildering glance on the devoted Launceston. "How charming it would be to have some one at one's elbow to say 'Yes' or 'No' for one!" "Let me be that 'some one,'" says Launceston, "and I shall say—"

not a threat; but where then is she? In all their short married life never before has she slept from under his roof.

A horrible fear possesses him, a terror that almost maddens him as he stands thus gazing vacantly upon the summer sky. He does not move or gesticulate; his face perhaps is troubled, but his attitude might be mistaken for one of extreme repose, so quiet is he, so motionless. I do not think in moments of intense agony, that is of mind, when one is most distraught with fear or horror, that the body asserts itself in any way. In most cases I have witnessed I have noticed that the mind, being uppermost, subdues the body to itself, and a total quiescence of the limbs is the result. I never saw any one wring their hands, or throw their arms above their heads, or beat their breasts; I, happily, my experience is limited, and I may be wrong.

Sir John, at least, would fill with a sickening dread, makes no outward show. Kitty's face rises before him in all its anger of the night before, its reproach, its excessive beauty; and then, strangely enough, another face rises beside it, taking the features of Launceston.

He straightens himself at this moment, and raises his head. In his usually laughing eyes there is an expression foreign to them, an unpleasant expression—one almost murderous. Then it fades, his thoughts change, and a low laugh, that is half a sigh of relief, escapes him. What a fool he has been! What mad fears have been coursing through his brain. A sleepless night always plays the mischief with a fellow's intellect! Of course she is with Laura Redesdale or Cyclamen. No doubt, foolish child, she has hoped to frighten him into a better temper by this momentary desertion. Well, she has succeeded; when he meets her he will beg her pardon for his detestable conduct of the night before; and—who knows?—perhaps—perhaps things will clear up, you know, and look brighter in the future.

Without further hesitation he leaves the room, finds his hat, and, going out of the house, halts a hansom and drives to Mrs. Redesdale's residence.

(To be continued.)

The Liver, the Skin, the Kidneys and the Bowels are the natural cleansers of the system; secure their healthy action by nature's grand remedy, BUENOCO BILTERS. It cures Scrofula—it cures Liver Complaint—it cures Dyspepsia—it cures Female Complaints and purifies the Blood while it restores strength and vitality to the shattered system. Trial Bottles 10 cents. 19-2

SPANISH DIPLOMACY. MADRID, Dec. 13.—The Spanish press has begun to reflect the anxiety of public opinion against English diplomacy and against French military encroachments in Morocco. The Ministerial and Independent papers chiefly attack the French military policy as being aggressive towards its neighbors in North Africa and menacing to the Spanish arms in Morocco. The Republican papers and Senor Castelar's paper *El Globo* denounce England as the adversary of Spain in Morocco, in Portugal and in Gibraltar. *El Globo* calls upon the Madrid Government to direct its efforts to resuming possession of both shores of the straits and thus force England to restore the Rock.

From Rev. H. L. Gilman, of Glover, Vt. "I have been troubled for several years with a difficulty of the heart and lungs, have applied to several physicians for help, and have tried almost every remedy recommended without receiving any assistance; but had been growing weaker and weaker, until, hearing of WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY about a year since, I commenced using it with immediate relief. It has not only restored my lungs to a sound state, but I am entirely relieved of disease of the heart. I have no hesitation in saying that it is the best lung medicine before the public; and I cheerfully and conscientiously recommend it to all persons suffering from pulmonary complaints. Fifty cents and \$1 a bottle. Sold by dealers generally."

"THE LAND CORPORATION OF CANADA." A NEW SCHEME OF COLONIZATION. LONDON, Dec. 13.—The prospectus of a new land company to promote colonization upon lands in the North-West has been issued. The title of the Company has been changed to "The Land Corporation of Canada." The capital is fixed at £500,000, divided into 50,000 shares of £10 each. The Corporation has the option of purchasing from the Syndicate 1,000,000 acres of land along the main line of the Canada Pacific Railway or its branches. They contemplate also purchasing other lands from the Hudson Bay Company and the Government of Canada. They will divide the land into farms of from 160 acres each to 640 acres. On each farm they will erect suitable buildings, and will let these farms to tenants. The terms will be very easy, with a view to inviting settlements. Tenants will be offered the option of purchasing their farms on certain conditions. Every day the inquiries about Canada and the prospects of emigrants to the older Provinces or to the Northwest become more numerous. The Dominion is better known and its name is more frequently mentioned than ever before. A large and very intelligent class of people, therefore, are greatly interested by the announcement which has been made that a public meeting will be held at Exeter Hall to-morrow evening at which the subject of emigration to Canada will be discussed. His Excellency the Governor-General has accepted an invitation to preside. Among the speakers will be Sir Alexander Galt, the Canadian High Commissioner, whose recent visit to the Northwest will no doubt form the subject for a most interesting address. Other prominent men who have visited Canada and have taken a special interest in examining her great resources will also address the audience. It is expected that a very large number of people will be present.

EPPE'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING— "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a deliciously flavored 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 any tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins 3s and 6s, labelled "James Eppe & Co. Homeopathic Chemists, London, England." Also takers of Eppe's COCOA FOR ESSENCE OF AFTERNOON USE.

THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY. Plain Language from Truthful James G. Blaine.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—The President today sent to the Senate the instructions of Blaine to Lowell in reference to a modification of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. On November 19th Blaine wrote Lowell as follows:—"In pursuance of the premises laid down in my circular note of June 24th, touching the determination of this Government with respect to the guarantee of neutrality for the inter-oceanic canal at Panama, it becomes my duty to call your attention to the Convention of April 19th, 1850, between Great Britain and the United States, known as the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. According to the articles of that Convention the high contracting parties in referring to the inter-oceanic canal through Nicaragua, agreed that neither one nor the other will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over said ship canal, and that neither will ever erect or maintain any fortification commanding the same or in the vicinity thereof. In the concluding paragraph the high contracting parties agreed to extend their protection by treaty stipulations to any other practical communication, whether by canal or railway across the Isthmus which are now proposed or Panama. This convention was made more than 30 years ago under exceptional and extraordinary conditions, which have long since ceased to exist—conditions which, at best, were temporary in their nature, and which can never be reproduced. The remarkable development of the United States on the Pacific coast since that time has created new duties for the Government, and devolved new responsibilities upon it, a full and complete discharge of which requires some essential modifications in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The interests of Her Majesty's Government involved in the question, in so far as they may be properly judged by the observation of a friendly Power, are so inconsiderable in comparison with those of the United States, that the President hopes that an adjustment of the terms of the treaty may be reached in a spirit of amity and concord. Respect to Her Majesty's Government demands that the objections to the perpetuation of the Convention, as it now exists, should be stated with directness and entire frankness, and among the most salient and palpable of these is the fact that the operation of the treaty practically concedes to Great Britain control of whatever canal may be constructed. The presumptive

INTENTION OF THE TREATY was to place the two powers on a plane of perfect equality with respect to the canal, but in practice this would prove utterly delusive, and would, instead, surrender it, if not in form, yet in effect, to the control of Great Britain. The treaty binds the United States not to use military force in any precautionary measure, while it leaves the naval power of Great Britain perfectly free and unrestrained; ready at any moment to seize both ends of the canal and render its military occupation on land a matter entirely within the discretion of Her Majesty's Government. The military power of the United States, as shown by the recent civil war, is without limit, and in conflict on the American continent altogether irresistible. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty commands this Government not to use a single regiment of troops to protect its interest in connection with the inter-oceanic canal, but to surrender the transit to the guardianship and control of the British navy. If no American soldier is to be quartered on the Isthmus to protect the rights of his country in the inter-oceanic canal, surely by the fair logic of neutrality, no war vessel of Great Britain should be permitted to appear in waters that control either entrance to the canal. A more comprehensive objection to the treaty is urged by this Government. Its provisions embody a misconception of the relative positions of Great Britain and the United States with respect to the interests of each Government in questions pertaining to this continent. The Government of the United States has no occasion to disavow an aggressive disposition. Its entire policy establishes its pacific character, and among the chief aims is to cultivate the most friendly and intimate relations with its neighbors, both independent and colonial. At the same time this Government, with respect to European States, will not consent to perpetuate any treaty that impairs our rightful and long established claim to priority on the American continent. The United States seeks to use only for the defence of its own interests, the same force and provision which Her Majesty's Government so energetically displays in defence of the interests of the British Empire. To guard her English possessions, to secure the most rapid transit for troops and munitions of war, and prevent any other nation having equal facilities in the same direction, Great Britain holds and

FORTESS ALL STRATEGIC POINTS that control the route to India. At Gibraltar, at Malta, and at Cyprus her fortifications give her mastery of the Mediterranean. She holds a controlling interest in the Suez Canal and by her fortifications at Aden and on the Island of Perim, she excludes all other Powers from the waters of the Red Sea and renders it a mere cove. It would, in the judgment of President, be no more unreasonable for the United States to demand a share in these fortifications or to demand their absolute neutralization than for England to make the same demand in perpetuity from the United States with respect to transit across the American continent. The possessions which Great Britain thus carefully guards in the East are not of more importance to her than is the Pacific slope with its present development and assured growth to the Government of the United States. The states and territories appurtenant to the Pacific Ocean and dependent upon it for a commercial outlet, and hence directly interested in the canal, comprise an area of nearly eight hundred thousand square miles, larger in extent than the German Empire and four Latin countries of Europe combined. This vast region is but fairly beginning its prosperous development. Six thousand miles of railway are already constructed within its limits, and it is a moderate calculation to-day that within the current decade the number of miles will be at least doubled. In the near future the money value of its surplus for export will be as large as that of British India and perhaps larger. Nor must it be forgotten that India is but a distant colony of Great Britain, while the region on our Pacific is an integral portion of our national domain, and of the very heart and body of our state. Great Britain precludes the advantage, and perhaps neces-

sity, of maintaining at heavy cost large military and naval establishments in the interior and nearest route to India, while any nation with hostile intent is compelled to take a longer route and travel many thousand additional miles through dangerous seas. It is hardly conceivable that the same great power which considers herself justified in taking these precautions for the safety of a remote colony on another continent should object to the United States adopting similar but far less demonstrative measures for the protection of the distant shores of her Union in still closer bonds of interest and sympathy, and for holding in the quiet determination of honorable self-defence, absolute control of a great water way which shall unite two oceans, and which the United States will always insist upon treating as part of her coast line.

IF A HOSTILE MOVEMENT should at any time be made against the Pacific coast, and threaten danger to its people and destruction to its property, the Government of the United States would feel that it had been unfaithful to its duty and negligent towards its own citizens if it permitted itself to be bound by a treaty which gave the same right through the canal to war ships bent on an errand of destruction that is reserved to its own navy sailing for the defence of our coast and the protection of the lives of our people. And England insists by the might of her power that her enemies in war shall strike her Indian possessions only by doubling the Cape of Good Hope, so the Government of the United States will equally insist that an interior, more speedy and safer route of canal shall be reserved for ourselves, while our enemies, if we shall ever be so unfortunate as to have any, shall be remanded to a voyage around Cape Horn. The consideration of the controlling influence in this question is a well settled conviction, on the part of this Government, that only by the United States exercising supervision can the Isthmus canals be definitely and at all times secured against the interference and obstruction incident to war. A more agreement of neutrality on paper between the great powers of Europe might prove ineffectual to preserve the canal in time of hostilities.

TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS. Public speakers and singers who would possess a clear voice, freedom from hoarseness and sore throat should use Haggard's Pectoral Balsam, a safe, pleasant and certain healer for the throat and lungs; it speedily breaks up a cold and cures all pulmonary complaints that so often lead to incurable consumption.

MAY ONE STILL HINT? THAT IRREPRESSIBLE MANIFESTO. One may not hint that from one end of the country to the other the landlords are getting no rent. That is, we may not hint it, but the *Times* and the *Daily Express* may. The respectable and privileged organs of opinion are beginning to awaken to a shrewd suspicion that the landlords' real difficulty this winter will not be in the Land Courts, but in the rent office. The *Times* correspondent describes the landlords in a perfect state of panic over the hint dropped by Commissioner McCarthy at Ballina, "with all the solemnity of a judicial statement," that "when an originating notice has been served the landlords are quite helpless to recover their rents until the question raised by it is settled." The *Times* does not wonder that the landlords are eager to settle upon any terms. "Wherever they look around they see the No-Rent Manifesto threatening them." The *Daily Express* is in a less dismal mood. "The no-rent policy is carried out over the greater part of three provinces, and to some extent in Ulster itself, either in the form of an open refusal, or in the covert artifice of litigation." This is very dreadful, a month after the suppression of the Land League, and the incarceration of its chiefs. It really almost looks as if the Land Conquest of Ireland were not even yet complete, and will have to be done all over again. More in sorrow than in anger, one is driven to confess that, much as Mr. Forster's warrants and bayonets can do for the landlords, they cannot collect a shilling of rent for them. The supplies are cut off. The tenants keep their mouths closed—and their noses. The modern handwriting on the wall—the No-Rent Manifesto—disappears only to re-appear. There is no speech-making, no mass-meeting, no fast, no noise, no violence—but no rent. The *Daily News* and the *Times* are already agreed that one of the first duties of Parliament next session will be to extend its aims to the penniless landlords. We hope that England will be generous to the unhappy men; they were a good garrison enough in their day. That their need will be sore, one need only glance through the mass of rentless rent-rolls which we publish today to acknowledge. A growl of "No Rent" runs through them like a chorus of the Fates in a Greek play. If we were as free as the *Daily Express* to comment upon this alarming state of things, we would probably find that the tenants upon nearly one thousand estates here, there, and everywhere, have already pledged themselves to "pay no rent under any circumstances whatever until the Government relinquishes the existing system of terrorism." But until the Government relinquishes the existing system of terrorism, it may be quite lawful for the tenants to pay no rents, but it would be highly improper on our part to hint that they are acting the wise as well as the manly part in doing so.—*United Ireland.*

Haggard's Yellow Oil is a perfect panacea, curing by external and internal use all inflammation, pain and soreness; Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Deafness, Colic, Kidney complaints, Burns, Frost Bites and Flesh Wounds of every variety. For sale by all dealers.

THE NUN OF KENMARE AT KNOCK. TO THE EDITOR OF THE UNIVERSITY. Sir,—As a paragraph has got into many papers with an incorrect account of my visit to Knock, I beg your kind insertion of the following. Such reports, from whatever source they emanate, do incalculable harm, as they throw discredit on real miracles.

The facts are simply as follows: I obtained permission to visit Knock, as Archdeacon Cavanagh was anxious that I should find a convent there, if possible. I went there, accompanied by the chaplain of the Kenmare Convent, and did not expect a miraculous cure; in fact, I may say truly, the idea never even crossed my mind. For the last four years I have been unable to kneel down for one instant, even to receive the Holy Communion, from acute rheumatism. On approaching the place where the Blessed Mother of God is said to have appeared I knelt instinctively, and on rising in a few moments I found I was perfectly cured of this long-standing malady. Both Archdeacon Cavanagh and my confessor—the Rev. M. Nelligan, C.O., of Kenmare—were present. How far this may be termed a miraculous cure I leave it to ecclesiastical authority to decide. Probably, however, it is only one of those cures for which the recipient may indeed thank God, but which could not be accepted by ecclesiastical authority for the confirmation of a devotion.

I am very ignorant of theology; but believe a number of such cures would carry weight if several perfect miracles are proved. Archdeacon Cavanagh has already several medical certificates testifying to the miraculous cures; but we must wait the wise and patient ways of the Church. I can only say that, so far as my expecting a cure for myself, when I found myself on my knees, and knew that I should rise in a few minutes, I thought first how was I to get up without assistance, and was amazed, on making the effort to do so, to find myself perfectly able. My confessor, the Rev. M. Nelligan, C.O., can testify to the years during which he has given me Holy Communion sitting, though I tried again and again—and even lately was quite unable—to kneel.

It was incorrectly stated that I was carried into the church. This was not true; but I believe the marvellous restoration of my health—which has been granted to me through the infinite mercy of God—is quite as remarkable, if not far more so, than the grant of this favour of being able to kneel.

I have been for nine years entirely unable for the least physical exertion, except for a few hours in the day; but since my visit to Knock I seem scarcely to feel fatigue of any kind.

The Church has not yet spoken in the matter. Till it speaks we may not do more than hope and pray; but since the devotion has not been forbidden, we may both hope and pray, and surely there can scarcely be a subject more worthy of our prayers. In the meantime, I would beg of those who report supposed miraculous favors to be most careful, for nothing but harm can come of exaggeration. At the same time, it is a supreme duty to have any cures which appear miraculously fully and truthfully reported.

Yours, &c., SISTER M. FRANCIS CLARE, Presentation Convent, Tuam.

For Stings of Insects, Scorpions, Centipedes, and the Bites of Poisonous Insects, &c., the wounded parts covered with a cloth wet with Perry David's Pain Killer, and allowed to dry. It will take the pain internally also.

THE FIGHT WITH A SLAVER. LONDON, Dec. 12.—A despatch received at the Admiralty Office, from Zanzibar, states that the men of the British man-of-war "London," who were wounded in the attempt to capture a dhow flying French colors and loaded with slaves are getting along favourably. Capt. Brownrigg, of the "London," was on a tour of inspection, and had gone alongside of the dhow to ascertain whether she was flying correct colors. The Arab crew of the dhow, seeing that the men in the "London's" pinnace were unprepared, fired a volley into them, and then boarded the pinnace, killing some, wounding others; and driving the remainder of the crew overboard. They then closed on Capt. Brownrigg, who, after a gallant resistance, during which he received 21 wounds, fell, shot through the head. A boat from the "London" has since captured the dhow, which was empty. A body of the Sultan of Zanzibar's troops have captured a party of Arabs who are suspected of having formed the crew of the dhow.

CAUSE AND EFFECT. The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system.—*Advocate.*