

who came over quite civil, and bid me follow him. She looked at me to go; so I went, and after while the ladies came into the room where I was put, to tea; so they came and spoke to me, and then I told them who I was, and everything; and soon after the strange gentlemen came in with Lieutenant Percy Emond, and they had a great deal to talk among themselves, and the gentlemen went in and out; and at last, when it was late in the night, they came again, and the lieutenant said to Miss Courtney, who was crying: "Don't be such a fool, Ethel; dry your eyes. We've got the permit to see the prisoner for just half an hour, and take leave of him. Get ready quick!" So at once they all got on their cloaks; and Miss Emond came up and said I was to go with them, and I did;—and Mr. Hugh knows all the rest.

Miles turned to Hugh, who now spoke: "Just as you've heard, I was confined in the jail of Wexford, and instead of the door being opened, and instead of the turnkey, who should walk in to O'Driscoll, who had the night before got your letter and hurried down to Wexford to see Alphonse Fitzpatrick and take charge of the recovered prize. She, Florence Emond, and dear little Ethel Courtney, accompanied him, to say, as it were, a few kind parting words to the condemned felon, which done, they peacefully retired; while that noble fellow, O'Driscoll, who stayed behind, made me exchange clothes with him, to which I never had consented, had he not sworn and pledged to his safety and immunity from consequence, in the fact that Florence Emond had in person pleaded with Lord Carhampton, and Alphonse Fitzpatrick bribed his lordship with a good sum of gold, payable within a month to obtain the interview and favor my escape, without risk to himself. So O'Driscoll and I changed clothes and place, he remaining in the cell, while I also, favored by the well-fed turnkey, walked forth with our fair friends to freedom; met Percy at the gate, to whom I rendered them; and with many grateful thanks for their kind service, having made my adieux to all, accompanied by Ned, I set off for our camp, and here I am."

"And here's a package Miss Emond gave me for you, sir," added Ned, drawing a small parcel from his bosom and handing it to Miles, who received it with most reverential hands, and, opening, found it to contain a miniature likeness of herself, set in pearls, a braid of her golden hair, and a few lines in writing, which, having perused, he folded again, and replaced all in his bosom; then turning, he held out his hand to Ned, saying: "You are a good, faithful fellow, and if things speed well with us, fear not but you shall be rewarded as a friend."

"Oh, sir! I'd do more than that for Mr. Hugh or for yourself," responded the lad, who did not pride himself upon the greatness of his achievement in rescuing from death a well-beloved master. His sole happiness was in the success of the enterprise, and that he held to be reward sufficient.

Hugh said nothing, but he thought not the less deeply; and while all three stood silent a moment, and Ned was thinking of paying a visit to his mother and Moll Doyle, O'Duffy came up with tidings that orders were come from the encampment at Limerick Hill for the insurgent force to march to reinforce Father John's squadrons, who were expecting the English army, under Generals Dundas and Loftus, to attack their position on the morrow.

"Bedad, sir, that's good news!" cried Ned, joyously. "I wish it was in Father John's own squadron we were, for with the sign of the cross over it there's no batin' em; an' shure what could we have expected at New Ross but defeat under the general that never bint his knee to ask for a blessing! I hope he won't bring us ill-luck."

"I hope not, Ned," returned Miles, gravely. "But go and see your mother, who is uneasy about you, and take what rest you can, before we are again under march."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BRITISH AND CELTIC WARRIORS HOLD A GREAT TOURNAMENT ON VINEGAR HILL.—SEVENTY THOUSAND CHAMPIONS MEET IN THE LIST.—PRIZE OF THE FIELD: A NATION.

Early on the morning of the sixteenth the insurgents set out from Limerick Hill, without encountering an enemy on the march. At Tineahely their advance guard came up with an equal force of the royalists, whom they put to flight with their impetuous charge. Early on the following day the united forces of Loftus and Dundas came in sight of the formidable array marshalled on Mount Pleasant, and witnessing the military discipline they exhibited, with their dauntless bearing, bolting their boasted count, that the "bloody croppy rebels" would fly on the appearance of their overwhelming force—the English troops halted in the distance, while the despised foe, commanded to advance, charged at a quick pace down the hill, and once again, swept before the irresistible charge of the pikemen, the serried lines of Britain broke, and the mighty host melted away and drifted like a thunder-cloud dispersed by tempest; the cavalry vainly attempting to cover their retreat from the pursuing army, as it lunged upon their rear. Night at length closed in, and laden with spoil and prisoners, the victors returned to their camp, where tidings of the failure of the insurrection in Kildare and Dublin, and of the rumored immediate invasion of the country by Buonaparte, having reached them, it was decided in hastily convened council to march to Kilkavin Hill, and compel General Lake, stationed at Gorey, to give them battle. After a brief rest they set out, and advanced to the walls of the town, where the troops were drawn up in preparation for an attack. The scanty artillery of the insurgents was soon brought to the front, and began to play on the lines of the enemy, who replied with spirit, while the pikemen pushed rapidly forward to engage the redcoats, who slowly retreated before them. The main body of the patriots awaited upon the hill orders from their leaders, then busy in council debating upon the contents of dispatches from General Harvey, who, the affect that, being unable to maintain his position before Ross, he was forced to fall back with his division to cover Wexford, and that he deemed it expedient the forces now on Kilkavin Hill should set out for Vinegar Hill, to act in concert with the army under him. The experience of the measure having been discussed among the chiefs, it was agreed to abandon the attack upon General Lake, and hasten to the reinforcement of Vinegar Hill. The same night, accordingly, the insurgent corps, in the dawning flush of their success, were summoned to resume their march to Vinegar Hill, their movements still impeded by the vast multitude of women and children that sought protection beneath their arms from the English soldiers, whose exhortations, as they issued from their weary chambers of freedom, no tongue might describe, no history record. Well-nigh famished and exhausted, the gallant cohort, sheltered by the rear guard, arrived at nightfall at their destination, and there encamped, a hundred fires lighting up the dark scene, and

the deep and solemn murmur of the great multitude, borne upon the night wind, sounded sad and mournful to the ear as requiem over tombs.

On the morning of the 19th, Miles O'Byrne, who had been from an early hour patrolling round the vicinity of the bivouac, with one or two others despoiled, by the aid of a glass, a considerable force of horse, foot and artillery marching towards them. They at once gave the alarm, and Father Philip Roche, a bold and dashing leader, at once ordered the force under his command to prepare for battle. To this Captain Cluny objected, urging the rashness of hazarding a conflict on odds, which could but result in the defeat of their small band; hence, having yielded to the opinion of his sage adviser, the insurgents effected, by strategic manoeuvre, a hasty retreat to the encampment on the Three Rocks, where they heard, on their arrival, that Sir John Moore, with a large force, was situated at Longraig, between Ross and Wexford, in consequence of which intelligence, at daybreak next morning, the reinforced legions set out to give battle to 15,000 chosen troops, under the command of one of the ablest generals in the English service.

Arrived at Goff's Bridge, within sight of the enemy, the gunsman marshalled into line, four deep, amounting to 650 men. At this critical juncture, one of the leaders, acting as he had hitherto done at Ross, left the field, at the head of his corps, under the pretence of taking up a position to cut off the enemy in case of defeat; while Captain Cluny was remonstrating with the dastard, Father Roche ordered his line to advance. The conflict, opened with vigor, was maintained for four hours with considerable slaughter, the gunsman making their fire very English. To kill their ammunition was exhausted, and two fresh cavalry regiments, under Lord Dalhousie, approached to reinforce the troops, and compelled them to retreat.

Alarmed now in right earnest at the difficulty of quelling the stubborn spirit exercised by English means to achieve what design upon the nation's legislative independence, Government arose in its might, and hastened to put forth all its strength to grapple with, not a powerful province—a rival kingdom—but two small countries, whose half-armed peasantry had alone chivalrously sprung to the war challenge, and hand-in-hand withstood the shock and brunt of the mailed phalanx of Britain, and still put forth its prowess with undiminished ardor, to hurl the oppressor from the soil, and read the country's chains. From all quarters regiments were now converging in overwhelming force to make a combined onslaught on the insurgent host: General Dundas marched from Balinglass to form a junction with General Loftus; Major-General Needham set out from Arklow to Gorey on the 19th June; and on the evening of the 20th, General Moore took up a position at Fook's Mill; while Major-General Sir James Duff marched from Newtownbarry to join General Loftus at Scarawahilly, to await orders from the general, who posted at Salsburgh. To the concentration of troops on land several men-of-war appeared off the coast, while gunboats blocked up the entrance of Wexford harbor.

The loud war-trumpet at early dawn broke the deep slumber of the insurgent camp, and a heavy shower of strong hands, swiftly marshalling in battle ranks, front, flank, and rear, foot, horse, and cannon rolled along the sacred host to take up the assigned position against the foe—twenty thousand English troops, led by six chosen generals, practised in every military manoeuvre, furnished with a formidable artillery, and fresh and vigorous for the fray. Glinting in the rising sun, lance and broadsword flashed back the golden beams in rays of dazzling light, as right onward poured the swelling tide to hurl its submerging billows upon the opposing barrier, to stem whose rushing burst swayed and leaved the frowning sea of pikes before. From the deep array of the English lines rolled the thunder of cannon and rattle of musketry, with the booming of drum, and the ringing of clarion, as the advancing squadrons drew near, while the thrilling blast of pipes, and the war cries of the leaders were promptly answered by each Celtic corps, burning for the onslaught. Now converged, and concentrated upon the field, forty thousand men stood front to front—twenty thousand peasant patriots, ill-trained for war, and scantily equipped with their necessary munitions, arrayed in bold, defiant attitude against twenty thousand men fitted out in martial panoply, and aided and abetted by a powerful Orange oligarchy, all straining with them to one end—the destruction of their country, and the extermination of the magnanimous people, with whom they had never fraternized, could never fraternize. And now the hostile lines engage: as conflicting oceans with tumultuous roar surge, heave, and foam in rival strife, the squadrons closed in wild contending waves, amidst clouds of smoke that flamed and shrouded the battlefield, the levin flame flashes up to the very mouth of the cannon, the chivalry of Erin charged beneath the banners of their chiefs. Closing at weapon-point, a forest of pikes brandish and wave, amid a shower of broadswords; shriek and yell arose as potentions from the seething, reeling, rallying, struggling mass, now drifting in broken billow and eddying waves, plumed crests and glittering helmets borne wildly to and fro upon the hurricane that swept along, waving banners tossed upon the storm, rising, sinking, beaten back, advanced. Blending with the cannon's roar, swells louder and ever louder the yell of maddened combatants, and shout, shriek, and groan mingled in dire chorus, as though all the fiends and furies, broke loose from their penal element, hovered in darkness, smoke, flame, and carnage over the scene; lances crash, and dented shields are borne down where the pikemen dash, and opposing their banded might upon the serried phalanx of the reeling foe, in that stern and desperate strife, upon whose issue all was staked dear to the patriot's heart. Hundreds of women, now lured to war, stood side by side with their warrior champions, and fought as dauntlessly and well, no fear of death, no flight for wound: unquailing, unflinching, the gall of shoulder they fought, each closing the eyes of slain comrades, and the affect that, being unable to maintain his position before Ross, he was forced to fall back with his division to cover Wexford, and that he deemed it expedient the forces now on Kilkavin Hill should set out for Vinegar Hill, to act in concert with the army under him. The experience of the measure having been discussed among the chiefs, it was agreed to abandon the attack upon General Lake, and hasten to the reinforcement of Vinegar Hill. The same night, accordingly, the insurgent corps, in the dawning flush of their success, were summoned to resume their march to Vinegar Hill, their movements still impeded by the vast multitude of women and children that sought protection beneath their arms from the English soldiers, whose exhortations, as they issued from their weary chambers of freedom, no tongue might describe, no history record. Well-nigh famished and exhausted, the gallant cohort, sheltered by the rear guard, arrived at nightfall at their destination, and there encamped, a hundred fires lighting up the dark scene, and

protected by a force under General Roche. Among the slain were several of the chiefs, and Moll Doyle, with many other women, who had behaved with singular intrepidity on the field.

The town of Wexford, having surrendered to General Sir John Moore, the insurgents, in separate divisions, marched by different routes, one led by General Byrne, Emond, Ryan, and Hugh O'Byrne in the direction of Gorey, while the second, consisting of an equal force of three thousand men, under the command of Father John Murphy, Miles O'Byrne, Miles Byrne, jun., and other leaders, proceeded en route for Carlow, halting at Three Rocks, Sludagh, Longrigg, and Killane, at which latter place they again routed a force of yeomanry sent to oppose them, thence continuing their march on the ensuing day they received intelligence of a force of cavalry and infantry advancing to Gorey's Bridge, to intercept the passage of the Barrow, upon which they marched to meet the enemy. The 4th Dragoon Guards, whom, having been defeated in a fierce engagement, fell back on their infantry, the Wexford Militia, whom Miles, with astonishment, beheld headed, among other officers, by Maurice O'Driscoll, Percy Emond, and Guillard Colandisk; but he had little respite for comment—a volley of musketry blazed along the line. The insurgents replied with spirit, and how much was his amazement augmented to find, when the war-cloud had rolled away, that having discharged a harmless fusillade, but one man having been wounded by Colandisk, who fired with truer aim, officers and men were galloping at the top of their speed from the field. Immediate pursuit being ordered, the insurgent force charged, mowing the ranks of whom Emond was one, and captured the town. Maurice O'Driscoll, overtaken in his flight, by Guillard Colandisk, after a feeble show of resistance, was seized by Miles to whom, with a smile of significance, he surrendered his sword. Guillard, with some others, escaped by hard riding, and the victors proceeded to Mount Leinster, where they pitched their camp for the night.

The moon, like a sliver of silver, hung suspended that summer night in a cloudless firmament, bespangled with myriad glittering constellations, as though it were, in sooth, the regal dome of a spacious world, lighted with lamps for festive hour; and yet there was a whispering voice in the air—a moan in the languid breeze, as it swept mournfully by, waving, with gentle motion, the rustling boughs of the trees, and a murmur in the rippling waves of the gliding and winding river that bodied of rain at hand and change in the weather.

Sad at heart and depressed in spirit, Miles O'Byrne and Maurice O'Driscoll, having left the camp after the midnight watch was changed, sauntered, side by side, through the solitary wilderness, reposing in the magical solemnity and stillness of moonlight, so clear and brilliant that all the surrounding country lay defined and open to view as in the blaze of day. While slowly they paced along, inhaling the soothing balms of the lulling hour and absorbed in converse, fearing no danger, and anticipating no interruption, Miles heard from Maurice, whom he had first approached that he should have borne arms against his own countrymen, a full and satisfactory explanation of his conduct, and the motive that had impelled him to such a step: "I had no alternative, Miles," pleaded the young man, earnestly, "having implicated myself in promoting the escape of Hugh from inevitable death, the wrath of his belated enemies knew no bounds. Luttrell and Kingsborough, well bribed to bear me scathless through, proved but lukewarm patrons at the call of need, in especial Luttrell, who, pleading fair to my face, had, I discovered, under the rose, conspired with Colandisk, to sanction and abet the designs of my accusers. It was Marion Emond, with Percy and Captain Courtney, who stood my friends, and suggested that I could easily vindicate my loyalty, suspected and impugned by my deed of generosity in favor of a personal friend, by taking an appointment in the Wexford Militia, and demonstrating my zeal in the cause by my activity against the rebels. Need I rehearse the sequel? Thankful for my escape, I accepted the commission, with the mental reservation, that no drop of patriot blood should stain my hand; but, when full soon I found that among the corps, many there were whose hearts, were like mine, estranged from the tyrant's cause they were fated to serve. Little pain it gave me to dissuade nearly every man of them from the hateful task assigned them. Hence, this morn when we rode out, Colandisk beset me, a spy to watch and report my movements, my resolution was already made, with that of the brave fellows under me. Sent to the front to meet the first charge, we discharged our muskets in the air, then seized, as it were, with panic, turned and fled, carrying disorder and confusion into our own lines. My subsequent flight with the stout Colandisk was, as you know, a sham; for, long ere we had stood face to face in the ranks, I had recognized you, and longed to grasp your brave hand, as now I do. Are you satisfied?"

Miles wrung the hand extended to him: "Yes, yes, Maurice; you had no alternative, and you have acted nobly and well. Doubt not but when I represent your case to our leaders you will be granted liberty without demerit. I am only sorry we cannot have Emond accompany you, and that we did not secure Colandisk. We are now glad to hold prisoners of note as ransom for any of ours taken in battle. But tell me, friend, some news of yourself and—about the Courtneys and Ethel, and—" he longed to utter the name of Flora Emond, but O'Driscoll's eye was upon his face, and somehow he felt his heart beat quicker and as if some rising tell-tale would have betrayed his secret; so, he added: "What about Alphonse? Is there any prospect of her giving propitious ear to your suit?"

Maurice now, in turn, pressed the hand of Miles, while his face glowed like the red harvest moon, warm and refulgent. "Yes, Miles; thanks to my good friend Hugh, and your gallant self, who brought it about, Alphonse—dear Alphonse—and I met once again, not as of yore, in cold, courteous ceremony, but in genial friendship. She told me all her story, and that we did I blessed Colandisk, as the medium of my fortune. I suppose, by right, I should have called him out and shot him; but, in truth, the dolt isn't worth a bullet, and I was in far too generous a frame of mind to think of horse-whipping him. However, he is dangerous withal, as a venomous snake crawling in the grass. Hence, I shall be glad of my liberty to get up to Dublin, whither she, now my own plighted bride, is gone with the Courtneys and Florence Emond. By the way, what I'd give, Miles, to see you married to that girl she ranks next in worth and beauty to my Alphonse, of all I ever met; and, somehow, I've a notion she likes you." Miles colored furiously, but O'Driscoll, not looking at him, went on: "Yes, I know, of course, Alphonse is now safe, quite safe, in the protection of her relatives and friends. What a dear fellow that brother of hers is—the priest;—and to think he shall be mine; but, as I was saying, Alphonse is quite safe now, and my delighted mother has written to me that she is the happiest of women,

in the prospect of another such child to love and cherish, with the probability of grandchildren ad infinitum. Still, Miles, I feel—I know how absurd it is, a yearning to be near my treasure; an insane dread of some evil befalling her in my absence; some calamity impending that my protecting presence could alone ward off. Yes, I shall be very glad, and store it up with all my other deep obligations to be duly required, could you procure my speedy carte blanche of freedom."

"You shall have it to-morrow, my friend," said Miles. "I can understand and sympathize with your feelings, and you will discharge any obligation by being the bearer of a message from me to Florence Emond, whom, strange to say, I regard with sentiments I had once deemed it recreancy, impossible, to own to one of her race. Unlike, indeed, she is to her brothers, towards whom I entertain but an unalloyed feeling of most hostile enmity."

(To be continued.)

SKILFUL SURGICAL OPERATION.

The American Ambassador at Vienna, Mr. Kasson, has lately forwarded to his Government an interesting account of a remarkable surgical operation lately performed by Professor Billroth, of Vienna, which, wonderful to tell, consisted in the removal of a portion of the human stomach, involving nearly one-third of the organ—and, strange to say, the patient recovered—the only successful operation of the kind ever performed. The disease for which this operation was performed was cancer of the stomach, attended with the following symptoms:—The appetite is quite lost. There is a peculiar indescribable distress in the stomach, a feeling that has been described as a faint "all over" sensation; a sticky slime collects about the teeth, especially in the morning, accompanied by an unpleasant taste. Food fails to satisfy this peculiar faint sensation; but, on the contrary, it appears to aggravate the feeling. The eyes are sunken, tinged with yellow, the hands and feet become cold and sticky—a cold perspiration. The sufferer feels tired all the time, and sleep does not seem to give rest. After a time the patient becomes nervous and irritable, gloomy, his mind filled with evil forebodings. When rising suddenly from a recumbent position there is a dizziness, a whistling sensation, and he is obliged to grasp something firm to keep from falling. The intellect is slowly, but steadily, and at times, the blood becomes thick and stagnant, and does not circulate properly. After a time the patient spits up food soon after eating, sometimes in a sour and fermented condition, sometimes sweetish to the taste. Oftentimes there is a palpitation of the heart, and the patient fears he may have heart disease. Towards the last the patient is unable to retain any food whatever, as the opening in the intestines becomes closed, or nearly so. Although this disease is indeed alarming, sufferers with the above-named symptoms should not feel nervous, for nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand have no cancer, but simply dyspepsia, a disease easily removed if treated by a proper manner. The safest and best remedy for the disease is Seigel's Curative Syrup, a vegetable preparation sold by all chemists and medicine vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, (Limited), 17, Farringdon-road, London, E. C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it root and branch out of the system.

St. Mark's-street, Farringdon, London, E. C. November 29th, 1884. Sir, It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefit I have received from Seigel's Syrup. I have been troubled for years with dyspepsia; but after a few doses of the Syrup, I found relief, and after taking two bottles of it I feel quite cured. I am, Sir, yours truly, Mr. A. J. White, (Limited), Farringdon-street, London, E. C. Dear Sir,—I find the sale of Seigel's Syrup steadily increasing. All who have tried it speak very highly of its medicinal virtues: one customer describes it as "Gardner's dyspeptic people." Always remember to give with confidence. Faithfully yours, (Signed) Vincent A. White, Chemist, Dentist, Mortar, Tyndal.

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INVALIDS' HOTEL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTION.

This widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skillful Physicians and Surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvellous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases, liver and kidney diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculiar to women, neuralgia, nervous debility, rheumatism, neuritis, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy (fits), spermatorrhoea, impotency and kindred affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, pile tumors, varicocele, hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the Invalids' Guide-book (168 pages), which gives all particulars. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

ENGLAND BACKS DOWN.

GLADSTONE'S DEMANDS FOR A RUSSIAN WITHDRAWAL "LAPSED."

Alphinstone probably abandoned fears that Sir Peter Lumsden will meet Gordon's fate Russia "attaining her ends by the powers of civilization."

LONDON, March 19.—An increasing amount of dissatisfaction follows every statement made by Mr. Gladstone regarding the Anglo-Russian difficulty. His announcement in the House of Commons this evening has caused not only dissatisfaction but alarm for the safety of Gen. Sir Peter Lumsden and the few hundred British troops under his command on Afghan soil. Mr. Gladstone admitted that England had backed down from the demand for the withdrawal of Russian troops. He sugar-coated the admission with a little verbal jiggery, by saying the demand had "lapsed," but, however it may be phrased, it is certain that the demand has been abandoned by England. This concedes the point that the Government intends to sacrifice the Afghans. If this conviction extends to the Afghan chiefs and they become persuaded that England is a perfidious ally.

GEN. LUMSDEN'S DOOM IS SEALED. He will be slaughtered as remorselessly as Gen. Gordon was, and will become another eminent sacrifice to the policy of shilly-shally. Even the Liberals are disgusted with the pitiful showing made by the Government, by Mr. Gladstone's own statement in the House last night. He had formally announced to the country on Friday that an agreement, or, as he now chooses to term it, an "arrangement," had been made with Russia. Last night he stated that he had on Saturday telegraphed the text of his announcement to St. Petersburg, to ascertain whether Mr. de Giers endorsed his contract with the Government. Mr. Gladstone's opponents, and many of his friends, says it is indubitable that a British Prime Minister should be so obsequious as to send his speech in his own Parliament to a foreign and inimical power, and hubbly ask whether it met with the latter's approval. They pointed out that Mr. de Giers has not yet endorsed it, and that the Russian statesman has without doubt taken Mr. Gladstone's measure and will act accordingly.

AT THE CARLTON CLUB. It was said to-night that the acts of Mr. de Giers and the Russian commanders in the field were quite reprehensible with the Carl's widely quoted assertion that he had no idea of declaring war. Without any such declaration Russia is calmly edging her way into Afghanistan, and to quote the Carl's, "attaining her ends by the powers of civilization" and no violence. To declare war would be to assume responsibility for a vast amount of bloodshed. It is much simpler and more civilized to quietly occupy the coveted territory, and keep England amused by diplomacy. Whenever England has called a halt Russia has replied: "Certainly, gentlemen! but if any orders have been sent to our troops, they have apparently got lost on the way."

THE STRUGGLE SHOULD TAKE PLACE. The Afghan alliance would be a factor of great importance. At present England has it, but the Russians are most accomplished diplomats, and it is said they have secured the services of principal Afghan chiefs. England has also spent money lavishly, but with less discretion. English officers are too John Bullish to be successful fighters. They toss the money down with an air of contempt, and the recipient is humiliated in picking it up. The Russians convey a less amount with greater delicacy, and thus buy a man willing to fight for them to acknowledge himself bought. The general opinion amongst Indian officers is that the Amer can be depended upon. He has eight first-rate regiments of infantry and some excellent artillery. Like the Swiss of the Middle Ages, the Afghans fight magnificently if well paid, and England can afford to do this.

ON THIS SUBJECT THE OPINION OF GENERAL DEEDEN, who was interviewed the other day in Paris, is of interest. This Afghan rebel, who was banished many years ago from India for an attempt to raise a rebellion in Northern India against British rule, is a highly educated Moslem. He says that his countrymen all hate England and the English. "They promise us everything," he said, "but they do nothing, except use us as their tools. The Afghans," he further remarks, "are all Moslems, and never lose sight of the chance of a grand Moslem outbreak in India."

BETWEEN EIGHT HUNDRED AND A THOUSAND boxes of oranges will be shipped this year by an orange-grower from near Anthony, Fla. The same grower last year produced only fifty boxes. This increase, though large, is not unusual, and demonstrates the wonderful bearing capacity of an orange grove.

THE "FAVORITE" PRESCRIPTION.

DR. R. V. FIERCE, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose name has become known over the world through his success as a physician, and especially through the reputation of his "Golden Medical Discovery," has done good work in preparing an especial remedy for the many distressing troubles classed as "female weaknesses." It is known as the "Favorite Prescription." Under its administration all the pelvic organs are strengthened, and the woman becomes that embodiment of health and beauty which God intended her to be.

HARD TO BELIEVE.

It is hard to believe that a man was cured of a kidney disease after his body was swollen as big as a barrel and he had been given up as incurable and lay at death's door. Yet such a cure was accomplished by Kidney-Wort in the person of M. M. Devereaux of Ionia, Mich., who says: "After thirteen of the best doctors in Detroit had given me up, I was cured by Kidney-Wort. I want every one to know what a boon it is."

CAUTION TO DAIRYMEN.

Ask for WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co's. IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR, and take no other. Beware of all imitations, and of all other colors, for every other one is liable to become rancid and spoil the butter into which it is put. If you cannot get it write to us at Burlington, Vt., to know where and how to get it without extra expense. Thousands of tests have been made, and they always prove it the best.

Portland, Me., has 994 boys who recently signed the triple pledge against intoxicating liquors, profanity and tobacco.

Freeman's Worm Powders require no other Purgative. They are safe and sure to remove all varieties of Worms.

There are about one hundred and sixty Mormon churches in Colorado, Idaho and Arizona. Holloway's Pills.—With the darkening days and changing temperatures the digestion becomes impaired, the liver disordered, and the mind despondent unless the cause of the irregularity be expelled from the blood and body by an alterative like these Pills. They go directly to the source of the evil, thrust out all impurities from the circulation, reduce distempered organs to their natural state, and correct all defective and contaminated secretions. Such easy means of instituting health, strength, and cheerfulness should be in the possession of all whose stomachs are weak, whose minds are much harassed, or whose brains are overworked. Holloway's is essentially a blood-purifying medicine, whereby its influence, reaching the remotest fibres of the frame, effects a universal good. One day recently Mr. Gladstone is reported to have purchased 100 hats for his own use.

Dr. Low's Worm Syrup has removed tape worm from 15 to 30 feet in length. It also destroys all kinds of worms.

A hay crop of two and a half tons to the acre will carry off 450 pounds of mineral matter.

Why go limping and whining about your corns, when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them?

The University of Cairo, in Egypt, is said to be 400 years older than Oxford, and has 10,000 students who are being educated as Mohammedan missionaries.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms.

Quinton, N. H., has a curiosity in the shape of a well which produces warm water. It is situated in a window-glass factory, and the supposition is that the water from the springs feeding the well passes under the furnace and is thus heated.

National Pills act promptly upon the Liver, regulate the Bowels and as a purgative are mild and thorough.

A gas meter inspector examined by the gas committee of the New York Legislature on Monday said that some meters run fast and some run slow. In Philadelphia he found meters were from 3 to 16 per cent fast.

Prof Low's Sulphur Soap is highly recommended for the cure of Eruptions, Chafes, Chapped hands, Pimples, Tan, &c.

At New, recently, the Duke of Hamilton purchased all the tickets for a performance of "La Sonnambula" in order that he might not be "annoyed" by the presence of others.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, for Pulmonary Troubles. J. T. McFARLAND, M. D., Anderson, S. C., says: "I consider Scott's Emulsion one of the best preparations in the market for Pulmonary Troubles."

According to Richard A. Proctor a hand at which can be made up in 635,013,559,000 ways.

The question whether young women shall pursue the same line of studies as their brothers, seems to find its chief objection in their different physical constitution. Arguments on this subject are finely handled on both sides; but the perfect adaptation of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to the cure of ailments attending the feminine organism needs no argument; its works are its proof.

Wilhelm does not eat lobster, soups stuffed with eel and cucumber pickles.

Mr. Abraham Gibbs, Vaughan, writes: "I have been troubled with Asthma since I was ten years of age, and have taken hundreds of bottles of different kinds of medicine, with no relief. I saw the advertisement of Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Lime and Soda, and determined to try it. I have taken one bottle, and it has given the more relief than anything I have ever tried before, and I have great pleasure in recommending it to those similarly afflicted."

Six hotels have already failed in New York since January 1.

There are many Gough Mixtures, but only Allen's Lung Balsam; try it.—See also Berlin has but one church to 50,000 of its inhabitants.

T. Burrows, of Wilkesport, writes that he was cured of a very dangerous case of inflammation of the lungs, solely by the use of five bottles of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Feels great pleasure in recommending it to the public, as he had proved it (for many of the diseases it mentions to cure) through his friends, and in nearly every instance it was effectual. Do not be deceived by imitations of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Be sure you get the genuine.

England has 5,000,000 widows. PNEUMONIAS OF APPROACHING WINTER, in the shape of digestive weakness, lassitude, inactivity of the kidneys, pains in the region of the liver and shoulder blades, mental depression coupled with headache, furred tongue, vertigo, should not be disregarded. Use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and avert the peril to health. It removes all impurities, and gives tone to the whole system.

There are probably not more than ten persons in London who live on their own property.

Mr. George Tolen, druggist, Gravenhurst, Ont., writes: "My customers who have used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure say that it has done them more good than anything they have ever used." It has indeed a wonderful influence in purifying the blood and curing diseases of the Digestive Organs, the Liver, Kidneys, and all disorders of the system.

William Holman Hunt has finished his picture of the "Massacre of the Innocents," and he wants \$100,000 for it.

A WORD OF WARNING. To protect the public, and prevent them from being imposed upon by the worthless counterfeits and imitations of our MURRAY & LANSMAN'S FLORIDA WATER, we have prepared a paper in which the words "LANSMAN & KEMP, New York," appear in pale letters when a leaf of the little pamphlet is held up to the light; and whenever Florida Water is offered for sale wrapped in a pamphlet that does not have this water-mark or stamp in it, then it is counterfeit and should be rejected.