Tennyson's Prince ch of a picture, certainly! stretch of wide sunny road, with k hedge and a clump of shadowy nibbling in a grass ditch

> ine, green turf, the buoyancy the air; some one, trailing hheeded in the sandy dust, t under the flickering elms

and the deep monotono

d-brown hair, the shade of eares in autumn, with a sad

he face of one who has suffered and patient; who has loved much and will in to the end; who, from the depths oble, selfless nature, looks out upon ld with mild eyes of charity; a yet a girl in years, whom one

hed, yet a great my sets, which see hed his pearl among women.

ust now, standing under the elms, with straight white folds and uncovered hair, her wistful eyes looking far away sead, one could have compared her to a man or a Druidical priestess under the day of the earged also, there is at once

orman or a Druidical priestess under the hadow of the sacred oak; there is at once something so benignant and strong, so full of pathos, in her face and form.

Low swaying of branches, then the pattering of red and yellow rain round the roughhewn bench, the brown baby awakes and stretches out its arms with a lusty cry—a suggestive human sound that effectually breaks up the stillness; for at the same nstant an urchin whittling wood in the nedge scrambles out in haste, and a buxomlooking woman steps from the porch of an ivy-covered lodge, wringing the soap-suds from her white wrinkled hands.

Trifles mar tranquility.

For a moment silence is invaded, and the dissonant sounds gather strength; for once infant tears fail to be dried by mother smiles, and, as if in answer to the shrill and the smiles, and, as if in answer to the shrill and the strength of the shrill and the shrill are the shrill and the shrill and the shrill are the shrill are the shrill and the shrill are the shrill a smiles, and, as it in all well to the billion cries, flocks of snow-white geese waddle solemnly across the grass; the boy leaves off whittling wood and chases the yellow-bills; through the leafy avenue comes the loade corn-wain, the jocund wa poppies in his hat, blue popples in his hat, blue corn-flowers and pink convolvuli trailing from the horses' ears; over the fields sound the distant pealing of bells.

girl wakes up from her musing fit with a deep sigh, and her face becomes suddenly very pale; then she moves slowly across the road towards a path winding through the bare harvest fields, where the ers are busily at work. From under

through the bare narvest heises, where the gleaners are busily at work. From under the tamarisk hedge comes the shadow of a woman; as the white gown disappears and the lodge-keeper carries off her wailing child, the shadow becomes substance and grows erect into the figure of a girl.

Of a girl in shabby black, footsore and weary, who drags herself with hesitating steps to the spot where the other woman's feet have been rested, and there she stoops and hurriedly gathers a few blades of grass and presses them to her lips.

Silence once more over the landscape; the glitter of sunshine round the empty bench; the whirling of insects in the ambient air; under the shadowy elms a girl smiling bitterly over a few poor grasses, gathered as we pluck them from a loved one's grave.

Catharine, the lodge-keeper, sat rocking her baby in the old porch seat through the open door one could catch glimpses of the bright red-tiled kitchen with its wooden bright red tiled kitchen with its wooden settle, and the tortoise-shell cat asleep on the great wicker chair; beyond, the sunny little herb-garden with its plots of lavender, marjoram, and sweet-smelling thyme, the last monthly roses blooming among the gooseberry bushes; a child cliqueting up the narrow brick path with a big sun-bonnet and burnished pail; in the corner a toy fountain gurgling over its oyster-shell border, and a few superannuated ferns.

Catharine sat contentedly in the shady porch, on her lap lay the brown baby with his face all puckered up with smiles; his tiny hole of a mouth just opened ready for

tiny hole of a mouth just opened ready for the small moist thumb, and his bare rosy feet beating noiseless time to the birds; he was listening besides to his m as she sat rocking him and talking

usly aloud. ". Heaven bless her! she muttered, with a cloud on her pleasant face; yes, those were her very words, as she stood like a picture under the old trees yonder.

' Heaven bless her and him too,'-but there was not a speck of color in her face as she said the words, and I could see the tears in her beautiful eyes. Oh, but you are a saint, Miss Margaret—every on knows that; but, as I tell Martin, it is sin and a shame to ring the joy bells for feckless chit that folk never set eyes on while our darling, Miss Margaret, is left

alone in the old place."
"What about Margaret, Catharine, for heaven's sake, what about Margaret the shadow that had come from behind the tamarisk hedge now fell across the porch straight before the startled woman. Catharine put down her apron from her eyes with something like a cry, and stood

up trembling. "Good gracious! is that you, Miss Crystal? why, you come before one like a flash of lightning on a summer's day, to make one palpitate all over for fear of a

"And about as welcome, I suppose, returned the young stranger, bitterly, "m good Catharine, your simile is a wonderful

"I don't know nought about 'similies,'
Miss Crystal, but I know you are as welcome
as the flowers in May. Come in—come in
—my lamb, and don't stand scorching your poor face in the sun; come in and I'll give you Martin's wicker chair by the open window, where you can smell the sea and the fields together, and I'll fetch you a sup of Daisy's new milk, for you look quite faint and moithered, like a lost and weary

bird, my pretty. Yes, just like a lost and You are right," murmured the girl through her pale lips; then aloud, "have your own way, for you were ever an obstinate woman, Catharine, and fetch me a draught of Daisy's sweet milkand a crust of the old brown loaf, and I will thank you

and go; but not before you have told me about Margaret—all that you know, and that you hope and fear, Catharine." "Heaven bless you, Miss Crystal, it is the same tender heart as ever, I see. Yes, you shall hear all I know; and that's little enough, I'll be bound." And so saying, she hustled up her dress over her linsey petticoat, and, taking a tin dipper from the dresser, favorite in the paddock, on he

way to the dairy.

Left to herself, the girl threw herself down-not in the wicker chair, where the cat lay like a furry ball simmering in the sun, but on the old brown settle behind the door, where she could rest her head against

the wall, and see and not be seen. She had taken off her broad-brimmed hat, and it lay on the table beside her : and the

through the lattice sunlight streamed the window full on her face. Such a young face, and—heaven help her—such a sad face; so beautiful too, in spite of the lines that sorrow had evidently traced on it, and the hard bitter curves

round the mouth.

The dark dreamy eyes, the pale clive complexion, the glossy hair—in color the

sun-steeped blackness of the south—the full curled lips and grand profile, might have befitted a Vashti; just so might the spotless queen have carried her uncrowned head when she left the gates of Shushan, and have trailed her garments in the dust with a mien as proud and as desnairing.

when she left the gates of Shushan, and have trailed her garments in the dust with a mien as proud and as despairing.

There she sat motionless, looking over the harvest-fields, while Catharine spread a clean coarse cloth on the small oaken table beside her and served up a frugal meal of brown bread, honey and milk, and then stood watching her while the stranger ate sparingly and as if only necessity compelled.

"There," she said at last, looking up at Catharine with a soft pathetic smile that lent new beauty to her face: "I have done justice to your delicious fare; now draw your chair closer, for I am starving for news of Margaret, and 'like water to a thirsty soul is news from a far country.' How often I say those words to myselt."

"But not bad news, surely, Miss Crystal;

"But not bad news, surely, Miss Crystal; and it is like enough you'll think mine bad when told. Hark, it only wants the half-hour to noon, and they are man and wife

"Man and wife! of whom are you talking,

"Man and wife! of whom are you talking, Catharine?"

"Of whom should I be talking, dearie, but of the young master?" but the girl interrupted her with strange vehemence.

"Catharine, you will drive me crazy with that slow soft tongue of yours. How can Hugh Redmond be married while Margaret stands under the elm trees alone?"

"But it is true, Miss Crystal, for all that has girly as the blue sky is above us—Sir

"But it is true, Miss Crystal, for all that
—as sure as the blue sky is above us—Sir
Hugh Redmond weds to-day with a bonnie
bit child from foreign parts that no one set
eyes on, and whom he is bringing home as
mistress to the old hall."

"I don't believe you!" exclaimed the girl
stormily; but in spite of her words the olive
complexion grew pale. "You are jesting,
Catharine; you are imposing on me some
village fable—some credulous report. As I
love Margaret I refuse to believe you."

"The time was when a word from
Catharine would have contented you, Miss
Crystal," replied the woman sorrowfully,

Orystal," replied the woman sorrowfully and her honest face grew overcast. "Do you think Miss Margaret's own foster sister who was brought up with her, would deceive you now? But it is like enough that sorrow and pride have turned your head, and the mistake of having made the first false step

"Forgive me," returned the girl hoarsely and she took the work-hardened hand and pressed it between both her own. "I will try to believe you, though I cannot realise it that Margaret—my Margaret—has been

it that margarer—iny margarer—has been ijilted."

"No, nor that either, dearie. We must not blame the poor young master beyond his deserts. He loved her true, Miss Crystal; he loved her that true that his heart was like to break; but for all that he was forced to give her up."

"I cannot understand it," in a bewildered voice. "When I left the dear old home that summer's day a year agothey had been engaged nine months; yes, it was nine months, I remember, for it was on her birthday that he asked her to be his wife, and they had loved each other long before that. Do you think I can ever forget that time?"

me?"
"I daresay not. Anyhow, things went on well for a time; the young master was always at the Grange, or Miss Margaret and Mr. Raby at the Hall; and when he was away, for he was always a bit roving, he wrote her a heap of letters; and all was as right as it could be till the old master

me home."
"Ah, true! I had forgotten Sir Wilfred." "Ay, he had been away for more than two years in the East, working for that fine book of his that folks talk about so much; but, he was in bad health, and he had a strange hankering to die in the old Hall. There is an awful mystery in things, Miss Crystal; for if it had pleased Providence to have taken the poor old master before he reached the Hall, our dear Miss Margaret might have been happy now."
"Do you mean that Sir Wilfred objected

to the match?"
"Well, I don't rightly know what happened, but Martin and me think there pened, but Martin and me think there is some mystery at the bottom. Folks say, who know the young master, that he has a way of putting off things to the morrow as should be done to-day, and either he did not tell his father of his engagement to Miss Margaret, or his letters went astray in those foreign parts; but when the old master heard that Mr. Hugh had promised to marry Miss Margaret, he made an awful scene and swore that no Ferrers should be scene, and swore that no Ferrers should be

mistress of Redmond Hall." "Good heavens! what reason could Sir Wilfred have for refusing his consent?

Margaret was beautiful, rich, and well-born.
Do you mean to say that Sir Hugh
was so poor a creature as to give her

with its bustle and traffic, its long narre
with its bustle and traffic, its long narre

patiently and she would win over the old man yet. Well, it is a sad story, and, as I told you, neither Martin nor me know what rightly happened. Sir Wilfred came up to talk to Miss Margaret, and then she sent for Mr. Hugh and told him they must hart. ould say would move her.'

"And yet, if ever woman loved man, Margaret loved Hugh Redmond." "I know it, dearie, no one could look at her and not see that the light had gone out of her life, and that her heart was just breaking—how white you have gone, Miss

Crystal ! Crystal!"
"I am so sorry for Margaret. Oh!
Catharine, Catharine, if I had any tears
left I think I could shed them all for

oung master could say could change her resolution. I know she told him that his resolution. I know she told him that his father was right to forbid their marriage, and though it was a cruel trouble to them both, they must bear it, for it was God's will, not Sir Wilfred's, that separated them; out he would never listen to her, and at last e just flung away in a rage and married

"The other!—whom do you mean, the reveille sounded; when the time came he was ready to go down to the battle. Catharine ?' Catharine?"
"Well, you have heard of Colonel
Mordaunt, who lived up at Wyngate Priory,
the big place, up yonder, some of the land
adjoins the Hall lands, but the house is no

better than a ruin. Yes, I know; Colonel Mordaunt died Well, maybe, you did not know that the Colonel had a daughter, a bit bonnie lass, who was brought up by an aunt in the country. It seems Sir Wilfred and the Colonel had always hoped to bring about a match between the young people, and after Sir Wilfred's death they found a letter with

Sir Wilfred's death they found afterer win the will, charging Mr. Hugh by all that was sacred not to marry Miss Margaret, and begging him to go down to Daintree, and see Colonel Mordaunt's beautiful young daughter. Miss Margaret told me with daugner. his hargare to the wite tears in her eyes what a loving fatherly letter it was, and how it prayed Mr. Hugh to forgive him for crossing his will; but told him at the same time that no blessing could ever follow his marriage with

Margaret Ferrers."
"No blessing? There is some mystery here, Catharine."
"That is what I say, Miss Crystal, but

reason or not, the poor young master was half-crazed with the disappointment; he was for setting aside everything, and going on reckless-like, but Miss Margaret she was like a rock—she could not and would not marry him; and in his anger against her, and because he did not care what became of him, he went down to Daintree and settled the matter with Miss Mordaunt, and that is all I know Miss Crystal."

with its old tender authority, there was a hardly a dry eye in the church.

From that day Mr. Ferrers never flinched from the purpose he had set before him as a far as lay in his power to do his duty. Bound by his ordination vows, he still gloried in the dignity of his priesthood. Sunday after Sunday saw him occupying the pulpit of his little church, which, as the fame of his rare eloquence went abroad was always crowded with strangers.

He had secured the services of an earnest hard-working man—the ill-paid, overworked curate of an east end parish with a large sickly family—and installed them in the sunny pleasant vicarage.

(To be continued.) the matter with Miss Mordaunt, and that is all I know, Miss Crystal."

"One—two—three—four," counted the girl with a bitter smile, "four broken hearts, four mutilated lives, and the sun shines, and the birds sing—one hungers, thirsts, sleeps, and wakes again, and a benignant Creator suffers it; but hus! there are footsteps, Catharine, hide me, quick."

"My dearie, don't look so scared like, it is only Mr. Raby—he passed an hour ago with the parson; but there is only wee Johnnie with bim now."

"Is he coming in? I am sure I heard him lift the latch of the gate; you will keep your faith with me, Catharine?"

"Yes—yes, have I ever failed you; bide quite a bit; he cannot see you. He is only standing in the porch, for a sup of milk. I'll fetch it from the dairy, and he'll drink it and go." all I know. Miss Crystal."

"If only Johnnie were not there,

nurmured the girl, anxiously.

"No, no, he has sent him on most likely "No, no, no has sent him of most mark to the Vicerage."

"My good Catharine," observed a quiet voice from the porch, "how long am I to wait for my glass of milk?"

"I am sorry, Mr. Raby, I am indeed," answered Catharine's cheery tones in the distance.

"Don't be sorry," returned the same the Rev Church.

"Don't be sorry," returned the same to et vice; "waiting will do me good." And then there was silence.

The stranger stole out and peeped through the half opened door.

There was a tall man standing in the porch; a man so tall that the clustering ivy round the trellis-work quite trailed about him and touched his forehead; a man broadshouldered and strong, but with a stooping gait like a giant worn out with labor; he was in clerical dress, but his soft felt hat was in his hand, and the grand powerful head with its heavy dead-brown hair and pale face were distinctly visible under the shadow of the ivy. He did not move at the sound of the stealthy footstep or at the light shadow that fell across him, though the girl crept so close that he could have touched her with his right hand; but on Catharine's reappearence she shrunk back with a gesture of mingled entreaty and command.

"There is the milk Mr. Raby, and it is

atience, sir."
"Thank you," he replied, smiling, and "Thank you," he replied, smiling, and putting out a large white hand; the stranger took the glass from Catharine and held it to him; he drank it with seeming unconsciousness and with lowered eyes. "A k most delicious draught; but your hand is trembling, Catharine; are you tired or unwell?"

"Neither, sir, thank you," replied Catharine, huskily, while the girl drew back in evident alarm. "Ah, there is Johnnie in come for you he is waiting at the gate; it.

in evident alarm. "Ah, there is Johnni come for you, he is waiting at the gate here is your stick, Mr. Raby. Don't forge your hat, for the sun is very powerful "No, no," returned the clergyman, absently. "Good morning, Catharine." Then, as he walked down the little brickpaved path, "How strange Catharine hand never felt like that; it always seeme puckered and rough to me, but this felt soft and cold as it touched me, and shook so that it could hardly hold the glass. Johnnie, lad, is there any one standing in the porch

e "Strange," he muttered, "strange; suppose it was my fancy, I am always fancying things:" and then he sighed and put his hand on the boy's shoulder, for Raby Ferrers was blind. "No, sir, only mother."
"Strange," he muttered

CHAPTER II. THE BLIND VICAR OF SANDYCLIFFE.

Over proud of course,
Even so!—but not so stupid, blind, that I,
Whom thus the great Taskmaster of the world
Has set to meditate, mistaken work,
My dreary face against a dim blank wall
Throughout man's natural lifetime,—could p
vent or wish.

Browming's Aurora Leiol

Browning's Aurora Leigh. About five miles from Singleton, where Redmond Hall stands, is the little village of Sandycliffe, a small primitive place set in corn-fields, with long sloping fields of grain, alternating with smooth green uplands and winding lanes, with the tangled hedgerows, so well known in southern scenery.
Sandycliffe is not actually on the sea-shore, but a short walk from the village up one of those breezy uplands would bring the footpassenger within view of the blue sea line; on one side is Singleton, with its white cliffs streets and ceaseless activity. Sandyclin up for a whim?"

"No, no, Miss Crystal, dear, we don't understand the rights of it. When Mr. Hugh left the old master he just rushed up to the Grange to see Miss Margaret, and to tell her of his father's opposition; but she had a right brave spirit of her own, and she heartened him up, and bade him wait patiently and she would win over the old half covered with ivy, standing on high covered with ivy, standing on high covered with ivy, standing on high and right way of the sea and with a great wive of the sea and

that she would never marry him. That was before the old master had that stroke that carried him off, but she held firm to it after his death, and nothing that Mr. Hugh

of some illness or accident, two or three years after his ordination, had left him totally blind. People who had heard him had prophesied People who had heard him had prophessed great things of Mr. Ferrers—he had the rare gift of eloquence; he was a born orator, as they said—a rising light in his profession; it was absurd that such powers should be wasted on a village congregation, made up of rustics and old women; he

-to work in the corner of the vineyard allotted to him. His inner consciousness, indeed, told him that he had capabilities for a larger sphere, a wider range of work; when the call came he would be ready to leave his few sheep in the wilderness and go out into pastures new. He was like a knight watching beside his armor until the reveille sounded; when the time came

ne was ready to go down to the partie.
When the call came! Alas! it never
came in this world for Raby Ferrers. In
the full prime of youth and strength the
mysterious doom of blindness came upon
the young vicar and left him groping in a darkened world. There was bitter trouble at the Grange

There was bitter trouble at the Grange just then; a young cousin of Margaret and Raby Ferrers, who had lived with them from childhood, and had been the spoilt darling of the house, had left her home suddenly, leaving no trace behind her.

Gossip had been rife in Sandycliffe, but no one except Hugh Redmend knew the rights of the case, or why the girl should have abandoned her home when Raby Ferrers was lying on a bed of suffering, and Margaret was watching beside him in trembling anguish for the result.

There were weeks and months of bodily suffering and fierce internal conflict—

suffering and fierce internal conflict-pitter hand to hand fights with despair And then the strong will and faith of Raby Ferrers triumphed; back from the shadow of the valley of death he came, mutilated, scarred, and victorious; and like blind Samson, led by a how, he one day electrified his people by entering his nulpit again;

was and at the sight of the changed pale face and of the deep melodious voice speaking with its old tender authority, there was

FORTUNE-TELLING. Signs of Necromancy as Old as the Doing Superstitions of the Black Art.

"What does that mean?"
"You must hold the tea-cup aloft and
wirl it three times in order to bring the
ea-grounds into a fortune-telling shape."
"Oh, it is a case of 'well shaken before

"But here are 'Alps on Alps' of tearounds on the side of my cup."

Latest Scottish News. It is announced that the talked of change of the 79th Queen's Own Cameron High landers into a battalion of the Scote Guards is not to take place. The last set of girders of the Tay Bridg were raised to their permanent position of the 19th ult. The work of construction has occupied about five years.

The detailed prospectus of the Glasg International Exhibition has been issued The guarantee fund, it is stated, alread exceeds £240,000, and is still bein Rev. Dr. Hutcheson, of Ban

was chosen Moderator of the Geners Assembly of the Established Church o Scotland, at Edinburgh, last month, and Scotland, at Edinburgh, last month, and the Rev. Principal Rainy, of the Fre

atharine s reappearence she shrunts back ith a gesture of mingled entreaty and mmmand.

"The death of Mr. Alexander Brunton Inverkeithing author of the "Life and Heroic Actions of Sir William Wallace," command.

"There is the milk, Mr. Raby, and it is yellow and rich with cream to reward your patience, sir."

Inverkeithing, author of the "Life and Heroic Actions of Sir William Wallace," and other books bearing on early Scottish history is constant.

To the Wallace monument, at Stirlin five busts have already been offered-namely, those of King Robert the Bruce, Knox, Buchanan, Burns and Scott. Watt should certainly follow next in order.

A monument to the Marquis of Mont ose, "the great Marquis," is to be placed n St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, chiefly y gentlemen of the Clan Graham. Dr. Dowland Anderson has furnished the design, the carrying out of which will cost

Each bust varies in cost between £80 and

Fighting Savages. Advices from Sierra Leone say that native varriors under three chiefs invaded the entish settlement of Sherbro and Sultyus, pillaging and burning villages en route, tor-turing and killing the native inhabitants and taking 300 prisoners. On entering British territory the marauders divided into two forces and tried to capture the French factory at Salymot and an English factory on the Manoh River, both of which were stocked with valuable merchandise. Mr. Burnett, English Agent, at the head f native laborers and police, desperate resisted the savages, who were compelled to retreat after the third attack, leaving nany of their number dead. They besieg he station, however, for three days, when the gunboat Icorious arrived on the scene and landed a force of marines, who quickly put the savages to flight. The attaches of the French factory repulsed the attack made upon them unaided.

Annual Military Drill. The militia general orders issued yester-lay contain regulations for the annual drill. The maximum number of men in welve districts to receive pay is 20,255. lity corps may be permitted to perform welve day's annual drill at their local meadquarters prior to December. Rations welve day's annual drin as neadquarters prior to December. Rations in camp will not be commenced till the morning of the second day, consequently require to provide one day's wenty-five cents per officer and man and hirty-five cents per horse will be issued in noney in lieu of the first day's rations. Medical inspection of every officer and man must be made before a corps goes into

Socks With a Place for Each To Speaking of hose reminds me of nported idea in gentlemen's foot-wear, o sox," as they are called by the haber ashers. They are made like gloves, wit place for each toe, and are said to be far head of the old style in matter of comfort also as to expense.—New York Letter Roston Record.

Parishable Freight A freight car was left at Chippewa Fal y a north-bound train. It was marked perishable goods." When the agent pened the door after the departure of the rain out walked four tramps.—Milucaukee

Bustles are a never-ending source of misery or pleasure, but really the bustle de luxe is one I have just seen. It is made of silk, filled with hair; and has dainty white ribbons for ties .- New York Star.

Catharine, Catharine, if I had any tears left I think I could shed them all for Margaret."

"Keep them for yourself, my dearie, maybe they will cool the fever in your heart, and make you see clear, and bring you back to us again."

"Hush, hush! I will not hear you. I will only talk of my poor Margaret. She would not marry him you say."

"No, she was like a rock, not all the poor young master could say could change her resolution. I know she told him that his to make you see clear, and bring young master or the vineyard stationed in India, and the others are all young soldier in a cavalry regiment ationed in India, and the others are all radually growing up.

> Our little Jim Was such a limb Was such a limb
> His mother scarce could manage him.
> His eyes were blue,
> And looked you through,
> And seemed to say,
> "I'll have my way!"
> His age was 6,
> His saucy tricks
> But made you smile,
> Though all the while
> You said, "You limb,
> You wicked Jim,
> Be quiet, do!"

Poor little Jim! Poor little Jim!
Our eyes are dim
When soft and low we speak of him.
No elatt'ring shoe
Goes running through
The silent room,
Now wrapped in gloom,
So still he lies,
With fast shut eyes,
No need to say,
Alas! to-day,
J You little limb,
You baby Jim,
Be quiet, do!"

Policeman-" Give me a pint of peanuts unity, and there's 5 cents for you." Aunity
"Hivin bliss ye, sor! I see yez are a new
nan on the force." New York Sun. The Canadian Wimbledon-team intend onding a week at Cambridge before taking their quarters at Wimbledon for

A man in Hillsdale county, Michigan, has offered \$5 reward to any parent who will name a child after him.

CRUEL EVICTIONS.

"One-two-three."

" Is it ?" "Yes. A fortune that only covered the ottom of the tea-cup would be a ver

udder runs through the entire group. Th old thickens. The interest deepens. The ca-leaves become important factors in the happiness of a household. Experts in forecasting events find rare

things in the geometric lines of tea grounds, and it has become the fashion at tea gatherings to read aloud each cup in turn, some ladies even declining to leave the able until the oup is read.

It is not as sociable a social custom as palmistry. A man who despises the lattling of a tea cup has no aversion to having his hand held by a pretty girl while

having his hand held by a pretty girl while the lines are read. But as men are not, as a rule, given to tea-drinking, they will not grope after futurity in tea leaves. But the tea cup oracle is a very harm-less, inexpensive form of destiny. Its present popularity is doubtless owing to that secret craving after the supernatural which marks the age. It gives expression to an almost despairing wish to see the coming to morrow.

coming to-morrow.

And in response to this demand come the soothsayers, astrologers, seers, clair-voyants, seventh daughters of seventh daughters, and others who predict future vents. There are secret sessions when the flower and chivalry of the best society attend, paying a fee that ranges from \$1 to \$8 - just from curiosity, you know!

o \$8—just from curiosity, you know! What to learn? The secrets of the past, present and

There is always some lucky hit—lucky or the fortune-teller.

The most of people who have lived to any age have friends coming from a distance.

Many have relatives who die and leave them fortunes. Young people are usually in love with some one of the opposite sex who is either dark or fair; and a journey is imminent in nearly all conditions. Crossing the water may mean going over a ferry or a running brook as well as the

But the mystic quality lies in the fact that the person telling all these things is an announced seer—born with a caul, like David Copperfield, and having intimate relations with the world of futurity and the

lations with the world of futurity and the powers of mystery.

No matter how ignorant of the civilizing influences of this life the inspired fortuneteller may be, how cheaply gotten up, or with what sordid circumstances environed, professors of all the sciences are willing to kneel at her feet to learn the secrets of the cheet at her test to learn the secrets of the cast, present and future from her occult mowledge.

A new mythology would be a boon to

A new mythology would be a boon to society in its present condition, when everybody is looking for a sign.

The crowing of the cock was an omen of ill to Peter. It heralds a visitor in these days as well as a change in the weather. If you drop the scissors, a fork, or a pen, and the point sticks in the floor, somebody

If your left hand tickles you will handle sum of money.

If the right hand, you will shake hands with a friend. If you first sea a visitor in the looking-

class it is a sign of misfortune glass it is a sign of misfortune.

Two spoons signify a wedding; tea-spoons are understood.

But these signs of necromancy are as old as the doings of Macbeth's witches, whose weird incantations are practiced to this day. Indeed, a Shakspeare fortune-telling book would not be a bad enterprise. It would give a higher tone to the soothsayer's ert. It might be called "Easy Lessons in the Horation Philosophy," and serve as a text-book in supernatural lore, with a motto by the second witch:

By the pricking of my thumbs Something wicked this way con

What Carried Papa Through. Here is a little 5-year-old we have heard of who believes that prayers may be answered, and suggests the method. In her evening prayer she said, a few days ago, take care of papa on his journey; and if there is an accident and the care catch on fire, rain down the rain as hard as you can thunder it."—Augusta New Age.

The One Weak Spot. great trouble with American

ournalism is that the men who know just now a newspaper ought to be run are, un-ortunately, engaged in some other business —driving stage, digging postholes, herding sheep or acting as deputy sheriff.—Burnet

The value of the produce of the fisheries of the Dominion for 1886 was \$18,679,283, an increase in the value of the produce of \$956,000, compared with 1885. In the spring a woman's fancy lightly turns the house inside out. When it is all over she goes to the country to get well, or in more extreme cases calls in the doctor.

A faith doctor near Richmond, Mo., has secured a large number of patients whom he treats by hanging mink-skins about heir necks and telling them to feel sure that he will cure them Ninety million pounds of soap are manu factured in Buffalo every year, which causes the Milwaukee Wisconsin to reflect that, "No one who has ever visited Buf-

falo would suspect it. A meeting of Presbyterian ministers and elders was held in Toronto yesterday, when it was decided to divide the city into districts for mission purposes, and a permanent organization was formed for nutual counsel on all matters of common nterest.

Dr. Anderson Critchett, of London, was recently offered a fee of £7,000—probably the largest medical honorarium on record—to go to India to treat one of the native princes, but declined the offer. "Mamma," said a little 5-year-old girl, pointing to a turkey gobbler strolling around a neighbor's yard, "ain't that rednosed chicken got an awful big bustle?"

lodyke Tenants Fighting for Their Hon -Cayenne Pepper, Boiling Water Bees, Etc., Used as Weapons of Warfard A Dublin cable says: The evictions at Bodyke continue. The tenants are offering, all the opposition in their power to the Sheriff and his guard of police and troops, and find various means to seriously annoy the officers. In some of the houses from which the occupants were to be evicted cayenne pepper was burned, the fumes of which nearly choked the bailiff. Boiling water was also thrown from the windows winteresting one."

"But here are 'Alps on Alps' of teagrounds on the side of my cup."

"Read me my cup of tea.

"Bybli of fate:

"This," said the sphil, describing a circle in the bottom of the cup, "is the course of true love, and it runs smooth. This triangle of black specks is a wish. This black square is a letter. This flock of birds surprise."

"What is that thing on the side of the cup," "That is an anchor of tea leaves. It is the symbol of hope."

"That is an anchor of tea leaves. It is the symbol of hope."

"That is an anchor of tea leaves. It is to spite."

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"That is an anchor of tea leaves. It is the symbol of hope."

"That is an anchor of tea leaves. It is soft, it is a lady."

The long tea-joint is fished out and proves to be soft—so the guest will be a lady. The gifted member of a company who can read the tea-cups finds her hands full. No guest is so dignified that she does not evince some curiosity as to her future. Sometimes the mildest-mannered one finds a gallows in the mystical dregs.

When the leaves have no shape, but are massed in a dark pyramid, it is a "badfortune." Occasionally the distinct shape of a coffin can be traced. Then an entrancing shudder runs through the entire group. The plot thickens. The loose of the coffin can be traced. Then an entrancing shudder runs through the entire group. The plot thickens. The loose of the coffin can be traced. Then an entrancing shudder runs through the entire group. The plot thickens. The loose, proceeded to that occu.

The bailiffs smashed the furniture of the house out of pure malice. The force, after leaving the house, proceeded to that occupied by tenant Hussey, for the purpose of evicting him. It is thought the police have extremely warm work before them.

When the evicting force reached Hussey's house they were received with a shower of boiling water, stones and bottles and a swarm of bees were let loose upon them. The tenants desisted frem pelting the bailiffs only when the troops threatened to fire. The bailiffs demolished a wall and entered the house, but were repulsed bleed. struggle of two hours and a half. The male defenders of the house were arrested. A meeting of tenants was afterwards held, at which Michael Davitt repeated the adice he gave them yesterday, to resist evic-ion by every means, and defied the Gov-

rnment to arrest him.

Bodyke is in county Clare and the evicions are on the estate of Col. O'Callaghan.

THE ROOM AT THE SAULT. What a Hamilton Man Has to Say About It.

James W. Reid, formerly of Hamilton, writes to the Toronto News from Sault Ste.

Marie that he went to that place six weeks ago on the report in a Toronto paper that things were booming. He says: "I found on my arrival that there was no shop to rent and it would take a small fortune to buy a lot to build on, as a ring of speculators gobbled up all the property last winter for four or five miles along the river front and away back into the country ever so far, by merely paying down a few dollars on it—in one case I know of only \$25 on a \$4,800 purchase—and "then all agreed to put up the prices so fearfully high that a poor man cannot touch a foot of it. This is killing the town, and keeping it back, as What a Hamilton Man Has to Say About It. man cannot touch a foot of it. This is killing the town, and keeping it back, as nearly everybody who comes here leaves in a few days, cursing the place instead of staying here and helping to build it up. Over 150 people came in the week I did, but there are only three of them left now. There is plenty of talk about lots, but no sales are being made, and except a few cheap buildings no work going on. It is the deadest place I ever was in. One or two men have the business all in their own wo men have the business all in their own hands, and they do not like to see anybody else starting in opposition to them. The hotels charge \$7.50 a week for board, and it costs a lot of money to stay here any time. Everybody wants to make a fortune in a month and not work for it."

Good News from the Prairie Mr. Robert Gibson, son of Mr. Andre Gibson, of Beverly township, and son-in-law of Mr. John Dickie, of Puslinch, writes a very encouraging letter under date of May 11th, from which is extracted the of may 11th, from which is extracted the following: "We have had a very fine stoming.

If your nose itches you are going to kiss fool.

April, and was delayed about a week by smowfalls and frosts at print the first a snowfalls and frosts at night, but since about the 20th of April we have had most beautiful weather. Have sown 300 acres of wheat and 50 acres of oats, and now (at time of writing) it is almost all up, and looks nice, as we have had several fine showers this spring. We live nine miles south of the town of Virden, Man, one of the most promising places on the line of the C. P. R., which is surrounded by a country well adapted for general agricult or dairy purposes. Oak Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, lies seven miles to the east of us; it contains an island of about 600 acres, mostly covered with oak timber. Or a clear day we can see the water of this lake quite distinctly. Our winters out here appear to be long, but it is because there is the water of this lake quite distinctly. no break in them. The ground usually freezes up about the 1st of November and winter sets in in earnest about the 1st of December, generally lasting till the 1st of April. On the whole we are well satisfied with the country and our Western home." Mr. and Mrs. Gibson are colonists of the right cast, possessing a goodly share of both industry and intelligence. The Times congratulates them on their enterprise and prosperity in the West, and the many friends of both throughout the townships of Bervely and Puslinch will read with plea-sure of their well being and success.

sure of their well being and success. A Wild Editor. A Rockland newspaper man was wild ast week, and when last heard from was hunting with a gun for the typesetter who upset his finest sentence, "the well trained nd cultured voices of the choir showed to the best advantage in the anthem Whe morning purples all the sky.'" The cho were horrified on the appearance of the paper to find the title of their star piece to be "When mourning puppies fill the sky."—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

Supposed Murder in the Northwest. Robert McLean, a settler at Whitewood, N. W. T., was found dead on the Indian reserve on Thursday. He is believed to have been murdered by Indians. From the indications McLean never made a struggle after falling. His oxen were together in a slough about fifty yards from where he was found dead, and his waggon was partly loaded with poles.

"Lookee here, mister, I ain't complainin' but this 'ere moosic stool you sold to my wife, we've twisted it roun' till we've twisted off un's 'ead, an' not a ha'porth o' toon can we get out of 'un."

ELDER FREDERICK WILLIAM ETANS, the leading spirit of the Shaker community at Mount Lebanon, N. Y., is about to visit England to expound the doctrines of the Millennial Church. It is his intention to sail on June 3rd. He will visit Glasgow, Manchester and several other of the large cities, in the company of Dr. J. M. Peebles. Special interest attaches to the visit to Manchester, as it was in that city Mother Ann, the founder of the sect, was born. It is about a century since she left England

for America. A Chinese gentleman was admitted as a practising lawyer to the bar of New York last week.

A General gol Wadena, Mini 2,300 gophers.

A BIGAMIST'S ROMANO range Story Brought to Light by the

Engine Driver. Engine Driver.

A Halifax, N. S., despatch says: The recent death of an engine driver on the Intercolonial Railway, known as Joseph McLellan, has led to the discovery of a romance connected with his life. He came to Halifax from Edinburgh, Scottand, thirty-five years ago. His real name was Joseph McGill. He descreed his wife and seven children there. On his arrival here he assumed the name of Joseph McLellan. Shortly afterwards he obtained a position on the Intercolonial as driver, and was engaged on the road for the third of a century. His descreed wife and family never heard any trace of him. Twenty-live years ago he was married again.

fire. The bailiffs demolished a wall and entered the house, but were repulsed bleeding. The eviction was effected only after a struggle of two hours and a half. The male defenders of the house were arrested. A defender of the house house were arrested. A defender of the house ho pers, making translations and occasionally lecturing upon chemistry and electricity. In 1872 he opened a boarding school, which prespered for several years, but his patrons gradually deserted him and the school was closed about eight years ago. An investment in a patent cooking utensil cost him several thousand dollars and he gradually became descended. became despondent. The couple had been living in poverty for some time, and the authorities had decided to remove Siedborf authorities had decided to remove Siedborf to the county hospital. He was granted a week to arrange his affairs, and to-day when the poormaster called at the aportments occupied by the couple Siedborf asked for an hour longer. When the efficer returned he found the couple lying on the floor. The woman was dead and the man died before medical aid arrived. They had taken evanide of potassium. taken cyanide of potassium.

Siedhorf left a number of rambling letters

bemoaning his circumstances. He leaves his scientific books to Columbia College.

A New Medical Plant.

A very interesting discovery that a plant well known in India, which is entirely harmless, destroys the power of tasting sugar, has been recently published in Nature by Professor Thistleton Dyer. The plant is the gymnema sylvestre, growing widely in the Deccan Peninsula, and also met with in Assam and on the Coromai dalooast. A late Governor of Madras and other residents of India who have tested the properties of this plant certify that the properties of this plant certify that chewing two or three leaves of it also-lutely abolishes the tongue's power to taste sweetness. Professor Dyer's, experiments with leaves sent to him at Kew, in England, corroborate their testimony. This plant is likely to prove a most valuable addition to modern materia medica. Its power to destroy the taste of sweetness suggests its use by physicians to correct morbid craving for sweetmeats, which is a some of wide morbid craving for sweetmeats. morbid craving for sweetmeats, which is source of widespread disorders of digestion. General Elles, of Madras, is rejected as having found that gymnema at clishes the power of enjoying a cigar." While smokers may not relish this, physicials may prize immensely a plant which, administered to patients who use tobacco to execute would for a time, at least, theek cess, would for a time, at least, check nordinate smoking. The power of the plant to render tasteless many drugs which are extremely nauseous promises mend it to the medical profession

Personal Points.

Rev. Dr. McCosh. President of Princeton Haggard's best novel has had a curious experience in an English public library.
King Solomon's Mines" is placed among

the works on mineralogy. Calvin S. Brice, who was a poor schoolteacher at Lima, O., a few years ago, has leased James Gordon Bennett's porgeous villa at Newport for the summer. Mr. Brice hear mede his fortune as a railyead Brice has made his fortune as a railroad consolidator, and his transactions have the

merit of being legitimate. An amusing incident occurred recently in London at Buffalo Bill's show. Mr. Justice Lopez was strolling about the Indian village and fell in with a papoose, Indian village and fell in with a papoose, aged 3 years, who promptly lased him round the neck with a rope and refused to let him go. Loud was the laughter of all who beheld the judge bound by an Indian

Peculiar Death of a Bov. The death in a chest as pathetically set forth in the "Mistletoe Bough" has its latest parallel in the sad fate of little Tommy Gray, a bright New York lad of ? Tommy Gray, a bright New York lad of 7 years, whose body was found on Tucsday evening in a chest forming the scat of an ice waggon, which stood on the street. The little fellow, with several school companions, went bathing in the afternoon in the North River. They were surprised while in the water by a policeman, and in their fear of arrest they scattered in different directions. Little Tommy ran with his clothes under his arm, jumed into the ice othes under his arm, jumped into the ice aggon and hid in the chest, pulling down he kid, a self-locker. Here the poor little dlow was in the evening found suffocated.

After the Honeymoon.

Two young wives are talking of their usbands. "You can't imagine," said one, what a stupid blockhead Charles is!"
And Henry!" ejaculated the other. Why, his head must be made of wood, or omething harder, for plates and dishes break on it with as little difficulty as the ea upon a rock."-French Fun.

The Sanitarian says that the wellnown rain-water taste is due neither to roof-wood nor deposits nor to flying particles of dirt, but to the absorption of aerial gasses. Any water exposed to the open air will acquire the same taste. Do not meddle with business you know

A Highmore (D. T.) man who fears cyclones has anchored his house to the earth with long half-inch iron rods. Grand Rapids (Mich.) men and boys catch

sh by lowering into the water small loops

of fine brass wire, with which they lasso A general gopher hunt by the residents Wadena, Minn., resulted in the killing