

Adam Graeme, of Mossgray. By Mrs. Oliphant.

The next morning rose brightly in all the brilliant joy of June, and as early as I could venture, I set out for Greenshaw. The slight morning traffic of those quiet Francis streets —the cottage wives, upon its outskirts, going about their oherful household labor—the domestic sonuscs—I remember them with the sunshine of my own joy over all, giving harmony and finest keeping to the home-ty picture. At last I approached the well-known holly hedge. A woman stood at the gate looking down the lane; the parlor-blinds were closed; there was a look of excitement about the house, as if something unusual had happened. I hurried on, noticing that in my haste, but too pleasantly expectant to think of it.

The woman at the door was Mr. Johnstone's factorum—a sensible, matronly person who exercised the more laborious

The woman at the door was Mr. John-stone's factorum—a sensible, matron. The woman at the door was Mr. Johnstone's factorum—a sensible, matronly person, who exercised the more laborious
duties of housekeeper, for which Lillias was
too inexperienced and young.
"Good morning, Markaret," I said, as I
came up and was about to pass in.
Margaret stretched out her hand to stop
me.

me.
"Oh, Mossgray !"
There was evident distress and trouble on her face. A slight tremor of alarm came over me.

her face. A sight tremor of atarm came over me.
"Has anything happened?" I said.
"What is the matter, Margaret?"
"Ower muckle—ower nuckle," said the housekeeper of Greenshaw, lifting her apron to her eyes; "oh, for onysake dinna gang in—and yet ne mann ken—there's nae use trying to keep it trae him."
Tho last part of the sentence was spoken under her breath; I became very much agitated.

The last part of the sentence was spoken under her breath; I boscame very much agitated. "What is it, Margaret? Is Lilias ill? What has happened?" "I'll tell ye, Mossgray," said Margaret, quickly, the arm which she had extended to bar my entrance falling to her side. "It wad be dearly telling her, she had been ill this day. She'll live yet to ken, that the sorest fever that ever chained a mortal to a sick bed wad hae been blessed tether o' her wilfful feet this wofu' morning. Dima think o' her, Maister Adam. I ken it's hard, but ye maun try, dinna think o' her, she's no wurdy o't."

I clutched the woman's arm, angry and law. "Well, then, she's game—she's away—her that was the light o' our e'en—that we couldna see ill in—that I've heard ye even to the very angels, Mossgray. She's game—fled out from her father's house with yon young haverel o's doctor, that has neither wealth to keep, nor wit to fend for her. Oh, suid forgive me, Mr. Adam I what have I dune?"

guid forgive me, air. Ausmi i wan have? dune?"

My face slarmed her, I fancy. I pressed blindly in—Walter Johnstone stood before me. I was close upon him before I was aware of his presence; I looked in his face. He turned from me with a burst of emotion, which seemed to wake me from some terrible nightmared sleep.

"Mossgray, I did not know it—I had no suspicion of this. Believe me, Adam, believe me, that I am blameless! She has deceived us all!"

I felt a hoarse contradiction struggling

eived us all!"
I felt a hoarse contradiction struggling rom my dry lips—still I could not hear her lamed. Then I turned away; I could hold no further parley with any one; I hurr nto the sheltering solitude of my own lon

nouse.

The bright world without mocked and scorned me—the passers by looked wonderingly at my stricken face. I could not linger by the water-side now, in the first shock of my vanished and ruined dreams. I fled into this solitary room, within the silent walls of which so many slow years have passed since then, and threw mysel into my chair, and pressed my throbbing into my chair, and pressed my throbbing

have passed since their, and bressed my the head between my hands. It was on that I realized what had come upon I am an oid man now, and these ate struggles of youth have faced in distance, veiled in the gentler mists ory. Yet I do remember them—member me of minute and trifling it has one peak lying there upon the results of the core head. member me of minute and trifling the open book lying three upon this if the solitary lily drooping in its vase snowy leaf that had fallen upon the will ledge below; and how the pale and light of my ealamity fixed the image of forever on the tablest of my heart. in the tablets of my heart.
it is not such seasons that

member—it as we can forget.

I had lost her forever—alas! that was not all—she had never been. The conviction forced itself upon me till I grew well-migh mad. I dashed my clinched hands into the air; I could not restrain the wild fit of passion, the irrational frenzy that possessed me, tion, the irrational frenzy that possessed
was alone! the things which I
worshiped and made my idols were thing
irr—mists of my early morning, mei
way before the stern and sober light
was left here desolate, forlorn, and

itary, and there was nothing true under the sun.

It is a bitter and sorrowful thing to mour for the dead—to is ment over those who have gone away out of this shadowy land into the brighter country, where they yet are, and shalibe, all the more sure in their wonderful existence that we see them not. But to mourn for those who have never been—to behold stars fall from your horizon, the gory of whose shining was but a phantam of your brain, a creation of your own souli to awake suddenly from your contemplation of some nable and beautiful spirit, the farest that ever gladdened mortal vision, and to find that it is not, and was not, and that the place, which in your dream was illuminated by its glorious presence, is filled by a shadowy thing of unknown nature, which you never saw before—this is the bitterest of griefs. If there is sorrow more hard than this, I bow my head to it in fear and reverence; but this is my woe, and rince of woes.

Drifting from false anchorage, surrounded by spectral ships and ghostly receding to the husbar distribution that it is not would be an and the province of the second strength o

Drifting from false anchorage, surrounded by spectral ships and ghostly receding shores, hopelessiy driven over the treacher closs sea; with no light but an indefinite twilight, sickening the faint heart with visions of shadowy have and harbor, and false security. A world of mists—a universe of uncertain, unknown existences, which are not as you have dreamed, and among whom you must go forth alone, no longer devoutly to believe and warmly to love, but to grope darkling in the brightest noonday, to walk

warily, shutting up the yearning heart with in you, in jealous fear. It is hard to make this second beginning—hard to fight and struggle blindly against this sad necessity—yet the poor heart yields at last; either to put on the self-wounding mail of doubt and suspicion, or to live in dim and mournful patience, a hermit all its days.

CHAPTER VIII. CHAPTER VIII.

Oh! wherefore should I busk my heid i
Oh! wherefore should I kame my hair i
When my true love has me forsook.
And says he'll never loe me mair i
Oh, Martmas wind! when will thou blaw
And shake the dead leaves aff the tree!
Oh, gentle death! when will thou come
And take a life that wearies me old Ballad.

And snake the dead leaves all the trees Oh, gentle death i when will thou come And take a life that wearies me!

I took little notice of how months or weeks went after that era. I lost that summer time. It has fallen entirely from the reckoning of my life, leaving only some vestiges of what looks now like incipleut madness behind; for I was entirely alone; shut out as much from that ordinary communication with the world, which painfully and beneficially compels the suppression of one's agony, as I was from all human sympathy, all kindness, all compassion. I had lost all; my dreams of a brighter home—my friends—all were gone. Hew Murray far away in India, and his sad sister Lucy alone in Murrayshaugh—to no others in the wide world could I look for any of those gentle offices which belong to friendship; and the one was thousands of miles away—the other was no less her during the whole of that summer. Had there been no cloud overshadowing her own lot. I believe I might have sought the balm of Lucy's pity, and perhaps been in some degree comforted; but as it was I never sought to see her—I saw no one—I shut myse! I up through those sorching summer days—I remember yet how their unpitying sunsilne sickened me to the very soul—in this solitary room. I wandered ghost-like on the water-side at night; I neglected everything that I had formerly attended to. I held no communication even with the servants of my lonely household, which I could possibly avoid. It was little wonder that they should think me crazed; the belief shot in upon my own brain semetimes like an arrow—almost the consciousness that I was mad.

I might have been—now soon I know not—but that I was mercifully snatched from the edge of the precipice.

(To be Continued.)

One Good Turn Deserves Another.

Fellow Passenger—Pardon me, your necktie has been sticking out for some time. I refrained from telling you sconer because those young ladies seemed so much amused.

Farmer—Thankee; and the oil from that lamp has been dropnin' on that light over-

lamp has been droppin' on that light over-coat o' yourn for the last ten minutes, but every one seemed so tickled that I hated to spoil the fun.

A bottle of Angostura Bitters to flavor your lemonade or any other cold drink will keep you free from Dyspepsia, Collic Diarrhea and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Ee sure to get the genuine Angostura, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

When all is done human life is at the

When all is done human life is at the greatest and best, but, like a forward child, it must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then all is over.—[Sir W. Temple.

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote to pain, throat and lung remedy and general corrective, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It may be used without the slightest apprehension of any other than salutary consequences. Coughs, rheumatism, earache, bruises, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

The one who will be found in trial capable of great acts of love is ever the one who is always doing considerable small ones.

[F. W. Robertson.

No one need fear cholera or any summer

is always doing considerance smart other.

F. W. Robertson.

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all locseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

Is it not a thing divine to have a smile which, none know how, has the power to lighten the weight of that enormous chain which all the living in common drag behind them:—[Victor Hugo.

them?—(Victor Hugo.

My little boy was taken very lad with diarrhea, he was very delicate and got so low we had no hope of his life, but a lad friend recommended Dr. Fowler's and although a could only bear a few drops at a clud well. It saved my child.

Mrs. Wat. Srewarr, Campbellville, Oat,
The same people who can deny other people everything are famous for refusing themselves nothing.—[Leigh Hunt.

Chalalongkovn is the name of the king jam. His nephew, who is now visit

Siam. His nephew, who is now visiting this country, is Prince Mom Rajawongse Pheen. The prince's father's name is Prawongteur Poa Oug Chow Seysonitwongse. A Canadian Favorite.

The season of green fruits and summer drinks is the time when the worst forms of cholera morbus, durinea, and bowel complaints provided Standard Pr. Fowler's Extract of void Standard Pr. Fowler's Extract of the Complaints of A Canadian Favorite.

without tact you can learn nothing.
Tact teaches you when to be silent. Inquirers who are always inquiring never
learn anything.—[Disraeli.

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Busch, the German caricaturist, is said o have made \$1,000,000 by his funny

to have made \$1,000,000 by his tax work.

—The Prohibitionist party of the United States goes before the people for cold water and the limitation of land ownership. Its Presidential candidate has 23,000 acres of land in a single county in California. There is as much consistency in this as in some people's drinks.

—The bounties paid to the fishermen of

land in a single county in California. There is as much consistency in this as in some people's drinks.

—The bounties paid to the fishermen of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces in 1891 amounted to \$167,000. Since 1882, when the bounty system was established they have pocketed \$1,578,000. What is the matter with the sea fishermen of Rittish Columbia that they do not get bounties! And why should not the lake fishermen of Ontario be bounty-fed, and the farmers of Ontario as weil? The United States tariff presses as severely upon agriculture as upon fishing.

—Father Boultion, the Homestead priest whose parish building and clurch were erected largely by contributions from Andrew Carnegie, in a sermon after the riot, deplored the state of affairs which should cause the men of Homestead to be shot down by lawless invaders, almost at the doors of their own homes, an apprayed for a speedy settlement of the difficulties in a triumph of the men, whether it be by battle or arbitration.

—The executive board of the Michigan Patrons met recently at St. Louis, Michigan. The members are, A. S. Partridge, and The members are, A. S. Partridge, and the susiness of the last quarter was finished and F. M. Undercock, of St. Louis, was awarded the contract for publishing the Patron's Guide for the ensuing year, of which 30,000 are now printed monthly. The membership of the order in Michigan, has been increased 3,700 since March 1. The next meeting of the board will be held at Lansing during the second week of September.

—The great steel works at Homestead cover 110 great.

has been increased 3,700 since March 1. The next meeting of the board will be held at Lansing during the second week of September.

—The great steel works at Homestead cover 110 acres. Twelve big buildings and a score of smaller shops and sheds occupy much of the space. Among these are the converting mill, where Bessemer steel is made, the beam mill, the open hearth mill, the finishing department, the 10-inch, the 22-inch and the 119-inch mill, and the big plate pressing room. The water for the works comes from the Monongahela River and is sufficient in quantity to surply a town of 50,000. One hundred and fifty boilers run the great engines, the pumps and the steam hammers. Natural gas for fuel is turnished by the company's own wells. About 4,500 men are employed, and the output is four times as big as from the great Krupp works in Germany. The Carnegic Company has purchased 100 additiona acres and will add it to the works next year. It is already fenced in by heavy barbed wire.

—Abram W. Smith, the Republican nomines for governor of Kansas, is a practical farmer and lives on a quarter section of land in McPherson county, which he took up as a homestead in 1872. He is a native of Maine, having been born at Hiram, Oxford county, Oct. 13, 1843. He received a common school education, and on the breaking out of the war enlisted in the Nineteenth United States Infantry and was made sergeant. He was mustered out of service in 1865 and went to Johnston, Pa., where he found employment in the Cambria iron works. He learned the trade of a machinist, at which he worked until he turned his face toward Kansas. Five times he has represented his county in the Kansas Legislature, the last term in 1887, being elected Speaker. In 1858 he was a cahid date for the nomination for Governor, but was defeated by a combination of all the curred his face toward Kansas. Five times he has represented his county in the Kansas Legislature, the last term in 1887, being elected Speaker. In 1858 he was a cahid date for the nomination for Gove

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RHEUWATISM. Con. DAVID WYLIE, Brockville, Ont., savs: ST. JACOBS OIL. In the morning I walked without pain."

REURALCIA. Mr. JAMES BONNER, 158 Yonge St., Toronto, Onf., me of neuralgie, and it effectually cared me." IT IS THE BEST.

William Control of the Control of th

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RAILWAY TIME TABLES

Corrected to June 12, 1892. MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON TIME. Canada Southern Division-Going East, Leave Leave St. Niagara Falls and Buffalo speed (daily). 8:30 p.m. 11:50 p.m. American Express (except Monday). 9:50 a.m. 10:55 a.m. Aberlian Express (except Monday).

Allantic Express (daily).

New York and Boston Express (daily).

Mall (except Standays).

Limited Express (daily).

1200 a.m. 1555 a.m. 1550 p.m. 1500 p.m. 1500 p.m. 1500 p.m. 1500 p.m. 1500 a.m. 1500 p.m. 1500 a.m. 1500 p.m. 1500 a.m. 1500 Canada Southern Division Going West. Canada Southern Division—toling west
North-Shore Limited (staily) 8.30 p.m. 16.08 a.m.
Chicago Express (staily) 8.30 p.m. 129.05 a.m.
Chicago Livid Exp. (staily) 9.50 a.m. 129.05 a.m.
American Express (staily) 9.50 a.m. 10.65 a.m.
Mondaya 9...
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Mondaya 9...
Mondaya 12.05 p.m. 8.15 p.m. 8.15 p.m.
Bid (except Sundaya) 2.05 p.m. 6.00 p.m.
Accom d'n (except Sunday) 8.30 p.m. 14.00 p.m.

Trains arrive in London at 8:25 a.m., 11:47 m. and 6:30 p.m. [North. No trains to or from London on JUNN PAUL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 295 Hickmond street.

GRAND TRUNK-Southern Division

CORRECTED JUNE 27, 1892, MAIN LINE-Going East MAIN LINE-Going West. iChicago Express (A).
West End Mixed.
West End Mixed.
West End Extress (A).
Accommodation.
Weging Express (A).
Mail... .. 5:25 a.m. 5:40 a.m 6:45 a.m 11:30 a.m. 11:20 a.m. 11:20 a.m. 11:25 a.m. 12:40 p.m. 6:50 p.m. 6:55 p.m.

ccommodation... 7:20 p.m ARRIVE. | DEPAR

Sarnia Branch. London, Huron and Bruce. ARRIVE, | DEPAR

London and Port Stanley. 6:40 a.m 9:30 a.m. St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

ARRIVE. | DEPART.

Hamilton—Depart—
n.m., a.m., h.m., p.m., p Hamilton—Arrive—
a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | r.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. |
12:30 | 19:00 | 110:25 | B12:25 | 4:00 | 6:25 | 8:15

These trains for Montreal,

1 These trains from Montreal,

2 These trains from Montreal,

3 Funs doily, Sundays included,

5 Funs doily, Sundays included,

6 Funs doily, Sundays included,

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Going East. 4:00 a.m. 8:00 a.m. 5:20 p.m 1:19 a.m. 8:52 a.m. 6:10 p.m 5:12 a.m. 9:53 a.m. 7:18 p.m 6:25 a.m. 11:06 a.m. 8:30 p.m 8:15 a.m. 12:00 n.on 9:40 p.m 11:45 a.m. 12:00 n.on 9:40 p.m 5:46 p.m. 5:20 a.m 5:56 p.m. 8:00 a.m. 8:00 p.m 8:30 a.m. 8:00 p.m 8:30 a.m. 8:00 p.m 8:05 a.m. 8:00 p.m 8:05 a.m. 8:00 p.m Toronto....
Peterboro....
Kingston...
Ottawa...
Montreal...
Quebec...
Portland, Me...
Boston... Halifax, N. S.

Going West. DEPART-7:00 a.m. 11:35 a.m. 7:05 p.m. Trains arrive from the west at 3:55 a.m., 5:10 p.m., 10:15 p.m.

THOS. R. PARKER, City Ticket and Passea-ger Agent, No. 1 Masonic Temple. ERIE & HURON RAILWAY.

Trains South. Exp[Exp Mix Mix M. C. R. Junetion. 545 822 Chatham (C. P. R.) 647 745 1033 339 Gep 745 1040 447 G

Trains North.

Etations. Blenheim.....dep 8.30 | Targo (m. C. R.J. | 847 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 870 | 87



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NEY TOO RAPID ter on Trial at Sir With Conspiracy to Doiraud.

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of Niagara Falls St the dupes who rem the mythical W. E. No lady applicants, were to brought out in ovide to the control of th and sent \$10.

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