

MR. P. J. SMYTH AGAIN. Mr. P. J. Smyth has addressed the following letter to Mr. T. English, one of the Tipperary Town Commissioners:—

April 4. Sir, The Freeman's Journal, Irish Times and Express of 6-day contain reports of a meeting of the Town Commissioners of which you presided, and at which a resolution appears to have been adopted, concerning my recent Parliamentary action, and calling upon me to resign. So far as I am personally concerned, your resolution affects me not in the slightest degree; but inasmuch as it concerns matters of great public interest, we will proceed, if you please, with all due calmness and deliberation, to find out what is in it, or if there be anything at all in it. That this action of yours is not spontaneous I know. It has been dictated from without by men once held by Tipperary in scorn. My recent Parliamentary action comprises three events—

1st. My statement of the case of Ireland for Repeal of the Union. 2nd. My speech showing that the horrible condition of Ireland is traceable directly to the Land League and its diabolical operations.

3rd. My closure vote. Now, without meaning to slight your intelligence and that of your conferees, may I ask you to understand in the least what closure is? I put the question, because I assume that you would have had the courtesy to communicate with me before the division. Are you aware that it existed in the old Irish Parliament, and that it exists at the present day in every free country in the world? It is not a "gag," it is not the suppression of free discussion; it is the very reverse. It is the guarantee of free debate, and the protection of minorities against the tyranny of a blathering majority. I voted for it with pleasure, and, despite the clamours of the ignorant and the threats of the vile, I will, please God, do so again.

Mr. O'Brien (Denis, I presume) quotes a sentence from a speech of mine during the election campaign to the effect that "with all my heart I would support the active party in everything they did or attempted for the good of Ireland." Just so; I presume he quotes me correctly, and I abide by those words.

"For the good of Ireland!" Yes; but not for the injury and disgrace of Ireland! "For the good of Ireland!" Yes; but not for a policy based on no rent, and its attendant crime, and on money obtained by false pretences.

"For the good of Ireland!" Yes; but not for a line of action that has shaken in the minds of many patriotic Irishmen and of disinterested friends of Ireland a belief in the capacity of Irishmen for self-government. You prate of promises. Mine, voluntarily offered, have been fulfilled to the letter. Look now to your town. "Tipperary will never condemn you unheard." Ah! you remember it well; and how have you redeemed it? Answer your bullet shot from behind the hedge of a board of guardians; answer your stab in the back, under the cloak of a town commission! Mr. Lowther, with questionable tastes, taunted me in the House of Commons with not having addressed my constituents during the recess. If Tipperary feared to face the truth as I would have given it to her, the responsibility is hers, not mine. Let her give me a fair field and fair play (I ask no favor), and I'll meet her whenever and wherever she please.

Qmrac, April 20.—In the St. Sauveur murder trial now going on here, one of the parties first arrested on suspicion, J. B. Laprise, was called into the witness box and said: "While under arrest and in goal I had a conversation with the prisoner, said Pierre Robert, to his brother, Joseph, you know I am innocent; why keep me here, Joseph replied, 'If I declare myself guilty now I shall be hung, as Genest is dead. If I was sure I was going to be hung I should poison myself.' Began, the other prisoner, who is also his brother-in-law, said: 'Since you have begun the story I will finish it. I was with Marcoux when Genest came up. Joseph went up to him and struck him. He then came back to me and said: 'Bezeau, I have done to Genest what I did to the others, but he has fallen.' The case for the crown is now closed, and the defence is going on this morning.

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING. "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Stomach or Bowels, sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. [G26]

MOTHERS! MOTHERS! MOTHERS!!! Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, as pleasant to the taste, and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle. [G2]

A DUEL.—The challenged man had fired and missed! Said his antagonist, presenting his pistol, "Your life is in my hand, but before I fire I should like to know your last thought?" "Well," tranquilly said the other, "I was thinking that if I were you I would not pull that trigger!" That trigger was not pulled.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, KIDNEY, LIVER OR URINARY DISEASES. Have you fear of any of these diseases if you use Hop Bitters, as they will prevent and cure the worst cases, even when you have been made worse by some great puffed up pretended cure.

ANOTHER CANAL PROJECT. PARIS, April 19.—A Cabinet council has approved of the scheme of De Lesseps for a canal through the hecatomb, dividing Gulf of Gabes from Salt Marshes and low lying parts of the district of Sahara south of Tunis. It is expected that the sea will be in virtue of this cutting, once more fill up Sahara. The political advantage of the scheme will be in water barrier between them and Tripoli. The cost of the canal is estimated at 65,000,000 francs.

SAVED FROM THE POORHOUSE. For years David Allingworth suffered with rheumatism, and notwithstanding the best medical attendance, could not find relief. He came to the Sciota County Poorhouse, and had to be carried into and out of bed on account of his helpless condition. After the failure of all the remedies which had been applied, the directors of the Poorhouse resolved to use the celebrated German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, and this was a fortunate resolution; for, with the trial of one bottle, the patient was already better, and when four bottles had been used upon him he could again walk about without the use of a cane. The facts, as above stated, will be verified by the editor of the Portsmouth (Ohio) Correspondent.

FROM QUEBEC. QUEBEC, April 18.—The following are the particulars of the dreadful story received from the barren and inhospitable shores of Labrador. A letter received from Pointe des Monts, several hundred miles below Quebec, dated 22d March, and signed L. P. Farard, states that on account of the violent storms which prevailed from the 25th September last to the end of the autumn fishermen were unable to lay in any supplies for the winter, the entire means of subsistence of the poor people being thus cut off. To add to the horror of the situation the establishment of Messrs. Ouellet & Croteau, at Pentecote, containing a quantity of supplies, was burned with its contents in December. The winter hunting expeditions failed completely. Several people left at Pentecote by those who took to the woods have been found dead. Among these were the heads of the families of Laurent and Pierre Crepeau, and one each of their children. Their families were found dying of inanition. The sufferings of the survivors were increased by a descent of the Indians from the woods, whose means of subsistence had entirely given out. The poor settlers had nothing to offer them but some fish and oil of seals, which they ravenously devoured. If navigation does not open early scores of people will die of starvation before aid can possibly reach them. There is already fear that inhuman crimes may be committed in the terrible struggle for life. The same story comes from Isle aux Oeufs.

A CYCLONE IN MISSOURI. SEVEN PERSONS KILLED AND TWENTY OTHERS INJURED—GREAT DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY. INDEPENDENCE, Mo., April 19.—A cyclone occurred at Brownsville, Mo., yesterday afternoon, when the entire business portion was demolished, seven persons killed and twenty badly injured. The first intimation of the storm the people had was a sudden roaring sound, and immediately a large black funnel-shaped cloud appeared coming from the southwest at the rate of 100 miles an hour. The cloud, when first noticed, was apparently two miles distant and hung fifty yards above the earth. When it reached the western part of the town it dropped down almost to the ground, and seemed to draw everything within a radius of several hundred yards up into the mouth of the funnel. It laid everything to waste in its path; two story brick business houses were picked up like straw and whirled and scattered shapeless. The rains of from buildings were carried some distance and dropped, smashing them into fine kindling wood. Heavy timbers were carried several hundred yards through the air, and falling and downward, struck several feet into the ground. The storm lasted less than two minutes, but 20 business houses and dwellings were leveled. People in the streets were picked up and carried various distances, and hurled to the ground dead or bruised almost beyond recognition.

Bleeding of the Lungs. BOWMANVILLE, ONT., Nov. 8, 1872. MESSRS. STEWART, FOWLE & SONS, Boston: Gentlemen—I have been troubled with bleeding of the lungs for a long time. About two years ago I took a severe cold which made my lungs very sore, but after using one bottle of WINTER'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY the pain and cough disappeared and have not troubled me since. I believe the BALM is the best medicine in use, and well worth the price asked for it.

Yours truly, JESSIE BURK. 50 cents and \$1 a bottle. Sold by dealers generally.

TAKE CARE OF THE LITTLE ONES. Children are the mother's idol, the father's pride; they are entrusted to your care to guide and protect, to fill positions of honor and trust. If you truly feel the responsibility of your trust, and want to make the duties of your office as light and pleasant as possible, don't allow a slight cold to prey upon the little ones, for even a single day or night may reveal the dreaded destroyer, Croup, but a few doses of DOWN'S ELIXIR, if taken in season, will banish it, as well as Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung affections. For sale by all dealers in medicine. Price 25 cents and \$1 per bottle.

A LAWYER'S FEE.—One of the most learned and dignified members of the Austin bar got a terrible rebuff from old Uncle Mose last week. The old man had Jim Webster hauled up before Justice Gregg for stealing his Spanish chickens. As Jim Webster has political influence he was defended by two prominent lawyers. Uncle Mose was put on the stand, and made out a bad case against Jim Webster, testifying to having found some of the chickens in Jim's possession, and identifying them by the peculiarities of the breed. The prominent lawyer then undertook to make Uncle Mose weaken on the cross-examination. "Now, Uncle Mose," said the lawyer, "suppose I was to tell you that I have a home in my yard half-a-dozen chickens of that identical same breed?" "What would that do, boss?" "Yes, what would you say if I was to tell you I've got that same kind of chickens in my yard?" "I would say, boss, that Jim Webster paid you yer fee wid my chickens," and a positive smile crept around under the old man's ears, and met at the back of his head.

While a pretty mulatto girl was at worship in a Louisville church, two athletic negroes—rivals for her hand—repaired to a stable near by for a prize fight. The winner was to escort the girl home. But both were so terribly pounded that they had to be carried away in an ambulance.

MAD RIVER, IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS. A MOUNTAIN STREAM'S STORY. BOSTON, April 15.—The title of Mr. Longfellow's last contribution to the Atlantic is "Mad River, in the White Mountains." It is a dialogue between a traveller and the mountain stream—the man questioning the river's reply, and at last giving us its history thus:—

I. A brooklet, nameless and unknown, Was at first resembling A little child that all alone Comes venturing down the stairs of stone, Trembling and trembling.

II. Later, by wayward fancied led, For the wide world I panted; Outcast from my native bed, Across the open fields I fled. Like one pursued and haunted.

III. I tossed my arms, I sang aloud, My voice resounding blinding, With thunder from the passing cloud; The wind the forest bent and bowed, The rush of rain descending.

IV. I heard the distant ocean call, Implored and entreating; Drawn onward o'er this rocky wall I plunged, and the loud waterfall Made answer to the greeting.

V. And now, beset with many ills, My wretched life I follow, Compelled to carry on the hills These logs to the impatient mills Below, there in the hollow.

VI. Yet something ever cheers and charms, The rudeness of my labors; Daily I water with these arms The cattle of a hundred farms, And have the birds for neighbors.

VII. Men call me mad, and well they may; When full of rage and trouble I burst my banks of sand and clay And sweep their wooden bridges away Like withered reeds or stubble.

VIII. Now, go and write thy little rhyme As to the world's own errand; Thou see'st the day is past its prime, I can no longer waste my time, The mills are tired of waiting.

FAITH AND UNFAITH. By "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER XXXI.—CONTINUED. "Patience, I must go at once to Sartoris," he says, looking pale and distressed. "To see that mad boy?" "To see Doran Branscombe." "That is quite the same thing. You don't call him sane, do you? To marry that chit of a girl without a grain of common sense in her silly head, just because her eyes were blue and her hair yellow, forsooth. And then to get mixed up with that Annersley affair—"

"My dear Patience." "Well, why not? Why should I not talk? One must use one's tongue, if one isn't a dummy. And then there is that man Sawyer, he could get no one out of the whole country but a creature like Sartoris." "Hush!" says Sir James, hastily and unwisely. "Better be silent on that subject; involuntarily he lays his hand upon the letter just received.

"Ha!" says Miss Scrope, triumphantly, with astonishing sharpness. "So I was right, was I? So that pitiful being has been exposed to the light of day, has he? I always said how it would be; I knew it—ever since last spring when I sent to him for some cucumber-plants, and he sent me instead (with wilful intent to insult me) two vile globes. I always knew how it would end."

"Well, and how has it ended?" says Sir James, with a weak effort to retrieve his position, putting on a small air of defiance. "Don't think to deceive me," says Miss Scrope, in a terrible tone; whereupon Sir James files the apartment, feeling in his heart that in a war of words Miss Scrope's match is yet to be found.

Entering the library at Sartoris, he finds Doran there, alone, indeed, and comfortable, and sore at heart. It is a dark dull day. The first breath of winter is in the air. The clouds are thick and sullen, and are lying low, as if they would willingly come down to sit upon the earth and there rest themselves—so weary they seem, and so full of heaviness. Above them a wintry sun is trying vainly to recover its ill temper. Every now and then a small brown bird, flying hurriedly past the windows, is almost blown against them by the strong and angry blast.

Within a fire is burning, and the curtains are half drawn across the windows and the glass door, that leads, by steps down into the garden. No lamps are lit, and the light is sombre and severe. "You have come," says Doran, advancing eagerly to meet him. "I knew I could depend upon you, but it is more than good of you to be here so soon. I have been moping a good deal, I am afraid, and forgot all about the lamps. Shall I ring for some one now to light them?"

"No; this light is what I prefer," says Scrope, laying his hand upon his arm. "Sit up by the fire, if you like."

"I wish you would explain more fully," says Sir James, whereupon Doran enters into an elaborate explanation that leaves all things obscure.

"I'll soon be about," says Scrope, impatiently, "that's the heir to the earldom and unlimited wealth; should be made so uncomfortable for the sake of a paltry fifteen thousand pounds."

"I hardly think my wealth unlimited," says Branscombe; "there is a good deal of property not entailed, and the ready money is at my uncle's own disposal. You know, perhaps, that he has altered his will in favor of Horace—has, in fact, left him everything that it is possible to leave."

"This is all new to me," says Sir James, indignantly. "If it is true, it is the most iniquitous thing I ever heard in my life." "It is true," says Branscombe, slowly. "Altogether, in many ways, I have been a good deal wronged; and the money part of it has not hurt me the most."

"If seven thousand pounds would be of any use to you," says Scrope, gently, delicately, "I have it lying idle. It will, indeed, be a great convenience if you will take it at a reasonable rate."

"That is rather unkind of you," says Doran, interrupting him hastily. "Don't say another word on that subject. I shall sink or swim without aid from my friends—aid, I mean, of that sort. In other ways you can help me. Hardly will, of course, see to the estate; but there are other, more private matters, that I would intrust to you alone. Am I asking too much?"

"Don't be unkind in your own turn," says Scrope, with tears in his eyes. "Thank you," says Doran, simply. His heart seems quite broken. "What of your wife?" asks Sir James, with some hesitation. "Does she know?" "I think not. Why should she be troubled before her time? It will come fast enough. She made a bad match, after all, poor child! But there is one thing, I must tell you, and it is the small drop of comfort in my cup. About a month ago, Lord Sartoris settled upon her twenty thousand pounds, and that will keep her at least free from care. When I see you, I want you to see to her; and let me know, from time to time, that she is happy and well cared for."

"But will she consent to this separation from you, that may last for years?" "Consent?" says Doran, bitterly. "That is not the word. She will be glad, indeed, at this chance that has arisen to put space between us. I believe from my heart that—"

"What is it you believe?" says a plaintive voice, breaking in upon Doran's speech with furious energy. The door leading into the garden is wide open; and now the curtain is thrust aside, and a fragile figure, robed in some black filmy stuff, stands before them. Both men start as she advances in the moonlight. Her face is deadly pale; her eyes are large, and almost black, as she turns them questioning upon Sir James Scrope. It is impossible for either man to know what she may, or may not, have heard.

"I was in the garden," she says, in an agitated tone, "and I heard voices; and something about money; and Doran's going away; and—"

"Tell me, Doran," says Sir James, but Doran looks doggedly away from her, through the open window, into the darkening garden beyond.

For the second time Branscombe turns and looks at her. "I must say," says Scrope, "that you are Scrope's daughter."

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he says, coldly, pointing to the picture. "I believe her more than I do."

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