

"Who is that blowing his nose?" demands the poor vicar, peering through the lattice in the direction of the sound. "Clarissa, who is the nearest to him as he makes this observation, just says herself from laughing aloud."

"Things have taken a bad turn," says the vicar, regarding her reproachfully; "I am afraid my first attempt will only be remembered as a wretched failure; and that girl has another song, and she will not venture again, and there is no one to take her place."

"Mr. Redmond, I will sing for you, if you wish it," says a clear, childish voice, that has always something pathetic about it. "George has overheard his last speech, and has turned her soft, fair little face to his, and is speaking to him with a flush and a smile."

"But, my dear, can you sing?" says the vicar, anxiously. "Her face is full of music; but then he has never heard her sing. During her fortnight's stay at the vicarage she has never sung one note, has never betrayed the fact that she is a true daughter of Polyhymnia."

"I can, indeed—really! I can sing very well," says George, in her little earnest fashion, and without the very faintest suspicion of conceit. "She is only eager to reassure him, to convince him of the fact that she is worthy to come to his relief."

"But the song?" says Mr. Redmond, still hesitating, and alluding to the second solo chosen by the defaulter.

"It is an old Irish song; I know it. It is 'Shule Agra,' and it begins, 'My Mary with the curling hair,' says George, with a slight nod. "I used to sing it long ago, and it is very pretty."

"Well, come," says the vicar, though with trepidation, and leads her on to the platform, and up to Mrs. Redmond, to that good woman's intense surprise.

Lady Mary has nearly brought her little vague whisper to an end. She has at last disclosed to a listening audience that she has discovered the real dwelling-place of the lost "Alice"—who is doubtfully enounced "amidst the sunshine," if all accounts be true—and is now quivering feebly on a last and dying note.

"This is the song," says Mrs. Redmond, putting Sarah's rejected solo into her hand.

"Thank you," says Miss Broughton. She looks neither frightened nor concerned, only a little pale, and with a great gleam in her eyes, born, as it were, of an earnest desire to achieve victory for the vicar's sake.

Then Lady Mary's final quaver dies, and she moves to one side, leaving the space before the piano quite clear.

There is a slight pause; and then the slight childish figure, in its gown of thin filmy black, comes forward, and stands before the audience. She is quite self-possessed, but rather white, which has the effect of rendering her large plaintive eyes darker and more lustrous than usual. Her arms are half bare, and her throat and part of her neck can be seen gleaming white against the blackness of her dress. She is utterly unadorned. No brooch or earrings, or bracelets, or jewels of any kind, can be seen. Yet she stands there before them a perfect picture, more sweet than words can tell.

She holds her small shapely head erect, and seems unconscious of the many eyes fixed upon her. Barely has she fair a vision graced the dull daily life of Pullingham. Even the sturdy, phlegmatic farmers stir upon their seats, and nudge the partners of their joys, and wonder, in a whisper, who "you can be?"

Mrs. Redmond plays a few faint chords, and George begins the plaintive Irish air Sarah should have sung, and sings it as, perhaps, she never sang before.

During the second verse, borne away by her passionate desire to please, she forgets the music-sheet she holds, so that it flutters away from her down to the floor, and lies there; while her hands, seeking each other grow entwined, and hang loosely before her, showing like little flakes of snow against the darkness of her gown.

Her voice is beautiful, sweet, and full, and quick with passion—one of those exquisite voices that sink into the soul, and linger there forever, even when the actual earthly sound has died away. She carries the listeners with her, holding them as by a spell, and leaving them silent, almost breathless, when she has finished her "sweet song."

Now she has come to the end of "Shule Agra," and turns away somewhat abruptly to Mrs. Redmond, as though half frightened at the storm of applause that greets her.

"Did I really sing so well?" she asked the vicar, presently, when he has sought her out to thank her.

"Well?" repeats he. "What a word to use! It was divine; the whole room was spell-bound. What a gift you possess! My dear, you have saved the evening, and my honor, and the organ, and everything. I am deeply grateful to you."

"How good I am!" says the girl, softly; "and don't thank me. I liked it—the singing, the applause, the feeling that I was doing well. I will sing for you again later on, if you wish it."

"It is too much to ask," says the vicar; "but, if you really don't mind? Lady Patricia is in ecstasies, and says she could listen to you forever."

George laughs.

"Well, at least she shall listen to me once more," she says, gayly.

Lady Patricia is not the only one enthralled by the beautiful singer. Dorian Branscombe has never once removed his eyes from her face; he is as one bewitched, and, even at this early moment, wonders vaguely, within himself what can be the meaning of the strange pleasure that is so near akin to pain, that is tugging at his heart-strings.

Lord Alfred, too, is plainly impressed, and stares at the pretty creature with the black gown and the snowy arms, until speech becomes a necessity.

"Well, I never in all my life," he begins, emphatically, and then stops. "Who is she, Branscombe?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," says Branscombe, rather shortly. "What right has Horst—what right has any fellow—to see beauty in her, except himself? The words of her song are still running in his ears—'My love, my pearl! How well they suit her! What a little baby face she has, so pure and sweet! Yet how full of feeling!'"

"What's her name?" asks Lord Alfred, nothing daunted.

"I have quite forgotten," returns Branscombe, even more coldly. His second answer hardly tallies with his first; but of this he is quite oblivious.

Lord Alfred raises his brows. "She has a magnificent voice, and is very beautiful," he says, evenly. "Yet—do you know? she reminds me somewhat of Harriet."

Harriet is a third and a favorite sister of Lord Alfred's—a very estimable young woman, much given to the reformation of drunkards, who, though rather deficient in nose, makes up for it in prodigality of mouth.

"I can't say I see the likeness," says Dorian, with a little disgust, as he can manage so short a notice.

"Don't don't follow," expostulates Lord Alfred, shifting his glass from one eye to the other and looking palpably amused, "there is

no reason in the world why you should be grumpy, because you are in love with the girl. I don't want to interfere with you."

"In love?" says Branscombe. "Nonsense! I never spoke a word to her in my life."

"Well it is common like it," says Lord Alfred.

"Is it? Well, I can't help that, you know. Nevertheless, I am not in love with any one."

"Then you ought to take that look off your face," persists his lordship, calmly.

"I'll take off anything you like," replies Dorian, somewhat nettled.

At this, Lord Alfred laughs beneath his breath, and tells him he will not keep him to his rash promise, as probably the Pullingham folk, being pre-Adamites, might object to the literal fulfilment of it.

"But she is a very lovely girl, and I don't wonder at your infatuation," he says, mildly.

"Whereas conclusions seem to be in your line," returns Dorian, with a shrug. "It seems a useless thing to tell you again I have not lost my heart to Miss Broughton."

"Oh, so you have remembered her name!" says his lordship, dryly.

Meantime, the concert has reassessed itself, and things once more are going on smoothly. The vicar, all smiles and sunshine, is going about accepting congratulations on all sides.

"Such a charming evening," says Mrs. Grey; "and such music! Really London could not surpass it. And what a delicious face that girl has got—like Spring, or May, or—"

"Morning, or that. I quite envy her to you. Now, all my good wishes are so unexpressed—freckled, you know, or with a squint, or a crooked nose, or that. Some people have all the luck in this world," winds up Mrs. Grey, with a gentle sigh, who has ten thousand a year and no earthly care, and who always speaks in italics whenever she gets the slightest chance.

"So glad you are pleased," says the vicar, genially. "Yes, she is as beautiful as her voice. After all, I think the concert will prove a success."

"It has proved itself one," says Mrs. Grey, who adores the vicar, and would flirt with him if she dared. "But when do you fall in anything you undertake? Really, dear Mr. Redmond, you should not let the idea die out. You should give us a good time like this at least once in every month, and then see what delicious windows you could have. I for one—coquettishly—I will promise to come to every one of them."

"At that rate, I should have no poor to look after," said the gratified vicar, gayly.

"And a good thing, too. The poor are always so oppressive, and—so—dirty, but still—seem to change in his face—"very interesting—very!"

And then the concert comes to an end, and adieux are said, and fresh congratulations are poured out so to speak, upon the Redmonds; and then every one goes home.

Dorian Branscombe climbs into his dog-cart, and drives swiftly homeward, under the glistering stars, whose "beauty makes unhappy"—his mind filled with many thoughts.

"My love, my pearl!"—the words of George's song haunt him incessantly, and ring their changes on his brain. "What words could be more appropriate more suited to her?" (Alas, when we come to pronounce it is generally all over with us.) "A pearl! so fair! so pure! so solitary! It just expressed her. By what right has Fate cast that pretty child upon the cruel world to take her chance, to live or die?"

"How large her eyes are, and what a heavenly blue, and what a sad expression lies within them! Grandmamma, grandmamma, what big eyes you have!" Here he rouses himself, and laughs a little, and wishes, with some petulance, that he could put her out of his head.

"My love, my pearl!" Yes, it was a very pretty song, and haunts one somehow; but no doubt a good night's sleep will kill it. Hold up, you brute,"—this to the kind and patient mare, who is doing her good nine miles an hour, and who has mildly objected to a sharp stone. "Why didn't Clarissa introduce me to her? I wish to goodness I hadn't to go back to town to-morrow!" And so on, until he has the Sartoris, as if flung himself, with some impatience, out of the trap, to the amazement of his groom, who is accustomed to think of his master as a young man to whom exertion is impossible.

Then he goes to bed, and spends the next four hours miserably, as he falls into a heavy slumber, and dreams that oysters, pearl-laden, are rushing bolterously over his body.

CHAPTER XVI.

"There was a sound revery by night," BYRON.

So Dorian returns to town, and stops there until the annual hunt ball, of which he is a steward, summons him back to Pullingham.

It is of course the event of the season, this ball, and occurs early in March. Clarissa, going down to the vicarage—where, now, indeed, she spends a good deal of her time—speaks to the girls about it.

"I am so glad George is in time for it," says Clissy, who is a warm-hearted little soul, and who desires good for every one. "There is something so nice about a real big ball."

"A ball!" said George, growing a delicate pink, with excitement. "I never was at a real ball in my life. Oh, Clarissa, will you take me?"

"George! As if it isn't a real joy to me to have you," says Clarissa, reproachfully. "I can't bear going anywhere by myself, and Mrs. Grey always insists on taking Clissy."

"Well, she is very kind, you know," says Clissy, with some regret. "But I do so wish she would let me go with you. However, mamma would not like me to refuse her, and after all, I shall meet you both in the room. I wish we could manage to arrive just at the same moment."

"Well, I'll settle that with Mrs. Grey," says Clarissa. "Dorian will get me a ticket for George."

"Who is Dorian?" asks George, idly. "Literally she cares nothing about him regarding his name in this instance as merely a means to an end—a person who can obtain for her an entrance into a desired haven," she has, indeed, forgotten that once before she asked this same question and received no answer.

"Why, I told you," says Clarissa. "He is Lord Sartoris's nephew—the tall handsome young man who spoke to me at the concert."

"I didn't see him. When is this ball to be?"

"On the 5th. And now, about your dresses?"

To be Continued.

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.

No cosmetic in the world can impart beauty to a face that is disfigured by unwholesome blotches arising from impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters is the great purifying medicine for all humors of the blood. It makes good blood and imparts the bloom of health to the most sallow complexion.

29-2.

A subscription is to be raised for Mr. Edwin James, formerly an eminent member of the British bar, and subsequently admitted to the bar of New York.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

MR. O'HARTE'S IRISH PEDIGREE.

The third edition of this celebrated work, so long expected, has at length been given to the world, by the author, John O'Harte, of Bingsend, Dublin. It is complete and exhaustive, containing, as it does, over eight hundred pages of matter interesting to the millions of the Irish race scattered over the surface of the earth, whether descendants of the sea, divided Gael, the Dane, the Norman or the Anglo-Saxon, for Mr. O'Harte, as a true genealogist and faithful chronicler, has made no distinction as regards race or creed, but has written a true history of Irish names from the beginning to the present day. And the work is not intended altogether for the benefit of the present aristocracy, whether Milesian or Anglo-Irish. It was said by Curran that if the descendants of the real Irish patriots were sought for they would be found either in the courts or camps of Europe, or working in the coal quays of Great Britain and Ireland. The "Irish Pedigree" could not have very well been written and published before the present time owing to several causes. It is only within a comparatively late period that the descendants of the attaind and sequestered had given up all hope of regaining the lands of their ancestors and embarked in those democratic movements which, if successful, will have the effect of welding the whole Irish people into one homogeneous mass whose interests will be identical and who will only look on the past through such mediums as Mr. O'Harte's great work with laudable curiosity as to who were their fathers and what they did in their generations. O'Donnell and O'Sullivan, Redmond and Barry, Parnell and Biggar—the representatives of the Milesian, Norman and Cromwellian or Williamite—now forget the feuds and race hatreds of the past, and work in union for the good of their common country. This then is the time for Mr. O'Harte to gain access to the Irish Archives and other sources of information for the compilation of his work, when no one may be jealous or suspicious that he is searching for deeds which may disturb present ownerships in land or title. There is another cause. Such a work would not have sold in years gone by. It is only now, after millions of the exiled have found a haven of rest and obtained wealth and education on this free continent, that they can breathe and take a retrospective glance, and pay for the information which enables them to connect themselves with a long line of ancestry. It is only now that the O'Briens and O'Donnells, the Lucys and the Fitzgeralds, the Murphys and the Kavanaghs of this continent may flush with pride in the knowledge that they can claim common ancestry with their namesakes of France, Spain and Austria, whose deeds are chronicled by the European historian. While most of the chiefs of the great Irish families, who fought for the lost cause of King James, forfeited their estates and went abroad to shed lustre on their race on the battlefields of Europe, others of them remained in Ireland, hoping that "in some day to come the green would flutter over the red," with the great majority of the collateral, who after awhile sank into the positions of brewers of wood and drawers of water. But the race being full of vitality, this sort of thing could last only for a season. The men in Ireland have never recovered themselves, and their scattered brethren are taking places to which they are entitled by reason of their blood and their genius. It is true they have not yet found their proper level, but they will find it, and at all events they have advanced far enough to realize the value of a work called "Irish Pedigree" compiled for their benefit and information by one of the ancient race. Hence this is the time for the appearance of the volume, as we have the hour and the man, the author and his patrons, which latter are the Irish people at home and abroad.

Our task would be a vain one if at the space at our command, we attempted to criticize the book or analyze its contents. It commences with a chapter on the duration of man; and so goes on, mingling history, ethnology and genealogy in a manner that is as instructive as it is pleasant. Its notes are copious, and show labor and research. If there is any Irish name left out it is unknown to us, and full explanations are given of the process of anglicizing Celtic names, carried on in the Pale for centuries. Most of those names are rescued from obscurity, and their Celtic paternity revealed. The reader will be surprised at the history of the Irish Brigades and Legions on the Continent, which Mr. O'Harte has rescued from the neglect into which it was falling, but more especially with the great numbers of men of Irish descent holding high rank in the Spanish armies even to this day. There is also an appendix throwing considerable light on the Irish Brigade in France; but names—always authentic names and dates—are the backbone of the statements of our author.

As a matter of course we do not believe all that Mr. O'Harte asserts in his book, and we doubt particularly that part of it which traces the pedigree of the present Queen Victoria, and Philip the Fifth of Spain back to Adam. Genealogists are as liable to enthusiasm as astronomers and geologists, as also to make astounding assertions in the strictest good faith. But the enthusiasm or weakness is so amiable that far be it from us to take exception to it, and besides there is no doubt that the ancient Irish, through their barons and nobles, or historians, possessed extraordinary facilities for preserving an authentic genealogical tree. Whatever we may think of tracing Her Majesty's pedigree step by step to Adam it is beyond doubt that Mr. O'Harte has proved her descent from the Irish Kings through the collateral Scottish branch, which is unduly enough for any one. Mr. O'Harte places Queen Victoria as one hundred and thirty-sixth in direct descent from Adam, and Philip the Fifth as the one hundred and twenty-second. But we need not go as high as Kings and Queens to get at an authentic ancient pedigree. Edward Murphy, Esq., the well-known merchant of Montreal, is shown to be the 131st of his line, according to O'Harte's "Irish Pedigree," which gives dates and names of ancestry to a period anterior to the Norman conquest, and shows an unbroken chain until we come to the said Edward, born in the parish of Dunclooney, County Carlow, in 1818. The family of Walter Shanly, Esq., the distinguished Canadian engineer, appears also in O'Harte's "Pedigree." The Irish name of Shanly is O'Scanloach. One of his ancestors fought for King James at the Boyne, and Shanly of the same family is now in the Spanish army. The late General Prim, Dictator and Captain-General of Spain, was also an Irishman and just as Celtic as his rival and brother in arms, Leopold O'Donnell, Duke of Tetuan and conqueror of Morocco. But we must halt, much against our will, for the work possesses a fascination of its own to all those who love Ireland and are proud

of the race and its glorious traditions. We may add, though not by way of advertisement, that this magnificent work can be procured through Saddle & Co., Montreal, for three dollars and a quarter (\$3.25), or from the author, direct, Bingsend, Dublin, as also that it has the full approval of Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King-at-Arms, and the greatest authority on genealogy and heraldry now living, and that Queen Victoria has accepted Mr. O'Harte's pedigree of herself as authenticated.

ATROPHY ARRESTED.—FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES.—Wasting of the tissues of the body is arrested, the muscles made firm, and the nerves regain their power by using Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites. 44-2-ws

THE GUARDS IN LIMERICK.

An extraordinary occurrence took place in Limerick recently. One hundred men of the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards arrived by special train from Cork, and proceeded by the band of the 76th Regiment, they were marching to the tune of the British Grenadiers to their quarters at the Castle Barracks. After passing over Matthew Bridge a man rushed from the large crowd which was following their band, and running into the midst of the troops, suddenly struck one of the Guards, knocking him among his comrades. The occurrence created the greatest alarm. The music stopped, and three soldiers ran from the ranks after the man who assaulted their comrade, capturing him after a few yards had been covered. The music ceased, the troops formed in line, and there was stamped on the part of the crowd, fearing the Guards were going to charge. They did nothing of the sort, but reformed, and resumed their march to the Castle Barracks, carrying their prisoner with them. When entering the barracks the troops were loudly groaned, and the gates of the barracks were immediately closed. A detachment of the constabulary armed with their guns, arrived shortly afterwards and removed the prisoner, who is said to have been under the influence of drink, to the police station. The occurrence has caused considerable commotion in the city.

VOLTAIRE!

Voltaire said of an apothecary that his employment was to pour drugs, of which he knew little, into a body of which he knew less. This may be said of hundreds of practicing physicians, who daily are prescribing drugs of which they know little, for the cure of coughs, colds, lung diseases, asthma and consumption. The patient's constitution is often impaired by such treatment. One bottle of N. H. Down's Vegetable Balsamic Elixir has in many cases cured obstinate coughs and colds, and has proved a never-failing remedy for lung diseases and consumption. There is a certainty of recovery when the Elixir is used.

COMMENTS AND CLIPPINGS.

Catways is expected in England in May. Champagne is drunk in the private boxes at the opera in Philadelphia. In proportion to population, Italy has, strange to say, more smokers than any other country in Europe. Sweden has fewest.

Cannes, Hyeres, Nice, and, more lately, Ajaccio have become serious rivals of Paris in the winter. Soft breezes and sunshine prove very attractive.

The London Lancet says that there is absolute unanimity among medical men, whatever their other views on the drink question, that spirits, wine or beer should only be taken with food.

The new Jesuit school at Canterbury, England—transferred from St. Genevieve, Paris—has already 160 pupils, and there are so many applications that it is proposed to greatly enlarge the structure.

The festival of the Sicilian Vespers at Palermo is to last four days. There will be a solemn procession to the restored church of Santo Spirito, illuminations, fireworks, regattas, races, and extraordinary spectacles in all the theatres.

Mezzafanti, the Italian linguist, when a young priest, found a foreign linguist dying and anxious to confess, but no one could understand him. He thereupon turned his attention to languages and learned sixty-four, forty-eight of which he spoke readily.

The brokers, or agents de change, at Paris, are limited by law to 60, and each member pays a caution money of \$50,000, while the profits are so large that the agents sell at from \$400,000 to \$500,000. The agents de change are said to have made during the past year ten million dollars in commissions.

During last year 300 fewer books were published in Great Britain than in 1880. Of theology, sermons, &c. there were 945 works; of novels, 674; educational and philological, 682; juvenile, 500; history and biography, 437; voyages and travel, 291. The total was 5,408, of which 4,110 were new books.

Dr. J. B. Clayton of Goodman, Miss., seems to be one of those men who, as Shakespeare says are fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils. At all events, he did not have enough music in his soul to thoroughly appreciate the serenade given him by a party of young men, but shot one of them dead with a rifle.

The Lake of Constance is so low that the steamers are compelled to discontinue their calls at several places on its shore. The same is the case with the Lake of Geneva; only once before during the present century, it is said, have the lakes of Switzerland contained so little water as at the present moment.

The funeral of Mrs. Sothorn, widow of Dundreary, who will be remembered as a pretty walking lady at Wallack's old Theatre, corner of Broadway and Broome street, some thirty years ago, was largely attended by professional and private friends. She was buried at Brompton Cemetery. Her age was fifty-five.

An old woman took a blackened clay pipe out of her travelling bag in a St. Louis railroad station and began to smoke. She was told that smoking was not allowed in that room. Without taking the pipe from her mouth she drew a long knife and laid it across her lap. She was allowed to puff away until her train came along.

There is a great deal of desertion among troops in Ireland. Three men belonging to the Thirty-first "Light" Infantry, charged with deserting from the Rutwarrant Barracks, County Cork, told the magistrates that they were no longer going to remain in Ireland to be pelted with brickbats, and that every facility was afforded them outside the barracks for obtaining a change of clothing and getting away by steamer. The commanding officer at Limerick warned the magistracy that his men would fire if pelted or annoyed by the mob.

FOR SICK HEADACHE AND SEA SICKNESS.—Take a teaspoonful of Perry Davis Pain-Killer in hot water, sweetened with loaf sugar, every hour till relieved. 44-2-ws

SKOBELOFF'S SPEECH.

An address upon Russia's internal condition. The German press indignantly Emperor William says the provocation must stop—Energetic measures talked of.

PARIS, Feb. 19.—The following is the full text of the speech delivered by General Skobeloff.

"We are in our generation living through a significant period unexampled in history. Some ages ago brute force governed all international relations. Since then has followed an epoch of treaty obligations, the observance of which, in form with their reputation in spirit, has been considered as a feat of the greatest statesmanship. (Great sensation.) In this age it has been our lot to experience the fact that the stronger to all appearance of two Powers has established relations based on blood and iron.

And that might govern right. Gentlemen, it is most significant that such official recognition of illegality, actually committed, had never occurred in earlier history. Our iron times impose on our generation great patriotic obligations. It is all the more sad to find in our midst so many unhealthy minded utopians, forgetting that at such a period as the present the first duty of every one is to make every sacrifice for the development of the powers of his Mother Country. If mutual distrust in private affairs is naturally opposed to our sympathies, it should be remembered, gentlemen, that on the other hand extremes

MISTRUST OF EVERYTHING FOREIGN and capable of disturbing legal, historical ideals of the fatherland, is the obligation of patriotism, because it cannot possibly be admitted that the newly propounded theory of triumphant and illegal might over physically weaker right is a privilege of some one particular race. It follows, as I imagine, from what I have observed, that patriotic hearts must experience a sensation of great delight when the course of events leads to error a sagacious and talented enemy of fatherland. This feeling is one of peculiar pleasure when one finds one's self in the midst of those who by their labours and gallantry, and with their blood, aided in drawing that enemy into committing a mistake. You all know that our highly talented enemy, Sir Henry Rawlinson, predicted so long ago as in the year 1875 that the animosity of the Tekkes of Akhal.

WOULD INVOLVE RUSSIA for many years in an enormous expenditure of men and money and in war with Persia; that it would render it obligatory on Russia to establish a cordon of forts from the mouth of the Attek through the entire oasis, and from Attek to Merv, and that finally—and to crown all—it would undermine the political power of Russia in Asia. It is pleasant, gentlemen, to look back to that preloquacious course on this auspicious day, and assure ourselves of the fact that—thanks to the Almighty—Sir Henry Rawlinson's prophecy has been in no way justifiable. We all know the condition of affairs too well for me to enter into details, but I may say that our troublesome Asiatic confines has never enjoyed

In the new London basements which are roomy, and into which three passengers can be put, there are to be found small looking glasses, trays for cigar ashes and matches. Some drivers go farther, and supply rugs to cover the legs of their fares, and others have small clothes brushes for the passenger to brush himself up with on a muggy day.

Secretary Russell of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture said that he should clip his horse no matter how much for the name society objected. President Angel of the anti-cruelty society of that State said that he wouldn't prevent clipping if he could, and that his organization has nothing whatever to do with Mr. Bergh or his theories.

The Marysville College is a Tennessee institution founded by Presbyterians, a provision of the endowment being that the negro students should be under no disadvantages on account of their color. The Antislavery Literary Society, however, refused to admit black candidates. The faculty thereupon removed the society's property from the college building, and suspended twenty-three members.

After ten years' debate, the German Legislature has decided to create a permanent Parliament House, on a scale worthy the nation, on the Königs Platz, a little to the north of the Brandeburg Gate, and not far from the end of the Unter-den-Linden. The cost will be about \$2,500,000 for the site and \$3,700,000 for the building. Funds for the purpose are already at the disposal of Parliament.

SUCH PERFECT TRANQUILITY as it does now. Never since the time of Mahomed, the Shah's march to Herat, coupled with the memorable services of Count Simonieli, has the influence of the Russian Minister at Teheran been more predominant. In one word, the spell of the Russian standard is powerful far away to the East, even to the conquered region, and this will doubtless be confirmed by the engineers who have just returned from Sarkis. German men, let me ask you, is not a country in which for the favorable issue of this great work? First and foremost let us respectfully give honor to the instrumentality of our late sovereign martyr the Czar. Having firmly taking the Akhal Tekke business in hand, the late Emperor fully realized the immense importance of a place farmed at the gates of Herat and Afghanistan at a given period in history. In the second place the

SUCCESS OF THE ENTERPRISE was in principle insured from the very beginning by the efforts of His Imperial Highness, then Viceroy of the Caucasus, whose heart was ever with the brave troops under his command. I need not enlarge on the gallantry of our Caucasian troops with whom our glorious Turkish forces have fraternized in battle. Our Caucasian standard came to the Akhal field direct from the fields of Asiatic Turkey, covered with glory, and the commander of the Akhal expedition was too heavily charged with fame of Russian arms for his heart to be below the level of the spirit of the troops which he led to Gook Tepe, and when the heart is in its right place on the field of battle, victory is three quarters insured. It is with deep feeling that I call to mind all those who co-operated with me—brave soldiers and my brilliant staff of officers—and among those who fell, General Petrusvitch, conspicuous by his sense of duty, modest courage, and learning; and all other officers

WHO DID FOR FAITH

—such as—Prince Nagolof, Count Orloff, Marstak, Bolygik, Zubov, Bunitski, Yablotski, Morshnik, Grik, Iratoff, Kunkofski, Moritz, Nelsop, and Yarenski. Gentlemen, so long as we have in our ranks such officers as these I have named, we may boldly look the enemy in the face, remembering those who fell at Gook Tepe, and emulating their deeds when the day of trial by battle should come.

IN NORMAL CONDITION.

I have one thing more to say to you, gentlemen. But allow me here to exchange my beaker with wine for a tumbler with water,

and I call upon you all to bear witness that neither I nor any one of us is or can be speaking on this occasion under any abnormal influence. We live at a time when even Cabinet secrets are badly kept, and what is spoken on this occasion will of necessity be divulged, so that extra caution would not be amiss.

RUSSIAN PATRIOTISM.

The experience of late years has taught us that when the Russian accidentally remembers (thanks to the history of his race) that he is one of a great and powerful people, and when (the Lord preserve him!) he happens to remember that the Russian people are members of the great Slavonic race, some of whose families are now being persecuted and oppressed, then certain homebred foreigners raise the cry against him and say he is laboring under an abnormal bacchanalian influence. This is why I repeat I beg leave to put down my beaker with wine and raise to my lips a glass filled with water. It seems strange to me that any individual Russian, or that our society should display timidity when we touch on any question near to the Russian heart—any question legitimately arising from one thousand years of historical existence. There are many reasons for this, but I cannot enter into them. The principal one, however, is that lamentable difference which exists between certain classes of Russian society, between the intellectual ones and the Russian people. Gentlemen, whenever the sovereign of the country has called upon the people that people has risen to the occasion of the historical necessity of the time. It has not always been so with our intellectual classes, and if any one has ever failed to respond to the Czar it has been those intellectual classes. I perfectly understand this. Cosmopolitan Europeanism is not a source of strength, but an indication of weakness. There can be no strength independent of a nation, and the intellectual classes are a power only when in combination with the people. On this anniversary of the fall of Gook Tepe, it is only our best feelings that are uppermost. In the midst of soldiers I utter words which are not understood in a military sense, and not as having anything in common with the politics of a given time."

Referring to the struggle for faith and nationality now going on on the shores of Adriatic, General Skobeloff concluded with the following words:—"I will not express all my meaning, gentlemen, my heart aches; but our faith in the historical mission of Russia is our consolation and our strength. Long live the Emperor!"

SKOBELOFF INTERVIEWED.

PARIS, Feb. 18.—In an interview with a representative of *Voltaire*, General Skobeloff, who is stopping at present in this city, returned to disclaim one jot or tittle of the anti-German sentiments to which he gave utterance in his famous speech. "My position," said the General, "is an independent one. So long as I am summoned in time of war I care nothing for the rest. I did say that Germany is our common enemy, and I repeat it. I believe that safety lies in a union of the Slavs with France. The European balance of power must be re-established, or there will soon be only one power—Germany." The General also told his interviewer that he had come to Paris entirely of his own accord, and that, far from being in disgrace, the Emperor had just had a new ship named after him as a signal mark of his favor.

Skobeloff has informed an interviewer that he made the recent speech simply as a private individual, and although the report of his speech was exaggerated he adhered to the spirit thereof. He altogether deprecated the importance attached to his utterances.

Mr. William H. McArdle and Mr. William Aydelotte announce, through the *National Republican*, that they have not been attached to the *American Register* at Washington since Jan. 16 last, having withdrawn because the manager of that paper is, in their judgment, not a Democrat.

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