

advantages to the neighborhood of a rich resident in restored Fitzurse House and the possible personal disadvantages to herself and the girls of having Mrs. Pollen for a near neighbor.

"You are going to have a concert," Mrs. Pollen said gravely. "It's a good idea. Won't you much affect the housing of the poor, will it, now? You can't very well write the particular class who will be housing to the concert, can you? The people with fever and all that, I mean?"

"It isn't meant for that," Lady Letitia said, with a slight touch of resentment in her voice. "Of course we know it won't do any good to the poor who want housing. But good to the place isn't made up of poor who want housing. We often get up charitable concerts and bazaars and things; at least not often, but sometimes; it does good, very often, to the people together."

"Oh, yes, quite an excellent idea," Mrs. Pollen said. "Keep up people's spirits. Isn't there some story about a general who had all the hands set going when some disease broke out in the camp—just to keep up the men's spirits? I think I have read something of the kind; but I forget things so soon."

Lady Letitia was dimly in apprehension that her visitor might be chaffing her. But nothing could exceed the majestic gravity of Mrs. Pollen's large eyes.

"We hope to be able to grapple with the difficulty about the housing of the poor," Lady Letitia said hastily. "In good time; in good time. These things can't be done all at once. No man is more alive to the duties and responsibilities of his position than Mr. Lisle."

"One difficulty here comes to me," said Mrs. Pollen. "The fact that you have about three times more houses than you want. I see whole rows of new houses standing empty. But your poor are poor and can't pay for anything better than a share of a cellar or a garret. What's to be done? But I won't talk of all this just now; you pretty ladies can't be expected to understand such things. I'll go into it all with your husband; I fancy I can help him. I'll spend the money if he will only show how it ought to be spent."

This was patrolling indeed; but even ladies of rank who marry clergymen soon get into the way of accepting patronage as one of the necessities of their position.

"I wish I had money," Janetto said, with a sigh.

"What would you do with it, my dear young lady?"

"I would devote it to the promotion of great and noble ideas," the dear young lady said, in a solemn tone. "With true ideas there would be no helpless poor and no useless rich."

Mrs. Pollen fixed her eyes on the girl's delicate pretty face. Her heart went out to Janetto in a moment. A curious feeling of pity, of compassion, swelled up in her breast.

"Keep to your ideas, my dear," she said, softly. "They will make you happy, perhaps, in life; but they will do better for you."

"Janetto's a philosopher," said the younger girl, jauntily. "Papa says she's a philosopher herself."

"Many a philosopher," Mrs. Pollen observed. "I might as well have worn petticoats as anything else for all I could see, but about this concert, Lady Letitia? I have an idea. These rooms are not very large; now are they? What if you were to allow me to lend you Fitzurse House? Fine rooms there are and plenty of them. It would be your affair, all the same, you know; only the house put at your disposal; kind permission of Mrs. Pollen; that sort of thing. It would be a great attraction; a novelty, don't you think—the old place revived? Come, don't say no, it shan't cost you a penny."

"I am not at all inclined to say no," Lady Letitia answered graciously. "I think it would be a splendid idea. But the place has so long been disused; and the time is so short."

"Money will do anything. I'll set to work at once. We'll employ all the painters and upholsterers and plumbers and carpenters and people in Fitzurseham; that will be something in itself. It is agreed?"

"I am sure Mr. Lisle will be delighted; I know I am; and I do really think it is ever so good and kind of you."

"Not a bit of it. It amuses me, that's all. Why mightn't we let the young people have a dance too?"

"Lady Letitia hesitated. "Well I don't quite know what Mr. Lisle might think about a dance; he would be rather afraid—"

"We needn't say anything about it in advance. It might start of itself, you know, when the time came. It might be arranged like many another excellent *impromptu* just a little beforehand. Anyhow, we'll have a good time, and invite all Fitzurseham, not forgetting the young foreign artizan."

"Oh, you have heard of that?" Lady Letitia said hastily.

"Yes, I have heard of it; and I have seen the young man myself. I like him ever so much."

Lady Letitia and Janetto were both very eager to know something about Bertie Romont; Alice did not care in the least. She was as yet only in the age when little girls adore girls of riper years. Mrs. Pollen had now quite dropped her patronizing manner. She was able to see quite through her new friends, and she saw that affectionation of any kind was out of place with them. They were quite sincere, and, as she concluded, good-hearted. She had expected what she called aristocratic airs, and she came determined to assert herself and her money at once. She found Lady Letitia a simple, intelligent, unpretentious woman; like a clergyman's wife, in fact.

They talked on various subjects—the condition of England among the rest—whereon Mrs. Pollen declared that she had had special need of instruction, having been for so many years a wanderer. "Is everything really going to the dogs?" she asked. "Really tell me it is. Who is to blame?"

"Man's neglect of his brother is to blame," Janetto declared. "For everything that is wrong in the world. But the wrongs will be righted; this is an age of hope."

"The fighting will come a little too late for some of us," said Lady Letitia.

"What about the aristocracy?" Mrs. Pollen asked. "and the social revolution, whatever that is?"

"My dear woman," said Lady Letitia, "it's of no use talking about the English aristocracy at this time of the day. The aristocracy are gone, and that's all about it. If my husband would take my advice we would drop our ridiculous honorables and ladies, and all the rest of it, and call ourselves Mr. and Mrs. Lisle. The House of Lords will be gone in no time; and even if it weren't done away with, we are doing away with ourselves as fast as we can. We are going into trade every day; we are becoming like the merchants and bankers and cab-owners; I dare say some of us will be glad enough to be cab-drivers before long."

"It is a glorious age, mamma," said Janetto, with kindling eyes; "a day when we are all to be men and women at last, not members of different and hostile classes. Everyone ought to be proud to be in such a day, and to work to such a movement."

"Janetto is a working member of the Band of Hope," said Lady Letitia, in a tone of resignation. "She visits the poor—that is, the

Radical poor. She can tell you all about the social revolution."

"I'm sick of it all," said the younger daughter.

"Sick of what?"

"Of everything, mamma."

"It will be hard work to get a girl of good family married in times like these," Lady Letitia said despondently. "What rising man would hamper himself with any woman who had a handle to her name? I read some stupid stuff in a society paper the other day about a Radical member of the Government being on the look-out for some Lady Jane or Lady Blanche or Lady Something to marry and bring his social distinction. As if he didn't know better than that!—as if anyone is taken in by us now! What good could Lady Jane or Lady Blanche do for him? If he wants money he had much better look out among the daughters of the soap-boilers and cotton-spinners; if he doesn't he had better marry his washer-woman's daughter, and prove to his Radical supporters the sincerity of his Radical principles. Oh, here's Miss Sabine coming in; we can't have any more of this talk; she might think it was directed against her."

"Camiola could not possibly think that anything you or I could say, mamma, was meant to offend her. I am sure I envy Camiola much; I think her ever so much my superior," said Janetto warmly.

"My dear, I am quite sure I envy her too," Lady Letitia said. "and I am quite ready to admit she is ever so much superior. I wish you had her fortune—"

"Oh, mamma, please don't talk like that—"

"And that she had twice as much, child," Lady Letitia added, good humoredly. "Will that satisfy you? That is wishing good to you and twice as much to her."

"I don't like her," said Alice.

"Nonsense, Alice, of course you like her."

"No, I don't; I detest her—because you and Janette like her and papa likes her; and so I hate her."

"Alice's bark is worse than her bite," said Lady Letitia.

Mr. Lisle and Miss Sabine came in and were duly presented to Mrs. Pollen; and it was arranged that Mrs. Pollen's offer was to be accepted and that the popular entertainment was to come off in renovated Fitzurse House. Mr. Lisle was rather taken with Mrs. Pollen and her generous ways. Besides he was not used to very good talking to women, and he had so much to say that he did not tax his conversational powers very heavily. They spoke about the condition of the poor in that neighborhood, and Mrs. Pollen made many shrewd and sensible suggestions. Meanwhile Mrs. Pollen kept her eyes on everything and every person and lost nothing of what was going on. She was studying the inmates of the Rectory's house according to her wont. She did not fail to notice that when Camiola sat next to Alice Lisle and talked to her, the little girl blushed crimson. "The child adores this handsome Camiola whom she says she detests; she adores her and is jealous of everyone who speaks to Camiola or is spoken to by her—that's my reading of *that*," Isabel Pollen said to herself. Of Janette she thought "she is a dreamer; she will be awakened; she will be unhappy."

There was some talk at luncheon about the various forms of human ambition.

"Tell me," said Mrs. Pollen, turning suddenly to Camiola in her abrupt, imperious, kindly fashion. "what would be your ambition, Miss Sabine?"

"Oh, don't know," Camiola answered, blushing slightly. "I don't believe I have any ambition. I think I should like to make people happy."

"Couldn't be a better ambition," said Mr. Lisle.

"Couldn't be a better ambition truly," Pollen echoed. "Only I don't know how this young lady could gratify her ambition to make some people happy without at the same time making other people unhappy."

"I don't understand," Camiola said.

"The smile," Mrs. Pollen quoted from Hood's "Fair Inez," "that blest one lover's heart has broken many more."

"I wasn't thinking of lovers," Camiola spoke with a certain scornfulness in her manner.

At this moment a servant handed a telegram and a card to Lady Letitia.

"May I look at this telegram?" Lady Letitia said. "Why," she exclaimed, "it's from George! He is in Southampton; he is coming home—my gracious; can he be wounded?"

He must be wounded, or sick, or he would not come home," Mr. Lisle said, turning pale.

"But he says in this he is quite well. Look, St. George." She handed the telegram to the Rectory.

There was a general moment of wonder, alarm, delight. Mrs. Pollen kept her eyes fixed on Camiola. "She does not care for him," was her conclusion. "He is not the one."

For a moment or two the visitor's card was altogether overlooked and forgotten.

"It must be all right," Mr. Lisle decided. "George tells us that he is quite well. Perhaps the campaign is over. The papers did not tell us so; but the papers so seldom know anything. Anyhow, he says he is quite well, and we shall know all about it in an hour or two."

Then Lady Letitia took up the card; first glanced at it and then looked at it with deepened interest.

"St. George, dear," she said to her husband; "it's Romont's son."

CHAPTER V.

The only event likely to happen in everyday life which could have turned Lady Letitia's attention for one moment from this expected coming home of her son was this visit from Bertie Romont. She hardly knew how she was to receive him, or how he would receive her. She felt angry with him; and yet content about him. Why had he dared yet to attack the friend and schoolmate of his mother? Why, on the other hand, had the friend and schoolmate of his mother never found time to make his personal acquaintance? Mr. Lisle had long since made up his mind that the young man was perfectly right in what he had done, and was only anxious for a quiet opportunity of telling him so. But he, too, a little dreaded the first meeting, and that in presence of Mrs. Pollen.

Camiola and Janette were both greatly excited and eager. They were longing to see the young hero, and did not concern themselves about the rights and the wrongs of the controversy he had awakened. They were quite certain that Mr. Lisle must have been right in whatever he said or did; that was a fundamental axiom to rest upon; but they admired the young hero, or were prepared to do so in the presence of Mrs. Pollen.

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Mr. Lisle's whole sense was, as a play would herself have said, as good as a play. She was anxious to see how Romont would present himself, and how he would be received, and in which of the girls he would excite an interest.

Romont was not without his own sense of uneasiness. He did not know how he might be received. He began to think that he had not acted with enough of forbearance and moderation in his denunciation of the evils of Fitzurseham. Perhaps he ought to have made more careful enquiry into the personal character and local responsibilities of Mr. Lisle. It

was not, however, Mr. Lisle he feared, but Lady Letitia. A man, he knew, would always put on some outward and seemingly show of courtesy and welcome, but he could not answer for Letitia's feelings. One thing he was quite determined on—he would take anything that might be said meekly and patiently. So he came into the room with firmly compressed nervous lips and a slight flush on his handsome face, and eyes that looked round the company appealingly. Perhaps he was not a little pleased to see that Mrs. Pollen was there. He knew by instinct that he could count on her. He had quick perceptions, and before his presence had been fully announced he took in and could put a name to every one in the room except Camiola. He had not seen any one of them before, except Mrs. Pollen. The Lisle family were never in Fitzurseham while he was there. He was given to wandering purposeless about various out-of-the-way parts of London being a man who loved to alternate fits of eager work of some kind with still more delightful fits of indolence and vagrancy. In one of these latter moods he drifted into Fitzurseham, and was captivated by the picturesque desolation of the dreary place, and he came upon Fitzurse House and made the acquaintance of Pilgrim, and was smitten with a sudden and intense desire to learn shorthand. He had heard that to know shorthand proved the making of ever so many fellows in all sorts of pursuits and all manner of difficulties; and he was always turning to learn something on this principle, and then, it must be owned, dropping it before he had attained the requisite mastery of it. The truth was, he liked talking with Pilgrim, and he was glad of an excuse for visiting and re-visiting the place. But Pilgrim had not told him much about the Lisles, and only mentioned the fact that they were charged with the introduction into good society of a young woman who had money and not rank, and whom Bertie at once assumed to be fat, ugly and vulgar, something like Miss Swartz in "Vanity Fair." He had forgotten all about this young woman when he entered the room, and he could not at first account for the girl, whose appearance strangely impressed him even in the trying moment when he was advancing to meet Lady Letitia.

Lady Letitia was charmed by his bright and frank expression, by the appealing look in his eyes, and the memories which his face brought up.

"Great Heavens!" was her exclamation, "how like your mother. I am so glad to see you, Mr. Romont. But no; I can't call Kitty's son Mr. Romont; I must call you Bertie."

"Dear friend," Romont said, with a certain fervor; for, indeed, he was greatly relieved, and he meant what he said.

It was a treaty of peace and amity struck up on the moment. Lady Letitia, acting on mere impulse and instinct, had done the very best thing possible for all parties. Mr. Lisle gave Romont a cordial welcome. Janette made for this young social hero, friend of his brother-men, with outstretched hands, and eyes beaming with enthusiasm. Camiola was quite prepared to meet him with equal enthusiasm, and would have had no hesitation in telling him so, but there was something constrained, she thought, in the manner with which he was greeted for the moment, and she felt from the cordial familiarity with which he took to Janette; and she kept back and demeaned herself somewhat coldly, and presently began to tell herself that he was a good deal too well-dressed, and too like an ordinary young West-end swell to be her ideal of a hero. "He knows I am not a girl of family," she said to herself; "he does not feel bound to be as civil so me as he is to Janette. Very well; I don't mind."

The truth is simply that Romont had not caught Miss Sabine's name, and was uncertain what he ought to say, and was much impressed, almost for the moment overwhelmed, by her unexpected beauty and grace. This, to be sure, was only for a second time. He was not exactly the sort of young man to be dumfounded by a girl's good looks, and he had seen a few handsome girls before seeing Miss Sabine. But before he had time to pull himself together, Camiola had assumed her color and distant air, and had withdrawn herself for the moment, metaphorically at least, into the corner.

So the first meeting of these two was rather a failure. Mr. Lisle had some earnest talk with Romont about the condition of the Fitzurse poor, and what ought to be done to improve it; but the talk was not long kept up; and was meant only as an overture to other talks on the same subject in private. The general conversation turned a good deal on Lady Letitia's approaching festivities, in which Romont promised to lend all the assistance in his power; but in the success of which he did not pretend to have any great faith.

"You can't bring people together in this country," he said, "the poor and the rich. It isn't coming together; they won't come together. I have seen it tried."

"Oh, please, Mr. Romont, don't talk in that way," Janette pleaded almost indignantly. "If I did not believe in the near approach of a time when these ignoble distinctions of money and class are to disappear, I should not believe in anything."

"I don't think it is the fault of the upper classes, or what are called the upper classes," Lady Letitia said. "at least I am sure it is not all their fault. Some of us don't care about what is called class; but the others won't meet us half way, they won't, indeed, Mr. Romont."

"Don't they sometimes rush to meet you in a good deal more than half way?" Mrs. Pollen asked.

"The vulgar rich," Lady Letitia said; "not the poor, never."

"The vulgar rich?" Mrs. Pollen asked, sweetly. "Who are they, now? People like Miss Sabine and myself, for example?"

"Oh, for shame!" Janette exclaimed, turning crimson with anger and agitation.

Mrs. Pollen's was not a pleasant remark, but she did not mean to be particularly pleasant. Lady Letitia's words had been unfortunate, and Mrs. Pollen was determined to teach her a lesson on the instant, and to make her more cautious for the future. Every one looked at Mrs. Pollen, who met their looks with open and beaming eyes and an expression of the most simple and childlike curiosity.

Lady Letitia colored, and was going to make some angry reply, and then bethought herself and made silent confession of error and determined to make an atonement. Mr. Lisle looked as if he for his part merely asked of the higher powers that the earth might open and swallow him.

"I speak of the vulgar rich," Lady Letitia said. "There are vulgar rich as well as vulgar poor, and vulgar peers; I know some vulgar peers. I did not speak of educated ladies."

"Of course not, of course not," Mr. Lisle hastily added. "About the way of getting at the poor now, I confess that I am for myself rather inclined to think—"

"But coming back to these vulgar rich," Camiola said, interrupting him in his praise-worthy endeavor to get away from the unlovely subject. "Can't they be snubbed or chilled off, or kept in their places somehow? I should like to have Mr. Romont's opinion on that. He has seen so much of life and all classes of people."

Miss Sabine said this in the spirit of the little boy sung of in "Alice in Wonderland," only to annoy. She knew very well that Lady Letitia never meant to say an unkind thing to any one, and had a very high opinion of her, Camiola. But she still was of opinion that she owed a little grudge to Mr. Romont.

"I think, if Lady Letitia will allow me to say so," Romont replied, "that we all make too much work about the vulgar rich and the new rich and all that. If we hear that a man has made money rapidly we take it into our heads that he must be vulgar. I know a man, everybody knows him, at least by name—who has an ancestry that can't be disputed, and fortune and rank and all the rest of it, and he is the vulgarist little cad I ever met."

"I know many such cases," the Rectory has to declare.

"So do I," Lady Letitia added, "and I class them with the vulgar rich. That was all I meant."

It was not exactly all she had meant; but she told herself now that it was, and she believed it; and every one else professed to do the same. And the vulgar rich were allowed to go their vulgar way, and the talk turned back to the forthcoming festivities.

After a while Romont rose to go.

"Are you going to-night?" Mrs. Pollen asked. "I am going to Piccadilly; can I drop you anywhere?"

He accepted her offer readily, the more so because he wanted to talk to her.

"We shall see you soon again," Lady Letitia said to him.

"To-morrow, if you will allow me. I want to give you all the help I can. You have been very kind to me, Lady Letitia." This he said in a lower tone.

"Kind," she said, "to Kitty Romont's son?"

"Well, do you know, I felt a little alarmed at first."

"You looked a little alarmed," Mr. Pollen said.

"I did not know how you would take me; I thought you might be angry, perhaps, Lady Letitia. I am afraid I was not as careful as I ought to have been in putting the blame for things here on the right shoulders; and I came in with a certain fear and trembling."

"Almost like Daniel going into the lion's den," Mr. Lisle suggested.

"Or like the three going into the fiery furnace," Lady Letitia added with a smile.

"Or Mark Antony going among the conspirators," said Mrs. Pollen.

"Or Moses in the bulrushes," Camiola observed.

"Why Moses in the bulrushes," Lady Letitia asked.

"I don't know," Camiola replied composedly. "I heard everybody trying an illustration, and I thought I ought to contribute one; I couldn't think of anything else on the spur of the moment."

The little party soon broke up. Romont left on the best possible terms with Lady Letitia and Mr. Lisle, and with a promise to return next day and to lend a hand in all the preparations for the coming entertainments. Mrs. Pollen took him away in her carriage.

"So that is Miss Sabine; that is the rich girl they are bringing out?" he said as they drove away.

"That is Miss Sabine. What do you think of her?"

"I think the Fates have dealt most unfairly and unjustly by her, and I think it's a shame."

"How is that? What have the Fates done?"

"They have given her everything; youth, and beauty, and money, and all the rest. Is not that unfair to other girls? If she has the money she ought not to have the good looks; and if she has the good looks she doesn't want the money, and it ought to be given to some plain girl. These are my principles. I wish I had the arranging of things."

"She hasn't family," Mrs. Pollen said.

"No, she hasn't family. That's a comfort. I suppose she is dreadfully concealed as it is. If she came of some great old family there would be no standing her."

"You don't seem to like her."

"She didn't seem to like me, I thought."

As they were crossing the bridge within sight of the old church a horseman drove past them. It was riding a pale young man with delicate features and quick glancing eyes. He looked at them curiously, and even leaned out of the cab to look after them.

"That must be Lady Letitia's son," Mrs. Pollen said. "He is very like Janette. Do you know anything about him? He has just come back from Egypt; he is a soldier."

"No, I don't know anything about him. He seems a delicate sort of lad to be a soldier."

"Perhaps he has come home to marry Miss Sabine," was the suggestion of Mrs. Pollen.

"That fellow?" Romont asked, apparently in surprise.

Mrs. Pollen said nothing; but she smiled and had some thoughts of her own. We are always told—this was one of her thoughts—that only women are jealous of each other and disparage each other, and are suspicious of each other, and all the rest of it; and here is my young philanthropist already at the first glimpse he gets of another young man talking to the girls, and he is suspicious of him, and in it was sitting a pale young man with delicate features and quick glancing eyes. He looked at them curiously, and even leaned out of the cab to look after them.

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there is only one thing on earth worth having."

"What is that?"

"Youth!" she said, with energy, her eyes lighting up. "Youth! One should never grow old. I often think of Byron's line 'If thou regret'st thy youth, why live?' Ah, but that was written for a man and by a man! We have to live; we women! No land of honorable death for us!"

It was not quite clear what had set Mrs. Pollen thinking of lost youth just now. Perhaps the train of melancholy thoughts was fired by the words they had spoken about Camiola and Romont's little ebullition of feeling, inexcusable as it was, against the hero who had come back from the war. Mrs. Pollen said no more on the subject of youth, and Romont, of course, did not prolong the talk. He glanced at her face more than once. The bright sunlight already slanting from the west was a trial to the deepening lines near the mouth, and to the hollows round the eyes. It had been a strikingly handsome face once; and had still a charm that even a young man might acknowledge, in certain lights. But this westerling sun was remorseless. Romont felt stirred by a strange feeling of sympathy, of compassion. "I suppose it is so with women," he thought; "I suppose it must be so. When youth is gone, all is gone."

Mrs. Pollen probably read his thoughts. She began telling him at once of a number of projects she had in her mind and at her heart for the improvement of this, that and the other thing at Fitzurseham.

"I shall have to say many times to the passing hour—stay, for thou art so fair," she added, with a smile.

He understood the allusion to Faust, and he understood her meaning too. She wished to satisfy him that she was not at all as weak as some lady words might give her out, and that life had been for her even though youth was gone.

(To be continued.)

A BARONESS'S WILL.

WASHINGTON, May 15.—A few weeks ago a statement was published that Mrs. Morgan, of Lexington, Ky., had become the heiress to a fortune of a million of dollars through the death of her aunt, the Baroness Fahrenburg, nee Strothers, in France. It is now ascertained that the lady left only an annuity of \$50,000 to Mrs. Morgan and bequeathed \$400,000 for the establishment of a home for aged at Lexington. She also left \$70,000 for a mausoleum for her mother and herself at Spa. The baroness did not live with her husband, and he does not get a farthing. It is believed the baroness's mind was affected and that her will will be set aside.

FROM DEATH'S DOOR.

M. M. Devereaux of Ionia, Mich., was a sight to behold. He says: "I had no action of the kidneys and suffered terribly. My legs were as big as my body and my body as big as a barrel. The best doctors gave me up. Finally I tried Kidney-Wort. In four or five days I changed color, in eight or ten days I was on my feet, and now I am completely cured. It was certainly a miracle." All druggists keep Kidney-Wort, which is put up both in liquid and dry form.

THE NILE VOYAGEURS.

OTTAWA, May 15.—The Governor-General, Lord Lansdowne, has received a despatch through Earl Derby, from General Lord Wolsley, thanking the Canadian voyageurs for their services on the Nile. In this despatch Lord Wolsley says:—"Certain unfounded statements having appeared in various papers to the effect that their employment has been attended with unsatisfactory results, I desire to place on record, not only my own opinion, but also that of every officer connected with the direction and management of the boat columns, that the services of these voyageurs have been of greatest possible value, and further, that their conduct throughout has been excellent."

Carter's Little Liver Pills will positively cure sick headache and prevent its return. This is not talk, but truth. One pill a dose. To be had of all Druggists. See advertisement.

THE HOLY SEE AND PORTUGAL.

The conflict between the Holy See and Portugal with regard to the appointment of Aguiardi as Apostolic Delegate to India grows more and more serious. Portugal is insistent at what she considers a disregard of the traditional right of the Archbishop of Goa to the protectorate of the Indies, and has taken such offensive hostile tone in the negotiations with the Vatican that the Holy See has determined to ignore her claims altogether. The Minister of Portugal in the matter is believed in Rome to be due to the growing influence of Freemasons.

TERRIBLE NITRO-GLYCERINE EXPLOSION.

SOMERSET, Pa., May 15.—A frightful explosion of nitro-glycerine and dynamite occurred at the Somerset Chemical Works, a mile east of here, this evening. The explosion occurred in the nitro-glycerine agitation house, where one of the proprietors, W. T. Beach, of New York, was at work. He was blown into atoms; the largest piece of bones, flesh or clothes that could be found was not larger than a silver dollar. The nitro-glycerine building, with eight others, were strewn to the winds, portions of them being found miles away. The works were situated in an opening in a dense wood, large trees in which were uprooted and blown down for rods. None of the employes were in the building. Where the building in which the explosion occurred stood, there is a hole large enough to bury the building in. There were 800 pounds of nitro-glycerine and 3,000 pounds of dynamite in the different buildings. The loss is very heavy. An explosion occurred in the same place in the middle of January, when two men were killed. This town was badly shaken by the shock.

Colonel Mapleson says Nicolini has billiards on the brain. He wants some one to write an opera with a billiard match in it, so Nicolini can be kept on the stage.

THE BONAPARTISTS TALK.

PARIS, May 13.—The party of Prince Napoleon has a meeting to-day and proposed the erection of a platform. They will oppose Monarchist candidates, and where there is no Bonapartist candidate will vote for Republicans. The feud between Jeromista and Victorists is multiplying the Bonapartist influence.

MUCH TALK OVER AN IMAGE.

PARIS, May 13.—The reduced one of the Bartholdi statue of "Liberty enlightening the World" was to-day presented by the American residents to the municipality of Paris. The ceremony took place on the site of the statue, of the Place des Etats Unis. Ex-minister Monro, on behalf of the American donors, made the presentation speech, and that of acceptance was delivered by M. Bone, president of the municipal council.

THE DUBLIN ARCHBISHOPRIC.

ROME, May 15.—The report that Monsignor Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, had been appointed to the Dublin archbishopric is untrue. It is stated Errington has taken a new list of names for the approval of English, whose reply is hourly expected.

Quaker Testimony.

Mrs. A. M. Dauphin, a Quaker lady, of Philadelphia, has done a great deal to make known to ladies there the great value of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as a cure for their troubles and diseases. She writes as follows: "A young lady of this city while bathing some years ago was thrown violently against the life line and the injuries received resulted in an ovarian tumor which grew and enlarged until death seemed certain. Her physician finally advised her to try Mrs. Pinkham's Compound. She did so and in a short time the tumor was dissolved or caused to slough off, and she is now in perfect health. I also know of many cases where the medicine has been of great value in preventing miscarriage and alleviating the pains and dangers of childbirth. Philadelphia ladies appreciate the worth of this medicine and its great value."

A Great Benefactor of Women.

Lydia E. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., is often spoken of as the great benefactor of woman and frequently receives letters like the one we quote from, written by a lady in San Francisco, who says: "I am taking your Vegetable Compound and find great benefit from it. It has done me more good than all the Doctors." Mrs. T. of Vincennes, Ind., writes: "Having taken 11 bottles of your Vegetable Compound and cured by its use, I feel very anxious that every woman afflicted with Womb Disease should make use of it."

More Than Thanks.

Fort Madison, Iowa, Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham: "I am glad to inform you that I have tried one bottle of your Vegetable Compound and have found great relief. I more than thank you for your kind advice. I have never felt so well as I do now since I have these troubles." Yours Respy, Mrs. W. C. A.

The above is a sample of the many letters received by Mrs. Pinkham expressing gratitude for the benefit derived from her Vegetable Compound. Another letter, from Kaufman, Texas, says: "Your Compound has done me more good than all the Doctors ever did, for which I thank you with all my heart." Your friend, Anna B.

WYVA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared in Lynn, Mass., U.S.A. Sold in bottles of 25 cents, 50 cents, 1 dollar, 2 dollars, 5 dollars, 10 dollars, in form of Pills or Lozenges on receipt of price as above. Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" will be mailed free to any lady sending stamp. Letters confidentially answered.

AGRICULTURAL LABOR AND ITS WAGES.

WASHINGTON, May 14.—The monthly report of the agricultural department shows the average rate paid for farm labor without board on May 1st, 1885, as follows:—Eastern States, \$25.30; Middle States, \$24.19; Southern States, \$14.27; Western States, \$22.20; California, \$38.75. The amount of labor seeking employment in agriculture at the present time is unusually large; yet there are many localities in almost every section of the country in which more or less complaint of scarcity is made. Many correspondents speak of the prevailing aversion to farm labor, and preference for employment in other branches of industry. In the Southern States many complain of the unwillingness of colored people to work steadily; others testify to increased industry on the part of the colored people, but attribute it to hard times and more urgent necessity for industry as an alternative to starvation. The report closes with a suggestion that in manufacturing towns and cities an office be opened either by labor unions or benevolent citizens, through which communication may be opened between unemployed city workmen and farmers needing help, so that the reputable and worthy city laborer may have means of making known his true character, instead of starting out on foot at a venture, subject to the risk of being taken for a professional tramp.

FRANCE TO HOLD MADAGASCAR.

PARIS, May 13.—Do Freycinet states that the government has no intention of abandoning the Madagascar expedition, and that 3,500 troops will be sent to the island from Tannan.

ANNUITY TO PRINCESS BEATRICE.

LONDON, May 14.—In the House of Commons this afternoon Mr. Gladstone, in moving the granting of an annuity to the Princess Beatrice, urged the house to bear in mind that she was the last of the Queen's children for which a demand of this kind could be made. The marriage of the Princess, like all previous marriages in Her Majesty's family, was based on genuine attachment. The government proposed to submit the whole question of the civil list and future grants to royalty to a parliamentary committee at the next session. Mr. Labouchere opposed the grant, which was passed on a vote of 388 to 38.

A LIQUOR RIOT IN LONDON.

LONDON, May 13.—A riot occurred this afternoon between the mob and the police for the possession of Nelson's monument in Trafalgar square, where 10,000 men had assembled to make a demonstration against the Government's budget proposals to increase the duty on spirits and beer. The police found themselves unable to maintain order, and the pressure on speakers and resolution readers compelled them to mount the pedestal of the monument. When speeches were resumed they were rendered inaudible by the uproar among the roysterers. The police intervened to secure silence for the orators, and a great struggle ensued between the mob and the police for possession. The row lasted nearly an hour. The promoters of the meeting and the police were finally compelled to retire, leaving the crowd singing in triumph "Rule Britannia." The mob then surged down to the front of the National club, which faces Trafalgar square, and every person entering or leaving the club building was mobbed. At nine o'clock the crowd were still in full possession of Trafalgar square, and Northumberland avenue was occupied by a mob of many thousands. The police by this time had been largely reinforced, had charged a number of times upon the mob and had made several arrests.

NEGOTIATIONS WITH TURKEY.

LONDON, May 13.—Negotiations are proceeding with Turkey for the latter's occupation of Suakim and the Sudan on the following basis: The Porte engages to assist in suppressing the slave trade and in developing external commercial relations. Besides formal proposals made through Fehmi Pasha if the Porte accepts, an English company will obtain the option of constructing a railway to Berber and will receive other trading rights. Lord Granville is also negotiating with the Italian government concerning an alternative scheme for the occupation of the Red Sea littoral in the event of a failure to come to an agreement with the Porte. Liberal Italian papers oppose the Italian occupation of Egypt unless Egypt promises armed support in the event of Italy becoming involved in a European quarrel. France will not support a Turkish garrison at Suakim or other abandoned portions of the Sudan.

THE WITHDRAWAL FROM THE SOUDAN.

CAIRO, May 13.—An immense sensation has been caused here by Lord Hartington's announcement of the government's intention to withdraw the British troops from the Sudan. Military men are delighted.