IN TWO CHAPTERS,

CHAPTER L Edgar Tresilian was one of fortune's darlings; so at least said everyone who knew him. He was five-and-twenty, handsome, well endowed with brains, popular with each sex; the only child of one of the most wealthy and highly respected bankers in London; and as yet he had not known a care. Look at him, as he lounges into the breakfast-room of the handsome great Kensington mansion his father has lately taken. Did you ever see a batter specimen of a fine young Englishman of the period? Tall and slender, with a lazy, careless grace of manner; dark eyes, hair jet of the period? Tall and slender, with a lazy, careless grace of manner; dark eyes, hair jet black, and a slight dark moustache. He looks very lazy; perhaps you might suspect him to be self-indulgent. But for all that, Edgar Tresillian is a true gentleman, when you get at the real man under these little affectations. He is kind, even tender-hearted; gentle to the old and the very young; honourable, too, and with a genuine scorn of anything base, mean, or degrading. The breakfast room is empty; the table only laid for one. Mr. Tresillian the elder is up and in the city before his indolent son has

The breakfast room is empty; the table only laid for one. Mr. Tresillian the elder is up and in the city before his indolent son has ring for his hot water. What does it matter? the father says. He likes his boy to enjoy what his industry has provided for him.

Edgar took up the letters lying in a little pile by his plate, and turned them over. He tossed the business-looking documents on one side, and glanced over the invitations carelessly. But there was one directed in a clear round woman's hand he picked from the rest with some interest. "I wonder what Cecil has got to say to me?" he said to himself. "It isn't often my little cousin honours me. Perhaps it is only in her mother's name—invitation to some dance or picnic at Richmond." As he opened the envelope he saw with surprise that it contained a closely written letter, beginning abruptly. "Yes," it said, "you have found out my secret. If it were any one in the world but you, I would

it said, "you have found out my secret. If it were any one in the world but you, I would deny it even now; but you would soon find out I was deceiving you. And after all, is it so shameful for a girl to love a man who does not care for her?" "Good heavens!" Edgar ejaculated, in dismay, letting the letter fall from his hand. "Can it be possible that Cecil Maynard writes like that to me?" He read on, however:—"I will be honest, and have it out; and then you must never, never, as long as you live, speak of it again, or I think it will kill me. I can't of it again, or I think it will kill me. I can't help it. I know I am a fool—anything you like; but murder will out—I am in love—(there's plain old English for you at last, you see) with Edgar Tresillian. Now, Olive, if you ever breathe a word of this I do believe. I am capable of killing you." "Olive!" cried Edgar, "Then't Hetter is not to me! What Edgar. "Then the letter is not to me! What have I done!" He turned the sheet over quickly; it ended thus:—"Well, I have

quickly; it ended thus:—"Well, I have scores of other notes to write, so I must bring this scrawl to an end. Excuse it, dearest Olive; put it all down to the horrid state of mind in which it was written. I feel as if my face never would grow cool again, after what you said last night, and believe me always your affectionate, but idiotic, friend, CECILIA MAYNARD. Tuesday evening."

"Let me think now," Edgar said to himself, folding up the poor little traitorous letter with remorseful care. "I have got into a pretty scrape!" Cecil must never find this out. It is plain as possible to me now, She has put a note for me probably into the envelope directed to Miss Denzil; and Miss Denzil i letter has found its way, by a most unfortunate mistake, to me! What is to be done? The first thing is to keep it from Cecil. Poor dear little girl! I would not have het hurt for worlds. So she is in love with me; and all her defiant, proud, sancy

Edgar Tresillian did not eat much breakfast after this disclosure; his thoughts were busy with the past and the future. Much that had been snigmatical to him. and he would make Cecil happy, and first no more with Olive. Involuntarily, he sighed as this resolve passed through his mind. Olive was very fascinating, though he did not believe in her as he did in Cecil, who was true to the heart's core. He knew that Olive had not very much heart; but she was so "taking," and always knew exactly what to do and say. Cecil was a little bit shy and abrupt sometimes, and would get huffed and say anappish things. Never mind. He had quite determined. The first thing to be done was to see Miss Denzil and set the matter was to see Miss Denzil and set the matter right with her, and then he would go to Cecil. After all, it was something to have a purpose in life. He was almost tired of the endless round of pleasure that year after year had brought him. The next question, he thought, as he pushed back his chair from his scarcely touched meal, was how to get at Olive without any one else being there? He was to have met her, and Cecil too, that evening at Mrs. Appleton's; but he dare not put it off till then. The end of his cogitation was that he must call in Monteagle square directly, and get a minute with Olive somehow. Edgar went out with more energy than usual; the thought of sparing Cecil pain, of giving her happiness, roused him to resolution of purpose.

The fates were propitious to him that morning. The servant told him that Mrs. Denzil had driven out with the young ladies; but Miss Denzil was having her singing lesson, and if he would sit down in the drawing-room a minute, she would be disengaged. So Edgar sat on the sofa, feeling a little bit nervous, for almost the first time in his life, and looking very handsome, and with a

At that moment, oddly enough, the post-an's rat-tat sounded. "Perhaps it was layed — perhaps that is it," muttered

The servant entered at this moment with a note, which he gave to Olive. "Yes, it is from Cecil," she said. "Shall I open

it?"

"Please, do. You will find that it is intended for me, I believe."

Miss Denzil read aloud: "DEAR EDGAR:
Mamma asked me to send you a line to say she will not be able to go with us to Hampton, as we talked of doing on Thursday; so, of course, it is out of the question, as we have no other chaperon on hand. She wanted me also to ask you if you can persuade Mr. Tresillian to come to dinner with us on Friday, as an American gentleman is coming, with whom she thinks he would be pleased. She will be glad to see you, too, that evening. Dinner at the usual time. Yours always truly. C. M."

"Yes; you are right, you see," said Olive, helding the note out to him. "Now for mine. What a funny blunder Cecil has made of it!"

"This note is yours," Edgar said earnestly, withholding it a moment; "and yet—now I have seen it—I feel as if I should like to ask you to put it in the fire unread. But perhaps

you to put it in the fire unread. But perhaps candour will be the best in the end for all of candour will be the best in the end for all of
us. I know I can trust to your generosity,
when you have read that letter. Cecil makes
a confession to you which has opened my
eyes to what is a great happiness to me. I
can't say what I mean more plainly. Please
read it—it will explain itself. Don't think
me a coxcomb, and spare Cecil; but I need
not ask you that."

He got through this speech very lamely:

not ask you that."

He got through this speech very lamely; and as Olive slowly read the letter he gave her, he waited with his eyes fixed upon her face. But it was not an easy face to read. She placed the note in her pocket, raised her eyes to his, and said quietly and coldly, "Well?"

"I am going to trust you with a secret of mine now," he said, his eyes falling under her steady gaze. "I hope to be able to tell you soon that Cecil is to be my wife. I won't insoon that Cecil is to be my wife. I won't insult you by asking you to keep my secret from her. You are her friend, and I know she is safe in your hands. I should be miserable if I thought she knew that I had read that letter! Dear Miss Denzil, we are both in your power."

"So that unfortunate mistake of Cecil's has brought to light a very fortunate discovery," Olive said, with rather a scornful little laugh.
"You have found your own feelings out, as well as hers."

well as hers,"

"I have always been very fond of Cecil,"
he replied, half pleadingly. Olive's voice was
a trifle sad, and it touched him more than he dared own.
"Well," she said, "I am yery glad then it

"Well," she said, "I am yery glad then it seems likely to end so well for you and her. Cecil will make you very happy. Now you know so much, I suppose I may as well tell you what brought this note to me. I was blaming Cecil a day or two ago with not trusting me, with being so reserved with me. She owned to being—well, to caring for some one—and I suppose she thought I was vexed with her. It was all foolish girls' talk, which there is no use in going into. I wish you joy, Mr. Tresillian, and Cecil too. It is, perhaps, a little sad to look at happiness through another's eyes, but few people, are born under such a lucky star as you and Cecil !"

She held out her hand to him. Poor fellow, he was almost traitor to his resolve as he pressed that slender white hand. For a moment the desire seized him to draw her to him—to give up all idea of making Cecil happy, to think only of himself; but he released the hand, and with it he let drop forever the thought of Olive Denzil's love. Only a few more words passed between them, and before many minutes were over Edgar was again in the square; the door, of what had sometimes seemed a sort of Paradise to him, was closed, and he turned his thoughts determinedly on Cecil Maynard—and duty.

That evening, at about ten o'clock, Edgar

and he turned his thoughts determinedly on Cecil Maynard—and duty.

That evening, at about ten o'clock, Edgar entered Mrs. Appleton's rooms, where were assembled the usual well-dressed crowd of ball-goers. A good many eyes lingered on him as he made his way through. There was not a handsomer young man in the room, and he looked even handsomer than usual that night, for a certain excitement gave just what he generally wanted—animation. Two girls were standing together. One tall, alender, in white silk, with bunches of exotics here and there, was Miss Denzil; the other, smaller and less striking, though not without attractions of her own, was Cecil Maynard. She had a sensitive face, which was almost too true an index to her thoughts; dark-blue eyes, honest and tender—a little wistful, too—brown, wavy hair; a complexion which made a pretty contrast to Olive's ivory pallor. Cecil always felt annoyed with her own tiresome trick of blushing; other people thought it pretty enough. Something now in Edgar's intent look, as it fell upon her, brought the eloquent, foolish flush almost to her forehead, which Olive's elight, sarcastic smile did not tend to diminish. Possessing himself of Miss Maynard's card, Edgar quietly returned it to her with the initials E. T. opposite every round dance. Olive turned away to bow to an eager partner hurrying forward, and Cecil looked doubtfully in her cousin's face.

"What do you mean by putting me down for all these, Edgar?" she asked simply.

"What do those hieroglyphics generally mean?" he answered, smilling.

"But if I dance with you all those times—"She stopped.

"Well, if you dance with me all those

"But if I dance with you all those times.
"Well, if you dance with me all those times, what will happen, Cecil?"
"Mamma will not be pleased; and—be-

sides—"
" Well ?" "Well?"

"People might wonder," she murmured.

"Never mind that. Come now; don't be disagreeable, and spoil my enjoyment! Let me have one perfect evening to-night, and don't think about what comes after."

"How foolish to talk like that, Edgar," returned Cecil, severely. "You need not treat me as you do other young ladies; we have known each other too long."

"How do I treat other young ladies, pray?" he asked, laughing. "I assure you, I don't intend to do so."

"You know what I mean. You need not take the trouble to firt with me."

"Do you call it flirting to want to dance

"Do you call it flirting to want to dance every waltz with you? I do not. I never have flirted, never want to flirt, with you, Cecil." Something gravely tender in his tone struck her strangely. She had never heard him speak so before. She raised her clear, candid eyes to his, but met there so soft an answer that they fell again beneath it, and the hand upon his arm began to tremble. They did not take many turns in the waltz; Edgar was lazy, and said it was too hot to dance; and before very long he had established his partner in a quiet nook of the conservatory, behind a great orange tree, where two low seats were most conveniently placed. As they disappeared, Miss Denzil's eyes lighted upon them with a peculiar expression—not exactly a pleasant one.

a peculiar expression—not exactly a pleasant one.

"You lazy boy!" interjected Cecil, trying to speak in her usual laughing, easy way with him. "Why do you want to bring me in here? You know I like waltzing better than anything."

"Oh, we will have plenty of waltzing presently. I am not lazy just now. I never felt less so; but I want to get you all to myself, little cousin, for once, and have a talk—we two alone. You know it is my only chance on these occasions. I don't know whether it is your fault or your family's, but you are always in a crowd at home. I often want to send them all to the right about."

"Why, Edgar, what nonsense. What on earth should you want that for?"

"Why should I want to get you all to myself? Well, I think your own common sense may tell you why."

"Edgar," Cecil said, in a slightly displeased tone, turning her head away. "I wonder you think it worth your while so to treat me. I don't care for that sort of thing, you know."

"Why are

you? Look at me, darling, and see if you think you shall be able to care for a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow like me?"

We may leave the rest to the reader's fancy. When a tender-hearted girl is asked to take the very man of all others she has secretly fixed her heart upon, she is not very long hesitating. Edgar and Cecil were an unconscionably long time in 'the conservatory. Mrs. Maynard had begun to look somewhat anxiously for her daughter, who had very pink cheeks when she emerged.

Presently, Olive drew Cecil on one side. "Well, my dear," she whispered, "is it all right? Have you discovered that while you were fretting about him, he was sighing for you?" There was a certain something in her tone that jarred the sensitive girl. The thought passed through her with a sudden pang: "I wish I had not told Olive I cared for him," and she replied rather coldly and quietly, "A ball-room isn't a very good place for confessions, Olive. You will know all about it soon enough."

"Oh, there is something to know, then? Well, dear, I congratulate you. In your case, true love seems destined to run very smooth indeed."

The rest of the evening was one dream of happiness—perhaps the most perfect Cecil

Well, dear, I congratulate you. In your case, true love seems destined to run very smooth indeed."

The rest of the evening was one dream of happiness—perhaps the most perfect Cecil was destined ever to know. Mrs. Maynard could not resist her daughter's entreaties for "just one more dance;" and the summer dawn was stealing up the east as Edgar placed her in the brougham. Her sweet eyes were a little heavy, and the face looked pale by the garish light; but, he thought, only the tenderer and softer for that. He wrapped the white cloak round her fair neck, and longed to kiss her as he did so; but Mrs. Maynard was there, and lip-salutings must wait for a happier opportunity. "Adieu, darling," he whispered. "I shall call on mamma' before lunch; and if she allows, I shall try and take you on the water. Adieu, my own little wife!"

To his father's astonishment, Edgar joined him at breakfast, looking as animated as if dancing till four in the morning was the healthiest occupation imaginable. Mr. Tresillian was a tall, heavy, grave-looking man—a very picture of a British moneyed man of high respectability. He spoke always slowly and with caution, and was never known to betray feeling, except where his son was concerned. This only son was his idol; for him he worked and amassed money; to please him he would have given up the most cherished hopes of his life. Edgar had never been crossed by his father, and had a true affection for him; but there was no intimacy between them. Mr. Tresillian had not an intimate in the world.

"Why, what on earth's the meaning of this, Edgar?" he said, smiling, as his son en-

"Why, what on earth's the meaning of this, Edgar "he said, smiling, as his son entered the room. "Of all mornings to choose, this ought to be the last for so early an appearance! You can't have been in bed three hours."

hours."

"Did you hear me come in?"

"Yes; it was broad daylight. Have you anything to say to me, my boy?"

"Yes, six. You know you have been urging me to marry lately."

"Yes," said his father eagerly, as he paused. "And are you going to take my advice?"

"I hope so, if you have no objection."

"And the lady?"

"Is Cecilia Maynard."

"Cecilia Maynard! I am very glad indeed to hear it, my dear boy! She is everything I could wish—a pretty, taking, lady-like girl; and last—and least, I suppose you will say—she has not a bad little fortune of her own."

"Certainly, I do not attach much importance to that," returned Edgar, with indifference.

His father rose. "I must be off," he said; "though I should like to stay and talk with you. I am very glad, Edgar, very much pleased with your choice. I was rather pleased with your choice. I was rather the pleased with your choice.

"Why afraid, father? Miss Denzil is a very handsome, elever girl, immensely admired,"
"Yes, yes; I know. But I prefer little Cecy. Well, good morning, my boy. I am late as it is."

Edgar's interview with Mrs. Maynard, who was a widow, was highly satisfactory to both. The mother was delighted to think that her darling was likely to be so happily married, for she had a sincere affection for her "Cousin Mary's boy," as she called him, though she wished he had a little more purpose in life. And she had alittle more purpose in life. And she had always had quite a motherly feeling for him. Perhaps, too, she had an impression that Cecil had got to feel rather more than what was cousmly or even sisterly for him; though, as the reader knows, she had confessed it to no one but Miss Denzil in thatmote which had, either so unluckily or so luckily, miscarried. Edgar asked leave to take his fancée on the river; but was rather, annoyed when she appeared ready for the expedition with a small brother at her heels. She saw his disappointment. "You silly boy!" she said, "why need you mind Harry? He will be quite absorbed in his fishing if we land; and you will have plenty of me before you have done with me." Perhaps Cecil had been a little bit cunning in her selection of a chaperon. Harry was rather a dull little fellow, and never saw what he was not meant to see. A sharp-sighted sister just in her teens would be far more alarming.

What in the whole world can be more charming—even when one is not in love—than floating on a calm, sunlit river in glorious

What in the whole world can be more charming—even when one is not in love—than floating on a calm, sunlit river in glorious June weather? Edgar was a capital rower; but it was too pleasant drifting on among the lilies to work hard, and he found a neverfailing interest in watching the changing face opposite his own, looking so pretty under her broad hat with its bunch of wild flowers. Harry behaved beautifully. He begged to be landed on a small island to fish, and the others were most obligingly ready to humour him. So they floated softly on, in a dreamy world of youth and love and hope; and all seemed inexpressibly sweet to Cecil—too happy almost to be true. Of course, they gathered forgetme-nots. Years after, Cecil could hardly look at the little packet labelled "June 10, Edgar," without tears. So the long, still, happy summer day wore on to perfect evening; and when Edgar went home that night he was quite satisfied that all other loves had been shams and delusions, and that Cecil was the only girl in the world worth living for.

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.) If one or two of the Scots who travelled abroad in search of fame and fortune could have made up their minds to return so their native land, the art of printing might have been introduced into Scotland at a much earlier date than 1507. As it was, it took thirty years for the new practice to travel from been introduced into Scotland at a much earlier date than 1507. As it was, it took thirty years for the new practice to travel from Westminster to Edinburgh. The first printing press in Scotland (as was stated at a recent meeting of the Library Association) was established in that year somewhere off Cowgate by a printer called Walter Chapman, who was employed in some capacity about the court, and was presumably permitted to set it up in payment for some services he had rendered to his patron. The first books printed were a volume of "Metrical Ballads" and "The Aberdeen Breviary," in two parts. Of the former work there is but one copy in existence; the latter was printed under the superintendence of a Bishop of Aberdeen, and four copies are still preserved, though only one possesses a title page. No other works were printed until 1531, but from that year to the end of the century a vast quantity of printed matter was struck off for the benefit of the nation. Most of these volumes were no sooner in existence than they seemed to have perished. We know from the wills of the printers that in many cases they left behind several hundreds of copies of particular works, although the most learned bibliographer can only now tell the habitat of one or two of them. What became of the rest is a question which has puzzled many minds. Possibly they were thumbed by their owners out of their lives.—Pall Mall Gazette.

love you?"

"Love me? O Edgar! I knew you don't mean it; a 'silly dream."

"Cecil, I am afraid you have a very bad opinion of me. Did I ever try to deceive relief, with such remarkable cures.

GIBRALTAR.

Spain Clamouring for the Restoration of Her Old Fortress.

A Speck of War—Glimpses of Peninsular In trigue and Diplomacy.

Madrid, Oct. 1, 1880.—Spanish newspapers have inaugurated as campaign against the British occupation of Gibraltar that may give the Madrid government not a little trouble. No idea is more likely to awaken all the pride of Castilians, none more certain to fire their latent antipathy for foreign intrusion on the soil of the peninsula, than the daydream of expelling the English from the Rock of Gibraltar, and then possessing a hold on both shores of the straits to accomplish the conquest and colonization of Morocco. Spaniards of all classes have become indifferent to European politics, and their old hate of France and Napoleon has slowly died out; but if you pronounce before them them the words "Gibraltar and Morocco" you will notice the gleam of the eye and the eager, ambitious desire to plant the flag of Castile on the "Penon," and on the territory of their old foes, the Moors of Africa. The Opposition journals knew very well how popular this theme would be with the immense majority of their fellow-countrymen, when they began a vigorous campaign against Morocco during the Conference sitting in Madrid. They denounced very plainly the atrocities committed by the Shereef, and by his Arab or Moor officials and subjects, upon Jews and Christians, except when the consular protection covered these much hated infidels in the eyes of the sectaries of Mohammed. The Opposition journals no less energetically denounced the policy of Morocco, and of its Minister, Sidi Mohammed Vargash, who was in Madrid, as he had been in Tangiers, for fourteen years a mere tool in the hands of British diplomacy. The Liberal and Democratic journals of Madrid brought forward a hundred instances, raked up in the gossip of Tangiers and Ceuta, in Africa, to prove how Sir John Drummond Hay, Her Britannic Majesty's Minister in Tangiers, was really the Foreign Minister of the Sultan of Morocco, whom he had advised to appeal to a conference against the encroachments of consular protectorate, and whose Minister, Sidi Mohammed undernous the merchants a

A DEN OF SMUGGLERS.

The pretext was found in a collision between some Spanish carabineers who had trespassed on the British lines, near Gibraltar, when in pursuit of smugglers. The carabineers were seized by the British advanced posts, but were released as soon as Lord Napier of Magdala was informed of the occurrence. This little incident was magnified into the arbitrary arrest of civil guards, and the leading Opposition journals began an exhaustive examination of the Treaty of Utrecht, the arbitrary arrest of civil guards, and the leading Opposition journals began an exhaustive examination of the Treaty of Utrecht, which determined in 1714 the conditions and limits of the British occupation of Gibraltar. This led them to declare that the British garrison had unceasingly increased the lines until a very cattotificati, neutral territory, and other encroachifetis had been tolerated by the weakness of the governments of Spain. Not content with these arguments, the principal journals of the Democrats, Liberals, and Radicals got letters written from patriots in Algesiras, on the bay opposite Gibraltar, and on the faith of this testimony they charged the British authorities in the Rock with aiding the contraband trade that enriches the inhabitants of the colony, and with daily carrying their lines of sentinels and advance posts further on the road and the strip of neutral ground that lies between them and the border of Spain. To understand such complaints, it must be observed that Gibraltar is a free port, where goods of all sorts—tobacco, spirits, alcohol, even Manchester goods—are accumulated by the natives on the Rock, and a very active smuggling trade is carried on with not only Algesiras and San Roque on the other side of the bay, but by bridle paths to the villages and towns of the interior and by water to Malaga and Cadiz. So bold are both the Rock and the Spanish smugglers who buy the goods from them that vessels are often seized far away in Cadiz, in Alicante, in Almeria, that leaded their tobacco at Gibraltar. As these vessels clear with papers for Tangiers or Ceuta the British authorities cannot interfere. Spaniards of course lay the blame of this trade on their neighbours, and they affect to ignore that the present commander of Gibraltar, Lord Napier, is not only severe evith his own smugglers, but has assisted the Spanish authorities both with revenue cutters and with military police at the personal request of the general in command at Algesiras. The Madrid press having failed in their

object of this campaign.

NEWSPAPER AGITATION.

Simultaneously El Imparcial, of the Radicals; El Globo, of Senor Castelar; La Patria, of the Conservatives; La Nueva Prensa, of the Federal Republicans, and La Iberia, of Senor Sagasta and Marshal Campos, have within a week opened fire upon Gibraltar and upon the indifference and apathy shown by the Madrid Government in a question so highly interesting for Castilian honour and material prosperity. These papers, representing every shade of Opposition, and indeed every party in Spain but the Carlists and personal friends of the Cabinet, whose mouths are closed by international considerations of every party in Spain but the Carlists and personal friends of the Cabinet, whose mouths are closed by international considerations of prudence—these papers say that England is now strengthening her batteries in Gibraltar opposite the straits so as to menace traffic and so as to menace the town of Algesiras. They call upon the Government to take steps at once, and they call on public opinion to back their agitation. They point out in longand ably written articles that Spain can also fortify on the Huropean shore of the Straits of Algesiras and several capes near it, then Tarifa and the coast nearest the ocean. They very boldly declare that Spain must seize immediately the headlands of Cape Espartel, near Tangiers, and other spots near her own colony of Ceuto, on the Moorish shore, so as to make the straits a very Dardanelles, bristling with Spanish fortifications. As if obeying a watchword, all these papers demand that both shores of the Straits of Gibraltar and the entrance of the Mediterranean should be in future placed under the guard of Spain, so that only those who are her friends have access to the great Mediterranean route toward the East. These daring pretensions are nothing new, as they can be met in Spanish history from the days of the Catholic kings and of Cardinal Zimenez Cisneros in the sixteenth century down to our days; but this agitation is a terrible source of annoyance for the Ministers of Alfonso.

"What! that coffee all gone?" "Yis.

AMERICAN WEALTH. The Absorbing Pursuit of the Dollar-America's Place in the List of Wealthy

Nations.

It is a stock remark that Americans lothe dollar. The saying, like most stock saings, misses the point; the real point is, in that Americans love money more than oth people, but that they love comparatively fethings besides money. We have fewer o jects of serious pursuit than other westenations have; we do not, as a people, pursuit fine arts, or literature, or scholarship, society, with the zeal or the fruitfulness the we find in European communities, and so are regarded as being still somewhat deficie society, with the zeal or the fruitfulness that we find in European communities, and so we are regarded as being still somewhat deficient in our duties as a civilized nation. We love these things less than the Old World communities love them. We do not love money more than they—probably, indeed, not so much as they. It is the exclusiveness, not the zeal, of our pursuit of money that is the thing to be regretted. Some day, perhaps, we shall try to do better than this; meanwhile, most of us pursue the dollar, without thinking of stopping much for rest until we take rest where no work is. No community thinks so little about rest from work as ours. We seek money, and we find it; yet do we

take rest where no work is. No community thinks so little about rest from work as ours.

We seek money, and we find it; yet do we love it either well or intelligently enough to use it fruitfully, to keep it safely, or to bequeath it wisely? First, let us glance at the wealth we possess as a nation. Let us see what place a century of money-making has given us. We call ourselves a rich people; how rich a people are we? A very little comparison of figures will show. And first, where do we stand as to the total valuation of the national wealth?

We stand near the head of the list—third on the list of all the Western nations. The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland heads the list with a capital valuation of 44,400 millions of dollars; then comes France with 36,700 millions, the United States with 32,000 millions, Germany with 22,000 millions, Russia with 15,000 millions, and the Low Countries with 11,150 million dollars of capital collectively. These are the valuations made by those countries of their entire resources. What is the average annual income per inhabitant in various countries? We come to the front in this comparison. The average annual income in the United Kingdom is \$165; in the United States, \$165 also; in the Low Countries, \$130; in France, \$125; in the British Colonies, \$90; in Germany, and also in Scandinavia, \$85. In this reckoning, Russia, with her ninety millions of people, is out of sight as yet: she will not be very long. Once more: taking the question from another point of view, let us ask, What is our annual accumulation of wealth, as compared with the annual accumulation of wealth, as compared with the annual accumulation of wealth, as compared with the annual accumulation of wealth, then, in Germany, is 200 millions of dellers, it is

tal, with us, is double the average rate for Europe.

The annual accumulation of wealth, then, in Germany, is 200 millions of dollars; it is 325 millions in the United Kingdom, 375 millions in France; in the United States it is 825 millions! Our increase of national wealth since 1850, says a good English authority, would be enough to purchase "the whole German Empire, with its farms, cities, banks, shipping, manufactures, etc. The annual accumulation has been 825 millions of dollars, and therefore each decade adds more to the wealth of the United States than the capital value of Italy or Spain.

adds more to the wealth of the United States than the capital value of Italy or Spain. Every day that the sun rises upon the American people it sees an addition of \$2,300,000 to the wealth of the republic."

These are figures to make a poor man expect wealth; but let us hasten to say that they do not prove us any happier, or wiser, or more estimable in the sight of the world, then more estimable in the sight of the world. than many another poorer nation is. What these figures do prove is a different thing: they prove the bounty of nature toward an energetic race; they do not prove what we sometimes take for granted on the strength of them, that our nation is great or admirable in the greatest and most admirable things. No: we have been busied with necessary things; in great and admirable things our record is still, for the most part, to be made.—
T. M. Coan, in Harper's Magazine for November.

A SECOND JESSE POMEROY.

On Monday last at Pembroke, Me., as a little son of Thomas Longmore, aged 12, and a little son of David Wright, aged 8 years, little son of Thomas Longmore, aged 12, and a little son of David Wright, aged 8 years, were playing together, a strange cat made its appearance. Longmore's boy ran for his father's gun, which he knew was kept ready charged in the house, and attempted to shoot the cat. The smaller boy tried to prevent him, when Longmore threatened to shoot him, and when the little boy, Wright, opened a door Longmore discharged the contents of the gun into his hand, breast, and face. Becoming alarmed at what he had done, he dragged the bleeding body of his victim and tried to conceal it in a cellar, and afterwards to push it into a cesspool. Not succeeding in these attempts, he dragged it into a yard, and seeing that life was not extinct he struck the body several times with a spade, fracturing the skull in three places, and then proceeded to dig a hole in a manure heap, in which to bury the corpse, when he was discovered by Edward Finley. The boy was arrested and an examination held. At the time of going to press, these are all the facts we can glesm of this shocking and horrible instance of youthful depravity.—St. Croix Courier.

Dredging in the Lake of Tiberias.

In the spring of this year M. Lortet was charged by the French Government with a scientific mission to the Lake of Tiberias, to examine more especially the deep-water fauna. The extreme depth of this lake, about 250 metres, is at its northern extremity, near where the Jordan enters it. The surface is 212 metres below the level of the Mediterranean, but the sides afford evidence that it must formerly have been level with that sea; and it is thought probable the two were at one time in communication, which was afterwards interrupted by volcanic action, by which also the lake was depressed. Thus the water, receiving the stream of the Jordan, has lost much of its saltness, and become potable, though still slightly brackish. It was of interest, then, to inquire whether traces of a marine fauna might still occur in the deeper parts, where the denser water lay. M. Lortet's dredging operations in May yielded some twelve species of fishes, including several new forms. Fishes of the genus chromis swarm in the lake (seven species were met with). The male of this fish is known to hatch its eggs, keeping them in the mouth and gills, and the young remain there some time after hatching. Some ten species of molluscs were dredged; these were distributed very regularly at different depths, and a few were new. The melanopsis and melania were of marine character, transition forms between those of salt and those of fresh water. In addition, diatoms, foraminifera, and other low organisms were found in the fine ooze (of volcanic origin) on the bottom, and some shrimps, crabs, and tortoises were met with at the borders of the lake. No alga or conferva was taken, which is not surprising, the water being brackish, with a temperature of ×24 deg. The water at the bottom was not more brackish than that of the surface. At 250 metres' depth the shells of dead unio had been rendered soft and friable (a sort of whitish chalk), the effect, apparently, of pressure. Dredging in the Lake of Tiberias.

"What! that coffee all gone?" "Yis, mam. There isn't a blessed drawin' left in the box." "What! four pounds of coffee used up in our small family in one week?" "Small family? Musha, thin, mam, there's two of yez an' the maid, and there's me and me foive admirers, who has aich a night to hisself, and how ye can make a small family out of tin o' us is beyant me intirely, I don't know what ye'll do whin I come to fill in th' other two nights o' the week wid young men who wants a sup o' hot coffee for to keep the chills away!"

GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

Capital flows easily to Ulster when it re-oils from Munster and Connaught.

coils from Munster and Connaught.

The death is announced of Pierce Butler, only son of the Hon. and Rev. J. W. Leigh, a grandson of Fanny Kemble.

The Rev. John A. Perry, Baptist, is under arrest in Rhode Island on a charge of burning his property to obtain the excessive insurance. At the Liverpool police court recently a young lady was fined five shillings and costs for refusing to keep to the right in descending one of the approaches to the landing stage.

The devastation caused by rabbits amounts in Australia to a serious calamity. One large estate, which formerly supported 30,000 sheep, has been abandoned on account of these pests.

The production of gold in New South Wales in 1878 was only £279,166, not a tenth of that produced twenty years ago. The yield from the coal fields shows a steady increase.

A telegram from Melbourne announcing the opening of the International Exhibition in that city was received in London within twenty-three minutes after the ceremony had Lord Beaconsfield's agents at High Wy-combe have, by his lordship's instructions, re-turned twenty per cent. of the half year's rent just paid to all his tenants on the Hughenden Manor estate.

Manor estate.

Three persons have been suffocated at Bassano, in Italy, by the fumes from a vat of wine in fermentation. The first had descended the vat, and the others perished in en-

leavouring to rescue him. The Live Stock Journal says that in Natal rhinoceroses are found this year in haunts from which they have been absent twenty years, and elephants and buffaloes are unusually plentiful in Zululand.

The London Graphic thinks that M. de

Molinari's letters to a leading French paper deserve great attention. A French Republi-can of advanced opinions, he utterly condemns the small land-holding system.

There will be no pheasant shooting this year at Leigh Park, near Portsmouth, the seat of Gen. Sir Frederick Fitzwygram, in the south of England, nearly all the birds having been accidentally poisoned. In one morning 600 dead pheasants were picked up. Cardinal Manning is now so far restored to

Cardinal Manning is now so far restored to health that he will immediately resume the active duties of his ecclesiastical office. After a working tour in the Midlands and the North of England, he has returned to London, looking more energetic than ever.

Jim Neal killed Jack Kaacs in a street fight at Williamstown, Ky., and then, handing the pistel with which he had done the shooting to the dead man's brother, said: "I've murdered Jack, and now you can murder me." The proposition was not accepted. der me." The proposition was not accepted.

Emperor William lately sent by a special messenger as a present to the Sultan 100 of the largest trout out of his imperial fishing pond; small trout and eggs also were forwarded by the field-jaeger. The Sultan in sature sant the Emperor twelve Arabian

return sent the Emperor twelve Arabian A negro criminal was taken from a railroad rain by a mob at Lynnville, Tenn., and hurried off to be hanged. The Sheriff of the county overtook the rioters, and, though they numbered a hundred, while he was alone, he drove them all away by displaying a pistol, and away the misconery. and saved the prisoner.

and saved the prisoner.

The Pope has issued an encyclical letter on the affairs of the Slavonian Catholics, and appointed a day in honour of Saints Cyril and Methodius, the apostles of the Slavonian races. The Pope adverts to the solicitude of the Popes for the Slav countries, and testifies his own paternal affection for them. agus of Roger of T

Bishop of Lausanne, who was buried in Lausanne Cathedbal in 1220, was opened a few weeks ago. The body was almost intact, the features were perfectly recognizable, and the six and a half centuries had not sufficed to destroy the texture of his episcopal robes. A ten-year-old boy was overtaken by a train on a railroad bridge at Portland, Oregon. There was no room to stand aside, and the gorge below was very deep. Seeing a cross beam fifteen feet underneath, he leaped for it, grasped it with his arms, and hung there until rescued with a noosed rope.

Leprosy exists to a considerable extent in the parish of Lafourche, La. An attempt to make an official investigation was lately resisted with arms, the lepers and their friends believing that the sufferers were to be isolated on an island in the ocean. The report of the physicians is that the disease is not gaining ground.

A tolegram from Port Elliott, published in the South Australian papers, states that, on the 20th of August last, two men were out in the bay, near Lipson's Island, examining a piece of wreckage, when their boat was en-circled by the tentacles of a large octopus and nulled over till it was half full of water and pulled over till it was half full of water, and in great danger of being swamped. The occupants escaped with the greatest difficulty.

In a letter published by Mr. William French Henderson, the solicitor for the late Lord Mountmorris, he says: "The late lord was not about to evict any tenant. He merely wrote to me to send him, on October I, an ordinary decree for the amount of £10, of which decree the recorder had put a stay until that date. The only ejectment case his lordship had was one in which the defendant maintained he was a tenant, while Lord Mountmorris maintained he was a herdsman. His lordship succeeded. The herdsman was never evicted." pulled over till it was half full of water, and

At a recent ball of the Lancaster Archery Club the following described dresses attracted attention: One of pink satin, with panier draperies of black lace and pink satin stripes, draperies of black lace and pink satin stripes, diamond ornaments. One of pale pink Surat train over a grenat skirt. One of black net trimmed with sunflowers. Two young ladies wore casaquins of tinsel gauze over full skirts of brown tulle, wreaths of brown foliage with frosted twigs. A white satin dress embroidered with beetles' wings was thought effective, as also was a cream Indian silk and damasse with different coloured asters.

Henry Hotenburg had black heir and

Henry Holtenburg had black hair and a ruddy complexion when he married Miss Schwarz, at Nashville, a year ago. She supposed he was about forty, though he made no posed he was about forty, though he made no statement on that point. The honeymoon was scarcely over before his hair became grey, his cheeks lost their colour, and he showed at least sixty years. The fact was that he had discontinued the use of dye and rouge. The angry wife wanted to sue for a divorce, but the lawyer told her that the grounds were not sufficient. The worst she could do was to desert him, which she lost no time in

not sufficient. The worst she could do was to desert him, which she lost no time in doing.

The French Minister of War, with a view to encouraging a taste for horse exercise and to develop a knowledge of horse flesh in the cavalry, has instructed the commanders of this branch of the service to allow a certain number of officers to take part in horse races and steeplechases. In no case are they to run for money prizes, but only in such instances as the rewards consist of cups or works of art. In races got up by officers themselves they are to ride their chargers, but in public races they must run horses that are their own property, and must not ride in uniform. Noncommissioned officers are only to ride in military races and steeplechases taking place in the garrison towns in which they are stationed.

Some idea (says the Berlin correspondent of the London Times) may be formed of the educational status of the German army and dnavy from statistics just published, according to which, of the 140,881 recruits taken in during the military year 1879-80, 132,660 were examined in the German language, only 6,000 in another tongue (Polish chiefly), while 2,217 were devoid of any school training. Those who could neither read nor write numbered 1.57 per cent. of the entire number, as against 1.80 in the year 1878-79, 1.73 in 1877-78, 2.12 in 1876-77, and 2.37 in 1875-76, from which it would appear that education in the army and navy has improved at the rate of nearly 1 per cent. during the last five years. The districts which most require the rigorous supervision of a school board are East and West Prussia, Posen, Bromberg, Oppein, the Palatinate, and Alsace-Lorraine.

FEMININE FACTS AND FANCIES.

A New York firm has been making a baby's outfit worth \$3,000. The cradle is of willow, with draperies of Valenciennes lace and a lining of quilted satin ribbon. The everyday sheets have plain centres and borders of tucks and French embroidery; those for days when baby is on exhibition are of lawn with Valenciennes insertion. There are three dozen dresses in the wardrobe, numberless little sacks, and a cloak of white embossed silk, trimmed with pearl embroidery on A BABY'S OUTFIT. little sacks, and a cloak of white embossed silk, trimmed with pearl embroidery on Brussels net; another is of white cashmere, with embroidery and duchess lace for trimming. Poor baby is to be smothered in all this finery, when it would be healthier and happier in a cotton slip, with a comfortable to roll and tumble on. It seems to take more money to launch this baby into the fashionable world than is spent on most bride's trousseau when they are launched into matrimony.

trimony. " SOCIETY" IN GERMANY. No one in the "faderland" can belong to "society" unless of noble birth. No one without the magic "yon" before his name can hope for any social success. The "Vons" can nope for any social success. The "Vons" either ignore the existence of the vonless, or regard them as an English lady her grocer, the American lady her footman. A woman may be "wealthy, witty, and wise," but if she has not the magic "von" before her name, she is felt to be the inferior of all in society and is not recognised. The "Vone" society and is not recognised. The "Vons" read books, drink coffee, knit stockings, make money, visit only among themselves, and pass through their quiet, drowsy existence by the world forgetting and by the world forget.

A NEW ORNAMENT.

Among the late fashions was that of wearing the gold pig, first introduced by actresses, who have a superstition that with it comes good luck. A favourite actress in Paris wearing one, the folly was quickly introduced on both sides of the sea. With it were worn mice, beetles, butterflies, lizards, at the ears, throat, and dangling from the waist. All these have given way to the suspended little sheep, and all necklaces in Paris shops are finished with the suspension of the Golden Fleece. This decree originated by the quick eye of fashion from the ceremony of presentation at the birth of the Princess of Asturias. Upon the golden dish where reposed the new-A NEW ORNAMENT. Upon the golden dish where reposed the new-born heiress to the Spanish crown was placed likewise the ribbon and insignia of the Golden Fleece, that palladium of the Spanish noblesse, which is supposed to preserve from misfortune all those to whom is accorded the privilege of

wearing it. SHOT BY A RECREAST LOVER On Tuesday last a shooting affray occurred in the lower part of Carroll county, Mary-land, in which the persons implicated were Milton Picket and his daughter Martha, and a young man named Luther Picket, a second cousin of the former. A Carroll county paper says:—"Luther had been urged for some time to marry the daughter, but had always refused positively to do so. On the day above mentioned Mr. Picket and his daughter. above mentioned Mr. Picket and his daughter, armed with a pistol, started out in search of the recreant lover. He was found working in a field. He was immediately requested by the old gentleman to accompany him to the house and marry his daughter. This Luther Picket refused to do. Thereupon firing began, as is claimed, by Luther Picket, who directed his shot toward Milton Picket. After he had fired the first shot. Martha Picket down a procession of the control of the fired the first shot, Martha Picket drew a refired the first shot, Martha Picket drew a revolver and commenced to fire rapidly at her seducer, emptying the five chambers of her pistol. At this juncture Milton Picket started on a run from the field, when he was again fired upon by Luther, and, just as he was climbing the fence, was struck in the back, the ball passing entirely through him. From the effects of the wound he died on Thursday. The murderer is still at large though a warrant has been issued for his ar

Our writer and poet says:—"The society of the future must be acted on more directly by women than that of the past. In the bringing out of the sensibilities they must take a leading part. Woman suffrage I regard as an inevitable thing and a good thing. Women in public life will bring it up more than it will bring them down. There will be considerable floundering before society would become completely adapted to the change, but after it shall be fairly accomplished and in working order the work of society will go on without any deterioration, and with a gain in purity of motives and unselfshness of law-makers and administrators. I fear its effects in large cities, where bad women will come forward. Women are so intense that bad women will be worse in public life than bad men. But the difficulty is in the nature of the city." MR. WHITTIER ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

GENERAL NOTES. "The voice that breathed o'er Eden" is the hymn usually sung at English fashionable weddings, and is as often repeated as the Wedding March over here.

Worth had to send workwomen to Paris to prepare the costumes to be worn at the Queen of Spain's churching. Her own dress is of white embroidered satin with a pink velvet wreath in silver, and the costumes of the court ladies harmonize with it.

The Lord Mayor of London has been enter-taining at dinner at his official headquarters, the Mansion House, the entire staff of work people, more than 300 in number, of the firm of printers of which he is at the head. Of the guests nearly a third were young women in the firm's service.

A Philadelphia shop-keeper has filled his customers' waiting parlour with "pleasing objects to pass away the time." It is not stated what these objects are, to be of sufficient attraction to interest a lady while waiting; whether new bonnets, gowns, or bric-a-brae the circular saith not."

the circular saith not.

In Paris fashionable dinner and evening dresses are made of grenadine, lace, Indian or Hindoo tulle, gauze, muslin, and barege mixed with silk and satin. Tints of white, black, pearl grey, pale blue, and different shades of yellow, such as amber, ripe corn, and ecru, are the favourite colours, the trimming being jet, lace, beads, and ribbons. If the habit or casque bodice is worn, it is of plain figured or brocaded silk or satin marveilleux, and generally of a different colour.

His Head Carried Twenty Miles.

A horrible death by the cars occurred at Rush City a few days ago. Peter Malhum, a Swede living about three miles north of this town, had been in town all day filling up with poor whiskey, and jumped upon a freight train going north and rode to Pine City. He then took the first train south and got off at Rock creek and started down the railway track toward his home, when he laid down upon the track and through stupor fell asleep. The northern bound freight struck him, killing him instantly. On the arrival of the train at Hinckley, a distance of twenty miles from Rock creek, the engineer while oiling up his engine discovered the man's head upon the pilot of the engine, mangled beyond recognition. The remains were picked up at Rock creek in the morning, with both legs cut off, the body cut in two and the head off. The deceased leaves a wife and four small children in destitute circumstances. St. Paul (Minnesota) Globe. His Head Carried Twenty Miles.

EPPS'S COCOA. - GRATEFUL AND COMFORT EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMPORTED ING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtet maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping . THE FAR

Communications invited framers on agricultural topics,
Correspondents will please side of the paper only, and a WEEKLY MAIL.

STR.-A sheep which clipped last May, and was 14 months shortly afterward and died. Were as follows:—Mucus runn trils, a frequent and loud coug eat food or take salt, drooping of the head at times. I saw the water freely. I had plenty of water sand wh quantity of water ran out. se of sickness?

[Judging from the symptoms is our opinion that your sh inflammation of the bronchial to -EDITOR WEEKLY MAIL.

do well to rest content with

ONTARIO FARMIN THE Agricultural Commiss

gathered, and not lay then to a suspicion of uselessly co investigation. That an enorm valuable information hither able has been secured is app reader of the proceedings as the daily press; what is now that it shall be arranged, con epitomized, so as to be made us ligent farmers. It will not that a report be present Legislature of a formal chara transmitting the evidence in by shorthand writers. The ers should dissect the evidence recommendations, and if nec out matters on which legislation Not only so, but the agricultuity, who will be called upon largely to the cost of the Co who have already given their ti testimony, have the right to the information be made avail in the most succinct and usefu sible. The farmers want in to stock-raising for Europe the treatment of exhausted so of crops; the values of manural and plaster and superphospha ber supply, dairying, fruit-g otherdepartments of agricultur not time to struggle through hundred columns of matter to points; but if the facts and were classified under heads, a would be conferred on the In this way the report migh practical handbook to farmin and would prove invaluable to as well as useful to old s Commissioners should see to opportunity of making their ductive of permanent results

EDITORIAL NOTI

THE epizootic is now prevale the Western States, and in s New England; but it appears mild type, and very few deaths

Sir Richard Cartwright is at ents the other day he deno land to Mr. Brassey, and then he had made a similar purchase he had made a similar purchase he lerring to the development of West territory, the clever knight one breath that he held a high and in the next breath expressed in the agricultural capabilities of It was necessary, of course, the maneuvre lest his admission should be considered in the Government rather tailing the course, the content of the Government rather tailing the course of the Government rather the Government rather the course of the Governme The entertainment given by Sir only a modification of his silve shield act, and was doubtless am

The St. John Sun says that th of opening direct steam comm tween that port and Engla daily. Parties in St. John expe thousand head of cattle to Brit and would greatly prefer to fo direct. Eight hundred sheep w sent from Charlottetown, and steam communication via St. Jo pers were obliged to send them tercolonial to Quebec. It is stat are several thousand sheep in th Charlottetown destined for the Enwhich will have to be sent by t suitous route. The demand for which is evidently a growing one to result in the placing of one or thing on this part.

ships on this route. The Illinois Humane Societ pared an elaborate paper on the the epizootic, the chief points of follows :- Use moderately. Do or overload. Cover with blanket ing still. Avoid all unnecessary the weather. If either heated going into the stable, give proper the horse will not take cold. feed at night, bran mash or other Stop holes in stable that let in symptoms of disease appear, leaves, and give extra care. sense treatment, such as woul person suffering from severe nature a fair chance to effect the society promises in a short further and somewhat more e

veterinary surgeons. no sooner had M. Lavallée Quebec for France, after making arrangements in connection w lishment of beet-root factories capitalists, than the Globe der gentleman and his mission as Lavallée, on arriving in France the Quebec Chronicle as follows Globe articles; no stormy interv posit necessary; Berthier der November Arthabaskaville; t November Arthabaskaville; tim John; going to Paris to-morro from Paris; will have deposit on promoters of this new undert encouragement and support ins and slander. Our contempora forget that this will be another try, but it should remember those who plead for protection Messrs. Jolyand Laurier.

Some time ago a letter from pointed Englishman" in Manite round of the Reform press, chie contained a point against the N.I stating that he had to pay 35 per for ploughs and waggons in Wini Minnesota. A correspondent of roy Age, a staunch Reform journ s untrue. He priced both waggons at St. Paul and Glynd them cheaper in Winnipeg. H Manitoba "Canadian manufact rapidly taking the place of An adds that "in spite of all the ione (by people who don't appea nterest of our country at heart ands, the North-West is settl ast. Rapid City had only twe he spring of 1879, now it has al

Probably some Canadians naded, on reading the pro-