

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron...

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years."

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; \$1.00 per bottle for \$5.

WENDELL & COMPANY WEST TROY, N. Y., BELL

HAYWARDS YELLOW OIL

FREEMAN'S FORM POWDERS. Are pleasant to take. Contain their own fragrance. Is a safe, sure, and effective cure for all eruptions on the face.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE. BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, IRRITATION, HAEMORRHOIDS, HEADACHE, OF THE SKIN.



5-TON JONES CAPACITY. CAPITAL PRIZE, \$75,000

L.S.L. Louisiana State Lottery Company.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the monthly and semi-annual drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company..."

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly. A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE.

Table listing prizes: 1 CAPITAL PRIZE \$75,000, 1 do \$25,000, 2 PRIZES OF \$10,000, 10 do \$1,000, 100 do \$500, 1,000 do \$50.

Application for tickets to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

VISIT THE ROYAL.

The manufacturers of the Royal "A" Sewing Machine have opened a general wholesale office at 1437 Notre Dame street, near C.P.R. depot, Montreal...

New South Wales produced 35,220,640 pounds of sugar last year.

The name of N. H. Downs still lives, although he has been dead many years. His Elixir for the cure of coughs and colds has already outlived him a quarter of a century...

A FEROCIOUS CAPTAIN.

LONDON, Jan. 29.—The crew of the barque Wellington, from Havre for New York, mutinied off Cornwall, killed the captain and severely wounded the mate...

Young Men!—Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated EMBRO-VOLTAIC Belt...

Itching Piles—Symptoms and Cure

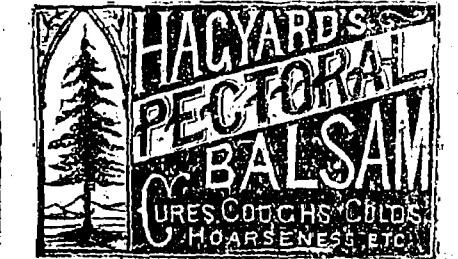
The symptoms are moisture, sore perspiration, intense itching, increased by scratching, very distressing, particularly at night...

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of all throat and lung affections...

EPH'S COCOA—GHAPEPEL AND COMPOUND

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful preparation of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Ephs has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills..."



ILL-WON PEERAGES

AN UNHALLOWED UNION.

By M. L. O'Byrne.

CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued.

"Look out, I say! These fellows are coming again! What can they be about now?" To lay their scores on my skin, what else? growled the blacksmith...

"My good soul," returned Miles, deeply moved by the poor woman's unselfish heroism and generous devotion, and now firmly brood for action, "we shall stay here, and, if need be, all perish together..."

"By George, what a question! Well, to be courteous, mon ami, the fellow is a United Irishman and a rebel, in proof of which, when a few soldiers were quartered on him, he resisted the rations, confining them to potatoes and bacon..."

"Ye want Moll Doyle's son!—which of 'em, ye whelps of Satan? She has a good many now, anyway, begorra, so come take yer choice. Now, Mr. Miles, Mr. Gerald, and the rest of ye, let fly the little dogs at 'em..."

point out as a malefactor. "Come out, sirrah, and give what account of yourself ye can."

"Forward!" shouted the colonel. "Force the hut and drag out the culprits, cried Captain Swayn. "Fire and shoot down every man that resists," commanded Hunter Gowan.

"Well, she was a great French soldier; but I deem you quite as good, for, like her, you have routed a host. "Good-luck to yer honor," grinned Kitty, much pleased with the compliment. "How-and-iver, I didn't think they'd be so much afraid of gunpowder, which shows they're but poor spalpeens, after all; an' shure, now that we see the way to cow 'em, we must get 'em the safe style."

"My counsel is, that we decamp forthwith from hence to the fastnesses of the Wicklow hills, and so elude the return of our butcherly assailants, or others of their atrocious league," said Gerald, excitedly. "If we mean to join Dwyer, we cannot encumber our march with women and children; hence the necessity of providing some asylum for them the while."

"Leave that to Providence," returned Miles. "What, ho!—who comes? Father John, by all that's fortunate!" And he hastened to greet the pastor as he came in, out of breath with rapid walking, and accompanied by Donogh O'Brien.

pany with Miles he approached the shelling, and Father John, at once recognizing the individual whom he had spoken to upon the occasion of the tithe tragedy at Tubber, a couple of days before, hailed him with enthusiastic welcome.

"Since it is become our duty to combat in our defence, and that of those helpless ones committed to us, let's prove the manhood of our arms in telling blows upon the foe; but heads to guide and lead with wisdom is our chiefest need, and auspicious in the onset, that of your presence among us in this hour."

"Yes, I know it all," returned O'Dwyer. "My scouts, Neil More and De Lacy, fetched me word of what was doing; but as Roden's Foxhunters were scouring round in one locality, with Carhampton's dragoons burning and pillaging in another, and Kingsborough instructing his North Cork in the practice of that most diabolical invention of his, the pitch-cap torture, not far off, without rish temper, I could not head my small band to the rescue. When, like Azeazel, the destroyer of angels, they had swept their track with fire and blood, I came on; and now that I am here, what is your plan? I am myself en route to Wexford, where levis are mustering fast."

"What! not daunted yet?" he returned, gazing with softened lineaments upon the glowing features of the juvenile heroine, so frankly meeting his. "Well, little sister, I cannot but admire your courage, though, if it came to battle, I do not see what post we shall assign to you and your equally intrepid friend Nelly. Perhaps you would accept the post of drummer. But with true self-jest; at every step we are one beset by peril. What do you counsel?"

"I've returned within the last couple of hours from Ferns, and heard appalled what has come to pass in my brief absence. I see now but too well the manifest design of Government is not merely to oppress the people by persecution, but to exterminate them by wholesale massacre. Wherefore, not to resist tyrannically, but to save life, no medium course is left us. Oh, that I had timely foreseen this! But not too late—had too late! Let every man, woman and child seize pike, brand, and weapon, and follow me. Hitherto I've preached peace to you, my people; now, since such seems to be the Divine will, I lift my voice for war, and a benison on him whose hand shall, in that strife to which we have been goaded, smite the boldest in our holy cause. God of Jacob! God of Moses! bear witness to our justice, and strengthen our arms! Saints of our blood stained island, hear our supplicant invocation; be with us in battle, and shelter us behind the buckler of your piousness.—Peace! peace!" he shouted, with elevated tone and lifted hand, as, while he spoke, the hurried tramp of many feet was heard. Seized with tumultuous panic, his audience were rushing to the door.

tude here and hereafter. While sporting their new ephemeral honors—gait state livery and Union tights for the moment, laid aside—Lords Clive, Clifden, Donoughmore, Lifford, Cloncurry, and Carleton, leaping the chasms of centuries, reanimated the dust of King Arthur, and lived over again the celebrated dramatic personages, Othello, Macbeth, Saladin, and Mephistopheles. Near a group of Arcadian shepherds, seated upon a green bank in an alcove beneath the shade of conservatory blossoms and foliage, with crooks and flowers in their hands, stood one of the few whose outfit did not jar upon the ideal sense of the appropriateness; and Heasey, Blendy amused, was watching the antics of Buck Whaley in the farce of a lady making love to Diana (Bodicea Pomphret), named time interested in following the movements of a masked caliph, Haroun Al-Raschid, who, in company with a prince of Abyssinia, were paying assiduous court to a Doge of Venice, escorted an Irish princess, arrayed in vesture of silvered crepe and gossamer, scarf of pale-tinted green lightly draping her sylvan-like form, encircled with a zone of stary gems upon her classic brow an eastern tiara of sparkling brilliants, and on her jewel-clasped arm resting a golden lyre, emblematic of her land of song and story. Hanging about and following in the wake of this group was a domino, whom curiosity had long made unavailing essay to discover, and who, still maintaining stern incognito as he stalked, a duplicate Brutus, baffled every scrutiny of prying eyes to penetrate his disguise, and withstand all the cajolery of speech, sly artifices, and sinister insinuations to beguile him of his secret. As night advanced, and most of the maskers, in deed all had from time to time cast off disguise, still the question, "who is he?" passed unanswered from lip to lip, and whippers began to circulate from ear to ear, all of a complimentary nature to their object. "A reporter for the newspaper, most likely," said Miss Warbeck Higgenbagg, who, in the rôle of a Duchess of Marlborough, conversed sedately with Mr. Pomphret in the character of a Quaker, and with hard, unrelenting eye, severely scanned the tout ensemble of that ungrateful creature, Alphonse Fitzpatrick, whose late advances to a reconciliation having been so coldly received as almost to seem rejected, through the Misses Warbecks' overweening pride suggesting the necessity of keeping up their dignity, and not to be in too great hurry to receive back to favour a chastised culprit, now unfortunately no longer a subject inferior, but invested with all the consequence of a wealthy heiress, independent of patronage or protection, was forbidden by her uncle, the Doge of Venice, to accord henceforth more than the most formal civilities exacted by good breeding, and commanded to refrain from further overture to those relatives.

"Or a French spy, maybe," cried loudness of the absent-minded (Cloncurry Pomphret), looking slyly at Venus (Lady Alicia), who, deserting the circle of the Graces, had, by Mars, to ravish his eyes with the fascinating beauty of the Princess Eva, shining in her sphere with renewed lustre out of the cloud that had temporarily dimmed her radiance, and to keep, herself, vigilant record of the impressionist laid upon Haroun Al-Raschid (Maurice O'Driscoll), and the Prince of Abyssinia (Hugh O'Byrne), by the magic attractions of the fair Milesian.

"May I hope for the honour of the Princess Eva's hand in the next quadrille?" said Claudius Beresford, coming up at this moment and bowing to his knee-buckle with infinite grace; but with ceremonious hauteur she negatived his suit, which Hussey Burgh observing, said: "Now, Caractacus, bestrew thy wit. Avant, barbarian! and when next you see the Princess Eva, come in guise of Strongbow—most potent of victors—to win and woo."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Colandisk;—pray let go my hand," coldly replied Alphonse, nervously shrinking away, and turning to address Lady Alicia, seated at the other side. "Dear Alphonse!" persisted the amorous Mars, nothing repulsed by her calm aspect of settled indifference and cold tranquility of demeanour. Cutting short the exordium, she rose abruptly, and returned to join her uncle. "Peevish, petulant little thing!" sighed Guildford. "I fear I shall have much to do to restore her to good-humour. I did not think she was so peevish. How beautiful she looks!" "Prosperity has quite turned her head," observed Lady Alicia, in the same undertone. "I'm sure I did my best to patronize her, and place her upon a footing of friendly intimacy with us. She declined all confidence, and showed no disposition to avail of our civilities, and buffed at some little playful badinage of Carhampton's. She stands aloof upon her dignity; but never mind—if you're not a fool, Colandisk, persevere; I never knew a flirt but was vanquished in the long run. Just now I can see she is spreading her net to entangle that silly fellow, O'Driscoll; and that other mammoth, Hugh O'Byrne; but keep you hold, and don't let the eel slip," she added, rising, and approaching a group habited in various guise, and whose animated conversation was evidently not meant to be exclusive.

"The pikes were found this morning somewhere near a sylvan that runs through the demesne by Hobson, Jenkins and Stubby, who searched for them upon the information supplied by Higgins to Major Sirr," exclaimed one who personated Rhadamantus, in reply to Lord Carhampton, who had just doffed his cravat, and heeded to say to a patron in propria persona, standing beside Miss Panny Higgenbagg, arrayed as a German margravine. "Pon my life, reverend sir, I must say 'tis monstrous, your ministers of the reformed Church are so inefficient in your office as to suffer us to behold, in this eighteenth century, a people as healthily and nutritious as they were in the days of