demand. Poor papa was very ill-humoured about it, but we both had our way, and have had it ever since, with a vengeance. Tom, I must live in the past, since the happiness of the present is denied me. nappiness of the present is denied me.

Tom, I am not going to cry any more."

"No, don't, that's a brave girl. Now

for my supper, please; but—" Tom Evans
looked confused, then fumbled in his' pockets. "Firstly, Kate," he resumed,

Saying this he drew from his pocket some money, which he tumbled with a clatter into a Sèvres plate which was on the centre table. "Well. Kate, pray count it." There were a few notes, some silver, and a lot of

Ten, fifteen, sixteen, twenty; one. two three and sixty-three cents-twentythree dollars and something," replied Kate, handling the soiled bills with the tip-ends of her fingers.
"Sixty-three cents, Kate. Now," and

moment, and then said, very slowly and deliberately, "you must let me pay for my supper, otherwise I might go away sell you your supper, Tom—sell it

In perfect horror the plate was itted, notes falling on the floor, coins rolling into various parts of the room, and under the furniture. Tom had to pick up all the scattered pieces.

"A three-cent piece gone, Kate," said
Tem. "Come help me find it."

"Are you in earnest? Is this not child's

play? Do you mean, with a pertinacity, at obstinacy which is beyond the dictates of common-sense, to follow out your—your

Oh! forgive me, Tom, I did not mean
to say that." For the first time a hysterical teeling choked any further utterance.

'My poor wife!" cried the husband, as he rose from hunting the money. The man looked not so much hurt as sorrowful. painful to me now."
"But it is cruel, cruel. May I ask, is—

this—money—yours? Is it all you have?"
"All mine—all I have. I am the Roths

"All mine—all I have. I am the Rothschild, the Demidoff. It was honestly earned, Kate."
"Twenty-three dollars and something!"
"When a man has to feed and clothe himself on about five dollars a week, I really think, without flattering myself, that I have done very well in saving twenty-three dollars and something."
"Then in a year you might economize—"
"No, scrape together, Kate."

"Then in a year you might economize—"
"No, scrape together, Kate."
"Something like sixty-eight dollars."
"In ten years, then, only six hundred and eighty dollars?"
"I might do better. It is only a begin-

oried Kate, in despair.
Tom made a pile of the silver and copper, and selecting one piece spunit on the marble table. Kate sidled up to him and asked,

"Yes, beer. Don't turn up your nose at beer. I rarely drink it, save experimentally. I think at first I should have much ally. I think at first I should have much preferred a position on Broad street, say with a salary of five thousand a year, sufficient to let me sport nice cravats, elegant pins, well-out clothes, and natty boots; but they did not want me. Such little German as I knew stood me in for a good turn. I have learned book-keeping, and can check off learn bear tayers accounts. can check off lager-beer tavern accounts, and I swear I am not above the business. My pride went out of the bung-hole, when, with my first job, I scoured a keg. Kate, I have loaded grains to pigs. I must say they smelled very badly."
"Your pride, Tom, you drive in, in one

place, and it simply crops out in another. But won't you let me lend you some money?" Kate drew out her porte-mon-

money?" Kate drew out her porte-monnaie, but she dropped her head.
"Only a Miss Burdett-Coutts could
carry such a plethoric pocket-book. Kate,
it is a terrible temptation to throw yourself
on the mercy of a tramp. Put it up,
Mephistopheles. My supper, Kate, my
supper;' and Tom seized an ivory paperknife and clattered it on the table like a
hungry child hungry child.
"I had forgotten, You had once such a

famous appetite. It was so good to see you eat. What did we have for dinner? I eat. What did we have for dinner? I think Chloe gave me chicken sauté, and there were côtelettes panée."

"Rasher eat onions, and sit in the shade, than devour geese if it makes thy heart uneasy within thee. Your bill of fare is too expensive, madam. I can't afford it."

expensive, madam. I can't afford it."

"It is misery for me to force myself into the belief that you are not joking. Am I not to be allowed to feed you, sir, if I want to? I will feed you, sir." There was a positive flash of temper here.

"See here, Kate, I am no pensioner—

am not even willing to be put on the foot-ing of a poor relation. What I am is an indigent husband. Take me to the pantry. Though it would be such fun to eat a cold potato on a Majolica plate.
What a lot of pretty things you have around here! You must have ruined yourself. Take my advice, and change that little picture from the front to the back part of the room. I am quite sure a back part of the room. I am quite sure a subdued light would help it. It is fairly good, though just a trifle criard. I say, Kata, de you remember when we read the Cousin Pons together, and went straight to the Rue Rochechouart, believing that we could find in some old armoire a Pompadour fan painted by a Boucher? What good times we used to have!"

"Tom, we were sad spendthrifts, I am alraid, Certain expensive tastes of mine you fostered, when you should have checked them."

about yourself, and wanted to lavish every thing on me, and I am not quite sure but

most unselfish creature that ever lived."
Kate gave an admiring look at the rapid changes Tom was making; then, when her husband jumped down from a chair, she held out her hand and led him to the din

ing room.

"Kate, that buffet is sarcophagal, and that wine-cooler like a tomb. Your glass is good. Always use mousseline stems, dear; it improves good wine."

his tawny beard, and her great pitiful eyes looked at him.

"Another cutlet. I shall eat you out of house and home. Never very long hungry, Kate, thanks to a strong arm and providential jobs."

Kate carefully wiped her husband's mouth, then kissed him, got up, walked up and down the kitchen for a while, then sat down again by him, and deigned to nibble a wing of chicken.

"A glass of Burgundy? Now do, please. If I could only find David's keys. You might venture into the cellar, don't you think so? The Burgundy, the kind you like, was an attention of papa's, and he

like, was an attention of papa's, and he sent sherry and Madeira—think of it, the Savannah Madeira!—some of his own whiskey, and ever so many cases of cham-

pagne."
"Kate, Mr. Grey's wine may sour before I will taste it. Water, Kate. I do not care for ice, if you must break it. Now, Kate, being perfectly satisfied, let us go back again to the drawing-room, and have

yes, there it is. You have no watch, Tom?"

"No, Kate. I pawned it six months ago. Don't wince. I heard a millionaire once say that during a man's lifetime, if he was lucky enough to own such a superfluity as a watch, he was sure to pawn it sooner or later, and now I know that he was the most acute of modern philosophers. It is half-past ten, Kate. The boat to Albany would have been cheaper, but then I could not have seen you. I must catch the mid-night train. It will take me twenty minutes to walk there. I am yours the cleven five. I have yet just thirty-five eleven five. I have yet just thirty-five more."

Tow?"

"Why Kate, this is really strong. Those locks are rather too ambrosual. Do you remember what Benvenuto Cellini said to Bandinello? If the hair of your Hercules were shorn, there would not remain skull enough to hold his brains. What a glossy coat! Kate, could you paint me in my shirt sleeves? There would be an a effect of light which would be charming."

"Oh, I will, I will, Tom! Will you if all out."

"Penelope! Wife, see the clock. It is eleven five. I have yet just thirty-five more."

The wife said not a word. They were in the little back room now.
"I wish I had been disloyal, and set the clock back. You say you are going to for all these pretty surroundings. The dilettanteism is not all quite killed out of me yet, Kate. Don't pout. Now tell me all about it. How came you to buy this "May I not go with you—just a little

all about it. How came you to buy this house?"

"When you quarrelled with 'papa—"

"Excuse me, Kate, I never quarrel. I was offended with Mr. Grey; he took an unwarrantable liberty in words with me: "What?"

"May I not go with you—just a little ways?" asked Kate, imploringly.

"Go with me? I never thought of that. It would be so jolly. But then, Kate—"

"What? what?" Call it abourd if you please; still, any unwarrantable liberty in words with me; he was bitterly offensive." "Please do not say that."
"Why, Kate, when I married you, two

and six of such misery !"
"When I married you, I had every res son to suppose that my fortune was a solid one, though I had no expectations. It was not so much I had of my own—only a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, all in one confounded railroad stock. Of course, confounded railroad stock. Of course, Kate, people used to annoy me with the vague immensity of Mr. Grey's fortune, as if I had married you on your expectations, confound them! What I did know was that you had something in your own right from your mother. Was it forty or fifty thousand dollars? Mr. Grey used to narade that amount before me." narade that amount before me

"Tom, it was fifty thousand dollars, and almost all of it has gone into this house."
"The deuce it has! that complicates matters. "And papa was enraged about it. What

does my husband say?"
"That you had a perfect right to "That you had a perfect right to do with your own as you thought best. But to return to Mr. Grey. What did your father come to France for, where we were living so happily, and, as a harbinger of bad tidings, break the news of the loss of all my money to me in such an unnecessarily uncomfortable way? He seemed to gloat over it. 'Just as I expected,' he said. He was not coarse, only indulged in elegant sarcasm of which he is master. He intimated that in the future I was to play the rôle of an elegant parasite: that I inthe role of an elegant parasite; that I intended to nibble on what were my expectations; that my marriage to you was one of those lucky hits which would enable me to enjoy a life of ease and pleasure. Kate, I was never so enraged in my life. Then and there I determined that I would never use one penny of my wife's movement. use one penny of my wife's money, nor of her father's."

"All fine enough, Tom, but you were mad to act on it. Father was always kind in his way. Absorbed in his business, his legal matters, his politics, a many-sided man, he is an autocrat, and I am afraid I was once the most imperious of his subjects. When you left me in France—and how could you do it?—I told my father that he had mortally offended you. He laughed a laugh of bitter scorn; then the temper on my part was aroused—for I can mper on my part was aroused-

"But not now, Tom—not now! Well, your departure maddened me. I accused my father of being the cause of our separation. 'When Mr. Evans saw the last of his five-dollar bills, he would come back soon enough;' that was what my father said." "And what did you, my wife, think?"

inquired Tom Evans, anxiously.
Whatever I thought then, my poor boy, I never told. Don't ask me. What I believe new is that you are going to do all you said, and even worse."
"Well, that is more satisfactory."
"Mr. Evans will come back again. In
my experience I have never known it to be
otherwise, said my father."

otherwise, 'said my father."

"Kate, there was a horrible letter written me, full of limitations. My self-respect made me return it."

"Tom—oh, Tom! do you believe I had a hand in it? Let me continue. 'Father,' I said, 'I have some money; I want it.'

What for? To give it to Mr. Evans? I have been lucky in saving it out of your 'What for? To give it to Mr. Evans? I have been lucky in saving it out of your husband's clutches.' 'You wrong him,' I cried; 'he might have had it all, if he wanted it. I am going to the United States at once; I must follow him.' 'Catherine, you have the obstinacy of a mule,' retorted my father. 'If you will go to the United States, which may be right enough, after all, to save appearances, take a house of mine in New York, keep only a room and a study for me—' 'And my husband?' I asked. 'Of course ho will live with us. It would be absurd if he did not.' But he won't, papa.' 'He won't! what on earth does he mean by he won't?' 'He has said that he would never be indebted to you not to me, and now he be indebted to you nor to me, and now he is seeking his fortune. 'Rubbish!' said father. 'He is mad.' I hate comedy in a

father. 'He is mad. I have comeny in decent family. It is too denced French.'
Don't jump so, Tom. He did say French.'

""" Kata." "But I can't help jumping, Kate." "It ended by father giving me entire control of my own money, with a letter of introduction to his agent in the city, and a

mical."
"Kate," said he, "you are making a mess of it. You will come to grief surely. Three servants to wait on one woman, and

no company!"
"I think I am coming to grief. I am going to ruin myself. I want to be ruined. By the time ruin comes, maybe you will be able to take care of me. I have followed your example, and intend to look out for myself. I am the most reckless woman myself. I am the most reckless woman that ever lived. Now I think of it, I must have made an exhibition of myself to-night. But I don't care. Tom, let us leave our worries. I have something to show you. See here;" and Mrs Evans led Tom to the little conservatory, and unveiled her

"It is too ethereal," she said. "In the what is the cime?"

"There ought to be a kitchen clock. Ah, yes, there it is. You have no watch,

eleven five. I have yet just thirty-five

minutes of happiness, not a second more."
"I wish I had been dislayal, and set the

plate holds my fortune. From Albany, in week from now, I may be in Colorado."
"The end of the world, Tom! Uh, do let me go! You consent? Think of a day or two spent with you in six long, weary

months!"
"But, Kate, with that elegant dress—
those jewelled fingers—what will people
say when they find you in company with a
shabby man like me?" "You are my prince in disguise. You onsent? Tom, Tom, I will run up stairs.

have a quarter of an hour. See how I shall fagotèe myself."
"You will pay your own expenses?"

"Every cent of them."

"I shall have to pay for your sleeping-car, though I can't afford one for myself."

"Indeed, you shall not. Dreadfully stuffy things. I intend to sleep on your shoulder," said Kate, quite imperatively.

"Let me dust it first. I can't stand a rriage to the station ; even car hire to the depôt might interfere with the budget."
""We will walk, sir, au clair de la lune. Such fun of a summer's night! "Oh, Tom, you haven't smoked! Have you given it Tried to, Kate. My most difficult ex-

travagance to conquer.'

"Here are cigars—some of your old ones. I found them in a trunk of mine, inside a camel's hair shawl. You said they would keep the moths out. Don't you remember?" Kate was very voluble just here.
"They must be camphory."

"Camphory! Nonsense. Try one;" and from behind the cloisonne waiter half a and from behind the cloisonné waiter half a dozen robust cigars were produced. "They are not camphory."

Here a happy little woman smiled. It was her first subterfuge—a pious fraud; for she had bought these cigars months before, trusting that her husband would smoke them.

"A light, Katie, I used to think cigars of the régie were only tolerable, and these taste very much like true Cabanas. That trunk with the shawls I helped to pack in Nice."

Nice."
"Smoke away. How good it smells

"Smoke away. How good it smells! Now I will hurry up stairs. I must write a line to David, and tell him his master has come. On second thoughts, you do it, sir."

"I do not boss your servants, ma'am."

"But you must." Kate did not like to say that her hands were trembling. "Now open that drawer in that sprawlly-legged secretary. All my paper is there—all my billets-boux, Ulysses. Write—write, I tell you;" and saying this, she rushed out of the room.

billets-boux, Ulysses. Write—write, I tell you;" and saying this, she rushed out of the room.

"God bless my darling!" said Tom.

"Love her? I am just wild about her. All this within my reach. I have but to stretch out my hand and clasp it all." He did spread out his hand, and smiled as he looked at the toil-worn epidermis. "She did not mind my hands a bit. There is sterling stuff in that little wife of mine. I wonder if she thinks I am playing Feramorz to her Lalla Rookh? The good cigar—I can forgive that yarn of Kate's about them. Yes, my letter to David. She always had such good taste about her paper. I think I must have given this to her. What the deuce shall I write David? Here goes:—

"My Dear David,—I am home. [Home! shem! a strange word. Let it stay; it looks natural.] Sudden business, however, calls me away with your mistress for a few days. Mrs. Evans will be absent then for a very short time [a very short time, ohime!] I will write you exactly when she returns, and you will meet her, I may be obliged to continue my journey without her. [Confound it!] Watch over her, as I know only my good David can. Keep up the dignity of the family. It can not be in better hands than your own.

"Sincerely. Tom Evans."

Down tripped Mrs. Evans, and glanced over the note.

"That will do. David will be delighted."

over the note.
"That will do, David will be delighted." "That will do. David will be delighted."
"What will you do for household expenses when you are gone? Who keeps the money? Who runs the house?"
"Who but David?"
"What a funny menage, to be sure!
Well, you could not put your trust in a

more worthy creature."
": Am I all right, Tom?" "This is last summer's dress; the hat was drenched at sea. These are my shabbiest gloves, these the strongest boots I own. Button them for me, Tom;" and a

Mrs. Evans holding the bundles; then the bolt was noiselessly closed. Mr. Evans tried the handle.

There was a policeman under the lamp opposite, who eyed the pair, as they descended the steps, with some curiosity. Suspicion evidently got the better of him, for he crossed the street in three strides.

"Officer," said Mr. Evans, quite equal to the occasion, "you would oblige me—a shem!—very much by keeping a good watch over this house—Number—Number—Kate, what the deuce is your num-

"Forty-one, officer," said Kate.
"As Mrs. Evans may be absent— "With her husband for a few days, of-

"Upon my soul, sir," said the function-"Upon my soul, sir," said the functionary, "I recognize the lady. It is my duty to know the faces of all the people on the street—a remarkable respectable one, so far. Them bundles, you see, was strange. But since the lady says it's all right, why, it's all right." Then the puzzled policeman strode back to the lamp-post, reclined against it, and said, "May I be blowed!" Man and woman walked briskly along toward the depot. Puffing his cigar, Mr. Evans told his wife that he was a clerk in a brewery in New Jersey, that his employ. a brewery in New Jersey; that his employ-ers, an honestold German and his son, were ers, an hone stold derman and his son, were in very moderate circumstances; that the younger member of the firm would be forced to leave the business on account of bad health, the doctors having advised Colorado and open-air life for him; that the father and son had delegated Tom to go to Albany, where he was to find some party

claim you. You are fast getting broken in-to it all, this new life, my poor little wo-after throwing a buffalo robe over Ford,

man."
"The approaches are not so dreadful as you paint them, Tom," said Kate, clinging to her husband's arm.
"But life is not a joke, Kate. Still, two people might fight it out, if they..."
"Love one another, Tom," cried Kate, gleefully. "Well, that is about it. Physical dis-

"Well, that is about it. Physical dis-turbances are but momentary; it is the mental ones which are permanent. That idea alone, wife, engenders the hope that while our bodies are mortal, our souls are imperishable. Do you understand me, Kate?"

"Tom, I am not heeding your philoso-phy. Do you know what I am thinking about? a pantomime. You are Harlequin and I Columbine. I am in a whirl." They were at the depôt, and the pas They were at the depot, and the passengers from an incoming train were crowding in. One group consisted of a nurse holding a sleeping baby, the party under the charge of a little dumpy woman. As that little woman passed Mrs. Evans she started, lifted up her hands, and said, "Juste Ciel! our neighbour!" The Mademoiselle Marthez and the Trevor baby

out a five-dollar bill, gave it to Tom, who bought the ticket for her, paying for his own transportation. Kate counted the change carefully, and then requested her husband to take charge of the porte-

change carefully, and then requested her husband to take charge of the portemounaie.

Quietly pestling on her husband's bosom, the prettiest woman in all that rumbling train was breathing sweetly and calmly, sound asleep. The man, in an ecstacy of delight, gazed long on the sweet face, and more than once pressed his lips on the pure forehead of his sleeping companion. Now he tucked in an edge of her skirt, and pushed the bundle of shawla gently under one pendent foot. Just before he went to sleep, after having watched for an hour the silver streaks of the Hudson flashing through the trees, Kate awoke. It was but for a single moment.

"It looks, Tom—it looks," she said, "as if—" Here she paused. Was she imurmuring in some pleasant dream?

"As if what, my darling?"

"As if you were running off with me."

"By George! I never thought of that. So it does."

So it does."

Tom would have said more, but Kate was sound asleep again.

(To be Continued) No other medicine in the world has ever given such a test of its curative qualities as BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP. In three years two millions four hundred thousand small bottles of this medicine were distributed free of charge by Druggists in this country to those afflicted with Consumption, Asthma, Croup, severe Coughs, Pneumonia, and other diseases of the throat and lungs, giving the American people undeniable proof that GERMAN SYRUP will cure them. The result has been that Druggists in every town and village in the Canadas and United States are recommending it to their customers. Go to your Druggist and ask what they know about it. Sample Bottles 10 cents. Regular size, 75 cents. Three doses will relieve any case. "GERMAN SYRUP. "

The great results which have attended the regular use of Quinine Wine, by people of delicate constitution and those affected with a general prostration of the system, speak more than all the words that we can say in its behalf. This article is a true medicine and a life-giving principle—a perfect renevator of the whole system—invigorating at the same time both body and mind. Its medical properties are a febrifuge tonic and anti-periodic. Small doses, frequently repeated, strengthen the pulse, create an appetite, enable you to obtain refreshing sleep, and to feel and know that every fibre and tissue of your system is being braced, and renovated. In the fine Quinine Wine, prepared by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, we have the exact tonic required; and to persons of weak and nervous constitutions we would say, never be without a bottle in the house. It is sold by all druggists.

LITERATURE AND ART.

WINNING HER WAY.

"It is a drawey pine. I sit here all que, though Bavid."

(Condinued.)

The memory of the bason same back."

"Dease, Ton, don't. You pain me, the work of the back of the state with the state of t materials that he left. "But you were always plucky."
"Tom, if you want to reach the train, we will have to run."
"So we will, Kate. Come, Kate. I will take care of your porte-monnaie; it it locks full—quite gorged, in fact."
The front door was opened carefully, Mrs. Evans holding the bundles; then the bolt was noiselessly closed. Mr. Evans tried the handle, young man drove along the road for a mile or so, but could find no traces of the cart or Ford. Previous to their starting Douglas led them to believe that THE ACCIDENT HAD HAPPENED

on the right side of the road, and the searchers supposing the men were return-ing from the raffle when it occurred, kept ing from the raffle when it occurred, kept a sharp look out on the right-hand side going east. Returning to the hotel, they reported their inability to find any traces of the accident. A number of neighbours were alarmed, and after considerable delay, during which Douglas somewhat recovered from the shock, they started in search of Ford. He was found on the recovered to the started of the star on the ground, at the bottom of a feet embankment, quite dead. About ten feet from where his body lay, was the horse and waggon, the former pressed to the ground by the weight of the latter. The body was taken to McFarlane's hotel, and Coroner Johnson, of Yorkville, was notified. The poor horse, which was barely able to walk, was also led back to the hotel, where it was medically treated. DOUGLAS' STATEMENT.

The survivor told his version of the fatal father and son had delegated Tom to go to Albany, where he was to find some party who had entertained the idea of exchanging a ranch in Colorado for a brewery. It the matter could be arranged, the young man and Tom might go to Colorado.

"There is mighty little difference between plunging on horseback through a herd of Texas steers, and rushing into a lote of long-legged fellows on ponies at polo. One is for money, the other for fun. I might get to like it. If I succeed, Kate, I will ing on his back not far distant. Being whom he supposed to be unconscious, managed to make his way back to Mr. McFarlane's. It was not until the finding of the body, about four o'clock in the morning, that he was aware of the fatal result. Several other witnesses were examined at Several other witnesses were examined at the inquest, but their evidence did not bear on the cause of the accident. A post mortem by *Dr. Philbrick, of Yorkville, showed that the deceased had dislocated his neck by the fall, and that death must have been instantaffeous. A verdict to that effect was accordingly returned.

ELSIE ARMSTRONG'S DEATH.

Result of the Inquest. OTTAWA, Nov. 6.—The inquest as to the death of the woman Elsie Armstrong, late cook at the Union House, was concluded this evening, when the jury returned a verdict of "death from wounds" caused by the use of an instrument, either her own or another person's hands, for the purpose of procuring abortion.'

MARRIED IN GAOL. An interesting Ceremony Repeated in London After an Interval of Thirteen Years

London, Nov. 4.—Thomas Ward, the London, Nov. 4.—Thomas Ward, the cooper who was placed in gaol on a charge of giving a girl named Ramsay some powders wherewith to procure an abortion, was married in gaol to her last evening, and has been released from custody. The mothers of the young man and woman and a few other friends were present. This is the first marriage in gaol here in thirteen years. A soldier being married that length of time ago.

HAUNTED BY SPIRITS.

Manifestations in Hull Match Factory. Manifestations in Wall Match Factory.

OTTAWA, Nov. 5.—Some startling "spiritual" manifestations are said to have taken place recently at Eddy's match factory. It was in the room where the finished matches are packed in paper boxes. Upon the middle of the large round table lay a large pile of matches, and around it sat the girls at work. For a moment er two a cessation took place from some cause or other in the operations, and a number of the workers incantiously rested their hands on the table to waltz around in a lively manner. One of the girls fainted, and the majority of the others have been as severely frightened that they decline to work around that particular table any more, and firmly believe the room to be haunted by spirits.

A Mutiny Quelled by a Woman. KEY WEST, Nov. 4.—Arrived, the British brig Geo. S. Berry, Capt. Howard, with lumber from Pensacola, in a state of mutiny. The captain was badly cut by mutineers. His life was saved and the mutiny quelled by his daughter.

New York, Nov. 6.—The woman found dead near the Catakill recently is believed to have been a seamstress of this city, poor but very refined and educated. She had been in the habit of sending remittances to educate her niece, Miss Lillie Vogelbeck, who was in Paris studying music, and who, it is reported recently made a brilliant debut. A Murderous Chief.

Greely, Col., Nov. 6,—Edward Clark, employed at the White River agency, says Chief Douglas, the plotter of the Meeker massacre, was also concerned in the horrible Mountain Meadows massacre, committed by Mormons and Indians. Frank Dresser, found dead in a coal mine after the Meeker massacre, was not killed by Indians. He was wounded by them, but escaped and sought refuge in the mine. Finding the Indians about and fearing butchery, he blew out his brains and ended the sufferings from his wound. A Murderous Chief.

when puppyism attains its full growth the becomes dogmatism?

In the postal savings banks of Italy five millions of dollars have been deposited sefar this year, in very small sums. These banks give great satisfaction,

At Florence an equestrian statue of Napoleon III. will soon be cast in bronze, It will be set up in Milan. George Eliot is in a very precarious state of health. She is at present residing at her country house near Godalming.

Leo XIII. has written a letter to the ex-Jesuit Father Curci, praising very highly his recent work entitled "The Scrip-tures."

A new novel, entitled "Little Miss Primrose," from the pen of the author of "St. Olave's," etc., will be published next ans of less renown have made the peanut

Zulu war. M. Rosa, sculptor, of Rome, has been charged by the Municipality of Milan to execute the monument to be raised in the Duomo to the memory of Victor Emmanuel. A new edition of the works of Ivan S.

Turguenief has just appeared in Moscow in ten volumes. In a preface dated from Paris, the origin of several of his works is given. "The Life of Swift," which was begun by John Forster and of which one volume was printed before Mr. Forster's death, will be finished, it is again announced, from the

A new volume by M. Rénan, entitled "L'Eglise Chrétienne," appears this week, and a seventh volume, to be styled "Marc Auréle," will complete his history of primitive Christianity.

Dr. W. T. Hewett, of Cornell University, has published a small book on the language and literature of the Frisians. The Frisian dialect is one of the most any allied to the Anglo-Saxon. Mommsen's stay in Italy will be.

longed two years, during which the historian will make a thorough study of the Italian antiquities. At present he is engaged on the fourth volume of his great history, which will treat of the early During the late troubles, the curious colhave been rifled. A well known literary man, H. E. Munif Effendi, Minister of Public Instruction, has been ordered to in-

stitute an inquiry. The custodian has been The Cape of Good Hope papers state that Mr. Aylward, the author of "The Transval of To-day," has in hand, to the order of a London publisher, a work which deals with Sir Bartle Frere's career in South Africa, with particular reference to the sir, but some of your statements produce a Zulu war.

An historical picture by Paul Delaroche representing the carrying off of the keys of the Bastile after its capture, will be set up in the Hotel de Ville, at Paris, when the work of restoration is finished. The picture has always belonged to the city, but has never been well exhibited.

From a work on Fendal customs which In survivor told his version of the fatal accident to the Coroner, who held an enquiry on Thursday afternoon at the hotel to which the body was taken. Douglas declared they were perfectly sober when they left McFarlane's. After driving along the "base line" for about half a mile, he (Douglas) gave the deceased the lines to driving while he arronged his detries to

can sit around in the corner grocery, whit-tle the sugar and salt barrels, and lie about

"The ranks of royal authors are, as the heavy snow storms they used to have Mr. Weller, sr., phrased it, 'swellin' wisibly.' The latest recruit is none other than King Richard Cœur de Lion, an old than King Richard Cœur de Lion, an old French poem by whom has just been discovered among the manuscripts in the municipal library at Tréves. In quantity this fragment consists of seventy-eight verses; of its quality, we shall doubtless be able to judge ere long and to compare it, say, with the rhythmic outpourings of the Marquis of Lorne,"—London Life.

M. Zola's new novel, "Nana," which is now running as a serial in the Voltaire, has caused the circulation of that paper suddenly to increase from 10,000 to 50,000 The cost of advertising and puffing the book has already amounted to \$20,000. Meanwhile the Paris correspondent of a Manchester paper pronounces the novel "the filthiest production the world ever saw," and says it "gives the century the character of being besetted with animalism."

An unexpected success has followed the project of the late Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, for the decoration of Orleans Cathedral with ten painted windows, re-presenting scenes in the life of Joan of Arc. In a short time \$25,000 was subscribed, and a competition, open to all glass-painters in France, has resulted in the acceptance of a design possessing, it is said, remarkable merit. The successful artist has been commissioned to execute

picture, the good people of Louvain intend to restore their church and rest as contented as they can with a copy of the picture to take the place of the original.

Schelling, the Dresden soulptor, has completed his gigantic model of the bronze memorial statue, which it was decided soon after the Franco-German war, should be erected on the Niederwald near Bingen, as a lasting emblem of Germany's dominion on the Rhine. All the parts of it were recently conveyed from Dresden to Munich, where the work will be cast. They filled eight freight cars. When put together the

Letters and bright sayings of Charles Lamb are coming to light every year. Notes and Queries for October 11 has a new letter which was found among some old papers the lorgest ten property is believed, two and a half or three years.

A literary property was sold the other day in London, which strikingly illustrates the vicissitudes of a literary speculation. The Hornet was put up and knocked down for one hundred pounds and a few shillings. It was started ten or twelve years ago. At two years old it was returning as many thousands a year; at three it had declined, and was sold for four thousand pounds. To shorten the tale, stinging feebly, it went from bad to worse, until a few months ago, when the Westminster Association, whose affairs are in Chancery, bought it for fifteen hundred pounds. Since then good writing has appeared in it, but not Petrarch nor Burns could galvanize into vitality the dying sheet, which went, with fixtures, plant, and prestige, for a hundred. Letters and bright sayings of Charles Lamb are coming to light every year. Notes and Queries for October 11 has a new letter which was found among some old papers. Lamb are coming to light every year. Notes and Queries for October 11 has a new letter which was found among some old papers that belonged to an English gentleman who recently died. Of Lord Byron, news of whose death had just reached England, Lamb writes as follows:—"So we have lost another poet! I never much relished his Lordship's mind, and shall be very sorry if the Greeks have cause to miss him. He was to me' effensive, and I never can make out his great power, which his admirers talk of—why, a line of Wordsworth is a lever to lift the immortal spirit; Byron can only move the spleen. He was at best a satirist, in any other way he was mean enough. I dare say I do him injustice, but I cannot love him, nor squeeze a tear to his memory. He did not like the world, and he has left it, as Alderman Curtis advised the Radicals—'if they don't like their country, d—n 'em, let him leave' it,'—they possessing no rood of ground in England, and he 10,000 acres—Byron was bitterer than many Curtises."

Kased the bright spoon, by kindred love impelled, Such is the nursery tale of infant lore.

Kased the bright spoon, by kindred love impelled, Such is the nursery tale of infant lore.

Kasch the bright spoon, by kindred love instant lore.

Laddies and Gentleman who would like a bottle of very fine perfume, ask your druggist for Mitchell's Memomeral Cologne, and you will get a superior article. One of the peculiarities of this Cologne is that you do not require to use near as much as of any other, and it retains its sweetness and delightful aroma much longer than any other cologne. In fact it is preferred by many to the imported extracts of white rose and jockey club, as it continues to emit its delightful fragrance sweet and unimpaired so long as any trace of it remains. Mitchell's Cologne contains the most costly ingredients of any in the market, and is sold as low as some of the check and the public. Price 25 cts., 50 cts., 75 cts., and \$1, according to size. For sale by all druggists and dealers in perfumery. Northypother a

HUMOROUS.

Autumn leaves; winter comes. What is the least offensive brass band? A dollar-store bracelet.

Here lies a girl as one forgotten, who Paper is now used for car-wheels. It has been used for tracts for a long time A false balance is an abomination; ex. cept to the bank cashier who is off for

stand. The Athenœum understands that Miss Colenso, a daughter of the Bishop of Natal, every one of them they have to stay up nights. Cats have nine lives, and in order to live

The lilies of the field have pistils; and every citizen of Texas is "arrayed like one of these."

The law can never make a man honest It can only make him very uncomfortable when he is dishonest. Why do they call Shakespeare's plays his "works?" Isn't there any difference between work and play? Some men have so much genius that

they can't do anything but sit down in the shade and think about it. Mr. Evarts says that people who go a. fishing ought to know the difference between a tautog and a learned pig. Redpath ran away so that he might not be obliged to hear some of the entertain-ments provided for his bureau course.

A starved tramp said he was so thin that when he had a pain he couldn't tell whether it was a stomach ache or a back ache. There are more watches worn in the United States than in any other country.

Of course the people have a better time.

"He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand;" but he that slideth four aces up his sleeve getteth to himself riches.

He who drinks and goes away Will live to drink another day, But he who drinks between the drinks Right quickly in the gutter sinks. We'll want three galleys for the next inside, Baldheaded persons are recommended by

one who knows how it is himself to have spider painted on the top of their heads in Beecher has been preaching to railroad conductors. He may do them some good, but they will be obliged to use bell punches for some time yet as a matter of form. Why tell a man that he lies like sixty? Isn't it just as easy to say, " Excuse me,

tendency to embonpoint on the part "Why will people 'put an enemy in their mouths to steal their brains away?"

Perhaps for revenge, in inducing the enemy to hunt for something that can't be

When Douglass Jerrold heard a society bore speaking of a song that "always car-ried him away" when he heard it, Jerrold simply asked if some one present would please to sing it. When a man comes to the deliberate

nclusion to live on his wits he must

generally be contented with a slender in The capital in trade is not large enough to promise much. When a boy on his way to Sunday ing for the missionary box, he is torn with agonizing remorse because he didn't spend it for peanuts before it was wasted Now the aged liar is happy again. He

O, teach me toxicology,
It has more "rocks" than geology,
More salary than theology;
Scoress point on demonology.
Of all the ologies to fill one's pate,

The Chicage Journal comes right out at four o'clock in the afternoon and claims that it suspects Wendell Phillips of concealing "a deep and subtle humour" in his writings, let this water he investigated writings. Let this matter be investi gated at once. What could be more intensely America than the act of the Yankee who, on visiting an Italian convent and being shown a lamp which had not been permitted to go

out for more than five centuries, quickly stepped up to it and blew it out, with the A sharp answer is relished by every one except the person who is hit. When a lady in Louisiana was gruffly asked why she rang the bell at both ends she quickly replied, "Because I wanted both ends to stop, sir." And when a soldier, who was bitten by a dog, and who killed him with his bayonet, was asked by the owner why he didn't merely beat him off with the other end of his musket, answered, " And

so I would if he had run at me with his artist has been commissioned to execute the work.

The Belgian Government has recently purchased for \$40,000 the picture with "wings" by Quentin Matsys, which has long been an ornament of the Church of St. Pierre, at Louvain, and will add it to the collection of works of art at Brussels. Other purchases of a similar kind are contemplated by the Government. With the money which they get from the sale of their picture, the good people of Louvain intend to restore their church and rest as contented as they can with a copy of the picture.

The Philadelphia Times reports that the Rev. A. A. Willits is a good shot, and tells this story about him:—A Quaking the contented as they can with a copy of the picture. It is well to look at all sides of a subject

Rev. A. A. Willits is a good shot, and tells this story about him:—A Quaker who met him as he returned from the field, with his game bag well filled, said to him in an admonitory tone:—"Friend Willits, it seems to me that a bird has a right to live until its time has come to die." The doctor replied:—"Friend, you and I agree perfectly, for I find that generally when I get my gun trained on a bird his time to die has come."

where the work will be cast. They filled eight freight cars. When put together the figure will be 32 feet 9 inches in height of the famous "Bavaria" in the Theresa meadow near Munich. The work of making the casting has been askingted to the Royal Brunze Foundry in Munich, and will consume, it is believed, two and a half or three years.

A literary property was sold the other day in London, which strikingly illustrates the vicissitudes of a literary speculation. The Hornet was put up and knocked down for one hundred pounds and a few shillings. It was started ten or twelve years ago. At "High Diddle Diddle" in Miltonio



PUFF PASTE.

One quart flour, three-quarter butter or lard, yolks of two eggs, spoon salt, and a tablespoon sugar; mix with cold or ice wa temperature. Place the flour on a sprinkle over with salt and sug dually the yolks of eggs b little ice-water, pouring them in and and mixing with fingers of the other, until it ber smooth dough, as soft as can be handled. Roll out as described ceding recipe.

PASTE WITH DRIPPINGS Rub three-fourths pound beef dri to a fine powder through one pound add half a teaspoon salt, make a weentre, pour in half a p'nt ice-water, flour board and hands, rell out paste roll out and fold again, and PASTE WITH SUET.

Roll a pound of the best suet, wi little membrane running throng a board for several minutes, rem the skin and fibres than appear wh ing; the suet will be tening lookinglike butter. into the flour, salt, and mix it water; roll out for the plates, and a little butter in flakes.



APPLE PIE.

Line pan with crust; pare and qu three or four nice tart apples and spre-crust, sprinkle with two tablespoons and small bits of butter; mix one spoon flour, one teaspoon essence of ler two tablespoons sugar, and three or for water together, pour over the apples bake till they are thoroughly cool serve warm with sweetened milk or of Or, half a tea-spoon cinnsmon, nutme allspice, may be used in place of esser lemon, sprinkling it on just before ba Or, after putting in apples, pour over ta custard made of two eggs and a pin milk. sweetened to taste APPLE MERINGUE PIE.

Pare, slice, stew, and sweeten rin nutmeg (or stew lemon peel with then flavour), fill crust and bake till de spread over the apple a thick merin made by whipping to froth whites of t eggs for each pie, sweetening with tablespoons powdered sugar; flavour vanilla, beat until it will stand alone cover pie three quarters of an inch thi if too thin add a little corn starch. back in a quick oven till well "set," eat cold. In their season, substitution of the cold.

APPLE CUSTARD PIE. Peel sour apples and stew until and not much water is left in them, rub through a colander. Beat three for each pie. Put in at the rate of cup butter, and one of sugar for three I son with nntmeg.

DRIED APPLE PIE. Put apples in warm water and over night: in the morning chop up, s a few moments in a small amount water, add a sliced lemon, and sugar taste; cook half an hour, make into

SLICED-APPLE PIE. Line pie-pan with crust, sprinkle



sugar, fill with tart apples sliced ve sngar, fill with tart apples sliced verthin, sprinkle sugar and a very litt cinnamon over them, and add a few sma bits of butter, and a tablespoon water dredge in flour, cover with a top crus and hake half to three-quarters of a hour; allow four or five tablespoons sugar to one pie. Or, line pans with crust, fi with sliced apples, put on top crust and bake; bake off top crust, put in sugar bits of butter and seasoning, replace cru and serve warm. It is delicious with sweetened cream.

CRAB-APPLE PIE. Follow above recipe, and if made "transcendents," the pies will fully equathose made of larger varieties oi the apple BANANA PIE.

raw bananas, add butter, suga allspice and vinegar, or boiled cider, of diluted jelly; bake with two crusts Cold-boiled sweet potatoes may be used ead of bananas, and are very nice. BUTTERMILK PIE.

Beat together a heaping cup sugar and four eggs; add half cup butter, beat thoroughly, and add one and a half pint buttermilk; line the pie-tins with crust alice an apple thin, and lay in each pie fill the crust with the mixture, and bak with no upper crust. CORN STARCH PIES.

One quart milk, yolks of two eggs, two two leggers, two two leggers, two leggers and the rest of the milk to a thick cream, beat the yolks and add starch, put in the boiled milk and add starch, put in the boiled milk and add sugar; bake with an ander orust, beat whites with two tablespoons augar, and put on top of pies and when done, return to oven and brown.