

or more, but a fine-lookin' man."

and slippers, and suchlike, into a big portmenter, had it up on the top of a keb, and rode away with it. The kebman as took him would know where he went—none of us knowed."

"And you don't know where the cabman came from, I suppose?"

"Lord, no, sir; he was fetched promiscuous. Mr. Walsh paid for everythink liberal; paid the cook and 'ousemaid their month, and paid me; paid the undertaker—it were a v-ry genteel funeral: mourning-coach and pair, and feathers on the 'carse; paid everybody, and no. feathers on the 'carse; paid everybody, and not them sort would not do for us. Pounder knows body ast him no questions. But it was a queer a trick worth two of having a black coat round set-out for all that; and there must have been the place, he'd learn more in he'd teach here." somethink to make that pore young creetur' go off dead like that."

"Something," muttered Richard; "yes—only a broken heart. She discovered that she had trusted a villain, and the discovery killed

her. The story's plain enough."

"Broken 'art? Yes, pore dear," she whined,
that's nzackly what the 'ousemaid says, while
we was a-smoothing out her beautiful lair: There was somethink as he told her-a some think as he said to her soon after she came in -as broke her pore 'art;" and that 'ousemaid speke the gospel truth. It might be a discased 'art, there's no gainsaying the doctor; but it were a broken one into the bargain."

Two hours later on the same afternoon, when

the winter daylight was growing gray and thick, Richard Redmayne stood alone in Hetheridge churchyard: a very quiet resting-place, remote, although within fifteen miles of London, the burial-ground belonging to a village that lay off the main road, away from the beaten tracks of mankind-an unambitious graveyard, where there were no splendid monuments, only an air of supreme repose.

"There will be no stone to mark where she

lies, I reckon," Mr. Redmayne said to himself bitterly, as he walked slowly to and fro among the humble headstones. "A man would hardly set up a memorial of his sin."

He was mistaken. Not in a nameless grave did Grace Redmayne slumber. He came at last to a broad slab of polished gray granite, with an inscription in three short lines :

GRACE.

Died November 11th, 186-, aged 19. EHEU. EHEU!

Her epitaph could hardly have been briefer: and thus her story closed—with a tombstone.

I wonder where he will be buried when his time comes ?" thought Rick Redmayne; as there is a God above us, if ever we two meet face to face, I shall kill him !" And he meant it.

(To be continued.)

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Conyright Act

IN AFTER-YEARS:

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XII .- (Continued.)

Pounder led the way into a small room on the opposite side of the passage to the one in which he had received Catchem and Sir Richard on their first visit to the asylum.

The room was devoid of furniture, unless a

strong deal table and two chairs to match could be considered such; on the table was a large

book, a dirty inkstand, and quill pen which was worn almost to the stump.

Putting the lantern on the table, Pounder opened the book, turned over to where the last entry had been made, and counting ten lines therefrom, desired Sir Richard to write the patient's name in full on the eleventh line, on the end of which he kept his own grimy fin-

ger until it was done. Putting his finger in like manner on the corresponding line on the opposite page he said:
4 Now write here," put under Dr. Pounder's care for cure by—now your name on the se-cond line, your title and place of abode in Lon-

don and at your home." Sir Richard wrote. Put under Doctor Pounder's care for cure by

Sir Richard Cuninghame, Baronet of Haddon Castle, Scotland, now living at the Angel, in London City."

As Sir Richard finished writing a sense of

shame at the deed he had done manifested it-self in the hope he almost expressed in words, that no one who had ever known him or his would read the words he had disgraced himself by writing.
Sir Richard was standing stooping over the

book as he wrote, with one hand keeping the stiff uneven leaves flat; as he lifted his hand the pages turned of themselves, leaving the book open many pages from the one on which Sir Richard had inscribed his name; Pounder was looking over some papers he held in his hand, and as the leaves of the book settled themselves Sir Richard's eye fell on a name written there,——the name of a patient which made the life blood rush to his heart and his

Taught by what he had just been writing himself, his eye sought the opposite page-he would have staggered and fallen had he not leant against the heavy deal table ;

As soon as he had power to speak he put his finger on the patient's name and stammered

"What, what has become of this patient?" "Dead, dead," replied Pounder as he closed the book, "many a long year ago."

"Come out here, old boy," said one of the left the cab, "hurry up or you'll get no supper, first come first served is the order of the day

I am not hungry," returned Adam civilly he had no wish to quarrel with the prison offi-cials as he believed the men to be; it was not their fault he was sent there and when they knew the truth he had no doubt they would

"That's a common thing with people when they come here," said the man with a hoarse

and dark-not so young as she was by ten year lough " they seldom eat anything the first day more, but a fine-lookin' man." they come, more especially if they come at night as you've done, but don't be alarmed, your the inquest?"

"No more than the babe unborn. He paid morrow, I would not say," continued he with a a month's rent, packed up all the silk dresses, wink to his companion, "but you'll have a and slippers, and suchlike, into a big portmens, keen appetite when you'vegobbled all that falls

They were at the end of the passage which led from the front door where they had entered

ted from the front door where they had entered to the back of the building, one of the men opened a door and pulling Adam in first, both entered shutting it earefully behind them.

The place was lighted by a lamp hung in the middle of the high ceiling, the dim rays of which scarcely served to light the table beneath, at which sat some sixty people of various ages, and it seemed to Adam as he looked at them in the dim prograin light of varydiff. at them in the dim uncertain light, of very dif-ferent ranks, although all appeared to indulge

in a hopeless melancholy.

The table was long narrow and bare, and at regular distances were placed tin plates, some of which were empty, others had been enten from, while a few were yet untouched, showing that the contents consisted of thin stirabout, over which fine lines of molasses had been skillfully drawn in the form of a large S.

Adam sat down on the first empty seat and contemplated the scene before him hardly knowing what to make of it.

His next neighbour was a man of middle age, dressed in clothes made in a primittye sacklike form, and of very coarse cloth, which to Adam's eye seemed to be the prison garb; the man's face and hands bespoke him a gentleman and his countenance expressed mildness and bene-volence; Adam wondered what crime could have brought him to such a place.

The two men who brought Adam into the room walked up and down smoking short black pipes, and conversing with each other, if it could be called conversation, which consisted principally in jeers at the unhappy looking creatures seated on either side of the table, all of whom seemed to be more or less afraid of the two men who Adam of course took to be jai-

His neighbour sat looking at Adam with a compassionate gaze, and while the two keepers were at the other cud of the room asked him,

"Yes," replied Adam " but I've done nothing worthy of being put here, and I expect when the magistrate hears my story he'll let me out and may be put them in my place who brought me here; my trust is in the Lord who made heaven and earth, and he who delivered Joseph from the prison of the Egyptians can also in His own good time deliver me, and I'll bide His time in patience."

"You think you are in prison?"
"I don't think about it; I'm sure enough I

"You are in a prison most surely, but not a prison for criminals."

"What is it for then?" "This is a mad-house."

"A mad-house," said Adam, doubting if he had heard aright.

"Yes a mad-house but too surely."
"And what did they put me in a mad-house for?" they'll soon find I'm no mad; they'll

no keep me long here."

"I am not mud," was his neighbour's reply,
"but I have been here for ten long years, nor
have I any hope of ever being outside these
walls until death relieves me of my suffer-The keepers were approaching, and the man

who was speaking to Adam, turning from him, said in a low voice: "Don't speak till these men pass by." They came up, and addressing the man by whom he sat, one of them said in a jeering

way, as if they wanted to make fun for them "Haven't you made up to the new comer

yet, Harcourt?"
"I would like to make up to him," replied he, "it's dull enough here.

"That's true," said the keeper as he turned with his companion again to walk down the room; "it's about the dullest place on earth, an' I'm going to shift my camp; if it war'nt that the pay is good I wouldn't have been six month's in it, an' I've been six year; if I stay

much longer I believe I'll go mad myself." "I'm a going too," replied his friend, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, but when there's never no play and no work neither but watching them mad uns, it's beastly, an' never a drop o' nothing inside the

doors stronger than a pot o' weak beer."

"There's lots o' stuff more'u that inside the doors; I helped to carry into Pounder's room

a cask of the real stuff yesterday, "That stuff won't wet your whistle or mine either; he drinks a lot, Pounder."

"Aye, he goes it pretty heavy o' nights." Tho men were out of hearing, and Adam inquired of his companion: "Why do they keep you here against the law? it's clear against the law."

"Why they keep me here would be a long story to tell; I daresay there will be time to tell it a hundred times over before we die, if it will pay to keep you here all your life."

"Keep me here all my life! they dare'na do that," said Adam, as he thought, "they may keep me here till that wicked old man gets hold of the children, and then my life is of little use to me or any one else."

"They dare do just what they like. Is it your money, think you, they want?"
"All the money I have in the world would na be worth lifting from the foot of the man

"Then they want you out of the way; God help you!" Adam reverently lifted his highland cap

"Praise be to His holy name: hitherto hath "Prince of to his noty name; anthorto man He helped me, and even so will He do unto my life's end. 'When mine enomies compass me about on every side, then will the Lord help me by His right hand and stretched out

Harcourt looked at Adam with a quick, searching glance, gazing full into the old man's

"He has not the look of a madman," thought he, "and yet it must be so; a religious craze, the worst of all."

Next day Adam was summoned before Doctor Pounder, who at once asked him:

"Do you know why you are sent here?"

" No, I know nothing about it, but-"Enough," said Pounder, lifting his arm with an impatient gesture, as if by voice and action both he would prevent Adam troubling him with unnecessary words, "I'll tell you."

"Your master, Sir Richard Cuninghame, desires you to tell him where you have hid his him. daughters, two young girls whom you brought to London a few weeks ago. If you tell the truth to-day, this day month you are a free day I will then put you in a cell, where day and night it's pretty much the same, and I'll have you strapped to the floor that you can't move hand or foot, with a few lashes now and then by way of switchy."

"Well the young ladies are no' Sir Richard's daughters; they're his son's daughters, an' his son's dead and gone or Sir Richard would nu dare to put a finger on them or me either, forbye putting me into a mad-house. Was this the mad-house Sir Richard was in himself? It's my thought and the thought o' more than me, at he should never hae gut out; he's more mad since he got out than ever he was before he went in an' he was bad enough in all conscience then. Did he tell you he tried to kill his grand-children before I took them

out of Haddon Castle?"

Accustomed as Pounder was to hear revela tions which would not bear the light of day, he than want not bear the light of day, he was more taken aback by what Adam had said than was his wont; that the story he now heard was the truth, he did not doubt for a moment. Adam's face and voice both hetokened truth, and Pounder was a good judge of his fellow men, and in the face of this story he was not a little nonplussed how to proceed. It sir Richard had once heen the impute of a

If Sir Richard had once been the immate of a mad-house, and since his release had attempted to kill his grand-children, it was not unlikely, may almost certain, he was a madman still, and the very method in his madness which enabled him to impose himself on others is sane made his case a hopeless one, and he

asked himself the grave question:

"Are the lawyer and I both the dupes of a madman? if so, the money in his pocket-book is probably the last he'll ever touch; some morning he'll disappear, either of his own ac-cord or perforce, and who's to pay me for my trouble?"

"How long was Sir Richard in an Asylum?" "Eighteen years, I think, but mind I dinna say for certain he was there; I'm only telling yon what's the talk of the folk round about Haddon Castle,"

'How long is it since his return?"

"Off and on, about fifteen or sixteen months. He came back in a hand-clap. I did'na see him when he came first, but them that did told me. He did'na come to the house at the first; he went to the Porter's Lodge, and to the Had-don Arms, a public-bouse about five miles from the Castle, and on our own land, and when he came he had a grey beard hanging down to his breast, an' the hair of his head as far down on his book and had a star down on his back, and his clothes were made o' coarse grey dafile like them that your folks here has He didna come near the Castle for six weeks or maybe two months, an' when he came he was as well dressed and as like a gentleman as he was last night, but my heart jumped to my mouth the minute I saw him; 1 knew he had come for evil, and so it was."

Had Adam then said that Captain Lindsay

of the Horse Guards was in Haddon Castle that evening, and that he was now engaged to be married to Miss Anges Cuninghame, Peunder would have hurried him out of his house

more quickly than he was brought in.

But if so the work given him to do of the Lord there would have been left undone,—work, the effects of which bore fruit a hundredfold, and opened the doors of light and salva-tion to a soul then wandering in much tribulation, in doubt and darkness,

"Well," returned Pounder, "you had better tell me where the girls are at any rate; mad or not mad, the man is your master, and has money enough to keep you here all your life. You may know by the bed you slept on and the food you got, it won't cost a king's ransom to pay for you, so you'll as well give them up

"No, I'll never tell where the children are if ye should keep me here all my life on bread and water. I'm an old man, I have served the Lord all my days, an' it's hardly worth my while to enter Satan's service now by giving up the children I have cared for eve they were born, and that I love better than my life, to that man of Belial."

"Do you think it's the way to serve the Lord to steal away a man's children from

"If he had'na tried to take their life me or was Adam's reply, given in a quiet tone and with a determined look in the cold blue eye his coming to terms until the last extremity

"Take vonr own mind on't," said Pounder "only I warn you, you'll have to tell some time and it's better to do so now than after you've had your flesh pounded to a jelly and your bones rotted with lying in a dark cell below ground, the companion of rats, who may tear you as they will, you'll have no power to move or cry out for help, which would not come to you if you could."

who can kill the soul, and who, if He thinks the way they went, singing praise to His name, no furniture except a small strong be my watchword to the last, Whatsoever other clamped to the floor, on which were pl

men do, as for me I shall serve the Lord. Pounder looked at the man with almost admiration at the firmness he displayed. He silence and alone, and that for the present was had seen others equally so, but at last, in acar-ly all cases, they had given in. Some of them had killed themselves, notwithstanding that all precautions had been taken to prevent such a catustrophe. He would red how it would be with this mun, so full of what Pounder called throat

face, as if he would read there if he were same religious fanaticisms; but for the present, until he could see for himself whether Sit Richard was sane or insane, he would take no steps to force the man to a confession, which after all might never put one pound into his (l'oun-

force the man to a confession, which after all might never put one pound into his (Pounder's) pocket.

Ten o'clock brought Sir Richard. Pounder told him that Adan had determinedly refused to disclose the address of the twins, and urged to disclose the address of the twins, and urged that he should examine the man himself, giving as his reason the habit of obedience which might still assert a hold over the old servant, making him tell his master at once what might be a work of time for another to force from him.

Sir Richard shrunk from meeting Adam. He felt keenly what he would not own to himself, that in his integrity, truth and faithfulness in everything that goes to constitute a true man, if one of God's gentlemen, Adam stood exalted high above himself, looked down from a height to which he, Sir Richard Cozinghame, Raronet, high above himself, looked down from a height to which he, Sir Richard Cozinghame, Raronet, the would not risk the chance of hearing this relation to the heart of heart of the carden pays, promise to supersele the would not risk the chance of hearing this relations the chance of hearing this relations that he can be returned a decided any communication with himself. He remembered what Adam had said to deal of the chance of hearing this relatively avoided the steady gaze of Pounder's eye, which, with searching look, carefully examined his face as he returned a decided himself, als it hearns to be suspected himself, als it hearns to supersele the man knows he is mad?

He renewed the suspects he man knows he is mad?

He renewed the suspects he man knows he is mad?

He renewed the suspects he man knows he is mad?

He renewed the suspects he man knows he is mad?

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He renewed the suspects he man knows he is mad?

He renewed the suspects he man knows he is mad?

He renewed the suspects he man knows he is mad? man; every day you keep the secret to your-self you add a year to your imprisonment; if one of God's gentlemen, Adam stood exalted you don't tell the whole truth before the sixth high above himself, looked down from a height

Sir Richard rose to depart. Pounder more than feared Adam was right, "I shall try him on another tack," he said mentally; "if he hears up under this dodge all right, it not

good-bye to my pay."
"Your servant says you were eighteen years in which you never visited your own Castle."

"He lies foully I" exclaimed Sir Richard, his face betraying fierce anger, but not falsehood.
"I was never two years from Haddon in my life. To what purpose do you repeat his words to me or make inquiries of my servant on subects you have no right to meddle with?"

Pounder was not to be ballled from his pur-

"I made no inquiries; he volunteered the information, and said your dress and appearance, particularly your hair and beard, were peculiar on your first return, when avoiding your own Castle, you chose merely to visit the Porter's Lodge and Wayside Inn."

These words were spoken in a quiet way, but his eye never for a moment relaxed the hold it had on Sir Richard's, which wandered from side to side, and evinced the uneasiness and storm within. Pounder could almost have laid his hand heavily on the man's shoulder, as he had done many and many a time to others, making them almost his slaves, and said "You are mad." But he restrained hlu-self. It would have been a great pleasure for him to do so. He was a mad doctor from very choice, and the satisfaction he felt when he saw the poor howling manine quail lieneath his glance he would not exchange for any of the so-called happiness of other men; but at present he deferred the happy moment; he had little doubt it would come, but there were one or two little things he would like to see first in order to guard against a mistake which would be a monstrous one,—a mistake which would make this rich, wicked man his enemy. The signs he wanted were trilling in them-selves it is true, a nervous twitching of the thumbs, an almost irrepressible inclination to lift one loot and then the other alternately, a quick motion of the eye from side to side, made without winking, things small in them-

seives, but making assurance doubly sure.

To his surprise Sir Richard stood upright, and looking down upon the short stout man before him, said, with a gentlemanly compo-sure which took his listener completely by

surprise: "Doctor Pounder, I will send my lawyer to see you for the future. He will make all arrangements and pay you in full. Such things are not in my way. You and he understand such matters and each other better than a gentleman can."

With the slightest possible bow he was gone, ere Pounder had recovered from the surprise and disappointment occasioned by his cool words and the gentlemanly repose of his

munner. The doctor stood in the doorway of the little room, his hands thrust in his frousers' pockets, his eyes open wide in dumb wonderment, looking after his visitor as he strode with firm step through the passage and entered the cab waiting for him in front of the house.

"Off ye go," said Pounder, speaking at lest aloud, a weakness to which he was not at all uddicted, "but if ye're what I suppose, there's

s good time coming."

Calling to him his bull-dogs, as he familiarly denominated the two keepers, he desired them to take no notice of Adam until further orders, and to see he was provided with num her one dict. Number one diet consisted of a cup of coarse ten and tonst twice a day, and a that Pounder well knew augured little hope of pan of meat at dinner, in addition to the poor soup and unwholesome pudding, yelept spotted

There were heavy wooden stools placed against the wall of the house, fastened to the ground with iron clasps, to prevent their being moved by the inmates, who at times were inclined to be boisterous, at times to be merry, and in either mood would break the seats to shivers if it were possible to move them. Seated on one of these, Adam found his friend of the previous evening. On leav-ing Pounder's audience chamber Adam had "Your cells or your whips either will never sought entrance to the wretched little place frighten me. You can kill and torture my called a room he had slept in during the night, poor worthless body, but I lear Him far more in order to seek comfort of his God in prayer in order to seek comfort of his God in prayer and the reading of His word; but it was fast meet, can send an angel to open your holts locked, and he was told he could not enter and burs and set me free; an' if He gives to there until he went for the night. It was a unworthy me the high honour to follow in the miserable hole, here walls with a few panes of steps of John Balfour and Cameron and dear glass at the top of the one fronting the door. steps of John Banour and Cameron and dear grass at the top of the old the place, with young Renwick, I will by His grace gothrough meant to give light and air to the place, with young Renwick, I will by His grace gothrough meant to give light and air to the place, with clamped to the floor, on which were placed a straw mattrass and horse rug,—no luxurious reading room, but then he would have been in

(To be continued.)

RELIEF in ten minutes for horse colic. Pour a cottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment down the

FASILIONS.

REMMER DE BERS.

Modistes are busy with toilettes to be worn during

Black Lace mittens will be worn this summer. They are considered especially appropriate with Holly Varden costumes.

The round hat that has taken the popular facey for city wear has a turned-up coronel front, quito like a bounct, while the sides and back of the bring are torned down. A rose is perched directly on top of the crown, and a long vine trails behind. Strings convert this hat into a bounct.

School-girls and young ladies wear rough-and-ready straw hat, shaped like an inversed bowl. The frimning is a band of black velvet, ore-jonarow of rithon loops drooping down from the centre.

The attractive name of Fargeon's become Blades-of-Gras has been given to a quain little thaw hat all overgrown with graces. There is something in a name; and this appropriate title will give prestige to the new hat, as that of Polly Varden did to the polonaire.

Lattle can honnets for children just in short clothes.

name; and this appropriate rife will give pre-tige to the new hat, as that of Polly Varden did to the polonaise.

Lattle cap bonnets for children just in short clothes are made of puffs of Swiss quastin separated by hands of needle-worked insertion. There are three puffs crossing the head from our to ear, and these are gathered into a medallion of needle-work to form a crown. They are fined with blue or rosa-colored silk lightly wadded; there are ribbon strings of the same color passed under the chin, and fied in a bow on top of the cap.

A new repped silk as soft as China crape is brought, out in all colors for making and trimming homet, and is called impooles silk. The name has no reference to the color, but applies to this peculiar lacklustre fabric. It is much used for poping a and pleatings on ant crape, and straw bonnets, and also for him made to match suits. Such hats have the color of the suit for the main part showing inner facings, in contrast, as pale gray hats with rose facings, plum with blue, and thack with Nile green.

For mid-ammer there are many hats of the now colored Endish crape, with velvet and timpuise hands of a darker shado of the same color.

Site ecclose jackets of form a gainare lace are worn in the house over black dresses, of silk or greenatine.

Sum unforclass of plane-color, dark blue, and the changeable Venetian silks are much used. Those almost invariably have the walking-theck handle, and most hoise provide themselves with the convenient unbrella hook now in fushion for strapping the parasol to the side à la midiarie. Poggeo parasol to the side à la midiarie.

California First.—The Alia California notes that the trust crops of Pleasant Valley escaped the killing frost when lately visited some less invored portions of the State. No explanation has been published of the Gauses why this little valley should be exceptionally free from firest, and should promose the earliest fruits, though a careful study of its position would no doubt indicate the nature of its chimate advantages. It has an area of about 6.000 neces are now in orchards and vineyards, which are the most valuable for tillage (one-third bottom and two-thirds sloping and hilly land), and 400 or 500 acres are now in orchards and vineyards, which are the most valuable in the State. The valley is mish miles north of Vacaville, and its course is with the meridian, its water flowing northwer or Putah Creek. Our authority adds:

The fruits of Pleasant Valley ripon about 10 days carlier than those of Sacramento and San Josquin counties, which are next in order, and 20 days before those of Napa and other valleys opening into the bays. The profitable varieties of fruit are the Alexandrian Museat. Black Hamburg and Peruvian Rose grayes, Royal apprent Larfy linke, Early Tillotson, and Early York peaches, and the Small Black gr. The vines are planted six feet apart each way, and the three varieties are equally good bearers when 18 years old, yielding 39 pounds manually to the stock, making 381,000 pounds per acre. The Museat solk, making 381,000 pounds per acre. The Museat solk, and the first per first or and the first per first on an average, at wholesale, for six cents, and the Mamburg and Rose for five, making \$2,100 pound. The only apreced that has a fine flavor and heart regularly in Pleasant Valley is the Royal, which ripons about the 1st of June. The Ansart solves the 3th of May, but the flavor and heart regularly in Pleasant Valley is the Royal, which ripons about the 1st of June. The Ansart solves are planted 1s feet apart, and the Royal pieds also pounds for each tree, worth 12 cents in the wholesale market, m

The German Press.—A Corman newspaper directory, which has just been published, gives a very satisfactory account of the progress of journalism in the lact ten years. What is now cattled the German Empire possessed at the beginning of that period only I.134 daily papers, while now the number has risen to 1,743. The directory gives the following figures as representing the daily papers of various countries: Germany, 1,743; Austro-Hungary, 28; Switzerland, 252; France, 392; Bolgium, 193; Honmark, 96; Sweden and Norway, 184; Russia, 189; Italy, 334; Spain, 91; Portugal, 26; the United States, 622; the rest of America, 131; Asia, 57; Africa, 562; Australia, 75. We rather doubt if the figures stated for non-continental countries are, strictly correct; if they are, Germany has indeed taken the lond by a great distance. Speaking of the progress of German journalism, the publication remarks that the press has developed most rapidly and most successfully where neither caution money is required from the proprietors nor a newspaper tax is levied. Prussia, the most backward in this respect, has raised its continent of journals only from 676 to 961, whereas Havaria has added 111 to its 139 of 1862, and Buden has even multiplied its publics organs by 150 per cent. Rhonick Prussia is the province most favourable to the Journals only from 676 to 961, whereas Havaria has added 111 to its 139 of 1862, and Buden has even multiplied its publics organs by 150 per cent. Rhonick Prussia is the province most favourable to the Journals only from 676 to 961, whereas Havaria has added 111 to its 139 of 1862, and Buden has even multiplied its publics organs by 150 per cent. Rhonick Prussia is the province most favourable to the Journals only from 676 to 961, whereas Havaria has added 111 to its 139 of 1862, and Buden has even multiplied its publics organs by 150 per cent. Rhonick Prussia is the province most favourable to the Journals of 100 per cent.

A PAINTING was recently discovered at Pompeii portraying a neat, substantial dinner of three courses. An immense dish containing four poacocks stands in the centre of the table, surrounded by lobsters, one holding a blue egg in his claws, another a stuffed rat, another an oyster, and the fourth a basketful of grav hoppers. At the bottom of the table are four dishes of fish, and above them partridges, hares, and anguirrels, each holding its head between its paws. The whole is encircled by a sort of German sausange, apparently; and then come a row of yolks of eggs, a row of peaches, melons, and cherries; and lastly, a row of vegetables of different sorts.

