REMARKABLE LONGEVITY.

THE AGGREGATE AGES OF FIVE PROTHERS AND TWO SISTESS MUNERS SIX MUNDRED AND THIRTY-BIGHT TRANS-ONE OF THEM IS THE HEAD OF 300 DIRECT DESCENDANTS.

The following is a brief outline of the ages of a few members of a numerous family and is given by Le Courrier de Saint Hyacinthe:-

Mr. Moise Cote, of the Township of Upton belongs to a large and long-lived family, as can be seen by the following. He is himself 62 years of age and has seven brothers and four sisters, who are all living, and whose ages vary from 40 to 76 years His tather, who is still in the land of the living, and who resides at St. Hilaire, has attained the age of 99 years, and is the venerable head of 300 children, grand and otherwise. His eldest brother, who is a near neighbor of his at St. Hilaire, counts 105 years. Another brother is fast closing on 94 years. Last year he was burned out by the fire at Savacac. The old man, however, did not lose coursge, and thinking that there was a long time shead of him before reaching the grave, he set to work last summer and constructed by himself a comfortable little house to shelter him in his "old days." He built it at St Damase, where he is now resid-This plucky old man says that would be ready to build another, then he would not like to have the job of building the chimney. Besidese these brothers there is another aged 79, who has his sister, aged 95, to take care of him and the house at St. Charles. Then there is another, who finds life agreeable at 90 years, in the village of Ely; and finally, the youngest, Mdme. Turcot, of St. Hilaire, brings up the rear at 76.

This is decidedly a remarkable instance of be surpassed on this continent or any other. The aggregate ages of these five brothers and two sisters show a total of 638 years, or an average of over 91 years. Besides the simple fact of their being in existence, they are all healthy, strong and hearty. There are very few men who can look around them and count 300 direct descendants, and there are just as few centennarians who can build a house " to shelter them in their old days."

MAINE NEWS.

Hep Bitters, which are advertised in our columns, are a sure cure for ague, biliousness and kidney complaints. Those who use them say they cannot be too highly recommended. Those afflicted should give them a fair trial, and will become thereby enthusiastic in the praise of their curative qualities .-Portland Argus.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

POPE LEO XIII. BLESSES THE VENERABLE COUPLE On Monday week lin the village of Rigard two of the most respected and venerable inhabitants of the parish celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day, the happy

couple being Mr. Amable Campeau and Sophie Lefebvre. High Mass was celebrated in the Parish church, and their son, the Rev. L. N. Campeau, of the Diocese of Ottawa, officiated, assisted by the Rev. L. T. Adam, of Whitehall, N. Y, and A. Labelle, of Rigard. Mr. and Mrs. Campeau were surrounded on this golden occasion by their seven children and by fifty grandchildren. Mgr. Duhamel, Bishop of Ottawa, who is at present in Rome, wishing to give to the aged consorts a special mark of esteem, sent a cablegram at the hour of High Mass, announcing that His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

When you meet with an accident, get a sprained ankle, or are otherwise injured, don't go to the expense of sending for a doctor, but apply Kendali's Spavin Cure, and son of the Earl of Devon, Mr. Bellingham. you will experience instant relief.

was pleased to grant them an Apostolic

Three thousand children of deceased wives zisters are presently to assemble at Exeter Hall, London, and clamor for the repeal of the law which makes them illegitimate.

SCIENCE IN FI PROGRESS.

Thousands cured Corart __ conchitis, Asthma and Lung dise es by Dr. M. Souvielle's Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the parts effected. These wonderful instruments are used in all first-class hospitals, and are prescribed by leading physicians. Full directions for treatment sent by letter, and instruments expressed to any address. It is only since Dr. Souvielle's invention that lung diseases are no longer feared except in their very last stage. Write for particulars to Dr. M. Souvielle, ex-Aide Surgeon of the French Army, 13 Phillip's Square, Montreal. Read the following notices:-

(From the Montreal Gazelte, December 24th, . 1880.)

We are pleased to notice that a great many of our best citizens have bought Dr. M. Souvielle's Spirometer, which is used for the cure of those terrible diseases known those instruments and preparations were infallible in the cure of such complaints, and, to satisfy our curiosity, we visited Dr. M. Sanvielle at his office, 13 Phillips' Square, Montreal, and gave a thorough examination of his invention, so that we can speak with our own authority of it. We think that such a method, which conveys medicinal properties direct to the organs affected by those distressing diseases, cannot fail to be a benefit to humanity, instead of pouring drugs into the stomach and deranging digestion. These wonderful instruments, with their contents, were invented by Dr. M. Souvielle after long and careful experiments in chemical analysis, and used in hundreds of cases treated by him in the hospitals of Europe. We find the Doctor a well learned gentleman, and he invites physicians and sufferers to try his instrument free of charge.

Common Sense in Medicine. (Montreal Star, January 5, 1881.)

Dr. M. Souvielle, the Parisian physician and inventor of the Spirometer for the scientific treatment of diseases of the lungs and air passages, who recently took up his residence among us, is meeting with excellent success. Already the doctor has had hundreds of patients, who have given his system a trial, and, so far as we have learned, with both satisfaction and benefit. Dr. Souvielle makes a departure from the usual methods of treating diseases of the air passages. He contends that the proper mode of treating them is by inhalation and absorption, not by pouring drugs into the stomach and thus upsetting and disarranging one part of the system in the hope of benefitting another. This argument certainly has the advantage of being common sense, which is always the best kind of sense. The doctor certainly has the courage of his opinions and confidence in his system, for he gives a standing invitation to physicians and sufferers to visit him and test his instruments free of charge. His office is at 13 Phillip's Square, Montreal, excited naves.

THE VATICAN AND ITS FOREIGN . RELATIONS.

[N. Y. Sun Correspondence] Rows, Feb. 6.—Herr von Schlozer has just taken apartments in Rome. This diplomatist well known in America, has come to negotiate with the Holy See in behalf of Prussia. Immediately upon his arrival he visited Cardinal Jacobini, Secretary or State. This event is a great one, because it puts an end to the fight between Prussia and the Vatican, Dr. Schlozer, who made many friends at Washington, will, I am sure, confirm at Rome his already high reputation in diplomacy. He is going to settle the burning question arising from the Falk laws, thus preparing the way for the future Prussian Ambassador to the Vatican. Indeed, it is already rumored that

he may permanently take that place himself. On his way to Rome, Dr Schlozer had an interview with Monsignor Spolverini, pronuncio at Munich. I am informed that the ordinary diplomatic affairs between Prussia and the Holy See will be despatched through the Munich Nunziatura, while Dr Schlozer is to discuss here and settle the basis of a future understanding. Though the proceedings in the Landtag have prevented Dr Schlozer from coming to Rome as a real plenipotentlary-the funds for that office not having been voted—it is impossible now to doubt the friendly intentions of Prince Bismarck toward the Vatican.

The most absurd reports have been circulated about the Spanish pilgrimage that is coming next Holy Week to the shrine of the apostles. Monsignor Blanchi, the papal nuncio at Madrid, has been represented by the press and the telegraphic agencies as giving especial encouragement to the Carlists to come to Rome. I can assure you that the Spanish pilgrimage has nothing to longevity in one family and perhaps cannot do with politics. The Pope has sent word to the Bishops to take the lead and to forbid, on the part of any laymen, any interference with the organization of the romeria, as the Spaniards call their pilgrimages. A telegram from Spain has just been received, saying that the Cardinal Archbishop of Santiago de Galicia has forbidden the Carlist Junta to take part in the organization of the pilgrimage, and that owing to this rebuff from his Emi-nence the Junta has dissolved.

A rumor was started not long ago in the London Tablet that an American branch of the Propaganda was about to be established in the United States. There is already an Oriental branch, with a special secretary reporting every week to the Pope in a private audience. The Tablet went so far as even to suggest the names of some of the secretaries of the alleged new American branch. If you care to contradict this story, you can do so on the most trustworthy authority. Under the existing system the Propaon

ganda is perfectly well informed as to the course of ecclesiastical affairs in America. Besides the information regularly coming from the Bishops and other official sources, the Propaganda has every sort of information from friends and foes by private letters, by the reports of travellers, by newspapers, hundreds of which come daily to the Piazza di Spagna from almost every city and town on the great continent. The American newspapers are most carefully examined.

Great importance is attached at the Vatican to a pamphlet just published in London by the eminent prelate Monsignor Capel concerning the re-establishment of diplomatic relations between Great Britain and the Holy See. This is the author's thesis: The Queen of England ought to hold diplomatic relations with the sovereign pontiff. He touches the Irish question skilfully, and shows how mistaken are those who hold that England would expect from the Pope to maintain a sort of spiritual patrol over the disturbed country. It was Monsignor Capel who brought to Rome the Duchess of Norfolk, Lady Duncan and her son of the Earl of Davon, Mr. Bellingham M.P., Lady Folkestone, and many others.

WORSE THAN WAR.

"The throat has destroyed more lives than the sword," by imprudence in eating and intemperance in drinking; but when the health becomes impared the miserable dyspeptic may find prompt relief in Burdock Blood Bitters. It regulates the bowels, acts upon the liver and kidneys, purifies the bood, and stimulates all the secretions to a healthy action, 20-2

A widow at Lafayette, Ind., receives \$1,700 as her husband's back pension, though she was a wife for a day only, having married him while he was dying.

A CASE OF CONSUMPTION. CHESTERFIELD, N.H., March 26. Mesers, Sath W. Fowle & Sons:

Gentlemen-I feel in duty called upon voluntarily to give my testimony in favor of DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. I was taken sick last October with a lung complaint, accompanied with a very serious cough; and after having been treated a number of weeks by the best physicians, they gave me up as an incurable case of consumption. and for about six weeks my friends expected by the name of Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis and I might die any day, having entirely dispair-Asthma, and it is so highly spoken of as it ed of my recovery. At this time I read the advertisement and certificates of the Wild CHERRY BALSAN, and was induced to try it myself. I have taken five bottles, and from the commencement I have been gradually recovering. My cough has now entirely ceased. I have regained my flesh and strength, and am feeling quite well. I attribute the oure to Dr. Wistar's Balsan of Wild Cherry, as I have taken no other medicine since I commenced taking that."

Very respectively yours, MRS. MILA B. SMITH.

GENTLEMEN-Mrs. Smith gives me the foregoing certificate of the efficacy of your medicine in her case. She is an acquaintance of mine, and took the Balsay on the strength of my certificate, which she saw in the papers. Her story is literally true.

Yours truly, W.H. Jones. 50 cents and \$1 a bottle. Sold by dealers W. H. Jones. generally.

It is said that when a certain statesman of our Province refuses a certain influential friend anything, the friend bursts into tears and all is settled.

Holloway's Pills and Ointment .- Glad Tidings .- Some constitutions have a tendency to rheumatism, and are, throughout the year, borne down by it protracted tortures. Let gusto, that speaks well for their lungs, if a such sufferers base the affected parts with triffe trying to the listeners. warm brine, and afterwards rub in this soothing Ointment. They will find it the best means of lesseling their agony, and, assisted by Holloways Pills, the surest way of overcoming their disease. More need not be said than to request a few days trial of this safe and soothing treament, by which the disease will ultimately be completely swept away. Pains that would nake a giant shudder are assuaged without diffoulty by Holloway's easy and inexpensive emedies, which comfort by moderating the probbing vessels and calming the

sign, and the ancient bellows refused to pro-

By "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

"I think you might have let me tell that story," says Amy, indignantly. "You knew I wanted to tell her that story

"I didn't," with equal indignation; "and, besides, you told her about the fairles' ballroom. I said nothing about that."

"Well, at all events," says Georgie, "they were two of the prettiest stories I ever heard in my like. I don't know which was the prettier."

"Now look at that tree," breaks in Amy, hurriedly, feeling it is honestly her turn now, and fearing lest Ethel shall cut in before her. King Charles the Second spent the whole of

one night in that identical tree." . "Not the whole of it," puts in Ethel, un-

wisely. "Now, I suppose this is my story, at all events," declares Amy, angrily, "and I shall just tell it as I like."

"Poor King Charles!" says Georgie, with a laugh. "If we believe all the stories we hear, half his lifetime must have been spent up a tree.''' A stone balcony runs before the front of

the house. On it stands Clarissa, as they approach, but, seeing them, she runs down the steps and advances eagerly to meet them.
"Come in," she says. "How late you are!

I thought you had proved fuithless and were not coming at all." "Ah! what a lovely hall!" says Georgie as they enter, stopping in a childishly de-

lighted fashion to gaze round her. "It's nothing to the drawing room; that is the most beauti;ul room in the world," says the irrepressible Amy, who is in her glory, and who, having secured the unwilling but thoroughly polite Bill, is holding him in her arms, and devouring him with unwelcome

"You shall see the whole house presently." says Clarises to Georgie, "including theroom I hold in reserve for you when these children

have driven you to desperation." "That will be never," declares Amy, giving a final kisa to the exhausted Billy. "We like her far too much, and always will, I know, because nothing on earth could make me afraid of her!"

At this they all laugh. Georgie I think, blushes a little; but even the thought that she is not exactly all she ought to be as an orthodox governess cannot control her sense of the ludicrous-

"Cissy, when is your father's concert to come off?" asks Clarissa, presently.

"At once, I think. The old organ is unendurable. I do hope it will be a success, as he has set his heart on getting a new one. But it is so hard to make people attend. They will pay for their tickets but they won't come. And, after all, what the—the others like, is to see the county."

"Get Dorlan Branscomhe to help you. No body ever refuses him anything."
"Who is Dorian Branscombe?" asks Geor-

gie, indifferently, more from want of something to say than an actual desire to know. "Dorian?" repeats Clarissa, as though surprised; and then correcting herself with start, "I thought every one knew Dorian. But I forgot, you are strangers. He is a great friend of mine; he lives near this, and you must like him.'

" Every one likes him," says Cissy, cordial-"Lucky he," says Georgie. "Is he your

lover, Clarissa?" "Oh, no-with a soft blush, born of the thought that if he is not the rose he is very near to it. "He is only my triend, and a nephew of Lord Sartoris." "So great as that?"—with a faint grimace.

"You crush me. I suppose he will hardly deign to look at me?" As she speaks she looks at herself in an op-

posite mirror, and smiles a small coquettish hack to her by the friendly glass. "I hope he won't look at you too much, for

his own peace of mind," says Cissy, at which Clarissa laughs again; and then, the children getting impatient, they all go out to see the the open air until the afternoon teals an-

CHAPTER XIV.

"Where music dwells Lingering and wandering on, as loath to die, Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof That they were born for immortality."

THE parish chuch of Pullingham is as naught in the eyes of the parishioners, in that where with the long gawky young man, if reit is devoid of an organ. No sweet sounds port speaks truly.

can be produced from the awful and terrifying instrument that for years has served to ish, will lend a helping hand, her husband belast failed.

WORDSWORTH.

One memorable sunday it groaned aloudthen squeaked mildly; cr-r-r-k went something in its inside; there was a final shrick, more weird than the former, and then all was still! How thankful should they have been for that! I believe they were truly and devontly so, but love for the " heavenly maid " still reigned in all their hearts, and with joy they hearkened to their vicar when he suggested the idea of a concert to be given for the purpose or raising funds wherewith to purchase a new organ, or, at least, to help to purchase it. The very thought was enough to raise high jubilee within their musical hearts.

Now, the one good thing still belonging to Mrs. Redmond is the remains of what must once have been a very beautiful voice. With this she possesses the power of imparting to others her own knowledge of music—a rather rare gift. With her own children, of course, she can do nothing; they are veritable deadletters in her hands-she being one of those women who spend their lives admonishing and thrusting advice upon the world, yet find themselves unequal to the government of their own households. But with the village choir all is different; here she reigns supreme, and is made much of, for Pullingham is decidedly musical, and all its young men and all its young women either sing, or think they sing, or long after singing.

Tenors, sopranos, and basses are to be met with round every corner; the very air is thick with them. The Pullinghamites will sing whether they can or not, with a go and a

Vocal music being the thing held, highest in favor in the Methodist chapel, where Mr. Lentham, the "Methody" parson, holds unorthodox services, many were the seceders from the parish church to join the choir in the whitewashed chapel and shout the hymns of Moody and Sankey, just at the commencement of this story.

Such secessions went high to breaking Mr. Redmond's heart. The organ had failed him, it had wheezed, indeed, valiantly to the last, as though determined to die game; but a day had come, as I said, when it breathed its last of the season," which rather slarms the vicar,

duce another note. duce another note.

What was to be done? The villagers should and would have music at any cost, and they never could be brought to see the enor-

mity of worshipping in the whitewashed edifice that was, and is, as the temple of Belial in the eyes of their vicar.

for another and more satisfactory organ. In the mean time, the whilom choir was falling to pieces. The late organist had accepted a fresh and more lucrative post; there was literally no head to keep the members together. What was to be done?

In desperation, the vicar asked himself this. whilst looking vainly round for some one to help him drag back his flock from the vicious influence of the "American songsters," as he most irreverently termed Messrs. M. and S. And it was then, when he was at his wits' end, that Mrs. Redmond most unexpectedly came to the rescue. It was the first and last time in her life she ever rose to the occasion; but this one solitary time she did it perfectly, and coming boldly to the front, carried all before her.

She would undertake a singing-class; she would arrange, and teach, and keep together a choir that should reduce to insignificance the poor pretensions of a man like Leatham! The vicer, dazzled by all this unlooked for energy, gave his consent to her scheme, and never afterward repented it; for in three short months she had regulated and coached a singing-class that unmistakably outshone its Methodistical rivals.

And then came the question of a new or-

"We have some money, but not enough money," said the vicar, one evening, to the partner of his joys; "and something should be done to bring the want of an organ before the public."

"I should think it must be sufficiently brought before them every Sunday," said Mrs. Redmond, triumphantly laying her tenth mended sock in the basket near her.

"The parish is all very well, my dear, but the county ought to hear of it, and ought to

help. I insist upon the county putting its hands in its pockets." "I think you are quite right to insist," said Mrs. Redmond, placidly; "but how are you going to do it?"

"Let us give a concert," said the vicar, at last bringing to the light of day his great project, that fairly took his wife's breath away. 'Yes, a concert, to which the whole county shall come and hear my-nay, your-choir surpass itself."

Mrs. Redmond was struck dumb by this bold proposition, but, finally giving in, she consented to teach the choir, assiduously twice a week, all the quartettes and tries and solos she knew; while still declaring, in a dismal fashion, that she knew the whole thing would be a d'smal failure, and that that the great cause would lose by it more than it would gain.

Many days, many hours, has Mr. Redmond spent arranging and disarranging all the details of the concert.

The idea is itself a "happy thought,"-far happier than any of Burnand's (so he tells himself); but a concert, however unpretentious, is a prodigious affair, and not to be conducted by half a dozen raw recruits.

Besides the county admires the county, and would prefer seeing itself represented on the boards to listening to the warblings, be they never so sweet, of an outsider. It is so far more delicious to laugh behind one's fan at the people in one's own set than at those outside the pale of recognition. And, of course, the county must be humored.

The vicar grows nervous as he masters this fact, and strives diligently to discover some among the upper ten who will come forward and help to sweeten and gild the "great unwashed"

The duchess, unfortunately, is from home: but Lady Mary and Lady Patricia are at the Castle, and Lady Mary-when she can be even in a very small room-can sing nice litthe word "little."

Then there is young Hicks, the surgeon's son, who boasts a good baritone, and is addicted to Molloy and Adams and all of their pigeons and the gardens, and stay lingering in class, and who positively revels in Nancy the open air until the afternoon tea is an- Leer, and such gentle beings as those to whom the "Tar's Farewell" may be gently breathed.

Then there is the long gawky man staying with the Bellews, whe can shout from afar, and make music of his own that will probab ly, nay, surely, go a long way toward bringing down the house, as far as the farmer class is concerned, and with him, will come Miss Bellew, who can produce a very respectable second in any duet, and who is safe to go any-

electrify the ears of those unfortunate enough | ing a brother clergyman; and there is, beto possess sittings in the church. It has at sides, Mr. Hendley, who plays the violin, and Mr. Johnson, who can recite both comic and melancholy pieces with such success as to bring tears or laughter, as the case may be, into the eyes of any one with half a soul!

As nobody will confess to anything less than a whole soul, everybody in Pullingham laughs or cries immoderately whenever Mr.

Johnson gives way to recitations. And last, but not least, there is always Sarah Martin, the leader of the village choir, and the principal feature in it, whose strong if slightly ear-piercing soprano must prove her worthy

of a new organ. To the vicar's intense chagrin, Dorian Branscombe is absent,-has, indeed, been up in town since the day before Georgie Broughton's arrival, now a forthnig.t old.

Dorian would have been such a comfort! Not that he sings, or plays, or fiddles, or, indeed, does anything in particular, beyond cajoling the entire neighborhood; but that, as it happens, is, in this case, everything. To cojole, to entreat, to compel the people to come in and fill the empty benches, is all the vicar would require at his hands.

And Dorlan could do all this. No one ever refuses him anything. Both old women and young women acknowledge his power, and give in to him, and make much of him, and hardly feel the worse because of their subservience,—he having a little way of his own that makes them believe, when they have been most ignominiously betrayed into saying " yes to one of his wildest propositions, he has been conferring a favor upon them, more or less, for which he is just too generous to emand thanks.

But this invaluable ally is absent. The vicar, in the privacy of his own sauctum where no one can witness the ungodly deedstamps his feet with vexation as he thinks on this, and tells himself he is unlucky to the last degree, and acknowledges a worth in Dorian Branscombe never learned before! Clarissa is perfectly delighted with the

hole idea, and somewhat consoles him by her ready offers of assistance, and her determination to step into the absent Dorian's shoes and make love to the county in his stead.

She persists in calling it the "first concert

who is depressed by his wife's prognostica-tions of failure, and sees nothing but truin ahead, the declares her intention of publish ing it in all the London papers, and offers the whole of the winter conservatories to decorate the school-house (where it is to be held), so that those accustomed to the sight of its white and somewhat barren walls will fail to recog-

It would take some time to procure funds nize in it its new born beauty.

for another and more satisfactory organ. In "Then shall we name the 4th as the day?" says the vicar, with some trepidation. It is now the end of January, and he is alluding to the first week in the ensuing month. "I wish you could sing Clarissa | I dare say you would

help me. "Indeed I would. But Nature has proved unkind to me. And, after all, you want no one else. The choir in itself, is very efficient; and if you must call for out-door rellef,' why, you have Lady Mary, and the others. That fearful young man at Bellew is a fortune in himself; and Mr. Johnson makes everybody cry-and it is so nice to cry.

"Yes—yes—I dare say," says the poor vicar, who is somewhat distrait, and to say the truth, a little miserable about the whole undertaking. "Now, there is Sarah Martin. Do you think she will pull through? On her I build all my hopes; but some inward doubt about her oppresses me. Willte Bealman has a capital tenor; but he and Sarah don't speak
—she refused him, I think—and so they won't sing their duet together. Then there is Lizzie Bealman, she might stand to me; but she loses her voice when nervous, and has a most uncomfortable trick of giggling when in the least excited."

"Put her in the background," says Clarissa.

"She is no use except in a chorus." "Her people wouldn't stand it. They look upon her as a rising prima donna. I assure you, my dear Clarless," says the vicar, furtively wiping his brow, "only for the sin of it, there are moments when I could wish myself beneath the sod: The incessant worry is more than I can bear!"

"Oh, now, don't say that," says Miss Payton patting his arm lovingly. "It will be a great success, this concert; I know, I feel it

CHAPTER XV.

"As sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair:
And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony."
Love's Labor Lost.

Ir is night, and the 4th of February. Already is Pullingham turning out, dressed in its very Sunday best, and is wending its way toward the school-house, where the concert is to

be beld. For the last week it has been deep in the mysteries of solor, duets, and tries. Indeed, there is hardly a family in the whole village that does not know by heart every mortal thing that is going to be sung, each family possessing a son or a daughter engaged in the common work, and belonging to the choir; yet nevertheless it now goes in a body to the school-house, as possessed with cariosity as though music is an art unknown to them, and the piping of small trebles a thing unheard

Nothing can exceed the excitement and jealousy that reign everywhere, -principally in the hearts of Mr. Leatham's followers, who hope wildly, but secretly, that failure may be

the only crops their rivals may reap. It is a heavenly night, for which the vicar is devoutly thankful. The moon is riding high in the dark-blue dome; the stars are all alight; the air, swift and keen, rushes along the highroad sweeping all before it. There is no sign of rain; the sky above, " star inwrought," shows promise of many fair to-morrows. " There is no excuse for their non-attendance," murmurs the vicar to himself, as he stands inside the school-house door, wording his thought as he might, were he thinking of the collecting together of his flock on Easter Sunday or to the Holy Communion.

"Vast night comes noiselessly up the eastern

slope, And so the eternal chase goes around the world. But for the soughing wind, the world is tells them how the poor player's "lodging is smile that is full of innocent childish satisfactle songs very nicely. Indeed, she is fond of still. One by one, or two by two, or sometion, as she marks the fair vision that is given describing her own voice as "a sweet little times as a whole family, the villagers drop in, voice," and certainly all truth is embodied in arranging themselves modestly in the back rows, and exchanging greetings with each other in a subdued and whispered fashion. A little while after the door is opened, the

lower half of the hall is crowded to excess. riso, equably, who is now engaged in a min-The vicar is well beloved by his parishioners; but above and tevond all is the desire to see Maria, and Susan, and Dzekial upon the boards, "a singing for the quality!"

certainly the designs in laurels, and the designs in moss, and the one grand design in paper roses, at the far end of the room, are all that heart can desire.

To Clarissa, I think, this last outburst on the part of the village is a heart-break ; but, if the thing that is to convince the county of the so, she represses her grief valiantly, and even, | necessity for a good organ, and to show them with her own forgiving fingers, condescends the rare excellence of the the Pullingham to brighten the monstrosity with some hot choir. house flowers. But, when all is told, it remains an eye-sore—a regrettable blot, not to lin and blue bows—comes forward, and begins be eradicated under pain of bringing down the solo upon which all the vicar's hopes are the rage of the entire village upon the de- centred. voted head of him or her who should inter-

Mrs. Redmond, seated on the small platform, with the piano before her, and the choir arranged, with careful regard to its different sizes, on each side of her, waits patiently the coming of the county. She is looking thin-ner, and more miserable, than usual, and has a general air about her of being chilled to the bone. Her fingers, lying idly in her lap, clutch and reclutch each other simlessly, as though vainly searching for the accustomed

since her arrival at Pullingham-is sitting on a side-seat, longing eagerly for Clarissa's ar- that fills his clerical bosom with dismay. rival. The children have wandered a little Sarah's voice—the voice of his chief prop—way from her, and are gazing, as lost in ad- has proved false. It has given way; it has miration, at the huge rose-construction on the cracked upon a high note; and the solo of wall before them. Presently, the Greys of Greymount come in

with a little shudder of disgust at finding themselves almost the first; followed closely by Lady Mary and Lady Patricia Hart, who do not shudder at all, but go straight up the small passage between the seats, with their patrician noses high in the air, and smile and nod cheerfully, and not at all condescending-ly, at Mrs. Redmond, who, poor soul, is deeply relieved at sight of them.

Blady Mary goes on to the platform; Lady Batricia sinks into a front seat specially provided for her, whilst Lord Alfred, their brother who has been invelgled into coming, sorely against his will—having conversed with Lady Patricia for a few minutes, and told her several lies about the arrangements for the evening-not intentionally, but through ignorance, being under the false impression that a concert in a village is the same as a concert in town—goes over to one side of

everything in general, but Miss Broughton in particular. Then comes everybody, and makes a great foss about their place. Clarissa Peyton and

her father excepted, who go straight to where Georgie is sitting, and stay with her all the

Dorian Branscombe, who has come down expressly for the concert, at great trouble to himself, and simply toloblige the vicar, saunters leisurely up the reom-toward the middle of the evening, and looks round him dublous. ly, as though uncertain where to put in his

Seeing Clarissa, he goes up to her, and, with a faint sigh of relief, leans over the back of her chair and says, "Good-evening" in a languid tone.

Ah l'you, Dorian?" says Clarises, very pleased. "Now, it is good of you to come." "I am always good," says Doriau. "I'm a model boy. It is so strange that people won't recognize the fact. They sort of give me to understand I'm quite the other thing, whatever that may be. Very full house, don't you think, and awfully awagger? What's Lady Patricia got on her? She is slightly terrifying, don't you think?"

"She isn't very well got up, certainly," says Clarissa, reluctantly.

"She's anyhow," says Branscombe, freely; and then his eyes fall upon Georgie, who is gazing, in her rapt, childish fashion, at the singer of the moment; and then he doesn't speak again for a little while. " Is Horace quite well?" asks Clarissa, pres-

ently.

"Quite well. He always is, you know. Whc-who is the girl next your father?" "That is my friend, Georgie Broughton. I think I told you about her. She is governess at the vicarage, now. Is she not lovely quite awest?" asks Clarissa, eagerly.

But Mr. Branscombe does not answer her. He is still staring at the unconscious Georgie, and seems almost deaf to Clarissa's praise of her. At this Miss Payton is somewhat disgusted, and declines any further attempt at laudation.

"A government" he says, at length, raising his brows, but without removing his eyes from the fair and perfect face that even now. he tells himself, is without its equal.

"Yes. She is none the less sweet for that," says Clarissa, rather coldly. She tells herself it is unlike Dorian to look down upon any one because he or she may be in a worse position than his own.

"They are going to sing again," she says in a tone she seldom uses to him; "we must not talk, you know." She had some faint idea of introducing him to Georgie, but she abandons it, and gives him to understand that she has at present nothing more to say to him.

Whether he quite comprehends all she intends to convey, I know not; but, raising himself slowly from his lounging position on the back of her chair, he takes a last last look at Georgie's profile, and moves into the background. "Good-evening, Branscombe," says Lord Alfred, presently; and Dorlan, finding him-

self beside him, returns the greeting, and props himself up in his turn against the friendly wall, that shows its appreciation of thom by giving them finely whitewashed coats. The concert is getting on swimmingly. As yet no flaw has occurred to mark the bril-liancy of its success. The opening chorus has been applauded to the echo, especially by Lord Alfred, who feels it his duty to do some-

thing, and who keeps on applauding in the

most open hearted manner, each thing and

everything, until he discovers he has split his

right glove all up the palm, when he caves

in, and having said something impossible, puts his hands behind his back and refuses to appland again. Lady Mary has come forward, and entreated her audience to "Love not," in the faintest and most plaintive of voices. The county is delighted with her, and smiles unrestrainedly behind its fans. "Dear Lady Mary is so

funny, don't you know," says Miss Grey of Greymount, in an indescribable tone Then comes a solo on the violin, that charms all the back benches, and reduces the farmers' wives and daughters to tears, a

on the cold ground." Lord Alfred, who has not yet recovered his temper, says this is "disgusting," and "wonders what the-so and so-brought him here at all."

"I suppose the night brougham," says Doute examination of Miss Broughton's head, round which her soft yellow hair is twisted in a loose artistic coil.

He is in quite a happy mood, if somewhat The room itself is what reporters would silent, and says the solo isn't half had; and term "a blaze of light." Much ingenuity has now Mr. Haslings, the curate, reads somebeen exercised in the decoration of it; and thing from the "Ingoldsby Legends," that seems to displease Clasy Redmond extremely, as she will not list her head during the reading, or even look at him, and expresses herself as quite charmed when it is an end. And now comes the event of the evening-

Sarah Martin the leading soprano-all mus-

"The shades of night are falling fast." begins Sarah nobly, and goes on in a hopeful manner to the end of the first verse.

The vicar draws a deep sigh of relief! "His brow was sad, his eye beneath," goes on Sarah, victoriously, her whole soul in the safe fulfillment of her task. She gets through to the end of the second verse as successfully as she did to the end of the first, and

then pauses to draw breath. The vicer exchanges a triumphant glance

with Miss Peyton. Miss Broughton, who is taking no part in the performance—having suppressed the fact of her having a very beautiful voice, ever thing horrible happens. A sound, very terri-"In happy homes they saw the light;" ble to the vicar, smites upon his ear—a sound

> the evening has proved a dead failure! Talk of failing for a million; talk of Isandula or Majuba Hill; talk of Mr. Parnell and the Coercion Bill! But was ever defeat so disastrous as this! The vicar, but for his sex. and the publicity of the thing, could thankinlly have given way to tears. Miss Peyton flushes to her temples, and feels as if she herself has been guilty of the miserable flasco,

Of course it is hushed up. The plano comes out quite strong again under Mrs. Redmond's bony fingers; the defaulter is gen-tly pushed into the background, and a chorus introduced. Nevertheless, after the break down, things somehow seem to go wrong. The other singers are disheartened, and will not do their best; while Barah, who is dis-11:00 solved in tears in the cloakroom, and who has another song on the programme, obstinately

refuses to try her powers again. The vicar is in despair, although he walks about valiantly among the audience, trying, the building, and plants himself listlessly most unsuccessfully, to appear unconcerned; with his back against, the wall, from which whilst the coughing and sneezing, that generposition he gazes in a gloomy fashion at ally distinguish every place where silence is the thing most to be desired, seem now on the increase, to an alarming degree, and threaten

to drown Lady Mary's second effort: (Continued on Third Page.)