

her apathetic aunt's eye, which she scarcely thought visible to that cold blooded lady, though visible to her mother, even she, Templemore, with her mother, even she, would have been more shy, but with Mrs. Luan she was not on her guard, and she Luan she felt the happiest of women. Luan looked as she felt at her motherly John Luan's mother stared at her moodily. It was she who had parted Mr. Templemore from Florence Gale; it was she who had given the rich man to her poor niece; it was she who had stimulated his liking into passion, who had urged him on with the lure of Doris's love. She had done it, she felt, no regret, and love. An atom of repentance, and yet this hap- piness of Mr. Templemore's wife irritated her. "How dare Doris be glad, when she must know that her bliss would be John Luan's grief!" "How dare she!" "She could not speak her resentment, but she was envying her bonnet-strings, and was going to display her wrath according to her usual fashion, when Doris nimbly took the bonnet from her hands and laughingly put it away."

"No, aunt," she said, "I cannot allow it. I made that bonnet myself; and I cannot allow it. Besides, what is there to put you out on a day like this? Look, I have not forgotten you!"

She opened a jewel-box, and produced a handsome ring, which she slipped on Mrs. Luan's finger.

"That is our gift," she said, "his as well as mine. I need scarcely tell you so," she added with a smile, for the ring was evidently an expensive one, "and you must look glad, aunt."

A romantic, high-minded woman, if she had what Mrs. Luan felt toward Mr. Templemore; then, namely, that he was robbing her of his mistress, and making his wife the very girl whom John Luan had chosen years ago for himself—such a woman, we say, would certainly have thrown the ring away, and probably have made a long speech. But Mrs. Luan, though she cared not one farthing for the gift, and hated the donor with all the impenetrable hate of a wrong-doer, who wants to vent on some one the resentment due to her own deeds, was neither romantic nor high-minded. She only looked angry and sulky.

"Aunt, what ails you?" asked Doris.

"What will John say?" inquired Mrs. Luan in her turn.

Doris's eye fled at the question.

"I am sorry for John," she faltered—"very sorry, aunt."

"And where are you going to live?" continued Mrs. Luan, changing her theme.

"Here!"

"Here!"

"What a question!" she said, "you are Mr. Templemore going to live in an eight-roomed house?"

"Well, but where is it?" persisted Mrs. Luan—in what square?"

"In no square at all," replied Doris, still amused. "Do you think, aunt, Mr. Templemore has a house anywhere? He has but one of his own that I know of—the house to which we are going—and that is Deenan!"

Mrs. Luan looked up with sudden interest.

"Then you are going away?" she said.

"Ay, surely, after breakfast; and that is why, aunt, I am so glad and so grateful, too, for your coming. Poor mamma will not be left alone."

"And you will cross over to-day," continued Mrs. Luan—"this very day you will be in Ireland?"

"No, Mr. Templemore wants to show me North Wales. I do not know when we shall reach Deenan."

She looked in some perplexity at her aunt. She could not understand why this journey seemed to interest Mrs. Luan so much, that her face had cleared and brightened the moment Doris had mentioned it. But it was so, Mrs. Luan looked quite brisk and cheerful now, and said that she would go down; and so she did, leaving Doris rather grave and pensive.

Mr. Templemore was alone in the front parlor waiting for his wife, when the lock turned, and the door opened. He thought it was Doris, and with that impulse which prompts us to go and meet whatever we love, he moved toward the door. When he saw Mrs. Luan's clumsy figure and sallow face, he almost stepped back, so unpleasant was the surprise. A feeling which could not be a pre-entiment, for it came too late, but which certainly partook of repulsion and dislike, suddenly rose within him.

"I must get that woman's son some ap- pointment or other," he thought; "and she must leave Les Roches. I will not have her near Eva."

He had not time to linger over the feeling. Doris, who had quickly changed her dress, now entered the room, no more a bride, but a wife; and with her came Mrs. Courtney, who in doleful and hysterical tones, informed them that breakfast was ready.

The meal was not a cheerful one; it was soon over. Mrs. Luan's presence seemed to Mr. Templemore to have brought a funeral gloom with it. He was eager to be gone, and pleaded that they would be late for the train if they did not depart at once.

Mrs. Courtney heaved several deep sighs, and could not help remarking:

"And I shall not see you free," now said Doris, with a bright, fond smile; "I will be as exacting as any sorceress with any knight of romance. So let us go at once, and find Eva sound and well at the end of our journey."

"She is a sorceress," thought Mr. Templemore, as he left her to give orders for their journey. "She is not beautiful, she is not even what people call very pretty, and yet— and yet!" He needed no words to complete the picture his fancy called up. A face bright as sunshine, happy, radiant eyes, a light young figure, tall, thin, Doris's spell was more potent than mere beauty, and infinitely more seducing.

But that bright face was clouded, and those happy eyes grew dim when he left her. Doris stood by the open window, and she looked out sadly on the verdant wilderness below her. She could not bear to leave that Eden—not, at least, to leave it so soon. spite all her husband's fondness, Doris did not feel sure of him yet. She wanted time to become to him something more than a bright-haired girl, with fine eyes. She wanted to grow identified with and to be a portion of his daily life. She wished for nothing and no one to break the fond spell she was weaving around him daily, alluring him from that other charm she had involuntarily cast upon him to a surer and more durable tenderness. Already she had by gentle arts won her way to some of the chambers of his heart. Already she knew thoughts which Mr. Templemore had never told another, and which had escaped him in fond and happy hours; but Doris felt that there lay more behind, and that a road, not so arduous indeed, but mysterious, and with some perils, still divided her from the goal it was her fond ambition to win. She had no wish to rule, no wish even to influence, but she wished to be as near to Mr. Templemore as one human being can be to another, and it had rather disconcerted her to find that the very passion she inspired was an obstacle which retarded her progress. If even in perfect solitude, in unrestrained liberty, she could not have her husband as she wished to have him, how much harder would it be to have him thus with Eva to share his love, and others to divide his attention!

(To be Continued.)

**FAREWELL TO LORD AND LADY LUFFERRIN.**

Farewell, farewell, my lord and lady fair!  
Farewell, farewell! Nor king nor queen  
Could rule a people with a greater care,  
Or be more loved than ye have been.

From east to west, from north to south,  
In wigwam, cot and mansion grand,  
Thy name and deeds are in each mouth,  
Thy footprints widespread o'er the land.

Farewell, my lord, farewell! but ere we part  
Be it ours to utter a word in praise  
Of you, the friend of science and of art,  
And all that tends the human mind to raise.

The friend of many sports, genius of song,  
And of liberty, that thrice-blessed boon  
For which many nations have struggled long,  
But which was born with our birth full as soon.

The friend of sweet peace, who would have us dwell  
In brotherly love in our wondrous land;  
Love it with a zealous love, and it well,  
And since 'tis the choicest gift at God's right hand!

And O, thrice blessed would our nation be  
If it were his lot you to retain,  
To stand guardian of our people's liberty  
And guide our ship o'er Time's fitful main.

But Victoria lives, Victoria reigns, and so  
Of this great and wondrous land  
Bow in submission to the decrees that flow  
From the throne of the motherland.

And if there is a higher, nobler place  
Within the gift of Britanna's queen,  
May she give it you, who best can it grace  
With true wisdom and regal sheen.

Farewell, farewell, my lord and lady fair!  
Farewell, farewell! a sad farewell!  
"God be with you," is a nation's prayer;  
"Joy be with you," who whosoever you dwell!

HENRY P. McPHERLLARS.

**LITERATURE.**

"The Parson's Horse Race" is the title of a new story by Mrs. Stowe, to be published at an early date.

The Prince of Deucalion, a drama in verse by Bayard Taylor, will be issued from the press during the present month.

The "Vicar of Wakefield" is to be introduced as an English text-book into German Schools, and for that purpose an edition with notes has been issued.

"The Diary of the Czars—Residence on the Danube in 1877," recently published at St. Petersburg by Count Sollobouff, is the first Russian contribution to the history of the Russo-Russian war.

Dion Boucicault's play "Clarissa Barlowe," supposed to have been dramatized from Richardson's novel of the same name, is now said to be the reproduction of an old play, acted at the City Theatre, London, in 1845.

It is worthy of note, as an evidence that English is not the only language that continually grows by accretion, that in the next edition of his Dictionary of the French Academy 2,300 words have been introduced, while 300 have been dropped as obsolete. Of course, a large proportion of the new words, in French as in English, are scientific and technical.

A paper on "Ether Drinking and other Extra-Alcoholic Modes of Intoxication," by Dr. W. B. Richardson, a well-known medical authority, is announced for early publication. It is said that ether drunkenness is very common in fashionable circles in England, and some interesting facts are expected to be brought to light by Mr. Richardson.

**CHAS. READE AT HOME.**—Rose Eytzine, during her late visit to England, had frequent opportunities of meeting Charles Reade. She gives a somewhat different account of his life from that which, judging from some of his letters, we should expect to hear. He is a man, she says, whose life is given to the broadest open-handed charity. He lives to do good. Why, the people come to see him for everything, and out he goes to right their wrongs, visiting this man, remonstrating with that, into offices and counting-rooms. To see that justice is done some poor body who has been wronged in the matter of a shop-keeper's over-charge he will run all day. Just now he is busily engaged in forcing the introduction of a safety lamp into the mines. His study or writing-room—he calls it the garden-room—looks out over Hyde Park. The ceiling is low, the walls are covered with family portraits, and in niches stand the entire series of Roger's statues in plaster. On his table, flanking an elegant Louis Quatorze clock, stand two unsightly coal-oil lamps of the kind he is trying to introduce into the mines. His house is a museum of bric-a-brac and curiosities. As I sat in his room and looked into his face, framed in white hair from the chin all round, I was deeply impressed as when I read his "Cloister and Hearth." Indeed, more so. His apparently intuitive perception of the workings of a woman's mind are so delicate and exact. Well, he is a bachelor, and lives at home, but dines at the club a great deal. He is a man of large frame, and a photograph he gave me had written upon it:—"This is the picture of a great man, now, thank heaven, much reduced!"—referring to the time when it was taken, when he was much stouter. I cannot sufficiently express my admiration of the man. He told me that he intended to continue to write for the stage entirely hereafter.

**AMERICAN NOTES.**

Indian troubles have caused a decrease of Oregon's exportation of wool from six million pounds to one million pounds. In 1878 she has lost, not found, the golden fleece.

Mr. W. F. Parker, of Nashua, N.H., puzzles the doctors with an annual attack of the measles. For twenty years they have broken out upon him, on the same day of the year, and precisely the same hour.

George French, a half-crazy inmate of the Newbury (Mass.) poorhouse, tried to poison his companions by putting about a pound of Paris green in a pail of milk, because he was jealous of another inmate.

The Rev. E. E. Lamb, of Collinsville, Conn., has been preaching against extravagance in dress with such success that now prominent female members of his congregation attend church in plain calico dresses, and without jewellery.

Mme. Rinehart, a lion tamer, came near being killed while she was performing in a cage of wild animals at Marlboro, Mass., an infuriated panther biting her on the arm and hip. Her coolness saved her, and she cowed the beast with a whip.

Chicago has a girl who barks like a dog. Her name is Anna Klein, and the *Inter-Ocean* says she is supposed to be the victim of hysterical mania. While in this state it is painful to hear her, as she lies in an unconscious condition, barking, whining, and snapping like a dog.

Last year, in Massachusetts 12,737 couples were joined in the bond of wedlock. Of these there were 9,015 bachelors who chose maidens to be their wives, and 608 who chose widows; while 1,396 widowers married maidens, and 818 married widows. From this it appears that 788 more widowers than widows were married again, and that 1,396 maidens married widowers, when only 608 bachelors married widows.

**FOREIGN NEWS.**

**PESHU, October 3.**—At a Council of the Hungarian Ministers to-day all resolved to support Herr von Szell, and signed their resignations, which Herr Tiza, the Premier, will personally deliver to the Emperor.

**VIENNA, October 2.**—The Cis-Leithan Ministry, which tendered its resignation on the 30th of July, and has since only held office pending the decision of the Emperor, requested his Majesty yesterday to declare his decision, explaining that having to prepare the budget for the Reichsrath, they were unable to concur on Count Andrássy's views respecting the means of raising funds for the Bosnian occupation. The Emperor left to-night for Godollo in connection with the Hungarian crisis.

**LONDON, October 3.**—The Manchester *Gleaner's* Vienna despatch confirms the report that the Emperor has accepted the resignation of the Hungarian Minister of Finance, and that the other Ministers will only withdraw their resignations upon the acceptance by the government of the following conditions: An issue of a joint Austro-Hungarian loan; the conclusion of a convention with the Porte, the reduction of the army in Bosnia, and the abandonment of the occupation of the Herzegovina. The latter condition has been already accepted; the second depends on the Porte. The Austrian Cabinet oppose a joint loan, which would reduce Austrian credit to the same level as the Hungarian, and therefore a conflict between the two Cabinets is imminent.

**LEONARD MONTGOMERY.**—Mr. Nicholas Montgomery, late secretary to the monument committee, writes to the editor of the *Nation* and *Weekly Worker* as follows:—I never saw the Leonard monument, as proposed by the Colonel Leonard movement, as such a proceeding would be an infringement on the only grave now left to the living representatives of the Leonard family, who are still to be found at whose headstone, erected in 1778, stands beside the monument. The ancient family have already lost two graves by the erection of the monument, and they will not submit to any further encroachment which would deprive them of all hope of a final resting place in the grave of their ancestors.

**EVENING IN NORTH KERRY.**—A MOST HEART-RENDING SCENE.—A correspondent of the *Kerry Sentinel*, writing from Ballybunion on Tuesday week, says:—An eviction of a most heart-rending character took place yesterday evening at a place called Gortnashilly, the property of Mr. George Hewson, J. P., Ennismore. The place lies close to Ballybunion, and the scene enacted on the occasion baffles description. The name of the evicted person is Michael Gorman, who has a wife and five children, the youngest an infant at the breast. This property was bought by Mr. Hewson about a dozen years ago. Gorman, I believe, was born on the property, and married a niece of a man named Kissane, who adopted her as his child. Kissane's family I am informed, resided for generations in the place. What could be Mr. Hewson's motive in evicting this unhappy family is not for me to conjecture, all I know is Gorman is an industrious and hard working man, and perfectly able to meet his demands. At the appointed hour the sub-sheriff, Mr. Hartnett, attended by an escort of police and a gang of Mr. Hewson's men was on the spot, and in a short time had all the furniture thrown on the road-side, and finally Gorman, his wife, and five young children were ejected. It was certainly a spectacle to move the most callous to pity to see this wretched family near a fire on the road-side without any shelter against the inclemency of a frosty autumnal night but the wide heavens above. Mrs. Gorman, who has all the appearance of a maniac, is still upon the spot—twenty-four hours after the eviction—rending the skies with her moans, lamentations and curses.

**RELEASE OF THE MANCHESTER MEN.**—THEIR DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.—A telegram to the *Freeman*, dated Southampton Tuesday, says:—Condon and Melody arrived at Southampton from Portland Prison by train this afternoon, in charge of the deputy governor and two warders. They proceeded to the Railway Hotel to await the sailing of the North German Lloyd's steamer *Mosel* for New York, on board which first class passages were taken for them, everybody concerned having pledged to and observing secrecy until they had embarked. The vessel will start shortly after midnight, and the Queen's pardon will be handed to them immediately previous. The London correspondent of the *Freeman* telegraphs on Wednesday morning:—The hint to the friends of the political prisoners—O'Meara Condon and Melody—that they might be permitted to see some acquaintances in Queenstown has now turned out to be only a ruse, for the men were sent away by the route originally laid down in the *Freeman*—the North German Lloyd steamer, from Southampton. Their departure was swift and secret; and yesterday afternoon the first intimation that Melody's brother had of the release was from a short telegram in one of the evening papers. The sudden change in what was believed to be the determination of the Government to allow a short call at Cork must be a cause of regret to the friends of Condon in the Southern city. The same correspondent, telegraphing a few days previously, says:—Through his friendly visitors Condon has asked me to convey to his friends in Ireland with whom he is at present unable to communicate—more especially Miss Murray and other relatives in Mitchelstown—the assurance that his first care on arriving in New York will be to write home; and Melody, through the intermediary of his brother, and speaking on behalf of his fellow-prisoner as well, expresses their joint thankfulness for the solicitude and consideration of Messrs. Hynn and Collins. A cheque for \$50 has been received from Irish sympathisers in Manchester, and together with a grant of \$10 from the London committee, was forwarded by Mr. Ryan to the governor of the prison on Saturday for the use of the men. The utmost secrecy is preserved as to the time of their release and the mode of their passage, but I am informed that it is likely they will leave in a tender for Queenstown this morning, and that an opportunity may be afforded for a few friends to shake hands with them before they bid a long good-bye to the green shores of Erin.

**ALBERT ROGAT of the Paris *Pops*, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a fine of 2,000 francs, for comparing the conduct of Marshal MacMahon to that of Pontius Pilate, and recommending him to take his revenge of Sedan on the rabbits of his Laforest estate.**

According to the *London Truth*, Gumbetta has put himself in training, at Ville d'Array, to reduce his excessive *embonpoint*. He practices at dumbbells and throwing weights, follows Banting's regimen, takes Russian baths, and walks 20 kilometres a day between breakfast and dinner.

A confessor at La Châtre, France, lately sprinkled with arsenic some cakes furnished for the communion service at a school kept by Dominican nuns. About sixty persons were made sick. The man turned out to be a priest-hater, and wished to have it thought the nuns tried to poison the school.

The *Christian Signal* Publishing Company, which advertised a hitherto unpublished poem by Tennyson, "The Confessions of a Sensitive Mind," apologized in court and submitted to an injunction. The poem had been found in a manuscript book of poems belonging to a deceased friend of Mr. Tennyson.

*London Truth* tells of a hotel keeper at Richmond who charged in his bill "swans one guinea." "But I haven't had any swans," protested the astonished guest. "It's the view, sir, from the open window," explained the waiter, pointing with a fork towards a Thames eyot. "We don't charge for swans in a back room."

**EPHRAIM'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.**—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Ephraim has prepared our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up, and a weak and nervous system may be brought to a healthy state. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal ailment by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame. *Dr. J. C. Williams' Cocoa*, sold only in packets labeled "Ephraim's Cocoa," is sold by all Grocers, and Druggists, and 175, Piccadilly, London, Eng.

**IRISH NEWS.**

**NEW YORK by Mr. JUSTIN M. CARNEY.**—Messrs. Chatto and Windus have at press and will shortly publish a "History of Our Times," from the ascension of Queen Victoria to the Berlin Congress, by Mr. Justin M. Carney. High anticipations are held concerning this work, which will be in four volumes.

The Marquis of Sligo is evicting his tenants in the west of Ireland by the score. His father was an expert at the business, and to him was addressed the ballad of the widow:

Pity, oh, pity! A little while spare me,  
My baby is sick—I am feeble and poor,  
In the cold winter blast, from this hut if you drive me,  
My lord we must die on the desolate moor!

The *Daily News* of the 18th September, says: After six months of inactivity the committee of the Irish Home Rule League has, at the instance of Mr. Butt, M.P., determined to call a meeting of members of the organization for the 23rd inst., for the purpose of taking into consideration the position of the Home Rule movement and the desirability of summoning a representative "national" conference on the question. Although Home Rule representatives in Parliament are honorary members of the League, Mr. Butt, it is stated, will issue a personal circular to the supporters of the movement, and at the meeting on the 23rd inst. will review the condition of the party and indicate its future policy.

**THE COLONEL LEONARD MONUMENT.**—Mr. Nicholas Montgomery, late secretary to the monument committee, writes to the editor of the *Nation* and *Weekly Worker* as follows:—I never saw the Leonard monument, as proposed by the Colonel Leonard movement, as such a proceeding would be an infringement on the only grave now left to the living representatives of the Leonard family, who are still to be found at whose headstone, erected in 1778, stands beside the monument. The ancient family have already lost two graves by the erection of the monument, and they will not submit to any further encroachment which would deprive them of all hope of a final resting place in the grave of their ancestors.

**RELEASE OF THE MANCHESTER MEN.**—THEIR DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.—A telegram to the *Freeman*, dated Southampton Tuesday, says:—Condon and Melody arrived at Southampton from Portland Prison by train this afternoon, in charge of the deputy governor and two warders. They proceeded to the Railway Hotel to await the sailing of the North German Lloyd's steamer *Mosel* for New York, on board which first class passages were taken for them, everybody concerned having pledged to and observing secrecy until they had embarked. The vessel will start shortly after midnight, and the Queen's pardon will be handed to them immediately previous. The London correspondent of the *Freeman* telegraphs on Wednesday morning:—The hint to the friends of the political prisoners—O'Meara Condon and Melody—that they might be permitted to see some acquaintances in Queenstown has now turned out to be only a ruse, for the men were sent away by the route originally laid down in the *Freeman*—the North German Lloyd steamer, from Southampton. Their departure was swift and secret; and yesterday afternoon the first intimation that Melody's brother had of the release was from a short telegram in one of the evening papers. The sudden change in what was believed to be the determination of the Government to allow a short call at Cork must be a cause of regret to the friends of Condon in the Southern city. The same correspondent, telegraphing a few days previously, says:—Through his friendly visitors Condon has asked me to convey to his friends in Ireland with whom he is at present unable to communicate—more especially Miss Murray and other relatives in Mitchelstown—the assurance that his first care on arriving in New York will be to write home; and Melody, through the intermediary of his brother, and speaking on behalf of his fellow-prisoner as well, expresses their joint thankfulness for the solicitude and consideration of Messrs. Hynn and Collins. A cheque for \$50 has been received from Irish sympathisers in Manchester, and together with a grant of \$10 from the London committee, was forwarded by Mr. Ryan to the governor of the prison on Saturday for the use of the men. The utmost secrecy is preserved as to the time of their release and the mode of their passage, but I am informed that it is likely they will leave in a tender for Queenstown this morning, and that an opportunity may be afforded for a few friends to shake hands with them before they bid a long good-bye to the green shores of Erin.

**FRENCH AND GERMAN SOLDIERS.**—The French military instructions provide that if the commanding officer or instructor who is drilling the troops makes a mistake and gives the wrong order the troops shall not obey it. The Germans, on the contrary, insist that no matter how unlooked for or absurd the order is it shall be obeyed, and their officers even make a point of sometimes giving wrong orders so as to test the men. The French argue that if the men halt the officer will immediately perceive that something is wrong and be able to give the correct command without having to straighten his company or battalion. The Germans declare that the commander is responsible, and his orders must at once be obeyed without hesitation, no matter what the consequence; also that it would be dangerous to encourage the men to review their orders or to get into the habit of doing everything one way.

**GREAT BRITAIN.**

The *London Daily News* is informed that Kuo-Sung-Tao, Chinese Minister to London and Paris, will shortly retire.

The whole cost of conveying Cleopatra's Needle to London and setting it on end has been between £18,900 and £17,000. Of this sum £10,000 is borne by Dr. Wilson, and the rest by Mr. Dixon.

The Hon. Constance Mary Germaine Howard, fourth daughter of Lord Howard of Glosport, and sister of the Marchioness of Bute, is about to enter a sisterhood in connection with the Roman Catholic Church.

Says the *London World*:—Our girls are certainly making progress in athletics. I know a merry young damsel who goes to a school in the West of England. Once at least every week the fair pupils, clad in short skirts and pantalettes, betake themselves to the manly game of cricket right gaily.

The *London correspondent of the Irish Times* says that should the Prince Imperial of France marry the Princess Thyra of Denmark, they will probably live in Ireland, which the Prince visited *incognito* some eighteen months ago, and where he inspected with a view to purchase, a small but beautiful estate belonging to an absentee nobleman. The Emperor, it is understood, has offered £20,000 for the property, but the owner wants £10,000 more.

A large number of the presents intended by the Duke of Connaught for the Princess of Prussia are being prepared in Paris. Among them is an opera glass which is the *chef-d'œuvre* of silversmith's work. The crowned cipher of the Princess stands out in diamonds and precious stones, and the whole is covered with gems. Another object worthy of notice is the fittings in gold and turquoise for a parasol, with a handle of the same, and a similar article in lapis-lazuli and oxidized silver.

**FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.**

**GOSSIP ABOUT FASHIONS AND OTHER MATTERS.**

Traveling shawls of tartan are preferred to all others.

Striped satin undershirts are to be worn with gait brocade.

Fish scale flowers are the newest heels for ornamental hair pins.

Gauze and full ball dresses are draped in small waves by clusters of tin flowers.

A new French kid glove has five buttons and then alternate bands of lace and kid.

Saques for every-day wear, and mantles for fall dress, is the prediction with regard to fall patterns.

Camel's hair flannel in shaded dark stripes on a white ground is one of the new materials for wraps.

American jobbers are importing dark fancy plaids instead of the regular tartans, which are preferred in Paris.

The button dealers say that a gross of small buttons will be needed to trim winter dresses of silk or wool.

The prettiest of the heavy square shawls for autumn wear have plain centres and borders in India cashmere colors.

Japanese table napkins in paper are used at lunch parties, and at small dinners at which only intimate friends are invited.

Mrs. Mary Millard, late business manager of the *Chicago Post*, has a position in the United States Revenue Department at Chicago.

Nilson is not coming to this country this summer; she says that her losses from the depreciation of property in the United States have been greatly exaggerated.

White mitts in a new kind of lace have been imported by some of the New York houses. They are durable, as they should be, considering that they cost \$10 a pair.

Tweed walking suits for the fall are made of what is called the leather mixture, a blending of purple, yellow and bronze, producing the bronze shade of a Scotch moor.

The new pattern will be a series of folds covering across the back of the dress, and will not be supported by wire or crinoline. It may be either a short upper skirt or a sailor-like drapery.

Black figured velvets are shown for carriage dresses, and white velvets for bridal robes. Some very handsome velvet brocades for evening dresses have a white ground and colored figures.

Some over-skirts on fall dresses are caught back tightly at the top and then allowed to fall forward so as to make a loose fold on the side. This looks well with a train, but not with a short dress.

**ART.**

A new five-act opera, entitled "Montezuma," has been completed by Verdi. It will be first produced in Milan.

Barry Sullivan, it is reported, will not come to America this year or next. After a two years' sojourn in England he will make a farewell tour of the United States and Canada.

Nilson, it is said, is growing coarse in features and gross looking. She has worn herself out by injudicious living. Often, after singing at the opera, she puts on a ball dress, goes to a party, and sits up till five o'clock in the morning. Her voice in consequence is sadly impaired, and critics assert that it will be entirely gone in five years.

All the doors in Boston school houses are to be altered so as to swing both ways.

Thomas Harden is one of the most eager drinkers in Ripley, Minn. He bit off the nozzle of a whiskey bottle, and the piece of glass stuck in his throat, choking him nearly to death.

A painting was stolen from the cabinet of Napoleon III soon after his disastrous defeat at Sedan. It was a valuable work, and was hung at the Tuilleries. It has recently been discovered by a former chamberlain at Brussels and will be restored to the Empress Eugenie.

An extremely high-toned and chivalrous affair is reported from the Ninth avenue, New York, where a gentleman aged fourteen shot a gentleman aged nine, on account of the marked attentions shown by the gentleman of nine to a lady of twelve in whom the gentleman of fourteen aforesaid was particularly interested. The ball struck the victim's forehead, but failed to penetrate the skull, because the pistol, like the actors, was very small.

The tornado which recently visited Wallingford, Conn., seems to have previously visited New Preston, in that State, where it committed some strange freaks. Among other things, it brought to a high hill in that town and landed there a large oak tree, from what place no one can tell. It had not been growing near by, nor does any place show signs of its having been torn up. Some people think they saw it in the air sailing over the town during the tornado's progress.

**POPULAR SCIENCE.**

—The pegs in a pair of men's shoes cost two mills and a half.

—Scarlet fever is another disease in which salicylic acid has been found useful.

—Bats fly by night, because they live chiefly upon moths, which are night flying insects.

—A farmer in Westmoreland Co., Penn., has discovered that he can make sugar for three cents a pound.

—The mussel attaches itself to rocks by a long silky thread, which can be woven like that of the silkworm.

—Carbolic acid is now recommended for many forms of skin disease and especially for for boils, carbuncles, etc.

—Glycerine is said to possess in a remarkable degree the power of arresting fermentation, both lactic and alcoholic.

—Scientists affirm that the poison of the rattle-snake is even just as fatal to the snake itself, as to other animals.

—Soap makes water tenacious and prevents its bubbles from bursting, hence lather is only an accumulation of bubbles.

—Poking a fire causes it to burn more brightly, because it opens avenues through which the air may enter to supply oxygen.

—The Downer well at Corry, Pa., is now down over 1,300 feet, and an oil bearing sand has been struck of about five feet thickness.

—A recent estimate of the mean height of the Continent of Europe, by Dr. G. Leopolit, is 296.223 metres. Humboldt's estimate was 205 metres.

—A fall one-tenth of an inch per mile will produce a motion in rivers. The greatest velocity is at the surface and in the middle, and the least at the bottom and sides.

—The forging and tempering of iron and steel may be greatly facilitated by dipping the metal in fused salt. In this manner steel may be annealed without oxidizing the surface.

—A thick glass tumbler, now on exhibition in London, has employed the time and genius of a young artist for six years. It has been sculptured into a hair relief, representing the training of the young Bacchus.

—Improved points for the electric light have been submitted by M. Regnier to the Societe d'Encouragement, Paris. The points are covered with a thin layer of nickel, and this is said to preserve and concentrate the electric fluid at the points.

—The first album is said to have been kept on the Alps in the monasteries of St. Bruno. In this every traveller at his departure was asked to inscribe his name, and usually added to it a few sentences of devotion, or of thankfulness to his hosts.

—The carbolic acid used for disinfectants at New Orleans killed such quantities of fish in the basin that a new source of danger was created, and it was found necessary to carry them off and burn them with sulphur at a safe distance from the city.

—A company has been formed to make use of the Falls to transmit to Buffalo twenty-two miles distant, a constant supply of compressed air, which, it is expected, will be used as a substitute for steam in the principal establishments at Buffalo.

—Though elephants, undergoing the process of domestication, have occasionally been known to stand for twelve months without lying down to sleep, yet when they are perfectly at ease, and reconciled to their fate, they will lie down on their sides and sleep, like other beasts.

—An elaborate model of the New York post-office, constructed on a scale of one-thirtieth of an inch to the foot, is exhibited in New York. It was built from the plans, contains 284,000 pieces and occupied the time of one man, working six hours a day, for six years. It will be taken to the Paris Exposition.

—About five-sixths of the weight of the human body is water. The Rev. J. W. Bancroft has been ciphering on the problem:—If the bodies of all the dead are raised in the Resurrection, will not the amount of water thus withdrawn from the earth be enough to exhaust all the water on the globe? He writes to the *New York Chronicle*, that having calculated how much water was comprised in the bodies of all who have lived during six thousand years, he is convinced that the amount would be only a little more than one cubic mile.

**VENTILATING SEWERS.**—The question, says the *English Mechanic*, of ventilating sewers by means of furnace shafts has been seriously considered in Hull; but it appears that the system proposed would only provide for the discharge of the sewer gases at a considerable elevation, whence the "gases" would be brought down by the carbolic acid. The only effective system is one in which the sewer gases are drawn through the furnaces, as we believe has been done at Oldham; for under those conditions the gases are most effectually disinfected. It is usually contended that if the sewers were ventilated by means of furnace shafts, the air would merely rush in through the nearest ventilators; but a ventilator or two of the ordinary size could not possibly supply the large volume of air withdrawn by a furnace, and as a matter of fact the anemometer has shown that at Oldham a very perceptible draught of air exists at ventilators a long way removed from the extracting shaft. In that town the furnaces of six mills have been connected with the sewers, with very satisfactory results as regards the removal of unpleasant smells in the streets.

**THE VOLCANO IN THE MOON.**—In December, 1866, says the *Athenaeum*, that excellent observer, Dr. Julius Schmidt, Director of the Observatory at Athens, considered that he had discovered, by a comparison of earlier drawings with his own, that a crater named Linne, in the Mare Serenitatis of the Moon, had disappeared as a crater, leaving only a whitish spot in the place. The matter, of course, gave rise to a great deal of discussion, and continued examination of the spot in question and the surrounding region. Yet, after more than eleven years have elapsed since the announcement, we must subscribe to the opinion of Mr. Nelson, who in his elaborate work on "The Moon and the Condition and Configuration of its Surface," remarks, "It is impossible to come to any certain conclusion with regard to whether any change has occurred in Linne." We have recently been confronted by an announcement of a different kind, that a new crater has appeared on the moon, near Hyginus, on the margin of the Mare Vaporum, a plain close to the centre of the visible hemisphere of the moon. This crater was the first noticed in May last year (but not called public attention to, after consultation with Dr. Schmidt, until last April), three miles in diameter; whether it is really a new formation cannot at present be decided with certainty, but it will doubtless be further observed for some time. The different appearance of lunar objects under varying illuminations invests questions like these with peculiar difficulty.