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VOL. XXXI.-NO. 30

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THE SURE CURE KIDNEY DISEASES. LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, PILES, AND BLOOD DISEASES.

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SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT, WILTON & GOLLAN. Dec. 6th, 1883.

> Daly House Livery, J. GUGGISBERG, Prop.

LEADING LIVERY IN TOWN Ingersoll, Jan. 3rd, 1884.

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ANVIL A. H. ELLIS.

IMPORTER OF

HARDWARE, Paints, Oils

THE DAY AFTER (From the French of Dufresney.

Phillis, much more wise than fond, Thinking no gain comes amiss, One day exacts from Phillimonde Thirty sheep for just one kiss. But the next day comes a change, He will win his will more cheap, And now he exacts from her Thirty kisses for one sheep. Next day Philis, grown more kind, Anxious is her love to keep, So she, with contented mind, For one kiss gives all the sheep.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF FARMER

CHITTY. To the city
Farmer Chitty,
Plain, but gritty,
Came one day.
And he wandered,
And he pondered,
On his way. Thus while gazing
At amazing
Sights, and praising
All he saw;
He was taken—
Hand was shaken
By mistaken
Mr. Shaw.

Who to right it,
And requite it,
Him invited
To a smile;
And the farmer
To the former
Grew a warmer
Friend the while.

In the city
Stood the gritty
Farmer Chitty
Curs ug all.
Nof a penny
Of the many
Had he, any
More to call.

An Ambitious Woman.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

He spoke the words in the manner of an invitation, and doubtless seeing the prompt acquiescence in Claire's face, at once leaned forward to ask, "Will at once you go?" Claire straightway you go?" Claire straightway swering, "With pleasure." She took his offered arm, and thought while she his offered arm, and firm it was, as if bronze or stone were beneath its flims restment, instead of muscular mortality.

The band in the illuminated pavilion near by had lately paused, but it now struck up a waltz rich in long mellow-pealing cadences.

"Is this your first visit here?" said Claire, as they descended the broad piazza steps, down toward the smooth, trim levels of grass and the massive, rounded beds of geranium, whose scar-lets and greens now looked vague in the starlight. "Or have you been here many times before," she went on, "durmany times before," she went on, "during past seasons, and so lost all your nthusiasm for this charming place? "I've been here about six times in all," he answered, "but my enthusiasm is still in fine order. It's ready to break

forth at any minute. If you want, Miss Twining, we can have a combined erup esh a sound after the blunt fun she had long heard; it made her think a little of the way Beverley Thurston phrased his ideas, though any resemblance between the two men could only exist for her in the large generic sense that they were both gentlemen. She aughed, with a note of real glee among the liquid trebles of her mirth. It seem ed to her that she had already got to w Mr. Hollister quite well.

yet they were still such strangers! She had still so much to learn regarding mm!

"I'm glad you've nothing to say against this delightful island," she declared, as if mildly jubilant over the discovery. "I heard a man on the sands talking about it to a friend only a few mornings ago. He was a shabby man who wanted shaving, and I'm not sure that he had on any collar. I think must have been a kind of philosopher. He said that Coney Island was sopher. He said that Coney Island was an immense fact. There is just my opinion—that it is an immense fact." They were now but a slight distance from the foamy, rolling plash of the dark sea-waves. The music came to them in bursts of softer richness. With her arm still in that of her companion ner arm still in that of her companion. Claire half turned toward the hotel, starred with countless lights, and look-ing, as it rose above the vague throngs

I often think that this mere strip of sand must be so surprised," she continued, "to find itself grown suddenly important and famous after it has lain here lonely, almost unnoticed, for long centuries. I sometimes fancy that I can hear the waves talk to it as they break on its shore, and ask it what is meant by this wonderful change."

"That's a very pretty way of looking at the matter," replied Hollister, while he gazed down into her face from his considerably taller height with a keener expression of interest and charm than he himself guessed. "Perhaps the waves congratulate Coney Island on its waves congratulate Coney Island on its final success in life, and gently quote to

t the old proverb about everything oming to those who know how to wait. Claire started. "Do you believe that?" she said. "Does everything come to those who know how to wait?" Hollister laughed again. "You talk as if you had been waiting. But I'm sure it can't have been for very long." This last sentence was put at least half in the form of a question. But she evaded it, saying with a light little toss of the head: "Hasn't everybody always something to wait for, between youth

and old age ?" and old age?"
"Tell me something about your expectations, won't you?" he asked, with the non-committal tenderness of a man the non-committal tenderness of a man whose acquaintanceship has been too brief for any serious depth to accompany his words. "You can't think how much I wish that I was one of them."
"One of my expectations? You?"
"Decidedly."
"But how could I answer you on that point?" she returned, letting him.

point?" she returned, letting him catch in the gloom a glimpse of her sly smile. "You're only a name to me. If you'll not think my candor rude, I haven't an idea who you are."

"I don't believe I should think you rude if you really were so," he said, smiling, and yet seeming to mean with much quiet force each word that he Haring bought be Lamber belonging to the Second of the late ADAM OLIVER Compared to exceed the late of the late ADAM OLIVER Compared to exceed the late of the late ADAM OLIVER Compared to exceed the late of the late ADAM OLIVER Compared to exceed the late of the late ADAM OLIVER Compared to exceed the late of the lat

within his; he had continued to please her, though she felt no thrill of warm attraction toward him, however mild in degree. She had a sense of friendship of easy familiarity.

But apart from this, she was con-

scious, as a woman sometimes not merely will but must be, that she had won him to like her by a very easy and rapid victory. Already she was not sure but that she had won him to like her strongly as well. Her few recent words of reply had carried with them a subtle persuasion of which Hollister himself was oddly and most pleasurably con-scious. He yielded to their effect, and became somewhat more free in his personal confidences.

"My father had been a Dartmouth

man," he went on. "That was the reason of my going there. Father and mother have both passed away, now. It's a lovely old college, and it gained me some strong friendships. But I find that all my favorite classmates have drifted into other cities. They sometimes write to me, even yet, after my year in Europe. But, of course, the old good feeling will shortly cease... how can it fail to cease? ... I'm a good deal alone, just now. I know a number of men there in Wall Street, man," he went on. "That was the number of men there in Wall Street, but I feel a little afraid of making friends with them. I don't just know why, but I do. Perhaps it's because of getting into bad habits. And I've made

up my mind . . . that is, I—I half promised my poor dear mother just be-fore she . . Well, Miss Twining, fore she . . . Well, Miss Twining, the plain truth is that I keep regular ars and live straight, as they say. I like to take a sail down here while the weather is hot, but I nearly always take it quite by myself. To-night I happened to meet Trask on the boat. I'd nearly forgotten Trask. He was in my Freshman year with me, but he dropped off after that. It was he who introduced me to-to the Miss-excuse me, but I

really forget your friend's name."

"Miss Bergemann," said Claire.

"Oh, yes—Miss Bergemann." He paused, at this point, gently forcing Claire to pause also. They were still beside the sea; the nusic still came to them in its modulated sweetness. Hol. nem in its modulated sweetness. Hol ister bent his head quite low, looking traight down into her upturned face. "I've told you ever so much about nyself," he said. "I wish, now, that ou'd give me a little knowledge also.

Vill you?"
"About myself?" asked Claire.
About just who I am?" "Well, yes, if you don't mind."
She reflected for a short space. Then he began to speak. She told him, as he went on, more than she had at first ntended to tell. He listened intently thile they slowly walked on, beside the rk, harmonious billows. Before she had ended, he had realized at the was in love with her. He had ver known anything of such love till w. His heart was fluttering in a , wild way; he could scarcely find oice to answer her when she at length eased to speak. But she had not told im all her past life. She had reserved ertain facts. And her own feelings

CHAPTER XII.

Hollister nearly missed the last boat ack to the city that evening. His ght was partially sleepless, and mornig brought with it a mental preoccupa-

tion that was surely perilous to what tasks lay before him.

Like most men who have escaped the tress of any important sentiment until the age of five and twenty, he was in excellent condition for just such a level-ing seizure as that to which he had now made complete surrender. He was what we call a weak nature, judged by those small and ordinary affairs of life which so largely predominate in almost every human career. If some great vent were ever fated to rouse within m an especial strength, this summons d not yet sounded, and he still renained, for those who had found cause to test the fibre of his general traits, a person in whom conciliating kindliness laid soft spell upon them all.

His friends at college had been mostly of tough calibre, of unyielding will; he seemed unconsciously to have selected them in order that they might receive his concessions. But they were never encouraged in fostering the least con-tempt for him. The spark of his anger always leapt out with the true fire, prompt to resent any definite disrespect. Yet the anger sometimes cooled too quickly toward those whom he liked; there had been cases where he would waive his own claims to be indignant, with too humble a repentance of past eat. Necessarily such qualities made him popular, and this result was not lessened by the fact of his being almost rashly generous besides. His mental gifts had never been called powerful, ut he had cut no sorry sort of figure as student; and he possessed an airy numor that seldom deserted for a long time either his language or thought. During the week that followed his in-roduction to Claire, he visited the otel where she was a guest on every vening but two. One of these ever hanced to be fiercely rainy; he could not have come to Coney Island without ving his appearance there savor marklly of the ludicrous. The other even g was the last of the week. He had ked Claire to marry him the night be-re. She had not consented, neither ad she refused: she had demurred He was piqued by her hesitation, and affrighted by the thought of her possible ming refusal. He passed a night and

day of simple torture. Then, his sus-pense becoming insupportable, he ap-peared once more within her presence. His aspect shocked her; a few hours had made him actually haggard. His hand trembled so when she placed her own within it that she feared the perirbation might be noticed by others esides herself, there on the crowded

isazza where they met.
"I've come to get your answer," he began, doggedly, under his breath. You said last night you were not sure f you—you cared enough for me. Have you found out, by this time, whether ou do or no ?" "There are are two empty seats, yon-

der, near the railing of the piazza. Shall we sit there?" She said this almost in a whisper.

"If you choose. But I—1'd rather be lown on the sands. I'd rather listen to t there, whatever it is." But Claire feigned not to hear him. It was her caprice to remain among the throng. She moved toward the empty seats that she had indicated, he follow-

seats that she had indicated, he following. In all such minor matters she had already become the one who dictated, and he the one who acquiesced.

The night, lying beyond them, was cool but beautifully calm. An immature moon hung in the heavens, and tinged the smooth sea with vapory silver, so that its outward spaces took an unspeakable softness, as though Nature were putting the idea of infinity in her very tenderest terms.

There was no music to-night, for some reason. The buzz of voices all about them soon produced for each a sense of privacy in the midst of publicity.

"You asked me to be your wife last night." Claire began, looking at him.

tire lack of fervor. Yet it seemed to point toward future consent, and he felt his bosom swell with hope. is bosom swell with hope.

"If it is anything you would rather leave untold," he said, with a magnanimity not wholly born of his deep love, it have not the least desire to learn in lace-trimmed muslins, and wear-ing large device that maginal almost to

INGERSOLL, ONTARIO. THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1884

Claire shook her head. "You must know it," she returned. "I prefer, I demand that you shall know it." He felt too choked for any answer to leave him. If she imposed this condi-tion, what was meant by its sweet imperiousness except the happy future truce for which he so strongly yearned? On some men might have flashed the dread suspicion that her words carried portent of an unpardonable fault, about to be confessed there and then. But His ignorance Hollister's love clad its object in a sanctifying purity. Apart from this, moreover, his mind could give none of that grim welcome which certain dark fears easily gain elsewhere. The sun had long ago knit so many wholesome gleams into his being that he had no

of shadows. "I want to tell you of how my father died," Claire went on, with her face so grave in every line that it won a new, inwonted beauty from the change And I want to tell you, also, of some ing that was done to me after his death, and of something that I myself did, not in personal revenge for my own sense of injury, but with the desire to assert my great respect for his loved memory, and to deal justice where I thought justice was deserved."
Then in somewhat faltering tones, be-cause she had deliberately pressed back-

morbid hospitality for the entertainment

ward among recollections so holy that she seemed to herself like one treading on a place filled with sacred tombs, she recounted the whole bitter story of her mother's avarice, of her father's ignoble purial, and of her own resultant flight. The tears stood in her eyes before she had ended, though they did not fall. As her voice ceased she saw that Hol-lister had grown very pale, and that his rows met in a stern frown. At the ame moment his lip trembled; and as te leaned forward, took her hand into its own, pressed it once, briefly but orcibly, and then released it, she caught

of her forehead beneath its floss of waved and gold-tinted hair. And she spoke so ow that he could just hear her, and no

"Yes, I thought you might blame e. . . I was not sure. . . . Or not this, I feared that the way in hich poor father was buried might make you feel as if I bore—or, at least, that the disgrace of ich a burial, and of having a mother who could commit so hard and had ar ict, must reflect in shame upon myself.'
If they had been alone together, Hol ter would have answered this faintoiced, hesitant speech by simply clasping Claire within his arms. But the olace forbade any such fondly demontrative course. He was forced to keep nounds; yet the glow on his face and the tremulous ardor of his tones betray-d how cogent a surge of feeling was

reatening to sween him, poor f past all barriers of propriety.

As it was, he spoke some words which he afterward failed to remember, except in the sense that they were filled with fond, precipitate denial of all that Claire fond, precipitate denial of all that Claire had said. He felt so dazed by the bliss that had rushed upon him as to fail, also, of recalling just how he and Claire left the populous piazza, and just how they reached the lonelier dusk of the they reached the lonelier dusk of the shore. But the waves brought him rare music as he paced the sands a little later. His was the divine intoxication that may drug the warder, memory,

out that wakes to no remorseful mo as alone that night at the suddenness of the whole rapid event. She had given her pledge to become Herbert Hollister's wife in the autumn. While she viewed er promise in every sort of light, is eemed to her sensible, discreet, ever he liked him very much. belief, no premonition that she would

ever like any one else better.

She was far from telling herself that she did not love him. We have heard her call herself cold, and it had grown a fixed creed with her that she was ex-mpted by some difference of tempera-ment from the usual throes and fervors. He suited her admirably, in person, in isposition, in manners. She need never be ashamed of him; she might indeed be well proud of so gallant and hand-some a husband. Her influence over him was great; she could doubtless sway even mould him, just as she desired And she would bear clearly in mind those warning words of Beverley Thurston's; she would use her power to good ends, though they might be ambitious ones. From a worldly standpoint, he was comfortably well off; his income was everal thou ands a year; he had told With his youth and energy he night gain much more. She would stimulate, abet, encourage him toward

the accomplishment of this purpose. He should always be glad of having chosen her. She would hold it constantly to eart that he should find in her a guid a help, a devoted friend. And he, on his side, should aid her to win the place she oveted, loving her all the better because

she had achieved it. she had achieved it.
When these rather curious meditations had ceased she fell into a placid sleep.
She had been wholly unconscious of the selfish pivot on which they turned. It had quite escaped her realization that they were singularly unsuited on the night of her betrothal. She had no conception of how little she was giving and now much she was demanding. She fell usleep with a perfectly good conscience, and a secret amused expectancy on the subject of Sophia's and Mrs. Bergenann's surprise when to-morrow should oring them the momentous tidings of her

engagement.
But they were not so much surprised as she had anticipated. The attentions of Hollister had been brief, yet of tell ing earnestness. Sophia hugged her friend, and cried a little. "You mean old thing," she exclaimed, "to go and get engaged! Now, of course, you'll be gatting warnied and leaving are." getting married and leaving us."
"I'm afraid that's the natural consequence," said Claire, with a smile.

Mrs. Bergemann pressed her to her
portly bosom, and whispered confiden-

portly bosom, and whispered confidentially, just after a kiss of congratulation:

ciad in lace-trimmed muslins, and wear-ing long gloves that reached almost to their elbows, would hold chat with their gal.ants under the shade of high, cool-colored parasols. Claire was often pierced by the sense of their remarkable exclusiveness when she watched their dainty gatherings; and she watched them with a good deal of covert concern.

Hollister could not even tell her any of the gentlemen's names. This caused her a sting of regret. She wanted him to be at least important enough for that. His ignorance argued him too unknown, too unnoted.

One day, to her surprise, Claire perceived Mrs. Arcularius, her former august schoolmistress, seated amid a group of this select description. Mrs. Arcularius had lost none of her old majesty. It was still there, and it was an older majesty, by many new gray hairs, many acquired wrinkles. She was a stouter person, but the stoutness ing. "They we was a stouter person, but the stoutness did not impair her dignity; she bore her

Claire determined to address her. She waited the chance and carried out her project. Mrs. Arcularius was just rising, with two or three other ladies for the purpose of going inside to luncheon, when Claire decided to make the ap-

She looked very charming as she did b. Hollister had brought her a bunch of roses the evening before, and she had kept them fresh with good care until now. They were fixed at present in the bosom of her simple white muslin dress,

the circumstances she could not have | 8

within his gaze a light or protound and annistakable sympathy.

"I think your mother's course was infamous," he said. "Do you suppose that I could possibly blame you for leaving her?"

Claire did not like this at all. But she would not have shown a trace of chagrin, just then, for a heavy reward. She smiled. knowing how sweet her brows, had made repeated visits to Sophia, but Claire, because of the nove change in her own life, had failed to old the same of the sweet her. She smiled, knowing how sweet her smile was, and promptly answered:
"I'm sorry that you only remember me as one of your pupils. I should like me as one of your pupils."

Sophia, but Claire, because of the nove change in her own life, had failed to observe what to Mrs. Bergemann had be me as one of your pupils. I should like the widdle of yourst Claire, because of the nove change in her own life, had failed to observe what to Mrs. Bergemann had be me as one of your pupils. me as one of your pupils. I should like you to remember my name also. Are you quite certain that it has escaped you. Does not my face recall it?"

"Your face is a year worth."

"Your face is a year year to me and to my face is a year worth."

"Your face is a year worth."

less, of an impromptu veneer.
Claire divined all this, with rapid in

does Ma care about Germany? She was a child of ten when she left it. I don't want to go, and I won't go, and there in her blame you for finding it inconvenient to recall me. I fear I have been mistaken in addressing you as the wornan of business, my dear madame, when you find the great lady alone to your humor. But you have played both parts with so much success that perhaps you will pardon me for alluding to one at the expense of the other."

There was nothing pert in Claire's little speech. The few seconds that it took her to make it were epical in her life; they showed her the quality of her own powers to strike back with a sure aim and a calm nerve; she was trying those powers as we try the temper of a new blade.

She moved away at once, with transular or the first time in her last whim. The letter from Germany, as which had so incessantly yielded to her last whim. The letter from Germany is claire soon discovered, was a mere pretext for flight. And Trask, of the yellow eyebrows, had caused thin the most here in her last whim. The letter from Germany is claire soon discovered, was a mere pretext for flight. And Trask, of the yellow eyebrows, had caused this fugitive impulse in Mrs. Bergemann.

She had learned about Trask; he was a cleif of the when she left it. I don't want to go, and I won't go, and there's all about it!"

But Sophia, for the first time in her last whim. The letter from Germany? She had so incessantly yielded to her last whim. The letter from Germany is claire soon discovered, was a mere pretext for flight. And Trask, of the yellow eyebrows, had caused this fugitive impulse in Mrs. Bergemann.

She had learned about Trask; he was a cleif in an insurance company, as the heires of three millions. It would never do. All Mrs. Bergemann is rich. She developed a monstrous obstinacy. It was the old maternal instinct; she was protecting her young.

They went to Germany? nat the other ladies must of necessity

tall, but revealed that disarray of oting its ruffled plumage.

Nothing in Claire's past had qualified tion. Nothing in Claire's past had qualified ter for this deft nicety of rebuke. Those stands made against her mother's oarse onsets had surely offered but a lumsy training-school for well deliging to grant favors, to make himself of high value in an emergency, may have come forth in heroic brilliancy at the private recovery of Mr. D.

incestry, some dame of nimble reparted and impregnable self-possession, who had won antique repute as dangerous to exactly words with.

But Claire's tranquility soon fled. She was scarcely out of Mrs. Arcularius's hight before an angry agitation assailed sor. When a little later she met Sophia. er. When a little later she met Sophia one of the halls, it was with sharp ifficulty she could hide her distress. Still, however, she did hide it, so of no sympathy in this quarter, of a sort that could help to heal her fresh wound. That evening, however, a little after the arrival of Hollister, and while hey walked the sea-fronting lawns and listened to the distant band,

as had now grown a nightly and accept-d event with them, she narrated the whole circumstance of the morning.

"Do you think I did right, Herbert?"
she finished, sure of his answer before ooking down into her dim, uplifted face.

I wouldn't have had you do anything lse. You must cut that old Gorgen if

you ever meet her again. You must nt her dead, before she has a chauce to erve the same trick on you."
"I don't know about that," returned The weather still remained very hot. I Claire, as if his words had set her thoughts into a new groove. "Perhaps she may be of use to me afterward. I may need her if we ever meet in . . '. society." She slightly paused before speaking the last word. "If she hasn't left by to-morrow I shan't see her, you know. I won't cut her; I simply shan't see her. It will be better."

her; I simply shart see her. It will be better."

Hollister laughed. What he would have disliked in another woman fascinated him in Claire. "You little ambitious vixen," he said, in his mellow undertone. "I suppose you will lead me a fine dance, after we are married. I suppose you will make me strain and struggle to put you high up, on the top rung of the ladder."

"I should like to be on the top rung of the ladder," said Claire, with that supreme frankness a woman sometimes the sense of a great, vital, prospero change. She felt like a wife.

elaborate smartness unpossessed by nis.

They looked, in current idiom, as sthough they had come out of band-boxes, with their high, stiff collars, their silverthose who had witnessed the little scene remember you. You are the young person who asserted yourself." She wanted them to address her, to

She wanted them to address her, to strike an acquaintance with her. But they never did. This piqued her, as they were all permanent residents at the hotel. She made no concealment of her wish to Hollister. "It is too bad you do not know some of their male friends," she said. "alf

you did, I should get you to introduce them."

He fired a little at this, mildly jealous. "Do you really mean it?" he asked, with doleful reproach. Claire did not understand this jealousy, at first; then it flashed upon her, through a sudden realization of his

"Oh, I should merely like to know them for one reason," she said, laugh-ing. "They would introduce me in turn, perhaps, to those charming look-ing ladies, who belong to another world. I like their world—that is, the little I ave seen of it. I want to see more. want to have them find out that I am quite suited to be one of them."

His jealousy was appeased. He softened in a moment. It was only her prettylittlefoible, after all—her delight.

you mean," he said, with apologetic concern, as though she had asked him now. They were fixed at present in the bosom of her simple white muslin dress, and they became her perfectly. She went quite close to Mrs. Arcularius, and boldly held out her hand.

"I am very glad to meet you again," she said, "and I hope you have not for gotten me."

"More than once he pointed out to her a gentlemen in the throng whom he did know, or told her the name of such an illustrate its analogy with some of life.

The numerous experiments hitherto attempted had been made on the head on the trunk separately, Dr. Lorenzo Carmo's design was, if possible, to unite the head to the trunk after decapitation.

The heads of the two reviews and stafford, who visited her in jail: "You think when you have alain me you will never bring about. No; although there were one hundred thousand 'God-dams' in this land more than there are."

a gentlemen in the throng whom he did know, or told her the name of such an equaintance, after transiently bowing to him. But Claire, with a fleet glance bowing same basket—first that of Cannes, then that of Aveirs. Immediately after this done otherwise without committing a harsh rudeness. And she was a woman whose rudeness was never harsh.

With her disengaged liand she put up the was designated. Something in their with the rudeness was never the way of the second that was designated. Something in their was not received the results of the rudeness of the second that was not received the rudeness of the rudeness o a pair of gold eye-glasses. "Oh; yes, surely, yes," she said, while softly dropping Claire's hand; "you were one of my pupils?"

Claire did not like this at all. But

"Your face is a very pretty one, my dear," said Mrs. Arcularius. She looked while speaking, toward her recent companions, who were moving away with light touches of their disarranged draperies and sidelang algorithms. The same architecture of the same and sidelang architecture of the same archit with light touches of their disarranged draperies and side-long glances at Claire. Her tones were impenetrably civil, but her wandering eye, and the slight averted turn of her large frame, made their civility bear the value. you're married, Claire, of course

signt. Her wit began to work in a sudden defensive way. She preserved her smile, looking straight at Mrs. Arcularius while she said, in a voice pitched so that the other ladies where the sum of the straight and the sum of the straight at Mrs. Arcularius while she said, in a voice pitched so that the other ladies where the straight and what the straight and the does Ma care about Germany? Swas a child of ten when she left it.

was protecting her young.

They went to Germany in spite of all mose powers as we try the temper of a leave blade.

She moved away at once, with trangul grace, and not a hint of added color or disconcerted demeanor. It was really very well done, in the sense that we call things well done which depend upon their manner, their felicity, their bir of method. The ladies looked at each other and smiled, as though they could rather have kept their lips grave through politeness to Mrs. Arcularius; and she, on her own side, did not smile taill, but revealed that disarray of the same of t ll, but revealed that disarray of mer which we can best express in case of some large fluttered bird by accepted his fate with prosaic resigna

lunsy training-school for such deliate defiance. And yet her history
as thus far been followed ill if what
he said and did on a certain day in
Irs. Arcularius's school-room has not
preshadowed in some north in heroic brilliancy at the
private request of Mrs. Bergemann herself,
Wherever the real truth of the matter may have lain, Mrs. Bergemann
and Sophia, as a plain fact, went to ter may have lain, Mrs. Bergemann and Sophia, as a plain fact, went to Europe in September, leaving the be-reaved Trask behind them. But both, preshadowed in some measure the line if her present action. Perhaps it was ill purely instinctive, and there had cen, back in the gentility of her father's cantly at one another and say: "There, see? Only lived a year after he quit driuking."

> "I feel as if I should never, never se you again!" Sophia said in a sort of pathetic gurgle, with both arms around

Claire's neck.
It was indeed true that they never met again. Sophia afterwards forgo Trask, and married in Europe. He husband, as a few ill-spelt letters would from time to time inform Claire, was a Baron. Up to the period when these letters ceased, Sophia had repeatedly of the Baron. But Mrs. Bergemann did not come back to tell, which, after all, seemed like a good omen. On that sultry September day of their marriage, Clairc and Hollister started for Niagara, where they remained but a brief while. They then returned to Manhattan Beach by mutual consent

was what we call a late season.

They found at the hotel a moderate umber of guests, who were waiting for the first sharp gust of autumn to make side.
Hollister resumed his business. He went and came every day in the train of boat.

Claire did not feel at all like a bride But she and her husband had talked together about their future, and she had

WHOLE NO. 1594.

AM I A SCOT, OR AM I NOT.

From Scotland to Columbia's shore,
And by successive wear and tear
The wagon soon should need repair:
Thus, when the tires are worn through,
Columbia's iron doth renew:
Likewise the fellies, hubs and spokes,
Should be replaced by Western oaks;
In course of time down goes the bed,
But here's one like it in its stead,
So bit by bit, in seven years,
All things are changed to bed and gears,
And still it seems as though it ought
To be the one from Scotland brought;
But when I think the matter o'er,
I ne'er was on a foreign shore,
and all that came across the sea
s only its identity.

I came, a Scotchman, understand, By choice, to live in this free land, Wherein I've dwelt, from day to day, 'Till sixteen years have passed away. If physiology be true, My body has been changing too; And though at first it did seem strange Yet Science doth confirm the change; And since I have the truth been taugh! I wonder if I'm now a Scot? Since all that came across the sca Is only my identity. —William.

A VERY STRANGE STORY.

New Version of an Extraordinary Tale

On the 18th of April, 1868, in the pri-

air, Dr. Lorenzo had recourse to trache-

ARTIFICIALLY MAINTAINED.

n the head and limbs, till then deprived

icatrization was complete and motion.

A Kentucky Opinion.

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

From the National Republican.

ore extended.

-WILLIAM TAYLOR

If I should bring a wagon o'er From Scotland to Columbia's shore,

Baker Pasha is the son of a Gloucestershire Squire, and is 54 years of age. He
entered the army as a cornet in the Ceylon Rifles in 1848, was transferred to the
Tenth Hussars in 1852, passed in the
same year to the Twelfth Lancers, where
he remained until-1856, when he rejoined
the Tenth Hussars as Captain, and became Lieutenant Colonel of that regiment
in which the Prince of Wales was placed
under him for military education. He
went thence to be Assistant Quartermaster-General at Aldershet, a position he
held until, in 1875, the painful circumstance occurred which compelled his
retirement. He is of unquestioned gallantry, served in the Kafir war of 1852-53, retirement. He is of unquestioned gallantry, served in the Kaffir war of 1852-53, and in the Crimean war, at the seige of Sebastopol. He was present at the desperate battle of the Tohernaya, and led one of the stoming parties in the Service of one of the stoming parties in the final assault on the fortress. He wears a medal for the Kaffir war, and the Crimean clasp and the Turkish war medal for his more recent services. He is very popular in the army, being a good specimen of the Phil Sheridan school.

The Basis of the English Language.

In their conversation; but it is easy to see that 'Goddam' is the basis of the anguage." The idyllic Parny departed from his usual style so far as to write a opem in four cautos called "Goddam," attributing the work to "Un French-dog." As long ago as the early part of the ifteenth century Englishmen were known is "Goddams;" and "the "Goddam' that treeted British officers rollicking strough the city of pleasure in the days succeeding Waterloo was the same term of opproprium that assailed the English archers of Agincourt and Honfieur." Joan of Arc, though she abhorred the practice of treating that such as highest trees of the same terms of the same terms. On the 18th of April, 1868, in the prison of Vellarica (province of Minas Gevas) in Brazil, two men named Aveirs and Cannes were executed at the same time. In Brazil executions take place with closed doors in the interior of the control of the same time. quite suited to be one of them.

His jealousy was appeased. He softened in a moment. It was only her pretty little foible, after all—her delightfully droll longing to be ranked among the left and the success in autoplastic operations, obtained the left aristocrats.

Dr. Lorenzo Carmo, of Rio Janeiro, well-known by savaants for his remarking a repast time a battle, exclaims: "In the name of God, it shall not be eaten till supper, by which time we will return by way of the bridge, and I will being you back a 'Goddam' to eat it Nationale, in which the Maid of Orleans, refusing a repast that had been offered to her on the morning of a battle, exclaims: the lofty aristocrats.

"I wish I did know some of the men you mean," he said, with apologetic permission to profit by this event in order to expound on the power of electricity with." At another time when she was in

All women are good-good for some-What's the extreme penalty for bigamy?

makes the wife who bangs her husband. What is it makes girls so attractive? It

ceptible. As the blood, which penetrated in abundance through the surface of the scar, threatened to stop the passage of A great many drop a tear at the door f poverty, when they should rather drop otomy. Respiration then ensued regular-ly. The head was fastened to the body One does not wish to have a bald head.

how long a time this appearance of life could thus be that will never decay, is to cherish the heart that loves you.

There is one good thing about leap His astonishment was great when he saw at the end of two hours not only did respiration still continue under the influ only be used once in four years. "Astonishing cure for consumption nce of the electric current, but that regularity. The pulse beat feely but as the old lady said when she sprinkled spulse by the sprinkled sprinkled spulse by the spulse by the sprinkled s

bound to come out empty. of the prison arriving, for the first time of the prison arriving, for the first time have done so much of the thing for

a the experiment, soon observed that, by a singular mistake, due to the haste of the operation, the head of Cannes had been taken for that of Aviers, and had been applied to the body of the latter. The experiment was continued notwith trending. These department was continued notwith.

By means of an esophagian probe liquid An Irishman was once brought before a By means of an esophagian prope inquided into the majistrate, charged with marrying six majistration was complete and motion, carrization was complete and motion, the could be so hardened a villain? "Plane to the could be so hardened a villain?" Plane in the could be so hardened a villain? "Plane in the could be so hardened a villain?" Plane in the could be so hardened a villain? though still difficult, became more and your worship," says Paddy, "I was trying

very kind to you to day, and I don't want you to speak so large to me." At a public garden in the suburbs of Thackeray and Dickens to a Literary Aspirant.

London a waiter, observing one of his master's customers bolting before his bill was paid, roared out to another. was paid, roared out to another atten-dant, "Run, run, Bob-there's two teas

It is well known that one of the greatest annoyances to which writers of repute—novelists, more especially—are subjected is the continual application made to them by would be authors for their criticism and advice. The more eminent the writer, the more numerous as a rule are the applicants. It is pleasant, if somewhat surprising, to find that busy men like Charles Dickens and Thackersy, overwhelmed with work of their own, would never turn a deaf ear to the appeals of their correspondents, but would readily give them the benefit of their frank and discriminating judgment.

The following letters, now published for the first time, are typical of their writers. The first that of Dickens in the cooks—"My good friends," said he, try our skill, your inwiters.

Beaumarchais, who had travelled in England, maintains in the "Marriage of Figaro" that a foreigner knows quite enough English to get on in that country if he only knows the expression "God damn," or in its less offensive Gallic form "Goddam." The English, he allows, use a few other words from time to time to the conversation: but it is easy to Cannes were executed at the same time. In Brazil executions take place with closed doors, in the interior of the prison.

Wit and Wisdom

second execution a compression was effected by a pupil of Dr. Lorenzo on the carotid arteries of one of the bodies so as to stop the hemorrhage. The body was then placed on a bed already prepared, and Dr. Lorenzo stuck the head as exactly as possible on the section and kept it in that position. The cells of a powerful electric pile were applied to the head of thing or good for nothing Two mothers in-law. The girl who bangs her hair often

electric pile were applied to the base of the neck and on the breast. Under this influence, as in former experiments, the respiratory movements were at once per-It is one of the curious ways of the world that a male hairdresser often dyes an old maid.

by stitches and by a special apparatus.

The physiologist wished to ascertain for The sweetest of all pleasures, and one

The experiment was continued | Love we all know is always blind, yet without intermission. At the end of the "awful consequence" of love—i. e., astonishment of every one, that a process

If there is any good in a maniti If there is any good in a man it is of cicatrization had commenced on the life manifisted themselves spontaneously

anding. Three days later the respira-ry movements produced themselves and be de woman who down laugh much, an' lemme tell yer, marriage an' a lot o' ry movements produced themselves and Carmo and his assistants were stupefied, rightened at the result so unexpected, and at the power of an agent which in chillun will take de chuckle outen de mos A shopkeeper in the Far West, having their hands, had restored life to a body whose right to exist they had forfeited.

The learned surgeon, who had only had following notice:—"Closed during alter-

to view a simple physiological experiment cations.' cations.' work which science, aided against all expectation by nature, had so singularly commenced. He assisted the process of cicatrization which progressed under the most favorable circumstances.

By means of an examplagian probalication of the most favorable and the circumstances. "Aunty," said a pensive urchin to his instructress, "what comes o' a' the auld moons?" "Deed, laddie, I'm not very sure," was the tardy reply; "they'l maybe clip them doon, and mak' stars of them."

More extended.

At length at the end of seven months and a half Aveirs Cannes was able to rise and walk, feeling only a slight stiffness in his neck and limbs.

Toget a qood one.

Mr. John Dickson, a clergyman in the reign of King William III., praying for grace, said—"Lord, dibble thou the kaleseed of thy grace in our hearts, and if we

grow not up good kale, Lord, make us good sprouts, at least." From the National Republican.

A little four-year-old girl did not obey when her mother first called her. So her when her mother first called her. So her mother spacks rather sharply then she last year of his life. Whereas the ther Colonels of that State look signifierly kind to you to day, and I don't want

It is well known that one of the great and a glass of brandy and water rushing

discriminating judgment.

The following letters, now published for the first time, are typical of their writers. The first, that of Dickens, is a kindly and diffident expression of adverse opinion, characterized by great consider ation for the feelings of the inquirer:

Tuesday, 15th August, 1859.—Sir:—I have read you received.

ation for the feelings of the inquirer:

Tuesday, 13th August, 1859.—Sir:—I have read your poems, and I regret to assure you that I cannot by any means suggest any way of rendering them remains a suggest any way of rendering them remains and

aw Quantity and Quaity. In the Dia-Charles Dickens.

The next letter is to the point. Like most ood advice, no doubt it was neglected, and the wind was ground as strenuously as ever:

Kensington, W., June 2nd, 1860

Dear Sir,—I scarc ly know w at to say to you: save what I have already told you, I am at a loss. However, I can only entreat you to abandon your literary aspirations. You would never write your way, at present at any rate. Besides,

way, at present at any rate. Besides, your grammar is defective; your compaints as Costiveness, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Kidney Troubles, etc., who might easily regain lost strength and energy by using McGregor's Speedy Cure. To continuous truth, is not fitted for a man possessed of bad health. Pray seek some light employment. Do not grind the wind.

Yours truly,

W. M. THACKERAY.