

by the rein, dealt Plimpton such a blow with his trusty staff as made him reel in the saddle, and would have unhorsed him but for the pressure of the surrounding crowd.

"Heigh!" cried the Celt, as the tough oak crashed against the Englishman's temple, "there's a touch of Irish papistry for ye," and letting the bridle go, retreated through the passage, now that he had guarded it long enough for the escape of the costard-monger.

Leicester, when he saw how matters stood, and unwilling to embroil himself further in a night quarrel, had quitted his fray, and was turning down Golden street, on his way home, accompanied by his suite, when he saw the costard-monger spring upon a horse's back at the south end of the narrow alley, and snatching the lady, place her before him on the saddle.

"Now, Diemod, away once more, my boy, and God guide thee, for I can't!" cried the pretended apple vander, in tones sufficiently audible to the ear and his train. In another minute, the reports of two or three petronels rang out from the mouth of the passage; but after the noise had died away, the clatter of horses' hoofs was still heard retreating in the distance.

CHAPTER XIII.

The gates of Hampton Court Palace were generally barred and bolted. The din and bustle that resounded during the day, along the halls and corridors, had long since subsided into silence and quiet. Nothing was now to be heard but the measured tread of the sentinel, as he passed to and fro before the gates, or the occasional scream of the peacock (the queen's favorite bird) from the walls. It was pitchy dark, the atmosphere thick and foggy, and the few lights which gleamed, here and there, in the rear of the royal residence, looked large and dim.

Nell Gower, true to her appointment, had been sitting for a full half hour under the great elm tree, opposite one of the rear entrances to the court. She was wrapped, as usual, in her grey cloak, the hood of which, thrown carefully over her head, left no part of her person visible but the face. She sat, as she herself would say, upon her hunkers, rolled up into a very small bulk, and looking out, from under the hood, like a weasel from its hiding place.

She had already begun to feel somewhat impatient at the delay of her noble employer. Not that she cared for being alone at so late an hour, within bow shot of Hampton walls; nor that she doubted, from the anxiety he seemed to feel about the affair, he would endeavor, for his own sake, to be punctual to the hour; but she dreaded some unforeseen obstacle might have been thrown in the way of his arrangements.

"Aweel, aweel," she muttered to herself, drawing the cloak closer round her arms and shoulders, "there's na use in frettin'. It's his ain business; so e'en let him tak his ain time. I'll bide his comin'."

She had hardly arrived at this conclusion, when the gate before her opened, and two men (as she judged by the tread of their steps on the hard pavement) issued forth, and giving the countess to the sentinel, passed on to a bench within a few feet of where she sat. "So, Master Miller, thou bringest but small tidings of the wench?" began one of the party.

"Most gracious sir, I have searched every nook and corner in Fenchurch Street."

"Humph! and to no purpose. But what of the Scot?"

"He hath not been seen since he carried her off."

"Nor the old beldam?"

"Report saith she's in the neighborhood, and was seen yesterday at the Peacock Tavern, in the village."

"Report is a very convenient informant of thine, methinks, Master Miller. Thou hast so fed me with reports, for three weeks or more; that I would fain have something more substantial for my gold. I'm sick of reports. One cannot always be swallowing reports. But what sayest thou of the old Papist, Sir Geoffrey?"

"Hath he been busy with him also?"

"I have already informed thee, Sir Thomas, that he was seen for the last time, sitting in the ruins of Glasgow, replacing the leaves of a great folio, which the party under Houghton had torn and cast away among the walls."

"The miserable old driveller!" ejaculated Sir Thomas. "I fear I shall never come within reach of him. But hark thee, Miller. The maiden is not far from the Scotch croon, Nell Gower. Seek her and find her before another week passes, or thy connection with me ceases. I'll have no more reports."

"And the girl—thou'rt resolved to have her at all risks?"

"Ay, marry am I, should it be necessary to sew up her lips and pin her arms. Bring her to me. I'll marry her should she die at the altar."

"But who will hold me scathless in this matter, if her majesty come to hear of our maltreating the daughter of so old and honorable a house, Papist though it be, as the Wentworths of Brocton?"

"Have I not already pledged thee my protection, knave? Dost require more?"

"Good, Sir Thomas, but mayhap thou hast not reflected that the queen's favor is somewhat of the ficklest; and though to-day thou mayst enjoy her confidence, to-morrow may find thee in the Tower."

"Nay, nay, most cautious Master Miller; I've been too long about court not to have provided against such contingencies. There's but little danger to me of such an untoward event."

"And her majesty hath promised to forward thy suit?"

"Ay, hath she, and would like much to see her under my husbandship, for her own good reasons, not to speak of others which interest myself more immediately. I know full well the maiden doth not affect me, but I care not for that a barleycorn. I need her fortune to repair some recent losses I have sustained in her grace's service. As for the rest, I shall bestow her on thee for the asking."

"Well, well, noble sir, do not yet despair. I shall risk my neck to find her; and once under my gracious protection, we shall be able to estimate more correctly the value of the dangers I must needs run in thy honorable service. And now, sir, for the warrant of search."

"Here," said Plimpton, "here's the warrant. I have taken care to provide it. It giveth thee free ingress wherever thou suspectest recusants, or harborers of priests and mass-mongers, to reside. And here's a well-illuminated purse by thy grace. And now begone, for it's almost daybreak."

"Duff! break his neck when he is gone," muttered Nell, crouching like a toad at the foot of the tree.

"And whither shall I carry her, noble sir?" inquired Miller, following his employer a step or two, as he approached the gate.

"To Blunden Lane; have I not already told thee so? But hark thee, Miller; thou hast so long worn this disguise of a priest, that I fear thou'lt be discovered. Canst speak Latin and mumble the breviary?"

"Ay, can I that, master, as well as any long gown in Rome. So Heaven guide thee, most worthy Sir Thomas Plimpton, and long live the queen, to prosper the glorious cause of civil and religious liberty."

"And look thee, Miller, a thing I had almost forgotten. It may happen that affairs of moment detain me in Scotland longer than I can forecast. Should I return not within a week, thou'lt see that the girl or the knight, or both, once in thy power, be strictly guarded till my return. Give thee good den, Master Miller."

"Ha, ha, good gracious me!" chuckled Nell. "Heb, sirs, what a discovery! Heaven be praised for this night's secrets any way. Ha, ha! patience will have its ain reward. Little kens the putr' ba'ra o' the wicked work that's a doin'; an' a'boot her bit gear. Weel, weel, bide awes, bide awes; gin I get my hands on the bairn, it'll gae hard wi' me or I'll mak it worth the nursin'."

As Sir Thomas Plimpton reached the gate, he gave the countess, and the sentinel, respectfully saluting him, threw upon the wicket. On turning from the soldier, after placing a piece of money in his hand, and whilst yet in the act of speaking he struck against some one coming out, and, irritated by the sudden check, demanded, in an angry tone, who came there at such an hour.

"Give way," said the new comer, in a deep, authoritative voice, "and let us pass."

Sir Thomas looked closely at the stranger, but his face was enveloped in the folds of his cloak. He then turned to an individual who had retired behind the speaker.

"Ha, my certie," he cried, "and a lady too, with a precious burden in her arms;" and he attempted to peer under her hood.

"Guard this fellow back," muttered the man in the cloak, without changing his tone or position.

"And who art thou, that speakest so imperiously to the royal guard? Thy name, Sir Stranger?"

"Give way, master," interposed the soldier, coming up to Plimpton, and pressing his arm significantly. "Give way, and let the lady pass. My lord," he continued, addressing the muffled man. But he had hardly spoken the word when he was commanded to boil, and execute his orders.

As the wicket again closed, and Plimpton found himself inside the park wall, he crossed his arms, and gazing at the gate with the feeling one experiences at finding a door contemptuously slammed in his face, began to reflect on the rencontre. "That man is Leicester," he muttered to himself. "I could swear to his voice, notwithstanding its disguised tone. His height, his motion, the prompt obedience of the sentinel, every thing contributes to put the matter beyond question. And the woman! Ah! he called her a lady—a lady removing an infant from the royal palace. I heard its cry under the muffling. Humph! well, the bare fact is not surprising; if report speaks truth, it's not the first within the twelvemonth. But a lady and the noble Earl of Leicester engaged in such business! Ay, it's that makes the affair mysterious. Well, we shall see. Most potent Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the court has been too narrow of late to hold both these and me comfortably. Thou'rt a Knight of the Garter, and the owner of many a goodly acre; what an I could induce thee to barter a what of thy wealth for my alliance? What construction, think'st thou, my noble lord, shall her majesty put on thy night walking with a lady carrying such a love token in her arms? I have long been waiting for some such lucky chance to repay thee for thy slights and scoffs—thy supercilious frowns and contemptuous language. It hath failed thee to banish me the court, or bar me the writ of arrest of the idolatrous old knight and his fat daughter. Thou little dreamest—though thy dreams be of a throne—how my knowledge of state secrets could win me favor, even against thy will. Ha! ha! thou'rt caught at last, proud minion! Earl, forthwith, so powerful and haughty, that knights of degree must hold thy stirrup, and doff their beavers to thy lordship. But thou'lt fall, Dudley, if I know ought of her majesty. She hath given thee substantial proofs of her condescension; nay—if I may make so bold to say it—she hath not at all times taken pains to conceal her more than ordinary friendship for thee; but take thee heed she yet forgets she is a woman, and remember suddenly she is a queen. Take thee heed, my good Lord of Leicester. Didst need read the fable of the tigers, that was wont, for many years, to fondle her master, and stroke his face and hands with her velvet paws; and yet became so jealous, once on a time, of his fondness for a favorite rabbit, as to change the velvet for the talons! But hush! I hear steps approaching from without, and I must not be caught here."

As Plimpton retired within the shadow of the wall, the two individuals who had gone out again passed through the wicket.

"I crave thy mercy, my noble Lord of Leicester," said the sentinel, respectfully saluting him. "Thou'rt a peer, and thou'rt a noble name; I have done amiss."

"Thy duty, fellow,—and thou'lt do well to remember it," responded the earl, "is to guard the gates of Hampton; not to busy thy foolish tongue with the names and titles of every courtier who peep in and out on the service of the state. See to it that thy garrulity lose thee not thy office. But who is this court gallant we have met just now, Master Guard? Methinks I recognize him."

"Sir Thomas Plimpton, if it so please thee, my good lord."

The lady, who clung close by Leicester, uttered a faint exclamation of alarm as the soldier pronounced the name.

"And whither hath he gone?"

"I know not, my lord."

"Hark thee, fellow, and think out," said Leicester. "There be two things I would have thee take heed to; one, that thou forgettest having seen me here at this hour and in this company; the other, that Sir Thomas Plimpton pass not the gates of Hampton again before daybreak. Keep thee a close mouth and a close gate, if thou wouldst thrive under my patronage." And Leicester and his companion, turning from the sentinel, entered the royal palace.

(To be Continued.)

MISS FORD IN IRELAND.

DUBLIN, Oct. 19.—Miss Ellen Ford, of New York, sister of Patrick Ford of the Irish World, spent the day in visiting the families of individuals who have been punished for crimes alleged to have been committed by order of that organization.

Some of them as were in need of assistance she gave money which had been confided to her in America for that purpose. She also handed to the solicitor of Poole, who is charged with the murder of Kennedy, in Seattle place, two years ago, a large fund which had been collected in the United States to defray the expenses of his defense.

Miss Ford is empowered to use the fund entrusted to her care as she deems most advantageous.

It has been decided that the Salvation Army will take up winter quarters in Ottawa.

AGRICULTURAL.

KITCHEN AND MARKET GARDEN.

In a well-managed garden, as soon as one crop is off, the ground is made ready for another, if the season allows. In stiff soils, especially, plowing or spading, and leaving them rough through the winter, greatly improves them.

Preserving Roots in Winter.—Parsnips, salsify, and horseradish are not injured by hard frosts; all others must be stored for the winter, and a sufficient supply of the hardy kinds should also be taken up. We have described various methods of storing roots in back numbers of the *American Agriculturist*. If the cellar is not too warm, a supply for present use may be kept in boxes or barrels, and covered with earth, to prevent sprouting.

Cabbages.—The usual method is to pull the cabbages, set them in a dry place, heads downwards, and on the approach of cold weather, cover with a coating of leaves up to the ends of the roots; light soil is often used instead of leaves. For family use, it is convenient to dig a trench where water will not stand, and set the cabbages, with soil adhering to the roots, close together, upright, in this. Make a sloping covering with boards. As cold weather comes, place a layer of leaves or straw over the heads. Soft cabbages thus treated will very often form firm heads by spring.

Asparagus and Rhubarb.—Though these plants are quite hardy, the beds will produce all the better and earlier if they have a covering of three or four inches of manure. All after should be first cleared off, and if not already done, the asparagus tops should be burned.

Crops Wintered in the Ground, such as spinach, sprouts, onion sets, etc., will need two or three inches of leaves, straw, or marsh hay, as a protection during the winter, in all but very mild localities.

Cold Frames.—Notices are more apt to injure the cabbage, cauliflower, and lettuce plants wintered in these by keeping them too warm than by too much cold. The object of the frames is, not only to prevent too severe freezing, but all growth, and to keep the plants in a perfect quiet or dormant state. The sashes should not be put on until really freezing weather, and on mild days must be tilted, to allow ventilation.

FLOWER GARDEN AND LAWN.

The principal work here is in preparing for winter quarters. The lawn should not have been mown too late, in order that it may have a protecting coat of grass over the roots. If thoroughly composted manure, sure to be free from weed seeds, is available, a liberal dressing of this will show its good effects in the spring. In the absence of such manure, it is safer to use ashes, nitrate of soda, bone dust, and other safe fertilizers.

Bulbs Tender and Hardy.—The finer kinds of Gladioli, Tiger Flowers, Tuberoses, etc., must be taken up before the ground freezes, and if any of the Holland bulbs are still unplanted, the sooner they are in the ground the better.

Evergreens for Winter Effect.—Several years ago we advised putting a variety of the low-growing evergreens, to be kept in reserve until late autumn, when they could be grouped in the beds formerly occupied by perishable plants. A bed of such evergreens, in view of the sitting-room windows, is a most pleasing object during winter.

GREENHOUSE AND WINDOW PLANTS.

Plants taken up from the open ground should have the transition to the confined air of the greenhouse or dwelling made as gradual as possible. Placing them at first in a room without fire, will prevent the sudden change.

Plants to be Forced.—A number of hardy shrubs and other hardy plants may be forced, and make desirable ornaments to the windows or greenhouse. Weigela, Forsythia, and Deutzia gracilis, if grown small for the purpose, are excellent shrubs, and the Bleeding Heart (Dicentra) and the perennial Candytuft are good herbaceous plants for the purpose. After potting, they should have a rest of several weeks, in a frame or cool cellar, before they are brought to the heat.

Bulbs in Pots.—While Hyacinths, Narcissus, and other bulbs may be grown in sand, saw dust, moss, and other substances that will hold water, as well as in glasses of water, the bloom is never so satisfactory as when planted in pots of good soil. The best success is only attained when the pots are kept in the dark until an abundant growth of roots is formed. They may then be brought to the window or greenhouse in succession.

Climbers.—These add greatly to the beauty of the window-garden, as well as of the greenhouse. Among the rapid growers is the so-called German ivy, and the tropaeolums. The European ivy, though slow-growing, is useful in the window.

Insects.—If the attack upon these is commenced before they appear to be troublesome, they may be easily kept in subjection. A stiff brush alone will do much on hard-wooded plants. Strong scapades or tobacco-water will kill the majority.

COLD WEATHER SHELTER FOR STOCK PROFITABLE.

Not one farmer in a hundred understands the importance of shelter for stock. This has much to do with success or failure of tens of thousands of farmers. Animals fairly sheltered consume ten to forty per cent less food, increase more in weight, come out in spring far healthier, and working and milk-producing animals are much better able to render effective service. The loss of one or more working horses or oxen, or of cows, or other farm stock, is often a staggering blow to the year's result, and the large majority of such losses of animals are traceable to disease due directly or indirectly to improper protection in autumn, winter, or spring.

Of the food eaten, all the animals use up a large percentage in producing the natural heat of the body at all seasons, and heat enough to keep up ninety-eight degrees all through the body is absolutely essential. Only what food remains after this heat is provided in the system can go to increase growth and strength and to the manufacture of milk in cows and of eggs in fowls. When heat escapes rapidly from the surface, as in cold weather, more heat must be produced within, and more food be thus consumed. In nature this is partly guarded against by thicker hair or fur in winter.

Any thinking man will see that an animal either requires less food, or has more left for other uses if it is protected artificially against winds that carry off heat rapidly, and against storms that promote the loss of heat by evaporation of moisture from the surface of the body. A dozen cows, for example, will consume from two to six tons more of hay if left exposed from October to April, than if warmly sheltered, and in the latter case they will be in much better health and vigor, and give much more milk. Other cattle, horses, sheep and swine will be equally benefited by careful protection.

DEATH-BED RESTITUTION.

How a Crime Committed a Third of a Century Ago was Atoned—The Minister's Fortune of an American Consul Accounted For.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 17.—For Mrs. Joseph Ashbrooke. A letter-carrier threw down a heavy envelope, with three or four foreign stamps on the right upper right hand corner, on the marble counter in the office of the Girard House and hurried away, says to-day's Times. A clerk tapped a bell. "For Mrs. Ashbrooke," he said, as he tossed the letter to a dapper colored servant who popped up in response to the silver sound. "A letter for you, Mrs. Ashbrooke," said the servant to an elegantly-dressed woman. "A foreign letter," exclaimed Mrs. Ashbrooke, looking at the stamps and post mark. "It seems to be from Australia." She slowly tore the envelope open and drew out the contents. She curiously unfolded a long and broad sheet of paper such as she had never received before. Up in the left hand corner she read in neat, precise little letters, Bolton & Bolton, solicitors, Melbourne, Australia. The paper began with a formal "Madame," in a cramped hand, and as it went on the writing grew worse and ended in a long scrawl that the lady took to be the law firm's name again. It was all hard to make out, but some of the words were clear enough to awaken Mrs. Ashbrooke's intense curiosity. She remained at it until she had mastered it all. Then, pale and trembling, she called her husband and said: "I have been made an heiress to \$25,000, and so, too, has each of my two sisters."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Ashbrooke, a manufacturer of wall paper, and for several years associated with Howell & Bourne. "Why are you so pale?"

"Because I seem to have received it out of the grave."

The story that the latter told was a weird romance. Thirty years or more ago Mrs. Ashbrooke's father, Henry Deven, was the American Consul at Rio Janeiro, Brazil. He had in his employ as confidential clerk or agent George W. Anderson, who had been born in Pennsylvania, and drifted to South America. Mr. Deven had been living in Brazil for many years, and had acquired a large estate. Two daughters were born to him there. Before the one who afterwards became Mrs. Ashbrooke was born his wife called for home, and his latest child first saw the light on ship-board. Mrs. Deven had not been at home a month when she received advice that her husband was dead. He had been sick for a few days only. When his affairs were settled up a large amount of money was found to be missing. It could not be traced, nor the amount definitely determined, though it was known that a few days before his death Mr. Deven had a great deal of money in cash on hand. Legal enquiry was made, but without result. The estate was sold out and the matter forgotten.

Mrs. Ashbrooke heard of it in childhood, but it left her mind years ago. She heard no more of it until the letter from Australia came. The letter recalled it all and cleared up the mystery. The lawyers wrote that they had been the solicitors of George W. Anderson, who had died in March of this year in a hospital at Melbourne. He had confessed when dying that he had embezzled \$25,000 entrusted to him by Consul Deven. After Mr. Deven's death his fatherless agent was detected rustling over the earth. He went up to Australia. He had gone into the gold diggings there and made a large fortune and lost it. He had after that become the owner of an extensive sheep ranch. He grew rich again rapidly, but lost heavily in speculation. At last he went into trade. He made money more slowly now, but kept what he earned and put by thousands.

Age and privation and the wear of wandering, however, broke down his health. He had never married, and was almost friendless in a far-off land. He grew so weak and ill that he was forced against his own desire to enter a hospital. His nurse here was a Sister of Charity. She was an Englishwoman, who had travelled much upon her mission in other lands. She was the embodiment of cheerful meekness. She talked freely and hopefully with her white-haired patient of life on earth and the life beyond the grave. She seemed to him, the collectors wrote, to be the only friend that he had ever known. He watched her wander in her black gown and wide white bonnet among the sick beds till his old eyes grew weary. He asked her what made her so cheerful amid her wearisome tasks, and she answered faith and hope. He added cheerfully. At his own desire a clergyman was called to his bedside, after a time, and he was baptized into the communion of his faith, the embalmment of thirty years ago found a place.

"The priest told me that no forgiveness could be had for such a sin until he had made restitution as far as lay in his power. No matter how old the crime, the spiritual director said reparation must be done. If the man from whom the money had been taken were dead his children, if living, were, as his natural heirs, entitled to the money. The penitent, full of zeal, said that he would do everything required. He had a deed of trust drawn up dividing \$75,000 among the children of the man whom he had wronged. Two men during his life had learned of the embezzlement, but never spoken. He required, as a condition precedent to the payment of the money under the trust that the fact of the restitution be published so that he might stand confessed before the world and his memory be cleared before these men. A few days after everything had been arranged he died, and his solicitors in carrying out his wishes wrote to Mrs. Ashbrooke.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Ashbrooke at the Girard House last night, "I was surprised when I received that strange letter. My mother, I know, had corresponded with Mr. Anderson after he left Brazil, though she never suspected that he had wronged us. He had kept track of us in that way, no doubt, though the correspondence dropped long ago. There were only three children altogether, my two sisters and myself, and Mr. Anderson had known the others personally. But he wished to do justice among us all. Mr. Anderson's will, I learn, has been placed on file in Melbourne. I should not like to have been his ally, except that it seems to have been his wish. But he kept it in his memory. Do not say more than is necessary. Poor man, how thorough must his conversion have been; how strong his faith to lend him the courage to do these noble things!"

"What becomes of his fortune beyond that which he has left to you and your sisters?"

"Beyond that? There was no more. He gave up everything for justice's sake."

The personality of the Duke of Marlborough (largely composed of inalienable bedrooms) amounted to \$730,000. After his wife's death all that he could will away he left to Lord Randolph Churchill.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

M. G. Fossereau has proved by some recent experiments that the electric resistance of glass diminishes on its being tempered. On the other hand, annealing tempered glass restores its higher resistance.

The difficult task of inducing the Victoria Regia, the giant water lily of South America, to grow to perfection in the open air in this country has been successfully accomplished by E. D. Sturtevant, a florist of Bordentown, N. J.

M. Victor St. Paul has placed \$5,000 at the disposal of the Paris Academy of Medicine, as a prize to any person—whatever may be his vocation or nationality—who shall succeed in discovering an infallible means of curing diphtheria.

M. Marcel Desprez's invention for transporting electrical force to great distances has been applied to a waterfall near Grenoble, which is enabled to work, to the extent of seven-horse power, a sand-mill, a printing press, and other machinery at Grenoble.

In Breslau a chimney shaft, fifty feet high is composed entirely of paper pulp, which has been chemically impregnated so as to resist combustion. Paper has been put to some extraordinary uses, but this is perhaps the most astonishing violation of preconceived ideas yet attempted. The next thing in order now will be gun-cotton crucibles.

Prof. John, of Breslau, believes that slates lead to short-limbedness, and would substitute pen and ink, or an artificial white slate with black pencil, manufactured in Pilsen. Black or white is proved by experiment to stand out most clearly to the eye. The Zurich School Board forbids slates. They are noisy, and invite dirty habits in erasure.

The *Moniteur Industriel* gives an account of the trial of an electric boat, at Geneva, on July 22nd. It was 20 feet long by 14 feet wide. The boat was driven for several hours, at a speed of from 5 1/2 to 6 1/2 miles per hour, by three electric batteries of six cells each. The motor—was on the Thury system—acted directly on a small, two-bladed screw, there being no intermediate gearing.

A physician who writes for the *Continental* about the curative powers of nature is positive in his conviction that it is better for a consumptive to stay at home, where he can be comfortable, than subject himself to the discomfort of hotel life, or to the greater inconveniences of a camp. He says that the camp cure may be fairly tried by sleeping on one's own homestead. Another medical man replies that the summer conditions of spruce forests are eminently favorable, and consumptives have recovered in the most surprising way living under canvas in them, where the air is impregnated with the healing emanations peculiar to the nondeciduous tree growths. There are consumptives whose lungs crave the salt air of the ocean; others to whom the dry atmosphere of Colorado is infinitely soothing; and others again who are benefited by the climate of Florida or southern California. "To prescribe Florida for one person might mean death, while if he went among the Northern paradise of spruce recovery might follow."

The pagan custom of cremation is threatened by a formidable rival, quite as pagan, and possibly quite as ancient: this is no other than the old Egyptian system of mummification. A certain number of advocates of this system in Brussels are about to address a petition to the Chamber, begging permission to mummify the bodies of their friends, which, they observe, would permit the families of the deceased to contemplate from time to time the carefully preserved remains of their ancestors, and thus perpetuate filial piety and the family spirit for generations.

They further allege that cremation does not at all destroy the body, but only reduces it to ashes, producing deadly miasmas, which, being suspended in the air, are often breathed by men, or else mingle with the water that is drunk by man and beast. Thus, wherever cremation is practiced on a large scale, as in India, it is a constant cause of fatal epidemics, such as the cholera, which, it is well known, has its home in Hindustan, where that terrible disease is endemic. It will probably be thought that the indictment of cremation is much more convincing than the defence of mummification.—*London Tablet*.

In a paper recently communicated to the Medical Hospital Association of Paris by Dr. Debord, he describes a form of alimentation which has attracted much attention. His system is to apply nourishment in form of powder instead of in bulk. Uncooked meat, from which the fat has been removed, is minced finely and allowed to dry in an oven at about 90 centigrade until it becomes perfectly hard, without being burnt; it is then reduced to impalpable powder by pounding in a mortar and passing through a fine sieve. The powder so obtained represents about four times its weight in flesh. The fibre and the large percentage of water contained in flesh are thus removed, and the essential properties of the meat retained and presented in a form the least difficult to digest. Other alimentary substances can be prepared in the same way. In cases of consumption, the treatment is said to have proved marvelously successful; and in general debility and nervous disorders, restoration is rapid and permanent. A few spoonfuls of the powder is equal to the meal of a person with healthy appetite. The powder, when boiled, keeps an indefinite time, and may be taken with a little milk, gravy, wine, water, or other liquid.—*Scientific American*.

Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." They operate without disturbance to the constitution, diet, or occupation. For sick headache, constipation, indigestion, dizziness, sour eructations from the stomach, bad taste in mouth, bilious attacks, pain in region of kidney, internal fever, bloated feeling about stomach, rush of blood to head, take Dr. Pierce's "pellets." By druggists.

MRS. MACKAY, THE MILLIONAIRE WIFE'S CHARITIES.

One of the most munificent benefactors of the English-speaking Pauperists in Paris is Mrs. Mackay, the wife of the California millionaire. Her princely and anonymous charity, said the Rev. Father Isidore, the rector, "will never be known this side of the grave. Our work is a strange one. We have occasional worshippers like the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, the Marquis of Bute, General Charette, whose wife is an American, and many other rich and fashionable Catholics. But we have also starving coachmen, young men seeking work in this gay capital and not finding it, and the saddest case of all—young women to whom the temptations of Paris are a constant and appalling danger. In all these emergencies we have been able to render signal help, thanks to the generosity of Mrs. Mackay."

It conveys an idea of the inequality of poor rates in London that while the rich and fashionable parish of St. George, Hanover square, pays 40 cents in \$5, the poor east end parish of Limehouse pays 68 cents in the same.



FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER & URINARY ORGANS THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

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ENGLISH LIBERALISM.

THE CONVENTION AT LEEDS—THE COUNTY FRANCHISE—THREATENING THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

LEEDS, Oct. 17.—At the Liberal conference this afternoon, John Morley, M.P., in opening the conference, was greeted with cheers. He announced that five hundred Liberal associations were represented, and expressed a strong opinion that the Government should bring in a county franchise bill at the next session, because the whole Liberal party of the House of Commons, excepting, perhaps, Mr. Goschen, was united in believing that the question could be no longer delayed. If the Lords raised any objection it would be very dangerous for them. Letters expressing sympathy with the objects of the conference were read from Mr. Trevelyan, John Bright and Mr. Crawford, the miners' secretary. Mr. Dale moved a resolution asserting that it was the duty of the Government to introduce a bill dealing with the county franchise at the next session of Parliament. Mr. Ellis, chairman of the Nottingham Liberal Association, seconded the motion. Mr. Firth proposed an amendment in favor of the Government giving precedence to the county government and London government bills. Joseph Arch, the well known labor agitator, is a member of the conference.

Firth's amendment was rejected by a large majority and the original motion carried. A motion that any measure for the extension of the suffrage should confer the elective franchise upon women fit to vote was carried. It was reported by Messrs. Cobden and Bright.

LEEDS, Oct. 18.—At the Liberal conference to-day a resolution was adopted declaring that any attempt to secure representation of minorities by the enactment of special laws is a violation of the principles of popular representative government. A resolution by Sir Wilfred Lawson, M.P., condemning