there we settled, Nora and myself. Wealth came to me like some strange fairy dream, boundless and immense, but honestly and fairly. My Nora blossomed into rare beauty of intellect and person. Surrounded by all that a loving, devoted brother, who had wealth in abundance, could lavish, she seemed like some wondrous jewel in a glorious setting.

"In an evil hour this man (and he struck the dainty miniature with his clinched hand) met her, won her innocent heart, fascinated her with his evil eye, and she became, as she thought, his legal wife, married him in secret and left me to go with him to his home in Genoa."

"'I followed them to Genoa, but she managed his affairs with such infernal cunning that when I reached that city, I found my lord and lady Varner had gone on for an extended tour on the continent. Probably I might gain some information of them in Switzerland, as they frequently mentioned that place as something worth seeing.'"

"'This with a shrug of the shoulders from the Genoese caretaker of the now empty mansion, that my lord had rented for a term of years, was all the information I had to work on."

"'From place to place I followed them, each time too late, to come face to face with them; and longing to see my heart's darling, and also to be certain that there was no flaw in this secret marriage. I feared she was occupying a false position, else why this hiding away from her only relative'

"'At last one day I happened to meet an old acquaintance in Marseilles, captain of one of the Australian steamers, who, after the usual greeting between friends, said: 'By the way, Nelson, your sister has made a step among the titled grandees in her marriage with Lord Varner, who has two or three other titles, but it would knock the wind out of my canvas to call them out Confound the fellow, with all his high airs and handsome outside, I think he is a scoundrel, for when her ladyship's pale face seemed to light up at meeting with her old sailor friend, who had danced her on his knee when she came amongst us, in her childish years. Oh! but hold on, I am beginning my yarn in the middle; here is where I should start from: They came on board the May Queen as passengers on my last run home from this port, and, as I said, the moment she caught sight of my old weather-beaten visage, her countenance brightened, and holding out both hands, she exclaimed: 'Captain Arthur, I am so glad to see you, my dear old friend.' Just then up steps his lordship with Lady Varner.

This gentleman can be no acquaintance of yours; pass on with me to our apartments. She obeyed with the docility of the bird under the facination of the serpent, and during the voyage I seen no more of my former pet. Ah! I fear the weight of his coronet and titles are killing the joyousness that was a part of her nature.'

"'I took my old friend into my confidence, and, as he was on the eve of sailing, returned to Australia with him.

"'I was three weeks on the search, after I landed, before I gained the knowledge I sought, for I had a net work of detectives spread here and there, over the country, and at last the clue was discovered

"'I found her as the inmate of a private mad house, or "Maison Sante," as the old Italian doctor called his handsome residence; and a more finished old rascal would be hard to find, but the terms I made for him, backed by the terror of exposure, and falling into the hands of a merciless judge and jury, was too much for him. I had him in my power, and I used that power to obtain unlimited control of the doctor's household and all his epistolary correspondence

"'You understand, my motive for this strange proceeding was to avoid all scandal and publicity that might be associated with my sister's name until I had her position fully established as his acknowledged wife—as Lady Varner.

"'I found it almost impossible to convince her that the scoundrel had deliberately consigned her to this living grave, to prevent her from taking her place as his legal wife, and that out in Australia was the place, of all places, that his villainous crime would pass undiscovered.

"'But you know what Burns says, 'The best laid plans o' men an mice, gangs aft agley,' and so in this case; but my poor devoted girl clung to the hope and faith in her husband that he would come or send for her.

"'She begged of me to allow her to write to him from the "Maison Sante," imploring him by all the love he so often swore was hers to come or send for her from this terrible place.

"'I assented to her wish as I well knew what the answer would be, not addressed to her, poor child, but to her keeper, and I trusted to the contents of that letter as convincing proofs of the infamous character of the man she had married, and who had taken advantage of her loving trust in him to hide her away from her only relative, and now growing tired of her and fearing one day she would occupy her legal position, had treacherously consigned her to the tender mercies of the keeper of a mad house for the remainder of her life. Short life or long life, but the shorter the better pleased would he be. Such was their villainous compact.

"'I believe that I mentioned that I had a regular staff of detectives in my employ. To four of the most suitable and capable, with a chief to direct them, was entrusted the management of the "Maison," while the doctor, the former keeper, was himself a closely guarded prisoner in their hands. All his epistolary correspondence came directly under the supervision of the chief. This was the point that was of the utmost consequence to me, for on the answer that Lord Varner would send concerning Nora's letter depended her future peace of mind, as if once convinced of his utter villiny I felt she would regain her former self once more.'

"'Outwardly the "Maison" seemed the same, but inwardly all was changed. Many an unfortunate inmate recovered health of mind and body and liberty from their living tomb. A competent physician, who had made insanity his special study, was appointed house doctor by my lawyers while working up my case. Meanwhile Nora and I sailed for Ireland in the mail steamer that carried her letter, dated from the Maison Sante. A young lady, a former classmate of Nora's, wishing to enter a convent in Dublin, took the opportunity to join our party, as she dreaded to travel alone.

"'Arrived in the old land I trusted my darling to the care of the Lady Superior of the same community that her friend was about to join, as I had to follow immediately, and in person, the address given by the Italian doctor.

"'Both my sister and myself had contributed largely to the enjoyment of the convent, consequently the Mother Superior was only too happy to repay us by any additional care or attention necessary.

"'Disguised as a common sister, I had very little delay in arriving here, had a drink of fresh milk from Mrs. Byrne, heard also from your boy Jerry about the sick gentleman that your sister and self had saved with his dog Coly, and heard him, a little later, on, give his oppinion concerning the sick gentleman's amiability when he recognized Nora's peculiar writing.

"'I was now satisfied that he had received her letter, and felt certain he would answer the old doctor in his own natural character.

"I waited among the fishermen on the beach, and when Jerry took the letters to the village post office I was also perfectly satisfied that His lordship's letter to the old Italian was among them

"'I heard, also, that yourself and sister had left on the evening train to visit some member of your family that was dangerously ill. On the following day Lord Varner left for no decided destination, but it matters little, unless he leaves this life, I and my darling have him under our eye. The very servants that wait on him, that answer his aristocratic commands, are serving me to the letter until the web is woven to destroy him, unless he gives my sister her position as Lady Varner; even then it is doubtfull if I spare him.

"'And now I am here to give you any help I can to bring that foul plot to light.

(*To be Continued.*)

When is a newspaper sharpest? When it is filed.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A woman's rights What do those words convey
What depths, old-world wisdom do they reach
What is their real intent? O, sisters say;
And strive in daily life their truth to teach.

The right to minister to those that need;
With quiet song the weary to beguile;
With words of peace the hungry hearts to feed,
And cheer the sad and lonely with a smile.

The right in other's joys a joy to find;
The right divine to weep when others weep;
The right to be all unceasing kind;
The right to wake and pray while others sleep.

Right to be noble, right to be true,
Right to think rightly—and rightly to do;
Right to be tender, right to be just,
Right to be worthy of infinite trust.

To be the little children's truest friend,
To know them in their ever-changing mood:
Forgetting self, to labor to the end
To be a gracious influence for good.

To be the ladies of creation's lords,
As mothers, daughters, sisters, or as wives;
To be the best that earth to them affords,
To be to them the music of their lives.

The right in strength and honor to be free;
In daily work accomplished, finding rest;
The right in "trivial round" a sphere to see;
The right, in blessing, to be fully blest.

Right to be perfect, right to be pure,
Right to be patient and strong to endure;
Right to be loving—right to be good—
Those are the rights of the true womanhood.

DRIFT.

The pride of Ventura County, California, is a field of 6,000 acres in beans.

The bullion product of Leadville, Col., is estimated at $2,000,000 less than last year.

Pet dogs wearing sealskin blankets are among the sights on Broadway, New York.

There is no greater weakness than that of letting our happiness depend too much upon the opinion of others.

A terrible cattle disease is raging in the Philippine Islands. In one province alone over sixty thousand animals have died.

During the delivery of a course of lectures in Paris the lecturer alluded to Damocles and the sword incident held by a thread. He forgot the name of Damocles. "No matter, ladies and gentlemen, the thread was good and will hold till the next lecture."

In various parts of China there is a belief that the souls of very atrocious criminals who have either been executed or died in prison, are sent back from hades by Yenlo, the judge there, to undergo a further term of imprisonment, one death not being enough to expiate their crime.

The richest Japanese outside of the royal family is said to be R Kondo, of the Mining University of Japan. He is the operator of sixteen gold, silver and copper mines, and is about to visit the Lake Superior mining districts in order to get a knowledge of the mining machinery used there.

In the little town of Arvesnes, in France, it has been discovered that there are forty two young marriageable girls and only three young men who are candidates for matrimony, and one of these has proved an recreant to home influence that he is about to marry a girl belonging to a neighboring village.

A Conich, a cigarette manufacturer in Plymouth, England, has just finished, after eight months work, a miniature of Mount Edgecombe House, the residence of an English nobleman of that name, and it is made entirely of cigarettes. He says that he has put 1,000 of them together to make the toy.

There are two rival jewelry stores on Greenwich street, in New York, the proprietors of which bear the same name. The elder, being jealous of his younger rival, has displayed this sign in his show window: "This concern was established in 1858, when —— (the younger rival) was eight weeks old, etc. We do business on our own reputation."

William Watson, an old settler living eight miles northwest of Windsor, Ill., died at his residence, at the age of seventy-six years, and was buried in a coffin that he made sixteen years ago for himself. It is of walnut wood and he has kept it in his house ever since, and two weeks before his death had it brought into his room and placed at the foot of his bed.

The story comes from Paris of a certain baron, a man of society, unmarried, gay. He discovered one day that he was growing decidedly bald. The discovery worried him; but much thought on the subject resulted happily. He went to a wigmaker and ordered eight wigs, each made of hair just the color of his own, and just the quality, and each dressed just as he arranged his own locks. The wigs differed only in the length of their hair. In one it was quite short; in the second it was a little longer; in the third longer still, and so on until No. 8, which was quite long hair. The baron put on his short-haired wgi first, and wore it a week; and then he put on No. 2, and wore that a week, and so on until he was wearing No 8, when some one was pretty sure to say: "Good gracious, baron, why don't you get your hair cut?" Then the baron would put on No. 1, happy at the thought that he had successfully solved the great wig problem.

Across the sea of life we gaze, some of us as in a cage, against the bars of which we beat our seemingly helpless wings, and cry "how long, oh, how long must I be detained! Darkness will fall upon me ere the way is free." Courage, my despairing ones; if we labor unceasingly, some kind hand will help us. Ah! how we long to pierce the future, and yet how many of us would turn from the picture revealed with aching hearts. How few of us ever attain in this life the height to which we aspire, yet we must keep climbing. The goal is ever ahead and above us. Perseverance alone can bring us to our heart's desire. The bravest souls our land has ever known are those who patiently work and wait, amid surroundings in all respects uncongenial, who unmurmuring strive to make and see the best of their lot, while knowing, and feeling, that they could adorn a higher sphere; who, for the sake of loved ones, forget self and labor on. We must not stop to think whether we are thanked or not; remuneration for such sacrifice comes not upon earth; God has a purpose in all He does. Some day the light will shine through, and we can see why this work has been given us to do. We have only to cry unceasingly for light, and light will come. The door will be set ajar and we will be set free.

THE QUEER STORY OF A CHAIR.

Some interesting information with reference to a very curious incident which occurred during the Franco-German war has just come to hand. In 1870 three French visitors established themselves at a hotel in a well-known German town, where they remained several months. Being then in want of funds, and unable to pay their bill, they were compelled to leave a package, which they had brought from France, in the hands of the landlord, in satisfaction of their claim. This, upon examination, was found to contain a sumptuously designed state chair. The name "Napoleon" was embroidered upon the silk covering of the back and seat, and on the occupant pressing his hands upon the finely carved arms a musical air was played by an instrument concealed within the upholstery. The care of this remarkable piece of furniture seemed the only occupation of the strangers, who, are supposed to have been awaiting the advance of the French army, and in the event of its proving victorious would doubtless have conveyed the chair to Berlin, where, it is presumed, it was to have been used as a throne by the Emperor Napoleon. The chair still remains in the possession of the widow of the Frenchman's host.

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LONGEVITY,

A writer in the British Medical Journal seeks to explain the cause of longevity. He points out that "it is very desirable to have what quietness is possible during brain work, and the necessity of proper ventilation as a means of maintaining mental energy is well known. It might lessen brain wear in many offices if electric lighting were substituted for gas illumination. Good digestion is essential to continued work with good lasting power. Late rising and a hurried breakfast, a still more hurried luncheon and rush back to work, followed, at the conclusion of the day, by a heavy meal when the man is wearied, often tend to exhaustion, as much as the unavoidable pressure of the business. A more rational refreshment after heavy brain-work is to partake of light refreshment and then rest half an hour before dinner; thus the power of digestion and social enjoyment are restored to the man. Probably the chief means of preparing a man to withstand the wear of business life is by a careful training, both physical and mental, before he enters upon the struggle and wear of business. One means of increasing the chances of longevity is by training the child wisely. Many a premature breaking down of health is due to that want of preliminary exercise, which would not be neglected by the athelete without disaster."—[London Advertiser.

IRISH ORATORY IN PARLIAMENT.

IT WILL BE SUPPRESSED IF THE CONSERVATIVES CAN HAVE THEIR WAY.

LONDON, Nov. 1.– As the time for the reassembling of Parliament approaches it becomes more and more apparent that the Conservatives are resolved to keep Irish matters out of the bounds of discussion as much as possible during the session and devote themselves to such legislation for England and Scotland as will tend to strengthen the party. The loss of several seats with the last year has frightened some of the more timid of the Tories into the belief that the handwriting is upon the wall and even the stoutest hearted ones see the necessity for prompt and vigorous measures to prolong the party's official life. As a means of convincing the people that the Conservative party, by their action in Ireland, had averted disaster to the country in the shape of wholesale murder, arson, etc., the Parnell Commission was thought to be a godsend, but the rulings of that body of the admission of a certain line of testimony and the growing weakness of the Times' case against the Parnellites have destroyed their reliance upon that method of making party capital and set the Government adherents to casting about in new fields. On the other hand the Nationalists appear to gain confidence daily and make no concealment of their determination to force an Irish measure of some kind upon the House in order to precipitate a debate. It is claimed by many of the leaders, and no doubt believed by all, that every Irish speech in Parliament is worth tap on the stump, and for this reason debate is what is most wished for. The Liberals appear to be perfectly willing to acquiesce in the Nationalist programme, but stand ready to point out to their impetuous colleagues the danger of obstructive tactics at this time. If the Government brings in English remedial legislation the measure or measures ought, they believe, to receive the support of the Irish party as a means of spiking the enemy's guns.

MASKED MALARIA.

IT TAKES MANY FORMS AND DECEIVES ALL BUT EXPERIENCED PHYSICIANS.

While September, October and November, says Dr. J. V. Shoemaker in the Medical Bulletin, are prolific of typical cases of malaria, it must not be forgotten that this strangely omnipresent disease is capable of assuming the most protean aspects. Its three marked varieties—intermittent, remittent and congestive—are so well known as to be recognized at once, not only by physicians, but by the people at large. There is reason to believe, however, that many of its minor varieties are frequently mistaken for other disorders, to the discomfort of the patient and the annoyance or discomfiture of his medical attendant. The peculiar poison or miasm of malaria may attack any organ or area of the body, producing congestion and inflammation differing from ordinary or idiopathic inflammation of the same region, only its peculiar tendency to intermit or remit at certain intervals.

Practitioners in malarial districts are so well aware of this fact, that they order antiperiodic remedies in every case in which they suspect a miasmatic element to exist. In this manner they cure in a few days many cases of malarial congestion of the lungs, pleura, brain and bowels, which inexperienced physicians would term pneumonia, pleurisy, brain fever and cholera morbus, or choleraic diarrhœa, and treat unsuccessfully by administering the remedies ordinarily employed in these diseases.

Sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, synovitis, laryngitis, peritonitis and cystitis, may also be simulated so closely at times by the manifestations of malaria as to defy differentiation, except by the speedy disappearance of the latter under antiperiodic treatment.

Astonished at the good results obtained in so many apparently diverse affections from quinine, many superficial reasoners advocate its use in all inflammatory diseases. It is unnecessary to point out the error of that advice. These who follow it will soon regret their action.

The purpose of this article is to point out that the same mysterious, telluric influences which are present throughout the greater part of the year in the regions marked by the dark spots in Billings' Malarial Map frequently and suddenly appear in more favored regions during the autumn and spring, and that the cultured and cultivated North and East might probably draw from the practical experience of the uncouth and swampy South and Southwest by being ever alert and watchful for the irregular manifestations of malaria.

A young woman wrote to a friend saying, "We are still in Philadelphia," and the heartless recipient of the note replied—"I am not surprised. I never knew any one who was in Philadelphia who wasn't still."

Man is awfully smart in some things, but nobody has ever discovered one that could ram a pin clean through his head and make it come out on the other side as the women do.

I MISS THE MEN.

I miss the men I used to meet;
I miss them oft, and not a few.
I meet them not upon the street,
I see them not in hall or pew.

I miss the men I used to meet
And ask me: Whither have they gone?
Day by day one less I greet:
I daily mourn an absent man.

I miss the men I used to meet,
As through the crowded streets I go.
They're resting now their weary feet—
No more I'll meet them here below.

God rest the men I used to meet,
I know no better word to say;
When passing by their calm retreat,
With bended knee I press their clay.

For me let others do the same
And speed me home above the skies.
I ask no poor, no fleeting fame
Deny me not the gift I prize.

J. LENIHAN.

A PARADISE ON EARTH.

POSSIBILITIES OF BUILDING A CELESTIAL CITY ON THE CO-OPERATIVE PLAN.

Mr. Prantl, a follower of Dr. Teed of Chicago, says the Mail of that city, proposes that 6,000 families, or 30,000 people, go out somewhere in the boundless West, where land can be had for nothing, and found a city which shall be different from any other city the world has ever seen. Each family will take up 160 acres of Government land, making nearly 100,000 acres altogether, and divide the real estate, forest, mineral and all the natural wealth among them. The location of the city will at once be worth $15,000,000. The land around the city will be $10 an acre or $9,600,000, and the common wealth of the community will be $24,600,000, or about $4,000 to each family.

"Settling land in co-operation," says Mr. Prantl, "is tenfold cheaper than settling it individually. By co-operation we create centuries of population at once. A city can be built for $3,000,000 and the principal necessaries of life can be manufactured for 30,000 people, provided all work is done by co-operation. I propose the issuing of interest-bearing bonds to the members of the co-operative society first and outside stockholders second, with the $24,000,000 real estate property as security.

"A civic and social condition in which human life may develop and blossom into the highest physical, moral and mental perfection is of paramount importance. The community should provide and possess all possible means for the development of each limb, muscle, nerve, organ and function in the body. Stone, wood, cotton and silk ornaments are well enough for the heathen, but our efforts shall go to the true architecture of the mind, soul and body.

"The first requisite for a city such as I have in mind is a pure, invigorating air—a high altitude where the air is never stagnant, but always breezy and changing. A high location affords at the same time effective draining for liquid impurities. Instead of smoke, dust and sewer gas and other pestilential elements which find a place in our atmosphere we must insist upon its purity and saturate it with the fragrance of flowers, plants, grasses and desirable trees, and cool and moisten it with fountains of living water. Instead of rattling wagons and the noise of tramping horses, cars and railroads, we need quiet, to give natural rest to our nerves, with only a few singing birds to give music for our babes.

"We want a tower full of chiming bells which shall ring out at morning, noon and evening an inspiring tune to cheer, divert and raise our minds and souls to that happier and higher life."

This beautiful state of affairs could easily be brought about, so Mr. Prantl claims, by co-operation. Instead of having a bakery, laundry and kitchen in each family, everything would be bought and prepared on the wholesale plan. By the present system the buying and preparation of food in families costs two cents per pound. In this city of co-operation it would cost but one-seventh of a cent per pound. Cracker factories, he says, can make 120 different kinds of crackers, biscuits and cakes. Thus every possible taste would be suited. Those people who would not be satisfied with cake could have fruits from California or Italy at wholesale.

AMONG THE INDIANS.

"While my husband was trading in furs he came across an Indian, who had taken to his lodge to die. He had inward pains and pains in all his limbs. He gave some Yellow Oil internally, and cured him. It also cured my husband of rheumatism, and I find it valuable for coughs and colds, sore throat, etc." Mrs. A. Besaw, Cook's Mills, Serpent River, Ont.

"How're you getting along?" remarked one moth to another. "Oh, I manage to keep in clothing." And he disappeared within a fur-lined overcoat.

THERE IS NO ONE ARTICLE IN THE LINE of medicines that gives so large a return for the money as a good porous strengthening plaster, such as Carter's Smart Weed Belladonna Backache Plasters.

Bobby has reluctantly kissed his sister good night and was off for bed. "Don't you go to bed rather early, Bobby?" inquired young Mr. Sampson—"it's but a little after eight." "I have to go to bed early on the nights you call on sister," exclaimed Bobby; "she makes me."

Robert Lubbuck, Cedar Rapids writes "I have used *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* both for myself and family for Diphtheria with the the very best results. I regard it as the best remedy for this disease, and would use no other."

What is that which comes with a coach, goes with a coach, is of no use to the coach, and yet the coach cannot go without it? A noise.

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle, and see if it does not please you.

THE BRAVE BELLES OF ERIN.

THEY HESITATE NOT TO BRAVE THE STORMS AND ARDUOUS LABORS OF LIFE.

The women of the Irish coasts and islands are as skilful as the men in handling the oar and rudder. They know every sunken rock and dangerous current of the intricate channels between the great island of Aran and the mainland, and take boats in and out in all weather. For many years a Grace Darling of this western coast, the daughter of a pilot who lived on Eights Island, went out in storm and darkness with her old father, never trusting him alone, as she knew his weakness for the whisky. This brave girl never flinched from facing the wildest gales, fearing that disaster might befall her father and the vessel it was his business to guide to a safe anchorage if she were not at the helm. Many a ship's crew beating about between Aran and Owey owed its preservation to Nellie Boyle. Two sisters have taken the postboat into Aran for many years past, their father, John Nancy, being now old and infirm.

The beetling cliffs and echoing caves of the dangerous coast have a weird charm of their own, and the simple people born within the sound of the Atlantic surges cling with a surprising tenacity to their thatched and rope cottages, sheltered behind huge, round-backed rocks, in the hollows of which they grow their patches of potatoes and stunted oats and barley.

The number of these dwellings, starting up out of what, from afar, looks like a stony desert, both by the sea and for miles inland, is startling to us who reflect upon the possibilities of subsistence afforded by this so-called land. The unfailing bog affords ample fuel, it is true, and the potato crop, when as good as now, will last throughout the winter.

In a *good* season such as this the oats have a good chance of getting stacked before the equinoctial gales begin to blow. Well it would be if these oats, ground into meal, might form a larger part of the staple food of Donegal. Strong tea, boiled in the "wee pot" beside the turf embers, with baker's bread, have now taken the place of the wholesome bone-making porridge on which the canny Scot still lives.

To buy groceries money is needed, and we wonder how this can be used here. Kelp or seaweed burning used to bring them money; and this year, too, thin pillars of blue smoke are rising all round by the sea, showing, let us hope, that trade in iodine is brisk. The fishing ought to be a fruitful source of prosperity to the natives, but on this subject a resident writes in 1884 as follows:—

"To the north of Aramore, stretching away to the northwest of Tory, there is a fine fishing bank where all kinds of fish might be caught every day in the year with suitable boats and gear. In very fine weather our small craft often go out from four to six miles off Aran Heads. Next day they all come back ladon, and after such a take all the other boats in the neighborhood will go out.

It may be that a breeze springs up, the sea rises in the middle of a good catch, that all have to run for home or shelter. Large, well-fitted fishing smaks could stay out there for days, and make plenty of money, too, but facilities for transit and sale of fish there are none."—Woman's World.

THE MODUS OPERANDI.

The mode of operating of Burdock Blood Bitters is that it acts at once and the same time upon the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys and the Blood, to cleanse, regulate and strengthen. Hence its almost universal value in Chronic Complaints.

THE LATEST PARISIAN STYLES IN HATS.

A large black felt hat, with broad brim in front and close-fitting in the back, with low crown, is called the Vendeen. The only trimming is a bunch of white feathers and a directoire scarf of fine white lace, with a finely-wrought border, which falls over the feathers, surrounds the crown, and finally is caught around the throat, and tied becomingly at the side.

A new shape called the "Carmelite," is of brown felt double faced with white felt. The crown is low and round, and the brim in front rolls up and over, leaving a space over the forehead which is filled with soft white feathers. The crown is finished with brown feathers and ribbon bows.

A pretty evening bonnet has a crown of white point d'applique. The front is faced high, with bands of pale lilac velvet, with standing bows of lilac ribbons and small strings of the same color. Small strings of lilac ribbon fasten under the chin.

The new Mephisto is a wicked looking capote, with crown of green velvet embroidered with dots of black. The front is turned up, and in front are fastened two wings of green velvet embroidered in black. Around the crown are black ribbons, which come from the back and are tied beneath the chin.

The Hortense capote has a full gown of light green velvet, with two rows of black jet insertion. The front is trimmed with black feathers, and there are small strings of black ribbon.

CURED BY B. B. B. WHEN ALL ELSE FAILED.

Mr. Samuel Allan, of Lisle, Ont., states that he tried all the doctors in his locality while suffering for years with Liver and Kidney trouble; nothing benefitted him until he took Burdock Blood Bitters, four bottles of which cured him.

MUD RUN'S SIXTY-THIRD VICTIM.

SCRANTON, Pa., Nov. 1.—Wm. Connell, who was selected by the Lehigh Valley Railway Company as its representative in this region in the settlement of damages growing out of the Mud Run disaster, announced to-day that the company would pay $3,500 where heads of families were victims of the disaster, $1,860 in cases of young men, and $1,500 where the victims were under eighteen years of age. Two claimants have already accepted these terms; others have asked for time to consider them, and some decline to make settlement on this basis. The death to-day of Kate Kennedy, aged 18, of this city, makes the number of deaths from the collision sixty-three.

Mr. Joab Scales, of Toronto, writes: A short time ago I was suffering from Kidney Complaint and Dyspepsia, sour stomach and lame back; in fact I was completely prostrated and suffering intense pain. While in this state a friend recommended me to try a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. I used one bottle, and the permanent manner in which it has cured and made a new man of me is such that I cannot withhold from the proprietors this expression of my gratitude.

"How many deaths?" asked the hospital physician, while going his rounds. "Nine." "Why I ordered medicine for ten." "Yes, but one wouldn't take it."

Ample warning is given us by our lungs when they are in danger. If fool-hardy enough to neglect the warning signal, we incur imminent peril. Check a cough at the outset with *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil.*—which is a sovereign pulmonic—besides being a remedy for soreness, lameness, abrasions of the skin, tumors, piles, rheumatism, etc.

BISHOP NULTY ON MR. PARNELL.

The revered Bishop of Meath, Dr. Nulty, has issued a letter to his priests and people asking them to generously support Mr. Parnell in his suit against the London Times, whose slanders are not aimed at one man alone, but at the whole Irish race. The Bishop says:—

Fifteen years have now elapsed since I first made Mr. Parnell's acquaintance. I happened to be then engaged in the discharge of some episcopal duties in a rather remote and by no means easily accessible district of the diocese. He had to travel on an outside car nearly 20 miles to reach me. Before presenting himself as a candidate for the representation of the County of Meath, he came to solicit my approval and support. Mr. Parnell was then but little known to the world. Except the information obtained in a letter, which he brought me from the pastor of the parish in which he lived, and who was a former class fellow of my own, I had no knowledge whatever of him. And yet, in a single interview of hardly two hours' duration, he revealed such extraordinary powers of intellect—such a ready and abundant command of fresh original resource—that I, without the slightest fear of rashness or precipitation, committed myself to him with the fullest trust and confidence. I have never seen any solid grounds for withdrawing, nor even modifying, the conviction with which I then trusted in him; nor have I ever done so for a single moment. As I was thus the first Irish bishop who had absolutely committed himself to Mr. Parnell, so I should naturally be the very last to abandon him.

A crisis, therefore, so grave and so momentous in the national struggle, appeals with interesting and exceptional force to the patriotism of Irishmen. It calls on them to come to the front, to rally round their chosen chief, and to support him with their sympathies, their best wishes and with all the moral, material and pecuniary aid at their command. The high and exalted position of the Archbishop of Dublin, his noble and devoted loyalty to the National cause, the splendid services he has rendered to it by his speeches and his writings, and the sacrifices he has made in its interest, point him out as the most duly and highly authorized of living men to inaugurate this movement, and he has done so. The Primate, the Archbishops and Bishops who have preceded me, have authoritatively as well as argumentatively proved that it is our own country itself that is on its trial, in the person of Mr. Parnell, in the coming inquiries. It would be a waste of time in me to illustrate this important fact still further. A movement, therefore, that comes directly and opportunely to its relief, must necessarily succeed. For, should the masses of my countrymen shrink back from the pecuniary sacrifices which this Indemnity Fund demands, I should feel forced to confess with sorrow and with shame, and as one of themselves, that I do not believe them as yet worthy of freedom. I do not admire the feelings or patriotism of any Irishman who is not eagerly desirous of taking a part and having a hand in the final discomfiture of the enemies of his country.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

A BUG IN THE EAR.

DROWN HIM IN OIL AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT.

Writers say when a bug gets into the ear do not be frightened, but drown him with oil or warm water. There is no philosopher, remarks Dr. J. Herbert Claiborne, Jr., in the Medical Classics, who could sit unmoved with a bug or fly stamping a tattoo upon his ear drum. Yes, be frightened, for it will facilitate your movements. Sweet oil is perhaps the best thing to keep him from moving—that is the first desideratum. The oil, by its thick consistence, will so entangle and bedraggle its legs and wings that the intolerable noise will be stopped. If oil be not at hand use any liquid that is not poisonous or corrosive. Water will probably be within the reach of every one. This is also more liable to float him out, too, than either sweet oil or glycerine.

It has been suggested to blow tobacco smoke into the ear to stupefy the insect. We cannot indorse this advice—tobacco smoke blown into the ear of a child has been known to cause alarming symptoms. When the movements of the intruder have been arrested, syringe the ear gently with warm water. All manner of insects have been found in the ear, but you can never tell in a given case who the rude caller is that is knocking at the door of your drum till you have him out.

THE LAWS OF THE MEDES AND PERSIANS were not more immutable than those of nature. If we transgress them we suffer. Sometimes, however, we break them inadvertently. Damages frequently take the form of Dyspepsia, Constipation and Biliousness, which can be easily repaired with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, the Great Blood Purifier and renovator of the system.

A CHEERFUL FACE.

Carry the radiance of your soul in your face. Let the world have the benefit of it. Let your cheerfulness be felt for good wherever you are, and let your smiles be scattered like the sun beams, "on the just as on the unjust." Such disposition will yield a rich reward, for its happy effects will come home to you and brighten your moments of thought. Cheerfulness makes the mind clear, gives tone to thought, adds grace and beauty to the countenance. Smiles are little things, cheap to be fraught with so many blessings, both to the giver and to the receiver, pleasant little ripples to watch as we stand on the shore of every day life. They are the higher and better responses of nature to the emotions of the soul. Let the children have the benefit of them, those little ones who need the sunshine of the heart to educate them, and would find a level for their buoyant natures in the cheerful, loving faces of those who lead them. Let them not be kept from the middle-aged who need the encouragement they bring. Give your smiles to the aged. They come to them like the quiet rain of summer, making fresh and verdant the long, weary path of life. They look for them from you who are rejoicing in the fulness of life. Be gentle and indulgent to all. Love the true, the beautiful, the just, the holy.

HE DUG UP DOUBLOONS.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Nov. 1.—James M. Eddy, of Providence, went out in his back yard at Horseneck before breakfast this morning and dug up 1,500 silver coins. His father was a Lieutenant-Governor of Rhode Island. One of his ancestors, Amasa Eddy, who sailed with Capt. Kidd, returned to his Horseneck farm and sowed it with doubloons. Among his papers was a chart locating his buried wealth. The Lieutenant-Governor did nothing with the plan, but James M. Eddy, into whose possession the paper came at the same time as the farm, thought it worth trying. He is confident that there are still $100,000 in gold Spanish doubloons buried on his farm, and he proposes to find them if he has to dig up the entire place.

Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure; it is effectual every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.