

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD, And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months.

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. Instantaneously relieves these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten.

KERRY, WATSON & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS, MONTREAL.

THE QUEEN'S SECRET.

OHAP. XLVII.—(Continued.)

And now she holds the lamp over the face of the prisoner. Never did the eyes which now looked out from behind that mask gaze so lovingly a face.

Laying down the lamp on the floor, the masked visitor knelt beside the bed, and leaning over, whispered something in the sleeper's ear, which seemed to disturb, though it did not awaken her.

"Doest know the Earl of Leicester?" she said, speaking slow and distinctly. "A little," answered the sleeper.

"And Roger O'Brien?" "Ay." "Which lovest thou most?" "Which?" "Ay."

"Well, truly, I know not who thou art, and therefore I shall not answer thee; for an thou be a good spirit, thou mightest tell my father, mayhap, that his child spake of love, whilst his body yet lay unburied; and if thou'rt a bad, I must not commune with thee further," murmuring forth the words slowly and at intervals.

"Nay, I am a good spirit; answer me, therefore, dost love the Earl of Leicester?" "Ah, methinks thou speakest not with the voice of a good spirit, such as now stood by my side, nor doth thy breath smell sweet; and therefore I will not reply. But I fear thee not, for the Holy Virgin hath her arms around my neck. So go, in God's holy name, and trouble me not; go, for I must meet the queen on the morrow, and I would fain seek repose."

"Did the earl not give thee a buckle once?" "A buckle?" "Ay, a shoe buckle." "Nay, I wot not of it." "Twas found in thy dressing room, at Brookton."

"Ah, Brookton! Brookton and his old master are no more," she murmured, catching at the idea; "didst know old Sir Geoffrey Wentworth? he was my father, and the best father in the whole wide world. But alas! they burnt him in the flames—burnt him to a cinder. O dear, O dear!" she slowly ejaculated, whilst the tears trickled down her cheeks.

"Hush!" said the stranger; "spak not of that; but tell me what brought the earl to Whitstone Hollow on the night of the massacre?" "To speak to Nell Gower of the child, I trow."

"Whose child?" "Ah, nay, I must not tell thee." "I am a pure spirit, and I command thee—whose child? speak!" "If thou be a pure spirit, thou knowest already."

"Doth it belong to the earl?" "Thou must ask Nell Gower; there she sits behind the altar—look there—with the dead priest's head on her knee. Go speak to her, and let me rest."

"Dost love the Earl of Leicester?" "Nay, I love him not." "Doth he love thee?" "I cannot tell." "Hath he ever caressed thee?" "Caressed me—what doth that mean?" "Embraced thee—spoke love to thee."

"I cannot well comprehend thy meaning." The stranger now leaned over till her lips almost touched the ear of the sleeper, and whispered something in the lowest possible breath; but hardly had she done so, when Alice screamed out as if some one had stabbed her, and starting up in the bed, looked wildly about.

"Down, down!" cried the woman in the mask; "down, and be silent, or I'll strangle thee;" and seizing Alice by the neck, she forced her head back on the pillow.

"O my God!" cried Alice, now fully awake, "save me, save me, or I perish." "Hush! speak not above thy breath, or I'll instantly plunge this steel in thy heart;" hissed the mask, drawing a poniard from her bosom, and holding it up before the affrighted and trembling girl.

"O, for Christ's dear sake, murder me not, good stranger; I am yet unanointed." "Sdeath!" cried the mask, again hissing the words through her teeth, "speak low, and answer."

"Anything thou'rt pleased to ask; but harm me not in the dark." "Where hath the spawwife sent the child?" "I know not." "Tell me, or thou diest?" "As the Lord liveth, I know not."

"Al! thou wouldst save Leicester; minion, wanst thou, thou'rt his paramour!" cried the mask, raising the dagger in her right hand, and forcing the terrified girl down on the pillow with her left.

"O my God, my God!" murmured the half-unconscious and prostrate Alice; "save me—save me from this woman; mother of God, help me, or I perish."

"Strumpet—devil! acknowledge thy guilt, or I stab thee." "Mercy, mercy!" pleaded the other female, who had remained until this moment a patient and watchful sentinel at the door, now flying across the room and arresting the murderous arm as it poised the weapon to strike; "mercy, mercy! madam—she may be innocent."

"Begone, minion!" screamed the furious mask, now reckless of all consequences, and speaking without fear or restraint; "begone, and leave me!" "Nay, thou shalt not commit murder to immitter thy whole life, I shall not suffer thee."

"Confess thy guilt!" persisted the mask, her bosom heaving with the throes of furious passion, and her eyes shooting fire on her victim; "confess thy guilt!" and still she kept dragging her nearer and nearer.

"I do declare before the angels of heaven I am innocent," replied Alice, hardly able to articulate, her head thrown back from the blow, and her arms extended.

"H—! and curses!" screamed the mask, "thou liest in thy throat. I saw thee leaning on his arm, and his lips touching thy cheek; ha, ha, ha!" she cried; "I'll have my revenge—first on thee, base bawd, and then on him;" and, making a desperate exertion, she aimed a blow at the girl, throwing her whole force into the effort. But Alice's angel guardian had not abandoned her, for her assailant's foot slipped on the damp, clammy floor, throwing the mask flat on her face, the steel ringing on the flag as it dropped from her hand.

Unfortunately, Alice also fell, owing to the mask losing her hold so suddenly; and now both lay there for a moment, the mask gazing as she waited to take breath, at the prostrate maiden with a look that seemed to fascinate and rivet her to the spot.

But this was of short duration; the furious woman again grasped the dagger and sprang to her feet; and now Alice felt all hope was gone, for she had no power to move a finger in her defence; she lay as helpless as an infant, fearfully looking up at the glittering weapon.

"Mother of God, save me," she murmured once more; "I am thy child; save me from the hands of this wicked one." Suddenly a noise was heard as of iron rattling on the stone stairs leading to the prison door, and the instant Peto rushed into the room, with the chains he had broken hanging from his neck, and sprang furiously at the assailant of his mistress.

Had he arrived but one second later, the deed had been accomplished; for the mask had just then sunk on her knee, and raised the steel to plunge it. A flash of lightning could hardly have prostrated the mask quicker than Peto; and then, seizing her by the scarf that covered her throat, he shook her like a lapdog in the fangs of a wastif.

The affrighted prisoner, seeing the faithful animal coming to her assistance, immediately recovered her self-possession and her energy together, and starting from her prostrate position, laid hold of Peto's collar, and commanded him to desist.

"Good Heavens!" cried the second mask, now recovering her feet; "this is terrible, terrible!" and she snatched the dagger to kill the dog. But Alice kept her off by her prayers and outcries, and at length succeeded in liberating her fallen enemy.

"Quit the room!" commanded the maiden, "for I have not strength to hold back the dog." The mask hesitated, as if summoning courage for another attempt, and glared at the lovely face of her rival, whilst her fingers worked with an eager desire to tear its beauty in pieces with her nails.

"Down, Peto! quiet, good dog," entreated Alice, endeavoring to pacify the infuriated animal, whose fiery eyes never turned one instant from the face of his mistress's enemy. "Ho, good Peto, silence—keep thee quiet, man; and thou, wretch, quit the room, and on thy knees ask God's pardon, for already thou hast mine."

"Wretch! what! darest thou call her wretch?" ejaculated the second mask. "Away, away!" repeated Alice; "ye are demons both, nor shall I longer save you from a just punishment."

Hearing the shooting of a bolt echoing along the passage without, both masks now retreated suddenly to the door, and as it closed, Alice caught a glance of that terrible eye from behind the deep disguise, casting back on her a look of unspeakable malice.

Hardly had the pair retreated a dozen steps from the door, when the still trembling maiden heard a man's heavy tread rapidly approaching from an opposite direction; and then the key turning quickly in the lock, the usher appeared on the threshold, and demanded the reason of the unusual noise.

Alice related to him in a few words what had happened; but the story was so wild and improbable, that at first the officer seemed to doubt her veracity; perceiving, however, a silver lamp lying on the floor, which had not been there when he left the previous evening, and seeing the chain broken which he himself had fastened on the dog's neck, his doubts were soon removed.

Then picking up the lamp, he examined it minutely for the space of a minute or two. "Humph!" said he at length, "this is strange—passing strange; wouldst recognize the assailant, thinkest thou?" he added, turning to Alice.

"Nay, she wore a mask." "Heli! and her companion?" "A mask also." "Didst suspect aught of her?" "Nought, save that she was of rank and consequence, and spoke like one accustomed to command."

The usher shook his head, and looked pityingly at his fair charge. "Poor girl," said he, "I fear me thy beauty hath made thee a terrible enemy at Hampton Court; but keep a good heart, and look thee well to; that no word of this night's mishaps escape thy lips whilst thou'rt within a score of miles of the royal residence. And now get thee to bed again, and sleep securely; for thy friend here," pointing to Peto, "may lie at thy feet." And thus saying, the usher bade her good night, and securing the door, returned to his chamber.

CHAPTER XLVIII. The penal enactments against Catholics, in the first year of Elizabeth's reign, were seldom enforced to their utmost rigor. They appear, indeed, to have been passed more with a view of proclaiming the sovereign's determination to establish the reformed religion, than from the desire to persecute the Catholic Church.

It was necessary she should adopt some measure of the kind in the beginning, in order to allay the doubts and misgivings of her subjects on the score of her religious belief. And whether she would have gone even so far as this, did her right to the throne and the allegiance of the people remain unquestioned by the Catholic party, it is difficult to determine.

Her conduct, in fact, throughout the first three years of her reign, while it shows a fiery determination to avenge herself on the head of the Catholic Church, yet betrays a secret desire to do so with as little expense to its adherents as might comport with the efficient assertion of her authority.

Had she ascended the throne without the stain of illegitimacy, and been suffered to adopt her own religion without murmur or complaint, she can have little doubt her choice had been Catholicism. And after all, this choice would have been the result of tenderness and prepossessions rather than of conviction; for in whatever light we view her conduct, there is nothing to induce us to believe she ever acted a conscientious part, either as the establisher of the one religion, or the persecutor of the other; nay, could she have gratified her deep revenge against the pope and his party by

any means, short of the total abolition of his authority, she would not have done so; she would have had the infantry with which her memory is now associated. But, unhappily, she had not the whole in motion, and either could not or would not stop it over after.

One enactment begot another, as the contempt of authority arouses the determination to enforce it, till at last, driven to madness by plots and conspiracies on the one hand, and continual violations of her laws on the other, she became entirely reckless of human life.

Thus, in addition to the two acts passed in the first year of her reign, prohibiting all ecclesiastical officers, ministers and others, lay and clerical, who refused to take the oath of supremacy, from holding office, and subjected all, without distinction, who denied the supremacy, for the first offence to the forfeiture of goods and chattels, for the second to imprisonment, and for the third to the penalty of high treason, she had passed another in her fifth year, by which all who maintained the authority of the pope, or the Roman see, as well as all who said or heard mass, were subjected to the same penalties.

It may well be believed, that with such a prompter at her side as Cecil, the cool but relentless enemy of the Catholic Church, and such weapons as the above ready made to her hands, Elizabeth was not tardy in the assertion of her supreme power, nor that five long years of religious jars and acerbities had thoroughly aroused in her the spirit of retaliation. And yet, these acts of themselves had been harmless, compared with the clauses afterwards inserted, giving the queen, personally, unlimited power in their execution.

According to one of these clauses she could appoint a special court of commission, over which she might herself preside as judge and directress. This court, already the type of that terrible one, over which the ferocious Walsingham afterwards presided, extended its jurisdiction to the undeniable charges of heresy, schism, violations of laws made for the enforcement of religious uniformity; and while it had the appearance of a court of justice, was little more than a place where the queen sometimes chose to show her subjects that her sovereign will was paramount to all law.

Add to this the power she conferred on the executive, giving to her privy councillors authority to grant warrants at any time against all classes of persons, to be imprisoned in any jail, and for any length of time they should please to determine. Thus it frequently happened that individuals were committed to jail for the most trifling causes, often to gratify private pique, or appease the resentment of particular friends, and suffered to remain there for whole years, till they had quite been forgotten, or died amongst the vermin of the prisons.

Alice Wentworth, however, was not deterred, apparently, to be of this number. Fortunately, her beauty, and the kindness shown her by the Earl of Leicester, had excited in the heart of Elizabeth such a feeling of hatred as her imprisonment in a damp cell could but little soften. Had her offence been less personal, she had probably been visited with a tardier punishment; but the fire of jealousy was seldom allowed to smoulder in Elizabeth's heart, when she had the means of revenge at hand.

Having already resolved, prior to the occurrences related in the last two chapters, to bring Alice to trial on the charge of hearing mass, and otherwise consorting with massmongers and priests, contrary to the statute, and judging from what she had already learnt, that the prisoner would neither deny the accusation nor renounce her faith, Elizabeth predetermined to send her to the Tower or the block, and thus gratify her revenge under cover of zeal for religion. It was to effect this object with the greater certainty that she issued her orders to have the commissioners court open on the following day, and Roger O'Brien and Alice Wentworth brought before it to answer to the charges preferred against them by Sir Thomas Plimpton.

For some days past, the queen had been in a state of terrible trepidation concerning the fate of the child. She had tried every possible means, short of exposure, to reach it, but invariably failed. Nell Gower, already aware of her designs, took precautions equal to surprise, and had, at length, as we have seen, safely conveyed it aboard a small vessel bound for Madrid.

This latter fact was, however, entirely unknown and unsuspected by the queen. She supposed the spawwife, on the previous night, had, by the orders of the Earl of Leicester, simply committed the child to the care of some seafaring man of her acquaintance, to be conveyed to a remote district of the country, from beyond the reach of danger; and it was in order to inquire further into the truth of these surmises, that early on the morning of the trial she had twice commanded the attendance of the noble earl, and was twice informed his lordship could not be found.

In fact, Leicester, at the moment he heard of the child's abduction, had started in quest of Southron, in order to advise with him respecting its discovery. After a fruitless search, however, he returned to the palace, and endeavored to gain admission to Alice, thinking he might ascertain from her something of the whereabouts of Nell Gower. But finding all entreaties fruitless, (the keeper stoutly refusing to allow speech with the prisoner in contravention of the royal orders,) he finally hurried off to Whitstone Hollow, and entering the cavern, found, to his disappointment, but a few poor people praying beside the dead body of the priest, and no one to give him the least tidings of the spawwife. These different journeys had consumed the greater part of the day; and it was only when the queen had entered the council chamber, and opened the Court of Commission, that the earl returned to hear of royal orders for his attendance.

Now, however, it was too late; the queen had already taken her seat, fully satisfied that the earl had been made aware of her desire to see him, and contemptuously refused to gratify it, from a consciousness of having her still in his power. And well it was that Elizabeth thought so; for had she the least reason to suspect the child had been carried off without her knowledge, things might have gone worse, both for him and Alice, as we shall see before the end of the chapter.

When the queen, accompanied by her officers of state, entered the council chamber, the assembly rose and received her in profound silence, it being in the solemn capacity of judge she came, to decide on grave matters of religion, affecting perhaps the life of the accused. The scene presented a grand but solemn appearance; outside the door of entrance might be seen the royal halberdiers, standing tall and erect, with the blades of their weapons bristling over their shoulders; and inside the royal archers, in their light uniforms, ranged in files, guarding the passages to the body of the hall. Back, along the walls, were the retainers of the court, and many of the respectable merchants and commoners of the city and neighboring villages, seated on benches raised somewhat higher than those in the centre of the apartment. Below, and nearer her majesty, were the officials; and still nearer, the

noblemen, ambassadors, members of Parliament, and others of that rank, who came to witness the proceedings.

On a platform, nearly on a level with her majesty's chair of state, were seated five commissioners, dressed in their robes of office. On the queen's right, appeared Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, wearing a surplice, and a black scarf thrown loosely over his neck, and folded across his breast. He wore neither wig nor cap, and his large, bald head shone as glossy as polished marble—not a hair to be seen, except a little tuft over each ear. He was now very fat, and looked like a good-natured old man, who felt entirely out of place, and had much preferred his easy, leathern chair, at his own residence, to all this solemn parade.

Next the archbishop sat the Lord Admiral Clinton, whom we have had occasion once before to mention, and after him, Sir William Cecil, secretary and master of the Court of Wards, in his ordinary long robe, and high, narrow ruff.

On the left of the queen appeared William Paulet, Marquis of Winchester, the lord treasurer, a man of unblemished morals, though he lived for thirty years about the English court, then, perhaps, the most corrupt in Europe. He was now very old, but still fresh, fair, and pleasant looking; he held his staff of office in his hand, and wore a ribbon and St. George; his beard was scanty, not spread on his breast, as was then fashionable for men stricken in years, but combed to a point, and falling over his small, low ruff, giving him the appearance of a modest old country gentleman.

Next him sat Sir Nicholas Bacon, his compressed lips and keen eyes at once revealing his intriguing disposition and bold character.

After the usual forms had been gone through, and the queen had intimated her readiness to proceed with the trial, the order of the court called upon the sheriff to produce the body of Alice Wentworth. Every eye now turned to the door. The commissioners began to arrange their papers before them in order to take notes of the proceedings, occasionally casting a glance at the passage without, in expectation of the prisoner's appearance, and those who sat in the rear of the hall stood up to have a better view of the young recusant as she passed. Soon the measured tread of the royal guards was heard along the stone passages, and then a low hum of voices succeeded, as if each was whispering to his neighbor what he thought of the youthful culprit. At length Alice appeared, slowly entering the council room between two guards, followed by the sheriff. She was dressed in white, and wore a veil of the same color, descending almost to her feet, her bodice, or jacket, was closely buttoned up to her throat, and a small crucifix kept gracefully undulating on her bosom, as she timidly advanced to the bar. The prisoner now stood alone; there was no one within ten feet of her, and she felt that every eye in the assembly was fixed on her person. For a minute or so, a profound silence prevailed, all awaiting the queen's pleasure. The young culprit kept her eyes cast down modestly on the table before her, and her right hand upon the little gold crucifix that glittered under her thin veil.

At a sign from the queen, the attorney-general rose, and, having read the indictment, demanded to know if the prisoner had counsel.

"There was no reply." "Thou needest," said the queen, calmly, "we ourselves shall see that no injustice be done to the maiden."

"Prisoner, what is thy name?" demanded the attorney-general. "Alice Wentworth, may it please thee, sir."

"Speak louder, that her majesty and lords commissioners may hear the answers distinctly; where comest thou?" "From Brookton Hall, in Wrocestershire."

"By what name is thy father called?" "Geoffrey Wentworth, baronet."

"Is he still living there?" "Nay, report saith he died lately."

"Since thou hast quitted his house?" "Ay, he was burnt to death in the fire."

"Was Brookton Hall consumed by fire?" "Such a rumor hath reached me."

"Is thy mother living?" "Nay, she died a few hours after giving me birth."

"Hast brothers and sisters?" "None," replied Alice; "I have no relations in the world save an uncle who hath been long absent—I know not where."

"And now," said the attorney-general, having gone through the usual preliminary examination of the prisoner, "thou wilt inform her majesty, the queen, and lords commissioners, whether thou wert bound, when Sir Thomas Plimpton came up with thee near the hostel called the White Hart."

"To London," replied the prisoner, with some hesitation.

"And what object hadst thou in journeying thither?" "Alice was silent."

"May it please your majesty," said Lord Montague, who had entered the hall during the previous examination, and taken his seat near the prisoner, "the attorney-general's questions seem intended more to confuse the maiden than to elicit the truth. I object, on the part of the accused, to the last question, as being impertinent to the issue."

"And so, my lord, thou hast not yet forgotten thy Spanish gallantry, and would come, like a good knight errant of yore, to the rescue of this errant damsel," said the queen with a smile, in which raillery and bitterness were equally blended; "marry, my good lord, we may not inhibit thy defence of the prisoner, but we must tell thee that in this matter thy Spanish chivalry will be little needed, seeing we have ourselves resolved that no injustice be done the culprit. So let the maiden say, first, whether she hath objection to answer the question of the accusing officer."

Alice shuddered as she heard the last words. They seemed to come from a voice entirely different from that in which the queen had hitherto spoken, and fell upon her ears in the same tones she heard in her sleep but a few hours before. The agitated girl raised her eyes one instant to the face of her judge, and seeing that countenance composed and serene as a summer sky, was just trying to check the fearful suspicion that kept fast gaining hold of her heart, when the queen was again heard, demanding to know if the prisoner refused to answer.

"Nay, my liege," hurriedly replied Alice, afraid that further delay might provoke the irascible queen.

"Remove that veil!" said Elizabeth; "for thy words seem smothered in its folds." At the royal command Alice slowly lifted the veil from her face and stood uncovered before the assembly, her left hand hanging by her side, and her right still clinging to the crucifix, as if there was some secret charm in its touch that supported and strengthened her.

CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE!

DOWN'S ELIXIR. N. H. DOWN'S VEGETABLE BALM. ELIXIR. Has stood the test for FIFTY-THREE YEARS, and has proved itself the best remedy known for the cure of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and all Lung Diseases in young or old. SOLD EVERYWHERE. Price 25c. and \$1.00 per Bottle.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Pimples, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success is in the cure of Biliousness.

CURE SICK HEADACHE. Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Pimples, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success is in the cure of Biliousness.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla. Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power.

DESTROYER OF HAIR! ALEX. ROSS'S DEPILOCATOR. Removes hair from the face, neck and arms without injury. Price \$1; sent securely packed from England by post. ALEX. ROSS'S DEPILOCATOR produces either very light or very dark colors. His Spanish Fly Oil or Oil of Cantharides produces whitener or hair on the head. His Skin Tightener is a liquid for removing freckles and crows' feet marks under the eyes. His Bloom of Roses for excessive pallor, and his Liquid for black specks on the face, are each sold at \$1, or sent by post for Post Office Order. The Nose Machine, for pressing the cartilage of the nose into shape, and the Ear Machine for outstanding ears, are sold at \$3, or sent for Post Office Order. Letters invited. Hold through chemists of Bryson, 401 St. Lawrence Street Montreal, or direct from ALEX. ROSS, 11 Lamb's Conduit Street, High Holborn, London, England.

THE POST. The Catholic daily newspaper of Canada. LIVE! SPOY ENTERTAINING! Contains the latest news from all over the world. Mailed to Subscribers for \$3 per annum. Single copies, 1 cent. Address all orders to The Post Printing & Publishing Company MONTREAL.

A CASH CHRISTIAN. Rev. Thomas Harrison, the revivalist, is filling an engagement in a St. Louis church, the term being thirteen weeks, and the pay \$100 a week and expenses. His conversions are very numerous, and some Christians desired him to extend his influence in another part of the city to the extent of making a ten-minute address at the opening of a revival series of meetings; but he is refused unless recompensed in cash, and there is a great deal of hot criticism of him in consequence.

A POKER PLAYER. A notorious poker player was lost to the game when Edward Neiderer died in Memphis. He led an eventful life in many ways as a Nicaraguan adventurer, as Chief of the Confederacy's Secret Service, and as a gregarious keeper; but at all times he was a heavy gambler, and on one occasion he won a big pot by betting \$10,000 on a worthless hand. He was regarded as extremely lucky, but apparently he did not hold that opinion of himself very confidently, for he left a life insurance policy for \$60,000.

AMERICAN PROHIBITION, ANTI-SECRET SOCIETY. WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—A convention of the "American prohibition, anti-secret society" party, commenced to-night, and will continue for two days. Hon. S. C. Pomeroy is chairman of the convention. The platform of the party sets forth among other things, that this is a Christian, not a heathen nation; that the God of the Christian Scriptures is the author of civil government; that God requires and man needs a sabbath; that the prohibition of the importation, manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks as a beverage is the true policy on the temperance question; that the charters of all secret lodges should be withdrawn and their oaths prohibited by law; that arbitration in the differences with nations is the most direct and sure method of securing and perpetuating permanent peace; that land and other monopolies should be discouraged; that the Government should furnish the people with ample and sound currency; that the maintenance of public credit, protection to all loyal citizens and justice to the Indians is essential to the honor and safety of the nation, and they demand for the American people the abolition of electoral colleges and a direct vote for the president and vice-president of the United States, and that the Government furnish the people with ample and sound currency.

BISMARCK ON THE LASKEB RESOLUTION. LONDON, Feb. 20.—Laske's friends in the German Reichstag propose to demand an explanation of Bismarck regarding his course in returning the resolution of the American Congress.

Bismarck's letter says:—Any recognition in a foreign country of personal qualities of a German, especially when made by so important a body as the House of Representatives, must be gratifying to our national feelings. I should have gratefully accepted the communication made by Minister Sargent and should have asked the emperor to empower me to present it to the Reichstag, if the resolution had not contained an opinion regarding the object and effect of Laske's political activity, which was opposed to my convictions. According to my experience of the political and economic development of the German people, I cannot recognize the opinion as one which events I have witnessed would justify. I should not venture to oppose my judgment to the opinion of such an illustrious body as the House of Representatives if I had not by more than thirty years' active participation in the internal policy of Germany gained the experience which justified me in attaching a certain value to my judgment in questions of home affairs. I cannot determine to ask the emperor for the necessary power to communicate the resolution to the Reichstag, because I should have officially to do so before the emperor an opinion which I cannot recognize as correct.

In conclusion, Bismarck requests Von Bismarck, the German minister at Washington, to send a communication to Secretary Frelinghuysen and return to him the resolution of Congress. The *Kreuz Zeitung* (antisemitic) says, "Prince Bismarck's action in the Laske affair fills us with satisfaction." Other Conservative papers are silent.

Home Items. —All your own fault. If you remain sick when you can get Hop Bitters that never fails. The weakest woman, smallest child and sickest invalid can use Hop Bitters with safety and great good. —Old men tottering around from Rheumatism, kidney trouble or any weakness will be almost new by using Hop Bitters. —My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of Hop Bitters and I recommend them to my people. —Methodist clergyman.

Ask any good doctor if Hop Bitters are not the best family medicine on earth. —Malarial fever, ague and biliousness will leave every neighborhood as soon as Hop Bitters arrive. —My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with Hop Bitters. —Ed. Oswego Sun. —Keep the kidneys healthy with Hop Bitters and you need not fear sickness. —Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing and reviving with Hop Bitters in each draught. —The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in Hop Bitters.