

And now joy—blessed and exultant—runs through his benumbed frame, thrilling him; and, for the "time being," he feels if he could get the spirit "by hook or crook"—into the water, he would at once become the greatest man in the "seven parishes." Inasmuch as that must put an end forever to the "Curse of Ballyoregan"—and it was as clear as daylight to many that the ghost, his neighbors had said they often saw, and the apparition by his side, were one and the same! He had repeatedly heard the old woman declare that, if an evil spirit could be brought across a stream, and particularly a "blessed one," it would rid the country and the world forever of his baleful presence.

How slowly the sorcery old beast moved—it seemed as if it was to suit the phantom's purpose! But crawling, like the snail of the fable, will cover the ground eventually; the minutes, which bore the weight of years to expectant, nervous Murty, were, after all, sixty to the hour; and, at last, the murmur of the stream—the sweetest and most welcome sound he had heard—beat on his eager ears and sent a thrill of delight through hisaching heart. Yet the spectre still looked at widow Kavanagh and appeared to know what was passing in dreams through her mind. When she smiled the spectre frowned as if the good cause of the smile was its greatest enemy, and when the shadows crept over her placid, patient face, a leer of fiendish triumph passed over the phantom's. But as the noise of the water struck more plainly on the latter's ears, that weird and horrible passenger sitting so near Murty Kearns shifted uneasily and, strange to say notwithstanding its tremendous size, stood up and sat down again and again with extraordinary rapidity, still, however, with its frightful, inexorable stare fixed upon the unconscious woman. Our sorry-tempered friend Murty gains courage as he sees the gables of the old abbey of Dunkerrin and the water—glorious and blessed sight—glistering through the elder trees. Oh, if those three eyes could now remain shut in plying sleep till that shining rivulet—looking indeed holy in the silvery moonlight—is reached and crossed, not all the spirits of evil that encompass a Murty could harm the helpless woman, Murty rapturously and thankfully believes. But now it seems as if even "Old Moll"—the faithful companion of many a long and wearisome year—has got into a intrigue with the spectre, for to add another drop to her owner's cup of terror and suspense, that confounded and perverse beast stands stock-still, leisurely eating a mouthful of grass, which grows temptingly rich and sweet the nearer she approaches the water; she then moves on, with mincing steps, only again to stop a few paces further on and take another mouthful of this, to her, rare treat; and then, as if to congratulate herself on her good luck, sets to shake the rain off her rough, sorragy back, till the cast itself and its contents and its occupants rattle and bob and go wibble-wabble, as though they were all taken with St. Vitus' dance. If this shaking would only stop, Murty fondly hopes; nothing can wash the still sleeping woman before the little stream is come upon. He tries to speak to "Old Moll" to urge her forward, but his tongue is tied; he makes an attempt to jump off the car, but his limbs and muscles have lost their power, and, like many a helpless, struggling soul, he can only wait and pray! The mare, evidently conscious of the extreme likelihood of her master's being fast asleep, as he has often been when going the same journey in the early morning, and quite indifferent to carrying or not carrying the "devil himself," as Murty put it), takes her time, walks or pulls up for another taste of the luscious grass by the roadside, as coolly and unconcernedly as if she had absolute control of her movements and did not give a trawnee for all the ghosts from Ballyoregan to Loughras.

Yet, even a lazy, hungry horse, left at its own sweet will, will, at last, perform its expected task; and, at last, the musical tinkle of the water over the stony road catches "Old Moll's" ears she pauses for an instant, deciding between the grass and the water—between something to eat and something to drink, when the latter winning her preference, she rushes into a rapid gallop and, before her astonished driver knows where he is, is presently in the middle of the stream, ravenously quenching her thirst, which a hard, though slow, pull of seven long Irish miles ought to give any decently-conducted horse in the world. Her master's attention, by this unlooked-for celerity, was momentarily diverted from his fascinated and wondering watch of the phantom. But only momentarily, for scarce has the mare struck the water with her fore feet and splashed the occupants of the cart, when the spectre gives vent to the most frightful yell that Murty has ever heard or even imagined; it was, he afterwards said, as if that drop of water which issued from the hallowed well within the ruined abbey, had such virtue in it that its very touch was enough to put an end for all time to the fatal spell that had been woven so often and terribly by the dread being whom the water's benign influence was about to vanquish.

For, with an expression in its indescribable face of fiendish malignity, felled at the moment of its apparent triumph, this appalling apparition turned its glance from the poor widow, who yet happily slept, full on Murty Kearns with snub force—with such a growl of unceasing hate and menace as made him shiver up like a wilted vegetable; put its horrid hand with fingers which felt like rusty iron round his ankle pressing it as a vice press in the hands of a strong man, till he thought he heard the bones crack; and then, with a parting look into which all its previous ferocity and fiendishness seemed gathered, so as if he had been fired from a cannon, the shivering, terror-struck Murty off his seat straight into the stream, and vanished as quickly and mysteriously as it had appeared!

More than this Murty did not know, for the next moment found him drenched to the skin, on the broad of his back in the water, and widow Kavanagh crying out in alarm and amazement: "For God's sake, Murty, what's the matter with you; are you kill entirely?"

It was a mercy that "Old Moll" did not stir when Murty dropped off the car, for had she, one of the wheels would inevitably have passed over his head and put an end to his dreams and his sorrows. He scrambled to his feet as best he could, shivering with the cold and with the thorough wetting he got while in the water, into which he had thrown himself so unexpectedly and so forcibly thrown—*—*as Widow Kavanagh, with tears in her eyes and alarm in her heart, exclaimed, "For God's sake, Murty, what's the matter with you; are you kill entirely?"

"Indeed no man, but I am purty near it, I am afeard. Oh, no, if I lived to be a hundred years old, I'll never forget that bout and push!" This he blurted out, his teeth chattering and limbs shaking from both fright and cold.

"Come into the cart Murty; you're in a bad fight, and get out of the water as soon

as you can—sure there you are to your ankles in it yet; and, me poor man, you'll catch your death of cold if you don't go as you are bid," the widow sympathetically urges. In fact, Murty, with the terror yet within him of the evil spirit, had quite forgotten every physical pain and consideration and had not the presence of mind to get out of the water; but the command and entreaties of his passenger were impetuous, and, as soon as he could get his half-frozen hands to pick up the reins that had dropped from them into the stream, as he fell, he resumed his position on the car, and "Old Moll" now that she realized that she had a conscious driver, struck into one of her best jogs. When they had got a mile or so beyond the scene of their mishap and had left the ruins of Dunkerrin invisible in the distance, Widow Kavanagh became very anxious to hear from Murty, the cause of the accident, and of the intense dread with which he had spoken of that casualty. Now, in the first vent of his feelings, Murty, as we have seen, could not restrain himself from giving expression to them; he regretted having done so when he remembered how cautiously and keenly it would distress the poor woman, who, although a little better informed than her neighbors and possessed of a truly devout disposition, still lent an ear to the stories and traditions of the superstitious, and placed no small credence in the "Black Spirit" that had been so long the terror and curse of Ballyoregan; indeed, if the truth were known, she had attributed the misfortunes of her family to the baneful influence of that same spectre which had been so long, so troublesome, and so unwelcome a companion of Murty Kearns during two or three hours of the night just passed. Hence our bewildered and sorely-tryed friend felt that he had been, to say the least of it, precipitant and indiscreet, in allowing his fears to get the mastery over him. However, he decided to make the best of it; tell her just enough to account for the terror-strung words he blurted out in reply to her first enquiry, and—keep the rest to himself. He knew that to tell her all he had seen, and heard, and thought during his dreadful experience would be to hear bitter cup of trial and sorrow, as it would strengthen her belief in the malefic power which she thought such apparitions could exercise over mortals. This he pondered over as he ran along by the side of the cart (for he had got so thoroughly chilled riding that, after a drive of a mile or two from where he fell, both himself and his passenger thought it better he should walk for some distance, and thus prevent cramps, or worse consequences from his mishap). So, now keeping up with "Old Moll" as she jogged into a respectable trot or dropped into a slower gate, Murty, in his wet clothes, thought more of his mental discomfort than of his physical,—perplexed as he was about the answer he should make to the widow's inquiry. It did not help him—on the contrary, it only muddled and troubled him—when he bethought how the spectre acted,—the close, intense, incessant watch for seven long Irish miles that it had kept on the sleeping woman; a watch which had excluded all else, paying no more attention to Murty or his slow roadster (except, of course, that last look and grip and thrust which the former will not forget to his dying day) than if they were gate posts; and then the varying expression on the phantom's face as though it could see what was passing in the woman's mind and the images of the dream—*—*If dreaming she was—the remembrance of these circumstances convinced him that it was the unconscious object of its dread, continuous stare that it had marked for its victim. Thus he ruminated and thus they journeyed for some distance after passing Dunkerrin Abbey; and, by this time, he had quite made up his mind what to say in reply to those questions which he knew his passenger was so eager and anxious to put. He jumped to his seat on the car (this, I should have said, was a vehicle on which all the boards of a cart were placed except the front one, and the Murty could sit with his legs dangling over the shafts, as drivers of what they call "common cars" usually do in Ireland), and began to explain that some time before they had reached the little stream at the old abbey, he found himself getting very sleepy; not being a man of remarkably strong will, instead of driving sleep away by a brisk walk, he was soon in the arms of Morpheus, letting the mare make the best of her way alone, with the result as already stated.

(To be continued.)

Orin Oatlin, 49 Pearl street, Buffalo, N.Y., says: I tried various remedies for the piles, but found no relief until I used Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil, which entirely cured me after a few applications.

In paying out \$700 in wages to his workmen, a manufacturer at Marshall, Ill., privately marked all the bills. Within two weeks \$12,000 was deposited in the local bank by saloon keepers.

Clergymen, lawyers, public speakers, and the entire public in regard to Ayer's Cherry Peppor. All say it is the best remedy that can be procured for all affections of the vocal organs, throat and lungs.

Arabi Pasha and the other exiles have expressed themselves highly satisfied with Cayton, and, further, a wish to have their sons admitted at once as boarders in a Government college there. This will be done.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate is very valuable for professional men. It supplies the phosphates which are always lost by severe mental labor.

The Chinese papers state that Li-Fu-Yen, wife of the ex-Viceroy of the province of Chihli, being seriously ill, her husband had sent for "Miss Dr. Howard." It is added that this lady, who appears to be established in Peking, is regarded as a good practice among the titled ladies of China.

Pain from indigestion, dyspepsia, and too hearty eating is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

A stranger in Paris, during a heavy drought, noticed a schoolmaster march out of his house, asked where they were going. The schoolmaster told him, and added that he doubted not that God would listen to the prayers of innocent children. "If that be so, my friend" quoth the traveler, "I fear that there would be very few schoolmasters left alive."

Holloway's Ointment and Pills—Old Wounds Sores, and Ulcers.—Daily experience confirms the fact which has triumphed over opposition for thirty years—viz., that no means are known equal to Holloway's remedies, for curing bad legs, sores, wounds, diseases of the skin, erysipelas, abscesses, burns, sores, and, in truth, all cases where the skin is broken. To cure these infirmities quickly is of primary importance, as the compulsory confinement indoors weakens the general health. The ready means of cure are found in Holloway's Ointment and Pills; which heal the sores and expel their cause. In the very worst cases the Ointment has succeeded in effecting a "perfect" cure; after "every" other means has failed of giving any relief. Separate cases best display its virtues.

THE BATTLE OF FOXTROP BRIDGE.

A CELEBRATED CHARGE.

(From our Newfoundland Correspondent.)

Gentle reader, that this short sketch of the battle of Foxtrop Bridge may prove of deeper interest to you, and that you may better appreciate the motives which prompted those brave matrons and maidens of Foxtrop to rise and oppose the "Ballywaytes," I shall first give you a description of the village itself, with its inhabitants and all the natural beauties which surround it.

"Oh! loveliest there the spring days come,
With blossoms and birds the wild bees hum;
The flowers of summer are fairest there,
And freshest the breeze of the summer air."

About sixteen miles from St. John's, in one of the best recesses which indent the southern coast of Conception Bay, is situated the little village of Foxtrop. It is remarkable for its farms of unrivalled cultivation, and its soil is perhaps the most fertile of all the other villages which lie scattered along the shores of that lovely bay. Vast meadows, which the hands of the farmers had cleared with incessant labor, stretch far away to the west and to the south hills of unequalled grandeur form a boundary for the roving flocks and herds. The scenery around Foxtrop is rich in beauty, and the bridge—the scene of the famous engagement—forms a prominent feature in the picture. It is in the centre of the village and spans a little stream which winds from the hills and murmurs along till its waters are lost in the great waves on the sea shore.

On a fine summer day Foxtrop presents a scene which cannot quickly fade from the memory of the fortunate beholder; and a gentleman who visited it on a summer evening, has justly named it "Nature's Home." A road is carried through the centre of the village, which unfolds all the interior beauties of the place. At every mile you go almost you meet with one or two of those beautiful lakes, whose transparent waters sleep in untroubled calmness; and the wandering anemones falling through the foliage, checker the mossy carpet beneath your feet. The gentle easterly breeze sighing through the trees, and the song of the birds wedded to the music of the waves breaking on the soft silvery sands of the shore, are caught up by the distant hills and sent back in echoes sweet and low.

"What words can tell—what pencil here can trace
The mingled magic of this matchless place?"

Far off towards the village, columns of pale blue smoke rise like incense from a hundred hearths—from homes of peace and contentment—for those simple Foxtrop farmers dwell together in love. "Dwell in the love of God and of man." Those farms so beautiful and fertile, which had yielded their riches to generation after generation, were now to be laid waste for ever. What a calamity was to come upon that happy village.

Not like the Acadians of old, when their lands were forfeited to the British crown, and they themselves ordered to be removed from their homes, far from their much-loved land—did the cruel treatment of the "Ballywaytes," but like brave warriors, took up arms in defence of their native soil and won the glorious battle of Foxtrop Bridge, which I now hasten to describe.

It is the month of June. The hills have just thrown off their snowy mantles and are smiling beneath a summer sun.

The railway engineers are busily at work surveying the line. Already they have reached Manuels Bridge, and six days hence will bring them in the neighborhood of Foxtrop. From St. John's to the bridge they had met but little opposition, as the farmers through whose lands they had passed, had been promised immediate payment—a promise which to this day has not been wholly fulfilled.

The navvies closely follow the engineers, and valuable crops of every description are laid waste to the disgust of the owners. A few attempts had been made to put an end to those ravages, but to no purpose, and now the farmers even threaten the lives of the surveyors.

But the people of Foxtrop resolve to adopt a wiser plan than their neighbors, and a meeting is convened to find the best means of "protecting the lands and tatey gardens from the ravages of the Ballywaytes." The meeting is principally composed of the sturdy matrons and maidens of the village, for at this season of the year almost all the male inhabitants are to the Labrador engaged in the prosecution of the cod fishery. They resolve at any risk to oppose the engineers till they first receive a liberal compensation for their lands.

The engineers are now within sight of Foxtrop.

'Tis the twenty-ninth of June. All the village is in a stir preparing for the contemplated attack. Flocks, hatches, hammers, crowbars, pitchforks, and every agricultural implement are soon converted into instruments of war. Some two hundred warriors are assembled, and their command or their gallant leader—James Snooks—and take their stand on the bridge, from which the battle takes its name.

I with two other gentlemen had the good fortune to be present on the occasion of this celebrated charge, and I must say those Foxtrop warriors have immortalized their names and done honor to the "land that bore them."

We ascended a gentle slope, from which a view of the surrounding village was attainable. I looked down with feelings of pride and delight on that gallant array of petticoats and sunbonnets, and I venture to say that Napoleon himself would have been justly proud of such an army.

The surveyors are entering Foxtrop—war is declared. The petticoat brigade leads the bridge and are flying through the fields with all their armor glittering in the noonday sun. The enemy are soon surrounded and a scene of indescribable panic and confusion ensues, for they are now at the mercy of our heroes, who, true to their natural instinct, lay down their arms and use their boots to the best of advantage. Those who managed to escape, betake themselves to flight almost without a thought of resistance, and in a few moments the warriors, whose object by this time has become apparent, are undisputed "mistresses" of the situation. The glory of the day is theirs—the battle of Foxtrop Bridge is won!

"When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made
All the world wondered,
Honor the charge they made,
Honor our hero and maid,
Noble two hundred."

But the great success of the day must, no doubt, be attributed to the brave leader, James Snooks, who by her inspiring words had filled them with courage, and led them on to the greatest victory ever achieved by Newfoundlanders on their native soil. Next day the news of the battle was in St. John's, and the details of the affair were received

by the public with mingled feelings of amusement and amazement, but the government members "shivered in their shoes." They stopped each other in the street and asked if anything like it had ever been heard of before.

Six mounted police (of which our only car boast) were immediately despatched to quell the disturbance, but they soon returned with the "dismaying" news, that the "Foxtrop women" still held the bridge and were again ready to renew the charge if opposed. "Startling" news this was, undoubtedly. What could be done? A judge with two or three of our ablest politicians left the city by night and entered Foxtrop when the village was hushed in sleep.

Next day the Foxtroppers were astounded to find the leaders of the Brigade summoned to appear before His Worship Judge Spruce. They arose en masse and surrounded the house that held the "worthy man of law." Here Spruce came forward and addressed them in glowing words, telling them of the advantages to be gained by the railway, and entreating them to be patient and that they would be rewarded. His principal was "moral suasion" and he acted upon it (as he himself thought) with the happiest results.

The Foxtroppers dispersed so quietly that he believed he had joyfully accomplished his mission, and he gave orders to the surveyors to resume their work next day and all would go well.

Next day came, but scarcely had the surveyors set to work than they were again attacked and dispersed.

News of this second rising soon reached town and everyone seemed delighted over the new victory of the Foxtroppers.

Every newspaper sent forth a different account, one censuring, the other praising the Foxtroppers. The town was all excitement. The government members became enraged, for railway operations had now been suspended more than a week, and July was passing.

The British war-ship "Contest," then lying at anchor in the harbor, was despatched to the scene of the riot, and about three o'clock on a beautiful evening in July she steamed majestically up Conception Bay, and anchored off the little village of Foxtrop. Soon the boats were lowered and fifty men and officers, armed to the teeth, were put on shore. They marched through the village and discharged their muskets in the air; but not a single Foxtropper could be seen, save a few "nags," which were almost trying to fly with excitement. They then returned to the ship and sailed for St. John's, bringing back the joyful tidings that Foxtrop was again at peace with the world.

Next day James Snooks and her come partners were liberated, to the delight of the village, and the surveyors were again at work in Foxtrop, but our heroes were granted what they had demanded—compensation for their lands—and to-day the farmers of Foxtrop are the happiest people on the shores of Conception Bay.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD.
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, if such a thing be possible. For numerous Female Complaints these PILLS have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

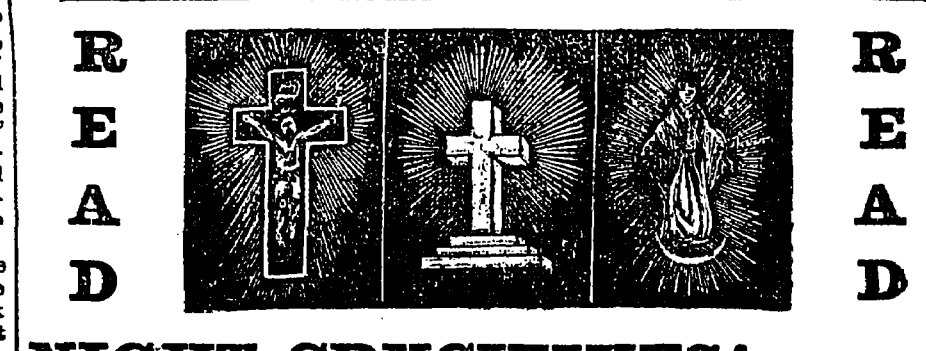
DIPHTHERIA
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve the terrible disease, and will positively cure all cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.

MAKE HENS LAY
An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Hens and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and eminently valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Those who keep flocks to a plant food. Sold every where, or sent by mail for letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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

BAKERS' MANDRAKE BITTERS THE ONLY VEGETABLE CURE FOR **DYSPEPSIA.** Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Habitual Costiveness, Sick Headache and Biliousness. Price, 25¢ per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER.
It is a preparation of pure and healthy ingredients, used for the purpose of raising and shortening, calculated to do the best work at least possible cost. It contains neither alum, lime, nor other deleterious substance, is so prepared as to mix readily with flour and retain its virtues for a long period. **RETAILED EVERYWHERE.** None genuine without the trade mark package.



NIGHT CRUCIFIXES!
NIGHT STATUES!
ARE VISIBLE
—IN THE—
Darkest Room!
WHEN NOTHING ELSE CAN BE SEEN THEY SHINE OUT LIKE GLOWING STARS!

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP WOOD, OF PHILADELPHIA, HAS A

LUMINOUS CRUCIFIX!
AND SAYS:
"It is a Great Incentive to Devotion."

READ!
TESTIMONIALS FROM THOSE WHO HAVE
CROSSES and CRUCIFIXES

M. CERQUI. Rue Rivole, 42.
MONSIEUR—As the Star of the East led and guided the magi to our Redeemer's feet, so does the crucifix treated with your compound, in the darkness of my chamber, in the solemnity of the night, lead my soul from earth to heaven, where in eternal glory reigns the Being whose ambrosian shines and overshadows my sleeping moments. Yours in X,
BRO. JOACHIM.
From the New York Correspondence of the Dublin Freeman's Journal, February 16, 1881.

Through the courtesy of Mr. J. R. Maxwell & Co., proprietors of M. Cerqui's Chemical Compound, we were favored with a private view of one of the most wonderful discoveries of the century. I was led into a room, the curtains were drawn and every ray of light was excluded, and in the darkness, where first I saw only plain plaster figures, there stood out in clear, bright, awe-inspiring distinctness, first the figure of the Saviour suspended in space, as it were, then on either side the figures of Mary and Joseph, while looming up in the foreground was the figure of an angel bearing a crown that seemed to rain light. If over a feeling of faith and veneration I possessed a Catholic, it then overwhelmed the writer, the scene was so novel and reverential. Upon leaving we were presented with a cross; it is kept on a bracket in our chamber, and in the darkness of night it seems to say, sleep safe, His cross watches and guards you.

We also have the honor to refer to the following Clergymen and Sisters:
Rev. Thos. Kierns, Lehigh Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rev. J. Slattery, Susquehanna, Pa.; Rev. J. Murphy, Blossburg, Pa.; Rev. M. Voigt, Franciscan College, Trenton, N.J.; Rev. T. Reardon, Easton, Pa.; CONVENT OF GOOD SHEPHERD, Baltimore, Md.

\$1.00 EACH!
If you possessed a Cross or any religious object treated with this compound, you will readily see how much satisfaction and with what a reverential feeling such an object would be viewed at night, when darkness and silence reign supreme, these like protecting figures, insignias of our faith, beautifully bright, unimpeded by the surrounding gloom, they are an inspiration for the last thought or word before sleep overcomes us.
We are now manufacturing such Crosses, and a number of different Statuettes, Crucifixes, and the usual Church Ornaments, and treating them with this wonderful compound. We also desire to inform you that we are prepared to treat, at a nominal cost, any articles of a like nature you may wish to have rendered as distinct at night as they are during the day.
For \$1.00 we will send you a Cross, including pedestal, possessing this desirable quality, confident that after once witnessing the feeling it inspires, looming up like a torch of faith in the blackness of night, you will order more, and urge upon your friends the satisfaction the possession of one gives in the silent hours of the night.

**\$1.00 each for Crosses.
\$2.00 for Crucifixes, 9-inch figure.
\$3.00 " " " " 17 " "
Crosses \$2.00 per dozen, or \$5.00 per half dozen.**
Send money by Registered Letter and we send Crosses free of charge.
J. R. MAXWELL & CO.,
No. 719 Sansom Street, Philadelphia.

WRECKED MANHOOD.

Victims of excessive indulgence or youthful indiscretions and pernicious solitary practices, suffering from premature decay or old age, Nervous Debility, Lack of Self-confidence, Impaired Memory, Loss of Manly Powers, and kindred symptoms, should send three stamps for large illustrated treatise, giving means of certain cure, with numerous testimonials. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

IT IS GENERALLY ADMITTED THAT

there cannot be anything more exquisitely delicate for perfuming the handkerchief than **MURRAY & LAMMAN'S FLORIDA WATER**, but its great and distinctive property is its adaptability to the use of the bath. It is the only perfume that we know of especially and particularly suited to use in this way; the power it has of imparting to the waters of the bath great soothing, refreshing, and invigorating effects, is peculiar to itself.

FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES

will not only supply the waste going on in the brain, but will enable the mind to endure a greater tax than before. It will impart vigor and promote clear conceptions to the intellect. It will strengthen the nerves and give power to all involuntary as well as the voluntary muscles of the body.

THE BYBNE CASE.

PARIS, March 8.—To one of the affidavits showing that Byrne was in London at the date of the Phoenix Park murders is appended a telegram sent from London by Byrne on that date, announcing the release of Davitt from prison.

IRISH IMMIGRANT GIRLS.

LONDON, March 8.—Two hundred girls started for New Hampshire to-day. Almost the entire population assembled to bid them good-bye. The scenes were affecting.

ANSWER THIS.

Can you find a case of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Diabetes, Urinary or Biliary Complaints that is curable, that Hop Bitters will not or cannot cure? Ask your neighbors if they can.