

gentling in most grotesque fashion, as he repeated some exquisite verses on the beauty and grace of those identical royal dimples, in the praises of which he had once been so unceremoniously interrupted by Nell Gower. The portfolio, covered with black serge, and tied up securely by knots of white ribbon—the ends of which hung far down by his side—was there still to be seen under his left arm, whilst the right kept waving in graceful motions to and fro in accordance with his theme.

Regardless of the busy scenes enacted around him, Murray passed through the crowd, his head bent forward, and his black cap drawn down over his brows.

On quitting the precincts of the court, he entered a field, and ascended a slight eminence that commanded a view of the palace, and the people without the walls. When he reached the summit, he observed a man leaning against a tree, and gazing down at the multitude below with so fixed and unconscious a stare, as to leave little doubt his mind was occupied with other objects than those presented to his corporeal vision. The earl paused for a moment, on his step, to look at this man, conscious he had often seen that dark and fiery countenance, now twitching and working under the broad-brimmed hat.

The stranger's dress was somewhat like his own, of a brown, sooty color, but of coarser texture, ill-made, and slovenly worn. His outer garment, however, was much longer, extending down to his ankles, and concealing his black worsted hose. His belt, too, was a little different, being simply a strip of gray girth web, knotted loosely in front, while the latter's was of polished leather, and tightly buckled on the side.

The earl had little trouble to recognize the thoughtful solitary, as he stood there under the shadow of the old oak. Few, indeed, who looked on his face could easily forget it. He was now verging on sixty, rather above the middle size, thin of flesh, but of an active, powerful frame. His eyes were small, gray, and piercing; his nose a little aquiline, his ears standing out at nearly right angles from his head, his high cheek bones well nigh visible through the skin, and his face swarthy and tanned from long exposure to the weather. The earl observed that the nerves of his face now kept continually twitching, a sure proof of his passions being at work within, and that the larger cords of his neck, throat, and cheeks were clearly discernible, even at the distance of twenty paces, standing out in bold relief under the bronzed and weather-beaten skin. His hair was now iron gray, short, thick, and grizzled. His bushy whiskers pointed down straight and stiff over his narrow nostrils, and his black, slouching hat lay close to his skull.

It was impossible to look at this man a moment without experiencing a feeling of doubt or fear as to the safety of a nearer approach. Nay, there was something in his very atmosphere that chilled the blood.

"Thou here?" said the Earl of Murray, advancing a step or two nearer, and addressing him in that low, hollow voice, for which he was so remarkable when under the influence of his sterner passions.

"Ay, said the stranger, drawing away his forefinger from his lip, where he had kept it for some time, and looking up boldly in the earl's face—"ay, I have followed thee from Bigger."

"Ah, thou wert in the fray, then. Verily, I thought thou hadst been at Edinburgh."

"Nay, the danger lay nearer the borders. And so thou hast failed, and come hither to beg thy life at the hands of this Amalekito woman. Verily, verily, James Stuart, thou hast still a hankering after the glided bawbles that surround the earthly throne; and I fear me, please most trust in the arm of the flesh than in the arm of the spirit."

"Trust in God doth not exempt us from the ordinary precautions," observed the earl.

"Hush, hush, sir; that thought is but a temptation of the evil one, who is this moment lurking to do us harm; yes, even to the danger of backsliding, like the Laird of Oraburn Heights, my own kith and kin."

"I have neither gold, nor credit at the Hague," said the earl. "I have lost everything at home, and thou surely wouldst not have me stay in Scotland to be hung on the first tree between Dunfermlie and Stirling."

"Why not?" sternly demanded the stranger, "if it be the Lord's will? wouldst thou dispute the proclamation of the Most High? Ah, verily, right joyful shouldst thou feel to be numbered among the martyrs of the new covenant. But thou'rt still a babe, a weakling in the faith, truly, a little babe that crieth for the milk of the word. If Heaven required by blood to seal its new dispensation, wouldst thou hold back? Speak, wouldst thou hold back? Speak," he repeated, half frantic, stamping on the ground, "for the hour cometh when I must know thy strength."

"Nay, I will not satisfy thy curiosity; thou fearest for the faith of every one who rushes not madly into thy desperate enterprise. I am weary and sick of this everlasting thirst for blood."

The stranger stepped back a pace or two, and raised his long, bony hands, up above his head, whilst the muscles of his face and neck swelled out almost to snapping, under the sudden thrill of fanatical rage. "This from him? O Lord!" he cried—"the leader of thy chosen people—thy Gideon of the new Israel; woe to him, woe to him, ay, even unto the depths of thy vengeance, if he draw back but a foot from thy battle with the hosts of Ammon. Spare him not—smite him with the forked lightning, the instant his heart first quails before the shock."

The earl suspected, from the enthusiast's sudden excitement, that he himself must have been the subject of his dark thoughts, whilst he stood leaning undisturbed against the tree, and that he had probably retired to that solitary place, to watch him on his exit from the court. Indeed, it was evident to him, he was suspected of some treachery, and the thought moved his sluggish anger.

"What demon possesses thee now," he cried, "to speak me thus? or thinkest thou I will ever tamely submit to these heinous suspicions?"

"Peace, peace, James Stuart," vociferated the preacher, drawing down his heavy brow in a dark scowl, and again stamping his foot; "peace! thou hast commanded me to back, when the spirit commanded me to rush upon the French war idols in the chapel of Holyrood. Peace, and thwart not the designs of the Lord in rebuking thee by the mouth of his servant; but rather gird up thy loins and follow."

"Whither?"

"Back to Scotland, to preach there the truths of God to the army of the Congregation, whose souls are thirsting for the waters of life. Back there, whence thou'rt fled, like a craven hind, from the trumpet blast of the Assyrian. Back there, to hold forth, in the market-places and on the hills, on the carpet and on the heather, against iniquity in the high places. Ay, back there, where the voice of the Lord calleth thee, and where his chosen ones yearn to see thee, and to gather around thee, and to be filled from thy lips with seal for God's house, and to grow strong and mighty under thy leading, and to arise and smite without ceasing all who enroll not

themselves under the black banner of the Lord; to pursue, even unto the shedding blood, this Moabite woman, who sitteth on the shittim wood, and drinks of the wine of Shihmah."

"Perdition take this jargon," cried the earl, turning away impatiently from the enthusiast; "reserve it for the rabble as thou like it; but for me, I'll permit thee to embroil me no further in thy mad enterprises."

"And so thou'lt return to play at checker board with Elizabeth, and sit on her footstool, and suffer her to pull thy beard and pat thy cheek, and call thee good friend, till she hath made a pulling, love-stok boy of the general of the Lord's host?" and the fanatic opened his wide mouth and laughed, or rather emitted a sound intended for a laugh, from the depths of his hollow chest. "Go, then, but remember thou'lt not escape the wrath of God's deserted people." Thus saying, he moved off a pace or two in the direction of the palace.

"Stay," said the earl, laying hold of his dress; "go not to the court, or thou'lt be expelled thence."

"Nay, I will go up as I am commanded, and preach the word in the high place. I will sow the seed, and leave it to bring forth fruit; even in the sloughs and mire of proslavery."

"Man, this is madness; thou'lt be sent to the Tower."

"Then I shall preach it from the Tower windows. I have preached it before in the galleys at Brest, James Stuart; and though the iron chain was about my throat, yet my voice hath gone forth across the waters, and recounded through the walls of Holyrood, and the worshippers of Baal trembled at the vengeance which the Lord threatened by my mouth."

"Hold," said Murray, in a deprecating tone; "I would not have thee excite her majesty. It hath been appointed me to see her late to-night, and I would fain have her mind undisturbed."

"Ah! late to-night," muttered the stranger, rolling his eyes round in their sockets, and compressing his lips, as if he were forming some new design. "And thou'lt meet her," he added, turning on his step, and speaking to the earl in a calmer voice.

"Ay, surely will I, though she hath driven me from her court."

"Ha, ha! banished thee as she would a froward servant. Ha, ha! eh? didst not say banished?"

"Truly, yes; but in that she had a political end to accomplish, so I've but little cause of offence. In the mean while she solicits an interview."

"Where?" demanded the enthusiast.

"Not far from hence. But I may not tell the place."

"Do it so. At what hour?"

"Nay, brother, my honor forbids me to speak further of the matter. When the third hour hath passed, meet me here."

"Ah, good and well," said the stranger, looking keenly in the earl's face.

"Keep the appointment; and as thou intendest fair or false to the army of the Kirk, and the children of the Lord, so may the Lord do unto thee." And thus saying, the Puritan broke away from the earl, and striding down the hill at a rapid pace, soon mingled with the busy assemblage below.

The earl's eyes followed the retreating form; nor did he turn away till he saw him enter the crowd near where our little acquaintance, Kit Harlow, was still gesticulating on the drey cart. For one instant only was his gaze torn shut out from view by his adherents, who immediately crowded around him, shouting and cheering as they recognized their favorite preacher. In the next he was seen to spring into the vehicle, seize our little poet by the arms, and swinging him unceremoniously to the ground, commence himself to hold forth, in thundering accents, to the erect and greedy ears that now turned to listen to the far-famed Calvinist.

Long before the hour appointed for the secret interview, the Earl of Murray had been walking up and down, in the shadow of the cemetery wall,—his arms folded on his broad chest, and his head bent forward,—deep in melancholy reflections on his late discomfiture, and in devising still darker plots for the ruin of his royal sister.

Ever as he turned at the end of the footpath, his keen eyes rolled round under their bushy brow, to see if there was any sign of the royal night-walker, coming from the direction of the palace. All about him was as still and voiceless as the dead, over whose graves he trod; the very owls and bats in the ivy walls above him were asleep, and even the arms of the old gnarled oak which had so often scared the village urchins with their moaning and creaking in the night breeze, hung there drooping and silent. The moon was yet in her first quarter, and the clouds lay around her, scattered here and there in dark masses, with narrow stripes of light between, so that it was only at intervals the gable tops of the old ruin could be seen shining in the faint moonbeams.

The earl now paused to listen for some sound which he fancied to have heard; but it was only the rubbing of the ivy leaves together against the half-illuminated wall. What a little thing sometimes shakes the soul of the strongest man!—a rat behind an arras, or a beetle striking against a window pane. Maobeth shuddered at the sound of his own footfalls, even at a moment when no human sight could detect the object of his vigil.

"Thou sure and firm-set earth! Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for thy very slowness part of my whereabouts." (Earl)

The dark earl stood and looked about him, and feared, looked again, and then resumed his walk. And why should he fear? Was he not awaiting the coming of a queen?—a queen who had, oft before, given him proofs of her confidence, and who still would run the risk of detection for the gratification of seeing him for one short hour? Perhaps he was agitated by the thought of that very risk she was running, lest spies might lurk about and detect her; or he might have suspected treachery in the note he received from the lady whom he recognized as the Countess of Harrington. No, gentle reader, it was none of these: it was the dark plot against a sister's kingdom and life, now maturing in the secret depths of his soul, that made him look around and tremble. And he quailed not in his hellish design, even as he gazed up at the pale chaste moon, and saw her, like the eye of the Omnipotent, looking down upon him. No, he rocked not of God's lot; he feared only that man might interpose, and balk him in his purpose. Like a tiger he passed there to and fro, waiting for his mistress to come forth from her lair, that they might hunt down the poor fawn together. And well might it be said, that no two were better mated. Both of the same age, being born in the same year, remarkable for the same boldness and duplicity of character, notorious for the same pretended love of religion, and finally, both illegitimate, and children of the two most libertine and sensual monarchs of the world. What wonder, if, with all these affinities, they should be drawn irresistibly to each other?

The hour after midnight had passed, and the earl began to grow impatient of further

delay; and then another half hour had well nigh worn away, and yet there was no sign of the queen. "It's not possible she could have forgotten the appointment," thought he. "It's entirely of her own making; and, besides, the danger she dreads so much is pressing. Lenox is the husband of Mary Stuart, and may soon be offered the crown matrimonial. Doubtless he shall, for he hath powerful influence in Spain, France and England, not to mention that of the Hamiltons and the Seatones, and so forth, in Scotland. Should his influence be suffered to unite with that of the Guise round Mary's throne, I fear me the crown of England might sit but unsteadily on Elizabeth's head, and the friends of the Cardinal of Lorraine look round for the apostate of Scotland, to revenge on him the injury he hath done the queen regent. Nay, nay, she forgets not the appointment, and for reasons that weigh heavy with her. She hopes to make me instrumental in bringing about the overthrow of the Queen of Scots, her rival and supposed enemy, and the total extinction of French interests in Scotland; and by my faith, she hath met with one who will by no means be disappointed here. She is well assured that, with the way I exercise over the Scottish reformers, I can easily raise a force sufficient to cope with all the Catholic armies. Mary can gather around her,—especially since Catharine de Medici would hold back France from interfering for the present, now that the cautious old diplomatist begins to look across the channel, and to lay her plans for wheeling Elizabeth into a marriage with Anjou. Ay, grammarcy, as she knows, too, I wear not these russet garments, nor crop these once shining locks, without a purpose. And what thinks she may that purpose be? Humph! marry, ay, the destruction of Catholicity, the establishment of the kirk, and the ruin of my royal sister. Ha, ha! jealousy of Mary's charms hath made her short-sighted. I care not for the real or woe of either a bodie's worth, but inasmuch as they may become stepping stones to a position, whence I can strike down monarchy at a single blow. Ha! a time may come, when Elizabeth herself will discover that she is not the only royal bastard who hath successfully won his way to sovereign power. Ay, and when that hour doth come, she may have reason to regret the scorn and contempt with which she once banished the exiled Calvinist from her court. It was then meek and humble, nay, a very synochant—ha! But when the tide turns, when the crop-haired, heavy-browed, scowling Calvinist shall stand on his native heather, surrounded by his countless followers, with their long spears in their hands, and their helmets on their heads, and the black banners of the Lord before them, they, mayhap, the world shall learn of the deep and damning thoughts that once lay hid in the breast of the wandering exile, when he stood a pining suppliant at the English council board. But let her use me as she will, yes, even to her soul's damnation and mine, it will go hard or I shall satisfy her—ay, even to detronement of her rival, were the rival ten times my sister. Detronement! ah, fit it were to stop there; but no, no; her face would lose none of its angelic loveliness, nor her form any of its beauty, by the loss of the sceptre or of the crown. O jealousy, thou first of hell-born spirits, how useful I shall make thee in this my last struggle for power! Ha, ha! thou wilt help to win me gold from the English coffers, and willing arms from the scandal-seeking followers of John Knox. Thou shalt make Elizabeth furnish the altar, and Morton the victim for the sacrifice. And yet the thought is damnable. Her innocence and purity ever look me mildly in the face and appeal me. To plot her ruin thus is to send my soul down to the lowest depth of hell. O, if I could but think her only half so innocent, methinks my arm would feel stronger to strike the blow. But h! what's here? hark! I hear a rustling—hush! the queen! the queen!" And hurrying across the graves, he entered the old walls, and there stopped for an instant to look about and listen. He was now within the shadow of a high gable wall, which was still covered with thickly-matted ivy, except indeed at the edges, where the fire by which the building was consumed had bared the tendrils of their leaves. Truly, it was as dreary and lonely a spot as could well be found for a rendezvous of the dead below, and the cold, cheerless moon above; nor did the form of the earl, standing dimly visible within the dark shadow detract aught from the solemnity of the scene.

(To be continued.)

"ACCEPT OUR GRATITUDE."

Dr. R. V. Frazar, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—Your "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured my boy of a fever sore of two years' standing. Please accept our gratitude.

Yours truly,
HENRY WHITTE, Boston, Mass.

A DISHONEST MARSHAL.

The Tribune's Washington special says: It is understood that the official affairs of General Longstreet, U. S. Marshal of the Northern district of Georgia, are in an unsatisfactory condition. Recently two of his bondsmen became uneasy and demanded to be released. It is reported that some time ago he sent in a large account for expenses which was found incorrect in so many particulars that \$11,000 was disallowed. Longstreet's troubles are attributed to his inquisitiveness in the management of the business details of his office.

A SHEWED STATESMAN.

LONDON, Jan. 9.—Mr. Jacob Bright has declined to preside at the coming Reform meeting at Manchester. In his declination he does not explicitly state his reasons for absconding himself, but it is pretty well understood that he does not wish to prominently associate himself with Mr. Charles Forster, who is announced as one of the prominent speakers. Mr. Bright's constituency contains a large percentage of Irish voters, and any apparent indorsement of Mr. Forster's proverbial bookish views would be followed by the alienation of the support of this element.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—In the House to-day a resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of the Interior to report whether any railroad which has been aided by government has granted any other corporation or foreign company the right to operate lines of telegraph belonging to the railroad, so as to prevent the company from performing its duty to the government and the public. A resolution calling on the Postmaster-General for information as to whether a British spy named O'Brien had been allowed to tamper with American mails, was also adopted.

The Postmaster-General says that he has no knowledge that a British spy named O'Brien was allowed to tamper with the mails in New York Post Office. He has sent the Chief Inspector there to make an investigation.

A Washington policeman Thursday night found a negro's head on Sixteenth street, but has seen nothing of the rest of the man.

SCOTCH NEWS.

EDINBURGH.—FALLING TO EDUCATE CHILDREN.—At the Edinburgh Sheriff Summary Court on Saturday several persons whom the Edinburgh School Board had resolved to prosecute for having failed to provide elementary education for their children were brought before Sheriff Rutherford. The first case was that of Daniel Milligan, a hawker, who was sentenced to 7 days' imprisonment for neglecting to educate his two children. Milligan had been twice previously convicted of a like offence. Rose Ann Cassidy or Fee, who had also been formerly before the Court, received a similar sentence to that passed upon Milligan, for neglecting the education of her two boys, aged 8 and 12 years respectively. In two other cases the Sheriff granted a delay for a month to see whether the defaulters would keep their children in regular attendance at school during that period; and his Lordship adopted the same course in regard to the two other cases brought before him by the Common School Board.

It was discovered on Tuesday morning that St. Laurence's Roman Catholic chapel had been entered by thieves and about £2 stolen from the poor's box. The thieves are supposed to have entered the chapel along with the congregation at the midnight Christmas service, and to have secreted themselves till the building was closed.

GOLDSBROUGH AND LOCH ERYE.—The head gamekeeper (Mr. Robert MacDonnell) of Ardchattan estate, Loch Erye, Argyllshire, reports the presence of no less than four eagles of the *falco chrysolus* (golden eagle) species there. The game has suffered a good deal from them lately, and the keepers were compelled to set traps for their capture. Last week the under gamekeeper, John Oatman, shot one of the eagles. It had been in one of the traps, and lost its toes. It is a splendid specimen, measuring from tip to tip of outstretched wings 7 feet 3 inches. The ordinary measurement is 6 feet. The bird has been sent to be stuffed. It should be said on behalf of the keepers that, while they are alive to the objections to destroying this rare bird, four eagles on the estate are too much of a nuisance. The remaining birds will, it is understood, not be molested. The eyes of the eagles are supposed to be in the Blackmount of Glencairn.

DROWNING INCIDENT IN THE FORTH.—A sad drowning accident occurred in the Firth of Forth on Saturday. Early on Saturday morning two Newhaven pilots named Peter Noble and William Noble, both brothers, left Newhaven in their boat to look out for steamers coming in the Firth. Between eight and nine o'clock the steamer *Pione*, of Seaham, bound from Aberdeen to Leith, was fallen in with three miles below Inchkeith. The captain of the *Pione*, wishing a pilot to take his vessel to Leith, once engaged the services of William Noble. The pilot boat went alongside the steamer, which had meanwhile been stopped to allow the pilot to get on board, Peter Noble being left in the boat. While the latter was securing the tow-ropes which were to hold the boat to the steamer, a sudden gust blowing the steamer's progress was at once stopped, and William, on finding his brother in the water, made frantic efforts to save the latter, while life-buoys and ropes were thrown to the drowning man, who immediately disappeared and was never again seen. As Noble was a good swimmer it is conjectured that he must have been stunned by coming in contact with the boat. Much sympathy is felt for the deceased's widow and five children. Deceased, whose body has not been recovered, was 30 years of age.

DUNBARTON.—DROWNING ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday morning Mr. Wm. Burns, factor for Donnyvetow, while going his usual rounds, observed the body of a man lying on the bank of the Leven at the foot of William Street. The body was conveyed to the mortuary, and there identified as that of Hugh McFadden, labourer, Birkmyre's Land, Glasgow Road. Deceased left the house of Daniel Butler, 28 Honryahott, on Monday evening, about eleven o'clock, the worse of drink, and no person with him. It is thought that in walking along the raised embankment at Levenbank street, which is unprotected, he fell into the Leven, and was drowned.

CARRIBALE.—THE BROCKT STORM.—The destruction done to the fine woods at Saddell Castle, and also to the Glencarradale, the residence of Colonel Buchanan of Drumpellier, is most complete. It is melancholy to see the fine trees, which tended greatly to beautify the district, uprooted by thousands. Some enormous trees at Saddell Castle have been snapped through at the trunk, and others split as if a wedge had been driven into the heart of these are trees which have stood the storms of centuries. The whole aspect of Duppill Hill, on the Carradale estate, has been changed, at some places a tree here and there being left standing. The little Established Church at the foot of this hill has suffered badly, and an stained glass window was blown in, and the wind having got access in this way has greatly damaged the roof.

A "RESPECTABLE NINCOMPOOP."

PARIS, Jan. 9.—The *Morning News* publishes an editorial severely commenting on the imbecility displayed by the American State Department in the O'Donnell matter. It says perusal of the correspondence can only lead to the belief that Frelinghuysen is simply a "respectable nincompoop."

DIED AT THE AGE OF 104.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 9.—An aged lady, named Mrs. Clara Sullivan, died here to-day at the age of 104 years. Up to a short time of her death she was in full possession of her faculties. Her eyes were strong enough to thread a needle without glasses. She was born near the town of Granite, County Carlow, Ireland, in 1780, and distinguished herself by the partizan stand she took in favor of the revolutionists of 1798, where she mingled the beacon fire on Granite Hill, and melted lead for bullets for the only blunderbuss in the possession of the insurgents.

CANCERS AND OTHER TUMORS

are treated with unusual success by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Send stamp for pamphlet.

WHERE'S THE NEUTRALITY?

LONDON, Jan. 9.—A Dublin correspondent states that the actions of the police at the meetings of the Nationalists and Orangemen at Dromore have shaken public confidence in their neutrality, coolness and discipline, they having treated the Orangemen with marked brutality.

THE BOERS.

LONDON, Jan. 10.—Lord Derby, Secretary of State for Colonial Affairs, has telegraphed to the Boer chiefs engaged in the late war the final decision of the Government. Such of the chiefs as gave support to England during the war and acted in good faith are to be entitled to such lands as they have claimed. The trade routes will be laid outside of the new boundary lines, which England herself will draw.

PRELATES BACK FROM ROME.

What the Bishops Accomplished in the Eternal City.

THOSE SCHOOLS UPON THE "MEDIEVAL" PLAN.

New York, Jan. 11.—At the marble Episcopal residence adjoining the Cathedral Archbishop Corrigan, who had just returned from Rome, was yesterday afternoon entertaining some intimate friends. For the gratification of the reading public, by giving them some account of his mission to the Eternal City, the Archbishop left his friends and graciously yielded to the interviewer. He received the reporter in the scarlet drawing-room, which is on the southern side of the residence, the windows opening on Madison avenue and Fifth-street. The ornamentation of this room is simple and classic in design, and the furniture is costly and elegant, but without the slightest trace of that loudness or vulgarity too often to be found in private New York drawing rooms. The talented young prelate looked handsome than ever, the two trips across the briny ocean having bronzed his features and added a lustre to his dark eyes.

"Really," said the Archbishop, smiling, "all that I could say would have but little significance, but if you will ask me any question I will answer it if I can."

Well, then, where was the council of American Bishops held, and how many were present?"

"Excuse me," said the Archbishop, still smiling; "but in that question you have committed two errors. In the first place there has not been any council at all. It was simply a conference, which, in our technical language, means quite a different affair. Then it was not a conference of Bishops, but of Archbishops. But that is of no account. Now that we may consider the question as correctly put," said the Archbishop, still smiling good-naturedly, "I will say that our meetings were held at the American College and at the Palace of the Propaganda. Our meetings at the college were preliminary to the meetings at the Propaganda. At the former place none but the Americans were present. At the meetings in the palace there was always a certain number of cardinals with us. The same questions which had been discussed at the college were gone over again at the Propaganda, where one had the experience and matured minds of the cardinals."

"How long did the conference last?"

"Just one month. It began November 13, and I believe the last work of the conference was done on the 13th day of December."

"By what authority was the conference held?"

"It was held at the invitation of the Holy Father. The eleven archbishops of the United States were invited to meet at Rome November 1, for the purpose of discussing ecclesiastical discipline in this country. As I have said, we did not succeed in getting together until the 13th. Some of the American Archbishops could not go on account of ill health, and had to send representatives, as, for instance, the Archbishop of Cincinnati, who was very sick at the time the invitation was received. The conference was held at Rome, in order that we might be very near to the central authority."

"Are you at liberty to name some of the subjects that were discussed?"

"I cannot specify; but I can say, in general, that all our discussions and deliberations were upon the spiritual improvement of our people and a more effectual church discipline in this country."

"Did the American Archbishops agree unanimously to the results arrived at?"

"They did, of course; but you can hardly call them results as yet. We have got to report as a committee to the American Episcopate for its approval. When that body meets it will be a 'council' in the true sense of the word. This council will probably be held at Baltimore."

"May I ask whether the troubles in Ireland were touched upon during the conference?"

"You may, and you may say (with great emphasis) that neither the Irish question nor any political question whatsoever was even so much as mentioned during our deliberations. We went to Rome to mind our own business, and that has nothing to do with politics. Our business is with the spiritual lives of the people. Oh, no," said the Archbishop relaxing into a smile again, "we took no dynamite to Rome and brought none home with us."

"Upon the whole, was the conference satisfactory, and do you think that good results will come out of it?"

"Well, it would be a great reproach upon us eleven men if we traveled 6,000 miles and spent two months of valuable time for nothing. I don't think, I know, that much good will come out of it."

"Did you have an audience with the Holy Father?"

"We did, and a great treat it was too. All of us went together, of course. It was on December 17. The Holy Father expressed unwavering pleasure at meeting us. He was more cheerful than I expected to find him. Before we left he gave us each his blessing."

CONCERNING PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

"And as to the question of parochial schools in America?"

The Archbishop laughed it off as he said:—"I saw a copy of the N. Y. Herald on the steamer yesterday, in which I read the letter of the ecclesiastic that was called from Rome stating that the convention had recommended the establishment of schools in this country upon the medieval plan, whatever that may mean. Now, neither medieval schools nor anything else belonging to the middle ages came up before the convention. The word 'medieval' was not, I think, once used."

"But," said the reporter, "you did consider the question of parochial schools here, did you not?"

"Yes, we discussed it in the same way that it has been discussed before."

"Was any new or important action taken concerning the schools?"

The Archbishop replied in the negative, and to further questions as to the subjects which had been before the Convention, or what was done about them, he said it would not be proper for him to speak. He had nothing to communicate regarding the coming Council in Baltimore which is not already known to the public.

Among the other ecclesiastics who arrived on the Scythia yesterday with Archbishop Corrigan were Rev. Dr. Bishop O'Hara of Scranton, Very Rev. Dr. Corcoran of Baltimore, Rev. Thomas T. Caffrey, Right Rev. T. A. Brenker of Delaware and Rev. George Kelly. They were met at the steamer's dock by Vice-General Quinn, Mgr. Preston, V. G., Dr. McDonald of the Cathedral, Father H. O. McDowell of St. Agnes' Church, Father O'Kelly of St. Peter's, Dr. Joseph Corrigan, Rev. James



THE GREAT DR. DIO LEWIS
His Outspoken Opinion.

The very marked testimonials from College Professors, respectable Physicians, and other gentlemen of intelligence and character to the value of Warner's S. & F. E. Cure published in the editorial columns of our best newspapers, have greatly surprised many. Many of these gentlemen I know, and reading their testimony I was impelled to purchase some bottles of Warner's S. & F. E. Cure, and analyze it. Besides, I took a course, awaiting three times the prescribed quantity. I am satisfied the medicine is not injurious and will frank you that if I did myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble I should use this preparation. The truth is the medical profession stands dazed and heaped in the presence of more than one kidney malady, while the testimony of hundreds of intelligent and very reputable gentlemen hardly leaves room to doubt that Mr. H. H. Warner has fallen upon one of those happy discoveries which occasionally bring help to suffering humanity.

Dr. Lewis

FROM THE PRESIDENT
OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 25, 1883.

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A BOON TO MEN

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