A CONTRACTOR

haps, after all, she was only gone shopping, and had been detained; there might be no and had been detained; there might be no accident, nothing but forgetfulness of time. He resolved, however, to ride over to Oulton at the resolved, however, to ride over to Oulton at the resolved, however, to ride over to Oulton at the resolved, however, to ride over to Oulton at the resolved, however, to ride over to Oulton at the resolved, however, to ride over to Oulton at the resolved, however, to ride over to Oulton at the resolved in the country of his country is a folded paper in her band; and Barbara begale, with a white, wondering face, stood S. Earle, with a white, wondering face, stood near her. Lady Bayneham went up to her son; he saw that her face was full of strange. no; ne saw that she spoke in a low, pained

owed the stately lady, and Barbara Earle lowed the stately lady, and Barbara Earle went with them. His mother closed the door and locked it; she then held out to him the

folded paper. found this on the floor of your "Barbara found this on the floor of your wife's room," she said gently; it had slipped from her deak, and it is addressed to you." He took the letter from her in silence and sad it. They who watched him saw his face grow deadly white as he did so, and he stagger-gow deadly white as he did so, and he did so did not some deadly white as he did so, and he stagger-gow deadly white as he did so, and he did not some deadly white as he did so did not so did not so did not some deadly ed like a man who has red, blinding mist be read tal blow. Through a red, blinding mist be read words that burned themselves upon his heart,

words that burned themselves to him.
yet were all a mystery to him.
"(Claude," the letter began, "I shall not wait
for you to send me from you. I go now. You
know all—you say you know all Ab, then, you
must despise me. You must look upon me with
must despise me.

must go. I cannot write my farewell—there are no tears in my eyes, yet they have gazed upon you for the last time. In my heart there is deep, burning sorrow, like a sharp, piercing air; there is despair and death. You were pain; there is despair and death. You were the idle comments of busy men, was seeking the idle comments of busy word as I write it. My darling, forgive me. Lord Bayneham read the letter again and

again, never understanding one of the sad, piti-ful words in it. He realized but one thing—she was gone from him, and he should see her A cry that Lady Bayneham never forgot came from his white lips. Strong man though he was, the earl trembled like a child.

Read that, mother," he said, "and tell me what it means. Word by word the countess read the sad letter, her face growing white, as her son's had done. "What can it mean?" she said; "what

can be done?" can be done?"
"I must find her!" cried Lord Bayneham.
"Call all the servants, mother, rouse the whole place - we must go after her."

Then his mother, going up to him, placed one arm lovingly around him.
"Hush, Claude," she said. "Your wife has left you; let us, however, save the honor of our house; cost what it may, this secret must be kept. The Baynehams have never known discount in the results of the secret was the secret with the secret have never known discount in the results of the secret has been their many let us be secret had been their grace; let us keep their name untainted. What say you, Barbara?

You are right, aunt," she replied; "for "You are right, aunt, she replied; lor Hilda's own sake we must keep all knowledge of this from the world. Do not be angry with me, Claude; but from this letter, which you evidently do not understand, I should imagine poor Hida to have been seized with something fike sudden insanity. No same person ever wrote this. Have you any idea to what she

"No more than yourself," said Lord Bayne m. "I had better tell you all, and perhaps you can help me. Hilds would not tell me how bracelet came to be in the Lady's Walk and I discovered quite accidentally that she had been walking there with some one. I went to her and told her I knew all-"Well," said Barbara, for he stopped abrupt-

ly, "what then ?"
"She cried out passionately, 'Do you mean what you said? Must I go? Not understanding in the least what she meant, I replied that I always said exactly what I meant. She eried out again, "Must I go?" Just then I was fetched away for the duke, and have not

seen her since."
"It is the atrangest thing I ever heard," said the countess. "I can only imagine the poor child to be insane." "Who was with her in the Lady's Walk?" asked Miss Earle. "You do not know?" she

entinued; "then believe me, Claude, she is seither mane nor anything else, but the victim of some mystery. I am certain of it. If all the world blames her, I keep my faith. But some-

I will go to Culton," said Lord Bayneham; and in less than ten minutes he was once more galloping along the high-road.

OHAPTER XXXII.

"What has detained you so long?" said Lord Bayneham to the coachman, as he dismounted at the Bayneham Arms.
"I am waiting for my lady," replied the man;

"she desired me to do so."

Barbara Earle had said, "At any cost, we must keep the secret;" and Lord Bayneham remembered the words.

'It is all right," he replied, hastily; you can go home. I am sorry you have been kept waiting so long. Lady Bayneham will not return with you this evening."

The landlord, who had shared the coachman's

wonder, re-entered the house perfectly satisfied, and Lord Bayneham followed the man, who had been for more than thirty years a valuable "My lady stopped at the corner of Hill street," replied Dickson; she went down toward the Old Cross, and I drove on to the

hotel."
"Did Ludy Bayneham say anything about returning?" asked the earl.
"No," said Dickson. "Her ladyship never spoke to me after she entered the carriage. She

looked very ill, my lord."

"And you have no idea where she went?" in-

"None," said the man. "I have been waiting in much surprise, for her ladyship has always been so punctual."

said Lord Beynebam, "I shall want one man to help me in what I have to do; we have some reason to fear that Lady Bayne-ham is ill—is not quite herself. She has left her home and gone, no one knows where. Can you keep this secret and help me to trace her?"
"I can, my lord," said Dickson quietly. He made no protestations, but the young earl understood the good faith and strong reliance of

those words. "She went down toward the Old Cross you say," continued Lord Bayneham: "that is the road to the station—can she have gone there?"

He went into the hotel to look at the Railway Guide which lay upon the table. His wife left her home some few minutes past two o'clock; at twenty minutes past whree there was a train for London; at four, the express for Scotland; later on, the train for New Town, the largest junction on the line. His only resource was to go to the station and make all the inquiries pos-

"How was Lady Bayneham dressed?" he

"How was Lady Baynenam dressed?" ne saked Dickson.
"I did not notice, my lord," he replied. "I remember nothing that her ladyship wore, except a thick waterproof cloak."
"Take the carriage home," said Lord Bayneham, "and mind, Dickson, I have trusted you. You will be the only servant in the house who knows the secret of your lady's flight; guard it as you would your life. Say what you like to the rest to allay their suspicions, if they have any; and stay—take this note to Lady Bayne-

He wrote a few lines just to say what he had done—that he was now going to the station, and if he found any trace of his wife he should follow it up, therefore they need not feel any uneasiness at his absence. Dickson-he told Lady Bayneham-knew the truth, and in any emergency they must true to him. In the meantime they must

thield Hilda as best they could, for he hoped to swear by those tall elms in yonder

was a new porter who did not know his lordship, and to this man the young earl addressed himself.

The porter had been on the platform all

the afternoon, and remembered the London train, and that four passengers left Onlton by it, but that only two went by the Scotch express. There were perhaps twenty for the New Town train, but among them he did not remember to have seen a lady in a

did nor remember waterproof cloak, did you say, sir ?"

"A dark waterproof cloak, did you say, sir ?" woice.
"Claude," she said, "come with me to my "Claude," she said, "come with me to my "continued the porter. "Ah, now I remember something. Just before the London train started a lady in a long, dark cloak sent me to get her ticket. She sat there at the lower end of the platform and spoke in a lower end of the platform and spoke in a low voice as though she were ill. I did not see her face clearly, because she wore a veil, but I thought I saw that she was very pale and had golden hair. I bought her ticket and saw her get into a first-class carriage for Loudon."

Class carriage for Loudon."

The porter looked astonished when Lord Bayucham slipped a sovereign into his hand; and like a wise man he saw that there was something in it, and resolved to keep his thoughts to

himself.

"I am sorry, too, if he is in trouble," thought the man, "for a nicer or more liberal gentleman I never did see,"

were all a mystery of the letter began, "I shall not wait "(Olande," the letter began, "I shall not wait for you to send me from you. I go now. You how all—you say you know all Ah, then, you know all—you say you know all Ah, then, you how all—you say you know all Ah, then, you how all—you say you know all Ah, then, you how all—you say you know all Ah, then, you how, spent in pacing impatiently to and the earl resolved to go by it. That one half hour, spent in pacing impatiently to and the earl resolved to go by it. That one half hour, spent in pacing impatiently to and the earl resolved to go by it. That one half hour, spent in pacing impatiently to and the earl resolved to go by it. That one half hour, spent in pacing impatiently to and the earl resolved to go by it. That one half hour, spent in pacing impatiently to and the earl resolved to go by it. That one half hour, spent in pacing impatiently to and the earl resolved to go by it. That one half hour, spent in pacing impatiently to and the earl resolved to go by it. That one half hour, spent in pacing impatiently to and the earl resolved to go by it. That one half hour, spent in pacing impatiently to and the earl resolved to go by it. That one half hour, spent in pacing impatiently to and the earl resolved to go by it. That one half hour, spent in pacing impatiently to and the earl resolved to go by it. That one half hour, spent in pacing impatiently to and the earl resolved to go by it. That one half hour, spent in pacing impatiently to and the earl resolved to go by it. That one half hour, spent in pacing impatiently to and the earl resolved to go by it. The London express started in half an hour him. Why, only last week they had been at the station together. Now she was a fugitive flying, he knew not what from-and he, trying est to shield her and keep her name from

about six o'clock; two other trains had come in at the same time, and the station for some minutes was one grand scene of confusion; no one remembered a lady in a waterproof cloak there were several ladies, first-class passengers, but no porter remembered to have procured either cab or carriage for any tall lady in a

waterproof cloak. The ticket collector was found and closely examined by Lord Bayneham. He had taken a ticket from a lady in a first-class carriage, a ticket marked from Oulton to London; he not noticed her dress; he remembered that her hand was very white and she wore several cost-

ly rings.

Lord Bayneham's heart beat quickly; with out doubt that was Hilda, but where had she gone? No one had seen her leave the carriage or quit the station. In spite of the collector's mony he was as much lost as before.

He spent some long hours at Euston Square, but discovered no more. He had traced his wife to London, but there she vanished com-

Then he went to Scotland Yard, for he had was sail to be the cleverest private detective in England, and he told him the whole facts of the case and offered him a large reward for any in-formation he could procure. There was no more to be done. The detective told him to leave the matter in his hands and promised to do his best. Tired and depressed Lord Bayneham went to his house in Grosvenor Square. Although taken by surprise at his sudden appearance, the housekeeper soon sent up a recherche little supper, which she was much disappointed at finding the next morning untouched upon the table. During the day following he had one long interview with the detective, and the rest of his time was spent in writing. On the Thursday morning the chief papers contained an adverto be done. The detective told him to leave the

morning the chief papers contained an adver-tisement wherein "Blue Bell"—the pet name he tisement wherein "Bue Bell"—the pet name he had given her in Brynmar woods—was entreated to send her address, as there had been some terrible mistake; but no reply came to them—no news came to Lord Bayneham of his fair

young wife.
All at once an idea struck him. Of course she was gone to Brynmar—where else should she seek refuge. It was past ten o'clock on Thursday night when the thought came to him, and he never rested again until he saw once more the bonuy woods of Brynmar. He had hoped strongly, he had believed his search ended, but the hall looked lonely and deserted; he knew by old Elosie's face when she admitted him that his lost wife was not there. No. nothing had been seen or heard of the young lady of Bayneham. She had not been

The earl did not wait for either sleep or refreshment, but hurried back again, sick at heart, and more disappointed than he cared to

own.

At London he found strange letters awaiting him from Dr. Greyson, the trustee and guardian of his wife. He had received a letter from Lady Hilds, saying that she renounced all fur-ther claim upon the Brynmar estates, or any of the money bequeathed her by Lady Hutton, and should never receive more, nor apply to him again. Lord Bayneham, she said, would understand why, and he was to decide what should be done with the fortune she thus re-

nounced. More bewildered than ever, Lerd Bayneham could only agree with his mother that Hilda must be insane. He understood nothing whatever of the motives which actuated her. He telegraphed for Lr. Greyson to join him, but when they took counsel together neither one nor the other could suggest any solution of the

mystery. He then took Bertie Carlyon into his confidence. The young member had found himself famous and his speeches were eagerly listened to and eagerly read. He was considered, and justly too, as one of the most gifted and elo quent speakers of the day, and his career was now one of great and increase an labor rewarded. quent speakers or the day, and his career was now one of great and incessant labor, rewarded by well-earned success. But Bertie, his old friend, and confidant, could render him no as-assistance. He could throw no light upon the

subject. The post-mark upon Lady Hilda's letter was London; but from that all agreed it was foolish to believe that she was in the great city.

The constant anxiety of such a search began The constant anxiety of such a search began to tell heavily upon Lord Bayneham. He had been for several nights without sleep and for several days with but little food. One morning as, with Bertie Carlyon, he was coming from Scotland Yard, the two friends met Mr. Fulton. At the first glimpse of him Lord 1 Bayneham clinched his hands tightly. After all, what he had heard of these prosessingle processing her beautiful to the search of these processing larges had been the first cause those nonsensical notes had been the first cause of his present sorrow. But Mr. Fulton hurried up to him with a smile of welcome playing over his face, holding out his hard with a few words of cordial greeting. There was something so genial and kindly in his manner that Lord Bayneham's half-formed suspicions died away

How are all at Bavneham?" said Mr. Ful-"How is Lady Hilda? Is she here with ton. He evidently knew nothing of what had han-

pened at Bayneham.
"You look extremely ill," he continued. "I hardly knew you at first. When are you re-

[urning ?"
Lord Bayneham replied briefly and then

Lord Bayneham replied briefly and them hurried on. Only ten days since and this man was an honored guest under his roof. What had happened since then?

That morning he met several of his friends, who were all pleased and surprised to see him, but grieved at his changed appearance. There seemed to be only one topic of conversation, the engagement of the fair and fashionable Lady

engagement of the fair and fashionable Lady Grahame to Mr. Fulton.

On the morning following the detective called again. He had little progress to report; he also had truced Lady Hilds to Eusten square, but no further, and then she vanished complet ly and he had no clue to her whereabouts.

(To be Continued.)

shield Hilds as best they could, for he hoped to the park with him. "I swear by those tall elms in yonder bring her back with him." "I swear by those tall elms in yonder bring her back with him." "Swear not by them," she said, im. "Swear not by them," she said,

BURDETTE'S HUMOR.

A Werd About the Censor—A Simple Prob-lem—The Elevation of the Stage—What's in a Name?—Ready with the Weeds— Elch and Bare—So Acquisitive—Very High-Strung—The Naked Truth,

(Copyrighted, 1888.)

Don't worry, my son, don't worry. Don't worry about something that you think may happen to-morrow, because you may die to night, and to-morrow will find you beyond the reach of worry. Don't worry over a thing that happened yesterday, because yesterday is a hundred years away. If you don't be-lieve it, just try to reach after it and bring it back. Don't worry about anything that is happening to-day, because to-day will only last fifteen or twenty minutes. If you don't believe it, tell your creditors you'll be ready to settle in full with them at sunset. Don't worry about things you can't help, because worry only makes them worse. Don't worry about things you can help, because then there's no need to worry. Don't worry at all. If you want to be penitent now and then, it won't hurt you a bit to go into the sackcloth and ashes business a little. It will do you good. If you want to cry a little once in a long while, that lan't a bad thing. If you feel like going out and clubbing yourself oc-casionally, I think you need it and will lend you a helping hand at it, and put a plaster on you afterward. All these things will do you good. But worry, worry, worry, fret, fret, fret, why, there's neither sorrow, penitence, strength, penance, reformation, hope nor resolution in it. It's just worry.

A WORD ABOUT THE CENSOR. Going out for a little recreation, my son? Well, that's right. I like to see you enjoy yourself. I was just talking with your old Uncle George about boys. "I don't know but one place for boys," said your Uncle George, "and that is work. Put 'em to George, "and that is work. Put 'em to work and keep 'em at it, for idleness is the parent of all vice. Don't map out any partioular trade or calling, but just keep 'em at work and it'll map out itself. Keep 'em at work, and a habit of work will grow on 'em. That's the way I was brought up." Thus wisely speaks your old-fashioned Uncle George. Now before you burry on to the baseball grounds I want to say a word about your Uncle George. I knew him when I was America. His clothes used to mildew before he had moved about in them enough to wear them out. He could sit longer on a store box, his hat pulled over his eyes, blinking at your grandmother, and she used to say that the sun stood still every time it saw George go to the woodpile and pick up the axe. If he did any work at all in his life it was long before your grandmother knew him, for she often said that your Uncle George was born that way and she couldn't whip it out of him. Now, I have frequently noticed that men who talk that way—but I am keeping you here and you'll miss your train. I just wanted to tell you this, because your Uncle George has gone to see the baseball game, and I know he will see you there, and I don't want you to feel discouraged when he tells you how hard he had to work when he was a boy. Well, yes; I don't mind if I do go along with you. I'm pretty fond of labor myself, and I don't know of any harder work than trying to understand a modern game of baseball and the umpire's decisions. Come

along. A SIMPLE PROBLEM. "Young Freethinker" writes to say that in many instances the words of the Bible are untrue as applied to our own times," and he says, "Take the passage, 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?' I say they are not." Ob, well, I agree with Young Freethinker that the passage quoted may not apply to this day and his generation. But that is the fault of this generation : the Bible is all right. It is only we who are all wrong. Two sparrows were sold for a farthing then, and I don't suppose inspiration itself could foresee that, in the year 1884, in the United States of America, a race of human beings would wring from a starving neighbor \$1.85 for a spring chicken no bigger than a robin, or \$2 for a squab three days out of the shell, and would make butter out of dead cattle, and when their children asked for bread would give them a preparation of alum, and would catch imported sardines off the coast of Maine, and would sell "bob veal" in the public markets. and would mix split peas in the coffee and sand in the sugar. I suppose it was the intention to burn the old globe up before a generation arose that was capable of doing such things. Of course you can't make the Bible fit our day, my son. Omnipctence couldn't do that without making a hopeless wreck of the Bible. But you can make our day and generation fit the Bible. Suppose you try generation at the Biole. Suppose you try
that. Commence at the other end of the
Bridge, and by the time you get Wall atreet
fitted to the Sermon on the Mount you will
be gratified to see that you have landed
the country safely on the old "two sparrows for alfarthing" basis.

THE RLEVATION OF THE STAGE. A Scene-Painter's Outfit and a Carpenter's Tool Chest were hurrying down street when they met a Toiling Dramatist. "Out of the they said haughtily as the Toiling way." Dramatist bared his head and bowed low "We are going down to the Lumber Yard to get a New American Play." "But," pleaded the Toiling Dramatist, "here is one pleaded the Tolling Dramatist, "here is one I have just written. The Heroine is a pure young girl—" "That settles it," they said harshly. "What we want is an American Play that is Purely English, and hasn't a throb of any other sort of Purity in the whole Five Acts, and we can make it ourselves. ber and Canvas in twenty-four hours, sawed out a play which they filled with Circus Posters and run every night for Two Years. Moral.—The Race is not Always to the Swift, but sometimes to the Fellow who Cuts across the Course and Gets There.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"Why do they call this place Shark Monntain?" asked Laura, after they had been in the new summer resort about two weeks: there are no sharks in the mountains. "No," said Vincent, "but there are hotels there." And Laura sighed. They had only been married six weeks, and here was Vincent answering her questions at random and not paying the slightest attention to anything

READY WITH THE WEEDS. "Smoking," said the dector, "blackens the lungs." "I know it," said the patient, "but then there is no color more durable or more then there is no color more durable or more generally useful than black." "But," persisted the doctor, "you'll smoke yourself to death." "Oh, well then," calmly replied t slok man, "I'll have my lungs already in mourning."

haven't paid for that drink !" "True," replied the gentleman, who was modestly re-thring through the door edgewise, "true, I THE HUMORIST'S ADVICE TO PEOPLE did not. It's a habit into which I have fallen WHO WORRY. in my advancing years. It is the first in-firmity of noble and acquisitive minds to and acquisitive minds to absorb more than they give out." So saying, he gently but hastily closed the door just in time to receive upon its resounding panels a bung starter, lemon-squeezer, ice-pick, two beer glasses and a decanter. "What promptness and what unanimity," said the gentleman, pausing to dry his lips with an absent cuff. "That bartender must be a human Gatling."

"各种类似,大大型工程的资本规则的过去式和过去分词,我们在自己的特别的特别的事情,不是不是一种的对象。

BICH AND BARR.

No wonder the features of Andrew Jackson are so unfamiliar to the American people. His portrait is engraved upon the \$10,000 bills. Why, we wouldn't know the blessed old man if we were to meet him.—P.S. Ethel tells us it is also on the \$2 notes. Can't help it; we've nothing to take back; he's just as great a stranger as ever.

VERY HIGH-STRUNG.

"My paper," proudly boasted the independ ent editor, "la not an organ." "No," replied his partisan contemporary, "it's a mandolin; has to repeat every note twenty times before anybody can make out the tune." So saying, he went out and tuned himself up to the third finger above the bar.

YES, INDEED.

"It is fortunate for the East," remarks a wise writer," that there is a West." Now we never thought of that before, but really it seems reasonable. If there were no West reckon it would be East all the way round and the Eastern bank of the Mississippi would be on both sides, like an American politician in a doubtful district. Yes, indeed, it is a most fortunate thing for the East that there is a West. Otherwise, when people got tired of Boston they would be compelled to go to Heaven. Now, you see, they can go West, which is a much greater change.

THE NAKED TRUTH. "Is this an undress rehearsal, Uncle Jack?" asked Minnie, at the opera. "Land, no," replied Uncle Jack, gluing his face to the opera-glass. "The undress rehearsal is when they have their clothes on."

A SWEET OPERA SINGER STRIKES A

HIGH NOTE. Hearing that a member of the Carleton O; ca Company, which delignted Chicago aumences with comic opera, held one-twentieth of ticket No. 82,114, which drew a boy. He was a young man then and the twentieth of ticket No. 82,114, which drew laziest white man, I think, in the State of \$50,000 in the March drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, a Traveler representative was informed that Miss Clara Wisdom was the fortunate person. Calling at her hotel, Miss Clara Wisdom, who is a very attractive the and went to Scotland Yard, for he had box, his hat pulled over his eyes, blinking at box, his hat pulled over his eyes, blinking at young lady of twenty-two, and whose voice was sail to be the cleverest private detective in England, and he told him the whole facts of the case and offered him a large reward for any in your grandmother, and she used to say that March 13th drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Co. The Carleton Opera Company was en route to Denver, and at Ogden a vender came into our car, and remembering a five dollar gold piece which I had found in Los Angeles, I thought I would invest. Well, it didn't win the largest prize, but it has brought me \$2,500, which will assist my memory wonderfully. - Chicago (Ill.) Arkansaw Traveler, April 7.

> What we call our despair is often only the painful eagerness of useful hope. - George Eliot.

THE WELL KNOWN STRENGTHENING properties of IRON, combined with other tonics and a most perfect nervine, are found in Carter's Iron Pills, which strengthen the nerves and body, and improve the blood and complexion.

There is nothing that needs to be said in an unkindly manner.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

Envy is the sunshine of another a life. ing the shadow of our own deeper. Corps cause intolerable pair. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it and

see what an amount of pain is saved. A good temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything.

No Time Like THE PRESENT for seeking medicinal aid when what are foolishly called
"minor allments" manifest themselves.
There are no "minor" allments. Every
sympton is the herald of a disease, every apse from a state of health should be remedied at once, or disastrous consequences are likely to follow. Incipient dyspepsia, slight costiveness, a tendency to biliousness, should be promptly counteracted with Northrop & Vegetable Discovery and great Blood Purifier, and the system thus shielded from worse consequences.

There is nothing to be gained by useless conversations, it makes us lose time, and with time the spirit of devotion.

Henry Clement, Almonte, writes :- " For a long time I was troubled with Chronic Rheumatism, at times wholly disabled; I tried anything and everything recommended, but failed to get any benefit until a gentleman who was cured of Rheumatism by Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil told me about it. I be gan using it both internally and externally and before two bottles were used I was radi cally cured. We find it a household medicine, and for croup, burns, cuts and bruises, it has no equal.'

Whan faith grows weak all virtues are weakened; when faith is lost all virtues are

lost.—St. Alphonsus. The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Con-sumptive Syrap. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy Away, Slight Manager!" And trampling for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or sore-over his Prostrate Form they got their Lum-ber and Canvas in twenty-four hours, sawed oured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

> Fight beneath the standard of the cross and remember that the blood of the martyrs is ever before God invoking assistance for

The Horse-noblest of the brute creationwhen suffering from a cut, abrasion, or sore, derives as much benefit as his master in a like predicament, from the healing, southing action of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Lameness, swelling of the neck, stiffness of the joints, throat and lungs, are relieved by

Throw life into a method, that every hour may bring its employment, and every empleyment its hour.

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaint, and find Par-melee's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic

UP IN ARMS. THE WAR OF THE AUSTRALIANS AGAINST CHINESE IMMIGRATION.

SYDNEY, N.S.W., May 18.—An application for write of habeas corpus in behalf of the Chinese immigrants now in quarantine on board of the steamers Afghan and Tsinam was dis cussed in court to-day. The write were granted Last evening the Premier in an impassioned speech introduced in the Colonial Assembly a bill to restrict Chinese immigration. All standing orders were suspended without a word of dissent, and at 7 o'clock this morning, amid lond cheers, the bill passed the third reading with only verbal amendments. The bill, which oper-ates from the 1st of May, indemnifies the Government for past acts; prohibits the natural-ization of Chinamen; allows vessels to bring one Chinaman to every 300 tons (instead of one to 100 tons, as heretofore), raises the poll tax from £10 to £100, and fixes the penalty for an evasion of the law at from £10 to £56. Chinaevasion of the law at from £10 to £56. Chinamen will be permitted to trade in defined sreas,
but the number in each of these districts must
not exceed five. The bill also imposes restrictions as to residence and trading. Travelling
Chinese with passports will not be allowed to engage in mining operations, except by permission of the Government. The bill does not affect Chinese who are British subjects. All Chinese must report themselves and take out an annual license, which shall cost ten shillings, and the Governor in Council is empowered to make regulations relative thereto. All Chinese will be preserved in their civil rights. The police

lestation of the Chinese.

IRRITATION IN CHINA. LONDON, May 19.—Despatches from China say that much irritation has been caused at Pekin in consequence of the belief that the action of the Australian Government in the matter of Chinese immigration is a deliberate attempt to force Lord Salisbury's hand and to compell the negotiation of a treaty similar to the Chinese-American treaty. The attempt, it is thought, will probably have the opposite effect, and will certainly handicap any negotiations. It is argued that it will be impossible to compel China to enter into negotiations; that the likelihood is that England will be forced to approach China as a suppliant, and that China will only negotiate on the basis of England's giving compensation as the United States did. Finally, the Foreign Board of Pekin complains that Australia ought to endeavor to educate, rather than to rouse public sentiment, and that it would have been more judicious to admit Chinese immigrants en route than to have tele-graphed to Hong Kong and other ports against Chinese immigrants. The London press has hitherto shown a languid interest in the matter.

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We want live, energetic agents in every county a the United States and Canada to sell a patent article of great merit, IN ITS MBRITS. An'article having a large sale, paying over 100 per cent, profit, having no com' retition, and on which the agent is protocted in the exclusive sale by deed given for each and every county he the cross-bearer and a number of in its salability by any agent that will handle it with in it salability by any agent that will handle it with energy. Our agents now at work are making from \$150 to \$300 a month clear, and this fact makes it sate for us to make our offer to all who are out of employment. Any agent that will give our business a thirty days' trial and fail to clear at least \$100 in this time, ANOVE ALL EXPERSES, can return all goods unsold to us and we we will refund the money paid for them. No such employer of agents ever dared to make such offers, nor would welf we did not know that we have agents how making more than double this amount. Our large descriptive circulars explain our offer fully, and these we wish to send to everyone out of employment who will send us three one cent stamps for postage. Send at once and secure the agency in time for the boom, and go to work out the terms named in our extraordinary offer.

Address, at once, NATIONAL NOVELTY CO.

[38-18]

A PINKERTON GUARD AT PLATTS-MOUTH SHOOTS THREE MEN. Омана, Neb., May 18.—At Plattsmouth last night two men got into a fight on Lower Main street. A policeman called one of the Pinkerton guards in the employ of the Burlington Railroad Company to his assistance. While the two officers were walking up the street with their prisoners they met two Brotherhood engineers named Frank Dills and Peter Rogers, I who enquired what the men were arrested for. kerton man answered gruffly and a quarrel followed, during which blows were ex-changed between the Pinkerton man and Rogers, and the former, drawing a revolver, shot Rogers. A crowd immediately gathered and Rogers. A crowd immediately gathered and the Pinkerton man ran away, closely pursued. He had gone about a block when he was stopped by a crowd of strikers, one of whom ran into a store and returned with a rope. There were cries of "Hang him!" The Pinkerton man, drawing his revolver, began firing again. One shot brought down Frank Dills with a wound in the thigh, and the other struck with a wound in the onigh, and the other struck
a special officer named Cane in the leg. The
Pinkerton man then escaped to the Perkins
House, which was soon surrounded by a large
crowd who threatened lynching. A thorough
search of the house failed to discover the Pinksearch of the house tailed to discover the Pink-erton man, and it is thought he escaped from the rear of the building and left the city. Rog-ers is in the most serious condition of the three wounded men, having been shot in the jaw, the ball passing out through the chin. Capt. Pinneo, of the Pinkertons, brought 20 extra men into Plattemouth early this morning.

With groans and sighs, and dizzied eyes, He seeks the couch and down he lies; Nausea and faintness in him rise, Brow-racking pains assall him, Sick headache! But ere long comes ease,

His stomach settles into peace,

Within his head the throbbings cases. Pierce's Pellets never fail him! Nor will they fail anyone in such dire predicament. To the dyspeptic, the bilions, and the constipated, they are alike "a friend in need and a friend indeed."

A poet wants to know "where the fleecy clouds are woven." In the air-loom, of course.

EAT AND BE MERRY. But there are thousands of poor sufferers who cannot do this. They are dyspeptics. Let them use Paine's Celery Compound. It restores perfect digestion, so that the dyspep-tic can "eat and be merry" like other folks.

were also present, and also the innabitants of the town and a large number of persons from the surrounding country. A very large number of fioral wreaths were laid on the coffin, pre-sented by the principal Protestant and Catholic families in and around New Ross. Business was partially suspended in town until the fun-eral was over, and Dr. Darley, Q. C., adjourned the Quarter Sessions for some hours as a mark "Death's door" is opened with a skeleton

FREE READING FOR MOTHERS. We will send to any mother giving us her address, a valuable book that tells how to keep the babies fat and healthy. It also contains many letters from mothers whose bables owe their lives to our Lactated Food. Wells, Richardson & Co., Montreal, P.Q.

Evolution-Tight boots make a corn ; corn makes whiskey; whiskey makes a man tight in

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, bu use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

A correspondent asks about the buris place of Ham. There is a town called Sandwich. Perhaps that is the place.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Eline's great Nerve Bestorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Flit cases. Send to Dr. Eline, 981 Arch St., Phila. Pa.

DEATH OF VERY REV. JOHN CANON KIRWIN, P.P., V.F., NEW ROSS.

The New Koss Standard has the following :

With feelings of deep regret we record to-

day the death of the beloved and cultured

pastor of New Ross, the Very Rev. John Canon Kirwin, P.P., V.F., which took place early on Sunday morning at Priory street. The sad intelligence, which was conveyed to the parishioners at the early

Masses on Sunday, came upon them like a

thunderbolt. For some weeks past it was

known that he was dangerously ill, but yet no one apprehended that this dissolution was so mear. From the first development of his sickness, the many changes in his condition was sufficient to raise hope in the eminent medical men who were constantly at his bed-side, and who attended him with the most assidious care. When told of his danger the ever-prudent and holy priest set his worldly affairs prudent and holy priest set his worldly affairs to order, and prepared for death with all that solicitude and Uhristian fortitude which characterizes the choice souls of the vineyard of Our Lord, and he departed from this world surrounded by all the consolations of the Catholic Church. Throughout a most trying illness he bore his sufferings with patience and resignation. Canon Kirwin was been as and resignation. Canon Kirwin was born at Kilpipe, County Wicklow, between 60 and 70 years ago, where he lived with his parents until he was sent to begin his studies in St. Peter's College, Wexford. After a few years he was sent to Maynooth, where he read his theological have received strict orders to prevent any mocourse with marked ability and success. After his ordination he was appointed in succession to the curacies of Tomacork, Kilrane, Taghmon, and Kilmore. On the 9th of May, 1858, he was appointed to New Ross as curate. Here he remained till appointed parish priest of Tagnat in 1869, whence he was in 1875 transferred to the important pastoral charge of New Ross, where he worked unceasingly and realously for the welfare of those committed to his care. On his appointment as parish priest of Tagoat in 1869 the Catholics of New Ross presented him with an address, the words of which faithfully portray his priestly character to the last moments of his life. The great respect and esteem in which he was held was forcibly and touchingly manifested by his flock as well as many outside the Catholic Church, and this feeling was expressed on Monday when the resource of the last war. day when the remains of the late pastor were being brought from his residence to the parish chapel. The shopkeepers and traders of the town, Protestant and Catholic alike, closed their places of business about three o'clock, shortly before the hour appointed for the removal of the remains. Several houses in town displayed emblems of mourning. The door of St. Thomas's Catholic Young Men's Association, of which Canon Kirwin was the spiritual director, was draped in table. About three o'clock the inhabitants began wending their way towards Newtown, outside New Ross, where, under the management of Father M. E. Crean, C.C., a procession—the like of which was not witnessed for years—was formed to accompany the remains to the chapel. The procession was headed by may secure from us. With all those advantages to our soung boys who serve at the altar, bearagents, and the fact that it is an article that can be sold ing lighted candles, followed by the St. to every house owner, it might not be necessary to make Mary's Brass Brad, the members of which "AR EXTRAORDINARY OFFER" to secure good agents at wore mourning scarfs and hatbands. During once, but we have concluded to make it to show, not only our confidence in the me'rits of our invention, but to the chapel the band played "The Dead March in Saul." After the band came the children of the different male and female schools in the town. The female pupils of the Carmelite convent, numbering close on 200, carrying about 7 banners, and in charge of Miss Watters, took the lead, followed by the children of the Sisters of Mercy (St. Mary's) schools, numbering 50, and about one hundred female pupils of the female national schools, managed also by the Sisters of Mercy. Then followed the children of the schools of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd Convent, number-ing about 50, and in charge of one of the Sis-ters. Then came the female children of the Workhouse in charge of their teacher, Miss Brabazon. The children of the Michael street Brabazon. The children of the Michael street Male National School then came, numbering about 100, in charge of Mr. W. H. Howard, their teacher, and were followed in succession by the boys of the Workhouse, in charge of the male teacher, Mr. Cahill, and the hoys of the Christian Brothers' Schools, numbering 250, in charge of Brothers Kelly and Cregan. After the house came the mambage of the New Market Carlot of the New the boys came the members of the New Ross Commercial Club, numbering about 50, wearing scarfs. Then came the mombers of St. Thomas' Catholic Young Men's Association, numbering something over 100, wearing mourning mouths. ing rosettes. At the head of this association was carried a banner bearing the inscription, "St. Thomas' Association." Then followed the different sections of the Confraternity of the Holy Family, the members wearing their ribbons and medals, and the banners of the different sections being carried. After the Confraternity came the New Ross Town Commissioners, the members of the commission wearing mourning hat bands. After the Corporation walked the members of the medical profession, who were followed by the Catholic elergymen present. Then came the hearre bearing the coffin, and it was followed by a large number of carriages and cars. An immense concourse of people, many followed by a large number of carriages and cars. An immense concourse of people, many of them from the country districts, brought up the rear. Arrived at the Chapel, the coffin—which is a splendid piece of workmanship, supplied by Mr. O'Connor, Mary-street—was carried in, and placed on a catafalque in the Chapel, where, surrounded by a number of lights, the vespers of the dead were sung by the clarge presided over he the Vest Pau Lohn clergy, presided over by the Very Rev. John Canon Furlong, P.P., Cushinstown. On Tuesday the remains of the late pastor of New Ross were interred in the parish chapel amidst the mournful sighs of the late priest's flock. The chapel, which was draped in mouraing, was crowded from the top to the bottom with people from town and country districts who, from early morning, were crowding towards the parish church to pay the last mark of respect towards the dead priest.

> Holloway's Pills .- Weak Stomach .- The wisest cannot enumerate one-quarter of the distressing symptoms arising from imperfect or disordered digestion, all of which can be relieved by these admirable Pills. They re-move cankery taste from the mouth, flatulency and constipation. Holloway's Pills rouse the stomach, liver, and every other organ, thereby bringing digestion to that healthy tone which fully enables it to convert all we eat and drink to the nourishment of our bodies. Hence these Pills are the surest strengtheners and the salest restoratives in nervousness, wasting, and chronic debility. Holloway's Pills are infallible remedles for impaired appetite, eructations, and a multitude of other disagreeable symptoms which render the lives of thousands miserable indeed. These Pills are approved by all.

At 11 o'clock High Mass was celebrated, and the office for the dead was sung by a

choir of about 70 priests, after which the interment took place—the large coffin being laid

in the newly built vault opposite the altar of St. Joseph—the flags and clay were turned in, and

the eyes of the world were closed for ever upon all that remained of Father Kirwin. At the

all that remained of Father Kirwin. At the High Mass Rev. M. E. Creane was celebrant; Rev. J. Walsh, Ballykelly, deacon; Rev. N. Roche, C.C., New Rots, sub-deacon, and Rev. J. F. Doyle was master of ceremonies. Rev. Br. M. McDonald, Superior of the Christian Brothers, Waterford; and Brs. Kelly and Cregan, New Ross, were also present, and also the inhabitants of the that the term and a large number of persons from