Trapping the Countess.

The London World relates a scandal in

The London World relates a scandal is high life in this fashion:

"This is how the earl found out the countess. Early in the morning he descended the staircase, arrayed in the light marching costume of a night dress, and hid himself in his own hall. Soon came the knock of the postman. The earl opened the door and snatched from the postman's hand a letter addressed to the countess. Skiffully he opened the envelope, and the following words met his jealous eye: 'I send you a ticket for a box at the theatre this evening. Do not forget to come.' Hastily putting on his coat and trousers, the earl went off with this missive to a 'private detective.' It was replaced in the envelope, which was regumed. Then this willy earl gave a postman's knock at his own door, and slipped the letter into his post-box. The countess awoke, and rang her bell. 'Bring up any letters that have come for me, she gaid to her maid, and the simple girl went to the post-box, and brought up the letter. The countess opened it. Slie went that evening to the theatre. There she found her correspondent. But in a box opposite, concealed by the curtains, sat the earl and his detective. So the services of Sir James were put nucler requisition, and I hear that, whatever may be the curtains, sat the earl and his detective. So the services of Sir James were put nucler requisition, and I hear that, whatever may be the cardinal of the found of the countess of the countes of the countess of the c

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HAWKINS & KELLS,

DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME. BY HEINE.

I feel as though I should lay, sweet, My hands on thy head, with a prayer That God may keep thee alway, sweet, As gentle, and pure, and fair!

BY PROXY.

CHAPTER XXXIV .- (CONTINUED.)

BROTHER AND SISTER.

We should have brought our own down, "she said, "if we had been certain of the duration of our stay; and then the hills are a consideration. They pull one's horses to pieces—don't youthink so?"

"My horses are not in pieces," answered Mrs. Wardlaw.

"Oh, perhaps they are accustomed to a hilly country?"

"Perhaps," was the unexpected reply; but it was quite true that Mrs. Wardlaw didn't know whether they were or not.

In the mean time Mr. Milburn and Nelly were conversing together in rather a low tone. Not that they had any secrets, but that the common topic between them—Captain Conway's death—was so add and serious a one. And the sketches he was showing her he had taken in China.

He did not draw well, and he knew it, but he had safficient skill both with brush and pencil to make a picture that should reproduce any scene he had beheld with his own eyes, and even to give a tolerable idea of it to others.

"They are very inferior to your poor fatter's handlwork," said he. "I have one of them here."

And he placed in her hand a little sketch of the neighborhood near Shanghae.

"This is as like as life," said he. "And it has a peculiar value for me since it was the last he did previous to his departure on his ill-fated journey."

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