

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE IN AFRICA.

TALK WITH THE MAN WHO HAS RE-ESTABLISHED CHRISTIAN WORSHIP IN CARTHAGE.

TUNIS, July 8.—Cardinal Lavigerie, coming from France, where he has been collecting money for African missions, stopped here and visited Cardinal Gaetano Alimonda, the Archbishop of Tunis.

"Not by any means," replied the Cardinal. "Algers, merely by its occupation, has cost France twice as much as the war contribution paid to Prussia in 1871."

"What does your Eminence think of the plan of annexing Tunis to Algers?" "It would have been a great mistake, and having been questioned myself by Gambetta about this matter, I did my best to dissuade him from it."

"Why, I thought that France refrained from annexing Tunis because Italy remonstrated?" "Oh, not at all! If Italy wished to harm France and push her into mischief, she should have encouraged her to accomplish the ill-fated annexation."

"Then you do not think this Italian occupation of Africa is a profitable job?" "Why, surely not. If France, which is a great rich country, has not profited by its occupation of African territory, Italy—poor Italy, will suffer great losses in the same field, and much more so, because the selection of the place for her enterprise could not have been more awkward."

"It is not France that will prevent you from taking Tripoli, though the papers say quite the contrary. I firmly believe that if France wished to make trouble for Italy, the way to do it would be to urge the Italians to occupy Tripoli."

"What does your Eminence think of the revolutionary crisis which to-day affects the whole of Europe?" "I think what J. De Maistre thinks in his book, 'Considerations sur la France.' This revolutionary movement will end like the others which have afflicted Europe."

Through the undaunted energy of Cardinal Lavigerie the very ruins of Carthage seem to revive. Bissas has already two religious houses; Megara has the archiepiscopal residence and an oratory dedicated to St. Cyprian, a parish with a house for the Sisters and for sick people, and near the old fort a military hospital with Sisters and a chaplain.

Cardinal Lavigerie performed his French tour merely to supply his African priests and nuns with money collected for their needs, as the French Government had out short all the supplies which were formerly allotted to the missionaries in Africa.

HAIFAX, July 15.—The coasting steamer Edgar Stuart, from Halifax for Yarmouth with passengers and freight, struck on Rock at the entrance to Lockport Harbor at 4 o'clock this morning and soon went to pieces.

A CANAL FROM HAVRE TO MARSEILLES. PARIS, July 17.—Admiral Galilee and De Lesseps have submitted to the Minister of Public Works a scheme for a canal from Havre to Marseilles, utilizing the Rivers Seine, Saine and Rhone.

NEUROUS DEBILITATED MEN. You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. J. W. King's Celebrated Tonic and Electric Surge Apparatus for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality and Amnesia, and all kinds of troubles. Also, for many other diseases.

"OH, LORD, HIT HIM AGAIN!"

In the early days of Methodism in Scotland, a certain congregation, where there was but one rich man, desired to build a new chapel. An orthodox meeting was held. The old rich Scotchman rose and said: "Brethren, we dinna need a new chapel; I'll give £5 for repairs."

"Oh, Lord," exclaimed a devoted brother on a back seat, "hit 'im again!" "Brethren its worse than I thought; I'll make it £50 pun."

"There are many human tabernacles which are in sore need of radical building over, but we putter and tuss and repair in spots without satisfactory results. It is only when we are personally alarmed at the real danger that we act independently, and do the right thing."

"Thousands of persons who will read this paragraph are in abject misery to-day when they might be in a satisfactory condition. They are weak, lifeless, full of odd aches and pains, and every year they know they are getting worse, even though the best doctors are patching them in spots."

"You will forgive me?" he said tenderly, imploringly, "after a little time, and when you come to think all this over. Your heart and your love will excuse me and plead for me. I'll spare you any more talk to-night; and I'll bring Mr. Lisle in the morning, and we'll save poor Janette. Good night."

"If he will have me," she said, "I will marry him. Good-bye, Mr. Romont; it is all over. I thought you were so different! It seems to me as if I had lost you altogether now."

"There," he said, releasing her; "I seal our engagement with these kisses, and bind you to be my wife! Go and talk of marrying Georgie Lisle after that!"

"I was determined to go and see Mrs. Pollen at once—that very night. The hour was late for Fitzreaham; but it was not late for the West End and Mrs. Pollen. He wanted to tell her of the result of their conspiracy so far; no doubt he wanted to be comforted and kept in heart by her, and he wanted also to consult her about Walter Fitzreaham and Janette. But he could not go to see her at that hour of the night as Albert would be waiting at home."

"He could not find Pilgrim anywhere; and he wanted to speak to him before leaving. In the course of his quest he entered the music-room, where one faint light was burning. He observed that Mrs. Pollen's little casket of money was standing on one of the tables. He took it up half unconsciously; it was very heavy. He could not help thinking what a chance was here for any Fitzreaham thief or burglar, if such person could only guess that the casket was made heavy by the weight of gold coin."

"The new drawing will take place on the 28th of October, and the tickets that have not drawn prizes at the present drawing will remain good for the next one."

HAIRYON IN ULSTER. THE PRESBYTERIAN ADDRESS ON THE SITUATION—THE RESPONSE OF HIS EXCELLENCY. DUBLIN, July 16.—The Earl of Carnarvon yesterday received addresses from the Irish Academy and Presbytery of Belfast. The Presbytery's address contained an expression of strong regret at the disgrace caused by the suspension of the Munster Bank. The suspension was pronounced an outrage and a crime.

CAMIOLA

A GIRL WITH A FORTUNE.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

Author of "Miss Misanthrope," "Maid of Athens," &c.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued. "Oh, but this is folly; sheer folly," he said, impatiently. "The one thing is that I love you—I fell in love with you the very first day I saw you; and now I have found that you love me. For us two the rest is nothing."

"Still you do love me?" "Don't believe I do now—after that," she said. "At least I will get over it; I will teach myself not to love—any one who could have played such a part as that. Oh, Mr. Romont," and the tears rushed to her eyes; "you were my hero and my ideal; my idol—and now you are not so any more. Oh! why did you do this?"

"If he will have me," she said, "I will marry him. Good-bye, Mr. Romont; it is all over. I thought you were so different! It seems to me as if I had lost you altogether now."

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TO VISIT HER HOUSE AT THAT HOUR?

There was not much time for consideration. Romont drew back from the curtain; he stood at the table on which the casket was placed. The door was opened, and was carefully, quietly looked again; the heavy plush curtain was cautiously lifted and Walter Fitzreaham came into the room. The light was so faint that he had come close up to where Romont stood without seeing him. When he did see him he started back.

"Signor," Joseph replied, standing in his usual stammering quietness, with unremoved, unsprung face. Then Walter began to explain in the most clear and elementary French which he could summon up, saying it as best he could to the level of Joseph's capacity for understanding civilized tongues, that he had come there to get a piece of music which Mrs. Pollen promised him, and to write her a letter. He made signs illustrative of the movements of a person writing to help Joseph further to a comprehension of his meaning. At last Joseph signified that he understood, and put pen, ink and paper at Walter's disposal, making the light in that part of the room much stronger at the same time. Then he bowed respectfully, and silently left the room, and Walter was alone there.

CHAPTER XXI.—A Sudden Interruption. Perhaps we had better ask our readers to turn back with us for a short time, in order to explain before the story goes any further why Walter Fitzreaham had come like a thief in the night to visit Fitzreaham House. He had really come upon a desperate errand. He had with him his arrangements to run away with Janette next morning or that night; he had his plans for their secret but safe marriage perfectly adjusted, and he had spent his last sovereign in completing them. Money, he thought he had this night, got it how he could; and he had gone to Mrs. Pollen and asked her to lend him—she put it gracefully as a matter of loan—to lend him some money, and she had pre-emptorily refused him. She spoke to him in words of remonstrance, of generous anger, of reproach; but she would not give him the money except on condition which he scornfully refused to accept. So he left her, in ungrateful anger and impatience. He tried to find Romont and could not; tried to get hold of this or that friend; but everyone was out of town somewhere that summer Sunday, and there were few of his recent companions in any case who would lend any money to him or to anyone. Then, driven almost to despair, he remembered Mrs. Pollen's casket of gold coin to which he had a key, that key that also opened the particular door of the music room. Why not take that money, and repay it after the marriage? Once he was safely married to Janette Lisle her people must do something or him; Mrs. Pollen herself, who now owned herself a connection of his through her late husband, must do something for him.

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