ce, he was purchase the had do not seen the pe's back that and moreover, Hore had been shabdressed in plack cleth hard worn, whereas he dressed in plack cleth hard worn, whereas he g in a new suit of tweed when he exposed in a now sillainy But this was explained Morekton's vinainy. Usut this was explained the trial and Monekton instructed his attorage to cross examine Hope about his own great first to cross examine Hope about his own great first but counsel refused to do so, either before he disbelieved his client, or thought such cause he disbelieved his client, or thought such a cross examination would be stopped, or set the

oss examination white client, or set the tetill more against his client. Monckton raged at this, and, of course, said he had been bought by the other side. But now he was delighted that his enemies' secret had never been inquired into, and that he could fall in them both like a thunderbolt.

He was at Hull next lay, and rambled about held show, and looked in at the windows.

Il new faces, and on the door-plate, "Atkin-Then he went in, and asked for Mr. Bartley.

Name not known.
Why he used to be here. I was in his em-

nobody knew Mr. Bartley.

Could he see Mr. Atkinson? Certainly. Mr. Atkinson would be there at Monckton, after some preamble, asked whether had not succeeded in this business to Mr.

Robert Bartley.

No. He had bought the business from Mrs. No. He had bought are the bandened to know that her husband had taken t from Whitaker, a merchant at Boston.

"I believe so, and very well known."
Monckton went off to Whitaker, and learned from him that he had bought the business from Bartley, but it was many years ago, and he had Bartley, but it was many journey since that day, never heard of the purchaser since that day.

A three purchaser since that day.

What Monekton returned to London baffled. was he to do? Go to a secret enquiry office?

Advertise that if Mr. Robert Bartley, late of Hull, would write to a certain agent, he would hear of something to his advantage? He did not much fancy either of these plans. He wantnot much three on Bartley, or Hope, or both.
Then he argued thus, "Bartley has got lots of money now, or he would not have given up

business. I en to one he lives in London, or suits it. I will try the Park." Well, he did try the Park, both at the riding hour and the driving hour. He saw no Bartley

at either time. But one day in the Lady's Mile, as he listlessly watched the carriages defile slowly past him, with every now and then a jam, there crawled past him a smart victoria, and in it a beautiful woman with glorious dark eyes, and a lovely litle boy, the very image of her. It was his

wie and her son.

Monckton started, but the lady gave no sign of recognition. She bowed, but it was to a gentleman at Monckton's side, who had raised his hat to her with marked respect.

"What a beautiful crechaar!" said a little

swell to the gentleman in question. You know

Very slightly."

"Who is she? A duchess?"
"No; a stock broker's wife, Mrs. Broham. Why, she is a known beauty."
That was enough for Monckton. He hung back a little, and followed the carriage. He calculated that if it left the Park at Hyde Park

corner, or the Marble Arch, he could take a hansom and follow it. When the victoria gat clear of the crowd .at

the corner, Mrs. Braham leaned forward a mo-ment and whispered a word to her coachman. lastantly the carriage dashed at the Chester-field gate and into Mayfair at such a swift trot that there was no time to get a cab and keep it

Monckton lighted a cigarette.

"Clever girl!" said he, satirically. "She knew me, and never winked."

The next day he went to a lawyer and said.
"I have a little favor to ask you, sir." The lawyer was on his guard directly, but said

nothing.
"An interview—in this office—with Mrs. Bra-

The lawyer winced, but went on his guard again directly.
"Client of ours!"

"Yes. sir." "Braham—Braham?" said the lawyer, affecting to search the deep caverns of professional "Stockbroker's wife."

"Where do they live?" "What! don't you know? Place of business -Threadneedle street. Place of bigamy—Port-

"I have no authority to grant a personal in-

"But you have no power to hinder one, and it is her interest the meeting should take place here, and the stockbroker be out of it."

The lawyer reflected.
"Will you promise me it shall be a friendly interview? You will never go to her husband?"

"Her stockbroker, you mean. Not I. If she comes to me here when I want her.' "I think not. I have a better card to play

than Mrs. Braham. I only want her to help o'clock to morrow

The lawyer callled on Mrs. Braham, and after an agitated and tearful interview, persuaded her

to keep the appointment.

"Consider," said he, "what you gain by making our office the place of meeting. Establish that at once. It's a point of defence." The meeting took place in the lawyer's priv-

ate room, and Mrs. Braham was so overcome that she nearly fainted. Then she was hysteri-

to spoil your little game, but to play my own. the question is, will you help me to make my

"O that I will, if you will not break up my "Not such a fool, my dear. Catch me killing a milch cow! You give me a percentage on your profits, and I'm dumb."

Then all you want is more money?"
That is all; and I shall not want that in a

"I have brought one thousand pounds, Leonrd," she replied, timidly.
"Sensible girl. Hand it over."

Two white hands trembled at the strings of a little bag, and took out ten crisp notes. Leonard took them with satisfaction said he. "This will last me till I

have found Bartley or Hope, and made my fortune."
"Hope!" said Mrs. Braham. "O pray keep
"thope!" said Mrs. Braham. he

clear of him! Pray don't attack him again. He is such an able man!" I will not attack him again to be defeated. Forewarned, forearmed. Indeed, if I am to bleed Rartley I don't know how I can be re-

reaged on Hope. That is the cruel thing. But don't you trouble about my business, Lucy, unless, "said he, with a sneer, "you can tell me where to find them, and so save me a lot of

money."

"Well, Leonard," said Lucy, "it can't he so bery hard to find Hope. You know where that young man lives that you—that I—."

"O Walter Clifford? Yes of course I know where he lives. At Clifford Hall, in Derbyshire." "Well, Leonard, Hope saved him from prison, and ruined you. That young man had a good heart. He would not forget such a kindness. He may not know where Mr. Bartley lives, but

"Lucy," said Leonard, you are not such a fool as you were. It is a chance, at all events. I'll go down to that neighborhood directly. I'll have a first-rate disguise, and spy about, and pick up all I can

again. "There said he "I'll leave the lity young, but they have got a spirit, both of them."

lives between the estate and me! I will leave my creat expectations to that young bloke. What's his Christian mame?" "Augustus."

'And what's his father's name!" "Jonathan."
Leonard then left all his property, real or personal, and all that should ever accrue to him to Augustus Braham, son of Jonathan Braham, and left Lucy Braham sole executrix and

Then he hurried into the onter office, signed this document, and got it witnessed. The clerks proposed to engross it.
"What for?" said he. "This is the strongest of the control of the co

form. All the same handwriting as the signa-ture; forgery made easy are your engrossed He took it in to Mrs. Braham, and read it to her, and gave it her. He meant it all as a joke; he read it with a sneer. She put it in her bosom,

and kissed his hand. "O Leonard," said she, "God bless you! Now I see you mean no ill to me and mine. You don't love me enough to be angry with me. But don't love me enough to be angry with me. But now it all comes back to me. A woman can't forget her first. Now, promise me one thing; den't give way to revenge or avarice. You are so wise when you are cool, but no man can give way to his passions and be wise. Why run any more risks? He is liberal to me, and I'm not extravagant. I can allow you more than I said,

wrong nobody." Monckton interrupted her, thus:
"There, old girl, you are a good sort; you always were. But not bleed that skunk Bartley, and not be revenged on that villain Hope? I'd rather die where I stand, for they have turned my blood to gall, and lighted hell in my heart

this many a year of misery."

He held out his hand to her; it was cold. She grasped it in her warm, soft palm, and gave him one strange, searching look with her glorious eyes; and so they parted.

Next day, at dusk, there arrived at the Dun Cow an elderly man with a large carpet-bag and a strapped bundle of patterns—tweed, kersey, velveteen, and corduroys. He had a short, gray mustache and beard, very neat; and appeared to be a commercial traveler.

In the evening he asked for brandy, old rum, lemons, powdered sugar, a kettle, and a nunch-bowl. A large one, relic of a past age, was pro-duced. He mixed delicious punch, and begged the landlady to sit down and taste it. She complied, and pronounced it first-rate. He enticed

She was a rattling gossip, and told him first er own grievances. Here was the village enlarging, and yet no more custom coming to her because of the bear-house. The very mention of this obnoxious institution moved her bile di-

"A pretty gentleman," said she, "to brew his own beer and undersell a poor widow that have been here all her days and her father before." her! But the Colonel won't let me be driven out altogether, no more will Mr. Walter: he do

manage for the old gentleman now. Monckton supped and waited for the name of Hope, but it did not come. The good lady de-luged him with the things that interested her. She was to have a bit of a farm added on to the Dun Cow. It was to be grass land, and not much labor wanted. She couldn't undertake that; was it likely? But for milking of cows and making butter and cheese, that s good at as here and there one; and if she could have the custom of the miners for her milk.

"But, la, sir," said she, "I'll go bail as that

there Bartley will take and set up a dairy against me, as he has a beer shop."
"Bartley?" said Monckton, inquiringly.

"Ay, sir; him as owns the mine, and the beer

shop, and all, worse luck for me."
"Bartley! Who is he?"
"O, one of those chaps that rise from nothing nowndays. Came here to farm; but that was a blind, the Colonel says. Sunk a mine, he did, and built a pit village, and turns everything into brass (money). But there, you are a stranger, sir; and what is all this to you?"

"Why, it is very interesting," said Monckton. "Mistress, I always like to hear the whole history of every place I stop at, especially from a sensible woman like you, that sees to the bottom of things. Do have another glass. Why, I should be as dull as ditch-water, now, if I had

not your company."
"La, sir, I'm sure you are welcome to my company in a civil way; and for the matter of that you are right; life is life, and there's plenty to be learned in a public—do but open your eyes and ears.

"Have another glass with me. I am praised for my punch. "You deserve it, sir. Better was never

brewed. She sipped and sipped, and smacked her lips, till all was gone.
This glass colored her cheeks, brightened her

eyes, and loosened her tongue, though that was

pretty well oiled by nature.

"Well, sir," said she, "you are a bird of passage, here today and gone to-morrow, and it don't matter much what I tell you, so long as I don't tell no lies. There will be a row in this Having delivered this formidable prophecy,

the coy dame pushed her glass to her companion for more, and leaning back cozily in the old-fashioned high-backed chair, observed the effect of her thunderbolt.

Monckton rubbed his hands.

"I'm glad of it," said he genially; "that is to say, provided my good hostess does not suffer by

"I'm much beholden to you, sir," said the at and finally tears relieved her.

at and finally tears relieved her.

When she came to this point, Monckton, who had looked mon this exhibition as a mere pre
lady. "You are the civilest-spoken gone of the property of t ness, and many happy days well spent. My service to you, sir.'

"The same to you, ma'am."
"Well, sir, in regard to a row between the gentle-folks—not that I call that there Bartley one—judge for yourself. You are a man of business, and an elderly man apparently."

"At all events, I am older than you, madam."
"That is as may be," said Mrs. Dawson, dryly. "We hain't got the parish register here, and all the better for me. So once more I say, judge

for yourself,"
"Well, madam," said Monckton, "I will try if you will oblige me with the facts."

"That is reasonable," said Mrs. Dawson, loftily, but after some little consideration. "The facts I will declare, and not a lie among 'em."

"That will be a novelty," thought her cynicle

hearer, but he held his tongue, and looked respectfully attentive. "Colonel Clifford," said Mrs. Dawson, "hates

Bartley like poison, and Bartley him. The Colonel vows he will have him off his land and out of the bowels of the earth, and he have sent him lawyor's letter; for everything leaks out in this village, along of the servant's chattering. Bartley he don't value a lawyer's letter no more than that. He defies the Colonel, and they'll go at it hammer and tongs at the Sizes, and spend mint of money in law. That's one side of the question. But there's another. Master Wal-

ter is deep in love with Miss Mary." Who is she? "Who is she? Why, Bartley's daughter, to be sure; not as I'd believe it if I had'nt known her mother, for she is no more like him in her looks and ways than a tulip to a dandelion. She is the loveliest girl in the county, and better than she's bonny. You don't catch her drawing bridle at her papa's beer-house and she never passes my picture. It's 'Oh, Mrs. Dawson, I am so thirsty, a glass of your good cider, please, and a little hay and water for Deersfoot.' That's her way, bless your silly heart! She ain't dry; and Deersfoot, he's full of beans and his coat's like satin; but that's Miss Mary's way of letting me know that she's And you will never say anything or do anything to— O Leonard I'm a bad with the man of her heart, and that is Walter wile. I can never be a good one now to anybody. But I'm a good mother; and let I from the first day. Twas I thought God had forgiven me, when he sent me my little angel. You will never ruin his poor mother, and make her darling blush for the rue. Them old forgies may tear each other to pieces, but they won't part such lovers as those ther ruin to look at them, and admire them, and wish into a moment's warmth. But he was soon him—them joy. Ay, you mark my words, they are my customer, and nobody else's in the town. God bless her, and send her many happy days with the man of her heart, and that is Walter

Hope first discovered him in Bartley's the bloke my inheritance. Perhaps you don't Miss Mary, she looks you in the face like a lion he was puzzled at the sudden interference know I'm heir to a large estate in Wesmoreland; and a dove all in one. They may lead her, but tranger Healed only seen Hope's back into end of land, and half a lake, and only eleven they won't drive her. And Walter, he's a Clifton of the state and more over Hope had been shaped in the estate and more over those won't drive her. And Walter, he's a Clifton of the state and more over those had been shaped by the state and more over those had been shaped by the state and more over those had been shaped by the state and more over those had been shaped by the state and more over those had been shaped by the state and more over the state and a dove all in one. ford from top to toe. Nothing but death will part them two. Them's the facts, sir, without a lie, which now I'm a waiting for judgment."
"Mrs. Dawson," said Monckton, solemnly,
"Since you do me the honor to ask my opinion,

I say that out of these facts a row will certainly "It must, sir; and Will Hope will have to take a side. "Tis no use his trying to be everybody's friend this time, though that's his natural

haracter, poor chap."

Monckton's eyes flashed fire, but he suppress ed all appearance of excitement, and asked who

Mr. Hope was.

Mrs. Dawson brightened at the very name of mrs. Dawson origined at the very name of her favorite, and said:

"Who is Will Hope? Why, the cleverest man in Derbyshire, for one thing; but he is that Bartley's right-hand man, worse luck. He is inspector of the mine and factorim. He is the handlest man in England. He invents mathematical realization. chines and makes fiddles and plays 'em, and mends all their clocks and watches and wheelbarrows, and charges 'em naught. He makes hisself too common. I often tell him so. Says I, 'Why dost let 'em all put on thee so? Serve thee right if I was to send thee my pots and pans to mend. 'And so do,' says he directly. 'There's no art in it, if you can make the sawder, and I can do that, by the Dick and Harry? And one day I said to him, "Do take a look at this fine new cow of mine as cost me twenty-five shillings and a quart of ale. What-ever is the matter with her? She looks like the skin of a cow flattened against the board." So says he, 'Nay, she's better drawn than nine in ten; but she wants light and shade. Send her to my workshop.' 'Ay, ay,' says I; 'thy workshop is like the church-yard; we be all bound to go there one day or t'other.' Well, sir, if you believe me, when they brought her home and hung her argin the alreat hyestled was reconstituted. hung her again she almost knocked my eye out. There was three or four more women looking on, and I mind all on us skreeked a bit, and our hands went up in the air as if one string had maintain went up in the fair as I one string had pulled the lot; and says Bet Morgan, the carter's wife, 'Lord sake, gie me a bucket somebody, and let me milk her!' 'Nay, but thou shalt milk me,' said I, and a pint of four penny I gave her, then and there, for complimenting of my cow. Will Hope, he's everybody's friend. He

made the Colonel a crutch with his own hands, which the Colonel can use no other now. Walter swears by him. Miss Mary dotes on him; he saved her life in the river when she was a girl. The very miners give him a good word, though The very miners give him a rood word, though he is very strict with them; and as for Bartley, it's my belief he owes all his good luck to Will Hope. And to think he was born in this village, and left it a poor lad; ay, and he came back here one day as poor as Job, seems but t'other day, with his bundle on his back and his poor little girl in his hand. I dare say I fed them beth with whater were a significant.

both with whatever was going, poor bodies."
"What was she like?" "A poor little wizened thing. She had beau-tiful golden hair, though."
"Like Miss Bartley's?"

"Something, but lighter." "Have you ever seen her since?"

"No; and I never shall."
"Who knows?" "Nay, sir. I asked him after her one day when he came home for good. He never answered me, and he turned away as if I had stung him. She has followed her mother, no doubt. And so now she is gone he's well-to-do; and that is the way of it, sir. God sends mouths where there is no meat, and meat where there's no mouths. But He knows best, and sees both

worlds at once. We can only see this one—that's full of trouble." Monekton now began to yawn, for he wanted to be alone and think over the schemes that

ossed it off like a man this time, and left him to doze in his chair. Doze, indeed! Never did a man's eyes move to and fro more restlessly. Every faculty was

strung to the utmost.

At first as all the dramatis personæ he was in search of came out one after another from that gossip's tongue, he was anazed and delighted to find that instead of having to search for one of them in one part of England, and another in another, he had got them all ready to his hand. But soon he began to see that they were too near each other, and some of them interwoven, and

all the more dangerous to attack.

He saw one thing at a glance. That it would be quite a mistake to settle a plan of action. That is sometimes a great advantage in dealing | took from an hour to nearly an hour and a with the unguarded. But it creates a stiffness. Here all must be supple and fitted with watch Road, Princess street, Wayerley Bridge, and ful tact to the situation as it rose. Everything

would have to be shot flying.

Then as to the immediate situation. Reader, did ever you see a careful setter run suddenly into the middle of a covey who were not on their feet nor close together, but a little dispersed and reposing in high cover in the middle of the day? No human face is ever so intense or human form more rigid. He knows that one bird is three yards from his nose, another the same distance from either ear, and, in short, that they are all about him, and to frighten one

is to frighten all.

His tail quivers, and then turns to steel, like his limbs. His eyes glare; tongue fears to pant; it slips out at one side of his teeth and they close on it. Then slowly, slowly, he goes down, noiseless as a cat, and crouches on the long covert, whether turnips, rape or clover. Even so did this designing cur crouch in the

The loyal quadruped is waiting for his master, and his anxiety is disinterested. The biped car was waiting for the first streak of dawn to slip away to some more distant and safe hidingplace and sally-port than the Dun Cow, kept by a woman who was devoted to Hope, to Walter, and to Mary, and had all her wits about hermother wit included.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE SERPENT. Moncton slipped away at the dawn, and was off to Derby to prepare first-rate disguises.

At Derby, going through the local papers, he found lodgings offered at a farmhouse for invalids, fresh milk and eggs, home-made bread, etc. The place was within a few miles of Clifford Hall. Monekton thought this would suit him much better than being too near. When his disguises were ready, he hired a horse and dog-eart by the month, and paid a deposit, and drove to the place in question. He had put some shadow under his eyes to look more like an in-valid. He had got used to his own cadaverous tint, so that seemed sufficient. The farmer's wife looked at him, and hesita-

ted. "Well, sir," said she, with a faint blush, "we takes em in to cure, not to—"
"Not to bury," said Monckton. "Don't you be alarmed. I have got no time to die; I'm too

busy. Why, I have been much worse than this, I am convalescent now."
"Ye don't say so, sir!" said she. "Well, I see your heart is good" (the first time he had ever been told that), "I've a mind to risk it."
Then she quickly clapped on ten shillings a week more for color, and he was installed. He washed his face, and then the woman conceived I am convalescent now.

hopes of him, and expressed them in rustic Well," said she, bluntly, "dirt is a disguise. Now I look at you, you have got more mischief to do in the world yet, I do really believe."

"A deal more, I hope," said he.

It now occurred to him, all of a sudden, that really he was not in good health, and that he had difficulties before him which required calm nerves, and that nerves are affected by the stom-So, not to throw a chance away, he had sense and resolution to devote a few days to

This is a discordant world; even vices will not always pull the same way. Here was a sinhealth and unwholesome meditation. ister villain distracted between avarice and revenge, and sore puzzled which way to turn. Of SCOTCH NEWS.

The mortality last week in Edinburgh was

73, and the death-rate 15 per 1,000. REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF GAS AT PETER-HEAD.—At a meeting of the Gas Committee on Monday the recommendation of the committee was adopted that the price of gas be reduced from 6s 3d to 5s 5d, being a total reduction per 1,000 feet of 2s 1d during the five years the gasworks have belonged to the Corporation.

INCREASE OF ROWDYISM IN DUNDEE.—An unusual number of disorderly persons were apprehended by the Dundee police on Saturday night. Early on Monday morning there were cases entered for trial at the Court involving 122 persons, by far the largest number of prisoners brought before the Magistrate on a Monday morning for some time past.

SUICIDE IN CALTON JAIL, EDINBURGH .-William James Perfect, a brushmaker, who resided in Bowling-Green street, Leith, and to twenty-five days' imprisonment for assaulting his wife, has committed suicide by hanging himself in the Calton Jail. Perfect had suspended himself by attaching his neckerchief to the bell handle in his cell.

NIGHT POACHING AT PERTH. - Before Sheriff Graham at Perth on Monday, John Henan and John Hutchison, both laborers from Dundee, were convicted of having destroyed a number of rabbits with a net by night in the policy grounds of Meg-ginch Castle on 1st or 2nd of May last. Henan was sent 60 days to prison and Hutchison for 30 days. George Wilkinson, laborer, Perth, for having killed seven rubbits with a net in a field in the parish of Aberdalgie, belonging to the Earl of Kinnoull, on Sunday night or yesterday morning, was sent to jail

for 60 days. About half-past nine o'clock on Monday night a woman named Mary Lynch or Mc Gowan (42), who resides at 25 McKechnic street, attempted to commit suicide in one of the cells of the Eastern police office. She was apprehended at half-past eight o'clock on a charge of disorderly conduct. She was the worse of liquor, and was locked up in cell No. 16 along with another prisoner. The turnkey made his customary visit shortly after ten o'clock, and found all right. Immediately he turned his back, however, Mrs. McGowan loosened one of her garters, tied it round her neck, and fastened it to the fireguard. Her fellow-prisoner, seeing what she was about, at once called the turnkey. He cut the woman down, but by this time she was insensible, and blood was issuing from her nose and mouth. She was taken into a waiting-room, where she was attended to by Dr. Young, and ultimately recovered.

A HIGHLAND ESTATE IN THE LONDON MARKET.—On Wendesday the valuable and extensive sporting estate of Greenyards, in the Highlands of Scotland, was submitted to public competition at the City of London Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, by Mr. Edward Paton (Messrs. E. Paton & Sons, sporting and estate agents, Mount street, Grosvenor Square), who are about the first firm in London to undertake the sale of a large Scottish estate, such properties hitherto having been almost invariably offered by what is known as "public roup" in Scotland. The auctioneer floated before him now.

"You are sleepy, sir," said Mrs. Dawson.

"I'll go and see your bed is all right."

He thanked her and filled her glass. She chasers were, apparently, not inclined to adstarted the biddings by naming £20,000, but vance beyond the figure suggested by Mr. Paton, and the property was, accordingly, withdrawn on behalf of the vendor. It was understood that it was subsequently sold by

private contract on advantageous terms. On Saturday afternoon, in a great open air demonstration, the Liberals of Edinburgh and Mid-Lothian gave forth a very unmstakable sound in regard to the rejection of the County Franchise Bill. The proceedings commenced with a conference of delegates at the Oddfellows' Hall, in which the political situation was freely discussed. Mustering then on Bruntsfield Links, a procession which Canonigate to the Queen's Park, through vast crowds of generally sympathetic spectators. In the Park, the processionists gathered round four platforms, where the action of the Lords came in for pangent criticism, and resolutions were unanimously adopted indicating a hearty approval of the rejected bill, and expressing disappointment and indigation in regard to the course which the majority of the Upper House had seen fit to take.

The trite saying of good Bishop Berkeley, "Westward the course of empire takes its way," is daily verified by events. Not least significant among these is the fact that the State Department at Washington has just purchased a number of Rockford Quick Train Railroad watches to be given by President Arthur to captains of foreign vessels, in testimony of our Government's appreciation of their gallantry in saving the lives of American Chamber. Thus Mr. Fawcett, in scamen. A few years ago Geneva watches ante-Ministerial days was known as only would have been considered good enough for such a purpose. Now, among many competitors, the movements made at this far western factory are selected as being the best examples of human skill in delicate handi

Shelby, Ohio, is amazed at finding in the sundstone of her quarry, twenty-five feet Chamber is almost as dear as to the highest down in solid rock, the plain impression of a Conservative. As to the Radicals below the

human foot. TO TOY GENTLY WITH FORTUNE IS

NICE. To toy with Fortune, if not at too great : risk, is one of the pleasantest of pastimes. The wild gambling in stocks on Wall street brings to the speculator not near as healthy an exercise as the investment in the drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery at New Orleans, La., of \$5 for a whole or proportionate ly for fractional parts. The 171st Grand Monthly drawing will occur on Tuesday, August 12th, and any information can be had on application to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans,

Sleep may knit the ravelled sleeve of care, but it absolutely refuses to darn holes in socks.

The most deadly foe to all malarial disease is Ayer's Ague Cure, a combination of vegetable ingredients only, of which the most valuable is used in no other known preparation. This remedy is an absolute and certain specific, and succeeds when all other medicines fail. A cure is warranted.

One of the hardest things to accomplish is to waken a man in a railroad car who is occupying two seats.

How to Tell Genuine Florida Water. The true Florida Water always comes with a little pamphlet wrapped around each bottle, and in the paper of this pamphlet are the words "Lanman & Kemp, New York," water-marked, or stamped in pale, transparent, let-The control of the first state o

POLITICS AND PARTIES.

The Situation in England and Ireland—Con-Aict between Lords and Commons-How the Irish Party views the Fight.

OFFICES OF THE IRISH NEWS AGENCY. LONDON, July 18, 1884.

Your readers will probably like to hear how the Irish party regard the conflict be-tween the two Houses of the British Parlia-It would be unwise to exaggerate the difficulthere are some dangers, and the sooner they National ranks, it is needless to say that he would be much stronger against any attempts to distract the country. Then, staunch as the general election with closed and solid, and are the Irish people to their present leaders, not divided and distracted, ranks.

POLITICS IS AN UNCERTAIN GAME.

and it is a wise rule to take the tide when at its flood. Another consideration which weighs heavily with the Irish members in their desire for an early dissolution is the feeling that in the present perliament Ireland is very much at the mercy of the English parties in the matter of redistribution, A very significant fact in connection with this consideration is the prominent and active part which Mr. Goschen took in the work of trying to effect a reconciliation between the two parties. Goschen is well known to be one of the most virulent and effective enemies of the Irish people in the House of Commons, and it is notorious that the chief reason he urged in favour of this reconciliation was the fact that, if there were a general election, there would be an increase of the Irish party from forty to seventy-five men; and that the last great chance would be gone of docking the Irish representation. It was with a certain sense of relief that the Irish members accordingly heard that the negotiations had broken down, and that in all probability the question of Irish representation will be considered with seventy-five Irish members to have their word upon the subject. Another reason why the Irish members like the present state of things is that it is their conviction that Ireland is best off when the two English parties are

AT FACH OTHER'S THROATS. In the division of the English, especially if it be confronted by Irish union, there is hope for Ireland. For these reas as the present situation is viewed with much joy by the friends of the Irish cause. Nor are any hypoeritical pretences made upon the matter. Various attempts have been made to rope the Irish in England and Scotland into the agita-tion against the Lords; and these attempts have been occasionally accompanied by offers that might almost be described as flattering Thus at Glasgow a proposal was made that the Irish should attend the Liberal demonstration bearing their own dags, playing their own bands, and with an Irish member to represent them. The executive of the Irish National League of Great Britain, the organization in England and Scotland which is independent of, but alliliated with the organization in Ireland, were applied to for advice on the subject. They unanimously and without any hesitation decided that the offer should be rejected; and they advised our people to take no part in the demonstration, at least as National Leaguers. If any reason were required in addition to those already presented for observing

## THIS ATTITUDE OF RESERVE

on such an occasion, it would be found in the half to pass a given point, marched by Lothian fact that among the speakers who are expectted to take a prominent part in this demonstration is Mr. Trevelyan, and an Irish popular representative was coolly asked to take his place on the same platform and as the friend and ally of the minister who is the official mouthpiece of the policy of forced emigration and coercion for Ireland. The lesson is being daily taught the English Liberals in a way they are not likely to forget that coercion by a Liberal ministry is a crime that Ireland will never forget and never for-

> Then the Irish people have ceased to have any confidence in the sincerity of English ralicatism and take up an attitude of healthy scepticism towards the present movement. Everybody knows that the majority of the Liberal party are just as eager as the best English Conservatives for the preservation of the House of Lords. The cue has been given to all the Ministerial officials, high and low, to all the Ministerial omeans, men to speak in moderate terms of the Upper one of the fiercest Radicals in the House--who on one occasion went so far as to declare himself a Republican-made a speech the other night in which he distinctly warned the people against being too hard upon the House of Lords. Then the Cabinet is notoriously composed of a number of Whigs and Peers to whom the idea of a hereditary gangway they are men without a particle of real Radicalism in their nature. Most of them are in Parliament for no better reason than a desire to climb into the circles where lords abound. It is needless to say that such men have no more desire to do anything against the existing state of things than Mr. Gould or Mr. Vanderbilt has for legislation

against the monopoly of capitalists. ANOTHER REASON for not encouraging the Irish population to

join actively in the agitation is that there is already a strong and unhealthy tendency in several of the English cities to make the English Liberal and the Irish National cause one. This, it need scarcely be said, is one of the fundamental and mischievous fallacies of Irish politics which it has been most difficult to eradicate. The last general election gave the Irish people a terribly severe lesson upon this point. Under the influence of the auti-Irish manifesto published by Lord Beaconsfield, the Irish were instructed to vote for the Liberal candidates in all the constituencies in which they had power; and this order did much to produce that over-whelming Liberal majority which has enabled a Liberal Ministry to trample on Ireland with impunity for the last four years. If the alliance between the Irish and the English were cemented once more, old party ties and traditions would resume their sway and it might be difficult in some places to get the Irish as a body to vote for a Tory; and of course, for a Tory they will certainly be asked in some districts to vote. It would obviously be unwise to enter into personal details on venge, and sore puzzled which way to turn. Of course he could expose the real parentage of genuine, you will see the above words. Do Mary Bartley and put both Bartley and Hope not buy if the words are not there, because it is almost impossible to regard as sanctioned disordered functions which have defied the Bartley disgorge the twenty thousand pounds. Is not the real article. The water-mark letters by the Trish voters. These are the men who is and drugs prescribed for such cases; and specified the real article, where residing in warm or cold that there are some Liberals whose return it climates. They have repeatedly, corrected that there are some Liberals whose return it climates. They have repeatedly, corrected that there are some Liberals whose return it climates. They have repeatedly, corrected that there are some Liberals whose return it climates. They have repeatedly corrected that there are some Liberals whose return it climates. They have repeatedly corrected that there are some Liberals whose return it climates. They have repeatedly corrected that there are some Liberals whose return it climates. They have repeatedly corrected that there are some Liberals whose return it climates. They have repeatedly corrected that there are some Liberals whose return it climates. They have repeatedly corrected that there are some Liberals whose return it climates. They have repeatedly corrected that there are some Liberals whose return it.

on the Irish cause during the many hours of trial and suffering of the past few years.

THE PRESENT POLITICAL PROSPECT is that we shall have the general election in December or January. The House of Lords will not, according to present appearances. consent to the second reading of the Fran-chise Bill in the antumn session, upon which Mr. Gladstone has now resolved, and it is hard to see how the Government can postpone the appeal of the constituencies after that. Many of the Irish members will spend the greater part of the vacation in Ireland. ment. You will understand that a cardinal and they will devote their efforts to organizand fundamental principle of the policy of the party is to have a general election as soon as possible. The reasons for this A recess of great activity by the ablest are obvious. But besides those which and most trusted members of the Irish party will at once occur to your readers, there is is deemed very desirable by all those who the desire to capture the country while it is have been watching the signs of the times, solid and united and undistracted by faction. The absence of all Irish members of weight from Ireland throughout the Parliamentary ties of the situation, but at the same time | Session is one of the things that produce the disorganization which goes on for six months of the year. Probably after some weeks of are exorcised the better. If the country be once captured by the National party—the party of sense and honesty—if behind Mr. Parnell there is the best intellect of the others, whatever little trouble has been created will be remedied, and the peopple will meet the great opportunity presented by

A "CORPSE' ROBS A CHURCH.

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THE JEWELS SAVED BY THE BARKING OF DOGS -- A THIEF CARRIED INTO THE CHANCEL IN A COFFIN BY HIS CON-FEDERATES.

CITY OF MEXICO, July 28.—This town, the cene of many peculiar crimes, is just now agog over the performances of a thief, which are generally admitted to surpass anything on record. A few days ago several men went to the priest in charge of the Santa Cruz Church, in this city, and asked permission to hold funeral services over the remains of a deceased triend at 4 o'clock the next morning. There was nothing unusual in the request, for many people in this country bury their dead early in the morning before mass, and the priest gave his permission, agreeing to be present. The men then said they would like to leave the corpse in the church over night, and to this the clergyman also assented. Some time after dark the men appeared at the church bearing a coffin, which they carried up the main aisle and deposited in front of the altar. They then withdrew, promising to be

there early the next morning.

About midnight the sacristan was awaken ed by the barking of his dogs, and feeling that something must be wrong, he dressed hastily and stepped from his room into the chancel. A dim light was burning near the altar, by means of which he could see a figure moving slowly on the other side of the chancel. Making up his mind that robbers were in the church, he ran quickly to his room for a pistol, and then made a search of the church. No one was to be seen. On the altar he found everything safe, but when he came to examine the images of the saints he soon saw that the costly jewels with which they had been ornamented were gone. He then redoubled his efforts to find the thief, but after half an hour passed in searching every nook of the great edifice, he was more mystified than ever, for he not only could not find the offender, but he could discover no place where he could have come in or gone out. Just before he determined to give the alarm he thought of the corpse lying down below the chancel rail the shadow, and the idea came to him that perhaps there might be something wrong about it. Lighting a candle, he stepped softly to the bier and peered into the face of the supposed dead man. As he looked he noticed that the cyclids of the "corpse" twitched nervously under the light, and at the same instant his own eyes fell on some of the glittering jewels which lay beside the

man in the cotlin.

Overjoyed at finding the thief, the sacristan thrust his revolver into the face of 'corpse," and ordered him to get out. The cold steel on the man's forchead convinced him that the order must be obeyed, and a most extraordinary resurrection took place then and there. When the man had gained his feet, the sacristan, still covering him with his pistol, gathered up the jewels, and then marched the culprit to the priest's house, where he was turned over to the police. Several soldiers were then stationed in the church, and when the thief's confederates arrived in the morning they were taken into custody. At first they denici all knowledge of the conspiracy, but after a little one of them confessed and told the whole story. He said they intended to go through the forms of a funeral ceremony, and then carry their friend out to the cemetery, and, after letting him out of the coffin, bury it and leave the country as speedily as

possible. They will be severely punished. THE FRENCH CANADIAN VOTE.

BUFFALO, N.Y., July 31.—In Maine there are between 10,000 and 12,000 French Canadian voters, principally located in Aroostook county and Lewiston, Biddeford, Laco and Waterville. Four years ago a very large per cent. of this vote went to Garfield, but in the following year in the gubernatorial contest, the returns were very unsatisfactory to Mr. Blaine, who said a great many abusive things about the French population of Maine. As a result they became very much incensed. Le Lesager, published here, denounced Mr. Blaine in the most emphatic manner, saying, "Blaine is the most fanatical of any American of any distinction." Since then the French people have been very hostile to Blaine and his party. Judge Wing, chairman of the Republican Committee, has used the most strenuous efforts to bring Le Lesager to Blaine's support, but without success. The Republicans propose not to let the Canadian vote go by default, and have secured the services of a Canadian named Ross, of Biddeford, to stump the State on behalf of Blaine. Other speakers from outside will also be brought here. In side will also be brought here. In behalf of the Democrats, Dr. L. J. Martel, of this city, and the editor of Le Traveleur, of Worcester, Mass., will probably take the stump. Dr. Martel is one of the leading Canadians in this State. He is an eloquent and convincing speaker. J. N. L'Heureux, editor of La Lesager, says: "Without a doubt the whole Canadian vote will be brought into the Democratic column this

Holloway's Pills and Ointment .- Diseases of Women.-Medical science in all ages has been directed to alleviate the many maladies incident to females, but Professor Holloway, by diligent study and attentive observation, was induced to believe that nature had provided a remedy for those special diseases. He has, after vast research, succeeded in compounding his celebrated Pills and Oint. ment, which embody the principle naturally designed for the relief and cure of disorders peculiar to women of all ages and constitu-