

who was at first elated at receiving a summons to the Rectory, was then a little dashed in his pride when he found the patient was only poor little Lillian, and was restored to a self respect on discovering that it was a case of restoration from drowning which must become a fame all over the neighborhood.

Christian Pilgrim found that there was nothing for him to do, and he therefore went cheerfully away, and wandered aimlessly for hours. He had not even seen Camilla; he did not want to see her; he dreaded the thought of seeing her. He fancied that for all her kindness of heart and her generous words to him she must in her soul despise and dislike him because of the untimely exhibition he had made of his ridiculous mission. He pictured her in his own mind as quietly laughing to herself over her gaily-dressed, and pauper-lover. He began to think now that Romont was in love with her, and this made him feel only more and more ashamed of himself and his folly.

So he wandered about long lonely roads in much shame and misery, heartily wishing that he were in the Thames to remain there. Romont hung about the house and the lawn in his wet clothes, not caring or knowing whether they were wet or dry. He was determined now not to leave the place until he had spoken to Camilla and told her everything. All day long he had been doubting and hesitating; feeling no satisfaction in the part he had played, and sadly afraid that Camilla would feel less satisfaction in it still. Now, however, as fate seemed to have driven him within the gate of the Rectory, he was determined that all should come out and an end be put to the matter one way or the other. The night was, as we have said, clear and soft; the stars shone in a deep blue sky. Even to Romont's perturbed soul the charm of the summer night air and of the light breath from the west brought a sense of hope. After all that had been done it was not yet nearly eleven o'clock.

Camilla had had her own trouble all day, and some trouble too that was not her own. She had to come to a decision about Janet Lisle. Janet had all but confessed to her that she was about to elope with her lover, Walter Fizez, before her father and mother came back from London. Walter was convinced that Mr. Lisle and Lady Letitia would not object to his proposal for their daughter and he was determined on carrying off the girl and marrying her at once. Janet implied that he had already made the necessary arrangements and Camilla found argument, and appeal, and remonstrance, and passionate loving entreaty utterly thrown away on the brain-strained girl. What was Camilla to do? The Rectory and Lady Letitia would not be home until the night following; George, even if he could be of much use, was not near. He had been persuaded to go to town to dine quietly with a comrade in arms who had just been sent back with despatches from Egypt, and in consequence of the state of his health he was to stay with his friend until the morning. Mrs. Pollen was out at hand. What was Camilla to do? She must take counsel with some one; in her despair she resolved when she saw Romont enter the house that she would take counsel with him.

Therefore Romont standing on the lawn with his back to a tree and his eyes on the house saw a figure come from the open hall and through the doorway and out on to the lawn. His heart beat fast; for it was Camilla. She was bareheaded; she was looking for something. "The time has come," he thought; "and now she will come."

"Suddenly she saw him and he thought she would draw back and he was about to call to her and run towards her, fearing lest the longed-for, dreaded opportunity might be lost. But when she saw him she called to him, and came towards him, panting and speaking very quickly in agitated tremulous tones.

"Oh, Mr. Romont! I am so glad; I was afraid you had gone. I want to speak to you, so much."

She stopped and put her hand upon her beating heart.

"Yes," he said, "and I want to speak to you too."

"Oh, well—I have sent one of the maids to poor Mrs. Lumsden to wake her up and bring her here. That was the best thing to do, don't you think?"

"Certainly; of course."

"She will be here soon; Vinnie is nearly all right now."

"Yes; I thought she would be. She won't do it again."

"I hope not; oh! I think not. She is very much ashamed and penitent, poor child; heaven help her. But it wasn't about that I wanted to speak to you."

He waited patiently, not wondering so much about what she had to tell him as wondering what she would say when she heard what he had to tell her.

"It's about Janet, Mr. Romont; I am afraid she has allowed me to guess at a great secret of hers and what am I to do? I have to speak to you," she said, almost angrily; "there is no one else." She told him her story in a few direct words.

"This is a serious business," Romont said. "Yes, what am I to do? Tell me."

"Send for Mr. Lisle and Lady Letitia at once."

"You think so? You are sure I ought to do that? Would that be a breach of confidence? Is it a thing a man would do? Is it a thing you would do if you were in my place?"

"Most certainly. You said she did not actually confide this to you as a secret."

"No; she let it out, rather. We were alone; and we were talking together over things; not very gladness, perhaps, and it was evening, and melancholy; and Janet became almost hysterical, and I got to know or guess somehow—from the way she clung to me and kissed me, and begged me always to think well of her—I knew that something was going to happen. How I came to know it I can't quite tell now. Then you would send for her father and Lady Letitia?"

"Of course I would. I would save the child from that fellow at any risk. If you only knew all about him! Look here, Miss Sabine, he took me at first; but now I know what sort of a card he is. He has already got mixed up with one of the worst sorts of fast men about town, and he adores them because some of them are arewells, you know, and he delights in their titles and all that, and being seen with them; in fact, I believe he really cares about Janet; I don't know, oh—well, there; he was near being hurried into the statement of certain facts, which led him to believe that Walter's affections were at all events not wholly absorbed by Janet; "he is a bad lot, and getting worse and worse. He has no money and he has no way of making any unless he makes it by gambling; and I believe he is no more a Fitzcase than you or I."

count little Vinnie tried to drown herself?"

"No; I didn't know that," Camilla said with eyes of astonishment.

"No; and of course Janet didn't know it; and you didn't know it; either of you; that the fellow was living on Mrs. Pollen's bounty?"

"But surely now, Mr. Romont, even you must admit that there must be something good in him when Mrs. Pollen takes such an interest in him? Come, now; you will own that much?"

"Well, Mrs. Pollen is a dear, kind, noble-hearted creature; I found that out long ago; God bless her; but she makes mistakes. I suppose, like others. She thought this fellow was a sort of Claude Melotte kept down by iron fortune, who only wanted a helping hand to become a hero, and a genius, and all that; and then she has found out, I believe, that he is in some way or other related to her husband and she wanted to make a man of this creature, but I think now she is beginning to give it up as a bad job."

"I am so glad I spoke to you, Mr. Romont. This is dreadful—much worse than I ever could have imagined; but I am all the more glad that I spoke to you. Janet must be saved, no matter by what means, come what will."

"She must be saved from him, if it had to be done by putting her into a straight waistcoat. The thing is, how to get at Mr. Lisle at once. Can you answer for her to-night?"

"If you think we are right in this—and I have no one near me to speak to about it out you"—she felt her cheek grow flame hot as she spoke the words—"I will keep her here by force if needs be, until her father and mother come. You may depend upon that, Mr. Romont; and thank heaven I am a good deal stronger than darling little Janet. I could carry her about like a child. I will send a letter to Lady Letitia."

"Yes; write it and give it to me; I will see it then the very first thing in the morning. He shall be here with Lady Letitia before you are all out of bed. You go and write the letter at once; make it short; it can't be too short, and give it to me. We must have no talk and scandal in all this if we possibly can."

"Very well; I'll go and write. Will you come in?"

"No; I'll stay here. But you'll come back with the letter yourself," he asked anxiously. "I told you I had something to say to you."

"Yes; I had forgotten that for the moment." She was embarrassed, although she had not the faintest idea of what he was going to tell her. She hurried away, but was not long gone. She came back with the letter in her hand. "Would you like to read it?" she asked. "I haven't sealed it."

"It will be all right, I am sure. I will seal it by and bye. Now, Camilla, I have something to say to you."

She stared at the sound of her name thus spoken by him. His voice was deep and trembling with emotion. She was drawing back a little in a sort of alarm.

"I have something to say which is of the utmost importance to you and to me."

He put his hand round her wrist and held it firm, so that she could not get it away. Lady Letitia did not try; she had no time to try to do anything but the words that were coming from him. What is he going to say?

"And I shall not keep you in suspense; I'll come to the point. It is this: I love you, Camilla, and I know—that you love me."

She gave a little cry and plucked her wrist from him. He did not hold it.

"Oh, for shame!" she said; "Mrs. Pollen told you!"

A rash of wild and almost fearful rapture went through him. She did not even attempt to deny it; only "Mrs. Pollen told you." That was all; the truth was owned.

"I know it from better evidence than Mrs. Pollen could give," he said, gravely. "She didn't tell me; I know it from your own eyes and your own lips, Camilla. I stood by and heard you in all but direct words acknowledge that you love me."

"Oh, but that is impossible; it is impossible; it can't be; it couldn't be; I haven't seen you for days and days."

"Yes, you have; oh, yes, you have. Don't you remember Joseph, the Albanian boatman, who rowed you on the river yesterday?"

"Yes, yes, what about him?"

"I am Joseph, the Albanian boatman."

"You!"

"Yes; look here. He assumed one of the habitual attitudes of Joseph, folded his arms across his chest and stood with his eyes turned to the earth, and he spoke a few words in the queer Levantine Italian in which Mrs. Pollen and he used to interchange ideas. His face was dark against the sky, and the features were not clearly seen. He appeared for the moment just Joseph the Albanian once again. Then Camilla remembered that when she broke into tears in Mrs. Pollen's music-room as Mrs. Pollen pressed her with questions about Romont, the seeming Albanian started forward suddenly as if to come to her, and then drew back. She saw it all now."

"Camilla, my love, you have forgiven me. You will forgive me for having found this out such a way; you will remember how much depended on it for you and for me? If ever the means could justify the end they are justified for us in this. Think what our lives would have been if we had not known that we loved each other until it was all too late. Now it is not too late, Camilla, my love, speak to me."

Camilla had been standing mute and motionless as a statue while he spoke. There was silence yet for one moment, of unutterable pain to him, for he guessed the worst now.

"And you played that trick on me?" she said at last in a voice of unnatural composure and coldness; "you stooped to play that trick, that unworthy trick, to get at a poor girl's secret? You disguised yourself to play the spy on me, although you knew that I was engaged to George Lisle. You a man—a gentleman! Well, well, I think all the better of him; he would not have done that!"

"I loved you," Romont said, passionately; "I had a right to know whether you loved me or not. If I had found that you didn't, you would have had no trouble from me; I would never have come to obstruct your love. What matter how I came to love you, to think, or to hope that by making up as Joseph, the Albanian, I had a chance of finding out for certain whether you loved me or not. Was I to allow any scruple of that kind to keep me from knowing that? You can't marry George Leslie; you can't marry him. I love you and you love me; and you belong to me; and you shall marry me. But I want you to forgive me first; I do, indeed, Camilla, Camilla." He entreated her in beseeching tones with tender repetition of her name.

"Good-bye," she said, turning away.

"For to-night?"

"CROSSEST-MAN IN ALABAMA."

"De crossest-man in Alabama lives day, and the driver as we approached a way-side home, near Selma, Ala., to ask accommodations for the night. At supper, and after it, "mine host" scowled at every one, found fault with everything earthly, and I was wondering if he would not growl if I was heavenly. He didn't fit him, when incidental mention being made of the comet of 1882, he said: "I didn't like its form, its tail should have been fan-shaped!"

But, next morning, he appeared half-offended at our offering pay for his hospitality! My companion, however, made him accept as a present a sample from his cellar of goods.

Six weeks later I drew up at the same house. The plaster stepped lightly from the porch, and greeted me cordially. I could scarcely believe that this clear complexioned, bright-eyed, animated fellow, and the morose being of a few weeks back, were the same. He inquired after my companion of the former visit, and regretted he was not with me.

"Yes," said his wife, "we are both much indebted to him."

"How?" I asked in surprise.

"For this wonderful change in my husband. Your friend when leaving headed him a bottle of 'Crossest' wine. He took it, and two other bottles, and now—"

"And now?" he broke in from an ill-feeling, growling old bear, I am healthy and so cheerful my wife declares she has fallen in love with me again!"

It has made over again a thousand love matches, and keeps sweet the tempers of the family circle everywhere. —Copyrighted. Used by permission of American Rural Home.

FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

RIEL'S INDICTMENT.

Riel was brought at Regina, yesterday before Co. Ricardson and presented with the indictment against him, which is sworn out by Charles Stewart, of Hamilton. The trial is fixed for the 20th instant. The indictment charges that Louis Riel, being a subject of the Queen, not regarding the duty of his allegiance, nor having the fear of God in his heart, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, as a false traitor against the said lady the Queen, and wholly withdrawing the allegiance, fidelity and obedience which every true and faithful subject of our said lady the Queen should and of right ought to bear towards our said lady the Queen, on the 27th day of March, in the year aforesaid, together with divers others, false traitors to the said Stewart unknown, armed and arrayed in warlike manner, that is to say with guns, rifles, pistols, bayonets and other weapons, being then unlawfully, maliciously and traitorously assembled and gathered together against our said lady the Queen, most wickedly, maliciously, traitorously, lewdly and in a manner contrary to the laws of our said lady the Queen, and the laws of the said North-West territories of Canada, and with in this realm, and did maliciously and traitorously attack and endeavor, by force and arms, to subvert and destroy the constitution and government of this realm, as by law established, and deprive and depose our said lady the Queen, and the lawful heirs of her crown and dignity, by the use of arms, and by the use of the Imperial crown of this realm, in contempt of our said lady the Queen and her laws, to evil, exempt of all others in like case offending, contrary to the duty of the allegiance of him, the said Louis Riel, against the form of the statute in such cases made and provided, and against the peace of our said lady the Queen, her crown and dignity. A similar charge is made as regards the affairs at Fish Creek and Batoche. Care is taken to preserve the legality of the indictment in case Riel sets up the plea of being a citizen of the United States.

THE LATE COL. WILLIAMS.

The fleet of boats with the troops arrived at Batoche from Fort Pitt yesterday morning. Owing to the death of Colonel Williams the command of the Midland Battalion has been assumed by Major Smith. Colonel Williams was taken ill on the 30th of June. He was unconscious for twenty-four hours, together with which the doctors were unable to help him. His cousin, Sergeant Stewart, of the Midland Battalion, was with him when he died. Sergeant Valique, of No. 4 company, 6th Battalion, died a few minutes later, and will be buried at Batoche. Both contracted fever about Frog Lake while in pursuit of Big Bear.

The remains of Colonel Williams' body from the boat to the fort took place yesterday. The order of march was: The Midland, 90th and A Batteries, guns bearing caisson, the elements of the different battalions as pull-arms, the General and staff and fifty men of the Winnipeg Light Infantry, the 90th and the Grenadiers. A quack was forced inside the stockade, and the troops were formed by the Rev. Messrs. Whitcombe and Gordon.

THE LATE COL. WILLIAMS.

HIS LAST LETTER TO THE MINISTER OF MILITIA—THE CHARGE AT BATOCHE.

OTTAWA, July 7.—The following is a copy of the last letter written by the late Colonel Arthur Williams, M.P., to the Hon. Mr. Caron:—

FORT PITT, June 6, 1885.

MY DEAR CARON,—I fully intended writing to you a long letter to-morrow, as it promised to be a quiet Sunday, but the tortures of war have otherwise directed, as at a late hour this evening I received orders to march to join General Strange's column, which I think is about sixty miles from here. I have under my command about sixty scouts, or cavalry, a portion of the 65th and the Midland Battalion. Big Bear will soon be surrounded. Although many of his prisoners have escaped, there are still about twenty with him. The enemy's country is difficult to move through, but I hope to catch him at latest at Batoche, which is pretty close. The blue pencil shows the position of the Midland, and where we waited for fifteen minutes waiting for the other troops to come on. Our advance was along the slope of the river, but I directed to the creek and looked down at times across the prairie level to see the position of the other regiments. Nothing could have been more magnificent than the steadiness and the response to the rush across the open for five hundred yards. I am proud to be able to say that I led them (the Midland) first, and although the rush was under a hailstorm of bullets it was most regular and shoulder to shoulder.

I had intended to give you a few notes from my diary, but I shall have to postpone this. I enclose a copy of a statement made by me, interesting in the meantime for your private information. I have to thank you for your kind telegram and the interest you have taken in my progress. It is now after midnight, and I have to be up at a very early hour, and, owing to want of proper writing accommodation, I fear my scribbling is almost illegible. I trust after Big Bear is captured that we shall be at liberty to return homewards. With kindest regards,

Faithfully yours, in haste,

(Signed),

A STRANGE DISEASE.

There is scarcely a symptom belonging to chronic complaints but that is common to the poor dyspeptic, and he often feels as if he had every disease in the catalogue. Burdock Blood Bitters cures the worst form of Chronic Dyspepsia.

THE GOVERNMENT POLICY DECLARED IN THE COMMONS.—MR. GLADSTONE GIVES THE SUPPORT—BUT DOUBTS THE WISDOM OF ABANDONING THE CRIMES ACT.

LONDON, July 7.—In the House of Commons this evening Sir Michael Hicks-Beach moved that the Government have precedence in business of the House on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. He deprecated the idea of the motion being regarded as one of confidence in the Government. It was simply proposed and submitted for the convenience of the house. The Government had no desire to screen their policy and actions from criticism, but the main business should be the subjects of supply and way and means, which business was of the greatest importance. In addition to the budget the Government intended to proceed with the consideration of the Federal Council bill, the Australian and East India loan bill, Irish educational endowment bill, and Secretary for Scotland bill. The Government was extremely anxious to deal with the very important Irish Land Purchase bill, but it would be impossible to pass the measure at this period of the session if it met with opposition. The Government did not intend to renew the Crimes Act. In regard to this measure Mr. Gladstone had said the Liberal Government had intended to renew certain salutary provisions, but the speaker was unaware of the nature of these provisions, because he had found no trace whatever of any bill having been prepared by the late Government. (Cheers.) The Government, he continued, did not propose to proceed with the Crofters' bill or other contentious bills, but might the medical Relief Bill. Disqualification bill ought to be dealt with soon. Portions of the Criminal law amendment bill would become law this session if the house granted time for their discussion.

Mr. Gladstone supported the motion because he thought it was desirable to speedily wind up the business of the session. In regard to the foreign policy, Mr. Gladstone said he believed it was the duty of the late Government to support the present Government in the prosecution of important national aims. The statement was in the main correct that England had promised the Zulu's to the Ameer. The Government, Mr. Gladstone said, would have his best support in all reasonable efforts to bring that question to a settlement. He admitted that the Government ought to avoid committing itself on the Egyptian question, and ought to be allowed time in which to obtain the fullest and best advice. The question of finance was of first importance to Egypt, and until settled nothing could be done. Mr. Gladstone, in connection with Irish affairs, said he regretted controversial matters had been introduced in this debate. As a matter of historic justice, he mentioned that every time the Liberal party proposed a measure, that measure was accompanied by a remedial measure. The Government, he said, incurred great responsibility in abolishing the Crimes Act. It was not the business of the Opposition to wish the Government to fail. If the Government could protect property by means of the common law he wished it God speed.

Lord Randolph Churchill thanked Mr. Gladstone for the considerate reception of the motion. He disclaimed on behalf of the Government any responsibility for the evacuation of the Sudan, and said that when the evacuation had been carried out and could not be reversed.

Sir W. Hart-Dyke, Chief Secretary for Ireland, reply to Mr. Lewis, who disapproved of the abandonment of the Coercion Act, said that Ireland had been brought into such a condition that there could be no comparison between its present state and that existing when the Crimes Act was passed.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's motion was adopted by 151 to 82.

The House, by 153 to 23, voted a grant of £30,000 to Princess Beatrice.

This evening Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, replying to Mr. Charles McLaren (advanced Liberal), said he could see no reason why Sir Henry Drummond Wolff should not go on a special mission to Egypt. There was reason to believe that Sir Henry was agreeable to the Khedival Government. Mr. McLaren thereupon gave notice that he would introduce a motion declaring that it was inexpedient to trust Sir Henry with the mission in question.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

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LONDON, July 7.—The first formal indication of Radical unity towards the present Government was furnished last evening in the House of Commons by Sir Wilfrid Lawson (Radical) giving notice that he would move on Tuesday to refuse to grant to the Government the command of the House of Commons. When the estimates for diplomatic service comes before the House Mr. Lawson and others will question the Government in regard to the mission of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. The Government has promised to give an opportunity for discussion. Before the vote on the Bradlaugh question last night, Charles Henry Hopwood (advanced Liberal) moved an amendment in favor of giving as quickly as possible respecting duties of office. Sir Wilfrid Lawson (Radical) seconded the motion. Mr. Gladstone had the strongest views on the question of principle, believing that the House had acted unconstitutionally and illegally. He would support Mr. Hopwood. It was the duty of the House to legislate in the direction of removing an existing grievance. The present Parliament throughout had grievously wronged the electorate of Northampton. It was the first duty of the House to address that wrong. Mr. Gladstone thought, however, that the scope of the amendment should be narrowed to dealing with the case before them. After the vote, in which the Radicals supported the Government, had been taken Mr. Bradlaugh readvanced to the table and said he would obey the Speaker and withdrew. He appealed to the various constituencies against the injustice done him, bowed and withdrew from the house.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, in reply to Mr. Labouchere, said no communication had been received from Russia in regard to the reported utterances of Lord Randolph Churchill, that "Russia has tricked, deceived and lied to us as only a Russian can." Lord Randolph, he added, does not admit that his speech was accurately quoted. The house then entered into committee of supplies.

Earl Carnarvon, lord lieutenant of Ireland, gave statistics of crime in Ireland in recent years, showing an enormous decrease since the passage of the Crimes act. The Government, he said, consider it inadvisable to renew the act. They trusted a firm administration of the ordinary law would maintain tranquillity.

LONDON, July 9.—In the House of Commons this afternoon Mr. Louis (Moderate Conservative) gave notice of a motion approving of Earl Spencer's energetic execution of the Irish Crimes Act, rejecting Parnell's motion for an inquiry into Lord Spencer's execution of the same law.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach introduced the budget. It retains all of Mr. Childers' proposals not affected by the recent votes. Sir Michael, in presenting the budget, said the Government regretted that the expenditures on account of the £11,000,000 credit estimated the £9,000,000 which Mr. Childers estimated

as the limit. The Government proposed to issue £4,000,000 in treasury bills to cover the deficit of the past and present year.

Mr. W. R. Smith, Secretary for War, replying to Mr. McCarthy, said the Government was unaware of a reward being offered by the British in Egypt for the head of Olivier Pain.

THE GENERAL'S RUN.

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED INCIDENT OF THE REBELLION—GEN. MIDDLETON'S NARROW ESCAPE—HOW MAJOR KIRWAN BELAYED.

(From the Globe.)

Among the unpublished incidents of the rebellion was one which at the time created perhaps more sensation and amusement than any other during its course. It happened on the last morning of the Batoche fight, and is well known among the men as "The General's Run."

That morning General Middleton had, for some reason known only to himself, wandered in the priest's house, which stood between the loyal and rebel lines, four hundred yards from the former and only two hundred from the latter. Accordingly, he started out without a word to anyone, dressed in civilian's clothes, except that he wore a helmet. Capt. Young, Brigade Major, saw him start out with much apprehension, and was on the point of ordering a guard to attend him, but feared that doing so would be much more likely to attract the attention of the enemy. The General reached the house in safety, and met at the door by the man with whom he had to converse. The interview ended, he started back, but had hardly got twenty yards from the door when pop-pop-pop went the rebel rifles, and bullets after bullets sped harmlessly by the General's person. This was the more remarkable, as the stout corpulent body of the General offered a good round target to the enemy. The Commander-in-Chief thought it was time to get out of the way, but he was no longer an athlete, and his fat little legs were hardly capable of carrying their load at any great pace. He, however, did his best, and with a motion more like a waddle than a run increased his speed. His wind was no longer good and soon

he was waddling along the puff-puff puff which came from his panting frame was audible in the lines of his men. The rebels still kept pouring leaden hail after him, but whether their aim was bad or his waddle disconcerted it will perhaps never be known. At any rate, he missed him every time, Captain Young, as soon as he saw the predicament of his chief, called for volunteers to go out and draw the fire of the rebels away from him, and, accompanied by Major Kirwan, Lieutenant Helliwell (who was three hours afterwards badly wounded), and two others, started out. They succeeded in their design, and probably saved the General's life. He kept on his way, panting, puffing, and blowing, until with a face as red as a beet, and completely purged out, he eventually reached the lines in safety. He must, however, have acquired much additional respect for his powers of pedestrianism, for as he fell exhausted on his camp-bed he was heard to utter—"I didn't know I could run so fast before."

THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT has bought 1,200 acres of land near Odessa upon which to form a camp.

THE CHOLERA.

Possibly the Cholera may not reach our locality this season. Nevertheless, we should take every precaution against it. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a sure cure for Cholera Morbus, Colic, Cramp, Diarrhoea and Dysentery.

Fortifying the Bosphorus has been stopped owing to the conviction that there is no further danger of collision between England and Russia.

For Nettles Rash, Summer Heat, Eruptions, and general tetter purposes use Low's Sulphur Soap.

The sporting Duchess of Montrose enters her horses at races under the name of "Monsieur Manton."

Jacob Lockman, Buffalo, N.Y., says he has been using Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for rheumatism; he had such a lame back, he could not do anything, but one bottle has, he says, cured him, "cured him up." He thinks it is the best thing in the market.

Lighting kills 100 Frenchmen every year. General Grant, it is said, cannot endure music of any kind except that made by the fife and drum.

Peter Kieffer, Buffalo, says: "I was badly bitten by a horse a few days ago, and was induced by a friend, who witnessed the occurrence, to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It relieved the pain almost immediately, and in four days the wound was completely healed. Nothing can be better for fresh wounds