THE ROSARY OF MY YEARS.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Some reckon their ages by years, Some measure their life by art,

But some tell their days by the flow of their

And their life by the moans of their hears. The diels of earth may show The length, not the depth, of years; Few or many may come, few or many may go; But our time is best measured by tears.

Ah I not by the silver gray That creeps through the sunny hair, And not by the scenes we pass on our way-And not by the furrows the finger of care On forehead and face have made; Not so do we count our years; Not by the sun of the earth—but the shade Of our souls—and the fall of our tears.

For the young are ofttimes old, Though their brow be bright and fair, While their plood beats warm their hearts lie

O er them the epring time-but winter is there-And the old are of thimes young, When their hair is thin and white; And they sing in age as in youth they sung. And they laugh, for their cross was light.

But bead by bead I tell The rosary of my years, From a cross to a crown they lead—'tis well! And they are blessed with a blessing of tears.

Better a day of strife Than century of sleep; Give me instead of a long stream of life The tempest and tears of the deep.

A thousand oys may foam On the billows of all the years But never the foam brings the brave bark home-It reaches the heaven through tears.

## LADY LEOLINE.

By May Agnes Fleming.

CHAPTER XVI.-Continued.

"La Marque Payr," began the attenuated lacky, and Ormiston's heart nearly jumped out of his mouth, "that she can't have anybody hauging about her house like its shadow; and she wants you to go away, and keep away, till the time comes she has mentioned."

So saying the skeleton shut the door, and Ormiston's heart went down to zero. There being nothing for it but obedience, however, he slowly and reluctantly turned away, feeling to his bones that if ever he came to the bliss and ecstasy of calling La Masque Mrs. Ormiston, the grey mare in his stable would be by long odds the better horse. Unintentionally his step turned to the water side, and he descended the flight of stairs, determined to get into a boat and watch the illumination from the river Late as was the hour, the Thames seemed a live with wherries and barges, and their numer ous lights danced along the surface like fire flie. over a Marsh A gay barge, gilded and cus-hioned, was going slowly past; and as he stood directly under the lamp, he was recognized by a gentleman within it, who leaned over and hailed

"Ormiston! I say, Ormiston!"
"Well, my Lord," said Ormiston, recognizing
the handsome face and animated voice of the

Earl of Rochester. "Have you any engagement for the next balf-hour? If not, do me the favor to take a seat here, and watch London in flames from the

river."
"With all my heart," said ()rmiston, running down to the water's edge, and leaping into the boat. "Wish all this bustle of life around here, one would think it were noonday intead of

"The whole city is astir about these fires Have you suy idea they will be successful?"
"Not the least. You know, my lord, the prediction runs, that the plague will rage till the living are no longer able to bury the dead."
"It will soon come to that," said the earl, shuddering slightly, "if it continues increasing much louger as it does now daily. How do the

bills of meriality run to-day?,
"I have not heard. Hark! There goes St.
Paul's belling twelve."

"And there goes a flash of fire—the first a mong many. Look, look! How they spring up into the black darkness."

"They will not do it long. Look at the sky, my lord.

The earl glauced up at the midnight sky, of a dull and dingy red color, except where black and heavy clouds were beaving like angry billows, all dingy with smoke and streaked with

bars of fiery red.

"I see! There is a storm coming, and a heavy one! Our worthy turghers and most heavy one! Our worthy burghers and most worshipful Lord Mayor will see their fires extinguished shortly, and themselves sent home with wet jackets.

"And for weeks, almost months, there has

not fallen a drop of rain, ' remarked Ormiston, gravely.

"A remarkable coincidence, truly. There seems to be a fatality hanging over this devoted

city.'
"I wonder your lordship remains.

The earl shrugged his shoulders significantly "It is not so easy leaving it as you think, Mr. Ormiston; but I am to turn my back to it to-morrow for a brief period. You are aware, I suppose, that the court leaves before daybreak for Orford." 'I believe I have heard something of it-how

long to remain?"
"Till Charles takes it into his head to come back again," said the earl, familiarly, "which will probably be in a week or two. Look at that sky, all black and scarlet; and look at those people—I scarcely thought there were half the number left alive in London." Even the sick have come out to night," said "Half the pest stricken in the city

Ormiston. "Half the pest stricken in who can have left their beds, full of new-born hope. One would think it where a carnival."

"So it is—a carnival of death! I hope, Ormiston," said the earl, looking at him with a light laugh, "the pretty little white fairy we rescued from the river is not one of the sick parameters."

rading the streets.'
Ormiston looked grave.

No, my lord, I think she is not. I left her safe and secure.

"Who is she, Ormiston?" coaxed the earl. laughingly. "Pshaw, man! don't make a mountain out of a mole-hill! Tell me her

Her name is Leoline."

"What else?" "That is just what I would like to have some one tell me. I give you my honor, my lord, I do not know

The earl's face, half indignant, half incredulous, wholly curious, made Ormiston smile.
"It is a fact, my lord. I asked her her name, and she told me Leoline—a pretty title

enough, but rather unsatisfactory."

"How long have you known her?"

"To the best of my belief," said Ormiston,
musingly, "about four hours."

"Nonsense!" oried the earl, energetically.

"What are you telling me, Ormiston? You said she was an old friend."

"I beg your pardon, my lord, I said no such thing. I told you that she had earaped from her friends, which was strictly true."

"Then how the demon had you the impudence to come up and carry her off in that style? I certainly had a better right to her than you-the right of discovery; and I shall

call upon you to deliver her up! If she belonged to me I should only be too happy to oblige your lordship," laughed Ormiston; "but she is at present the property ' laughed of Sir Norman Kingsley, and to him you must

apply."

"Ah! His inamorata, is she? Well, I must y his taste is excellent; but I should think u ought to know her name, since you and he noted for being a modren Damon and "Probably I should, my lord, only Sir Norman, unfortunately, does not know himself."
The earl's countenance looked so utterly blank at this announcement, that Ormiston wa

forced to throw in a word of explanation.

"I mean to say, my lord, that he has fallen
in love with her; and, judging from appearances, I should say his flame is not altogether hopeless. although they have met to-night for the first time."

"A rapid passion. Where have you left her,

"In her own house, my lord," Ormiston replied, smiling quietly to himself.
"Where is that?"

"About a dozen yards from where I stood when you called me. "Who are her family?" continued the earl who seemed possessed of a devouring curiosity,
"She has none that I know of. I imagine
Mistress Leoline is an orphan. I know there was not a living soul but ourselves in the house

"And you left her there alone?" exclaimed the earl, half starting up, at if about to order the boatman to row back to the landing. Ormiston looking at his excited face with a

glance full of quiet malice.
"No, my lord, not quite; Sir Norman King-

sley was with her?',
"Oh!" said the earl, smiling back with a look of chargin. "Then he will probably find out her name before he comes away. I wonder you could give her up so easily to him, after all your frombe."

'Smitten, my lord?" inquired Ormiston, ma-

liciously.

"Hopelessly!" replied the earl, with a deep sigh.

"She was a perfect little beauty; and if I can find her, I warn Sir Norman Kingeley to I can find her, I warn Sir Norman Kingeley to I can find her, I warn Sir Norman Kingeley to I can find her, I warn Sir Norman Kingeley to I can find her, I warn Sir Norman Kingeley to I can find her, I warn Sir Norman Kingeley to I can find her in the sign of the take care! I have already sent Hubert out in search of her; and by the way," said the earl, with a sudden increase of animation, "what a wonderful resemblance she bears to Hubert—I could almost swear they were one and the

"The likeness is marvelous; but I should hate to take such an oath. I confess I am some what curious myself, but I stand no chance of having it gratified before to morrow, I suppose How those fires blaze! It is much brighter than at noon-day. Show me the house in which Leoline livea?

Ormiston easily pointed it out, and showed the earl the light still burning in her window. "It was in that room we found her first, dead of the plague ! "Dead of the what?" cried the earl aghast.

"Dead of the plague! I'll tell your lordship how it was," said Ormieton, who forthwith com-menced and related the story of their finding Leoline; of the resuscitation at the plague pit of the flight from Sir Norman's house, and of the delirious plunge into the river, and miracul-

ons cure.
"A marvellous story," commented the earl,
much interested. "And Lechne seems to have as many lives as a c.t! Who can she beprincess is discuise—ch. Ormiston?"
"" She looks fit to be a princess, or anything

else; but your lordship knows as much about her now as I do.'
"You say she was dressed as a bride—how came that?

Simply enough. She was to be married tonight, had she not taken the plague instead." "Married? Why, I thought you told me a few minutes ago she was in love with Kingsley. It seems to me Mr Ormis on, your remarks are a trifle inconsistent." said the earl, in a tone of

attonished displeasure. "Nevertheless, they are all perfectly true, Mistress Leoline was to be married, as I told you; but she was to marry to plosse her friends, and not herself. She had been in the habit of watching Kingsley go pass her window; and the way she blushed, and went through the other little motions, convinces me that his course of true love will run as smooth as this glassy river runs at present."

"Kingsley is a lucky fellow. Will the dis-carded surror have no voice in the matter; or is be such a simpleton as to give her up at a Ormiston laughed.

Ah! to be sure ; what will the count say And indging from some things I've heard, I should say he is violently in love with her." "Count who?" asked Rochester. "Or has he, like his lady-love no other name?"
"Uh, no! The name of the gentleman who

was so nearly blessed for life, and missed it, is Count L'Estrange !"
The earl had been lying listlessly back, only

half intent upon his answer, as he watched the fire; but now he sprang sharply up, and stared Ormiston full in the face.
"Count what did you say?" was his eager

question, while his eyes, more eager than his voice, strove to read the reply before it was repeated, "Count L'Estrange. You know him, my

lord?" said Ormistor, quietly.
'Ah! said the earl. And then such a strange meaning smile went wandering about his face,
"I have not said that! So his name is Count

L'Estrange ? Well, I don't wonder now at the girl's beauty."

The earl sank back to his former nonchalant position and fell for a moment or two into deep musing; and then, as if the whole thing had

struck him in a new and ludicrous light, he broke out into an fit of laughter. Ormiston blooked at him courionaly.

"It is my turn to ask questions, now my

"It is my who is Count L'Estrange?"

"I know of no such person, Ormiston I was thinking of something else! Was it Leoline who told you that was her lover's name?"

"No; I heard it by mere accident from another person. I am sure, if Leoline is not a discusse, he 13."

personage in disguise, he is."

"And why do you blink so?"

"An inward conviction, my lord. So you vill not tell me who he is ?" "Have I not told you I know of no such person as Count L Estrange? You ought to believe me. On, here it comes."

This last was addressed to a great drop of rain, which splashed heavily on his upturned face, followed by another and another in quick succession.

The storm is upon us," said the earl. sitting up and wrapping his cloak closer around him, "and I am for Whitehall. Shall we land him. You, Ormiston, or take you there, too?"
"I must land," said Ormiston. "I have a pressing engagement for the next half-hour.

Here it is, in a perfect deluge; the fires will be out in five minutes."

The barge touched the stairs, and Ormiston aprang out, with "Good-night" to the earl. The rain was rushing along, now, in torrents, and he ran upstairs and darted into an archway

of the bridge, to seek the shelter. Some one else had come there before him, in search of the same thing; for he saw two dark figures stand-"A sudden storm," was Ormiston's salutation,
"and a furious one. There goes the fires—hiss
and splutter. I knew how it would be."
"Then Saul and Mr. Ormiston are among the

Ormiston has heard that voice before; it was associated in his mind with a slouched hat and a shadowy cloak; and by the fast fading flicker of the firelight, he saw that both were here. The speaker was Count L'Estrange; the figure

beside him, slender and boyish, was unknown.
"You have the advantage of me, sir,' he said, affecting ignorance. "May I ask who you are ?" "Certainly. A gentleman, by courtesy and the grace of God."

"And your name?" "Count L'Estrange, at your service.'
Ormiston lifted his cap and bowed, with a feeling, somehow, that the count was a man in

authority.
"Mr. Ormiston assisted in doing a good deed, to-night, for a friend of mine," said the count. "Will he add to that obligation by telling me if he has not discovered her again, and brought her back?

"Do you refer to the fair lady in yonder house "Do you refer to the fair lady in younger duese," So she is there? I thought so George, "said the count, addressing himself to bis companion.
"Yes, I refer to her, the lady you saved from the river. You brough her there?"

"I brought her there," replied Ormiston,
"She is there still?" "I presume so. I have heard nothing to the

contrary."
"And alone?"

"She may be now. Sir Norman Kingsley was with her when I left her," said Ormiston, administering the fact with infinite reliah.

There was a moment's silence. Ormiston could not see the count's face; but judging from is own feelings, he tancied his expression must be sweet. The wild rush of the storm alone proke the silence, until the spirit again moved the count to speak.

By what right does Sir Norman Kingsley visit ber?" he inquired, in a voice betokening not the least particle of emotion. "By the best of rights—that of her preserver

hoping soon to be her lover." There was another brief silence, broken again by the count, in the same composed tone. "Since the lady holds her leves so late, I too must have a word with her, when this deluga

permits one to go abroad without danger of drowning. "It shows symptoms of clearing off already, said Ormiston, who, in his secret heart, thought it would be an excellent joke to bring the rivals

face to face in the lady's presence; "so you will not have long to wait."

To which observation the count replied not; and the three stood in silence, watching the fury

of the storm. Gradually it cleared away; and as the moon began to struggle out between the rifts in the clouds, the count saw something by her pale light that Ormiston saw not That latter light that Ormiston saw not That latter gentleman, standing with his back to the house of Leoline, and his face to that of La Masque, did not observe the return of his Norman from St Paul's, ten minutes after, when the rain had entirely ceased, and the moon and stars got the better of the clouds in their struggle for supremacy, he beheld La Masque flitting like a dark shadow in the same direction, and vanishing in at Leolines door, The same instant Ormiston started to go.

"The storm has entirely ceased," he said, The storm has rentrely ceased, he said, stepping out, and with the profound air of one making a new discovery, "and we are likely to have fine weather for the remainder of the right "Farewell," said the count, as he and his companion came out from the shad w of the archway, and turned to follow La Masque.

Ormiston, thinking the hour of waiting bad elapsed, and feeling much more interested in the coming meeting than in Leoline or her visitors, paid very little attention to his two acquaint ances. He saw them, it is true, enter Leoline's house, but at that same instant he took up his post at La Marque's doorway, and concentrated is whole attention on that piece of architecture. Every moment seemed like a week now : and sefore he had stood at his post five minutes, he had worked himself up into a perfect fever of impatience. Sometimes he was inclined to knock and seek La Masque in her own home; but as often the fear of a chilling rebuke paralysed his hand when he raised it. He was so sure she was within the house that he never thought of looking for her elsewhere; and when at the expiration of what seemed a century or wo, but which in reality was about a quarter i an hour, there was a soft rushing of draping behind him, and the sweetest of voices sounded

in his ear, it fairley made him bound, "Here again, Mr. Ormiston? Is this the fifth or sixth time I've found you in this place "La Masque!" he cried, between joy and

surprise. "But surely it was not totally unexpected this time?" "Perhaps not. You are waiting here for me

to redeem my promise, I suppose?"
"Can you doubt it? Since I knew you first, have desired this hour as the blind desire eight.'
Ah! And you will find it as sweet to look
Ah! And you will find it as sweet to look

back upon as you have to look forward to," said La Macque, derisively. "If you are wise for yourself, Mr. Ormiston, you will pause here, and give me back that fatal word."

ed abruptness, and the plainest possible Euglish, gave her conductor to understand that "Never, madame! And surely you will not

be so pitilessly cruel as to draw back now?"

No, I have promised, and I shall perform and let the consequences be what they may, they will rest upon your own head. You have been warned, and you still insist. Then let us move farther over here into

the shalow of the houses; this moonlight is so dreadfully bright !' They moved on into the deep shadow, and there was a pulse throbling in Ormiston' head and heart like the beating of a muffled drum.

They paused and faced each other silently.
"Quick, madame!" cried Ormiston, hoursely his whole face flushed wildly.

His strange companion lifted her hand as if to remove the mask, and he saw that it shook like an aspen. She made one motion as though about to life it, and then recoiled, as if from

herself, in a sort of borrer. "My God! What is this man urging me to do? How can I ever fulfill that fat-il promise?"
"Madame, you torture me! said Ormiston,
whose face showed what he felt. "You must

keep your promise; so do not drive me wild waiting. Let me-" He took a step toward her, as if to lift the mask himself, but she beld out both arms to keep him off.
"No, no, no! Come not near me, Malcolm

Crmiston! Fated man, since you will rush on your doom, Look! and let the sight blast you, if it will ! She unfastened her mask, raised it, and with

it the profusion of long, sweeping black hair.

Ormiston did look—in much the same way perhaps, that Zulinka locked at the Vailed The next moment there was a terrible Prophet. cry, and he fell headlong with a crash, as if a bullet had whizzed through his heart.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE INTERVIEW. I am not aware whether fainting was as much the fashion among the fair sex, in the days (or rather the nights) of which I have the henor to hold forth, as at the present time; but I am in clined to think not, from the simple fact that Leoline, though like John Bunyan, "grievously troubled and tossed about in her mind," did nothing of the kind. For the first few moments she was altogether too stunned by the suddenness of the shock to cry out or make the leas resistance, and was conscious of nothing but of being rapidly born along in somebody's arms. When this hasty viewlof things[passed away, her new sensation was the intensely uncomfortable one of being on the verge of suffocation. She made one frantic but futile effort to free her self and scream for help, but the strong arms held her with most loving tightness, and her cry was drowned in the hot atmosphere within the shawl, and never passed beyond it. Most assuredly Leoline would have been smothered then and there, had their journey been longer but, fortunately for her, it was only the few yards between her house and the river, She knew she was then carried down some steps, and she heard the dip of the oars in the water, and then her bearer paused, and went through a short dialogue with somebody size—with a score chalogue with somepody size—with count L'Estrange, she rather felt than knew, for nothing was audible but a low murmur. The only word she could make out was a low, emphatic "Remember!" in the count's voice, and then she knew she was in a boat, and that it was shoved off, and moving down the rapid river. The feeling of heat and suffocation was dreadful, and as her abductor placed her on some cushiums, she made another desperate but feeble effort to free herself from the smothering shawl, but a hand was laid lightly on hers, and

a voice interposed: a voice interposed:

"Lady, it is quite useless for you to struggle,
as you are irrevocably in my power, but if you
will promise faithfully not to make any outury,
and will submit to be blindfolded, I shall re-

move this oppressive muffling from your head. Tell me if you will promise." He had partly raised the shawl, and a gush of free air came revivingly in, and enabled Leoline to gasp out a faint "I promise !" As she spoke it was lifted of altogether, and she caught one bright fleeting glimpse of the river, sparkling and silvery in the moonlight; of the bright blue sky, remmed with countless stars, and of some one by her side in the dress of a court page whose face was perfectly naknown to her. The next instant, a bandage was bound tightly, over ber eyes, excluding every ray of light, while the

strange voice again spoke apologetically :
"Pardon, lady, but it is my orders! I am commanded to treat you with every respect, but not to let you see where you are borne to." By what right does Count L'Estrange commit this outrage !" begin Leoline, almost as im. | surpasses them.

periously as Miranda herself, and making use of her tongue like a true woman, the very first moment it was at her disposal. "How dare he carry me off in this atrocious way? Whosver you are, sir, if you have the spirit of a man, you will bring me directly back to my house

orders that must be obeyed! You must come with me, but you need not fear nothing; you will be as safe and secure as in your own heme."

"Secure enough, no doubt!" said Leeline, bitterly. "I never did like Count L'Estrange, out I never knew he was a coward and a villain bill now !.

Her companion made no reply to this forcible address, and there was a moment's indignant silence on Leoline's part, broken only by the dip of the cars, and the rippling of the water.

"Will you not tell me, at least where you are taking me to !" haughtily demanded Leo

line,
"Lady I cannot! It was to prevent you knowing that you have been blindfolded,"
"Oh! your master has a faithful servant, I How long am I to be kept a prisoner?"

I do not know. "Where is Count L'Estrange ?"

"I cannot tell." "Where am I to see him?"

"I cannot say."
"Ha!" said Leoline, with infinite contempt and turning her back upon him she relapsed in to gloomy silence. It had been all so sudden and had taken her so much by surprise, that she had not had time to think of the consequence until now. But now they came upon her with a rush, and with dismal distinctness; and most distinct among all was, what would Sir Norman say? Of course, with all a lover's impati-ence, he would be at his post by sunrise, would come to look for his bride, and find himself sold. By that time she would be far enough away, perhaps a melancholy corpse (and at this dreary passage in her meditations, Leoline sighed pro-foundly), and he would never know what had become of her, or how much and how long she had loved him. And this hateful Count L'Estrange, what did he intend to do with her? Perhaps go as far as to make her marry him, and imprison her with the rest of his wives; for Leoline was prepared to think the very worst of the count, and had not the slight est doubt that he already had a harem full of abducted wives, somewhere. But no—he never could do that, he might do what he liked with weaker minds, but she never would be a bride of his while the plague or poison was to be had in Loudon. And with this invincible deter-mination rooted fixedly, not to say obstinately,

in her mind, she was nearly pitched overboard by the boat suddenly landing at some unex pected place. A little natural scream of terror was repressed on her lips by a hand being placed over them, and the determined bus perfectly respectful tones of the person beside her speaking,
"Remember your promise, lady, and do not
make a noise. We have arrived at our journey's

end, and if you will take my arm, I will lead you along, instead of carrying you." Lecline was rather surprised to find the journey so short, but she arose directly, with sileuce and dignity—at least, with as much of the latter commodity as could be reasonably expected, considering that bests on water are rather unsteady things to be dignified in-and was led gently and with care out of the swaying vessel, and up another flight of stairs. Then in a few noments, she was conscious of passing from the free night air into the closer atmosphere of a house; and in going through an endless laby-rinth of corridors, and passages, and suites of rooms, and fights of stairs until she became so extremely tired that she stopped with spirit they had gone about far enough for all practical purposes. To which that patient and respectal individual replied that he was glad to inform her they had but a few more steps to go, which the next mement proved to be true, for he stopped and announced that their promenade

was over for the night.

"And I suppose I may have the use of my eyes at last?" irquired Leoline, with more baughtiness than Sir Norman could have believed possible so gentle a voice could have ex

For reply, her companion rapidly untied the hand ga, and withdraw is with a flourish. The dazzling brightness that burst upon her so blind ed her that for a moment she could distinguish nothing; and when ste looked round to content-plate her companion, she found him hurriedly king his exit and c The sound of the key turning in the the lock gave her a most peculiar sensation, which none but those who have experienced it can properly understand. It is not the most comfortable feeling in the world to know you are a prisoner.

even if you have no key turned upon you but the weather, and your jailer be a high cast wind and lashing rain. Lecline's prison and jailer were something worse; and for the first time, a chill of fear and diamay crept icily to the core of her heart.

( To be Continued )

BURLINGTON ROUTE DAILY EXCURSIONS TO THE PACIFIC COAST, COLORADO. WYOMING AND UTAH.

Railroad ticket agents of the Eastern, Middle and Western States will sell, on any date, via the Burlington Route from Chicago, Pesria St. Louis, round trip tickets at low rates to San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Vanconver, or Victoria; also to Denver. Cheyenne, Colorado Springs, or Pueblo. For a special folder giving full particulars of these excursions, call on your local ticket agent, or address P. S. Eustis, Gen'l ricket arent, or address r. S. Econ., R.R. Pass, and Picket Ag't, C. B. & Q. R.R. 20-4eow

A good plan-Don't live for yourself, and do not be afraid of diminishing your own happiness by promoting that of others.

When Raby was side, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Cast ria, When she because king, she clong to C foris, When the had Children, she gave then Justozia,

The power of applying attention, steady and unclesipated, to a single object is the surs sign of a superior genius,

Mrs. E. H. Parkins, Creek Cantre, Warren Co., N. Y., writes-"She has been troubled with Asthma for four years, had to sit up night after night with it. She has taken two bottles of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil and Is perfectly cured. She strongly recommends having had placed in his hands by an East it, and wishes to act as agent among her neighbors.'

He who labours wholly for the henefit of others, and, as it were, forgets himself, is far happier than the man who makes himself the sole object of his affections and exertions.

DEAFNESS CURED. A very interesting 132 page Illustrated Book on Deainess. Noises in the head. How they may be cured at your home. Post free 3d.—Address Dr. Nickolson, 30, St. John Street Montreal.

Say less than you think, rather than think only half what you eay. FITS All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer, No Fits after first day's

Send to Dr. Kline.

ottle free to Fit cases.

931 Arch St., Phila., Pa. The praise of the envious is far less creditable than their censure, for they praise only that which they surpass, and censure that which

FOR THE HOUSE-RECEIPTS

SAVOY BISCUITS. - Four eggs, six ounces of pounded augar, the rind of one lemon, alx ounces flour; break the eggs into a basin eparating the whites from the yelks; beat the yelks well, mixing with them the pounded sugar and grated lemon rind; beat these in gredients together for a quarter of an hour, then dredge in the flour gradually, and when the whites of the eggs have been whisked to a selid froth stir them to the flour; beat the mixture well for another five minuter.

LEMON WAFERS, -Mix with two tablesponfuls of powdered loaf augar the same quantity of butter beaten to a cream, a breakfast cupful of flour and half a teaspoonful of essent of lemon; work all together and out it in pieces the size of a walnut; make a wafer iron hot, rub it inside with butter, put in a plece of dough, press the irons well together upon it, and bake it a delicate brown; then take it out and slip in another piece of dough ; this must be repeated until all are done. Four or five minutes will bake them in a quick oven.

New Year's Cake, -Beat ten eggs to gether until very light. Cream, one pound butter, add a pound of sugar and best theroughly ; add the eggs with one pound of sifted flour, and a teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice and cinnamon, with half a teaspoonful of mace, the juice and rind of one orange and one lemon, a pound and a half of reeded raisins and curants each, and three-quarters of a pound of citron; stir all well together. Line a large pan with greased paper, and in a moderate over four hours. Ice, and put in fancy letters in the centre-" New Year's,

POTTED CHICKEN SANDWICHES -Stripe the meat from the bones of a cold roast fowl when it is freed from gristle and skin weigh it, and to every pound of meat allow one quarter pound of fresh butter, salt and cayenne to taste, one tempoonful of pounded mace, half a small nutmeg and a clice or two of ham. Cut the meat into small pieces, pound it well with the fresh butter, sprinkle in the spice gradually, and pounding until reduced to perfectly smeth pasts; cut some very thin slices of bread and butter, spread some of the potted chicken on them, cover with another slice, trim off the crusts, out the the sandwiches in half and pile them on s dish in a pyramid. Granish with paraley.

STOMACHS UNNECESSARY. According to the New York Graphic the

latest wender accomplished by science is the extirpation of the alleged cause of all human ills, viz., the stomach, in a woman who was a patient in a New York hospital. woman's name is Marietta Holly, and she came there from Washington and had been an inveterate gum chewer. Her disease was never diagnosed satisfactorily, but the first symptom of it was complete loss of appetite. Her weight declined to about 70 pounds, and her mind finally became effected. The seat of the disease was known to be the stomach. Dr. Jacobus determined to examine the stomach and for that purpose put the patient under chloroform, and made and incision in the abdomen six or eight inches long. The stomach when found, was dry, hard and cancorone. In fact, it was necless to the woman and the doctor cut it out with a pair of blunt cissors. The wound was then closed up, and a now healing nicely. The patient remained unconscious for several days, and for two weeks had to be kept alive by artificial means. Then she was able to eat food in the usual way, and got along hetter without her stomech man she ever did with it. In fact, her recovery seems to demonstrate the fact that the stomach is not an absolute necessity at all. B fore Dr. Jacobus performed the operation on the woman he experimented on a dog. He removed the stomech and the dog is now running around as lively as ever. From these experiments it would seem the stomach is not a vital organ at all, What next will scienists accomplish?

HER LOCK OF HAIR.

From Brownsburg, Ind., comes the story hat a young lady sent a note to a discarded lover requesting the return of a lock of hair which, during his courtship, he had clipped from her dainty tressee. His reply was brief and to the point. Rammaging his trunk he collected a number of tresses culled from various "best girls" during his love making career, and forwarded them in a bundle to the girl, inclosing a note to that effect that he had really forgotten which was here, but she might select it from these forwarded and return the rest at her convenlonce. They don's speak now as they pass

CHARACTERISTICS OF WALKING. Negrose all toe out ; Indiane all toe in. Women, if healthy, toe cut, most men too in a little, at least with the right foot. No.

tics yourselves and see. The passionate and strong wear the inner or outer rim of the heel off, but man more frequently the outer and woman the inner. A man going placedly along, his nose little elevated, alert, with his hat tipped straight back, is generally found to be observant; if a woman, sell conscious and

proud. Au observent, keenly watobial man, if thoughtful and imaginative, often goes gazing at the ground before him, with a slow listless pace, seeing only the fragile casttes of fancy. If we see a man walking, and notice fur-tive side glance, if his walk is shulling or sly, we will find a deceltful wretch; or, if better educated, a somewhat cunning man, or better still, a man secretive and observant. If in a woman, the base is vanity or love of

The "bearing of a prince" means nothing more, physically, than a finely formed athletic man using all his locomotive muscles naturally but the "regal carriage of a queen" means little more than the eloquent ourves of back neck and the beautiful poise of the head,

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice. India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful our ative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. 8-13-cow.

It is proposed to rig up on the top of Eiffel Tower an aerial orchestra, consisting of Æolian harps, immense gongs and gigantic trumpets, on which the air being very keen at such a height, will be made to play by means of an ingenious mechanism. The instruments will perform at certain hours of the day, and even in the dead of night torrents of aerial harmony will overspread the sleeping capital.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

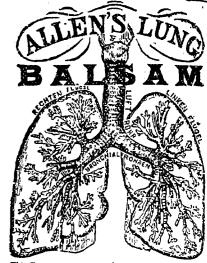
Dr. CHANNING'S Compound Extract of Pure Red Jamaica

For the cure of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Cancer, all Skin Diseases, Tumors, Enlargement of the Liver and Spicen, Rheumatic Affections, diseases to the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organ, oppressions of the Chest or Lungs, Leucorbea, Catarrh, and all diseases resulting from a deprayed and impure condition of the blood.

CAUTION .- Ask for "Dr. Channing's Sarsaparilla" take no other in its place. Davis & Lawrence Co., Limited. SOLE AGENTS.

MONTREAL

PARTY OF THE WARRENCE TO A PROPERTY OF THE



[This Engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state THE REMEDY FOR CURING CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS.

ASTHMA, CROUP, ALL DISEASES OF THE THROAT, LUNGS AND PULMONARY ORGANS. BY ITS FAITHFUL USE

JONSUMPTION HAS BEEN OURED When other Remedies and Physicians have failed to effect a cure. nommended by Physicians, Ministers, and Nurses. In fact by everyhody who has given it a good trial. It never fails to bring relief. AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL. It is harmless to the Most Delicate Child.

It contains no OPIUM in any form. PRICE 25c, 50c AND \$1.00 FER BOTTLE. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. (Limited), General Agents, MONTREAL,

Palmo-Sulphur Seap, A MARVELLOUS HEALER OF ALL ERUPTIVE TROUBLES.

COV

ha to nil

ba

tal

re a l

to lic Ti th

m

ge St the to he le be of in B

It Clears the Skin and Beautifies the Complexis MANUFACTURED BY THE DAVIS & LAWRENCE Co., (Limited,) MONTREAL

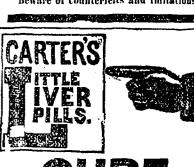
A POOR MAN'S FRIEND. One that will save days of sickness and man a Dollar in time and Doctor's Bills, one alway near at hand, ready at a moment's call. The friend is Perry Davis'

PAIN-KILLER. TAKEN INTERNALLY, it cures Dysenter Cholora, Diarrhosa, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach, Bowel Complaints, Painter's Colic

Problem of Lower Companies, Painter's Cole, Byspepsia or Indigestion, Sudden Colds, Son Throat, Coughs, &c.

USED EXTERNALLY, it cares Bruses, Cuts, Burns, Scalds and Sprains, Swellings of the Joints, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Nerralgia and Rheumatism. And Sold by Dealen in Family Medicines the World Around.

25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. Beware of Counterfelts and Imitations.



CURE Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles ind dent to a bilious state of the system, such a Bizzinece, Nauseo, Drowsless, Distress after exting, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

Headache, yet Cartor's Little Liver Pills at equally valuable in Constitution, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they six correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills value.

Is the bane of so many lives that here is when we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dost. They are strictly vegetable and do not grips of purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vialsat 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York. Smell Fill Smell Door . A ..... BALLEY SCOMPOUND ing Silver-Plated CORRUGATED GLASS <u> 7</u> REFLECTORS
A wanderful invention for Lighting Churchea, Hallis, etc. Handsome designs. Satisfaction Squarantoed. Catalogue and price list free. Bailey Reflector Co. 113 Wood st. Pittsburgh, Pa



