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THE LONGEST DAY.

Summer, sweet summer, many-fingered summer We hold thee very dear, as well me may:
It is the kernel of the year to-day—
All hail to thee! thou art a welcome comer.
If every insect were a fairy drummer,
And I a fifer that could deftly play,
We'd give the old earth such a roundelay
That he would cast all thought of labor from That she would cast all thought of labor from her And what is this upon my window pane?

Some salky, drooping cloud comes pouting up,
Stamping its darkening feet along the plain;
Oh, how the spouts are bubbling with rain!

And all the earth shines like a silver cup!

TWISTED LINK

By the Author of "Spencer's Wife," "Sir Harry Darcy," "A Rich Uncle," &c., &c.

> CHAPTER XX. SIR LIONEL'S FRIEND.

OUR opinion of Miss Asplin's Abilities can scarcely be worth much, if you haven't much, if you haven't exchanged half a dozen words with her,'
Sir Lionel remarked, with a Sir Lionel remarked, with a jealous glance at the speaker. "Nay, I judged by what I gathered from Mrs. Mayne, and did not use the word in the

same sense as you appear to do. I meant that the fair Milli—I beg pardon—Miss Asplin is as keenly alive to her own interests as most of us. Is it treason to say this, that you glare at me so?"

Sir Lionel had turned round in bed so quickly as to disturb his wounded arm. He

"Confound it! What are you talking about, Bamfylde? Speak out man, and then go away. I can't stand much nonsense just at present.

I am ver remark; forget it. Can I or Morrison do anything to make you more comfortable?"

Sir Lionel made an angry gesture.
"You can drive me mad by mocking my impatience. What was it you said about

Millicent ?

Captain Bamfylde raised his eyebrows with a deprecating air. "My dear fellow, with all your knowledge

of the sex, can it annoy you to learn that the old lover is in suspense till she has succeeded in bringing the more aristocaatic one to her feet? Who can blame her if she aspires to be my Lady Trevor? or that, seeing how difficult a task she has set herself, she keeps a parti in reserve? The Owens are well off. Mrs. Mayne tells me, so our little friend will not marry badly after all. She has a tact and spirit." he added, musingly. "It's quite rerefreshing to meet with a girl who has the wit to play the game of matrimony so skil-

"Did nurse tell you—positively tell you -that these are Millicent's tactics?" asked Sir Lionel, after a long pause, which Captain Bamfylde had filled up by trimming his nails and humming an air.

He laughed a little at the question. "She! the dear, innocent old lady, Do you think that if she had been in the plot that she would have been so candid with No-no; she only wondered why dear Millicent would not consent to marry her betrothed at once; and I was merciful, and did

not attempt to enlighten her.' At this moment, Morrison returned with the lemonade. Sir Lionel drank it eagerly, and then drew the clothes over his shoul-

"I shall try to sleep. Don't come near me again to-day, Bamfylde."

The Captain seemed amused at this abrupt dismissal, and with a cheerful "Certainly not, if you are tired of me. Ta-ta!" he

Mrs. Mayne was vexed and uneasy when she learded that "the master" was not well, and in spite of the chilliness of the weather. she sat all day with the door open, to intercept Morrison every time he came from Sir ionel's apartment, and learn how the invalid was progressing.

These bulletins were always unsatisfactory. Sir Lionel did not sleep, but lay tossing to and fro, sometimes muttering to himself, and always imperatively waving Morrison away whenever he approached the

"I wish I could go to him!" sighed the old lady, to the equally anxious but more reticent Millicent. "I know he must be suffering greatly, for whenever he is pain or trouble, he always refuses sympathy, shuts himself up, and avoids everyone till the worst is over.

The Doctor came, shrugged his shoulders, and said his patient's aggravated symptoms were precisely what might have been anticipated after the rashness of the previous day; and that on no account must be make any more attempts to rise till the fever had subsided. Yet within an hour after his departure, the old butler came into the cedar-parlor to announce that his master had quitted his bed for the couch in his dressing-room. He added that in the effort, Sir Lionel had contrived to misplace the bandages around his arm, and had sent him to inquire whether Miss Asplin would come and arrange them

Millicent rose directly, and made a step

towards the door; then, coloring high, she paused and looked irresolutely at Mrs. Mayne.

"If I could but go to him myself!," cried the old lady, with a doubtful air. "Millicent is young and inexperienced, and may do more harm than good."

"You must not send me back with such a message as that," Morrison testily replied.
"Sir Lionel is so irritable now, that I can do

nothing to please him, You had better let missie go and do her best." Still Mrs. Mayne hesitated between her affection for her master and her unwillingness

to expose Millicent to the danger of such intercourse. However, the former feeling was the strongest, and she compromised with the latter by saying:

"You'll not stay, dear, longer than you can help; and, Morrison, you must go with

The butler nodded assent, and obeyed so far as to accompany her to to the door of the dressing-room; but when he had opened it and announced her presence he quietly retreated to his own pantry, to have a secret whiff of tobacco, in lieu of the glass of ale he had not been able to enjoy at the village inn that day, according to the customs he never broke through but on such rare occasions as

CHAPTER XII.

ANGRY WORDS.

It Captain Bamfylde meant to made Sir Liontel uncomfortable, he had fully succeeded; for, between bodily pain and mental uneasiness, he had passed a day of intensest mis-The tale, so glibly told, tallied too well with what he had heard before, to leave any doubt on his mind of Millicent's betrothal to young Owen. Since that denial of any inentions to marry, which she had given under the elms in the park, he had lapped himself in the pleasant belief that she was free to receive the attentions it gratified him to bestow upon her. Like many another man who has been accustomed to make himself the first consideration, he never paused to think what might be the result of his endeavors to win her affections, or whether he was prepared to make her his wife.

His avowal had been precipitated by the affray with the poachers; but hitherto he had not regretted this. It was a new delight to evoke the varying expression of Millicent's lovely face; to see her eyes droop, and her cheeks crimson with a peachy bloom when he murmured his loving words in her ear. For a brief, a very brief interval of time, he had resolutely thrust aside all tormenting doubts and suspicions. Other women might be false, crafty, or mercenary, but what mattered it as long as Millicent was ingenuous, and his own?

Captain Bamfylde's speeches had altered all this. The old, hateful distrust, engendered by his step-mother's flight, came back in full force, and again he viewed all her sex through a distorted medium.

There was an injured tone in his voice as Millicent shyly approached him

"I am ashamedto give you so much trouble; but you like to be thought charitable, don't you? I'm afraid you'll find a baronet, with fifteen thousand pounds a year, can be as ill-tempered and exacting as any more ordinary mortal.

Her blushes faded away, her pulses began to beat more temperately as he spoke. This was so different from the tender greeting she had been half fearfully expecting, that her composure returned.

"I suppose the heat and anguish of a limb fractured by a bullet, is as hard for a wealthy man to endure as for a poor one," she said as she began to examine his arm. "How much you must have been suffering to day!" "Who says so? I have not complained.

"Your looks tell me so," she answered, with a compassionate glance at his fevered

"And you pity me. You, who have been the cause of it | Millicent, you are as false as the rest. Say no more. I know you

Startled at this unexpected attack, she silently performed her task. He watched her closely, but did not speak again until she had nearly completed it, when he said, in his ordinary manner: "I received a letter from Lottie Damar-

el's cousin this morning. He has got his majority, and Mrs. Damarel seems inclined to withdraw her opposition to his suit." "I am so glad—so very glad!" exclaimed Millicent, her face brightening.

His lip curled.

"Of course you are! Next to being married themselves, women like to 'assist'-is not that the phrase?—at the nuptials of their friends. But you don't laud her disinterested conduct in marrying a comparatively poor man, instead of angling for a rich one? "Lottie loves her cousin too well to regret

and an opera-box," was the prompt response, qualified, however, with—"at least, I think "Ah! you no well to qualify that speech, She must be strangely unlike her sex, if she is so self-denying. And your own marriage, Miss Asplin; when does that take place?

Don't blush, and look astonished to find me

that he cannot give her a set of diamonds

so well-informed. You may trust me withthe information. I shall be one of the first to congratulate Mr. Richard Owen on his luck in winning so fair a bride, and to assure him that I should never have indulged in a flirtation with you if I had known of the en-

gagement."
Millicent's naturally hot temper was stirred by this speech, and a resentful reply was on her lips; but ere she could utter it their eyes met, and the jealous questioning—the eagerness to be reassured that she saw in his softened her displeasure.

"You are talking at random, Sir Lionel; and I have nothing to oppose to the malicious report you have stooped to repeat, but my own assurance that it is false!—that I am not, and never was engaged to the son of my

kind friends, the Owens!"
"But he loves you—he has told me so. Ah! you cannot deny this; and you have encouraged his suit. You will marry him, if you do not succeed-

He checked himself abruptly, and Millicent, too indignant with him to make any further attempts to defend herself, retreated from the couch. "Shall I send Morrison to you, sir?"

"Are you going then, already? But I'll not detain you, if you do not wish it. Will you ask Mrs. Mayne if she has any salts or ammonia she can send me to relieve my head? I shall lose my senses if this throbbing continues much longer."

All her anger forgotten, Millicent flew in search of eau de Cologne, and bathed his temples, till his closed eyes and calmer breathing induced her to believe that he had fallen asleep. But as she softly rose from her knees to steal away, he suddenly grasped her hand, and drew her back to her former posi-

"Have I been unjust to oubt your word Say yes, and I weclare that I will believe you in the face of all other evidence

She did not reply, and the passionately

"Oh, Millie, be merciful! If you knew how much I have had to make me the jealous, suspicious wretch I am, you could not torture me thus! Be honest with me! Realv. I had rather hear you say, 'It's all true confess to having wavered between the old ove and the new one,' than have to think that you are deliberately duping me!" Sir Lionel let go the hand he had been

holding, and pettishly retorted: "Do me the justice to remember that I have never professed to have been such a perfect character as Mr. Richard Owen. am what the world has made me; but"and now his eyes again sought hers-"but I love vou. Millie!

"You are ill, Sir Lionel, and, perhaps, easily irritated!" she answered. "When you are better, I think you will be ashamed of these captious speeches!"

"Nay, I am sorry already; so kiss and forgive me before you go. What! won't you,

Without appearing to hear this, she rang the bell for Morrison, and left the room. Millicent was more deeply affected by this foolish quarrel than the occasion of it seemed to merit: nor did her reflections, when she had satisfied Mrs. Mayne, and escaped to her chamber, remove the unpleasant impression. It was not Sir Lionel's jealousy that disturbed her; that she could pardon. Perhaps she loved him none the less for his eagernesss to

know that she was wholly his own; but he had spoken of their intercourse as a "flirtation in which he was indulging," and her blood cursed hotly through her veins every time these words occurred to her memory. "He says he loves me, and I believe that he does; but is it as a wife that he seeks me ! Will he forget all the traditions of his rank, and unite himself to an obscure surgeon's

daughter? or is he amusing himself with me, and fancying that for his caresses I shall barter my good-name? Mrs. Mayne warned me that there were danger in his attentions -warned me in words that I shudder to recall; and Captain Bam'ylde is at his elbow to prompt him to evil.'

Then Millicent flung herself on her knees beside her bed, and, with hands tightly locked in other asked herself: "What shall I do? Oh, Heaven! direct and help me, for I have no strength left to purpose anything! I love him more than my life-my happiness-my - No, no; not more than my honor! He shall never-never look upon me and loathe

me!

Not one sign of this hour of passionate wrestling with herself did Millicent betray when she descended to the cedar-parlor on the ensuing morning. She took care to make herself so many tasks that there was no time for sitting still and listening to Mrs. Mayne's lamentations over the bad night Sir Lionel had passed; and he did not venture to arouse remark by sending for her again.

It was an interminable week that followed of the plate and linen closet, and contrived

Millicent took an inventory of the contents to go to bed every night so fagged that she slept heavily, despite the aching at her heart. Sir Lionel was improving, and Captain Bamfylde spent the greater part of each day with him; but she had seen neither of them, when Sunday come round, and she

went to the village church to find comfort in listening to the fervent teachings of Mr. Hearman.

It was one of those days which we sometimes have in February, so soft and cloudless, that the snowdrops threw out their white bells, the primroses peeped through the dead leaves in the copses, and here and there a violet opened, and scented the breeze that lingered over it.

Soothed by the beauty of the morning, Millicent lingered behind her companions, and was strolling slowly up the theirered walk in the gardens, when are saw Sir Lionel coming down it. His step was unsteady, his cheek pale, but the feverish symptoms had subsided, and he was fast recovering his pristine strength.

He held out his hand. "You would not come to me, Millie, so I am obliged to come and meet you. Aren't you going to congratulate me on being able to do so?"

Her eloquent look satisfied him though she did not speak; and he stood gazing at her with genuine admiration, as he proceeded to

say; "And so you have been to church; and remembered me, I hope, in your orisons. Do you always make yourself so dangerously bewitching when you go to the villiage?"

At another time the question would have raised a blush. Millicent's glass had already hinted that the tight-fitting jacket, with its fur trimming, and the velvet bonnet with the ay that mingled with her hair, scarlet emely becoming. But now she very sober, and somewhat irrevelantly asked if had seen Mrs. Mayne.

I preferred enjoying the sun-'Not shine, and eting you.' Her hear and first use he would make of his returning health would be to seek Mrs.

Mayne, and frankly tell her that he had

made an avowal of love to the young girl who was under her protection. "He owed me this," she mentally exclaim-"He knows that I have neither father nor brother to shield me from calumny, and that my good-name is at the mercy of the

first person who sees us together, and yet he has not done it.' "How grave you are, my Millie!" said Sir Lionel. "But perhaps you are tired. Shall I turn, and walk with you to the

But the scent of a cigar warned her that Captain Bamfylde was not far off, and she

hastily answered: "No-no!" "And why? Am I still unforgiven? I thought we were going to bury all the annoyances of the past in oblivion, and be happy in

the present 'And the future?" she demanded. He looked surprised at the soberness with

which she spoke; but answered, lightly: "Cannot we leave that to take care of itself " And now Millicent caught sight of the Cap-

tain sauntering towards them. "Some one is coming. He will see us. Pray let me go!" she faltered; but Sir Lionel held her trembling fingers more firmly

than before. "It is only Bamfylde, an acquaintance, or as he would style himself, a friend of mine. He is nobody, and I will not be deprived of the pleasure of interchanging a few words with you for such a trivial reason. Remember, it is nearly a week since I saw you, Millie. Why would you wish to leave me so

quickly ?" But her opposition had ceased. A few more steps, and she saw that they should be face to face with the Captain. By Sir Lionel's manner in this rencontre she would judge him. By the course he took she would shape her own; and, with a great effort, she stilled the quivering of her lips, that had grown white with emotion.

These were moments never to be forgotten, and Millicent could scarcely breath as each succeeding one brought her closer to the turning-point of her life. She dared not glance at Sir Lionel, or the wild appeal in her eves might have awakened him to a consciousness of what he was suffering.

"If he loves me honorably," she said to herself-oh! that of! what agony it was to be obliged to utter it !- "if he loves me honorably, he will introduce me to his friend in such a manner that this bold man will never again presume to look at me as he does now when we chance to meet.'

And then her heart stood still, and she grew faint; for Captain Bamfylde, with all that covert insolence in his eyes she so bit terly resented, was close beside her.

"Don't let me keep you from your ramble," Sir Lionel said, as he passed. "I find I'm not as strong as I fancied myself, so I'll go back to the house with Miss As-

Captain Bamfylde laughed his little soft, mocking laugh. And Millicent's teeth near-ly met in her lip, and her hand clenched. Why was she powerless to avenge the insult that lurked in this mirth?

"Of course you will walk back with Miss Asplin, my dear fellow. I should be delightod to do the same were I in your place. This path leads to the lake, I think? Au revoir!

and with one jaunt, rude stare into the young girl's face, he walked jauntily on.

That Sir Lionel had seen his impertinence, and was displeased with it, his dark frown evinced; but he was proceeding to speak of something, when Millicent turned towards

There was something in her glittering eyes that startled from his careless security. He tried to pass his uninjured arm around her,

but she retreated. "Touch me not! Come no nearer!" she exclaimed, in choked accents. "I should be degraded in the sight of all good men if I ever listened to you again!"

"She fled on so swiftly, that it was not until she reached the glass door leading into the cedar-parlor that he succeeded in overtaking her. Then, in agitated tones, he asked

"What have I done to offend you so deep-"What have I done to offend you so deeply? Do you blame me for Bamfylde's insolence? I pledge you my word that it never shall occur again. He shall apologise to you."

"For what? For treating me as the shameless thing you would make me?" burst from her lips. "The fault is yours—yours! Why have you tried to make me love you?

Heaven forgive you, and help me!" She would no longer be detained, but, turning from the door, ran round to the principal entrance, and went to her own

CHAPTER XXII.

MILLICENT MAKES A RESOLUTION.

"I thought I saw you come to the window more than an hour ago, my dear," said Mrs. Mayne, when Millicent joined her, "but I believe I was half asleep. The time seems so long when you are away.

Milicent put her arm carressingly over the old ady's shoulder, but did not speak. Such unusual gravity made Mrs. Mayne look up. and see that there was trouble in the downcast eyes, but she wisely forbore to notice it. Millie would tell her by-and-by, in her own

way.
"Sir Lionel had been in to see me, dear,"
"He looks she observed, after a little pause. "He looks very sadly, and scarcely spoke, except to ask how I was, and what had become of you. I told him he ought to have a change of air, but he took no notice of what I said. Millicent came round and sat on the foot-

stool at the old lady's feet, and rested her head on her knee.
"Would you think me very unkind if I were to leave you?" she said, presently.

Mrs. Mayne started, but after awhile, she

"No, dear; not if you feel that it will be better for you to leave Beechenhurst. But I

shall miss you, dreadfully, my Millie."
Millicent's face was hidden from her, but she could hear the convulsive sobs that shook the girl's slight frame, and this deterred her from saying more.
"I should like to go to-morrow, if possi-

ble," Millicent said, after a long pause. 'So soon!" exclaimed the startled old lady, "and where? Back to the Owens?"

"Anywhere but there," was the quick re-"I have not thought of any plan. I suppose I must go to London, as I originally intended. Mrs. Mayne put her arms around her pet,

as if to shield her from the trials and evils she foreboded. "I meant to have kept you so safe, my poor child, she murmured. "Must you leave me? Surely Sir Lionel had not dared"

"Hush?" said Millicent, raising her head. 'It is not him I fear, but myself! Oh! dear -dear friend, don't try to keep me here! My heart will break if this struggle lasts much

longer! Mrs. Mayne was frightened at the way in which this was said.

"You shall go, dear. Goodness forbid that I should selfishly hinder you from doing right. But you must not depart secretly, or in haste. We will not give anyone occasion to tattle about you. To-morrow, the servants shall be told that the time for which you promised to stay with me is over, and in week or two you shall go to London, if you will; but Morrison shall put advertisements in the local papers. Who knows but you might procure a situation somewhere near enough for me to see you sometimes?

At first, Millicent was about to declare that she would rather go to the antipodes, than remain where she was likely to hear the name of Beechenhurst or its master; but tears of regret were trickling down Mrs. Mayne's cheeks, so she refrained from offer ng any opposition to her wishes.

It required more than common fortitude to appear smiling and indifferent when one and another expressed their sorrow as her projected departure was openly discussed. haps Sir Lionel was the last to hear of it for would be have learned it then, if he had not reprimanded Morrison one morning for mislaying a paper Captain Bamfylde was asking for.

TO BE CONTINUED. 4. 40. . .

History classes are to take the place of spelling-schools. Contestants will be fed on

Would you learn the bravest thing that man can ever do?
Would you be an uncrowned king, absolute and true?
Would you seek to emulate all you hear in story,
Of the Moral, Just, and Great, rich in real glory?
Would you lose much bitter care in your lot below?
Bravely speak out, when and where 'tis right to
utter, No.

When temptation would you lead to some pleasant wrong,
When she calls you to give heed to her syren song,
When she offers bribe and smile, and your conscience feels
There is nought but shining guile in the gift she deals;
Then, oh, then, let courage rise to its strongest

Show that you are brave as wise, and firmly answer

Few have learned to speak this word when it should be spoken;
Resolution is deferred, vows to virtue broken;
More of courage is required this one word to say,
Than to stand where shots are fired in the battle fray.
Use it filly, and you'll see many a lot below
May be schooled, and nobly ruled, by pow er to
utter, No.

MIRK ABBEY.

CHAPTER XVIII. AN UNCHEERFUL PICNIC

By the time Lady Lisgard returned to the Abbey, notwithstandidg that the sleek bays had devoured the road with all the haste of which their condition permitted, it was long past the breakfast-hour, and her absence from that meal provoked no little comment from the members of her family. Nobody was able to allay their curiosity as to what

could have taken mamma to Dalwynch, but Miss Aynton did her best to stimulate it. "She has gone upon Mary Forest's account," said she—"that is all I can tell you. I never knew any one take such trouble about her maids as dear Lady Lisgard.'

"Yes, Rose," replied Letty warmly; "but it is not every maid who has lived with her mistress thirty years. I believe Mary would lay down her very life for dear mamma, and indeed for any of us. When I read those stupid letters in the papers about their being no good old servants to be seen now a days. I long to send the editor a list of our people at the Abbey. Mary, indeed, is quite a new acquisition in comparison with Wiggins and the gardener; but then she is almost faultless. I have heard mamma say that there has never been a word between them.

"Not between them, indeed, Letty," returned Miss Aynton laughing; "for Mistress Forest has all the talk to herself." Sir Richard smiled grimly, for Mary had been in his bad books ever since her attachment to "that vagabond Derrick.

"Good, Miss Rose!" cried Walter—
"very good. I wish I could say as much for this so-called new-laid egg. Why should eggs be of different degrees of freshness? Why not all fresh? Why are they ever permitted to accumulate?"

My egg is very good," observed Sir Richard sententiously; "how is yours, Miss Aynton?" and he laid an emphasis upon the name, in tacit reproof to his brother for having been so familiar as to say 'Miss

"Well, Sir Richard, I am London bred, you know, and therefore your country eggs, by comparison, are excellent." I wish I could think," said the baronet

with stateliness, "that in other matters we equally gain by contrast with Town, in your

"I believe London is the place to get everything good," remarked Walter simply. We are going to-day, Miss Aynton, tinued the baronet, without noticing the interruption, "to offer you something which really cannot be got in town, and which hitherto the state of the weather has forbid-

den even here " Ah, for shame Richard!" interrupted Letty, holding up her hands. "Now, that was to be a surprise for Rose. —It's a picnic my dear. I daresay now you scarcely know

what it is. "I can tell you, then," ejaculated Walter with acidity: "it's packing up all the things you would have in the ordinary course at luncheon in a comfortable manner—except the bread, or something equally necessary, which is always left behind-and carrying them about six miles to the top of an unprotected hill-in this particular case, to a tower without a roof to it—there to be eaten without tables or chairs, and in positions the most likely to produce indigention that the human

body can adapt itself to 'I have always been told that being in a bad humor in the most certain thing to cause what you eat to disagree with you," observed Letty demurely .- "Never mind what Walter says. I am sure you will be delighted, dear Rose; we are going to Belcomb, a sort of shooting-box belonging to us, about five miles away, aud built by grand papa."
"Commonly termed 'Lisgard's Folly, added Master Walter.

'Not by his descendants, however. should hope, with one exception," observed Sir Richard haughtily—"I will thank you,

Walter, not to cut my newspaper."

Master Walter had seized the paper-knife as though it had been a more deadly weapon and was engaged in disembowelling one of the several journals which had just arrived

I did not see it was yours." returned he. "Goodness knows, nobody wants to read the Court Journal but yourself. The idea of not liking one's newspaper cut.'

"Yes I must say, my dear Richard," said Letty, playfully patting her elder brother, next to whom she sat, on the shoulder, "that is a most singular objection of yours. I think it certainly proves that you will al-

ways remain an old bachelor." Sir Richard maintained his frowning silence. Master Walter twirled his silken moustache, and looked up at Miss Aynton with a meaning smile.

What is your opinion upon this subject,

said he, "Miss Rose?" "Insolent!" exclaimed Sir Richard, rising so hastily that he knocked over the chair on on which he had been sitting. "How dare you askesuch questions in my presence?'

"Richard, Richard!" cried a reproving voice; and lo! at the open door stood my Lady, hollow-eyed and pale, and with such a weariness and melancholy in her tones as would have touched most hearts. - "Am I ever to find you and Walter quarrelling thus? Yes, I have heard all, and think you both to blame; but nothing can excuse this violence. If I have any authority in this house at all, not another word, I beg.

Sir Richard bit his lip, but resumed his seat; Walter went on quietly dissecting the Illustrated London News, with an air of interest; Miss Aynton very accurately traced the pattern of her plate with her fork; Letthe innocent cause of the outbreak, shed silent tears. Altogether, the family picture was gloomy, and the situation embarrassing. My Lady reaped this advantage, however, that nobody asked her a word about her expedition to Dalwynch.

"Do not let me detain you at table, my dear Letty," said she, breaking a solemn pause. "Miss Aynton was so good as to make my coffee this morning, and therefore it is only fair that she should perform the same kind office now."

Glad enough of this excuse to leave the room—a movement felt by all to be very difficult of imitation—Letty rushed up stairs to indulge in a good cry in her own bedroom, "the upper system of fountains" only having been yet in play. Sir Richard gloomily stalked away towards the stables; Walter lounged into the hall, lit a cigar, and paced to and fro upon the terrace beneath the windows of the breakfast-room, with both his hands in his pockets. Whiffs of his Havana, and scraps of the opera-tune which he was humming, came in at the open window, to these who yet remained. My Lady had much too good taste to dislike the smell of good tobacco, and the air which he had chosen was a favorite one with her; perhaps Master Walter hummed it upon that account. He was to leave next week to join his regiment-although not immediately. It was only natural he should wish to spend a few days in London after he had had so much of the quiet of Mirk, and yet my Lady grudged them. How pleasant everything about him was; how dull the abbey would be without him; what a sad pity it was that he and Sir Richard got on so ill. If she were to die, would they not turn their backs on one another for ever, and be brothers no more; and if something worse than Death were to happen to her -No. she would not think of that. Had not all that could be done to avert such utter ruin been done that very morning? There was surely no immediate peirl now-no necessity for such excessive caution and self-restraint as she had been obliged of late months to exercise; it was something to have breathing-

space and liberty. "I hope you are coming with us to the picnic, Lady Lisgard, now that that horrid

man has gone?" said a cold quiet voice. My Lady, looking out of window at her favorite son, and lost in gloomy depths of thought, had entirely forgotten that she had invited Miss Rose Aynton to bear her company. She did not dare to look upon her questioner's face, though she felt it was fixed on hers, reading Heaven knew what. How had she dared to think of liberty with this domestic spy under her very roof! What should she answer to this dreadful question Something this girl must know, or must suspect, or she would never have ventured thus to allude a second time to the man Derrick after her rebuff in the morning. Above al things she would follow Mistress Forest's advice, and get Miss Aynton out of Mirk Abbey, She had intended to speak to her respecting what had just occurred at the breakst-table: that would also offer an oppor tunity to say something more.

"Yes, Rose, I am going with you to Belcomb. It is a very favorite spot of mine-It was about that expedition, partly that I wished to speak with you. about to ask you to be very careful in your conduct towards my sons this day. It is the last time they will be together for weeks, perhaps. Be kind to my poor Richard. Of Walter knew nothing of what has course passed between you and his brother : but the bow that he drew at a venture sent home a

barbed shot. Miss Aynton bowed her head.

"You were sorry for that, Rose, I know You cannot fail to see how irritable he has lately grown, The fact is, he has overesti mated the strength of his own powers of selfconstraint. Your presence is a perpetual trial to him." My Lady paused, anticipating some reply to a hint so palpable; but Miss Aynton who carried her fancy-work in her pocket continued to develop a pansy in floss silk; and the flower opened in silence.

"Under these circumstances, dear Rose pursued my Lady, "do you think it would be better—I know how embarrassing it would be to you to propose it, and therefore although your hostess, I relieve you of the task-do you not think it would, on the whole, be wiser for you to leave us a little

sooner than you had intended?" The humming of the opera tune, and the odor of the Havana, were growing more dis-tinct, and the elastic footfall on the gravel was coming very near.

"If I consulted my own feelings," return ed Miss Aynton, in firm clear tones, "I should certainly have left Mirk before this, Lady Lisgard.

"Hush, Miss Aynton, for Heaven's sake cried my Lady; "the window is open."
"But unless Sir Richard himself," pursued the girl in more subdued accents, fire-leases me from my promise to remain until after his birthday, I must, with your permission, madam, do so; otherwise, he might possibly imagine that his presence is too great a trial for me, and I should be loath, indeed to have my departure so misconstrued.'

There was bitterness in the tone with which she spoke, but determination too. "I am to understand, then," returned my Lady flushing, "that contrary to my advice

and wish " 'Mother, dear, here comes the Break, cried Master Walter, from the terrace be

hope you have told Robert about the prog."

'Yes, dear, yes," answered my Lady, lovingly even in her haste; then turning to the young girl, she whispered almost fierce-'At least, Miss Aynton, you will shape your behavior this afternoon as I requested There is no time now to discuss the matter. And indeed the butler entered the next moment with, "the Break is at the door, my

Now, the Break was a very roomy vehicle, with accommodation within it for three times the party who were now about to oc cupy it, besides two seats at the back, like flying buttresses, for footmen. Yet Sir Richard chose to sit upon the box beside the driver, a place only selected (unless for smoking purposes) by persons with 'horsey characteristics, who prefer coachman's talk to that of their equals, and among whom the baronet could not be justly classed; but the fact was, the young man was in an evil temper, and desired no companionship but his own. He would have seen the whole expedition at the bottom of the sea-a metaphor open to the gravest objections, but which he need while arguing the matter with himself aloud-if it were not that that fellow Walter was going-and-and-he was not going to let him have all the talk to himself, that was all. True, Sir Richard had given up the idea of transforming Miss Aynton into Lady Lisgard; but still it was not pleasant to see another man making himself exclusively agreeable to her. He was annoyed with him-self at having exhibited such passion at the breakfast table, for the more he thought of it, the more he felt convinced that Walter's remark, although doubtless intended to be offensive, had not been made with any knowledge of his own rejected suit. Still he was in a very bad temper, and listened to the conversation going on behind his back with a moody brow, and every now and then a parting of the life, through which escaped

omething the reverse of a prayer. It was Walter, of course, who was talking. "Inhabited!" said he in answer to some question of Miss Aynton's; "O dear no.— Belcomb never had a tenant but once, and should think would never have another. One Sir Heron Grant and his brother took it two years for the shooting-season: a brace of Scotchmen whose ancestors dated from the Deluge, but so dreary a couple, that one wished that the family had started from a still earlier epoch, and been all washed

away. "I thought Richard rather liked Sir Her-

on," oberved Letty simply. "Yes, because he was a baronet; and birds of the same gergeous plumage flock together, you know. There was nothing remarkable about him but his feathers, and he scarcely ever opened his mouth except to put food in it. It is said that in the old stagecoach times, he and his brother travelled from Edinburgh to London, and only uttered one sentence apiece. At York the younger brother saw a rat come out of a wheat rick. 'By Jove,' said he, 'there's a rat!' The next morning, and after an interval of about eighty miles, Sir Heron replied: 'Ay, f Towser had seen that rat, he would have made short work of him.'

"Well, it appears, they agreed, at all events," returned Rose, coldly. "After all, even a foolish remark is better than an illnatured one.

"The scenery is getting well worth your attention here," observed Sir Richard, turning graciously round to Miss Aynton. "Belcomb is a complete solitude, but for those who are content with the pleasures of the country, it is a pleasant spot enough.' "Can we see the house from here,

Richard ?" "No, not until we reach this wind-mill, on the top of the hill. The private road branches out from the highway at that spot; and the mill is the nearest inhabited house to Belcomb. - By the by, mother, Hathaway must be spoken to about those sails of histhere, you saw how even old Jenny started at them-it is positively dangerous for horses to pass by. He must build up that old wall a foot higher, and put a gate up .-Any stray cattle might wander in and get knocked down-the sails are so close to the

Master Walter had not at all relished Miss Aynton's rejoinder to his story; still less had he liked his brother's striking into the conversation: least of all did he approve of this landlord talk about repairs and alterations, which reminded him of his being a younger son, and having neither part nor lot in the

great Lisgard heritage.
"There's the Folly," cried he suddenly, with a view of changing the subject; on that cliff-like hill yonder above that belt of trees.

"What, that beautiful ivied tower!" ex claimed Rose.

"Yes; without a roof to it." "Well, at all events, it's very pretty," aid Miss Aynton reprovingly. Mr. Walter, you ought to be grateful to your grandpapa for building so picturesque an

"He might have made a road, however, to it," observed Walter satyrically; "a road and a roof, I do consider to be indispensa-

"There's a beautiful winding path through the wood, Rose," said Letty, "fifty times better than any road; and is not the piece of water charming? It is the only one with any pretension to be called a lake in all the

Certainly Belcomb deserved praise. small but comfortably furnished house, embosomed in trees, through which were the pleasantest peeps of hill and dale, and spread before it quite a crystal tarn, with rocky islands so picturesquely grouped that they almost gave the notion of being artificial. It was as though a segment of the Lake country had been cut of, and inserted into the very midst of Wheatshire.

It was as lonely, too, to all appearance, as any Cumberland mere. An old man and his wife, who were in charge of the place, came hirpling out with respectful welcomes, and the latter was about to remove the shutters of the drawing-room, when my Lady interposed

"No, Rachel: we will not trouble you to do that. We are going to picnic at the Tower. You seem quite surprised to see us so early. I suppose nobody has been here

yet upon the same errand."
"Well, no, ma'an; nor is it likely, after your orders' "Oh, the fact is, mother," interrupted Sir Richard with a stammer, "I forgot to tell you about it; but Rinkel informs me there has been considerable damage done by parties coming here from Dalwynch and other places and therefore he has put up a notice to pro-

hibit the whole thing in future. And, indeed, upon the path leading to the Folly," which could be approached by another way than that in front of the house they presently came upon a board recently erected, which threstened Trespassers with

all the rigor of the law. There was a bitter sneer upon Captain Lis gard's face at this assumption of authority upon the part of his brother, and it did not soften when my Lady thoughtfully remarked: "Ah, well? that will certainly make

the place very private. A curious reply, as Letty thought, at the time, for her mother to make, who was always so eager to oblige her neighbors, and who well knew how popular Lisgard's Folly was with the humbler class of townsfolks in the summer months. But she was destined to be vastly more astonished before that day

The little party, so strangely out of accord with one another, took their lunch, indeed, beneath the shadow of the Tower; but all those harmonious elements which are so absolutely essential to the success of a picnic were wanting. There were no high spirits, no good-humored badinage, and not the ghost of a laugh. My Lady, singularly silent even for her, gazed around her on the familiar landscape, or regarded the shuttered cottage with a mournful interest, as though they reminded her of happier times. Miss Aynton, careful of what my Lady had enjoined, was studiously urbane to Sir Richard, but without obtaining the wished-for result; for while the baronet was thereby only rendered tolerably gracious, the Captain grew intensely irritated. Poor Letty, who was the only one prepared to be agreeable, or had any expectation of enjoying herself, felt immensely relieved when the repast was concluded, and the horses were ordered to be "put to." As for strolling about the grounds, and pointing out their varied beauties to Rose, as she had counted upon doing, that was no longer to be thought of. Sir Richard, as usual, offered his arm in stately fashion to his mother; but Master Walter, lighting a cigar, stood for a few minutes looking down with knltted brow upon the lake, then sauntered after them, without saying a word, and with both hands in his pocket.

"Dear Rose," cried Letty, who watched these proceedings, with little short of terror, "what have you said to make Walter so cross? I never saw him behave like that in my life. He did not even look at you. Would it be very wrong if you just ran after him him, and said a word or two before we got into the carriage? I am so dreadfully afraid of a quarrel between him and Richard. "Just as you please, Letty," returned Miss Aynton, looking pale, and a little frightened too; and forcing a laugh, she tripped down the zigzag path in pursuit or

he exasperated captain.

Letty waited a reasonable time, watching the footman collect the debris of the entertainment, and pack the plate, and then, supposing their difficulty had been adjusted, followed upon the track of her friend and Wal-The path was not only of considerable length, but so very steep, that one little zig-zag overhung another; thus, as she descend-ed, she perceived through the thin Spring foliage the two young people standing beneath her, although they are quite unconscious of her approach. She caught the last words of something Rose was saying; those were: "Walter, dear." She marked the girl stretch her arms toward him, as though she would have clasped them round his neck; and then she saw Captain Lisgard, of Her Majesty's Light Dragoons, put her roughly by, shake himself free of her with a movement expressive almost of loathing, and turn on his heels with an oath.

CHAPTER XIX THE FINESSE IN TRUMPS

It is the Night before the Derby. The West End is thronged with men. The streets are perceptibly more thronged with welldressed males than at any other time in the year. The May meetings brought enough of parsons and sober-coated laity to dull the living tide-to almost make us Londoners a mournful people (which we are, naturally, not, despite what Frenchmen say); but those grave ones have either departed from us, or are now lost and undistinguishable in this influx of gay company. All the new-comers are in their most gorgeous raiment, for is not this the great "gaudy" week of the Wicked? Half the officers of cavalry in her Majesty's service have obtained leave of absence for eight-and-forty hours upon urgent private affairs; and a fourth of the infantry have done the like : they have come up from every station within the four seas to see the great race run, which is to put in their pockets from five pounds to fifty thousand. Over their little books they shake their shining heads, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our mili tary friends have not been fortunate in turtransactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too. of respectable country gentlemen, who rare ly leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the Tavistock, except on this supreme occasion. Every fast university-man who can obtain an exect upon any pretence whatever-from sudden mortal ity in the domestic circle down to being subpanaed by a friendly attorney in the supposititious case of Hookey (a blind man) vs. Walker-is up in town resplendent, confident, Young. Every sporting farmer, save those in the north, who have a private saturnalia or their own in the mid-autumn, has left his farm for two nights and a day, and is seeing life in London. Besides these, an innumerable host of well-dressed scoundrelsfor whom the word "Welches" is altogether too commendable—have come up from country quarters, where they have been playing various "little games," all more or less discreditable, to work together for evil with their metropolitan confreres for four days. Every haunt of dissipation is holding high

est holiday. The stupid, obscene Cider Cellars find, for one night at least, that they have attractions still; the music-halls are tropical with heat and rankest human vegetation; Cremorne, after the crowded theatres have disgorged their steaming crowds, is like a fair. 'The strangers' room at all the clubs has been bespoken this night for weeks. In the card-rooms, the smoking-rooms, the billiard-rooms, there is scarcely space to move, far less to breathe in; yet there is everywhere a babblement of tongues, and the words that are bandied about from feverish mouth to mouth, are first, The King, and secondly, Menelaus. The tout had kept his word -either from fear or nicest honor-until the stipulated week had elapsed, and then the news of the trial-race began to circulate: from his outsiders' place, to that of fourth favorite, then of third, and at last to that of second, had "the French horse" gradually risen. A curious and illogical position enough—but then the turf people are illogical—for if the news that he had beaten The King was true, he ought to have been first favorite; and if the news was not true, he had no reason to find favor at all. As it was, however, The King had come down half a point as if to meet him, to 9 to 2; while Menelaus stood at 5 to I.

And had that trial-race really taken place or not? and if so, was it on the Square! was the question which was just then agitating the Houses of Lords and Commons (nay, t was whispered, Marlborough House itself and all the mess-tables in Her Majesty's service, more than any other subject in this

world. There was also a vague rumor that the favorite's "understandings" were not as they should be; that there was a contraction they should be; that there was a contraction that might be fatal to his prospects; that the idol's feet were of clay. Ralph Derrick had "put the pot on" his Manylaws, and would he a millionaire if he won; but Walter Lisgard had put more than the pot. If the French colors did not show in front at the French colors did not show in front at the winning-post, the captain, still to use the elegant metaphor of the sporting fraternity, would be in Queer Street. So infatuated had the young man grown, that he had absolutely hedged even that one bet which insured him a thousand pounds in case the King should win the race. Notwithstanding his coyness in accepting the first offer of a loan from his uncultivated friend, he had borrowed of him twice since, in each case giving his I.O.U., whereby he endeavored to persuade himself that he was liquidating all obligation; yet, unless he considered his mere autograph yet, unless he considered his mere autograph was worth the sums for which it was pledged, I know not how he succeeded in this. For if *Menelaus* did not happen to win he not only only would not have enough to discharge his debts of honor for nearly two years-when he would come into possession of his patrimony of five thousand poundsbut even a great portion of that would be be-spoker. Thus, of course, he had placed himself, through mere greed, in a most unpleasant position; but at the same time it must be allowed that he had yielded to a great temptation, such as would have probably have made the mouth of any financier water, had the opportunity offered in his particular line; for with the exception of mere outsiders, The King had beaten every horse that was to contend with him on the morrow; and Menelaus, to Walter's certain knowledge, had beaten The King.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Francis Jeffrey, from Macaulay's Description.

He had twenty faces, almost as unlike each other as his father's to Mr. Wilberforce's, and infinitely more unlike to each other than those of near relations often are. When quiescent, reading a paper or hearing a conversation in which he takes no interest, his countenance shows no indication whatever of intellectual superiority of any kind. But as soon as he is interested and opens his eyes on you, the change is like magic. There is a flash in his glance, a violent contortion in his frown, an exquisite humor in his sneer, and a sweetness and brilliancy in his smile beyond any thing that he ever witnessed. A person who had seen him in only one state would not know him if he saw him in another. The mere outline of his face was insignificant; the expression was every thing; and such power and variety of expression he had never seen in any human countenance, not even in that of the most celebrated actors. He could conceive that Garrick might have been like him. He had seen several portraits of Garrick, none resembling another, and he had heard Hannah More speak of the extraordinary variety of countenance by which he was distinguished, and of the unequaled radiance and penetration of his eye. The voice and delivery of mbled his face. He considerable power of mimicry, and rarely told a story without imitating several different accents. His familiar tone, his declamatory tone, and his pathetic tone were different things. Sometimes Scotch predominated in his pronunciation; sometimes it was imperceptible. Sometimes his utterance was snappish and quick to the last degree; sometimes it was remarkable for rotundity and mellowness. In one thing he was always the same, and that was the warmth of his domestic affections. The flow of his kindness was inexhaustible. Not five minutes passed without some fond expression or caressing gesture to his wife or daughter. He had fitted up a study for himself, but he never went into it. Law papers, reviews, whatever he had to write, he wrote in the drawing-room, or in his wife's boudow.
When he went to other parts of the country en a retainer, he took them in a carriage with him. Macaulay was surprised to see a man so keen and sarcastic, so much of a scoffer, pouring himself out with such simplicity and tenderness in all sorts of affecionate nonsense. He had never seen anything of the sort at Clapham, Cadogan Place, or Great Ormand Street. Throughout a journey they made together in Perth, a partie caree, this domestic Proteus kept up a sort of mock quarrel with his daughter, attack ed her about novel-reading, laughed her into a pet, kissed her out of it, and laughed her into it again. Was no wonder that they adored him. His conversation was, like his countenance and voice, of immense variety; sometimes plain and unpretending; sometimes whimsically brilliant and rhetorical. He was a shrewd observer, and so fastidious that many stood in awe of him when in his company. Though not altogether free from affectation himself, he had a peculiar loathing for it in other people, and a great talent for discovering and exposing it. He had a particular contempt, in which his guest heartily concurred, for the fadaises of blue-stocking literature, for the mutual flattery of coteries, the handing about of versde societe, and all the other nauseous trickeries of the Sewards, Hayleys, and Sothebys. Perhaps he had not escaped the opposite extreme, and was not a little desirous to appear a man of the world, or an easy, careless gendeman, rather than a distinguished writer. When he and his guest were alone, he talked much and well on literary topics : his kindness and hospitality were beyond description. Macaulay liked everything at Jeffrey's house in Moray Place except the hours. They were never up till ten, and never retired till at least two hours after midnight. Jeffrey never went to bed till sleep came upon him overpoweringly, and never rose till forced up by business or hunger. He was extremely well, but very hypochondriac, filling his letters with lamenta tions about his maladies. "I really think that he is, on the whole, the youngest-locking man of fifty that I know, at least when he is animated." Such was Macaulay's first pen-portrait of Francis Jeffrey, and such is its life that, after the lapse of nearly fifty years, we will see the man clad in his habit as he lived. The painter, it should be remembered, did not pen this for publicity, but merely to interest his mother and sisters. - Harper's Magazine for July.

By trusting your own soul you shall gain a greater confidence in men.

NIGHTFALL

Alone I stand; On either hand In gathering gloom stretch sea and land; Beneath my feet, With ceaseless feet, The waters murmus low and sweet

Slow falls the night The tender light
Of stars grows brighter and more bright;
The lingering ray
Of dying day.
Sinks deeper down and fades away.

Now fast, now slow,
The south winds blow,
And softly whisper, breathing low;
With gentle grace
They kiss my face,
Or fold me in their cool embrace.

Where one pale star,
O'er waters far,
Droops down to touch the harbor bar,
A faint light gleams,
A light that seems To grow and grow till nature teems.

With mellow haze : And to my gaze
Comes proudly rising, with its rays
No longer dum,
The moon; its rim
In splendor gilds the billowy brim.

I watch it gain The heavenly plain;
Behind it trails the starry train,—
While low and sweet The wavelets beat Their murmuring music at my feet

Fair night of June! You silver moon
Gleams pale and still. The tender tune,
Faint-floating plays In moon-lit lays, A melody of other days.

'Tis sacred ground,
A peace profound
Comes o'er my soul. I hear no sound,
Save at my feet
The ceaseless beat Of waters murmuring low and sweet. -Scribner's Monthly.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Celery.—The young plants in the seed bed should be thinned and kept clear of weeds, and when large enough, transplanted pre-vious to the final setting, for which next month will be early enough.

Carrots may still be sown. Thin out to two or three inches and keep free from weeds. Corn.-Plant every two weeks at least. until July, and a crop may be had, if an early sort is planted, even as late as the middle of the month. Any surplus may be easily dried for winter use.

Cucumbers.—Sow for late crop and for pickling, taking care to sow the seed thickly so that enough plants may be left after the bugs have destroyed all they require; covers of netting are often used to preserve the plants from the attacks of the insects, but it is not practicable to protect a large patch. Ashes or plaster sprinkled on the leaves when wet will help keep them off.

Egg Plants, - Set out in rich warm soil. and hoe often; liquid manure is beneficial. Lettuce. - There is little use in planting out lettuce at this season, as it quickly runs to seed, unless shade can be given.

Melons. - Plant at once if not done last month, and give an abundance of manure, for cucumbers.

Onions. - Weed, and thin when necessary. Near a good market they generally sell better if bunched and marketed before they are

Parsnips. - Weed and hoe until the leaves get large enough to cover the ground, Peas generally mildew when planted late. If any are put in now, sow at least six inches

deep, in rich soil, and stake as soon as they appear .bove the ground. Clear the ground where the early sorts have been gathered, for cabbages or celery. Radishes may be sown in a shady spot.

Rhubarb. - Keep the flower stalks cut, and do not wather too late, as this will exhaust

the plants. Salsify and Scorzonera. - Hoe and weed often; when any plants run up to flower, as

they often do, they should be pulled out. Spinach.—Clear off the old beds and plant with cabbage or other late-growing crops. During the summer sow the New Zealand spinach, which withstands the drouth and grows rapidly, furnishing an abundant supply during the hot season.

Squashes. - Treat same as cucumber and

Sweet Potatoes. - Set out at once, if not done already, in well-manured ridges, and as soon as the vines show signs of rooting at the joints, move them.

Tomatoes. -- If not set yet, do it at once, and provide some support, so that the fruit will not touch the ground, even if it is only hav or brush.

Turnips. - Sow Ruta-baga sorts this month If insects appear, which they seldom do at this season, dust lime ashes, or even roaddust on the young plants when the leaves

are wet.
FLOWER GARDEN AND LAWN. Lawns. - The lawn-mower mus be used at

least once a week, to keep the turf low, and any annual weeds from going to seed. Where the grass is too near shade trees or shrubs to be mowed, it should be cut with the grass hook.

Walks need to be occasionally scuffle-hoed, to kill young weeds; keep the center slightly higher than the edges, to allow the water to run off quickly; roll or pound, to make the surface firm. Grass edgings along the walks or beds require cutting two or three times during the season.

Annuals may be sown in the open ground this month, or the young plants set out from the boxes in which seeds were sown.

Climbers. - Provide trellises or supports for all plants which need them, and pinch into shape all which require it.

Bulbs. -- Set out all summer bulbs, such as Cannas, Tuberoses, Gladibluses, Tigridias, ctc., at once, and as they grow provide stakes for such as need them, else the stems will be broken by the wind.

Perennials. - If seed is not required, the flower-stalk should be cut when the bloom is over, to threw all the strength into the roots. Some tall kinds require stakes, to keep them in position. Use the rake and the hoe often to kill the young weeds; a steel-toothed rake does very effective work, if used when the weeds are small.

A Cheerful Room

The first essential for a cheerful room is sunshive. Without this, money, labor, taste, are all thrown away. A dark room cannot be cheering; and it is unwholesome as it is gloomy. Powers will not blossom in it; neither will people. Nobody knows, or ever will know, how many men and women have

been killed by Cark rooms.

"Glorify the room!"

Sydney Smith used to say of a morning, when he ordered every blind thrown open, every shade drawn up to the top of the win-Whoever is fortunate enough to have a south-east or south-west corner room, may, if she chooses, live in such floods of sunny light that sickness will have hard work to get hold of her; and as for the blues, they will not dare to so much as knock at her

Second on my list of essentials for a cheer ful room I put—color. Many a room that would otherwise be charming is expressionless and tame for want of bright colors.— Don't be afraid of red. It is the most kindling and inspiring of colors. No room can be perfect without a good deal of it. All the shades of scarlet or of crimson are good. In an autumn leaf, in a curtain, in a chair-cover, in a pin-cushion, in a vase, in the binding of a book, everywhere you put it, it makes a brilliant point and gives pleasure. The blind say that they always think red must be like the sound of a trumpet; and I think there is a deep truth in their instinct. It is the gladdest, most triumphant color everywhere.

Next to red comes yellow; this must be used very sparingly. No bouquet of flowers is complete without a little touch of yellow; and no room is as gay without yellow as with it. But a bouquet in which yellow predominates is ugly; the colors of all the other flowers are killed by it; and a room which has one grain too much of yellow in it is hopelessly ruined. I have seen the whole expression of one side of a room altered, improved, toned up, by the taking out of two or three bright yellow leaves from a big sheaf of sumacs and ferns. The best and safest color for walls is a delicate cream color. When I say best and safest, I mean the best background for bright colors and pictures, and the color which is least in danger of disagreeing with anything you may want to put upon it. So also with floors; the safest and best tint is a neutral gray. If you cannot have a bare wooden floor, either of black walnut or stained to imitate it, then have a plain gray felt carpet. Above all things, avoid bright colors in a carpet. In rugs, to lay down on a plain gray, or on a dark brown floor, the brighter the colors the better. The rugs are only so many distinct pictures thrown up in relief here and there by the under-tint of gray or brown. But a pattern, either set or otherwise, of bright colors journeying up and down, back and forth, breadth after breadth, on a floor, is always and foreverugly. If one is so unfortunate as to enter on the possession of a room with such a carpet as this, or with a wallpaper of a similar nature, the first thing to done, if possible, is to get rid of them or cover them up. Better have a ten cent paper of neutral tints, and indistinguishable figures on the wall, and have bare floors painted brown or gray.

Third on my list of essentials for making books and pictures. Here some persons will cry out: "But books and pictures cost a great deal of money." Yes, books do cost money, and so do pictures; but books accumulate rapidly in most houses where books are read at all; if people really want books. it is astonishing how many they can contrive to get together in a few years without pinching themselves very seriously in other di-

rections. As for pictures costing money, how much or how little they cost depends on what sort of pictures you buy. As I said before, you can buy for six shillings a good heliotype (which is to all intents and purposes as good as an engraving), of one of Raphael's or Correggio's Madonnas. But you can buy pictures much cheaper than that. A Japannese fan is a picture; some of them are exquisite pictures, and blazing with color too. cost anywhere from two to six cents. There are also Japanese pictures, printed on coarse paper, some two feet long and one broad, to

be bought for twenty-five cents each; with a dozen of these, a dozen or two of fans, and say four good heliotypes, you can make the walls of a small room so gay that a stranger's first impression on entering it will be that it is adorned for a festival. The fans can be pinned on the walls in endless picturesque combinations. One of the most effective is to pin them across the corners of the room, in overlapping rows, like an old-fashioned card-rack.

Fourth on my list of essentials for a cosey, cheerful room, I put order. This is a dangerous thing to say, perhaps; but it is my conviction after that sunlight, color, books and pictures come order. Observe, however, that while it comes fourth on the list, it is only fourth : it is by no means last ! I am not making an exhaustive list. I do not know where I should stop if I undertook that. I am mentioning only a few of the first principles—the essentials. And in regard to this very question of order. I am partly at a loss to know how far it is safe to permit it to lay down its law in a room. think almost as many rooms are spoiled by being kept in too exact order, as by being too disorderly. There is an apparent disorder which is only a witness to the fact that things are never used. I do not know how better to state the golden mean on this point than to tell the story of an old temple which was once discovered, bearing on three of its sides this inscription: "Be bold!" On the fourth side the inscription: "Be not too

I think it would be well written on three sides of a room: "Be orderly." On the fourth side, "But don't be too orderly." H. H. in St. Nicholas for June,

The Road to Ruin.

The road to ruin is paved with good intentions. It is strewn with broken resolutions and all along its crooked and winding way are scattered the wrecks of what might have been the noblest specimens of manhood and womanhood.

Fraility and fallibility are common to human nature. "There are passions strong and ambitions wild," that lead life's wayfarers, step by step, adown the long grade, until demoralised and weakened, both in body and mind, they fall by the way, and in

their distress and helplessness they find none to pity or comfort them.

God knows we all need mending, for it is as imposible for men or women to attain absolute perfection as it is for them to touch with their helpless hands the stars that gleam in the broad arch of the universe. Our lives go on and on—we strive and fail; we are tempted and we fall.

And yet with all our failings and our weakness, we may be useful good, and true, if we are only resolute, firm, and brave. There is hope and promise, and a possible bright future for even those who have journeyed far upon the fateful road. There are hands to lift them to their feet again if they but strive and struggle to help themselves to regain their lost manhood and woman hood. Even for the most world-weary heart.

There is one hope that never fades or dies. The hope of Heaven, how marvelleusly grand The 's howling tempests that arise Sweep o'er the rock of ages where we stand! We glance adown the pathway we have trod, And leave our imperfections all with God.

Young Woman at Sixteen and Boy at Twenty-One.

Duke Orsino's doctrine of wedlock, that the woman should ever take an elder than herself, is enforced by the assurance he gives the seeming Cesario that young men's fancies are "more giddy and unfirm, more longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn, than women's are." And it may be taken in effect to chime in with what the sprightly damosel affirms of her sex, and indeed of both sexes, in Philip van Artevelde :

"But we are women when boys are but boys. God gives us grace to ripen and grow wise Some six years earlier."

Boys will be boys, and young men will be young men. But young men will be boys, it seems, long after young women have given

their girlhood the go-by.

To be mocked by one's feminine coevals as over young is, however, nothing like so hard, after all, as to be derided by them as ever-

"Ah me, how full is youth of mockery!
Because I am some years in advance of you,
Do not you sometimes laugh at my bleached hue,
My sunken cheek and deep-encaverned eye;
Or, haply, as afar you pass me by.
Compare me with your full-flushed retinue
Of youthhood?"

But our theme is the advance made by damsels ahead of masculine youngsters, by lassies to the prejudice of lads, in the development of adult conditions and qualities. Richardson rules that from sixteen to twenty-four women are generally several years aforehand with the men in ripeness of understanding, though after that time the men may ripen into a superiority. "Women, my dear Mrs. Selby, are women sooner than men are men," Sir Charles Grandison says. Cartwright, in his "Platonically sentimental" Love's Convert, has these lines to the pur-

"Love, then, doth work in you what Reason deth In us, here only lies the difference.— Ours wait the lingering steps of Age and Time; But the woman's soul is ripe when it is young."

In making us first acquainted with Mrs. Woodward's daughters, Mr. Trollope is careful to premise that, although they had made very positive advances towards the discretion of womanhood, they were of the age when they would have been regarded as mere boys had they belonged to the other sex.

The assertion made by Clara Van Artevelde that women "grow on the sunny side of the wall" he accepts as undoubtedly true, and he applies it once and again in another of his books-in the chapters descriptive of Frank Gresham's early loves, for instance, where in one page we read that Mary was nearly of the same age as Frank, but "although Frank was only a boy, it behoved Mary to be something more than a girl," and in another page, concerning Miss Orie, that "Frank blushed, and Patience Laughed. There was but a year's difference in their age; Frank, however, was still a boy, though Patience was fully a woman." is a significant sentence in Reade's Christie Johnstone, which tells of his heroine and her patronizing regard for Charles Gatty: "Be sides, as she was twenty-one and he only twenty-two, she felt the difference between herself, a woman, and, him, a boy." with Nelly and Will, in Mrs Oliphant's Ma. donna Mary: "He was a little older than herself actually; but Nelly was an experienced woman, and could not but look down amiably on such an unexercised inhabitant of the world as 'only a boy." Mr. Thackeray tells us that we see a paper's child, with an awful premature knowledge of the pawn-shop, able to haggle at market with ner wretched half-pence, and battle bargains at huckster's stalls, so we find ayoung beauty, who was a child in the school room a year since, as wise and knowing as the old practitioners on that exchange, as economical of her smiles, as dexterous in keeping back or producing her beautiful wares, as skilful in setting one bidder against another, as keen as the smartest merchant in Vality Fair. "I am a woman, and understand things better than a boy like you," writes the aforesaid Nelly to the aforesaid Will, when they are both older grown, and both, if not in the same degree, worldly wiser.

In that chapter of his autobiography, Dichtung und Wahrheit, in which Goethe describes his efforts to make himelf agreeable to the sister of his young frend Derones, without succeeding in attracting her notice, he observes, in passing, that young girls think themselves far advanced beyond younger boys, and while aspiring to young men they assume the manner of an aunt towards the boy whose first aclination is turned towards them." In Gratchen's case he owns himself terribly affron of at her setting him down as a child, and relieved himself at once cured of all passion for her when she so set him down in the cel-brated investigation reports. He felt it in olerable that a girl, at the most a couple o years older than himself, should regard him as a child. while he conceived that he had passed with her for a very sensible and dever young

Sententiously and sagaciously he remarks in another place that in girls ve love what they are, but in young men what they pretend to be.

In telling us that Miss Chaverth looked upon Byron as a mere schoolbo, Moore observes by the way that a senorty of two years gives to a girl, "on the e dof womanhood," an advance into life with which the boy keeps no proportionate me. Leigh Hunt describes his vexation early in his teens, at being kept a distance by that laughing lass, Fanny Dayrell, who would call him petit garcon on the strength of her seniority of two years. According to Mr.

Kingsley, "spiritually and socially the girl develops ten years earlier than the boy." Frederick Perthes was sorely tried with his 'youthful twenty-year face," when his former playfellow Fredericka came to Leipzic, "a very handsome girl of sixteen," and was straightway surrounded by mature admirers and highly-educated men without number. against whom the "shy and anxious apprentice of nineteen " seemed to have no chance at all. The hero of Great Expectations tells us of his early acquaintance with Estella,

that although she called him "boy" so often, and with a carelessness that was far from complimentary, she was of about his own age, or very little older; adding, however, that "she seemed much older than I, of course, being a girl, and beautifu and selfpossessed; and she was as scornful of me as f she had been one-and-twenty and a queen. Beatrice, in Miss Baillie's tragedy of Romiero, taking upon her to chide her old play-

swered: "Chide me, indeed, who am two years thy elder, And two good months to boot!—Such high pre-tension!

Have sixteen summers and a woman's robe

mate Maurice as a "thoughtless boy," is an-

It was early times, or teens, with David Copperfield, when he wrote of Em'ly, that wild and full of childish whims as she was,

she was more of a little woman than he had supposed: "She seemed to have got a great distance away from me, in little mere than a "With what a demure assumption of being older and wiser than I the fairy little woman said I was a "sily boy;" and then laughed so charmingly that I forgot the pain of being called by that disparaging name in the pleasure of looking at her." After rating Coquette soundly for being like her set, and not telling all the truth at once, the Whaup, as Tom Cassilis is called in A Daughter of Heth, is fain to excuse her on the ground that she can't help it, she is only a woman. "And you are only a boy," she replied, looking up at the tall handsome lad eside her: "very kind and very generous and very stupid," "I am older than you, at least," says the Whaup, who does not like to be called a boy. Georges Sand remarks that even very young women usually esteem men of their own age as children, apropos of Consuelo's relations with Haydn, who, however, was at the time so small and meagre, that he seemed hardly fifteen. Mr. Disraeli' Lucretia, though really older than Coningsby, felt that a woman of eighteen is, in all worldly considerations, ten yearss older than a youth of the same age.

Phineas Finn in sententiously instructed by Lady Laura that years have very little to do with the comparative ages of men and women: "A woman at forty is quite old, whereas a man at forty is young." Duke Orsino would practically improve the subject by the caution ad hominem, or rather ad

"Then let thy love be younger than thyself, Or thy affection cannot held the bent; For women are as roses, whose fair flower, Being once display'd, doth fail that very hour."

Which assertion receives Viola's sighing as sent :

"And so they are; alas, that they are so; To die, even when they to perfection grow."

The Highland Soldiers.

The suppression of the attempt made in 1712 to replace the Stuart family on the throne of Great Britain, left the Highlands of Scotland in a very disturbed and tumultuous condition. To allay the discontent and restore order, a plan was formed by George the Second at once wise and merciful. The Highlanders were invited to become soldiers -not by entering the British army, which they would hardly have done, but by forming small military bodies among themselves to receive pay from the Government, but retaining their national dress and arms, and be officered by their own countrymen. These corps were first formed about 1729,

six in number of one hundred men each, and

were called independent companies. On this footing they remained until 1740. when it was determined to form them into a regiment of the line-the 42nd. This was done with a great deal of ceremony in a field between Taybridge and Aberfeldy, in the County of Perth, where they were assembled for that purpose.

Besides the number of their regiment, the Highland soldiers were known, almost to our own day, by the name of the Black Watch, an appellation applied to them from the dark appearance of their uniform, so different from the bright scarlet of the English soldiers. There arms were a musket, a bayonet, and a large basket-hilted sword, and such as chose might add a dirk and a pistol. The soldiers of the 42nd, when first formed, were very superior in social rank and education to the ordinary regiments of the line. Among them were the sons of gentleman far-mers and professional men. They were, besides, all picked men as to personal qualifications, none being admitted who were not not tall, well-proportioned and handsome.

In 1743 the regiment received an order to march to England. The complied with expressions of reluctance at being removed rom Scotland. They had, besides, conceiv ed the idea from a rumor which had reached them on their march to London, that the Government intended to send them as guards to the plantations in Virginia, then a penal settlement. The duty of guarding convicts was considered so degrading by the Highlanders that they broke out into open insubordination and mutiny which required vigor-

ous measures to suppress. After this unfortunate affair they were sent to Flanders, where they laid the found ation of their present fame, at the battle of Fontenoy, 13th May, 1745. On this occasion, their first encounter with an enemy, they so distinguished themselves by their gallantry that the commander-in-chief, the Duke of Cumberland, intimated to them that he would grant any reasonable favor they chose to ask. The favor asked was the pardon (which was immediately granted) of a comrade who had been sentenced to undergo a severe military punishment for suffering a prisoner to escape—a request as honorable to them as was their brave conduct in the

On the breaking out of the rebellion in Scotland in 1745 the 42nd were ordered to England, where they arrived in October, but they were not called on to take part in the transactions of that unhappy period. They remained in England and Ireland until 1750, when they were embarked with other troops for North America. Previous to this several new companies were added to the regiment. New Dominion Monthly.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

HUNTING parties: Mothers with daughters

CURE for hard times-Cheat the doctor by eing temperate, the lawyer by keeping out of debt, and poverty by being industrious.

THE heart too often, like the cement of the ancient Romans, acquires hardness by

ABOUT as mean a posishun as enny man kan put himself into, iz to work all the time for the devil, and look all the time to the Lord for his pay.

A SCIENTIFIC paper says: "Keep your mirrors away from the sun," "And from the daughters also, if you can," adds a family paper. A FASHION journal says: "Waists are to

be longer this year;" but, as long as they are not broader, young men with short arms will manage to get around them.

It is now reported that it is very probable that Winslow will be liberated on June 15th, and it appears from the correspondence submitted to Parliament that there is little likelihood that a supplementary treaty covering his case will be agreed upon.

THAT Norwich man who courted his wife fifty years before he married her was a pru-dent fellow. Fifty years takes the strength out of most any arm, and makes it inconvenient for a woman to get down on her knees to urge the head of the house to come out from under the bed and talk the matter over.

SPILKINS has discovered that his stepmother has a cousin whose daughter married a man that has a half brother living in Philadelphia in a large, roomy residence quite near to the Centennial Grounds. Proper steps have been taken to establish the relationship, and Mrs. Spilkins has ordered three new Saratoga trunks accordingly.

AWARE that this is leap-year, and but imperfectly acquainted with the deep significance of religious services, a little girl on York street remarked last week to her maiden aunt, who was lamenting that no one came to marry her-nobody came to woo: 'Auntie Carrie, if you want to have a lover so badly, why don't you be at church when the minister gives out the hims."

ONE exhibit in the Canadian Department at the Philadelphia Exhibition stands in marked contrast with all others : it is the display of Sewing Machines manufactured by R. M. Wanzer & Co., of Hamilton, Ont. The platform on their space is surmounted with a light and graceful superstructure, so constructed as to present a series of signs reading both inside and out. It is painted in the delicate tints of pink and blue, making a very favorable contrast with the dark walnut cases of the rest of the Canadian exhibits which surround it on every side. It is, however, in harmony with the richly ornamented and highly finished machines shown. In the centre of Messrs, Wanzer & Co's space is a pyramid of Wanzer machines so numerous as to suggest that these must be the machines "for the million." The display includes machines of various sizes and kinds to meet all ordinary requirements, from the simplest family machine to the heaviest manufacturing machine. The ma-chines are adapted to the exacting demands of the times. It is worthy of that zer machines have their own peculiar characteristics and are not mere copies of other makes but embody new mechanical movements, that seem to be exactly adapted for their place and use in a sewing machine. Certainly the ease, quietness and precision with weich they work, leaves nothing to be desired to complete the perfect sewing machine. The people of Canada have no reason to be ashamed of their exhibit as a whole. The resources of the Dominion in minerals and metals are very well exhibited and will astonish many as to their extent and richness. The display in connection with the Education Department of Canada shows the schooling advantages to be very complete, and it will be a source of satisfaction to all who take pride in home matters to know that comparison with other countries in this respect will not be unfavorable.

Parting.

Men seldom appear so humane, or in a position so advantageous to their humanity, as when they part. How few friends are there who endure a protracted separation without some abatement of warmth, or meet, by appointment, without some precautionary anx ieties, or continue together long without some accidental discontent; but none, in any degree entitled to that character, ever part without much regret! Even the cheer-ful and social are not always exempt from those momentary perturbations with which selfishness chills the pulse, or controversy overheats it. The needle will oscillate a little from the just point of its affections, and though its polarity is never lost, it is seldom steady. Yet even the petulant, the irritable, and the more generous of the resentful, lose all unfriendliness as they pass away from each other-sighing at a conversation, perhaps, they may have mutually desired. The last shake of the hand is sufficient to dissipate a hundred grievances. -There are then no reproaches which we can recall beside those against ourselves.

Where They Left Him.

The other morning as the conductor of the train going south from Hamilton was passing around after tickets he came to a man who waved him away with a very important air, at the same time remarking

"Pass on, sir, pass on."
"I want your ticket," replied the conduc-

"Ticket, you hireling of anarchy," shouted the man, puffing out his cheeks. own this road! I bought it just before leaving Hamilton, and while I would like to retain you in my employ, you must be more civil or I ahall discharge you on the spot, even if you have twelve children to support. 'I must have your ticket or the money,'

said the official, "Consider yourself discharged!" roared

He was left on the track between two stations, He sat down on a log to pin his paper collar on, and his last words as the train moved off were:

"Gentlemen, this outrage will make this country shudder from the Atlantic to the



HAMILTON, JUNE 24, 1876.

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WORKING WAYS OF WRITERS. If a collector of curious historical bits

could be found, with industry enough to find out what the peculiar working habits of great literary men and women have been, he might make of his material one of the most fascinating of books. There is no limit to the peculiarities of mental action, and these peculiarities for the most part determine the working ways of all intellectual toilers. Dr. Johnson, it is said, always knew every word of a proposed essay before putting pen to paper .-He would not only mark out the main features of the work in his mind, but would actually compose the entire piece, and hold it word for word in his memory until he was ready to write, when nothing remained to be done except to transfer the completed but as yet unwritten essay to paper. Byron's habit with his pen in his hand, drawing each new inspiration from the words already written. changing, erasing, interlining as he went, until the result was wrought out, and that result was very often quite an unexpected one to the poet himself, apparently. Gray, the author of the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," found writing very slow and very laborious. We are told that he would never leave a line until it was finally completed. He would alter and amend it over and over again, but would never begin a second line until the first was complete. -Tennyson seems never to have been done with the work of emendation. His extreme fastidiousness shows itself more strongly in his inability to satisfy himself than in anything else. He not only writes and re-writes his poems, but has them printed in his own house, so that he may see them in type and give them some final touches in that shape before sending them to the publisher. But even this does not satisy him, and so we have lines altered here and there in second editions. In the poem Enid, for instance, as it first appeared he wrote "had wedded Enid;" but, in the later editions, it reads "had married Enid," a change which was made because of the poet's discovery, after the poet's first publication, that the first sylable of the name Enid is short, while he had thought it long. His "Charge of the Light Brigade" underwent very much greater alteration than this in passing through different editions. In truth, it is hardly the same poem now that it was when it first thrilled the world in the reading.

Mrs. Browning is given to similar postpublication alterations, and nothing could be more provoking. When people have come to know a poem or a line, it becomes in some sense their own property, and any alteration, even though it works improvement, seems a sort of wrong to the reader, forever spoiling the poet's gift to him.

Wordsworth made his poetry during his long morning walks, and upon returning would go to bed, and dictate to an amanuensis while he ate his simple breakfast.

Mr. Dicken's once said to a friend that he always arranged the catastrophy of a story in his mind before thinking of any other part of it, and that the events leading to it were made solely for that purpose. To this, however, the "Pickwick Papers" was clearly an exception, as every reader would discover. even without the history of that work which Mr. Dickens has himself given us. From the fact that at his death no memorandum of any importance with regard to his unfinished "Mystery of Edwin Drood". were found among his papers, it seems probable that Mr. Dickens worked almost entirely without notes. Sheridan, on the other hand, made copious memoranda; and not only so, but he carefully wrought out his ideas in his notebooks, altering and improving them from time to time, until finally they were ready to

be transferred from their nursery to his books or his speeches. His note-books thus became quite as interesting as any of his published works. We find in them not only the germs of his most brilliant witticisms. but also the witticisms themselves in every stage of their growth, from the first crude conception to the finished epigram. He made notes, too, of the various characters he intended to introduce into his dramas, and these also underwent many changes while

yet in the note-book stage of their existence. Sir Walter Scott never found composition so easy as when children were playing in the room with him; while Bulwer, on the other hand, thought absolute solitude necessary to successful literary work.

BY MUTUAL CONSENT.

"These arrangements," explained Mr. Boffin to Mr. Wegg, "is made by mutual consent between Mrs. Beffin and me. Mrs. Boffin, as I've mentioned, is a highflyer at fashion: at present I'm not. I don't go higher than comfort. So Mrs. Boffin, she keeps up her part of the room in her way-I keep up my part of my room in mine. If I get by degrees to be a highflyer at fashion, then Mrs. Boffin will by degrees come for-'ard. If Mrs. Boffin should ever be less of a dab at fashion than she is at the present time, then Mrs. Boffin's carpet would go back'arder." Without taking it upon ourselves to recommend that our houses generally shall be modeled after the pattern of the wonderful room in which the mistress sat radiant in velvet and jewels, her sofa on a square of flowery carpet, and her artistic tastes gratified by stuffed birds and wax fruit, while the master in smock frock took his ease in a wooden chair, on the sanded floor, a cold veal pie within easy reach, we can not but think that those two simple souls had somehow got at the secret of home pleasure and happiness. We scold and fret at the young people who find evenings at home stupid and slow; we look with grave and dignified dispproval at the husband who kisses his wife after supper, and excuses himself for an hour or two with the plea of "A meeting to attend to, my dear;" and words are inadequate to express our opinion of the matron who is never to be found in her own house.

Theoretically we eagerly subscribe to the belief that "there's no place like home;" beautiful song is true to our experience in an opposite way from the one the poet meant. The great trouble in three homes out of five is that they are inelastic: there is no room left in their economy for individual freedom. The same unbending rule is made to apply to a half dozen people no two of whom are precisely alike, and who may be so differently constituted that what to one is no trouble is to another a tyranny. For instance, in a fit of virtue such as comes to most mortals now and then, the heads of a house ordain that breakfast shall be an hour earlier than usual. All right, if they would consent to take it themselves and leave the rest to do as they please. But early rising, with all due respect to it, is of the Pharisees, Pharisaical, and its votaries seldom fail to sound a trumpet before them, which not only proclaim their own merits but effectually puts an end to sleep on the part of others. There is no earthly reason patent to the unprejudiced mind why a table must needs be kept standing with the debris of a meal upon it. a mute but eloquent reminder to the last comer that he is late; or why a coffee-pot may not be set conveniently back upon a range, a saucepan left boiling for the egg that is cooked just in three minutes, and toast and muffins kept warm at an expenditure of time and patience quite infinitesimal. Could one, disinclined to rise at the break fast hour, feeling the need of "a little more sleep, a little more slumber," be perfectly sure that he was not keeping the dining-room in confusion, that the work was going on, and that pleasant smiles would welcome him by and by to a cozy little side-table, how much more comfortable would be that last hour of repose. There are saintly beings who darken blinds and steal round softly in the morning that tired people may enjoy just this sort of rest; but they are, alas!

Early rising, however, is only one thing out of hundreds. "By mutual consent of me and Mrs. Boffin" these happy creatures dressed to suit themselves. Had Mr. Boffin preferred his hair cut in the horribly abbreviated style, no doubt "Henerietty" would have acquiesed without a sigh. Had Mrs. B. assumed the most preposterous superlatives of what the modistes call style, her husband would have regarded it as the proper thing in one was in his opinion a highflier at fashion. Either way there was what alone makes home-life ideally complete, liberty in non-essentials.

It is on trifles, after all, that the joy of home-living depends. At bottom a family may be entirely devoted to each other's interests, the husband may toil and the wife may save with unfaltering zeal and fidelity. and both may love their children and be willing to lay down their lives for them .-Yet they may make each wretched, and render their children's lives a burden, by failure in little courtesies, by lack of little recognitions, by caring more for things that perish than for the essence that is immortal.

REST-REPOSE-SLEEP.

One needs rest from cares, watchings, and mental excitement quite as much as from manual labor. Indeed, brain work is much more exhausting than mere body work. One may set his physical machinery in moderate motion, and keep it in vigorous action, with brief stops to lubricate or feed, day in and day out, without exhaustion. Manual laborers, who do not dissipate, are invaariably sound sleepers: while the writer, teacher, speaker, and thinker, is liable to wakefulness, owing to his greater mental activity.

The laborer needs rest, food, and sleep to restore him; while the thinker needs these, and also a period of mental repose before sleeping, to establish equilibrium between body and brain. His mind must not be kept on a stretch. The mental bow must be unbent, or even his sleep will be fatiguing instead of restful and restoring. Watching night after night with the sick, and sleeping in snatches, is unsatisfactory. Besides, the duty of vigilance obliges the watcher to carry his or her patient constantly in mind, and this wears me out.

When possible, we should so shape our course as to take enough out-of-door, fresh air and physical exercise to bring all parts of our physical and mental machinery into harmonious action, and give the whole ample time for rest, repose, and recuperation. Sound sleep is "nature's sweet restorer." Let us make sure of this, even though our food be insufficient. Good sleepers seldom go crazy. Poor sleepers are liable at any time to break down, get off the track, commit indiscretions, become irritable, seek to injure others, commit suicide, or culminate in a lunatic asylum.

No exact rule as to the time one should sleep can be given. One is satisfied with six hours; another wants eight; and another ten. Children should sleep from one-half to three-quarters of the time. Adults may do with less. Very few under eat; very many

THE ENJOYMENT OF WEALTH.

All novels are full of the inexpressible enjoyments of wealth. Who but Dickens has ever risen to the higher task of describing the higher blessings of poverty. Who but his Dratchet family ever had a Christmas dinner, and who but his little Jacob ever knew what oysters meant, or ever saw a play. The practically we often stultify ourselves by advantages of wealth do not lie in quantity making home so far from agreeable that the but in quality. It is the plan of the life that determines what the joys shall be, the little abstinence that gives relish to luxuries, the rarity of indulgence that makes the excitement. What a tiresome thing it must be to have been a rich man and not to have found out that apples were remarkably cheap lately, yet we heard of such a one. How stupid riding becomes to Mrs. Crossus, who has to ride to air the horses! What an unutterable enjoyment and delight is the one summer's ride to the poor hard-worked shop-boy, who has been saving his ten-cent pieces anxiously for a year-accumulating toward that mighty privilege; who has laid awake at night meditating on the comparative cheapness of different livery stables. As they drove out side by side, Mrs. Cræsus may have the felicity of being stared at, but the shop-boy has the felicity of not caring whether anybody stares at him or not. so long as he and the young woman have a good time. You have heard of the little boy at the theatre, who was seen sound asleep, with a must unutterable wretchedness of countenance, all through the play, night after night. eing waked by some philanthrophist who asked why he came there since he had such a forlorn time of it? "Oh, but I have to come, you know, he answered, with a sob, "I have got a season ticket." Alas, for the wealth in this world that has got a season ticket to everything.

ALL SOLTS OF MINDS.

There is a strong disposition in men of opposite minds to despise each o her. A grave man cannot conceive what is the use of wit in society. A person who takes a strong common sense view of the subject is for pushing out by the head and shoulders an ingenious theorist, who catches at the slightest and faintest analogies; and another man, who scents the ridiculous from afar, will hold no commerce with him who feels exquisitely the fine feeling of the heart, and is alive to nothing else: whereas, talent is talent, and mind is mind, in all its branches! Wit gives to life one of its best flavors; common sense leads to immediate action, and gives to society its daily moton; large and comprehensive views cause its annual rotation; ridicule chastises felly and impudence, and keeps men in ther proper sphere: subtlety seizes hold of the fine threads of truth; analogy darts away in the most sublime discoveries; feeling paints all the exquisite passions of man's soul, and rewards him by a thousand inward visitations for the sorrows that come from vithout. God made it all ! It is all god! We must despise no sort of talent; they all have separate duties and uses-all the happiness of man for their ob. ject, they all improve, exalt, and gladden

It is one of the worst errors to suppose that there is anyother path of safety except

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Human Voice.*

This little work is by a veteran writer on physiological subjects, and seems to be the result of some degree of painstaking research. Within the limits of a hundred pages it is vain to look for an exhaustive treatment of a subject such as this. Indeed the author tells us that his object is "to present, in a cheap and convenient form, the facts and principles applicable to the culture and uses of the Human Voice, which are only to be found scattered through several large volumes, and to furnish Lyceums and Debating Clubs with a concise Code of Rules and Usages." But we are inclined to think that he has not very successfully accom. plished his object. This is one of the books in which the author seems to be quite ind :pendent of pen and ink, and to rely wholly on paste-pot and scissors. If he had collected his facts, and then presented them in such a vivid and telling way that junior students of vocal physiology could readily understand them he would have conferred a benefit by publishing this work. But he has not only culled his matter from elaborate works, but has presented it in an abstruse, elaborate style, which is all the more difficult to be understood because dissociated from its original context. He has given chapters on the training of the voice, which contain some very good practical hints, but absolutely nothing that cannot be found in a dozen other volumes on the subject, and in some, too, that are very elementary. His elocutionary hints are provokingly vague and imperfect, stopping short just where the student feels he needs counsel and information. He gives as few of the hackneved selections for recitation that are employed by all public readers, such as "The Bells," and "The Raven," and exhorts us to study them thoroughly and catch their spirit; but he gives us no analysis of them, and does not even furnish us with elocutionary principles that we can apply for ourselves. In short, we see nothing in this book to account for its being written, unless, like Hodge's razors, it was "made to

The Human Voice; by R. T. Trall, M. D., New York, S. R. Wells & Co.

The Centennial Guide

THE CENTENNIAL GUIDE. Toronto : Belford Bros. The above is the title of a new Guide Book to the Centennial Exhibition, just published. It has a very fine map of the city of Philadelphia, and of the Centennial Grounds and should be in the hands of every one who visits the great Exposition.

The "Canada Methodist Magazine."

The new series of this popular Monthly opens with vigor. The July number contains Engraving of the Rev. W. Morley Punshon, L.L.D., with a biographical sketch, and also a beautiful poem from his pen. Dr. Ryerson's article on the "Protestantism of Queen Elizabeth," is suffused with a patriotic glow. The admirable paper from the pen of Dr. Douglas, breathes the spell of his remarkable eloquence, Mrs. Ol-in's article on "Mrs. Browning," is a beautiful tribute by a gifted woman to the noblest of female poets. The most attractive features of the number, we judge, will be the admirable stories begun by Edward Eggleston and M. Guy Pearse, which promise o be of great interest. A paper on "The Higher Life," and a capital sketch of "Irish Evangelism" are also given. A striking feature of this Magazine is the blending of practical religion, and literary culture. The Editor continues his papers on the "Temperance Question," which had been received with much favor and discusses several important current topics and recent books. This is a cheap and wholesome Magazine for family

The Atlantic Monthly. The Atlantic Monthly for July is well

stocked with good matter. It begins with an agreeable chapter by Charles Dudley Warner, "From Jaffa to Jerusalem," which is followed by a vigorous second instalment of of Mr. James's novel. "The American:" Mrs. Kemble's "Old Woman's Gossip" relates in a vivacious style her first appearance on the stage, and contains anecdotes of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and many other entertaining passages; Gen. O. O. Howard's 'Campaign and Battle of Gettysburg" is an interesting and valuable record of the great battle and his part in it; Charles Francis Adams, Jr., calls our attention to "The State and The Railroads;" and Oliver Wendell Holmes contributes an amusing and spirited poem, "How the Old Horse won which forms an excellent pendant the Bet.' to the famous "One-Horse Shay." Centennial Exhibition is treated suggestively by an annonymous writer; and W. ells, in "A Sennight of the Centennial," presents a vivid picture of the variety of the affair. T. B. Aldrich adds to the number a very graceful poem, "The Night Wind," and H. H., Mrs. Piatt, Kate Putnam Osgood, and Celia Thaxter, stand with him in the list of poets. In "Recent Literature," Charles Dudley Warner and other authors are discussed; there is a well-prepared section on "Art;" "Music" contains a review of the several Centennial compositions; and 'Education" gives a summary of Southern school reports, with comments, which supplies a view of educational doings in the South impossible to obtain elsewhere.

Scribner for July.

Though not entirely given over to Centennial topics, contains much, the publishers claim, that will just now be of peculiar interest to the American public. The accounts of the signing of the Declaration (even those by the signers themselves) are very conflicting, and Colonel Higginson's "Story of the Signing," in this number, is a concise and reliable review of the subject. The illustratrations of this paper are quite striking. Recent research has shown that some of our most orthodox and cherished legends of the Declaration will not do do "to the to." But, if we must give up the "Ring! Grandpapa! story, as Col. Higginson seems to think, we shall find, by way of compensation, plenty of authentic legends about Washington in the "A Little Centennial Lady, next paper: Constance Cary Harrison—a delightful, illustrated sketch of Sally Fairfax.

Gen. Washington's pet and friend. This is a rare piece of magazine writing, and embodies portions of Sally's journal, written in the quaintest of language. Miss Jane Stuart writes racily of her father's celebrated por traits of Washington, and gives new anecdotes of both painter and president. Accompanying this is an engraving of Stuart's portrait, from the original in the Boston Athenæum. "In a paper on "Harvard University," by Mr. H. E. Scudder, there are other glimpses in type and picture of Revolutionary times and people, including the Washington Elm and Washington (Longfellow's) House. This is pronounced the best popular review of the University that has ever appeared. Other interesting papers are: the first of Col. Waring's illustrated series on the Mosel River, entitled "The Bride of the Rhine;" a notable defense of Webster's course on the Compromise Measures of 1850, by Prof. W. C. Wilkinson; a story of bell-pulling by Edward Bellamy, entitled "A Providence,"

St. Nicholas for July

Makes a feature of the national holiday. Its tribute to it includes several contributions, stories and sketches, poems and pictures, puzzles and paragraphs. All the American flags of history, from the "Rattlesnake" and the "Palmetto" of 1776 to the Stars and Stripes of the present, wave out at us from two of the pages: the "Boston Boys" who gained their right to the "Common" membered in a poem and shown in a drawing; and on the "Centennial Page," the events of the Century that are most worthy of record are duly recorded, and some of them pictured. In its miscellaneous contents, the number includes many other attracting and interesting articles. Mrs. Oliphant has one of her most charming "Windsor Castle" papers; and Susan Coolidge a romantic story in human life. There is "The Vikings in America," in which those adventurous pirates of Norway are credited with the original discovery of the New World; "Turret-Ships and Torpedoes," a well-illustrated article, full of information regarding naval armament, inventions, and warfare; "The Mother's Stratagem," a capital story by Edward King; a comical picture called "The Mouse's Mistake," and a sweet little poem for the girls, entitled "Je-mima Brown." "The Boy Emigrants" begin digging out their gold under circumstances of excitement and interest; and Mr. Aldrich's story of "The cat and the Countess ends in a very happy and entertaining manner. We are sorry to lose this story, and the admirable series of dainty and amusing silhouettes—numbering almost one hundred -which has illustrate it to such perfection. Marion Harland's "Little Housekeepers" page gives the girls a recipe for "Broiled Chicken;" "A Young Contributor" furnishes an amusing story; Jack-in-the-Pulpit and their other departments, have their usual store of good things; and chief among the numerous illustrations is the frontispiece- an excellent engraving of "A Wooden Pulpit in the Church of St. Andrew,

LIKE OTHER FOLKS.

BY HEATHERBELL.

Like other folks or die is the motto of of thousands. It wrecks many in mind and heart as well as purse (we have mournful proofs of this) to keep up the outward show of comfortable circumstances.

Now if people were not so foolish they could save themselves such needless anxiety, such perfectly useless suffering in trying to keep up a style that required an income twice or three times as large as their own. An idea possesses them that they must appear like other folks, even if swindling and sharping everybedy must be resorted to.

Sacrifices that they would not make for God, they will make to keep the frail bubble of fashionable reputation from bursting. Every one knows that the exertions that are put forth to gain the smile of the beau monde would not be applied to the imitation of the few Christian models that are among us. If we only faithfully copied these, our efforts would not be made to wear purple and fine

linen, but to array the soul in purity. "We must do as other people or be thought nothing of."-Then, for goodness sake, be a mere cipher in the world's estimation, if you cannot easily and with a clear conscience do as other people who have more than enough to keep forty wolves from the door!

The desire to be dressed as richly and extravagantly as others is more prevalent than any other, and shows, does it not, an ounce of sense to a hundred weight of vanity? What do we think of when we return from

church and are removing our hats? The minister's earnest exhortation, the touching anecdote, or "I don't care, I looked as well as other folks?" Not only in dress and party-giving does the host with this motto, endeavor to be like other folks, but many of them become the

reflection of the manners of others. This is not their natural self, and any pleasing originalty they might possess is swallowed up in the all-absorbing idea of being like other

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

From Al! That Dwell. From all that dwell below the skies Let the Creator's praise arise; Let the Redeemer's praise be sung Through every land, by every tongue. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord, Eternal truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore. Till suns shall rise and set no more

It is always in our power to make a friend by smiles; what a folly, then, to make an enemy by frowns.

HE who thinks better of his neighbors than they deserve, cannot be a bad man, for the standard by which his judgment is formed is the goodness of his heart.

It is the remark of Gibbon that every man who rises above the common level has received two educations: the first from his teachers; the second, more personal and important, from himself.

Be more prudent for your children than, perhaps, you have been for yourself. When they, too, are parents, they will imitate you. and each of you will have prepared happy generations, who will transmit, together with your memory, the worship of your wisdom.

DOMINION. NEW THE

PARIS LETTER.

[PROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Parisians have just celebrated another fete de l'intelligence, such being the name whimsically given to the reception of a member of the Academy; the inauguration of an im-mortel, in a word. Of late these ceremonies have not half the life of a charity sermon and its seventlys and lastlys; in the latter case one has generally the doxology or perhaps an anthem to look forward to as a sursum corda, or the tedium is varied by studying the nid, nid, noddings of heavy fathers and small boys. At the Academy no such thing is possible; the spectator must resist the proclivity for forty winks, as the young Spartan was expected to allow the fox to gnaw his legs, rather than betray the presence of such a curious "pocket companion." The fresh immortel—aged three score and ten on the present occasion was M. Dumas, chemist. He succeeds to the arm-chair rendered vacant by the death of M. Guizot. The new-comer acts the part of horn-blower for his predecessor, and the chairman fills the role of flapper for the departed and the accepted. Dumas pere, as he is dubbed, to distinguish him from Dumas fils, the cocatte dramatist, has been a distinguished chemist; he was also a "brilliant" senator of the Second Empire, as he had nothing to do but appear in his official dress, wearing all his decorations, to receive 30,000fr. a year, and to hold his tongue, save to utter a tres bien or a brave when M. Rouher asserted that the Mexican war was the most glorious event of the reign of Napoleon III., and that thanks to that monarch's vigilance nothing was wanting to take the field against Prussia in

There is a story told about Sir Walter

Scott, that on one occasion, when traveling in the Highlands, he had for mail-coach companion a man who was evidently graduating for a Trappist. Sir Walter, in order to draw him out, touched upon the weather, the state of the crops, fishing, and the prospects of the grouse season. The mar suddenly faced round like a stag at bay. "I know nothing about your weather or your crops, but take me on leather and I'm your man." He was a leather dealer. Now take M. Dumas on chemistry, and he is your man. But nothing was more pitiable than to see him dabbling and floundering in political theories, literary dissertations, and ethical philosophy. He has neither an imposing presence nor an expressive countenance, The reading of his discourse was as bad as its matter. He delivered from a splendid text—the Life of Guizot-a charity sermon that endured an hour and a half, devoid of gracefulness and precision, and a mere string of commonplaces. His Latin was on a par with the rest, and he certainly forgot his Virgil. Were it not for a poor swallow that had strayed under the glass dome and plaintively chirped to escape, it would have been impossible to sit out the oration. And when the bird got out how every one sighed with sympathy for the poet's wish, to have "Wings, wings, wings!" M. Dumas compared Guizot to Demosthenes and Cicero, and Washington to the duc de Broglie-father of the present failure, be it understood. Now Guizot was, as Royer-Collard defined him, "an austere intriguer;" his political programme was based on electoral corruption, and lay ing down as the first duty of man to put money in his purse, to get rich; his obstinacy and doctrinism cost Louis Phillippe his throne, and his last public act was to organize a schism in the Reformed Church. He killed Orleanism, and his disciples, de Broglie and Buffet, buried it, and without honors. His eloquence founded on pride and fed with contempt, produced a great effect at the moment, but are no longer readable. M. Tail landier, who, to employ a stage locution gave the reply " to M. Dumas, condemned the political faults of Guizot, and that the duc d'Aumale, who was present, must have mentally ratified. Dumas, it appears, discovered the application of chloroform to surgical operations; but why does he employ it pending "the proudest moment of his life -his Academic reception?

The French feel it is beyond their power to examine seriously the downfall of the Sultan. They have experienced so many dethronements of rulers themselves that they have become indifferent, as Goethe says we do, to pleasures oft repeated. They hope that Mourad V. has seized his uncle's strong box, and so be enabled to remember Ottoman creditors here; they further trust that he will keep his grand-aunt safe under lock and key, which is perhaps not altogether patriotic, as the Dowager-Sultana has French blood in her veins; her mother was related to the Empress Josephine, and belonged to an excellent French family of Martinique. Captured by a Salee Rover, the Bey of Alger presented the beautiful Creole to the Sultan, whom she, in course of time, also captured, by her wit and musical accomplishments being raised to the rank of Sultana. When an establishment is broken up, be it kingly or plebeian, effects, of course, come in time to the hammer. Bidel, who appears to be purveyor to all the menageries in France, has started for Stamboul to purchase the pick of the ex-Sultan's lions, tigers, and other pets, and Sara, of the Falies Bergères, has commissioned Bidel to engage the Circassian girls, at any cost, who formed the private band of musicians for the late Commander of the Faithful. Thus Barnum is Abdul-Azis gathered up riches, cut out. but he little suspected who was to spend Politically, the French admit England has

scored a great victory over Russia; she has defeated the Three Emperors, or rather one, for in that trinity Russia alone had an axe to grind. The Czar is hurled back for another score of years, and his prestige suffers. This testimony on the part of the French is the more significant, as they are philo-Russians to the extent of even forcing their love on the Tartars, who have never been famous for any leanings to liberty, equality, and fraternity. However, Number One is in the end more important than principles, and Frenchmen are in their hearts astonished and not sorry at the to be envied attitude of England, in alone entering the ring and preparing to strip. France properly desires to make all parties friends; may she have her reward, for blessed are the peace-makers.

However, an Armada of iron-clads and the determination to use them ought to convince even an Agapemone of Quakers that such powerfully contribute to the maintenance of

A journal which has just appeared, the Tribune, among other items of startling intel-

ligence, announces that in the year of grace 1900 all social questions will be solved to everybody's satisfaction; that, seeing the plight of Turkey, Italy intends taking Tunis from Mourad V., and that the United States contemplates a vigorous European

policy.
Skittishness in the official world is the chief gratuitous amusement of the moment; prefects and sub-prefects snub the Home Minister for promoting or changing them, and mayors abuse him for dismissing them. A minister's head ought to lie as uneasy as a king's. By and by functionarydom will be in applepie order, especially when the estimates shall have been voted, and the Gambetta amputations performed. The Bona-partists also amuse the circus, and split the ears of the groundlings. They are pious in the Chamber of Deputies, and Free Thinkers in the Senate; nothing like having two strings to your bow; the mouse that trusts to one poor hole is not a mouse of any soul. Young Bonapartism is inclined to rally, in the person of Raoul David and his tail, to Prince Napoleon, whose election for Ajaccio has been confirmed, less the two hands of Paul Cassagnac. The Prince incarnates his disapproval of the politics of the ex-Empress and M. Rouher, and not a few of the Imperialists agree with him.

Negotiations are being conducted with the view of nominating the Prince Napoleon a member of the Commission of the International Exhibition. He would be peculiarly qualified for that post, but political feeling forbids. Besides, the Commission will be recast in a few weeks, ostensibly to eliminate its Imperialist members. One of the most curious sights in the forth-coming exhibition will be a special department reserved for the skilled products of the New Caledonia Communists' industry. Perbaps by then the producers will be able to admire their exhibits, as pardons will be extended liberally to all who have given practical proofs of repentance and a resolve to lead a new life. The Commissioners are not allowing the grass to grow under their feet; they have cut up the dozen prize plans to prepare a definite design, which will be submitted in the course of a fortnight for the approval of the Deputies. The building will be a vast crossbar rectangle, with twenty longitudinal galleries, and as many crossings as the unity of nations may demand. The idea of a singlearch bridge over the Seine, connecting the sites, is given up; instead, a side-shoot will be added to the existing Jena bridge. The vast staircase of the Trocadero-the escalier des geants-will be reserved for a cascade in the centre of the music circle, so that spectators can really "listen to the waterfall. Niagara under glass is only a specimen of the mountains and marvels in store.

It is now six months ago since Mr. Robbins, of the 60th Rifles, accompanied by his lady and little daughter, entered a bus for for the Luxembourg. An old lady, a fellow-passenger, took fright at hearing them converse in an unknown tongue, varied with clippings from the French. She concluded they were pickpockets, and missing her purse at the same time, accused Lieutenant Robbins of robbery as quick as a Frenchman would pop the question to an angel after a three hours' acquaintance. The English were escorted to the police station to be searched; Mr. Robbins stripped as cheerfully as if contemplating being passed in re view by an Army Medical Board, or compet ing in an Olympian game; his wife and child were not so willing. Well, nothing was found; the British Embassy took the matter Well, nothing was up, an action was instituted, and the old dame was mulcted in the sum of 25fr. dam ages, and 400fr. costs. French courts never accord sweeping damages as would make one's hair stand on end; Mr. Robbins, to prove he loves France, ought to hand over these sums, say to one of the 96 charitable societies taken under the ægis of that pious ournal, the Figaro, doubling the amount as

a thank offering.

M. Thiers lately disappeared for three days; no reward was offered for his discovery, but the opposition journals hinted he was dying, and sought in a retreat the last rites of the Church. This has dreadfully annoyed the ex-President, who is as sensitive as a lady on the subject of lustres, and as all aged persons wish it to be understood their constitution is like Old Paris. M Thiers had shut himself up with a painter for his portrait, an engraving of which will be prefixed to his forthcoming work on philoso-

Victor Hugo has not a quiet life; since some journals assure him that politically he is a humbug, and ought to stick to grinding He, like the Sultan deposed, is re outed to be a miser, and in the commonest business of life writes in the "high falutin style; the wags state the greatest curiosity of the age is for sale—an autograph letter from Hugo to the wife or a transported Com-"Madame, be pleased to accept the munist: enclosed bank note for 100fr.; your necessi ties are greater than mine.

The Centennial influence has touched some good American souls who permanently reside in Paris; they remember that Lafayette lies in the Picpus Cemetery, in a plain greystone crypt, with sculptured crowns on the cor-Not a tree near this spot; in fact this aristocratic God's "half" acre is as bereft of vegetation as the play-ground of a charity school. It is in this spot have been interred the aristocrats guillotined during the Reign of Terror, and only the very flower of the Upper Ten have now the right to be buried there; or as a witty duchesse boasted, "" of being able to rot in good company." It is proposed to erect near Lafayette's tomb, not return Liberty-lighthouse, but a slab setting forth the best Independence Day compliment to the celebrated general.

It is not bad to see ourselves as others see us. A French critic is now in London doing the "spectacles," after which he will go to the United States. His first rush was to Madame Tussaud's, as pilgrims to Paris wend their way at once to the Jardin Mabille. The death-bed scene of Napoleon III, is remarkable from setting forth that the deceased's "career was without example in history;" on this point France is unanimous. The Prince Imperial is as plain-look ing as a well-known Parisian publicist, and the Empress is conversing with General Trochu, which accounts for the horror-stricken looks of Marshal Canrobert, and M. Thiers is represented as tall as Marshal Mac-At Covent Garden the distinguished foreigner was surprised at the smallness of the bouquets thrown by the ladies to Patti, and the largeness of the glasses held by these same ladies in taking their sodas. He was astonished to hear the spec-

of frenzy, but was informed that whistling constitutes the superlative degree of British

A leading chemist has been sadly tricked. A dashing lady called upon him, stated her son had a mania to purchase diamonds, and to present them to an actress. It was arranged that the young man and the doctor should have a friendly chat; the lady returned to the rue de la Paix, and prayed the jeweller's assistant to accompany her with 30,000fr. of diamonds; they drove to the doctor's; she was shown into one salon, to examine the stones, and the chemist smilingly invited the assistant into another, and paternally probed his weak points. He amazed the doctor by producing the bill, stated he was pressed for time, but would visit him in a few days if so desired. Both, on passing into the other salon, found the lady had decamped.

A strong agitation is on foot to prevent the whitewashing of houses on Sunday—which ought to be observed as a day of rest, it is argued.

The police arrested two Turkish students the other evening; they had quarrelled, not about the relative merits of the Sultans, but as to the virtue of Mdlle. Schneider. Commissary of the Police suggested that as Softas they ought to be friends, and dismissed them with the hint to invite that actress to supper.

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

The few days of warm weather, during the past week, has made those who are able to leave the hot close city look toward the mountains and the sea. Many remanent and temporary residents of Philadelphia are preparing to spend the summer at Atlantic city and Cape May. The famed Stockton House, the largest hotel on the Atlantic coast was opened at the latter place on Monday the 14th inst., and the preparation of all places of summer resort indicate that the propri etors expect patronage, in spite of the rivalry of Fairmont Park. The watering places will no doubt deplete the half-filled hotels of Philadelphia.

The temperature of a furnace, and exorbitant Philadelphia discomforts may be endured a day or two, for the desire to see the Exhibition is strong and wide spread, but the flesh is weak and the spirit becomes disgusted with from two to ten dollars per day for a single room, without board. This is the rate at the Hotel Aubry.

There is a steady but slew increase in the daily attendance at the Exposition. A large proportion of the visitors are from the country and surrounding towns. With wise provision they bring their satchels with them, and after they have filled the aching void above their shoulders with knowledge of the industries of the world, they sit down and fill the aching void below. Many visitors from the city also bring their luncheon with them, they have all heard of the charges of the Centennial restaurants.

The Turkish Cafe was opened last week. and having read when a boy about the excellence of the coffee, I ordered a cup, it was brought, without sugar or cream, in a tiny vessel that did not hold more than three tablespoonsful, but it contained more of the exhilarating essence than is found in a quart of the chicory and bean concoction that they serve at hotels. I called for a narghelia, and smoked under great dificulties. It was very hard to draw the smoke through the vase containing water, and afterwards through the long hose, but I enjoyed temporary distinction, those who came to see the cafe evidently considered my attempt to smoke with that strange apparatus one of the sights, and between my efforts to appear perfectly ac customed to the exercise, and to restrain laughter, I had pretty hard work. The charge for the coffee and the smoke was fifteen cents each. A Turkish girl gorgeously arrayed stands behind the counter, and waiters in Turkish costume bring you the pipes and coffee.

As a preface to a tour of the world nothing can be better than a visit to the Exposition. The exhibits do not pall, if the visitor were confined to only one exhibit he he would find in the excellence and perfection of the industrial display, subject for prolonged and interesting study. But the displays are almost innumerable and of infinite variety and contrast. In the main building the best industrial productions of the world are seen. In Machinery Hall the process of production may be seen, and, when the senses are wearied with sight seeing, the visitor can find groves with underwood that suggest the primeval forest in which Wm. Penn bought an empire for a few beads and blankets.

Down in a little valley, only a few rods from Machinery Hall and the Art Gallery, in a secluded place, there is a rude camp such as a hunter or miner would build of logs and thatch with brush in two hours, it is hung with trophies of the chase and trap, a restless unhappy little bear is chained to a tree in front of it, and a brook near by has been damned to represent a lake on which ride two Indian canoes. This exhibit is not much in itself, but when taken in contrast with the displays of high civilization all around, the effect is greatly enhanced.

The Russian exhibit promises to be interesting and unique. They are adding to it daily, both in Machinery Hall and the Main Building. There is a certain sameness in the displays of the maturer civilizations, as of France and England. But the Russian display will, I think, be characteristic and present artistic and industrial features that are in a certain sense original; at least this was the impresion made upon me from a hurried glance at the tables, clocks, and fireplaces of beautiful green malachite, and from her bronzes representing mounted Cossacks, and fur-clad natives in sleighs; but it is too early yet to write of this exhibit, it will be at least a week before the arrangement is complete.

The Austrian Art display is exciting much interest among connoisseurs and artists, it seems to be pretty generally conceded that one of the finest as well as the largest picture on exhibition is in the Austrian collection. The subject is Venice doing homage to Catherine Cornaro, the young ex-queen of the isle of Cyprus, who abdicated the throne upon the death of her husband, and made a free gift of her realm to the Venetian Republic This picture was painted by John Makart of Vienna, and contains forty life size figures. admirably grouped and distributed, on the piazza of Saint Mark, where Catherine Car-

tators whistle after cheering l'atti to a pitch | naro sits and receives with gracious regal composure the floral offering of the Venetian maidens, and the dignified hemage of the Venetian statesmen.

The most prominent picture in the American collection is Rothermel's battle of Gettvesburg, it is of immense size, occupying an entire side of the room in which it is exhibited, but the picture is not pleasing in ef fect. The despairing courage with which a handful of Confederate soldiers throw themselves against the entrenched position of su perior forces is very powerfully depicted. But the question may well be asked, why all this canvas of horrors cui bono. The representation of human agony of men dying from wounds and thirst, and covered with stream ing gore, is not the province of art. No pleasing or enobling emotion is excited, only horror and aversion. There is a long stride in art between the aggravated horrors of this bloody daub and the picture in the Austrian department appealing the calm incessant power to the purest emotions.

It has been arranged that the Fourth of July ceremonies shall take place in the square behind Independence Hall, and upon Chestnut street in front. There is but little space in Philadelphia for a grand pageant. The streets are narrow, and it is impossible for more than a tithe of the population to witness the parade. Large cities on an occasion like this, are always crowded with visitor who come to see the show but who never see it, all the available points of observation having been occupied by the resident popu-

lation for hours before.

There will be no field display of Agricultural Machinery as has been customary at former exhibitions, the judges having decided that no more accurate estimate of the comparative efficiency of a machine can be obtained in this way than by simple examination of the plow or reaper as it stands in Agricultural Hall. They will therefore recommend such machines as seem to combine most improvements, without competative

Excursion parties are constantly arriving, drops in the bucket, every little helps, but only on the Fourth of July will the attendance at the Exposition reach the figures that the more sanguine supposed a few weeks ago would be the daily average.

PHILADELHHIA, June 19th, 1876.

GENERAL.

THE law's delay. A case was recently deeided in England which first commenced in the year 1832. The amount originally in dispute was \$400,000. Nothing was left.

BRUSSELS has the largest refrigerator in the world. It is a large building whose double walls are filled with sawdust and moss. The building covers a surface of eighteen thousand square feet, and is divided into nine compartments of thirty thousand cubic feet each. It has galleries on which fifty thousand pound of meat can be placed, and there is room for one million tons of ice.

A TELEGRAM from Zanzibar was read recently in the House of Commons, announcing that the Sultan had agreed to abolish all land slave routes, to seize all slave-dealing caravans, to confiscate the slaves, and to imprison all slave-dealers. The news is almost oo good to be true. If such a pledge is car ried out, it will effect a resolution in the con dition of Central Africa.

THE Challenger has returned to Portsmouth after a voyage of three years and six months, with a very complete and valuable collection of specimens brought up by dredging. Some of these were brought up from a depth of 2. 450 fathoms off the coast of Ascension, and others from the still greater depth of 4,750 fathoms, or about five and one-half miles, in the Pacific during the run from Japan to the Society Islands. Among the other curiosities are sea-elephants from the Straits of Magel lan, a gigantic turtle from the Society Is lands, a collection of rare birds from Kergue len Land, a great number of exotics that have been transferred to the Botanical Gardens at Kew, and an infinite quantity of relics and oddities of savage or Oriental manufacture. But one life was lost during the cruise, which extended over 68,000 miles. The soundings taken will prove very serviceable to the cause of ocean telegraphy.

It is proposed to execute the work of tun nelling between England and France with the of the recently invented Brunton machine, and an apparatus which works after the fashion of an auger, and the debris excavated falls upon an endless band which carries it to the wagons in the rear. It is stated that by this means, a driftway, seven feet in diameter, can be advanced at the rate of about a vard and a quarter per hour, at which rate it would only require two years to pierce the channel through, a machine being worked at both sides. It seems that the statementheretofore made has been confirmed by repeated experiments, namely, that provided the chalk be solid, the water will not permeate it; and, taking everything into consider ation, it would appear that the only natural obstacles to the accomplishment of the work are existence of open, unfilled fissures - if any such there be-in the bed rock, reaching from the sea bottom to the depth of two hundred feet through the rock.

THE delicate cross hairs in the telescopes of surveying instruments are successfully made of fine webs taken from spiders of species that are specially selected for their production of an eloquent quality of this material. The spider when caught, is made to spin his thread by tossing him from hand to hand In case he is indisposed to furnish the article, the end is attached to a piece of wire, which is doubled into two parallel lengths, the distance apart exceeding a little the diameter of the instrument. As the spider hangs and descends from this, the web is wound upon it by turning the wire around. The coils are then gummed to the wire, and kept for use as required. It is a well-known fact that Boa, of Languedoc, succeeded in making a pair of gloves and a pair of stockings from the thread of a spider; they were very strong, and of a beautiful gray color. Other attempts of the same kind have been made ; but Reaumur, who was appointed by the Royal Academy to investigate the subject, stated that the web of the spider was not equal to that of the silk-worm, either in strength or lustre. The cocoons of the latter weigh from three to four grains, so that about twenty-three hundred worms would produce a pound of silk. On the other hand, the bags of the spider, when cleaned, do not weigh above the third part of a grain, so that a single silkworm can accomplish the work of twelve spiders.

THE NEWS.

THE Maple Leaf Base-ball Club, of Guelph, have entered for the tormament at Watertown, N. Y., next month.

An illicit malting and brewing establishment in Paisley, Ont., was broken up by In-

land Revenue officers on Thursday. THE wool market is very active, and the straight price paid for merchantable wool is 30c. per pound.

A MOTION will be brought up at the present sitting of the Montreal Diocesan Synod to memorialize the Imperial Government in the case of the Oka Indians.

A child, aged six months, of Mr. Lemay, Peterborough, was killed by falling out of bed, dying in a few minutes after the accident.

An inmate of the Ohio Penetentiary has had \$40,000 left him by his uncle. We shall hear of the guards taking a napshortly. At present there are 54 prisoners in the new gaol, 24 of whom are males and 30 fe-

males. Under sentence, 17 males and 26 females; insane and idiotic, 2 males and 4 females; waiting trial, 3 males. JOSEPH PILLON, the man who had his leg so badly crushed by a timber jam on the

Kippewa, some ten days ago, died on Friday from the effects of his injuries. He suffered very much. An outrage by a Moor is reported from

Feza, North Africa. He stabbed eleven Jews, among them a British subject and the son of an American vice consul in Morocco. The Moor was severely bastinadoed. THE alleged seducer of the girl Bailey, up-

on whose body an inquest is being held at Thorndale, has returned to London, and expresses his willingness to be called as a witness in the case. PREPARATIONS are already going on for

the rebuilding of the principle business places destroyed by the recent fire in St. John's, Que. As soon as the insurance claims havy been paid up, the work will proceed with energy. THREE boys, sons of Alex. Duame, were

returning to Cornwall in a wagon from the vlilage of Crysler on Monday evening, 12th inst., when the smallest, aged seven years, fell from the wagon, the wheel of which passed over his head, killing him instantly.

Another is added to the long list of casualties from the careless handling of fireams. A young married women, Mrs. Raymond Jackson, living near Bracebridge, died almost rustantly from the effects of a wound caused by the discharge of a gun in the hands of a young man who was standing near

Mr. JOHN WATKINS, Kingston, who died worth \$200,000, left \$35,000 to public institutions-\$12,000 to the Anglican Churches in that city, and \$23,000 to charities. He had willed his splendid residence to the Diocese of Outario for a bishop's residence, but canceled the clause on the removal of Bishop ewis to Ottawa, so it is lost.

PRESIDENT GRANT, in a message to Congress on Wednesday on the extradition question, announced that, Great Britain having the provisions of the Ashburton Treaty relating thereto, he should not without an expression of the wish of Congress, take any action either in making or granting requisitions for the surrender of fugitive criminals under the treaty, so long as the attitude of the British Government remained unchanged.

ABOUT two o'clock on Tuesday morning a he broke out in the mage of Carlisle, in the store occupied by Readhead & Son, general merchants. Very little of the stock was saved or of the furniture of the dwelling over the store. The exact loss is unknown, but it is fully covered by an insurance oi \$6,000. The fire is supposed to have originated in the tailor's shop in connection with the store, it being first discovered in that part of the building.

A FEW days ago, Mr. Thomas Simpson, of Foulbourn, after having finished rolling a field left the team and roller standing on the road while he closed up the gap. The team started. He made an effort to catch the lines, when the roller struck him, breaking one of his ribs and bruising him severely. His injuries are of such a nature that it is feared that it will be some time before he can recover. He finds it very difficult to even

THE Wesleyan Female College closed for the summer vacation on Tuesday evening last, and will re-open early in September. graduating class was larger this year than any previous one. A large number of the friends of the institution were present, and it seemed to be the universal opinion that the College was, under the able management of the Rev. S. D. Rice, reaching, if that were possible, a more lofty elevation than ever in the preparation and education of young ladies for the higher walks of life. We wish the Wesleyan Female College continued prosperity.

A FEW days ago a lady with a little child visited this city, and after staying a short time with friends went to the depot to go to Fergus. She took a wrong train and reached St. Catherines. Returning by the 11.35 train she took a cab to drive to Cannon street; but the cabman after an hour declared he could not find it, put the lady and child out, and demanded and received his fare. While trying to find her way the lady was attacked by three men and a woman, who tried to rob her; but her screams brought two gentlemen to her aid, and her assailants fled. No po ceman could be found.

A MEETING was held in the rooms of the oung Men's Christian Association Tuesday vening to consider the propriety of organzing a Friendly Society, having in view as its principal object, providing for the respecyet cheap burial of workingmen and their families who, while belonging to the Society, might die. Mr. D. B. Chisholm occupied the chair. Reports of the Newport Society, Isle of Wight, for the year 1874-5 and '76, showing a membership of 2,288 males and 2,815 females, or a total of 5,103, and that since the organization of the Society it had paid for the burial of 751 males and 552 females. A resolution was unanimously passed approving of the formation of such a society, and a committee was appointed to take the matter into consideration and report at a subsequent meeting to be called by THE TWO FACES

Beauty and I struck hands and swore We would be comrades vermore; For what, save her sweet smile, had worth On all the else thrice-weary earth? We passed together gladsome days
As fleet as fair, by sunny ways
soft shielded from the wind of sighs.
Through her serene unshadowed eyes
I saw alone, nor cared to see
Aught that she made not bright for me. Flower, fair face, or fancy wild,
All dreams of delicate delight
That come by day or love-lit night
To brooding passion's child,
Were my soul's chosen food. The tears
Of stately wees, the pictured fears

Of stately wees, the pictured fears
Of fate-confronted loveliness,
Strength's Titan throes, the tender stress.
Of Love, thorn-pierced smidst his roses,
Grief-burdened songs with silver closes;
All, touched by Beauty, yielded sweets,
Like sad-hued flowers when o'er them fleets
The fragrance-loosening breath of night.
So fared we twain, till, lo!
There fell an hour when Beauty's light
Centred in eves of matchless might.

There fell an hour when Boauty's light Centred in eyes of matchless might, Looked forth on me from lids of snow, When she who charm o'er all had thrown, Dwelt in those fathomless orbs alone, And drew my spirit like a flame To rapture, madness, sin and shame! Then Beauty fled. The rose no more Told me her haunt. By sea and shore I searched in vain her smile to meet, he vain raye ear to catch the sweet In vain gave ear to catch the sweet Low music of her falling feet, Whose charm had been my chosen dower, Ah me! I loathed that one rare flower Whose scent most made my pulses stir. For that it bare no voice from her, But ever with its heavy breath
Spake of false love, cold shame, and death
Turough a grey world, along with grief,
Aimless I fared as some sere leaf
By antumn's slow and sullen wind Swept helplessly; when, to ! a face, Wherein my vision found no trace Of my lost lady's mystic grace, Shaped itself slowly to my mind Like dawn from forth the shadows. Stern It looked—yet did my spirit yearn To search tuat secret which did seem To lurk within, like some lost dream Behind night's shrouding mist which Would pierce, but may not. Less forlorn That presence made me, till it drew, Like rose scent from the sullen rue Live from my lips. Then sudden light
Love from my lips. Then sudden light
Brake from those calm and conquering eyes.
A gleam of sweet and subtle might
Whereat my soul did rise
Renewed, joy-rapt; for I might see
Beauty, re-born, look forth and smile on me.

FAST TRAVELING

THREE MILES IN THIRTY SECONDS

[CONCLUDED.]

"'Such was a fragment of the maniac's disconnected and passionate rhapsody, while I stood petrified with horror and surprise, unable to move. I saw him crouch to make the dreadful spring, and suddenly I recovers ed my strength and presence of mind. Should he jump, 'twould be death for him and imminent peril for me, since the balloon, instantly lightened of one hundred and eighty pounds of ballast, would shoot upward out of my control. I closed with him in a fierce struggle. 'Twas a struggle for life and death. He seemed inspired with a giant's strength. Twice he had nearly strangled me with his fell grip. At last I got above him with my knee on his chest; but even then his panther-like strugglings and writhings compelled me to strike several savage blows, which temporarily stunned him. I then succeeded in binding the madman hand and foot, and rose, trembling like an aspen, from the desperate contest. There was but one thing to do, to land as soon as possible and get rid of my passenger; so I opened the valve and descended from a two miles' altitude. I made a vow then never to carry another traveler till I know something

about his antecedents.' "The aeronaut's story lent fuel to the fire that burnt within me, and the quick, fierce crave of nerve and brain forced me on to the eact of sublime folly which would dash me like thunderbolt, hot from heaven, through

the yawning air. "Do you ask me, was there no thought of wife and shild, the darlings of my home, who were waiting and praying for my safe return way down there a mile or two below, to calm my growing madness? Yes, I thought of them, but with a sort of melancholy impotence. They were for the time pale spectra, reproachful ghosts, too week to nght the demon instinct that literally made my hair bristle and my teeth chatter. Once reason had almost forced out the words to the unconscious Prof. W.... For the sake of God and mercy, hold and bind me too! Could I have caught his eye, I think the spell would have been broken; but just then he turned to examine the anemometer, an instrument used to gauge the force and

velocity of the wind, and remarked: 'We

are now sailing at the rate of eighty miles an

hour, a speed far surpassing the swiftest ex-

"To be a god, floating through this aerial ocean of rose, and purple; and crystal, by my own supernatural desires, cleaving swiftly those foaming billows of sunset glory that reared themselves like giant buttresses in the gateway of the west, bathing in the seining deep of cloud, across which the waning light poured floods of passionate flamesuch was the desirous hantasy that disfigured me, beauty drunk. Yet, could I hear distinctly the voice of reason booming out its tones, clear and solemn as the bells of a church clock, 'The dream is madness, death,

annihilation 'No avail the remonstrance; no avail the sweet distant images of home and love. The maniae's Loring's frenzy was upon me, inding fresh velocity to my longings. My brain swam; all my limbs and organs seemed transformed into immense wheels, revolving at inconceivable speed, and with the noise of low thunder. One more recall to earth and samty in the voice of Prof. W -, muffled as if coming from a great distance : 'The baro meter shows a height of fifteen thousand feet. In an instant I had sprung on the edge of the car, yelled out the sarcasm to its conductor, 'You cheated one madman out of his wish; the second one has baffled you,' and leaned into the air as one striking out into

the ocean surges! Mr. Jones stopped in his story, which he had shot out at times in quick, hard pants, as if overcome by a convulsion of feeling, and he were struggling to recover self-poise. It need not be said that we had listened to the recountal, whose tremendous denoument had been constantly foreshadowed, with deepest amazement. Incredible as it all seemed, his extreme carnestness, agitation, and even suffering, forbade its being understood as a joke, or an idle fiction devised to while away an hour. Ever Jack Randall, our laughing philosopher, who was vain to shoot a keenedged jest in every serious discussion, listened with staring eyes and parted lips, Nay! had he not said in the dead silence, | God of mercy, what a waking

which came of the narrator's pause, "Good God! you couldn't have been mad enough to leap from a height of fifteen thousand feet " Our guest was too much absorbed in his own reflections, the nature of which the faraway look and working features plainly indicated, to take in the drift of the query,

perhaps, for it passed unheeded. In a mo ment again he resumed the thread of his

strange confession; The mental ecstasy, on the top wave of which I had been floating, made my leap into mid-air a passage from the finite to the infinite. The soul at that moment had complete tyranny over the body and in my consciousness all the force of nature were reversed. While I was actually dashing toward the far distant earth earth at the initial speed of 16 feet per second, constantly augmenting in geometrical ratio, I seemed to be floating in equipoise, buoyed up an unknown power. My body had passed away, and left the soul a pure spiritual flame, which burned straight upward, and sought to plant its seat among the everlasting stars. Earthly memories faded out like the dreams of one who had returned to his strong, waking life. I had solved by one lightning master-stroke, with-out pain or difficulty, the enfranchisement of the soul from its coil of clay. Some subtle, new-born power, diffused through every part of my being, lifted me out of the active processes of life into a calm, mirror-like intelligence, in which the sense of being was perfect rapture, for it was perfect knowledge,

perfect content. 'The invisible air through which I moved clasped we in an embrace so elastic and sweet that the inner self, dilated to giant size, and purged to a miraculous refinement, reveled in a delight far beyond the wildest riot of the physical nerves. To be absorbed into the Godhead was no longer a fancy of the Brahmin mystics, but the living fact of which I was soon to be the participant.

"On and on I seemed to float through time and space which knew no end, for time and space had ceased for me to exist. The mysteries of the universe were beginning to uncover themselves, not as spoils snatched from an enemy's camp by a hard-earned victory, but as the joyous tribute lavished by proud and loving subjects. The stars in their courses danced in their flight, burning with an inexpressible splendor, and seemed to dip their flaming crests to me, a freshlyborn celestial. I would scale the very top most battlements of the sky, and circle the the farthest barriers of the unknown. I thought not, only felt; for thought and knowledge passed so swiftly into consciousness that they could not be measured. Bound less pleasures, but without the tincture of passion or excitement, buoyed and bathed me, for hearing and seeing and touch were become but a single power, strung to an infinite force. The soul needed now no intervention or scaffolding over which to

climb to its unearthly desire. "Onward and onward I cleft the ether in swift but unconscious passage, for I was steeped in passive ecstasy. Seconds, minutes, hours, years rolled on, for they were all

"Did I say there was no conception of time to mark my strange condition? Yes and no! Taking as a test the intensity of delight, though its calinness was unruffled, which swept through me in an unbroken wave, time had no limit. But at last there came a new experience. A hidden power of a cataract. It was as if all the music of the ocean-surges, of murmuring pines, and of rolling thunders, joined in a single tone. It was the stroke of a bell, infinitely sweet, solemn, deep, resounding through the universe, and making the stars themselees quiver. The awful music of that bell tolled

"It was potent as the voice of Nemesis, which, the ancients believed, ruled the gods themselves. Its magic sound transported me into a new realm of sensation. I was no longer the same, floating in serene and passionless ecstacy. The joy of motion thrilled me, and the wind of my speed dashed against me like ocean-spray. A giant cloud with flaming edges, and shot with all the hues of sunset, tossed me on its chariot seat and galloped through the skies. I was a warrior armed with lances of light and thunderbolts, for did not the mighty wheels mutter and crash as they rolled? Flames corruscated before my eyes, and took to themselves shapes that pierced the very arches of heaven in their mad play, sweeping the whole circuit of vision in such fantastic whirls as the eye of sense could never conceive. The now dimly seen starry height I had left seemed to have been my abode centuries since, and its faint reminiscences as vague and unsatisfying as the lines of a faded painting. Yet I knew that the bounds of existence had been pushed together by the melodious crash of that bell, swung by invisible hands.

'No longer a calm intelligence, to sweep through space by a mere volition, brooding in content deeper than air or ocean-I was become the slave of furious impulse, that drove me stormily through space a restless wanderer, like a star shot from its orbit, yet within a circuit which could not be passed. Swiftly the cloud which bore me rushed on, transfigured in varying shapes, each more weird and wonderful than the last; but, swiftly as it dashed over its celestial pathway, I, its driver and burden, knew that some irresistible edict controlled its speed. A vague prescience hinted of a shapeless doom beyond the purple mystery, which had saddled and harnessed its splendors for my service. Thrilled, but not disturbed, I sped on; for there was tierce joy in the race, and the winged winds were my coursers, my body-guards the bright shafts of sunset. Again the stroke of that bell boomed through the skies, this time with a harsher clangor

ONE TWO! 'All things shivered with the sound which, bearing against the distant worlds, reverberated in solemn echoes. The clouds bent and broke as if with dread at the summons, and fled from around me in crazy pame. A dim instinct warned me that the clock of fate was striking, and that its strokes, perhaps, were bidden by the hidden machinery of my own intellect, ticking off the fatal count with iron precision. That double knell had broken the embattled clouds into chaos and ruin. It was also piercing and scattering the illusions which and lapped me in sweet dreams centuries What was to come laughed in faint mockery through the dying echoes of the bell. What pitiless power thus doomed my soul to the conscious measurement of its

own drop, from bliss to despair, from a long

dream to the agony of waking? Waking?

though its onward march came with the tramp of God. Will should fight against doom, and stand proudly intrenched. Fiercey I had lought on battle-fields wet with blood of thousands; I would war now against

"Was that bot blood I tasted as it spouted between my teeth? Yes! it came from the sword-thrust of that German dragoon as he pierced my cheek with a savage lunge. One mighty stroke, good sword! Brave steel, how you shear through helmet and skull-bone, and bite into the very jaw ! Ha! gallant old man, that was worthy of you in your palmy days of youth and strength when you sabred Kabyles in Algeria. One more barbarian from over the Rhine sent across the Styx! Fiercely I drive over the battle-field with glittering squadrons of cuirassiers as we charge like lightning among the German ranks. Bodies are piled breasthigh, our own brave fellows among the rest. But what use the gallantry of despair? We are driven back in wild rout. The whole army is in retreat. Like hideous spectres they rush madly, tilling the earth and air, back toward Paris. One's very ears are deafened, and eyes blinded by this mad confusion. The enemy is close behind, and there is no time for rest. At last we are in Paris again, starving, skinny rats, shut in a trap, and the German fields grin and gibber at us from without. 'Courage, little Eugenie, thou hast but little to eat, and thy strength is daily worn out by tender care of the poor wounded Frenchmen; but thy adoring father and lover are with thee, and would die to shield thee from harm. Thy roses are gone, the dancing light of thy eyes faded out, but then thou shalt recover them again in the joy of love.' How quickly time flies in this doomed city! Days and weeks go by like minutes. 'Come, mon fils, let us go and see the savages open fire from their new Krupp battery?' Thus speaks M. Pelletier, spitting in disgust at the hated names, and we walk through the dusk. There they go, the monster shells, filling the air full of screaming death. Hark! the battery speaks,

three huge guns. ONE-TWO-THREE! "Can the artillery of earth make such a deafening crash? Tis rather the brazen gates of a vast tomb creaking with sepulchral thunder. No; the bell again, the triple stroke of the bell! Three? Do I not recollect 'three miles high?' Again I hear Prof. - speak in slow, measured tones, like

those of a schoolboy reading his task : "'It is a strange fact that light and heavy bodies fall with the same velocities. At the altitude of three miles, near which we are now floating, you would strike at the same moment as this little stone, that is, in a trifle more than thirty seconds. Five out of the thirty would probably be conscious ones. "Horror on horrors! I knew it fully

now. Some demoniae volition of my own had been tolling the bell of fate, counting the seconds off on the clock of consciousness, and pealing such mighty strokes as sent them shivering through all space. Plunging to an end so hideous and unparalleled, sell was ticking off its death-agonies like a faithful mathematical machine. Two seconds more, at least, I would be myself, before insensibility would come, and the walls of time would close together, crushing me into a quivering jelly—a shapeless horror.'

The lazy buzzing of the flies, as they droned and humandoon the window-panes, alone broke the death-like silence as Mr. Jones paused. He drank deep of the brandy and water, for the terrible memories which he had marshaled were fast beating down his self-control. Again he spoke in low and broken tones

There are some phases of suffering which may come to a man's life beyond the capacities of expression. Words, by very contact, get shriveled up into weak and worthless things. Such was my condition when my mind was startled into a full appreciation of the actual facts. I had done dreaming. I was condemned by an irresistible edict. I recollect that my logic reviewed all the circumstances of my suicidal act with as much cold precision as if solving an algebraic problem. Running parallel with this mental action, a speechless despair knawed me with its possoned tooth, and fancy bade memory unlock all the rich treasures of joy and pleasure that had made my married life felicitous. Far away they shone, gilded with infinite sweetness; beyond the impassable gulf, through whose black hall I was swiftly vanishing. Eugenie and her baby boy, core of my very heart, gone forever! Could I tear and torture myself by some ingenuity, as the Indian savage did his victim, revenging thus the soul on the body, it would be some slight comfort. But to be thus wound up in the coils of an iron fate, a helpless sacrifice! Sobs, sighs, groansthese were the outlet of a lesser misery. was pressed so close in my narrowing coffin, they could not come forth. I could already

hear the flesh grind and the bones crack. "'Eugenie, didst that speak to me? Yes! the same sweet vice and loving words with which thou didst put thy new-born son into my arms, a sacred tie to knit our hearts together in holier consecration-how the music floats far away like a silvery chime, that voice of paradise 'thy babe, sweet-

heart! ONE -TWO -TEREE -FOUR! · Faster and faster come the resounding crashes, the strokes bearing like sledge-hammers on the brain. Gell-can there be no escape? I am now in a black prison-chamber without a ray of 1 ght from without ! Yet I can see demon-faces, gibbering and grimacing, yelling with shricks of derisive laughter, piercing me with gibes and mocks of horrible blasphemy. Another second Another second would be the last of conscious life. down on some lonely road over which gathering dust threw sombre shadows, I could see a mystery so mon-trous as to defy curiosity—a foul, shapel ss blotch gnawing in the dust, pasting the earth with an odious

"Shuddering men go by and avoid the horror. The very birds and swine look askant, and fear to approach. Bone, flesh, blood, and brains churne i into "Swiftly stream the strokes of the bell. as if all the fiends were swinging at it in fu-

rious glee I writhe with the strength of despair. Could I but pray! One more vision of vanished happiness gleams athwart the faint and dying mem ry.
"My mother, on a holy Sabbath afternoon

reads from the good book a story of the gentle Jesus to her little by. The country laughs with the joy of soring and beauty, and through the window lattice is wafted the scent of apple blossoris. Bees and but-terflies sail in and out, porting amid the thought and a very suggestive one.

"Not ye; would I yield even to fate, vines and flowers. The loving fingers play with the child's curly hair brushing her lap, and the sweet voice goes on:
"'Then the devil taketh him up in the

holy city, and setteth him on the pinnacle of the temple.

"'And saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.

These blessed words sounded like angel music. All the expiring energies of the soul gathered in a last effort of supplication: "Christ Jesus, who didst resist all temptations, and didst die to save men, save a despairing wretch-save me! That giant struggle broke the fetters of fate, and succeeded in lifting the last two words of the prayer into a terrible outcry that rang loud and shrill.

"In the shining depths of the pier-glass an awful haggard apparation glared at mehair bleached to snow, wrinkles like trenches cut deep in the features, blood streaming from mouth and nostrils, the haunting look of the damned in the eyes and face, the figgure sheeted in its night-dress and shaking with a palsy! I was seated upright in bed, so dazed and crushed that I could not speak, scarcely think, much less recognize the spectre in the mirror for the strong man of yesterday, rioting in the pride of joy and youth. Where was I and what was it all? Wife bending over me, sobbing, moaning, praying with inarticulate sounds of love, and grief, and wonder. My baby-boy pressing his in

nocent cheek to mine.
"I was saved, indeed, but the scars of the agony were branded on me for life. Had the fearful dream lasted a moment longer, the life would have been crushed out of me as infallibly as if my body had actually spun through three miles of actual descent. We did not even smile at the simplicity

of Jack Randall's look and tone of disappoint ment as he said:

"It was all a mere dream, then?" "No!" replied our guest, solemnly, "not all. I had actually made the voyage safely with Prof. W——. The fantastic thought of falling from a height of three miles took such hold on my imagination that at night it shaped itself into a dream. The early part of the vision reproduced with minute fidelity what had occured prior to the conception of the weird fancy. The mind plays remarka-ble tricks in sleep, and it cut off the last half of the journey, replacing it with its horrid creation, without a logical break or flaw .-The facts as amended by sleep-inspired imagination have blotted out in my thoughts the commonplace of a safe return. The dream was the terrible and essential fact which crowds out from memory the nominal reality. That midnight experience was the most genuine thing in my life, and takes precedence of all other recollections as a living truth. 'Let us call things by their right names, and recognize reality in that which works the permanent effect. I fell from that height by every physical and metaphysical test as veritably as if my body had been hurled from a balloon.

Mr. Jones suddenly glanced at his watch and, with a forced smile, which showed how difficult it was for habitual cheerfulness to overcome the emotion incident to his story,

"By Jove! I'm late to keep a dinner at pointment. Do you walk up the street, Wanley? By-the-way, if any of you would like to see that posthumous article of M. Pelletier's, which was one motive of my as cent, you'll find it in the December number of the Magazine des Science, Paris. Au revoir gentlemen. - Appleton's Journal.

Xantippe.

It seems that the memory of this woman, like that of her renowned husband, is likely to be kept alive to the end of time. She is said to have possessed a very irritable temper, and her name has become a synonym of vixen," or "scold." It is more than pos sible, however, that the judgment passed up on her by mankind has been too severe. more charitable disposition would undoubt edly have discovered in her, many good qualities, and have attributed her failings more to physical infirmities than to moral obliquity. The party most intimately acquainted with her, and therefore best able to form a correct opinion, gives her credit for many domestic virtues. It is now well known that many of the diseases to which women are subject, have a direct tendency to render them irritable, peevish, cross, morose, unreasonable, so that they chafe and fret over all those little ills and annovances that a person in health would bear with composure. It is fair to infer that most of the tantrums of Xantippe were due to these causes alone and could Socrates, as he returned from the Senate, the Gymnasium, or the Atheneum, have stopped at Pestle and Mortar's Drug Store and carried home a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, now and then, no doubt he might have evaded many a "fourtain lecture," allayed many a " do mestic broil," made it much pleasanter for the children, and more enjoyable for himself, and rescued his wife's name from the unenviable, world-wide, and eternal notoriety it has attained. Thousands of women bless the day on which Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was first made known to them. A smgle bottle often gives delicate and suffering women more relief than months of treatment from their family physician. In all those derangements causing backache, dragging down sensations, nervous and general debil-ity, it is a sovereign remedy. Its soothing and healing properties render it of the utmost value to ladies suffering from internal fever, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration, and its strengthening effects tend to correct displacements of internal parts, the result of weakness of natural supports. It is sold by all druggists.

A Young man who resides in Ottomwa, Lowa, and who wears a set of store teeth. went to sleep while sitting in his chair a few days ago, and while sweetly sleeping and dreaming of love and other nice things, wag slowly removed his teeth and pawned them for all the softa-water the boys wanted to drink. There was music in the air when the toothless sleeper awoke, but he paid for the drinks like a little man.

Moody says he "never saw an intel-1 that wanted to live in a country where there were no Christians and no Bible" a happy

THE chief texile manufactures of India will be illustrated in a grand national work, to be published under the authority of the secretary of state for Indiv in council, by the reporter on the products of India. The price each copy of the complete work will be £150, which simply covers the outlay of the production. It will consist of 13 quar to volumes. 8 royal folio volumes, containing 240 lithographic and chromo-lithographic plates, and 30 glazed frames round a pillar some six feet in diameter for the exhibition of these plates.

NSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

IN THE COUNTY COURT PROVINCE OF ONTARIO, PROVINCE OF ONTARIO, OF THE COUNTY OF OUNTY OF WENTWORTH.

In the Matter of W. T. ECCLESTONE, an Insolvent

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS FILED IN THE Office of this Court a Deed of Composition and Discharge executed by his Creditors, and ON THURSDAY, THE THIRTEENTH

DAY OF JULY NEXT, ne will apply to the Judge of the said Court for a onfirmation of the discharge thereby effected.

Dated at the City of Hamilton this 1st day of June, A.D. 1876.

R. R. WADDELL, Attorney for the Insolvent ad litem

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JUNE.

Why should I care to count the time? I know the moments flee too fast; I know the day has seen its prime, And I shall lose it in the past.

What if the whole of happy June
Is full of just such days of bliss?
I would not have them come too soo
I would not lose an hour of this!

The world has made me laugh—and weep; And dreams have been its only boon, I'd give the world away to keep The gold of this one afternoon.

To lose all memory and all care. And lie forever at my ease, Fanned by a faintly-scented air Wandering across such fields as these

Than buttercups and columbine; Nursed by the days that came before, And happy if the sun but shine;

To be as wealthy as the grass,
Gay as you brook (and know not why),
Idle as those white clouds that pass
Across the quiet of the sky. Why should I care to count the hours?
Too fast, too fast, they glide away;
Too soon to-morrow will be ours,

Fade, phantoms of the busy year!
June days shall be my providence.
Pass by me, thought! and leave me here
In the charmed region of the sense.

And we shall call this yesterday.

The Icy Sea.

The London (England) Daily Telegraph

has the following speculations as to the whereabouts of the English exploring party in the Arctic region; it says:—When the two vessels were last seen open water lay before them, and they were bearing straight up northward for Prudhoe Land and Cape Isabella. The season was in all respects eminently favorable, and there was every reason for hoping that a very high latitude would be reached. Unfortunately, as the recent voyage of the Pandora abundantly demonstrates, there is nothing more treacherous than Arctic seas and Arctic skies. In the morning there may be a fresh rolling sea, without a glint of ice, and a watery sky stretching round the whole circle of the horizon. By the afternoon the wind will spring up, great floes will drift steadily in, and before night the vessel will be hopelessly beset. It is consequently possible that the Alert may have been stopped at Cape Barow, in latitude eighty degrees, or even as far south as Cape Isabella and Cadogan Inlet. On the other hand, when we remember how Hall, in the little *Polaris*, a mere river steamer of small power and ill adapted for ice navigation, with a company, all told, of thirty men, women and children, including eight Esquimaux, steamed up Smith sound and Kennedy channel in one working season, a distance of 250 miles, we cannot but venture to hope that Capt. Nares may have been able to push the Alert through the hitherto unexplored waters of Lincoln Sea up to the shadowy and far off President's Land, or even, it may be, to the eighty-fifth parallel. The Polaris, without the slighest let or hindrance, reached as high a latitude as 82 deg. 16 min. north, and at this point saw northward of her a navigable sea with a watery sky. She was a mere wooden gunboat of 387 tons, and had been in no way strengthened or specially fitted out for her work; while the Alert was originally a powerful vessel of 1,045 tons, and has been overhauled and fortified for her encounter with ice, and furnished with new and powerful engines and boilers. We know from Mr. Lamont's experience how a steamer, if her bows are properly ironed for the work, can charge and crush her way through ice which would hopelessly stop the progress of another vessel, and there is consequently some reason for believing that the sledging party, which must now be well on its way, has possibly not got more than four, or at the outside five degrees to cover before it reaches that extreme apex of the earth which is, to use Mr. Markham's words. "a spot where the sun's altitude is equal to its declination, and where bearings have to be taken by reference to time and not to the magnet," but which yet is the Ultima Thule of all Arctic discovery and the express goal of the present expedition. Remembering the achievement of Parry in 1827, when he left his vessel on the Spitzbergen coast and made his way over the great polar pack as far as eighty-two degrees forty-minutes north, we can see no cause to despair of the success of the sledging parties which at this moment should be pressing northward. Parry, it may be recollected, found that the vast sea of ice over which he was travelling drifted to the south faster than the sledges were able to move towards the north. He travelled, as far as actual distance went, 172 miles from his vessel, but near the end of his journey perceived that he was losing more by the southerly movement than he was gaining by the day's work. To this difficulty the present sledge company are not likely to be exposed. In all probability the ice between Lincoln Sea and the Pole is no portion of the polar pack, and its southward drift, even if perceptible, will not

Look Out, Young Man.

prove a serious hindrance.

When it is said of a youth, "He drinks, and it can be proven, what store wants him for a clerk? What church wants him for a member? Who will trust him? What dying man will appoint him his executor? He may have been forty years in builing up his reputation-it goes down. Letters of recommendation, the backing of business firms, a a brilliant ancestry, cannot save him. The world shies off. Why? It is whispered all through the community, "He drinks! He drinks!" That blasts him. When a young man loses his reputation for sobriety, he might as well be at the bottom of the sea. There are young men who have their good name as their only capital. Your father has started you out to city life. He could only give you an education. He gave you no means. He started you, however, under Christian influences. You have come to the city. You are now achieving your own fortune, under God, by your own right arm. Now, look out, young man, that there is no doubt of your sobriety. Do not create any suspicion by going in and out of liquor establishments, or by any odor of your breath, glare of your eyes, or by an unnatural flush of your cheek. You cannot afford to do it, for your good name is your only capital, and when that is blasted, all is gone forever.

The Increasing Ravages of Lightning.

That the destruction of barns and other buildings by lightning is of more frequent occurrence than formerly mast be apparent to all who read the newspapers. Scarcely a day passes during the season of thunder-storms but that from one to six or more accidents by lightning are chronicled. But a few days since the Globe gave an account of five barns and their contents being destroyed

by lightning during one thunder-storm, and within a small radius of country.

This increasing frequency of lightning strokes is the natural result of clearing up and improving the country. The cultivation of che soil facilitates evaporation, causing it to proceed more rapidly, by which means a greater amount of electricity as well as vapor is carried into the atmosphere. The lowering of streams is accounted for on the same principle. The electricity, like the vapor, when condensed, will again fall to the earth, but as the air presents very great resistance to it, it seeks out easier paths. Trees, buildings, and other objects rising above the earth into the air furnish paths for its return. As the country is cleared these paths for the meturn of the electricity to the earth are diminished, while the number of buildings are multiplied. Barns are the most frequently selected by the electricity, from the fact that the decomposition of matter accumulated about them, as well as the sweating of their contents produces gases, which, ascending into the air, invites the lightning by furnishing it a path of less resistance than the air. The building, however, being but a very poor conductor presents such resistance to the passage of the electricity that violence usually ensues, and the building is either

shattered or set on fire. It is now a well-estblished fact, that metal only furnishes a path of slight resistance as to admit of the passage of electricity with its wonderful velocity without creating injurious violence. Copper Conductors of suitable size are now pronounced by the best authorities, the surest safeguards against damage by lightning. And where they are properly applied it is considered that they obviate all danger from the lightning stroke.

It has been shown by Professor Whenstone that electricity moves along a copper wire one-twelfth of an inch in diameter at the rate of 286,000 miles in a second of time a velocity greater even than that of light. -Philosophical Transactions, 1834. Messrs. Fizeau and Gounelle give 62,700 miles per second as the velocity on an iron wire onefifth of an inch in diameter. — Tomlinson,

Cure for Croup.

A Kansas lady gives the following cure for croup, which she vouches for as reliable. She has had much experience with a child always troubled with croup-has tried hive syrup, goose grease and scores of other re-medies, and finds the following better than

Take of honey one teaspoonful, pulverized alum one half teaspoonful, and one half the white of an egg. Beaf all to a cream, and give one-fourth teaspoonful. This will be enough to give relief if taken as soon as the first symptoms of croup appear, which is a realized only by those who have heard it, and have watched night after night with a child sick with the croup. If it has become necessary to vomit the hild, give one teaspoonful, and if the case be a stubt orn one, repeat the dose in half an hour. In an extreme case, when the remedy has not been applied soon enough to cover the throat and ungs well, grease it with lard and wet it with camphor, then warm it and apply. This will relieve the hoarse breathing in very few moments. If given in time, no outward application will be necessary.

It Takes a Female.

Of course, any great slummux of a man can push a lawn-mower up and down and around, and he can nibble off the grass after a fashion, but when it comes down to artistic work pass the mower over to a young lady. At noon yesterday a lady of eighteen put a mower at work on a strip of grass on Main street, and before she was half through over thirty men and boys were leaning against the fence and applauding. The first few feet were cut on the bias, leaving a strip along the curbstone as a fringe. On the other side of the walk she started out to tuck and ruffle, but inally cut most of the grass on the gore and inished up with a deep flounce along the street. Over by the fence she hemmed up a harrow strip, bound it around with a clean ut, and then performed some of the nicest plaiting ever seen, leaving enough tall grass long the fence-board to serve as an overskirt to the lawn. The boys thought there ought o be more padding around the horse-block, but she was busy falling over the handle of the mower just then and limped into the louss without taking any of their advice.



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ESAWNINGS, ST PLAIN AND STRIPED CANVAS AWNINGS

AND TENTS. 1 05 JAS, ST. NORTH, HAMILTON, ONT it should be brief; if rengthy it will steep our nearts in apartry, our eyes in sleep; The dull will yawn, the chapel-lounger doze, Attention dag, and memory's portals close.

It should be warm, a fiving altar coal.
To melt the rey heart, and charm the soul;
A sapless, dull harangue, however read,
Will never rouse the soul, nor raise the dead.

It should be simple, practical, and clear No fine-spun theory, to please the ear; No curious lay to tickle lettered prige, And leave the poor and plain unedified.

It should be manly, just and rational, Wisely conceived and well-expressed with Not suffed with silly notions, apt to stain A sweed desk, and show a muddy brain.

It should be mixed with many an ardent pra-To reach the heart, and fix and fasten there: When God and man are mutually addressed God grants a blessing, man is truly blessed

STYLES OF THE SEASON.

SUMMER FABRICS.

The cabinets and counters of modistes show-rooms displays new and dainty fabrics for midsummer dresses First among these is grass linen, as fine as a web, thin, wiry, and barred in the fashionable "Mexicaine patterns. This comes in ècru tints, and is to made up over silk brown, navy blue, dark green, or black. Next this is ivorytinted batiste in double fold, like India muslins, and at fine as linen cambric. More striking than this is the brocaded batiste in figured stripes, or else the whole surface covered with arabesque figures. This is shown in the stylish blue-gray, in brown, cream, and French gray; there are also checked and plaided batistes, and in all fabrics the basket and Mexicaine designs are repeated. These batistes are to be made up over silk, and it is said they may be washed and all their present beauty and freshness restored.

A new trimming for these fine materials, and also for light silks, is made of creamcolered net, large meshed, ornamented with applique figures of plaid or checked linen intquaint arabesques, crescents, and scallops with the edges finished in button-hole stitch done in brilliant colors of silk, such as cardinal red with navy blue or green. This trimming is similar to the pretty cretone-work described last week. There are new basket-figured batistes and armure patterns brought out in dress lengths, with stripes for flounces wrought in the new applique-work; thus a gray amure batiste has its flounces edged with blue plaid or check-probably taken from the fine Oxford ginglams—and button-holed with poppy red; these flounces are made up in scant gathers to alternate with side pleatings of the plain batiste.

Still another novelty for over dresses is ceru canvas and guipure. This consists of ceru canvas two inches wide, alter-sides and back are trimmed with festoons nating with rich and heavy guipure insertion of the same width. The canvas is woven with selvedges on purpose to be sewed to the insertion. This fabric is made into polonaises, trimmed with ceru guipure lace, and worn over silk,

NEW CENTENNIAL SILKS.

The Lyons factories have sent over what they call "Soie Centennial"-new and beautiful silks of the patriotic tricolor, yet so delicately tinted and so graceful in design as to be inconspicuous; and young ladies are having afternoon dresses made of them for this Centennial summer at the watering places. Some of these silks have ivory or cream white grounds, with penciled stripes of blue or rose, while others have pale blue grounds irregularly striped with rose and cream color.

Another distinguished-looking fabric is the new chene matelasse silk in quaintly chened shades of gray and brown, with figures raised, as in matelasse stuffs. The chene silk forms the over dress, with sleeves and lower skirt of pl in gros grain or velvet. It is also made up with revers of contrasting color, as gray chene with green, and brown

New foulard silks are of dark solid color, woven in basket, amure, and Mexicaine designs. The stylish dark myrtle green is a favorite shade for foulard dresses; also slate blue, tea-color, and leaf brown. One ele gant dress of myrtle green basket foulard has the round waist that modistes are reviving, with a silk vest set in - not sewed onover which square bars of the foulard piped with lighter green are buttoned. The back of this round waist has no seam down the middle, and the side bodies are broad, and begin in the arm-holes. The front and sides of the skirt are covered by four evers aprons, with the edge of each piped with pale green, turned upward to show the silk lining of the revers, and laced down the middle with a silk ribbon finished on the ends with tassels. That part of the skirt that shows around the bottom is covered by two straight flounces of the foulard merely hemmed, and laid in clusters of side pleats separated by a wide pleat between each cluster -a fashion much in favor for skirt trimming. This is one of the most tasteful dresses of the season.

GRENADINE.

Brocaded grenadine trimmed with thread lace is the fashionable choice in black grenadine dresses. If a velvet lower skirt is used instead of silk, the grenadine has a brocaded or an amure stripe alternating with a broad stripe of velvet. The arabesque brocades are most liked with the figures thicker than the amure or lace-like ground on which they are woven. French lace is used for trimming such dresses even by the most fastidious, yet ladies who have fine black thread laces have an opportunity now for using them. The design of such dresses is usually a basque, with an overskirt of the grenadine draped on the lower silk skirt, to which the flounces are attached. This draping take the form of scarf aprons on the front in diagonal or else lapped tobliers, and nearly always differs on the sides. The long pocket is sel dom omitted. A light quality of taffeta silk is used for the lower skirt, which is merely a foundation, and is covered by the overskirt drapery, lace, and flounces, that are partly gros grain. There are also graceful polonaise of grenadine, trimmed with jabots of lace; for instance, the polonaise is velvetstriped grenadine, the lace cascades are of thread, with loops of velvet in the curves, and the skirt is of black velvet. For the races and for showy watering-

place toilettes white grenadine is made up to wear over black velvet, and tummed with gold braid which was so ladly reserved at his "neighter than the pen," or pence in this which is at this moment established in the first, but which is gradually coming into he | case

vor. The iron-frame grenadine is used for this; the over dress is a polonaise, trimmed with loops of black velvet and gold braid; the lower skirt is of velvet, was a flounce in clustered pleats; the bonnet is of ivory chip, trimmed with ostrich feathers, black velvet, and a single gilt ornament; the large parasol is black silk, with white lace border,

white lining, and ivory handle. For the plain serviceable black grenadines that are made at home, the Mexicaine checks and larger plaids are chosen. The basque has a silk lining throughout, and the merely piped on the edges. Its front buttons in straps across a silk vest, or else it has a shield front of silk corded on the edges, and finished with a row of small buttons on each side, or else French lace slightly full is place ed down the fronts to outline a vest. silk shield front is used, the coat sleeves are also of silk, with cuff or pleating of grena-dine tied around with a band of gros grain ribbon. The over-skirt of grenadint is deep and round, edged with a cluster of pleating of the grenadine, or fringe, or lace; it may be draped slightly different on the sides, and one side ornamented with a pocket. Many folds or wrinkles across the front and to the style of these grenadine aprons, or else the apron must be trimmed across or diagonally to relieve its plainness. Very little of the lower skirt is visible, and that is covered by cluster pleatings of the grenadine, or, if the skirt is to serve with other suits, with silk pleatings. One stylish way of trimming a grenadine skirt is first to put around the botstraight knife pleating three inches deep of prenadine; above this, and four times its depth, is a straight grenadine flounce divided in three parts—the first forms an erect heading, the second is a puff caught half-way down the flounce, and the third is a frill, and all three are in clustered pleats, three knife pleats in each, placed three

inches apart. Among very handsome dresses are myrtle green grenadines, trimmed lightly with gold or with silver braid. These are used for visiting toilettes, for day werdlings, for driving, and will also appear at the wateringplaces. There are also polonaise of creamcolored armure gaenadines to be worn over akirts of navy blue silks, and cream-colored damascene silk over dresses, with skirts of

WATERING-PLACE TOILETTES. A beautiful dress to be worn at a luncheon party at a watering-place is of pale blue silk with a silver lustre, trimmed with the new cream-colored garniture, that is partly embroidery and partly lace, the face being cream-tinted Valenciennes set in blocks, crescents and medallions. The waist is round with a broad belt, the neck is square, and the are half sleeves filled in with lace and and flounces of cream-color.

White organdy muslins will also be worn to these day parties; they are nearly covered with embroidered flounces and lace, and have pale-tinted ribbons in loops, bows, and hanging in long pendants on each side knotted at intervals in Franciscan style. One such dress has a basque and single skirt.-The basque has rows of embroidered insertion set in down the back and front -- three behind and four before—edged with narrow Valencennes, while a jabot of lace is down the middle of the front. The skirt has embroidered flounces curving narrower in front and widened in the trained back, while between these are frills of Valenciennes lace. The pendant Franciscan ribbons are of blue, and there are long loops of blue at the back and front of the neck and on the

wrists. For evening dresses of damask silk, lace and tulle are floral fringes of flowers never used in this way before. Thus there is a fringe half a yard deep of crimson fuchsias, the flowers suspended by long stems with their bells downward; another is a moss rose bud fringe with green leaves thickly clustered across the top, and mossy buds nearly blown hanging from flexible stems. There are also fringes of scarlet poppies alternating with black poppies, worn with pale blue silk. The daisy fringe is not new, but is pretty for young ladies. Red berries are mixed with mignotte, and there are many water plants and grasses.

black kid belts, with aumoniere bags mounted with silver or with cut steel are worn by Parisiennes. The monogram of the wearer is on the bag, and the clasps and oints of the belt are finely carved.

Strawberries and cherries with bronzed oliage are fashionable garniture for straw hats. Black rough straw bonnets trimmed with navy blue ribbon and scarlet poppies are distinguished-looking.

Young ladies and misses are wearing blouse or surplice waists belted and some times lapped in front. Misses wear deep sailor collars of the material. Such aresses are pretty made of the checked Scotch. Oxford, and Madras ginghams, trimmed with white Hamburg-work or with Smyrna lace. Harper's Bazar.

Happiness.

The idea has been transmitted from generation to generation, that happiness is one large and beautiful precious stone, a single gem so rare that all search after it is vain, all effort for it hopeless. It is not so. Happiness is a Mosaic composed of many small stones. Each taken apart and viewed singly, may be of little value, but when all are grouped together, and judiciously combined and set, they form a pleasing and graceful whole—a costly jewel. Trample not under foot, then, the little pleasures which a gracious providence scatters in the daily path, and which, in eager search after some great and exciting joy, we are so apt to overlook.
Why should we always keep our eyes fixed on the bright, distant horizon, while there are so many lovely roses in the garden in which we are permitted to walk? The very ardor of our chase after happiness, may be the reason that she so often e des our grasp We pantingly strain after her when she has been graciously brought nigh unto us.

Mr. Milliais, who is now on the topmost billow of success among the artists of Great Britian, is building for himself in London a new house, to cost \$150,000. Not any hard times worth speaking of there. The pencil PERSONAL.

GEORGE ELIOT will receive \$80,000 from the sale of "Inniel Deronda." And this reminds us that the pen of Bessie Turner has too long been lent.

THE London World announces that Capt. Curnaby, the central Asian lion of the London salons, is about to start for Africa in quset of Mr. Stanley, who has not been heard of for over a year

It is reported that Edwin Booth has sent \$500 to help build a monument to Shakspeare. Well, we should think he might. He has made over seven times that amount of money out of the old man.

A WATERTOW'S girl addresses Mrs. A. T. Stewart as aunty, and tells how sorry she is about her poor d ad uncle. About \$10,000 will do for her, and she tells which of the Watertown banks are the safest.

THE search for Charley Ross has been renewed with fresh zeal by the New York police in consequence of certain discoveries as to the relations of Douglass and Mosher, the kidnappers, with other scoundrels not heretofore suspected. The father of the lost boy is assisting the detectives.

A CHEERY party by the name of Johnson proposes to condense Dickens' novels by rewriting them and cutting out those parts which he—the cheeky party named Johnson -thinks are not worth reading. We move to amend by condensing the cheeky party

THE Rev. Mr. Milburn, we are glad to hear, has been most cordially received by the literary people of London. Late English papers mention that the Rev. Norman Frederick M'Neile has been appointed a curate in the Established Bhurch. He is entirely blind, and reads the service from a prayer-book printed with raised letters, and his reading is said to be very effective.

Mr. DISRAELI has done another graceful act in granting to Mrs. Tregelles, widow of the late Rev. Prideaux Tregelles, the eminent Greek scholar, a pension of \$500 in recognition of Dr. Tregelles great services in connection with Biblical translation. The memorial asking that this might be done was signed by twenty-six prelates and many other dignitaries. Mr. Disraeli has also continued to Mrs. Wesley the pension of \$500 per annum granted to the late Dr. Wesley in consideration of his service to musical art.

Sir BARTLE FRERE gives unqualified testimony to the success of missions in India from his observations during his tour with the Prince of Walss. Wherever he went, he says, there were communities of Christians grown up under the ægis of the British Endpire, and the power of the gospel was most marked where it had been least associated with "temporal power." The men who had been engaged in effecting what seemed to him an enormous revolution in the opinions of those about them were unconscious of what they had done, and were "always striving at something higher and better and more complete."

THE visitor to the British Museum m now see, in passing through the king's library, among other curiosities a copy of the indulgence issued by Pope Leo X. for the rebuilding of St. Peter's at Rome. This indulgence was issued and printed in 1517, under the direction of Albert, Archbishop of Mentz and Magdeburg, and it was sold by John Tetzel and Bernardinus Samson as subcommissaries. The manner in which Tetzel carried on the traffic led, everybody, knows, to the remonstrances of Luther and the Reformation. This document, printed on vellum and on a single sheet, was purchased for the Museum last October. It is now placed close to the original printed copy of the ninety-five theses against indulgences and other papal practices posted by Luther on the doors of the church of Wittenberg on the 31st of October, 1517.

Mr. Douglas, an English settler at Cape Colony, has opened a new fountain of income in developing the possibilities of the ostrich. Eight years ago he commenced experiments with, six ostriches. He has now about three hundred, having sold eighty-five. Each bird eats about twenty pounds of vegetable matter per day, and the net profit from the sale of birds and feathers is stated at \$126,000 in the last four years. The birds are hatched by artificial process, which requires ten days. The work of raising ostriches for their feathers has also been tried in California.

In the May number of Blackwood is a caustic article on British "society," from which we quote the following "personal," which describes in rather glowing terms the present Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India, and his wife, nee Villiers, niece of the fourth Earl of Clarendon: "Look carefully at this rare Englishman, and watch him. Mark the unassuming simplicity, the delicate tenderness, the overflow of interest and care for others, the deep, harmonious tide of words, the flashing of perpetually renewed ideas, the unconscious pouring out of knowledge, the grace of bearing, the ease of movement, the lordly homage to the women round, the blending of grand manner, softness, intellect, and worldly wisdom. Mark that and study it, for it is of such unwonted attributes as these that true society is composed. And the perfect Englishwoman, the pure splendor of the femenine ideal, with all the winning beauties of which its very highest realizations are susceptible—we still can find her. We still can watch, if fortune favors us, the union of extreme aristocracy of form and tone, of all the imposing loveliness of the most majestic English type, of all the innate nobleness of attitude and motion, of all the sovereign grandeurs, with all the child-like naturalness which indifference to self can alone produce. We still can see the gentle but eager sweetness, the ever-present sentiment of dignity and duty, the utter ignorance of frivolity and sham, the keen, absorbing sentiment of art, the glittering handling of varied talk, the fond devotion of the mother and the wife, the thousand exalted qualities which make up the true woman, as woman ought to be when she stands forward as an example for society. We still can find all this; it does exist. There are assuredly women among us who possess it: there are most truly men who have looked upon it, and who have thanked the fates for permitting them to reverently gaze. But not often. And to the question, 'Where?' itanay be answed in a certain wandering home foremost place in India.

ALL SORTS.

VISITORS that always come on foot Corns. The market reports speak of the tendency of all provisions as "downward." What more natural?

THEY'VE got a singing doll at the Centennial. She hums "I'm sawdust when I sing." THE latest case of being stage-struck is where a young man was run into by an omnibus.

Don't swap with yer relashuns unless ye ken afford to give them the big end of the

EVFRY man can make himself useful in this world, if only by holding a sunshade over a young lady who is playing frequet.

JOKEING (says Josh Billings) if a risky bizziess; just for the sake of a sesond klass joke, menny a man has lost a fust klass friend

A MAN being asked, as he lay sunning himself on the grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied, "To marry a rich widow with a bad cough,

An Essex farmer is obliged to chalk his nose every time he takes a walk around the farm, to save himself from an old bull which has a strong antipathy to red.

"What causes so many conflagrations?" asks a Cleveland paper. Shouldn't wonder if fire had something to do with it. Possibly a good fire risk in some instances. THE Norristown Herald is not a hundred

miles out of the way when it asserts that if a man wishes a letter to remain private he should burn it about test minutes before mailing it.

It is claimed that a true lady never loses her temper. We never knew of one being really out of temper, though since the present style of dress came in we have seen them considerably ruffled.

THE latest device of the circulators of advertising cards is to place them in envelopes inscribed: "To the lady of the house—for your life do not open this before eight minutes past eight to-night."

"Mamma," asked a precocious youngster at the tea-table the other evening, after a long and yearning gaze toward a plate of doughnuts, "mamma, do you think I could stand another of those fried holes?" She thought he could,

A LITTLE boy, a few days since, while coming down stairs was cautioned by his mother not to lose his balance. His question which followed was a puzzler: "Mother, if I should lose my balance, where would it go

A JESTER in the court of Francis I. com plained that a great lord threatened to murder him if he did not cease joking about him.
"If he does so," said the king, "I will hang him five minutes after." "I wish your Ma jesty would hang him five minutes before,

replied the jester. A SCOTCH minister recently toly his heighbor that he spoke two hours and a half the Sunday previous. "Why, minister, were Sunday previous. Why, minister, were you not tired to death!" asked the neighbor "Aw nae," said he, "I was as fresh as a rose; but it would have done your heart

good to see how tired the congregation was. You can buy a cane fish-pole for twentyfive cents, and catch just as many fish with it as you can with a jointed one that costs seventeen dollars, but you can't take it apart and slip it under your coat when you go fishing Sundays as you can one that's in sections, and a religious outside appearance is worth \$16 75 to most men.

"Isn't your bill awfully steep?" inquired a spendthrift of his tailor. "You ought to know best, for it was run up by you," was the cool reply.

CHATS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

O. P. Q.-Either. The right is generally

Theo, —The "adoption" of a child does not give the child lineal rights. If the adopting party chooses to make a will, he or she can be queath property to the child; but, in default ef such will, the blood relations come into possession. M. P. L.—The lines you allude to are to

be found in the comedy of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," act 3, scene 4, but you do not quote correctly. They are as follows: °O, what a world of vile, ill-favored faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year

G. E. L. - We should advise you to give no further thought to the young lady, as she seems to be too easily vexed at what appears to be a justifiable act on your part. We give this advice from your statement, and without knowing if you have or have not given any further cause for her capricipathous the statement of t

Esau. - Beard was given to man for wise protects the lungs, mouth, and nostrils from dus which it collects, it should be often and thoroughly washed. It is said by many that shaving the fac injurionsly affects the eyesight.

P. E. A. " Please inform me what would the work for a junior book-keeper in a wlole sale store, hardware or grocery? —Copy letters and statements, index letter and statement books file letters and invoices, check invoices, and her haps post Sales, Journal, and Cash Books if ompetent to do it. Besides these there would be better the statement of the second of the s other work for an assistant peculiar to each offe

H. Y. Of forty-five Roman emperors who reigned from the time of Julius Cæsar (44 B C.), down to Caurasius (A. D. 293), thirty-one Fere murded or died in battle; one, Nero, killed himself, and on. Marcus Aurelius, was killed by ightning. Only twelve died natural deaths, and even some of these, it is supposed, were hastened way by secret and slow poisoning.

MARY AND ANN .- 1. Unmarried females are called spinsters from the supposed fact tat i are called spinsters from the supposed rate termine arily times it was forbidden for girls to mará till they had spun a regular set of bed furnitus or clothing. 2. It was an early custom among the ancient Teutons for young married people to dink mead or metheglin—a drink made from honey for 30 days after their marriage. Hence the termino-

STEPHEN L. -- The boomerang is a stid of heavy wood, about the size of a large walking ine. It is curved at something less than half a cicle. An expert can send it from him into the airwith such skill as to make it return to him. Soe of the native Australians are so adroit in its us that it is said they can, from a considerable diduce, hit a man standing behind a tree. We known no place where they are for sale.

KARB. - Madonna is derived from Latland Spanish words signifying Madam. The Madanas you read so much about refer to pictures the Virgin Mary. Most of the old Italian paints cs. sayed to paint an imaginary Virgin Mary, andany sayed to paint an imaginary Virgin Mary, andany of them an infant Saviour in her arms, or dher lap—these latter are known as "The Madon and Child." 2. The color of the eye has nothing do in producing insanity, although when insany occurs the action of the eye is greatly affected and sometimes the color of the eye is heighted or lessened as the case may be—but the actuacolor is not changed. Of course, as in all thingelse, there are exceptions to these general laws. THE YOUNG FOLRS.

Jemima Brown. Bring her here, my little Alice-Poor Jemima Brown! Poor Jemima Brown!
Make the little cradle ready,
Softly-lay her down.
Once she lived in ease and comfort.
Slept on couch of down!
Now upon the floor she's lying—
Poor Jemima Brown!

Once she was a lovely dolly, Rosy-checked and fair, With her eyes of brightest azure, And her golden hair. Now, alas! no hair's remaining On her poor old crown; And the crown itself is broken— Poor Jemima Brown!

Once her legs were smooth and comely, And her nose was straight;
And that arm, now hanging lonely,
Had, methinks, a mate.
Ah, she was as finely dressed as
Any doll in town.
Now she's old, forlorn, and ragged— Poor Jemima Brown

Yet be kind to her, my Alice ! Tis no fault of hers
If her wilful little mistress
Other dolls prefers.
Did she pull her pretty hair out? Did she break her crown Did she tear her arms and legs off?
Poor Jemima Brown!

Little hands that did the mischief, You must do your best Now to give the poor old dolly Comfortable res. So we'll make the cradle ready, And we'll lay her down;
And we'll ask papa to mend her—
Poor Jemima Brown!

A Beautiful Pulpit.

In the Netherlands there are many churches filled with rare and exquisite carvings, with altar-pieces, shrines, pulpits, choirs, vestries, fonts, and and sacristies laden with a wealth of intricate work, done in wood by skilful hands; and in Antwerp the richest specimens of this curious labor are to be found. In the great Cathedral of St. Jacques, where Peter Paul Rubens, the painter, lies buried, there are hundreds of rich and fantastic carvings, out of which the fancies of the elder artists peer cautiously at the prosaic present. Sometimes the birds are a little too odd to be real, the dragons are almost too funny for a cathedral, and the flowers and leaves are not constructed strictly in accordance with botany; but, on the whole, you feel that if things in nature are not like those in the carvings, they at least ought to be—so charming, so droll, so satisfactory are they!

In St. Andrew's Church, of which young Jan's mother had so many tender memories. stands a large carven pulpit, of a peculiarly daring design for artists who work in wood. It represents a rocky crag near the sea-shore. Just beneath the crag lies a fishing-boat, in which stand the figures of the apostles An, drew and leter. Behind them, on the right, their fishing-nets hang upon a tree. The apostles are looking earnestly at a figure of the Saviour, which stands in an attitude as if beckoning to them; as if saying, "Follow me, and I will make ye fishers of men.' Two of the cleverest artists in the Netherlands gave much time and talent in this dethe mets, and the rocks; Van Gheel the fig-ures of the apostles and the Saviour. The latter figure seems to have genuine inspiration in it; the sculptor has wrought marvelously, bringing effects out of stubborn wood rarely obtained before. When evening light—the last ray of the declining sun, reflected through the stained glasses of the church, and softened to the delicacy of summer twilight-falls gently upon this group, the sacred figures seem to have all the supreme finish of marble, -- nay, more, they appear to live

Charades.

I am composed of 30 letters. My 4, 9, 18, 28, 20, 16, is a day of the week. My 10, 5, 12, 2, 26, is a title of nobility. My 3, 7, 11, 15, is part of a house. My 14, 27, 19, 24, is to throw upward. My 21, 22, 8, 30, is a color. My 17, 23, 13, is a metal. My 6, 1, 29, 24, 30, is to elevate. My whole is a quotation from Illiad.

I am composed of 36 letters. My 6, 7, 8, 9, 22, is part of a door. My 16, 25, 5, is what we do every day. My 6, 28, 3, 4, is the sweetest spot on earth.

My 30, 31, 19, 33, 34, 12, 36, is a country in Europe. My 6, 10, 9, 21, is lofty. My 35, 25, 14, is a small animal. My 18, 17, 36, is a useful fluid. My 12, 13, 14, is to grow bad. My 15, 16, 17, is a number. My 11, 6, 28, 26, is used in war My 1, 2, 19, is a relation. My 20, 28, 22, is part of the foot.

111. I am composed of 13 letters. My 3, 8, 1, is a nickname. My 10, 2, 7, is used by carpenters. My 6, 12, 2, 1, is a metal. My 1, 4, 5, is what we must all do. My 9, 12, 11 is a nickname.

My 23, 21, 28, 34, 22, is near the sea.

My whole is a quotation from Hamlet.

My 29, 28, 27, is an enemy.

My 13, 4, 9, is part of the body. My whole was a great orator. J. s. H.

Enigma. 'm often heard, and sometimes more or less. I may be felt, but never seen : And whence I am, no human soul can guess. Nor whither I have been. rule on land, in air, and on the sea, No man can me withstand;

Shall be at hand. At my command whole forests slowly bow. And waves roll mountains high; E'en rocks and stones, and architecture too. My power will not deny.

I sweep the clouds across the sault of heaven,
All nature owns my sway.

My sway's eternal, till eternity

sin nate. In sin you ate.

Sometimes I am entirely hid. Who am I, riddlers, say? Answers to Charades, &a. CHARADE, Odds Bodikins, HISTORICAL REBUS. Socrates. (Solon, Cyrus, Rome, Attila, Euclid, Samos). An Enigma. In