not be our lot to wield The sickle in the ripened field; Nor ours to bear on summer ever The resper's song among the sheaves. Yet where our duty's task is wrought in union with God's great thought, The near and future blend in one, And whatsoe'er is willed is done.

And ours the grateful service whence Comes, day by day, the recompense; The hope, the trust, the purpose staye The fountain and the noonday shade. And were this life the utmost span, The only end and aim of man, tter the toil of fields like these Than waking dreams and slothful case But life, though falling like our grain, Like that revives and springs again; And, early called, how blest are they Who wait in heaven their harvest day!

Esperatition in ledia.

There is scarcely any country in the world so blinded by superstition as In-dia. The mind of a Hindoo is tinetured to such an extent with the conviction of a supernatural agency directing his every step, whether for good or for evil, that each moment almost of his life he looks for some omen indicating approval or disapproval of what he might at the time be engaged in, or be about to engage in. An auspicious moment is sen for the performance of every important duty in life, and in reference to these occurrences, beyond the control of man, steps are instantly taken to ascertain whether they are likely to prove lucky or unlucky; if the latter, such measures are adopted by way of propitiatory sacrifices to the gods as may operate to avert the impending evil. No sooner is a son born than the Brahman, who is the family priest, draws up his horoscope, and is able to announce whether the path in life of the child will be smooth and unruffied, or if he is destined to a rough and stormy future. When he has reached a marriageable age, the Brahmans again appear on the scene and are asked to fix an auspicious day, nay, even the hour and minute when the nuptial knot is to be tied; and should, through some mischance, that particular moment be allowed to pass away without the ceremony being performed, the marriage has to be put off till some propitious day, that has subsequently to be fixed upon, and which in some cases might not occur for a year or two. Even after his death a man cannot be secure from being made the victim to omens, for when that event does happen, the priests are at work to ascertain whether the day he died was favorable to his happiness hereafter or otherwise, and according as they decide are regulated the ceremonies be offered for the fices release of his soul from pur-But it is not in important look forward to and be guided by omens; it is lamentable to notice the extent to which, in the ordinary affairs of everyday life, he allows this superstitious be lief to gain an ascendency over him. He will not undertake a journey unless on an auspicious day, and even after he has once stated he will perhaps return, having on the road perceived some omen that his journey will not be prosperous. Belief at omens has so firmly implanted itself in the mind of a Hindoo as to resist every attempt to root out by argument the folly of this his great weakness, and I have noticed with much surprise that, though a man has relinquished the religion of his father as being false and puerile, his faith in omens has remained unchanged, or, rather, it has taken such strong Gold of him that frequently, in spite of himself, he is influenced by them. And more astonishing still is the And more astonishing still is the fact that Mahometans, though they profess to have a contempt for Hindoo su-perstitions, are, in this respect, in no way superior to the latter, having as implicit a faith in these ridiculous prognostications as those whose religion they affect to despise. I shall now concisely notice a few omens which are still very commonly believed in. Should a person about to undertake a journey or commence any work, hear another sneeze, he will consider it a good or bad omen, according as the latter has sneezed once or twice. If once only, he will delay his departure for a few minutes or put off his work till some other day. So strongly and so generally is this believed in that often serious consequences follow on a person sneezing inopportunely. Servants have been known to be dismissed by their masters, courtiers to be deprived of the favor of Princes and Rajahs for having been inadvertently the medium through whom an unmal notes are heard than quite a commotion is created, and it often happens that at dead of night the whole village turns out to drive away this bird of ill omen. Great care is also taken not to mention the name of a child in the night, for fear an owl should hear it, the popular belief being that it would in that case the name every hight and the child, in consequence, would pine away and die. The scratching of the palm of the hand is believed to prognosticate that the person will receive some money, while the scratching of the sole of the foot indicates that a long journey will have to be undertaken. To hear the word "bunder" (monkey) early in the morning is considered very unlucky, and evils of every description are looked forward to as likely to happen during the day. And yet a monkey is one of the secred animals of the Hindoos. At Benares housands of them are allowed to live a gardens specially set apart for them, and are fed by all classes of people, who in so doing consider they are performing an act of great charity The snae is never meneash transaction. After a person has the remark, 'You'll stare at me again taken off his shoes, should one fall over like that won't you?"

the other, it is believed an omen that the person is about to travel. Should he really meditate a journey, he allows the shoes to remain in that position; if not he puts them straight and is supposed thus to prevent his journey. A person meeting a severe loss or getting into some trouble is often known to attribute his misfortune to having seen some unlucky face in the morning, such as that of an oilman or a man of notoriously bad character, or one who has some bodily deformity. A person blind of one eye is considered exceptionally unlucky, and is avoided by all in the morning or when a journey is about to be undertaken. Among other bad omens may be mentioned a snake or jackal crossing one's path; hearing a person cry when you are going any where; the cawing of a crow and the crying of a kite; a cat crossing one's path and the seeing an empty pitcher. It is strange as compared with the bad there are but few good omens. Among these may be mentioned the following: The meeting of a dead body being carried away and no one crying with it; seeing a pitcher with a rope attached to it, or a Brahman carrying a jug of holy water from the Ganges; a lizard creeping up one's body; hearing a bride cry when she is leaving her parents and going to live with her husband; hearing the bell of a temple strike or a trumpet sound when one is setting out on a journey; a crow perched on a dead body floating down the river, and a fox crossing one's path.—["A. N." in Jour-nal of Indian Association.

Periodical Falls in Temperature.

Four epochs in the year are remark able for a fall in the temperature, and atmospheric perturbations caused there-by, viz.: About the 12th of February, the 12th of May, the 12th of August and the 12th of November.

The periodical cold of the month of May is a popular tradition. Horticulturists term St. Mamest, St. Pancras and St. Servais, whose anniversaries are on the 11th, 12th and 13th of May, the three "ice-saints."

In February there are the same indications, but they are more marked. The fall after the 7th of February is very sudden, and continues to the 12th, which gives but a single minimum even in the middle of the ice-saints of February. As February with us represents northern climates, everything will be extreme, the rise as well as the fall; in August, on the other hand, which gives us an idea of the tropical climates, the changes are less sudden, and the slight movement corresponding to that of the 10th to the 14th of May, or in another form of the August ice-saints, continues until the 16th.

In November, as in August, the debe performed and the sacri- cline of the temperature is seen to be struggling against influences which tend to an abnormal return of heat; the points of inflection correspond precisely events of his life only that a Hindoo will to those of the other three months, and one of the last of them produces, on the 14th, the Martinmas summer.

The careful examination of a large number of years shows that at London and Berlin, as at Paris, there is a certain agreement between the four days of the same date, as exhibited in their mean temperatures. M. Devilie ascertained that these curious periods are to be found in the most ancient of known | that they had, as emigrants, a right to authority the surrender of a refugee nameteorological documents; for instance, go away and be no longer British subileo and of the Academy of Cimento. These observations extend over fifteen years (1655-1670). The minimum of the ernment at the Cape. They settled in the district that is now Natal. Then they with a remarkable regularity.

Certain astronomers, Erman and Petit among the number, have attributed tablished a government, laid out these frigorific phenomena to masses of asteroids, which in their orbit sometimes comes between the sun and earth. Cape Colony Government upon Natal, - Camille Flammarion.

Rossint's Mystie Watch.

The following Rossini anecdote is go ing the rounds of the foreign press: In the year 1833 King Louis Philippe presented Rossini with a magnificent repeater, which the latter was extremely proud of, and carried in his right waistcoat pocket every day for six years, One afternoon, as he was showing it to some acquaintances in the Cafe Helder, a strange gentleman walked up to the table at which he was sitting, and addressed him with the words, "M. Rossini, you do not know the secrets of your watch, although you have worn it for such a long time. Will you permit me to re-veal them to you?" Rossini, with an ironical smile, handed him the watch; when, greatly to his surprise, the stranger touched a hidden spring and a false lining to the back of lucky omen was displayed. The screeching of an owl is believed to portend the maestro's portrait, painted in minisdeath. So thoroughly are the people ture and surrounded by a wreath of en-convinced of this that no sooner its dis-ameled Arabic characters. Interrogated as to how he came by his knowledge of the watch's secret, the existence of which Rossini had never before suspected, the stranger avowed himself the maker of the costly toy, but oddly enough positively leclined to explain the signification of the Arabic words encircling the likeness, although repeatedly and urgently solicted by Rossim to do so. From that monent Rossini, convinced that some evil spell must be contained in the mystic claracters which their author steadfastly refused to interpret to him, conceived so unconquerable a fear of the watch that he never again wore it. After his ceath it was found by his heirs se-enror sealed up and hidden away in an old commode which apparently had not been spened for several years, as its contents were covered with thick dust.

A story is told of Van Amburgh, the great lion timer, now dead. On one occasion, while in a bar-room, he was asked how he got his wonderful power over animals. We said: "It is by showing them that I'u not the least afraid of them, and by keeping my eye steadily on tioned at night, the popular belief being that it is sure to make its supearance if his name be uttered. If there a occasion to speak about it, the word keet (reptile) is used instead. There exist a ular clown. Fill make an come across the should creek the speak about it. superstitions belief that, should creeze be given for the first article sold in the morning, that day's business will be attended with great loss. Even if the purchaser be the best customer, the shop-keeper will either ask him to come again or to buy a trifling srticle pay the cash for it, thus enabling the person to perform his bohree, or first cash transaction. After a person has

Another Ireland.

Nobody connects the sturdy Boers, who are just now whipping the British forces in the Transvaal and sileneing artillery parks with rifle bullets, with anything like the misery of Ireland. Some of the most distinguished British soldiers ar d some English statesmen and editors speak out plainly enough, and call the Boers' revolt by its right name, a war of independence, and a righteous war-in this view. But it takes a broad view to put certain things together and to show that the policy of England has been, in this whole South African affair, simply an eviction of rightful governments to place barren sceptres in unlineal hands. The last in the series was the turning out of the Government of the Transvaal and flying the British flag over the Dutch State by a pretended transfer. The first was an actual eviction of the Dutch settlers from Cape Colony itself, and from other stations. thrifty, peaceable people have been compelled to move on and out, precisely as a blanket Indian has to "get up and get" before the polished revolver of the landgrabber; and if the strong Dutch settlers have neither died out by whisky and small-pox, nor starved out on potatoes and typhus-if they hold their own as neither Indians nor Irish have been able to do, there is something remarkable in the country and the people as well as inthe justice of their cause.

In the first place the inevitable conflict and dissatisfaction and friction with the British occupants of South Africa, Ireland that gets into constitutional opheadquarters and that it is something more than a difference of religion and chronic hatred that is the matter. In the econd place it is not only Irish poverty. the failure of the potato crops, and the water logged soil of Ireland, that makes its people rebellious; for the climate and soil and material prosperty of these South American Colonies are wonderful, yet still there is war. As Colonel Butler remarks in the last "Contemporary Review," if South American rivers do not yield a continuous water supply to the countries in which they lie, nor the Drakensberg a permanent water-shed, there is a never-failing out flow of bloodshed to make up for it.

For forty-five years the Dutch have been "evicted" from one settlement after another, and the fact that an officer, of the British Army has the courage to number these "rack-rents,", and to put the blame where it belongs, should help Greeks and Romans, Slaves and Teuus to see the mixed Transvaal matters as they really are. In 1835 these was a "trek," or emigration of a large number of Boers from the Cape Colony, over the unexplored territory across the Orange River to the north and east. They did lantic. not fancy British rule, so they sald out their farms and houses, went from the once Dutch Colony, and started out into the wilderness. Then they issued a parting adress, which ran thus: "We quit this colony under the full assurance that the English Government has nothing more to require of us, and will allow us to govern ourselves without its inter-ference in the future." The Attprney-General of the Cape Colony summed up dor" demanded from the local British so they jon even this old shoe for good luck thrown after their "exodus" by the British Govfought the Zulus and conquered them, and when they had peacefully es with a protecting detachment of a hundred British soldiers, and mide an entering wedge py putting a Britsh finger in the pie. In three years the "Republic of Natalia" prospered -the Britsh one hundred had been nearly with- der the control of Her Majesty's governdrawn-and the town of Pietemaritzburg was a flourishing settlement, when in 1842 the port of Natal was taken possession of in the Queen's mme, on the pretense of "protection" in a time of peace. What was really desired to be Perhaps he has heard of the Greek, protected was the growing importance of Boer, Irish, Afghan and Turkoman Port Natal. Expostulations were not questions, and hopes by striking in now even entertained at the Cape Colony, and instead of fighting the invaders the peaceful and religious Boers started out again to go. They crossed the mountain again into the wilderness, and attempted it lead him to invade the colony. One another settlement south of the Vaal river, and were met by another proclamation, declaring that also to be British territory. Then they fought in 1849 at Boomplatz, were routed, and fled scross the Vaal. Here they found a partial rest and prosperity, and here, finally, a guarantee was signed in 1852 by the British Government-a trading and friendly agreement—that acknowledged the independence of the Transvaal, and, two years later, the Orange River State, lying south, was acknowledged to belong to the Dutch farmers who had settled there. For twenty-five years the Transvaal managed its own affairs, until it began to grow too rich as a neighbor. In a single year 12,000 ounces of gold had been dug out by the miners; copper, cobalt, coal and iron mines were opened, and, as with the discovery of the diamond fields in Griqua Land, there was a rush of adventurers in that direction-British carpet-

It was about this time that the President of the Transvaal undertook to buy a scaport. The only outlet was a long road through Natal to Durban. Negodecided (by Marshal McMahon) that Delagoa bay belonged to Portugal. If the Boers bought this, and made their railway from Pretoria to the port, there was a menace to the trade of Natal. England likes "free trade" that no one shall interfere with, but it be in British ships British ports, and there must be no other port in the neighborhood if she can shut it. So the same trick of a proclamation was again put to work. The Transvaal was annexed—not by a vote of the Boers, but by a purchase, it is supposed, of a Boss or two—under the same old shadow of British "protection" against the natives that had served before. But the Transvaal had bred up by this time a body of people—not weak, but brave and determined. They are in earnest in their fighting this time, and they are in the right, as much so as the farmers were at sium

Lexington. The ancestry of this partic ular section of the South African Dutch is interesting. They come from another or emigration in Europe. great "trek' There sailed from Holland in four ships to South Africa, 150 French Huguenots, exiled by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. They intermarried among the Dutch at Cape Colony, but some of the prominent Boers of the African revolu-tionary war bear the old French names. To-day a Joubert is the moving spirit Ledger.

What the Word "Aryan" Means.

We have to inquire into the meaning of the word Aryan, and this is not a difficuit matter, or one about which there is much question. In Sanskrit the word arya, with a short initial a, is applied to | cation of the edict of Nantes. enitivators of the soil, and it would seem to be connected etymologically with the Latin arare and the English car "to plow." As men who have risen to an agricultural stage of civilization, the Aryans might, no doubt, fairly contrast themselves with the nomadic Turanian neigh bors, who, as Huns, Tartars, and Turks, have at different times disturbed the Indo-European world. But for the real source of the word as applied to the race we must look further. cultivator of the soil, came naturally enough in Sanskrit to mean a house holder or landholder, and hence it is not strange that we find it reoccurring, with a long mitial a, as an adjective, meaning "noble," or "of good family.

As a national appellative whethe which these Boers have kept up now for it is in the Sanskrit, or in Zend, forty-five years, shows that it is not only this initial a is always long, and there can be no doubt that the Aryans gave position with Downing street and British | themselves this title as being the noble, aristocratic or ruling race, in contradistinction to the aboriginal races which they brought into servitude. In this sense of noble, the word frequently occurs in the composition of Persian proper names, such as Ariobarzanes, Ariaramnes and Ariarathes; just as it Old English we have an equivalent word ethel, or noble, in such names as Ethelwolf and Ethelred. As an ethnic name, therefore, the name Arvan scems to have a tiuge of patriotic or clannish self-satisfaction about it. But we shall find, I think, that such a shade of meaning has been more than justified by history, for we have now reached a point where we may profitably enlarge the scope of our discussion, and show how the term Aryan is properly applicable, not merely over an Indo-Persian, but over an Indo-European area, comprehending the most dominant races known to history-the tons, with the highly composite English, whose language and civilization are now spreading themselves with unexampled rapidity over all the hitherto unoccupied regions of the earth .- | February At-

England's Latest War. Another African "difficulty" has just arisen. It is stated that King Coffee of Ashantee has "declared war" against England. Whether that be so or not, he seems to have taken a long stride toward the offensive. Telegrams from Cape Coast Castle report that his "ambassa-"the colonial government must take the consequences." The governor, of course, politely declined to gratify his sable majesty of Coomassie, who, if he keeps his word, will forthwith make war. By way of precaution the governor had placed 'a company of Houssas, with three guns at Prahsuie," and no doubt the west coast squadron has, by this time, put itself into position to render help, should the bellicose monarch fulfill his threat. The news is very disagreeable, not only in itself, but because there are so many troubles, actual or imminent, within the large sphere unment. We are tempted to ask whether King Coffee reads the newspapers, keeps his eye on affairs in Europe and Asia as well as Africa, and whether he has chosen his time for "the great revanche?" to compel the restoration of the famous umbrella which adorns the South Ken-Ashantee war in a generation is more than enough, and we may hope, for everybody's sake, that means will be found to restrain the African savage, and avert the necessity for a second edition of the brilliant march to Coomassie. -[London Telegraph.

Warm Food for Fowls. The Poultry Monthly says: "After an experience of several seasons we have adopted the system of warming the food all through the winter and cold weather, both morning and evening, and we attribute the excellent laying quality of the fowls, in a great measure to doing this. The food, whether whole or broken, grain or other food, either dry or mois- long bofore that time at their tened, should be warmed well before present rate of consumption, she feeding. Some breeders, as well as far- resolved to mers, make a practice of parching their a day herself, that her children might whole corn and are assured it is benefi- not suffer. Then, as the little store rapcial. Where new, unseasoned corn is idly disappeared, she ate but a single used for chicken food, this parching is a meal herself, concealing her self-denial decided benefit, for it makes it equally from her children, until the blessed haras good for feeding as old seasoned corn. vest brought relief. That year it was Quite a number of poultry ailments are very abundant, and the wolf of hunger Quite a number of poultry ailments are tiations to purchase Delagoa bay were and parching it will effectually prevent ship and self-denial, in which the brave and trouble from that score. Wheat, ship and self-denial, in which the brave caused by feeding the new crop of corn, never came so near their door again, for the laying fowls, much better than so duction of eggs temporally, is much improved by being heated well before life. while yet warm, not hot. In feeding her blessed." wheat, only about two-thirds as much, by measure, should be fed, as of corn, and when fed in that manner is very little, if any, more expensive than corn. Good, sound wheat only should be used, for while we see no objections to screenings give but little available ent of its homage.

Old and faded daguerreotypes will often become as bright as new, if placed in a weak solution of evanide of potas-

Garfield's Mother.

The Dysart Scotch Peerage case is proceeding before the Committee of Privinges of the House of Lords, of which the Every mother should read a recently published volume entitled "From the Log Cabin to the White House," William M. Thayer, which is dedicated to the boys of the United States. It is a familliar saying that "the mother molds the man," and this book proves it. Those who read it—and it should be read by every boy as well as his mother-will not be surprised that the son of such a of the Transvaal war .- [Philadelphia mother, should, by inheritance and example, possess the noble character, the indomitable energy and courage, and the purity of life that has characterized Goueral Garfield from his youth up to this time. Mrs. Garfield's maiden name was Eliza Ballou. She was a descendant of Maturin Ballou, a Hugenot of France, driven from his country upon the revo-

He joined the colony of Roger Williams, came to America, and settled in Cumberland, R. I. There he built a church which is still carefully preserved as a relic of the past. It is known as the and the minor's mother. The repute Elder Ballon Meeting-house. When it was built there were no saw-mills, no in England of his father, late Lord Hunnails, and few tools in the country. hewn out of solid logs, and put together grandson, and great grandsons after him preachers aprang from this pioneer minister, as well as many lawyers, doctors, and other public men, eminent for their talents and force of character. Some of tion, as heroic in war as they were re

nowned in peace. emigrants from the State New York, were married in 1821. They had gone in 1830 to Orange, Cayuhoga county, Ohio, where a year after their son James was born, being their fourth child. Their log house was built when the heavy his children, were:

your care.'

home. Little James was but eighteen young to understand his irreparable nigh crushed other hearts. The neighthe widow and fatherless. With their assistance the lifeless form was enclosed in a rough coffin and buried in a corner of the wheat field near by. No sermon, no prayer, except the silent prayer that went up from aching hearts. Winter was approaching. Could human experience be more dreary than a widow left alone with her children in a wilderness swept by wintry storms. The howl of the wolves and the cry of panthers never sounded so terrible as during those long, desolate winter nights. It seemed to the weary ones the snow and ice. The dead things of claim. One was as follows: the field and forest returned to life, save only the dead in the corner of the wheat field, and hope was not revived in the cabin. There was no money in the house, there was a debt on the farm, and

the food supply was limited. Then Mrs. Garfield sought the advice of a neighbor, who had been kind to her in time of trouble. He advised her to think fit. An early reply will greatly sell the farm, pay the debt, and return oblige, ELIZABETH. sell the farm, pay the debt, and return to her frends, believing it impossible for her to support herself and children allow the children to write to me on the there. Her reply was characteristic:

"I can never throw myself and my children upon the charity of friends. So long as I have health I believe that my Heavenly Father will bless these two hands and make them able to support my children. My dear husband made this home at the sacrifice of his life, and every log in this cabin is sacred to me now. It seems to me a holy trust that I must preserve as faithfully as I would guard his grave."

Her neighbors never left her, and she went to the Friend that never fails, and asked God to make the way of duty clear to her; and when she came from her place of prayer she felt that new light and strength had been given to her. She called her eldest son, Thomas, to her, and, though he was only a child 10 years old, she laid the whole case before him. With the resolute courage of his race he gladly promised that he would plow and sow, cut wood, and milk the cows, if she would only keep the farm. So this brave mother and son commenced their work. She sold part of the farm and paid every dollar of debt. Thomas procured a horse, plowed and sowed and planted. The mother, with her own hands, split the rails and completed the fencing. But the harvest was still far away, and the corn was running low. The mother carefully measured her precious grain, counted the days to the reaping time, and finding it would be exhausted live on two meals

which is no doubt the best kind of grain woman had to be father and mother, teacher and preacher to her children. much corn, which latter fattens so She was the wise and tender friend, quickly as frequently to stop the pro- guiding them in the right way, and inspiring them to choose the best things in She still lives to see her great rebeing fed, and then given to the fowls ward, "and her children rise up and call

The Nation's Capitol, honored as it has been by noble women, has never received within its doors a grander, more heroic, and nobler woman than it will have in the person of the mother of President Garfield, and she is not only an object of screenings on the score of unhealthiness, the Nation's admiration, but the recipi-

> It is said that pork fed on Cincinnati whisky is never afflicted with trichinosis. When the parasites get a whiff of the whisky they take pity on the pig and

The Romance of the Peerage

Lord-Chancellor, Lord Redesdale at Lord Blackburn are the best known met bers. Wilkie Collins is said to be co structing a new novel. He will hardly able to invent a more surprising plot for it than the story of the Dysart peers case already reveals in real life. In fac one might fancy the trial to be process ing on the lines of Wilkie Collins on drama of "Man and wife." Willia John Manners Tollemache, a youth wh appears in the British Peerage sa Earl Dysart, succeeded his grandfather in th title September 23, 1878, and came of a last year. His right to his peerage and t English estates is valued at nearly £50 000 a year is challenged by a minor wh claims the title by virtue of an alleged "Scotch marriage" between the late so and heir of the last Earl of Dysart, know in his lifetime as Lord Huntingtower-Earl claims through the public marria Its ingtower, with his mother, who was galleries and pews, even its floor are daughter of Sir Joseph Burke, a Galway Baronet and a cousin of Lord Hunting with wooden pegs. Here Maturin Bal- tower. The late Lord Huntingtower was The word ayra, a lou preached the gospel and his son, and a wild and always impecunious person who certainly contracted illicit relation to the tenth generation. A race of in 1843, shortly after he came of age, with one of his mother's servants-a Mis Elizabeth Ackford-with whom he lived sometimes openly and sometimes clandes tinely, in Scotland and in various parts of them figured in the American Revolu- London under his family name of Tolla mache. She swears that in July, 1844, Lord Huntingtower married her in Sect. Abram Garfield and Eliza Ballon, both land, his valet being the witness to the ordinary contract of words, but the marriage and made her a settlement in anticipation of his open marriage cermony with his cousin, Miss Burke, i 1851. She also swears—and circum forest was but partly cleared away. The stances and other testimony seem to cor fences were not yet made about the fields roborate her-that when on one occasion when the father, in fighting a forest fire an action was brought by her upon this that threatened the destruction of their settlement Lord Huntingtower prevailed home, overheated himself, was suddenly in the action by proving the Scotch marchilled, and in a few days died. His riage. Her son, the challenger of the last words to his wife, as he looked upon title, was not born until 1865, twelve years after the open marriage with Miss "I have planted four saplings here in Burke. The issues, therefore, are stated this forest. I must now leave them to by the Lord Chanceller to be double, for if the Scotch marriage be admitted so as A happier family never dwelt in a to bar the petitioner there remains the palace than had been in that cabin proof of the paternity before the challenger could succeed to the title. Almonths old when his father died-too though "General Plantaganet Harrison, himself a person of a romantic history, loss, or feel the pangs of grief that well who swore that "he had army rank abroad," but who was not cross-examine bors came-only four or five families in on its whereabouts, testified that in his a radius of ten miles-and wept with presence the late Lord Huntingtower had introduced Mrs. Tollemache as his wife and although a daughter of the alleged Scotch marriage testified to her father's living in 1862 and 1863 with her mother, after incidentally testifying that he was separated from the acknowledge Lady Huntingtower, the daughter of Sir Joseph Burke, and was in many ways a miscellaneous sort of a Lothario the cross examination of the alleged "Scotch wife," searchingly made by Sir John Holker, the late Attorney General, has made very serious inroads upon the consistency of the story as to the Scotch that spring would never come again. marriage. Many of her letters were read But at last it did come, and swept away which seem to seriously contradict her

SHERBORNE STREET, Dec., 14, 1859. Hnntingtower:--If you will give me £1000 I can get married within a month, and in case the man might do as you have done, leave me to the mercy of the world, an outcast and a beggar, I will thank you to have it all made over to myself, so that I may do with it as I

first of every month, without coming through your hands. I ought to have heard again from them by this time.

This was written by a third hand, for the letters in her own penmanship were exceedingly defective in spelling and syntax. A very long letter written by her to Lady Dysart, the mother of her alleged husband, was read by Sir John Holker, which thus began:

PRINCES SQUARE, Feb. 5, 1849. Madam:-With thankfulness and gratitude to you do I acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter-with five pounds enclosed. I will attend to all your wishes in every respect and shall be glad to inform you the moment matters his finally arranged on the part of Lord H, if he will do anything for me-I have no doubt Madam with your kind inter-fearances his Lordship's feelings may aulter towards me and his poor children I am still willing to give up the letters as I do not wish to hold anny papers of his Lordships that I may the sooner forget that I ever knew such an unhappy man but in the faces of his children do I see the very imadge of himself which

calls to mind all my wickedness. The last word, "wickedness," the witness now says, was miswritten for "wretchedness." Upon this the Lord Chancellor, after critically examining the writing, quietly said: "The suggestion is a plausible one, though I still retain my own opinion in the matter." The alleged witness of the Scotch cer-emony-Lord Huntingtower's valet-is dead, and there is only the testimony of the alleged widow and some evidence as to repute and acknowledgment of marriage to support the claim of her son, now eighteen years old. From the questions occasionally put by the Solicitor-General of Scotland, who is watching the case for the crown, there does not seem to be much doubt that the acknowledged grandson of the late Earl of Dysart will maintain his claim. The earldom was created by Chales I. for one of the gentleman of his bedchamber, who took for his motto two Latin words, the signification of which, too liberally acted upon, it seems, by the alleged Scotch widow, may be ren-dered as-"I confide; I rest easy."

A devoted Methodist, it is said, asked John Wesley what he thought as to marrying a certain woman well known to both. Wesley advised him not to think of it. "Why," said the other, "she is a member of your church isn't she?" "Yes" was the reply. "And you think she is really a christian woman?" "Yes," said Wesley, "I believe she is." "Well then why not marry her?" "Because," replied Wesley—"because, my friend, the Lord can live with a great many people that you and I can't."