

SLINGS AND ARROWS

By HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back," "Dark Days," "A Family Affair," Etc.

"Julian," he said, "in order to understand my action in the matter, you must first of all be in mind the truth which you guessed intuitively when first we met, I loved Viola with all the strength of my nature. I had loved her for years, and I was waiting in the hope that some day she would be mine. It was a bitter blow to return home and find that another man was about to marry her. It needed all my power of will to hide my feelings from her, and do what I could to insure her happiness."

"However," he continued, "sharp as the pang was at the time, it is now a thing of the past. I have conquered myself. My love now for Viola is that of a brother to a dear sister. You will believe this, Lorraine?"

"I nodded. He resumed in a lighter manner: "Yes, I have conquered it. I think I now pour all my love into my books. But at that time I worshipped her. I would have given my life to save her from grief. Her wish was to me a command. Her smallest request an obligation to be discharged at all cost. Leaving this out of the question, her mother confided her to me. This was why I did not tell her I loved her. I forced myself to wait until she was 21; then it was too late."

Another pause. I glanced at his face. His expression was one of actual pain. If Eustace Grant had conquered his hopeless passion the memory of it was still keen.

"Remember also," he went on, "I mistrusted you. I hesitated long before I made up my mind not to interfere. Your romantic suppression of your true name and position is accountable for the mistrust I felt. So I start with two strong emotions to sway me—love for Viola, and mistrust of the man who was to marry her. Do you understand?"

"Yes; but, for mercy's sake, let me hear what happened?"

"On Viola's twenty-first birthday," he began—

No; I will not give his story in his own words. I should be bound to break it a hundred times by the insertion of my ejaculations and expressions of wonderment. When ended, it left me as completely in the dark as before. If I cleared Viola from the accusation of vulgar infidelity, it plunged me in tenfold perplexity as to the motive which induced her to fly from me. This briefly is what Grant told me: Upon reaching the solicitor's, according to appointment, he found the Viola had already arrived, and was waiting for him in the room into which I was afterward shown. Grant exchanged a few words with her, then went back to Mr. Monk and spoke about details of business. Everything was in order and ready for my inspection when I should arrive; so Grant rejoined my wife. He had much to be wished to say to her, many questions to ask, and, as he hoped, congratulations to offer.

She appeared strange, absent-minded and oppressed. He thought she must be ill. Suddenly, to his bewilderment, she fell at his feet, and in a passionate way besought him to take her away at once. Take her away here. Hide her from her husband. Let him never know where she was; never see her again. At once—this moment—before he arrived, she must go, and leave no trace! All this she prayed Grant to do—besought it absolutely on her knees.

The man's blood boiled. Here, a fortnight after her marriage, was the woman whom he loved begging him, in wild accents, to save her from her husband. He could jump at only one conclusion. I had in some way maltreated her. I was an utter villain! My wife had found out my true nature, and her only refuge was flight. Was it for the man who loved her to urge her return to what, from her wild and despairing prayers, he gathered must be absolute misery? No. She brought his aid. Let him fling prudence to the wind, and do her bidding without asking why or wherefore. There was no time to spare for questions. Viola seemed in an agony of fear. At any moment my step might be heard. Grant, who believed that I had, in the course of a few days, turned my wife's love into hate, felt no inclination to show me any mercy. He raised Viola, and promised to save her. He led her out through the door which opened to the outer world, called a cab, placed my wife in it, and drove off, without troubling as to direction. Her only wish at the moment was to avoid meeting me.

Once within the cab, Grant tried to induce Viola to talk rationally; to give some reasons justifying the rash step. His efforts were unavailing. All she would say was that never could she meet me again. She must fly—go far away. If Grant would not aid her, she must go alone. Finding her so firm, and not doubting that his conduct had brought all this about, he consented to do as she wished. They drove straight to Charing Cross and took the first train to Folkestone. Here he left her for the night at a quiet hotel, returned to town, made his preparations, and had the encounter, which I have already described, with me. The next morning, as my spy informed me, the fugitives crossed to Boulogne. At this point Eustace Grant finished his tale. As I have said, it increased my intensity tenfold. Until the moment when Grant made what we both thought a dying avowal of his innocence, Viola's flight admitted of a natural, if shameful, explanation. Now that the elements of faithfulness and criminal love were removed the matter was simply inexplicable. Eustace Grant might have thought, might even now think, that my ill-treatment of my wife had forced her from my side; but I knew better—she knew better.

But Grant had not revealed all. "Go on," I said; "tell me more."

"I have told you all I can, Julian. I have explained the part which, rightly or wrongly, I acted. I promised nothing more."

"Tell me where she is, that I may see her, and learn all from her own lips."

"She is with good friends, who love her. I can say no more."

"Is she happy? Tell me the truth."

He hesitated. "I dare not say she is happy," he answered; "but I believe she is as happy as she can be in this world."

Those unsatisfactory answers were simply maddening.

"Grant!" I said, fiercely, "for some reason you are concealing the truth from me. I cannot force it from you. Until I know if I cannot say whether that reason is right or wrong; but I will work until I find out everything. But tell me this: Do you now believe that my wife left me on account of wrongs which I did her? Speak!"

He made a pause. "I cannot answer that question," he said. "Doing so would lead to others. I have already said too much."

"You have answered it!" I cried, triumphantly. "You answered it when you threw that pistol away; you answered it every time you take my hand—every time you speak a word of friendship to me."

"So be it," he said, wearily.

"And now, knowing, as you do, all, tell me if you approve of Viola's leaving me—a man who loved her above the world—the husband who worshipped her; tell me this!"

"I can say no more. I am weary, worn out. Help me to my room."

"I did so. We parted for the night. As he took my hand he looked me straight in the face. 'Julian,' he said, 'be wise, and ask no more. Leave this place, and forget Viola. There is no hope. All this concealment—all that has been done—is for your sake. Good-night.'

CHAPTER IX.
A FAREWELL.
I went to my room, and threw myself into a chair. Here, until dawn, I sat puzzling over Grant's words, and trying to turn them into a key which might unlock the secret door which stood between my wife and myself. My efforts were useless. I seemed like one surrounded by stone walls, through which there was no escape. Each way I turned, I was met with some impervious obstacle.

"For my sake!" This concealment was for my sake! I am plunged into despair. I am told there is no hope. Yet all this is for my own sake! The riddle grew more and more difficult of solution. Grant could not do this unless he was sure that he would be able to solve it if he chose, but would he do so?

Not he. The next day I once more attacked him. I implored, commanded, even threatened; not one word would he speak. I was on the verge of quarreling with him; but as I fancied it was only by his direct or indirect aid I could find Viola, I restrained my very natural wrath, and on the subject of Viola a sullen silence succeeded my useless questions.

I lingered on at the farm long after Eustace Grant was well enough to dispose of my services. Where else could I go? From whom but Grant had I chance of ascertaining my wife's present abode? I must wait and watch. A chance word, a letter, anything, might put me on the track. Moreover, I had a presentiment that Viola was not far away. People, when driven to their wits' end, put a vast amount of faith in presentiments.

Much as I had learned to love him, severe as were the twinges of remorse still felt for my murderous act, it was all I could do to force myself to believe that Grant was single-hearted in his determination of keeping me in the dark respecting my wife. The more so, as it was my conviction that, could I once meet her, my pleading would be eloquent enough to bring her back to me, to begin once more the happy life so strangely cut short. Only let me see her once more, take her by the hand, gaze into her eyes, call up the memory of those few short days when we were all the time together; surely I must then be told the truth, and conquer.

One morning Eustace seemed distracted and ill at ease. He answered my questions absently. Presently he said: "Do you mind making a short journey for me?"

"Certainly not. Where to?"

"I want several things not procurable here. Will you go to L'Orient for me?"

"Of course I will. But how am I to get there? The diligence does not run to-day."

"Jean could drive you in the light wagon, but that would be tedious. I will try and borrow a horse."

I favored the horse. Twenty miles in old Boutlay's wagon was not a tempting prospect. So the horse was procured, and I decided to stay at L'Orient for the night, and ride back the next day. My purchases could be sent by diligence.

Grant gave me a list of the articles he wished bought. Some of them, it struck me, seemed superfluous and trivial, and all might have been ordered by letter. Then I mounted and rode along the tableland, down the hill, through the sleepy little village, up the other hill and away on the dusty road to L'Orient.

It was a blazing hot day, so hot that I blamed myself for not having started on my ride either earlier in the morning or later on, when the power of the sun began to wane. I wondered that Grant had not suggested the latter course.

That wonder came coupled with another thought, a thought which made my heart beat. I remembered how anxious he had been that I should make the journey to-day, and contrasted that anxiety with the importance of the errand. Could it be that he was for some purpose sending me out of the way? I rode slowly on, giving this question full consideration; and the more I considered it the more I became convinced that my errand to L'Orient was a ruse. Having determined this, my mind was at once made up. I halted at the next farmhouse, and stating that the horse was lame let him in charge of the good people until I could send for him. Then rapidly I retraced my steps, until I reached the top of the cliff from which once before I had gazed at the house which held the man on whom I had come to wreak vengeance. I threw myself on the turf, and for hours kept my eyes on the house or on the road which led to it.

If I saw nothing to confirm my suspicions I could regain my horse and ride to L'Orient after nightfall. There would be a moon, and I could not doubt find my way.

So, with eager eyes, I watched and watched, until at last I saw, struggling up the hill opposite to me, a carriage, which must have passed through St. Sourin. I saw it appear and disappear, according to the bends of the road, then emerge on to the tableland, and finally stop in front of the farmhouse. My heart leaped with delight.

I saw Grant come out and assist some dark figures to alight. I saw them enter the house. I saw the carriage and horses taken to the stables at the back of the farm. Then I rose and went to meet what fate had in store for me.

I descended the one hill, climbed the other, and walked briskly toward the farm. I felt sure that the carriage soon by me had brought Viola to my temporary home. Grant knew that she was coming; hence the errand on which I had been sent. I chafed at the thought of how nearly I had fallen into the trap.

About a hundred yards from the house I saw on my left hand, seated on a large stone on the edge of the cliff, the form of a woman. My heart beat so violently, that for a moment I was forced to stand still.

Changed as was her dress, unfamiliar her attitude, I should have known her among a thousand. At last, after an interval of two years, I saw Viola! She was clothed in

black—she, who formerly detested the somber hue! She was sitting with her hands clasped round her knees; her head bent forward in a sad, thoughtful attitude. She

seemed to be gazing at the sea below, yet seeing or hearing nothing. Noiselessly I crept over the soft turf until I was close to her.

Now that the moment for which I had longed had come, what should I do! Cover her with reproaches! Coldly demand an explanation! Insist upon her returning at once to her duty!

No; none of those. My only thought was to throw myself at her feet, to clasp her in my arms, to cover her face with kisses, to swear that, notwithstanding all the past, I loved her as of old. In another second I should have done all this.

But suddenly she turned her head and saw me. She started to her feet, and, with a low cry which told of pain, even horror, turned and fled toward the house.

I followed, overtook her and seized her hands. "Viola! my love! my wife!" I cried, "why do you fly from me?"

"Speak! look at me, dearest!" I pleaded. "Tell me all—I can forgive! Tell me nothing save that you love me!"

She looked at me; her eyes were full of fear. "Let me go," she said hoarsely, "or I shall die!"

"Never!" I said, "until you have told me all. What does it mean? What am I to think?"

She laughed wildly. "Think! Think that I am false to you—that I love another—that I hate you! But let me go. Julian, let me go!"

Her voice sank to piteous entreaty as she spoke the last words.

"Never!" I repeated. I wound my arms round her, and kissed her passionately. She trembled in every fiber of her body, and when once more her eyes met mine, she looked in them positively frightened me.

Suddenly, by a supreme effort, she tore herself from my arms and fled rapidly toward the farm. I was on the point of pursuing her, when a great revulsion of feeling came to me. What had I done that this woman should shrink from my touch—should regard me with dread and horror! I had lavished love upon her; I was willing to take her to my arms without a word of explanation, or an entreaty for pardon for the misery she had caused me. Yet she fled from me as if I were some noxious reptile. However deeply and blindly a man may love; so, as I strode into the house, to find, not her, but Eustace Grant, my heart was full of black and bitter thoughts against the woman I loved.

I entered Grant's sitting-room without either knock or warning of any sort. He was seated, and, apparently, in earnest conversation with a pale, sweet-faced woman, some ten years his senior, and who was dressed as a Sister of Charity. He started to his feet, and looked at me like one astonished.

"You here, Lorraine?" he cried.

"Yes; I did not go so far as L'Orient." Grant moved toward the door. "Excuse me," he said; "I shall be back in a moment. This is my sister. The lady bowed, and smiled pleasantly.

"You are too late, Grant," I said, somewhat coldly. "You cannot prevent the meeting; it has taken place."

"Poor girl!" he said. Then turning to his sister, speaking in French, "You had better go and find Viola."

She rose, and left the room. Grant and I were alone.

"Well!" he said, calmly. "You have seen her?"

"Yes, in spite of your subterfuge."

"I acted but for the best. It was only this morning I knew they were coming. Some absurd report of my recent illness had reached my sister. Not having heard from me for weeks and weeks, she came to learn the truth."

"From Nantes. She is the superior of a sisterhood there. She is my half sister. Her mother was a Frenchwoman."

"But Viola! Why is Viola with her?"

"She has been in her charge ever since she left you. It was to my sister I took her."

A thought crossed me. "Surely," I said, "Viola, a married woman, can bind herself by no vows! She is not one of the sisterhood!"

"The sisterhood is a purely charitable one. Persons can leave it at discretion. Viola has been my sister's guest, that is all."

"Grant," I said, "I am now under the same roof as my wife. She shall not leave me until I know everything. From her lips I will learn the meaning of her conduct. Go and send her to me."

He said nothing. He left the room, and in a few minutes returned, leading my wife. She sank wearily upon a chair, with her fingers nervously moving one against the other. I had now time to notice what changes the two years had made in her. Beautiful as she still was, it was not the girlish beauty which had won my heart; it was the sad, sweet beauty of a young woman who has suffered. Youth was still there, but the gaiety and exuberance of youth were missing. Viola's cheek was paler than of old; her figure looked slighter; altogether she was more ethereal—more fragile looking. For a while she kept her eyes away from me; then, flinging I did not speak, she looked at me. Her eyes were full of tears.

"Eustace tells me you want to speak to me," she said. "Will you not spare me, Julian! I am very unhappy."

"Unhappy! Spare you! How have you spared me! Think what my life has been from the day you left me—think of it, and pity me!"

She pressed her hands to her brows, and I heard her sobbing. I could not bear to witness her grief. I knelt at her side.

"Viola," I whispered, "tell me all. Let me know what black cloud lies between us. Tell me why you left me?"

"I cannot! I cannot!" she wailed. "Headless of Grant, who was still with us, I besought her, implored her to enlighten me, or at least to say that she loved me still; that, now we have met, we should part no more. In vain! Again and again her lips formed the sad yet firm refusal. At last she said: 'Ask me no more, Julian; it is for your sake that I am silent.'"

ST. KILDA.

A Community in Which the Most Primitive Manners Still Prevail.

The methods by which the inhabitants of St. Kilda were recently compelled to communicate with the mainland, sending the news of their needy condition in a little boat cut from a block of wood, has brought out many descriptions of the island. Hirt, as the natives call it, may be regarded as the Ultima Thule of the Hebrides. Though a part of North Britain, it is only in very clear weather, and then from a considerable height, that it can be sighted like a dim cloud in the waste of waters beyond. Sailors sometimes notice it in formless outline on the horizon. But its coast bears a bad reputation, and the cautious helmsman gives its skerries and wave-belted cliffs as wide a berth as he conveniently can. When the skipper out of his reckoning bears through the fog a boom of breakers, and high above the roar of its waves the discordant scream of sea fowl, he instantly sheers from a locality so dangerous. For, romantic though St. Kilda may be for fair weather mariners, the Captain who is not desirous of having an uncomfortable interview with Mr. Rothery prefers to leave his curiosity ungratified.

Once ashore, at the only landing place, the visitor has difficulty in realizing the fact that he is still within the limits of the realm. The people are courteous, and though they possess the usual Celtic characteristics they are unlike the Highlanders whom he has left in Uist or Eigg, or Harris or Skye; and even to one familiar with Gaelic their dialect presents certain philological difficulties. The island, which is barely seven miles in circumference, is surrounded by beetling cliffs, attaining in some places a height of twelve hundred feet, and the moderately level ground fit for growing a patch or two of oats or potatoes, or capable of affording grazing for a few sheep, is extremely scanty. The huts, some nineteen in number, are almost prehistoric in structure, the locks being made of wood and fastened with a wooden key, though so honest are the people that even this precaution of civilization is unnecessary. The population does not number more than seventy or eighty and has been gradually decreasing since 1697, when it amounted to one hundred and eighty.

The law is represented by a "catechist," who combines in his person the functions of minister, schoolmaster and magistrate, and who, though an admirable person according to his lights, rather puritanical in his ideas of what is good for his subjects. When Mr. Sands lived under his jurisdiction, the three greatest men in the world, were, in the opinion of the St. Kildans, Prince Bismarck, Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Begg, though it ought to be remarked that it was only the ecclesiastical side of their character that found favor in the eyes of the islanders. The inhabitants were at one time addicted to playing the jewsharp and to dancing, and used to greet the coming of the sea-fowls with a strange song, calling to mind the verses with which the Rhodian Greeks welcomed the returning swallow. All such carnal pleasures are now eschewed. To walk on Sunday is a sin; to speak above their breath an offense against the canon law; and, as the worthy minister is, or was, the only man in possession of a watch, or capable of speaking English, no one ventures to dispute his dicta. Formerly, the islanders used to dress in sheepskins and wear shoes made of the heads and necks of Solan geese. Nowadays they weave cloth out of the wool of their dwarf sheep, and manufacture "rullions" or moccasins out of their hides.

Fishing and fowling are almost their sole occupations. Men and women climb the cliffs like goats in search of the eggs of the sea-fowls, on which they subsist during the winter, and even the dogs are trained to capture the puffins and gannets. The women work harder than the men, undertaking most of the labor which horses perform elsewhere; but the men make all the clothes, not only for themselves, but for the other sex also. Children are hard to rear, and the entire population is necessarily intermarried through and through. There are nearly twice as many women as men, and only six surnames in the whole island, an adjective being usually added for the better definition of the person addressed. Thus, for example, there is Callum Beag (Little Malcolm), or Donnell Og (Young Donald). Quarrels are unknown, in so small a community everybody being mortally afraid of offending his neighbors; and the direction of public affairs is discussed by a sort of island parliament, which meets every morning in front of the cottages. By and by the St. Kildans will become extinct. A few have emigrated, though on the voyage to Australia they could only be kept in perfect health by an occasional meal of the rank eggs and dried puffins they carried with them. They are, moreover, and anxious to return to it if a day or two absent in "Scotland." The owner of this lonely spot is a gentleman who, by one of those curious contrasts in which civilization delights, was, until recently, Secretary of the Science and Art Department. Perhaps—who knows?—amid the perusal of the dreary minutes of "my lords" and the calculation of "payment by results" he may have sometimes heard the waves dashing on distant Dunvegan or the scream of the sea-mews as they circled around his far-off lordship of St. Kilda.—London Standard.

—In 1851, when Louis Napoleon was President of France, some coins were struck with his head upon them. He examined them, said they were all right, and told the mintmaster to go ahead with them. A little later he noticed a stiff-looking lock of hair over his temple, such as we call a cow-lick, and ordered a new drill made. That was done, but in the meantime twenty-three of the pieces had gone into circulation, one of which is said to be in the possession of Queen Victoria. One thousand dollars apiece has been offered for these rare coins, without takers.

NOBLE DANES.

The Characteristics of a Valuable and Precious Race of Dogs.

Just here, where the hurrying throng is the busiest, a modest little sign attracts the attention of the passer-by. It represents an English mastiff lying down waiting for its master. Under this is the following:

DR. RAFFERTY,
Physician and Surgeon for Dog Disease.

Inside the modest office sits a wide-jawed, gray-bearded, blue-eyed man, about forty years of age. From the pictures and trappings that are displayed, a visitor would naturally infer that the occupant was a dog doctor. A Globe reporter found such to be the case when he called there, one day last week, to find out about the nature of the so-called Russian bloodhound.

"There is no such thing as a Russian bloodhound," said the Doctor. "What is called the Siberian or Russian bloodhound is the same kind of a dog as the English bloodhound, only the British have the better kind of dogs. Like the Russian fox-terriers, their bloodhounds are mongrels, part pure blood and part curs. They frequently get good prices for them, however—all the way from one hundred to five hundred dollars—and it generally happens that the greatest mongrel brings the biggest price. I was born and brought up in Russia, and have practised in England, and know what I am talking about."

"Do you mean to say," asked the reporter, "that the Czar's dog and Bismarck's big dog are mongrels?"

"No, no, no," replied the excited Doctor, gesticulating wildly and falling into dialect in his anxiety; "I say no such thing. Ze dog of Bismarck, he no bloodhound, he much too big for any bloodhound; he Noble Dane."

"What kind of a dog is a Noble Dane?" Describe it."

"He is about three and a half feet tall and long for his height. His hair is short and smooth and varies in color from white down to mouse color. His ears are not near so long as the English bloodhound, but his neck is thicker and stronger, being firmly placed upon a pair of mammoth shoulders that look capable of great power. He weighs from one hundred and twenty-five to two hundred and twenty-five pounds, usually exceeding two hundred, making him the largest dog in existence."

"How much is a Noble Dane worth?"

"How much is a man worth? How much will you take for your dearest friend? My dear sir, the Noble Dane is priceless. It takes the whole estates of a rich nobleman to buy one, and the biggest King on earth can not afford to purchase two. In fact, they can not be bought. They are kept in perfect palaces in the imperial kennels at St. Petersburg, and the Czar gives them to his powerful Kings and Princes on whom he wishes to bestow marks of his special favor. Twenty years ago he gave one to the Sultan, and when that one died he gave him another. Bismarck's famous dog was also a present from the same source. The Chancellor thinks more of that dog than he does of any human being on earth. The dog follows him everywhere he goes, and has been present at more momentous discussions regarding national affairs than any living man except Bismarck himself."

"In some respects the Noble Dane is superior to all the breeds of bloodhounds or any other kind of dog. Most dogs can be made to like and follow other people by feeding them and treating them well. The Noble Dane will take to one person and follow him all his life, no matter how much he is abused and starved or how well other people use him. The Noble Dane can not be bought."—Boston Globe.

HE OBEYED ORDERS.
An Incident Illustrative of the Metropolitan Reporter's Check.

Each newspaper in New York, of course, had a big force at the Grant funeral. Well, it took so many men that some of comparatively little experience had to be given pretty important assignments.

Among these was a young man on the World, who had been in the newspaper business about a month, altogether. He was told to go to the Fifth Avenue Hotel in the morning and never lose sight of the Grant family till night.

Up he went, bright and early, and stayed till the procession was about to start. Then he was in a quandary. He never could keep the Grants in sight if he went on foot through the multitude. Besides, it was about six miles to the park.

A happy idea struck him. Along Twenty-third street was a long row of carriages to be used by the Grants and prominent people who were stopping at the hotel. So, very quietly, this young but enterprising journalist threw away his cigar, straightened his hat, and walked out. He stood a moment on the steps, and then motioned to the driver of the best-looking carriage.

Jehu drove up quickly, and the reporter got in.

"What number are you?" he asked. The driver told him.

"Yes; that's right. Now, do you know where you come in?"

The driver did not.

"Well, you follow the Grant carriage that stands by the door now."

The driver supposed it was all right, naturally, and as soon as the procession started he pulled in behind Colonel Fred Grant, Mrs. Sartoris and the others.

And that fellow rode in state, and alone, all the way to Riverside Park. Talk about nerve!—N. Y. Cor. Troy Times.

—A little school girl asked her teacher what all the folks meant when they spoke of "Mrs. Grundy." "Why, my dear," replied the teacher, "by 'Mrs. Grundy' they mean the world."

A day or two afterward the same teacher asked the geography class to which this infantile bud of promise belonged, what was meant by the term "zone." After some hesitation, the little one spoke up, with a deal of assurance and confidence, "I know, teacher; it's the belt around Mrs. Grundy's waist."—Exchange.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Senators Sherman, Evans and Hoar are cousins.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Mrs. Brownlow, the famous person's widow, is still living at Knoxville, Tenn.

—President Richards, of the Metropolitan Horse Railroad of Boston, is quoted as saying, after a study of electric motors, that the day of horses is past.

—Jubal A. Early is described as a venerable appearing man, his long white beard reaching to his waist, and his bent figure indicating the rapid advance of extreme old age.

—M. Pasteur has his theory of happiness. "True happiness," he says, "appears to me in the form of a man of science devoting his days and nights to penetrating the secrets of nature and discovering new truths."

—Parson John Jasper, the famous colored preacher of Richmond, claims that he has recently been solicited to go to England on a lecturing tour, and that a man offered him four hundred dollars to deliver his great lecture on "The Sun Do Move," in a Northern city.

—It is said that the wife of President Adams contributed largely to the State papers of her honorable and distinguished spouse, and that Mrs. Madison was often useful in moderating the temperance of the addresses which her husband wrote during his term of office.—Chicago Herald.

—Mr. Parnell, says a writer in the Chicago Tribune, "is a bachelor, and lives the simplest sort of life—in lodgings, as a rule taking his dinner at a hotel. His habits are so quiet that he and his sister Anna were guests at the same hotel for weeks without knowing that they were under one roof."

—Mrs. Bancroft, the wife of the historian, is said to be preparing a volume of her reminiscences and experiences, and as she was a belle at Washington sixty years ago and has seen the best people and places at home and abroad, she can not fail to favor the public with an uncommonly interesting book.

—An attempt has recently been made in Switzerland to adopt a uniform German orthography for that country. The conference was largely attended by printers and booksellers. A proposition to adopt the Prussian-Bavarian orthography was opposed by the vote of a large majority, and it was decided to refer the matter to a conference of delegates from all the German states.

—John B. Gough re-appeared on the lecture platform at Melrose, Mass., a few evenings ago and introduced himself by explaining the cause of his long silence. "I appear to-night," he said, "for the first time in three months, and for the first time in my life with a set of crockery in my mouth. I have dreaded greatly appearing before the public, not under false pretenses, but under false teeth." Reports say that Mr. Gough spoke "with all of his old eloquence and vigor."

HUMOROUS.
—They say those artificial eggs can not be beaten.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

—Jones must have been pretty seck going to Europe when he threw up his engagement with his girl.—Lowell Citizen.

—Said an Alabama mother: "Never would I call a boy of mine Alias, if I had a hundred to name. Men by that name is allus cuttin' up capers."

—Papa, what is a luxury? Father—It is something, my son, that we can do without. Logical boy—What a luxury a mosquito must be.—Golden Days.

—From the prompt and safe way in which horse-thieves are hung out West it looks as if that portion of our beloved country was under the rule of a hempen era.—N. Y. Ledger.

—A French shopkeeper of Paris ended his will by this: "I desire my body to be placed in the hands of men of science, and that it may be carefully dissected, for I am determined to know the cause of my death."

—"Why didn't you come when I rang?" said a Texas lady to a domestic. "Because I didn't hear the bell." "Hereafter when you don't hear the bell you must come and tell me so."—Yes, mum.—Texas Sittings.

—General D. H. Seigle, of Lincoln County, N. C., died recently, aged ninety years. Twenty years ago he laid aside his spectacles, having been visited with his "second sight," and from then to the hour of his death he never had use for his glasses, his eyesight being clear and keen.—Baltimore Sun.

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