St. JACOBS OIL

Cures Backache. Backache. Backache.

Martinez, Cal., October 2, 1888.
I could hardly walk or lie down from lame-back; suffered several weeks. St. Jacobs Oil permanently cured me, other remedies having failed to do so. FRED. HITTMAN.

Cloverdale, Ind., Feb. 8, 1887.
From a bad cold pains settled in my back and I suffered greatly; confined to bed and could hardly move or turn. I tried St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me. I do not fear recurrence. MRS. P. M. REINHEIMER.

A Woman's Revenge.

In one of the upper counties of Michigan a woman with one child was insulted by a woman with seven children. The one-horse—one-child woman, we mean—took her little dear to Wisconsin, exposed him to the whooping cough, and then returned and pushed him through the line fence. The seven children now whoop, yell, cough and kick, and the mother says she had rather been struck by lightning.

Kissed Another Man's Wife.

"You scoundrel," yelled young Jacob Green, At his good neighbor, Brown,—
"You kissed my wife upon the street,—
I ought to knock you down."
"That's where you're wrong," good Brown replied,
In accents mild and meek:
"I kissed her, that I've not denied,
But kissed her on the cheek—
and I did it because she looked so handsome—the very picture of beauty and health. What is the secret of it?" "Well," replied Green, "since you ask it, I will tell you: she uses Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I accept your apology. Good night." "Favorite Prescription" is the only remedy for the derangements and weaknesses of females, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee of giving satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it returned.

For biliousness, sick headache, indigestion, and constipation, take Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

James Palmer was hanged at Concord, N. H., for the murder of Henry Whitehouse, a fellow workman. May 27, 1888.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

Superstitious Railroad Men.

Another tragic point on the Houston and Texas railroad is Elm creek bridge. It is in a creek bottom, a few miles south of Corsicana, where a convict employed in the construction of the road was killed while attempting to escape. The tradition is that the unfortunate man was crammed in a water barrel, head down, and buried in scandalous haste. The superstitious think they can see his misty ghost as it flits across the track in front of the engine, ominous of evil. Here accident after accident has occurred; many engineers and firemen have lost their lives or been crippled for good, and thousands of dollars' worth of rolling stock and merchandise has been destroyed. The train men have therefore changed the name of the place to Bad Medicine, and declare that these calamities will be perpetual until the convict is exhumed and buried horizontally, so as to destroy his chances to kick at the road which cost him his life here below.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

DOINGS OF CONGRESS

What our National Lawmakers Have Been Doing the Past Week.

SENATE.

The senate bill constituting Gladstone, Mich., a port of delivery in the customs district of Superior was reported and passed.

The senate resumed consideration of the railroad land forfeiture bill.

Pending the discussion, the senate, on motion of Mr. Gibson, took up and passed the house joint resolution appropriating $150,000 to be used by the secretary of war for the relief of destitute persons in the district overflowed by the Mississippi river and its tributaries.

The senate committee on education and labor received a delegation of presidents of state agricultural colleges, who presented the needs of their institutions to the committee in connection with the consideration of the Morrill educational aid bill.

HOUSE.

Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, from the committee on appropriations, reported a joint resolution appropriating $150,000 to enable the secretary of war to distribute rations for the relief of destitute people in the district overflowed by the Mississippi and its tributaries. Mr. Bland, of Missouri, inquired where congress found authority to appropriate money for the relief of the people of the various states.

Mr. Cannon replied that he found it in precedents and in the starving demands of 35,000 persons. The joint resolution was passed, 139 to 24.

On motion of Mr. Butterworth, of Ohio, yeas 120, nays, 100,—the House went into committee of the whole in the legislative appropriation bill.

SENATE.

Senator Moody called up the bill to validate pre-emption filings to North and South Dakota, Montana and Washington made since the passage of the enabling act, and it was passed by the senate. The object of the measure is to clear all pre-emption titles from any shadow of cloud due to the wording of the enabling act which some attorneys hold repealed the pre-emption law.

Senator Pettigrew reported favorably the bill making appropriations aggregating nearly $2,000 to enable the government to carry out the agreements made by the act of last year and the commission with the Sioux Indians in South Dakota. The South Dakota senator had secured the passage of a resolution by the committee on Indian affairs instructing him to ask immediate action.

HOUSE.

During the consideration of the legislative appropriation bill by Cutler of Montana presented an amendment calling for an increase of twenty-seven clerks in the general land office. The debate that followed showed up the fact that the business of this department is from eighteen months to three years behind, and that there are almost 300,000 cases there awaiting adjustment.

SENATE.

Mr. Blackburn introduced a bill for the admission of Arizona to the Union, which has been pending for some time in the house commit tee on territories.

Mr. Ingalls introduced a bill granting a pension of $6 a month to all person who served in the late war not less than three months nor more than one year; to those serving more than a year and not exceeding 800 days, $8 a month, and to those who served over 800 days, one cent per diem for each day's service. No person who is worth $5,000 at the time of filing his application shall be entitled to this service pension.

HOUSE.

Mr. Funston, from the committee on agriculture, reported back to the house the senate bill providing for the inspection of meats for exportation and prohibiting the importation of adulterated articles af food and drink, etc. An amendment to the bill makes it include drugs.

Mr. Hall of Minnesota introduced a bill providing for an income tax. The rates fixed and the principal provisions are as follows; Upon an income of over $2,000 and not exceeding $3,000, ½ of 1 per cent; over $3,000 and not exceeding $5,000, ¾ of 1 per cent; over $5,000, and not exceeding $10,000, ⅞ of 1 per cent, and upon the income of any individual inexcess of $10,000 there should be paid on such excess 1 per cent.

SENATE.

The senate passed the land forfeiture bill. Mr. Plumb, who had charge of the bill, discussed Mr. Call's amendment as to lands in Florida. Mr. Call's amendment was laid on the table—30 to 18—a party vote.

A southern senator wanted the land of the Northern Pacific forfeited back to Bismarck. Senators Mitchell and Dolph had bills with opponents of bill. Several amendments were offered and rejected. An amendment of Mr. Moody was agreed to declaring that the act shall not be construed to confer any right on any state, corporation or person to lands that were expected in the grants. The bill was then passed without division.

HOUSE

The president sent to the house a message vetoing the bill for the erection of a public building at Dallas, Texas. The bill made an appropriation of $200,000 for the construction of an addition to the building completed in 1889.

The senate resolution was concurred in concerning the irrigation of the arid lands in the valley of the Rio Grande and the construction of a dam across that river at or near El Paso for the storage of its waste waters. The president is requested to enter into negotiations with the government of Mexico with a view to the irrigation of the valley.

SENATE.

Mr. Dolph, from the committee on foreign relations, reported a concurrent resolution requesting the president to negotiate with the governments of Great Britian and Mexico with a view of securing treaty stipulation for the prevention of the entry into the United States of Chinese from Canada and Mexico, and he asked for its immediate consideration. Mr. Ingalls objected, however, and the resolution went over till to-morrow.

The senate resumed consideration of the customs administration bill.

HOUSE.

Mr. McKinley (Ohio), from the committee on rules, reported a resolution providing for the immediate consideration of the senate service pension bill, to which the Morrill service pension bill may be entered as a substitute. After some opposition and debate, the resolution was adopted and Mr. Morrill (Kansas) took the floor for the explanation of and in support of his bill. He said that this act of justice had been too long postponed. If the government were to grant a service pension it should do it without delay.

Mr. Yoder, of Ohio, spoke in favor of the service pension bill which had been endorsed by the G. A. R. and other veteran organizations. The minority opposed the Morrill bill not because it paid pensions, but because it did not grant liberal pensions. He charged the Republicans with being untrue to their promises to the soldier.

The senate bill as amended by the substitute then was passed—yeas 179, nays 70. (Loud applause.)

The bill authorizes the secretary of the interior to place on the pension roll the name of any officer or enlisted man of 60 years of age or over, or who shall hereafter reach that age, who served 90 days or more in the army, navy or marine corps of the United States during the war of the rebellion, and who is now suffering from a mental or physical disability of a character which renders him unable to earn a support, and who is now in destitute circumstances, and who shall hereafter be found by the pension bureau to be entitled to the benefits of the act, upon his proper application therefor, in the same manner as if he had been originally a pensioner under the provisions of the act of June 27, 1890, and the act of March 4, 1891, relating to the pensioning of the officers and enlisted men of the military service of the United States during the war of the rebellion.

LIONNE'S REVENGE.

A TRAGIC ROMANCE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

CHAPTER XXI.

The voyagers landed and took quarters for the day and night at the Queen's Head, Fleet stret.

Early the next morning they took the first coach for Edinburgh, where they arrived in due time, and whence they took a chaise to the post town nearest the bourne of their journey Glen-Lenmark.

At the small hotel they found a carriage from the castle awaiting them. They entered it and rode through a wild and rocky country, beautiful now in the rich luxuriance of summer.

It was near sunset when they passed through a gorge, and came upon the borders of a small, clear lake, in the midst of which, from a solid rock, arose the gray and hoary walls of Glen-Lenmark castle. The waters of this lake had served in ancient feudal times, as a moat. They crossed the drawbridge, whose chains and pulleys had long since fallen into discuse, and entered the main entrance of the castle hall. Here they were met by a servant who conducted them into the modernised reception room, and went to announce their arrival to his master.

Mr. Deville and Lady Adelaide looked around them and then at each other.

"Do you remember the last time we were in this room, Adelaide?"

"I do, indeed."

It was the room in which they had been married at the death bed of the old lord.

They had no opportunity for further conversation, for the door opened, and their host entered—a tall, distinguished looking man, whose snow-white locks contrasted with his deep mourning suit of full black velvet.

"I am very happy to welcome you, my niece and nephew to Glen-Lenmark," he said, courteously advancing and offering Adelaide and Orville each a hand.

Both arose to receive this greeting. But when Mr. Deville looked up, in spite of the changed circumstances, the altered dress, the prematurely aged face and whitened hair, he recognized in the Earl of Glen-Lenmark his old host of the forest lodge, the father of the lost Lionne!

"Mr. Delaforet!" burst in stupefaction and despair from his pallid lips; for in the same moment that he had made his discovery, he knew that he, himself had made his aged uncle childless.

"Mr. Delaforet no longer, but your uncle, Glen-Lenmark," who, even in the wilds of America, recognized in his chance visitor his sister's son, and who would have then and there, in exile and poverty, made himself known, but for perdential considerations," said the earl, cautiously waving to his young tions to resume their seats, while he set them the example.

Adelaide gazed in silent surprise from one to the other.

"Oh, that you had trusted me with your secret! oh, that you had told me who you were, or that I had had wit to discover our relationship!" groaned Orville, in the pangs of revived and augmented remorse.

"To what purpose? What could my first young relative have done for his poor exiled uncle? He would no doubt have tried to move Heaven and earth to restore the vanished old man to his country; but at that time would have succeeded only in getting himself into trouble," said the earl, entirely misconceiving the cause of his nephew's emotion.

Orville, for his part, was almost overwhelmed. In vain he struggled to vanish the image of the lost Lionne and the visitations of remorse. He could not conquer, he could only partially conceal his emotion.

Adelaide, also had learned from this conversation that the poor victim of her husband's deceit had been her own, his own cousin, the only remaining child of their host and uncle. And pale and silent from these distressing reflections, she scarcely dared to raise her eyes either to her husband or her uncle.

"My fair niece looks very weary after her journey. Courage, my dear; supper will be served in a few moments, after which Mrs. Posset will show you to your apartment, Orville, do you remember the suppers in my forest home, prepared by the hands of my poor Lionne?"

Ay, he did remember, though he had scarcely voice to say so.

"She died very suddenly," said the earl. And then in a faltering voice he told all he knew or supposed of the loss of Lionne.

Each word was a dagger to the hearts of Orville Deville and his wife.

The earl, not understanding the cause of their extreme emotion, and attributing it all to excess of generous sympathy, said—

"Do not grieve for me, young people. I am equal to my burden, and I try to think that all is for the best."

Very soon after supper, Lady Adelaide retired to her apartment, where she was joined at a late hour by Mr. Deville. He looked pale and troubled, and well she knew the cause of his distress, though the subject of Lionne was, by mutual silent consent avoided between them.

Yet new Adelaide could not refrain from asking—

"Shall we remain here as long as we intend, Mr. Deville?"

"Assuredly not; we shall remain no longer than I can find a plausible excuse for departing," he answered.

"Is such an excuse necessary?" inquired the truthful young creature.

"Certainly, Lady Adelaide. You would not have me offend our uncle."

A silent sigh was her only comment, and so the short conference ended.

The next day a number of the county nobility and gentry were received at dinner to meet Mr. Deville, whom the Earl of Glen Lenmark presented as his nearest kinsman and his heir.

This dinner was followed by reciprocal invitations from the guests, which the uncle and nephew felt obliged to accept, and thus a fortnight was spent in a round of dinner parties.

Of course Lady Adelaide was frequently of the company, though she often preferred to stay at Glen-Lenmark and amuse herself with her adopted child, who, by the way, had found great favor in the eyes of their host. He felt a strange attraction towards the infant; he would have her brought in every day with the dessert; he called her "Lady Adelaide's whim," and said he hoped that when an heir should be born to them, the poor "whim" might not utterly be thrust aside.

"Oh, no," said Lady Adelaide; "I should so distrust myself. I should so fear to slight my little waif that I do believe I should be more attentive to her than to one of my own."

"At least, if ever, when surrounded by your children, you grow tired of Perdita, send her to me," said the earl.

"You have taken a strange fancy to my little gipsy," said Adelaide, smiling.

"Well, yes; shall I tell you the reason? She is the very image of what my poor Leonora was at her age! It is one of those strange, unaccountable likenesses that we sometimes see in life; and that it is not only by fancy I will prove. Come with me into the adjoining cabinet," said the earl, rising from the table, and giving his arm to his niece, and leading her into an apartment in the south turret.

"This is a sacred room to me; I call it my 'family circle,'" said his lordship, as he conducted his niece into his sanctuary, and led her straight up to the portrait of a child on the space at the right hand of the window.

Adelaide started, and grew deadly pale. It seemed to be Perdita her very self whom she saw on the canvass before her.

"Wonderful likeness, considering that this portrait was a noble in[illegible] in this castle nineteen years ago; [illegible] the babe who it so strangely re[illegible] a peasant child, perhaps a half-[illegible] and in the wilds of America only a [illegible] since—a very wonderful likeness!" said [illegible] gravely.

[illegible] could not answer.

[illegible] so suddenly [illegible] little proteges; why it is that I have [illegible] strong an attachment [illegible] ents fo[illegible]

[illegible] She could do no more. [illegible] speech seemed denied her.

[illegible] pale, pale, dizzy, and trembling, [illegible] fearful suspicion on her mind, [illegible] as her failing limbs would carry [illegible] her own room, and locked herself within deep privacy.

"[illegible] should this child that I protect [illegible] really the child of Lionne, and of—[illegible] no, my Lord, it is not so! it can not [illegible] This is an accidental likeness, as my [illegible] thinks. The unborn child of Lionne [illegible] have perished with its wretched mother [illegible] and she died and gave no sign." It [illegible] not have been otherwise, for the earl [illegible] us every particular of her death and [illegible] he did not know her wrongs, and he [illegible] not even suspect but that he laid a vir[illegible] daughter in the grave. I am sure of it; [illegible] not, and yet I know that had Lionne [illegible] she would have been a mother, and [illegible] the age of this unknown foundling of [illegible] the wilderness, that bears such a wonderful resemblance to her, corresponds with what [illegible] would have been the age of her child, had [illegible] had one. I must investigate this."

[illegible] Adelaide mused, until she was interrupted by the entrance of Elspeth with the [illegible] subject of her perplexed thoughts.

[illegible] then she took the babe from the arms of [illegible] saying—

"Nechelle [illegible] her with me, Elspeth. I [illegible] for an hour."

[illegible] her little charge, Lady [illegible] held upon her lap, and [illegible] fully into her great, fierce [illegible]

"[illegible] you know no more of your [illegible] do I. If that lisping, all-[illegible] could speak, it could tell me [illegible] your origin; but, oh, if those great [illegible] could give back again to me the [illegible] upon their retina be ore I say [illegible] scene they might reveal!"

[illegible] gazed upon the wonder-[illegible]

[illegible] ent of the sober face [illegible] an to dance, and [illegible] all her infant [illegible] into play; and [illegible] herself out of her [illegible] responsibil-[illegible] floor, until [illegible] gone out to a gentleman's party in the neighborhood, Lady Adelaide found herself and the earl alone in the drawing-room.

Adelaide availed herself of the opportunity, and requested her uncle, if the recital would not be too painful to him, to relate to her all the particulars of her cousin Leonora's last illness and death.

With a deep sigh the earl commenced, and faithfully related every circumstance of that tragedy, so far as they were known to himself.

Adelaide listened, on the alert to detect any suspicious feature. But when the sorrowful story was ended she was obliged to confess to herself that there was not the slightest reason for supposing that Lionne had become a mother before she died, but every reason for believing the contrary.

It was very late when Mr. Deville came in from the supper.

"Up yet, Adelaide?" he asked, with a yawn.

"Yes—I cannot sleep, Mr. Deville! Oh, when shall we leave this house?"

"Why—are you not comfortable?"

"As comfortable as the kindest of hosts can make me, but—I thought that you also were anxious to leave?"

"So I was, and so I am; but to leave is not so easy a feat as you suppose. We came with the understanding between our uncle and ourselves that we should stay a year. And when I spoke to him of shortening our visit, pleading unexpected business as my excuse, he looked so annoyed, so incredulous, and opposed our going with so much earnestness of emotion, that I find I cannot distress him by hurring off. I have caused him trouble enough, Heaven knows, and I will occasion him no more than I can avoid. So, painful as it is to my feelings to remain, I must stay out the proposed period of our visit," said Mr. Deville, most likely deceiving his own soul as to his motives.

Lady Adelaide made no comment.

"You do not approve this resolution, I suppose?" said her husband.

"Excuse me—the decision does not rest with me," she gently replied.

"Nevertheless, I should like to know your opinion, Adelaide," he persisted, with the unconfessed desire of forcing her to agree with him.

"Indeed, I would rather not express one, knowing full well that my individual judgment would not, perhaps should not, influence the question."

"Is that a complaint, madam?"

"Indeed, no."

"Then I insist upon hearing your sentiments in respect to our staying here!" he said, in a tone so peremptory, as to admit of no refusal from his wife.

"Well, then," said Adelaide, gently, "I think, under the circumstances, that it would be scarcely honorable in us to accept a whole year's hospitality of poor Lionne's bereaved father."

The face of Orville Deville flushed purple with anger. He was offended, as she forsaw that he would be.

"Lady Adelaide, your words are insulting!" he said, in the deep, low, steady tones of suppressed but concentrated and intense rage. And, rising, he went into the adjoining room and threw himself upon the lounge, where he passed the remainder of that night, and many nights thereafter.

For days Orville Deville maintained a cold and distant demeanor towards his wife. He was evidently waiting for some sign of submission on her part. And the gentle Adelaide would have readily asked forgiveness, only that in this case self-crimination would have been a falsehood, and a betrayal of principle.

How long this estrangement would have continued is not known, for an event occurred that necessarily forced the estranged parties into confidential relations.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Earl of Glen-Lenmark announced his intention of giving a fete in honor of Orville Deville's birthday which was near at hand.

The eventful day arrived. It was a lovely day, early in October, and the entertainments commenced with the most auspicious prospects.

But, alas! in the afternoon of that day the festival came to a sudden and a dreadful end.

It was about six o'clock p. m., that the villagers and tenantry were at the height of enjoyment of feasting and dancing; the artisans were at their posts, ready, at the appearance of the earl and his guests, to begin letting off the fireworks; and the earl himself was seated at the head of the table, having on his right hand Lady Adelaide, on his left Mr. Deville, and surrounded by his distinguished friends.

The cloth had been removed, and the dessert set upon the table, when the Earl of Glen-Lenmark arose in his place to propose a toast.

All eyes were rivetted upon him as he stood his goblet in his hand. His place at the right hand of his host. The Earl and Countess of Glen-Lenmark! Gentlemen, you will surely pledge me in this sentiment!"

"Pray excuse me, but—that was the toast that died on the lips of my late dying relative," said the Earl, gently laying his hand on that of the young nobleman.

"Ah! was it! I did not know—your pardon—put it in some other form. Gentlemen, we will drink the health of our noble host and hostess separately—our fair hostess first. Gentlemen fill your glasses."

All complied, and rose, goblet in hand.

"To the lovely Countess of Glen-Lenmark. Long and happily may she reign over the fair lands of her ancestors," smiled the young peer with a profound obeisance.

All honored the toast with deep bows and full bumpers, and so resumed their seats.

"Lady Glen-Lenmark accepts and thanks your courtesy!"

All started. The earl gazed in wild terror around.

Whence came that deep-toned, solemn, vibrating voice, that tolled like a death bell through the room?

Not from the rosy lips of Adelaide, whose melodious organs never knelled forth such a de profundis. Not from any one there present.

"Who spoke?" demanded the host with white lips.

There was no answer, but the guests sought each other's eyes in inquiry, and Adelaide leaned forward upon the table as if about to faint.

"Do not be alarmed; it is nothing," said the earl to his wife, in a hoarse whisper, whose faltering tone belied his words.

"Who spoke?" he repeated, in a raised voice.

Still there was no reply. But the guests gazed at each other in amazement, and fair Adelaide shuddered in her seat.

"Control yourself, madam!" he said, in a stern whisper; then raising his voice for the third time, he reiterated the question, the form of which he seemed to have no power to change—

"Who spoke?"

There came a response, tolling like a deep-mouthed bell through the room—

"Leonora, Countess of Glen-Lenmark, and Baroness Lochburn!"

With a stifled cry, Adelaide sank back into her chair.

The guests all started to their feet, looking around as if in the expectancy of some strange denouncement.

The earl arose in extreme agitation.

"Gentlemen, we are the victims of some impudent imposture! Let us unearth this invisible speaker!" he said, in a tone that he vainly endeavored to make calm.

"It shall not need!" spoke the same profound voice.

And the door of the turret cabinet swung open, and a tall, dark woman, of exceeding beauty and unearthly pallor, clothed in deep mourning, slowly advanced to the foot of the table, and stood directly opposite to the Earl of Glen-Lenmark, who with a deep groan, sank back in his chair.

"You, who did not know the voice, do you now recognise the form of Lionne Delaforet?"

He covered his face with his hands and groaned.

"Call yourself now Earl of Glen-Lenmark if you dare! Abide in the halls of Glen-Lenmark at your peril! Lay down the title that you dishonor! depart from the roof that you desecrate! Away! begone! while a semblance of honor and liberty remain to you!" and with her arm raised on high, with a gesture of supreme command, this woman of unearthly beauty swept from the room, and was gone, ere any one recovered their astonishment or thought of preventing her.

"Some escaped lunatic!" said the clergyman, who was the first to find a voice.

"Some poor beauty that Deville had flirted with and abandoned!" whispered the young Lord Inchburn.

"A ghost, if ever one appeared to mortal eyes!" said an old lady.

"Follow her—she should be stopped!" said a magistrate present.

And all these various expressions of opinion were uttered at the same instant, while their speakers pressed his hands before his agonized countenance.

And in the next moment a heavy fall was heard, and several voices exclaimed—

"Look to Lady Glen-Lenmark! she has fainted!"

The earl was the first to spring to the assistance of his wife. She seemed quite dead; she was, in fact, quite insensible. He bore her to a lounge, where every effort was made for her recovery, but made in vain. The guests, unable to render assistance, and feeling themselves in the way, took a hasty leave, and departed.

THE INTERRUPTED BANQUET.

There, his tall figure clad in a suit of sable velvet, his snow-white hair parted over the broad brow and descending upon his shoulders; his venerable face elongated with age and care; but his noble form was erect, and his eagle eye as keen as when, in middle age, he had led the armies or the councils of his country.

"Friends and neighbors," he said, "be pleased to fill your glasses and pledge me in one sentiment." And filling his own high with wine, he stood waiting until his guests, with brimming glasses, were upon their feet. Then lifting his goblet, he bowed and said—

"We drink to the health and prosperity of the next Earl and Countess of Glen-Lenmark! May their future be—"

The last syllables trembled upon his lips; the brimming goblet shook in his hands and fell shivered into fragments, spilling all the red wine upon the floor.

The butler, regarding this as merely an awkward accident, quickly and coolly filled another glass and handed it to his master.

The earl, who was resting one hand upon the table, received the second goblet and stood once more erect. The eyes of his guests were fixed upon his venerable pale face; they saw the quivering of his aged lips as he attempted to articulate; noticed the twitching of his fingers as he tried to hold his glass, which instantly fell with a crash to the table.

"My lord, you are ill," exclaimed Orville Deville, starting up just in time to receive the falling form of the old man in his arms and lay him gently back in the chair.

All became confusion.

The guests left their seats and gathered around their host, who, livid and helpless, lay back upon the chair supported in the arms of Orville Deville.

A messenger was dispatched for the doctor, the patient was laid upon the lounge hastily brought for the purpose, and all proper remedies were resorted to for his relief. In vain, the old man never spoke again. And when half an hour a terwards the physician arrived, he found a corpse!

The guests, with grave faces, left the house of mourning. The villagers and tenantry, filled with consternation, lingered, talking in groups upon the grounds, until by the orders of Mr. Deville they were dispersed and sent home.

The proper officials were then summoned, and preparations for the funeral solemnities were commenced.

The body of the late earl lay in state in the castle hall for eight days, during which it was visited by a large number of his friends, tenants, and dependants. And on the evening of the ninth day, with all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of rank, Alexander, seventh Earl of Glen-Lenmark, and tenth Baron Lochburn, was laid in the tomb of his fathers.

On the morning of the day succeeding the funeral, the nearest friends and neighbors of the late lord were assembled in the library to hear the reading of his lordship's last will and testament.

Lady Adelaide and Mr. Deville were present in deep mourning.

The great bulk of his lordship's personal property was left where his title and estates had descended—to his "beloved nephew, Orville Deville." Then followed some considerable legacies to servants and humble friends. And, finally, there was a codicil by which he left to Orville Deville the sum of five thousand pounds sterling, in trust, for the use of his adopted daughter, Perdita.

At the conclusion of the reading of the will, friends and acquaintances approached with congratulations and flattering speeches.

Orville saw Lady Adelaide's pale and suffering countenance that this new accession of rank and wealth gave her no pleasure, and, as usual, he resented her difference of feeling. Just as soon as he could get an opportunity, while the tide of talk was "fast and furious," he slipped up to the side of his wife, and, murmured—

"As usual, you do not in the least sympathize with me, Lady Glen-Lenmark."

"Oh! do not call me thus!" she exclaimed, with a shudder. "Oh do not call me thus! You know who should have borne that title! I feel I have no right to it! Oh, Orville, my husband, I will never, never put that countess's coronet upon my brow; like a diadem of fire, it would scathe my brain! Oh, Orville, drop this honor! drop it! it is accursed! let us return to our quiet place in Maryland——"

"Madam! for decency's sake be silent; you are attracting attention by this vehemence," replied her husband in a tone of displeasure, as he moved from her side.

"Poor girl! she is very sensitive, and has not yet recovered the shock of our kinsman's death," he said, in explanation of her distressed looks, as he rejoined his friends.

The host invited his guests to the lunch room to partake of a sumptuous collation, served in excellent style.

They gathered around the table. The memory of the newly dead checked all hilarity, but did not lessen the appetite of the guests for the viands set before them.

"To the Earl and Countess of Glen-Lenmark," said the young Lord Inchburn, filling

The countess was borne from her couch to her chamber, where she lay many hours in that death-like swoon, from which she was aroused by the fierce pangs of permature maternity. The struggle was long and terrible, and the life of the mother trembled in this strife of nature, as trembles a frail barque in a furious storm.

It was the deep midnight of the third day of agony that a son and heir was born to the Earl of Glen-Lenmark—but born dead!

The first bolt of Lionne's vengeance had fallen!

When this sad news was carried by the doctor to the earl, who was pacing the floor of the library in unutterable anxiety, the erring man paused, and muttered inaudibly—

"The curse of the ruined girl has fallen, and not her curse only! Even so: 'the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation!'"

"Sir," said the physician, who deeply pitied the father's disappointment," I offer you great comfort, in the news that the countess is out of danger. She has been in extreme peril, happily now past."

And the earl threw himself upon the sofa to take the first repose that had for three days and nights of suspense visited his anxious mind and exhausted body.

And even through this period of intense anxiety, the mysterious stranger, whose inexplicable appearance brought on this catastrope, was not for an hour forgotten. Inquiries were pushed in every direction, but failed of finding either an explanation of her sudden presence in the castle or a clue to her retreat.

Opinions concerning her varied. Somesaid that she was an escaped lunatic; others that she was a gipsy; while the superstitious whispered in awe-struck tones that it was no other than the ghost of the late lord's daughter, the dead Lady Leonora!

At noon the next day the earl received an intimation that he might now visit the chamber of the countess.

He entered the darkened chamber, so dark that it scarcely gave to view the white lace draperies of the bed that held her fragile form.

He signed for the attendants to leave the room. When they had gone, he approached and put aside the curtains, and looked upon her fair, wan, spiritual face.

"How are you, Adelaide?"

"Well—oh, well as I wish to be," she said, wildly, "Is any one here?"

"No, love; we are alone."

She fixed her dilated eyes upon him, and said—

"Oh, Orville, the curse has fallen! Our first born lies dead in his shroud!"

"It was the will of Heaven, my love; do not look upon it in any other light," he said, soothingly.

Very protracted was the convalescence of the countess.

One great and all absorbing desire consumed her heart—to escape from the castle of Glen-Lenmark, and the happy home of her childhood, and the desired bourne of her exiled youth, but now the scene of so many painful exciting, and maddening events. Her physician continued strenuously to advise change of place, and as soon as she could bear motion extensive travel.

It was late in October before Lady Glen-Lenmark was permitted to receive her husband. The meeting was very affectionate, though at first almost a silent awe. But when the earl, taking her transparent hand, and gazing fondly into her fair, wan, spiritual face, inquired—

"My dear Adelaide, what can I do to prove how much I love you—how grateful I am for your life restored?"

She answered—

"Oh, my lord, take me away from this place; take me quickly away!"

"That I had already resolved upon. What more, my Adelaide?"

"The next I ask is a great sacrifice, that I scarcely dare to name."

"Nay, speak, my dear Adelaide; there is nothing I would not do to make you happy."

"But this is something so unreasonable, that I am afraid and ashamed to ask it."

"Well, Adelaide, what is it you would have me do?"

"Do as the awful voice commanded—leave title, castle, and estate, and let us go forth as we came," said the countess, clasping hands and gazing into his eyes in wild entreaty.

The earl dropped his head upon his bosom, and seemed to hesitate and reflect.

His wife grew more painfully earnest in her appeal.

"Oh, my lord, my husband, do as the dreadful voice commanded! I feel—I feel that your honor and safety, your life and liberty, are at stake."

"Adelaide, not for safety, life or liberty, would I abdicate my present position, but for your dear sake I will do as you desire," he said, with involuntary [illegible] tion; for, in strict truth, it was [illegible] conscious regard for his [illegible] in treasliberty that im[illegible] pril For, after the [illegible] Pu-

The Actor's Hard Life.

"It's a wonder that actors live," said a young player the other day. "I don't know how it comes about, but managers seem to have no consideration for the climate in their arrangement of pieces. When I was traveling with the —— company we always used to do things like 'Siberia,' that required us to dress in furs in summer time, and we sweat under them well, I can tell you. Then we invariably did 'Julius Cæsar' in the west in the dead of winter. Good heavens! it gives me a chill now when I think of the nights I have lain on the floor of Nebraska barns as the murdered Cæsar, with my breast and one arm bare and zero breezes creeping up through cracks in the floor and stealing in through doors and windows at the wings. I had to lie there for ten solid minutes after I fell and didn't even have the liberty of shivering.

"After awhile they gave me Mark Antony to play, and I don't know but I suffered worse in that, for after the address to the populace I left the stage in a cast iron perspiration and dived into a dressing room full of draughts and a temperature below freezing to make my change. I have caught malaria in damp dressing rooms under the ground. I have shaken my internal appliances out of place by doing a twenty-foot fall eight times a week for a season. I have been on deck for nearly twenty-four hours at a stretch, what with rehearsals, matinees and evening performances. I have gone to bed at 1 a. m. and got up at 4 to catch trains. I have played hard parts when I was sick enough to be in bed. I have traveled all night and all day, unable to get a sleeper, and struck a town too late for supper, and have gone directly to the theatre and howled and laughed on an empty stomach.

"I can't abide pork, yet I've been compelled to live on nothing else while playing the southern circuit. I've done museum work where I've had to study six, eight and ten parts in a week, comedy one day, tragedy that night, comic opera, pantomime, burlesque, spectacle, melodrama, farce, sensation and society pieces all in a bunch. I've 'carried the banner' through the streets all night when I hadn't money enough to pay for a lodging, and when the ghost has failed to walk I've had to call 'on my uncle' with my clothes and books and 'props' to adjust matters amicably with my landlord. People who have an idea that the actor's trade is all roses and sunshine and genteel leisure and wealth haven't got the correct idea, that's all."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Hour Classes and Half-Hour Classes.

Long before hour glasses, or sand glasses, were used in churches to indicate the time occupied in the delivery of sermons, they were used in tournaments to limit the duration of combats and prevent them from being really sanguine encounters. Of two adversaries engaged in "a gentle passage of arms," he was accounted victor who obtained the greater number of advantages before the sand had run out from the glass turned at the commencement of the combat.

Sand glasses were employed, also, in scholastic discussions. Pascal, for instance, in one of his letters, mentions a discussion in which he took part in the Sorbonne, when he spoke for half an hour by the sand glass provided. And they were, eventually, so identified with scholarship, as well as preaching, that artists frequently placed an hour glass as well as a book in the back-ground of their portraits of eminent scholars. They were also made use of at sales. But though thus used in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it was in the pulpit of the seventeenth century that they obtained their wider popularity, and on tombstones of the same period that they were most frequently delineated. The high pew, or "pue," as it used to be written, the long sermon and the hour glass by the pulpit, are as vivid a presentment of Queen Anne's time, too, as would be the snuff-box, the clouded cane, or the fans and brocades of the fashionable folks who took the air in the Mall.

The Time to Sleep.

Another important hygienic rule is never to thwart that advance guard of sleep—the drowsy impulse, which in healthy individuals will be found to occur about the same hour each night. At its approach the individual should invariably betake himself to rest; nor should he tarry until this drowsiness verges on unconsciousness, but at the very first intimation of brain weariness, he should seek to assume a horizontal position as quickly as possible. If this rule be scrupulously maintained it will usually be found that sleep supervenes almost as soon as the head touches the pillow, if there has been no previous abuse of the pleasures of the table. If however, there has been gormandizing and abuse of wine shortly before retiring, the aspirant for honors in the arena of cerebral combat must not be surprised if he be subjected to all the semi-consciousness, total inability to sleep, or sleep in which all the terrors of nightmare are unrolled before the irritated imagination.—Dr. J. Leonard Corning.

Cheek Won.

Detroit Free Press.

A gentleman of fastidious habits was lunching at a restaurant the other day when a stranger came in and sat down at the same table.

While eating the slim meal he had ordered, the stranger looked across at his well dressed vis-a-vis and remarked:

"I see you had celery. Will you oblige me with ten cents to pay for some celery, sir?"

"I don't know why I should pay for celery for you, sir," answered the gentleman, haughtily, you are a perfect stranger to me."

"Allow me to introduce myself," cheerfully responded the other, presenting a card. "Now, sir, shall I order the celery, or will you?"

He got it.

Chicago Tribune: Interviewer—Mr. Cleveland, will you kindly tell me exactly what you mean by tariff reform?

Mr. Cleveland (with much emphasis)—By tariff reform, sir, I mean the judicious, careful, well considered, thorough, methodical, painstaking, and, I may say, the much-needed reform of the—er—tariff, sir.

New York Sun: "I fell over the rail," said the sailor, "and the shark came along and grabbed me by the leg."

"And what did you do?"

"I let him have the leg. I never disputes with a shark."

Tiger Stories.

Lady Dufferin, in her book, "Our Viceregal Life in India," tells of a tiger which in nine months killed twenty-three men. The whole neighborhood entreated an English sportsman, who happened to be in the vicinity, to kill the terrible man-eater. The sportsman spent twenty-four hours in a cage, built so that the sportsman within may shoot at the tiger through the bars, and yet be protected from his attack. A companion joined him after he had been twelve hours in the cage, and they both watched twelve hours more but no tiger appeared.

Then the two men went to sleep. When they woke they found the tiger had walked round the cage, for his footprints were plainly to be seen through the bars.

This same sportsman hunted one day for a tiger, in a jungle so