A Baby's Smile.

As through the busy street I pass Often, in sun or rain.
I mark some pleasant household group Behind a window-pane; The mother is politery blind, The father does not see, But if But if I note a baby there, The baby smile at me.

Dear sinless soul of tabyhood! To ask about my bank-account, Orbonds or real estate;
With small soft face against the pane. And dove-like coothe while. She beckens with her dainty hand. And answers back my smile.

She deed not score my glance becau She decigned scorn by glance if She never heard by manne-Nor query of my social place. Nor question whence Joanne No Ledious rule of etiquerie Restrains her loving grace.

Or oh ils she winning simile that lights. Her lovely wild-flower face. She knows me by that nameless sense. That wisdom sweet and fine, Which babies have, era-time has spoiled

That strange unerring magnetism Which some kind angel sends,

And recognize their friends;

Which draws the pigeons to my hand,
Fearless and trustful still
Which inakes the social sparrows crowd
My friendly windows:
The silent sympathy which makes
The homeless dog I finest
Foget his hungry lonesomeness
To fawn about my feet.

Ah, though the world seems full sometimes, Markness and of dust. Which birds and babies trust

While eyes so shadowless and sweet Smile back to eyes that smile

Dear Mother's Growing Old.

CHORGE NEWELL LOVE TOY Hereye is not to lustrous, The typical has less of cheer.
While in her purponce dark as night,
The threads of gray appear. The threads of gray appear.
And and Fann reunmided.
When I her foreshould.
That (nough she still is beautiful
Dear mother's growing old.

Her cheeks have lost their glory Har smiles have flown that used to bless

The heart when sorrow-worn.

And when I mark her step that
Weshinovent once and bold,
I cannot help the thought so sad
That is the responsive old. Turn back the years, O lather!

And make ner count once more— fest as my soul recentlers her in happy ays of yore. When is her side my hia in Full gladness did no fold, told f, a little chold, dreamed, not fear mother would grow old.

Beyond these hours so fleeting. Devoid earth's toils and tears, in that sweet land I hope to gain. Beyond these nortal years. Nothing snall we believe pure life, flut beauty manifold with manifold. With happine a shall crown her lot, Indimother'll neigh grow old.

ON THE BRACH I c'aspettin mine her tender hand And side by side, with loitering pace And spansing sometimes, face to face.

We left behind a laughing crowdfelt no need of company; selves, our the this, the beach

And of Plant Pluos area.

The desired of Pluos area.

The desired of the belief at a the upon your midd, oldbey: What fancies have you chased.

While wandering slowly and alone? You are not wont to stroll away; What do the wild waves say to-day, By as unfancied and unknown?"

I smiled. They could not see the hand A classed in mue, the inturned face
I classed in mue, the inturned face
If heir duller eyes beheld no trace
Of little foot-prints in the sand.

But that sweet hour along the sea Will have results from my heart.
When silent, from all class apart,
I walked with unseen company.

A HAMMING SONG Swing' my netted hammock, wing, Sver lightly to and fro! Sweringhtly to and tro:
On the bough the robust sing,
An ilst dotthe grass below.
Ah i how sweet the soring-tide weather,
Youth an I love are young together.

swing! my netted hammock, swing, Swing! my nette! hammock swing.
All the fields are difffing snow.
Dutsy faces nod and sway
To the south wind, bending low.
Passing sweet the summer weather
Youth and love are young together.

Swing, my netted hammock, swing, Miples, gold and crimson, gleam, Carelinat flowers make gay the waste, Asters not beside the stream. Jake a dream the autumn weather; Youth and love are young together.

Swing! my netted hammock, swing.
From the limbacoold and bare.
Thro: the boughs the north wind sings.
Scow-flakes fill, the frosty air.
Dear and blest the winter weather.
Ye th and love are young together.

LOVE CONTEMPLATIVE sit or by my window side
And gaze into the quiet night.
Made mellow by the moonbeams' light;
Made mellow by the moonbeams' light;
areas me thro the window wide.
And a they flit
So fair and free.
Dear love fair.

Aud think of thee

Cast my longing, tearful eyes On yonder flowery, starlit mead. Where father's mules repose and feed. Too the verdure of the leader their will and hear their wild and plaintive sighs-

wapt sit I all think of thee. Girl in hammock Reading book

Catches man Girl in kitchen Cannot gobble

Ten years later. Head in whirl Man wishes he'd taken Kitchen girl.

A fire broke out on Friday night in Mr J. M. Woods' dry goods store, Lloydtown, which, together with the entire stock and all the matter belonging to the post-office and telegraph office and about \$50 in postage stamps, was soon reduced to ashes. flames spread to Mr. Woods' new dwelling, which was also consumed in a short time The loss is estimated at about \$7,000, with only \$1,700 insurance. The cause of the fire sucknown.

The opinion goins ground is Europe that the recent strong utterances in the German official press indicate Bismarck's desire to discredit the Republic in France and to assist in re establishing the monarchy.

HUSBAND'S RELATIONS,

The People Loved Her Much.

even that his sweetheart has lent it has to thank her brother now. aiready! Not only some of it, but the whole of it; and not only the whole, but that whole is in jeopardy!

"Dolly speaks of going over to Ireland early next week," Mr. Mackiver goes on. Your mother and I think it quite unnecessary. Mrs. Annesley ought to be able to get her own house in order when she comes back, instead of lazily relying on her young sister-in-law to do it for her. Your mother and I propose, in fact, that Dolly should remain here until your marriage. Have you say objection to offer to the plan,

"No; but I think Dolly will have many. Always ready to make the best of everywould make a stand at once if her armour propre were wounded; and I think it would be by the suggestion that she should be merried from any other house than her brother's."

That spirit savors of wicked pridethe haughty spirit that shall have a fall, Mr. Mackiver says, reprovingly. "Her brother's house, may be, will be no home for her in a short time, and you ought to be thankful that your mother and I are time and life in one. willing to take her as a daughter i love before she is one in law."

"I'll speak to Mary," Ronald says, feeling worried, and both father and son know that there is safety in that course safety in Mary's sagacity and rectitude, paths which she may point out to them.

To them, in the course of half an hour or so, Dolly comes in; Dolly with her family faith in all things undisturbed, Dolly with her unconscious self-sufficiency intact.

There is something a little wrong about the Lepells; some screw gone loose in The Darragh Thynne's father—was positively Bullion," she says. "Robert has sent a telegram to Lord Killeen-odd he didn't send it to me straight—asking him to get me over to Ireland without delay and to send Darragh with me. Isn't it strange, Ronald? Miss Thynne has agreed to go to Darragh now as our guest! Isn't she good? isn't i. noble of her?"

"I simost wish she would stay here instead," Ronald says, suggestively; but Dolly scoffs at the idea at once.

"Wny, Robert wants me over there she says; "he and I know exactly now to do things for the best for each other, and you wouldn't wish me not to do my best for my brother, would you, Rocald?" "No! Ronald would certainly not wish

that; he only would wish to get Dolly to himself 'out of it all' as soon as possible. "This is what's wrong about The Bullion," Mr. Mackiver says, tapping the paper sharply. Then he hands it to Dolly, who reads that the glittering fabric of wealth which has been raised over the Lepell family has failen in and crushed the head of the house in its ruins.

"It will nearly break poor Marian's heart," she cries, the tears of tender compassion springing from her eyes. "She is so fond of them all—they are such a united. attached family; parting from them was a terrible trial, though she left them in such luxury, and thought it was sure to last; it will nearly break her heart to thick of them in poverty and sorrow.

ad all that wicked waste and extrawedding will rise up in their ock them; they'll feel was to make such a vain play," Mrs. Mackiver, seist in the debate on says, with a canture

PTER IX WOMANLY, BUT NOT WEAK

"I shall make a point of writing to your brother about the matter without delay. Until he gives you—or me—a sure guarantee that the money will be repaid within

interest regularly, I shall think that the thing looks bad. Mr. Mackiver is the speaker, and he is

"Pays the interest regularly! What do you mean, Mr. Mackiver? I am not going to make my brother pay me for the use of my money! Please don't think of suggest. ing such a thing to him; he will do it at says, with a certain grim air of pity for once if you do, and I shall feel as if I were the one who was distrusting him. Don't do it; let things be as they are. It will be

all right, won't it, Ronald looks to her lover with confidence. That can't do the housework yourself and put he will be on her side she does not seem to Miss Darrigh Thynne to cook, I shall think doubt for a moment, and probably if his you wise if in this you will be advised by us practical parent were not present, he would and take this woman whom my wife slide over the difficulty for the present only recommends with you. to let it recur in a more unpleasant form on some future occasion.

It will be all right if my father and Robert come to on understanding about it, dear, he says, hesitatingly; "it would be much better that a business matter should be put on a business footing. Robert himself will wish that it should be so."

I don't think Robert will like any outside interference between 118, Dolly says, with emphasis. "When I offered it to him she says, appealing to Mrs. Mackiver, and I was free to do what I liked with my own; "Unquestionably." She had appealed

to Capt. Mackiver's sense of justice, and he answers her according to it, though he wishes that she had not made the appeal. "Don't speak stiffly," the pleads, understanding his expression is a moment; "it is so very much to me that there should be no clashing of feeling between Robert and you; wait till you are his brother to arrange with him as to how and when the

money shall be repaid, and he and you will have the same interest, and_ "I shall not give my consent to my son's marrying till I know that he has been provident enough to protect the interests of the children you may bring him, Dolly. They ought to be more to him than your brother.

Tears of uncertainty and bewilderment come into the girl's eyes as Ronald's father speaks to her thus; of uncertainty as to whether she can be loyal to these two men who are the dearest to her in all the world; of biwilderment as to whether Ronald is sympathizing with her, or with his just and straightforward father. She drives back these tears with a vigorous effort. They shall not fail and render her plain and incoherent, when, by looking nice and speak-

ing eloquently, she may carry her point. "Dear Ronald, tell your father that if I were not so sure that my interests were as safe in my brother's hands as in any other human being's, I would not have spoken so confidently of the time when you would be

Robert's brother." There is a touch of pride in there loving words that makes her hearers listen to them. Mrs. Mackiver takes Dolly's hand and pass it, but at the same time she tell the girl that she "must let wiser heads than her own judge for her," and Ronald says: " Dolly, darling, you mustn't think that

"En! it's just that I do distrust," Mr. Mackiver puts in. "'Robert's prudence' is listen to. one of the things heard of, but unseen, I am thinking; and if I don't hold out now, Dolly may have as little reason to thank How far away he is from suspecting her tather-in-law by-and-by as I think she

"And Robert has made me his friend, as well as his sister! Consulted me about everything, and trusted me with everything," Dolly cries out in sorrowfully tender protest. "Oh, Ronald! whatever you do or say is to be done, don't teach Robert to think I love him less because I love you more! My brother, who has taken care of me all my life!"

Mr. and Mrs. Mackiver are not conducive to the rejestablishment of thorough harmony and a cordial appreciation of each other's motives between these young people | as soon as Robert and his wife come home, at this juncture. Mrs. Mackiver says too, won't you? much about its being the duty and privilege of a wife to "give in to her husband," and thing for other people, as Dolly is, she suggests that there is something extra praiseworthy about those young women who extend their duties and privileges to the point of "giving in" to their husband's relations-especially their parents. And Mr. Mackiver says things that are even pride that goeth before destruction, and mal prospect of landowners in Ireland, and harder to bear. He speaks about the disavows with heat and force that it is culpable fool's hardihood on the part of any one who has not inherited the doubtful blessings of an Irish estate to invest money,

"The people have been badly managed and the landlords have themselves, and themselves only, to thank for what is occurring, and for the worst that is to follow," he says, reverting to the subject safety in Mary's sagacity and rectitude, of Darragh during dinner on this though possibly not pleasantness in the uncomfortable day. "Your brother may be exemplary and without reproach in his management, but he'll have to suffer for the mismanagement of those who went before; mark my words."

"Lord Killeen has always shown generous consideration for his tenants and dependents; and his uncle, the late lordadored there, Dolly says.

"You brother can't expect much, or he wouldn't think it necessary to get Miss Thynne over there as a go-between," Mr. Mackiver says testily.

"What you want, and what you must have, Dolly, is a staid, middle aged woman, who has lived in good English families, and who will be able to regulate the work, and show the others how it ought to be done my cook happens to know of just such a person who will be the very thing for you; she's out of employ just now, poor body, in consequence of having had an illness; but I should say she's a real treasure."

"If I were Dolly I wouldn't hamper myself with this woman, who's as much a stranger to her as the Irish servants will be," Miss Mackiver puts in.

"She's a splendid cook, has been with such a noble-hearted girl as you for employed as an extra by one of the first my wife; I'll gladly leave the greatness cooks and confectioners in Brighton for years," Mrs. Mackiver persists. "She would be invaluble to your sister in law, Doily such a cook is not to be picked up every day, I can assure you; I had her here once, on the occasion of one of Mr. Mackiver's big business dinners, and everything was done admirably, and there was no waste, no extravagance."

"The woman has a wonderful power of advertising herself," Mary Mackiver says, scornfully. "Mother is not eften taken in, but she is by this woman's bluntness; mother thinks it honestly."

"I think nothing of the kind; at least, I know it's honesty, I'm not easy to deceive on that score. She's a widow, Dolly, is Mrs. Powles, and she'll come to you for what I consider very moderate wages," Mrs. Mackiver urges. "I should like you to have her for yourself by and by.

sure, because mother her, Dolly dear, it's mora your while. Captain Mackiver says and his sister ados-

"Take my advice, Dolly, and have nothing to do with her; she had ne fiercest eyes I ever saw in a woman's face, and if you take her up in this way, she will make a specified time, and promises to pay the you feel yourself responsible for her." "I wouldn't be that,' Dolly says

decidedly, "but there would be something very nice in having some one at Darragh evidently speaking more in anger than in who knew how things should be done." " If you start with the supposition that

your Irish servants don't know how things should be done, you will soon get so wrong with them that all the Mrs. Powles in the world won't put you right," Miss Mackiver Dolly that is infectious.

"The sooner the servants who have been living at Darragh in idleness all this time go, the better for their master, I should She speaks eagerly and earnestly, and say." Mrs. Mackiver puts in; and, as you

> These words, "I shall think you wise if in this you will be advised by us," settle the question of the cook with Dolly. She has put all her energy into opposing the Mackiver interest when it arrays itself against her brother. But she will show them that she is gracefully ready to bow her head to their yoke in all minor matters.

> "I shall ask you to secure her for-for me, or for Robert, which ought I to say?" the old lady mounts her household manage. ment hobby at once.

I shall engage her to be your servant; then, if Mrs. Annesley has any whim about not liking her, you can send her back here, and I'll keep her till Ronald and you want her in your own house," Ronald's mother says, magnanimously; and to this course Dolly assents, glad to be able to please in this small matter since she cannot give in to them in the more important one.

"You don't look happy, Ronald!" she says to him by and by, when he has taken her away from the family group in the drawing room, for a farewell chat in the morning room, where there is no superfluity of adornment to distract their attention from one another. "Is it that you are

vexed with me about-Robert?" She clasps her pretty hands closely and tenderly round his arm and leans her chin upon his shoulder, looking up at him with her velvety brown eyes full of such perfect, unwavering love that he feels half guilty for having even admitted to himself that Darragh has dazzled him.

"I am quite happy. If everything else in the world went wrong with me your love would always make ma happy, dear!" Then you are vexed with some one else about something. Will you tell me what it Will you trust my reason as fully as

you do my love?" "I may as well out with it, Dolly, dear; am a little vexed at finding that your brother has led you to commit an imprudence, to use a mild term; it will complicate my relations with him from the first; your interests should have been sacred in his eyes, and he ought not to have tampered with your property till he felt certain that this wild scheme of his was going to suc-

Ronald speaks with that sort of austere moderation which is such a wearisome tone

my father distrusts Robert's prudence for to a woman who has erred and offended in the second place, I ——" He stops and fair amends, and be at perfect peace, to

"I wish my face had been my fortune, and that you had chosen me for that alone," she says, sadly; and then he bursts forth into a vehement defence of his own sentiments regarding her, declaring that the thought of her money never entered his mind when he was learning to

love her. "Then dismiss all thoughts of it now, Ronald, if I'm really all you Say I am to you; and let make up our minds not to be anxious about my money and Robert's affairs until we know that they are in a bad way; you'll think differently of the and all about it when you've seen it; and you'll come and see it

"Yes; will Miss Thynne be with you then?" he asks, pulling his moustache,

thoughtfully. "I think she will, but she's rather addicted to doing things abruptly, without giving her friends due warning. Lady Killeen says her engagement seems to have taken them by surprise; all the family would have said their persuasive say against it, I fancy, if she had let them know that she was really going to give herself to her cousin."

"She's engaged, is she? I'm glad of that; who's the man?" Ronald asks, and Dolly tells him. "Her cousin, Mr. Arthur Thynne, the man that silly Mrs. St. John is pretending

to regard as a hero and a patriot now. Why are you glad she's engaged? Do you think she wants taming, too?" The question, asked in all innocence. reveals to him the fact that Dolly regards her own engagement as a taming process,

whatever he may think about Miss Thynne's. "I hope she won't alter," Dolly goes on, pursuing her own line of thought; "she is isn't any yet, and if there were you now; her enthusiasm never becomes gush, and her zeal and love for her country and her country people is all real, there's no sham about it; when she speaks of their there alone." sufferings she suffers too, and when she is telling how full of poetry and pathos, of sensibility and fun and brave endurance they are, every one of the qualities she extols in them seems to take possession of herself. Mr. Thynne ought to be a great man, with such a wife as Darragh to urge him on."

Dolly speaks with her whole heart, meaning every word she says with the intensity of meaning that is her chief characteristic. A flush that is partly caused by a feeling of pride in her, and partly by one of contrition for the delight he takes in her theme, rises to Captain Mackiver's brow, but when she ceases he only says :

"I, at any rate, ought to be a good man and the heroics to Mr. Arthur Thynne."

CHAPTER X.

ALL FOR DOLLY.

'As Dolly insists on going, and you seem unable to combat her obstinate determination, I think it only fit that one of us, you or I, Ronald, should escort her over and see her safely housed at this outlandish place.

Mr. Mackiver is the speaker, and he makes this remark to Ronald on the occasion of the latter's last run up to town to see and take leave of his betrothed.

"I can't get leave," Ronald says, rather curtly his father and mother think; but his sister understands his motive and respects

"If you have a proper regard for Dolly you will persuade her to let your father go with her, Mrs. Mackiver says. " He is ready to put himself to the inconvenience and expense of the journey for her sake, and Dolly ought to accept his offer gladly." " She dislikes the idea of troubling my father, and she will not be alone; Miss Thynne will be with her, and the treasure of a cook you have found for her can wait on them at the stations," Ronald explains, but his mother, who is bent on hearing her husband's unvarnished account of the state

of things at Darragh, will not be satisfied. "I think, as your father is willing to go, both Dolly and you ought to jump at his offering to do so," the old lady says. severely. " Miss Thynne may be all very well, but she's as pretty as Dolly herself, and in my young days it wouldn't have been thought right for two such girls to travel so far alone.

'Mrs. Grundy wouldn't think it right for Ronald to be their escort, mother," Mary puts in; and as for their being pretty, what difference will that make believe that Dolly and Miss Thynne, beautiful as they are, will be quite as safe from rudeness and annoyance as I should be, and I'm plain enough."

I still think your father ought to go, Mrs. Mackiver persists; "it would give a different impression to the people there at once it a man like Mr. Mackiver arrived with them; as Dolly will go on a madgoode chase you ought to be grateful for your father for wanting to put the best

appearance on it." The two girls hear of this proposed selfsacrificial act on Mr. Mackiver's part with chagrin. Miss Thynne has come in to see Dolly, and come to some sort of definite arrangement about the probable length of her visit and the necessary quantity of luggage to be taken. They are discussing these matters with fervor and interest in the morning room when Ronald comes in to them to moot his father's plan.

It is the first time that Darragh and Captain Mackiver have met since the Annesleys' wedding-day, and then they had scarcely spoken to one another. If Dolly were suspicious—which she is not—it would strike her as odd that Captain Mackiver should merely bend his head in cold salutation to Darragh now instead of greeting the latter warmly and courteously as it behooves her (Dolly's) lover to greet her friend.

"If Mr. Mackiver goes with us poor Darragh will be tried and found wanting every minute of the day; I can't stand that unless you're there to support me; will you come, konald?" Dolly says cheer. fully, for though she professes to dread Mr. Mackiver's criticisms she will bear

them gladly if Ronald is with her. "You will come, won't you?" the girl repeats, and Ronald turns to the fire and stirs it vehemently as he answers: "It is impossible

"Why?" Darragh is the speaker, and as she speaks she comes up by his side, and places one exquisitely booted, well-formed little foot on the fender to warm. He has always been in the habit of quoting Dolly's feet for size and symmetry, but this foot which stares him in the face now is unique.

her eyes! Then it is arrested, for she is waiting for his glance to meet her's, and Darragh is a woman who never waits in Vain. "It is impossible!" he repeats with a poor pretence at being amused at the absurdity of such a thing being proposed.

His gaze travels rapidly from her foot to

"But, why? I ask," Darrach says, softly. "In the first place, I can't get leave; and | the electric light on a passing boat.

unwillingly, and who is longing to make all gives another vigorous stir to the fire, and Darragh takes her foot from off the fender and her eyes away from his face, and turns back to the table where Dolly is sitting writing out a list of things that have to be taken over to add to the comfort of the Irish home.

" Let us be quite independent of these men and go by ourseives, Dolly, you and I alone," Darragh says, putting her hand on Dolly's shoulder; "neither Mr. Mackiver nor his son would enjoy it in one way; Mrs. Mackiver would be too keenly alive to the danger."

"Danger!" Dolly interrupts, putting down her pen and looking round quickly. Then, for the first time in her life, Dolly feels out of place, in the way almost, and perplexed about her relations with Ronald. For he is looking at Darragh in a half-angry, half deprecating way, and Darragh is returning his look with one in which confusion and reproach are strongly blended.

"Yes, danger; it's not always as quiet there as in Russell Square, Darragh says, hurriedly. "There may be a little fues when the agent goes round, and fuss about the payment of money that is righteously due to the paid one would be a novelty to Mr. Mackiver."

"Fuss about the non-payment of rents J. N. SUTHERLAND. would not be the worst dangers to be faced at Darragh," Captain Mackiver says, slowly. "I think, Dolly, I should be a wise man if I not only refused to go my. self, but asked you to stay here with me. " Pernaps you would be 'wise,' but not brave,'". Darragh says; and Dolly ex-

claims: "Ronald, you're only pretending! I know so well how you'd not only face danger, but court it."

"I swear I haven't courted this!" Ronald interrupts; and his words seem to be addressed to Darragh, and not to Dolly.

"'This!' Why, my dear Ronald, there interesting beyond everything I ever meet | wouldn't let us face it alone. Do consider it settled that, if your father goes, you go too. He would break my heart if he found much fault with everything, if he had me

(To be continued.)

THE MIDNIGHT SUN. One of the Grandest Speciacles Afforded

Nature is, indeed, very often skilful in her arrangement of shows. She has a fine sense of contrast, and knows how to set off one thing by another. So at North Cape the splendor of sea and sky is heightened by a dull and uninteresting land. The spectator stands upon a bare and gloomy moor, and his vision ranges along a broken but monotonous coast, attractive only, when its highest portions catch and throw back the rosy light that fails upon them from the glorious heavens. Nothing, therefore, draws the mind away from contemplation of the expanse of water and sky over which the sun lords in its strength. Many a traveller has sought to paint in words the weird splendor of the scene when, at the midnight hour, the orb hangs above the

horison diffusing over all a rich yet mysterious light. We may say mysterious, for this uncanny glow has about it a sort of night effect indescribable in words. The light is that of day, but it is not day, and all nature seems to sleep as though shrouded in darkness. True, Lord Dufferin's celebrated rooster" did not perceive the fact. An unreflective stranger in "high latitudes," the unhappy bird was déceived into an idea of perpetual sunrise, and, having proclaimed the morn for thirty six hours, died a victim to impulse, combined with ignorance of physical geography. Chanticleer's experience notwithstanding, there is, over the whole roome, and in the mind of the observer, a consciousness of night, which makes the more wonderful a simultaneous vision of the orb of the day. The impression cannot be communicated, but the mere picture has been again and again limned for us by skilful pens, and by none more successfully than that of Bayard Taylor, who speaks of the "eddies of returning birds, gleaming golden in the nocturnal sun. like drifts of beech-leaves in the October air," and continues: "Far to the north the sun lay in a bed of saffron light over the clear horizon of the Arctic Ocean. A few bars of dazzling orange cloud floated above him, and, still higher in the sky where the saffron melted through delicate rose color into blue, hung like wreaths of vapor, touched with pearly, opaline flushes of pink and golden grav." He describes the sea as "a web of pale slate color. shot through with threads of orange and saffron," and the air as " filled with a soft mysterious glow," while " between the beadlands stood the midnight sun shining on us with subdued fires, and with the gorgeous coloring of an hour for which we have no name, since it is neither sunrise nor sunset, but the blended loveliness of both-but shining at the same moment in the heat and splendor of noonday on the Pacific isles." Even on paper the magnificent pleasure excites admiration and awe. We are all sun-worshippers more or less. We go up uncomfortable mountains to watch the luminary rise; and his setting on sea or land, on height or in valley, is often a spectacle grand enough to justify Jean Paul Richter's outburst: "I see the sun standing amid roses in the western sky, into which he has thrown the raybrush wherewith he had all day been painting the earth." These spectacles are viewed for the most part, however, under ordinary conditions, and lack the wonder of that upon which Herr Stoll has recently been gazing. Far deeper than any made by physical beauty must be the impression due the thought of the dark and sleeping world out of which the traveller has come to "look through golden vistas into heaven." This is the idea upon which Carlyle seized when making his Teufelsdrockh stand at the farthest northern limit of the continent. Silence as of death, for midnight even in the Arctic latitude has its character; nothing but the granite cliffs, rudy-tinged, the peaceful gurgle of that slow, heaving Polar Ocean, over which, in the utmost north, the great sun hangs low and lazy, as if he too were slumbering. Yet is his cloud couch wrought of crimson and cloth of gold; yet

nature.-London Daily News. A large white meteor, in shooting across the horizon at Bedioe's Island, New York harbor, burst with a report that'resembled a ten pound brass cannon. The light from it, it is said, was clearer and whiter than

does his light stream over the mirrors of

water, like a tremendous fire pillar shoot-

ing downward to the abyes, and hide itself

under my feet. In such moments solitude

also is invaluable; for who would speak or

be looked upon, when behind him lies all

Europe and Africa, fast asleep, except the

watchmen, and before him the silent

immensity and Palace of the Eternal,

whereof our lamp is but a porch lamp?

We know not whether Herr Stoll had

thoughts like these, our information being

limited to the statement that he found two

spots on the sun's face; but in such spirit,

which soars far above science, should wor-

shippers penetrate to the holy places of



And all complaints or a succession remody for RHEUMATINE is not a sovereign remody for NEI RALGIA, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, and complaints of Rheumatic nature.

IT IS A SURE CURE

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"What is the best and only remedy that can
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