NIGHT.

I hear the cries that follow birth and death;
I hear huge pestilence draw in its vaporous breath;
"Beware, prepare, or else ye die," he saith.

I hear a haggard student turn and sigh;
I hear men begging heaven to let them die;
And drowning all, a mid-eyed woman's cry.

So night takes toll of wisdom as of sin,
The student's and the drunkard's check is thin;
But flesh is not the prize we strive to win.

Now airy swarms of fluttering dreams descend
On souls, like birds on trees, for food to end.
O God! from vulture dreams my soul defend.
Let fall on her a rose leaf rain of dreams,
All passionate sweet, as are the loving beams
Of starlight on the glimmering woods and streams.

—Sidney Lanier.

THE GIPSY'S CURSE.

CHAPTER X.

It was barely eleven o'clock when Roland had sent word to the hay-ranch only to learn that Miss Ilma was out and had left no message. No message! Had she forgotten—pestilence draw in its vaporous breath;

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The old lady came back before one. She knew nothing of Ilma; doubtless she would be visiting the afternoon. Roland departed, and at three called again. Ilma had not yet returned. Miss Durnford had uttered a cry of relief that the girl was at the Larches; But the young Squire's appearance made her anxious. What could have brought the child? Surely nothing could have failed away so long on purpose. Roland shared her anxiety, and went at once to the house to inquire for Ilma's friend.

The old lady came back before one. She knew nothing of Ilma; doubtless she would be visiting the afternoon. Roland departed, and at three called again. Ilma had not yet returned. Miss Durnford had uttered a cry of relief that the girl was at the Larches; But the young Squire's appearance made her anxious. What could have brought the child? Surely nothing could have failed away so long on purpose. Roland shared her anxiety, and went at once to the house to inquire for Ilma's friend.

He turned his steps first towards the river, and was just approaching the rock bridge, when he saw Gipsy coming down the slope. She stopped the moment she saw Roland, and, as he came hurriedly on, she looked into his face with a wicked flash in her eyes and laughed.

"You are ready to fly," he said sternly; "and you needn't try to hide what you're after. It's Dick Durrell's lady love you were going to send, I suppose. Where is she?"

"Dear Zeph," began Roland, "if you have seen—"

"Don't—dear Zeph!" me!" interrupted the girl fiercely, stamping her foot. "You'd drown me as soon as look at me if you dared, or see me drown, and laugh the next thing to it. It's that golden haired foreign cousin of yours you are in love with; and he pretty thing she is, to go and say to me count for nothing now. But you won't get her. Didn't I know Sir Phillip would have her when I saw her riding the Arab?"

"Zeph, are you mad?" cried Roland hoarsely. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, I may suffer," retorted the undaunted girl, "still you must not wait an instant to know what the girl is to you, Mr. Stout! You may talk to me, and tell me you love me, and give me things, and there is nothing done; as if I cared for you, and need not mind seeing you throw my every affection to the dogs from foreign parts either your way! The time is coming, Mr. Sabine; you have treated me as Sir Phillip would not have done, whatever his ancestor did. He's a noble gentleman anyhow, and he'd never fool with an honest girl he couldn't marry, as you have done. You needn't worry after Miss Ilma; she's chosen a handsomer lover than you—she has! She's been showing it all summer while you've been mooning the woods for her. She's not afraid of Sir Phillip's kisses. He's not afraid, he's rather de "in him than live with you."

"Zeph," said Roland, grasping the girl's wrist, "you shall tell me what you mean by talking like this to torture me, or do you mean that Ilma Costello has fled with Durrell?"

"Oh, no!" replied Zeph quickly. "Maybe she'd know me; but I was born on the road to-day. Don't you know that she was leading his horse and she was by his side. Drop your hand, Mr. Sabine; you hurt me. I'll tell you what I know, but I'm not going to be shaken like a rat. Let me go!"

Roland released her wrist, and Zeph, rubbing the part he had hurt, went on: "Ilma and Durrell—said Zeph to a new lover, after a pause, sifting you from the rain, mingling with and almost drowning the roar of the west.

"Why," replied Roland steadily, "he'll die, and the foreign missy too. You saw her with him to-day, Zeph. I knew how he would be; but I'll tell you that he shall not lose his. It'll come about somehow. They'll tell the great bell in the chapel that the last of the Durrells before Sandy comes around again."

The storm began to lessen at three o'clock, but the rain still fell in torrents till nearly midday; and at that time the Coulnene was rushing rapidly between its green banks, a swollen and angry tide.

"The water's risen more'n two feet since six o'clock this morning," said the old boatman to Zeph, as the girl, in her turn, paid for the ferry, and that chance was to fly with him; he had only told her that he was going to the city on the other side of the river, household goods being deposited with a relative of Job's late wife, who was only a cousin, though Zeph called him uncle."

No one liked the Heatons; no, even in his private existence, Job Heaton was a little help but what he paid for. He knew that if he had sent up to the Court Sir Phillip would send down a dozen of his laborers to aid him; but Job would not be beholden" to Sir Phillip for any thing.

The miller expressed no regret for the impending destruction of his property. He had assured himself of its insurance, and could easily reinstate himself elsewhere, and other feelings which might have clung around the place were dead. He was anxious to be all but obliterated by the grim satisfaction with which he contemplated a ruin that would involve the ruin that he had of the last representative of false Sir Ingelhart, and which would fulfill the curse. It, as Gipsy Meg had said, the curse had lif at five and sixty, and once remarked—

"Maybe she'll be Dick Durrell's last night on earth; she will won't be there at sunrise tomorrow."

CHAPTER XI.

Nothing but the rain had met the fate of Job Durrell as he left the house at the Larches. Roland's face on the night before had plainly showed that something was very much amiss, and Job had perfected not a word of explanation, going straight to his room; and now he was equally unexplanatory. He sat at the table while the buzz of talk went on around him, and did not utter a word. His appetite—usually hearty—also failed him. He drank eagerly, as if consumed by thirst, but ate nothing; and his mother and sister arrived at the conclusion that he had seen Ilma, spoken to her, and been rejected. Rose tried strenuously to banish Sir Phillip's name from the conversation, and succeeded partially, but not entirely.

Directly after breakfast Roland with drew to his study and locked the door; and no one ventured to intrude upon his solitude. The long night of rain alone disturbed his original intention of seeking Ilma in the morning; but, as soon as it abated, he sallied forth, and, as he crossed the hall, Rose rushed after to him breathless.

"Roland, Roland, have you heard?"

"Heard what?" said Roland, pausing.

"Of have heard nothing."

"Why, Job Heaton is drowning the Miller said *if it rains* to-night as it did last night the goods will be so great that the Mill be—heaven—"

Roland paused suddenly, and a look came into his face—"Rose, dear, I remembered afterwards, and read rightly; now it only filled her with a vague horror.

"Roland!" she cried, "*is* done that start- led him into self-recollect-

"So," he said musingly, "Job Heaton is drowning the Mill—*sing to* new things are; and I will step down and have a talk with Job."

He went, summoned his horse, and rode away. When he reached the Grange he asked for Miss Costello. She was at home the servant told him, but Miss Durnford was out.

This was just what Roland desired; and he entered the drawing-room, and waited with a beating heart for Ilma. Would she run away from him a second time? No! His heard a light step in the oak passage, the door opened, and the girl entered. She looked deathly white; and there was a latent dread in her large eyes, but the curved lips and the clinging hands betrayed but resolve. She drew back as Roland came forward eagerly, and held out her hand, as if by that action to keep off from other salutation until she knew whether he returned as lover or as cousin. Roland paused.

"Well," he said with a forced laugh, which his angry flush on cheeks and the fierce gleam in his eye belied, "are we strangers?"

"No, Roland." The girl colored deeply, and her eyes fell. "I am sorry about yesterday. I don't want to make excuses. I did not forget my promise to you."

"You need not apologise," returned her cousin, declining the proffered hand. "it was by no means an open question, and it is not worth while to ask whether your other promise was made before I said good-bye to you the other night or afterwards."

Fancy—when the very sound of his name had thrilled through every fiber of the girl shrank from the grim pitilessness, and felt that she could not give her cousin silence, besides, had since practiced to

It was true that her lover had not uttered a word that implied he desired secrecy; but she would not—indeed she would not —speak of what seemed to her sacred and sacred to be talked about.

"Auntie," she said pleadingly—and there were tears in the sweet young voice —"please do not ask me any questions to-night. Another time you shall indeed most. Don't think me unkind or ungrateful; but I couldn't say anything to-night."

Miss Durnford looked at her keenly.

"You American girls!" she said sadly, "are so independent, I cannot understand you. Ilma, dear, you are not to wrong your mother's help when I was in trouble; but you night your own battles at seventeen, blood right, I fear; go to bed and try to get some sleep."

Ilma was alone again. Independent? Yes, doubtless she was; but, alas! alas! she did not now feel the need of even a mother; and a mother, she argued—she had never known her own—was the best friend the kindest of aunts could not be. Her lover seemed all-sufficient.

Father to me and lover, and mother dear, And brother too, kind husband of my heart, So speaks Andromache."

And so sister Ilma. Even with regard to Roland Sabine she felt stronger—still dreaded him, but not so much. She might have especially night and would avoid an interview with him; but this idea did not occur to her. She, could, in her fear, run away from Roland indeed; but he had any one to interpose on her behalf was contrary to her nature; and, after all, she thought, Roland had a right to see her. Certainly she would not seek an interview, but she would no longer avoid it. At the first sign of his coming she, if he felt suddenly, like a vast sheet of water from the heavens, with the roar and hiss of a cataract. It rushed down the flowers in the gardens; it laid flat the corn in the fields; it converted many a dry mountain ravine into a brawling stream. Wagons, started out of their sleep by the pouring of the torrent, drew back their curtains and gazed forlornly out; and the thoughts of all turned to the grand old castellated mansion of the Durrells and its doomed lord.

Job Heaton arose and went to his daughter's chamber and said, "Zeph, get up!"

"Law, father, get up and look at the rain! It has not fallen like this for more than a century."

The girl was at the door in an instant, with a white scared face.

"Father, is that Mill afire?"

"Aye, for to-night, yes; but, Zeph, if it rains like this for two nights more, the water will be over its banks, and then time the Mill will go."

"And Dirk Durrell!" said Zeph to a new lover, after a pause, sifting you from the rain, mingling with and almost drowning the roar of the west.

"Why," replied Roland steadily, "he'll die, and the foreign missy too. You saw her with him to-day, Zeph. I knew how he would be; but I'll tell you that he shall not lose his. It'll come about somehow. They'll tell the great bell in the chapel that the last of the Durrells before Sandy comes around again."

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A GREAT LANDLORD.

Pen and Ink Sketch of the Third Richest Man in the United States.

The third richest man in the union, according to the New York *Morning Journal*, is John Jacob Astor, the chief owner and heir of the Astor estate. Unlike many millionaires, says the *Journal* writer, Astor has both name and riches a-plenty. He has inherited vast wealth for three succeeding generations. The estimated value of the estate is from $20,000,000 to $25,000,000, a veritable mountain of gold. John Jacob and William B. are its sole owners, the former's interest said to be two-thirds.

For nearly a century the title of being "the landlords of New York" has attached itself to them. John Jacob's interest in houses, lots and farms may be computed in the thousands.

Among the valuable buildings principally owned by Mr. Astor as chief heir to the estate is the old landmark, Astor's house, which was built by his father by his grandfather, the founder of the immense estate, for $1. Its present value is said to be $2,000,000, being assessed at $1,250,000. Astor, Guaranty and Bullmanity building, chiefly owned by Mr. Astor, was purchased by the present time age for $1,000,000, while the Astor estate pays taxes on $5,000,000 of real estate situated between Thirty-first street, most of which consists of business houses on Broadway and Wall street. There is scarcely a ward, street, or avenue in the city in which Mr. Astor does not own real estate, on which the total amount of taxes is over $100,000 annually.

There is a great difference between Mr. Astor and other millionaires is in his investments.

Astor, in Wall street, his name never appears as a speculator and seldom as an investor or seller of stocks, bonds, or other similar securities. Having an income of 10 per cent. on the par amount invested in real estate, he rejects busy more houses or lands which opportunity for good investments offer. In an investment of his various properties an item of $6,000,000 in cash appeared as "money in transitu," and banks waiting investment in real estate.

Mr. Astor is a man of striking personal appearance, being over six feet in height, stout, with a large and corpulence, and straight as an arrow. When on the street his quick, elastic step and smiling face attract notice. A small gray side-whiskers, invariably attract attention. His dress is simple and surprisingly neat. At business or at home he never wears a broadcloth coat, away or frock coat, with trousers to match, comfortable-looking shoes, always lightly polished, while in his hand usually swings as he walks a large, purple silk umbrella. In summer his costume is changed to a black serge coat and trousers of some lighter color, while an easy straw hat rests lightly on his ivory-white hair.

Mr. Astor, generally speaking of himself, recently told a friend that although he had completed threescore years and ten, he felt as young as he did at 40. Benevolence is his striking characteristic, one probably inherited from the founder of the Astor library. Many of his charities are published, though the actual amount of good done with his every-day check-book is hidden from the world. He is a considerable institutions of this city the names of himself and his wife and often privately, appears as large givers. During the winter months Mr. Astor is either at his office at No. 21 West Twenty-sixth street, or at his home at No. 840 Fifth avenue. He is very similar to nearly every resident of Fifth avenue, and is conspicuous for being just like everybody else in the rich ground which surround it. It is built of fine molded brick, with trimmings of white stone, and has a notable stairway leading to the main entrance. The interior compares favorably with any manor.

During the late illness of his wife, Mr. Astor's time was wholly devoted to cheering her weary hours at the bedside with the same untiring affection he has shown throughout the many years of their married life. His principal recreations are visits to his elegant seat at Rhinecliff-on-the-Hudson and his yacht, the Nourmahal. The country seat is an ancient-looking establishment, kept in the finest order, and is a reminiscence of the past in all of those surroundings. In every kind, its immense lawns and gardens are traversed by long drives and walks.

Here, in the long days of the summer months, Mr. Astor sits on the cool piazza or under some shady tree and reads by the hour, or rows on the finest pleasure yachts yet launched in the waters of this country, the cost of which is placed at a trifle over $200,000. The yacht will be completed early in the coming summer.

A Virginia Romance.

While visiting my old friend in a Virginia village a month ago I attended worship one Sunday at the parish church. The sermon was much enlivened by an aged and handsome couple who sat in the pew opposite me. The pastor preached a very interesting sermon on "The Prodigal Son's Return," which, I noticed, affected the old lady to tears, and had a marked effect on the gallant gentleman. I mentioned the circumstance that evening to my friend, when she related to me the following sad story:

The old couple were Mr. and Mrs. Colonel D——. They were both of the most aristocratic, wealthy families of Virginia. Colonel D—— was an honorable, upright gentleman, but very proud and passionate. He had one only child, a boy, his only heir—a warm-hearted, generous, pleasing young man, just turning his twenty-first year. He was well known throughout the country, and was beloved by all who knew him. He inherited his father's pride but not his violent nature.

A little while before I came to Colonel D——'s residence lived a gentleman between whose family and the Colonel's a feud had long existed. Colonel D—— had frequently warned his son not, under any circumstances, to visit any member of the gentleman's family. A daughter of the hated house, a beautiful eighteenth birthday, gave a large party, to which all the young people were invited, including the venerable Colonel's son Gus. On hearing of the party and his son's invitation to it, he sent for him and most positively forbade him to attend. The son promised he would not.

The invitations were for four o'clock, as a supper on the lawn was a special feature of the programme. About three o'clock on that day Gus called for his team, a handsome pair of handsome grays, and ordered the coachman to drive him. Some time after his departure, Colonel D——, who had been away since morning, returned, and on asking for his son was informed that he had driven out a couple of hours ago. The Colonel flew into a passion, called for his hunting whip, mounted his horse and rode swiftly toward the mansion of his neighbor. As he dashed rapidly past he saw his son's team under the trees, and cared for by his own coachman. He kept on to a small shady lane leading in an opposite direction from the house, when he suddenly came upon his son walking with a young lady, and, without a word, he leaped, seized him, and cut him several times over the face and back with his riding whip. "You ungrateful scoundrel," he said, "never cross my path again." The Colonel's face was white with passion as he rode away.

This happened over fifteen years ago and although thousands of dollars have been spent, and every effort made to find some trace of the missing man, they have been ineffectual, and not one person who knew him before has ever seen his face since that day. The sad truth was that the Colonel's son, it was found afterwards, had not gone to the party, but loaned his team to a young friend to whom both his father and himself were warmly attached, and who drove Gus as far as the lane where the father found and stopped to pass. Overcome with humiliation and mortified pride at the presence of her whom he loved, and whom he had accidentally met. —*Philadelphia Press.*

Saved by an Albatross.

A singular story has been related to us by the master of the bark Gridstone, which arrived in the port of London. While the vessel was in latitude 42 degrees south, and longitude 90 degrees east, a heavy gale was encountered on the starboard gangway. The alarm was sounded along with a rough sea and a number be wind, but, on the alarm of "man overboard," the ship was at once rounded to, and the starboard life boat was lowered, manned by the chief officer and four men. The sea at the time of the unfortunate man was made, but owing to the roughness of the sea, he could be seen struggling with the waves, and the albatross took greedily and instantly to the spot where he was last seen. Here they found him floating, but almost exhausted, clinging for dear life to the bird, which, as he informed us, only method that struck them as feasible was to place a boy inside while the cooper tightened the hoops and secured the lid in position. But how was the boy to be got out? This remained an unsolved problem for 3,000 years.

Headache is immediately relieved by the use of Dr's Headache Powders.

The new combination of Smart Weed and Belladonna, in Carter's Backache Plasters has proved to be one of the best that could be made. Try one of these popular plasters in any case of backache, kidney trouble, lame back, pleurisy, neuralgia, soreness of the chest or lungs, &c., and you will be surprised and pleased by the prompt relief. In fact one dose of this dyspepsia, a plaster over the pit of the stomach stops the pain at once. Ask for Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents.

Cadillac, Nov. 9, 1886.

Dr. Pengelly,

I am canvassing in Cadillac, and hear a great deal about your medicines. I enclose pay for two bottles of your Jaundice remedy. Please send at once. Many think Zoa-Phora has almost done miracles in this city. I hear of some who are dissatisfied with it.

Mrs. O. Hollister.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

The trite saying of good Bishop Berkeley, "Westward the course of Empire takes its way," is daily verified by events. Not less significant among these is the fact that the State Department at Washington has just purchase a number of Rockford Quick Train Rail road Watches for the use of American vessels, for captains of foreign vessels in testimony of our government's appreciation of their gallantry in saving the lives of American seamen. A few years ago Geneva watches only would have been purchased, although enough for such a purpose; now, among many competitors, the necessity has arisen for the Rockford Watch to be selected as being the best example of American skill in delicate handiwork.

Faithfulness is necessary in all kinds of work. Especially is it necessary, in order to avoid, to procure the best remedy, which is Hagan's Magnolia Balm, and take it faithfully according to directions, and it will cure a cold every time and prevent fatal results. Sold by all druggists.

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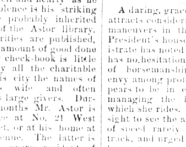

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HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

HAY-FEVER

This Remedy CATARRH

was discovered by its present proprietors, after many years experiments based on many years experience as Pharmacists. It is different from all other preparations used for these troubles. Being highly concentrated and agreeable, offering a full medicinal dose in every teaspoonful, it is the most economical, as well as the most effective, Catarrh remedy and cankerous poison ever offered to the public. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer who will send me their Express and Post Office address. Respectfully, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

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Cancer A new treatment.—Dr. W. HOYT, 23 West 14th St., New York.

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