LIBER AMORIS.

Upon the Delphic leaves
Of this prophetic book
Whenever will may look,
The eyes but mine perceives
What gladdens them, or grieves,
Nor why the peace of mind
Is wrecked with hopes and fears,
Never will read the words,
But none will understand
The meaning, though I write
Pity up and down the land,
And wooing, tears and teach
That universal speech,
You know it not, and I
Only so much thereof
As signals I write
But not the reason why.

— E. H. Stoddard.

THE MYSTERY OF KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

THE MYSTERY OF MRS. BLENCARROW.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

The days went by very slowly in this extraordinary tension of spirit; the first three passed as such a stroke generally does—from a wholly unexpected quarter. Mrs. Blencarrow was sitting one afternoon with Emmy in the drawing-room, when the large room looked larger and only these two in it. Emmy, a little figure only half visible, lay in a great chair near the fire, buried in it, her small face showing like a point of whiteness amid the ruddy tones of the firelight and the crimson of the chair. Her mother was on the other side of the fire, with a screen thrown between her and the glow, scarcely betraying her existence at all, in the shade in which she sat. In a pause, Emmy, the folds of her velvet dress caught in the fire and showed a little color lying coiled about her feet; but this is all that a spectator of this scene have seen Emmy was busy with some fleecy white knitting, which she could go on with in the partial darkness; the faint sound of her knitting pins was audible along with the occasional puff of flame from the fire, or falling of ashes on the hearth. There was not much conversation between them. Some time Emmy had put a question: "When are the boys coming home, mamma?" "Perhaps to-day," with a faint movement in the darkness; "but they are going back to school on Monday," Mrs. Blencarrow said, with a tone of relief. It might have been imagined that she said "Thank Heaven!" under her breath. Emmy felt the meaning of that tone as she felt everything, but blamed herself for thinking so, as if she were doing wrong.

"It is a strange thing to say," said Mrs. Blencarrow; "but I almost wish they were going straight back to school, without coming home again."

"Oh, mamma," said Emmy, with a natural protest.

"It seems a strange thing to say," said Mrs. Blencarrow, "to say"—she had paused between these two last words, and there was a slight quiver in her voice.

She had paused to listen; there was some sound in the clear air, which was once more hard with frost; it was the sound of a carriage coming up the avenue. All was so still around the house that they could hear it for a long way. Mrs Blencarrow drew a long, quivering breath.

"There is somebody coming," said Emmy; "can it be Rex and Bertie?"

"Most likely only somebody to call, Emmy!"

"What, mamma?"

"I was going to say, don't stay in the room if—if it were. But no, never mind: it was a mistake; I would rather you did stay."

"I will do whatever you please, mamma."

"Thank you, Emmy. If I turn to you, go. But perhaps there will be no need."

They waited, falling into a curious silence, full of expectation; the carriage came slowly up to the door; it jingled and jogged, so that they recognized instinctively that it must be the fly from the station.

"It will be the boys after all," Mrs. Blencarrow said, with something between relief and annoyance. "No,," she added, with a little impatience, "don't run to the door to meet them. It is too cold for you; stay where you are; I don't want you exposing yourself."

Something of the irritability of nervous expection was in her voice, and presently the door opened, but not with the rush of the boys' return. It was opened by the butler, who came in solemnly to light his shirt shining out in the twilight of the room, and announced in his grandest tone, "Colonel and Mr. d'Eyncourt," as two dark figures followed him into the room. Mrs. Blencarrow rose to her feet with a low cry. She put her hand unconsciously upon her heart, which leaped into the wildest beating.

"You!" she said.

They came forward, one this time, into the circle of the firelight, and took her hand and kissed it very solemnly. Colonel d'Eyncourt was a tall, slim, soldierly man, the other shorter and round. But there was something in the gravity of their entrance which told that their errand was of no usual kind. When Emmy came forward to greet her uncles, they turned to her with a mixture of impatience and commiseration. "Are you hers, my poor child?" said one; and the other told her to run away, as they had something particular to say to mamma.

The butler in the meantime was lighting the candles on the mantelpiece, which made a sudden blaze and brought the two gentlemen into sight.

"I am sorry I did not know you were coming," said Mrs. Blencarrow, recovering herself, "if I had, the sudden gleam of the light, 'or I should have sent for you to the station. Preston, bring some tea."

"No to her as well," said the d'Eyncourt; "we have come to see you on family business, if you could give us an hour undisturbed."

"I don't bring any tea, then, Preston," she said with a smile, "and don't admit any one." She turned and looked at Emmy, whose eyes were fixed on her. "Go look out for the boys, my dear."

The two brothers exchanged glances—they were, perhaps, not men of great penetration—they considered that their sister's demeanour was one of perfect calm; and she felt as if she were being suffocated, as she waited with a smile on her face till her daughter went out of doors, who was more deliberate, were gone. Then she sat down again on her low chair behind the screen, which sheltered a little from the glare of the candles as well as the fire.

"I hope," she said, "it is nothing of a disagreeable kind—you both look so grave."

"You must know what we have come to talk about, Joan."

"Indeed I don't," she said; "what is it? There is something the matter, Reginald—Roger—what is it? You frighten—me with your grave faces. What has happened?"

The gentlemen looked at each other again; their eyes said, "It cannot be true." The colonel cleared his voice; he was the eldest, and it was upon him that the special burden lay.

"If it is true," he said—"you know best, Joan, whether it is true or not—if it is true, it is the most dreadful thing that has happened in our family."

"You frighten me more and more," said Mrs. Blencarrow. "Something about John?"

John was the black sheep of the d'Eyncourt family. Again the brothers looked at each other.

"You must be aware of the rumor that is filling the county," said the younger brother. "I hear there is nothing else talked of, Joan. It is about—you whom we have always been so proud of. Both Reginald and I have got letters. They say that you have made a disgraceful marriage; that it's been going on for years; that you're no right to your present name at all, nor to your position in this house. I cannot tell you how I felt when I got the first letter, we paid no attention to, but when we heard it from half a dozen different places—Joan—nothing about John could be half so bad as a story like this about you."

Mrs. Blencarrow had risen slowly to her feet, but still was in the shade. She did not seem able to stand in the light—she could stand up while she was being accused.

"So this is the reason of your sudden visit," she said, speaking with deliberation, "you gentlemen mean either inability to speak or the utmost contempt of the cause.

"What could we have done else?" they both cried together, apologetic for the first moment. "We, your brothers, with such a circumstantial story," said the colonel.

"And your nearest friends, Joan; to nobody could it be of so much importance as to us," said the other.

"I s!" she said; "it is of more importance to the dead than to us.

"My dear girl," said the colonel, putting his hand on her shoulder, "I am most thankful we did not trust to rumor, but came. It's enough to look at you. You must give us your authority, and we will soon make an end of these slanderers. By Jove! in the old days it would have been pistols that would have done it."

"You can't use pistols to women," said Mr. d'Eyncourt, "if you were the greatest fire-eater that ever was there."

They both laughed a little at this, but the soul was taken out of the laugh by the perception slowly dawning upon both that Mrs. Blencarrow had said nothing, did not join either in their laugh or their thankfulness for having come, and had, indeed, slightly shrunk from her brother's hand, and still stood without asking them to sit down.

"I'm afraid you are angry with us," said Roger d'Eyncourt, for having intruded, as if we believed in lies, but there never is any certainty in such matters. We thought it better to settle it at once—at the fountain head."

"Yes," she said, but no more.

The brothers looked at each other again, this time uneasily.

"My dear Joan," said the colonel—but he did not know how to go on.

"The fact is," said Mr. d'Eyncourt, "that you must give us your authority to contradict it, don't you know—to say authoritatively that there is not a shadow of truth—"

"Won't you sit down," said Mrs. Blencarrow.

"Eh? Ah! Oh, yes," said both men together. They thought for a moment that she was giving them her "authority," as they said. The colonel rolled an easy chair near to her. Roger d'Eyncourt stood up against the glow of the fire.

"Of course that is all we want—your word," said the colonel.

She was still standing and seemed to be towering above him where he sat in that low chair; and there was a dumb resistance in her attitude which made a strange impression on the two men. She said, after a moment, moistening her lips painfully, "You seem to have taken the word of other people against me, strangely enough."

"Not easily; oh, no! with great distress and pain. We did not take it," we came at once to hear your own—"

He stopped and there was a dead silence. The colonel sat bending forward into the comparative gloom in which she stood, and Roger d'Eyncourt turned to her in an attitude of anxious attention; but she made no further reply.

"Joan, for God's sake say something! Don't give us cause to think it out of the question in such circumstances? We must have a distinct contradiction. Heavens! here's some one coming, after all."

There was a slight impatient tap at the door, and then it was opened quickly, as by some one who had no time to lose, to put back. They all turned toward the new-comer, the colonel whirling his chair around with annoyance. It was Brown—Mrs. Blencarrow's agent or steward. He was a tall young man with a well developed, athletic figure, his head covered with those close curling locks which give the impression of vigor and superabundant life. He came quickly to Mrs. Blencarrow with some papers in his hand and said something to her, which in their astonishment and excitement the other could not make out. He had the slow and low enunciation of the North country, to which their ear was not accustomed. She answered him with a most painful distinctness.

"Oh, the papers about Appleby's lease. Put them on the table, please." He went to the table and put them down, turned for a moment, undecided, and then joined the group, which watched him with a surprised and hostile curiosity, so far as the brothers were concerned. She turned her face toward him with a fixed imperious look.

"I forgot," she said hurriedly; "I think you have both seen my agent, Mr. Brown."

Roger d'Eyncourt gave an abrupt nod of recognition; the colonel only gazed from his chair.

"I thought Mr. Brown had been your steward, Joan."

"He is my—everything that is serviceable and trustworthy," she said.

The words seemed to vibrate in thy air, so full of meaning were they, said she herself to thrill with pleasure, the timent which fixed her look upon this man. He paused a little as if he intended to speak, but after a moment's uncertainty, with a strange inclination of his head, went slowly away. Mrs. Blencarrow dropped suddenly into a chair as the door closed, as if some tremendous tension had relaxed. The brothers looked wonderingly at each other again. "That is all very well; the people you employ are in your own hands; but this is of far more consequence."

"Joan," said the colonel. "I don't know what to think. For God's sake answer one word—you must—you don't you speak? For the sake of your children, for the sake of your own honor, your credit, your family—is it true?"

"Hush, Rex! Of course we know it isn't true. But, Joan, be reasonable, my dear; let's have your word for it, that we may face the world. Of course we know well enough that you are the last woman to dishonor Blencarrow's memory—poor old fellow! who was so fond of you—and deceive everybody."

"You seem to have believed me readily enough at first, or you would not have come here!"

"No, Joan; no, not so. Do, for God's sake, take the right view of it! Tell us simply that you are not married, and never have thought of such a thing, which I for one, am sure of to begin with."

"Perhaps," she said, with a curious hard note of a laugh, "they have told you, having told you so much, whom I am supposed to have married, as you say, or why."

Again they looked at each other. "No one," said the colonel, has told us that."

She laughed again. "Then if this is all you know, and all I am accused of, to have married no one knows when, no one knows when; you must come to what conclusion you please, and make what discoveries you can. I have nothing to say."

"Joan!" they both cried.

"You must do exactly what seems good to you," she said, rising hastily. "Find out what you can, say what you like—you shall not have a word from me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LION ATTACKS A HORSE.

A Terrible Scene in the Streets of Bordeaux.

We have had lions of animal scares in New York occasionally, the greatest being that when a distinguished contemporary let the whole of the Central Park menagerie out upon us and created such a scare that mothers would not let their children go to school. We have had droves of cattle stampeding through the streets, near the river, and only a few days ago we were treated to the story of a Spanish matador coolly lassoing an infuriated steer that threatened to gore the community. But, for the real and exciting wild beast scare story, we have to go to Bordeaux, where a startling incident lately occurred in the streets of that city.

A traveling menagerie had taken up its quarters on the Boulevard de Cauderan, near the catacombs of the city near the Parc et Jardin d'Acclimatation, and during feeding time one of the lions managed to evade the keepers and actually walk out of his cage. The wild beast tore down the spacious boulevard to the consternation of the passers-by, and suddenly turned into a by-street. Here he observed, outside a tavern, a sleepy cart horse harnessed to a hay cart and evidently awaiting the return of its driver from the estaminet. Although pursued by his keepers and a crowd of police, the lion at once flew at the horse and fixed his jaws into his neck.

The poor beast plunged and kicked, but it was of no avail, and while his neighed piteously the police began firing with their revolvers at the struggling pair. The firing does not seem to have injured the lion, for as soon as he had had his fill of horseflesh he turned to continue his promenade.

At this moment a young man proposed to attempt to lasso the beast, and, covered by the revolvers of the gendarmes, he made this attempt. After many futile efforts the noose eventually fell about the neck of the lion, and, being pulled tight by the excited crowd of pursuers, the animal was dragged, struggling and howling, back to his den. It was fortunate that the cart horse was the only victim of this unusual excursion.

Disadvantage of Greatness.

Renan had a great contempt for mere words, however eloquent. One evening he met at a sort of a literary dinner M. Caro, the philosopher beloved of fine ladies, who set himself to prove the existence of God. His eloquent assertions did not seem to interest the sage. In the middle of one of his most sonorous periods M. Renan attempted to make himself heard.

But all the ladies were intensely interested; they would not have their pleasure spoiled.

"In a moment, M. Renan; we will listen to you in your turn."

He bowed submissively.

Toward the end of dinner, M. Caro, out of breath, stopped with a rhetorical emphasis. At once every one turned toward the illustrious scholar, hoping that he would enter the lists, and the hoarseness, with an encouraging smile, said:

"Now, M. Renan——"

"I am afraid, dear lady, that I am now a little behindhand."

"No, no!"

"I wanted to ask for a little more potato."—The Fortnightly Review.

Tuned It for Wagner's Music.

"Bill," said the piano merchant to the man who was in the office, "I want you to go down the street and tune a piano for a family. They're in a great hurry or I wouldn't ask you to do it, but the regular tuner has gone for the day."

"I can't tune pianos," replied the man.

"Oh, yes, you can," said the dealer, cheerfully. "Just open the lid and you'll see a lot of keys. Give 'em a few twists so as to tighten the wires, then tap each key-board like a crazy man for fifteen minutes, charge them $4 and then come back in time to put the coal in."

And the sweeper did it.

That evening the daughter of the house remarked to her fiance:

"How charmingly he tuned it! I was never able to play Wagner's music so deliciously."

Worse Than Writing Letters.

Johnny—Ain't that the girl that's suing you for breach of promise, Algy?

Algy—Aw, yaas, that's her.

Johnny—But you're all wight; you didn't send her any letters; she has no pwoof.

Algy—Has she not? Her young brother has got one of those patent snap-shot cameras, and the pictures of us that he has got are worth a lot of letters. I've no chance, old fellah.—Wonder.

He Told Her.

Ethel—I heard last night that George was head over heels in love with me.

Edna—You can't believe all you hear.

Ethel—No; but I shouldn't wonder if there was something in it.

Mrs. Knox—Who told you?

Ethel—He did.—Truth.

And Likewise a Closeness.

"Why do ladies affect such slender waists?" asked a man of another.

"Because they can't expanses may not be too great," was the reply.—Boston Herald.

THE DETROIT A HUMMER

THE FASTEST CRUISER IN THE WORLD OF HER CLASS.

The Test on Long Island Sound Showed an Average Speed of 18 1-2 Knots an Hour—Other General News.

The new cruiser Detroit is a grand success. During her final run on Long Island Sound she developed an average speed of 18 43-100 knots an hour. To this the additions and deductions in consequence of the trial will be made by the naval officers, and it is safe to say that a speed of 18 knots was sustained. Having made this record, the Detroit bears the distinction of the fastest of her class. The ship was contracted for to develop 17 knots an hour and having developed 19 knots, the Columbian Iron Works at Tryon Creek company, of Baltimore, the builders, will receive a premium of $200,000.

At 11:45 o'clock the official point was reached. The steam gauges showed a pressure of 163 pounds on the boilers, and the Detroit crossed the line with Capt. Thomas at the helm. The course as laid down by the navy department instructions was from a point two and fifty-five hundredths nautical miles south of Stratford shoal lighthouse to the intersection of the Saybrook range with line joining Faulkner Island and Plum Island lighthouses. The course is 15 98-100 nautical miles long, and the entire run of 71 96-100 miles was made in three hours 44 minutes and 48 seconds. The time allowed by the government was four hours, therefore when the finishing point was reached the Detroit had six minutes and twelve seconds to spare, greatly to her credit. During the run the average speed of the ship was three minutes and 21 seconds. The fastest mile was made in three minutes and four seconds, which was the first mile run after the Detroit was turned off Stratford shoal.

The personnel of the cruiser will consist of 22 officers, 30 firemen, 7 oilers and 185 sailors, making a total of 262 men. The rig of the vessel is that of a two-masted schooner, having yard on the foremast, the spread of canvas being about 6,300 square feet. The ship will be one steam cutter, one sailing launch, one whale boat, two cutters, one gig and two dingheys. The whale boats will be carried on skid beams over the quarterdeck, for the handling of which two derricks are fitted. The steering apparatus will consist of a steam steering engine, which is located underneath the waterright deck, immediately abaft the main engine room, and is arranged to be worked by hand as well as by steam, and is connected with the pilot house and conning tower.

Fatal Wreck on the Ann Arbor.

A collision occurred on the Ann Arbor road about four miles north of Farwell between a work train and the northbound passenger train. Six men were killed, several badly injured and one is missing. None of the passengers were injured.

The men killed in the collision are: William Unger, Owosso; Isaac Rushton, Owosso, and Frank Mitchell, Owosso. The injured are: Jim Thompson, Elsie, ship broken and otherwise injured. May die. S. S. Crothers, Owosso; Jane Pickering, of Farwell, badly bruised. Several other laborers were slightly bruised and cut.

The work train had been picking up some wrecked cars and was backing up when the passenger train struck it. It is impossible to say who was to blame for the accident.

PROTECTORATE WITHDRAWN.

Hawaiian Commissioner Blount Orders the American Flag Down at Honolulu.

Information from Honolulu says: The stars and stripes, which for two months have floated over the government building here have been hauled down. The forces of the United States have withdrawn and the flag was taken and nothing remains that indicates American authority save the presence of Minister Stevens and Commissioner Blount. The mission of the latter has been made known, though he still sits cogitating in his cave chair in his cottage. On April 1, in the presence of 2,000 persons to the notes of a retreat "Old glory" was hauled down and the flag of the monarchy hoisted. Mr. Blount gave as the reason for declaring the protectorate off that the Washington administration did not think it necessary. The United States, however would brook no interference in Hawaiian affairs by any outside power. This latter assurance led the provisional government to submit President Dole's proposition. The affair will not be made a partisan political matter in America. There are a great many rumors about the probable action of Japan and a great deal of mystery.

A Noble East Indian.

The Bramo Sumaja caste, the highest of the four castes of India, is represented among the students of Battle Creek college by Swamee Ji Nand. His father is governor of Juhdpur, a province about as large as the state of Pennsylvania. During the central war the governor was in this country, and became acquainted with the late Col. Elliot F. Shepard. The latter took an interest in young Nand when he arrived in this country to complete his education. He graduated from the university of Calcutta, a college in Bombay, and received an A. M. and a Ph. D. after spending at Col. Shepard's advice, some time at Yale and the university of Pennsylvania, he came quickly to Battle Creek