Long I loved, in silence nursing All the sweetness, all the smart; Secretly the tale rehearing
Yet untold—tho' when my heart First went forth unto the maiden All the world was winter-white, And the summer air was laden With rich fragrance yesternight.

Yestereve, when time the shadows Deepened on the daisied grass, Homeward wending, thro' the meadows I beheld the maiden pass ; And the love, so long unspoken, Bravely in the fading light Pleaded for some word or token

Of requital yesternight. Not to ear or heart unheeding My impassioned tale was told; Nor in vain my wistful pleading Sought her love : a hoop of gold,

Set with stones wherein still linger Rays of Jud's refulgent light, Circles now a shapely finger That was bare but yesternight.

When My Ship Comes In.

Summer and winter are one to me, And the day is bright, be it storm or shine, For far away, o'er the sunny sea, Sails a treasure vessel, and all is mine.

I see the ripples that fall away As she cleaves the azure waves before, And nearer, nearer, day by day, Draws the happy hour when she comes to "But what if she never comes?" you say,

"If you never the honor, the treasure gain?" It hasmade me happier, day by day It has eased full many an aching pain; It has kept the spirit from envy free, Has dulled the ear to the world's rude din. Oh! best of blessing it's been to me To look for the hour when my ship comes in

BY THE DUCHESS.

Author of "Molly Bawn," "The Baby," "Airy Fairy Lilian," etc., etc.

" I don't remember anything about it; but mamma says it died a natural death after one season. Then she married Colonel than these perpetual intrigues."

"Why does Colonel Going remain away so long.

"Ah! why, indeed, my dear? that is a thing nobody knows. There was no divorce, no formal separation, no esclandra of any kind; he merely put the seas between them, and is evidently determined on keeping them there. / To me and my cousins of my own age the colonel is something of a myth; but mamma knew him well about six years ago, and says he was a very fascinating man, and upright, but rather stern." "What a curiously unpleasant story! But didn't people talk !"

"Of course they did; they did even worse-they whispered; but her ladyship took no notice, and every one had to confess she behaved beautifully on the occasion. She gave out that her extreme delicacy alone (her constitution is of iron) prevented her accompanying him to India, and she withdrew from society, in the very height of the season, for two whole months. Burely decorum could no further go!"

"And then?" "Why then she reappeared, with her beauty much augmented from the enforced quiet and early hours-and with her mother."

"What is the mother like? One can hardly fancy Blanche with anything so tender as a mother."

"Like a fairy godmother, minus the magic wand and the energy of that famous person. A little old lady with a dark face, Mark-just a little?" and eyes that would be keen and searching but for the discipline she has undergone. She has no opinions and no aims but what are her daughter's; and Blanche rules her -as she rules every other member of her household—with a rod of iron."

"Poor old creature! What an unhappy age! So you say Marmaduke's admiration for Blanche meant nothing? And shedid she like him?"

"For 'like,' read 'love,' I suppose? My dearest Phyllis, have you, who have been so long under the same roof with Blanche, for her to love any one but Blanche Going. stab you. To me it is a little comedy, and love, and does so still, I believe."

forward eagerly.

"Have you no notion? How surprised you look! You will wonder still more when I tell you the hero of her romance is at present in your house."

"Here, in this house!" I stammer. "Yes. No less a person than Mark Gore." So I am right. And jealousy has been at the root of all her ladyship's open hostility towards me!

"Any casual observer would never think so," I remark, at last, after a very

lengthened pause. "That is because Mark's infatuation has come to an end, and he does not care to renew matters. If you watch him you may see what particular pains he takes to avoid a tete-a-tete with her. And yet there was a time when she had considerable influence over him. He was a constant visitor at her house in town-so constant that at length it began to be mooted about how he had the entree there at all hours and seasons, even when an intimate friend might expect a denial. Then people began to whisper again, and shake their wise heads and pity

the denouement." "Why did her mother not interfere?" "My dear, have I not already told you what a perfectly drilled old lady is the mother? It would be as much as her life is worth to interfere in any of her daughter's arrangements. My lady could not exist without a cavalier servente."

that poor colonel,' and watch eagerly for

" I think it downright abominable," say

I, with much warmth. Bebe looks amused.

"So do I. But what will you? And in spite of all our thoughts Mark came and went unceasingly. Wherever Madame appeared, so-did her shadow; at every ball he was in close attendance; until, the season dragged to a close, Blanche went abroad for two months, and Mark went down to this part of the world. To 'Duke, WAR it?"

"No; if you mean the summer before of me. last, he stayed with the Leslies." I admit, somewhat unwillingly. "I met him sev-

eral times." marriage?" ories Bebe, with surprise.

"Very slightly. Once or twice he called Mark. Good-night." with the Leslies, and when he returned to

acquaintance."

"Oh, now I have the secret; now I understand why Blanche detests you exclaims Beha, clapping her hands merrily. So he lost his heart to you, did he? And madame heard all about it, and was rightly furious? Oh, how she must have ground her pretty white teeth in impotent rage on discovering how she was outdone by a simple village maiden! I vow it is a tale that Offenbach's music might adorn."

"How absurd you are, Bebe! How you as when he came to it."

"Well, I won't dispute the point; but whether it was your fault or not, when His love had flown, no one knew whither. Yer will think me a terrible scandalmonger," says Bebe, with a smile, "but when one hears a thing perpetually discussed, one feels an interest in it at last in spite of oneself. You look shocked, Phyllis. I suppose there is no such thing in this quiet country as polite crime?"

of course there is plenty of crime. For moved several steps apart, and are at least instance, last assizes Bill Grimes, our gar- half a yard asunder, our pesitions would dener's son at Summerleas, was transported suggest to a casual observer that Sir Mark | madduke, how very neglectful of you not to for poaching, and eight months ago John is endeavoring to keep me. Haddon, the blacksmith, fired at his landlord; and it is a well-known fact that Mr. | ture, I see Marmaduke coming slowly up De Vere beats his wife dreadfully every the stairs. Our eyes meet; I blush scarnow and then; but there are no such sto- let, and, with my usual clear common ries as the one you have just told to me. I

none of them would be in the least suprised to bring the color to my brow. if any morning she was missing. And, Inside my door I literally stamp my feet catching her eye. indeed, sometimes I wish she would like with vexation. "Could anything be more

all? How can it end?"

that. Little as I care for her, I hope I shall least wanted." never hear such evil tidings of her."

and I like you—it would be impossible for with an ominous frown in his blue eyes. me to say how much. Do you know"putting her hand on mine-" I have always sneered at the idea of any really sincere attachment existing between women? But since I have known you I have recanted and confessed myself in error. If you were my sister I could not love you better."

Contrasting her secretly with meek-eyed Dora, I feel guiltily that to me Bebe is the more congenial of the two. With my natural impulsiveness I throw my arms round her neck and favor her with a warm kiss.

"But I am not charitable," goes on Bebe, when she has returned my chaste salute, " and I detest Blanche with all my heart. There is something so sly and sneaking about her. She would do one an injury, if it suited her, even while accepting a kindness at one's hands. Do you know, Phyllis, she is still madly in love with Sir Mark, while I think he is decidedly smitten with you?"

My face and throat grow scarlet. "I hope not," I stammer, foolishly. "I am sure of it. He never takes his eyes off you, and at times my lady is absolutely wild. I never noticed it so plainly as this evening; and by the bye, ma mie"-

very gently and kindly-"I confess it occarred to me-were you flirting with "I don't know what came over me this evening," I reply, petulantly; "I hardly

know what I said or did. Something was on my mind and made my actions false. don't care a bit for Mark Gore, but still I let it seem as if I did."

"Don't make yourself unhappy by imagining absurdities," says Bebe, quietly, apropos of nothing that I could see, and without looking at me; " and take care of Blanche; she would make a dangerous enemy. Not that I think she could harm you; but sometimes her soft eyes betray yet to discover how impossible it would be her, and she looks as if she could cheerfully Yet stay: I wrong her partly; once she did I enjoy it immensely. I can see she would until the frost and snow are on the ground; do anything to bring back Mark to his alle-"Whom do you mean?" ask I, bending giance, and for that purpose makes love to Marmaduke before his eyes, in the vain hope of rendering him jealous. And"with a swift, shrewd glance at me-" what can poor 'Duke do but pretend to accept her advances and be civil to her?"

I think of the pink billet and of all the other trifles light as air that go far to make I sink my hands in the pockets of the Chandos, in a tone that is meant to be me believe the pretense to be a pleasant luckless gown and look up at 'Duke with a genial. one for 'Duke, but say nothing. He certainly finds it more than easy to be "civil"

"However, her pains go for naught," continues Bebe; "there is nothing so diffi- as his shoulder, yet I defy him as coolly as cult to re-light as a dead love."

A shadow crosses her piquante face. She I start to my feet.

The men seem to have tired of their late." cigars. Good night, dear Bebe."

hurried embrace we part. which I must pass to get to my own room. while I am to be scolded and ill-treated could have beaten him. It was the clearest wise to get these sifted out in some such Fancying, when half-way, that I hear a because I say good-night to a friend. I noise behind me, I stop to glance back and never heard anything so unjust; and I won't

ascertain the cause; but no capped or fri- be forbidden; so there !" mark my doings. Some one of the indescribable noises belonging to the night had your hand for such a length of time, and to the horse he fancies would have won enly misled me.

Reassured, I turn again—to find myself

face to face with Mark Gore. He is three yards distant from me. His face wears a surprised and somewhat is true—a discovery I make a moment observes Harriet. amused expression, that quickly changes to later. one deeper, as his eyes travel all over my pretty gown, my slippers, and my disor- was there in the unexpected presence of

and, having had time to feel ashamed of It looks very much as though you were my behavior during the evening, feel how ashamed of yourself." especially unfortunate is this encounter.

town he sent me an exqusite little volume | which I am constrained to put mine. As I | and more disagreeable." of Tennyson; which delicate attention on make a movement to go ou, he detains me | An instant later, and he has slammed learn what befell your friend Hamilton." his part so enraged papa, that he made me for a moment to say, quietly, "I never saw the door between us, and I see him no more return the book, and forbade my writing you before with your hair down. You that night.

to thank Sir Mark for it. So ended our make one lose faith in coiffeurs. And why

do you not oftener wear blue?" There is not the faintest shadow of disrespect in his tone; he speaks as though merely seeking information; and, though the flattery is openly apparent, it is not of a sort calculated to offend. Still, I feel irritated and impatient.

"Fancy any one appearing perpetually robed in the same hue!" I say, snubbily "like the 'woman in white,' or the 'darl girl dressed in blue!""

"You remind me of Buchanans' words," jump to conclusions! I assure you Sir goes on Sir Mark, not taking the slightest Mark left our neighborhood as heart-whole notice of my tone. "Do you remember them ?"

My hair was golden yellow, and it floated to my Blanche and he met again all was changed. My eyes were like two harebells bathed in little drops of dew.

> "My hair golden yellow!" exclaim I, ungraciously. "Who could call it so? is distinctly brown. I cannot say you strike me as being particularly happy in the a smile."

suitability of your quotations." All this time he has not let go my hand. He has either forgotten to do so, or else it

Raising my head suddenly at this june sense, drag my hand in a marked and guilty think it disgraceful. What is the use of it manner out of my companion's. Once more I stammer, "Good-night," very awk-"Sometimes in an elopement; some- wardly, and make a dart towards my own times, as in Blanche's case, in nothing. room, while Sir Mark, totally unaware of You must understand she is perfectly the real cause of my confusion, goes on his respectable, and that the very nicest people | way, conceitedly convinced that the fascinareceive her with open arms. But then tion of his manner has alone been sufficient that young lady, with dauntless courage.

"Phyllis, you are a dear, charitable child, maduke, coming in from his dressing-room, skater."

"Yes; I was thinking what a scanda lously late hour it is for you to be still up, cause better by throwing some blame on off the brilliancy of your wit."

"I thought you were in bed at least an hour ago.

"Well, you thought wrong. I had something particular to say to Bebe and went powers." to her room. That delayed me. neither of us had guessed how the time had run away until we heard the study-door close, or the smoking-room, or wherever you were. Coming out I met Sir Mark, up our minds to go to Warminster and accidentally."

Though my tone is defiant, I still feel I am excusing myself, and this does not sweeten my temper.

"Oh!" says Marmaduke, dryly. "Why do you speak in that tone, Marmaduke?"

"I am not aware I am using any particular tone. But I admit I most strongly object to your going up and down the corridors at this hour of the night in your dressing-gown."

"You mean you disapprove of my meet ing Sir Mark Gore, I could not help that. It happened unfortunately, I allow; but when the man stopped me to bid a civil good-night, I could not bring myself to pass him as though he were an assassin or a midnight marauder. Of course I answerd him I see it—nothing more." politely. I can see nothing improper in now."

'Duke, very haughtily. "It is impossible I should connect such a word with your cen. you ever hoped to obtain." duct. Were I obliged to do so, the same roof would not cover us both for half an in for betting? murmurs Bebe, with a hour longer; be assured of that."

I laugh wickedly. chief in you? Sir Mark said it was a very know -- " pretty dressing-gown."

"now then !" expression on my face. He is as black as night with rage. Standing wish," with a faint blush. "Fact is, I sits down emphatically on Wiggins' " new opposite to him, even in my high-heeled rather over did it-risked my little all upon moon" absurdity. He says "it is a misshoes, I want quite an inch of being as tall the die—and lost."

sigh. A door bangs loudly in the distance. in a low, suppressed voice; "keep such times," says Sir Mark. information to yourself. But I forbid you "It must be later than I thought," I say. to go into Bebe's room another night so

"Good-night," she murmure, and with a "And have I nothing to forbid?" (Here I think of the cocked hat note.) "You may gether. If the rider had gone straight, turbed by them who were idiotic to begin I gain the corridor, down one long side of | do as you like, I suppose? You cannot err;

setted head pushes itself out of any door to "It strikes me it must have been a very who didn't say that," she says. "I was 'civil' good-night, to necessitate his holding | waiting to hear you. Each man believes

bring a blush to your cheeks." "It was not Sir Mark made me blush." than confess themselves ignorant." " No? Who, then?"

"Why?" asks 'Duke, sternly. "What your husband to bring the blood to your Naturally I am covered with confusion, face? I had no idea I was such a bugbear. the goodness of humanity goes too far.

"Well, then, yes-I was ashamed of You know Hamilton, Chandos?" "Do you often indulge in midnight ram. myself," I confess, with vehement petubles?" he asks, gayly, stopping in front lance, tapping the ground with my foot. 'I was ashamed of being caught out there "No," I return as unconcernedly as I en dishabille, if you want to know. And Miss Beatoun, demurely. "One so seldom well can, considering my perturbation; now, that you have made me acknowledge sees a middle-sized man, with a fair beard !" sonic R. R. broke down near Wall village. detest being cross-examined and brought to who is evidently full of his story. "Good-night," holding out his hand, into task. You are ten times worse than papa,

CHAPTER XXVI.

Drip, drip, drip. Patter, patter, patter How it does rain, to be sure! If it continues pouring at this present rate there will be but very little rain left in the clouds in half an hour.

"Just 12 o'clock," says Mr. Thornton, watch for the twentieth time. "We are regularly done for if it keeps on five minutes longer, as rain at 12 means rain all day."

"Mere superstition," replies Miss Bea toun, rising to flatten her pretty nose 'Well?' said he. 'Wait yet another little against the window-pane, in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of the blue sky.

It is the next day; and, as we have arranged to visit a skating-rink in a town some few miles from us, the rain is a disappointment —especially to me, as I have never seen a

"I hardly think that you will see one to day," says Sir Mark, turning to me with

"Seems so odd you never having seen one, dear Mrs. Carrington," says Blanche Going, sweetly, "so universal as they now "I don't know about the politeness, but pleases him to retain it; and, as we have are. When in Paris, and passing through London, I wonder you had not the curiosity to go and spend a few hours at one. Marget Mrs. Carrington into Prince's!"

"Prince's is no longer the fashion," replies Marmaduke, curtly. He is sitting rather apart from the rest of us, and is looking gloomy and ill-tempered. He and I have exchanged no words since our last skirmish—have not even gone through the form of wishing each other a good-day.

" It is getting worse and worse," declares

Chips, from his standing point at the window, where he has joined Miss Beatoun. "It is always darkest before dawn," says

somebody well enough to quit the country provoking? What a nuisance that Bir deep sympathy; "I don't wonder at your disturbance has occasioned this outbreak. with him. Anything would be decenter Mark is, with his meaningless compli- depression—such a chance thrown away; ments! I have no patience mith men who and you always look so nice on wheels. truth," says 'Duke, with a faint sneer. "Oh, no, Bebe; nothing could be so bad as are forever cropping up just when they are Our friend Thornton, Mrs. Carrington, is "You asked me my opinion, and I gave it. impressed with the belief, and very justly Are you acquainted with any beautiful "Do you know how late it is?" says Mar- so, that he is an unusually fascinating characters, Harry? I confoss I know none.

"I wonder what you would all do if among us are those most deeply impregyou hadn't me to laugh at? You ought to nated with this vice. They follow their smoking," I retort, determined to fight love me, I come in so handy at times and religion through fear, not love, because they it out, and meanly trying to make my own give you so many opportunities of showing dread consequences, and object to being

"He grows sarcastic," murmurs Sir hearts loathe through mere selfish terror." Mark. "This weather, instead of damping him, as it would more frivolous mortals, quent," laughs Lady Blanche, mockingly, has the effect of developing his hidden from her low seat. " Pray, go on, Marma-

brightly, turning from the contemplation amiability." of it to sink into a seat by the fire, "and then perhaps it will clear. After making visit a rink, and dine at a hotel and drive home again in the dark and have a general spree, I confess, the not being able to do anything has rather put me out."

We are all assembled in the library, it being the least doleful room in the house on a wet day.

"By the bye, Thornton, you used to be a great man on the turf," presently says Sir Mark, addressing Chips, apropos of something that has gone before. Chips, who is lounging in a chair beside Miss Bea. | says: "Mr. Green has not hatched any toun, his whole round boyish face one cheru. shad at his breeding establishment in bic smile, looks up inquiringly. " Masters told me you were quite an authority."

"Oh, not at all," returns Mr. Thornton, modestly; "I don't pretend to anything. I flatter myself I know a likely animal when

"I always thought you in minded making that, to make you scowl as you are soowling your fortune in that line," continues Sir Mark, lazily. "The last time I met you, "I am not talking of impropriety," says in the spring, you were radiant in the possession of so many more hundreds than

> "Oh, Mr. Thornton, is it possible you go glance enchantingly reproachful. "I had placed you on such a high pinnacle in my

" Don't," entreats Chips, sentimentally. ished before morning in a snow drift. And only put on a mere trifle now and then; all because I crossed a corridor at midnight | nothing at all to signify; wouldn't ruin a in a blue dressing-gown. Poor gown! who man if he were at it forever. You should would guess that there was so much mis. see how some fellows bet. Don't you

"Did you do well last Ascot?" asks

"Well, no; not quite so well as I might!

though he were the pigmy and I the giant. | chance against the whims of fickle fortune. | Hampden, Grimmer, Parallax, et hoe genus "I don't in the least want to know what Even the very knowing ones, you see, Mrs. omne. Where they are in earnest, argudraws in her lips and bravely smothers a Gore said or did not say to you," says he, Carrington, have to knock under some. ment with them is like argument with a 5-

> that young man. "The horse would have they can see no force in argument for their "Forbid me, indeed!" cry I, indignantly. won in a walk if he had got fair play. It edification. To say the truth, such men do was the most outrageous transaction alto- very little harm. Those alone are disthere was not an animal in the running with; and it is rather useful than othercase of pulling you ever saw."

> > Lady Blanche laughs softly. "I never knew an unsuccessful bettor for something. They would die rather

"But I always thought everything was "You." This remark is as unwise as it fair and above board on a race-course,"

Thornton roars. "Lady Handcock, you are the most charitable woman alive," he cries, gayly "but I fear in this instance your faith in met Hamilton the other day, and he told me a capital story apropos of racing honor.

"Yes, I think so-middle-sized man, with fair beard?" "What a vivid description!" murmurs | cialable, good fellow, when he isn't crossed."

"but to-night Miss Beatoun and I found so my orime, I really do wish you would go Chandos glanced at her quickly, rather Mass., yesterday morning, wrecking the "What I you knew him, then, before your much to say about our friends that we forgot back to your own room, Marmaduke, amused, I think, by her impertinence; but whole train. Brakesman Jones was killed, the hour. Don't let me detain you, Sir because you are in an awful temper, and I her eyes are innocently fixed on Thornton, and an unknown man, who was stealing a "Go on, Thornton," says Sir Mark, blandly; "we are all miserable till we

> "It was at Fairy House races, last year," begins Chips, nothing daunted. "Hamil- ourned to death.

ton was over in Dublin at the time, and went down there to back a horse he knew something about. A rather safe thing it was, if rightly done by; and, knowing the jockey, who was a devoted adherent of his own, he went up to him on the course, to know if he might put his money on with any chance of success. 'Wait awhile with a moody sigh, as he pulls out his Misther H., says his ingenious friend, turning a straw in his mouth with much deliberation, 'an' I'll tell ye. Come to me again in ten minutes.' Accordingly, in ten minutes Hamilton, seeing him in the paddock. dressed and mounted, went to him again. bit, Misther H., says this imperturbable gentleman; 'the instructions ain't final. Meet me in five minutes at the post,' indicating a certain spot. So Hamilton met him there, and for the third time he asked him impatiently if he meant winning. 'I do, Misther H., says he, in a mysterious whisper, 'if the reins break !"

We all laugh heartily, and Bebe, while declaring the story delicious, vows she has lost faith in mankind for evermore.

"I have not," stoutly maintains Harriet. "Of course, there must be exceptions, but I believe there is a great deal of goodness among us all in spite of popular opinion. Why do you look so supercilious, Marmaduke? Don't you agree with me?"

"No, I do not," replies 'Duke, promptly. " I think there is very little real goodness going. Taking the general mass, I believe them to be all alike bad. Of course, there is a great deal in training, and some appear better than others, simply because they are afraid of being found out. That is the principal sin in this life. I don't deny that here and there one finds two or three whose nature is tinged with the divine; these reach nearer the heavens, and are the exceptions that prove my rule."

" My dear 'Duke, how shockingly unchar-"So they say," murmurs Lord Chandos, itable!" says his sister, slowly; while I gazing on my husband with open-eyed "Poor Thornton!" says Sir Mark, with amazement, wonder vaguely if last night's

"It is uncharitable always to speak the Selfishness is our predominant quality; "Quite so," returns Chips, ironically. and many of the so-called religious ones uncomfortable hereafter, so do what their

"I had no ides that you could be so eloduke; I could listen to you forever. You "Let us forget the weather," says Bebe, are positively refreshing after so much.

(To be continued.)

THOSE DEAD FISH.

What an American Authority has to Say

About Them. An American newspaper, professing to know all about it, says that the despatch recently sent from Ottawa stating that "the dead fish now floating in Lake Ontario are young shad hatched at Seth Green's fish breeding establishment near Rochester," is all a mistake. The paper Caledonia, not far from Rochester. He hatches nothing there but whitefish, salmon and brook trout. The shad which he hatched at Castleton, near Catekill Landing, were all turned into the Hudson River. The only shad hatched by the New York Fish Commission beside these were 80,000 at Cold Springs, Long Island, which were turned into the Smithton River. The Canadian Fisheries Department is, no doubt, mistaken about the fish. We should not be surprised if they were fresh water herring, which are indigenous to the great lakes, and somewhat resemble young shad. Two years ago vessels coming into New York told of sailing through miles "Which of us would go?" I ask. "Would estimation, and now what am I to think? I and miles of dead fish. Some sailors called ou turn me out? Wait a little longer, feel so disappointed." Finally, a couple of skippers had sense then you can do it with effect. The tale "If you begin to think badly of me, I shall enough to bring a few of them ashore, and would be wanting in interest unless I per do something desperate. Besides, I really they were found to be tilefish. It was estimated then that a mass of dead fish was floating at sea about 20 miles long and 15 miles wide. No reason was ever found for this great mortality. No reason was explained, and equally unexplainable is this phenomenon on Lake Ontario."

Wiggins' Dark Moon Theory. Mr. Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer. take to notice seriously the preposterous "Showing how natural talent has no notions of such paradoxists as Wiggins, year-old child; where they only pretend to "How was it?" I ask Chips, with a smile. believe the nonsensical notions they "Oh! it was a beastly shame," responds advance they will pretend as readily that way, so that they may be recognized for what they are.",

Jumped Down her Throat.

A bad cat caught a mouse upon a lawn, and let it go again in her cruel way, in order to play with it; when the mouse, inspired by despair, and seeing only one hole possibly to escape into, namely, the round, red throat : the cat, very visible through her open mouth, took a bold spring into her jaws, just escaping between her teeth, and struggled and stuffed himself into her throat, with the result that the cat was suffocated.

The most influential man in Dodge City. Ks., is said to be Batt Matterson, who has killed thirty-two persons, according to common fame, and is spoken of as a "so-

A car loaded with marble on the Housa-

ride, had his leg out off. Mrs. George Stone, an insane inmate of the Poorhouse at Scanton, Pa., saturated her clothing with kerosene on Tuesday ght and applied a match. She was