THE HEIR OF ROTHWELL CHASE.

By T. W. Speight.

CHAPTER I.

"Good gracious, Therese! whatever is the matter? You look for all the world as if you were going to have a bad illness," said Mrs. Marchment as she pushed back on its casters the low chair on which she was sitting, and thereby widened the distance between herself and the person she had thus addressed. "I hope to goodness you have caught nothing infectious. I am told there is a great deal of fever in the neighbourhood just now."

"It is nothing but a sick headache, madame—nothing but that, I assure you," was the reply in the quiet, unmodulated tones in which Mrs. Marchment's maid habitually addressed her mistress. "If madame can spare me, I will mix myself a tisane, and lie down for a few hours. I have had these headaches before, and know how to treat them. Madame may rely upon it that I shall be quite well again by morning."

Therese Cobran, although Swiss by birth, had resided in England for so many years that only by a slight peculiarity in the pronunciation of certain words could her foreign origin be detected.

"Go, by all means. Of course, it will be very inconvenient for me if you are not better by morning; but, in that case, Dr. Marsden had better see you as soon as possible."

"Madame is very kind—as she always is; but I shall be quite well by to-morrow."

"You had better go at once. As you pass the nursery, you can tell Fanny Dale to bring me my cup of tea this afternoon, and that she will have to attend me later on while I dress."

Therese curtsied and left the room. As she shut the door softly behind her, the expression of her face changed with startling suddenness. It was as though a mask had been plucked away. She was no longer the same woman who was in the habit of going about her duties with a general air of self-effacement, and whose manner towards her somewhat imperious and quick-tempered mistress was one of servile, not to say fawning, obsequiousness. The thin hard lines of her mouth curved into a smile of malicious—it might almost be called malignant—triumph; her light-coloured eyes, neither blue nor gray, but an indefinite mixture of the two—which usually looked out at the world from the ambush of the white lashes with such a cold and almost fish-like regard—seemed as if they had been lighted up from behind, and gleamed like two vivid sparks of baleful fire.

"Step number one, *chere madame*," she said, turning as if to address her mistress, although there was the closed door between them, while nodding her head slowly and meaningly, "Step number two to-night. Ah, but you shall suffer!—you shall suffer! you shall suffer!"

Pressing her clenched hand to her bosom she stood motionless for a few moments, as if to give time for the fire which had so suddenly blazed up to die down again. Then, with swift and noiseless step, she went the length of the corridor and opened a door at the farther end. As she did so, a pretty picture met her view. The room, which was a large one, was fitted up as a nursery, with a rocking-horse and a swing, and toys of various kinds scattered about the floor. Its only occupants were a girl of seventeen and a sturdy handsome, brown-eyed lad somewhere about three years old. The child was Frank Overton Marchment, grandson and heir to Sir Harry Marchment of Rothwell Chase; the girl was his nursemaid, Fanny Dale.

At the moment Therese opened the door, Fanny, with a long rein affixed to one of her arms, the other end of which was held by the boy, was slowly careering round an imaginary sawdusted circle, while Master Frank enacted the part of ring-master, doing his best to make his whip crack and shouting "Houp-la!" in a shrill treble.

"Law, mamzelle, how ill you look, for sure! exclaimed Fanny, as she came to a sudden halt.

"It is nothing but a sick headache," replied Therese coldly. "Madame has given me leave, and I am going to lie down for a few hours. She asked me to tell you to take her a cup of tea at half-past-five; so please not to forget. You will also have to attend her when it is time to dress for dinner. By to-morrow I shall be quite well."

"All right, mamzelle; I'll not forget," replied Fanny, who was the essence of good-nature. "And I'm sure I hope you will be better by morning."

Therese stared at the child for a moment or two in silence, then nodded to Fanny and withdrew, closing the door softly behind her. "Me no like Ma'zelle Teyase," remarked Frank with the outspokenness of his age.

"Why don't you like her, darling?" demanded the nurse-girl.

"Me not like her eyes—they frighten me."

Therese ascended to her room, which was on the next floor, and having secured herself against intrusion by locking the door, she proceeded to apply a lighted match to the contents of the grate, which had been laid ready for kindling. It was a chilly afternoon in early spring, and Therese always took sensible views where her own comfort was in question. A person in her position was not supposed to need a fire in her bedroom; but a shilling given now and again to the chambermaid smoothed over all difficulties in that respect. The next thing she did was to take off her black dress and her cashmere shoes and put on a comfortable wadded wrapper and a pair of warm slippers. After that she proceeded to let down her hair, of which she had a great quantity, and the colour of which was as indeterminate as her eyes. Then she unlocked a drawer and took from it a square green bottle and a liqueur glass. Twice she filled the glass from the contents of the bottle, and twice she emptied it, sipping the cordial slowly and appreciatively. Her next move was, by means of a sponge and a little soap and water, to wash away the streaks of bistre under her eyes, now that they had served their purpose. After that, knowing a couple of hours of inaction were before her, there was nothing left her to do save to bask in front of the fire in a chintz covered easy-chair, with her feet on the fender, and immerse herself in a French romance, which she took from the drawer that held the bottle and glass.

Sir Harry Marchment of Rothwell Chase was nearer seventy than sixty years of age. He was a widower and childless. His only son, a man of thirty, had died in Italy about a year before the opening of our narrative. There had been a coolness between father and son, owing to the fact of the latter having married in direct opposition to Sir Harry's wishes, and the two had not met for some years till that last meeting of all over Frank's deathbed. The woman whose marriage with his heir the baronet had so bitterly resented was the daughter of an Italian music-master and an English governess; and Sir Harry, who had been quite aware when he left England that his son's condition was hopeless, had been much exercised in his mind during the journey as to the best mode of getting his grandson, who was at that time nearly two years old, into his possession, and at the same time having as little as possible to do with "that low adventuress," the child's mother. But he had not been a dozen hours under the same roof with his daughter-in-law before the affair presented itself to him under a totally different aspect. There was no longer any question of separating mother and child. Mrs. Marchment'. future home must be at Rothwell Chases She was a woman any man might feel proud to have at the head of his table. That her father had been nothing higher in the social scale than a foreign music-master was a fact known to but few people and the chances were that it would never reach the ears of English society.

Giulia Marchment was not merely a very handsome woman, but a very capable one—so capable, indeed, that the late heir of Rothwell Chase, with his stolid intellect and limited range of emotions, had been as wax in her fingers, to be moulded into whatsoever shape might suit her purposes best. She had been fairly educated, albeit after the somewhat slipshod fashion necessitated by her father's wandering life, Signor Viscari having been one of those restless mortals who can never settle for long at a time in any one place; but what Giulia might lack in the way of book-learning she more than made up for in worldly knowledge. She had lived for a longer or shorter time in nearly every European capital, and having a gift that way, she had not failed to avail herself of her linguistic opportunities to the utmost. In person she was tall and stately, with what is sometimes termed a "Juno style of figure." She had inherited her mother's delicate complexion and her father's brilliant Italian eyes, and finely arched but somewhat too prominent black eyebrows. Something else she had inherited from Signor Viscari—to wit, a liability to sudden volcanic explosions of temper, to bring about one of which, the merest trifle that happened to go awry would, when the mood was on her, serve as the requisite spark. Like tropical storms, they were short and sharp; and scarcely were they over, before fair weather would set in again, to last with all but unbroken serenity till the gradually accumulated forces, no longer to be restrained, would break out once more, and that sometimes after a fashion which Mrs. Marchment herself was afterwards ashamed to recall.

So, poor Frank Marchment having been laid to rest in alien soil, the baronet, the widow, and the youthful heir journeyed to England by easy stages, and after halting for a couple of days in London to pick up Sir Harry's ward, Miss Edeline Fenton, who had been staying with the Dowager Lady Cosgrave during her guardian's absence abroad, they all travelled down to Rothwell Chase together. Since that time, nearly a year had gone by, and Mrs. Marchment was now looking forward to the day when, with a clear conscience, she could discard her widow's weeds, of which she had long ago grown heartily tired, and be able again to shine forth resplendent in the silks and velvets which became her to perfection.

Edeline Fenton, Sir Harry,s ward, was the orphan daughter of a man who had been far dearer to the baronet than any of his own kith and kin had ever been. At this time she was between nineteen and twenty years old, and on coming of age would inherit a fortune of fifteen thousand pounds. Her home since leaving school had been at the Chase; and had she been Sir Harry's own child he could scarcely have thought more of her than he did. She had, however, during the time of her stay with Lady Cosgrave been guilty of a terrible blunder, which, notwithstanding all his affection for her, the baronet found it well nigh impossible to condone. She had allowed herself to fall in love with Evan Marchment, her guardians nephew, and the last person on earth whose wife he would care to see her become.

It was not that Evan, either by word or act had been guilty of anything which would suffice to account for his uncle's hostility towards him; indeed, the two had never met but twice. Evan's sole fault lay in the fact of his being the son of his parents. The young fellow's mother had chosen to jilt Sir Harry in favour of his younger and more attractive brother, and he had never forgiven either her or Godfrey. Although he afterwards married, he had never cared for Effra Vane; and even now after the lapse of thirty years, the wound still rankled, the sore was still unhealed. When his brother died in a state that bordered on destitution, if he did not absolutely rejoice, he certainly could not be said to feel any sorrow even in its most mitigated form: and when a little later, certain timid overtures reached him from the widow, they were coldly rejected. Neither to her nor to her son should the hand of reconciliation ever be put forth by him! The widow had followed her husband to the grave no long time afterwards; and now, at four-and-twenty years of age, their son was filling a responsible position in the offices of one of the largest ship-broking firms in the port of London.

It had been a bitter surprise to the baronet when his nephew called upon him at his hotel in town and asked permission of him, as the young lady's guardian, to pay his addresses to Miss Fenton. The two were all but strangers to each other; and the elder man, as he stared into the face of the younger, traced in it, or persuaded himself that he did, an unmistakable likeness to the unforgotten features of the woman who had so cruelly jilted him. The interview was a brief but stormy one. Sir Harry stigmatised the young man's suit as that of a mercenary fortune-hunter, and utterly refused to sanction his addresses in any way. So long as he retained his powers as guardian over Miss Fenton and her fortune, so long should Evan Marchment's suit be treated with contumely at his hands; indeed, his last words to him, as he pointed through the window, were: "I would rather my ward should marry yonder crossing-sweeper than marry you."

Sir Harry's first impulse after Evans departure had been to seek an interview with Edeline, tell her what had passed, and bring to bear whatever influence he might possess over her in order to induce her to break with his nephew. But second and wiser thoughts prevailed. What if Edeline—who was a girl of spirit—should refuse to recognize his right to interfere between her and her private affections, and while to a certain extent submitting to his authority during the eighteen months she would remain under age, should avow her intention of holding to her engagement and of taking her own course in the matter, without let or hindrance, the moment her twenty-first birthdays should have come and gone. In that case, he, Sir Harry, would be made to look considerably foolish, which he was by no means desirous of doing; in addition to which, he would have created a breach between himself and his ward which nothing could ever wholly heal over. No; he would bring to bear the wisdom of the serpent, if he could not pretend to imitate the gentleness of the dove. He would ignore the whole affair as far as Edeline was concerned no word as to the interview between himself and his nephew should pass his lips. With Evan hard at work in London and Edeline secluded at Rothwell, there would be little or no opportunity for their meeting again for at least eighteen months to come, and there was no knowing what might happen meanwhile. In short, it seemed to him that opposition, if carried further, might only serve to fan the nascent flame of mutual affection between the young people, whereas by quietly ignoring it, it might gradually fade and flicker out of its own accord. All this had happened nearly a year ago, during which time Evan Marchment's name had never been mentioned either by Sir Harry or Edeline.

And now to return to the afternoon on which Therese Cobran asked permission to be relieved of her duties for a few hours on the plea of illness.

Fanny Dale kept a watchful eye on the clock on the nursery chimney-piece. Mrs. Marchment's tea was always taken to her at half-past five, to the minute. Two minutes before the regulation time Fanny quitted the nursery, closing the door behind her, and ran lightly down-stairs to the kitchen, it being the cook's duty to have the tea equipage in readiness. She would not be absent from the nursery more than three or four minutes at most, and no harm could possibly happen to Master Frank meanwhile. She left him sitting in the middle of the floor, happy over a new toy; the window was shut, and the fire was protected by a guard. The day had been gloomy and overcast, and although the short afternoon was fast closing in, it was scarcely dark enough to light the lamp. The girl told herself that it would be time enough to light it after she should have taken Mrs. Marchment her tea.

After lingering for a minute's gossip in the kitchen, Fanny took the tray up to the small drawing-room. There she found Miss Fenton who had just come in from riding, and, at Mrs Marchment's invitation, had agreed to join her over tea. Fanny was accordingly sent down-stairs for a second cup and saucer.

It might be said of the widow and Sir Harry's ward that they were on good terms with each other without there being any pretence of cordiality on either side. They had too few qualities or tastes in common to allow of their ever being attracted one to the other. They generally met at the breakfast table; but after that meal each went her own way, and they rarely saw anything more of each other till the dinner-bell once more brought them together.

Fanny having brought the second cup and saucer, at once went her way back to the nursery. She had not been gone more than seven minutes in all. The first thing she was aware of on opening the door was that the long window which gave on the balcony was wide open. With an exclamation of dismay, she made a hurried step or two forward and then paused, while her eyes went instinctively in search of the child. Nowhere could she see him! But the afternoon had darkened during her absence, and the corners of the room lay deep in shadow. Frank had a child's delight in hiding himself when nobody was about, and but for the open window Fanny would have felt sure of finding him crouched behind one or another piece of furniture. There were the toys she had given him to play with scattered about the floor, but the boy himself was nowhere to be seen.

"Frankie, Frankie, where are you?" called the girl in frightened accents. "Why don't you speak, darling?" A moment she stood listening, but save for the wild beating of her heart, all was silence. Even yet she could scarcely realise the possibility of what had happened; but a brief agonised search in every corner and behind every piece of furniture proved to her, a minute later, that her charge was not in the room. Last of all, with a dreadful sinking of the heart, she passed through the open window on to the balcony. Here it was lighter than inside the room, light enough, in fact, to have allowed of her seeing any object out of the ordinary on the gravelled drive some eight or ten feet below. But nothing was to be seen. The drive on its outer edge was bordered by a narrow margin of turf, beyond which spread a dense shrubbery of laurels, rhododendrons, and other evergreens. Not a sign of life was anywhere visible. Leaning over the balcony, the girl, in half-choked accents, again called the child by name, while feeling sure there would be no response. For a few seconds she stood with her hands pressed to her head, striving to collect her thoughts, which kept fluttering and circling round her like a flock of frightened birds of which she had lost all control. Then she said to herself: "Perhaps he managed somehow to open the door, though I didn't know that he could, and has hidden himself in one of the empty rooms on purpose to frighten me." But then came the terrifying question: "In that case, why is the window open—and who opened it?" The child himself couldn't reach the hasp unless he were mounted on a chair, and the chairs were all in their places.

But it was imperative that action of some kind should be taken, and that without another minute's delay. "I'll go and tell Therese before saying a word to any one else," was the distracted girl's resolve. It was the instinctive impulse of a weak nature to seek the counsel and help of one stronger than itself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.

"Now, Johnny," said papa, "who was Adam?" "He was the man who discovered the world," said Johnny.

When a man starts out to lecture he puts on a dress suit. When a women starts out to lecture she puts on a nightgown.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN SITUATION.

An Inevitable Conflict Pending.

To-day, as yesterday, as to-morrow, and as for a long time to come, the situation of France and Germany forms the great subject of anxiety which is imposed upon the meditation of all European statesmen. At no other point is it foreseen that war can break out. Russia has great ambitions, and Italy has strong desires; but Russia is for years doomed merely to cherish ambitions, for she cannot realize them single-handed, and it does not depend upon her to provoke a general war, which would be one result of her combined action with France; while as for Italy, she will never venture to give the signal of war, for if she did, she would be left to herself, and would be speedily crushed. It could be solely as the result of a general war that Italy could obtain her share, and in the present state of her alliances she could take that share only from France, so that a general war alone could procure it for her, inasmuch as, if she were left single-handed, she would not be able to overcome France. Neither Austria nor England dreams of war. It is therefore still, as twenty years ago, France and Germany who could occasion war; because, whatever may be alleged, whatever may be proclaimed, or whatever may be concealed, these two nations desire war—war, first for its own sake, and next for the rest; and if, in order to have done with this everlasting Franco-German nightmare, Europe could now promise to fold her arms, and afterwards to intervene merely as arbiter, war would break out to-morrow between France and Germany, for the fatality of war haunts and overrides both nations. An end should be put once for all to the fiction which everybody affects to believe, but which is believed by nobody who is accustomed to search for the truth of things by probing human depths: it is not true that the Alsace-Lorraine question is what places France and Germany face to face with hatred in their eyes.

I have long been tormented by the desire of telling the simple, real, and undisguised truth on this subject. What makes the Germans and French implacably confront each other is the unexpected defeat of the latter and the crushing victory of the former. Alsace and Lorraine are objects of grief and pride chiefly because they are the signal and tangible testimony of the triumph of one party and the overthrow of the other. By this I do not mean that the French do not love Alsace and Lorraine. I only mean that they love them all the more because by recovering them they would at the same time restore their prestige. Nor do I mean that the Germans do not set great store on them, seeing that by keeping them they remain at the same time victors holding the front rank. Thus Alsace and Lorraine, dear to the one, precious to the other, are for both, above all things, the symbol of defeat and the symbol of victory. Their restitution pure and simple would not suffice those who have lost them. It would not efface the bitterness of the vanquished or the pride of the victor; it would leave untouched, despite protocols and treaties, the irremediable antagonism which separates the two nations; and this feeling is such, I venture to affirm at the risk of appearing paradoxical, that, if this were not an absurd hypothesis, the French would be more easily resigned to leaving the Germans Alsace and Lorraine after openly defeating them, just as the Germans would suffer less from a surrender of these two provinces after winning a fresh victory over the French. For if at this moment France is anxious to prove that it was the empire much more than herself which was vanquished, Germany, if the case arose, would like to demonstrate that it was France herself which she vanquished in overthrowing the empire. The conclusion to be drawn from this is that the question remains intact between France and Germany, that no compromise can settle it, and that when the time comes, the battle-field, the fate of arms, can alone decide afresh the antagonism of centuries which separates the Gaulish from the Germanic race.

Till 1870 France held the supreme control of the peace of the world. No sword could be unsheathed in Europe without her consent. Napoleon III. was the great arbiter. A frown from him darkened the horizon. The day after he expressed regret to Baron Hubner at not being in accord with Austria, the the stock exchanges were in a panic, and Austria and Prussia concluded a hasty peace before the master had time to show dissatisfaction. Since the war of 1870 this role has ceased to belong to France. Germany has usurped it, and her claim to it is what has revolted the Czar, who remains alone, striving by his deliberate isolation to neutralize the unwelcome supremacy of Germany, allowing France to render him apparent homage in order to emphasize his attitude but really knowing himself to be doomed to immobility as long as he remains outside the allied empires. We may rest assured that what weighs upon the heart of France is the inversion of authority, the lost place in the front rank of Europe, her supremacy questioned, the victor for twenty years regulating the march of events, the settlement of which till then belonged without dispute to the supreme will of France. This is what she cannot bear. Those who dream of settling the Franco-German question by a compromise must, alas! resign themselves to this. Never will this question be settled in the pure and christian atmosphere of peace. If Germany now agreed to restore Alsace and Lorraine to France in return for a pledge of everlasting peace, France would agree to such an arrangement with the greatest repugnance, and would avert her eyes forever from the mocking deliverer who at such a price bade her sheath her sword. She has not, however, to dread any such mortification, for Germany would fly to the arms a hundred times sooner than lose her conquered prey; and notwithstanding her past victory, she, too, dreams of confirming it afresh. No, peace is not concluded between the two nations. No, the era of combats between them is not over, and the sword is what must again and again decide, until the unknown time when a new morality shall govern the world, and when the God of peace shall be universally acknowledged.—Mr. de Blowitz, in *Harper's Magazine.*

Jelly that has sugared can be used to sweeten cottage and batter puddings, and will add very much to their flavor. Where it has refused to jell it can be used in the same way. This fruit sugar also makes very nice sirup for cakes by putting it on the stove and adding some water to it. Make it about the consistency of maple sirup.

FIGHTING A MAD WOLF.

A Dangerous Guest Hidden in a New Mexican House.

My room was at the end of a long hall. I was familiar with every crook and turn about the house and didn't need a light, so I passed into my room and closed the door. It occurred to me then to take a smoke, so I felt around in the dark and found a cigar and struck a match to light it. The next minute I think you could have knocked me down with a feather. Away down in the darkness under the bed two fiery eyes shone out like burning coals just for that brief moment that the match was burning and then it went out. Before I had time to think the creature was springing for my throat, the most savage animal I had ever met. I felt rather than saw what it was. The creature was a wolf, and it was mad.

Several animals afflicted with hydrophobia had been seen in the neighborhood during the past few months. There is no animal more formidable than a wolf when it has rabies, and I knew with what I had to contend. I had to struggle with a large wolf shut up in a dark room, and that the slightest wound from its sharp teeth meant certain and horrible death to me. As it came to me first I threw out my hands, and by some good fortune happened to strike its neck. I got both my hands about its throat and managed to hold it away from my face, but it was all that I could do.

I was nervous, I suppose, and the wolf was far stronger than it would have been under ordinary circumstances. The froth was dripping from its mouth, and flew into my face as it struggled. It was the most desperate struggle of my life just to hold that wolf and keep it from my face and throat, at which it constantly leaped in the most furious manner. All the time, from the moment it sprang at me first, I had been shouting and calling to the top of my voice. There was very little hope of doing any good with it, as the servants were too far away, and my room was on the opposite side of the house from their quarters, but that was the only chance.

It was very evident that I couldn't let go my hold for an instant. It was just as evident that I couldn't hold out this way long, and that unless help came after awhile my strength would eventually give way and the wolf could tear my throat, as it was struggling then to do. And how long do you think this kept up? For two hours—for two mortal hours by the clock—I stood there, fighting for my life with the savage wolf and shouting for help every moment of the time. A I hundred times thought my strength was gone and that my arm would surely sink down powerless the next moment and yet always managed to hold him off a little longer.

At last, just as I was almost in complete despair, one of the servants was aroused by my continued shouting, and came running with his gun in his hand. I managed to hold the wolf until he made a light, and then I held him while the man put the muzzle of his gun against the wolf's head and killed him as dead as Hector. And then I went to my sister's room and had a spell of something that would have been hysterics if I had been a woman. Being a man it was nothing but a case of nervous prostration.

Distant Sounds Focused by Ships' Sails.

It is a well-established fact that the wide-spread sails of a ship, when rendered concave by a gentle breeze, are most excellent conductors of sound. The celebrated Dr. Arnott relates the following circumstances as a practical proof of this assertion:

A ship was once sailing along the coast of Brazil far out of sight of land. Suddenly several of the crew, while walking along the deck, noticed that when passing and repassing a particular spot they always heard with great distinctness the sound of bells chiming sweet music, as though being rung but a short distance away. Dumfounded, by this phenomenon, they quickly communicated the discovery to their mates, but none of them was able to solve the enigma as to the origin of these seemingly mysterious sounds.

Several months afterward, upon returning to Brazil, some of the listeners determined to satisfy their curiosity. Accordingly, they mentioned the circumstance to their friends, and were informed that at the time when the sounds were heard the bells in the cathedral at San Salvador, on the coast, had been ringing to celebrate a feast held in honor of one of the saints. Their sound, wonderful to relate, favored by a gentle, steady breeze, had travelled a distance of upward of 100 miles over the smooth water, and had been brought to a focus by the sails at the particular locality in which the sweet sounds were first heard.

This is but one of several instances of a similar kind, trustworthy authorities claiming that it has often happened under somewhat similar circumstances.

Skeletons With Tails.

A discovery which will prove of immense interest to ethnologists has been made at the little hamlet of Sinaloa, Mexico, within the past few days while breaking ground for a large coffee plantation, which is being established by an English syndicate.

The find consists of thousands of skeletons either of large apes or of prehistoric human beings of a very low order. If the remains are of apes they were of gigantic size and of a variety no longer extant, while if they are of men the men were provided with distinct caudal appendages, very thick and short, and curled up like a squirrel's. That they are the skeletons of apes can hardly be doubted, judging from the arms, which reached nearly a foot below the knee, and the thumbs which are also abnormally long and curved, with exceedingly sharp and powerful nails.

The feet, too, show that they were intended for climbing, rather than walking, and are also provided with claws and prehensile toes of unusual length. It is probable that the large number of skeletons found is due to a battle between two bands of the animals having taken place at this spot, which is further proven by the number of broken skulls and other bones among them, and the fact that several of the skeletons were found in a deadly embrace.

No weapons, however, were discovered, but as these were probably of wood, they have perished in the course of time.

A newspaper editor says—"We have received a notice of marriage for insertion to which was appended the original announcement, 'Sweethearts at a distance will accept this intimation.'"