SIR GUY'S WARD.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER VIII.

"And sang, with much simplicity,—a merit
Not the less precious, that we seldom hear it."
—[Don Juan.

The rain is beating regularly, persistently, against the window-panes; there is no hope of wandering afield this evening. A sullen summer shower, without a smile in it, is deluging gardens and lawns, tender flowers and gravelled walks, and is blotting out angrily all the glories of the landscape.

It is half past four o'clock. Lady Chetwoode is sitting in the library reclining in the cosiest arm-chair the room contains, with her knitting as usual in her hands she disdains all newer, lighter modes of passing the time, and knits diligently all day long for her poor.

Lilian is standing at the melancholy window, counting the diminutive lakes and toy pools forming in the walk out-side. As she looks, a laurel leaf, blown from the nearest shrubbery, falls into a fairy river, and floats along in its current like a sedate and sturdy boat, with a small snail for cargo, that clings to it bravely for dear life.

Presently a stick that to Lilian's idle fancy resolves itself into an iron-clad, runs down the poor little skiff, causing it to founder with all hands on board.

At this heart-rending moment John enters with a tea-tray, and drawing a small table before Lady Chetwoode, lays it thereon. Her ladyship, with a sigh, prepares to put away her beloved knitting, hesitates, and then is lost in so far that she elects to finish that most mysterious of all things, the rounding of the heel of her socks, before pouring out the tea. Old James Murland will be expecting these good gray socks by the end of the week, and old James Murland must not be disappointed.

"Lady Chetwoode," says Lilian, with soft hesitation, "I want to ask you a question."

"Do you, dear? Then ask it."

"But it is a very odd question, and perhaps you will be angry."

"I don't think I shall," says Lady Chetwoode ("One, two, three, four," &c.)

"Well, then, I like you so much—I love you so much," corrects Lilian, earnestly, "that, if you don't mind, I should like to call you some name a little less formal than Lady Chetwoode. Do you mind?"

Her ladyship lays down her knitting and looks amused.

"It seems no one cares to give me my title," she says. "Mabel, my late ward, was hardly here three days when she made a request similar to yours. She always calls me 'Auntie.' Florence calls me, of course, 'Aunt Anne;' but Mabel always called me 'Auntie.'"

"Ah! that was prettier. May I call you 'Auntie' too? 'Auntie Nannie,'—I think that a dear little name, and just suited to you."

"Call me anything you like, darling," says Lady Chetwoode, kissing the girl's soft, flushed cheek.

Here the door opens to admit Sir Guy and Cyril, who are driven to desperation and afternoon tea by the incivility of the weather.

"The mother and Lilian spooning," says Cyril. "I verily believe women, when alone, kiss each other for the want of something better."

"I have been laughing at Lilian," says Lady Chetwoode: "she, like Mabel, cannot be happy unless she finds for me a pet name. So I am to be 'Auntie' to her too."

"I am glad it is not to be 'Aunt Anne,' like Florence," says Cyril, with a distasteful shrug; "that way of addressing you always grates upon my ear."

"By the by, that reminds me," says Lady Chetwoode, struggling vainly in her pocket to bring to light something that isn't there, "Florence is coming home next week. I had a letter from her this morning telling me so, but I forgot all about it till now."

"You don't say so!" says Cyril, in a tone of unaffected dismay.

Now, when one hears an unknown name mentioned frequently in conversation, one eventually grows desirous of knowing something about the owner of that name.

Lilian therefore gives way to curiosity.

"And who is Florence?" she asks.

"Who is Florence?" repeats Cyril; "have you really asked the question? Not to know Florence argues yourself unknown. She is an institution. But I forgot, you are one of those unhappy ones outside the pale of Florence's acquaintance. How I envy—I mean pity you!"

"Florence is my niece," says Lady Chetwoode; "she is at present staying with some friends in Shropshire, but she lives with me. She has been here ever since she was seventeen."

"Is that very long ago?" asks Lilian, and her manner is so naive that they all smile.

"She came here——" begins Lady Chetwoode.

"She came here," interrupts Cyril, impressively, "precisely five years ago. Have you mastered that date? If so, cling to it, get is by heart, never lose sight of it. Once, about a month ago, before she left us to go to those good-natured people in Shropshire, I told her, quite accidentally, I thought she came here nine years ago. She was very angry, and I then learned that Florence angry wasn't nice, and that a little of her in that state went a long way. I also learned that she came here five years ago."

"Am I to understand," asks Lilian, laughing, "that she is twenty-six?"

"My dear Lilian, I do hope you are not 'obtoose.' Have all my valuable information been thrown away? I have all this time been trying to impress upon you the fact that Florence is only twenty-two, but it is evidently 'love's labor lost.' Now do try to comprehend. She was twenty-two last year, she is twenty-two this year, and I am almost positive that this time next year she will be twenty-two again!"

"Cyril, don't be severe," says his mother.

"Dearest mother, how can you accuse me of such a thing? It is severe to say Florence is still young and lovely?"

"Do you and Florence like each other?" asks Lilian.

"Not too much. I am not staid enough for Florence. She says she likes earnest people,—like Guy."

"Ah!" says Lilian.

"What?" Guy hearing his name mentioned looks up dreamily from the 'Times' in the folds of which he has been buried. "What about me?"

"Nothing. I was only telling Lilian in what high esteem you are held by our dear Florence."

"Is that all?" says Guy, indifferently, going back to the thrilling account of the divorce case he has been studying.

"What a very ungallant speech!" says Miss Chesney, with a view to provocation, regarding him curiously.

"Was it?" says Guy, meeting her eyes, and letting the interesting paper slip to the floor beside him. "It was scarcely news, you see, and there is nothing to be wondered at. If I lived with people for years, I am certain I should end by being attached to them, were they good or bad."

"She doesn't waste much of her liking upon me," says Cyril.

"Nor you on her. She is just the one pretty woman I ever knew to whom you didn't succumb."

"You didn't tell me she was pretty," says Lilian, hastily, looking at Cyril with keen reproach.

"'Handsome is as handsome does,' and the charming Florence makes a point of treating me very unhandsomely. You won't like her, Lilian, make up your mind to it."

"Nonsense! don't let yourself be prejudiced by Cyril's folly," says Guy.

"I am not easily prejudiced," replies Lilian, somewhat coldly, and instantly forms an undying dislike to the unknown Florence. "But she really is pretty?" she asks, again, rather persistently addressing Cyril.

"Lovely!" superciliously. "But ask Guy all about her: he knows."

"Do you?" says Lilian, turning her large eyes upon Guy.

"Not more than other people," replies he, calmly, though there is a perceptible note of irritation in his voice, and a rather vexed gleam in his blue eyes as he lets them fall upon his unconscious brother. "She is certainly not lovely."

"Then she is very pretty?"

"Not even *very* pretty in my eyes," replies Sir Guy, who is inwardly annoyed at the examination. Without exactly knowing why, he feels he is behaving shabbily to the absent Florence. "Still, I have heard many men call her so."

"She is decidedly pretty," says Lady Chetwoode, with decision, "but rather pale."

"Would you call it pale?" says Cyril, with suspicious earnestness. "Well, of course that may be the new name for it, but I always called it sallow."

"Cyril, you are incorrigible. At all events, I miss her in a great many ways," says Lady Chetwoode, and they who listen fully understand the tone of self-reproach that runs beneath her words in that she cannot bring herself to miss Florence in all her ways. "She used to pour out the tea for me, for one thing."

"Let me do it for you, auntie," says Lilian, springing to her feet with alacrity, while the new name trips melodiously and naturally from her tongue. "I never poured out tea for any one, and I should like to immensely."

"Thank you, my dear. I shall be much obliged; I can't bear to leave off this sock now I have got so far. And who, then, used to pour out tea for you at your own home?"

"Nurse, always. And for the last six months, ever since"—with a gentle sigh—"poor papa's death, Aunt Priscilla."

"That is Miss Cheney?"

"Yes. But tea was never nice with Aunt Priscilla; she liked it weak, because of her nerves, she said (though I don't think she had many), and she always would use the biggest cups in the house, even in the evening. There never," says Lilian, solemnly, "was any one so odd as my aunt Priscilla. Though we had several of the loveliest sets of china in the world she never would use them, and always preferred a horrid glaring set of blue and gold that was my detestation. Taffy and I were going to smash them all one day right off, but then we thought it would be shabby, she had placed her affections so firmly on them. Is your tea quite right, Lady Chetwoode,—auntie, I mean,"—with a bright smile,—"or do you want any more sugar?"

"It is quite right, thank you, dear."

"Mine is without exception the most delicious cup of tea I ever tasted," says Cyril, with intense conviction. Whereat Lilian laughs, and promises him as many more as he can drink.

"Will you not give me one?" says Guy, who has risen and is standing beside her, looking down upon her lovely face with a strange expression in his eyes.

How pretty she looks pouring out the tea, with that little assumption of importance about her! How deftly her slender fingers move among the cups, how firmly they close around the handle of the quaint old teapot!

A lump of sugar falls with a small crash into the tray. It is a refactory lump, and runs in and out among the china and the silver jugs, refusing to be captured by the tongs. Lilian, losing patience (her stock of it is small), lays down the useless tongs, and taking up the lump between her dainty finger and thumb, transfers it triumphantly to her own cup.

"Well caught," says Cyril, laughing, while it suddenly occurs to Guy that Florence would have died before she would have done such a thing. The sugar-tongs were made to pick up the sugar, therefore it would be a flagrant breach of system to use anything else, and of all other things, the fingers. O, horrible thought!

Methodical Florence. Unalterable, admirable, tiresome Florence!

As Sir Guy speaks, Lilian being in one of her capricious moods, which seem reserved alone for her guardian, half turns her head towards him, and, looking at him out of two great unfriendly eyes, says,—

"Is not that yours?" pointing to a cup that she has purposely placed at a considerable distance from her, so that she may have a decent excuse for not offering it to him with her own hands.

"Thank you," Chetwoode says, calmly, taking it without betraying the chagrin he is foolish enough to feel, but he is very careful not to trouble her a second time. It is evident to him that, for some reason or reasons unknown he is in high disgrace with his ward; though long ago he has given up trying to discover just cause for constant displays of temper.

Lady Chetwoode is knitting industriously. Already the heel is turned, and she is on the road to make a most successful and rapid finish. Humanly speaking, there is no possible doubt about old James Murland being in possession of the socks to-morrow evening. As she knits she speaks in the low tone dreamy tone that always seems to me to accompany the click of the needles.

"Florence sings very nicely," she says; "in the evening it was pleasant to hear her voice. Dear me, how it does rain, to be sure! one would think it never meant to cease. Yes, I am very fond of singing."

"I have rather a nice little voice," says Miss Chesney, composedly,—"at least—" with a sudden and most unlooked-for accession of modesty—"they used to say so at home. Shall I sing something for you, auntie? I should like to very much, if it would give you any pleasure."

"Indeed it would, my dear. I had no idea you were musical."

"I don't suppose I can sing as well as Florence,"—apologetically,—"but I will try the 'Banks of Allan Water,' and then you will be able to judge for yourself."

She sits down, and sings from memory that very sweet and dear old song,—sings it with all the girlish tenderness of which she is capable, in a soft, sweet voice, that saddens as fully as it charms,—a voice that would certainly never raise storms of applause, but is perfect in its truthfulness and exquisite in its youth and freshness.

"My dear child, you sing rarely well," says Lady Chetwoode, while Guy has drawn near, unconsciously to himself, and is standing at a little distance behind her. How many more witcheries has this little tormenting siren laid up in store for his undoing? "It reminds me of long ago," says auntie, with a sigh for the gay hours gone: "once I sang that song myself. Do you know any Scotch airs, Lilian? I am so fond of them."

Whereupon Lilian sings "Comin' thro' the Rye" and "Caller Herrin'," which latter brings tears into Lady Chetwoode's eyes. Altogether, by the time the first dressing-bell rings, she feels she has made a decided success, and is so far elated by the thought that she actually condescends to forego her ill temper for this occasion only, and bestows so gracious a smile and speech upon her hapless guardian as sends that ill-used young man to his room in radiant spirits.

CHAPTER IX.

"So young, and so untender."—[King Lear.

"I wonder why on earth it is some people cannot choose proper hours in which to travel," says Cyril, testily. "The idea of electing,—(not any more thank you)—to arrive at ten o'clock at night at any respectable house is barely decent."

"Yes, I wish she had named any other hour," says Lady Chetwoode. "It is rather a nuisance Guy having to go to the station so late."

"Dear Florence is so romantic," remarks Cyril: "let us hope for her sake there will be a moon."

It is half-past eight o'clock, and dinner is nearly over. There has been some haste this evening on account of Miss Beauchamp's expected arrival; the very men who are handing round the jellies and sweatmeats seem as inclined to hurry as their pomposity will allow: hence Cyril's mild ill humor. No man but feel aggrieved when compelled to hasten at his meals.

Miss Chesney has arrayed herself with great care for the new-comer's delectation, and has been preparing herself all day to dislike her cordially. Sir Guy is rather silent; Cyril is not; Lady Chetwoode's usual good spirits seem to have forsaken her.

"Are you really going to Truston after dinner?" asks Lilian, in a tone of surprise, addressing Sir Guy.

"Yes, really; I do not mind it in the least," answering his mother's remark even more than hers. "It can scarcely be called a hardship, taking a short drive on such a lovely night."

"Of course not, with the prospect before him of so soon meeting this delightful cousin," thinks Lilian. "How glad he seems to welcome her home! No fear he would let Cyril meet her at the station!"

"Yes, it certainly is a lovely evening," she says, aloud. Then, "Was there no other train for her to come by?"

"Plenty," answers Cyril; "any number of them. But she thought she would like Guy to 'meet her by moonlight alone.'"

It is an old and favorite joke of Cyril's Miss Beauchamp's admiration for Guy. He has no idea he is encouraging in any one's mind the impression that Guy has an admiration for Miss Beauchamp.

"I wonder you never tire of that subject," Guy says turning upon his brother with sudden and most unusual temper. "I don't fancy Florence would care to hear you forever making free with her name as you do."

"I beg your pardon a thousand times. I had no idea it was a touchy subject with you."

"Nor is it."

"She will have her wish," says Lilian, alluding to Cyril's unfortunate quotation, and ignoring the remark that followed. "I am sure it will be moonlight by ten,"—making a critical examination of the sky through the window, near which she is sitting. "How charming moonlight is! If I had a lover,—" laughing,—"I should never go for a drive or walk with him except beneath its cool white rays. I think Miss Beauchamp very wise in choosing the hour she has chosen for her return home."

This is intolerable. The inference is quite distinct. Guy flushes crimson and opens his mouth to give way to some of the thoughts that are oppressing him, but his mother's voice breaking in checks him.

"Don't have any lovers for a long time, child," she says: "you are too young for such unsatisfactory toys. The longer you are without them, the happier you will be. They are more trouble than gratification."

"I don't mean to have one," says Lilian, with a wise shake of her blonde head, "for years and years. I was merely admiring Miss Beauchamp's taste."

"Wise child!" says Cyril, admiringly. "Why didn't you arrive by moonlight, Lilian? I'm never in luck."

"It didn't occur to me: in future I shall be more considerate. Are you fretting because you can't go to-night to meet your cousin? You see how insignificant you are: you would not be trusted on so important a mission. It is only bad little wards you are sent to welcome."

She laughs gayly as she says this; but Guy, who is listening, feels it is meant as a reproach to him.

"There are worse things than bad little wards," says Cyril, "if you are a specimen."

"Do you think so? It's a pity every one doesn't agree with you. No, Martin," to the elderly servitor behind her chair, who she knows has a decided weakness for her: "don't take away the ice pudding yet: I am very fond of it."

"So is Florence. You and she, I foresee, will have a stand-up fight for it at least once a week. Poor cook! I suppose she will have to make two ice puddings instead of one for the future."

"If there is anything on earth I love, it is an ice pudding."

"Not better than me, I trust."

"Far, far better."

"Take it away instantly, Martin; Miss Chesney mustn't have any more: it don't agree with her."

At this Martin smiles demurely and deferentially, and presents the coveted pudding to Miss Chesney; whereat Miss Chesney makes a little triumphant grimace at Cyril, and helps herself as she loves herself.

Dinner is over. The servants,—oh joys—have withdrawn: everybody has eaten a much fruit as they feel is good for them. Lady Chetwoode looks at Lilian and half rises from her seat.

"It is hardly worth while your leaving us this evening, mother," Guy says, hastily: "I must so soon be running away if I wish to catch the train coming in."

"Very well,"—reseating herself: "we shall break through rules, and stay with you for this one night. You won't have your coffee until you return?"

"No, thank you." He is a little *distrait*, and is following Lilian's movements with his eyes, who has risen, thrown up the window, and is now standing upon the balcony outside, gazing upon the slumbering flowers, and upon the rippling, singing brooks in the distance,—the only things in all creation that never seem to sleep.

After awhile tiring of inanimate nature, she turns her face inwards and leans against the window-frame, and, being in an idle mood, begins to pluck to pieces the flower that has rested during dinner upon her bosom.

Standing thus in the half light, she looks particularly fair, and slight, and childish:

"A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."

Some thought crossing Lady Chetwoode's mind, born of the long and loving glance she has been bestowing upon Lilian, she says,—

"How I detest fat people. They make me feel positively ill. Mrs. Boileau, when she called to-day, raised within me the keenest pity."

"She is a very distressing woman," says Guy, absently. "One feels thankful she has no daughter."

"Yes, indeed; the same thought occurred to me. Though perhaps not fat now, she would undoubtedly show fatal symptoms of a tendency toward it later on. Now you, my dear Lilian, have escaped such a fate: you will never be fat."

"I'm sure I hope not, if you dislike the idea so much," says Lilian, amused, letting the ghastly remains of her illtreated flower fall to the ground.

"If you only knew the misery I felt on hearing that you were coming to us," goes on Lady Chetwoode, "dreading lest you might be inclined that way; not of course but that I was very pleased to have you, my dear child, but I fancied you large and healthy-looking, with a country air, red cheeks, black hair, and unbounded *gaucherie*. Imagine my delight, therefore, when I beheld you slim, self-possessed, and with your pretty yellow hair!"

"You make me blush, you cover me with confusion," says Miss Chesney, hiding her face in her hands.

"Yes, yellow hair is my admiration," goes on Lady Chetwoode, modestly: "I had golden hair myself in my youth."

"My dearest mother, we all know you were, and are, the loveliest lady in creation," says Guy, whose tenderness for his mother is at times a thing to be admired.

"My dear Guy, how you flatter!" says she blushing a faint, sweet old blush that shows how mightily pleased she is.

"Do you know," says Lilian, "in spite of being thought horrid, I like comfortable-looking people? I wish I had more flesh upon my poor bones. I think," going deliberately up to a glass and surveying herself with a distasteful shrug,—"I think thin people have a meagre, gawky, hard look about them, eminently unbecoming. I rather admire Mrs. Mount-George, for intance."

"Hateful woman!" says Lady Chetwoode, who cherishes for her an old spite.

"I rather admire her, too," says Sir Guy, unwisely,—though he only gives way to this opinion through a wild desire to help out Lilian's judgment.

"Do you?" says that young lady, with exaggerated emphasis. "I shouldn't have thought she was a man's beauty. She is a little too—too—demonstrative, too *prononcee*."

"Oh, Guy adores fat women," says Cyril the incorrigible; "wait till you see Florence: there is nothing of the 'meagre, gawky, hard' sort about her. She has a decided leaning towards *embonpoint*."

"And I imagined her quite slight," says Lilian.

"You must begin then and imagine her all over again. The only flesh there isn't about Florence is fool's flesh. It is hardly worth while, however, your creating a fresh portrait, as the orginal," glancing at his watch, "will so soon be before you. Guy my friend, you should hurry."

Lilian returns to the balcony, whither Chetwood's eyes follow her longingly. He rises reluctantly to his feet, and says to Cyril, with some hesitation,—

"You would not care to go to meet Florence?"

"I thank you kindly,—no," says Cyril, with an expressive shrug; "not for Joe! I shall infinitely prefer a cigar at home, and Miss Chesney's society,—if she will graciously accord it to me." This with a smile at Lilian, who has again come in and up to the table, where she is now eating daintily a showy peach, that has been lying neglected on its dish since dinner, crying vainly, "Who'll eat me? who'll eat me."

She nods and smiles sweetly at Cyril as he speaks.

"I am always glad to be with those who want me," she says, carefully removing the skin from her fruit; "specially you, because you always amuse me. Come out and smoke your cigar, and I will talk to you all the time. Won't that be a treat for you?" with a little low, soft laugh, and a swift glance at him from under her curling lashes that, to say the truth, is rather coquettish.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mudge—"Thompson called me an idiot.
Yobsley—"You needn't mind that. Thompson always does exaggerate more or less."

"Why does Miss Antique persist in wearing her hat at all the Christmas balls and entertainments?" "She has it trimmed with mistletoe."

WHAT IS HYPNOTISM.

An Attempt of Robert Hardin, Jr., to Define This Mysterious Force.

Hypnotism consists of two things: First, the induction of a psychical condition, in which the subject's mind is made almost a blank and is completely under the operator's will: and second, the suggestions which the subject receives. These suggestions may be communicated to the subject in different ways, the best of which are by speech, as they are more concise and quickly rendered than suggestions made by motions and other methods.

The subject's susceptibility to suggestion while in the hypnotic state is enormously increased, and his ability to act upon those suggestions is controlled entirely by the operator.

It is a common but erroneous idea that there are seven "degrees" or "stages" of hypnotism, supposed to range from a mild peaceful slumber to a state where the subject is completely insensible. Charcot, the eminent French theorist and experimenter, claims that there are as many as nine degrees, but if this is true, I have been unable to distinguish the difference between them. During the past week my subject was a young lady, 18 years old, and fairly intelligent; in three days I subjected her to the process of hypnosis seven different times, and from the most careful experiments, in conjunction with Dr. Charles Morell, we found the first degree of hypnotism consisted simply of a mild slumber together with the loss of sight. The loss of the sense of taste soon followed, and quickly after that the sense of smell departed; then the sense of touch, and last of all the sense of hearing.

The third stage of hypnotism, according to Binet and Fera, is that of catalepsy, in which the subject becomes perfectly rigid, and remains in that condition for any length of time. I have found that the subject has a tendency to assume the condition of catalepsy, and that it can be induced between any of the stages before mentioned, i.e., that the subject becomes, according to my will, lethargic or rigid between the loss of any of the two senses.

I have stated that the optic nerve is the first to lose its power under hypnosis, but a curious effect was noticeable before the subject lost all control of sight. While the eyes were still half open a bright red handkerchief was held before them in the line of vision, and at a distance of about fourteen inches. When asked its color, the subject pronounced it blue, the contrasting color of red. Again, a blue 'kerchief was declared to be orange, and a yellow one blue, and so on, each color being called by its complementary color. During this trial it was thought that perhaps the subject was color blind, but this was found to be incorrect, as the subject defined all of the colors accurately while in full possession of the senses.

As the eye became devoid of the power of sight a twenty-candle power incandescent electric lamp, with reflector, was set before the subject at a distance of ten inches. This bright light failed to contract or expand the pupils in the slightest degree.

After this I commanded the subject to become rigid, when this state was immediately effected. After releasing her from this stage she resumed the first degree. This was proven by a bottle of the strongest ammonia held directly to the nostrils and the subject commanded to inhale it. This test failed, but a candle and potato were consumed without reluctance, illustrating that the sense of taste followed the loss of sight.

The third degree was then induced. The ammonia was again introduced, while it was suggested that the "perfume" was exquisite. As the subject inhaled the fumes of the ammonia a smile of pleasure played about her lips, the mere suggestion of perfume producing the result as before stated.

After a few more passes the girl lost the sense of the touch and several needles were inserted in the cheek and through the lip. The doctor also extracted a decayed tooth and the tests were over. I released the subject from her insensible state, apparently none the worse for the severe tests. I shall conduct from time to time experiments upon each degree of insensibility, treating each separately and exhaustively.

A TERRIBLE SMASH.

Engines Wrecked, Cars Reduced to Splinters and Men Killed.

A Pittsburg despatch says:—A terrible accident occurred on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Buena Vista, 26 miles east of this city, by which two trains were wrecked and eight persons are reported killed. A work train was standing on the track when a train consisting of heavily loaded coal cars crashed into it. The engines came together and the cars were reduced to splinters. Some of the workmen were on the cars while others were busily engaged at work. The shock was so great that all the men were thrown from the cars, and they, with those on the ground, were buried under the wreck. Eight men are reported killed outright and others are still alive under the wreck. Both trains took fire from the wrecked engines, and the flames spread so rapidly that it was impossible to rescue those in the ruins. It is impossible to obtain the names of the victims, as the section boss is reported to be among the injured.

LATER DETAILS.

Late this afternoon a report was circulated that an accident had happened on the B and O. railroad near Buena Vista, in which eight passengers had lost their lives. An official statement of the occurrence is to the effect that engine 394 drawing a freight train, collided with empty engine 507. By the collision Conductor Perregoy had one leg broken and Engineer Kane was slightly hurt about the head. Both engines were badly damaged and four cars were badly broken up.

THE CORPSE WAS ALIVE.

A Peculiar Case of Suspended Animation which Developed in France.

A London, Eng., despatch says:—The Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph reports a strange case of suspended animation that occurred near Honfleur, the subject being a youth named Daubenesque, who was supposed to have died of typhoid fever, and preparations were made for the funeral. While the coffin containing the body was lying in church a watcher thought he heard a knocking, as if inside the coffin. He at once opened the coffin, and was astonished to find the supposed corpse alive.