SIR GUY'S WARD.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER XV.

"I will gather thee, he cried,
Rosebud brightly blowing!
Then I'll sting thee, it replied,
And you'll quickly start aside
With the prickle glowing.
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Rosebud brightly blowing!"

GOETHE—Translated.

"Nurse, wash my hair," says Lilian, entering her nurse's sanctum, which is next her own, one lovely morning early in September when

"Dew is on the lea,
And tender buds are fretting to be free."

The fickle sun is flinging its broad beams far and near, now glittering upon the ivied towers, now dancing round the chimney-tops, now flecking with gold the mullioned windows. Its brightness is as a smile from the departing summer, the sweeter that it grows rarer every hour; its merry rays spread and lengthen, the wind grows softer, balmier, beneath its influence; it is as the very heart of lazy July.

"And on the woods and on the deep
The smile of heaven lay.
It seemed as if the day were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which shed to earth above the sun
A light of Paradise."

There is an "inviolable quietness" in all the air.

Some late roses have grown, and cluster round Lilian's window; stooping out, she kisses and caresses them, speaking to them as though they were (as indeed they are) her dear friends, when nurse's voice recalls her to the present, and the inner room.

"La, my dear," says Mrs. Tipping, "it is only four days since I washed it before.'

"Never mind, ninny; wash it again. To-day is so delicious, with such a dear little breeze and such a prodigality of sun, that I cannot resist it. You know how I love running through the air with my hair wet, and feeling the wind rushing through it. And, nurse, be sure now"—coaxingly—"you put plenty of soda in the water."

"What, and rot all your pretty locks? Not I, indeed!" says nurse, with much determination.

"But you must; you will now, won't you?" in a wheedling tone. "It never stands properly out from my head unless it is full of soda."

"An' what, I wonder, would your poor mamma say to me if she could see me spoiling your bonny hair this day, an' it the very color of her own? No, no; I cannot indeed It goes against my conscience, as it were. Go get some one else to wash it, not me; it would sadden me."

"If you won't wash it, no one else shall," pouts Lilian. And when Lilian pouts she looks so lovely, and so naughty, and so irresistible, that, instead of scolding her for ill temper, every one instantly gives in to her. Nurse gives in, as she has done to her little mistress's pout ever since the latter was four years old, and forthwith produces soap and water and plenty of soda.

The long yellow hair being at length washed, combed out carefully, and brushed until it hangs heavily all down her back, Lilian administers a soft little kiss to her nurse as reward for her trouble, and runs delightedly down the stairs, straight out into the open air, without hat, or covering of any kind for her head.

The garden is listless and sleepy. The bees are silent, the flowers are nodding drowsily, wakened into some sort of life by the teasing wind that sighs and laughs around them unceasingly. Lilian plucks a blossom here and there, and scatters far and near the gaudy butterfly in very wantonness of enjoyment, while the wooing wind whistles through her hair drying it softly, lovingly, until at last some of its pristine gloss returns to it, and its gold shines with redoubled vigor beneath the sun's rays.

As she saunters, revelling—as one from Fairyland might revel—in the warmth and gladness of the great heathen god, she sings and to Guy in his distant study the sound and the words come all too distinctly.

"Why shouldn't I love my love?
Why shouldn't he love me?
Why shouldn't he come after me,
Since love to all is free?"

Beneath his window she pauses, and, finally, running up the steps of the balcony, peers in, full of an idle curosity.

Sir Guy's den is the most desirable room in the house,—the cosiest, the oddest, the most interesting. Looking at it, one guesses instinctively how addicted to all pretty things the owner is, from women down to less costly *bijouterie*.

Lovely landscapes adorn the walls side by side with Greutze like faces, angelic in expression, unlike in appearance. There are a few portraits of beauties well known in the London and Paris worlds, frail as fair, false as they are *piquante*, whose garments (to do him justice) are distinctly decent, perhaps more so than their characters. But then indecency has gone out of fashion.

There are two or three lounges, some priceless statuettes, a few bits of *bric-a-brac* worth their weight in gold, innumerable yellow-backed volumes by Paul de Kock and his fellows, chairs of all shapes and sizes, one more comfortable and inviting than the other, enough meerschaum pipes and cigarette-holders and tobacco stands to stock a small shop, a couple of dogs snoozing peacefully upon the hearth-rug, under the mistaken impression that a fire is burning in the grate, a writing-table, and before it Sir Guy. These are the principal things that attract Lilian's attention, as she gazes in, with her silken hair streaming behind her in the light breeze.

On the wall she cannot see, there are a few hunters by Herring, a copy of Millais' "Yes or no," a good deal of stable-ware, and beneath them, on a table, more pipes, cheroots, and boxes of cigars, mixed up with straw-covered bottles of perfume, thrust rather ignominiously into the corner.

A shadow falling across the paper on which he is writing Guy raises his head, to see a fairy vision staring in at him,—a little slight figure, clothed in airy black with daintiest lace frillings at the throat and wrists, and with a wealth of golden hair brought purposely all over her face letting only the laughing sapphire eyes, blue as the skies above her, gleam out from among it.

"Open the door, O hermit, and let a poor wanderer in," croons this fairy, in properly saddened tones.

Rising gladly, he throws wide the window to her, whereupon she steps into the room still with her face hidden.

"You come?" asks he, in a deferential tone.

"To know what you are doing, and what can keep you indoors this exquisite day. Do you rememder how late in the season it is? and that you are slighting Nature? She will be angry, and will visit you with storms and drooping flowers, if you persist in flouting her. Come out. Come out."

"Who are you?" asks Guy. "Are you Flora?" He parts her hair gently and throws it back over her shoulders. "I thought you a nymph,—a fairy,—a small goddess, and——"

"And behold it is only Lilian! Naughty Lilian! Are you disappointed, Sir Guardian?" She laughs, and, running her fingers through all her amber locks, spreading them out on either side of her like a silken veil, that extends as far as her arms can reach. She is lovely, radiant, bright as the day itself, fairer than the lazy flowers.

"What a child you are!" says Guy, with some discontent in his voice, feeling how far, far younger than he, she is.

"Am I? Nonsense! Nurse says," going to a glass and surveying herself with critical eyes, "nurse says I am a 'very well grown girl of my age.'" Almost unconsciously she assumes nurse's pompous though adoring manner to such perfection that Guy laughs heartily.

"That is right, Guardy," says Miss Lilian, with bland encouragement, "I like to hear you laugh; of late you have grown almost as discontented to look at as my cousin. Have I amused you?"

"Yes: your assumption of Mrs. Tipping was admirable. Though I am not sure that I agree with her: you are not very much grown, are you? I don't think you are up to my shoulder."

"What a tarradiddle!" says Lilian. "Get off that table directly and let me convince you."

As Guy obeys her and draws himself up to his liberal six feet one, she goes to him and lays her soft head against his arm, only to find he—not she—is right; she is half an inch below his shoulder. Standing so it takes Guy all he knows to keep himself from throwing his arms round her and straining her to the heart that beats for her so passionately,—that beats for her alone.

"You have raised your shoulder," she says, most unfairly; "It wasn't half so high yesterday. You shouldn't cheat!—What a charming room yours is! I quite envy it to you. And the flowers are so well selected. Who adorns your den so artistically? Florence? But of course it is the invaluable Florence? I might have known. That good creature always does the correct thing!"

"I think it is the mother sees to it," replies he gently.

"Oh, is it? Kind auntie! What a delicious little bit of blue! Forget-me-not, is it? How innocent it looks, and babyish, in its green leaves! May I rob you, Sir Guy? I should like a spray or two for my dress."

"You may have anything you wish that I can give you."

"What a noble offer!—Are you going to waste much more time over your tiresome letters?" glancing with pretty impertinence at the half-finished sheets lying on the table near her: "I suppose they are all business, or love, or such-like rubbish! Well good-bye, Guardy, I must go and finish the drying of my hair; you will find me in the garden when you come to the end of your last billet-doux."

So saying, she trips away from him down the handsome oak-panelled room, and disappears through the doorway that leads into the hall.

Where she goes the sunshine seems to follow her. To Guy's fancy it appears as though a shadow has fallen suddenly into the room, when the last glimpse of her yellow hair has vanished out of sight. With a rather abstracted air he betakes himself once more to his writing, and tries to forget her.

But somehow the impetus that urged him on half an hour ago is wanting; the spur to his industry has lost its sharpness; and presently, throwing down his pen with an impatient gesture, he acknowledges himself no longer in the mood for work.

What a child she is!—again the thought occurs to him;—yet with what power to torture! To-day all sweetness and honeyed gayety, to-morrow indifferent, if not actually repelent. She is an anomaly,—a little frail lily beset with thorns that puts forth its stings to wound, and probe, and madden, when least expected.

Only yesterday—after an hour's inward conflict—he had convinced himself of her love for her cousin Archibald, with such evident pleasure did she receive his very marked attentions. And now,—to-day,—surely if she loved Chesney her eyes could not have dwelt so kindly upon another as they did a few minutes since upon her guardian. With what a pretty grace she had demanded that blue forget-me-not and placed it in the bosom of her dress! With what evident sincerity she had hinted at her wish to see him in the garden when his work should be over! Perhaps—perhaps——

Of late a passionate desire to tell her of the affection with which she had inspired him consumes him daily,—hourly; but a fear, a sad certainty of disappointment to follow on his declaration has hitherto checked the words that so often tremble on his lips. Now the unwonted gentleness of her manner tempts him to follow her and put his fate "to the touch," and so end all the jealous anguish and heart-burnings that torment him all day long.

Quitting his sanctum, he crosses the hall, and enters the drawing-room, where he finds Florence alone.

She is, as usual bending industriously over her crewelwork; the parrot's tail is now in a high state of perfection, not a color in the rainbow being missing from it. Seeing Guy, she raises her head and smiles upon him sweetly, blandly, invitingly.

"Where is Lilian?" asks Guy, abruptly, with all the tactless truthfulness of a man when he has one absorbing object in view.

Miss Beauchamp's bland smile freezes on her lips, and shows itself no more. She makes answer nevertheless in an unmoved tone:

"Where she always is, in the garden with her cousin, Mr. Chesney."

"Always?" says Guy, lightly, though in reality his face has grown suddenly pale, and his fingers clinch involuntarily.

"Well," in her unchangeable placid staccato voice, "generally. He seems very epris with her, and she appears to receive his admiration favorably. Have you not noticed it?"

"I cannot say I have."

"No?"—incredulously—"how extraordinary! But men are proverbially dull in the observation of such matters as love-affairs. Some, indeed," with slow meaning, are positively *blind*."

She lays her work upon the table before her and examines it critically. She does not so much as glance at her victim, though secretly enjoying the knowledge that he is writhing beneath the lash.

"Chesney would be a good match for her," says Guy, with the calmness of despair. But his calmness does not deceive his companion.

"Very good. The Park, I am told, is even larger than Chetwoode. You, as her guardian, should, I think, put carefully before her all the advantages to be derived from such a marriage."

Here she smooths out her parrot, and, turning her head slightly to one side, wonders whether a little more crimson in the wings would not make them look more attractive. No, perhaps not: they are gaudy enough already,—though one often sees—a—parrot—with——

"I don't believe mere money would have weight with Lilian," Guy breaks in upon her all-important revery, with a visible effort.

"No? Perhaps not. But then the Park is her old home, and she, who professes such childish adoration for it, might possibly like to regain it. You really should speak to her, Guy. She should not be allowed to throw away such a brilliant chance, when a few well-chosen words might bias her in the right direction."

Guy makes no reply, but, stepping on to the balcony outside, walks listlessly away, his heart in a tumult of fear and regret while Miss Beauchamp, calmly, and with a certain triumph, goes on contentedly with her work. A nail in Lilian's coffin has she hopes, been driven, and sews her hopes into the canvas beneath her hand, as long ago the Parisian women knitted their terrible revenge and cruel longings into their children's socks, whilst all the flower and beauty and chivalry of France fell beneath the fatal guillotine.

Guy, wandering aimlessly, full of dismal thought, follows out mechanically his first idea, and turns in the direction of the garden the spot so beloved by his false treacherous little mistress.

In the distance he sees her; she is standing motionless in the centre of a grass-plot, while behind her Chesney is busily engaged tying back her yellow hair with a broad piece of black ribbon she has evidently given him for the purpose. He has all her rich tresses gathered together in one hand, and is lingering palpably over his task. In his coat is placed conspicuously the blue forget-me-not begged of Guy by Lilian only a few minutes ago as though her heart were set upon its possession.

"Coquette," mutters Chetwoode between his teeth.

"Not done yet?" asks the coquette at this moment of her cousin, giving her head a little impatient shake.

"Yes, just done," finishing up in a hurry the somewhat curious bow he is making.

"Well, now run," says Lilian, "and do as I bade you. I shall be here on this spot when you return. You know how I hate waiting: so don't be long,—do you hear?"

"Does that mean you will be impatient to see me again?"

"Of course," laughing. "I shall be *dying* to see you again, longing, pining for your return, thinking every minute an hour until you come back to me."

Thus encouraged, Archibald quickly vanishes, and Guy comes slowly up to her.

"I think you needn't have put that flower in Chesney's coat," he says in an aggrieved tone. "I had no idea you meant it for his adornment."

"Is it in his coat?" As she makes this mean reply she blushes a rich warm crimson so full of consciousness that it drives Guy absolutely wild with jealousy. "Yes, now I remember," she says, with an assumption of indifference: "he either took it from me, or asked me for it. I quite forget which."

"Do you?"

"I do," resenting his manner, which borders on disbelief, and is in her eyes highly objectionable. "Why should I trouble myself to recollect such trifles?"

After a pause, and with a distinct effort, Chetwoode says,—

"You were foolishly prejudiced against your cousin before his arrival. I am glad you have learned to be civil with him."

"More than that, I have learned to like him very much indeed. He is quite charming, and not in the least *exigeant*, or *difficile*," this rather pronounced. "Besides, he is my cousin, and the master of my old home. Whenever I think of the dear Park, I naturally think of him, until now they are both associated in my mind: this adds to my liking."

Guy's heart sinks within him as he remembers Florence's words and now hears Lilian's own confession. He glances at her despairingly. She is picking a flower to pieces, and as she does so a little soft sigh escapes her. Is it for her lost home? Is she already dreaming of an hour when she may return to it once more as its happy mistress? Is she mercenary, as Florence hinted? or is it home-sickness that is tempting her? or can it be that at heart she loves her cousin?

"It is the same with all women," he says, bitterly; "the last comer is always the best, the newest face the dearest."

"I do not understand you,"—with cold reproof; "surely you are wandering from the subject: we were saying nothing about last comers or new faces. If you happen to be in a bad temper, Sir Guy, I really think it a little hard that you should come here to inflict it upon me."

"I am not in a bad temper,"—indignantly.

"No? It seems very like it," says Miss Chesney. "I can't bear cross people: they are always saying unpleasant as well as unmeaning things. New faces, indeed! I really wish Archibald would come; he is always agreeable, and never starts distasteful topics. Ah, here he is! Archie, how long you have been! I thought you were never coming! Sir Guy is in one of his terrible moods, and has frightened me out of my life. I was in danger of being lectured off the face of the earth. No woman should be pitied but she that has a guardian! You have come to my rescue barely in time: another minute, and you would have found only a lifeless Lilian."

Sir Guy, black with rage, turns aside. Archibald, ignorant of the storm brewing, sinks beside her contentedly upon the grass.

CHAPTER XVI.

"O spirit of love, how fresh and quick thou art!"—

SHAKESPEARE

It is the gloaming,—that tenderest, fondest, most pensive time of all the day. As yet, night crouches on the borders of the land, reluctant to throw its dark shadow over the still, smiling earth, while day is slowly, sadly receding. There is a hush over everything; above, on their leafy perches, the birds are nestling, and crooning their cradle songs; the gay breeze, lazy with its exertions of the day, has fallen asleep, so that the very grasses are silent and unstirred. An owl in the distance is hooting mournfully. There is a serenity on all around, an all-pervading stillness that moves one to sadness and fills unwittingly the eyes with tears. It is the peace that follows upon grief, as though the busy world, that through all the heat and turmoil of the day has been weeping and groaning in anguish, has now for a few short hours found rest.

The last roses of summer in Mrs. Arlington's garden, now that those gay young sparks the bees have deserted them, are growing drowsy, and hang their heavy heads dejectedly. Two or three dissipated butterflies, fond of late hours and tempted by the warmth, still float graceful through the air.

Cecilia, coming down the garden path, rests her arms upon her wicket gate and looks towards Chetwoode.

She is dressed in an exquisite white cambric fastened at the throat by a bit of lavender ribbon; through her gown here and there are touches of the same color; on her head is a ravishing little cap of the mob description, that lends an additional charm to her face, making her seem, if possible, more womanly, more lovable than ever.

As she leans upon the gate a last yellow sunbeam falls upon her, peeps into her eyes, takes a good-night kiss from her parted lips and, descending slowly, lovingly, crosses her bosom, steals a little sweetness from the white rose dying on her breast, throws a golden shade upon her white gown, and finally dies chivalrously at her feet.

But not for the dead devoted sunbeam does that warm blush grow and mantle on her cheek; not for it do her pulses throb, her heart beat fast. Towards her, in his evening dress, and without his hat, regardless of consequences, comes Cyril, the quickness of his step betraying a flattering haste. As yet, although many weeks had come and gone since their first meeting, no actual words of love have been spoken between them; but each knows the other's heart, and has learned that eyes can speak a more eloquent language, can utter tenderer thoughts, than any the lips can frame.

"Again?" says Cecilia, softly, a little wonder, a great undisguised gladness, in her soft gray eyes.

"Yes; I could not keep away," returns he simply.

He does not ask to enter, but leans upon the gate from his side, very close to her. Most fair men look well in evening clothes; Cyril looks downright handsome: his blonde moustache seems golden, his blue eyes almost black, in the rays of the departing sun; just now those eyes are filled with love and passionate admiration.

Her arms, half bare, with some frail shadowy lace falling over them, look rounded and velvety as a child's in the growing dusk; the fingers of her pretty, blue-veined hands are interlaced. Separating them, Cyril takes one hand between both his own and strokes it fondly, silently, yet almost absently.

Suddenly raising his head, he looks at her, his whole heart in his expression, his eyes full of purpose. Instinctively she feels the warmth, the tenderness of his glance, and changes from a calm lily into an expectant rose. Her hand trembles within his, as though meditating flight, and then lies passive as his clasp tightens firmly upon it. Slowly, reluctantly, as though compelled by some hidden force, she turns her averted eyes to his.

"Cecilia," murmurs he, imploringly, and then—and then their lips meet, and they kiss each other solemnly, with a passionate tenderness, knowing it is their betrothal they are sealing.

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"I wish I had summoned courage to kiss you a week ago," he says, presently. He is inside the gate now, and seems to have lost in this shamefully short time all the hesitation and modesty that a few minutes ago were so becoming. His arm is around her; even as he makes this rather *risque* remark, he stoops and embraces her again, without ever having the grace to ask permission, while she (that I should live to say it of Cecilia!) never reproves him.

"Why?" she asks, smiling up at him.

"See how I have wasted seven good days," returns he, drinking in gladly all the beauty of her face and smile. "This day last week I might have been as happy as I am now,—whereas I was the most miserable wretch alive, the victim of suspense."

"You bore your misery admirably: had you not told me, I should never have guessed your wretchedness. Besides, how do you know I should have been so kind to you seven long days ago?"

"I know it,—because you love me."

"And how do you know that either?" asks she, with newborn coquetry that sits very sweetly upon her. "Cyril, when did you begin to love me?"

"The very moment I first saw you."

"No, no; I do not want compliments from *you*: I want the very honest truth. Tell me."

"I have told you. The honest truth is this. That morning after your arrival when I restored your terrier to you, I fell in love with you: you little thought then, when I gave your dog into your keeping, I was giving my heart also."

"No," in a low, soft voice, that somehow has a smile in it, "how could I?" I am glad you loved me always,—that there was no time when I was indifferent to you. I think love at first sight must be the sweetest and truest of all."

"You have the best of it, then, have you not?" with a rather forced laugh. "Not only did I love you from the first moment I saw you, but you are the only woman I ever really cared for; while you," with some hesitation, and turning his eyes steadily away from hers, "you—of course—did love—once before."

"Never!"

The word comes with startling vehemence from between her lips, the new and brilliant gladness of her face dies from it. A little chill shudder runs through all her frame, turning her to stone; drawing herself with determination from his encircling arms, she stands somewhat away from him.

"It is time I told you my history," she says, in cold, changed tones, through which quivers a ring of pain, while her face grows suddenly as pale, as impenetrable as when they were yet quite strangers to each other. "Perhaps when you hear it you may regret your words of to-night." There is a doubt, a weariness in her voice that almost angers him.

"Nonsense!" he says, roughly, the better to hide the emotion he feels; "don't be romantic; nobody commits murder, or petty larceny, or bigamy nowadays, without being found out; unpleasant mysteries, and skeletons in the closet, have gone out of fashion. We put all our skeletons in the 'Times' now, no matter how we may have to blush for their nakedness. I don't want to hear anything about your life if it makes you unhappy to tell it."

"It doesn't make me unhappy."

"But it does. Your face has grown quite white, and your eyes are full of tears. Darling, I won't have you distress yourself for me.

"I have not committed any of the crimes you mention, or any other particular crime," returns she, with a very wan little smile. "I have only been miserable ever since I can remember. I have not spoken about myself to any one for years,—except one friend; but now I should like to tell you everything."

"But not there!" holding out his hands to her reproachfully. "I don't believe I could hear you if you spoke from such a distance." There is exactly half a yard of sward between them. "If you are wilfully bent on driving us both to the verge of melancholy, at least let us meet our fate together."

Here he steals his arm round her once more, and, thus supported, and with her head upon his shoulder, she commences her short story:

"Perhaps you know my father was a Major in the Scots Greys; your brother knew him: his name was Duncan."

Cyril starts involuntarily.

"Ah, you start. You too knew him."

"Yes, slightly."

"Then," in a curiously hard voice, "you knew nothing good of him. Well," with a sigh, "no matter; afterwards you can tell me what it was. When I was eighteen he brought me home from school, not that he wanted my society,—I was rather in his way than otherwise, and it wasn't a good way,—but because he had a purpose in view. One day, when I had been home three months, a visitor came to see us. He was introduced to me by my father. He was young, dark, not ugly, well mannered," here she pauses as though to recover breath, and then breaks out with a passion that shakes all her slight frame, "but hateful, vile, *loathsome*."

"My darling, don't go on; I don't want to hear about him," implores Cyril, anxiously.

"But I must tell you. He possessed that greatest of all virtues in my father's eyes,—wealth. He was rich. He admired me; I was very pretty then. He dared to say he loved me. He asked me to marry him, and—I refused him."

As though the words are forced from her, she utters them in short, unequal sentences; her lips have turned the color of death.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHAT ENGINEERS DISCUSS.

The most scientific methods of purifying and disposing of sewage without polluting rivers.

The question of an adequate water supply for a ship canal from the great lakes to the Atlantic.

A large and improved harbor at Dover, England, for the accommodation of the channel and other craft.

Methods of coal mining by which more of the mineral may be economically taken out without danger to the roofs of the mines.

The irrigation of 6,500,000 acres of land in Arizona, the main canal to be about 150 miles long, 112 feet wide and over twelve feet deep.

A water storage project for a better supply of water to the Erie canal, involving a dam 130 feet in height across the Genesee river at a cost of $2,760,000.

The most desirable method of constructing a system of reservoirs on the Upper Nile, so that the people of Egypt may be protected against the evils of drought and flood.

The most economical method of constructing a number of deep-tunnel passenger railways, under the city of London in order to secure more rapid transit for the people.

The formation of a society to compile complete indexes to the mass of valuable scientific information which is regularly published and much of which is unavailable for want of an index.

A Royal Turnout in Germany.

John Splan, the well-known driver of horses, went over to Germany recently with a consignment of horses, and in a letter to a Chicago paper he says:

In one of the large cities the other day I saw a turnout that was a dandy and no mistake. A well-known section of the nobility was seated in a handsome open wagon, while occupying high and prominent seats in the rear were two footmen wearing beautiful livery. On the box sat one of the most perfect specimens of a man, so far as form and figure are concerned, while his ability as a horseman, I think you will agree with me, was of no mean order, when I tell you that he managed ten prancing steeds in the most masterly manner. Let me tell you how they were hitched. First came a span of beautiful grays as leaders, then three perfectly-matched coal blacks abreast; these were followed by three well-matched grays, while next to them came a matched pair of large black horses as a wheel team, the whole forming a turnout well fitting the blue blood of German royalty. The sight was truly a magnificent one to a lover of horses, and ten handsomer animals it would be hard to find.

Slaughter of Chamois.

Two thousand chamois have been killed by Prince Auguste of Coburg, and he ranks as the champion chamois killer of the world. Next to him comes the Emperor of Austria, who has killed 1,899.