SIR GUY'S WARD.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAP. XXV.—(CONTINUED.)

When they have played for some time, and Archibald has meanly allowed Lilian to win all the games under the mistaken impression that he is thereby cajoling her into staying with him longer than she otherwise might have done, she suddenly destroys the illusion by throwing down her cue impatiently, and saying, with a delicious little pout,—

"I hate playing with people who know nothing about the game! there is no excitement in it. I remark when I play with you I always win. You're a regular muff at billiards, Archie; that's what you are."

This is a severe blow to Archie's pride, who is a first-class hand at billiards; but he grins and bears it.

"If you will give me a few more lessons," he says, humbly, "I dare say I shall improve."

"No, I can't afford to waste my time, and you are too tiresome. Let us go into the drawing-room."

"Rather let us stay here for a while," he says, earnestly. "They are all out, and I—I have something to say to you."

During the last half-hour one of the men has come in and given the fire a poke and lit the lamps, so that the room looks quite seductive. Miss Chesney, glancing doubtfully round, acknowledges so much, and prepares to give in.

"I hope it is something pleasant," she says apropos of Archie's last remark. "You have been looking downright miserable for days. I hope sincerely you are not going melancholy mad, but I have my doubts of it. What is the matter with you, Archie? You used to be quite a charming companion, but now you are very much the reverse. Sometimes, when with you, your appearance is so dejected that if I smile I feel absolutely heartless. Do try to cheer up, there's a good boy."

"A fellow can't be always simpering, especially when he is wretched," retorts he, moodily.

"Then, don't be wretched. That is the very thing to which I object. You are the very last man in the world who ought to suffer from the blues. Anything wrong with you?"

"Everything. I love a woman who doesn't care in the very least for me."

"Oh, so that is what you have been doing in London, is it?" says Lilian, after a short pause that makes her words still more impressive. "I certainly did think you weren't in a very great hurry to return, and that you looked rather blighted when you did come. I doubt you have been dancing the 'Geliebt and verloren' waltzes once too often. Did she refuse you?"

"I love you, Lilian, and only you," returns he, reproachfully. "No, do not turn from me; let me plead my cause once more. Darling, I have indeed tried to live without you and have failed; if you reject me again you will drive me to destruction. Lilian, be merciful; say something kind to me."

"You promised me," says Lilian, nervously moving away from him, "never to speak on this subject again. Oh, why is it that some people will insist on falling in love with other people? There is something so stupid about it. Now, I never fall in love; why cannot you follow my good example?"

"I am not bloodless, or——"

"Neither am I," holding up her pretty hand between her and the fire, so that the rich blood shows through the closed fingers of it. "But I have common sense, the one thing you lack."

"You are the one thing I lack," possessing himself of her hand and kissing it fatuously. "Without you I lack everything. Beloved, must I learn to look on you as my curse? Give me, I entreat you, one little word of encouragement, if only one; I starve for want of it. If you only knew how I have clung for months, and am still clinging, to the barest shadow of a hope, you would think twice before you destroyed that one faint gleam of happiness."

"This is dreadful," says Lilian, piteously, the ready tears gathering in her eyes. "Would you marry a woman who does not love you?"

"I would,"—eagerly,—"when that woman assures me she does not love another, and I have your word for that."

Lilian winces. Then, trying to recover her spirits,—

"'What one suffers for one's country—*men!*' she misquotes, with an affectation of lightness. "Archie, billiards have a demoralizing effect upon you. I shan't play with you again."

"I don't want to bribe you," says Chesney, turning a little pale, and declining to notice her interruption: "I should be sorry to think I could do so; but I have ten thousand a year, and if you will marry me you shall have a thousand a year pin-money, and five thousand if you survive me."

"It would spoil my entire life fearing I shouldn't survive you," says Miss Chesney, who, in spite of her nervousness, or because of it, is longing to laugh.

"You will, you need not be afraid of that.

"It sounds dazzling," murmurs Lilian, "more especially when you give me your word you will die first; but still I think it downright shabby you don't offer me the whole ten."

"So I will!"—eagerly—"if——"

"Nonsense, Archie," hastily: "don't be absurd. Cannot you see I am only in jest? I am not going to marry any one, as I told you before. Come now,"—anxiously,—"don't look so dismal. You know I am very, very fond of you, but after all one cannot marry every one one is fond of."

"I suppose not," gloomily.

"Then do try to look a little pleasanter. They will all notice your depression when we return to them."

"I don't care," with increasing gloom.

"But I do. Archie, look here, dear,"—taking the high and moral tone,—"do you think it is right of you to go on like this, just as if——"

"I don't care a hang what is right, or what is wrong," says Mr. Chesney, with considerable vehemence. "I only know you are the only woman I ever really cared for, and you won't have me. Nothing else is of the slightest consequence."

"I am not the only woman in the world. Time will show you there are others ten times nicer and lovelier."

"I don't believe it."

"Because you don't wish to," angrily. "In the first place, I am far too small to be lovely."

"You are tall enough for my fancy."

"And my mouth is too large," with growing irritation.

"It is small enough for my taste."

"And sometimes, when the summer is very hot, my skin gets quite freckled," with increasing warmth.

"I adore freckles. I think no woman perfect without them."

"I don't believe you," indignantly; "and at all events I have a horrible temper, and I defy you to say you like that!" triumphantly.

"I do," mournfully. "The hardest part of my unfortunate case is this, that the unkinder you are to me the more I love you."

"Then I won't have you love me," says Miss Chesney, almost in tears: "do you hear me? I forbid you to do it any more. It is extremely rude of you to keep on caring for me when you know I don't like it."

"Look here, Lilian," says Archie, taking both her hands, "give me a little hope, a bare crumb to live on, and I will say no more."

"I cannot indeed," deeply depressed.

"Why? Do you love any other fellow?"

"Certainly not," with suspicious haste.

"Then I shall wait yet another while, and then ask you again."

"Oh, don't!" exclaims Lilian, deperately: "I beg you won't. If I thought I was going to have these scenes all over again at intervals, it would kill me; and I should learn to hate you. I should, indeed; and then what would you do? Think of it."

"I won't," doggedly; "I often heard 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' and I shall take my chance. I shall never give you up, so long as you are not engaged to any other man."

There is a pause. Lilian's blue eyes are full of tears that threaten every moment to overflow and run down her pale cheeks. She is desperately sorry for Archibald, the more so that her heart tells her she will never be able to give him the consolation that alone can do him any good. Seeing the expression of tender regret that softens her face, Archibald falls suddenly on his knees before her, and, pressing his lips to her hands, murmurs, in deep agitation,—

"My own, my dearest, is there no pity in your kind heart for me?"

At this most unlucky moment Sir Guy lays his hand upon the door, and, pushing it lightly open, enters. Five minutes later all the world might have entered freely, but just now, the entrance of this one man causes unutterable pain.

Archibald had barely time to scramble to his feet; the tears are still wet on Lilian's cheeks; altogether it is an unmistakable situation, and Guy turns cold and pale as he recognizes it as such. Chesney on his knees, with Lilian's hand imprisoned in his own; Lilian in tears,—what can it mean but a violent love scene? Probably they have been quarrelling, and have just made it up again. "The falling out of faithful friends, but the renewal is of love."

As he meets Lilian's shamed eyes, and marks the rich warm crimson that has mantled in her cheeks, Chetwoode would have beaten a precipitous retreat, but is prevented by Taffy's following on his heels somewhat noisily.

"It is a charming night, Lil," says that young man, with his usual *bonhommie*. "The rain is a thing of the past. We shall have our run after all to-morrow."

"Indeed! I am glad of that," replies Lilian, half indifferently; though, being the woman of the party, she is of course the quickest to recover self-possession. "I should have died of despair had the morning proved unkind."

"Well, you needn't die for a while. I say, Lil," says Mr. Musgrave, regarding her curiously, "what's the matter with you, eh? You look awfully down in the mouth. Anything wrong?"

"Nothing," sharply: "what should be?"

"Can't say, I'm sure. But your cheeks," persists this miserable boy, "are as red as fire."

"I—that is—it was the fire," confusedly, directing a wrathful glance at him, which is completely thrown away, as Mr. Musgrave is impervious to hints: "I was sitting close to it."

"That goes without telling. Any one would imagine, by your color, that you had been put upon the hob to simmer. By the by,"—a most fortunate access of ignorance, carrying his thoughts into another channel—"what is a hob? I don't believe I ever saw one."

"Hob, substantive, short for goblin: as hobgoblin," says Cyril at this moment, having entered, how, or from where, nobody knows. "Still bent upon historical research?"

"It has something to do with kettles, I think," says Taffy. "I don't quite believe your meaning for it."

"Don't you? I am sorry for you. I do. But some people never will learn."

"That is true," says Lilian, somewhat abruptly. Involuntarily her eyes fall on Chesney. He had been staring in moody silence at the fire since Chetwood's entrance, but now, at her words, straightens himself, and gives way to a low, rather forced, laugh.

"Experientia docet," says Guy, in a queer tone impossible to translate. "Time is a stern schoolmaster, who compels us against our will,"—letting his eyes meet Lilian's—"to learn many things."

"It has taught me one thing," puts in Cyril, who looks half amused,—"that the dressing bell has rung some time since."

"Has it" says Lilian rising with alacrity, and directing a very grateful glance at him: "I never heard it. I shall scarcely have time now to get ready for dinner. Why did you not tell me before?"

As she speaks, she sweeps by him, and he, catching her hand, detains her momentarily.

"Because when one is not in the habit of it, one takes time to form a good tarradiddle," replies he, in a soft whisper.

She returns his kind pressure, and going into the hall she finds that full five minutes must elapse before the bell really rings.

"Dear Cyril!" she murmers to herself, almost aloud, and, running up to her room, cries a good deal upon nurse's breast before the kind creature can induce her to change her gown. After which she gets into her clothes more because it would be indecent to go without them than from any great desire to look her best.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
. . . . . .
She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woful words she told;
She lifts the coffer lids that close his eyes.
Where lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies.
. . . . . .
Two glasses, where herself, herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excelled,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect."
—[Shakspeare.

"'A southern wind and a cloudy sky proclaim it a hunting morning,'" quotes Miss Chesney, gayly, entering the breakfast room at nine o'clock next morning, looking if anything, a degree more bewitching than usual in her hat and habit: in her hand is a little gold-mounted riding-whip, upon her lovable lips a warm, eager smile. "No one down but me!" she says, "at least of the gentler sex. And Sir Guy presiding! what fun! Archie may I trouble you to get me some breakfast? Sir Guy, some tea, please: I am as hungry as a hawk."

Sir Guy pours out a cup of tea, carefully, but silently; Archie, gloomy, but attentive, places before her what she most fancies; Cyril gets her a chair; Taffy brings her some toast: all are fondly dancing attendance on the little spoiled fairy.

"What are you looking at, Taffy?" asks she presently, meeting her cousin's blue eyes, that so oddly resemble her own, fixed upon her immovably.

"At you. There is something wrong with your hair," replies he, unabashed: "some of the pins are coming out. Stay steady, I'll wheel you into line in no time." So saying he adjusts the disorderly hair-pin; while Chetwoode and Chesney, looking on, are consumed with envy.

"Thank you, dear," says Lilian, demurely, giving his hand a little loving pat: "you are worth your weight in gold. Be sure you push it in again during the day, if you see it growing unruly. What a delicious morning it is!" glancing out of the window; "too desirable perhaps. I hope none of us will break our necks."

"Funky already, Lil?" says Taffy, with unpardonable impertinence. "Never mind darling, keep up your heart; I'm fit as a fiddle myself, and will so far sacrifice my life as to promise you a lead whenever a cropper brings me in your vicinity. I shall keep you in mind, never fear."

"I consider your remarks beneath notice, presumptuous boy," says Miss Chesney, with such a scornful uplifting of her delicate face as satisfies Taffy, who, being full of mischief, passes on to bestow his pleasing attentions on the others of the party. Chesney first attracts his notice. He is standing with his back to a screen, and has his eyes fixed in moody contemplation on the floor. Melancholy on this occasion has evidently marked him for her own.

"What's up with you, old man? you look suicidal," says Mr. Musgrave, stopping close to him, and giving him a rattling slap on the shoulder that rather takes the curl out of him, leaving him limp, but full of indignation.

"Look here," he says, in an aggrieved tone, "I wish you wouldn't do that, you know. Your hands, small and delicate as as they are,"—Taffy's hands, though shapely, are decidedly large,—"can hurt. If you go about the world with such habits you will infallibly commit murder sooner or later: I should bet on the sooner. One can never be sure, my dear fellow, who has heart-disease and who has not."

"Heart-disease means love with most fellows," says the irrepressible Taffy, "and I have noticed you aren't half a one since your return from London." At this mal apropos speech both Lilian and Chesney change color, and Guy seeing their confusion becomes miserable in turn, so that breakfast is a distinct failure, Cyril and Musgrave alone being capable of animated conversation.

Half an hour later they are all in the saddle and are riding leisurely towards Bellairs, which is some miles distant, through as keen a scenting wind as any one could desire.

At Grantley Farm they find every one before them, the hounds sniffing and whimpering, the ancient M. F. H. cheery as is his wont, and a very fair field.

Mabel Steyne is here, mounted on a handsome bay mare that rather chafes and rages under her mistress's detaining hand, while at some few yards' distance from her is Tom, carefully got up, but sleepy as is his wont. One can hardly credit that his indolent blue eyes a little later will grow dark and eager as he scents the fray, and, steadying himself in his saddle, makes up his mind to "do or die."

Old General Newsance is plodding in and out among the latest arrivals, prognosticating evil, and relating the "wondrous adventures" of half a century ago, when (if he is to be believed) hounds had wings, and hunters never knew fatigue. With him is old Lord Farnham, who has one leg in his grave literally speaking, having lost it in battle more years ago than one cares to count, but who rides wonderfully nevertheless, and is as young to speak to, or rather younger, than any nineteenth-century man.

Mabel Steyne is dividing her attentions between him and Taffy, when a prolonged note from the hounds, and a quick cry of "gone away," startles her into silence. Talkers are scattered, conversation forgotten, and every one settles down into his or her saddle, ready and eager for the day's work.

Down the hill like a flash goes a good dog fox, past the small wood to the right, through the spinnies, straight into the open beyond. The scent is good, the pack lively; Lilian and Sir Guy are well to the front; Archibald close beside them. Cyril to the left is even farther ahead; while Taffy and Mabel Steyne can be seen a little lower down, holding well together, Mabel, with her eyes bright and glowing with excitement, sailing gallantly along on her handsome bay.

After a time—the fox showing no signs of giving in—hedges and doubles throw spaces in between the riders. Sir Guy is far away in the distance, Taffy somewhat in the back ground; Cyril is out of sight; while Miss Chesney finds herself side by side with Archibald, who is riding recklessly, and rather badly. They have just cleared a very uncomfortable wall, that in cold blood would have damped their ardor, only to find a more treacherous one awaiting them farther on, and Lilian, turning her mare's head a little to the left, makes for a quieter spot, and presently lands in the next field safe and sound.

Archibald, however, holds on his original course, and Lilian, turning in her saddle, watches with real terror his next movement. His horse, a good one, rises gallantly, springs, and cleverly, though barely, brings himself clear to the other side. Both he and his master are uninjured, but it was a near thing, and makes Miss Chesney's heart beat with unpleasant rapidity.

"Archibald," she says, bringing herself close up to his side as they gallop across the field, and turning a very white face to his, "I wish you would not ride so recklessly: you will end by killing yourself if you go on in this foolish fashion."

Her late fear has added a little sharpness to her tone.

"The sooner the better," replies he, bitterly. "What have I got to live for? My life is of no use, either to myself or to any one else, as far as I can see."

"It is very wicked of you to talk so!" angrily.

"It is? You should have thought of that before you made me think so. As it is, I am not in the humor for lecturing to do me much good. If I am killed, blame yourself. Meantime, I like hunting: it is the only joy left me. When I am riding madly like this, I feel again almost happy—almost," with a quickly suppressed sigh.

"Still, I ask you, for my sake, to be more cheerful," says Lilian, anxiously, partly frightened, partly filled with remorse at his words, though in her heart she is vexed with him for having used them. "Her fault if he gets killed." It is really too much!

"Do you pretend to care?" asked he, with a sneer. "Your manner is indeed perfect, but how much of it do you mean? Give me the hope I asked for last night,—say only two kind words to me,—and I will be more careful of my life than any man in the field to-day."

"I think I am always saying kind things to you," returns she, rather indignant; "I am only too kind. And one so foolishly bent on being miserable as you are, all for nothing, deserves only harsh treatment. You are not even civil to me. I regret I addressed you just now, and beg you will not speak to me any more."

"Be assured I shan't disobey this your last command," says Archibald, in a low, and what afterwards appears to her, a prophetic, tone, turning away.

The field is growing thin. Already many are lying scattered broadcast in the ditches, or else are wandering hopelessly about on foot, in search of their lost chargers. The hounds are going at a tremendous pace; a good many horses show signs of flagging; while the brave old fox still holds well his own.

Taffy came to signal grief half an hour ago, but now reappears triumphant and unplucked, splashed from head to heel, but game for any amount still. Mrs. Steyne in front is fighting hard for the brush, while Lilian every moment is creeping closer to her on the bonny brown mare that carries her like a bird over hedges and rails. Sir Guy is out of sight, having just vanished down the slope of the hill, only to reappear again a second later. Archibald is apparently nowhere, and Miss Chesney is almost beginning to picture him to herself bathed in his own gore, when raising her head she sees him coming towards her at a rattling pace, his horse, which is scarcely up to his weight, well in hand.

Before him rises an enormous fence, beneath which gleams like a silver streak a good bit of running water. It is an awkward jump, the more so that from the other side it is almost impossible for the rider to gauge its dangers properly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MARRIAGE IN THE EAST.

Wives in Turkey, in Persia, and in Thibet—Plurality of Spouses.

In Persia it is an almost invariable custom to choose a wife from among one's relations, such as cousins in a near or remote degree, and only among acquaintance when failure has occurred in following the old habit. The Hebrews especially sanctioned a plurality of wives according to the law of Moses, and that shows how thoughtful they were of the future of their race—so much so that sterility in a wife was considered a sufficient reason for contracting another marriage.

The lot of a Turk who has to bear the whims and caprices of his numerous wives is anything but an enviable one. The harem is not, as many persons suppose it is, a building wherein all a Turk's wives live together. Each legitimate wife of a Pasha has a separate dwelling, her own cook, her own coachman—in a word, her own separate household. True it is that all the dwellings are enclosed within one surrounding wall, and frequently they are beneath one roof, as is the case in our modern flats; but nevertheless the isolation is complete among the wives.

The etiquette among Turkish ladies is somewhat complicated, and the system is hierarchical, the favorite exercising an undisputed authority over the others. In the Sultan's harem the supreme authority is vested in his mother, who takes the title Sultana valid, and she alone is entitled to go to and fro in the harem unveiled. It is only when she goes out that she wears the yashmack. At the present time the veil used by Turkish ladies is no longer what it was. Its transparency admits of a pretty face being easily outlined. When the yashmack is very thick one may conclude that the face it hides is not very seductive. In spite of the progress of civilization and the consequent transformation of habits and customs in many countries, the position of women in Turkey has only slightly changed; it is only in exceptional cases that those belonging to the higher classes are unaccompanied out of doors by eunuchs. These are the candines, who have adopted and follow the Paris and London fashions, and it has even been whispered that there are mysterious assignations in the shops of the grand bazaar at Constantinople, where some ladies spend a good deal of time on the plea that they have numerous purchases to make.

In Thibet they reverse the order of things for in that country it is not unusual to see a woman married to a plurality of husbands, sometimes two or more chosen from among her cousins.

The battles of Cressy, Poictiers and Agincourt were won by the archers.

The bow appears among the earliest sculptures of Egypt, B.C. 4000.

THE MYSTERY OF THE BUCK'S HORNS.

What Becomes of Them, and Who Ever Killed a Hornless Buck?

"One of the greatest mysteries of the woods is the buck deer and its antlers." remarked an observant old hunter the other day. "Who ever killed a buck that had no horns, and who ever found a set of antlers in the woods? I've roamed the forests of northern Canada at all seasons during the last forty years, and in that time deer have been very plentiful in those woods, and I never either killed a hornless buck or found a pair of horns or heard of any one who did. Yet woodsmen all know, or ought to know, that no buck has even the sign of a horn until he is two years old, and that every buck that has horns casts them off each spring and grows a new set.

"Now, where do all the bucks under two years old keep themselves, and what becomes of the cast-off antlers that no woodsman ever sees? These are mysteries as deep as the mystery of dead wild animals—I mean wild animals that die natural deaths. The four-footed dwellers in the woods certainly do not live forever. Age and disease must carry them off regularly, as human beings are carried off, but what becomes of their bodies? I never heard of anyone coming across a dead bear or deer or wildcat or fox in the woods that had died from natural causes. I found the carcass of a big five-pronged buck in the woods once, but a rattlesnake, also dead, had its fangs buried in the deer's nostrils. There had evidently been a fight to the death between the reptile and the beast. Another time I followed the trail of a bear from a clearing where it had stolen a young sheep. I came upon the headless body of the sheep a mile or so out of the trail, and half a mile further on, near the edge of a swamp, I was surprised to find the dead body of the bear. Its jaws were open, and its glassy eyes were pushed far out of its head. I held a post-mortem examination on the dead bear and found the sheep's head lodged in its throat. How or why the bear ever permitted it to get there I am unable to explain. I have many times found other dead wild animals in the woods, but never one that did not show unquestionable evidence of having died from violence of some kind. Every woodsman will tell you the same.

"I don't believe there is anything more curious in nature than the buck's horns. They begin to make their appearance in the spring of the buck's second year. The first sign of their coming is a swelling of the skin over the spots on top of the head from which the horns are to rise. The antlers are now budding, for on the swelling spots are the footstalks from which they are to spring, and the arteries of the head—the antlers being, in all their preliminary or cartilaginous stages but parts of the animal's general system—are beginning to deposit on them, little by little, but with great rapidity, the bony matter of which the finished horns are composed. As the antlers grow the skin still stretches over them, and continues to do so until they have reached their natural size and become solid horn. This is the stage in the growth of the antlers that is technically known among hunters as the time when the buck is 'in velvet.' The skin is, indeed, a beautiful velvet covering, and all beneath it is, in fact, simply a great tissue of blood vessels. While the horns continue soft and a part of the deer's nervous and veinous structure, the arteries which run up from the head through them make furrows in the yielding substance. It is these furrows that give to the buck's horns their rough, corrugated surface when they have become hardened.

"The buck's first horns do not arrive at the dignity of antlers. They are simply graceful, sharp-pointed spikes; hence the term 'spike buck' among hunters. Each succeeding year adds a prong, though, and when the buck is adorned with his proud head gear of five prongs all hunters know that he can't be less than seven years old. The five-prong antler is the perfect and complete one, and any more prongs have no significance except as freaks. But the velvety skin, with its delicate subarterial structure, grows with and envelops all the great spread of the five-prong antler as well as the few inches of the young buck's spike. As long as the horns are in velvet they are extremely tender and entirely useless. The soft skin must therefore be removed, but not suddenly nor roughly, and not until another extraordinary stage in the development of the horns is completed. The arteries and their circulation must be disconnected from the horns before the skin is broken, or the result would be the turning of the large quantity of blood back to the brain or some internal organ and death be the result. This danger is prevented and the desired end at the same time accomplished by the formation of a rough ring of bone around the base of the horns, notches being left in at first for the passage of the arteries. These openings are gradually contracted as new bone forms until the arteries are compressed as by a ligature, and the circulation above the ring of bone is effectually stopped. The velvet skin, thus deprived of its vital source, dries up and peels off the horns, a process which the buck now hastens by rubbing his antlers against the trunk of trees. This rubbing against the trees displaces more or less bark, and leaves a favorite sign to the observant hunter passing through the woods that there are deer about. When the velvet is off the horns they have reached their perfect stage.

"That the sweeping, powerful antlers of a mature buck, which he carries so proudly and defiantly, should be but the growth of a fortnight or so does not seem possible, but such is the fact. When early spring comes again a new set of horns begins to sprout. They spring from the head like a growing plant, and push last year's antlers from their place. These fall from the buck's head. The new horns soon crown him again proudly, but what becomes of the cast-off set? I have asked that one question scores of times, and paused for reply. I am pausing yet.

Greek helmets covered the head, back of the neck, ears and nose.

After perhaps one of the most exciting weeks in the history of the New York Stock Exchange, the atmosphere of Wall street on Sunday was comparatively calm. The report that certain firms which lately succumbed would recommence operations, the absence of any further failures, and the satisfactory nature of the bank statement, all aided to restore confidence, and caused a material advance in the price of many of the stocks. The tone of the New York Exchange at the close on Saturday was strong