SIR GUY'S WARD.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

At Chetwoode they are all assembled in the drawing-room,—except Archibald, who is still confined to his room,—waiting for dinner: Cyril alone is absent.

'What can be keeping him?' says his mother, at last, losing patience as she pictures him dallying with his betrothed at the Cottage while the soup is spoiling and the cook is gradually verging towards hysterics. She suffers an aggrieved expression to grow within her eyes as she speaks from the depths of the softest arm-chair the room contains in which it is her custom to ensconce herself.

'Nothing very dreadful, I dare say,' replies Florence, in tones a degree less even than usual, her appetite having got the better of her self-control.

Almost as she says the words the door is thrown open, and Cyril enters. He is in morning costume, his hair is a little rough, his face pale, his lips bloodless. Walking straight up to his mother, without looking either to the right or to the left, he says, in a low constrained voice that betrays a desperate effort to be calm,—

'Be satisfied, mother: you have won the day. Your wish is fulfilled: I shall never marry Mrs. Arlington: you need not have made such a difficulty about giving your consent this morning, as now it is useless.'

'Cyril, what has happened?' says Lady Chetwooode, rising to her feet alarmed, a distinct pallor overspreading her features. She puts out one jewelled hand as though to draw him nearer to her, but for the first time in all his life he shrinks from her gentle touch, and, moving backwards, stands in the middle of the room. Lilian, going up to him, compels him with loving violence to turn towards her.

'Why don't you speak?' she asks, sharply. "Have you and Cecilia quarrelled?'

'No: it is no lovers' quarrel,' with an odd change of expression: 'we have had little time for quarreling, she and I: our days for love-making were so short, so sweet!'

There is a pause; then, in a clear harsh voice, in which no faintest particle of feeling can be traced, he goes on: 'Her husband is alive; he is coming home. After all,'—with a short unlovely laugh, sad through its very bitterness,—'we worried ourselves unnecessarily, as she was not, what we so feared, a widow.'

'Cyril!' exclaims Lilian: she is trembling visibly, and gazes at him as though fearing he may have lost his senses.

'I would not have troubled you about this matter,' continues Cyril, not heeding the interruption, and addressing the room generally, without permitting himself to look at any one, 'but that it is a fact that must be known sooner or latter; I thought the sooner the better, as it will end your anxiety and convince you that this mesalliance you so dreaded,'—with a sneer,—'can never take place.'

Guy, who has come close to him, here lays his hand upon his arm.

'Do not speak to us as though we could not feel for you,' he says gently, pain and remorse struggling in his tone, 'believe me——'

But Cyril thrusts him back.

'I want neither sympathy nor kind words now,' he says, fiercely; 'you failed me when I most required them, when they might have made *her* happy. I have spoken on this subject now once for all. From this moment let no one dare broach it to me again.'

Guy is silent, repentant. No one speaks; the tears are running down Lilian's cheeks.

'May not I?' she asks, in a distressed whisper. 'Oh, my dear! do not shut yourself up alone with your grief. Have I not been your friend? Have not I, too, loved her? poor darling! Cyril let me speak to you of her sometimes.'

'Not yet; nor now,' replies he, in the softest tone he has yet used, a gleam of anguish flashing across his face. 'Yes, you were always true to her, my good little Lilian!' Then, sinking his voice, 'I am leaving home, perhaps for years; do not forsake her. Try to console, to comfort——' He breaks down hopelessly; raising her hand to his lips, he kisses it fervently, and a second later has left the room.

For quite two minutes after the door has closed upon him, no one stirs, no one utters a word. Guy is still standing with downcast eyes upon the spot that witnessed his repulse. Lilian is crying. Lady Chetwoode is also dissolved in tears. It is this particular moment Florence chooses to make the first remark that has passed her lips since Cyril's abrupt entrance.

'Could anything be more fortunate?' she says, in a measured, congratulatory way. 'Could anything have happened more opportunely? Here is this objectionable marriage irretrievably prevented without any trouble on our parts. I really think we owe a debt of gratitude to this very unpleasant husband.'

'Florence,' cries Lady Chetwoode, with vehement reproach, stung to the quick, 'how can you see cause for rejoicing in the poor boy's misery? Do you not think of him?' After which she subsides again, with an audible sob, into her cambric. But Lilian is not so easily satisfied.

'How dare you speak so?' she says, turning upon Florence with wet eyes that flash fire through their tears. 'You are a cold and heartless woman. How should you understand what he is feeling,—poor, poor Cyril!' This ebullition of wrath seems to do her good. Kneeling down by her auntie, she places her arms round her, and has another honest comfortable cry upon her bosom.

Florence draws herself up to her full height, which is not inconsiderable, and follows her movements with slow supercilious wonder. She half closes her white lids, and lets her mouth take a slightly disdainful curve,—not too great a curve, but just enough to be becoming, and show the proper disgust she feels at the terrible exhibition of ill-breeding that has just taken place.

But as neither Lilian nor Lady Chetwoode can see her, and as Guy has turned to the fire and is staring into its depths with an expression of stern disapproval upon his handsome face, she presently finds she is posing to no effect, and gives it up.

Letting a rather vindictive look cover her features, she sweeps out of the drawing-room up to her own chamber, and gets rid of her bad temper so satisfactorily that after ten minutes her maid gives warning, and is ready to curse the day she was born.

The next morning, long before any one is up, Cyril takes his departure by the early train, and for many days his home knows him no more.

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A mighty compassion for Cecilia fills the hearts of all at Chetwood,—all, that is, except Miss Beauchamp, who privately considers it extremely low, and wretched form, to possess a heart at all.

Lady Chetwoode, eager and anxious to atone for past unkind thoughts, goes down to the Cottage in person and insists on seeing its sad tenant—when so tender and sympathetic is she, that, the ice being broken and pride vanquished, the young woman gives way, and, laying her head upon the gentle bosom near her, has a hearty cry there, that eases even while it pains her. I have frequently noticed that when one person falls to weeping in the arms of another, that other entertains a tendresse for her for a considerable time afterwards. Cecilia's lucky rain of tears on this occasion softens her companion wonderfully, so that Lady Chetwoode, who only came to pity, goes away admiring.

There is an indescribable charm about Cecilia, impossible to resist. Perhaps it is her beauty, perhaps her exquisite womanliness, combined with the dignity that sits so sweetly on her. Lady Chetwoode succumbs to it, and by degrees grows not only sympathetic towards her, but really attached to her society,—'now, when it is too late,' as poor Cecilia tells herself, with a bitten pang. Yet the friendship of Cyril's mother is dear to her, and helps to lighten the dreary days that must elapse before the news of her husband's return to life is circumstantially confirmed. They have all entreated her to make the Cottage still her home, until such unwelcome news arrives.

Colonel Trant's friend has again written from Russia, but without being able to add another link to the chain of evidence. "He had not seen Arlington since. He had changed his quarters, so they had missed, and he had had no opportunity of cross-examining him as to his antecedents; but he himself had small doubt he was the man they had so often discussed together. He heard he had gone South through Turkey, meaning to make his voyage home by sea; he had mentioned something about preferring that mode of travelling to any other. He could, of course, easily ascertain the exact time he meant to return to England, and would let Trant know without delay," etc.

All this is eminently unsatisfactory, and suspense preying upon Cecilia commits terrible ravages upon both face and form. Her large eyes look at one full of a settled melancholy; her cheeks grow more hollow daily; her once elastic step has grown slow and fearful, as though she dreads to overtake misfortune. Every morning and evening, as the post hour draws nigh, she suffers mental agony through her excessive fear of what a letter may reveal to her, sharper than any mere physical pain.

Cyril has gone abroad; twice Lilian has received a line from him, but of his movements or his feelings they know nothing. Cecilia has managed to get both these curt letters into her possession, and no doubt treasures them, and weeps over them, poor soul, as a saint might over a relic.

Archibald, now almost recovered, has left them reluctantly for change of air, in happy ignorance of the sad events that have been starting up among them since his accident, as all those aware of the circumstances naturally shrink from speaking of them, and show a united desire to prevent the unhappy story from spreading further.

So day succeeds day, until at length matters come to a crisis, and hopes and fears are at an end.

CHAPTER XXX.

The strong old winter is dead. He has died slowly, painfully, with many a desperate struggle, many a hard fight to reassert his power; but now at last he's safely buried, pushed out of sight by all the soft little armies of green leaves that have risen up in battle against him. Above his grave the sweet brave young grasses are springing, the myriad flowers are bursting into fuller beauty, the birds, not now in twos or threes, but in countless thousands, are singing melodiously among the as yet half-opened leaves, making all the woods merry with their tender madrigals. The whole land is awake and astir, crying 'Welcome' to the flower-crowned spring, as she flies with winged feet over field, and brook, and upland.

It is the first week in March, a wonderfully soft and lamb-like March even at this early age of its existence. Archibald has again returned to Chetwoode, strong and well, having been pressed to do so by Lady Chetwoode, who has by this time brought herself, most reluctantly, to believe his presence necessary to Lilian's happiness.

Taffy has also turned up quite unexpectedly, which makes his welcome perhaps a degree more cordial. Indeed, the amount of leave Mr. Musgrave contrives to get, and the scornful manner in which he regards it, raise within the bosoms of his numerous friends feelings of admiration the most intense.

'Now will you tell me what is the good of giving one a miserable fortnight here, and a contemptible fortnight there?' he asks, pathetically, in tones replete with unlimited disgust. 'Why can't they give a fellow a decent three months at once, and let him enjoy himself? it's beastly mean, that's what it is! keeping a man grinding at hard duty morning, noon, and night.'

'It is more than that in your case: it is absolutely foolish,' retorts Miss Chesney, promptly. 'It shows an utter disregard for their own personal comfort. Your colonel can't be half a one; were I he, I should give you six months' leave twice every year, if only to get rid of you.'

'With what rapture would I hail your presence in the British army!' replies Mr. Musgrave, totally unabashed.

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To-day is Tuesday. To-morrow, a long waiting that has worn her to a shadow, Cecilia is to learn her fate. To-morrow the steamer that is bringing to England the man named Arlington is expected to arrive; and Colonel Trant, as nervous and passionately anxious for Cecilia's sake as she can be for her own, has promised to meet it, to go on board, see the man face to face, so as to end all doubt, and telegraph instant word of what he will learn.

Lilian, alone of them all, clings wildly and obstinately to the hope that this Arlington may not be the Arlington; but she is the only one who dares place faith in this barren suggestion.

At the Cottage, like one distracted, Cecilia has locked herself into her own room, and is pacing restlessly up and down the apartment, as though unable to sit, or know quiet until the dreaded morrow comes.

At Chetwoode they are scarcely less uneasy. An air of impatient expectation pervades the house. The very servants (who, it is needless to say, know all about it, down to the very lightest detail) seem to walk on tiptoe, and wear solemnly the dejected expression they usually reserve for their pew in church.

Lady Chetwoode has fretted herself into one of her bad headaches, and is quite prostrate; lying on her bed, she torments herself piling the agony ever higher, as she pictures Cyril's increased despair and misery should their worst fears be confirmed,—forgetting that Cyril, being without hope, can no longer fear.

Lilian, unable to work or read, wanders aimlessly through the house, hardly knowing how to hide her growing depression from her cousins, who alone remain quite ignorant of the impending trouble. Mr. Musgrave, indeed, is so utterly unaware of the tragedy going on around him, that he chooses this particular day to be especially lively, not to say larky, and overpowers Lilian with his attentions; which so distracts her that, watching her opportunity, she finally effects her escape through the drawing-room window, and, running swiftly through the plantations, turns in the direction of the wood.

She eludes one cousin, however, only to throw herself into the arms of another. Half-way to the Cottage she meets Archibald coming leisurely towards her.

'Take me for a walk,' he says, with humble entreaty; and Lilian, who as a rule is kind to every one except her guardian, tells him, after an unflattering pause, he may accompany her to such and such a distance, but no farther.

'I am going to the Cottage,' she says.

'To see this Lady of Shalott, this mysterious Mariana in her moated grange?' asks Chesney, lightly.

Odd as it may sound, he has never yet been face to face with Cecilia. Her determined seclusion, and her habit of frequenting the parish church in the next village, which is but a short distance from her, has left her a stranger to almost every one in the neighborhood. Archibald is indeed aware that the Cottage owns a tenant, and that her name is Arlington, but nothing more. The fact of her never being named at Chetwoode has prevented his asking any idle questions and thereby making any discoveries.

When they have come to the rising mound that half overlooks the Cottage garden, Lilian comes to a stand-still.

'Now you must leave me,' she says, imperatively.

'Why? We are quite a day's journey from the Cottage yet. Let me see you to the gate.'

'How tiresome you are!' says Miss Chesney; 'just like a big baby, only not half so nice: you always want more than you are promised.'

As Chesney makes no reply to this sally, she glances at him, and, following the direction of his eyes, sees Cecilia, who has come out for a moment or two to breathe the sweet spring air, walking two and fro among the garden paths. It is a very pale and changed Cecilia upon whom they look.

'Why,' exclaims Chesney, in a tone of rapt surprise, 'surely that is Miss Duncan!'

'No,'—amazed,—'it is Mrs. Arlington, Sir Guy's tenant.'

'True,'—slowly,—'I believe she did marry that fellow afterwards. But I never knew her except as Miss Duncan.'

'You know her?'

'Very slightly,'—still with his eyes fixed upon Cecilia, as she paces mournfully up and down in the garden below them, with bent head and slow, languid movements. Once I spoke to her, but I knew her well by sight; she was, she is, one of the loveliest women I ever saw. But how changed she is! how altered, how white her face appears!—or can it be the distance makes me think so? I remember her such a merry girl—almost a child—when she married Arlington.'

'Yes? She does not look merry now,' says Lilian, the warm tears rising in her eyes: 'poor darling, no wonder she looks depressed!'

'Why?'

'Oh,' says Lilian, hesitating, 'something about her husband, you know.'

'You don't mean to say she is wearing sackcloth and the willow and all that sort of thing for Arlington all this time?' in a tone of astonishment largely flavored with contempt. 'I knew him uncommonly well before he married, and I should think his death would have been a cause for rejoicing to his wife, above all others.'

'Ah! that is just it,' says Lilian, consumed with a desire to tell: she sinks her voice mysteriously, and sighs a heavy sigh tinctured with melancholy.

'Just so,' unsympathetically. 'Some women, I believe, are hopeless idiots.'

'They are not,' indignantly; 'Cecilia is not an idiot; she is miserable because he is—alive. Now what do you think?'

'Alive!' incredulously.

'Exactly so,' with all the air of a triumphant *ra conteur*. 'And when she had believed him dead, too, for so long! Is it not hard upon her, poor thing! to have him come to life again so disagreeably without a word of warning? I really think it is quite enough to kill her.'

'Well, I never!' says Mr. Chesney, staring at her. It isn't an elegant remark, but it is full of animated surprise, and satisfies Lilian.

'Is it not a tragedy?' she says, growing more and more pitiful every moment. 'All was going on well (it doesn't matter what,) when suddenly someone wrote to Colonel Trant to say he had seen this odious Mr. Arlington alive and well in Russia, and that he was on his way home. I shall always'—viciously—'hate the man who wrote it: one would think he had nothing else to write about, stupid creature! but is it not shocking for her, poor thing!'

At this, seemingly without rhyme or reason (except a depraved delight in other people's sufferings,) Mr. Chesney bursts into a loud enjoyable laugh, and continues it for some seconds. He might perhaps have continued it until now, did not Lilian see fit to wither his mirth in the bud.

'Is it a cause for laughter?' she asks, wrathfully; 'but it is just like you! I don't believe you have an atom of feeling. Positively I think you would laugh if auntie, who is almost a mother to you, was dead!'

'No, I should not,' declares Archibald, subsiding from amusement to the very lowest depths of sulk: 'pardon me for contradicting you, but I should not even smile were Lady Chetwoode dead. She is perhaps the one woman in the world whose death would cause me unutterable sorrow.'

'Then why did you laugh just now?'

'Because if you had seen a man lie dead and had attended his funeral, even you might consider it a joke to hear he was 'alive and well.'

'You saw him dead!'

'Yes, as dead as Julius Cæsar,' morosely. 'It so happened I knew him uncommonly well years ago: "birds of a feather," you know,'—bitterly,—'"flock together."' We flocked for a considerable time. Then I lost sight of him, and rather forgot all about him than otherwise, until I met him again in Vienna, more than two years ago. I saw him stabbed,—I had been dining with him that night,—and helped to carry him home; it seemed a slight affair, and I left him in the hands of a very skilful physician, believing him out of danger. Next morning, when I called, he was dead.'

'Archie,'—in a low awe-struck whisper,—'is it all true?'

'Perfectly true.'

'You could not by any possibility be mistaken?'

'Not by any.'

'Then, Archie,' says Lilian, solemnly, 'you are a darling!'

'Am I?' grimly. 'I thought I was a demon who could laugh at the demise of his best friend.'

'Nonsense!' tucking her hand genially beneath his arm; "I only said that out of vexation. Think as little about it as I do. I know for a fact you are not half a bad boy. Come now with me to the Cottage, that I may tell this extraordinary, this delightful story to Cecilia.'

'Is Cecilia Miss Duncan?'

'No, Mrs. Arlington. Archie,'—seriously,—'you are quite, utterly sure you know all about it?'

'Do you imagine I dreamt it? Of course I am sure. But if you think I am going down there to endure hysterics, and be made damp with tears, you are much mistaken. I won't go, Lilian; you needn't think it; I—I should be afraid.'

'Console yourself; I shan't require your assistance,' calmly; 'I only want you to stay outside while I break the good news to her, lest she should wish to ask you a question. I only hope, Archie, you are telling me the exact truth,'—severely,—'that you are not drawing on your imagination, and that it was no other man of the same name you saw lying dead?'

'Perhaps it was,' replies he, huffily, turning away as they reach the wicket gate.

'Do not stir from where you are now,' says she, imperiously: 'I may want you at any moment.'

So Archibald, who does not dare disobey her commands, strays idly up and down outside the hedge, awaiting his summons. It is rather long in coming, so that his small stock of patience is nearly exhausted when he receives a message begging him to come in-doors.

As he enters the drawing-room, however, he is so struck with compassion at the sight of Cecilia's large, half-frightened eyes turned upon him that he loses all his ill humor and grows full of sympathy. She is very unlike the happy Cecilia of a month ago, still more unlike the calm dignified Cecilia who first came to Chetwoode. She is pale as the early blossoms that lie here and there in soft wanton luxuriance upon her tables; her whole face is eager and expectant. She is trembling perceptibly from head to foot.

'What is it you would tell me, sir?' she asks, with deep entreaty. It is as though she longs yet fears to believe.

'I would tell you, madam,' replies Chesney, respect and pity in his tone, taking and holding the hand she extends to him, while Lilian retains the other and watches her anxiously, 'that fears are groundless. A most gross mistake has, I understand, caused you extreme uneasiness. I would have you dismiss this trouble from your mind. I happened to know Jasper Arlington well: I was at Vienna the year he was there, we met often. I witnessed the impromptu duel that caused his death; I saw him stabbed; I myself helped to carry him to his rooms; next morning he was dead. Forgive me, madam, that I speak so brusquely. It is best, I think, to be plain, to mention bare facts.'

Here he pauses, and Cecilia's breath comes quickly; involuntarily her fingers close round his; a question she hardly dares to ask trembles on her lips. Archibald reads it in the silent agony of her eyes.

'I saw him dead,' he says, softly, and is rewarded by a grateful glance from Lilian.

Cecilia's eyes close; a dry, painful sob comes from between her pallid lips.

'She will faint,' cries Lilian, placing her arms round her.

'No, I shall not.' By a great effort Cecilia overcomes the insensibility fast creeping over her. 'Thank you, sir,' she says to Archibald: 'Your words sound like truth; I would I dared believe them! but I have been so often——" she stops, half choked with emotion. 'What must you think me but inhuman?' she says sobbingly. 'All women except me mourn their husband's death; I mourn, in that I fear him living.'

'Madam,' replies Archibald, scarcely knowing what to say, 'I too knew Jasper Arlington; for me therefore, it would be impossible to judge you harshly in this matter. Were you, or any other living soul, to pretend regret for him, pardon me if I say I should deem you a hypocrite.'

'You must believe what he has told you,' says Lilian, emphatically: 'it admits of no denial. But to-morrow at all events will bring you news from Colonel Trant that will compel you to acknowledge its truth.'

'Yes, yes. Oh that to-morrow was here!' murmurs Cecilia, faintly. And Lilian understands that not until Trant's letter is within her hands will she allow herself to entertain hope.

Silently Lilian embraces her, and she and Archibald return home.

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At Chetwoode very intense relief and pleasure are felt as Lilian relates her wonderful story. Every one is only too willing to place credence in it. Chesney confesses to some sensations of shame.

'Somehow,' he says, 'it never occurred to me your tenant might be Jasper Arlington's wife and the pretty Miss Duncan who tore my heart into fritters some years ago. And I knew nothing of all this terrible story about her husband's supposed resuscitation until to-day. It is a "comedy of errors." I feel inclined to sink into the ground when I remember how I have walked about here among you all, with full proof of what would have set you all at rest in no time, carefully locked up in my breast. Although innocent, Lady Chetwoode, I feel I ought to apologize.'

'I shall go down and make her come up to Chetwoode,' says her ladyship, warmly. 'Poor girl! it is far too lonely for her to be down there by herself, especially just now when she must be so unstrung. As soon as I hear she has had that letter from George Trant, I shall persuade her to come to us.'

The next evening brings a letter from Trant that falls like a little warm seal of certainty upon the good news of yesterday.

'Going down to the landing-place, writes he, 'I found the steamer had really arrived, and went on board instantly. With my heart beating to suffocation I walked up to the captain, and asked him if any gentleman named Arlington had come home with him. He said "Yes, he was here just now," and looking round, pointed to a tall man bending over some luggage. "There he is," he said. I went up to the tall man. I could see he was of a good height, and that his hair was black. As I noted this last fact my blood froze in my veins. When I was quite close to him he raised himself, turned, and looked full at me! And once more my blood ran warmly, comfortably. It was not the man I had feared to see. I drew my breath quickly, and to make assurance doubly sure, determined to ask his name.

'"Sir," I said, bluntly, forgetful of etiquette, "is your name Arlington?"

'"Sir," replied he, regarding me with calm surprise "it is." At this moment I confess I lost my head. I became once more eighteen, and impulsive. I grasped his hands; I wrung them affectionately, not to say violently.

'"Then, my dear sir," I exclaimed, rapturously, "I owe you a debt of gratitude. I thank you with all my heart. Had you not been born an Arlington, I might now be one of the most miserable men alive; as it is I am one of the happiest."

'My new friend started. Then he gave way to an irrepressible laugh, and shrugged his shoulders expressively.

'"My good fellow," said he, "be reasonable. Take yourself back to the excellent asylum from which you have escaped, and don't make further fuss about it. With your genial disposition you are sure to be caught."

'At this I thought it better to offer him some slight explanation, which so amused him that he insisted on carrying me off with him to his hotel, where we dined, and where I found him a very excellent fellow indeed.'

In this wise runs his letter. Cecilia reads it until each comforting assertion is shrined within her heart and doubt is no longer possible. Then an intense gratitude fills her whole being; her eyes grow dim with tears; clasping her hands earnestly, she falls upon her knees.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ODDS AND ENDS.

The turf employs 20,000 men.

St. Peter's, Rome, costs $30,000 a year for repairs.

Williamsport, Pa., will tax "fire" sale $1,000 a month.

Four times more Irishmen reside in the United States than Englishmen.

During the complicated process of manufacturing stamps they are counted eleven times in order to guard against pilfering.

It is estimated that 119,000,000 copper pennies have been lost to circulation in the century since the United States began to coin money.

The pastor of the Baptist church at Ukiah, Cal., has been asked to resign for prophesying that the end of the world will take place before the close of the present season.

There is a church at Kirkwood, Ga., owned by Presbyterians, with a Methodist pastor, and the seats were originally owned by Baptists and donated by Episcopalians.

More dogs go mad in cold weather than in hot, as shown by statistics. Canada and all Northern countries show a large amount of cases, while in India and Africa the disease is exceptional.

Anent the chance of death in war, a carefully deducted calculation at the battle of Solferino, a bloody engagement, shows that 700 bullets were expended for every man wounded and 4,200 for each man killed.

In California it is found that peach-stones burn as well as the best coal and give out more heat in proportion to weight. The stones taken out of the fruit that is tinned or dried are collected and sold at the rate of $15 a ton.

Professorships of "folk music" are to be established in some Russian universities by the Government. The patriotic object is to preserve the characteristic native songs of the country, rescuing very many from threatened oblivion.

On one of the islands of the coast of Maine lives a man now 50 years old, who was born there, and has never been off the island. He has accumulated a fortune in the grocery business, and is content to live and die on the few seagirt acres.

Between the ages of 20 and 40 prisoners die of consumption much more rapidly than people outside of confinement, but whether this is owing to the confinement or to the previous lives of the convicts, it is not clear. Few criminals of any kind live to be old men.

The anchors of the new Cunard vessel Campania weigh 8½ tons each. They have been tested to bear a strain of 120 tons. The weight of the cables and anchors together amounts to about 105 tons.

The Chinese are shown by statistics to be longer lived than any other nation, which fact is attributable to their abstemious habits and their remarkable freedom from phthisis, or pulmonary consumption.

The total number of lunatics in England and Wales increases by 1,700 a year. Fifteen thousand people go mad every year, and five out of every 10,000 people alive in this country enter an asylum as inmates during the year.