CHAPTER VIL -- CONTINUED.

Frank lifted the small trembling band that touched his arm reverently to his lips. How should be ever be grateful enough for, ever repay the loyal love that dared so much for his sake?

"Heaven blees you, my darling!" he whispered fervently, and then turned to her father, anticipating some terrible explosion of wrath, and fervently hoping that it would fall upon his head alone.

But none came. Mr. Verner stared blankly in the girl's face, then turned his head aside with a smothered groan.

"Oh. child, you break my heart!" he cried below his breath. "Go, Essie with your sister. I am not angry; I shall not quarrel-all that folly is forgotten; but have some business with—some bad news for -Frank!"

"For me!" the young man broke in wonderingly, while Essie crept only the closer to him, and held her ground with that strange new courage that love had given. "If there is bad news, I must help him to bear it," she said; and her soft eyes met her

father's fearlessly. "What is it, sir?" Frank asked, having run every possible and impossible calamity over in his mind and found none that could effect him very nearly. "No bank can break and ruin me, and I'm so nearly alone in the world that, all being well here, death can hardly touch me,"

"Death!" Mr. Verner echoed the always terrible word with an emphasis that made it more ghastly than ever; his bloodshot eyes rested on the young man's face, as though they would pierce to his soul. "Death can harm every man-and you have-relatives, if not friends."

"Relatives and friends too, I hope," Frank broke in warmly; "but they are all well at De Walden Court."

"All!" the other repeated, with the same strange tone and look.

"Yes, all. At least, I left them so this morning." He paused, and grew very pale, suddenly recalling Anita de Walden's sor rowfully spokenwords-"The shadow comes nearer and nearer, and it means harm to those I love, or to me."

Had that wild, dreamy terror been prophetic? Had harm come in any strange and terrible shape to the graceful girl wife or her gray haired lord? His heart throbbed with an unselfish dread as he said hurriedly-

"Oh, what is it? You speak of them, I know. Is my uncle—is Lady de Walden

There followed a brief pause—then Mr. Verner asked sternly— "Is there no one else at de Walden

Court?" "The lad-little Georgie? Yes; but surely it is not he who-

"Is dead? It is," Frank stared at the speaker almost incredulously. It was so impossible to asso-

ciate the grim and terrible idea of sudden death with the bright faced noble little lad who had trutted beside him through the De Walden meadows twenty-four short hours He could still feel about his own the close clasp of the fat baby fingers, could hear the merry rrattle of the babyvoice, and meet the frank glance of the baby eyes that were as clearly blue as the summer heavens. Something rose in his throat with the recalled remembrance, and almost choked him, while tears of which he was all unconscious rose thickly in his eyes. Oh. it is horrible—it "Little Georgie!

seems impossible!" he cried at last, while Essie cried softly at his side, partly in pity suffer any one to touch the child until Sir for the little lad who was but a name to her, partly in sympathy with her lover's

"Horrible indeed!" Mr. Verner said with a strong shudder. "Mcre horrible than death in its ratural shape can ever be, for the child was murdered!"

E sie ect oad the word with a shrill scream and May herself, trembling violently and sister's side.

But Essie did not see her, or feel the touch of her cold hand; she had eyes and thoughts only for Frank, who seemed literally stunned by what he had heard, and stood staring stupidly before him. Lord Crexford was the only person sufficiently master of himself to take in the full terror of the situation, and venture a question

'Sir George de Walden's son is killed, you say?" he asked, turning his gold rimmed glasses keenly on Mr. Verner's face, and speaking in the slow sensible tones that seemed to introduce a reasonable element into the phantasmal borrors of some hideous "Well, that's very terrib'e, of corree! But, pardon me. why use so shocking a word as 'murder' here?

May flashed one passionately grateful glance at the lover who was so little wont to shine with an independent lustre, and wordered wrat cratorical outburst could equal in effect that plain and pregnant

But Mr. Verner, wiping the great drops of a merial terror from his wrinkled forehead, shook his gray head despairingly as he answered the young man-

"Unfortunately, that is the only word to knotted round his throat."

A dead silence fellowed; even Lord Crox- came thick and fast. ford drew back, turning faint and giddy, and May felt the room whirl round so wildly that she caught at the nearest table for support; but Eseie clung to her lover still, though the face that grew paler and proud. her strained vision, and when he spoke his | den." voice sounded faint and far away.

stood like a rock before the man who he knew accused him in his heart.

any one of this foul crime?"

the proud agony of those keen eyes. "They say that—that the child was last

almost calmly, as, exhausted by the terrible on the lungs, and even the least experience in which his friend stood man dropped heavily into a chair drawn up | draining away.

"Oh, F ank, poor Frank!" May cried between ber passionate sobs. 'What maines

is this! What will you do?" "Go back to De Walden Court and mee my accusers face to face!" Frank cried, his gray eyes flashing with a dangerous flie, his clear cut features seeming to harden with every word. "I harm that innocent baby

He paused abruptly and tried to loose th little fingers that had clasped with such pitpassion on his own. Essie had not fainted; she had simply lost the power of speech or movement. She could only cling to the man whom fate seemed wreating from her, and try to speak to him with the dnmb agony of her eyes,

"Estie, my darling," he cried brokenlyfor her pain was the hardest of all to bear-"let me go, Essie! Be brave for my sake, and help me now."

The wdite lips stirred, but no sound came from them; the eyes questioned, implored, protested an undying love and trust; and Frank could still take comfort from them.

"Take her, May," he said, with an appealing look; and May drew her sister away -"take her and keep her for me. I must go at once to De Walden Court."

"And I will go with you," said Lord Croxford quietly. It was his way of showing his unshaken faith in his friend, and he did it in his usual prosaio fashion; but Frank and May Verner that way seemed the essence of chivalry, the one thing that could give them a gleam of comfort now.

"Yes, go, dear," the girl cried, with such eager grateful rassion in hersweet voice and shining eyes as set the young man's pulses throbbing. 'Go and bring Frank back to us, for Essie's sake, and m ne."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

It was a terrible story that the next day's paper set forth, a terrible story that May Verner read by her unconscious sister's side; and, reading it, the brave and loving gir almost felt that her heart might break.

Mr. Verner's report had been substantially correct. Ludy de Walden, following her husband's instructions, had instituted an instant search through the extensive grounds of De Walden Court. The servants. exploring in all directions, had found no trace of the missing child; but presently there had been heard scream upon scream issuing from the direction of the shrubbery, and all crowding there had found the unhappy mother clasping the murdered baby in her arms and frantically calling to Heaven to give her back her child.

They were stolid, unimpressionable folk who looked upon that scene of utter agony; but not one among them will forget it till his dying day. The baby figure had been so full of life and health an hour back, all rigid and dreadful now, the golden hair fleating back from the blackened swollen face and wildly staring eyes, the girl mother her really mad. They tried to take the little victim from her, for the burden was far behands ifercely away, and staggered back through the brilliant morning sunshine that eyes and on the pitifully altered face that lay | make?" upon her breast.

her feet, while the tears ran like rain down | was not thinking of himself or his own dig- demn."

She had placed poor little Georgie on her fresh burst of choking tears, She would not | but I come to tell you that Frank -- " appalling in the utter calm with which she kept her waiting watch; and by-and-by the alone with her dead.

And presently Sir George came in, his face gray with pain, the veins on his forehead swelling and standing out like knotted whip cord, his breath coming in great gasp very pale, drew instinctively nearer to her | ing sobs. He brushed past the pale and frightened servants who clustered together on the stairs and about the bed room door, and, going straight to the bed, gathered the pale little figure to his breast in a very agony of rage and pain.

"My toy, my Georgie!" he cried, his voice hourse with agony, his strong frame massive table; and his blood shot eyes shoae forward in the case was overwhelmingly seen there, were not regarded as food, shaken with the sobs that seemed to rend | with a cruel fire. his massive chest. "My little murdered

the only difference being that she suffered name. He is absolutely incapable of cruelty believed also that he must die. There seemed him to touch the child. Her eyes still blazed | to any one, and he loved your child." with the same flerce lustre, her hands were still locked in a rigid clasp. And for once Sir George had no thought,

Presently his voice rang out, a shrill harsh

"And this is his work, his vengeance—the coward, the-"

use. The poor child was found by his un- | broken through at last. Anita sprang to | Frank is innocent." tortunate mother this morning, strangled, her feet, and semething, a realizing horror. and quite dead, with the little sash the a comprehension that had not been in them nurse had tied on not an hour before tightly | yet, see ned to leap suddenly into her shining eyes; her rigid lips unclosed, her breath

"Whose work-oh, G.orge, whose

Sir George's gray face and tear reddened eyes were slowly raised.

er every instant grew also more indistinct to our darling-my nephew Frank de Wal-

Yet it was clear and even stern; and he passionately clasped above her head; her | dead!" voice rose in a shrill scream that echoed through all the house of mourning like the arms; even the anger died out of his voice, of the infantry soldier to ninety, ninety-five, "And do they suspect—do they accuse cry of a lost spirit, and brought the servants which became a mere wail of agony. For or even a full hundred pounds. This load pouring in pell mell. 'Not he-not Frank! the second time that day Lord Croxford felt was often carried at the rate of four miles an with a tighter grip, and looked away from | darling! No; it was-"

seen in your charge, that he stood in your forward upon her face. When they raised or heal in the presence of this tragic woe. the usual length of a day's march. her, face, dress, and hands were deluged His faith in Frank was atterly unshaken; There are three wicks to the lamp of "That I murdered him?" Frank finished with blood. She had broken a large vessel but the plain fierce words had shown him man's life—brain, blood, and breath. Press

monumental figure in her perfect and perfect calm, slowly breathing her life away; and, before the evening and child so craelly perted have had met again on the immortal shore.

The two young men had gone straight from Mr. Verner's house to the railway station; reach De Walden Court, for Frank was arwho had him in charge was naturally any the prosent at least, to ious to place a prisoner so important in immediate mie-keeping.

position when he saw the significant gleam mind. He sighed involuntarily as he decid of steel in the detective's hand; but Frank ed this; and the sound attracted Sir George's restrained him with an imploring glance, and could only graw his blonde moustache, and and, for the first time, made some faint atfeel savagely miserable and helpless. "It must have come sooner or later,"

eyes gleamed with a feverish brightness, and know, at I know now, his shameful his handsome face was very pale. "But I guiltwish-I wish I had seen Sir George.

me guilty?" Croxford broke in, with all the roughness of spoke with a resolute effort. "One question genuine feeling. "You guilty, Frank! I more. I must tell all that has passed would as soon believe in my own guilt.

and the other went on hastily-Of course, I will act as your deputy, and poor mother, does Lady de Walden share bring my report to-morrow. Keep up your your conviction of his guilt ?" spirits, old fellow. These mad mistakes can never last long, you know; and-and Heaven bless you, and good-bye!"

hearted young Viscount hurried away, hor- a cruel laughribly ashamed of the tears that dimmed his glasses and were an honor to his manhood, if he had had but the sense to see it.

It was late when he arrived at De Walden Court; but only the faintest glimmer of light broke through the massive ivy-grown frontage of the great house. The vast entrance hall was all in shadow, and the kindly messenger, already sufficiently depressed felt bis heart sink lower and lower as stood in that gloomy ante-chamber, awaiting Sir George's permission to come in. It was hard to get and long in coming,

and only obtained at last by a desperate use of Frank de Walden's name. Lord Croxford winced to see how even the man who took his message and ushered him finally into Sir Geerge's presence stared and colored angrily at the sound,

tion by the sound of a harsh querulous voice. | den for a murderer. "Well, sir, you have thrust yourself upon

ed and blessed before."

Lord Croxford was silent. Not all his faith. pity for the misery maddened man before him could keep the angry blood from his blue eyes lighting with the fire that gave face, the angry sparkle from his eyes as he her worn young face a strangely spiritual listened to that cruelly unjust speech, but, look. "We know that; and we know that by a mighty effort, he did keep back all angry words; and his silence wrought the other to

"Is that your news? Is Frank de Wal- groan aloud in bitterness of heart. He no den in safe custody?" he broke out violently longer controverted the innocence, though striking his hand with cruel force upon the his reason told him that the evidence brought products of the sea; the few birds mo

Even this did not move Anita. She heed ford answered, with a sort of bitter calm. derer—the cruel destroyer of an innocent ed him apparently no more than she had | "Frank has been arrested for a crime which helplese child. heeded the servants as they came and went, | it is simply monstrous to associate with his

roar of a wild beast in fiercest pain. no word, no look, for her. She suffered, of who robbed him of his heritage, who stood such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's to his place, taking refuge between the such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's to his place, taking refuge between the such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's to his place, taking refuge between the such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's to his place, taking refuge between the such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's to his place, taking refuge between the such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's to his place, taking refuge between the such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's to his place, taking refuge between the such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's to his place, taking refuge between the such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's to his place, taking refuge between the such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's to his place, taking refuge between the such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's to his place, taking refuge between the such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's to his place, taking refuge between the such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's to his place, taking refuge between the such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's to his place, taking refuge between the such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's to his place, taking refuge between the such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's to his place, taking refuge between the such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's to his place, taking refuge between the such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's to his place, taking refuge between the such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's to his place, taking refuge between the such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's to his place, taking refuge between the such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's to his place, taking refuge between the such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's to his place, taking refuge between the such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's to his place, taking refuge between the such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's taking refuge between the such h course she did! Was not his very heart | between him and his promised wife! No; memcry, and might be again, riven, his very soul on fire with a wild crav- | we were mad to trust the innocent creature

note that it had never known before mingl. Lord Croxford said, with a restrained pasing with its deeper tones and giving a strange sion that was full of dignity. 'I have known him as man and how and I known him as man and how and him as man and how surely as I know that the sun shines in the keaven, and you and I both live and breathe, that, whatever the evidence against him.

Even Sir George seemed momentarily impressed by the passionate conviction of the young man's speech. He stared stupidly into the shadows, then broke in with a harsh discordant laugh.

broken down under the unnatural you; but, for truth's sake, I must answer you stil. I do not know, I cannot goese, how She lay for some hours, looking like some the terrible chain that links Frank's name with this mest hideous crime forged; but I how that it

Lord Complord felt that it was un who was dont alike to reason and appeal, though he felt, with added pang, how ser Lord Croxford grew very pale, and rible this man's full conviction of his menifested an unexpectedly pugnacious dis- nephew's guilt would influence the public attention. He eyed the young man keenly, tempt to speak with reasonable courtery.

"I do not blame you, sir. Thinking Frank said, as they parted. He was won- you do, you are right to stand by your derfully calm and self possessed, though his friend in such a time as this. But when you

"Say rather when you know how great will go to him, Croxford, and say how I wrong you have done him, you will be glad grieve for my little cousin, for him, for-" that he had a friend," Lord Croxford said He paused suddenly, with a blank face; hurriedly. "That day will come, Sir George; then added slowly-"But how if he thinks but we shall never see the one of which you speak. Till then, good-bye." He moved "Then he is a fool for his pains," Lord towards the door, then came back again, and between us to Frank, and, Heaven knows Frank answered only by a grateful look; it will be a bitter task | I would gladly find one gleam of hope to give him. Does the

Sir George stared, as though he hardly understood him at first; then the blood rushed hotly over the gray face, and the And, with a warm hand clasp, the good eyes emitted one vivid flash as he cried, with

"Yes, you can take some comfort to your friend-can tall him his cruel vengeance is complete-Lady de Walden is dead !"

### CHAPTER IX.

"Frank !"-"My darling !" It was a very worn and haggard fact that bowed itself over Essie Verner's dark head Confinement and watching and anxlety had stolen the healthy bronze from the clear skin and traced some sharp lines on the smooth brow-nay, even drawn some gleaming silver threads through the close crispness of the brown gold coris: but the eyes were still clear and steadfast, and the lips kept their brave sweet smile.

That smile, though she met it morning after morning when she and her sister paid their daily visits to the prisoner, fully com-The great library, in which the stricken mitted for trial as Frank was now, was alman sat, was as dark as all the rest of the ways a little more than May's nerves could house. Croxford could not see the bent stand; it always sent her to the grim unin the tragic majesty of an agony that drove shaking figure that raised itself from the curtained window that looked out upon the great arm chair at his entrance, nor the equare paved prison-yard-there to rage fierce swollen eyes that turned angrily to his fiercely and impotently against the cruel folly yond her strength; but she struck their | till his attention was drawn in that direc- of a world that could mistake Frank de Wal-

"And yet they will convict him!" the gleamed on her bare golden head and blazing my misery. What excuse have you to girl would cry from time to time, as the black and bitter waters of an utter despair | nature. Lord Croxford was certainly not accus- surged over her struggling soul. "There are "My lady, my lady; cry for Heaven's | tome to such an unceremonious style of only those who know and love to trust him sake!" her maid had implored, kneeling at | address; but he did not resent it now. He still, and it rests with the others to con-

her feet, while the tears ran like rain down honest ruddy face; but Anita did not even seem to hear her or feel the scalding late old man almost as much as for his integrated friend.

It was strange to see the transformation wrought in the character of the sisters by this time of cruel trial. It was bright brave this time of cruel trial. It was bright brave the character of the sisters by this time of cruel trial. It was bright brave the character of the sisters by this time of cruel trial. "Forgive me, Sir George"-he spoke, after May, hitherto the guide and leader in all own bed, and sat beside him, never moving a little hesitating pause, with infinite gen things, who broke down utterly now, who her het eyes from the poor little face that | tleness and unfeigned sympathy. "Heaven lost faith in the justice of man and the mercy the women could not look upon without a knows I would not intrude upon your grief; of Heaven, who was hysterical and miserably weak in the presence of her morbid "That they have taken him, that he is fears-gentle, timid, Essie who took up the George came home. There was something | caught?" Sir George broke in, his voice | burden laid upon her, and bore it bravely trembling, his eyes ablaze with savage ex- and patiently, who cheered her lover, father, ultation. "Tell me that and I will thank and sister in the moments of darkest desponwomen crept one by one away and left her and bless you, sir, as you were never thank- dency, and tried to chase then growing terrors with the light of her own serene

"Frank is innocent!" she would say, her the truth and justice must prevail at last." Whereat Mr. Verner would eye his favor-

ite child with sorrowful amazement, and strong; some instinct stronger than reason even if they were, could not have been "Yes, that last injustice has been done waged war with it and bore it down. the man you wrong so foully!" Lord Crox | He could not think Frank de Walden a mur-

But though he believed him guiltless, he no feeble link in that terrible circumstantial Sir George gave a cry that was like the chain that wound itself about him, dragging him nearer and ever nearer to the scaffold. "Loved!" he echoed savagely, "the child His death might be a judicial murder, but

ing for revenge on the coward whose ruthless in his power! We might have known what herror and remorse that broke down the Coming so late in the season they were big resignation meent." stern strong man, making him permaturely able to lay up enough honey to keep to lay the emotion "You might have known your nephew," old and feeble, seized from time to time on and they all died during the winter. known him as man and boy; and I know as them almost shun the man they were power- few hours later another and larger and perform and surely as I know that the area church in the "Whose work?"—the frozen calm was that, whatever the evidence against him, broken through at last. Anita sprang to broken through at last. Anita sprang to be seemed momentarily in the space between the walls and surance on the light beyond.

Even Sir George seemed momentarily in surance on the light beyond.

# (TO BE CONTINUED )

Physical superiority of the ante-Alexandrian Greeks to the hardiest and most robust "Whatever the evidence!" he cried with a nations of modern times, is perhaps best ilterribly mockery. "Your faith may be lastrated by the military statistics of Xenostrong indeed if it survive that test! Do you phon. According to the author of the "Anaknow, sir, that your friend took the child oasis," the complete accoutrements of the "Who but the one man had cause to hate out for a walk, a walk from which neither Spartan soldier, in what we would call of them returned, for he went straight to heavy marching order, weighed seventy-five London, and the boy-oh, Heaven, my little pounds, exclusive of the camp, mining, and "No, no!" Anita's hands were raised and helpless Georgie!—was only brought home bridge-building tools, and the rations of bread and dried fruit which were issued in His head sank forward upon his folded weekly instalments and increased the burden Mr. Verner held the chair before him Oh, Heaven, no! He would not harm my the tears rush blindingly to his eyes. He hour for twelve hours per diem, lay after drew a little nearer to the stricken man, day; and only in the burning deserts of She broke down there, with a strange, his kind heart aching with the burden of a southern Syria the commander of the Gregurgling cry, flung out both arms, and fell painful pity. He felt so powerless to help cian auxiliaries thought it prudent to shorten

"Forgive me, Sir George," he said almost minute, and out go all three of the wicks, against the table and bowed his livid face on And in truth she never recovered conagainst the table and bowed his livid face on his outstretched arms. "Thank you, Mr, accountes, never spoke agoin. The agony of a long lifetime had been condensed in to those few hours, and mind and hody had would not say one word to irritate or anger darkness."

And in trush and never recovered containing and presently was broken, and thrilled with the nervous agitation that possessed him—"for worlds I of fame, and all is used singulation, cold and would not say one word to irritate or anger darkness."

Comfort for Can't Get-Amp You can walk so comfortably in and have your choice of scats, as the be no disagreeable crowd, and no

Cirriages. You can study geography, and yourcelf so much, by engaging travelling friends to write to you to tel what they are seeing, and you can the

them-on the map. You will feel so much more coales watching over your own premier. of leaving them to servants, who will in tollowers, and perhaps set the hour

You will avoid those long, cold evenings in the country, and especially the sesside, when you are tired out get a book, and are ashamed to have and you can spend them in the com your own house.

You can fetch up such a deal of real which you have never had time to during the season, and besides, can rank ly set yourself to Spencer, Tyndall and of really instructive writers.

You can see a great deal of your parunpresentable relations, and ask the tea, and advise them as to the bringing. of their children, and otherwise dist the duties of consanguinity.

And you cannot think how much be you will enjoy a country holiday in 188 you omit taking one in 1884; besides a when your friends return to town, you position. have so much more leisure to listen to The Mount of S their narratives of travel, having none bore them with in return.

A gang of Italian laborers near Saraha were recently cut down ten cents a day I stead of striking, they cut an inch of mess, bigotry, ac shovel blades at night. The box at spects carelesenes what it meant, and one of the men realis "Not so much pay, not so much dirt all right, job last the more long. Italian fool like Irishman; he no strike,"

### Men Ignoraut of Fire.

I do not know of any but a single rea where natives of a newly discovered month did not know the use of fire: that one was on Island Fanua Loa, or Bodwitch's land, discovered on the 29th of Juntation; in short. 1841, by W. H. Hudson, of the Universal form to the States South Sea Surveying and Erple of full suggests fans Expedition.

Capt. Hudson relates: "The native noe, success; sever at first very shy of the boats; but the li waiians who were in them soon into them to approach, and to enter into hi and finally enticed them alongside the On coming rear they began a song or chi holding up the'r paddles and mak shouting 'kafilou tamatau.' They resemble the natives of Ostafu, or Dake of Yorkil laud, wore the same kind of mate, or shades and ornaments, and some were the The Mount of Mars ed in the same manner. Some, howen were tatcoad in a different style, being namented with a variety of arrows on forehead and cheeks. They were all find formed and manly in appearance, vi pleasing countenances that expressed go

"They were eage: enough for trade, a soon disposed of all they had to exhau The Mount of the few presents were made them, but all tof the palm, of inducements failed to entice them on box mus. This mount,

to be about six hundred souls, most of wh dwell in the town.

"There was no signs of places for com nor any appearance of fire, and it is believe that all their provisions are eaten m What strengthened this opinion was alarm the natives felt when they saw sparks emanating from the flint and sign and the emission of smoke from the mo of those who were smoking cigars."

The writer of this article was on be of Capt. Hudson's account of our interest uture health. with the natives, and also that they their entire food without cooking, but had the greatest dread of fire in any in the ray and health, an We saw no traces of charcoal or ashe long life. This their village or town, and we fully me stood them as to their food and how it street. taken. It consisted entirely of come reged, shows pain and pandanus fruits; fish, echini, and discusses. Cut ly obtained or relied on for supplies, population being large in proportion to parallel to the vit is'and's size.

# A Cheap Beehive.

E. L. Conger of Maple Creek has a contrard the Mount of swarms or bees which came into his the latter, some session under peculiar circumstances. A the Mount of the two years ago, late in the fa'l, a swarms, united with the The doubts and terrors, the ague-fits of going in through a knot hole in the side seets good memory, about a half bushel. They are now below the Mount of manent residence. The instinct of be palm between the t remarkable, but this is one of the street, usually terminal cases we have heard of for a long time.

# Fish-Eating Plants,

Prof. Baird, of the National M 1860III, received from England a specimen aquatic fish-eating plant, known a great bladderwort, which has been disco ed to be peculiarly destructive to fish. The plant is large, has no roots, floats free in the water, and its leaves small bladders which entrap the fish Twelve or fifteen species of the plat found within the limits of the States, and it abounds in the Fish mission carp ponds in Washington, hes been introduced at considerable and expense, having been heretafore ed as excellent fish food. Prof. Baird warn carpiculturists to destroy the wherever found, as he believes that lions of fry must be annually caught little bladder traps.

ecidedly De Greek pain in henor of the The Mount of \ samb, bound shows stron The fu Jonment-str. grace in mo to please, lo des cr dissipat while softne here paralle earable, while or The Mount of

ner pert of the This is the directs or piter favorably pride, self-re shows arrog otion, boastfulne ddle finger, when riousness, pruden ount smooth show dustry. In excess aimlesaness. vorable as it is cle nding lines, and u cross lines or e

hich show melanch

The Mount of Apo

ount of the Sun, is third, finger. Th e indicates taste a ndency to vividly One ascending line The Mount of Men ger, when favorable in and to communi versational power plomacy, deftness in al presence. In ex marked with unf ts pretension, dece palm, before the M

is full and favoral

ressive self-relianc

in of Mars, or holl d clear, shows the s way of endurance excess, foolhardine ak cowardice is sug ent show changeabl es a love of travel. he lines of the pa t in all symptems o the vital line rises at ween the thumb ar es the Mount of V or near the wrist. gests, indexes th ith, energy, recupe

this line favorably low condition of This line s suggests headache branches ascending erable ; descending e, showing depleting lines cutting the vi I to it, are unfavora The thought line b al line, and traverse the Mount

his line to the ideal smooth, gracefully eding upon the N three nearly equin this form show cole self-denial. to the edge of emotions, g abor, intense ime terminate apiter it indi

palse line un the Mount of mequal char d ernel," turn

case if the line bere