SUPPLEMENT TO

The Free Press.

UNLUCKY HUNTERS.

SUNDAY hunting cost William Blodgett, of Decatur, Ill., his left hand.

BRIG.-GEN. COOK, while out hunting near Schuyler, Neb., lost his way, and almost froze to death.

JULES WILLIMORE of New Memphis, Mo., ended his life while very young by careless handling a gun.

AN upturned boat with two dogs floating on it was all that was found of a hunting party of five men from Galveston, Texas.

WILLIAM RAY of Fort Smith took his gun by the end of the barrel, and the charge was transferred to his arm.

A CRIPPLE for life, with the contents of his shot pouch in both legs, James A. Parker, of Liberty, Miss., laments the hunting season.

AN Ottawa young man named Hamilton went home from a hunt with one leg torn to shreds. He was climbing a fence, when the trigger of his gun caught on a knot.

CAPT. JACOBS was about to shoot a sea gull while on board his schooner, off the mouth of the Chester River, Md., but he shot Henry Schroeder, a seaman.

THEY found the body of John Master, 17 years old, in a field at Morgantown, Ind., with a hole in his side. He had gone hunting early in the morning.

CAPT. HENRY STINES, of St. Joseph, Mich., pulled too quick when he caught sight of game, and his son carried the load of shot in the back of his head.

SAMUEL WILLIAMS, of St. Michaels, Md., 14 years old, pulled his gun from a boat, and now he would say nothing about his lost jaw if he could be assured that he will not lose his life.

HIRAM KINGMAN, of Rehoboth, Mass., raised his gun to shoot a partridge. His friend Charley West caught the charge in his forehead, and his wife and two children are now without a protector.

WHEN they found the body of David Watkins, of Decatur, Ill., who had gone hunting one hand was grasping the gun and the other the ramrod, and a full charge of buckshot was in his neck.

THE son and namesake of Senator Wade Hampton of South Carolina, contracted a disease that resulted in his death a few days ago, while deer hunting in Mississippi, and a deer hunt was the occasion of the accident which necessitated the loss of one of the Senator's legs.

Mishaps to Skaters and Coasters.

HENRY N. COLLINS, 14 years of age, of Voluntown, Conn., was drowned at Beach Pond while skating.

AT Longmeadow, Mass., three boys were drowned in the Connecticut River while skating recently.

EDWARD KELLY, 10 years of age, was drowned at [illegible] while playing on the ice of the canal.

ISAAC J. DODD, of Athol, Mass., while coasting, was struck by a "double runner" and injured so he will die.

WHILE coasting on Citadel Hill, Nova Scotia, two young men struck a barbed wire fence. The season is closed for them.

EMMET BAXTER, of Eaton Rapids, Mich., went fishing on Narrow Lake, through the ice. He caught a big string of fish, but lost his life.

IN attempting to jump on a peddler's sleigh, the little 5-year-old son of Landlord Archby of the Glen's Falls Hotel, New York, lost his life.

JOHNNIE GLEASON's slide down hill brought him under the heels of a passing horse, and the next sewing done in his home was by a surgeon on Johnnie's forehead.

THE 5-year-old son of a Mr. Lucas, of Deering, Me., while riding on a sled loaded with sand, fell off, and the sled passed over his legs, mangling them so that he died.

A CANADA belle, Miss Magenta Brodie, went through the ice into ten feet of water, and W. C. Alexander jumped in and saved her, but ruined his broadcloth.

THE six-year-old son of Alex. Stewart, London, while being drawn on a sled by a boy, was thrown under the wheels of a baker's waggon and killed.

IT is nearly three weeks since Frank Swarthout, of Wayne village, N.Y., went out on the ice on Little Lake with his skates and an axe. He is supposed to have fallen through.

JAMES AHERN was attempting to climb Prospect Mountain, Nevada, when his foot slipped, and he went shooting down the mountain, 250 feet. He was badly used up, but will recover.

SPRAINED wrists, barked shins, and peeled noses, are plentiful among the youngsters of Massachusetts. The 8-year-old son of Joseph Morands of Saunderville, had his skull fractured while coasting.

CLARK BLACKBURN, Patrick Hayes, and Hervey Donnelson, boys, fell through the ice in Union Park Pond, Chicago, and were rescued after nearly drowning by Mr. Shaw, who had gone to their aid.

MRS. DEVEREAUX, of Cassville, N.Y., saw her three children break through the ice of a mill pond. Unable to assist them, the mother was frantic, but they were all rescued, although in an unconscious condition.

A HARTFORD, Conn., mother, without thinking of danger herself, hastened to the rescue of her two children who were floundering in the river, having broken through the ice. She and her little son were drowned.

JOHN CALLAHAN and John Grady, each 11 years old, William McCarthy and Thomas Cunningham, each 13 years old, and all of Thompsonville, Conn., were drowned in the Connecticut River, near Pecowsic. Three of them were skating, and, breaking through the ice, the other went to their relief.

The Thrift of Europe.

The thrift of the nations of Europe, as exemplified by their savings deposited in the banks provided to receive them, is illustrated in an interesting series of figures prepared by a French statistician, M. de Malarce. It is a convenience to English readers to turn the francs of French currency into pounds sterling. The figures compare the years 1874 and 1878, and show that in that period the deposits through Europe rose from £280,000,000 to £380,000,000, an increase of 35 per cent. In the United Kingdom the largest amount deposited in Savings Banks is to be found—namely, £74,640,000; Prussia ranks next with £65,000,000, and Austria is close up third with £64,840,000. The French working classes, notwithstanding their sacrifices for the war, raised their deposits in the four years in question from £22,920,000 to £40,600,000, an increase of 93 per cent.; while the increase saved by their Prussian foes, although they had all the war indemnity in their pockets, was only 32 per cent. This is almost the lowest ratio of progress in Europe, as Italy's deposits grew by 46 per cent., and those of Austria multiplied themselves five-fold. In the United Kingdom the advance during these four years was only 15 per cent.; but, then, during the thirteen years preceding 1874 the increase had been 55 per cent. The most striking feature in this return is the progress made by Austria and France. Evidently there is a spirit of industry and economy abroad, which, if it was not thwarted by the military establishments, the conscriptions and the wars that press so heavily upon Europe, would accomplish wonderful things for the benefit of humanity.

FULL many a rose is born to blush unseen, and waste its fragrance on the desert air; full many a nip is taken behind the screen, and cloves and coffee, too, are eaten there.

Scriptural Scapegoats.

In a famous sanctuary an insurance secretary,
Very cool and calm and wary, heard his pastor preach and pray;
And this pious person wondered at denunciations thundered
'Gainst some wretches who had blundered, in a long forgotten day,
And had sadly gone astray.

Then he thought: "Our well-paid preacher, like a careful sort of teacher,
Speaks of sinners out of reach, or sins that may be out of date;
But he never hurts our feelings by unseemly, harsh revealings
Of the modern style of stealings, under which the rich and great
Rob the people of the state.

'Tis as it should be, surely; we are for religion, purely,
And can listen quite demurely to the oft-repeated tale;
For we have no part or lot in these old sinners, rank and rotten,
Who so scandalously got in scrapes that ought to fill the jail;
Cultured minds default or fail.

Some disciples have reported different duty that the Lord did
When he scorned the rich and sordid, and upheld the poor and meek;
When he scourged the money-changers, and explained to Jewish grangers
Points about the sort of dangers that will make the rich men squeak
When the heavenly land they seek.

But the present dispensation sees a vast exaggeration
In the harsh denunciation that is written as the Lord's.
Now the rich man is in favour, salt that loses not its savour,
When the marble-cutter's graver his successful life records,
And his heirs divide his hoards.

CARRIED BY STORM.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,

AUTHOR OF "A MAD MARRIAGE," "A LITTLE QUEEN," &c., &c.

PART III.

CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED.)

HOW JOANNA PAID HER DEBT.

But Joanna does not sleep, at least for hours. She is excited, she wants to be alone, to think. She has the room lately vacated by Livingston. Some relics of him yet remain—a glove on the table, a flower given to him by Leo, dead and dry on the window-sill.

It is of him she is thinking—he is rarely absent from her thoughts. He is coming to-morrow with his cousin Olga. He must not know, not yet, not yet.

In these dim plans of hers for the future, his figure does not appear. She tries to place him there, but she cannot.

A week with Leo, and already the abrupt mention of his name sends a flush into the dark, *mignonne* face. Is it so, then? And he?

She is the sweetest little blossom possible—a tender, gentle, adoring little heart, the sort to sit at her husband's feet, and worship, and see no faults. No, in the picture of the future, Joanna cannot fancy him, try as she may.

Next day he comes, and with him is Olga Ventnor.

Dr. Lamar is very busy in these days, and disease and death are very busy, too, in the Great Metropolis.

He and they do battle by day and by night, he has very little time to give them at home. Fever is spreading, and will not be stamped out, the weather is hot, damp, murky, oppressive, real fever weather, and in the pestilential purlieus many lie ill unto death these July days.

He is indefatigable in his profession, he seems to live in his carriage, he begins to look fagged and worn, strong and robust as he is, splendid in his flawless vitality. His mother grows anxious, and begs him to spare himself, but in vain.

Coming home on this sultry evening, tired, depressed, hungry, out of sorts, his mind filled with grim sick rooms, and the grim faces of poverty and disease, he sees a vision.

Standing in the parlour, alone, the fast light full upon her, dressed in some gauzy, silky robe, that floats like a cloud, softly over the carpet, her golden braids twisted coronet-fashion around her head, a diamond star flashing at her throat, he sees—Olga.

It comes upon him like a shock—a shock of rapture. He has not been thinking of her at all, and she is before him, a dream of light, of loveliness. He stands quite still, quite pale, unable for a moment to advance or speak, looking at her. It is she who comes forward, blushing slightly, smiling and holding out her hand.

"Are you going to swoon at my feet, Doctor Lamar? Do not, I beg—I would not know in the least how to bring you to. Yes, it is I in the flesh.—Olga. Shake hands and see. How unflatteringly amazed you look, to be sure! And yet"—with the prettiest of pouts—"you must have known I was coming."

"I had forgotten," says Dr. Lamar.

The words are not flattering, but he still holds her hand, and gazes at her as though he could never gaze enough.

"Complimentary, upon my word! But it is just like you all—out of sight, out of mind. Leo and your mother had not forgotten, sir! Men have no memories. Will you come in? The house is thine own—or do you mean to stand here indefinitely? You remind me of the staring country swain, who sighed and looked, sighed and looked, sighed and looked, and looked again. If you sigh and look into the dining-room it will be more to the purpose. Your dinner is waiting [illegible] over your prolonged absence, and the fowl that is spoiling while it waits."

She runs on gaily—she sees all the surprise, the admiration in his face, and she likes it. She is a hero worshipper, this fair, white Olga, and Geoffrey Lamar is her latest hero.

She does not understand very clearly, but for honour's sake he has given up a fortune, and gone out single-handed to fight with fate. He is a hero in that to this romantic young lady; he is working himself to death among the poor and suffering, heedless of rest or food, or comfort; he is a hero in that also. And it is a grand thing to be like that. She adores strength, bravery, unselfish deeds.

And—what a distinguished looking man he has become, but then he always had that *air noble* even as a boy, which she admires so much, and sees so seldom.

Dr. Lamar is off duty that evening, really off duty, and enjoys his home circle with a zest, a delight that is not untinged with pain. To sit and look at that lovely face is a pleasure so intense that he is almost afraid of it. Frank is there, near Leo. Mrs. Ventnor, too, is present, talking earnestly to Mrs. Abbott.

They have much to hear and say of the past five years, and once mutual friends. She and her daughter, with Frank, are stopping at the hotel near by—the bandbox villa accommodates but one guest at a time. That one, Joanna, is at the piano, playing softly—so softly that she disturbs the talk of no one.

(Livingston tries to be devoted, and turns the music) but she sends him away.

"I play from memory," she says, "or I improvise. It is my way of thinking aloud; and I like to be alone when I think. Go and talk—go and amuse little Leo," smilingly; "she hates to be alone."

So he goes, and thus passes off, the evening passes delightfully.

It is an evening Geoffrey, for one, never forgets. Olga is by his side; Joanna is playing softly, and a little sadly.

Is she happy? Her face tells nothing. The others are—he supremely so.

Outside there is the summer darkness, the stars, the whispering wind.

Yes, it is a picture he will recall to his dying day.

Miss Ventor has met Miss Wild, the vocalist, with some surprise, and extreme curiosity. And so she is Joanna?—really? How stupid of her, and Frank not to have recognized her at once. But she has so changed—so improved. Miss Wild will pardon her, she trusts, for saying as much. After all, she is privileged, being such a very old—acquaintance. May she congratulate her?—her voice is enchanting, she envies her whenever she hears it. How charming that they should all meet again like this. And so on—more than civil—gracious, indeed—quite the manner of some fair young grand duchess, so uplifted that she can afford to stoop and be sweet.

Joanna smiles at it all, not embarrassed, not overwhelmed, and responds very quietly. Olga does not dream—none of them do—the double secret she holds. Her manner to Livingston is so simply that of a friend. Still, he feels uncomfortable, and urges her to let him tell.

"Wait, wait," is all she will say. It is her answer to Geoffrey, too, when he reiterates his wish to make known her real position to the Ventnors.

"Oh, wait," she says; "time enough for all that."

And they obey her. She has a strong will, this gentle Joanna, and it makes itself felt. She knows her own mind, and adheres to it. She forms her own plans, and abides by them. She has great faith in time, and waiting, and patience to set the most crooked things straight.

A little, indeed, is revealed—she has discovered her mother, out in San Francisco, and Joanna is going to join her there next week. It is her intention to return with her, and make another brief visit to the Lamars.

After that—Livingston glances at her with a somewhat anxious face, but she smiles back at him with a brightness all her own. She has the brightest smile, the frankest laugh in the world—in her presence there is a sense of comfort, of peace, of rest. That subtle fascination of manner has its effect on them all, and her singing charms care from every heart. Mrs. Ventor is bewitched—Olga says so laughingly; she is ready to listen for hours if Joanna will only sing.

"I repeat it," Miss Ventnor says, "you have bewitched mamma, Miss Wild. She is under the spell of a musical enchantress. What sorcery is in that voice of yours, that you steal our hearts through our ears?"

This is very gracious. Olga goes with the majority, and does real homage to her old foe. The clear, noble face, the quiet, well-bred manner, the siren charm of voice, win golden opinions from her, fastidious as she is.

"I never saw anyone so changed as that—that Joanna," she says, half-laughing, half petulantly, to Frank; "she is a witch, I think! Even I cannot resist. There is a sort of charm about her—I cannot define it, but perhaps you can see—that compels one's liking in spite of oneself."

"And why in spite of oneself, Mlle. Olga? Why should one try to resist?"

"Ah! why? We were always antagonistic, you know. And so you can see it? Now, really you are sharper sighted than I took you to be. I thought you saw nothing but little Leo's *mignonne* face."

"What?" Livingston cries, conscience-stricken; "do you know what you are saying! Leo! What is Leo to me?"

"I do not know what Leo may be to you at this present moment," says Olga, coolly, "but if things go on she will be Mrs. Livingston to you before long. *Déjà!* we go fast, my friend. Your heart goes out through your eyes, it seems. And only two months ago he proposed to me! What a crushing blow to my vanity! As for little Leo——"

But the door opens, and little Leo comes in with Joanna, and the cousins part—Livingston covered with confusion as with a garment, and Olga's sapphire eyes laughing with malice.

The days go by; Joanna's week has nearly merged into two. They hold her by force, it seems; Mrs. Abbott's pleading eyes, Leo's pleading lips, Geoffrey's pleasure in her prolonged stay. The Ventnors are still here; Livingston is every day, and all day every day, almost, at the villa.

Dr. Lamar works as hard as ever, spares himself as little as ever, and begins to really look haggard and ill. His mother and Joanna watch him with anxious eyes, and what they fear comes to pass. Olga's hero goes down on his battle-field, but facing and fighting the foe until he falls, prostrate and conquered.

And then there are tears, and panic, and terror in the bright little household, and a sudden scattering of the happy circle. And in this hour Joanna comes forward to pay her debt, to pay it, if need be, with her life. She is calm and self-possessed, where all is dismay. She takes Livingston aside, and speaks to him as one having authority.

"Last night I spoke to Geoffrey," she calmly says; "he felt this coming on, and knew he could rely upon me. He wished to be taken to the hospital, but that I would not hear of. He wished me to go, but that was still more impossible. Then we decided what to do, and you must obey. You must leave at once, and take Miss Ventnor and her mother and Leo with you to Brightbrook, if you are wise; London is not safe. I remain with Mrs. Abbott. A professional nurse is coming, and his friend, Dr. Morgan, will attend. To obey is the only way in which you can help us, and with the help of heaven, Geoffrey will be restored to us soon."

"But, oh, Joanna," the young man cries out, "it may be death to you!"

She smiles; it is a smile that goes to his very heart.

"If heaven pleases, but I think not. I am so strong, so well, I have never been ill in my life, and I am not in the least afraid. I do not think that for me there is the slightest danger. But for your cousin and Leo there may be much. Take them away, Frank, and do not come here any more."

"I will take them away," he answers, "but as for not coming here any more——"

He does not finish the sentence; he turns to go. Then suddenly he comes back, and clasps her closely in his arms, and kisses her again and again.

"God bless you, my own darling—my brave, noble, good-hearted Joanna, and make me worthy of you in the time that is to come."

CHAPTER XVII.

"THE TIME OF ROSES."

Olga Ventnor and her mother and Leo are taken away. Not willingly, but rebelling, and under loud protest, [illegible] grief on Olga's. Her heart burns as she thinks of Joanna there in the post of danger by Dr. Lamar's side, and she here, selfishly safe and free.

But she says little. What is there for her to say? and maiden pride is very strong in Olga Ventnor. They see that she is pale, that as the days go on she grows thin as a shadow, that she wanders about like a restless spirit, that she listens breathlessly to the report Livingston brings daily, and many times a day.

For they have not gone; that would have been too cruel, and Frank hovers constantly about the villa, intercepts the doctor, waylays the nurse, and tries to catch glimpses of Joanna.

There are not many glimpses of Joanna to be had; she literally lives in the sick-room, she shares the nightly vigils, she snatches brief naps in her clothes, while she insists upon his mother taking her proper rest. No Sister of Mercy, no adoring wife, could have watched, nursed, cared for him, more devotedly than does she.

And the days pass—the long, sunny, summer days. Everything that medical skill can do, that tireless nursing can do, are done. And they triumph.

There comes a day and a night of agonised suspense, and waiting, and heartbreak—a night in which Olga Ventnor knows in her agony that if Geoffrey Lamar dies, all that life holds of joy for her will die too—a night in which Leo weeps, and Livingston roams restlessly, and Joanna watches, and waits, and prays.

And as the day dawns, and the fierce lances of sunshine pierce the darkened sick room, she comes out, white as a spirit, wasted, wan, but oh! so thankful. Oh! so glad. Oh! so unspeakably blessed.

Frank Livingston starts up and comes forward pale too, and worn, and thin. He does not speak—his eyes speak for him.

"Do not come near," Joanna says, remembering, even in that supreme hour, prudence. "Go home and tell them all to bless God for us. Geoffrey will live."

He goes and tells his glad news. Mrs. Ventnor and Leo cry with joy, and are full of outspoken thanksgiving, but Olga is silent. And presently she rises, feeling giddy and faint, and goes to her room, falls on her knees by the bed, and remains, bowed, speechless, motionless, a long, long time. And whether it is for Geoffrey she is praying, or—Joanna—she never can tell.

"I never thought to see it again, the dear old place. Nowhere in the world can ever seem so much like home to me as Brightbrook. It is good, good, good, to be back!"

So says little Leo, drawing a long, contented breath. She stands leaning against a brown tree trunk, her hat in her hand, the sunshine sifting down upon her like a rain of gold, flecking her pink cambric dress, her braided dark hair, her sweet-cut face, the black velvety eyes.

Those dark eyes gaze with a wistful light in the direction of Abbott Wood, whither she has not yet been.

Sitting in a rustic chair, near, Frank Livingston looks at her, thinking, artist-like, what an unconscious picture she makes of herself, and with something deeper, perhaps, than mere artist admiration in his eyes.

They are all here, the Lamar family, and have been for two days.

To Leo it is as though they had never quitted it. The villa, the village, the faces of Frank and Olga, everything seems as if she had only left yesterday. The gap of years is bridged over; she is rich and prosperous Leo Abbott once more. Only her old home she has not seen; she longs to go, but dreads to ask.

In an invalid chair, close by, sits her brother, very much of an invalid still, pallid and thin to a most interesting degree, and petted by all the womankind until Livingston declares in disgust the after coddling must be ten times harder for Lamar to bear up against than the fever bout.

Olga is an exception. Olga, now that she has gotten him safely here, feels a limitless content, but she does not "coddle." She watches the returning appetite, the growing strength, the gradual return to life and health, with a gladness and thankfulness words are weak to tell, but she pets not at all.

She treats him a trifle more tenderly, perhaps, than the Geoffrey Lamar, vigorous of strength and life, of some weeks back; but feel as she may, Olga Ventnor is not one to wear her heart on her sleeve for any man, ill or well.

She is a fair, a gracious, a lovely young hostess, full of all gentle care for the comfort of her guests; but Geoffrey is her mother's especial province, and to her mother she quietly leaves him.

It is rather against his will, truth to tell, that Dr. Lamar is here at all; but very little voice was given him in the matter—his faint objections were overruled by a vast majority, and he was *en route* hither almost before he knew it.

Colonel Ventnor had come for his wife and daughter, alarmed for their safety, and, finding the patient convalescent, had waited a few days, and abducted him willy-nilly.

The villa had been shut up, and the family are safely here, recuperating in the fresh, sea-scented breezes of Brightbrook, and Olga and Leo, at least, in their hidden hearts, supremely happy.

For Frank and Geoffrey—well, their roses are certainly not thornless. For Geoffrey, he finds himself yielding irresistibly to the spell of other days, and it threatens to be a fatal spell.

In those other days it was different—he might have hoped then—now hope would only be another name for presumption.

He has loved Olga ever since he can remember, it seems to him, and even when he thought her assigned to Livingston, had hoped, feeling confident of being able to hold his own with that careless wooer. But all that has been changed; in those days he was the heir presumptive of a very rich man; in these days he is a penniless doctor, able to earn his daily bread, and little more. And for all the best years of his life it seems likely to be so.

For himself he has quite made up his mind to it, has not been unhappy, though it was this feeling within him which made him break so abruptly with Marie de Lorme, but now—now, after this inopportune visit, after long days spent in her society, it will be different.

He can hardly love her better, and yet he dreads to stay. He will spoil his life for nothing, a hopeless passion will mar all that is best in him, a love she must never know of will consume his life, eat out his heart with longings and regrets.

Meantime Joanna speeds on by day and by night on her long journey to her mother. Her prediction has proved true; she does not take the fever. And the doctor tells them all that to her indefatigable nursing more than anything else do they owe Geoffrey's life.

"Thank her if you can, young man," Dr. Morgan says; "she never spared herself by night or day. But for her you would be a dead man this morning."

But Geoffrey does not even try to thank her—there are things for which mere words, be they never so eloquent, are a poor return. Others overwhelm her with tears and gratitude—his mother, his sister, Mrs. Ventnor.

Olga says little, but it is at her Joanna looks. She is very pale in these first days, with a tense sort of look in her blue eyes, but she holds herself well in hand, and even Joanna turns away disappointed, from that still, proudly calm face.

Only when they say good-bye does a glimpse of Olga's heart appear. She is the last to say it, and they are alone. She has held out her hand at first with a smile, and the conventional good wishes for a pleasant journey. Suddenly she flings her arms around Joanna's neck and holds her almost wildly to her.

"You have saved his life," she whispers, kissing her again and again. "I will love you while I live for that."

And she is gone.

Joanna looks after her, a glad, relieved, triumphant smile on her face.

"It is so, then," she says, softly, "in spite of all—in spite of pride. I am so glad—so very, very glad."

And now they are all here, and the five last miserable years seem to drift away, and the old time—"the time of roses"—comes back. Leo visits Abbott Wood to her heart's content, no one objects, and wanders sadly under the trees, and down by the blue summer sea, through the glowing rooms, speaking of her mother's refined taste, her father's boundless wealth.

Poor papa! Leo's tender little heart is sad for him yet. Here is the chapel, beautiful St. Walburga's, with its radiant saints on golden background, the crimson and purple glass casting rays of rainbow light on the coloured marbles of the floor, the carven pulpit with its angel faces from which Mr. Lamb's meek countenance used to beam down on them all. Up yonder is the organ where mamma used to sit and play Mozart and Haydn on Sunday afternoons. How silent, how sad, how changed, it all is now. Here is her own white and blue chamber, with its picture of Christ blessing little children, its guardian angels on brackets, her books, and toilet things, all as they used to be.

Here is Geoffrey's room, bare enough and without carpet, for his tastes were preternaturally austere in those day, with lots of space, and little else, except an iron bedstead, and tables, and chairs. And books, of course—everywhere books. And a horrid skeleton in a closet on wires, and a dismal skull grinning at her under glass.

Leo gets out as quickly as may be, with a shudder at Geoff's dreadful tastes. Her first visit leaves her very sad and thoughtful; she loves every tree in the old place, every room in the stately house, and it is never to be home to her any more! It is Joanna's, and, of course, she is glad of that. No good too good can come to Joanna; but for all that, it makes her heart ache. She may come to it as a visitor, but dear, dear Abbott Wood will never be home any more.

No one else goes, not her mother, not her brother; they drive in every other direction, never in that. Leo goes often, and frequent going blunts the first sharp feeling of loss and pain. Another sense of loss and pain, keener yet, follows this. What has she done to Frank? He is her friend no more; he avoids her, indeed; he is never her escort if he can help it. Sometimes he cannot help it.

Olga, in her imperious fashion, orders him to go and take care of Leo, and not let the child come to harm moving about alone.

Leo tries to assert herself, and summon pride to her aid; but Leo in the rôle of a haughty maiden is a failure. The sensitive lips quiver, [illegible] eyes grow dewy and deep, with tears hardly held back.

What has she done to make Frank dislike her? He used not to be like this. He used to be nice, and attentive, and polite. But it is so no more. He goes with her when he must, and talks to her after a constrained fashion, and looks at her furtively, and seems guilty when caught in the act. Why should he look guilty, and glance hastily away?

There is no harm in looking at her—Leo has a secret consciousness that she is not bad to look at. She cannot be entirely miserable over the loss of her old home, while she every day grows more and more miserable over the loss of her friend.

And the days go on, and the weeks pass, and the end of September is here.

They have heard from Joanna. Mrs. Abbott has had a brief letter—very brief. She has reached her journey's end in safety. She has found her mother, has taken her from the asylum, and, after a week or two of rest, will return. She sends her love to all. There is no more.

It is singularly short, and business-like, and to the point. She writes to no one else.

Livingston hardly knows whether he is sorry or relieved. He has asked her to write, but she has made no promise. In a fortnight she will be back, and then—— They will bear the announcement of his engagement better now then they would have done a month ago.

After all, it is as well he waited. All sing pæans in Joanna's praise now. He grows a trifle weary sometimes listening. It is all true, no doubt. She is a noble woman. He will never be half worthy of her at his best, but——

He look across at Leo, sitting, listlessly enough, in a garden chair, her hands lying idly on her lap, her *mignonne* face pale and spiritless, the soft black eyes heavy-lidded and tired-looking. The sweet, childish mouth has a pathetic little droop; she looks sorry, or lonely, or something.

He starts up impatiently, and goes off, angry with himself—his fate—all the world.

And now the Lamars begin to talk of going—Geoffrey indeed has been impatiently talking of it, and thinking of it, for some time, but has been met by such a storm of reproach for his unseemly haste, that he has had to desist. But against his better judgment, and now he will go.

His work awaits him. Dr. Morgan writes sarcastically to enquire if he has fallen into a Rip Van Winkle slumber up there in his sylvan Sleepy Hollow. He is perfectly well again, no plea of invalidism can be put forth to detain him, and his resolution is taken.

To-morrow he goes. His mother can remain another week, if they choose, while he has the villa put in order. They do choose, overwhelmed by the hospitable pressing of the Ventnors, and so it is decided.

The last evening has come. Leo is away on one of her long rambles, and, for a wonder, Livingston is with her.

It is the hour of sunset. Colonel Ventnor, his daughter, and Dr. Lamar linger on the lawn.

The lovely after-glow, the exquisite rose-light of a perfect September day, yet lingers in the sky; a faintly salt breeze comes fresh from the ocean, and stirs the sleeping flowers. On the lawn, at the other side of the house, the elder ladies sit, and, after a little, the colonel feels called upon to join them.

Then Geoffrey throws himself on the dry, crisp grass, rather tired after a long day's rambling, and Olga, with a smile, seats herself on a grassy knoll close by.

"I know you are used up, if you would but own it," she is saying. "I am, and do not mind confessing it in the least. Ten miles is as much as I ever want to do at once. I fear it was hardly wise of you, not yet fully strong, to go as far as you did."

"You will insist on keeping me on the sick list," he answers. "I believe I am as strong as ever I was in my life. I might have gone a week ago with perfect safety. My walk will do me no harm. And it is for the last time."

There is a pause. His voice is regretful—it is hard to go.

A little frown deepens between Miss Ventnor's eyebrows.

"I hate last time," she says, petulantly. "I hate saying good-bye. Every year I live, every friend I part with, I hate it more and more. They are the two hardest, most hateful words in the language. You must like it, though, you appear so desperately anxious to say it, and get rid of us."

He looks up at her. She is very lovely, but she is always that. Her hat lies on her lap, her delicate face is ever so little flushed, ever so little petulant, her blue eyes have almost an irate sparkle. She is dressed in pale blue, crisp, silky, cool, a cluster of pink roses in her breast, another in her hair. She looks all azure and roses, golden hair, and flower face.

He turns away his eyes, slightly dazzled.

"Do you believe that?" he asks, quietly. "That I am glad to go?"

"It looks like it, I confess. You have talked of nothing else but going ever since you came. And now you will leave us to-morrow, though the heavens fall."

"It would have been wiser if I had never come," he says, still very quietly. "It would have been wiser for me if I had gone the moment I was able. I did not mean to say this, but, Olga, cannot you see—do you not know the reason?"

"No, I do not," she answers, still petulant, although the deepening flush on her cheek tells another story. "I only know you are very perverse, and are longing to be off among your fever patients, and to catch it if possible over again yourself."

"Would you care if I did—would you care if I did?" he says, then quickly checks himself. "No," he says, "do not answer that question. I had no right to ask it—I recall it, and beg your pardon. I did not mean to say this much, Olga, to say anything, but having said it in spite of myself, let me say yet more. I love you, Olga, I love you with my whole heart."

There is a startling pause. Miss Ventnor catches her breath, but makes no other sign.

"Once I might have said this with something of a good grace," Geoffrey goes on. "That day has gone by. I loved you even then, Olga. I can recall no time when I did not. But the deluge came—the whole world changed for me; we parted, and I never thought to see you again. I did not forget you; I never could. You were the only fair woman in all the world for me; but I never wished to meet you more. That way madness lay. But who is stronger than his fate? You came; we have met; I am here—I am at your feet—I am saying this. My whole heart is yours. Perhaps it is written in the book of fate that I am to tell you this. It is presumption, I know. But I know, too, you will not look on it in that light. We have been such old friends, Olga, that you will listen, and pity and forgive."

Pity and forgive! And he asks nothing but that!

"I meant to go and say nothing." All this time he has hardly stirred from his recumbent position, hardly let a touch of the excitement that thrills him creep into his voice. It is the most passive-looking of love-making, and yet is full of repressed passion and fire. "I meant to depart and make no sign. But my love is stronger than my judgment. And after all it can do no harm. You can forget, and I will take my dreams with me, and feel the less miserable for knowing that you have heard and understood. If I were a rich man I would plead very differently. It is that I am so absolutely poor that gives me courage to speak at all. Despair, you know, is a free man—Hope is a coward. When we have nothing to hope for, we have nothing to fear. Say you forgive me, Olga, and are still my friend in spite of this."

"I will say it," she answers, with a great effort, "and if you wish—more."

He turns and looks at her, surprise in his face, little else. Certainly there is no gleam of hope. He has settled it so completely with himself that it is impossible she can care for him, that it is not for one faltering reply to upset his theory.

"Olga?" he says.

Her head is averted, her cheek is crimson, her eyes are downcast, her fingers pluck nervously at the tufts of grass and wild flowers.

"Olga," he says, again, and this time there is a wild, incredulous flash of delight in his eyes.

"Olga!"

"Oh," she breaks out, suddenly, "cannot you see! Why will you force me to speak? I will not speak!" with a flash from the great blue eyes.

She rises suddenly to her feet, and scatters a shower of pink petals over her lover, and over the grass.

"Olga," is all he can say, in his whirl of amazement, incredulity, of mad, new joy.

There is a struggle. Then all at once she stoops, and lightly as the touch of thistle down her lips rest on his forehead.

"If you can leave me—now," she says, flushed, frightened at her own temerity, breathless, laughingly, "go!"

As she speaks, she turns, and swiftly as a fawn flies, is gone.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW JOANNA SAID GOOD-BYE.

"I think it is odd," says Mrs. Abbott languidly, "and unlike Joanna. She never has whims. Why should she wish us to remain here, instead of going home, as we ought to receive her?"

Another week has gone by—nine days, indeed, and Leo and her mother are still the guests of the Ventnors. Geoffrey has gone back to his villa home, as per previous arrangement, to have it set in order for them, and resume his labours. One day longer than he intended he has stayed, and both families have been electrified by the wonderful news. And yet not, perhaps, so very greatly.

Colonel Ventnor glances at his daughter, and slowly smiles. In all his life he has never contradicted his darling—he is hardly likely to begin now. And he is not ambitious of adding wealth to wealth—she is, and will be always sufficiently rich. As the heir of John Abbott he certainly never would have dreamed of objecting to young Lamar; as a struggling young doctor he is not the less worthy of her.

He is no fortune-hunter, of that the colonel is well assured. And Olga loves him, his proud and imperious darling, whose heart no man hitherto has been able to touch.

He grasps Geoffrey's hand with frank, soldierly warmth.

"There is no man living to whom I would sooner give her," he says, cordially. "Fortune? Ah, well, fortune is not everything, and fortune is to be won by the willing. You are of that number, I am sure. If I fancied her fortune had anything to do with it, do you think I would listen like this? It is because I could stake my life on the truth of the lad I have known all his life, that I say yes so readily. Make her happy, Geoffrey—all is said in that."

Could anything be more delightful? Geoffrey finds the whole English language inadequate to his wants in the way of thanks. Mrs. Ventnor is charmed—the son of her dearest friend is the one above all other she would have chosen for her son as well.

One thing only is a drawback—the story that must be told, the one bar sinister on the spotless Lamar shield. But that cannot be told now, not until Joanna returns and gives permission. Something of it he drops, necessarily obscure, before he goes. No plans are formed for the present—it is understood that Colonel and Mrs. Ventnor will not agree to any long engagement.

"If you and Olga make up your mind to wait, while you win your way," he says, decisively, "it must be without an engagement. I will not have her fettered while you plod slowly upwards."

It is not likely under these circumstances they will make up their mind to wait.

Geoffrey goes, and Olga is petted to her heart's content. For Leo, she is in a seventh heaven of rapture, and for a day or two positively forgets Frank. Another sister, and that her darling Olga! Surely she is the most fortunate girl in the world.

And now here is Joanna coming back, has come indeed, and is with Geoffrey already.

"Wait until I join you," is what she writes. "I have something to say to you, my Leo, that I prefer to say there."

It is now late on Monday evening—to-morrow morning will bring her.

To-morrow comes. Frank is at the station to meet her, looking wan and anxious, as he has grown of late. Latterly his misanthropy, as far as Leo is concerned, has grown upon him; he distinctly avoids her. He is trying to be true, with all his might. If he could fly from danger, he would fly, but that is impossible. So he stays on, and does the best he can, trying to think a great deal of Joanna and her perfections. Whether she agrees or not, he means to end this as soon as she returns, and let the world know of their relations to each other.

He will not ask her leave, he will assert himself; he will simply tell. Then Leo will understand. They will be quietly married, and go away at once. And little Leo will forget—she is such a child—and be happy with some happier man.

The train stops, and a tall young lady, in a grey travelling suit, and pretty grey hat, alights. It is Joanna, looking well and bright, and almost handsome.

She smiles, and holds out her hand frankly at sight of him, but her manner is more that of a cordial friend than of the woman he is going to marry.

"How well you are looking," he says. "Your long journey seems to have given you added bloom, Joanna. You are as fresh as any rose."

"It must be a yellow rose, then," says Joanna, laughing, "and pale saffron bloom. I am sorry I cannot return the compliment. You are looking anything but well, Frank. You have not had a sunstroke, I hope, this summer?"

She speaks lightly, but her glance is keen, and there is an undercurrent of meaning in her tone. He flushes slightly, and flicks the wheeler lightly with his whip.

"Something rather like it, I believe. But I shall rapidly grow convalescent now that you are back. I have—we all have—missed you, Joanna, sadly."

"Thank you," she says gently. "That is a good hearing. I like my friends to miss me. How are they all? Well?"

"Quite well. No doubt you have heard the wonderful news. You saw Geoffrey?"

"Yes, I saw him—smiling—and really it was not such wonderful news. I did not faint with surprise when I heard it. But of course I am delighted, more than delighted. She will have the noblest husband in the world, and she is worthy of him. You are sure you feel no jealous pang, Frank?" laughing.

"Not one. I shall give my fair cousin my blessing on her wedding-day, with the soundest of hearts—where she is concerned. And your mother?" he says, shifting skilfully from what he feels to be dangerous ground. "You have brought her back safe and well?"

"Safe and well, thank heaven—almost as well in mind as in body. She might have left years ago poor darling, if there had been anyone to take her. Ah, Frank, I feel that my whole life will not suffice to repay her for what she has suffered. And as you know, she accepted me in a moment as her child, seemed to know me, if such a thing could be possible, and came with me so gladly. She can hardly bear me a moment out of her sight."

"You should have brought her down with you. It is unfair to leave her even for a few days now."

"A few days! My dear Frank, I return by to-night's train. Meantime she is with the professor and Madame Ericson. I have not come to stay. I have come"—her face grows grave—"on very important business, and part of it is with you. I must see Leo first."

He is stricken dumb. Their names in this conjunction! He grows quite white as he leans forward to look at her.

"Joanna, what do you mean?"

She lays her hand on his, kindly, gently, but very firmly.

"Not now, Frank—later. I must first see Leo. I want her to go with me to Abbott Wood this morning. I have a fancy for saying what I have to say in the dear, beautiful house that she loves so well, and where she—they all—were so good to Joanna. Mrs. Hill will give us lunch there. I shall not return to Ventnor Villa; and if, when Leo goes back, you will come in her stead, I will say good-bye to you as well."

She is smiling, but her eyes look dark and sad. He sets his lips—even they are pale.

"Good-bye! Joanna, what are you saying? There is to be no good-bye between us any more. You are mine. I claim you. I am going to announce our engagement. It is useless for you to object. I am."

"Ah, well," she says, wearily, "wait—wait until this afternoon at least. I am a little tired now, and—and dispirited, I think. I do not want to talk of it. Do you know," brightening suddenly, and smiling, "I met an old friend, by purest chance, in the streets of San Francisco. It was so good to see him, although I had every reason to be ashamed. I was ashamed, too," she laughs, and colours a little.

"Who?" he asks.

"George Blake—poor George! So improved, so brown, so manly-looking, and so prosperous. He is editor and proprietor of a daily out there, and doing well. I recognized him in a moment, but he did not know me. I stopped him, however, and made myself known—made my peace with him, too, I am happy to say. What a wretch I was in those days! I look back now and wonder if 'I be I.' You never saw anyone so glad as he was to meet me, and as for all the good-natured things he said about my changed appearance, and so on—but you would think me frightfully conceited if I repeated half. What is to the point is, that he has forgiven me, and forgotten me, so far as his old fancy is concerned. He is engaged to be married, and to quite a rich young lady. Is not all that pleasant news?"

But Frank Livingston is not very deeply interested in George Blake, or his successes, editorial or matrimonial.

He is filled with disquiet by Joanna's manner. He fears he knows not what. She laughs and talks lightly enough, but underneath it all he sees a resolute purpose, and he has learned to fear her inflexible resolutions. Why should she connect his name with Leo's? What does she suspect? He has striven hard to be loyal and true, but those deep dark eyes are not easily deceived.

The drive is not a very long one, but silence has fallen long before they reach the house.

Joanna is met, is welcomed by the Ventnors with flattering warmth, is embraced by Leo and her mother with effusion, and finally has an interview with the latter lady.

It is not lengthy, but Mrs. Abbott is very pale and grave when it is over, and there are traces of recent tears.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

USEFUL FAMILY HINTS.

IT is important in workshop manipulation to rememember that, if a piece of cast-steel be made red-hot and quenched in cold water, it will become longer, but, if the same operation be performed on a piece of wrought iron, it will become shorter.

BLACKING.—Mix intimately 1 pound of molasses, 1 pound of best bone-black in very fine powder, and ¼ pound olive oil; then add ¼ pound sulphuric acid, previously diluted with ¼ pound water. The whole is allowed to stand for three hours or longer, and afterward as much water is added as is necessary to give it the proper consistence.

BROWN BREAD.—Two cupfuls of sweet milk, two cupfuls of sour milk, into which put one teaspoonful of chemically pure soda, one cupful of dark molasses, two and a half cupful of rye or Graham flour, two and a half cupful of coarse Indian-meal, and a little salt. Mix thoroughly, and then put in a round deep pan, made for the purpose, 7 inches in diameter at the bottom, 7½ inches at the top, and 5½ inches deep. Cover the bottom of the pan with a piece of paper well buttered, or it will not come out. Then steam it over a kettle of hot water for three hours. Then bake half an hour in the range oven. It is very nice toasted the second day.

IMITATION EBONY.—To turn oak black, so as to cause it to resemble ebony, the wood should be immersed for forty-eight hours in a hot saturated solution of alum, and then brushed over several times with a logwood decoction, prepared as follows:—Boil one part of best logwood with ten parts of water, filter through linen, and evaporate at a gentle heat until the volume is reduced one half. To every quart of this add from ten to fifteen drops of a saturated solution of indigo, completely neutral. After applying this dye, rub the wood with a saturated and filtered solution of verdigris in hot concentrated acetic acid, and repeat the operation until a black of the desired intensity is obtained.

THIEVES' VINEGAR.—Take a large handful of lavender blossoms and the same quantity of sage, mint, rue, wormwood and rosemary. Chop and mix them well. Put them into a jar, with half an ounce of camphor that has been dissolved in a little alcohol, and pour in three quarts of strong clear, vinegar. Keep the jar for two or three weeks in the hot sun, and at night plunge it into a box of heated sand. Afterward strain and bottle the liquid, putting into each bottle a clove of garlic, sliced. To have it very clear, after it has been bottled for a week you should pour it off carefully from the sediment, and filter it through blotting-paper; then wash the bottles and return the vinegar to them; it should be kept very tightly corked. It is used for sprinkling about in sick-rooms; and also in close, damp, oppressive weather. Inhaling the odour from a small bottle will frequently prevent faintness in a crowd. It is better to make it in June. This vinegar is so called from an old tradition that during the prevalence of the plague in London the composition was invented by four thieves, who found it a preservative from contagion, and were by that means enabled to remain in the city and exercise their profession to great advantage after most of the inhabitants had fled.

COFFEE.—A correspondent asks for a receipt for making good coffee. An experience of fully 25 years' housekeeping enables us to furnish the reply. I buy a small quantity; two pounds Java and one-half pound Mocha, well mixed, say four parts Java and one part Mocha. The first gives flavour and the latter body. It should be ground just before using; made by percolation or filtering in a French biggin, using a heaping tablespoonful for each person and one for the coffee-pot. The water should be boiled but a minute or so, as too much boiling diminishes the strength of the water; pour the water upon the coffee in quantity as much as is necessary for the number of cups required. It is well to have the coffee-pot warmed before making, and allowed to stand on the range, where it will be kept warm, but not to boil. Have the milk warmed, not boiled, and the coffee served as nearly as possible after making. Now, with reference to the coffee-pot. We have sometimes found, even with the most scrupulous care, that the tin coffee-pots would become oxodized, which, although not hurtful, would impart a dead, metallic colour to the coffee, whereas it should always be of a rich, dark amber colour, perfectly clear. This is now obviated by using one of the new agatized iron ones. The particulars above given are all simple, still they are essential, and nearly any fair cook may observe them, and no doubt will, when she once finds that by so doing she may have a good cup of coffee. After a busy and fatiguing day of business, rounded off with a good dinner, topped off with a cup of coffee made as above, under its mellowing influences a man may with impunity be asked by his wife for a camel's hair shawl, or by his daughter for a seal-skin sacque, and if his purse is deep enough they will almost certainly have their requests. Many friends at my table have said, "How do you make such good coffee?" and now, with the above receipt, they say that they bless me daily.

Humours of Gambling.

Some Anecdotes of the Antagonists of the Tiger.

[From the Saturday Review.]

The bank of M. Blanc's time was not the impersonal thing which we presume it is to-day. There was a whole legend about the eccentricities of M. Blanc. Once a ruined player forced his way into the bedroom of the banker and asked for 10,000 francs. M. Blanc replied that he must consult his partners. The gambler then locked the bedroom door and began to hammer a great nail into the wall. "What do you mean, sir?" asked the old man in a rage. "Why, I mean to hang you to this nail unless you open that bureau and pay the 10,000 francs," said the other, still hammering. There was nothing to be done but to pay the money. M. Blanc had his superstitions, like his patrons; and, when he was at Monte Carlo, playing "patience" all day, to judge by the results, how his other banks were prospering in Germany. He once played himself at Homburg. The day was very hot, and Mme. Blanc had come out into the garden without a sun-umbrella. She bought a very pretty one, which cost 4 louis, and M. Blanc, who hated paying away small sums, tried to win back the expense at the card-table. He would take his chair, which one of the servants hastened to offer him. He put down 2 louis on *noire*, won, then lost, after many losses took a seat, and staid at the tables till they closed. By that time the umbrella had cost 91,600 francs. From this veracious anecdote we gather that M. Blanc would have made a thoroughly bad gambler. A good gambler backs his good luck with courage, and leaves off playing when he is not in the vein. A bad gambler has no pluck when he is winning, but backs his bad luck with desperate tenacity. M. Blanc had all the courage of the Chevalier Du Barri, the worthy uncle of Mr. Barry Lyndon. The usual maximum at the card-table is 12,000 francs, beyond which sum a player may not increase his stake. The great Garcia, that hero of Spain, found these limits (which make the fortune of the bank, for they stop all martingales or system of doubling) too narrow for his genius. He asked M. Blanc to let him raise the maximum to 60,000 francs, to which the banker courteously assented. In a few weeks the victorious Garcia borrowed a few louis from the bank to take him back to Paris. M. Blanc, if we may believe M. De Perrieres, to whom we owe much of this biographical information, had a genius for advertisement. In Monaco, as in many other towns on the Riviera, a rite is performed on Good Friday which draws great crowds, but too closely reminds the spectator of the Spring festival of Adonis in ancient Greece. M. Blanc seized the opportunity, and placarded Nice with advertisements in these terms:

"On Good Friday the bank will only take half of its usual advantages."

A place like Monte Carlo, full of money, and full of dupes, naturally attracts gentlemen who correct the errors of fortune in ways more or less ingenious. A certain Comte de Montvilliers has left a legendary fame. At Wiesbaden he found out a way of stopping the gas by which the rooms were lighted. He laid his plans well; in a moment all was dark, and the Count was off with an armful of banknotes, and as much gold as the ancestor of the Alcmaeonidæ carried from the treasure-house of Crœsus. Next night the rooms were lighted with lamps. Montvilliers, who was an intelligent bandit, changed his method. He managed to sneak under a divan in the room and stayed there when all the company and croupiers had departed. When all was darkness and silence he crept out, lighted a dark lantern, and uncovered the roulette table. With a pair of pincers he gently tightened the wires of all the red compartments so that the roulette ball could not easily enter them. Next day he backed black, and naturally with success. But a judicious croupier had marked the run on black, and examined the roulette wheel. Without saying anything he reversed at night the arrangement of Montvilliers, who next day lost all he had gained by resolutely backing his favourite black. Scoundrels who have not the nerve for these heroic measures watch the tables and sweep up the stray money of the unobservant. It has happened to us to detect an amateur thus removing our stake to another color, where the amateur proved unsuccessful. One of these scoundrels hit upon a really happy thought. A player had left a large sum of gold on red, when it was doubled and doubled again. Two louis rolled off, undetected by the owner, to the marked-off space called *carré*, where they prospered and became 24 louis. A thief who was looking on knew this, and the head croupier was also aware of it, and of the intentions of the robber. But the latter succeeded. Sidling up to the real owner of the money, he said: "Sir, will you do me a favour? I have 24 louis on the *carré*; I dare not take them up, for my father-in-law has just entered the room, and I have promised him that I will never play." The other bowed politely, raked in his own 24 pieces of gold, and shortly afterward presented them to the ingenious guardian of orphan moneys.

FACTS AND INCIDENTS.

A MAN at Marian Ind., chose a seat in the crotch of a tree, sixty feet from the ground, as the place to commit suicide by shooting.

A LIVERPOOL magistrate lately gave a pick-pocket a light sentence for stealing a lady's pocket-handkerchief, and animadverted upon the "stupid fashion" of wearing pockets behind to tempt thieves.

A MAN got angry in a discussion at Cooperstown, Ill., and shot at his opponent, but missed him and killed a bystander. Taking more deliberate aim, he fired a second time, and another spectator fell dead.

THERE is a perfect rage for fur in Paris. Ladies are wearing dresses of it, gentlemen caps, and trimmings for coats, and moreover, the latter are trying to bring in a fashion of a hundred years ago, and carry muffs when skating or walking. Once upon a time a small muff was recognized as part of a military uniform.

THERE was a day of excitement in the Ketter family, at Buffalo. Peter Ketter was a drunken scamp, and early in the morning he whipped his wife. Soon afterward she and his son drove him away from the house. He returned at noon, and shot Mrs. Ketter in the arm. She went to bed, where she lay until the middle of the afternoon, when he shot her again, causing a dangerous wound in the neck. Then he shot himself in the head. An hour later he fired another bullet into his head, and jumped into a cistern. Still neither is dead.

THE colossal lion of Belfort, designed by M. Bartholdi as a symbol of the courageous resistance made at Belfort at the time when Paris was besieged, has at last been relieved of all the scaffoldings and boardings that have hitherto hidden it from view. It now stands out with very fine effect against the front of the rock on which the chateau, or fortress, that overlooks the town is built. It is hewn out of immense blocks of stone of reddish colour, and produces an overpowering impression of gigantic size and strength. Nearly eight years have been spent in its execution.

ERASMUS DARWIN, the grandfather of the famous author of the Darwinian theory, was a physician of note in the last century, and among the country folk had the reputation of being a sort of magician. As a convenience to himself, he had—what was rare in those days—a speaking-tube leading from his study, and opening back of the kitchen fire-place. A countryman had brought a letter, and sat waiting for an answer by this fire, which had become very low, when suddenly he heard a sepulchral voice saying, as if from the depths of the expiring fire, "I want some coals." The man instantly fled from the house in mortal terror.