

RICHMOND HILL, THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1880.

Her Skeleton Found in the Den of an Enormous Blacksnake.

WEST UNION, Adams County, Ohio, June 22.—Ginger Lidge, a negro, stork upland, about six miles northward from here, is much excited over the killing of an enormous blacksnake which for several years has played havoc with the farmers' flocks. Hogs, poultry, calves, sheep, etc., have repeatedly disappeared, always at night. Two years ago a band of gypsies were camped in the neighborhood, and they were accused of stealing the missing property. John Rainforth, a farmer, who greatly suffered from these depredations, went on a warren, and captured a female snake. Anna and had several of them arrested. They had a preliminary examination, but nothing was proved against them, and they were discharged. They went away muttering threats of vengeance.

FORREST HOUSE.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

He had nothing more to do but to enjoy himself, and let others do so too, for that was his motto. ... He had nothing more to do but to enjoy himself, and let others do so too, for that was his motto. ... He had nothing more to do but to enjoy himself, and let others do so too, for that was his motto.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE LETTERS. The next day's mail brought four foreign letters to Rothsay, one for Everard, one for Josephine, one for Beatrix, and one for Walter Klyne. They were all mailed in Vienna, within two days of each other, and the one addressed to Everard was as follows:—

CHAPTER XLV.

THE NEW YEAR. He stepped from the car on 31st afternoon, elegantly habited in the latest style of Parisian coat, vest, and hat, with a band of ermine around the latter, and a gloved look upon his face as if he were taking good care of the dear little girl, dead so far away, and whose fortune he had come to take. With him was a sharp, shrewd-looking man, with round, bright eyes, which saw everything at a glance, and a decidedly foreign accent.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE LETTER FROM AUSTRIA. There had been some trouble with the clerks in the post-office at Rothsay, and two new ones had been appointed, and the old clerks had retired upon their day before. As he came from Dayton, he was a stranger in town, he knew very few people by sight, and was altogether ignorant of the name and antecedents of the beautiful lady, who, after depositing her letter, asked if there was any mail for a Forrest House. Half smiled with her beauty and her name Forrest, looked in Everard's box, where lay a letter not yet called for, as Everard had not taken it. The letter was folded and evidently been much crumpled with frequent handling.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE LETTER FROM AUSTRIA. "Yes, it is all very nice," she said to the doctor, "but I am frightfully tired, and nervous, too. I think I had best go to bed now, and let my maid fetch me a cup of tea tonight to my room, and not go down to dinner, if you'll excuse me."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE LETTER FROM AUSTRIA. "I know," she wrote, "but Aggie, I am far from being happy, and I want you here with me so much that I am sure you will come."

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE LETTER FROM AUSTRIA. "I have been hard and selfish, and wicked, and I know," she wrote, "but Aggie, I am far from being happy, and I want you here with me so much that I am sure you will come."

HUNGRY WORKERS.

Canadian Workmen Bulldozed and Swindled by Yankee Taskmasters. It will be remembered, says the Cornwall Reporter, that some months ago a couple of oily-tongued Yankees came around this vicinity for the purpose of engaging carpenters to go to work at Lockaway Beach. It will also be remembered that the man named Thomas Hayes, who drew us like the d---, that is, those of us who were Canadians. He knew we were bound to stay until 1st June. The grub he had was not fit for dogs, and it was thrown at us as if we were dogs.

THE NEW BRIG AT THE FORREST HOUSE.

Doctor Matthews had spent most of the winter in New York, but of Josephine's whereabouts little was known. She had been in New York, and Holburnton, and Boston, where she was the guest of Mrs. Arnold, with whom she had been abroad, and whose good opinion she had succeeded in retaining by telling a part only of the truth, and doing in a manner that Josephine had no claim upon him to be pitied rather than Everard. Mrs. Arnold was not a person who looked very deeply into matters, she chose rather to take them as they came, and Josephine had been very faithful to her and her interest while she had been abroad, and she was shocked and surprised when she first heard the story of the marriage. Josephine told it so well for herself as to make it appear that she had not been greatly in fault, and the lady believed her more sinned against than sinning, and invited her to the house in Boston, where she was stopping some where about the middle of March, when word came to the man in charge of the Forrest House that the doctor, who had already been gone two months and more, would remain away still longer, and that what he had returned to do was to accompany his wife, Mrs. Matthews was the letter did not state, but Beatrix readily guessed, and was not at all surprised when, a week later, she received a letter from Mr. Morton, who was still in Boston, and who wrote that he had been asked to dictate at the marriage of Miss Josephine Fleming with Dr. John Matthews, said marriage to take place at the house of one of his parishioners, Mrs. Arnold, April 15th, at eleven o'clock a.m.

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D. J. B. on Wilkes' Picnic at Bonds Lake.