[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

one accord Farnleigh fell foul of the unfortunate Mr. Stracey. This gentleman (smarting under the knowledge that if he wished to keep some proof engravings of which he had been extremely proud, he must pay for them) became quite apoplectic at last every time his late guest's name was mentioned. All that anybody managed to elicit from him was that he had met Ford in a theatre in Paris. Between the acts, and as a consequence some interchange of programmes and opera-glasses, the two had fallen talking; and Mr. Stracey having mentioned "old Starolyi" as a former friend of his, his new acquaintance declared himself to stand to that defunct nobleman in the relation of a son.

"Most imprudent of Mr. Stracey, I must say!" remarked, to Mrs. Damer, an elderly maiden, who, never having had any bouquets, was rather inclined to enjoy the denouement. "Myself, I was always convinced that this man was an impostor, were not you?"

"Honestly, I cannot say that my suspicions went so far as that. And Miss Tilney, I should think even yours were of recent origin," said Mrs. Damer, remembering how her visitor had moved Heaven and earth to have the Straceys' friend introduced to her.

"Not at all—not at all! I suspected him from the first. They say he will have twenty-five years penal servitude—Bless me! Dora, how pale you look. One would almost think—have you heard about Clarice Ferrers? Found out in a clandestine correspondence with this wretch. Madly in love with him, my dear Mrs. Damer! What the girls of the present day are coming to! They will be falling in love with murderers next. I always told Mrs. Ferrers that she should look a little more sharply after that pert minx, Miss Clarice. I am assured she used to meet this—he!—he!—forger, every night at the entrance gate of the Straceys' paddock, and in a month she was to have joined him in Guernsey. You have heard, of course, he left so suddenly because some grand swindling enterprise in Paris collapsed. No? then you have not read the papers? I will send them to you. They will amuse Dora. Good by, child. You are losing all your roses, and your complexion is everything to you. I should prescribe change of—he! he!—scene."

This is a specimen of what poor Dora had to endure, while the leaden weeks crawled on before Ford's trial—each hour in them being marked by some new agony in her long torture. How she lived through the pain, the infinite humiliation, she never knew. But she came out of the ordeal with a strengthened character and nobler aims. And, at last, her greatest sorrow was caused, not by the recollection of the love she had lavished on an impostor, but of the injuries of which she had been guilty toward a friend.

For the next two years Lestrange, working hard at literature in London, came but little to Farnleigh. His aunt and uncle, though full of pride in their turdily-born heir, were as fond of him as ever, and he was as glad as ever to be with them. But he was resolute to win his own way to fortune, and his efforts left him scant leisure for a country life.

Dora and he met finally at a dinner-party at the Straceys'. They sat next to one another at table, but did not find very much to say. She noted with a remorseful pleasure how gentle his manner was to her. He felt an emotion that surprised himself on observing that she was paler and graver, if lovelier than of old. After dinner, by accident they found themselves alone in the conservatory—that conservatory so odious to Dora because connected in her mind with "Starolyi." As she stood there a whirl of recollections assailed her. Lestrange was speaking. She did not heed him. A little disappointad, perhaps he was moving away, when the girl, desperately collecting her courage, said eagerly, "Please, stay?"

He turned, surprised at the agitation of her tone.

"Stay just one moment, Mr. Lestrange. I may not again have an opportunity; and I have so longed to be able to speak to you. Once, in that dreadful time, you were very, very good to me; and I was unjust and insulting to you. No, don't interrupt me, please. I must say it. I don't suppose you will care about my being sorry; that is not much good to you; but I am sorry, and I was so five minutes after I spoke those horrible words. And ever since I have wanted to tell you so, and to ask you to forgive me. And—do you think you ever can?" Dora, feeling that she had made the most idiotic speech possiblo, blushing and mortified at herself, put out two eager little hands.

"What would I not forgive you?" said Lestrange; and taking her hands kissed them.

"I congratulate you, my dear," some months later said Miss Tilney when Dora was engaged. "For do you know, I feared once that you were fretting for 'that Charming Count'?"—*The Argosy.*

COMIC BUDGET.

—Who would long for sport when he can go fishing in a sardine can?

—The girl who caught cold by drinking water from a damp tumbler is convalescent.

—If a man sitting on a chest is shot at, he would prefer, if hit at all, to be hit on the chest.

—"A woman needs a few thumps once in a while," candidly remarks a man suspected of murdering his wife to a coroner's jury in New York. "A little thumping will hurt no woman." We half suspect this man is going to be hanged, and that will do him good, too.

—Saturday *Review*: "We divide cooks into two classes—those who cook carefully but moderately well every day, but cannot cook artistically when there is a party, and those whose cooking is all that can be wished on any special occasion, but careless when the master and mistress are alone."

—Mark Twain makes an excellent suggestion for the safety of steamboat passengers. He would have every steamboat compelled to carry in a conspicuous place the following notice: "In case of disaster, do not waste precious time in meddling with the life-boats—they are out of order."

—Scene—Glasgow: A Tory and a Radical are engaged in a political discussion: Tory: "Well, Bob, whit's your opeenion o' Gladstin, noo?" Radical (scratching his head): "Well, Tam, the man hisna gotten muckle time yet tae pit a' things richt, bit a' the same, I thocht that I wid a been a gentleman before this."

—Dr. Bandenell Carter speaks of several children who were sent into a garden to work during one-half of the school hours and who outstripped those who studied during all the hours. He says also that some men die of stupidity artificially produced by neglect of talents with which they are endowed.

—London *Punch*: "Emily (playing at lawn-tennis with the new curate)—'What's the game now, Mr. Miniver?' Curate—'Forty—love.' Irreverent Gardener (overhearing)—'Did y'ever hear such impertinence! "Love," indeed! And him not been in the parish above a week! Just like them parsons!'"

—A horse dealer selling a nag frequently observed with much earnestness, that he was an honest horse. After the purchase the gentleman asked him what he meant by an honest horse. "Why, I'll tell you," replied the jockey; "whenever I rode him he always threatened to throw me, and hang me if he ever deceived me."

An individual at the races was staggering about the track with more liquor than he could carry. "Hallo, what's the matter now?" said a chap whom the inebriated man had run against. "Why—hic—why the fact is—hic—a lot of my friends have been betting liquor on the race to-day, and they have got me to hold the stakes."

—"Well, how do you like the looks of this varmint?" said a south-wester to a downeaster, who was gazing with round-eyed wonder, and evidently for the first time, at a huge alligator, with open jaws, on the muddy banks of the Mississippi. "Wal," replied the Yankee, "he ain't what yeow call a handsome criteer, but he's got a great deal of openness when he smiles."

—At two or three of the first class soda water stands the syrups most frequently called for are, first, vanilla; second, lemon; third, sarsaparilla; fourth, coffee. A great many people who do not like sweet syrups do not know that by asking emphatically for "sour" lemon they may obtain an improvement.

—A married man committed suicide in his room at a popular summer resort a few days ago. The provocation is not known, but it is supposed that his wife was unexpectedly summoned home, and left her husband behind to pack her trunk. There are some things a man can do as well as a woman, but packing a woman's trunk is not one of them.

—A corporal of a British regiment died suddenly the other day, and was forthwith carried to the hospital for the doctor to report on and verify the cause of death. This being done, the regimental orderly-sergeant appeared at the ante-room door, and standing strictly at "attention," reported it thus to the adjutant, "Corporal Williams properly dead, sir, and all correct."

—"Æstheticism and tea," says the London *World*, "sound innocent enough, yet a subtle kind of spirit seems to permeate society, an enervating lotus-eating sort of langour—a langour that leads us to prefer beauty to virtue, and the extravagant indulgence of the senses, worshipped with wondrous refinement and installed on the pedestal of art, to the calm counsels of common sense."

—A country chap came into an office uptown the other day, and looking at a telephone arrangement said, "Ah! I see you have a hello machine there!" He was told it was a telephone, and not a "hello machine," and he was very much vexed to think he had made a mistake, saying: "Well, I thought it was a hello machine because you always say so when you ring."—*Kingston Freeman.*

—"How did you like the hymns?" asked Charles of his cousin, as they left the church on Sunday. "One of them was just splendid," replied she, with enthusiasm. "Ah! which one?" "The one in the next pew with curly black hair and such killing black eyes. Oh! I think he was the most fascinating 'him' of all." Charley became too much confused to pursue the conversation any further.

—It must have been tremendously embarrassing to that nice young man out at the Bowling Green, who escorted the preacher's fair daughter to church on Sunday night, and arrived late, to hear the reverend gentleman read from the Bible as the couple marched up the aisle, "My daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." It would be hard to tell which felt the worst, the preacher, his daughter, or her escort.

—A little five-year-old friend, who was always allowed to choose the prettiest kitten for his pet and his playmate, before the other nurslings were drowned, was taken to his mother's sick room the other morning to see two tiny, new, twin babies. He looked reflectively from one to the other for a minute or two, then poking his chubby finger into the cheek of the plumpest baby, he said decidedly, "Save this one."

—At a billiard match: A delicate position presents itself, and the player essays to bring the balls into position by a tremendous six-cushion shot. D., who is a deeply interested spectator, leans forward to see the play, and receives the butt of the cue with great force on the end of his nose. He makes a horrible outcry, but the player turns to him and says, in a reassuring tone: "Never mind, it made no difference, I counted."

—A mother once sent her son, who was afflicted with a pair of "gleed een," into Edinburgh to get them straight. On coming home his mother said to him, "Jockie, my man, what did they do to your eyes?" "Look, see! mother," said the hopeful, "they took them oot after they gied me chloroform." "Now, how did ye ken they were oot?" asked his mother. "Oot," says Jockie, not to be done, "didn't I see them baith lying on the table."

—*Life*: "There is a movement projected for abolishing a certain type of social advertisement, which of late has been cheapened rather too ridiculously. Our old nobility, in short, have begun to recognize that a coronet on a carriage savors of snobbishness, and if good taste should get the upper hand over mere demonstrativeness the equipages of the aristocracy will be undistinguished by any significant symbol whatever, even the crest and arms being tabooed."

—A gentleman lately kept the following meteorological journal of his wife's temper: Monday, rather cloudy; in the afternoon, rainy. Tuesday, vaporish; brightened up a little towards evening. Wednesday, changeable, gloomy, inclined to rain. Thursday, high wind, and some peals of thunder. Friday, fair in the morning, variable till afternoon, cloudy all night. Saturday, a gentle breeze, hazy, a thick fog, and a few flashes of lightning. Sunday, tempestuous and rainy; towards evening somewhat calmer.

—When young Jeff first came to town his father told him that it would be polite, when being helped at dinner, to say to the host, "Half that, if you please." It so happened that at the first dinner to which he was invited a sucking-pig was one of the dishes. The host, pointing with the knife at the young porker, asked, "Well, Mr. Jeff, will you have this, our favorite dish, or a haunch of mutton?" Upon which, recollecting his first lesson, he replied, "Half that, if you please," to the consternation of all present.

—A little urchin of two and a-half years old was visiting at a friend's house, where he sometimes got a half-penny to spend on sweets, and attracted the attention of the inmates by putting the simple question, "What'll I buy?" One of the family asked where he intended to make his purchase, when he gave the name of the grocer next door. Then, thinking to bring him to the point at once, she asked where the half-penny was, and received the suggestive answer, "I haena gotten 't yet." The hint had its effect.

The Kington *Freeman* says there was an entertainment given up-town one evening not long since, which was voted "splendid," with 'heaps of fun," "delightful time," "exquisite," etc., and it seems their principal amusement was repeating very fast the following:

As I went in the garden I saw five brave maids,
Sitting on five broad beds, braiding broad braids
I said to these five brave maids, sitting on five broad beds,
Braiding broad braids: "Braid broad braids, brave maids."

—"It is unmistakable," says Dr. Holland, "that the tendency of modern criticism upon novels has been to make them petty and trifling to a nauseating degree. It is a lamentable consideration that the swing of a petticoat or the turn of an ankle, or the rapid utterance of a dandy, or even the delineation of a harlot and a harlot's disgusting life, shall be counted quite legitimate material for a novel, when the great questions which concern the life and prosperity of the soul and the state are held in dishonor and forbidden to the novelist as material of art."

—A man appeared before Judge H—— as witness. "Your name?" asked the judge. "Vell, I calls myself Fritz, but may be so, I don't know, it is Yawcup. You see, Mr. Chudge, dat mine moder have two little povs, one of dem was me, and the one was mine proder, and t'oder was myself; I ton't know which, and my moder she ton't know too, and one of us was named Fritz, and t'oder Yawcup, or one Yawcup and t'oder Fritz; I ton't know which it was, and one of us got died, but my moder she could never tell which it was me, or mine proder, who got died. So, Mr. Chudge, I ton't know whether I am Yawcup or Fritz; and mine moder, she ton't know."

—They were very fond of each other, and had been engaged; but they quarrelled, and were too proud to make it up. He called a few days ago at her father's house, to see the old gentleman on business, of course. She was at the door. Said he, "Ah, Miss Blank, I believe; is your father in?" "No, sir," she replied, "pa is not in at present. Did you wish to see him personally?" "Yes," was the bluff response, feeling that she was yielding, "on very particular personal business," and he turned proudly to go away. "I beg your pardon," she called after him, as he struck the lower step, "but who shall I say called?" He never smiled again. This was too cruel.

THE SEA LION'S CAPTURE.

A Cruel Struggle in Raritan Bay—The Animal Wantonly Wounded.

[From the New Brunswick Times, July 26.]

On Saturday forenoon last, as a party of amateur fishermen, quietly seated in a small boat which was anchored off the tail end of the bed in Raritan Bay, were individually cursing their luck they were startled by the appearance of a strange animal, which raised its head out of the water, about twenty feet from the boat, and gazed intently at the occupants, as if meditating which one of them he would choose for a dinner. At first it was thought to be a sea-serpent; its head, which was covered apparently with black, glossy hair, was larger than a mastiff's, which it somewhat resembled. The animal's large black eyes roamed from one to another, and it did not leave until one of the party, made bold by fright, picked up an oar and splashed it into the water. It then, with a roar, disappeared, swimming apparently toward South Amboy. Not a great while after this the same animal was seen in the Raritan River, opposite Florida Grove, and on Saturday night last, about six o'clock, it swam into the outside outlet lock of the canal fronting this place. As soon as this was perceived by the man in charge the lower gates were immediately closed and the animal was a prisoner, with no hope of escape. It soon appeared to realize this fact, and with graceful curves and sweeps darted almost quicker than the eye could follow his movements from end to end of the lock.

Mr. Richard Welsh, formerly harbor master, and now in charge of these locks, and who resides immediately alongside of them, was notified that they had caught "something." He immediately went to the place, and then, from all we can learn, commenced a scene that, if it had not been painful, would have been ludicrous. Those who assumed the direction of affairs seemed to be imbued with the idea that it was a ferocious animal, perhaps a Bengal tiger, who might possibly get out of the water and eat up all the children in New Brunswick. Long poles with sharp spikes were brought into requisition, and at every opportunity were stuck into the animal. A rifle was brought out and several bullets fired into it, until finally, after a series of exciting struggles on the part of Mr. Welsh and his assistants to kill and the poor animal to escape, it finally, as if convinced that it was useless to continue the fight, threw up, so to speak, the sponge, and swimming to the lower end of the lock and raising its head and part of its body out of the water, looked up with imploring eyes at its assailants, as if begging them to desist. While in this position one of the party raised a pike pole and with all his strength jabbed it into his body, after which a boat was lowered and a rope passed around the now passive and trembling creature, and he was dragged triumphantly out of the water. The whole struggle occupied over half an hour, and had attracted hundreds of spectators, who nearly all protested against the manner in which the men were proceeding.

As he lay on the ground it was seen that it was an immense sea lion, weighing at least three hundred pounds. He was badly hurt, one of his eyes being nearly knocked from its socket, while various wounds covered his body. He was afterwards dragged into a shed, in the rear of Mr. Welsh's residence, where he still remains.

The wonder is generally expressed that the captors should have tried so earnestly to kill such a valuable creature, as he was in a trap from whence he could not possibly escape, and whence his removal was comparatively easy.

SHARKS IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

(From the New York Sun.)

Capt. "Aleck" Robertson, a fisherman who is well known to frequenters of Fort Hamilton, L. I., had a hand-to-hand fight with a school of sharks yesterday afternoon. He had been out with two friends in his sailboat drifting about the Narrows, and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon had just tacked for the Bay Ridge shore, when his attention became attracted to a dark spot in the water of the upper bay. He said that the black object expanded rapidly while it moved toward the Long Island shore, irritating the water meantime and tossing it into miniature bits of foam that flecked an acre of the water's surface. He sailed rapidly towards the spot, and almost the instant that he saw that the disturbance was caused by sharks his skiff ran into the school. The sharks snapped angrily at the boat's sides, and lashed the water into a foam. One fish, larger and uglier than the rest, leaped toward the stern and crushed the back strip and rudder between its jaws. It appeared to be fully ten feet in length. The water seemed alive with black fins, which darted in all directions. George Morris and John Haffey, the companions of Robertson, rushed to the forward part of the boat. Morris had been sitting on the stern seat and narrowly escaped the bite of the infuriated fish. Robertson tore up one of the seats, with which the little craft was fitted, and used it effectively on the hard black snouts of more than one of the sharks. The breeze filled the sails and carried the boat steadily through the danger. Not until Bay Cliff was reached did the boat get clear of its pursuers and rest safely on the beach.

The presence of the sharks created a flurry of excitement in the flotilla of small boats that may be seen every Sunday, filled with expectant fishermen, around the ruined Fort Lafayette. The sharks passed these on their way up the harbor at half past two o'clock. There was a scamper to the other side of the fort, and a few came ashore.

"Sandy" Black, who is employed as a car driver on the Third Avenue (Brooklyn) railroad, was fishing in company with a friend, off Bay Ridge, when he encountered stray portions of the school of sharks. They had then advanced a mile above the Narrows. His fish-line was violently snapped, the bait, hook and all, being carried away. The second line thrown out caught a young shark about four and a half feet long. After a struggle he landed his prize. Again and again his lines were broken, but he replaced them with the stout lines of the rigging, and caught four of the fish. They are all about the same length. Three "bites" got away, and one nearly dragged him overboard. The captured sharks were viewed yesterday by scores of South Brooklyn people.

—A singular discovery was made in Paris during the alterations which are now being carried out at the general Post Office. In a panel near one of the boxes was found a letter, which had been posted exactly fifty years ago, and which by some mischance had got stuck in the panel instead of finding its way into the box. The letter was duly forwarded to the party to whom it was addressed, who, still more strangely, was alive and who received it safely. The writer, however, had been dead many years.

—Frederick, Prince of Wales, once honored Pope with a visit at Twickenham, who, expressing the most dutiful professions of attachment, gave his Royal Highness an opportunity of observing very shrewdly that Pope's love for princes was inconsistent with his dislike of kings, since princes may in time be kings. "Sir," replied Pope, "I consider royalty under that noble and authorized type of a lion. While he is young, and before his nails are grown, he may be approached and caressed with safety and pleasure."

REMINISCENCES OF NIAGARA.

Two Tragedies of Years Ago at the Great Cataract.

(From the Hour.)

More than twenty years ago Niagara witnessed a tragedy, which, while of a heart-rending character, was marked by an act of true heroism seldom equalled in grandeur. Mr. Charles Addington, a young man about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, was affianced to Miss De Forrest, both being residents of Buffalo. One day a happy party, comprising Mrs. De Forrest, Miss De Forrest, a younger daughter, Eva, a beautiful child five or six years old, and "Charley" Addington, as his friends were accustomed to call him, visited the Falls. They crossed the bridge to Goat Island, and, while resting under the trees, little Eva strayed away from the group and approached the bank of the narrow but deep and swift stream that rushes between Goat Island and the small island lying between it and the main American rapids, and was amusing herself by casting sticks into the water and watching them as they were whirled swiftly away. Mrs. De Forrest, alarmed for her child's safety, requested Charley Addington to go after her and bring her back. Charley at once proceeded to the bank, and, thinking to give the little one a fright, approached her stealthily from behind, and catching her under the arms, held her over the stream. The startled child threw up her little arms over her head and instantly she slipped through young Addington's hands and fell into the rapids. The realization of the horrible calamity must have come home to Addington's brain with the rapidity of the lightning's flash. He saw his rash act had cost the child's life—that only one desperate chance of saving her remained—that the world was at an end for him forever. Tearing off his coat, he rushed along the bank until he had passed little Eva, who was kept up by her clothing, then plunging in ahead of her, he seized the child and desperately attempted to throw her up on the bank. As he made the effort he fell back in the rapids and was whirled over the small fall that intervenes between the American and Horse Shoe Falls. Little Eva struck the top of the bank, but all power had apparently gone from her and she rolled back into the stream and was hurried to her dreadful fate. The mother and the sister stood powerless and paralyzed with horror while the tragedy, almost instantaneous in its action, passed before their eyes leaving its dark cloud hanging over all their future lives. Charley Addington had made a hero's atonement for his thoughtless and reckless act. His father—he was an only son—was in the habit of visiting the Falls once a week for years after the tragedy, and he would sit for hours gazing at the spot where his son and little Eva had met their deaths. He became well known at the Falls, and there were many who believed that he would one day voluntarily seek the same fate that his son, in his heroism, had courted. But his sad pilgrimage had no such ending.

An accident with very dramatic accompaniments occurred some few years after the sad event that cost Charley Addington and Eva De Forrest their lives. One morning soon after daybreak, the early risers at the Falls discovered something moving on a huge old log or trunk of a tree which for years had shown itself about the boiling rapids on the American side, having been caught by and become firmly wedged into the rocks on its way towards the Falls. Looking downward from the bridge, this log was and still is in full sight, in the fiercest part of the rapids, considerably nearer to the small island on the American side of Goat Island than to the American shore. The moving object was soon found to be a man, and it was evident that his boat had been carried over the Falls during the night, while he himself had miraculously been cast against the log, by which he had managed to stop his fearful rush towar l death. Despatches were immediately sent to Buffalo, to the Coast Life Saving Station, and Captain Dorr hastened to Niagara by a special train, carrying with him two metallic life-boats; and plans to save the man were concerted. But, before the arrangements were completed, the news had been spread abroad and many thousands of persons had reached the Falls by special trains. Goat Island, the bridge, the American shore, the roofs and windows of all adjacent buildings and the branches of trees were covered with anxious and horrified spectators. The first attempt at rescue was by means of a Francis metallic lifeboat, attached to a cable which was slacked off from the bridge opposite the log, and guided by strong ropes. The boat had not got far from the bridge when the fierce rapids seized t, turned it round and round, and appeared to be endeavoring to crush in its sides. The strong cable snapped like a whipcord, and the poor fellow who had been watching the effort made for his rescue saw the boat whirled past him and carried over the Falls, as if in mockery of his would-be rescuers. Considerable time was then consumed in deliberating on a new plan, and it was proposed to fasten a cable to some building on the American side, to carry it over to the island until it would sag near the log, and then to rescue the man by means of a basket hung on the cable by rings, and to be let down and pulled in by means of smaller ropes. The materials for this experience could not be procured, so at last it was decided to send down a strongly constructed raft in the same manner as the life boat had been launched, and if it reached the man in safety, to ease it over toward the small island, from whence his rescue would be comparatively easy. The raft was built, but it was four o'clock in the afternoon before all was ready. The day had passed without the flight of time being heeded. The excitement was intense. Men and women, who had stood for hours without food, were painfully agitated. The raft moved. It withstood bravely the wild assaults of the angry rapids. It neared the log. The man stood up and waved his arms. The raft came within his reach and he got on it, eat the food, drank the small quantity of weak brandy and water that had been put aboard, and fastened himself by the lashings which had been prepared and the intent of which he understood. Then the raft was cautiously and steadily moved toward the island, with its precious freight. The people shouted and many wept from over wrought feeling. Suddenly the raft came to a stand. The rope was taut! It had caught in a rock. To attempt to force it was to risk its parting, and the fatal consequences could not be understood. The poor victim semed to take in the situation and to grow desperate. He unfastened the lashings, stood up, made a spring from the raft in the direction of the island, and was in the foaming waters. Instantly he struck out for the island. He seemed to be a powerful swimmer, and thousands of men and women held their breath in horrified suspense. He appeared to near the island in his desperate effort. Then arose the cry, "He's saved! he's saved!" But suddenly those on the bridge, who could see more distinctly from their location, became aware that the space between the island and the swimmer's head was gradually widening. There was another dreadful moment of suspense, and then the unpitying rapids seized their pray apparently making sport of the efforts that had been resorted to, to snatch him from their grasp, twisted him round and whirled him along until they hurried him over the fearful precipice. As the poor fellow went over a singular effect was observable. The vast body of falling water curves over the edge of the Falls like a huge wheel; and as the body was shot forward by the force of the current, it seemed to leap completely out of the water, the feet being visible before it took the terrible plunge. The death-like silence that had fallen on the crowd was broken by a fearful cry—a sound mingling a wail, a howl and a shriek in one. Many strong men as well as women fainted. They had witnessed a tragedy more intense in its painfulness than any the drama could present and one not likely to be soon forgotten.

—Olive oil is adulterated with the oil of cotton seed in Southern Europe.

GIGANTIC TORTOISES.

When Darwin visited the Galapagos Islands he saw the relics, as it were, of a family of huge tortoises, which lived there in abundance a few years ago, and was able to verify many interesting facts which had been recorded by Porter in his "Journal of a Cruise made to the Pacific Ocean in 1813." Porter noticed the deafness of the huge creatures, and like former voyagers, was impressed with their enormous size, with the long necks of some, and with their quick sight and ponderous movement. He said that some of the tortoises captured by him weighed from 300 to 400 lbs., and that on one island they were 5½ ft. long, 4½ ft. wide and 3 ft. thick in the body. They walked with the body about a foot from the ground, and the females seemed to preponderate. It is quite evident from Porter's narrative that several kinds lived in the islands, those of one island differing from those of another, but all being of the same group of tortoises. He expatiates on the luscious and delicate food that the long-necked and small headed and other kinds produce, and notices their ability to last long without food. After Mr. Darwin's visit the progress of extirpation went on, and in eleven years Mr. Seeman, naturalist on board H. M. S. Herald, found that on one island there were no longer any tortoises, and that everywhere they had diminished in number. At the present time it is most probable that the gigantic tortoises are very rare where they were formerly so abundant. There were five species there a few years since. . . . Mosely states that some of these tortoises were on board the Challenger, and were fed on pineapples, a number of which were hung in the paymaster's office. The animals used to prop themselves up against a board put across the door to keep out dogs, and, unable to surmount the obstacle, used to glare and sniff longingly at the fruit. They moreover used to make their way along the deck to the captain's own cabin, where there was a store of the same fruit. The great tortoises are very fond of water, drinking large quantities, and wallowing in the mud. The large islands alone possess springs, and these are always situated towards the centre parts, and at a considerable elevation. Near the springs it was a curious spectacle to behold many of these great monsters; one set eagerly travelling onward with outstretched necks, and another set returning, after having drunk their fill. When the tortoise arrives at the spring, quite regardless of any spectator, it buries its head in the water above its eyes, and greedily swallows great mouthfuls, at the rate of about ten in a minute. The inhabitants say that each animal stays three or four days in the neighborhood of the water, and then returns to the lower country; but they differ in their accounts respecting the frequency of these visits. The animal probably regulates them according to the nature of the food which it has consumed. It is, however, certain that tortoises can subsist even on these islands where there is no other water than what falls during a few rainy days in the year.

CARE OF THE EYES.

The most serious trouble with readers and writers is, as might be predicted from their peculiar work, weak eyes We find that engravers, watchmakers, and all others who use their eyes constantly in their work, take extra care to preserve them by getting the best possible light by day, and using the best artificial light at night. The great army of readers and writers are careless, and most of them, sooner or later, pay the penalty by being forced to give up night work entirely, some to give up reading, except at short intervals under the best conditions, and now and then one loses the eyesight entirely after it is too late to take warning. Greek, German, shorthand, or any characters differing from the plain Roman type, make a double danger. The custom is to laugh at all warnings till pain or weakness makes attention imperative, and then it is often too late to avert the mischief.

Few comprehend the vast number we flippantly call a million, but it takes a million letters to make up a fair-sized volume of 500 pages, forty lines to the page, fifty letters to the line. A reader makes an easy day of reading this, but his eye must go over a thousand thousand letters! We can do no better service to readers and writers than to call attention to this great danger of failing to take the best of care, which is none too good for the eyes. Every tyro knows that he should have the best light for reading, should shun carefully early dawn or twilight; should always stop at the first signs of pain or weariness, etc., etc. Most know that the glare from a plain, white surface is very trying and that the eye is relieved by a tint. Recent experiments in Germany are reported to indicate some yellowish tint as easiest for the eyes.

Dark papers, inks that show little color on first writing, faint lead-pencil marks that can be read only by straining the eyes, are fruitful sources of mischief. So is bad writing. The bad paper, ink and pencils most of our readers will have too good sense to use. The type writer, which is coming into use so fast, is doing wonders in saving eyesight, both to writers and readers, and deserves all true praise. The intelligent public should so clearly show its disgust at the fine type, solid matter, poor paper, and poor printing which some book publishers and most periodicals, except the best, are guilty of offering, that no publisher would dare attempt the experiment a second time. The modern newspaper, which so many read in the cars and by gaslight, is one of the most fruitful causes of poor eyesight. We cannot control this at once, but owe it as a duty to protest stoutly against such printed matter, and, if possible, to refuse to tolerate it in any form more than absolutely necessary. Printed matter ought to be leaded. A size smaller type, with an extra space between the lines, is easier read than the size larger without it. As the leaded smaller size will contain fully as much matter to a given space, there is no reason why publishers should not adopt it, because it is quite as cheap.—*Library Journal.*

THE GAME OF CRICKET.

Cricket is by far the most favored of English games; it is the game of all others in which all English boys are, as a rule, eager to excel from the date of their first donning trousers. It is at once the most healthful, the most generally attractive; and those who have thoroughly studied it contend that there is no out-door pastime in the whole category of British sports which combines more science, head-work and energy. It has been written of by a hundred authors, and always in terms of praise. Lord Byron speaks of it as "cricket's manly toil;" Pope, as a game even for senators; and other authors state that "Nature designed us to sport and play at cricket as well as to eat and drink;" that "cricket is the game of least vicious propensity; it is economical, it is spirited, it is gentlemanly, and it is social;" that "cricket is, in fact, a pastime for all—peer, patriot, and peasnt; for the first its inducements are elegance, grace and dexterity; for the patriot, it is one of the few legacies left by our forefathers, still free and untaxed; and for the peasant it possesses all the charms that rustic emulation and hilarity can desire." Enough as to its character, which is universally admitted to be unimpeachable; let me now probeed briefly to trace its origin.

The origin of cricket is hardly as clear as those of its votaries who rejoice in ancient lore and traditions could wish. Those who have dipped deep into the records of the past are yet unable to prove from what germ the game of cricket has been evolved, some holding that it was a gradual improvement on trap-ball, others on bandy, others again on club-ball. At the commencement of the last century, it is recorded the game was played as follows:—

Wickets were pitched twenty-two yards apart, but were only a foot in height, and, according to some writers two feet in width. Between the stumps a hole was made in the ground large enough to contain the ball and the butt end of the bat. If in play the wicket-keeper could receive the ball from the field and place it in the hole before the striker, in running home, could place his bat there, the striker was out. The frequent collision of the bat with the wicket-keeper's hands, the latter of which must have suffered severly in cases of a near thing, led to the drawing a line nearly four feet in advance of the stumps, over which the bat had to be grounded. This is the popping-crease, and when this came into vogue the stumps were raised to the height of twenty-two inches, and limited to six inches in breadth, and the hole was abandoned, the wicket keeper having to put the wicket down, ball in hand, as now.—*Young England.*

THE LAST DEAL.

The Confession of a Reformed Gambler—A Sight that Made Him Swear off Forever.

"I never dealt again."

These words fell from the lips of a gentleman well-known in Leadville, yet few recognize in the elegant, easy-going man who now commands the respect of his fellow-citizens, the once cool-headed, imperturbable gambler, who in his day, figured prominently along the Pacific Coast, and was almost universally recognized as the shrewdest faro dealer in the West.

"As for the game's morality, that's neither here and there. When dealt upon the square it is much like any other game. It is not to be thought that the law will hinder men a bit if they want to play, and often they are forever cured of playing when they find it doesn't pay. I dealt the game for twenty years, but I've quit now. I made nothing nor lost anything, and, but for a sight I once saw, I should probably be a gambler still. Hereby hangs a tale. Let me tell it:

"Some three years ago I ran a high-toned game at a certain place you probably know, for it strikes me I saw you there. It was a square game, as I will leave anyone to say—a thriving game, for I dealt for half the bloods in town, and often I had as many as five lay-outs at a time, with too much business on hand to even get time to rest. One evening a young chap strolled in, with a sort of curious stare on his face, and I concluded right there that he was green. He was fair-headed, and had a pair of blue eyes and clear-cut features—an innocent looking young fellow if ever I saw one. It only required a glance to convince you that he was a stranger in the gambling room. He soon was at home, though, for I saw in his blue eyes the love of play, and after that evening he was a constant visitor. He played his pile right up and up and never growled if his luck was hard, and on every card he'd stack the limits up in blue. Take it altogether, his luck was hard—sometimes the hardest, I think, I ever saw. I've known him to lose at a single deal seven double shots.

"Business for me, of course, but somehow it almost seemed too bad. I couldn't say a word, though, and yet I liked the boy. He had lots of the filthy. I think from the day he began he must have dropped a cool $100,000 in the game, and he never growled.

"We both quit gambling the same night—he, poor lad, for sufficient reasons, and I, because I loathed the game. It was in this wise:

"His coin gave out in a deal or two, and he put up a diamond ring just to see his ill luck out, you know. The chip soon went. He had a pin, a flaming stone in massive metal. He passed that in without a word and drew $500 gold. So help me God! I wished him luck as heartily as any player there; but no, his last stack went my way on a losing ace. He drew $300 more, I think, on his watch and chain, and tried his line of bets again, but his luck was gone. My God! I'll never forget the pale, haggard look that crossed his face, but he was game. He never uttered a word, and kept his chair like a pillar of stone. For a moment he seemed dazed at his reverses, but suddenly his eye caught the thin, worn circlet of dull gold on his little finger. He looked at it a little while, and a dark wave of hot, crimson blood passed over his face, for this circlet seemed to cling even faster than the flashing gem he had passed in before. He at last stripped it off his finger and passed it to me. It came reluctantly, this worn, old ring. 'What can I get on this?' he asked. 'I don't know what it's value is, but I'll redeem it first of all.' It might have cost five dollars new, but it was worthless then. Still I passed out a fifty stack in return, just to let him try again. He planked it down in the pot, and then low upon the table he had his face upon his folded arms. Well, for a wonder his luck changed, and he won three times. He took no notice of me as I told him when the limit barred, and so we played two fifty on each card. Would you believe it? In the deal the pot won out and never lost! And still he lay with his face hid in his arms. The deal was out and I shook him up, but not a muscle moved, and, raising his face started back in horror at the glassy expression of his eyes, for the boy was dead!

"I've often wondered to myself since that night what thoughts went flitting through his brain as he bowed his head and hid his face from our sight, what pledges of a better life, regrets for a fortune he had thrown away with a lavish hand, and loathing of his irrevocable course. Who can tell? We can but guess at them, but may never feel. His face showed years of hell endured in that brief game, but it was not until the coroner's jury sat that I learned all. Before them was developed the fact that the ring which had changed his luck, as it did his existence, was one given him by his dear dead mother years before. Poor boy! I never dealt again."—*Leadville Chronicle.*

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

How a Little Child Was Run Over by a C. S. R. Train and Escaped Death.

An eighteen months old child of Mr. Harper, Essex Centre, was marvellously near being killed the other day. As Engineer Whitcombe, of the C. S. R., was approaching the station at Essex Centre with his train he noticed a child upon the track. He could perceive the little one, as he drew closer, clapping its tiny hands with glee to see the iron monster approaching. At once he signalled to put on the breaks, but he saw that the train could not be brought to a stand still in time to save the life of the child. Quick as thought he mounted to the railing round the engine, and was speedily on top of the cow-catcher. There he met with an obstacle which frustrated his humane intention; the bars of the cow-catcher were not wide enough to admit of standing room. The train had almost come up to the smiling child, and the engineer sorrowfully averted his eyes, knowing that his efforts had been fruitless. Next moment the child was struck, and propelled forward for a distance of about eight feet. The train then went on and did not stop till the whole length had passed over the spot. Then the engineer and train hands hurried back, expecting every instant to see the mangled remains of the little victim. But to their surprise and delight they found that the child had been thrown into one of the cattle guards, which contained about eighteen inches of water, and they picked the little one out, half suffocated, but still alive. Dr. W. E. Smith, was summoned, and upon examination found that no bones were broken. The front teeth were knocked out, a severe bruise was inflicted on the head, and several scratches on the face and body. But none of the injuries were of a fatal character, and the little one is now getting on all right.—*Exchange.*

—It is said that Sir James Mackintosh and Dr. Parr were one day riding together, when for some reason the horse became very restive, threatening to overturn the carriage. Dr. Parr was quite timid and said: "Handle him gently, Jemmy; don't irritate him; always soothe your horse, Jemmy. Just let me down; I am in your way, I fear." When safely on *terra firma*, however, the case seemed to assume different proportions. "Now, then," cried the Doctor, "now, then, Jemmy, touch him up. Never let a horse get the better of you. Touch him up, Jemmy, and I'll walk home."

WHAT TO DO IN VACATION.

For those who go to the seashore there can be no pleasanter reminder of their summer's work than a pretty collection of shells or pebbles or mosses and seaweeds. For the first two you must provide yourself with all the card board boxes that you can get together, and divide their interiors into counterparts of various sizes and depth ready to receive the different varieties of shells or stones. Then you will need a book on the subject, from which you may learn the names of your specimens, in order that you may label them as soon as they are stowed into their respective compartments. You will soon find beauty and interest in the commonest shell, and get to look upon them as friends, if you learn all about the names and ways of the little animals who lived in them.

For your mosses and sea-weeds you will need a book such as that used for an herbarium, in which you may gum your specimens as you would the pressed flower. Of course you know that if you pick up in your fingers one of the feathery, beautiful weeds which you have admired as it floats gracefully on the water, the delicate weed, so beautiful a moment before, will be but a shapeless, clinging mass in your hand. The way to preserve them in all their beauty is to put them into a pan of water, where they will soon