

WHEN THE FLOODS ARE OUT.

No change had come over Sir Philip Darrell's mind when he rode over from the Court to the Grange, with a mounted groom following, leading Zuleika, who was provided with new saddle and bridle. But Sir Philip had not done this for himself. "I will wear Ilma," he said to make her love me. "There was no such definite thought as yet, only the fierce defiance of the fate which forbade him to love, only the determination not to yield her, bearing him steadily onwards to the fulfillment of his duty from him."

Ilma was quite ready when the horses drew up before the door; and she came out to meet Sir Philip on the threshold in a close-fitting riding-dress and plumed Spanish hat that made her look, if possible, more winning than ever.

"I have not kept you waiting," said Sir Philip, smiling. "I am punctual, I think?"

"To the minute. I am only just down. You won't mind not seeing aunts, will you? She has a headache, and is not out of her room. I am sorry to hear that. I will be there when you are riding, which I am sure, if possible, it is in my room, I think?"

"I hope," said Sir Philip, as he led his companion out, "that Miss Darrell's headache is only a slight one?"

"Yes, thanks; it will go off presently. She often has them, she tells me, and they never last."

Sir Philip lifted the slender figure, and with practised skill swung the girl into the saddle as if she had been a feather's weight. "You do help one perfectly!" said Ilma. "Thank you, Sir Philip."

He smiled, and turning to the groom, took from him a dainty silver-mounted riding-whip, which he placed in Ilma's hand.

"Oh, Sir Philip"—the quick color rushing to her cheeks—"why will you be so kind? What is the perfect little beauty of a whip, which I am sure, by-the-way, I shall not have to use much! And the saddle and bridle are lovely. You have quite beggared me in words, but not in gratitude."

"You forget that, if gratitude were due to me for it, it would be more than cancelled by mine to you for the honor you do me in accepting my poor gifts."

With this gallant speech, Sir Philip vaulted into his saddle, and the two riders took the road to the Larches.

Sir Philip saw a moment that Ilma was a practised horsewoman. She sat on her seat well, and none but a skilful rider could have mastered Zuleika, who was completely under the control of the girl's firm but gentle hand. Ilma was equipped with the mare, and Sir Philip, after riding a little distance in almost perfect silence, said:

"I see you are mistress. I would not for the world have any but such a rider as you are mounted Zuleika."

"Was that," asked the girl, laughing, "a way you preferred to bring her with you?"

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and earnestly at her face, and saw that her color was a little heightened, and that there was a half-startled look in the large soft eyes; but that was all. He had struck too deep chord; or, if he had, she did not know it herself.

She was the transfer of the flowers; and the incident, trifling if itself, did not do it matter, but it was conscience-clear in this at least, and, for the rest, Ilma was by his side.

"And look," she exclaimed suddenly, "how well you have fastened the flowers, Sir Philip; they have not fallen out!"

Darrell's dark eyes flashed, and the firm hand on the bridle trembled a little; he spoke impulsively.

"Yes, if they fell, you would not care, Ilma."

She had not looked at his face, but started at the ring of his voice in his tone. Some-thing made her instinctively keep her head turned from him as he answered—

"But I should care indeed—*Les belles fleurs!*"

"Yes, *les belles fleurs!*" he said mockingly; then, wheeling his horse—"Now then, give rest to the horses, and let us go."

Zuleika needed no more. With a joyous neigh she tossed up her graceful head and dashed off. Darrell, who of course could have easily passed his young companion, kept at her side; and away they went over the free moorland with the breeze whistling past them and the hot sun blazing down. In the mad delight of that gallop Ilma almost forgot the pain Sir Philip's words and manner had given, and scarcely thought, but only felt, that half the happiness would be gone if he had not been with her when they parted;

but all this had been done without Job Heston's knowledge; for, like his ancestor, Job was not, humble miller though he was, one to be trifled with. He had been mad indeed to be so sure that the stars were on his side. His strong will rose to meet the great need of the moment, to hide the truth from Ilma. Yet even the quick command of feature which had become second nature to him could not, in the few seconds that elapsed, smooth away all sign of deep emotion, and Ilma's glance was keener now, too, to read his face.

"What is it?" she said hurriedly, pausing and leaning forward, with her large clear eyes full of trouble. "Is it—ah, forgive me!"

She raised her head and followed his glance, which seemed to answer her, towards the river. For a few moments she sat quite silent, listening to the roar of the water, her eyes dim with blinding tears; but her face was quite turned from her companion, so that he could not see it.

"Don't you know, my dear, I have been thinking of you ever since we parted. I am so glad that I have caused you even a passing trouble! But the sound came on me suddenly and unmoved me; for I was forgetting the shadow of my anxiety, and I was not, as you think, I suppose, there—there is Roland's shout! Shall we make a detour round the broken yonder and join them?"

Ilma made no answer, but silently loosened her bridle and rode off again. Sir Philip by her side, who had not spoken a word, but whose eyes were fixed on her, saw that she had not been with her when they parted;

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for such a leap," said Darrell, watching, with a certain sense of triumph, Roland galloping off; for he had had to himself now for a few brief moments of happiness. Doubtless Sabine would think he had urged the girl to leap on purpose, knowing that he could reach her and that the others could not. But what did it matter? He was conscience-clear in this at least, and, for the rest, Ilma was by his side.

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Ilma proposed that she should see it now. "But Sir Philip might not like," began the girl. Sabine laughed.

"My dear coz, you must not think that there is an active hatred on Heston's part against the Darrells, though I have heard that he bears them no good will; moreover, Darrell himself is too haughty to regard the hatred of inferiors."

Ilma however persisted in appealing to Sir Philip. He laughed.

"Your wish would be enough," he said gallantly, "even if I had any objection; and I have not indeed. There is Job Heston at the door, and Zeph feeding chickens outside."

Yes, there stood Job Heston, with folded arms, leaning against the door, and watching the advancing riders scrutinizingly, or rather watching Sir Philip and Ilma, for the horses were coming up the river bank all abreast at an easy trot, Ilma riding between Darrell and Roland.

Job Heston's gipsy descent was plainly marked on his face, and it was not a pleasant face to look at. Darrell, though certainly he bears them no good will; moreover, Darrell himself is too haughty to regard the hatred of inferiors."

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AROUND THE WORLD.

The Pullman Company is said to earn on each of 474 cars about \$180 a month. A society of Bohemian nobles intends to buy the old palace of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. They will present it to the Crown Prince Rudolph.

A bill to revive the whipping post for wife beaters is likely to pass in the Indiana Legislature. It limits the punishment to twenty-five strokes on the bare back with the cat-o-nine-tails.

The Associated Press is a great boon, as it is not only a source of information, but a repository in soft tones: "George and I had one all winter, but papa came in one night and George could take his arm away, and acted deplorably."

In the Lippe-Scheunberg forest at Turbau, in Hungary, a peculiar animal was recently shot, which was at first supposed to be a very peculiar kind of fox. It was, however, a wolf and a fox. Its form is that of a fox, but it has the color of a wolf.

Macon, Ga., is considerably exercised about a bull that has taken possession of a vacant lot near a school house, and makes the children's lives a burden to them. Macon has a large number of these bulls, and they roam the streets, but nothing is said about bulls. Hence these steers. The city fathers are gravely debating whether the bull can be abated on the ground that he is a nuisance.

Advices from Melbourne fully confirm the report that the much-dreaded phylloxera has made its appearance in the vineyards of Australia. A select committee of the Victorian Assembly recently paid a visit to the vineyards which are planted on the Barrapool Hills, and found the insects in great numbers. The vineyards were unmistakably smitten with the disease, the insects being visible even without the aid of a magnifying glass.

Annie Flag declined James Drugg's offer of marriage, at Front Royal, Va., and when he pressed for her reason, she said that she was in love with Noah Benford. This was understood to mean that she was in love with Drugg's vengeance upon his supposed rival. She feared the threat would be executed, and sent a letter of caution to Benford; but it arrived too late, for he was found murdered, presumably by Druggs.

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* says: "Let any one who has an attack of cold, or a headache, or a sore throat, or a warm it, and pour it on the wound, no matter how small, and relief will follow in less than a minute. Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold turpentine; it will give certain relief almost instantly. It is a very good and a very safe remedy for a cold. Saturate a piece of flannel with it and place the flannel on the throat and chest, and in every case three or four drops on a lump of sugar may be taken inwardly."

River fish in India are said to taste like boiled wool; but as it has hitherto been regarded as a delicacy, it is not surprising that the interior, Anglo-Indians had to content with boiled wool or dispense altogether with fish diet. Messrs. McIlhenny & Co., of Karachi, however, have ascertained the difficulty, and are now sending fresh mullet and trout to the interior. The fish, on being caught, are now suspended by twine in fresh water, which is gradually converted into solid blocks of ice three feet square and nine inches thick, which can be sent by rail for a thousand miles without melting.

The Boston Fish Bureau's report contains a table giving the number of larger vessels engaged in the fishery, and the quantity of fish caught during the year. The Massachusetts fleet numbers 376, New Hampshire 14, and Maine 859; total for New England, 579 vessels, with 6,069 men. The total catch of fish by these vessels looks up 647,426 quintals. It is estimated that the total catch of fish in the United States is about 300,000 quintals of fish in addition to the above, so that the entire New England catch may be put down at about 1,000,000 quintals, which, at a low valuation, is estimated to be worth \$2,500,000.

The Borough of Lunenburg, in Cornwall, is one of those which escaped the sweep of the Reform Bill. It has been regularly bought and sold, and is now the property of one of the oldest Roman Catholic houses in England, has gone into bankruptcy for losses on the turf, on which he ran his horses under the name of Sherborne. The petitioning creditor is R. Morris, one of a pair of Jew brothers of the name of Sherborne, who were racing that of bill discounting at the rate of 60 to 80 per cent. They began their career as crocheters in a gambling hell in Frederick street, Dublin, and making a lucky purchase there of an Irish horse, Chanticleer, won the Chanticleer and a large pot in stakes and betting. They then turned their attentions to London, where they have ruined a large number of young turf tyros.

A French contemporary has recently published a list by which it appears that during the year just passed there occurred in France twenty-two duels arising from political causes. Among these were several which may be termed journalistic, the parties including five editors, eight writers, and three directors. An English daily analyzing the list, points out that the editors were particularly unfortunate or clumsy, as they were wounded in four encounters out of five. Of the five cases in which contributors were engaged, three were successful, and one was a draw. From a political point of view, the democratic combatants were found to be the weaker party. There were only two fatal encounters. In the duel which took place on the 2nd of June, between the *Journal des Debats* and the *Journal des Etats-Unis*, the latter was killed; and in that between M. de Marsent, on the 23rd of November, the former was the victim. In two instances no blood was spilled, pistols being the weapons. M. Waddington fought with the editor of the *Journal des Etats-Unis*, and was victorious. The journalists make a very respectable show (or otherwise) in the duelling statistics.