SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHATER XXVIII .- (CONTINUED.)

" Read me Gambetta," Winifred said with quiet imperiousness. "I'll see if I like that

Hugh turned over his papers for the piece "by request," and after some searching a clean-written copy of his immortal threnody. He began reading out the lugubrious lines in a sufficiently grandiose and sepulchral voice. Winifred listened with careless attention, as to a matter little Hugh hesitated, and seemed half inclined snapped them up at once, and retailed them cleared his throat and rang out magniloquently:

The fair republic of our steadfast vows; brows:

Athwart her neck her knotted hair is blown. A hundred sities nestle in her lap, Girt round their stately locks with mural

crowns: The folds of her imperial robe enwrap

A thousand lesser towns. "" Mural crowns" is good, Winifred narmured satirically; 'it reminds one so vividly

corde." Hugh took no notice of her intercalary criticism. He went on with ten or twelve stanzas more of the same bombastic, would-

" He still shall guide us toward the distant

Calm with unerring tact our weak alarms;

And knit our sires in unity of soul; Till bursting iron bars and gates of brass Our own Republic stretch her arms again To raise the weeping daughters of Alsace. And lead thee home, Lorraine.

nie?" he asked at last triumphantly, with the air of a man who has trotted out his mortal Poet with a fad for electricity has looked unconcerned, and held his tongue world became for the twinkling of a eyen approached the mouth they looked about

"Think?" Winifred answered. "Why, I think, Hugh, that if Swinburne had never written his Ode to Victor Hugo, you would never have written that Funeral March for your precious Gambetta."

Hugh bit his lip in bitter silence. The criticism was many times worse than harsh; it was true; and he knew it. But a truthful critic is the most galling of all things. "Well, surely, Winifred," he cried at

last after a long pause, "you think those other lines good, don't you ?-

And when like some fierce whirlwind through the land.

The wrathful Teuton swept, he only dared To hope and act when every heart and hand, But his alone, despaired."

"My dear Hugh," Winifred answered | As soon as she was gone, Hugh rose from candidly, "don't you see in your own heart his chair and walked slowly into his own that all this sort of thing may be very well study, Gordon's " Electricity " was still in in its own way, but it isn't original-it isn't his hand, and his finger pointed to that ininspiration; it isn't the true sacred fire: criminating passage. He sat down at the it's only an echo. Echoes do admirably for sloping desk and wrote a short note to a the young beginner; but in a man of your | well-known firm of scientific instrument age-for you are getting on now-we expect | makers whose address he had copied a week something native and idosyncratic .- I think before from the advertisement sheet of Mr. Hatherley called it idiosyncratic .- You | " Nature." know Mr. Hatherley said to me ence you would never be a poet. You have too good a memory. "Whenever Massinger sics down at his desk to write about anything," he said in his quiet way, "he remembers above address, at your earliest convenience, such a perfect flood of excellent things other | your most powerful form of Ruhmt orff peeple have written about the same subject, Induction Coil, with secondary wires attachthat he's absolutely incapable of origin- ed, for which cheque will be sent in full on ality." And the more I see of your poetry, receipt of invoice or retail price list. - Faithdear, the more do I see that Mr Hatherley fully yours, was right-right beyond question. You're clever enough, but you know you're not original."

To such a knock-down blow as that, any him straight in the face, as tall and gaunt answer at all is clearly impossible. He only | and immovable as ever. On its roots, a womuttered semething very low to himself | man in a white dress was standing, looking about casting one's pearls before some oreature inaudible.

sit by the sea on the roots of the poplar."

script in a heap on the ground with a strong- How infantile! It was the gardner's wife, er expression than Winifred had ever before | in her light print frock, looking out to sea heard fall from his lips. "I hate the for her boy's smack, overdue, no doubt-for poplar!" he said angrily; "I detest the Charlie was a fisherman. - But it was intolpeplar! I won't have the poplar! Nothing | erable that he, the Squire of Whitestrand, on earth will induce me to sit by the pop- should be subjected to such horrible turns as lar !"

"How cross you are!" Winifred cried with a frown. 'You jump at me as if you'd he muttered low but hoarse between his snap my head off! And all just because I clenched teeth. You shan't have many didn't like your verses.-Very well then; more chances of frightening me!" I'll go and sit there alone. - I can amuse myself, fortunately, without your help. I've got Mr. Hatherley's clever article in this CHAPTER XXIX .- ACCIDENTS WILL HAPmonth's Contemporary.

That evening, as they sat together silently in the drawing room, Winifred engaged in the feminine amusement of casting admiring glanhim suddenly with a sigh, and murmured through the grounds at Whitestrand. far below among the glens and valleys. But half aloud: "After all, really I don't think A certain air of mystery hung over in wide level plains, where all alike is flat much of it."

bending over the book he was anxiously con- line, he told the people at the Fisherman's landscape for lightning to attack : every

sulting. bit like Mrs. Walpole's. After all, I don't | window.

got it, than I was before I had a gourd of approval on the electric light: it saves so ourselves shortly." my own at all to look at.' "

was far too obvious in its application not to on the other hand, needs no tending. It any better than all this foolish maundering sink into the very depths of his soul. He was near the poplar that Squire was going turned back to his book, and sighed inward- to put his installation, as they call the arly to think for what a feeble, unsatisfactory rangement in our latter day jargon; and he shadow of a gourd he had sacrificed his own was going to drive it, rumour remarked, by

room. "What's that you're studying so nobody knew; but the intelligent artisan intently?" she asked, with a suspicious had let the words drop casually in the course glance at the book in his finge.s.

worthy her sublime consideration. Hugh | for a moment to shut the book with a bang | freely with profound gusto to all after comand hide it away from her. Then he made ers. up his mind with a fresh resolve to bregen it "She sits once more upon her ancient throne, out. "Gordon's Electricity and Magnetism," A Phrygian bonnet binds her queenly holding the volume half-closed with his fore, and that the skilled workman in the enfinger at the page he had just hunted up. "I'm-I'm interested at present to some extent in the subject of electricity. I'm thinking of getting it up a little.'

Winifred took the book from his hand, his side to inspect or wonder at it. wondering, with a masterful air of perfect authority. He yielded like a lamb. On immaterial questions it was his policy not to resist her. She turned to the page where his finger of the stone statues in the Place de la Conhad rested and ran it down lightly with her quick eye. The key-words showed in some degree at what it was driving: "Franklin's by their side lay a queer apparatus, con-Experiment"-" Means of Collection"-"Theory of Lightning Rods"-"Ruhmbe sublime character, and wound up at last | korff's Coils"-" Drawing down Electric in thunderous tones with a prophetic out. Discharges from the Clouds."—Why, what no secret of his own personal and majesty. Small differences or tiffs are ly down next week to visis us.—There's burst as to the imagined career of some was all this? She turned round inquiringly. private intentions to the London work- forgotten and forgiven: the woman clings nothing like adverse opinion to improve The husband who shuffles betrays his cause. "We must put up conductors, Winnie," he said hesitatingly, with a hot face, " to pro-Train all our youth in saill of manly | tect those new gables at the east wing .-It's dangerous to leave the house so exposed. I'll order them down from London to-mor-

> answered in a breath, with wifely prompt trusive way he could easily manage. This lasted. titude. "Lightning never hurt the was the least obtrusive way. So this was Bards, you know, are exempt from thunder- Enough for him to take his orders and to fred buried her face deeper than ever on self, 'God's lightnings spared, they said, The job was odd: an odd job is always in-Alone the holier head, Whose laurels teresting. He hoped the experiment might screened it,' or something to that effect? prove successful. You're all right, you see. Poets can never get struck, I fancy."

"But 'Mr. Hatherley said to me once you would never be a poet," Hugh repeated with a smile, exactly mimicking. Winifred's querulous little voice and manner. "As my own wife doesn't consider me a poet, Wini fred, I shall venture to do as I like myself about my private property."

Winifred took up a bedroom candle and lighted it quietly without a word. Then she went up to muse in her own bedroom over her new gourd and other disillusionments.

WHITESTRAND HALL, ALMUDHAM, SUFFOLK.

GENTLEMEN-Please forward me to the HUGH MASSINGER, As he rose from the desk, he glanced half

involuntarily out of the study window. I pointed south. The moon was shining full Hugh answered her never a single word. on the water. That hateful poplar stared out over the angry sea, as Elsie had stood, for the twinkling of an eye, on that terrible Presently, Winifred spoke again. "Let's evening when he lost her for ever. One sego out," she said, rising from the sofa, "and | cond, the sight sent a shiver! through his frame, then he laughed to himself, the next, At the word, Hugh flung down the manu- for his groundless terror. How childish ! these. - He shook his fist angrily at the offending tree. "You shall pay for it, my friend,"

Squire and a strange artisan, whom he had natural lightning- conductors, or rather as ces'at her own walls, and Hugh poring over a specially imported by rail from London, decoys to draw aside the fire from heaven serious-looking book, Winifred glanced over went much about together by day and night from the towns or farm-houses that nestle their joint proceedings. The strange artisan and low-lying, human architecture forms for "Much of what?" Hugh asked, still was a skilled workman in the engineering the most part the one salient point in the Rest, where he had taken a bed for his stay church or tower with its battlements and "Why, of that gourd I brought home in the village; and indeed sundry books in lanterns stands in the place of polished knobs from town yesterday. You know Mrs. his kit bore out the statement-weird books on an electric machine, and draws down up-Walpole's got a gourd in her drawing-room; of a scientific and diagrammatic character, on itself with unerring certainty the desand every time I went into the vicarage I chokeful of formulæ in Greek lettering, tructive bolt from the over-charged clouds. said to myself: "Oh, how lovely it is! which seemed not unlikely to be connected Owing to this cause, the thunder-storms of How exquisite! How foreign-looking! If with hydrostatics, dynamics, trigonometry, East Anglia are the most apalling and desonly I had a gourd like that, now, I think life and mechanics, or any other equally abstruse tructive in their concrete results of would be really endurable. It gives the and uncanny subject, not wholly alien to any in England. The laden clouds, last touch of art to the picture. Our new necromancy and witchcraft. It was held at big with electric energy, hang low drawing-room would look just perfection Whitestrand by those best able to form an and dark above one's very head, and let with such a gourd as hers to finish the wall opinion in such dark questions, that the loose their accumulated store of vivid with," Well, I saw the exact counterpart new importation was "summat in the elec. flashes in the exact midst of towns and of that very gourd the day before yesterday tric way;" and it was certainly matter villages. at a shop in Bond street. I bought it, and of plain fact, patent to all observers equally, This particular thunderstorm, as chance brought it home with exceeding great joy, I that he did in very truth fix up an elaborate would have it, came late at night, after Hugh slept but little that eventful night; thought I should then be quite happy. I lightning conductor of the latest pattern to three sultry days of close weather, when his mind addressed itself with feverish hung it up on the wall to try, this the newly thrown-out gable-end at what had big black masses were just beginning to eagerness to so many hard and doubtful quesmorning. And sitting here all evening once been Elsie's window. It was Elsie's gather in vast battalions over the German tions. He tossed and turned and asked himlooking at it with my head first on one side | window still to Hugh: let him twist it and | Ocean: and let loose at last its fierce art- | self ten thousand times over-was the tree and then on the other, I've said to myself a turn it and alter it as he would, he feared it illery in terrible volleys right over the burnt through—burnt down to the ground? thousand times over: 'It doesn't look one would never, never cease to be Elsie's village and grounds of Whitestrand. Hugh Were the roots and the trunk consumed

artisan with the engineering air, who was the thunder had made itself audible in their | teally done for? Would any trace remain a in trimming and cleaning. Lamps are the Hugh groaned. The unconscious allegory | bugbear of big country houses : electricity, among quires and sheets, came at last upon life -not to speak of Winifred's and Elsie's. a tidal outfall. What a tidal outfall might By and by Winifred rose and crossed the be, or how it could work in lighting the Hall, of conversation; and the Ficherman's Rest

Still, it was a curious fact in its own way that the installation appeared to progress most he answered quietly, as unabashed as possible, easily when nobody happened to be looking on, gineering line generally stood with his hands in his pockets, surveying his handicraft with languid interest, whenever anybody from the village or the Hall lounged up by

More curious still was another small fact, known to nobody but the skilled workman petroleum from a London store were stowed away, by Hugh Massinger's orders, under the very roots of the big poplar; and that

eyesore to him, he said, with his usual frank but vague and unacknowledged. Had it my lifetime." ness-Hugh was always frank whenever yawned far wider, had it sonk far deeper, "Conductors! Fiddlesticks ?' Winifred to get rid of it, therefore, in the least obworkman nodded his head, pocketed his pay,

by the poplar and the London workman, pipes turned downward, never noticed a certain slender unobtrusive copper wire which the strange artisan fastened one knob on the very summit. The wire, howand coil terminated in a pile close to the four full petroleum barrels. When the London workman had securely laid the entire apparatus, undisturbed by loungers, he and saw him standing there, as if spellbound,

power for the purpose existed in the river. and it was also delivered with sedulous care | ignited and raised to flashing-point by the own presence. When the London workman went out again after making his carefully in huge rolling sheets and forked tongues of worded statement, he went out clinking a coin of the realm or two in his trousers' of the dry old tree from base to summit like so pocket, and with his tongue stuck, some. much touchwood. The poplar rose now one what unbecomingly, in his right cheek, as solid column of crimson fire. The red glow who should pride himself on the successful deepened and widened from moment to outwitting of an innocent fellow-creature. He had done the work he was paid for, and followed the thunder-clap seemed powerless he had done it well. But he thought to him- to check that frantic onslaught. The fire self, as he went his way rejoicing, that the | leaped and danced through the tall straight Squire of Whitestrand must be very well boughs with mad exultation, hissing held in hand indeed by that small pale lady, out its defiance to the big round if he had to take se many cunning precautions in secret beforehand when he wanted before they could reach the red hot trunk to get rid of a single tree that offended his and snapping branches. Even left to itself,

eye in his own gardens. The plot was all well laid now. Hugh had nothing further left to do but to possess his soul in patience against the next thun derstorm. He had not very long to wait. Before the month was out, a thunderstorm did indeed burst in full force over Whitestrand and its neighbourhood-one of those terrible and destructive east-coast, electric displays which invariably leave their broad mark behind them. For along the low, flat, monotonous East Anglian shore, where hills are unknown and big trees rare, the lightning almost inevitably singles out for its onslaught some aspiring piece of man's handiwork-some church steeple, some castle keep, the turrets on some tall and isolated manor-house, the vane above some

ancient castellated gateway. The reason for this is not far to seek. In During the whole of the next week, the hilly countries the hills and trees act as

surmised to be "summat in the electric ears. A pale light to westward, in the way," carefully examined, under Hugh' direction of Snade, attracted, as he real, roleum? any relic be left of the Ruhnkorff directions, many parts of the grounds o his passing attention. "By Jove!" he Induction Coil? What jot or tittle of the Whitestrand. Squire was going to lay out oried, rising with a yawn from his chair, the garden and terrace afresh, the servants and laying down the manuscript of "A Life's conjectured in their own society : one or two Philosophy' which he was languidly correcof them, exceedingly modern in their views, | ting in its later starzas, "that's something even opined in an off hand fashion that he like lightning, Winifred! Over Snade way, must be bent on laying electric lights on. Con- apparently. I wonder if it's going to drift servative in most things to the backbone, the | towards us ?-Whew-what a clap! It's servants bestowed the meed of their hearty precious near. I expect we shall catch it

The clouds rolled up with extraordinary rapidity, and the claps came fast and thick and nearer. Winifred cowered down on the sofa in terror. She dreaded thunder; but she was too proud to confess what she would nevertheless have given worlds to do-hide her frightened little head with sobs and tears in its old place upon Hugh's shoulder. "It's coming this way, " she cried nervously after a while, "That last flash must have been ! awfully near ue."

to burst all at once right over, their heads and shake the house with its irresistible majesty. Winifred buried her face deep in the cushions. "O Hugh," she cried in a terrified from their sailing directions. tone, "this is awful-awful!"

Much as he longed to look out of the window, Hugh could not resist that unspeken appeal. He drew up the blind hastily to its full height, so that he might see out to watch the success of his deep-laid stratagem; then he hurried over with real tenderness to Winifred's side. He drew his arm round her and sorthed her with his hand, and taid | were last evening." her poor throbbing aching head with a levin propria persona, that four small casks of er's caress upon his own broad bosom. Winifred nestled close to him with a sigh of relief. The nearness of danger, real or im-

carry them out faithfully to the very letter. Hugh's shoulder, and put up both her small time and again, with a jerky nod and their being appeared as if pervaded and overwhelmed with the horror of the lightning. evening, in the gray dusk, right up the deep-seated afterglow of alarm and terror. both his hands clasped hard in front of his | monument. ever, as its fixer knew, ran down to a large breast, and was gazing wildly out of the Induction Coil, E liott's Patent." The wire poplar !" he cried. "It's his the poplar ! str and." It must be terribly near, Winnis! It's hit the poplar l"

Winifred opened her eyes with an effort, reported adversely, with great selemnity, by the window. She dared not get up and on the tidal outfall and electric light come any nearer the front of the room, but, scheme to Hugh Massinger. No sufficient raising her eyes, she saw from where she sat, or rather crouched, that the poplar stood out, This adverse report was orally delivered one living mass of rampant flame, a flaring in the front vestibule of Whitestrand Hall; beacon, from top to bottom. The petroleum, -as perorders received-in Mrs.', Massinger's fire which the Induction coil had drawn down from heaven, gave off its blazing vapour flame, which licked up the crackling branches moment. Even the drenching rain that drops which burst off into tiny balls of steam the poplar, once ignited, would have burnt to the ground with startling rapidity; for its core was dry and light as tinder, its wood was eaten through by innumerable worm-holes, and the hollow centre of mouldering dry-rot, where children had loved to play at Hideand seek, acted now like a roaring chimney flue, with the fierce draught that carried up the circling eddies of smoke and flame in mad career to the topmost branches. But the fumes of the petroleum, rendered instantly gaseous by the electric heat, made the work of destruction still more instantaneous, terrible, and complete than it would have proved if left to unaided nature. The very atmosphere revolved itself into one rolling pillar of fluid flame. The tree seemed enveloped in a shroud of fire. All human effort must be powerless to resist it. The poplar dissolved almost as if by magic with a wild

rapidity into its prime elements. A man must be a man come what may. Hugh leaped towards the window and flung it open wildly. "I must go!" he cried. "Ring the bell for the servants." The gavage glee in his voice was well repressed. His enemy was low, laid prone at his feet, but he would at least pretend to some spark of magnanimity. "We must get out the hose !" he exclaimed. "We must try to save it !" Winifred clung to his arm in horror. "Let it burn down, Hugh!" she cried. "Who cares for the poplar? I'd sooner ten thousand poplars burned to the ground than that you should venture out on such an evening !"

with horror. Her words stung him with a ! sense of his meanness. Something very like a touch of remorse came over his spirit. He stooped down and kissed her tenderly. The next flash struck over towards the sandhills. The thunder was rolling gradu- ed; another high official is being banished ally seaward.

Massinger was the first at the Hall to beyond hope-or rather beyond fear-of ul know that I'm so much happier, now I've But in the domain at large, the intelligent observe from afar the distant flash, before | timate recovery? Was the hateful popla?

evidence of design would now survive to betray and convict him? What ground for reasonable suspicion would Winifred see that the fire was not wholly the result of acci-

But when next morning's light dawned and the sun arose upon the scene of conflagration, Hugh saw at a glance that all his fears had indeed been wholly said utterly groundless. The poplar was as though it had never existed. A bare black patch by the mouth of the Char, covered with ash and dust and cinder alone marked the spot where the famous tres had once stood. The very roots were burn ed deep into the ground. The petroleua. had done its duty bravely. Not a trace of design could be observed anywhere. The Rubmkorff Induction Coil had melted into air. Nobody ever so much as dreamed that human handicraft had art or part in the Even as she spoke, a terrific volley seemed | burning of the celebrated Whitestrand popiar. The "Times" gave it a line of passing regret; and the Trinity House deleted is with pains as a loss landmark

Hugh set his workmen instantly to stub up the roots. And Winifred, gazing mournfully next day at the ruins, observed with a sigh: "You never liked the dear old tree Hugh; and it seems as if fate had interposed in your favour to destroy it. I'm sorry it's gone; but I'd sacrifice a hundred such tree any day to have you as kind to me as you

The saying smote Hugh's heart sore. He played nervously with the button of his coat. "I wish you could have kept it Winnie," he said not unkindly. "But agined, rouses all the most ingrained and it's not my fault.-And I bear no malice. profound of our virile feelings. The instinct | I'll even forgive you for belling me I'd nected apparently in some remote way with of protection for the woman and the child never make a poet; though that, you'll comes over even bad men at such moments | admit, was a hard saying. I think, my The Squire himself, however, made of doubt with irresistible might and child, if you don't mind, I'll ask Hather-Hugh shuffled in an uneasy way in his chair. man. He paid the man well, and he naturally in her feminine weakness to one's work. Hatherley's opinion is more exacted silence. That was all. But he the strong man in his primary aspect as than adverse. I'd like his criticism on A explained precisely in plain terms what it comforter and protector. Between Hugh | Life's Philosophy before I rush into prints. was that he wanted done. The tree was an and Winifred the estrangement as yet was last with the greatest and deepest work o

That same evening, as is was growin possible -but his wife, for sentimental read the awe and terror of that supreme moment dusk, Warren Relf and Potts, navigating sons, had a special fancy for it. He wanted | would amply have sufficed to bridge it over, | the Mud Turtle around by sea from Yarat least while the orgy of the thunderstorm | mouth Roads, put in for the night to the Char at Whitestrand. They meant "Well, what do you think of that, Win- house yet, and it's not going to begin what he required done with it. The London seemed to surround and engulf the whole to walk across the fields, if the day provbest war-horse for public inspection, and has come to live and compose at Whitestrand. with trained fidelity. It was none of his one surging flood of vivid fire, one roar and in vain for the familiar landmark. At If anything, it ought to go the other way. business to pry into any employer's motives. crash and sea of deafening tumult. Wini- first they could hardly believe their eyes: to men who knew the east coast well, the disappearance of the Whitestrand hands to her tingling ears, to crush if possible | poplar from the world seemed almost as inthe hideous roar out. But the light and sound | credible as the sudden removal of the Bass seemed to penetrate everything: she was | Rock or the Pillars of Hercules, Nobody The Whitestrand labourers, who passed aware of them keenly through her very would ever dream of cutting down that bones and nerves and marrow; her entire | glory of Suffolk, that time-honoured sea mark. But as they strained their eya through the deepening gloom, the stern logic In another moment all was over, and she of facts left them at last no further room for was conscious only of an abiding awe, a syllogistic reasoning or a priori scepticism. The Whitestrand poplar was really gone. stem and boles of the big tree to a round Bu; Hugh had started up from the sofa now, Not a stump even remained as its relic or its

All the way up to the "Fisherman's Rest" deal box well buried in the ground, which | big bow-window, and lifting up his voice in | he repeated again and again below his breath: bore outside a green label, "Ruhmkorff a paroxysm of excitement. "It's hit the So much the worse in the end for White-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dr. Mackenzie's Book.

Public interest in the Whitechapel murders was speedily, if but temporarily overshadowed by the excitement due to the appearance of Dr. Mackenzie's Book of Defence of himself and his treatment of the late Emperor against the attacks of the German physicians. According to this book of his the famous Scotch specialist was a grievously persecuted man against whose pre-eminent skill the jealous hosts of professional Philistines rose up in wrath but fortunately for him and the Emperor, rose up in vain. The book has of course received no end of attention, hostile and otherwise. The German police have done it the very stupid honor of seizing all copies of it on which they could lay their hands. It has been the occasion of tremendous enterprise on the part of one New York newspaper, and of humiliating disappointment to at least another because of the terrribly awkward slip between the cup and the lip of which it was the victim. Then there has been mourning and lamentation in the camp of a publishing firm because of the bad faith of somebody which has made their commercial venture anything but the success it might have been had things gone in the way they expected. All Europe and America has been turned into a battle ground of conflicting profession. al opinion in which learned doctors not only disagree, but give the lie to one another in a way which does not encourage the merely lay mind to place that reliance on scientific knowledge and skill which might be desirable. The unprofessional mind enjoys the fight, but wonders more and more why science can persist in sneering in so consciously superior a manner at the Odium Theologicum, which has so long been the object of its wonder and contempt.

The Yellow River.

It is reported from China that the whole of the new embankment of the Yellow river, which was commenced last autumn at the spot where the old embankment gave way, has been completely swept away by the summer floods. It is said to have cost about 2,000,000 sterling (9,000,000 of taels). As the flood rose, it was seen that the strain was becoming dangerous, and Li Hang-tsao, the high official in charge of the work, was sent for in hot haste, but before he could a rive the whole bank went down before the flood, and of the 8,000 feet of river-wall lately completed not an inch remains, and the Waters are pouring unchecked through the immense gap into the Honan province. Her hand on his arm thrilled through him | From 800 to 1,000 labourers who were on the bank were also swept away and drowned. It is reported from Pekin that all the officials concerned are being severely punished. Li Hang-tsao and the governor of the province are being dismissed and degrad. to Mongolia, and the late High Commissioner of the Yellow river is to be banished to the Amoor. The disasters can scarcely stop as they are now, because the volume of siltladen waters will create shallows which will still further increase the inundated area. and may cause an overflow into the Yangtse which will make th conservation of that great water-way a matter of urgent impor-