

The Heir of Rothwell Chase.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER IV.

Presently, Vodney drew the woman's arm within his own, and together they began to pace the further end of the glade. Taking one thing with another the affair seemed to Evan so strange and suspicious that he would have felt no scruple about listening to their conversation had he been near enough to do so. As it was, beyond a word now and again, he could make out nothing of what they said to each other, the only thing evident to him being that their conversation was carried on in French. So full and clear was the moonlight by this time, that any attempt on his part to lessen the distance between himself and them would have been to court inevitable discovery. All he could do was to bide where he was and watch the progress of events.

At the end of ten minutes or so, during which the talk between the two had not ceased for a moment, Vodney again embraced the woman, after which they at once parted, he returning by the way he had come and again passing close to the fountain, and she disappearing in the opposite direction. After this there was nothing left for Evan save to make his way back to Berriemfield at his leisure. It need scarcely be said with what eagerness he looked forward to his next meeting with Edeline.

"From what you tell me, the woman you saw can have been no other than Therese Cobran, Mrs. Marchmont's maid, who is, I believe, a Swiss by birth." So spoke Edeline next afternoon after her lover had described to her the singular interview of which he had been an involuntary witness. "And, besides, the time coincides exactly with that which Therese is allowed to devote to her own purposes. Our dinner-hour is half-past six; and after Therese has attended to her mistress's toilet, she has a clear hour to herself, which she can spend either indoors or out, as may suit her best. But with what object she should meet Mr. Vodney by appointment in the Chestnut Walk, and how it happens that they should be on excellent terms with each other, as, according to your account, they seem to be, is as much a puzzle to me as to yourself."

"A puzzle to which there must be a solution somewhere," said Evan, "if one only knew how and where to set about looking for it."

When, later on, Evan came to turn the affair over in his mind, he quickly decided that he would use his best endeavours to be present at the next interview between Vodney and Therese, which would be nearly sure to take place, as before, in the Chestnut Walk, when chance or opportunity might put into his hands some clue, which, if carefully followed up, might lead him onward no one could foretell whither.

Therese was not at liberty till half-past six, Edie had told him; and at that hour to the minute Evan took up his position by the fountain on the following evening. After waiting till eight o'clock without the solitude of the walk having been broken by voice or footstep, he went his way, having gained nothing but a lesson in patience for his pains. A similar result awaited him next evening; but on the third evening his perseverance was rewarded.

In the meantime, Edeline had informed him that Vodney had again been up to the Chase, and had for the second time assured Sir Harry that he held in his hands a clue, as to the nature of which he was not at liberty to say more just then, but which, in the course of three or four days at the most, would enable him to lay his hand on the child at an hour's notice. That the child was alive and well he was in a position to assure Sir Harry; it was, however, essential to the success of his scheme that no precipitate steps should be taken in the matter, but that it should be left entirely for him, Vodney, to work out in his own way.

What he was thus told merely served to deepen Evan's bewilderment, seeing that nearly the whole of Vodney's spare hours were still given over to billiards. More than once he said to himself: "Can it be possible that Vodney has by some means discovered that Therese is privy to the abduction, and that, under the pretence of making love to her, he is endeavoring to worm out of her the secret of the child's whereabouts?" If such were the case, it would serve to explain Vodney's apparent inaction in the affair: till he should have succeeded in making himself master of Therese's secret there was nothing for him to do. It was a theory which would serve to account for much; but it afforded no answer to the question. For what purpose had Vodney imposed upon Sir Harry with a false address—an address, too, which had not merely been written, but printed on the card sent in to the baronet?

Such were some of the perplexing problems which Evan kept revolving in his mind as he stood waiting this evening by the fountain. Not many minutes had he been there, however, as on the previous occasion, he saw the figure of a woman emerge from the trees at the further end of the glade and advance a little way into the moonlight. Evan's heart began to pulsate at express speed as he recognised the woman for Therese. The wish which possessed him most at that moment was, that after Vodney should have joined her, as he doubtless would in the course of a few minutes, in their pacing together to and fro they might come sufficiently near his hiding place to allow of his overhearing a portion at least of the conversation between them.

Therese, still keeping to the lower end of the glade, began to walk slowly up and down, turning and retracing her steps every dozen yards or so. It seemed to Evan that he could detect an air of expectancy in her attitude, and moment by moment he looked to see Vodney come brushing through the trees into the moonlighted walk. His nerves prickled and tingled; all other senses seemed merged in those of seeing and hearing.

Ah! here was Vodney at last. But this time he entered the glade at the other end, by the same path which had brought Therese. As before, the first thing he did was to embrace her. Then, with his right arm passed around her waist and her left hand held in his, they came slowly in the direction of the fountain, talking earnestly meanwhile. Evan drew back a pace or two and, scarcely breathing, waited.

But what was this which all but forced an exclamation from his lips? The man who had just kissed Therese and was now walk-

ing by her side in most affectionate guise, was not Vodney, but a stranger! Hardly could Evan believe that his eyes were not playing him false. He started as he might have done had an apparition suddenly appeared before him. But any lingering doubts he might have had were dispelled a moment later when the stranger's voice fell on his ears. It was a voice of an altogether different timbre from that of Vodney, provincial in some of its accents, and with a slight lisp, evidently not affected, but natural.

"But hush! what was it he was saying to Therese?"

"I tell you again, dearie, as I've told you before, that I can't keep the old man quiet much longer. He growls like a bear with a sore head—wants to know when the affair's coming to an end, and says that if the twenty pounds, as promised, isn't paid within—"

"You shall have the money to-morrow without fail," broke in Therese. "And as for the rest, he must have patience for a few more days—only a few more days, tell him."

"All right, darling. The twenty pounds will stay his mouth for a while, never fear. He's an awfully mean old cuss, and would sell his soul for gold, if he could get anybody to buy it. But not a word more about him! Let us talk about ourselves and our plans."

After coming nearly as far as the fountain, they had turned, and were now going back; and from this point they passed out of earshot of Evan, their voices reaching him merely as inarticulate murmurs.

A few minutes later brought the interview to a close. They parted on the same affectionate terms as they had met. Therese went first. As soon as she was gone, the man struck a match and lighted his pipe; and then, after smoking for some minutes with his hands in his pockets and his back resting against a tree, he, too, took his departure and by the same way.

Then Evan emerged into the moonlight and drew a deep breath.

That Therese, for some purpose of her own was playing a double game could not be doubted. She was allowing two men to make love to her, and it was scarcely conceivable that either of them was doing so with the knowledge or connivance of the other. But then came the question: Who was this other man? Was he Therese's real lover, and was he being hoodwinked by her? Or was he playing knowingly into her hands? And then again: Who was the old man of whom he had made mention, and for what purpose was it essential that Therese should find the sum of twenty pounds? Was the outcome of the plot, of which there was little doubt that Therese was the leading spirit, to be sought in this fresh direction rather than through the medium of Vodney, who, it might be, was being quietly fooled and led on by Therese, while in reality she was working out her ends in her own way and without the slightest reference to him at all? It was even with more than his usual longing for the time to pass quickly that Evan awaited his next day's interview with Edeline. His hope was that she would be able to enlighten him as to the personality of Therese's sweetheart number two. Nor was he disappointed.

"The person as you describe him," said Edeline, "with his slight lisp and his velvet shooting-coat and low crowned hat, can be none other than Tom Abrey, your uncle's favorite groom. But to think that he should be making love to Therese!—and oh, to think of Therese allowing herself to be made love to by two men, and she so quiet and unassuming, never mixing with the other servants, but keeping herself to herself! It's—it's positively dreadful!"

"What do you know of this Tom Abrey?" asked Evan, for whom an analysis of Therese's moral qualities had no interest.

"Very little, although it is he who attends me when I go out riding. He is always very respectful, and never presumes in any way." Then, with a demure smile, she added: "I believe he is considered to be rather good-looking, if that is a matter of any consequence to you."

"Of not the slightest consequence," responded Evan dryly. "It might be more to the purpose if I knew something about his antecedents and where my uncle contrived to pick him up."

"Oh, my dear, he's a native of these parts. His grandfather, Sampson Abrey, who is said to have been one of the most notorious poachers in the country years ago, lives at Marshmallow Cottage, between two and three miles away; but whether Tom was brought up there I am unable to say. He entered your uncle's service when a youth, and while I was still at school."

Could the grandfather in question be the "old man" to whom the twenty pounds was to be paid, and of whom Abrey had spoken to Therese in such uncomplimentary terms? Assuming such to be the case, and bearing in mind the various items of information so strangely gleaned by him, what ought his, Evan Marchmont's, next step to be? for it was quite clear to him that there were too many suspicious features in connection with the affair to allow of his letting it rest without endeavouring to probe it to the uttermost.

After a few minutes given to silent cogitation, he said: "As to this Marshmallow Cottage, in what direction does it lie from here?"

"It lies about half a mile inland, between the Chase and the sea, and on the high-road which runs from Wakenham to Fallowfield. —But why do you want to know about it?"

"Because in the course of to-morrow I purpose taking a stroll in the direction of it and there are so many cross roads in this part of the country that without proper instructions I might easily miss finding it.—Do you happen to know anything of the family—that is, how many persons it comprises in addition to old Abrey?"

"Yes; I can tell you all about them, for I make a point of calling at the cottage at least once a fortnight." Then noting her lover's look of surprise, she added: "The matter is very easily explained. One day when I was out riding, about a year ago, Zenobia cast a shoe, and she is so very tender-footed that I was rather put about. Abrey, who was in attendance, suggested that I should wait at his grandfather's cottage, which was close by, while he took the mare to a forge and had her re-shod. After a little demur, I agreed to his suggestion; and thus it was that I came to make the acquaintance of the inmates of Marshmallow Cottage. First, there is old Mr. Abrey, whom very few people, imagine, could persuade themselves into liking. Of him I need not say more. Then, there is his eldest daughter, a woman of forty and

a widow, Mrs. Rudd by name, together with her daughter Elsie, an impish girl of fifteen. Last of all there is Ann Abrey, the sister of Sampson, a woman of sixty, for whom it is impossible to help feeling a profound pity. Years ago, she had a seizure which deprived her of the faculty of speech, and at the same time took away the use of her left side. It is her whom I go to see once a fortnight, and my visits are so evidently a pleasure to her, that I cannot find in my heart to give them up, although I am quite aware that the other inmates of the cottage would prefer my room to my company. Ann sits the day through by the chimney corner in a chair which I had made specially for her. Now and then I either take or send her a few grapes or other fruit, with an occasional delicacy from the kitchen, such as I think may tempt her appetite; and when the illustrated papers are done with at the Chase, they are put aside for her. The pictures amuse her, poor dear, and help her to while away many an otherwise weary hour."

"And when did you call at Marshmallow Cottage last?" Evan presently asked.

"Five days ago."

"And you observed nothing out of the ordinary—everything seemed to be going on as usual?"

"Just as usual.—Oh, by the way, while I was there the postman brought a letter for Mrs. Rudd. It was from her sister-in-law in London, announcing that she was dangerously ill, and begging the widow to go and stay with her till she should be better."

"Do you happen to know whether Mrs. Rudd decided to go to London?"

"I heard her tell her father that she intended to catch an early train at Berriemfield on the following day."

As Edie had said, Marshmallow Cottage stood inland about half a mile from the seashore. It was a low, strongly-built, two-storied house, containing six rooms in all. Its out-buildings consisted, on the one hand of a two-stall stable and lock-up—for 'Samp' Abrey prided himself on always keeping a fast-trotting mare with a light trap to drive it in; and, on the other, of a 'fodder-shed,' as it was termed, a small, wattle-built, one-story edifice, having a signboard facing the road, on which was announced that hay and corn were sold there. Mr. Abrey dealt in a small way in those commodities, his customers being chiefly among the country carriers, "one-horse hawkers," and such-like, who knew that they could always get a truss of hay a penny or two-pence cheaper at the cottage than at any chandler's shop either in Berriemfield or Wakenham. The cottage stood a little way aside from the high-road, backing so close up to a cliff of yellow sandstone as almost to touch it. This cliff, by the foot of which, for a distance of three miles or more, ran the road between Wakenham and Fallowfield, unlike most other cliffs, which, as a rule, show a frontage to the sea, swept gradually up from the shore till it reached its highest point half a mile inland, where it ceased abruptly with a sheer fall some fifty or sixty feet in depth. From the summit, the eye, sweeping inland, took in wide expanse of flat country, known as the finest grazing-ground for cattle anywhere about. Geologists would tell you that this low green level—which Mr. Vodney would probably have likened to an immense billiard-table—had in ages long ago been a tidal lake, communicating with the sea, but that, in the course of time, its channel had silted up, and that the slow but sure processes of Nature had gradually transformed it into what we see it to-day.

At the point where Marshmallow Cottage was built, the cliff fell back somewhat from the nearly straight line which it kept for a considerable distance on both sides, forming a small semi-circular gap in the frontage, or bay, as it would have been called had the cliff faced the sea. At the door of the cottage, about three o'clock in the afternoon of the day following that of his last interview with Edie, knocked Evan Marchmont. He was clad in a suit of rough homespun, and he looked dusty and tired. It was Samp Abrey in person who responded to his knock.

"Can you tell me how far I am from Berriemfield?" asked the young man as he raised his hat for a moment, "and which road I must take in order to get there?"

A man between sixty-five and seventy years of age muscular and broadly built, but not tall; with a massive head, a tangle of grizzled hair, keen steel-gray eyes set about with an intricate network of wrinkles, and a rugged but powerful face, in which force and craft seemed combined in equal proportions—such was he who now confronted Evan, and after eyeing him from head to foot, gave him, in a couple of curt sentences, the information he had asked for but was not really in want of. Scarcely had Evan time to get out a word of thanks before the door was coolly shut in his face, while so effectually had the old man's burly figure blocked up the doorway, that he had been unable to obtain even a glimpse of the interior.

Leaving the cottage behind him, Evan kept on in the direction of Wakenham for upwards of a mile, till, in fact, he came to a break in the escarpment of the cliff, caused by a landslip in years gone by, up which he contrived to scramble, and so land himself on the summit. That done, he doubled back in the direction of the cottage.

He had noticed that that portion of the cliff which so closely overlooked the tiny demesne of Sampson Abrey was fringed with patches of dwarf brushwood, with a thick undergrowth of bracken and tall weeds of various kinds, and it had struck him that here was a natural hiding-place from which, himself unseen, he could observe every one who might come or go, and all the outdoor proceedings of those below.

A short half-hour's walk along the grassy down which spread itself between the sea and the cliff, and on which the only living things beside himself were a few scattered sheep, brought Evan back to the hollow in the encircling arms of which Marshmallow Cottage was built. Stretching himself at full length on the turf, he dragged himself along, parting last year's dead bracken and undergrowth as he did so, till he found himself close to the edge of the cliff, where all he had to do was to push aside a screen of still leafless brushwood and look down. Patiently he waited without stirring for more than an hour before any sign of life beyond a thin curl of smoke from the chimney was discernible below. Then a carrier's cart crept into sight in the distance, and crawling slowly along the high-road, arrived in about ten minutes' time opposite the cottage.

"Yo-ho! House! house!" called the carrier as his horse came to a stand; and next minute Samp Abrey emerged from his cot-

tage and proceeded to exchange greetings with the man, who was evidently an old acquaintance.

What the carrier wanted was a couple of trusses of hay, which Abrey proceeded to fetch from the forage-shed. The hay having been packed in at the back of the cart, the carrier paid Abrey for it, and the two having bidden each other good-day, the former cracked his whip, called "Gee-up" to his horse, and went whistling on his way; while the latter, after a look up the road and down the road, went back indoors. Evan was once more left to the company of his own thoughts.

He was still lying there, debating within himself what his next move ought to be, considering first one plan and then another, but failing so far to see his way to a decision, when he was suddenly startled by hearing a low faint strain of music, but whence proceeding he was utterly at a loss to conceive. His first thought was that it must come from the interior of the cottage; but after listening breathlessly for a few seconds, he convinced himself that such was not the case. Drawing back a little way from the edge of the cliff, he half raised himself from his recumbent position and stared around in every direction but no human being was anywhere visible. Still the strain went on—low, sweet, mysterious, while yet being compounded of only a few simple chords, as it might be an air sung in church by unskilled village folk; but all the same the question remained, how and whence did it emanate? Involuntarily, Evan cast his eyes upward, as though half expectant of being able to trace it back to some source in mid-air, only to tell himself next moment that it was no aerial strains to which he was listening, but that rather did it seem to reach him out of the bowels of the earth. And then all at once an astounding possibility flashed across his mind. Stretching himself again at full length and stopping one ear with the palm of his hand, he laid his other ear close to the ground and listened. When he lifted his head a couple of minutes later, a brightly exultant look shone in his eyes. "Eureka! he cried aloud, "he sprang to his feet. "It must be so! In no other way can it be explained. To-morrow I will put it to the proof."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HIS FOOT BITTEN OFF.

A Swedish Sailor's Struggle with a Shark in Mobile Bay.

Johann Christesen, a Swedish sailor employed on a deck hand on board the fruit schooner Nancy Bohm, plying between Mobile and Tampico, Mexico, was recently the hero of an adventure with a large shark in which the man narrowly escaped with his life though losing a foot.

Christesen was amusing himself upon the wharf by playing with a little dog which he kept sending into the water after sticks and bits of paper. One of these being thrown further than usual, the spaniel in bringing it out ventured into deeper water, and the next moment a large dark shape rose from the shadow of the wharf and made a break for the dog. The intelligent creature seeing his danger turned instantly and made for the shore, Christesen encouraging it with cries. The shark finding itself out of its depth seemed to grow bewildered, but chased the dog closely, every now and then endeavoring to turn over upon its back. It finally succeeded in this and made a snap at the spaniel, which was fairly dragged from the water by Christesen, who waded out as far as he dared.

He would have easily made the shore, but his footing gave way, and he fell forward on his face in the water. He says the shark passed clear over him as he lay for a moment struggling to right himself. The sand however, afforded him but little support, and, seeing his terrible enemy return, he made for the deeper water, swimming as rapidly as possible. His object was to reach the piles of the wharf, and to climb one of the beams, but before he could lay hold upon the timbers the shark was upon him. An expert swimmer, the sailor dived to the bottom, followed by the ocean wolf, which was at the disadvantage of being in water so shallow as to greatly impede his movements, and it is to this alone that Christesen owed his life. Dodging the shark's rush, he struck out for the shore, but seeing that the animal was close upon him, again dived. By this time a large crowd had gathered on the wharf and shore watching the scene with breathless interest, and suggesting various impossible schemes of rescue for the imperiled man. But no one dared fire upon the shark for fear of hitting the Swede instead, and the only aid that could be given was to throw ropes to Christesen, who was beginning to show signs of great exhaustion.

A stain of blood soon horrified the beholders, and on Christesen's next appearance on the surface of the water it was seen that his right foot had been completely severed close to the ankle. He was bleeding profusely and swimming with difficulty while the shark followed only a few feet behind. He succeeded, however, in reaching the end of the rope thrown to him, and laying hold of this, was quickly drawn to land, where he fainted. The shark, seeing his prey escape, turned about and was making for the gulf, when a dozen shots struck the water about him. It was not known, however, whether or not he was struck for, sinking instantly, he was seen no more, but early on the following morning his carcass was found stranded on the beach a mile or two below the city. He measured nearly 12 feet in length, and was of the species known as the "hammer-headed shark," a variety rarely found out of the Indian Ocean, but which sometimes migrate in large numbers. Christesen's wound was considered a very dangerous one and serious fears were entertained for his life, but he is recovering slowly.

A Portrait of the Queen for France.

Le Temps publishes the following from Portsmouth:—"It is stated that her Majesty the Queen of England is having a magnificent portrait of herself prepared, which she will hand personally to M. Waddington for transmission to the French Government. The portrait will be placed in a frame containing the blended emblems of France and England, and will bear an expression of personal goodwill towards France and the President of the Republic written by the Queen herself."

Employer. "Thompson, you are discharged." Employee. "But what have I done, sir?" Employer. "Nothing. Absolutely nothing. That is what I complain about."

ONE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR.

A Locomotive that is Expected to Pull Train at this Awful Speed.

"If the new engine I am about to construct is not capable of making 100 miles an hour I'll give her to the first person I meet."

This statement was made the other day by Mr. Jackson Richards, the master mechanic of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, who was exhibiting to a party of deeply interested persons the drawings for a locomotive which, if successful, is almost sure to revolutionize the construction of the high-speed locomotives. Mr. Richards has been working on his latest invention for the past ten years, and a few days ago the drawings were completed and the patent was applied for. If the new flyer is as successful as experts predict she will be it is more than likely that the time between Philadelphia and New York, a distance of 100 miles, will be made in less than an hour.

In outward appearance the new locomotive will not differ materially from the speedy engines now used on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad between that city and New York. The peculiarity of construction lies in the fact that instead of the two cylinders as used at present there will be four. One cylinder will be located on each side of the locomotive frame as at present and the other two will be cast in what is known as the cylinder saddle. The inside pair of cylinders are to be in one piece, and will lie on an angle. The outside cylinders are to be horizontal as at present. The four cylinders will entirely overcome what is known to engineers as the dead centre, and the engine will be perfectly balanced without any counterbalance in the wheels. This latter improvement will, to a large degree, do away with the vicious pounding which has proven so destructive to modern roadbeds. The perfect balancing of the engine will be largely due to the working of the two cylinders so near the centre, and these same cylinders working as they do from such a central point of vantage, will help out in the matter of speed to a great degree.

According to the experts who have examined the drawings the valve motion is perfect. There will be four valves—one to each cylinder and they will be operated by two links, the same as now used for two cylinders. The engine is designed to be built on the Wootton fire box, the same as is now used on the famous "206," which made a mile in the remarkable time of 39.45 seconds on Aug. 27. The ordinary speed of the destined world-beater will be eighty-five miles an hour.

A Soldier's Grave.

In the churchyard of Tarland, a village at the base of the Aberdeenshire Morven, is a gravestone which ought to be interesting to soldiers, as marking the last resting place of one of the first officers of the famous "Black Watch." It is inscribed:—

"Here lies Allan | McNab son of the laird of | McNab soldier in Sir | Duncan Campbell's Independent Comp | any who died Mar | ch the 9 1735 Aged 19 years |

Humanity with piety both | virtues shining clear and | those indeed are in youth— of birth and worth lies here, Manet post vulnera (?) virtus.

"Mors janua virtus," on a scroll, decorated with skull, cross bones, and sand-glass.

The 42d regiment was raised in 1729. It consisted of six independent companies, commanded by Lord Lovat, Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochnell, Colonel Grant of Ballindalloch, Alexander Campbell of Finab, John Campbell of Carrick, and George Munro of Culcairn. Sir Duncan Campbell's company numbered one captain, two lieutenants, one ensign, and a hundred non-commissioned officers and men. These companies were stationed in lawless regions of the country to enforce the Disarming Act, to suppress disaffection to the government, and to preserve law and order among rival clans and between hostile lairds. In a district famous for its "Rough Tykes," and for its "club law," we need not be in doubt as to the business of Sir Duncan and his soldiers in Cromar. The officers of these companies were Highland gentlemen favourable to the Revolution principles of 1688. The soldiers had no distinctive uniform, but wore the ordinary dress of the time. Hence they were called the "Black Watch," in contrast to the red of the regular troops. When the six independent companies were incorporated into one regiment, in 1739, Archibald McNab, another son of the laird of McNab, received an ensign's commission. He was raised to the rank of Colonel of the 41st regiment. He took part at the battle of Quebec, and died 1791, being interred in the family burying ground at Killin. John McNab, another son of the laird, was taken prisoner by the rebels at Prestonpans, and was confined by M'Gregor of Glenlye in Doune Castle till liberated after Culloden. He was the father of "the McNab" of tradition and story.

Jenny Lind's Voice.

The Rev. H. R. Haweis is one of the few living musical authorities who can boast that he heard the famous Jenny Lind in her prime. Here is what he says about the Swedish nightingale's marvellous voice:—"Mendelssohn, who had heard everybody, said she was the greatest artist he had ever known. Sontag, whose voice was said to be naturally rounder and fuller, praised her to the skies. Lablache thought her incomparable. In listening to one of her wonderful cadenzas on a certain occasion the open-mouthed band were so electrified that they forgot to come in, and Mendelssohn, who was wielding the baton, instead of getting into a rage, burst out laughing. The hardened old maestro, Guhr, at the close of a scene in 'Sonnambula,' threw away his stick and burst into tears, and tears were often seen streaming down Balfe's face when he conducted the 'Figlia del Regimento' at Covent Garden. Her shake held people breathless; her 'voix voilee' seemed to carry them up to the stars. I remember her singing Sullivan's setting of George Herbert's 'Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright.' The dream-like echoes of the notes still linger in my ear; it was something unearthly—far away; like the cry of a wild bird lost in the sunset. To say that she had a soprano 'dramatic' and soprano 'sfogato' in one—that her compass extended from B below to G on the fourth line above, may be very true, but Queen Victoria said the best thing when she declared that the 'charm' of Jenny's voice was 'quite indescribable,' and so we had better leave it alone."