SIR GUY'S WARD.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAP, XXV. - (CONTINUED.)

When they have played for some time, and Arshibald has meanly allowed Lilian to win all the games under the mistaken impression that he is thereby cajoling her into staying with him longer than she otherwise might have done, she suddenly destroys the illusion by throwing down her cue impatiently, and saying, with a delicious little pout,-

"I hate playing with people who know nothing about the game! there is no excite ment in it. I remark when I play with you I always win. You're a regular muff at billiards, Archie; that's what you are."

This is a severe blow to Archie's pride, who is a first-class hand at billiards; but

he grins and bears it.

"If you will give me a few more lessons," he says, humbly, "I dare say I shall improve."

"No, I can't afford to waste my time, and you are too tiresome. Let us go into the drawing-soom."

"Rather let us stay here for a while," he says, earnestly. "They are all out, and I-I have something to say to you."

During the last half-hour one of the men has come in and given the fire a poke and lit the lamps, so that the room looks quite seductive. Miss Chesney, glancing doubtfully round, acknowledges so much, and | prepares to give in.

"You have been looking downright miserable for days. I hope sincerely you are not going melancholy mad, but I have my doubts of it. What is the matter with you, Archie? You used to be quite a charming companion, but now you are very much the reverse. Sometimes, when with you, your appearance is so dejected that if I smile I feel absolutely heartless. Do try to cheer up, there's a good boy."

"A fellow can't be always simpering, especially when he is wretched," retorts he, moodily.

54 Then, don't be wretched. That is the very thing to which I object. You are the very last man in the world who ought to suffer from the blues. Anything wrong with you ?"

"Everything. I love a woman who loesn't care in the very least for me."

"Oh, so that is what you have been doing n London, is it?" says Lilian, after a short ause that makes her words still more impressive. "I certainly did think you weren't in a very great hurry to return, and that you looked rather blighted when you did come. I doubt you have been dancing the 'Geliebt and verloren' waltzes once too often. Did she refuse you?"

"I love you, Lilian, and only you," returns he, reproachfully. "No, do not turn from me; let me plead my cause once more. Darling, I have indeed tried to live without you and have failed; if you reject me again you will drive me to destruction. Lilian, be merciful; say something kind to me."

"You promised me," says Lilian, nervously moving away from him, "never to speak on this subject again. Oh, why is it that some people will insist on falling in love; why cannot you follow my good example?" "I am not bloodless, or--"

"Neither am I," holding up her pretty rich blood shows through the closed fingers of it. "But I have common sense, the one thing you lack."

must I learn to look on you as my curse ? proved unkind. Give me, I entreat you, one little word of clung for menths, and am still clinging, to the barest shadow of a hope, you would think twice before you destroyed that one faint gleam of happiness."

ly, the ready tears gathering in her eyes. | fire." "Would you marry a woman who does not | love you?

"I would,"-eagerly,-"when that woman assures me she does not love another, and I have your word for that."

Lilian winces. Then, trying to recover her spirits,-

" What one suffers for one's country men!" she misquotes, with an affectation of lightness. "Archie, billiards have a demoralizing effect upon you. I shan't play

with you again.' "I don't want to bribe you," says Chesney, turning a little pale, and declining to notice her interruption: "I should be sorry to think I could do so; but I have ten thousand a year, and if you will marry me you shall have a thousand a year pin-money,

and five thousand if you survive me." "It would spoil my entire life fearing I shouldn't survive you," says Miss Chesney, who, in spite of her nervousness, or because

of it, is longing to laugh.

"You will, you need not be afraid of

"more especially when you give me your it downright shabby you don't offer me the and gives way to a low, rather forced, Talkers are scattered, conversation forgotwhole ten.'

"So I will !"-eagerly-"if-" absurd. Cannot you see I am only in jest? I am not going to marry any one, as I told against our will,"-letting his eyes meet fox, past the small wood to the right, you before. Come now,"-anxiously,-"don't look so dismal. You know I am very, very fond of you, but after all one cannot marry every one one is fond of."

"I suppose not," gloomily. They will all notice your depression when

we return to them. "I don't care," with increasing gloom. "But I do. Archie, look here, dear,"taking the high and moral tone,-" do you think it is right of you to go on like this,

just as if ---"I don't care a hang what is right, or diddle," replies he, in a soft whisper. what is wrong," says Mr. Chesney, with considerable vehemence. "I only know you are the only woman I ever really cared | must elapse before the bell really rings, for, and you won't have me. Nothing else

is of the slightest consequence." Time will show you there are others ten

times nicer and lovelier," ' I don't believe it"

"Because you don't wish to," angrily. "In the first place, I am far too small to be She lifts the coffer lids that close his eyes.
Where lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lovely."

"You are tall enough for my fancy." "And my mouth is too large," with growing irritation.

"It is small enough for my taste." "And sometimes, when the summer is very hot, my skin gets quite freckled,'

with increasing warmth. "I adore freckles. I think no woman

perfect without them. "I don't believe you," indignantly; "and at all events I have a horrible temper, and I defy you to say you like that !" triumph-

"I do," mournfully. "The hardest part of my unfortunate case is this, that the unkinder you are to me the more I love you."

"Then I won't have you love me," says Miss Chesney, almost in tears: "do you hear me? I forbid you to do it any more. It is extremely rude of you to keep on caring for me when you know I don't like it."

"Look here, Lilian," says Archie, taking both her hands, "give me a little hope, a bare crumb to live on, and I will say no

"I cannot indeed," deeply depressed. "Why? Do you love any other fellow?" "Certainly not," with suspicious haste.

"Then I shall wait yet another while, and then ask you again. "Oh, don't!" exclaims Lilian, deperately: "I hope it is something pleasant," she "I beg you won't. If I thought I was going

says apropos of Archie's last remark. to have these scenes all over again at intervals, it would kill me; and I should learn to hate you. I should, indeed; and then what would you do? Think of it."

"I won't," doggedly; "I often heard 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' and I shall take my chance. I shall never give you up, so long as you are not engaged to any other

There is a pause. Lilian's blue eyes are full of tears that threaten every moment to overflow and run down her pale cheeks. She is desperately sorry for Archibald, the more so that her heart tells her she will never be able to give him the consolation that alone can do him any good. Seeing the expression of tender regret that softens her face, Archibald falls suddenly on his knees before her, and, pressing his lips to her hands, murmurs, in deep agitation,-

"My own, my dearest, is there no pity in your kind heart for me?"

At this most unlucky moment Sir Guy lays his hand upon the door, and, pushing it lightly open, enters. Five minutes later just now, the entrance of this one man causes unutterable pain.

Archibald had barely time to scramble to his feet; the tears are still wet on Lilian's cheeks; altogether it is an unmistakable situation, and Guy turns cold and pale as he look suicidal," says Mr. Musgrave, stop- and rails. Sir Guy is out of sight, having recognizes it as such. Chesney on his knees, with Lilian's hand imprisoned in his own; slap on the shoulder that rather takes the only to reappear again a second later. Lilian in tears, - what can it mean but a violent love scene? Probably they have been quarrelling, and have just made it up again. "The falling out of faithful friends, but the renewal is of love."

As he meets Lilian's shamed eyes, and marks the rich warm crimson that has love with other people? There is something mantled in her cheeks, Chetwoode would so stupid about it. Now, I never fall in have beaten a precipitous retreat, but is prevented by Taffy's following on his heels somewhat noisily.

"It is a charming night, Lil," says that young man, with his usual bonhommie. hand between her and the fire, so that the "The rain is a thing of the past. We shall fellows," says the irrepressible Taffy, "and have our run after all to-morrow."

"Indeed! I am glad of that," replies Lilian, half indifferently; though, being the "You are the one thing I lack," possessing woman of the party, she is of course the himself of her hand and kissing it fatuously. | quickest to recover self-possession. "I | becomes miserable in turn, so that break- | Wives in Turkey, in Persia, and in Thiber "Without you I lack everything. Beloved, should have died of despair had the morning | fast is a distinct failure, Cyril and Mus-

"Well, you needn't die for a while. I encouragement, if only one; I starve for say, Lil," says Mr. Musgrave, regarding want of it. If you only knew how I have her curiously, "what's the matter with you, eh? You look awfully down in the mouth. Anything wrong ?"

" Nothing," sharply: "what should be ?" "Can't say, I'm sure. But your cheeks," "This is dreadful," says Lilian, piteous. persists this miserable boy, "are as red as

"I—that is—it was the fire," confusedly, directing a wrathful glance at him, which wont, and a very fair field. is completely thrown away, as Mr. Musgrave is impervious to hints: "I was sitting some bay mare that rather chafes and rages close to it.'

-" what is a hob? I don't believe I ever or die."

your meaning for it." But some people never will learn."

"Experientia docet," says Guy, in a her saddle, ready and eager for the day's "Nonsense, Archie," hastily: "don't be queer tone impossible to translate. "Time work. is a stern schoolmaster, who compels us Lilian's—" to learn many things.

dressing bell has rung some time since."

you not tell me before ?"

As she speaks, she sweeps by him, and he, | some bay. catching her hand, detains her momentarily. "Because when one is not in the habit of it, one takes time to form a good tarra-

more because it would be indecent to go head a little to the left, makes for a quieter sculptures of Egypt, B.C. 4000.

look her best.

CHAPTER XXVI. "For now she knows it is no gentle chase,

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale; She takes him by the hand, and that is cold ; She whispers in his ears a heavy tale, As if they heard the woful words she told; lies.

Two glasses, where herself, herself beheld A thousand times, and now no more reflect; Their virtue lost, wherein they late excelled, And every beauty robb'd of his effect." -[Shakspeare,

"Asouthern wind and a cloudy sky proclaim it a hunting morning," quotes Miss Chesney, gayly, entering the breakfast ly. "What have I got to live for ? My life room at nine o'clock next morning, looking is of no use, either to myself or to any one if anything, a degree more bewitching than | else, as far as I can see." usual in her hat and habit : in her hand is a little gold-mounted riding-whip, upon angrily. I am as hungry as a hawk."

but silently; Archie, gloomy, but attentive, | with a quickly suppressed sigh. places before her what she most fancies; Still, I ask you, for my sake, to be

the little spoiled fairy. that so oddly resemble her own, fixed upon is really too much-!

her immovably. while Chetwoode and Chesney, looking on, | the field to-day." are consumed with envy.

ly, giving his hand a little loving pat : am only too kind. And one so foolishly sure you push it in again during the day, if nothing, deserves only harsh treatment. you see it growing unruly. What a You are not even civil to me. I regret delicious morning it is !" glancing out of addressed you just now, and beg you will the window; "too desirable perhaps. I not speak to me any more."

hope none of us will break our necks." unpardonable impertinence. "Never mind | and what afterwards appears to her, a darling, keep up your heart; I'm fit as a prophetic, tone, turning away. fiddle myself, and will so far sacrifice my The field is growing thin. Already life as to promise you a lead whenever a many are lying scattered broadcast in the cropper brings me in your vicinity. I shall | ditches, or else are wandering hopelessly keep you in mind, never fear."

presumptuous boy," says Miss Chesney, tremendous pace; a good many horses with such a scornful uplifting of her deli- show signs of flagging; while the brave cate face as satisfies Taffy, who, being full old fox still holds well his own. of mischief, passes on to bestow his pleas- Taffy came to signal grief half an hour ing attentions on the others of the party. ago, but now reappears triumphant and all the world might have entered freely, but | Chesney first attracts his notice. He is | unplucked, splashed from head to heel, standing with his back to a screen, and has but game for any amount still. Mrs. his eyes fixed in moody contemplation on Steyne in front is fighting hard for the the floor. Melancholy on this occasion has brush, while Lilian every moment is creepevidently marked him for her own.

> ping close to him, and giving him a rattling just vanished down the slope of the hill, curl out of him, leaving him limp, but full | Archibald is apparently nowhere, and Miss

ly, are decidedly large, - "can hurt. If well in hand.

heart-disease and who has not." "Heart-disease means love with most rider to gauge its dangers properly. I have noticed you aren't half a one since your return from London." At this mal apropos speech both Lilian and Chesney change color, and Guy seeing their confusion grave alone being capable of animated con-

through as keen a scenting wind as any one could desire.

At Grantley Farm they find every one before them, the hounds sniffing and whimpering, the ancient M. F. H. cheery as is his

Mabel Steyne is here, mounted on a handunder her mistress's detaining hand, while at some few yards' distance from her is Tom, "That goes without telling. Any one carefully got up, but sleepy as is his wont. would imagine, by your color, that you had | One can hardly credit that his indolent blue been put upon the hob to simmer. By the eyes a little later will grow dark and eager by,"-a most fortunate access of ignorance, as he scents the fray, and, steadying himcarrying his thoughts into another channel | self in his saddle, makes up his mind to "do

Old General Newsance is plodding in and "Hob, substantive, short for goblin : as out among the latest arrivals, prognosticathobgoblin," says Cyril at this moment, hav- ing evil, and relating the "wondrous ading entered, how, or from where, nobody | ventures" of half a century ago, when (if he knows. "Still bent upon historical re- is to be believed) hounds had wings, and the wives. hunters never knew fatigue. With him is "It has something to do with kettles, I old Lord Farnham, who has one leg in his think," says Taffy. "I don't quite believe grave literally speaking, having lost it in battle more years ago than one cares to "Don't you? I am sorry for you. I do. | count, but who rides wonderfully nevertheless, and is as young to speak to, or rather "That is true," says Lilian, somewhat younger, than any nineteenth-century man. abruptly. Involuntarily her eyes fall on | Mabel Steyne is dividing her attentions "It sounds dazzling," murmurs Lilian, Chesney. He had been staring in moody between him and Taffy, when a prolonged silence at the fire since Chetwood's entrance, | note from the hounds, and a quick cry of word you will die first; but still I think but now, at her words, straightens himself, "gone away," startles her into silence.

Down the hill like a flash goes a good dog through the spinnies, straight into the open "It has taught me one thing," puts in | beyond. The scent is good, the pack lively; Cyril, who looks half amused, -" that the | Lilian and Sir Guy are well to the front; Archibald close beside them. Cyril to the "Has it" says Lilian rising with alacrity, left is even farther ahead; while Taffy and "Then do try to look a little pleasanter. and directing a very grateful glance at him: Mabel Steyne can be seen a little lower "I never heard it. I shall scarcely have down, holding well together, Mabel, with time now to get ready for dinner. Why did her eyes bright and glowing with excitement, sailing gallantly along on her hand-

ten, and every one settles down into his or

After a time—the fox showing no signs of giving in-hedges and doubles throw spaces in between the riders. Sir Guy is far away in the distance, Taffy somewhat She returns his kind pressure, and going in the back ground; Cyril is out of sight; into the hall she finds that full five minutes | while Miss Chesney finds herself side by side with Archibald, who is riding reckless-"Dear Cyril!" she murmers to herself, almost ly, and rather badly. They have just clear- among her cousins. aloud, and, running up to her room, cries a | a very uncomfortable wall, that in cold "I am not the only woman in the world. good deal upon nurse's breast before the blood would have damped their ardor, only kind creature can induce her to change her | to find a more treacherous one awaiting them | gown. After which she gets into her clothes | farther on, and Lilian, turning her mare's |

without them than from any great desire to spot, and presently lands in the next field THE MYSTERY OF THE BUCK'S HORNS.

safe and sound.

Archibald, however, holds on his original course, and Lilian, turning in her saddle, watches with real terror his next movement. His horse, a good one, rises gallantly, springs, and cleverly, though barely, brings himself clear to the other side. Both he and his master are uninjured, but it was a near thing, and makes Miss Chesney's heart beat with unpleasant rapidity.

"Archibald," she says, bringing herself close up to his side as they gallop across the field, and turning a very white face to his, a pair of horns or heard of any one who did. "I wish you would not ride so recklessly: you will end by killing yourself if you go on in this foolish fashion.

Her late fear has added a little sharpness to her tone. "The sooner the better," replies he, bitter-

"It is very wicked of you to talk so!"

her lovable lips a warm, eager smile. "No "It is? You should have thought of that one down but me!"she says, "at least of the | before you made me think so. As it is, I am gentler sex. And Sir Guy presiding! what | not in the humor for lecturing to do me fun ! Archie may I trouble you to get me | much good. If I am killed, blame yourself. some breakfast ? Sir Guy, some tea, please: | Meantime, I like hunting : it is the only joy left me. When I am riding madly like Sir Guy pours out a cap of tea, carefully, this, I feel again almost happy-almost,"

Cyril gets her a chair ; Taffy brings her some | more cheerful," says Lilian, anxiously, toast : all are fondly dancing attendance on | partly frightened, partly filled with remorse at his words, though in her heart "What are you looking at, Taffy?" asks she is vexed with him for having used she presently, meeting her cousin's blue eyes, them. "Her fault if he gets killed." It

"Do you pretend to care?" asked he, "At you. There is something wrong with a sneer. "Your manner is indeed with your bair, "replies he, unabashed: "some | perfect, but how much of it do you mean? of the pins are coming out. Stay steady, Give me the hope I asked for last night, -I'll wheel you into line in no time." So say only two kind words to me, -and I will saying he adjusts the disorderly hair-pin; be more careful of my life than any man in

"I think I am always saying kind things "Thank you, dear," says Lilian, demure- to you," returns she, rather indignant; "I "you are worth your weight in gold. Be bent on being miserable as you are, all for

"Be assured I shan't disobey this your "Funky already, Lil ?" says Taffy, with last command," says Archibald, in a low,

about on foot, in search of their lost "I consider your remarks beneath notice, chargers. "The hounds are going at a

ing closer to her on the bonny brown mare "What's up with you, old man? you that carries her like a bird over hedges Chesney is almost beginning to picture "Look here," he says, in an aggrieved him to herself bathed in his own gore, tone, "I wish you wouldn't do that, you when raising her head she sees him comknow. Your hands, small and delicate as ing towards her at a rattling pace, his as they are,"-Taffy's hands, though shape- horse, which is scarcely up to his weight,

you go about the world with such habits | Before him rises an enormous fence, you will infallibly commit murder sooner beneath which gleams like a silver streak or later: I should bet on the sooner. One a good bit of running water. It is an can never be sure, my dear fellow, who has awkward jump, the more so that from the other side it is almost impossible for the

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MARRIAGE IN THE EAST.

-Plurality of Spouses.

In Persia it is an almost invariable custom to choose a wife from among one's re-Half an hour later they are all in the lations, such as cousins in a near or remote saddle and are riding leisurely towards | degree, and only among acquaintance when Bellairs, which is some miles distant, failure has occurred in following the old habit. The Hebrews especially sanctioned a plurality of wives according to the law of Moses, and that shows how thoughtful much so that sterility in a wife was considered a sufficient reason for contracting

another marriage. The lot of a Turk who has to bear the whims and caprices of his numerous wives is anything but an enviable one. The harem is not, as many persons suppose it is, a building wherein all a Turk's wives live together. Each legitimate wife of a Pasha has a separate dwelling, her own cook, her own coachman-in a word, her own' separate household. True it is that all the dwellings are enclosed within one surrounding wall, and frequently they are beneath one roof, as is the case in our modern flats; but nevertheless the isolation is complete among

The etiquette among Turkish ladies is somewhat complicated, and the system is hierarchical, the favorite exercising an undisputed authority over the others. In the Sultan's harem the supreme authority is vested in his mother, who takes the title Sultana valid, and she alone is entitled to go to and fro in the barem unveiled. It is only when she goes out that she wears the yashmack. At the present time the veil used by Turkish ladies is no longer what it was. Its transparency admits of a pretty face being easily outlined. When the yashmack is very thick one may conclude that the face it hides is not very seductive. In spite of the progress of civilization and the consequent transformation of habits and customs in many countries, the position of women in Turkey has only slightly changed; it is only in exceptional cases that those belonging to the higher classes are unaccompanied out of doors by eunuchs. These are the candines, who have adopted and follow the Paris and London fashions, and it has even been whispered that there are mysterious assignations in the shops of the grand bazaar at Constantinople, where some ladies spend a good deal of time on the plea that they

have numerous purchases to make. In Thibet they reverse the order of things for in that country it is not unusual to see a woman married to a plurality of husbands, sometimes two or more chosen from

The battles of Cressy, Poictiers and Agincourt were won by the archers.

The bow appears among the earliest stocks. The tone of the New York Ex-

What Becomes of Them, and Who Ever

Killed a Hornless Back? "One of the greatest mysteries of the woods is the buck deer and its antlers." remarked an observant old hunter the other day. "Who ever killed a buck that had no horns, and who ever found a set of antlers in the woods? I've roamed the forests of northern Canada at all seasons during the last forty years, and in that time deer have been very plentiful in those woods, and I never either killed a hornless buck or found Yet woodsmen all know, or ought to know, that no buck has even the sign of a horn until he is two years old, and that every buck that has horns casts them off each spring and grows a new set.

"Now, where do all the bucks under two years old keep themselves, and what becomes of the cast-off antlers that no woodsman ever sees? These are mysteries as deep as the mystery of dead wild animals -I mean wild animals that die natural deaths. The four-footed dwellers in the woods certainly do not live forever. Age and disease must carry them off regularly, as human beings are carried off, but what becomes of their bodies? I never heard of anyone coming across a dead bear or deer or wildcat or fox in the woods that had died from natural causes. I found the carcass of a big five-pronged buck in the woods once, but a rattlesnake, also dead, had its fangs buried in the deer's nostrils. There had evidently been a fight to the death between the reptile and the beast. Another time I followed the trail of a bear from a clearing where it had stolen a young sheep. I came upon the headless body of the sheep a mile or so out of the trail, and half a mile further on, near the edge of a swamp, I was surprised to find the dead body of the bear. Its jaws were open, and its glassy eyes were pushed far out of its head. held a post-mortem examination on the dead bear and found the sheep's head lodged in its throat. How or why the bear ever permitted it to get there I am unable to explain. I have many times found other dead wild animals in the woods, but never one that did not show unquestionable evidence of having died from violence of some kind. Every woodsman will tell you the

"I don't believe there is anything more curious in nature than the buck's horns. They begin to make their appearance in the spring of the buck's second year. The first sign of their coming is a swelling of the skin over the spots on top of the head from which the horns are to rise. The antlers are now budding, for on the swelling spots are the footstalks from which they are to spring, and the arteries of the headthe antlers being, in all their preliminary or cartilaginous stages but parts of the animal's general system-are beginning to deposit on them, little by little, but with great rapidity, the bony matter of which the finished horns are composed. As the antlers grow the skin still stretches over them, and continues to do so until they have reached their natural size and become solid horn. This is the stage in the growth of the antlers that is technically known among hunters as the time when the buck is 'in velvet.' The skin is, indeed, a beautiful velvet covering, and all beneath it is, in fact, simply a great tissue of blood vessels. While the horns continue soft and a part of the deer's nervous and veinous structure, the arteries which run up from the head through them make furrows in the yielding substance. It is these furrows that give to the buck's horns their rough, corrugated surface when they have become hardened.

"The buck's first horns do not arrive a

the dignity of antlers. They are simply graceful, sharp-pointed spikes; hence the term 'spike buck' among hunters. Each succeeding year adds a prong, though, and when the buck is adorned with his proud head gear of five prongs all hunters know that he can't be less than seven years old. The five-prong antler is the perfect and complete one, and any more prongs have no significance except as freaks. But the velvety skin, with its delicate subarterial structure, grows with and envelops all the great spread of the five-prong antler as well as the few inches of the young buck's spike. As long as the horns are in velvet they are extremely tender and entirely useless. they were of the future of their race-so The soft skin must therefore be removed, but not suddenly nor roughly, and not until another extraordinary stage in the development of the horns is completed. The arteries and their circulation must be disconnected from the horns before the skin is broken, or the result would be the turning of the large quantity of blood back to the brain or some internal organ and death be the result. This danger is prevented and the desired end at the same time accomplished by the formation of a rough ring of bone around the base of the horns, notches being left in at first for the passage of the arteries. These openings are gradually contracted as new bone forms until the arteries are compressed as by a ligature, and the circulation above the ring of bone is effectually stopped. The velvet skin, thus deprived of its vital source, dries up and peels off the horns, a process which the buck now hastens by rubbing his antlers against the trunk of trees. This rubbing against the trees displaces more or less bark, and leaves a favorite sign to the observant nunter passing through the woods that there are deer about. When the velvet is off the horns they have reached their

perfect stage, "That the sweeping, powerful antiers of a mature buck, which he carries so proudly and defiantly, should be but the growth of a fortnight or so does not seem possible, but such is the fact. When early spring comes again a new set of horns begins to sprout. They spring from the head ike a growing plant, and push last year's antiers from their place. These fall from the buck's head. The new horns soon crown him again proudly, but what becomes of the cast-off set? I have asked that one question scores of times, and paused for reply. I am pausing yet.

Greek helmets covered the head, back of the neck, ears and nose.

After perhaps one of the most exciting weeks in the history of the New York Stock

Exchange, the atmosphere of Wall street on Sunday was comparatively calm. The report that certain firms which lately succumbed would recommence operations, the absence of any further failures, and the satisfactory nature of the bank statement, all aided to restore confidence, and caused a material advance in the price of many of the change at the close on Saturday was strong