

not even look at her as she took him to the room where Mrs. Gerarda lay, and he bent over the bed with a great sob breaking through the passionate words on his lips. His wife could look at him and listen—that was all.

The doctor stepped to the other side of the room. Mlle. de Sassure was nowhere to be seen. Marcia Navarro, going in search of her, stood transfixed as she turned around, gazing at a gentleman who was following a lady into the room.

"Do you know the gentleman, Marcia?" the judge asked, in a low tone, while Mrs. Carroll passed on to the bedside.

"Know my own husband, Kenneth!" She laughed shortly. "Yes, I have known him for several weeks."

"Your husband?"

"And you never told me?"

"It was my secret. It concerned no one else, and José Navarro swore he would kill me if I married again after my divorce from him. I was not sure that even you would approve of it, though it's legal enough for all that."

"And it was your husband who was helping me find my wife?"

A sudden illumination came into her face.

"You might have told me!" she cried, turning to Louis Hurlburt. "This, then, was the business which kept you away from me—which was to take you South?"

"I could tell you nothing, Marcia, of such business as this. And Judge Gerarda was not only my employer. I was under obligations to him for many kindnesses. I could not refuse to serve him in such an emergency—even for you. But how was I to know that you knew him also? What is he to you, Marcia?"

"Only my brother," she answered, with her short laugh. "Oh, you're all surprised, of course," and, with a sweeping gesture of both hands, she looked at each person in the room. "I'm no credit to him. I ran away from home when I was a girl to go upon the stage. I was in California for years—till I escaped from my husband, Navarro. I came East, and met and married him," and she pointed to Louis Hurlburt. "I wanted money and a trip to Europe. My brother, to whom I introduced myself, was willing to give me any amount of it, provided I would keep myself in seclusion till I was ready to go, and not disgrace him. He has been kind enough to visit me pretty often, to see that I did not break my promise."

Mrs. Gerarda was gazing at her from her pillows with wild, eager eyes. Mrs. Carroll took a step forward and faced the judge.

"Forgive me, and forgive your wife, Kenneth," she said, extending her hands. "She confided to me all that she suffered, and she has suffered enough to atone for all her suspicions." But the look upon the judge's face as he smiled upon his wife showed how little any forgiveness was necessary.

Mlle. de Sassure had come silently into the room, and it was possibly by chance that she stood close beside the doctor, though it was rumored in the neighborhood that the young physician was very fond of the young artist, and only waiting for an established practice—but that might have been only rumor.

"I am not going South, Marcia," Louis Hurlburt said, coming close to her, and with a merry twinkle in his eyes as he saw the smile in hers.

"But I am going to Europe," she replied, with a quick toss of her head, as she caught up her shawl.

"And I am going with you."

They left the house together, lovers, though both past their first youth, as they would always be. Judge Gerarda might be ashamed of his sister, and perhaps with reason; but Louis Hurlburt was proud of his wife.

It was three weeks before Mrs. Gerarda could be moved to her own home, and if there were any outside speculations as to the singular circumstance of her being in Mlle. de Sassure's house, the ones most interested knew the least about it.

A MIDNIGHT FISHING EXPEDITION.

There is an almost deadly stillness over the vast expanse of shallow water which stretches away for miles to the north of the little town. Far, far off, through the dull glimmer that rests upon its surface, may be seen the brown outlines of woods with their edges indistinctly merging into the silver-grey flood below them, and here and there a white chateau nestling deep in their surrounding shade. Nothing else on that side breaks the tranquil monotony of the scene; and even in the foreground close at hand there is little more lively to attract attention or drive away sombre thoughts. For it is early spring; and Arcacon is still deserted by the gay crowd which makes it a summer home. Its rows of small white houses, perched only a few feet above the great lake, have their green Venetian blinds all close shut, and seem to be sleeping, like everything else, in the faint pale light of the afternoon sun. Not a sound of wheels, not a footstep, passes along the smooth sandy road; and amidst the profound solitude one may almost think that man, like nature, is dead, and waiting for the first warm shower to awake to a new life.

A deep and yet fascinating melancholy seizes on the soul, and often keeps the stranger for many a minute gazing in listless reverie upon the silent waters before him. To break the spell you must turn round and plunge into the dense wood lying behind, whose struggling outline, indented here and there by a villa garden, seems to frown with gloomy and rugged brow

upon the sleeping village. Yet, the forest, when once you enter it, is less still and sad than the road outside. Underfoot the crisp pine needles rustle and crash as you tread upon them. Among the rough trunks overhead you may see now and then a squirrel dodging about; and from branch to branch a few tree-creepers or tomtits flit with a weak and nervous chirping, as if half afraid of their own voices in so solemn and venerable a place. The sunlight, which is faint enough outside, is dimmed to a still softer hue as it forces its feeble way through the leaves above. Yet it is warm with the rich brown of the trunks and the carpet of dead foliage on the ground, which seems almost of itself to cast a glow on everything that moves through this calm twilight. Half an hour's walking will bring you to a break in the long labyrinth of trunks, and soon through the opening space you may see the dim line of the distant sea level. There to the West lies the great Atlantic, not more rough nor restless, as it looks from here, than the inland estuary on the North. As you emerge from the pine wood there lies at your feet a sandy shore—soft but stubborn barrier against the waves beyond it. Nothing now tells of the fierce assaults which the ocean has made upon that yellow rampart, unless it be the black lifeless corpses of some uprooted trees—lying helpless with their heads towards the beach. A few yards further on is a fisherman's hut crouched at the edge of the pine forest, and near it a couple of clumsy boats, and a thin fringe of nets stretched like a fine veil over the sand. It is here that we are to come by night for the torchlight *pêche aux aiguilles*; and having made our appointment with the old fisherman we hurry back to the small town.

Four hours later we are speeding along through the pine trees to that remote trysting place. It is late; for in this dreamy atmosphere, heavily laden with the scent of the woods, time passes almost unmarked. The contagion of laziness infects each living creature, and even the attractions of a torchlight fishing expedition cannot dispel the instinctive disposition to linger and idle the evening away. So our boat when we catch sight of it is already far away on the waste of water. We can see it flitting like a fire-fly in the distance hither and thither, its rude outline marked out fitfully in the glare of the red light it carries. But the men have heard the jingle of our ponies' bells—every sound travels far and clear along the tranquil surface. They are soon at the edge of the water and waiting for us to embark. "You are late," says the old fisherman, in his deep hoarse voice and his southern *patois*; and then, as he points us to the clumsy seat in the stern, explains that the sport is not good on account of the moon and a slight breeze. "But the wind is dying away, and the clouds are coming up; so perhaps we shall do better yet," and with that laconic hope he relapses into silence, and the boat glides out into the shallow seawater.

There are two men in the boat; but the other, sitting speechless in the bows, only plies a rough pair of sculls. Our fisherman, in the meantime, wielding his long four-pronged spear, takes perch on the centre thwart, just in front of us. He is a tall, gaunt, almost grim-looking creature; not a drop of true Gallic blood in his veins. The grey eye and high cheekbones, and crisp, reddish hair, not yet wholly grizzled by age, prove him no real son of the South. Perhaps a descendant of the fine old Visigoths who lived unconquered in the Pyrenees, when Moor and Frank and Norman disputed over the vineyards of Gascony. His long limbs and rugged features accord well with his attitude as he rises aloft above us, brandishing the weapon of his craft. His bare feet cling fast to the rugged thwart on which they rest, and the hard sinews and muscles stand out like ropes and cords upon his bare arms and hands. What a picture he would make, as his strong lean figure towers between us and the sky, balancing itself with the left arm as the right is raised aloft, waiting in act to strike downwards with the steel-tipped trident it holds! His whole form seems animated by the eager expectancy with which he watches his chance; and its tiger-like energy is set off the more vividly by the dull sleepy posture of the other man slowly working his oars to and fro. Now then, as the torchlight flashes up, we can see its glitter reflected in his eye as it scans with keen and cruel glance the flickering green of the sea below.

And this torchlight, then, whence does it come? It is behind us, shining bright and warm from a grating fixed on an iron bar which reaches out from the stern. A little pile of half-dry pine-wood is collected in this open grate, and flares away merrily as the cool but balmy air of the bay rushes through it. Beyond it, now on this side and now on that, as we shift our course to right or left, a thick stream of dusky smoke floats away into the air. A dull roaring and spitting reminds us constantly of its near presence, and the atmosphere is filled with the strong pungent fragrance of the pitch fire. In the ruddy glow which it casts on the water we can see down through it to the sand below, and mark the flakes and ridges into which the storms have divided it. A sudden lurch of the boat interrupts such idle observation, as the old fisherman makes his stroke, and dashes the spear like lightning over the gunwale. In another second it is reared aloft again, and on its end are seen two small snake-like fish glittering green in the red light of the fire. He holds them up wriggling for a moment, and then with the adroit skill of long practice rubs them off against the side of the well below him, and

stands again ready for a fresh stroke. Again and again the cruel steel descends, seldom rising again without a victim. Often two and sometimes three of the shining fish are speared on its remorseless teeth. We have got amongst a small shoal of the *aiguilles*; and now with a little practice we can see them flitting along over the sand—little stripes of light semi-transparent green, flickering rather than moving over the yellowish background below them.

So we wander about over the still sea, now hardly rippled at all beneath the darkening sky. No sound interrupts the business, except the occasional splash of the oars and sharp dash of the well-aimed spear. Only now and then the distant tinkle of a bell as the ponies shake their heads far away on the shore where they stand waiting for us, or the short plaintive cry of the sea-bird. The two men are speechless, save when the spearman in low guttural notes issues a monosyllabic command to his fellow. We drift along, speechless also ourselves, overcome at once by the balmy breath of the pine flames, with the slow dreamy motion of the boat, and the languor in which all Nature around seems wrapped. At times a change in our course brings the strong fragrance of the smoke back more forcibly our way, and now then a breath of the night air stirring like a sigh over the sea sends a slight shiver through our fur coverings. Soon the boat and the sea, the oarsman and the spearman, begin to fade into hazy indistinctness. No longer the writhing struggles of the victims excite a sigh of compassion from me, or a shudder of pain from the unconscious form beside me. Only the rough shock of the boat as it is brought suddenly to shore dispels at length the soft charm of the sleep-god. But even as we glide back through the sombre woods, with the bells jingling in front, we seem still in dreams to see the gaunt form of the spearman towering close at hand, and to start as his bright weapon plunges again and again into an imaginary sea peopled with gleaming but unreal *aiguilles*.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, March 3.

It is hoped and believed that the Electric Railway, from Charing-cross to the Mansion House, will be in full operation by this time next year.

ONE of the sensational things that the Salvation Army is doing in London is selling matches with the motto, "every hour for Jesus." It would appear that they are doing an excellent business.

AN international exhibition of railway safety appliances is to take place this year at Paris. The French railways want the remainder very much indeed, and especially before the English travelling and tourist time begins.

FOR State reasons it is not likely that the *Life of Lord Beaconsfield*, now being prepared by Lord Rowton, under the direction of Her Majesty, will be published during the present reign. The editing of the papers, however, is proceeding apace.

How to pronounce the name of Mr. Parnell? Most people call him Mr. Parnell with the accent on the last syllable. They thought that Mr. Biggar's Parnl was an eccentricity. But Mr. Parnell used his own name in the House of Commons last week, and he called himself Mr. Parnell, with the penultimate accented.

MR. BAXTER, a gentleman who has picked up the fallen mantle of the late Dr. Cumming, has made the discovery that Prince Napoleon is anti-Christ. As twenty years ago he made a like discovery in regard to the late Emperor Napoleon III. is it just possible that he has made another mistake.

THE project for an underground railway in Paris is now forced on public attention in so imperative a manner that the Municipal Council of the capital have been again driven to take up the question, and a report favorable to the project is promised within a few days.

THE proposed laws against duelling are thought to be severe enough to prevent these vulgar events, mostly mere displays of fencing to the profit of fencing masters, but there is also a desire to see some stringent law passed against blows, which are the order of the day; by-and-by half the young fencers will have broken noses.

THE proceeds of the sale of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's jewels is likely to lead to some litigation. They fetched 178,000 francs, but the chief creditor is a M. Bloche. The other creditors declare that M. Bloche is "friendly," and that Madame Damalas draws her salary so much in advance that they have no means of enforcing their claims.

A MAN called Gilbert, and well known as "l'Homme Rapide," ran on Sunday along the Boulevard from the Bastille to the Madeleine,

covering the distance in eleven minutes. The feat attracted much attention from the crowd of Sunday idlers, and Gilbert received an ovation. He afterwards did the journey back in thirteen minutes. It is close upon two miles.

It seems that people now take "the ocean cure" by advice of their physicians, that is, a trip to America and back, without stopping in the States more than a day or two, as that would rub off the good effect. The medical men even go so far as to say that this ocean travelling ought to be continued for some months. A life on the ocean wave is certainly not an unpleasant cure—barring the up-and-down motion at first start—and the companies seem to be lowering their fares to meet the doctors' views.

A GROUP of English literary men have addressed a petition to President Grévy demanding that Prince Krapotkin should be set at liberty on the ground that his geographical merits render him indispensable to science; and yet the English are called a practical people. All persons with geographical acquirements of a high order should not be imprisoned—that is the issue of the proposal. The *Figaro* is the authority, it ought not to be forgotten to state.

THE phase of political France is at this moment summed up in one word—queer. When Charles Dickens first crossed the Atlantic ocean he was being constantly asked by interested companions how he felt. He invariably remarked "Queer." When questioned as to his being sea-sick he replied, "Not sick yet—but going to be." Political France is crossing an immense ocean just now; and she feels queer, and is going to be sick shortly. A daring doctor and drastic doses alone will cure her.

THERE have been several curious animated advertisements lately to be seen in the streets of London, from Wyndham's fourteen days' men in convict dress, to the twelve boys in bilious garments representing yellow dwarfs. The latest novelty is of a man walking hurriedly along with a frame, covered in white calico hanging to his neck, fore and aft, and on the calico being this singular notice:—"General Post Office; discharged for not saluting a clerk. For twenty-five years I have been one of Her Majesty's servants." The man walks hurriedly on, apparently quite regardless of any passer-by.

THE Mr. Jones, who has lately bequeathed to the nation an unique and matchless collection of pictures and articles of *vertu*, in gold, silver, bronze, marble, ormolu, &c., of the value of a quarter of a million sterling, set up on his own account as a tailor in Waterloo-place fifty-seven years ago. Here, for a quarter of a century, he applied himself to his calling, after which he retired from its active pursuit, but retained a share as a sleeping partner. He did not migrate very far, however—only to 35, Piccadilly, the house adjoining that in which Lord Palmerston and the late Duke of Cambridge lived. That Mr. Jones was eminently successful in business may be gathered from the fact that his will was proved at £400,000.

A MAN who has acquired the art of successful photography takes each morning the outside sheet of *The Times*, and photographs separately the births, marriages and deaths' sections of the famous first column. This he subsequently reduces and places upon a neatly-fashioned card. Having taken six times as many copies as there are announcements he then sends them round to the persons whom he conceives will be interested, adding that if the parcel is retained the price will be so much. One who is personally acquainted with the author of this new way of raising the wind says that he actually derives a very handsome income from this ingenious device.

HIGH PLACES.

The high places of the world stand in altitude as follows, the figures indicating feet.

Pisa, leaning tower.....	179
Baltimore, Washington monument.....	210
Montreal, Notre Dame Cathedral.....	220
Boston Bunker Hill monument.....	221
Montreal, English Cathedral.....	221
Paris, Notre Dame.....	221
Bologna, leaning tower.....	272
Cairo, minaret of mosque of Sultan Hassan, highest Mohammedan minaret in the world.....	282
New York, Trinity Church.....	284
Florence, campanile or Giotto's tower.....	292
Lincoln, Cathedral.....	300
Washington, Capitol.....	307
Venice, Campanile.....	322
New York, St. Patrick's Cathedral (to be when completed).....	330
Utrecht, Cathedral (formerly 384).....	338
Florence, Cathedral.....	372
Milan, Cathedral.....	375
London, St. Paul's.....	365
Brussels, Hotel de Ville.....	370
Lubeck, Cathedral.....	385
Antwerp, Cathedral.....	402
Amiens, Cathedral.....	422
Hamburg, St. Michael's.....	425
Laudshut, St. Martin's.....	435
Cairo, Pyramid of Chephren.....	446
Vienna, St. Stephen's.....	449
Cairo, Pyramid of Cheops (original height, 480).....	450
Rome, St. Peter's.....	455
Rouen, Notre Dame.....	465
Strassburg, Cathedral.....	468
Hamburg, St. Nicholas.....	473
Cologne, Cathedral.....	511
Washington monument (to be).....	555