

"Your uncle, who had thus interposed probably only to gain a little time, had another consultation with his friends, and after a long pause, broken off by the impatient auctioneer, the bidding was resumed, but only with flagging spirit. At first we had gone by thousands, but now it was by five hundreds, then by hundreds and next by fifties. The flame was fluttering; the tide was ebbing. We managed, however, to reach fifty thousand, which in my estimation was exactly the value of the property, house and quarries included. And that, again, was my bid. The auctioneer harped on that for a while, till a timid 'and one' was heard, when he burst out laughing, repeated:

"Fifty thousand and one dollars!"

"Here a ludicrous scene ensued. I knew that the bid was a blind, for the young fellow who made it was worth nothing. Hence I resolved on leaving him in suspense for awhile. The auctioneer repeated the figure over and over again. I made no sign. The young man began to grow uneasy. What if I intended not to go beyond fifty thousand? That was quite possible. He had no reason to suspect that I was ready to give more than the property was worth. In that case, he was certain not to be outbid. But what if the property were knocked down to him? It was fearful to think of it. It would be his ruin. I saw that he was as white as death, and that the cold perspiration flowed down his temples. Your Uncle James, too, was visibly dismayed. He understood that the situation was desperate, and he could hope for nothing more from his friends. They remained looking blank and stolid, unmindful of his approaches to them. Finally, having sufficiently enjoyed my little malice, I tipped a wink smilingly to the auctioneer, who understood me to the letter, for he announced:

"Fifty thousand one dollars and a half!"

And a moment after he brought his hand down with a crash saying:

"Gone. M. Hector Paladine!"

There was a general sigh of relief. The battle was over. Many faces turned toward me with looks of benevolence. Indeed, from that day a noticeable reaction took place in my favour. Such, my son, is human caprice. I fully expected some hostile movement from your uncle, and I stood in my place to receive him. But no. He was crushed and walked away sullenly, supported by a few of his friends. I then mounted my horse and rode home. A few months later I married a sweet girl of eighteen, the mother of Ory, and took up my abode here, where I have since always loved to live and where I hope to die.

"This is the first part of my story, Carey. You will think it over and judge of it according to your lights. However you may happen to differ from me in some things, I hope you will agree that I paid a dollar and a half too much for the Quarries, and I further hope that you may live to pay that sum back to me."

I looked up at the old man. His face was radiant. It was smiling and tender. Forgetting all the rest, I seized upon his last words, fancying that they covered the dearest of promises.

XIII.

BREAD AND BUTTER.

Of course, neither of us had eaten a morsel of supper. The tea was cold: the toast was shrivelled. I went to the window to call Ory. She was standing at the other end of the gallery, among the flowers, and gazing at the starry sky. I had no need of saying a word, however, for she came up at once.

She looked at us both. Our serenity and good humour reassured her, and she, too, looked contented. She even broke out into merriment when she glanced at the table.

"It is just as I expected," she said, laughing. "I knew you would eat nothing."

Her father protested that it was no fault of his, for he had specially recommended me to eat, and had he observed my abstinence would have repeated his invitation. I contented myself with looking both innocent and guilty.

"You will have to be satisfied now with plain bread and butter," said Ory. "I will fetch more tea and a pitcher of milk."

This time she joined us at supper and we all ate heartily. M. Paladine in particular. During the meal, Ory gave her father a few details of her visit to my mamma, in anticipation of the full account which she reserved for him when they would find themselves alone together. The old man was wonderfully pleased and he repeated several times that this was one of the most auspicious days of his life.

"It is ever thus," said he. "After a great trial or misfortune, comes a special benediction."

Some little effort was also made to detain me over night on the plea of the wound of my shoulder. But I declared that I felt no pain or weakness whatever. M. Paladine then proposed to have me driven home. This I also declined, preferring to walk, and the more, that I desired to collect my thoughts in solitude before confronting my mamma that night. Ory seemed only half-pleased at this resolution, but she did not insist from a natural motive of delicacy.

At length, after the meal, when I rose to depart, M. Paladine pressed my hand in both his and addressed me in language of the greatest fervour. Referring to the events of the preceding night, he repeated his satisfaction that all had turned out so well; thanked me again for the resolution I had almost forced upon him; expressed his pleasure at the reconciliation which

I had procured with my mamma through his daughter; bade me reflect on the history he had traced out for me, with a prayer that I should judge mercifully of the part he had taken therein; promised to continue the narrative at the first fitting occasion, and entreated me to renew my visits frequently.

"Carey will come to-morrow," said Ory.

"I fear not to-morrow," I answered. "I left all my luggage out at Valmont, and in fact must return there no later than to-morrow to apologize for my sudden and unannounced absence. Then I have several things to look after in the city. I am alone in the world now and have no means to sustain me. I must cast about me for some occupation before the end of the summer vacation. But as soon as ever I can, I will be sure to come down to the Quarries."

I then bade my kind host good-night. Ory accompanied me to the front door. Though she tried to keep up her spirits, I knew that her mind was pre-occupied, not to say anxious.

"Do you know, Ory, that I feel our parting to-night as if I had lived here and known you all my life?"

"What has happened within the last twenty-four hours can account for the feeling. I have the same. But I part with you this evening, however, with far less misgiving than I had when I saw you descend the steps of the quarry platform, on that ever memorable night, nearly a month ago."

"I thought I had left you in a swoon when I departed that night," I answered.

"So you did. But your shadow had scarcely disappeared from the door, than I rose and followed you through the dark. The danger was all to come then; now it is past. But you will continue to wear your little Egyptian cross all the same?"

"To my dying day, Ory. Before, it was an amulet; now, it is a memorial."

"Accept this further token to-night. If more perishable, it is none the less sincere."

And she handed me a neat little bunch of phlox.

"Crimson and white like your cheek this moment, Ory. I accept the emblems."

I pressed the flowers to my lips. She turned away as half-frightened at the sense I had given her words and her present, but I seized her hand and hastened my good-night.

"God be with you," she murmured. "Take good care of yourself, mind that wound of yours, and au revoir!"

"Au revoir!" I exclaimed, affecting to be gay, but my heart was very heavy as I entered under the shadows of the great trees. A moment later I was out of the park, and then I was solitary indeed. The shutting of that door was as the closing of Paradise to me. But I walked away. I knew that Ory was still standing on the step looking in my direction, thinking of me and praying for me. And oh! it was ecstasy to feel that though I were forsaken by all the world, there was one of God's purest and loveliest creatures who cared for me.

It was high midnight when I reached home. By the use of my latch-key I contrived to get into the house without disturbing any one. I felt no desire for sleep, but knowing that I really needed rest, and desiring to be up early in the morning, I went to bed. I managed to drive off importunate thoughts as they rose, and having recourse, besides, to the merry monk's rule of mumbling the same prayer over and over, I soon fell into a deep sleep.

(To be continued.)

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

A TIMELY PAPER.

At this season of the year, when so many persons are drowned, or barely escape drowning, while bathing at the sea-side resorts, the matter has a special practical interest. Dr. Lambert, of New York, has recently published a pamphlet, in which he takes the ground that persons drowned or strangled are, for a much longer time than has been supposed, in a condition of suspended animation; and that their vital functions can be restored by simply heating the body to a degree somewhat above its normal temperature. He recommends using sheets of cloth wrapped around the person, and kept continually soaked with hot water; or a warm bath, maintained at about 100° F., answers the same purpose. He asserts positively that water does not enter the lungs in any quantity sufficient to embarrass their action, and that therefore the inflation of the lungs with air, in the case of persons drowned, is not necessary; also, that recovery can confidently be expected many hours after the strangulation.

Some remarkable cases of success attending this mode of resuscitation are instanced, and also the well-known fact that flies and other insects, and dogs, cats, and birds, have been often drowned, and afterwards revived by heat alone; and this treatment has been practiced several times on the same subject, without any bad result.

The *American Exchange and Review* says that Dr. Lambert's theory, though perhaps original with him, has been anticipated by Dr. Edmund Goodwyn, of London, who in 1788 published a volume on "The Connexion of Life with Respiration," in which he calls strangulation a "disease," and recommends that gentle, artificial inflation and exhaustion of the lungs should be practiced on persons drowned, as well as heat applied to them to about 100° F.

After detailing some astonishing experiments on animals, in suspending their animation and reviving it, including the introduction, without drowning, of as much as three or four ounces of water into the lungs of certain unfortunate cats and dogs, which lived on afterwards, apparently but little affected by such hard experiments, Dr. Goodwyn gives the following as deductions from his researches:

(1.) A small quantity of water commonly passes into the lungs in drowning.

(2.) The water enters into the lungs during the efforts to inspire, and mixing with the pulmonary mucus, occasions the frothy appearance mentioned by authors.

(3.) The whole of this fluid in the lungs is not sufficient to produce the changes that take place in drowning. And hence it follows that the water in which the animal is drowned produces all the changes that take place in drowning, indirectly, by excluding the atmospheric air from the lungs.

This theory certainly deserves the most careful investigation on the part of medical men. If it shall prove to be well founded, we can hardly doubt that hundreds of drowned persons who might have been saved have been buried in a state of suspended animation. It is a comfort, under the circumstances, to believe that, if heat was necessary for the restoration of vitality, they were not likely to return to consciousness after being placed in the cold grave or tomb. We hope that the subject will soon be examined by experts, and that the results, whatever they may be, will be promptly announced.

VARIETIES.

DISRAELI.—Lord Beaconsfield is described as remarkably careful in his dress, although he no longer appears in embroidered waistcoats, festoons of gold chains, silk-lined coats and light trousers. He goes now to the House of Commons mornings quietly dressed in a frock coat, a black necktie and a pair of bronze-coloured trousers. But when he takes his walks abroad he dons a wonderful light overcoat, with trousers a shade darker, a blue necktie, and, when the east wind blows, a white silk handkerchief loosely tied round the throat. In strange contrast to the white silk are the sunken, wrinkled cheeks, and the dead, unmoved expression. His face shows his age; but from a back view that cunningly-cut overcoat would seem to surround a man of forty.

MARIA DEL PILAR.—The late Spanish Princess Maria del Pilar is described as having been the loveliest of all King Alfonso's sisters. She was tall, fair and graceful, and had most winning manners. The king arrived at Escoriala too late to see his sister alive. When the train entered the station General Loma had just received a telegram announcing her death, and at first dared not tell the king, who repeatedly asked him to tell the entire truth. At last the king said, "I have suffered so much during the past year that I can bear new trials. Do tell me the reality." Much moved, General Loma held out the telegram. The king became very pale as he read it silently, and, turning to the Princess of the Asturias, he said, "Our sister is no more." The Princess, who was nineteen years old, was, it is rumoured, to be the wife of an Austrian archduke.

CARL SCHURZ.—In Secretary Schurz's beautiful library, which no one who has ever entered forgets, stands an easel, and on that easel is a life-sized portrait in India ink—a face and bust—of marvellous beauty and tenderness. It is more than a picture—it is a presence; and it hallows the apartment with a sense of "the tender grace of a day that is dead." No one who knew Mrs. Schurz in her life-time, or who recalls Mrs. Mary Clemmens's touching and tender analysis of her character in the *Independent* shortly after her death, but approaches that picture as if it were a shrine. To the pure and loyal heart of her husband I know it is such; and if you have ever seen him in his library you have felt that that gentle presence became a participator in the interview. Numa had his Egeria, and Sir Galahad his blessed vision; and Carl Schurz, returning to his lonely home at nightfall, after days of such intense hard work as few men realize—a work which is to him more than a vocation, even a consecration—opens softly the door of his favourite room, and finds awaiting him those sweetly-following eyes.

LONGFELLOW'S WORK.—The "Wreck of the Hesperus" was written in 1839, at midnight. A violent storm had occurred the night before, the distress and disasters at sea had been great, especially along the coasts of the New England coast. The papers of the day were full of the news of disaster. The poet was sitting alone in his study late at night, when the vision of the wrecked Hesperus came drifting on the disturbed tides of thought into his mind. He went to bed, but could not sleep. He arose and wrote the poem, which came into his mind by whole stanzas, finishing them just as the clock—the old clock on the stairs—was striking three.

Sir Walter Scott says that he was led to write the romance of "Kenilworth" because the first stanza of Mickle's famous ballad of "Cunamor Hall" haunted him:

"The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the towers of Cunamor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby."

Longfellow says that he was, as he thinks, led to write the "Wreck of the Hesperus" because

the words "Norman Woe," which were associated with the disasters at sea, seemed to him so indescribably sad.

BALKY HORSES.—A society for the prevention of cruelty to animals recommends the following rules for the treatment of balky horses:

1. Pat the horse upon the neck, examine the harness carefully, first on one side then on the other, speaking encouragingly while doing so; then jump into the waggon and give the word go; generally he will obey.

2. A teamster in Maine says he can start the worst balky horse by taking him out of the shafts and making him go round in a circle. If the first dance of this kind doesn't cure him, the second one will be sure to do it.

3. To cure a balky horse, simply place your hand over the horse's nose and shut off the wind till he wants to go, and then let him go.

4. The brains of horses seem to entertain but one idea at a time; thus continued whipping only confirms the stubborn resolve; if you can by any means give him a new subject to think of you will have no trouble in starting him. A simple remedy is to take a couple of turns of stout twine around the fore-leg, just below the knee, and tie in a bow-knot. At the first check he will go dancing off, and, after going a short distance, you can get out and remove the string to prevent injury to the tendon in your further drive.

CHAMPAGNE.—Henry Vizetelly has recently published a book giving facts about champagne and other sparkling wines of Europe. He is said to be an authority on these matters, and his opinion is of value. He says that France consumes light and moderately sweet wines; the United States gives a preference to the intermediate qualities; China, India and other hot climates stipulate for light, dry wines, while the very strong ones go to Australia and the Cape. Not merely the driest, but the very best wines of the best manufacturers, and commanding, of course, the highest prices, are invariably reserved for the English market. The sweet wines go to Russia or Germany, the syrupy product of Roder being regarded by the sweet-toothed Muscovite as the beau ideal of champagne, and the Germans demanding wines with twenty or more per cent. of spirit, or nearly quadruple the quantity contained in the average champagnes shipped to England. He claims that champagne of fine quality should never be mixed with ice or iced water; neither should it be iced to a great extent, for the natural lightness of the wine prevents its being diluted without being utterly spoiled, and the excessive cold destroys alike the fragrant bouquet of the wine and its delicate vinous flavour. Really good champagne should not be iced below fifty degrees Fahrenheit, while sweet wines may be iced almost to freezing point, and will not be hurt by the process.

THE BEST PROJECT.—In view of the resuscitation of the old project for building what is known as the Huron Ship Canal—a canal to connect Lakes Huron and Ontario—the *London Times* incidentally shows what advantages would accrue in the movement of the immense grain crops of the West through the use of the projected waterway. These advantages may be briefly summed up as a saving of distance, consequently of time, between Chicago and the seaboard, and a reduction of the cost of freight. Now these advantages would no doubt be of a very material description, and while we have no desire to underrate them, we have no hesitation whatever in saying that a much better route in every respect could be obtained by way of the Ottawa and French Rivers. Competent engineers have shown that a canal by the Ottawa and French Rivers would cost about one-fourth of the estimated cost of the Huron Canal. There would be abundance of water at the summit level for the whole season of navigation, and no necessity to build expensive works to provide reserves for the "dry season." There would be less lockage and less canalizing than by any other route existing or possible, and consequently greater average speed on the whole journey. The mileage distance would be less between Chicago and tide-water than by any other route, and the greatest number of "round trips" could be made during the season of navigation. All the advantages, therefore, less first cost, shorter distance between terminal points, certainty of water supply, and better facilities for navigation, are in favor of a project by the Ottawa and French rivers. And there is nothing more certain than that the farming interests of the great West, in which we must include our own North-Western territory, could be immensely benefited by the construction of a canal by the Ottawa River.

"How long will the combination system last?" asked the writer of a well known and good actor the other day. "Till doomsday, I'm afraid," said he. The same question was asked of another equally well-known and good player, and he replied, "This season will finish it."

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. LEMAN, Station B, New York City.