

door. Seems like happy fate that Clynych should die. And same good fortune the events which relieved me of the detested witches your predecessors."

A gleam of blue light came into the room and showed one side of the chamber moving away. In terror the wooer of the widow Clynych beheld spectral figures flitting across the floor. But also some in blooming life and youthful beauty, stood posed among the spectres. One came to the front, a woman of years, yet comely in features and radiant of life. Rosa Myther, bride of the midnight wedding. She spoke:

"I forbid your marriage with Nelly Clynych."

A shade in its white shroud advanced, extending a death's hand, making signs angry and threatening.

A second of the flitting shadows gesticulated. Then a third and fourth.

Lundy gasped, perspired, shook at the knees, and would have called on Nelly at the door for aid or means of escape; but words refused to be uttered.

Rubbing his eyes frantically; tearing off plasters, blisters, lotions, which now tortured him, the Buddy wildly trode the floor; clutching hair, and stamping feet. At last came utterance in gasping syllables:

"That Wurly Wizard's medicine gives dreams, visions! Is this death? Oh, horror! horror! Nelly, dear, come help me!"

Rushing in frenzy to escape, he was intercepted by Rosa Myther. In her hand a phial like that which dropped acid when he demanded the twenty thousand dollars found in the Lillymere satin corset.

"Know what this is, Lundy?" she asked. "Acid to dissolve bones, to bleach pulp, to make paper. Have a little on the skin?"

"Rosa, have mercy! Mercy on your poor, lying, deceitful, Buddy Lundy!"

"Good thing you said that. I will have mercy: such you had not for me."

And Rosa glided away, disappearing amid the crowd of girls and shadows. A mingling throng of women in shrouds of death, and garments of gaiety. Then the folding doors closed, and the bed chamber was as before.

"A vision in sleep," he said. "must have been; what else should it be? Yet horribly real. Try is Nelly still here. Nelly! Nelly Clynych! Speak to me, darling. I'm sick and sore; very ill, and have been dreaming."

"What is the matter, dear Mr. Lundy? What is a matter with her own, dear, old beau?"

"That voice! Those words I love to hear. Come in, fair Elliner, and make the compact. Let us agree to be wedded the earliest day possible. The whole estate to be yours and mine jointly. Let us marry right away; let it be the day Clynych is buried, or sooner, yet the dead bull-dog underground at once, and make her own one, the lover of her youth, a happy, happy Lundy Buddy!"

The door flashed open. Striding into the room in scarlet hunting coat, velvet cap, boots, spurs, riding whip in hand, came—Captain Rasper Clynych!

"Good Captain! Dear, good Captain! Have a mercy, Captain! It was all Nelly's doings, Captain Clynych. Fact's death it was the woman tempted me to this. Mercy, Captain, mercy! It was she, she; not me, not me, she! she! she! Not me—me—me! Not me!"

"Infernal cuss, cur, coward!"

"Mercy, Captain Clynych, mercy! Have pity on poor Buddy Lundy. I'll leave the country. If any be wronged I'll make restitution."

"You cuss! Will and bequeath lands in Dunderdyke!"

"Not so hard, dear Captain; not so cruelly hard."

"Will and bequeath lands in Willinhurst; all bank deposits, shares, roads, bridges, houses to my dearly esteemed neighbour and friend Lully Lundy!"

"Hold, hold, don't kill me. Was blistered by the doctor before you came alive. The joy, the joy and happiness that you are alive and not dead. Ah! that is terrible. It was she, she tempted, drew me to it; not I, not I, not I! Oh, I die—die! You'll both be hung for this murder. And Rosa Myther, too, the traitress. I see all the trick now."

"Run—take that—run! Out of the house! Off the premises—run, villain, run!"

And the Buddy disappeared, shutting himself within doors where none saw him for many days.

Wurly had given no medicine, no blisters, no lotions. Binnacle and clerk had drawn no will. So all affirmed when privately applied to by Detective De Peri. From which it was inferred that Clynych himself had been corpse, doctor, and notary.

Eleven months passed. Lady Mary Mortimer, the Duke of Sheerness, Sir Kenneth and all the rest arrived at the Falls.

The end of that feud was not yet. Aggression of one greedy for what was not his own, and regardless of the rights of the weak, had induced intervention and chastisement, which led to reprisal; and reprisal to consequences disastrous to some who least expected the result.

Seated on a fallen rock a few yards within the margin of Niagara river, half a mile below the Falls on the Canada side, shaded from sunshine by the awning which a boat's sail

makes on a tripod of poles, were two gentlemen who fished; and a third who sketched a picture.

One of the anglers was Rasper Clynych. He told the Lundy episode as just related. The Hon. Captain Pinkerton, second angler, whom Clynych more directly addressed and looked to for approval or admiration, gave but faint signs of assent. The Duke of Sheerness, the artist of the three, neither approved nor made a remark. But he felt the conduct of all concerned to have been morally offensive and brutal.

"That was the man," added Clynych, "who brought us in his boat to this rock."

"Is he not afraid of you now?" Pinkerton inquired.

"Not if I'm in company. He avoids me if alone. Many tricks are played on him by people whom he has wronged, which he in turn is not slow to imitate, or enlarge upon. He is a vindictive old rascal."

"How does he live? Property?"

"Some; not much. He lives mainly by smuggling. That is why he keeps a boat here, and others at different points above the Falls. Professes to fish, or conduct strangers to points of interest; conveying them by boat where one may be paddled or rowed, in the manner he brought us to this rock. But night prowling, like a wild cat, is Lundy's natural employment."

The Buddy heard these words. Unknown to Clynych he had come with his boat behind the awning under lower edge of the rock, and lay in its bottom with head on the gunwale, ears alert to catch remarks.

The distance to shore was but ten or twelve yards. The water not so deep but Lundy could wade it, though deeper than gentlemen cared to plunge in summer boots.

"The like opportunity," said the Buddy, cogitating, "may not again occur. I'll buy a trap for Clynych even at risk of the other two. They have listened to his recital of duplicity and barbarity to me. They who hear that outrage told and don't protest against it as wicked and cruel are my enemies."

Lundy waded ashore, carrying the oars; and substituted for them another pair, drawn from a place of concealment. A pair of oar-trousers and long since prepared, which must give way if used with vigour in the current outside the rock of the awning.

Having laid them to hand for use of Clynych the man of reprisal retired to a hiding place, not to come when called; not to come at all, but wait and wait.

It was a sultry afternoon. On the upper levels where carriages rolled along, the first two hundred feet high, the next behind it three hundred feet high from shore of the vortex where Courad Mortimer sketched and his companions fished, fitful gusts of wind blew along. Miniature cyclones raising spiral clouds of dust.

Most of the tourist visitors were in carriages, driving from Suspension Bridge to the Falls; or back to the Bridge. The road runs near the unguarded brink of vertical cliffs; separated only by forty, fifty or sixty feet of uneven margin, that covered by shrubs and occasional trees.

But some strangers staying at nearest hotels walked on foot. Of these were three ladies recently from the States with gentlemen of their families. The girls were young, light of heart, light of foot, merry.

One, whom the others sportively called to as Sylvia, gathered sprigs of myrtle. A gust of the uncertain wind came, and filling the crinoline carried her from the ground towards the cliffs.

Many saw; and all in alarm, or in anguish cried, or shrieked:

"Catch hold! Save her! Save! Help! Mercy on her, she is over the rocks, and down!"

From a carriage coming up at the moment, an impassioned voice of prayer pierced the air:

"Oh, God! save her! Oh, Blessed Jesus receive her poor soul!"

The Duke of Sheerness happening to look from his sketch around and overhead at that moment, discerned in the air what he took to be a parachute, descending to water outside the awning where he sat. Next moment the anglers saw it; and Pinkerton exclaimed:

"A woman!"

The Duke saw the feet; and in the same breath cried:

"The boat! the boat!"

Clynych shouted aloud for Lundy. The Buddy saw it all, but did not show himself.

The falling lady alighted gently on edge of the current. The crinoline still keeping her afloat, she glided slowly away, frantically using hands clutching at the water, voiceless in terror.

Quickly the three men got aboard the Lundy boat, with oars out. And soon they ran the craft alongside the floating thing of beauty, dragging her in.

Other boats were in sight and Clynych hailed them to help; for he felt the oars to be splintered.

With the force of strong men of skill, nerved by comprehension of danger, they pulled athwart stream to gain the shore; and seemed about succeeding when—both oars snapped.

Other boats emerged from shore, but only short distances. The Lundy craft was already in the current, and none could overtake it and return.

"It is but death anyway!" cried Rasper Clynych, leaping overboard to attempt a struggle for which no man was equal. He was drowned.

At first the Duke and Captain Pinkerton had correct sensations of perception, that the boat floated down a river, they powerless to guide it, farther than make a feeble attempt to steer with a broken oar.

But as the river narrowed from half a mile to about two hundred yards, and soon to less, the current changing to a projectile of vehement momentum going a mile a minute, shooting down the gorge as an arrow; the vertical cliffs walling in the maddened waters, the sensations changed.

The boat seemed remaining in one place; tossing, rolling; up on end, down on end; bumping, dashing, and wildly battling with waves of foam all at war.

Perpendicular walls of rock, occasional wooded slopes, saw mills in gulches of the cliffs, houses on the cliffs, people on the rocks with arms raised in air, anglers springing to feet a moment, culling clinging to steep pastures,—all came flying up, flashing past, flying to the rear, as the boat continued at its stationary place of conflict.

At last they were sensible of being in water where the little craft turned; heading to the sun; shooting athwart the sun; whirling round with stern to the sun; coming round again spinning, with its head, as before, and so continuing round and round.

Then the rocks, the wooded slopes, people on the slopes, people down in the gulches, horses and coaches on the cliffs, fell into circumvolution; increasing in speed and wildness of weird dancing as night closed in.

They had heard of the whirlpool, and were now on it.

So long as whirled on the widest circles the boat might live. But the circles contracting, the times could be calculated when it would come into the gurgling throat of the vortex, which, swallowing all that comes gives nothing back: never again.

(To be continued.)

COUP DE SOLEIL, AND HOW TO TREAT PATIENTS.

There is something to be remembered by those most liable to sunstroke. Sobriety is a great preventive. The man who abstains from all spirituous drinks during excessively hot weather is vastly less liable to sunstroke than he who drinks habitually. Regular hours for sleep and meals, and the avoidance of all irregularities and excesses, are among the other preventatives. Bathing, washing, or sponging the skin all over in the morning is a wholesome precaution. Every one employed out doors, that can possibly do it, should wear a light, easy-fitting, broad-brimmed hat.—Bricklayers, carpenters, labourers, mortar-makers, hod-carriers, and all others working in the sun, should have some kind of shed or shade handy, where they can rest for a few minutes at short intervals of half an hour or so. People otherwise engaged on the streets, or who have to go about on business, should be careful to keep on the shady side, to look well to their head gear, so as to insure that which is light and porous, and those who have leisure should carry sun-umbrellas.

In every instance where a person is found fainting in the street, on a hot day, the first thing is to remove the person to as cool and shady a place as can be found, and, if possible, to where a draught of air is blowing at the time. By-standers and mere curious idlers should be kept from crowding around. The next is to send in all directions for a doctor or a skilled apothecary. But, as it frequently happens that neither a doctor nor an apothecary can be had in time, those who take charge of the sufferer should know how to act, for they may save his life. For their information the following treatment is suggested:—They should understand that there are two morbid conditions resulting from excessive heat. Those differ somewhat in their symptoms, and require a somewhat different treatment. The first of these occur after undue exertion on the part of the person thus affected. The man is faint, perhaps unable to move, though he can generally be roused, he has a feeble pulse and a cool and moist skin. Here there is simply a loss of nervous power, and relief is promptly afforded by removing him to a cool, shady place, applying cold water or ice to the head, and administering iced brandy and water, iced wine and water, or other stimulant. In the other and more fatal form of this affection a different set of symptoms show themselves. Here the patient falls to the ground completely unconscious, his skin is pungently hot and dry, his breathing hurried, convulsions are not uncommon, and, if proper treatment be not promptly resorted to, death soon takes place.

In this case also, the patient should be promptly removed to a shady and cool spot, perfectly private, so that the crowd may be kept off without fail. His clothing should

be stripped off and his whole body rubbed with ice from head to foot, and pieces of ice should be kept under the armpits. This should be steadily persevered with until the patient is restored, or until a doctor arrives, or until it is plain that the case is beyond recovery.

WELLINGTON'S SAGACITY.—The Duke was one day hunting with the late Tom Ashton Smith, when the hounds, on reaching the banks of a small river, lost their fox. Smith, always on his mettle when the Duke was out with him, and mortified at the prospect of having found him indifferent sport, rode up to him and said apologetically, "I am afraid, your Grace, our fun is over. The dogs can't pick up the scent."—"Ten to one," said the Duke, "the fox has crossed to the other side."—"Not very likely, my lord," was the rejoinder, "a fox hates the water."—"Ay, ay," once more urged the Duke, "but he may have crossed over by some bridge or other."—"I don't believe there is such a thing," replied the master of the hounds.—"Well," pursued the Duke, "unless you know to the contrary, though I never was here before, I will wager a trifle you will find one within a mile or two." Smith, anxious to fall in with his Grace's wishes, though devoid of faith in his prediction, pushed on, and, sure enough, about three-quarters of a mile off, he came upon a rudely constructed bridge of timber. The dogs had no sooner crossed it than they took up the scent again, ran the fox in the open, and killed it in the open. The noble lord who told me this anecdote in illustration of Wellington's intuitive sagacity, asked him, in riding home with him, how, if he were not familiar with that part of the country, he came to guess there was a bridge in the neighbourhood. "Why," was the answer, "I saw three or four cottages clustered together on each bank of the river, though at considerable distance from each other, and I considered that the social principle common to men would be sure to tempt those who lived in them to contrive some means or other for convenient communication with each other. That same speculation of mine won me one of my Indian battles."—*Memoir of Charles Mordaunt Young.*

A thief in Calcutta recently stole a musical box, thinking probably from its ornamental exterior that it was a jewel case. Having got off safe with his prize, he made his way to Wellesley Square, where, in the shrubbery, grows a certain large and bushy shrub. Close to this shrub resides the "malice" who looks after the enclosure. The thief sat down in the shadow of the bush and proceeded to pick the lock. The "lock," however, was the spring to set the wheels going, so that all of a sudden the horrified thief heard his jewel case begin in a lively manner to play "The wind that shakes the barley." He jumped up, flung up the bewitched "lock" into the bush, and fled. Meanwhile the "malice" woke, listened—yes—his bush was resonant with sweet sound. He sat up; a cold perspiration burst out upon him; the bush, which he had tended from its twighood—which he had watched these many years with all a "malice's" pride—was decidedly bedevilled. The tune stopped—click, click—and then began the "Mabel Valse." This was too much for the "malice," who fled from the accursed spot to the police inspector. Swiftly the pair returned to the garden. Cautiously they approached the tree, just in time to hear the musical box, which had now gone through its repertoire, rattle off the last bars of a comic song. The inspector recognised the sound, dived into the big bush, and extracted the musical box.

The Vancouver *Standard* says that the largest Douglas pine known to exist on that island now grows near Mr. Richardson's house, Chemainis prairie, on the edge of the trail, and not far from Chemainis river. It is 51 feet in circumference, or about 16 feet in diameter, and about 150 feet high. Originally it was at least 50 feet higher, but the top has been broken off either by lightning or storm. It is a monster, and need not be ashamed of its proportions were it among the gigantic trees in the famous Calaveras grove. Two gentlemen who recently visited it christened it "The Old Guardsman," and it well deserves the name, for it must have been standing on guard centuries before any of the trees around it.

Many of the great French merchants and manufacturers are giving up business in France and preparing to settle in Spain, Belgium, and England. A notable instance is in the case of Schneider, the president of the last Imperial chamber, who was the owner of perhaps the largest ironworks in the world—at Creuzot, and who is about to commence operations upon a very large scale at Stockton-upon-Tees.

AN ARTIST of good judgment and taste, accustomed to touching in photographic negatives and prints, would find constant employment at this office.

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