

she at last reached her native village. She was obliged to pass through the entire length to Höchsthof, her father's farm. All the villagers, who had just finished their dinners, thrust their heads out of the windows and pointed at her. "Look at Geier-Wally. Have you dared to come down at last? And you've brought your eagle along, you didn't both freeze! Your father left you up there long enough! Oh! how you look! You've got as brown and ugly as a Schmalser shepherd! Ha! ha! you've grown tame enough up there. Yes, that's the way people fare when they don't obey their parents!"

There was such a torrent of malicious speeches that Wally cast down her eyes, and a burning flush of shame and bitterness crimsoned her brow. Insulted, scorned—so the proud child of the Höchstbauer returned to her home. And all this—why? An implacable hatred welled up in her heart, and this was worse than anger, for anger may be soothed, but hate that grows up in an embittered heart strikes its roots through the whole nature; it is a quiet, continuous deed of powerless vengeance.

Wally silently ascended the heights from which Höchsthof looked down on the village.

No one noticed her arrival, except deaf old Klettenmaier, who was splitting firewood under a shed in the farm yard. The others were all in the fields.

"God be with you," said he, waving his cap to his master's child.

She set her burden, the heavy Haub, on the ground, and held out her hand to the old man. "But do you know? Luckard!" said he.

Wally nodded.

"Yes, yes," he continued, but without interrupting his work, "if Vincenz gets a grudge against any one, he never rests till he's driven him off. He would like to send me away, for he saw that I stood by Luckard, and thinks if there were nobody at the farm to help you you wouldn't be so obstinate. And because he can't harm me in any other way, he orders me to do the hardest work. Now I have to split a cart full of wood every day. You know I am sixty-seven years old, and this the third day. But he'd like to be able to tell Stromminger I'm of no more use, or make me go away of my own accord, because I can't hold out. But where am I to go in my old age? I must hold out."

Wally had listened to the old man's words with a very gloomy face. Now she hastily entered the house to get him some bread and wine, but the store room and cellar were locked. Wally went into the kitchen. Her heart ached. This had been Luckard's real home; she thought the old woman must come to meet her and ask: "How have you fared? what do you want? what can I do for you?" but all this was over. A strange maid servant sat by the hearth, peeling potatoes.

"Where are the keys?" asked Wally.

"What keys?"

"To the store room and cellar."

The woman looked at her insolently. "Ho, ho! who are you?"

"That you can probably guess," said Wally, proudly. "I am the daughter of the house."

"Ha! ha!" cried the woman, laughing; "then get out of the kitchen; Stromminger has forbidden you to enter the house. You belong in the barn, your place is there; do you understand?"

Wally turned pale as death. So this was to be the way she was treated in her father's house! Walburga Stromminger was to be set under the maid servant in her own home. Her father's intention was not merely to banish her from his presence, but to break her will by insulting humiliations. And this to Wally—Geier-Wally, of whom her father had once proudly said that a girl like her was worth more than ten boys.

"Give me the keys," she said, sternly.

"Ha! ha!" that would be a fine thing. Stromminger said we were to treat you like any other stable maid, and it's no use talking about the keys; I have charge of the house, and give out nothing, except what the master orders."

"The keys!" cried Wally, in an outburst of rage; I command you!"

"You've no business to order me; do you hear? I'm Stromminger's servant, not yours. And I'm mistress of the kitchen; Stromminger says so. And if Stromminger treats his own child worse than a maid servant, he probably knows why."

Wally stood close before the woman; her eyes flashed, her lips quivered; her companion began to feel uncomfortable. But the conflict in the young girl's soul lasted only a moment, then her pride conquered; she had nothing to do with the servant. She left the room. Her pulses throbbed; there was a mist before her eyes; her bosom heaved as she gasped for breath; her sufferings to-day had been too much. Like a person walking in a dream she crossed the farm yard, took the axe from the old man, who was troubling with fatigue, and led him to a bench that he might rest. Klettenmaier resisted, and said he ought not to stop working; but Wally replied that she would perform the task in his place.

"May God bless you, you have a kind heart," said the old man, sinking wearily on the bench. Wally entered the shed and cleft the huge logs with powerful strokes. She swung the axe with such angry strength that it passed through the wood and entered the chopping-block at every blow. Klettenmaier looked at her in amazement; she did the work far better than any man, and he rejoiced at it, for he had seen the child grow up, and loved her in his own way.

Just at that moment Wally saw the hated Vincenz approaching, and involuntarily paused in her task. Vincenz did not perceive her. He came behind Klettenmaier, and suddenly stood close beside the startled old man. Wally watched him from the shed. He seized the old servant by the waistcoat and jerked him from the bench. "Holloa!" he shouted in his ear; "do you call this working? You lazy scoundrel, whenever I come you are always sitting around doing nothing. I've had enough of it. I'll make you more active!" And he gave the tottering old man such a push that he fell heavily on the stone pavement of the courtyard.

"Oh! farmer, help me up," cried Klettenmaier, beseechingly; but Vincenz seized a whip, exclaiming, "Just wait. You'll see how I help lazy louts!" At this moment he received such a blow on his head that he screamed aloud and staggered back. "Oh! God! what is that?" he stammered, and sank down on the bench.

"That is Geier-Wally," replied a voice trembling with rage, and the young girl stood before him with pallid lips and staring eyes, panting for breath, as if the quick throbbing of her heart would suffocate her. "Did you feel it?" she gasped; "did you feel what it is to get one of my blows? I'll teach you to abuse my faithful old servant. You've already sent old Luckard to her grave, and now want to do the same for Klettenmaier. No; before I'll suffer such wickedness I'll set fire to my inheritance and smoke you out as I would a fox!" While uttering these words, she had helped Klettenmaier to rise, and led him to the shed. "Now go in and rest, Klettenmaier," she said; "I order you."

The old man obeyed; he felt that at this moment she was master. But at the door he released himself, and said, shaking his head, "Oh, Wally, you ought not to have done so; look after Vincenz; I think you have hurt him badly."

She left the old man and went out. Vincenz was perfectly still. She glanced timidly at him. He had fainted, and was lying on the bench, with the blood streaming from his head upon the ground. Hastily forming her resolution, Wally went to the kitchen and called the maid servant; "Come out here; bring some vinegar and a cloth, and help me."

"Have you more orders already?" answered the woman, laughing insolently, without stirring.

"It's not for myself," said Wally, with an angry glance, as she took the vinegar from the shelf herself; "Vincenz is lying outside; I struck him."

"Merciful Jesus!" shrieked the woman; and instead of hurrying to Vincenz's assistance, rushed out of the house screaming, "Help! Wally has killed Vincenz!"

The cry of terror echoed on all sides; the villagers heard it and flocked to the spot.

Meantime Wally had summoned Klettenmaier to her assistance, and washed the senseless man with vinegar and water. She did not understand how the wound could be so severe. She had struck him with the back of the axe, not with the sharp edge, but the blow had been delivered with a strength of which she was unconscious. The wrath so long pent up had found vent in a stroke as crushing as those she had formerly dealt the logs.

"What has happened?" thundered a voice that made Wally's blood freeze in her veins. Her father had dragged himself out on his crutches. "What has happened?" repeated twenty or thirty throats, and a crowd of people thronged into the farmyard. Wally was silent.

A dull murmur arose around her; all pressed forward to touch or gaze at the motionless figure. "Is he dead?" Will he die?"

"How did it happen?"

"Did Wally do it?" asked one and another.

She stood fastening a bandage over the wound, as if she neither heard nor saw anything.

"Can't you speak?" thundered her father.

"Wally, what have you done?"

"You see," was the curt reply.

"She confesses it!" shouted the crowd.

"Heavens! what insolence!"

"Gallows-bird!" shrieked Stromminger. "So this is the way you come down to your father's house!"

At the words "father's house" Wally laughed bitterly, and looked at him with a piercing glance.

"You laugh!" shouted Stromminger. "I thought you would improve on the Höchsthof, and now you have scarcely been in the house half an hour before another misfortune happens."

"He is moving," cried one of the women; "he is still alive."

"Carry him into the house and put him on my bed," said Stromminger, moving aside from the kitchen door, against which he was leaning. Two men raised Vincenz and took him in.

"If we only had a doctor," moaned the women, following the wounded man into the room.

"If we had Luckard we should need no doctor," said some of them; "he knew what to do for everything."

"Then let somebody fetch her," said Stromminger. "She shall come at once."

Again Wally laughed bitterly. "Yes, Luckard now, Stromminger; you would like to have her again. Now you can bring her from the churchyard."

The people looked at each other in perplexity. "Is she dead?" asked Stromminger.

"Yes; she died three days ago; the sorrow you caused killed her. You see, Stromminger, it serves you right; and if the man in there dies because there is no one who understands what to do, it will serve him right, too. He deserves it."

A violent uproar arose. This was too bad. "After such a wicked deed to talk so, and say it served him right, instead of repenting of it. No one will be sure of his life. And Stromminger stands by and lets her talk, without uttering a word. He's a pretty father!" So the people muttered, while Wally stood defiantly, with folded arms, in the kitchen doorway, looking at Stromminger, who was involuntarily disconcerted by her reproach. But now his fury returned with double strength, and, supporting himself on his crutches, he shouted to the crowd: "I'll show you what sort of a father I am. Seize and bind her!"

"Yes, yes!" shouted the people, "bind her; such a girl needs to be under bolts and bars. She must go before the judge—the murderer!"

At the word Wally uttered a low cry and shrank back into the kitchen.

"Stop!" screamed Stromminger. "I won't have my daughter dragged before the judge. Do you suppose I'll submit to the disgrace of having my child in a prison? Will you never know Stromminger? Do I need a court of justice to punish an unruly child? Stromminger is man enough himself, and I'm my own law on my own ground. I'll show you who Stromminger is, if I am lame. I'll lock her up in the cellar and not let her out till her spirit is broken and she begs my pardon on her knees before you all. You've heard everything, and if I don't keep my word, you can call me a scoundrel!"

"Merciful God, dost Thou no longer see?" cried Wally. "No, no, father, don't lock me up! Drive me away; send me to Muzoll, and let me be snowed in there. I will starve, freeze, but under the open sky. If you lock me up some misfortune will happen."

"Aha! you'd like to go out to be a vagabond; would that suit you better? No, indeed, I've been too indulgent to you! You shall stay under lock and key till you beg pardon of me and Vincenz on your knees."

"Father, it will be useless; before I would do that I'd rot in the cellar; you know that yourself. Let me go, father, or I tell you one more, some misfortune will happen."

"Come, we've had talking enough. Why do you all stand there! What are you thinking of? Am I to run after her myself with my lame foot? Seize her, but take care; any one who has Stromminger blood can conquer ten of you. Look out!"

The young men, irritated by these sneers, crowded into the kitchen. "We'll have her directly," they said, scornfully.

But Wally, with a single bound, sprang to the hearth and snatched a flaming brand from the fire. "I'll snuff the hair and beard of the first man who touches me!" she cried, standing before them like the archangel with the flaming sword. All shrank back.

"For shame!" shrieked Stromminger. "So you'll let a girl conquer you all. Strike the brand out of her hand with sticks," he cried, foaming with rage, for he now considered it a point of honor to conquer his daughter before the whole village. Several of the bystanders ran and brought sticks. It was like hunting a wild beast, and Wally had become a wild beast. Her eyes were bloodshot, and heavy drops of perspiration stood on her brow, as, gnashing her white teeth, she defended herself against the crowd, defended herself without thinking or reflecting, like the animals of the wilderness, to gain her freedom, her vital element. Now they struck with poles at the brands in her hand—her only weapons—but she hurled them at the crowd till they shrank in terror, snatched fresh ones from the hearth and flung them like fiery darts at the heads of her assailants. The uproar increased.

"Bring water!" shouted Stromminger.

"Bring water; put the fire out."

This was the last resource. If this were done Wally was lost. A moment more, and the water was brought; despair seized upon her. Just at that instant a thought entered her brain—a terrible, desperate thought. But there was no time for reflection; the idea was carried into action the instant it occurred to her, and, swinging a burning brand in her hand, she darted like an arrow through the throng into the farmyard, and, with a powerful arm, hurled it into the barn, in the midst of the hay and straw.

A cry of terror arose.

"Now put it out," called Wally, rushing across the yard, out of the gate, and hurrying on and on, while every one ran shrieking and screaming to extinguish the flames, which were already blazing through the roof.

With the column of smoke a dark object, as if born of the fire, rose screaming from the roof, circled high in the air several times, and then flew in the direction Wally had taken.

The girl heard a noise behind her, fancied it was made by her pursuers, and ran blindly on. Night had fallen, but it was not dark; a bright light gleamed through the gloom; she could be seen for a long distance. She ascended a ledge of rock, from which she could overlook the path; but she now saw that her pursuer was coming through the air. She had gained her object; no one thought of following her; there was more urgent work to be done in saving the farmhouse, and all were assisting in it. The eagle now overtook her, striking so violently against her in its rapid flight, that it almost hurled her over the cliff.

She clasped the bird in her arms and sank exhausted upon the ground, gazing with dim eyes at the fire which illumined the distant horizon, and was reflected by the dark mountain peaks. With a flushed, angry face, and stern, menacing look, she watched her deed. Notes of alarm rang from all the steeples in the villages,

and the bells murmured distinctly. "Incendiary! incendiary!" But the terrible song lulled her consciousness to sleep; a fainting fit spread a merciful veil over her tortured soul.

(To be continued.)

THE MOONLIGHT GAS GENERATOR.

At the Exhibition in the Crystal Palace lately, no object attracted more general attention at night than the Moonlight Gas Generator, an illuminating apparatus of great power and efficiency. Its steady, brilliant, unintermittent light, its freedom from flickering, and the perfect immunity from danger attending its use, combine to make it the most perfect instrument of the kind in use, and stamp it as a veritable acquisition to the public. The gas consumer is composed of atmospheric air mixed with gasoline; it is heavier than air, therefore, and in the event of a leak, the gas would seek the lowest levels and escape through the sewers. The gasoline reservoir is not contained in the house, but is buried six feet in the ground, and a distance of fifty feet outside. It is constructed to hold a six months' supply of gasoline and is filled through a rubber tube rising to the surface. An automatic arrangement fills the carburetter. The air pump in the basement is put in motion by a weight, which need be only wound up once or twice a week, and thus the supply is constantly maintained by a very simple contrivance. To cover the effects of evaporation, in winter, the gasoline is heated under ground by a small boiler, which is placed near the air pump, and sends steam through a pipe to the carburetter. The gas is distributed through all parts of a building with equal intensity, and is always under complete control. The manufactures furnish the apparatus in six sizes, from 25 to 600 lights, and at a cost ranging from \$125 to \$500. They are, of course, prepared to execute even larger works at special contract rates. The machine exhibited in the Crystal Palace was one of 50 lights, and it attracted very much admiration on account of the magnificent manner in which it worked. There is this additional advantage over the ordinary coal gas; light of superior brilliancy is produced for fifty per cent. less of cost. The Bellevue Convent, St. Foye Road, Quebec, is lighted by a fifty burner machine. The immense building, five stories high, was recently illuminated, and the members of the press and a large number of citizens were present. On all sides there were expressions of the utmost gratification, and the journals universally acknowledged the superiority of the new apparatus. Sister Ste. Eulalie, Superior of the Convent; the Chaplain, Rev. Mr. Paquet, and Revd. Mr. Lallamie, of the Laval University, have written to the proprietors, warmly eulogizing the invention and acknowledging the superior advantages in splendid light, cheap light, and absence of all danger.

HYGIENIC.

Port wine is more used than any other kind of wine for the sick, but it is also a wine more adulterated than any other, and therefore requiring extreme caution in its selection. A new adulteration of the article is mentioned as having been recently introduced, and which is in some cases actually dangerous, especially when taken of by feeble or delicate persons. This is described as an artificial colouring, consisting of a mixture of opium and Magenta red. The aniline colours, objectionable in themselves, are the more dangerous because they not infrequently contain arsenic. The adulteration is detected by shaking the suspected wine—and all cheap wines are to be suspected—with an equal volume of amylic alcohol that is, used off. If genuine port, the amylic alcohol remains colourless; if adulterated, it dissolves out the colouring matter, and itself appears of a purple red.

It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side, the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs, and that of the food, resting on the great vein of the body, near the back bone, compresses it and arrests the flow of the blood more or less. If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent or hearty, the arrest is more decided, and the various sensations, such as fainting over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger, and the desperate effort to get rid of it, arouse us; that sends on the stagnated blood, and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or perspiration, or feeling of exhaustion, according to the degree of stagnation and the length and strength of the effort made to escape danger. But when we do fall over the precipice, when the tumbling building crushes us, what then? That is death! That is the death of those of whom it is said, when found lifeless in their bed in the morning. They were as well as they ever were the day before, and often it is added, and "ate heartier than common!" This last, as a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed well to wake no more, we give merely as a private opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal. This we do know with certainty, that waking up in the night with painful diarrhoea, or cholera, or bilious colic, ending in death in a very short time, is properly traceable to a late large meal. The truly wise will take the safer side. For persons who eat three times a day it is simply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter and a cup of some warm drink. No one can starve on it, while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising a day of comfort.

PERSONAL.

Baron Lisgar, Governor-General of Canada, from 1888 to 1872, is dead.

The name of Mr. Williams M. P. P., of Hamilton, is mentioned in connection with the vacant Ontario Senatorship.

JAMES LICK, the celebrated California philanthropist, is dead. He leaves five millions of dollars for charitable purposes, but it is said that his son will contest the will.

OBED SMITH, one of the champion oarsmen of the world, was drowned in Halifax harbor last week. The boat he was in was run down by the mail steamer Nova Scotia.