

"It's no good, Mr. Wentworth," said one of them; "we've got you."

He smiled at them. "Pardon me," he replied, in his soft, pleasant voice and inevitable air of being completely at his ease, "I assure you you are wrong; you haven't."

As he spoke he reeled, and fell—dead. Between the altar-rail and that outer door he had slipped a capsule into his mouth, the contents of which had taken him beyond their reach.

Fortunately for Miss Bradley, she was still unmarried. In a very few more minutes she would have been a widow—of such a man. As it is, she remains a spinster. It is common knowledge that, in her writings, her criticisms of married life, and of all things which appertain thereto, have become more pungent even than before. Mrs. Van der Gucht—the subject of another of the professor's miracles—has returned to Pretoria, where she at present resides with her husband. One can but hope that she is a wiser, if not a happier, woman. Professor Fentiman has also been restored to the possession of his senses, which, in his case, is a doubtful gain to society. Lettice Mason is Mrs. Dick Sharratt; she inherited her uncle's five thousand shares in the Great Harry mine. Dr. Hurle died very soon after his nephew. Greek scholarship lost one of its finest ornaments, of a certain kind. His niece promptly turned his shares into cash.

Agnes Capparoni has, of course, become Mrs. John Banner. Her father died soon after his restoration to her—and to reason. Indeed, since he never again really enjoyed good health, and his thoughts were always with