

followed more soberly and more slowly, as became his condition.

Nevertheless he enjoyed the expedition as much as she did, and followed the springy figure with admiring eyes, until it disappeared round a projecting point of the cliff-line, where the boulders were thick and the red sand was hardly to be seen.

"Take care you foolish child—you may get a nasty fall!" Vance cried, in sudden fear; but the warning words had hardly left his lips, when they were terribly answered by a wild despairing cry and an agonized "Vance, Vance, for pity's sake come quickly," in Nettie's clear shrill voice.

It hardly took him a second to lay down all that encumbered him and fly to his wife's assistance, yet in that flash of time a thousand agonizing possibilities flashed through his mind, a thousand scenes of horror rose before him, but not one—oh, merciful Heaven, not one, so terrible, as that which met his sight!

Upon the very verge of the sea, perched on a slippery rock which every instant threatened to dislodge her, stood Nettie, with both arms flung round a slender and desperately struggling female figure.

"Vance, come! I cannot hold her any longer!" Nettie gasped; and in another second Vance stood beside her, and she slipped gently to the ground.

For the moment the young fellow thought only of his brave wife's peril, and while his eyes turned eagerly to her, he restrained the woman's desperate struggles with unconsciously savage force.

Suddenly those struggles ceased, the head dropped back on his shoulder, the body lay an inert weight in his arms. So sudden was the change from violent muscular action to complete repose that it nearly overbalanced him, and, but for Nettie's prompt movement, he would have fallen.

"The poor creature has fainted; she tried to kill herself! Oh, Vance, who is she?"

Nettie's terrified whisper thrilled him like an electric shock. He lifted the prone head; the black hair fell back from the white ghastly face. It was Nora!

"Nora!" Vance said blankly; and he could say no more. For the moment his senses deserted him, and he thought he had indeed gone mad. The whole thing seemed so wildly incredible. Nora, the courted, flattered bride of yesterday, Nora, Lady de Gretton, this desperate fugitive, this would-be suicide! It could not, could not be!

"Vance!" Nettie's voice broke in upon the young man's trance of horror. While he stood staring, trying vainly to understand, she had poured brandy from a flask, and in her quiet helpful fashion, had done her best to call the wandering spirit back. "Vance, come here! What does this mean?"

With a shudder she pointed to some dark spots on the soft velvet skirt, to the stained lace round the pretty wrists, to the small cold hands, which were red with blood.

"Wash them, Vance," she turned away her head, not able to endure the terrible sight. "She has tried to kill herself; she has been driven mad! Oh, Heaven help us all!"

She broke down in a passion of hysterical tears, a brief storm that cleared the atmosphere, and left brave Nettie free to think and act. Vance obeyed her, in a sort of blind stupor, finding as yet no clue to the maze of horror in which his mind was lost.

Meantime, with a long gasping breath, Nora opened her eyes. They rested on the white stern face that bent above her, wildly at first, then with a recognizing glance.

"Vance," she said hoarsely—"Vance! and here! And I—"

She raised her head from Nettie's lap and looked round her, then at her dress, and then, oh, Heaven, the wordless horror of her look, the maddened gleam of the dark dilating eyes!—she threw out her arms and would have broke into the weird wailing cry that woke the dangerous

echoes once before; but Nettie placed one hand upon her lips.

"Be silent, for your own sake and ours," she said authoritatively. "We are here to save you—Vance and I."

But Nora struggled pitifully to break from the strong kind clasp.

"No, no, let me die; it is the only way!" she moaned restlessly. "Vance they will hang me if I am found! Arthur is here, alive and well, and he—is dead—murdered!"

Vance Singleton glanced at his wife; her face was deathly white, but full of steady purpose. She had divined already that which was slowly dawning, in all its ghastly horror, on the man's mind.

"Who is dead, Nora?" Vance asked sternly; and the answer came with a terrible promptitude that made his heart stand still.

"Lord de Gretton. Look!"—holding out her hands with a loathing gesture. "His blood is upon me—the curse of Cain! Oh, Vance, for my father's sake, for yours, for all of our sakes, let me die! The sea is better than the hangman!"

"She is mad," Nettie said, noticing the abhorrence with which Vance drew back from this plain confession of her crime. "Vance, it may be false or true, this—this story; but, truth or delusion, we must save her, if there is yet time."

"Listen, Nora! For your father's sake you must obey us now. We are leaving this place; you must travel with us. Remember that one word such as you have spoken here would kill your father. Do you understand me?"

Nora's wild passion had exhausted her strength by this time. Only the unnatural glitter of the restless eyes told of the fire that burned within. She bent her head, and stood trembling from head to foot, but made no effort to escape, while Nettie, rapidly removing her own ulster, buttoned it over the tell-tale dress which she could not touch without a shudder, placed the black velvet hat on the bare head, and tied a thick Shetland veil across the face that must needs have betrayed her.

"Take her to the station at once, Vance," she said, with an authority her husband dare not dispute. "The things are there; it will all seem natural. Do not waste an instant."

"And you?"

In all the whirl and confusion of the moment, with Nora's hand held tightly within his arm, and his heart throbbing in a mingled tumult of horror and pity at the contact, Vance glanced back still at the slender girl-figure bareheaded in the morning sunlight; but she only waved him on frantically.

"Go; I will follow with the things. You forget Mrs. Vansittart's maid will travel with you," she said, with a ghastly little smile. "For pity's sake waste no time!"

The walk to the station was a short one; but it seemed to stretch on and on for ever. And on that morning, early as it was, the streets were by no means deserted; the little town was emptying fast of the visitors drawn thither by the regatta, and Vance dreaded every moment, that he would encounter some chance theatrical acquaintance who would insist on pausing to bid him "good-bye." And beside that terror was the other haunting fear that Nora's frenzy would break out again.

But fortune favored—no, Vance never used that false and flippant phrase; reverently and humbly he acknowledged that Heaven helped him in his desperate need. He met no one. And Nora walked beside him with an automatic obedience that saved her. They reached the station, mingled unobserved with the boisterous, chatting, laughing crowd that waited for the "cheap and nasty train," and almost before her husband dared expect her, Nettie joined him there.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

As a rule, everything eatable at table should be eaten with spoon or fork. Stewed prunes, however, may be taken with a pruning knife.

## Masic and the Drama.

### Abbey Thoughts.

Tell me not in accents cruel  
Sembraich is a pearl of price!  
Say not Nilsson is a jewel,  
Or Trebelli just as nice.

Talk no more of Campinini,  
Stagno and the costly crew;  
Verdi, Gounod and Rossini,  
To them all I bid adieu.

How I hate the name of tenor,  
How I loathe the sight of bass;  
Save me from all singing men, or  
Women of the Tuscan race!

Every note is twenty dollars;  
Ev'ry scale a silver mine;  
What a prima donna collars  
Would buy up a royal line.

First soprano takes the boxes;  
Second ditto all the floor,  
All that's left to us a Vox is,  
Præter nil or little more.

Tell me not it would be shabby  
Op'ra never more to bloom;  
I should be a ruined Abbey  
And my backers in the Tomb.  
Tarello in New York Journal.

### The Black Flag

The "Black Flag" is already familiar to our theatre goers, and needs therefore but few words at our hands. It is one of the least interesting of the melodramas with which we have of late been over-run, and cannot be compared, either for literary merit or dramatic interest, to the "Silver King"—which, by the way, follows it next week—"The Lights o' London," or the "Romany Rye." Nevertheless it contains a good story, fairly well told, and with the aid of good acting and capital scenery, draws well wherever produced. Of the company now performing in it we need not say much. Mr. Edwin Thorne still plays the leading part of *Harry Glin-don*, and, as before, shows himself a thoroughly sterling actor throughout. The entire cast is, however, a good one, but especial mention must be made of Master Harry Woodruff's impersonation of *Ned*, the cabin boy, the part played by Eliza Weathersby (Mrs. N. C. Goodwin) on its first production here. Master Woodruff is only a lad of thirteen or fourteen, but evidently has in him the stuff of which good actors are made. His remarkably excellent acting is one of the features of the performance, and meets with deserved applause.

The Katharine Rogers dramatic company were billed to play in St. John, N. B., for five nights. For two nights the attendance was small, and on the third night the doors of the hall were closed, the company's manager and the local manager having had a disagreement. Finally the company started for New York, except E. J. Parker, Miss Rogers' manager, and Frank O. Rose, an actor, who had Parker arrested on a writ of capias, alleging that Parker owed him a week's salary.

The theatre in Twenty-third street, N. Y., in which the late Salmi Morse did not publicly produce his "Passion Play" has been sold by auction. It was knocked down to Alfred B. Darling for \$144,000. The property was owned by Darling and Griswold. Mr. Griswold died some six months ago, and the sale was for the purpose of partitioning the property. Sheridan Shook was a bidder for the theatre. Mr. Darling has not decided what he will do with it.

Mr. Bandmann, the German tragedian, has made arrangements for a brief engagement in San Francisco, and will take a company with him to that city in the summer. Mr. Bandmann has not thus far been fortunate in a financial sense in his tour of this country. He has, however made more money in California than in any other part of America, and his

hopes of the forthcoming engagement are immense.

The attraction at the Grand Opera House next week will be that most successful and attractive melodrama "The Silver King," which drew such large audiences on its first presentation here. With a few exceptions the company is, we understand, the same that first produced the piece here, and which was admitted on all hands to be an unusually strong one.

Mr. O. B. Sheppard, the enterprising manager of the Grand Opera House, has been tendered a benefit performance by the "Black Flag" Co., which will take place on Saturday evening, first. The many friends of Mr. Sheppard will doubtless rally round him and give him a bumper house.

Miss F. H. Churchill, a Boston elocutionist, already favorably known to Toronto audiences, gave an evening of readings and recitations at Shaftesbury Hall, Thursday evening. We regret that we cannot do more than allude to the fact of her appearance here.

Our readers are reminded of the concert of the Choral Society on Tuesday next. Mrs. Wells Tanner will be the attraction, and selections from Haydn's "Seasons" will form the programme.

Mrs. Jersey Lily Langtry declined to play at a matinee on Ash Wednesday, it being a religious fast day. All the same, however, she sat out and enjoyed a negro minstrel matinee on the same day.

A Washington despatch of Saturday last says the President gave a dinner that evening in honor of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry, to which a few intimate friends were invited.

### Funeral of a Paris Rag-Picker.

The funeral of the Paris chiffonnier who suddenly died at the indignation meeting passed off quietly. Fortunately, papers proving his identity were found on him, and the transfer of the body to the morgue was thus rendered unnecessary. The burial-place of his part of Villette being almost out of town, there was no occasion to take the corpse through the crowded quarters. The deceased was 73, and when laid out his head resembled Blanqui's. The hovel in which he lived was on the top of a wooden shed, approached by outside stairs, bare, reeking with damp, but not dirty. Aristocratic Paris went to visit this slum, and word-pictures of it are given in all the boulevard journals. The body of the old chiffonnier was laid out on a straw mattress. A holy-water font was nailed over his bed, and a crucifix placed on his breast. Notwithstanding this sign of Catholicism, his brother ragmen, who subscribed to give him a decent burial, insisted on its being civil. They placed on the coffin a black bead crown bearing the inscription "A notre ami," and an immense one of immortelles. About a thousand poor people, comprising some blind and decrepit led by ragged children, attended the funeral. An old ragman, one Trolley, made a speech of concentrated vigor and good sense which astonished the reporters. It sharply contrasted with a frothy one delivered by M. Roche, a socialist journalist, who attempted to inflame the chiffonniers by telling them that the prefecture quailed before policeman but would not yield to ragmen. Another chiffonnier described his interview with M. Poubelle, whom he called "an empty headed man, inflated with vanity and indifferent to misery." He caused a future candidate for a seat in the chamber to read some verses he wrote in honor of the defunct. All the while heavy rain was falling, and the poor people returned to their wretched homes sadly drenched.—*Paris Cor. London Daily News.*

P. T. Barnum's will, which has just been made, covers seven hundred pages. He will most likely advertise it as "the greatest will on earth."