

satisfaction can it be to you?" I said, still with my face covered, for I dreaded to meet his eyes.

"I don't know," he answered; "It would give a sort of hope that I can't live without, that I won't live without."

"Well, I gave him the promise. I dare say you will consider it was very wicked of me to do so. I think so myself. But I thought it was almost impossible that I should be ever called upon to fulfill it, and how could I hesitate when a man's life seemed at stake?"

The following morning, as I was seated at breakfast, I caught sight of Arnold's dark figure passing my parlor window, and the next moment I heard his now well-known knock at the street door. I put down the cup of coffee that I had raised half way to my lips, while an unaccountable dread stole over me.

One glance at his countenance as he entered the room told me that something had happened. He did not look at me, not even exchange a greeting, as he laid down his hat and took a chair.

"I have strange news to tell you, Alice," he said in a voice thick and indistinct with agitation.

"For God's sake don't tell me that—" I could not complete the utterance of my fears, my voice died away in my throat, and with parted lips and moist eyes I could only await the explanation.

Meantime he had taken from his breast-pocket a letter, which he read and offered me. It had a deep black border.

I shrank back; I would not touch it; I knew its contents.

"You knew what was going to happen—you have cruelly entrapped me," I exclaimed bitterly.

He threw himself upon his knees at my feet. "I did not. It was very sudden, the letter will tell you so; heart disease—her friends had scarcely a moment's warning."

There was that in his tone I could not disbelieve, and when, after a while, I brought myself to read the fatal letter, I found his assertions were there fully confirmed.

"This makes it all the more horrible," I cried, "for I now feel as though I were in some way the cause of her death."

"I implored him to release me from my promise, as nothing could come of a marriage contracted under such suspicions. But he only repeated the old words: I cannot live without you, and I won't!"

"My friend who could perceive how ill-assorted were, did all in her power to persuade me to break with him. 'Leave the company,' she said, 'give no notice of your intention, and go home, or take another engagement under another name.'

"But I felt that I could not break a vow so soon made, and which fate, whether for good or evil, had so suddenly called upon me to fulfil."

"No, I am wrong; I did not love him, it was only a glamor—whether the result of supernatural influence or mere superstition. I cannot pretend to say—it was a mixture of dread, repulsion, and a cinator."

"That day two men he was our wedding-day. I had a rive had to postpone it to a much later date, but he would not give me a moment's peace until I consented. 'She was only my wife in name,' he kept urging, 'so what need is there of delay?'"

"Although the strange manner of our wedding was unknown to everybody save the friend I have before mentioned, it was impossible for the company not to see how matters stood between us. But someone we had drifted away from the rest, and we kept aloof from them, and only an occasional hint, or innuendo, or sly look told us of their observation. I know we were the constant theme of conversation and wonderment, but I do not think any one ever dreamed it would be a match."

"And we were both equally desirous of keeping our approaching marriage a profound secret. My friend, and one of the actors whom Arnold had a most sworn to secrecy, were to be the only witnesses, so that when on that bright March morning we entered the quiet suburban church, only a few strange loiterers were there. We wore dressed in our ordinary costume, and no one who had met us would have suspected our purpose."

"When he passed the ring over my finger his hand was like ice, and were his lips that just touched mine at the end of the ceremony, and I saw no joy in the livid face, that was expressionless as though carved in stone."

"We walked back from the church to my lodgings, where we were to be domiciled for the present. He scarcely spoke the whole way. He left me at the door, saying that

he was obliged to go somewhere, but that he would return in time for dinner, which was arranged for three o'clock."

"I ran upstairs to my bedroom, my heart ready to burst with mortification, and had a good cry. My friend did all she could to console me and to put a cheerful face upon matters, and after a while I rallied a little, and went downstairs and sat down to the piano, and played and sang to pass away the time."

"Three o'clock came and passed, and still he did not return. Then his friend, who had remained with us, said he would go in search of him."

"In about half an hour he came back, bringing Arnold with him. He afterwards told me that he had found him lying on the floor, and recklessly treating everybody who entered the room at a tavern used by the actors. I always possessed a great deal of self-control, and I kept myself quite tranquil."

"It had been arranged that we should sup at my friend's lodgings, and thither, after the performance, for we played that night, we went. There were only four of us—the four present at the ceremony. Arnold was dull and sullen, and at times seemed scarcely conscious of where he was, for, when addressed, he would start up, and, leaning about him, like one suddenly aroused from a doze."

"It was two o'clock in the morning before we turned our faces homeward. Silently he pursued his way; and I was too proud to speak. But, oh, the agony, the shame, the humiliation I endured that night! When we arrived at our lodgings, the fire was out. It was a very chilly night, and he complained of being cold, and said he should rekindle it. While he went away seeking some wood in the kitchen I ran away up stairs to my room and went to bed."

"At last my aching, swollen eyes closed, and I fell asleep."

"When I awoke the cold gray dawn of the morning was just appearing across the darkness of my room. I awoke with a start, and sat bolt upright, with a sense of ineffable horror. Had I been dreaming? I could not remember. Yet there was upon me all the terror which is left by some ghastly nightmare."

"I leaped out of bed, huddled on a dressing-gown, and with bare feet hurried down the stairs. It was impulsive, nothing more, for I had no thought in what I was doing. I opened the parlor door and looked in. All was dark and still."

"He has gone to sleep upon the sofa," was my reflection. My woman's pride prompted me to return to my chamber, but some other feeling held me rooted to the spot. The chinks of the shutters were penetrated with faint lines of light. I crossed the room, unbarred and threw them open, and looked up at the sky. The waning moon was high in the heavens, over which a faint rosate flush was just stealing, and a wild chorus of birds in the trees close by alone broke the deep stillness of the early morning."

"I stood gazing upon the picture for some records not because I felt its beauty, but because I dared not turn my head."

"When, after a time, I summoned up resolution to go on, it was slowly and by degrees. First my foot upon the sofa; that was empty; then they traveled toward the hearth. The fire had burned into a great hollow, gray and brown within, black above. I could see only a portion of the grate, as a wicker chair was drawn in front of it. There was something in the chair, something lying sideways; and there was a coat-sleeve with a hand dangling across one arm. I could feel my hair bristle and my heart stand still as I crept up to it, and saw a huddled heap of clothing, in which was half a livid, hair strewn face."

"It was my husband—dead!"

NOTE.—This story is not only founded upon facts, but the events happened almost exactly as they are related here.—Temple Bar.

As John Miller, toll gate keeper in Adams county, Pa., went out to collect toll of an old man who was passing through the gate, a bystander remarked that the two men looked enough alike to be twins. Investigation proved that they were twin brothers born in 1816 who had not seen each other for sixty years. When they were four years of age their mother, a poor woman, sent them into separate counties to live among friends. This was the last they saw of each other until this adventure. Daniel Miller had lived within twenty miles of his brother's existence.

How Long will the Sun Last?

PROFESSOR C. A. YOUNG GIVES HIS VIEWS ON THE FUTURE OF THE UNIVERSE.

(From the Popular Science Monthly.)

How is the heat of the sun maintained? How long as it lasted already? How long will it continue? After affirming that, in the present state of science, only somewhat vague and unsatisfactory replies are possible, Prof. Young holds that, so far as observation goes, we can only say that the output of solar heat, amazing as it is, appears to have gone on unchanged through all the centuries of human history. The author thinks that there is some truth in each of the two theories which have been proposed to account for the sun's fire.

As to the first, the impact of meteoric matter, it is quite certain that solar heat is thus produced, but the question is whether the supply of meteoric matter is sufficient to account for any great proportion of the whole. After giving Sir William Thompson's calculation of the amount of heat which would be produced by each of the planets falling into the sun from its present orbit, by which it appears that Jupiter would maintain the sun's present expenditure of energy for 32,254 years, and Mercury for 2 years and 219 days, and that the collapse of all the planets upon the sun would generate sufficient heat to maintain its supply for nearly 46,000 years; and after estimating that matter equal to only about one-hundredth part of the mass of the earth, falling annually on the sun, would maintain its radiation indefinitely, Prof. Young thinks it improbable, from astronomical reasons, that any such quantity of matter can be supposed to reach the sun. So large a quantity of matter would necessitate a vast, greater quantity circulating around the sun, between it and the planet Mercury. But if there were near the sun meteoric matter quiescent, for example, the mass of the earth, it ought to produce an observable effect on the motions of Mercury, and no such effect has yet been detected.

Astronomers, therefore, failing to find a full explanation of the cause of solar energy in this hypothesis, have adopted a second one, which is, that the sun's diameter is slowly contracting, and that the gaseous mass is gradually becoming solid. The conclusion is drawn that, if this theory is correct, there must come a time when there will be no solar heat, as there has also been a time when it began. How far forward is the end, how far backward the beginning? Newcomb is authority for the statement that, with its present radiation, the sun will shrink to half its present diameter in about five million years. Reduced to this size, and eight times as dense as now, it would cease to be mainly gaseous, and its temperature would begin to fall. Hence Newcomb assigns as the term during which the sun can supply heat enough to support life on the earth, as we know life, a period of ten million years.

The writer somewhat more confidently casts his eye backward, and concludes that the sun cannot have been emitting heat at the present rate for more than eighteen million years, as if its heat has been generated in the manner described. If the sun has contracted from a diameter even many times larger than that of Neptune's orbit, to its present dimensions, as if probably true in the main, "we are inexorably shut up to the conclusion that the total life of the solar system, from its birth to its death, is included in some such space of time as thirty millions of years; no reasonable allowance for the fall of meteoric matter." "It could raise it to sixty millions." The possibility of collision with wandering stars, and the suggestion of ways as yet unexplored for restoring wasted energy, are followed by the statement that "the pre-ordered order of things appears to be limited in either direction by terminal catastrophes which are veiled in clouds as yet impenetrable."

A STRANGE kitten was given a home, on the steamship Illinois, which was then in her dock in Philadelphia. When the steamer left Liverpool recently for home, it was found that the kitten had been left behind. The captain and sailors were much grieved, because they never expected to see her again. When the British Crown, the next steamer of the American line to sail from Liverpool, arrived in Philadelphia, the first passenger to creep ashore was pussy. With tail and mane erected she flew on board the Illinois, and began to race about the decks, showing in every way her dumb nature would allow the joy that was in her heart at getting back to her old home.

PERSONAL

MR. HUGHES says that Dean Stanley was the original of Tom Brown.

SIR EDWARD THORNTON and his family return to Washington this month.

MR. MILLAIS returns his income to the Commissioner at seven thousand pounds.

THE Dean of Windsor is the confidential advisor of the Queen in all matters belonging to Church patronage.

GEROME, the artist, is now not far from sixty years old, and is said to be one of the handsomest men in France.

LORD Houghton's tenants lately presented to his now daughter-in-law, Mrs. Minns, a fine bracelet of pearls, diamonds, and rubies as a wedding gift.

THE Empress Eugenie telegraphed to a gentleman on the staff of Figaro who recently lost his daughter, a message begging leave to associate herself with his grief.

JOHN BRIGHT, despite all of his Quaker antecedents, was beheld a fortnight ago moved to tears by M. Djaska's imper oration of Mary Stuart at the Court theatre, London.

THE marriage of Prince William of Prussia will take place in Berlin on the 28th of February. The prince and princess of Wales will represent Queen Victoria on the occasion.

MRS. CHARLES CROCKETT, the wife of the president of the Southern Pacific Railway, has expended three thousand dollars in bringing the young actress Miss Calhoun before the public.

MR. TENNYSON has spent the autumn at his place on the Hampshire Downs, but he passes the coming winter in London, and does not leave for the Isle of Wight until summer.

BISHOP COLEMAN is a man nearly seven feet tall, and of a massive frame. He is sixty-six years old, and is regarded by the natives with awe and reverence, and they salute him as a great chief.

MR. GLADSTONE having been asked, some little time ago, if he did not consider Tennyson the greatest genius of the age, replied in the negative, and added that without a doubt Disraeli merited that title.

IN spite of the fact that Prince Edward of Saxo-Weimar is a German, and so not properly in command at all in the British army, he is idolized throughout his military district, and the object of universal respect in the army.

THE widower of the Princess Alice, the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, is described as looking every inch a prince; he is tall and ruddy, has a pleasant and intelligent expression, with keen eyes, and a frank and courtly manner.

PRINCE JEROME BONAPARTE is a remarkably fine talker, but when he wears of his mullet-cut he stands erect directly before him, and yawns in the middle of one of his sentences—which answers for Bonapartes, if not for princes.

WHEN the Crown Prince visited Nuremberg, the burghers presented him with a costly album, and at the same time declared their loyalty to be as firm as the walls of their city—the walls, however, are presently to be entirely demolished.

THE Sultan seems to have more diamonds than ducats. A cigarette that he offered some one at a supper which he gave being declined, he produced a snuff box set with superb brilliants, and bade the person use that instead, and keep it.

CARVED on an old stone in a little Maryland grave-yard, after the name of the dead and the customary formula, may be read the words, "He held the pall at the funeral of Shakespeare." The late Fred Loring wrote some fine verses on the discovery.

OLIVE LOGAN has a friend who lived in Cuba, and used to observe some grand ladies driving out every afternoon with flowers in their hair, diamonds on their necks, and the volants full of the flounces of their gay silks. One day the carriage upset and spilled out the high-mightinesses, and it was seen that they had on neither shoes nor stockings.

ONE of the London papers recently remarked that Lord Dufferin's life at St. Petersburg was made insupportable by his ignorance of French. The fact is, however, that Lord Dufferin is one of the most accomplished French linguists living, and reading once at a banquet to the Comedie Francaise, was engaged by M. Got on the fluency and felicity of his French.