former days.

Cleve watched her with something ve

He extended the bit of torn paper to her

enjoying the sudden change that came over Victoria's face—from artless surprise to quick recognition, then to blank, staring horror

re detected."
Miss Lyndhurst was a strong girl and a

resolute one, who had never fainted in her life—but then she had never been in quite

such a mortifying predicament before; and between her own shame, Mr. Cleve's blazing

eves, tight lacing, and the heat of the even-ng, nature asserted itself for once.

Miss Lyndhurst fainted, falling off the piano stool just as heavily as the girl she

stigmatized as clumsy Angre Gresham might nave done; Mrs. Henley Forsyth sprung to

aer aid at once.
"Dear me—she is fainting. A glass

or hartshorne, somebody !"

A little crowd collected round Miss Lyndhurst at once, but Waverley Cleve walked calmly off, leaving somebody else to bring the glass of water. He had other business on hand.

on hand.
"I knew she was tiring herself too much,"
said Mrs. Forsyth, sympathetically. "She
has had a headache all the evening. Mr.
Cleve ought to have known better than to

have asked her to sing the "Spanish Mule-teer," but men are so thoughtless; and dear Victoria is the most unselfish of human crea-

Miss Victoria, however, came duly to her

senses, and was much relieved to find that

Mr. Cleve was not among the little group

and come to keep her awake by a little ju dictions flirtation. She would tell James to

"There it is. Give it into her own hands

Angie read the letter once, twice, three times. To her it was not abrupt; to her it bore the stamp of the genuine gold of lore—the gold which was to make her life's riches.

Mathilde—the same light-hearted, French little damsel, who had been her maid in Par

"If madame pleases," interposed Mathilde moving forward a easy chair for her mistress "Giuseppe would like to speak to madam for an instant, before she retires."

"Tell him to come in, then."

And in a minute or two Giuseppe enter

-was sitting at her nedlework, in the shaded "I am very tired, Mathilde," she said wearily. "I believe I shall go directly thed."

suite of rooms.

starting at once to her feet.

with the letter.

now, for certain."

d guilt.
'lt—it is not mine!" she falte

CHAPTER XXXIII-Continued.

"That's the very question, miss."
Maria got down on her knees to look under
the table and on the carpet—shook the dimity
cover of the dressing-table to make sure that
the letter had not hidden itself away there
—and then subjected the rest of the room to

diligent search.
"Well," said Maria, "now I am beat!" "Maria," began Angie, with the instinct to rest upon some one else which seemed a part of her nature, "what do you think I had better do?"

"Well, miss, if I was in your place I would ask the young gentleman himself about it." Why not? It's the only way to find

out."

"No," persisted Angie, resolutely ahaking her head; "that would never do. Wait, Maris; this mystery will be cleared up in time. The letter couldn't have vanished into nothing—it must be somewhere, and we shall find it after awhile."

Maria looked doubtful. But having a plan of her own, she said nothing more, and left Angie to wonder by herself. "No, it is not mine; ane ratered,
"No, it is not yours," he said, slowly,
"and therefore it was all the baser and more
contemptible of you to steal ft from her for
whom it was intended, and attempt to destroy it. For once, Victoria Lyndhurst, you

Angie to wonder by herself.

"James," she said presently, to a footman who was in the hall below, "would you be so kind as to go and ask Mr. Cleve for the key of his room? It's the towels, you know. Tell him it's Maria wants it."

Tell him it's Maria wants it."

Maria was a plump, apple-cheeked girl, goodly to look upon, and not without a leaven of coquetry in her nature; and James being fully sensible of these feminine attractions. tions, made a point of always doing whatever Maria asked him. Consequently, he entered the drawing-room and stepped quietly up to folio of prints beneath the chandelier. Maria wants the key of your room.

Cleve looked up in surprise.
"The key of my room? It is in the door. I never take it out."
"But Maria told me, sir—

"Maria is mistaken."

James was just retreating in discomfiture when Cleve, happening to look toward the door of the hall, saw Maria beckening to him. and twisting her face into various contortions which evidently had some special meaning. "Stay, James," he said, "I will see

And he entered the hall, with Maria flittering before him to its furthet, extremity. "Well, Maria, what is it?" he asked. "The letter, sir! Miss Gresham never got it! It isn't there!"

Mr. Cleve stared at Maria a minute or two before he could fully comprehend her mean-Not there !" he exclaimed, at last, as a

glimpse of the real truth began to make its way through his brain. "Then what can have become of it?" "That's the very thing, sir, as I told Miss Gresham over and over again. It can't have walked away itself." 'You are sure it is not there?"

'Yes, sir, quite sure," reiterated Maria Then some one must have taken it." "Then some one must have taken it."

"But who could have taken it, sir?"

"I am sure I do not know."

Waverley Cleve's brow was knitted now, and his lips tightly compressed. Maria watched him, a little cowed, and thought to herself that she should not like to be the

of Mr. Cleve, or any-one that he was I am very much obliged to you, Maria, ing me of this," he said at length, Miss Gresham does not know that you

"No, sir," said the girl; "I don't believe she would have allowed me to speak to you, sir, if I had let her know what was in my

mind."

"Very well; say nothing to any person whatever on the subject." He turned away, his brows still contracted, and Maria crept away to the servants' hall, thinking how very much all this was like the last "Dime Novel" that Perkins, the coachman, had lost her to read. lent her to read.

Waverley Cleve returned to the drawing room, puzzled very much in his mind as t what all this might mean. There was some discordant element whose presence he had not suspected—some hidden interference which he must make it his business to track out as speedily and directly as possible. Surely it could not have been one of the

out as speedily and directly as possible. Surely it could not have been one of the servants who had taken away the note; and who else was there in the house capable of such perfidy?

As these half formed thoughts ranged themselves in his mind, he chanced to look up, meeting, by this sudden movement, the full, stealthy light of Victoria Lyndhurst's peculiarly coloured eyes.

She dropped her glance as their eyes met. He fancied she turned a shade rosier, but the room was warm, and he might easily have been mistaken. Yet that one glance had suggested a chain of associations to his mind. Victoria Lyndhurst—the girg who had always shown such a preference for his society—about whom people had fallied him time and again—whose dislike of Angie Gresham was so patent as to be almost rude—could it, he asked himself, be possible that—"

In the same instant, Victoria, herself evidently a little embarrassed, drew her lace pockethandkerchief out, and passed it with a slight nervous movement across her lips. As she did so a slip of paper fluttered from its web-like folds, and fell on the carpet, a little back of her.

Mr. Cleve rose, and advancing toward her, set his foot deliberately on the mute witness, acreening it momentarily from view.

"Miss Lyndhurst," he said, striving to speak composedly, "you have not sung anything this evening. Sing the 'Spanish Muleteer;' it seems an age since you have sung it."

Cleve's handwriting. It read:

"Dearest Angie, —This is the second letter I have sent to your room to-night; so you will at least give me credit for being a tolerably persistent lover. The other was intercepted by an act of foul treachery, which I am resolved to anticipate for the future, Perhaps I might have waited until to-morrow morning before telling you how truly and earnestly I love you, and how entirely all the happiness of my future life will depend on your promising to become my wife; but I could not have slept with the question unanswered. If this communication seems abrupt I can explain it all when we meet again. There is a time in a man's life when the impatience of an existence seems cencentrated in one moment, and that time has arrived for me as I sit here waiting for your answer. One word will suffice for me, Angie—Yes or No. I await it as my doom.

Angie read the letter once, twice, three

"An age since you have asked for it, you mean," said Victoria, seating herself at once at the piano. "You used to like to hear me sing, Mr. Cleve."
"Do I not now?"

He almost hated himself for his hypocrisy, as she shot a sidelong glance at him from her red-brown eyes.

"The sougs of other birds have charmed you more of late," she said, opening her music book, and interrupting all reply by the tunultuous chords she struck. Miss Lyndhurst had a fine contralto voice

She sat down, and with cheeks burning with soft happy excitement, wrote upon a sheet of a pink-waved paper the one little word, "Yes." It was fortunate that she had not to write more, for her hands trembled and her eyes were dimmed with a moisture which was not that of grid cash. Miss Lyndhurst had a fine contralto voice, and really sung very well, but the instant the music engrossed her attention, Waverley Cleve stepped back a pace or two, and letting his handkerchief fall, stooped to pick it up again, and with it the slip of paper.

Yes, there was no further possibility of mistake. It was covered with his own handwriting—a piece torn away from the very letter he had that afternoon written. With a heart swelling with indignation he read the words as they occurred irregularly. ture which was not that of grief, as she gave the note into the hands of the faithful And so Waverley Cleve received the answer to his resolutely prosecuted suit— It was past eleven o'clock when Mrs. Delamere, wearied with 'her exertions as hostess, and unaware of the by-play of affairs going on round her, finally went up to her own

—the wounds they
—love you Angie. I have

minocence."

That was all. Was it not enough? Yes—and more than enough. Victoria Lyndhurst's was the hand that would fain have upset the cup of his happiness and sweet Angie Gresham's. He shuddered to think how nearly successful she had been, and then he felt as if no punishment could be severe enough for one who was so dishonourable and treacherous as this. Spare her? Not he. He would confront her with her own haseness—he would let her see that the full extent of her malicious guile was discovered. And in a minute of two Gruseppe entered the sitting-room.

"Well, Giuseppe?" asked his mistress,

"Madame," said the man, bowing in his old obsequious style, "would my temporary absence inconvenience you much?"

"Your temporary absence, Giuseppe.
What do you mean?" of her malicious guile was discovered.
all this time, while he stood, pale and
with the slip of paper in his hand, Miss
urst was singing with all the pretty,

Italy, madame. My poor old father, the saints be kind to him!—lies very ill, and wishes to give me his blessing ere he departs. I am a poor man, madame, but I have my feelings, and—"

"Go, by all means, Giuseppe." There was a perceptible accent of relief in Mrs. Delamere's tone. "I daresay Mrs. Hyde and Perkins and the rest can manage to do without you for awhile very well. And if you are not well supplied with money I will write you a cheque for five hundred dollars at

once."
"Madame is too kind, Madame may rest assurred that I will not prolong my stay an instant beyond the time actually necesgraceful little turns of the head and trills of

an instant beyond the time actually necessary."

"You need not hurry back, Giuseppe," aid Mrs. Delamere, coolly. "Remain as ong as fou please. And," she added, with-sn herself, "I wish it might be forever."

Giuseppe smiled a covert smile, as he drew his hand across his mouth with a peculiar sort of motion he had."

"If madame would write the cheque tonight," he said, "there would be no useless delays in the morning, and—"

"Certainly." like disgust. How could be ever have fancied that this painted, affected old maid was beautiful.
"Are you satisfied now?" she asked, turn ing round playfully on the piano stool, and looking him full in the face with a gaze that she had occasionally found not ineffective in

"Certainly."
Ida drew her desk toward her, and wrote former days.
"Yes, thank you," he said, calmly,
"quite satisfied. There's something that you
dropped from your pocket a few minutes ago,
Miss Lyndhurst, when you took out your the cheque at once.

"There! take it Giuseppe," she said, carelessly, "and begone!"

Giuseppe obeyed; and Ida Delamere drew a long breath as she felt the oppression of his

resence withdrawn.
"At least," she thought, "I shall breathe more easily for the next few days, although I can never feel entirely free while Giuseppe dwells like a Nemesis within my gates and

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TROUT FISHING. The faint crimson of the summer sunrise The faint crimson of the summer sunrise had scarcely begun to deepen through the pearl-grey mists of dawn that hung over the tranquil course of the Connecticut river, when two pedestrians crossed the dewy lawn, and took their way in the direction of a ravine some two or three miles distant, where a clear little trout stream wound itself among rocks and over-hanging trees, now

among rocks and over-hanging trees, now brawling noisily over a pebbly bottom, and perhaps a little further on forming deep, sunless pools, beneath the tangled shadow of over-hanging trees and bushes, woven with clematis and wild vines.

"It's barbarious to rouse you up so early," said Mr. Dudley, stopping on the extreme confines of the ornamental grounds to light a cigar; "but then you can't call yourself properly Americanized until you've caucht a properly Americanized until you've caught a basketful of our real gold-speckled trout directly out of their native waters."
"It is not too early for me," his companion

answered—Frederic Dorrillon, "This morning's coolness is perfectly delicious, and I suppose a long walk will only give us the more zest for our sport."

"Sport," echoed Dudley. "I believe you. that surrounded her.
"It is only faintness, and the heat of the There's nothing like it in all your Scottish lakes and meres." "But," said he abruptly, "how do you like Beechcliff?"
"Very much indeed—what I have seen of

rooms," sighed Victoria, sweetly, in answer to the inquiries of Mrs. Delamere. "I am very foolish, to be sure, but I shall soon be better, if uncle will only give me his arm up "And its inhabitants?" to my room."

And so Miss Lyndhnrst retreated from the 'And its inhabitants!" "You will like them better still, when you field of battle.

Meanwhile, Mr. Cleve had gone straight know them more intimately."
"Shall I?"

to the library, and was once more seated be-fore the desk, by the light of two large solar lamps, whose lustre diffused a clear and delicious brilliance throughout the "Most of them. Our hostess-what do think of her?" "What do I think of Mrs. Delamere?" slowly repeated Dorrillon.
"Yes—isn't she the most beautiful woman

and delicious brilliance throughout the room.

"I will not give it up so," he muttered between his clinched teeth, as he drew a sheet of paper toward him, and dipped the pen once more into the silver standish.

Maria, according to orders, waited in the hall without, sitting very uncomfortably in a high Gothic chair, and falling to sleep between whiles; for it was ar later than Maria's usual hour for retiring and she was a cirl

"Yes—isn't she the most beautiful woman you ever saw in yourdife?"

"Yes; I think she is," answered Dorrillonafter a moment's silence, as if he were turning over the idea in his brain.

"And remains a widow still; that's the most puzzling part of it," added Dudley.

"Why puzzling?" asked his comrade.

"Oh, I don't know; one naturally expects a beautiful widow to marry a second time, especially when she is young and wealthy as well, and besieged by a host of suitors."

"Is that Mrs. Delamere's case." usual hour for retiring, and she was a girl who liked her full quantum of sleep. Moreover, it was provoking that James shouldn't

Is that Mrs. Delamere's case Exactly. Do you wonder at it?"
Not at all, under the circumstances. "No one would, I believe. Oh, she'll arry again, in time."

morrow, and then wouldn't he be sorry to know what an opportunity he had missed. She was turning these things over in the drowsy depths of her consciousness, when Mr. Cleve came to the door. Mr. Dorrillon raised his eyes slowly to the face of his friend, and Dudley thought how pale the reflection of the green moving "Is the letter ready, sir?" asked Maria, leaves upon his face made him look.

"Perhaps," he said, "Mrs. Delamere's married life has not been of a character to Maria, and be sure you bring me back the answer yourself." answer yourself.'
'" Yes, sir. There shan't be any mistake

empt her to court the yoke a second time. Was she happy in her first marriage?"
"I suppose so," said Dudley. "I have never heard her speak of it." And as Maria ascended the staircase, she examined the slip of crumpled paper Mr. Cleve had placed in her hand simultaneously "How long have you been acquainted with her?" asked Dorrillon.
"Two-three years. I met her in Switzer.

and three years ago this very summer."
"Had she been a widow then?" "Bless me!" cried Maria, half aloud, "if it ain't a twenty-dollar bill! If he ain't the generousest gentleman in all the world. I'll have that new dress with the silk flouncings "Oh, yes, several years. In fact, people were always talking about the possibility of her marrying a gentleman who was with their party at the time—this very Ferdinand Fairfax. who is to arrive at Beechclift to-day, Angie Gresham was still sitting in her room before the unwritten pages of the diary which she had hardly the heart to commence

by the way."

"Ah!" Mr. Dorrillon began to seem interested at last. "She liked him, then?"

"I think she did, after a fashion. He is when Maria tapped at the door.

"It's me, miss, with a letter."

"Come in Maria," said Angie, in surprise

"I'm to wait outside, miss, for an answer, very handsome, very sprightly, very agree-able—in fact, the most delightful companion Angie opened the note with a little thrill at her innacent heart as she recognized Mr. Cleve's handwriting. It read: one can conceive for a summer tour through the Alps."

"And she refused him?" No; it never reached that crisis. He was relative in Baden Baden, and their parties once separated, did not again join."

'I thought she said yesterday that he accompanied her home from Europe this

"He did, I believe; but a voyage "He did, I believe; but a voyage from Europe nowadays, in one of our crack steamers, is a brief thing. They saw very little of each other I imagine. I am not sorry he is coming to Beechcliff; he is a pleasant fellow, and if the pretty little widow should conclude to change her condition, and marry a second time, I know of no one whom I would prefer to see win the prize rather than Ferdinand Fairfax."

"You think there is a probability of its

nand Fairfax."

"You think there is a probability of it, then?" said Mr. Dorrillon.

"I don't really think anything positive about it. I have only told you what my impressions and conjectures are. Here is as good a place as any to throw in our maiden lines, Dorrillon—this dark bend of the atream—and now I hope you have a good stream—and now I hope you have a good stock of patience."

"Yes, more than my share."
"You can't have too much for this sort of "You can't have too much for this sort of thing," said Dudley.

A long silence ensued, broken only by the murmuring sound of the clear brown waters above and below the glassy pool, which, inclosed by a jutting point of moss-carpeted rock, formed a miniature pond, and the soft rustling of the summer air in the branches over-head, with now and then the occasional chirp and twitter of a bird destrict. thirp and twitter of a bird darting through the green gloom.
At length Hugh Dudley spoke:
"Dorrillon!"

His companion started as if from a deep everie.
"Why don't you go in for her yourself?"
"For whom?" "For Mrs. Delamere, to he sure—the charm-

The cold dew broke out upon Dorrillon's forehead—his upper lip twitched nervously.

"Yes," affirmed Dudley. "Why not?"

"You don't know what you are talking about, Dudley," said the other, shortly.

"But I think I do—why shouldn't I? And why, pray tell me, isn't your chance as good as any of them? You are a gentleman, well born, and well looking, and not without fortune."

"Yes."

m spite of her melting eyes and satin skin, and voice like a thrush's warble. I say, Dorrillon, why shouldn't you marry her?"
"Would you have me overshadow any bright woman's life with the gloom and dark-

apparently a gentleman. I think if I were a woman I might admire him myself. It seems that he and Ida are old acquaintances, that people have even hazarded conjectures before now upon her probable acceptance of him, should he propose. Was it Fate or Providence that sent me here just now to watch the course of events as they develop?

"Ida is more beautiful than ever. Hers is a style which I always knew would ripen into splendid maturity. She is less changed, however, than I am. I should have known her anywhere—in Turkey on the steppes of Si-"That's a Scotch whim. Dorrillon, nothing "It may be a Scotch whim—but I shall

never marry,"
"I should like to lay a pretty considerable wager on that," laughed Dudley.
"I am not in the betting mood," returned "I am not in the persons moon, results his companion, shortly.
"Well, if you can resist the fire of Ida Delamere's eyes—"In the She will not try to captivate me."

"She will captivate you without any effort of trying on her part, I tell you, man, she is a born Queen of Hearts."

"I can easily believe it, but her instinct will teach her that I am not one of the vulnerable kind."

Dudley looked at his companion long and

earnestly.

"I believe you would make an excellent husband for Ida Delamere," he said.

"You were never more mistaken in your life!" was the answer, slewly and emphatically given. cally given.
"Dorrillon, I wish you would answer me

one question." "Were you ever in love?" "Yes, "Really and deeply ?"

as to a stranger, 'I am glad to meet you, Mr. Dorrilon!'

"How I had dreamed of, pictured to myself, dreaded that interview! But the moment I saw her face I knew there would be no danger of her remembering her husband. Have I then changed so much? Is there no trace of Reginald Delamere left in the form and aspect of Frederick Dorillon? Do we alter so completely as to deceive even ourselves? I look at myself sometimes in the glass, and try to trace the old lineaments, the familiar expressions, and know that they are no longer there. Sudden griefs, the shock of a great anguish—these have blanched men's hair before now, and stricken them with a change as unaccountable as it is complete. Why should not a grief like mine have power to transform the human face? "And circumstances came between you and that love?' with a change as unaccountable as it is complete. Why should not a grief like mine have power to transform the human face? Yet it is not transformation, but growth. To all appearances I am a man of thirty now, atthough I have in reality not yet reached my twenty-seventh year. I was a boy of eighteen when we parted—a beardless, dimple-chinned boy. My height, my hair, my complexion, even the tones of my voice, have changed. Rex Delamere is dead and buried, and Frederic Dorrillon is the phoenix that has risen out of his ashes. JE OS. "Forever ?" Dorrillon hesitated a moment before he re-

She shuddered as there rose up before he memory the outlines of a fair, oval face, with gold-brown hair and blue eyes—a face she had once loved so dearly, and which now she tried persistently, yet in vain, to banish from her remembrance—her mother's face.

plied.

"Yes, forever!"

"But does the future hold no new hopes or possibilities for you?"

"Do the dead rise from the grave?"

"She is dead, then. My poor fellow, I should not have pressed you so closely."

When he spoke again, it was on quite another and indifferent topic. The shore of the stream was clothed with the gold gleaming trophies of hook and line, and Dudley was triumphant over their success.

eric Dorrillon is the phoenix that has risen out of his ashes.

"What a strange life mine has been now that I look back upon it. The bright winter morning at Ischia—shall I ever forget it?—the morning on which, according to the received acceptation of the world, I died! Was it a presentiment that made me change my mind at the very shore, with my foot resting on the boat's keel, and decide not to go? They who believe in fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute, would term it so, Paolo, the tall boatman, begged to take the signor's place, He had a sweetheart on the other shore, poor fellow, but not expecting triumphant over their success.

"We have already secured more than I looked for all day," he said, complacently, surveying the result of their sport. "Are you tired, Dorrillon?" "Tired?" laughingly echoed his companion "Have you forgotten the deer-stalking days in Scotland, to imagine that I am so easily played out ?"

Then we'll follow the stream a little further up. I know these haunts well enough to prophecy better luck still, if we are faithful to our work." It was late in the evening before the two votaries of piscatorial warfare returned once

more to Beechcliffe, wearied, yet enthusiastic, with dewy hair and feet soiled with the damp earth, while sundry rents in their garments bore witness to the gleas they had scrambled through, and the precipitous heights, they had scaled.

"Confound it all!" ejaculated Dudley,

topping short, at the edge of the woods, "they are all out in the garden—can't we manage to slip round by the back way? I don't exactly care to meet them in my present guise, even by moonlight."

The two friends, retreating once more to the woods, crossed a broad shaded avenue that ran northward from the house, and came on to the back piazza, entering the broad hall by the eastern door.
"We are safe for our own rooms now," said Dudley. "There James," (to the servant), "take these trout and have them

put on the ice at once,"

"You've had a good day's sport, sir," said James, admiringly, as he lifted, the lid of the basket and peered in at the gleaming treasures it contained.

"Tell Mrs. Hyde to give us a trout breakfast to morrow morning," and Dudley, as he fast to morrow morning," and Dudley, as he

"Tell Mrs. Hyde to give us a trout breakfast to morrow morning," said Dudley, as he turned toward the staircase.

Just at that instant, as adverse fate would have it, the lower crawing-room door opened, and Mrs. Defamire "toled in some shining stimmer Tabric that glistened like snow and silver, came out, learning lightly on the arm of a tall, atylish-looking stranger.

"Here the truants are," said Ida, laughing. "We have missed you all day, and marvelled what could possibly have become of you."

"Fairfax!" ejaculated Dudley, dropping the tackle and forgetting his besplashed garments and dishevalled it."

the tackle and forgetting his besplashed gar-ments and dishevelled hair, "I am delighted to meet you again, old fellow."

Mr. Dorillon could see that the stranger was handsome, with a refined, delicately

chiselled correctness of outline, and dres simple good taste in evening toilet—and he fancied, as he stood there, that Mr. Fairfax's eyes were fixed with a surprise that he construed into supercilioneness upon his own somewest unique appearance.

Mrs. Belamere broke the spell of annoy-

ance with her soft, clear tones.
"Mr. Fairfax, allow me to introduce you Mr. Dorrillon, from Scotland."
Mr. Fairfax bowed courteously and extended his hand. Mr. Dorrillon stiffly returned the salutation and did not touch the proffered hand. He was vexed to feel the advantage which spotless linen, glossy broadcloth, and a purple silk necktie, worn after the latest

modes, gave.

He tried to persuade himself, as he went up stairs, that there was something effeminate in the jewelled, scented hand that he had tacitly rejected.

"A puppy," he said to himself, a mere ephemera—and yet I would rather have had our first meeting on more equal grounds,"

"JULY 31-At Beechcliff," they ran, the

words that flowed so swiftly, involuntarily as it were, from the point of the gold pen which he always preferred to use. "A summer day in the woods—chance memories evoked, and laid to rest again, Dudley came

CHAPTER XXXV.

MR. DORRILLON'S JOURNAL. Mr. Dorrillon's own room was a large, spacious apartment on the second floor, its windows opening on small stone balconies, filled with flowers, and shaded by striped filled with flowers, and shaded by striped Venetian awnings, whose dark-green fringes swayed softly in the cool evening air. It was furnished after a summer-like fashion, with light, bamboo furniture, draped with green and white chintz, and the floor was covered with China matting, while tall, narrow-necked vases of some rose-coloured porcelain, standing on either side of the mantel, like high-shouldered sentinels, were filled with dried rose leaves, whose faint porcelain, standing on either side of the mantel, like high-shouldered sentinels, were filled with dried rose leaves, whose faint fragrance, stealing out in odorous gusts, made the whole room sweet. A pretty apartment, hung round with choice line engravings, and papered in pale green, with white wavy. lines, like the foamy edges of sea water at high-tide, it carried an impression of cooluess with it that was very pleasant on a sultry evening like the present. A silver ornament, shaped like a cluster of lilies, from which four wax candles shone, stood on the table.

Mr. Dorrillon drew the easy chair up beside it, and opened a locked portfolio which lay there, with a key which he took from his watch chain.

Then he leaned back against the green and white cushions, closing his eyes for a few minutes to think.

It was but a few, minutes, and then he

CONSENTED TO ACT AS PILOT for the fearful voyage, and the engineer, Mr. Jones, agreed to go with him. A machinist, Mr. McIntyre, volunteered to share the risk with them. The boat was put in complete

minutes to think.

It was but a few minutes, and then he drew the little alabaser inkstand toward him, and unclosing a small leathern covered manuscript book, nearly filled with close, nearly penned entries, he commenced to write—slowly, deliberately, and pausing now and then, with dreamy eyes fixed on the stars, shining through the Venetian fringes, as if the very act of writing was a species of thought to him—a relief, an outlet to the fancies and memories that filled his heart.

And, in a measure, it was so, Frederic Dorrillon had no confident but himself and this little book. He had filled many like it before, and destroyed them all; he would destroy this one when it was complete—yet, in the present, it was an indispensable companion and relief to him.

"July 31—At Beechcliff," they ran, the evoked, and laid to rest again, Dudley came very near guessing the truth once, but my seeming frankness misled him. I am weary of dissimulation—will the time never come, in which I can be myself again? I have seen my rival to night. The house here is full of cavaliers of one sort or another, all of them more or less declared admirers of Ida. Yet, until to-night, I have seen no one who, in my opinion, deserves the title of rival. His name is Fairfax—is a good-looking personage, and

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

"Tell Your Fortune, Dainty Maid ?" Tell your fortune, dainty maid? Hard to please—I'm much afraid— Snowy petals—finger tips— Sparkling eyes and pouting lips Golden daisy, bright arrayed.

"One, I love," is first betrayed;
"Two, he loves"—are you dismayed
Can that word which from you sli
Tell your fortune?

Care and sorrow, long delayed, Joy and mirth—the saucy jade— Every god that nectar sips, Every grace that dainty trips Yours. Could I—then thrice rep Tell your fortune? For and About Women. "My wife's sister out in Injanna is dead and she's wearing mournin', and she thought it'd be more appropriate like to use black tea

ever, than I am. I should have known her anywhere—in Turkey, on the steppes of Siberia, among the forests of Patagonia, disguised in a costume the most improbable. She looked me full in the face, laid her hand—her little velvet-soft palm—which thrilled me through and through—in mine, and said, as to a stranger, 'I am glad to meet you, Mr. Dorrilon!'

other shore, poor fellow, but not expecting to go, he had left his upper garment be-

"Si, signor,' he would be back by even-

or a while now. Miss Chamberlain, the American beauty has had a dress style named after her by one of the Paris man-milliners. It is white and

Josh Billings says :- "When a man ain't good for anything else, I like to see him carry a gold-headed cane. If he can't buy a cane, let him part his hair in the middle."

Two young ladies who had a quarrel, concluded to kiss and make up. The kissing process was of short duration, but it required nearly two hours for them to "make up." A blonde should wear lighter tints than a brunette, because rich, bright hues will overpower the brightness of her complexion, while they will lend softness to that of a brunette.

A Boston girl cannot be made to speak of overalls. She prefers to call them super-omnes. Now let some of those wild Western sheets again sneer at our culture, if they A St. Louis paper publishes a list of heir

esses in the city, giving names, family con-nections, age, height, styles of beauty, edu-cation and amount of fortune, but neglects to say a word about the tempers of The sweet girl graduate who was discours-

ing on the young man of the period, thus summed him up:—"If drinking, gambling, baseball playing and deriding religion could be washed out, I think I would say the young men of the present day are just splen A New York woman named Gebhard wants

hind. I threw him mine.
"I am returning directly to the inn,
Paolo, you will be back by evening at the a divorce from her husband because he insists on naming the baby after his grandfather, who happened to be named Frederick, and a New York cigar dealer whose name is Fred-Poor Paolo; I knew he was as honest as erick Gebhard wants the Legislature to change it because nobody will deal with him any more. The Jersey Lily's influence is far-

"Poor Paolo; I knew he was as honest as the day, and, consequently, I gave no second thought to the purse of money, the watch, and the memorandum-book, which were in the inner pocket of the overcoat.

"It was a mild morning, spring-like and balmy at first. My single coat was sufficiently warm, and strolling along the shores of the island, I did not care to return to the hotel. When the sudden quest constant to the A Gentle Reminder. Husbands are so stupid! The story in the June Drawer of a man who went to town with his wife to do errands, and was sorely perplexed at missing something on his return, until he reached home and found he had for-gotten his wife, reminds somebody of a woman hotel. When the sudden gust came up, with waves rolling breast high, sky hidden by inkwaves rolling breast high, sky hidden by ink-black clouds, and the trees wrestling wildly with the gale, I took refuge in a deserted fisherman's hut. It was a shelter, though not a luxurious one, and when at night I neared the settlement once more, I heard two rough fellows, who were hangers-on at the inn, one telling the other of my death. My body, it seemed—I heard it with a shudder—had been nicked up where the waves had washed it in Philadelphia who gave her husband six commissions to execute in New York. He telegraphed back that he had executed five and forgotten the last. It was an order fo an illuminated sentence for a Sunday school an illuminated sentence for a Sunday school room. He was a good deal astonished when he received the reply:—"Unto us this day a child is born—two feet wide and nine feet long."

Bridal Lingerie.

seemed—I heard it with a shudder—had been picked up where the waves had washed it ashore, so disfigured by the rocks and the tempest which had thrown me against their jutting edges, that I was identified only by the coat I wore, the memorandum book, and the money. My remains—and another shudder thrilled me here—had been carried to Naples, and would there be interred, subject to the after wishes of my friends. From \$500 to \$800 is the average price for a thorough outfit of lingerie for a bride in France, where husbands expect a rich downy with their wives, and also a sufficient tronsseau of underclothing to last almost the whole Naples, and would there be intered, subject to the after wishes of my friends.

"So I was dead and buried. The fate for which I had rashly wished, scarcely twenty-four hours before, had, it seemed, come to me according to popular report. Well, I accepted this fate. To my wife I was theoretically dead; let me become practically so. She, at least, would be free.

seau of underclothing to last almost the whole of their lives a. The following is a list of new cessities for one of these trousseaux:

Three dozen fine linen chemises, trimmed top and bottom with Valenciennes lace, and three dozen of a coarser quality, trimmed with fine torchon lace; the same number of drawers, of the same qualities as the chemises and trimmed in the same way; twelve linen night-dresses trummed with lace and employed the same way. I wandered over the lobely roads of Ischia half the night, forming schemes for the future, and bidding the past a fond farewell. And when the gray morning dawned, it seemed to me as if I had actually passed out of the world into another. A new destiny had bebroidery; twelve cotton night-dresses, also trimmed with embroidery and lace; six cot-ton jackets, trimmed with lace and embroidery; two pique matinees, trimmed with em-broidery or torchon lace; two fiannel mati-nees, trimmed with lace and ribbons; six combined jackets; six short white skirts, trimmed with embroidery and lace; six fian-nel skirts, trimmed with lace; one quilted silk skirt; two train skirts, trimmed with gun—a destiny which, to some degree, seemed positively forced upon me.

"In the indistinct twilight of the dawn, I was rowed across to Naples by a stalwart fisherman, who had never either seen or heard of me. as I selected the loneliest spot to cross, and that which was furthest from the spot I had been used to haunt. Had I learned, flounces, edged with lace and insertion; twelve petticoat bodies, trimmed with embroidery and lace; twelve sets of linen and cambric collars and cuffs; six flannel mailshirts and drawers to match, trimmed with lace; six dozen plain handkerchiefs; one dozen fine handkerchiefs, embroidered and edged with lace; six extra fine handkerchiefs, richly trimmed with lace and embroidery; one dozen Scotch-thread stockings; one dozen floss-silk stockings; one dozen fine silk stock-ings; three dozen cotton stockings—the whole of the trousseau marked with the wearer's initials in embroidery, as is the cus-tom in France, no one dreaming of marking

with ink or with red cotton.

How We Used to Dress

Curious things that my father, who positively never throws away anything, has saved, are constantly coming to the surface at home, and the other day I ran across a set

low the tops of their shoes, something very like white male trousers, but with a ruffle at the bottom. I showed the book to my mother

saying, "Do you suppose anybody ever really dressed that way?" and was greatly surprised

dressed that way?" and was greatly surprised at hearing her reply.
"Why, yes, indeed: that was exactly how I dressed when I first met your father, and he and I were children here in New York. I have seen thousands of little girls dressed exactly like that all parading through the streets on what we used to call anniversary day—the annual holiday of the united Sunday schools, which is still kept up in Brooklyn and the other suburbs."

Paid With Kisses,

had been used to haunt. Had I learned, among the other particulars, the exact place wheres my supposed remains had been temporarily placed, I think I should have been tempted to risk all by going to look at my corpse—by allowing my second self, alive and full of vigour, to take leave of my first self, coffined and shrouded for the grave. As it was, however, I had but to go on the pilgrimage which I had set myself. I had no money, but I had youth, health, and strength. Money had never brought me aught but care and trouble. I would learn to do without it now.

To be continued. THE MAID OF THE MIST.

How She Carried Three Persons Through
Whiripool Rapids Alive.

A short sketch of the memorable trip of the
Maid of the Mist, on which were the only
persons who ever went through the whirlpool
rapids and the whiripool itself and came out
alive, will be of interest. The boat which
made the trip was built in 1854. For awhile
she took passengers from both the American at home, and the other day I ran across a set of his school books. They were a treat, I can assure you. In the geography, nearly all the present west and south-west in the map of the United States was marked "belonging to France," "belonging to Mexico," or "Great American Desert," or with the names of Indian tribes. Pretty much all the interior of Africa and Australia was marked "unexplored." But it was when I came to the spelling-book that I was most amused. It was plentifully sprinkled with pictures of men, women, and children, all in the most outlandish attire. The women had balloon akirts and hardly ary hats to speak of, so that they may be said to have begun all over the ground and run upward almost to a point, like a funnel upside down. The little girls had tremendous hats, long waists, shert dresses, and below them, reaching down below the tops of their shoes, something very made the trip was built in 1854. For awhile she took pa-sengers from both the American and Canadian shore, and ran up very close to the foot of the Falls. Owing to some change in her appointments, which confined her to the Canadian shore for the reception of passengers, she became unprofitable. Her owner, wishing to leave the place, determined to sell her, and he received an offer of little more than half her cost if he would deliver her at Niagara, opposite the fort. This he decided to do after consultation with Joel R. Rohinson, who acted as captain and pilot on her trips under the Falls. Mr. Robinson

with them. The boat was put in complete trim, all superfluous articles being removed from the deck and hold. Notice was given of the time of starting, and a large crowd assembled to see the fearful plunge, no one expecting to see either boat or crew again after they should leave the dock, which was just above the railway suspension bridge.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon of June 15, 1861, the engineer took his place in the hold, and knowing that their flitting trip would be short at the longest, set his steam valve at the proper gauge, and waited the tinkling signal that should start them on their flying voyage. Robinson took his place at the wheel and gave the starting signal. With

A curious case of kissing comes to our no-tice, says a writer in *Chambers' Journal*, from Newborn Town. Some time ago Mr. Finch, a jeweller, sold to a young lady named Miss Waters what was described as a beautiful set and a white puff from her escape-pipe, the boat ran up the eddy a short distance, cleared the smooth water, and shot like an arrow into the rapids under the bridge. She took the outside curve of the rapids, and when a third of the way down it a jet of water struck against her rudder, a column dashed up under her starboard side, keeled her over, carried away her smokestack, started her overhang on that side, threw Robinson on his back, and threw Molntyre against her starboard wheel-house with such force as to break it through. Every looker-on breathed freer as she emerged, shook her wounded sides, slid into the whirlpool, and, for a moment, rode again on an even keel. Robinson rose at once, seized the helm, set her to the right of the large pot in the pool, then turned her directly through the neck of it. Thence, after receiving another drenching from the waves, she dashed on without further accident to the quiet bosom of the river below Lewiston. a jeweller, sold to a young lady named Miss Waters what was described as a beautiful set of real jet, the bargain being that he was to receive in payment thereof 100 kisses, to be paid at the rate of one kiss daily. Mr. Finch was to call at the lady's house every morning, Sundays excepted, to receive his daily kiss, which Miss Waters undertook and promised to deliver to him. For thirty consecutive days, Sundays excepted, Mr. Finch punctually called upon Miss Waters and duly received the stipulated salutation. On the thirty-first day, however, Mr. Finch made a formal complaint that Miss Waters was not fulfilling her contract, inasmuch as she insisted upon permitting him to kiss her cheek only. He maintained that this did not constitute a legal kiss, and demanded that he should be allowed to put his arm around her waist and kiss her in the highest style of the art. To this, however, a firm refusal was returned. The lady offered Mr. French a choice of cheeks, but insisted that the contract would not bear the construction he put upon it. Thereupon Mr. French, in great indignation, brought an action for breach of contract against the lady. This action raised several

new and interesting questions, the most important of which was What constituted, in the eye of the law, a kiss? The plaintiff set up the further plea that there was a difference between active and passive kisses; that Miss Waters had promised to give a certain number of kisses—not merely to allow him to take them—and that giving kisses was an act which required the use of the lips. The case was the subject the use of the lips. The case was the subject of considerable controversy in the press and elsewhere, but the writer, unfortunately, has never been able to discover the result of the legal proceedings which were instituted, and has concluded that a compromise of some sort must, as was at one time expected, have been brought about.

Stylish Hosiery,

An enormous amount of bright-checked, striped, and figured hosiery has been thrown on the market at seemingly cheap rates, which many have purchased, although they which many have purchased, although they considered the colours and patterns teo pronounced, because the quality was good for the price, and they consoled themselves with thinking that showy hosiery was tolerated and even fashionable. But, alas! these cheap and durable styles have all light grounds, and are vulgarized by pink, and reds, and blues, and olives in large checks, which would appear well enough if put on a ground of the same colour but darker shade, but on a light, unbleached, ground are simply unwearable, for the fance. ground are simply unwearable, for the fance styles and mixed colours are rapidly going out, and only the fine plain shades are now out, and only the fine plain shades are now used by people whose taste is authority, the very dark shades being used for day wear, the evening shades to match toilets only. Nothing can surpass for beauty the plain, best-quality silk hose in the exquisite shades of dark, raspberry red, garnet, wine-colour, crushed strawberry, bronze, and the black which is so fashionable. The clock at the sides is the only ornament, and even in Paris they cost 15 francs the pair (\$2.) The insertion of lace into silk stockings is of very questionable wisdom. If anything of very questionable wisdom. If anything could add an additional charm it is fine lines of embroidery lengthwise upon the front of the foot, and this often forms an exquisite ornamentation upon handsome silk hosi Above the ankle round lines are more bec ing to the upper leg, but they should not amount to more than a border. As a rule, however, the fine dark, solid shades of colour cannot be improved upon, and they are as desirable in French thread and cotton as in silk. For children they are indispensable their stockings being so much exposed, and there is no better test of social position nowadays than the colour and quality of the hosiery of the children of a family.

STRANGE FANCY OF A LUNATIC.

He Imagines Himself a Cat, and Consorts with Felines. On Saturday night Deputy Sheriff Frank Moffatt, of Oakland, arrived at Stockton, Cal., with an insane patient whose case is one of the most extraordinary on record. The crazy man, Roger Williams, is about twenty-eight years of age, tall, and of extremely slender build. He is the graduate of an Eastern college of high repute, and before his reason was overthrown he was recognized. fore his reason was overthrown he was recognized among his associates as a man of fine mind and vigorous intellect. He was employed in a professional capacity in San Francisco for some time

AT ONE PERIOD STUDYING HARD for a doctor's diploma. He had several thousand dollars when he arrived in San Francisco from the East, but his health failing he was put to great expense in travelling to health resorts and paying for medical advice and medicine, so that his means were rapidly absorbed. Feeling unequal to steady work in the city, and knowing that with a diminished income he could not purchase the medical assistance he needed, he concluded to study his own disease and prescribe for himself. It was with this view that he entered the service of a physician of the lower city. The application proving too severe, he left his place, and feeling that country air and outdoor work would be the best tonic for his shattered system, he went to work ailing he was put to great expense in travelshattered system, he went to work on a farm in the vic more. For a time he seemed to improve, but after three or four months he gave evidences of pulmonary disease, and there was also a wasting away of blood and tissue that left him almost a skeleton.

Among his fellow-workers on the farm was a Among his fellow-workers on the farm was a young man of about his own age, who had served an apprenticeship with a doctor. They became warm friends, and in their conversations it was it was suggested that Williams submit to an experiment in transfusion of blood, in hope that he would gain strength by it. The instruments were secured, but no one could be found who was willing to be bled in behalf of Roger, and after some delay it was decided to

ance of flies. USE THE BLOOD OF AN ANIMAL. It was here that it was proved that a lit-tle learning is a dangerous thing. At first a calf was slaughtered as the blood supply, but finally it was decided to sacrifice a cat, or a whole colony of cats. The operation was per-formed, the blood being taken from a number of cats and injected into the veins of Wil-

of cats and injected into the veins of Williams. The experiment was to an extent successful. The man gained strength and had hope of ultimate recovery, but soon he began to brood over the consequences of incorporating the blood of cats into his own system, and so heavily did it weigh upon his mind that his friends feared for his sanity. He refused to go to bed, saying that he believed he was being transformed into a cat, and preferred to sleep on a rug before the fire. At was being transformed into a cat, and pre-ferred to sleep on a rug before the fire. At night, when not asleep, he would wander about the house, jumping the garden fence until tired out, when he would climb to the roof and perch on the chimney. He sought the society of other cats, and at intervals would try to fight with them, only succeed-ing however, in scaring them, any when ing, however, in scaring them away, when he would retire to the house until rested. He manifested the greatest terror of broom handles and bootjacks, and at last

HIS MANIA SO GREW on him that he was confined until examined for commitment to the asylum. During the examinationhe showed a wooderful propensity for jumping, several times running on all fours and springing over the doctors. Once he jumped through the window, taking the sash with him, and until he was put in a straight jacket could not be kept still. All the time of his antics he kept up an earpiercing mewing, and at the sight of dogs became frantic. When placed in charge of Deputy Moffatt he was tolerably quiet, but soon after getting on the train he tried to Deputy Moffast he was tolerably quiet, but soon after getting on the train he tried to jump through the window, and he was strapped to the seat. At the depot here he got loose and tried to escape under the platform, but was finally lodged in a place of safe-keeping. It is not certain whether the cat blood set him crazy, or whether a pre-existing mental weakness fastened upon the incidents of transfusion to set him completely citazy.

How Bismarck Overfeeds Himself.

Prince Bismarck's health, the public of two continents will hear with interest, is improving—that is, the bad attack of indigestion from which the great statesman is suffering is passing over. As a matter of fact, we believe, the frequent indispositions of the Chancellor are due to this cause. Like many other hard workers, Prince Bismarck is practically a one-meal man; he does not like partem solido demere de die, and eats little till the business of the day is practically finished. Then he dines—not wisely, but a great deal too well. Not alone is it the quantity he consumes which provokes wonder. A Christ's Hospital boy out for a day's holiday could acarcely assimilate with impunity the hazardous combinations of liquid and solid, sweet and savoury, which form the Chancellor's repast. But Prince Bismarck commits an even worse offence than this against hygienic canons. His appetite is not only gigantic, but is satisfied at irregular intervals. Sometimes, when he is much absorbed in affairs of state, he eats nothing to speak of for a couple of days. Then he makes up for his abstinence by a feast of Homerie or Gargantuan proportions.

EXHIBITORS AND . A correspondent asking garding the "distinctive chara buggy, carriage, and roadster h mind the many disputes that buently taken place at fall mode of entering horses as w subsequent awards of judges. that has largely prevailed in doubtless will continue for so allow the judges great discreti and decide what is a carriage horse. On the other hand, er also been allowed a great dea many not being slow to take ad and they have entered their most accommodating classes, being to capture prizes irrespec competition. The object of a cieties in offering prizes is not t cieties in offering prizes is not to of money into the hands of but to induce a spirit between exhibitors, and the improving strains of stock, encomperiments in agriculture, and regenity or industry of those study of agricultural machiner parent looseness in the manage should not be solely attributed officials, as exhibitors are larged and as long as they take advant point favourable to their exhibit will fault-finding and bickerings

AGRICULTU

le will always be pleased to of enquiry from farmers on an ing agricultural interests, and given as soon as practicable.

PARIS GREEN This preparation is so frequ

meeded for the destruction of

and orchard pests that it is n often hear of accidents occurring, animals losing their lives by co tact with it. It is not a rare hear of children being s the careleesness of the and for these reasons possible care should be exercise it or when putting it aside un quired. Observation has show frequent use of Paris green is as the potato plant as are the ra beetle; and the New England I advocating the use of the prepa ed out recently where several potatoes had been almost ruine lessness or ignorance of the pe attempting to remove one evi greater. The Farmer recomme der being applied dry, but first very fine plaster of Paris, in the of one part in weight of the pohundred parts of the plaster claims completely cleans the bugs. It is only necessar the poison remain on the the poison remain on the days to destroy all that partake hatchings may require subsequations. As the insects are foun tenderest leaves, those which gre is no necessitty for dusting over large hill of vines, but a little pointo the central portions of the s quite as effectual. If one has a l treat, it would be well to cover and nose with a thin cloth wet in while doing the work, and spe while doing the work, and spe should be taken against getting the dust into any flesh wounds or hands, feet, or face. Profess found by experiment that th effects of Paris green on vegetar tirely destroyed after a rain, a weeks after the driest weath blow it off. Hesays, however, be now on cabbages after they be be now on cabbages after they and with great caution at any pr lest some should be hidden in the

LIVE STOCK. For the same weight of dry for produce nearly twice as much ma The greater consumption of for counter-balances its lower rate of duction

Horses at work in hot weathe protected by a light fly net. It itself in a single season in the o health of the animal and in t work done. No matter how high fed he will lose flesh if exposed t

A Tribune correspondent says horses should never have shoes in them until it is well proved that do without them. He predicts the says that the says the says that the says that the says the says the says that the says the says the says the says the says the says that the says t is not far off when some human of his kind and horse kind w breed of horses having such firm in addition to all other good qu shoeing will be unnecessary. John E. Dorrell, of Alloway, sow that had eight pigs, and note that the sow was well fed neither pigs thrived, but continued to Mr. Dorrell was puzzled to knowntil at last a good sized cali wa in the act of sucking the sow. He it, and saw it take each teat in re

suck it until it was stripped, t perfectly still all the while. The New York Sun says that cow was made the best in the was about each peasant, and as he was n ent on the product of the animal food, he took care to see that was a good one. It was a matt death with the peasant, and he cow's nature, and catered to he humoured her whims, trying in induce her to give enormous query rich milk."

A steamer which reached Queb day, brought out a lot of very a ported stock for farmers in Om-stock passed through Toronto by express freight. Among the A car load of Norman Percheron Mr. P. Whelihan, register of So. Mr. P Whelihan, registrar of S two car loads of Clydesdale horse Telfer, Guelph; ten or twel Guernsey cattle, a pen of Shrop and a few blood horses, for Mr. of Windsor; and about 70 head o sheep, the pick of the agricultura Great Britain, for Mr. Jackson The whole of the stock wi The whole of the stock was through is very fine, and in good but in consequence of the string tions in force at Quebec the Gue had to be left in quarantine there. days. The new owners of this of stock also returned on the from their trip to Great Britain, had spent some time in making

Sales of Short-Horns Estill & Hamilton, of Lexingt

of 44 animals for \$12,800, at an \$290.90. Logan and Ingles recently dis-animals in Kentucky for \$9,180, age of \$131 per head.

The Hamiltons, of Mount Ster iraft from their Kentucky here of 30 animals, for \$9,085, an avera of \$302.83.

A joint sale from the Kentuc Robinson Bros. and Grigsby resu disposal of 36 females and five average for the former being \$222. latter \$214. J. V. Grigsby sold 16 females

and two calves of the Alice Maud Bates-Craggs tribe at the follo prices per head :—Females, \$347.50; calves, \$4.37.50. Mr. Halford, of Castlehill, England, recently sold four three males, of the Duchess trib