WHEN THE FLOODS ARE OUT.

No change had come over Sir Philip Darrell's mind when he rode over from the Court to the Grange, with a mounted groom following, leading Zuleika, who was provided with new saddle and bridle. But Sir Philip had not said to himself, "I will woo Ilma; I will try to make her love me." There was no such definite thought as yet, only the fierce defiance of the fate which forbade him to love, only the determination not to yield her up, bearing him steadily onwards to the fulfilment he was putting from him.

Ilma was quite ready when the horses drew up before the door; and she came out to meet Sir Philip on the threshold in a close-fitting riding-dress and plumed Spanish hat that made her look, if possible, more witching than ever.

"I hope I have not kept you waiting," said sir Philip, smiling. "I am punctual, I think?"

"To the minute. I am only just down. You won't mind not seeing auntie, will you? She has a headache, and is not out of her room yet. Jennie"—to one of the servants—"where is my riding-whip? Run and fetch it, please. It is in my room, I think?"

"I hope," said Sir Philip, as he led his companion out, "that Miss Durnford's headache is only a slight one?"

"Yes, thanks; it will go off presently. She often has them, she tells me, and they never last."

Sir Philip lifted the slender figure, and with practised skill swung the girl into the saddle as if she had been a feather's weight.

"You do help one perfectly!" said Ilma. "Thanks, Sir Philip."

He smiled, and, turning to the groom, took from him a dainty silver-mounted riding-whip, which he placed in Ilma's hand.

"Oh, Sir Philip"—the quick color rushing to her cheeks—"why will you be so kind? What a perfect little beauty, of a whip, which, I am sure, by-the-way, I shall not have to use much! And the saddle and bridle are lovely. You have quite beggared me in words, but not in gratitude."

"You forget that, if gratitude were due to me from you, it would be more than cancelled by mine to you for the honor you do me in accepting my poor gifts."

With this gallant speech, Sir Philip vaulted into his saddle, and the two riders took the road to the Larches.

Sir Philip saw in a moment that Ilma was a practised horsewoman. She sat on her steed well, and none but a skilful rider could have mastered Zuleika, who was completely under the control of the girl's firm but gentle hand. Ilma was enraptured with the mare, and Sir Philip, after riding a little distance in almost perfect silence, said—

"I see you are mistress. I would not for the world have any but such a rider as you are mount Zuleika."

"Was that," asked the girl, laughing, "why you preferred to bring her with you?"

"Yes. I knew, of course, that you were a crack horsewoman, or I should not have selected Zuleika; and forgive me if I wanted to make assurance doubly sure by having mademoiselle's *debut* with you under my own eye. You see, though she has been exercised for a lady's riding, she has never yet been ridden by a lady."

"There is nothing to forgive, Sir Philip. It is very good of you to be so careful for me. If I had gone out the first time with Roland, and Zuleika had bolted, he would never have been able to catch her up. I call his horse Tom a monster—fit to draw a nine-pounder unaided!"

Sir Philip laughed at this piece of youthful exaggeration; and so, chatting, they rode in the sunlight and under the spreading boughs of larch and elm, till they came in sight of the Larches. They saw the horses before the door, and the Sabine girls and Roland on the terrace; and Ilma, girllike, put Zuleika into a swift canter, pulling up the mare in such splendid style close by the steps that a cry of admiration greeted the feat.

"Isn't she a darling?" said Ilma, bending from the saddle, flushed and laughing, as they all gathered around her; and at the same instant Sir Philip rode up.

"Well done, Ilma," he said; and then raising his hat and bowing low to Mrs. Sabine, he dismounted and went up to the terrace to meet her.

"That horse is fearfully wild, Ilma," observed Roland, while his sisters were admiring Ilma's whip. "Are you sure you can manage her?"

Ilma's laugh rang out like a silver bell.

"I wish I was as sure of everything as I am of that," she replied. "Steady, dear"—as Zuleika began capering about. "Oh, Roland, you will kill me! What has made you timid all in a moment?"

"I shouldn't be timid for a person I cared nothing about," said Roland, looking up at her earnestly.

"You can't care much for me in this short time, you know, Rol," responded Ilma, perfectly unconscious of any deep meaning in his words. "But, whether you do or not, you need not pull a long face for me."

Roland could not say more just then, for Sir Philip came up and lifted Rose into her saddle, and Roland was obliged to turn away to perform a like service for Janie. But, while he was giving his sister the bridle, he kept his eyes fixed anxiously upon Zuleika, who was curveting about evidently eager to be off. Hardly acknowledged to himself was an unworthy desire in the young man's mind to find a flaw in Sir Philip Darrell's gift, to prove him wanting in sufficient care for Ilmas safety, while his own solicitude, if even overanxious, would shine by contrast.

"Sir Philip," he said a little abruptly to the Baronet, who, having attended to Rose, was now turning away to his own horse, "Zuleika is terribly wild. I hardly think she is safe for Ilma to ride."

For a second Sir Philip's haughty brow contracted, and the blue veins on the temples stood out—sure indications of a quick and passionate temper; but he checked the answer that rose to his lips and replied coolly, though with some irony—

"I think I know how to match horse and rider, Sabine; there is no danger whatever."

"I hope not," said Roland, shortly, turning red,

To this Sir Philip gave no answer. He mounted in silence, and backed his horse to Ilma's side. She had not heard what had just passed, and was exchanging badinage with Rose and Janie,

"Never mind," she said; "Zuleika can do without a flowor—she is one herself."

"Say rather," remarked Sir Philip, "that she carries one already. What is it? Are Rose and Janie taunting you because their horses have flowers in their ears and Zuleika has not?"

"Yes but Fanny and Delilah need all the adornment they can get!" cried Ilma merrily. "Zuleika shines by herself!"

"Still, why should she lack ear-rings? See—if you will accept it"—detaching the dainty little cluster of flowers—stephanotis, moss rose-bud and heliotrope—he wore in his button hole; but Ilma put out a deprecating hand—

"Oh, no—please don't! It is sure to fall out; and I cannot bear to rob you."

"What is freely given is no robbery, Ilma. Steady, Zuleika—keep steady, pretty one, while I fasten it!"

"Oh, I wish you had not heard!" said Ilma, as Sir Philip bent down to fasten the flowers in their place. "What will you do without a button hole?"

"I think I could live somohow," he answered gravely, "even if my loss were not—as in this case—an immeasureable gain."

"What very pretty speeches you do make," said Ilma sedately, her eyes dancing with fun—"as sweet as the flowers themeselves! Thanks; you have fastened them beautifully, and taken a lot of trouble to do it, I am sure."

"Nothing can be a trouble that is done for you, Ilma," replied Sir Philip, and in a low tone that only she heard.

The words has escaped him almost unawares, and he was conscious of something in his voice which had not yet been present in it when he spoke to her. He glanced quickly and earnestly at her face, and saw that her color was a little heightened, and that there was a half-startled look in the large soft eyes; but that was all. He had struck no deep chord; or, if he had, she did not know it herself.

Roland saw the transfer of the flowers; and the incident, trifling in itself, did not certainly tend to diminish his resentment against its too fascinating hero. Even though Sir Philip did not dispute Ilma's society with him, but for nearly two miles rode between Rose and Janie, while Roland and Ilma rode practically alone, yet the young man was not softened toward his rival.

His rival! Yes; Roland Sabine, though he had repudiated the accusation of being in love with Ilma Costello, admitted to himself without reserve that he felt for Ilma what he had never felt for any woman before. It was true that in a fashion he had been in love three or four times. At Cambridge he had even considered himself engaged to the sister of a college friend; but, when she returned his present and letters, with one from herself announcing her marriage to the oldest and richest of the dons, he was rather mortified to find how little his happiness was affected by the event, and how impossible it was for him to lose his interest in hunting and his appetite for breakfast.

At the present time Roland flirted after a fashion with Zeph Heston; but he meant no evil by it; and he would have been genuinely surprised to discover that he had made any deep impression on the girl's heart. He had met her sometimes by accident, sometimes half on design by both sides, and walked with her, and had kissed her when they parted; he had also given her ribbons and trinkets. But all this had been done without Job Heston's knowledge; for, like his ancestor, Job was not, humble miller though he was, one to bear dishonor meekly; and Roland did not care to incur the sturdy miller's wrath; besides. he did not care much about Zeph at the best of times, and just now he cared less than nothing; for Ilma had completely captivated him.

Of course Roland did not reflect that his nature and his cousin's were quite antagonistic, and that her training and education had utterly unfitted her for country life, as he understood it. They had not a taste in common. She liked the country in a general poetic kind of way, she was fond of riding and boating and flowers and birds; but she had several times declared that she could not endure to live in the country as her cousins did. So Roland blundered on, and madly imagined that this beautiful sprite might be induced to think of him as a lover, if only she could learn to fear, if not distrust, Sir Sir Philip Darrell.

Meanwhile Ilma, not having the remotest idea of her cousin's feelings, gave him a hundred wounds from sheer carelessness. She was about as wild as Zuleika herself, and horse and rider played rare pranks.

"Bother your wheat fields!" said Ilma to Roland, when he was trying to point out some peculiarly fine specimens of that cereal. "You'll never make a farmer of me, Rol. I don't care for it one bit; I am not going to live in the country, you know."

"How do you know, coz? You're very confident."

"Of course"—raising her straight, black brows. "I won't; that's all. Who's to make me? Not uncle."

"You might change your mind."

"Yes, when grass grows blue and flowers head down,' said Ilma, perversely. "Now look, Rol. There's Connaby Fell, isn't it? Will you have a race? Tom won't beat Zuleika."

They were riding ahead of the other three as Zuleika tossed up her head, sniffing the breeze from the open moorland. Sir Philip rode up to Ilma's side, and laid his hand lightly on her bridle hand.

"Keep a tight rein," he said, gently, as the girl looked up at him with the sweet, bright smile that she never gave to Roland. "I noticed you were letting it slacken a little just now; and Zuleika will be off like lightning if she gets her head."

"Thanks," replied Ilma, obeying him at once.

Roland bit his lip hard. He resented Sir Philip's interference where, as he chose to think, it was needless, seeing that he himself was by Ilma's side.

"Why, Darrell," he could not resist saying, "a good gallop will take some of the mischief out of Zuleika."

"You forgot," returned Sir Philip quietly, "that there is a deep ditch only a very short distance ahead, of which Ilma has never heard; and, if Zuleika came upon it unawares, she might go into it instead of over it."

"But she can leap it, can she not?" said Ilma eagerly to Sir Philip; while Roland flushed hotly, and exclaimed—

"You ought not to leap that ditch, Ilma—you are too confident."

"You dear old woman," replied Ilma, laughing, "you can shut your eyes at the supreme moment. Is the ditch too wide, Sir Philip?"

She did not intend to annoy her cousin by appealing directly from him to Darrell; still farther from her mind was any idea of coquetry; but Darrell was too generous to feel any triumph in the position assigned to him. He answered, smiling—

"It is a good leap; but you can do it. You see, Sabine," he added to Roland, "you do not know Zuleika. She is a splendid jumper, and I don't think you need fear for Ilma."

Roland was too vexed to acknowledge this endeavour to cover his defeat; but his silence was hardly noticeable, as Rose and Janie rode up, and in another minute they were all on the fell.

Then Hassan and Zuleika gave their riders full opportunity of disylaying their horsemanship, if they had cared about showing off. Rose and Janie gave their horses the rein; and the sight of the galloping steeds made the Arabs wild with excitement. Roland tried in vain to keep by his cousin. Zuleika's swiftness completely put Tom—swift as he was—to shame; and the young squire was fain to allow his horse a breathing.

"Now, Ilma," said Sir Philip, reining back his fiery Arab to the girl's side, "Let her go. The ditch is within a quarter of a mile. It is a good sixteen feet leap. You can do it?"—looking into her eyes.

"Yes," she answered readily, without the least bravado, her cheeks flushing, and her eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Away then!"

Like an arrow from a bow Zuleika was gone. Rose and Janie uttered a simultaneous cry of mingled admiration and fear.

"Is she running away?" exclaimed the latter breathlessly.

"No, no," answered Rose; "Sir Philip set her off. He knows what he is about. See, he is after her, taking it more easily. Come, let's see the leap."

In another moment Ilma, with unerring hand, lifted the Arab's head to the leap. There was a flash, a wild halloo from Roland, and Zuleika landed lightly on the opposite side of the wide ditch, and stood panting and trembling a little. Ilma's bright laugh rang out like a bell, as she bent over her brave steed, caressing her tenderly. In another second Sir Philip was by her side.

"Well done," he said, his dark handsome face glowing with delight at the girl's splendid feat—"well done, Ilma! I knew you would take the ditch in style; but, by my faith, I never saw such a dashing leap!"

"Except your own just now," returned the girl, her heart throbbing fast to hear his praise. "You must have taken it almost at a stand. Oh, Sir Philip, I wonder what Rol will say now of Zuleika? She is worthy of all you said of her—my beautiful darling! I believe she would like to go back again."

"And you too, eh, you wild sprite? No; take pity on me, and, while the others are riding round—it is more than half a mile—let us have a good gallop over that piece of rolling country"—pointing ahead.

"Oh, delicious!" cried Ilma. "Sir Philip—one minute—do look at them! Not one of their horses can take the ditch! Tom would have a fearful cropper had he tried it."

"Tom is too heavy, and has not the stride for such a leap," said Darrell, watching, with a certain sense of triumph, Roland galloping off; for he had Ilma to himself now for a few brief moments of happiness. Doubtless Sabine would think he had urged the girl to leap on purpose, knowing that he could reach her and that the others could not. But what did it matter? He was conscience clear in this at least, and, for the rest, Ilma was by his side.

"And look," she exclaimed suddenly, "how well you have fastened the flowers, Sir Philip; they have not fallen out!"

Darrell's dark gray eyes flashed, and the firm hand on the bridle trembled a little; he spoke impulsively.

"Yet, if they fell, you would not care, Ilma."

She had not looked at his face, but started at the ring of bitterness in his tone. Something made her instinctively keep her eyes turned from him as she answered—

"But I should care indeed—*les belles fleurs!*"

"Yes, *les belles fleurs*," he said mockingly; then, wheeling his horse—"Now then, give rein!"

Zuleika needed no more. With a joyous neigh she tossed up her graceful head and dashed off. Darrell, who of course could have easily passed his young companion, kept at her side; and away they went over the free moorland, with the breeze whistling past them and the hot sun blazing down. In the mad delight of that gallop Ilma almost forgot the pain Sir Philip's words and manner had given, and scarcely thought, but only felt, that half the happiness would be gone if he had not been with her.

Sir Philip knew full well why his pulse throbbed so quickly as he rode over the moorland by Ilma's side; and the strange old German legend came back to him. Had he been mad, mad indeed? But was it too late to save her—to bear the curse alone?

His strong will rose to meet the great need of the moment, to hide the truth from Ilma Yet even the quick command of feature which had become second nature to him could not, in the few seconds that elapsed, smooth away all sign of deep emotion, and Ilma's keen glance was keener now, too, to read his face.

"What is it?" she said hurriedly, pausing and leaning forward, with her large clear eyes full of trouble. "Is it ——. Ah, forgive me!"

She raised her head and followed his glance, which seemed to answer her, towards the river. For a few moments she sat quite silent, listening to the roar of the weir, her eyes dim with blinding tears; but her face was quite turned from her companion, so that he could not see it.

"Don't trouble your bonnie head, Ilma dear," he said half lightly, half caressingly, as one might speak to a child. "I am so grieved that I have caused you even a passing trouble! But the sound came on me suddenly and unnerved me; for I was forgetting the shadows in the sunshine, and needed a reminder, I suppose. Hark—there is Roland's shout! Shall we make a detour round the bracken yonder and join them?"

Ilma made no answer, but silently loosed her bridle and rode off again, Sir Philip by her side. She could not have spoken one word. She still kept her face away from him, though now there was an added pain that yet helped her to gain self control. She was a child to him then—only a child? Well, and did not she behave like a child? What else should he think her? She was not seventeen yet, not for another week; so it was only kindness when he said that nothing was a trouble that was done for her. He only wanted to tease her when he mocked her about the flowers; and—why, of course he would not have given her Zuleika if he had thought she was more than a child! Well, here were the others; and how vexed Roland was looking, though he laughed, and called out "Truants!" Then the girls came up, and there was a good deal of laughter and banter; and Ilma laughed as much as any one; but she was conscious all the time that Roland was anything but pleased. She did not care in the least about that, and was as far as ever from imagining why he should be vexed, except that he had not wanted her to leap the ditch. She let him keep her by his side, however, and talked and laughed and seemed in high spirits.

Roland proposed crossing the Coalmere and returning home by the Mill; and, as no one objected to the idea, they made for a narrow bridge that spanned the river about three or four miles above Scarth Abbot. Only two horses abreast could cross this bridge, and here it happened that Sir Philip Darrell and Ilma were side by side again.

"What a rapid current the river has!" said the girl, afraid that he should think she had been annoyed when he had last spoken to her.

"Ay," he answered, glancing over the low parapet, with a strange thought of what that swift stream might be bearing away before many days were past; "and it will be running six miles an hour or more before long."

Ilma's words were barely revelant to this remark.

"Sir Philip, is it all true—really true?" she said in a low tone.

"Skeptical, still, young America—after what I showed you the other day too, and the dreadful stories I told you?"

Ilma did not know that his jesting tone was a refuge for himself; in her tones there was no doubt, but an effable dread, a yearning after a possibility, the wild effort to grasp at some means of escape; but the feeling thus unconsciously expressed might not have really taken a hold on the girl's inner life. She could not be indifferent to his face; but it need not influence her whole existence.

"Don't laugh at me, please,' said Ilma, trembling; "it is not only—only the curse I mean, but the other—what they say about the floods this year."

"That the rains will come early I have no doubt, Ilma; but, as to the rest, it may or may not be; indeed, the 'needful sacrifice' must be brought about quickly, or another victim must be found, or I shall not be here to give up my life for some one as yet unknown."

The girl drew a long deep breath—it might have been of relief, or of pain, or both.

Sir Philip's hand was on her bridle again, on her hand, which trembled under the touch, yet not more than his, which rested there so lightly, yet lingeringly.

"Ilma," said the sweet low voice, resolutely controlled, "answer me. There is no jesting now. Do you believe in the curse that is on my house?"

"I cannot but believe it, Sir Philip; and yet—yet——"

"Yet what?"—as she paused.

The girl flushed and paled in a breath.

"Ah, do not ask me!"

Her eyes fell and her bosom heaved. How could she say to him that she believed that a noble life could not be doomed for ever for a sin not his, that a noble love given and received must be a savior, and not a destroyer? She might have said it three days before—even perhaps yesterday; but now she shrank from the very subject.

Sir Philip dropped his hand, and turned away. She believed in the curse, believed that there was woe and death in loving him, and yet did not fear him; then it was not too late—she did not love him. Nay, in so short a time how should she? And yet, in the very moment that he rejoiced that he could still save her, his heart was crying out, beating wildly against its prison bars, "Oh, Ilma, Ilma, my soul, were a thousand years of life to be mine, I would give them all for the bliss of one brief moment—one moment to hold thee in these arms, to feel thy heart throb an answer to mine, to kiss thy sweet lips, and hear them whisper, 'Philip, I love thee!'" But he only said—

"Pardon me! I will not ask you any more questions. Thanks, Ilma."

They had reached the opposite bank, and now pulled up for the others to join them; and Ilma found herself once more by Roland's side.

It chanced that Ilma had not yet visited the Weir Mill; and, as the riders approached it, Roland proposed that she should see it now.

"But Sir Philip might not like," began the girl.

Sabine laughed.

"My dear coz, you must not think that there is an active hatred on Heston's part against the Darrells, though certainly he bears them no good will; moreover, Darrell himself is too haughty to regard the hatred of inferiors."

Ilma however persisted in appealing to Sir Philip. He laughed.

"Your wish would be enough," he said gallantly, "even if I had any objection; and I have not indeed. There is Job Heston at the door, and Zeph feeding chickens outside."

Yes, there stood Job Heston, with folded arms, leaning against the door, and watching the advancing riders scrutinisingly, or rather watching Sir Philip and Ilma, for the horses were coming up the river bank all abreast at an easy trot, Ilma riding between Darrell and Roland.

Job Heston's gipsy descent was plainly marked on his face, and it was not a pleasant face; the brows were heavy, the lips thick, and the eyes sinister. Zeph too had ceased from her occupation, and also watched the riders. She knitted her brows and clenched her hands under her apron as she looked from the young Squire to Ilma.

"What am I to her?" she muttered. "But, if the Dark Darrell fancies her, she would love him rather than Roland Sabine. Who would not—except for the curse?"

"Zeph!" said Job suddenly, startling the girl from her angry thoughts.

"Yes, father."

"They are coming here. I suppose they want to show the foreign missy the Weir Mill. I'll lay it she knows the story long ago! Ha, ha?"

"Of course, father; yet what if she should not heed it and marries Sir Philip?"

"It's never Sir Philip will marry, I wot," returned the miller grimly, "unless he takes his wife home between now and St. Bartholomew; for the floods will be out, and he has but a few more days of life."

"Father," said Zeph, turning pale, "Why should it not be this time?"

"Bah, girl! See—the foreign girl rides Zuleika, the choicest mare in the Court stable. Do you think Sir Philip will leave Scarth Abbot? Not he! 'Tis his fate that keeps him here; and, if he said to day that he would leave, I should know it could not be. Be sure Sir Philip will never see gray hairs, and a stranger will reign at the Court before the trees are bare."

But Zeph was a woman, and grieved for the handsome and winning lord of the manor.

The riders came on and drew up before the mill; and Sir Philip, ever courtly, raised his hat to Zeph, as she ran forward curtseying, and asked smilingly if Miss Costello might look over the mill.

"Surely, Sir Philip, and welcome!" replied Zeph, stealing a glance Roland. But Roland was looking at Ilma; and Zeph hated Ilma.

Then Heston came out, and, as politely as he could, offered to show the young lady over the Mill. Rose and Janie remained in the saddle, but Sir Philip and Roland accompanied Ilma; and Job, who was habitually saturnine, showed the girl all over the quaint old place.

"May as well see it while ye can, missy," he said presently, as they passed up from the lower towards the upper floors. "The old Mill hasn't long to last, I'll warrant."

"Pooh, Heston!" observed Roland. "It will stand a good deal yet."

"No, it won't, Mr. Sabine; the foundations are less secure than you'd think, I know. They've been repaired more than once in my time. But, if it will be, it will be, and when it will be." And Job closed his mouth after that for fully ten minutes.

"It looks dismal somehow, and makes me think of the story of Bishop Hatto and the rats," said Ilma, in German, to Sir Philip.

"There is something eerie and uncanny in the very air of Scarth Abbot, I think," replied Darrell. "You must wish you had never come here, Ilma. Shall we leave the Mill?"

"Oh, no, please; I want to see all about it! But, Sir Philip, I don't like its owner."

"Nor I; if he were not a miller, he would be quite equal to the *role* of a murderer."

"Do you mean that?"

"Fully. I am not jesting; and he may play that part yet."

Ilma shuddered, and instinctively drew nearer to her companion. She remembered his words afterwards.

CHAPTER VIII.

Above the floor on which Sir Philip and his companions now stood was a loft, which was reached by a rough ladder. There was a good view, Job Heston said, from the window up there; and Ilma went up, accompanied only by Sir Philip.

The loft seemed to have been used at one time for stacking corn; but it had not served any purpose for years, and seemed a dreary place indeed. One lattice, small and deeply sunk in the wooden wall, looked out over the landscape; and Ilma gazed through the open loop hole—for there was no glass in it—at the river, flowing brightly in the sunlight, the tumbling weir, the fields and woods, the turrets of the Larches, and the red walls of the Grange peeping from among the clustering trees; and through the summer air the voices of Rose and Janie Sabine floated up wards. For fully five minutes Ilma looked out upon the beautiful scene, her vivid imagination conjuring up another picture, when the river would be like a foaming sea, whirling away boughs of trees, and perchance living things too, in its fierce anger. She drew back, shuddering again.

"Come," said Sir Philip gently—"come into the sunshine once more. Why, child, your lips are white!"

He went down the ladder first, and, turning as he stepped upon the floor, gave her his hand in courtesy—for active Ilma needed no help. His slight hand closed over hers like a vice, and the pressure seemed to reach even to the girl's heart. If her eyes had met his—if they had been alone—the self-control that kept him silent still would have surely given way. He felt it, and he knew it—felt, with a kind of terror, how a man may be at the mercy of a moment. But Ilma did not look at him; and Job Heston and Roland Sabine were standing waiting.

"Ilma thinks the loft a dreary place," said Darrell, smiling and addressing Roland; and then added to Job, "Your Mill is an eerie place, Heston."

"Ay, that it is, Sir Philip. Missy wouldn't like to be imprisoned here, eh?"

"No," said Ilma shortly—she had taken a strong dislike to Job Heston.

"I hope you may never be," put in Roland, laughing; "for you couldn't escape by the window—It's a clear descent of fifty feet—and you couldn't drop through the trap to this floor without the certainty of breaking a limb."

Ilma made no reply to this; and the visitors descended the stairs, took leave, and rode away. But Roland lingered behind under pretense of tightening his saddle-girths, and Zeph was standing near to him.

"Zeph," he said, "what ails you? What harm has Ilma Costello done you?"

"You know best," replied the girl with a savage gleam in her black eyes.

"Pooh, you fancy I am in love with her!"

"Fancy? Why do you change color even now, and why do you look so black at Dark Darrell? But, if he wants her, he'll have her, be certain."

"Will he, by Heaven?" began Roland passionately.

Zeph's short hard laugh checked him, showing him that he had betrayed himself.

"You're not in love with her, eh?" she said, clenching her hand before him. "All right, Mr. Sabine. No, you needn't tell me any lies; and don't be afraid I'll tell of you. Father would throw me over the weir if he knew you had been making love to me; but it's a sin and a shame; and I'll have my revenge yet on you and the foreign missy."

"Zeph, dear Zeph—"

But Zeph had run off, and Roland was fain to mount his horse and ride after the others. Darrell, glancing back, saw that Roland was talking to Zeph, and he drew his own conclusions; but he said nothing and the party rode up to the Larches almost in silence. Mrs. Sabine wanted Ilma and her companion to remain for the rest of the day; but Ilma did not like to absent herself form her aunt for so long. Moreover, how could she pass the evening in her riding-dress? At first therefore she refused, till it was suggested that Miss Durnford should be sent for, as well as a change of apparel. Perhaps, too, Sir Philip's quick, low "You can surely stay?" helped far more than she would have cared to acknowledge to make her consent. This was as they were dismounting. Then Sir Philip left Ilma to her cousin, and attended to the Sabine girls.

"How good of you to stay!" said Roland, looking up with beaming eyes, though he wished Darrell had declined the invitation. "Promise me a game at chess, Ilma."

"If you like, Roland," she answered, thinking a great deal more about the flowers still in Zuleika's ear—faded now, but not dead—than about Roland and his request. She would have taken them out if she had dared; but, with Roland there and Sir Philip close by, she felt afraid somehow. Roland, however, had not forgotten them; and, when he had helped Ilma to alight, he turned back with assumed carelessness, and, catching he mare's bridle from the hand of the young groom who was holding it, took out the flowers and threw them upon the ground.

Ilma saw the action, and such a blaze of passion glowed in her eyes and flushed her very brow that Roland recoiled, startled. She sprang forward swiftly, and picked up the flowers, her little hand trembling with the grief and anger which she yet contrived to keep from passing her lips. She felt just then as if she hated Roland; she felt—it seemed to flash upon her like a sudden light—that he had thrown down the flowers because Sir Philip had given them to her; and there was enough childishness in the woman's passion that shook her to make her wish that she had been a boy, and so could have struck her insolent cousin.

"My dear girl," said Roland, seeing that he had made a grievous mistake—Darrell, talking to Rose, did not seem to have noticed the episode—"pray forgive me! I had no idea you wanted to keep the flowers; you left them yourself. They are all dying."

"If I did, what then? Why did you go out of your way to touch them?" she answered, and without another word walked straight away and up the terrace steps.

Roland stood still for a few moments, with as black a look on his face as ever a man's face wore; but, as he slowly followed his cousin, his brow cleared somewhat. After all, he said to himself, Ilma had either forgotten the flowers or cared too little for them to take them from the horse's ear herself; and her sudden enthusiasm for them was something very like an outbreak of childish petulance at what she thought gratuitous interference. Roland Sabine understood much better the differences between one soil and another and the qualities that go to make a good hunter than the merest outlines of a woman's nature.

Not one look or action of either personage in the brief little scene had escaped Sir Philip Darrell; but his delicacy of feeling had forbidden him to take any overt notice. Why should Ilma be so angry with her cousin's act if she had believed it what he had tried to represent it, simply the result of a passing thought? Besides, there was more than anger in the brown eyes, more than she was conscious of; and it made the blood of the man who loved her course swiftly through his veins, and the resolve registered but a few hours since was almost forgotten. She, poor child, would doubtless think it would all pass for a girl's impetuous pride, and would cherish the flowers in defiance of Roland, not for love of Philip. And he who had bestowed the simple gift drew from it a wild, mad hope.

When Ilma reached her dressing-room, she put the flowers carefully in water; and not a few burning tears fell upon the trembling little hands that performed the task. She felt a good deal ashamed of herself, though she scarcely knew why; for she was not a bit ashamed of her anger with Roland; and some idea, too slight for definite thought, was struggling in her sorely-perplexed mind that Roland did not think of her as "only a child," whatever Sir Philip thought.

Just as she was ready to descend to the drawing-room, a knock came to the door, and, when she opened it, there was Roland, looking very penitent and imploring, and holding a beautiful half-opened damask rose.

"Do forgive me, Ilma," he said; "and wear this rose, will you? I didn't mean to vex you. You know I couldn't have meant that, Ilma."

The appeal was well made to a generous nature. The girl could not reject it; and yet she felt that her cousin was less grieved at having offended her than afraid. She did not really forgive him, because she was sure the feeling that had dictated his conduct was still in his heart; and she knew he had spoken falsely when he owned only to thoughtlessness. She smiled a little, glanced keenly into Roland's face from beneath her long thick lashes, and took the rose he offered.

"Never mind," she said gently. "I am very impetuous, Roland. Thanks for the rose, I will wear it."

She took it and gave him her hand. He drew her towards him and kissed her cheeks; and, for the first time, Ilma colored under her cousin's caress, and drew back quickly from him.

"Come down soon," said Roland, with inward elation noticing her confusion; and Ilma promised.

She put the rose in her dress and went down. Mrs. Sabine called her to her side and complimented her on her leap, about which, it seemed, Rose and Janie had been "bragging."

Ilma laughed, and tried to turn the conversation from herself; and the announcement of dinner came to her rescue. At dinner she was placed next to Roland, Sir Philip being opposite, between Rose and Janie. Suddenly, while Roland was saying something to her which she hardly heard, for she was listening to what Darrell was saying to her aunt about the opera in Florence, Rose exclaimed—

"Ilma, have you robbed my pet tree of that lovely damask rose?"

"No," answered the girl, starting, but laughing too; "I did not take it, Roland gave it to me."

"Then Rolond is the thief; but you are welcome, my dear."

"I am sure she would have been equally welcome if she had taken it," said Mrs. Sabine, smiling. "You must treat this like your own home, Ilma."

"How good you are aunt Sabine!" returned Ilma gratefully, the quick color flushing her cheek again, but the deeper because she knew that Darrell had looked at her.

Roland glanced at his dark face, and wondered whether his gift had a thorn for him. Sir Philip however read all the story of the flower as plainly as if it had been written on the table before him, and he smiled to himself as he saw the young Squire's look and divined what passed within him. "He dare to dream of offering his love to Ilma!" was the haughty Darrell's thought. Wedded to him the girl would indeed be "mated with a clown."

Mrs. Sabine felt anxious on her son's account. She could not help seeing that Ilma's great beauty and fascinations had made a deep impression on Roland, and she might well ask herself what the end was likely to be, with such a brilliant counter attraction as Sir Philip Darrell; and, even if Darrell had not been on the scene, Mrs. Sabine had too much good sense not to see that there was no community of thought between the young Canadian and her Cumberland relative. Nothing was revealed through Ilma's wearing the rose; but she felt certain that Roland meant more in offering it than the girl had any idea of.

After dinner, Roland claimed his game of chess, and was the more pleased to do so because he knew that Sir Philip would have asked for music. Rose protested against "sticking Ilma down to chess," but Ilma said she had promised, and Roland had not the good grace to release her.

"I won't promise to be very grave over it," she said, as her cousin drew up the chess table. "I am sure you will beat me."

"Not he," remarked Janie frankly; "Roland is a very bad player."

"How do you know Ilma is a better?" asked Roland, beginning to set the men.

"For shame, Rol!" said his sister. "You might have made a pretty speech then. Remember, Ilma is city bred and used to all that sort of thing."

And she moved away, while Roland bit his lip, wishing he had Sir Philip Darrell's golden tongue. He used to call it "confounded foreign palavering" at one time, but Cupid alters some men's estimate of the graces of life.

Roland and Ilma were left pretty well alone, for Sir Philip and the rest were at the other end of the room, and there seemed to be a good deal of fun going forward. Ilma longed to join the group, but she did not like to play recklessly, and Roland was long over his moves.

"Oh, Roland," she said at last, "don't take a month over a move, there's a good boy!"

Roland looked up. Ilma leaned back, clasping her hands behind her head, and met his eager look with one of indifference

"You see," he said, "I am not thinking of the game."

"Then I wish you would, or I shall read a book while you are meditating."

"Ilma, why are you so cruel?"

His tone and look startled, even frightened her; but she was too young to know how to meet such an advance. She turned pale, but her eyes flashed angrily.

"Don't be foolish, Roland, or——"

"I am not foolish, Ilma," he interupted. "I mean what I say—I do indeed."

"Well, then, I am foolish, and don't know what it is that you mean, and I don't want to know. I shall sweep up the men if you will not finish the game properly."

"Ilma will you let me explain another time?"

"Yes—no—how can I stop you? Do move your queen, or I shall take her."

Roland turned very red and obeyed in silence, though he bit his lip till the blood almost came. In three more moves he was checkmated; and Ilma declared he deserved Janie's condemnation.

"Play a game of draughts, Ilma; that won't take long, and it's quite early in the evening."

"Not now, Rol—presently."

"They don't want you over there. They're playing at something."

But, even as he spoke, Darrell crossed the room; and the next moment he was bending down to Ilma.

"Am I too impatient. May I not beg for a little music?"

How different this man from blunt countrified Roland—the soft, sweetly modulated voice, the crisp refined accent, the tone half pleading, wholly deferential, the manner that forbade denial because it made a favor of acquiescence! Was Roland so blind that he could not see how the young face lighted up as it was turned to Darrell? Was his ear too dull to catch a ring in the girl's voice that was not in it when she spoke to her Cumberland cousin?

"What shall I play?" she asked, rising at once.

"Play some of the pieces you played from memory at the Court the other day."

"Some!" said Ilma laughing. "You mean one."

"Do you offer a wineglass of water to a thirsty man, Ilma? You know you would never tire me with music. You might become weary of playing, but I should never be tired of listening."

Ilma went to the piano and played, and Roland came near—not that he cared for classical music or understood it, but he could not bear to leave Ilma alone with Sir Philip Darrell.

Suddenly Roland noticed that the damask rose was gone.

"Ilma," he said, as the girl struck the last chord in a *morceau* of Schubert's, "where is your rose?"

AN EVENTFUL CAREER.

The Checkered Life of Fannie Betterly

Among the inmates of the county jail at present is a young woman who has gone through all the stages of the suffering that follows woman's fall, and is now brought face to face with the consequences of crime; upon whose features several years of depravity have fixed their brand as legibly as if a red-hot iron had seared them. Her name is Fannie Betterly, and the crime which has this time entangled her in the meshes of the law is that of burglary. Her history has been, indeed, an eventful one. Fifteen years ago this unmentionable libel upon womanhood lay asleep in a clean, warm bed. She was then ten years of age. No better child than she ever lived. She was as chaste as ice and as pure as snow. The writer fancies he sees her then—lying asleep, her lips half opened, showing her white teeth. Her blue eyes are covered with purple-veined eyelids. Her loose hair, lichen like, strays about her face. The damp of innocent sleep lies on her forehead and neck. Her little brother of four years who has cried for two hours to be allowed to sleep with her, lies slumbering by her side. Plunged in childhood's dreamless sleep he lies. One white hand is smothering under his thick curls, and the other, clenched tightly, rests like a flower on his sister's pulseful throa. They are a beautiful pair. The mother comes stealing in, lamp in hand, smiling and laden with love. The soft kisses drop on the nerveless hands and on the straying hair. The children smile in their sleep—that dear old superstition, if true, that children smile in their sleep when angels are near. How beautiful they are.

Six years elapse. The family remove to Malahide township. Fannie becomes betrothed to a young farmer and looks forward to the time when her lover shall have saved sufficient to embellish a little home of her own, and make her an honest wife. So near did this really seem that she yielded a too confiding love and the light of her life died out.

No longer the pure girl, looking coyly forward to a happy wedding and a cosy future, she became the victim of shame and the libertine who had effected her ruin proclaimed the fact broadcast. About midnight one July night, in the year 1873, three young men who had been drinking hard during the evening, went to the house of the girl's father, south of Orwell, in this county, and demanded admittance, taunting the girl with her shame. A loaded gun belonging to her brother rested on a ledge in the kitchen. This the maddened girl seized, and ordered them to advance at their peril. One of them, named Bradley, retorted, using some vile epithet, and proceeded to force his way into the house. Fannie fired, and a load of slugs lodged in the young man's abdomen. His companions assisted him into a vehicle and drove off for medical assistance, but the injured man died within a few hours. Miss Betterly was arrested, lodged in the same cell which she now occupies, but was acquitted by the coroner's jury on the ground of justifiable homicide, the verdict stating that she shot Bradley in defense of her virtue. After her release, the progress of the girl in crime was as rapid as the flight of a pestilence. Step by step, gradually this wretched female became involved in a career of vice, frightful to contemplate; hopeless at its commencement, loathsome and repulsive in its course; friendless, forlorn and unpitied at its miserable conclusion. The life of Fannie Betterly has been that of the class to which she belongs—a class unhappy but too extensive—the very existence of which should make men's hearts bleed. Who knows but this fallen sister might now be a happy wife and mother if some one had consoled her after her discharge from prison? True, one kind lady in this town did, about four years ago, offer to save this betrayed girl from the sisterhood of sorrow, pain and shame, but she had a daughter, and she could not take Fannie to reside with her, so she abandoned her philanthropic mission. Thus cast down when she had just made a firm resolve to escape from the grasp of the dragon, Fannie realized that she was infected with a moral disease that even the forgiveness of God and the blood of Christ will not entirely separate her from the eyes of the moral world.

Fannie Betterly went from bad to worse, content to continue in that way which soon ends in a black and hopeless night. Not long since she was committed to jail for two months for keeping a disorderly house. While incarcerated her mother came to see her. It would be absolutely impossible to imagine a more poverty-stricken object, or a creature so borne down in soul by the excess of misery and destitution as the old woman appeared to be. She was yellow, haggard, decrepit, attired in a tattered gown which had once been black, and the remains of an old straw bonnet, with faded ribbon of the same hue. She talked in that low, stifled tone of voice which tells so forcibly of mental anguish; and every now and then burst into an irrepressible, sharp, abrupt cry of grief, the most distressing sound that ears can hear.

The story which the young woman recites is in substance what is given above. As she told it, she at intervals covered her face with her hands and wept. They were not the tears of a thoroughly hardened creature drawn from a shallow source; they were the burning, agonizing, reluctant tears that suffering women shed, wrung from the heart as if it were its blood.—*St. Thomas Times.*

A MODEL SUMMERING PLACE.

Thursday the landlord of an up-country summer hotel was in the city and called on several people to see if they would remember his house when deciding on the place to go next summer. He struck a Devonshire street broker who has a large family, and mentioned what he wanted. "Got a nice place?" asked the broker. "First rate," said the landlord. "Many attractions?" "Several." "How's the scenery?" "Fair." "Any romantic spot where lovers jumped off a high bluff into a pond?" "No; folks up our way don't make such cussed fools of themselves." "Oh, well, have you got any cave about with an old hermit in it?" "No, sir; if any superannuated tramp tries to loaf about that part of the country and get money out of my guests by calling himself a hermit he'll find himself in the House of Correction quicker than a hornet can get his work in." "Ah! Got a mineral spring on your place?" "No, sir. If a man is sick we've got a good physician in the vicinity, and good, pure water is so plenty with us that we don't try to economize on it by inducing our guests to drink from some nasty pool that'll give 'em an attack of cholera." "I see. Well, then, how's the fishing?" "Can't catch two fish a day in the whole region, but there's a number of good places for a party to go to with a supply of punch and cigars to play cards and have a good time, and I always keep a supply of trout on hand to fill your baskets when you come home so you can show the speckled beauties to the women folks." "H'm! You don't seem to have such attractions as most of the summer resorts advertise." "No, I haven't. I have to rely on the fact that I give a man a clean room, decently furnished, plenty of chicken and vegetables to eat, and lots of milk to drink. There's all out doors for the children to play about and a big, shady piazza for the old folks to loaf on. I charge folks a fair price for what they have, and if I catch a servant skirmishing for fees I give that servant the bounce. That's about all there is to it." And the broker rose up and said, "You may expect me with my family down at your place about the middle of May, to stay through the season, and if I can make my partner go, too, I shall. You've got the sort of a place I've been looking after for ten years."—*Boston Post.*

THE 2.20 HORSES.

In order that the readers of this paper may have it for reference, and in answer to several inquiries recently sent to this office, the following list of all horses that have trotted in 2.20 or better has been prepared. Those in the list that have died are denoted by an asterisk (*), and those that have been retired from the turf by a dagger:

Name.	Sire.	Record.
Maud S.	Harold	2.10¾
St. Julien	Volunteer	2.11¼
Rarus†	Conklin's Abdallah	2.13¼
Goldsmith Maid†	Alex Abdallah	2.14
Hopeful	Godfrey's Patchen	2.14¾
Lula†	Alex. Norman	2.15
Smuggler†	Blanco	2.15¼
Hattie Woodward	Aberdeen	2.15½
Lucille Golddust†	Golddust	2.16¼
Darby	Delmonico	2.16½
American Girl*	C. M. Clay	2.16½
Charlie Ford	Grey Eagle	2.16½
Occident†	Dot	2.16¾
Gloster*	Volunteer	2.17
Dexter†	Hambletonian	2.17¼
Hannis	Mambrino Pilot	2.17¾
Dick Swiveller†	Walkill Chief	2.18
Great Eastern	Walkill Chief	2.18
Judge Fullerton†	Edward Everett	2.18
Proteine	Blackwood	2.18
Red Cloud†	Legal Tender	2.18
Santa Claus	Strathmore	2.18
Edwin Forrest†	Ned Forrest	2.18
Nettie*	Hambletonian	2.18
Lady Maud	Gen Knox	2.18¼
Lady Thorne*	Mambrino Chief	3.18¼
Lucy†	Geo. M. Patchen	2.18¼
Midnight	Peacemaker	2.18¼
Monroe Chief	Jim Monroe	2.18¼
Col Lewis†	Rifleman	2.18½
Slow Go†	Young Sharatac	2.18½
Nutwood	Belmont	2.18¾
Patchen	Unknown	2.18¾
Albemarle	Tom Hunter	2.19
Alley	Volunteer	2.19
Bonesetter	Brooks	2.19
Cozette†	Black Bashaw	2.19
Edward†	Fisk's Hamb	2.19
Graves	Whipple's Hamb	2.19
Kitty Bates	Cloud Mambrino	2.19
Wedgewood	Belmont	2.19
Bobine†	Volunteer	2.19¼
Comee†	Daniel Lambert	2.19¼
Croxie†	Clark Chief	2.19¼
George Palmer†	Ames's Bogus	2.19¼
Keene Jim	Keene's Lookout	2.19¼
Parana	Mamb. Hamb	2.19¼
Trinket	Princeps	2.19½
Driver	Volunteer	2.19½
Moose	Washburn Horse	2.19½
Thomas L Young†	Yellow Jacket	2.19½
Will Cody	Blue Bull	2.19½
Adelaide†	Phil Sheridan	2.19½
Camors*	Gen. Knox	2.19¾
Flora Temple*	Kentucky Hunter	2.19¾
Daisydale	Thornedale	2.19¾
Deck Wright	Hinsdale Horse	2.19¾
Belle Brasfield	Viley's Cripple	2.20
Etta Jones	Parrish's Pilot	2.20
Fleety Golddust†	Golddust	2.20
Frank	Pathfinder	2.20
John H	Black Bashaw	2.20
Little Fred†	Eastman Morgan	2.20
Mambrino Gift*	Mambrino Pilot	2.20
May Queen†	Alex Norman	2.20
Nancy Hackett†	Wood's Hamb	2.20
Prospero*	Messenger Duroc	2.20
Capt. Emmons	Continental	2.20
Elaine	Messenger Duroc	2.20
Orange Girl	Hambletonian	2.20

—Lord Carlingford, better known as Chichester Fortescue, and fourth husband of the late Countess Waldgrave, will go out, it is said, as Governor-General to India, in case Lord Ripon yields to the argent pressure of Lady Ripon and his physicians to return home. Lord Carlingford was very good looking, at least up to 40, and younger than his wife. She never had children by any of her husbands, so that he. like his brother, Lord Clermont, to whom he is heir presumptive, is heirless. He has estates in Louth and Armagh, in Ireland, of the value of £16,000 a year, and large property through his wife in England. He won some distinction at Oxford University, but is a heavy debater, and, though a gentlemanly looking and really a gentlemanly personage, is not a man of much calibre.

BRIEF FREEDOM.

How Four Prisoners Escaped From Penitentiary.

OVER THE FROZEN LAKE.

Self-Denying Efforts of One to Save a Comrade.

THE TWO RECAPTURED.

KINGSTON, Feb. 14.—The most daring and desperate escape ever made from the Kingston penitentiary occurred last evening between six and eight o'clock. Four prisoners named Wright, Blake, Shiotte and Rapson were confined in the "yards solitary cells," in the basement of the prison. They were all desperate characters, and had been placed in these cells for misconduct. Blake was an idiotic person and given to terrible passions. He had assaulted convicts, guards and the deputy warden. He also stabbed the warden, Mr. Creighton, with a fork. Since this time he had been in confinement, it being considered dangerous to allow him liberty. He was a life prisoner. Wright was from London, and was serving a ten years' sentence for robbing toll-gate keepers. A comrade of his was shot while being arrested. Rapson, a Prince Edward Islander, guilty of larceny, had twenty-four years to serve, while Shiotte had only ten months to serve. He was from Montreal. Since the incarceration of Wright a scheme has been on foot for the escape of the four fellows. With this end in view Wright, with a common case knife, destitute of a handle, transformed into a saw, cut seven bars, three perpendicularly and four horizontally, off his barred door. The work was completed yesterday. To prevent the opening being seen or the door jarring when opened he placed in the crevices some hard soap used by him in washing. Yesterday he got out into the corridor, knocked the locks off the other prisoners' doors and let them out. It is the duty of the guards to visit these cells on Sunday at several periods through the day. Six o'clock was one of the hours when the guards went in, and when they did so last night they were pounced upon, and a desperate encounter ensued. For three-quarters of an hour they fought, two prisoners attacking each guard. It was either life or death for the convicts, and they fought for it. Up and down the passages the contestants scuffled, till finally the guards were overpowered and tied with ropes made from the bed-clothing. Their revolvers were taken from their pockets, and they were dragged to the cells and put inside. The convicts locked the guards in the cells, and then threw the keys away. The liberated men then went to the tailors' shop, where they secured each a suit of civilian's clothes. The next move was to scale the walls with ladders, which was successfully accomplished. The guards were not discovered in the cells until about nine o'clock, when the escaped convicts had about two hours' start. As soon as the discovery was made, an alarm was sounded and men dispatched in all directions. The fugitives have not yet been captured. The latter picked their time to a nicety, as no guards were around the place except the two who were attacked. There is considerable excitement in the city.

A young man belonging to Long Island states that the four escaped convicts called at a hotel on the island early this morning, and after getting a drink proceeded towards Cape Vincent. Later intelligence states that the guards, Hurst and Appleton, are seriously injured, the former in particular.

KINGSTON, Feb. 15.—Two of the escaped convicts, Maurice Blake and James Wright, were captured this morning near Cape Vincent. They were accused of larceny, having stolen goods from the penitentiary tailor shop, and for this offense they were arrested. They objected to return to Canada, but upon extradition being hinted at, they agreed to come peaceably. They were immediately placed in a sleigh and brought here, and conveyed to the penitentiary. A representative of the *Whig* was permitted to interview the men this afternoon, and that paper contains the following: "Sitting upon a chest at the entrance to the main corridor, were the two men, both heavy set fellows, with downcast countenances. The Warden opened the discussion with the men, who were trembling nervously. Maurice Blake had the portion of an oil cloth wrapped around his fingers. He pulled this off and exposed to view several terribly swollen fingers. The skin was white and festered and very sore to the touch. In some spots the blood could be seen beneath the skin. Both men were muttering incoherently. Wright complained that had it not been for the old man he would now be free. Suddenly Blake arose, took off his hat, and with a peculiar grin remarked: "I was going home to Ireland." A little scene took place here. Wright avowed that the Warden could do what he liked with him; he wouldn't have him long around the place anyway. The Warden said he would do nothing wrong, and that he had always treated him kindly. This Wright acknowledged. At this stage the *Whig* reporter was introduced by the Warden, who said he wanted some information regarding their adventures. "Have I," asked Wright, "got to give it?" "No," said the Warden, "Not if you don't desire it." After a little he began to relate his story. His adventures were told in a somewhat disjointed manner. When he was put in the dungeon he had the two case-knives tied to his feet, having carried them for some time previously. The guards were very vigilant, but he fooled them. He had worked two holes into the cell wall, and had placed the knives in them when apprised of the approach of the guards. He had pieces of white paper, which he pasted over the holes with soap. He had been three weeks sawing at the bars. Soon after his incarceration in the dark cells he commenced his arrangements for the leave-taking. He and his fellow convicts discussed the subject together. All were sworn to secrecy. On Sunday last he got the last bar nearly sawn through, and when he imagined that it was time for the guards to pass around he wrenched the partially cut bars. so that a portion broke off, and then he crawled out. He then broke the locks of two other cells. He did not intend to let Blake out, but he pleaded so feelingly to be allowed to accompany them, claiming that he had relatives in New York, that finally his release was affected. Out into the corridor he walked, the first time for upwards of two years. Wright, who engineered the scheme for escape, warned the others that no violence should be done to the guards. When they came in, they were to be pounced upon and overpowered. Wright admitted that the guards fought heroically. They (the convicts) did not imagine they were so strong. Shiotte secured the only overcoat. After scaling the wall, they proceeded on the ice toward the Grand Trunk brewery, where they came ashore and went through the city nearly to the barracks, where they again took to the ice. They crossed the channel close to the military college, thence over Cedar and Wolfe Islands. In a south-easterly direction on Wolfe Island they walked through a swamp, their pants as high as the knees being wet and frozen stiff. Finally the other side of the Island was reached. During the trip Wright helped the half-witted Blake along, carrying him part of the way. Again the ice was taken to. Wright left Blake in charge of Shiotte and Rapson, but no sooner would he get a couple of hundred yards ahead than the two others would desert Blake and leave him lying on the ice. Wright would then return and carry him until tired out. At last the American shore was reached about 4 a. m. With a cheer they stepped upon what they considered the land of liberty. Wright's first utterance was, "Thank God, I'm a free man, and now I'll be an honest one." On they pushed, Wright leading the way. Again Shiotte and Rapson deserted Blake, leaving him to freeze, and again Wright carried the old man until both were compelled to lie down on the snow. Wright tooks cramps in his legs. They then managed to crawl to a farm house, and a five o'clock feebly knocked for admission. This was granted them. Rapson and Stiolette after breakfast persisted on stating that they were bound for New York. The pistol Wright had he gave to the farmer, asking him to return it to the penitentiary officials. Wright and Blake were so used up that they were unable to proceed any further. They rested all day. At night Wright's legs were so painful that he could not move them, and he had to be carried upstairs to bed. This morning, about nine, he and Blake started west. While on the railway they saw the officers of the penitentiary and, forgetting his pains, Wright threw his stick away and ran about a mile, but the officers gained on him and reaptured him. He showed a large red bruise on his forehead, caused by falling on the gravel. At this point Wright broke down, and in a despairing way said: 'Had it not been that I could not see Blake freeze, I would now have been free. I will soon be out of the way, for I have given up all hopes of seeing my wife and little child.' These, he said, were in London. It was to see his beloved ones that he made the strike for his liberty. Blake was removed to the hospital, while Wright was once more returned to his cell. That he acted a noble part in assisting the decrepid man, all will admit. Chief Keeper McCarthy is now on the trail of Shiotte and Rapson, whom he expects to capture before long. Telegrams have been sent along the route taken by them. None of the convicts were injured by the frost but Blake."

The Captured Convicts.

PORTSMOUTH, Feb. 16.—The other two escaped convicts named Rapson and Shiotte were captured last night in Watertown, N. Y. Mr. McCarthy, chief-keeper, having followed them brought them back safely to the penitentiary this morning at five o'clock.

IMMIGRATION.

Examination of Mr. Lowe, Secretary to the Department of Agriculture.

OTTAWA, Feb. 11.—In the Immigration and Colonization committee to-day, Mr. Lowe, Secretary to the Department of Agriculture, was examined. He said that the total number of immigrants arriving during the last fiscal year were 85,859. Of these there went to the United States from Quebec, 8,495. These were from the United Kingdom, the Scandinavian provinces, etc.; they were really passengers for the United States, via Quebec. At the port of Halifax, for the United States, 835; via Suspension Bridge, 37,787. The total settlers in Canada were 38,505, including 10,961 emigrants from the United States, reported at the custom houses with settlers' goods. These figures of immigration from the United States did not include any of those who made no entries of settlers' goods; it was impossible to ascertain their numbers. From the 25th of May to the close of the year, by account made on the trains, it had been ascertained that 13,000 settlers entered Manitoba. He did not think that persons going there for pleasure would be included. The numbers simply were given, and it was not stated how many were children. There were no means of ascertaining how many persons left Manitoba last year. The counting on the trains was done by one of the land guides employed by the Department of the Interior. The total movement of immigrants last year, including those passing through, was 85,000, against 61,000 the previous year. In reply to Mr. Robertson (Hamilton), Mr. Lowe said that last year the department had paid a good deal of attention to the matter of German immigration and had twice visited New York in this connection, waiting upon the German steamship agents, from whom some valuable information had been obtained. He was informed that Germans were almost entirely influenced by the representations of their friends. The German immigrants into the United States last year were 84,038. A party of German settlers was to be placed in Manitoba in the spring, and it was hoped that the representations made by these people would be of value. No large stream of German emigration would be influenced by the circulation of information from the outside.

THE CLOTURE.

Mr. Gladstone, well as others, clearly foresaw the contest in which he is now engaged, and by means of the Foreign Office informed himself in advance of the methods of most nations in dealing with factious parliamentary minorities. They are all closely alike, and are generally modeled on the *cloture*, or method of closing a debate, in vogue in France, where the rules adopted after the restoration mostly still prevail. In either branch of the French Assembly, a quorum being present, the presiding officer, upon the demand of a considerable number of the members, puts the question whether the debate shall be closed, either at once or after the list of inscribed speakers is exhausted. A single member may speak in opposition to the question and upon its decision in the affirmative all debate and delay must end. The extremest instance of the *cloture* is found in the Austrian Reichsrath, in which the President, of his own motion, it would seem, may, at the close of any speaker's remarks, put a motion to close the debate, and a bare majority suffices to carry it. In Italy the *cloture* must be demanded by a member. In the Belgian Senate five members may call for it, and in the Chamber ten, and a simple majority prevails. In the German Reichstag and the Prussian Landtag, thirty members may at any time call upon the President in writing to close the debate, and upon the question "that the debate be now closed" being put, a majority prevails. In Norway, Hungary and Sweden there is no *cloture*, and the only form of it in Spain is a rule permitting a motion that a question be no further discussed. In Switzerland the *cloture* must be demand by two-thirds of the the members present before a division on the main question is ordered. In the United States they have put the English motion for the "previous question"—which, in England, is merely a device for avoiding a direct yes or no on the main question—to the uses of the *cloture*, and a majority of a quorum is sufficient to order an immediate vote.

DRAW POKER IN PARIS,

In the spheres of higher Paris gaming, draw poker has obtained a foothold, though only within the last few months, and in these latter circles it is cultivated in a manner much more orthodox than among the frolicsome artists and idlers of Montmartre. It was at one of these ceremonious sittings, in a cosy little club, not far from the Place de l'Opera, that the writer witnessed a hand worthy to be consigned in poker annals. There were five players, the game admitting of a very high limit, and, on a jack pot being opened, four of the five "went in." After due drawing the wagering ran high, and it was evident that large hands were out. Three or four limits, bet in rapid succession, drove out two of the players, who parted respectively from three of a kind and from a little full. Of the other two players, one, the opener of the pot, had drawn to three nines, and had obtained a fourth; he was, of course, determined not to lay down such a collection as this, and returned his adversary's shots with all the more confidence that the latter had drawn to four cards, and he suspected him of merely holding a flush. And a flush was, surely enough, the hand announced by the drawer to four, when at last there was a call, to which the gentleman of the nines negligently responded by the mention, "Quatre neuf!" "Yes, but wait a moment," said his adversary; "my flush is a straight one and high." All negligence on the other side very suddenly disappeared; the four nines were relinquished, and their holder sat gazing at a remarkably pretty gathering of ace, king, queen, knave and ten of clubs. The fortunate possessor of this extraordinary hand had taken a share in the jack pot, drawing for queen of clubs, and had got it. After this incident the game stopped, and it was stated the next day that the one of the straight flush had had it handsomely framed and hung upon the wall of his dressing room.—*Spirit of the Times.*

HORRIBLE CRUELTY To A CHILD.

A terrible story of cruelty to children is told by the Philadelphia *Times*. The victims are orphans who were sent from various asylums of the Quaker City to Delaware. Tom, a little boy, in the household of a Sussex farmer—Rueben Johnson—was worked almost to death, and during the cold weather was furnished with such an insufficient supply of clothing that his feet were frozen and the flesh dropped off from the toes, the frost-bitten flesh extending to his knees. This poor, little boy with a pair of nearly worn out brogans, had been on the morning of December 30, when the mercury was seventeen degrees below zero, in the face of a driving snow storm, sent to protect his master's unhusked corn from the cows and crows. He remained standing around in the snow until 4 o'clock, when he drove the cows home, received a piece of cold corn pone, and was sent out in the snow again to chop stove wood until dark. Having no bed he slept that night in front of the fire-place, with his frozen feet buried in warm ashes. The following day he was hardly able to walk, and from that time forward he suffered intensely. This is only, however, a hint to the shocking story. Johnson was arrested and fined $32. The boy's feet had to be cut off and he is in danger of losing his legs. This is only a sample of other cases quite as bad. The good people of Sussex county appear to have done all they could for these poor maltreated little orphans, but if they had given their new sheriff an opportunity to practice with the whipping post for about an hour on the man Johnson it would have been a good use of him; although the punishment would be too light. Such things as these make one almost regret that the rack and red-hot tongs have beed abolished.

—Annie Flagg declined James Drugg's offer of marriage, at Front Royal, Va., and when he pressed for her reason, she said that she was in love with Noah Benford. This was untrue, and she regretted saying it, for Druggs vowed vengeance upon his supposed rival. She feared the threat would be executed, and sent a letter of caution to Benford; but it arrived too late, for he was found murdered, presumably by Druggs.