

with a stain. He stooped and looked at the wrist. It had been punctured just above the pulse, for a slight wound was there, and blood-stains were on the white skin. The trapper reached over and felt of the blanket. In one little spot it was moist—that was all.

The trapper looked astonished. He gazed on the face of the pillow, white with the sure whiteness that never deceives. He looked at the knife blade, with its stained point; then at the wrist, with slight incision; and then he made a re-examination of the bedding, this time closely. On it, beyond a few drops, there was no blood. The man had evidently prepared himself for this act, had opened his knife, had pressed the point of the blade into the flesh, puncturing, as he supposed, the artery, but by a misjudgment had missed the artery and had made a slight incision in the flesh that lies one side of it.

It is said that the imagination is able to kill; that under similar circumstances men have from sheer imagination that they were bleeding to death, actually died.

Why is it so in this case?

Certainly not a dozen drops of blood had left his body, yet there was the white face, and the knife, and the wounded wrist.

What killed him? How did he die? Was it a natural death? Was it suicide?

MADAME L'AMBASSADRICE.

THE RUDE OLD MAN SHE MET AT THE LITTLE WATERING PLACE OF BADHEIM.

I.

Before proceeding to his new post, the Ambassador, with his pretty wife, paid a flying visit to the waters of Badheim. The sovereign to whom the Ambassador was accredited was at Badheim, and had received the new plenipotentiary's credentials.

It was ten o'clock on the day after their arrival when the Marquise rose; nevertheless she insisted on taking her first bath before breakfast. People were leaving the building as she entered it, and when she left it everybody was at breakfast. The road leading from the town to the springs was absolutely deserted.

A walk after one's bath is the correct thing, and the Marquise liked walking, so after reaching the town she turned back, and even wandered aside to a row of little booths beneath the trees, where were exposed for sale the special products of the neighbourhood, gew-gaws ugly enough, and horrible caskets, things not to be looked at at home, but to be bought at any place where one has spent a week, though as a rule the stereotyped inscription, "Souvenir de Badheim," only recalls things that would have been quite as pleasant anywhere else.

II.

Mme. de N. was examining a necklace of rock crystal and torques and a casket of lapis lazuli, when a gentleman stepped before the same booth. The shopkeeper went towards him obsequiously, but with a peremptory gesture the new customer waved him off.

He might have been from fifty-five to sixty years of age, the new customer; his eye was yet keen, though he had gray hair and here and there a wrinkle; he was handsomely dressed and had an air of distinction. He watched the lady with undisguised interest; but, bless you, she is used to that, and then when one appears in a satin gilet embroidered with gay flowers, a Charles II. hat, step-ladder-heeled boots and cornucopia skirts, one cannot expect to escape being observed.

"Take the necklace to the hotel," she finally said; then turning where the casket lay on the showcase, she continued: "That's rather pretty—what's"—when the new customer picked it up and presented it to her with a respectful bow and the words:

"Permit me, madame, to offer you this souvenir of Badheim; it will remind you of our first meeting."

She looked at him chillingly without speaking, and he smiled benevolently as he still held the casket out to her, and added:

"I see, madame, that you do not recognize me, and yet I have had the honour of seeing you once before at Paris."

III.

With a look more of surprise than of anger she swept to the door, looking him full in the face, however, to show him that the second attack had failed.

He followed her out into the road—followed her closely.

"Not so fast, madame, I beg of you," said he; "my legs are not what they were twenty years ago. Will you not, then, suffer me to gratify the passionate desire I have to make your acquaintance?" (This in a tone of the greatest courtesy, and as if his request had not been malignantly impertinent.)

Having followed her for a little distance, he quickened his pace and walked on at her side.

She stopped short. "Is this stupid pleasantry to last much longer?" she said; "are there no policemen in this peculiar country?"

"You would have me arrested? Pray, just look at me, madame. Is my face that of a man who would wish any one harm? Do you not recall it? Think now."

She had a very vague idea of having seen him somewhere, but where or when—"It is none of my business, sir," she said, "to read your countenance, but I can understand your manner, and it is one of brutal insolence."

"If the compliment were not a trifle stale, I should say that you are as severe as you are beautiful. 'Brutal insolence,' indeed. That's complimentary," and he laughed heartily, but with such a provoking and superior calm that she lost all patience.

"Go your road, sir," said she; "this must end."

"My road, madame, is yours. Wherever you go I will."

"But I do not grant you permission to accompany me."

"I asked you for none; I permit myself."

"This is too much," said the lady, lifting her umbrella—a travelling umbrella with a business-like handle.

IV.

"Strike, but hear me," said the unknown, laughing pleasantly. "In a passion you are absolutely charming. Why do you fear me?"

"I fear, sir, to be seen in company with any one with whom I am not acquainted. Further, whatever your object may be, such a forcing of your company upon me is—I cannot find words to qualify it. You know who I am and yet you dare—"

"As you say, I dare. And if you were not what you are, believe me, madame, in spite of your beauty and grace, I would not be seen walking with you. I am hard to please, and unless a woman is absolutely perfect she has nothing to hope for from me. As for you, you please me more than I can tell you, and it will not be my fault if we are not soon on pleasanter and more intimate terms. At a watering-place, you know, we are not quite so strict in these matters."

"You may not be, sir; but I give you warning that if you dare to present yourself at my door it will be closed in your face."

"That makes no difference. If you don't wish me to visit you, suppose you come and see me."

She stared at him with all her eyes.

"To-night—to supper—what say you? I have a French cook."

The insult was not to be brooked.

Whack! went the handle of Mme. de N.'s umbrella across his face.

V.

The blow was a hearty one, but with a gracious smile he picked up his hat, bowed as he replaced it, and resumed—

"You will sup with me to-night, then. Indeed, it is the least you could do by way of atonement for this little display of vivacity. You had no right—"

"I had a right—"

"Pardon me; no words justify a blow, though you may resent violence with equal violence. That is the law, as any one will tell you. No apologies! You may think me vain, but I assure you that no woman ever refused to sup with me, and when once you have accepted an invitation you will want to come again."

"Sir!"

"Please don't be angry; I am simply stating a well-known fact."

"My husband will—"

"Your husband will not object. We'll have him to dinner with you sometimes, but in warm weather like this supper is infinitely jollier than dinner. I shall expect you to-night. Good-day," and, with a profound obeisance, the unknown departed.

VI.

The Ambassador was finishing breakfast, when his wife entered and told him her odd adventure.

"My child," said the Marquis, "when you will insist on going out on stilts, and with your skirts glued to you, you needn't be surprised if—"

"But there was no mistake about it; he knew who I was."

"Then, probably, he thought you were rather a giddy representative of France."

"Still I can't go and sheath myself in a black moire scabbard, as the women used to do at Louis Philippe's court."

"Not a bad idea, by the way, as representing a bourgeois simplicity, and inasmuch as we are Republicans."

Between her bath, her walk and her excitement the lady had acquired an appetite; she ate two cutlets and half a trout, and was about to eat something else, when a servant brought in a huge official envelope.

The King informed the Ambassador that he would receive the new member of the Diplomatic Corps and the Marquise that evening at a private audience, and that a later date would be designated for his official reception.

Two conclusions might be drawn from this: Either the King intended to signify his extraordinary friendship for M. and Mme. de N., or he desired to break as gently as might be in a social interview such unpleasant news as could not very well be communicated on a formal occasion. Alas, the not entirely cordial relations between the two powers left it to be feared that the latter proposition was the correct one.

VII.

At 11 p.m. the Marquise was ready. Simple toilet of embroidered white crepe, ruffles and fanfreluches, but no jewelry—not a flower, this

presentation being of the most friendly and least formal character. At the last minute she put on the rock-crystal necklace, indicating her desire for the prosperity of the industries of the country.

The Chamberlain awaited them at the head of the palace stairs.

"His Majesty," he said to the Ambassador, "desirous of establishing friendly personal relations with you before your official reception at Court, has condescended to receive you to-night *en famille*."

"I am, sir, profoundly grateful to the King for his goodness," said the Marquis bowing.

The Chamberlain offered his arm to Mme. de N., and they traversed a long hall, filled with statues and paintings, and entered the room where stood the King, surrounded by his family, his aides and principal officials.

Suddenly the Marquis saw his wife start, shudder, and fall half fainting into the Chamberlain's arms.

Smilingly, and as if this was an every-day incident at his audiences, the King advanced to her, and, offering her his arm, said pleasantly to her husband:

"Do you know, Marquis, that your wife defends valiantly, sword—or, at least, umbrella—in hand, your honour and that of France. This morning she thought I offended her, and—see! I still bear the marks of her vengeance."

And the King pointed to a red and swollen welt across his face.

"And, Marquise," added the King, turning to her, "I was right. You have come to supper after all. And you will come again, and your husband will not object."

The King offered her his arm and escorted her to the table, where she found beside her plate the lapis-lazuli casket, and in it the King's portrait set in diamonds.

"Permit me, madame," he said, as he had said in the morning, "to offer you this souvenir of Badheim; it will remind you of our first meeting."

She accepted it this time.

A TURKISH INCIDENT.—The commander of the faithful was about to uniform his hosts, and a gigantic contract for cloth was ahead.

A contractor presented himself to the Minister of War, prepared to make his tender.

"How much a yard?" said the Minister softly, rubbing his fingers and thumb together.

"By the beard of Allah!" said the contractor, who was short-sighted, "thirty liras delivered f. o. b., and many goats defile my grandmother's grave if I make more than five liras profit a yard."

"Come again to-morrow," said the Minister of War, rather curtly, as the second contractor presented himself.

"What do you charge a yard?"

"By the thirty-nine imams, forty liras, which leaves me fifteen liras a yard profit."

"A-ah," said the official, brightening up, "God is great. Just wait a minute till I see this other slave. How much do you want for your cloth, eh?"

"Sovereign lord," replied the third contractor falling upon his face while a wink shot over his left eye, "the slave of the footstool has some cloth all wool and warranted not to shrink, which I will lay upon the altar of my country for 50 liras a yard."

"And the profit thereupon," said the official in a voice checked with emotion, "is"—

"Is 16 liras a yard."

"O my soul, O my lamb," replied the Minister, "the contract is thine." And clapping his hands he bade the Nubian slave who appeared go bid his *bekokks* begin carting sand for his new palace.

A REMARKABLE ESTATE.—Dulford House, Collumpton, the residence of the late Mr. Bethel Walrond, whose strange and eccentric life was revealed by the will-suit that occupied so much time in the Probate Court at the early part of this year, certainly deserves the epithet "remarkable." The house and grounds are encircled by a brick wall a mile in circumference and twelve feet in height. During the life of the deceased the lawn was converted into a rabbit warren, in which were kept thousands of rabbits. Mr. Walrond's chief companions were his rabbits and his dogs. He held the belief that on the death of human beings their souls passed into the bodies of dogs. As these animals died he gave them a funeral, and on the lawn there are ten graves, each having a headstone bearing an inscription setting out the name of the animal, the place and date of birth, and the date at which it died. Until the day of his death Mr. Walrond kept in his house the embalmed body of a daughter whose soul he believed had found a resting-place in the body of one of the dogs. No one was admitted by the deceased to the premises without special permission for each visit, and the entrance as well as the front of the house was guarded by a number of cannon. The body of the deceased daughter was kept in his dressing-room, and his own bed-room was fitted up with the view of familiarising him with death. He slept in a massive canopied Devonshire oak bedstead, on the footboard of which were fixed three skulls of females. Over each corner of the bed was a black feather plume. In the bed so decorated he died. Deceased spent the greater portion of the last fifteen years of his life in the study of the law-suits in which he was involved, and in the pursuits of which he seemed to find enjoyment. It is remarked in the neighbourhood that he did not mind whom

he went to law with or on what subject he fought, and he was regardless of the amount of money spent if he could only beat his antagonist. At one time and another he employed over forty solicitors, and he requested that in every document his full title as a grandee of Spain and as a member of various orders should be set out. The extent of the deceased's estate in Devonshire was three thousand acres.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. HENRY IRVING, it is said, will, in his next season, appear in a play founded on the career of Robert Emmett. It is being written by Mr. Frank Marshall.

The Alhambra resumes its powerful attraction in "Geneviève de Brabant," and Miss Soldene also resumes her attractions as the pastry-cook; her rich notes in "Do" tell effectively in this part, and she has charms of acting which cannot be gainsaid.

ARTISTIC.

THERE are about forty American students in and about Munich. A number of them have established themselves at Polling, a little village two miles from the Bavarian capital, and live and paint in an abandoned and picturesque old monastery. The large rooms make fine studios, and in the summer the regular residents are joined by the rest of the art colony.

THE Goupil Gallery, in Fifth Avenue, has been made once more attractive by the recent addition of a fine example of Bougereau, called "After the Bath." It represents a happy young mother holding her naked child in her lap and toying with it playfully. Ladies are delighted with the naturalness of the scene and action, and all admire the exquisite flesh tints.

MR. T. BABBITT has subscribed two thousand five hundred francs toward the completion of the great statue of "Liberty," which the Franco-American Union are to erect in New York Harbour. Mr. Babbitt, when addressing the sum to the committee, 175 Rue St. Honoré, stated that every American who loves his country can but have the most sincere attachment for France, and hoped that all would assist the committee in their work.

LITERARY.

DR. AUGUST HEINRICH PETERMANN, the well-known German geographer, died recently at Gotha.

MISS BRADDON has returned to London from her sojourn in Brittany. She wrote while there a work for holiday publication.

The *Times* correspondent at Constantinople is now Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, author of the well-known and justly-esteemed work on Russia, published with so much success about a year ago.

TENNYSON is preparing for the press a new idyll, "The Daughter of Dervarghal," founded on a romantic passage in Irish history, and having its scenery and incidents in Ireland.

IN less than a month letters have been received from 548 Roman Catholic journalists throughout Europe who intend to take part in the Press pilgrimage to the feet of the reigning Pontiff on the anniversary of his exaltation.

IN the Chancery division at London a few days ago application was made on behalf of Mr. Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, to restrain the *Christian Signal* Publishing Company from publishing without his permission a hitherto unpublished poem, called "Confessions of a Sensitive Mind," which he wrote some time ago. Mr. Justice Field granted an interim order.

It is stated that Mr. Carlyle has begun what he intends to be his last work. He has already made some progress with his autobiography, which, like his friend Mr. John Stuart Mill's, is to be published after his death. Mr. Carlyle will have a more than usually interesting story to tell. His youth was passed among all the great literary men of the generation passed away. He was one of the members of a club which may yet be as famous as Johnson's or the Socials. His style of late years has become exceedingly peculiar and funny.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING CO.—Latest styles of Scarfs for the Fall—Beaconsfield, Pasha, Salisbury, Bismarck, Gortschakoff. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.

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CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.