



CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

Gladys Rane and Captain Wynyard were old friends, who had danced together a hundred times before, and would in all probability dance together a hundred times again; there was nothing surprising in it. But any one who saw Lady Laura Wynyard when her eyes first fell on the pair would have thought that something terrible had occurred. Her face grew perfectly white, the color died even from her lips, and her eyes gleamed with a strange light. She stood watching them in silence for a few seconds, and then passed on. There was nothing unusual in their manner; but it seemed to her as though she had received some deadly wound. Then she tried to laugh herself out of her unpleasant thoughts. There was nothing in it; her husband was merely dancing with an old friend. Yet at that moment Lady Laura's martyrdom began.

The ball was a most brilliant one. Angela seemed to enjoy it thoroughly, and she and her mother were surrounded with admirers. Lady Laura looked radiantly beautiful; but, though she laughed and chatted gaily, her blue eyes were restless and wandered continually in search of her husband. She did not quite recover her color, and there was something in her smile that to a close observer would have suggested tears. And for what? When she asked herself that question she was ashamed.

A time came when she found herself near Angela, and she listened to her daughter.

"Angel," she asked, "where is the Captain? I cannot see him. Is he in the ballroom?"

Angela looked round with innocent, unconscious eyes.

"I do not see him, mamma. Ah, yes, there he is—near the conservatory door with Miss Rane."

"I do not wish to stay here any longer," said Lady Laura. "Do you not think it is time we left? We should be late for Pemburn House."

As plainly as if her mother had spoken them, Angela read her thoughts, read her jealousy and fear.

"I am quite willing to go home," she replied.

"Tell the Captain I want to speak to him, will you, Angela?"

Much against her will, the young girl crossed the room to him. He was so deeply engrossed in conversation that at first he did not notice her; but Gladys saw her and welcomed her kindly.

"Mamma wishes to speak to you, Captain Wynyard," said Angela, with her usual cold formality.

"I am engaged," he replied, brusquely. "Half an hour afterward he made his way to his wife's side."

"We had better go," she said; "we shall be late for Pemburn House."

But he did not care to leave Gladys Rane.

"I find it so pleasant here," he said, turning away, "that, with your permission, I shall stay an hour longer."

It was not without many a hard struggle that Gladys Rane had compromised with her conscience, and accepted, under the name of friendship, what she well knew to be love.

So a few weeks past pleasantly on. The Captain was careful to do nothing that could arouse his wife's suspicion. He was kind to her in a careless fashion, and she had not the faintest idea that his whole heart was consumed with love for another woman. He was absent from home a great deal, but then he had so many engagements.

One evening, when he had been dancing with Gladys at the house of a friend, and had taken her afterward into the conservatory, she said to him:

"Do you know, Vance, we have not had a ride together for long time? and, of all things, I enjoyed most a ride with you. I suppose you are always on duty with her ladyship?"

"I will ride with you to-morrow, if you wish it," he answered, eagerly. "It will be a greater pleasure to me than it can be to you."

"Should like it," she said. "But what will Lady Laura say?" she asked.

"Just what she likes. We will not wait for the fashionable hour; let us go in the early morning. You can manage that, Gladys?"

"I will manage it, whatever the cost," she replied, and she did.

"They had a long ride together, and both enjoyed it, for the more because it was a stolen pleasure."

But, seeing her husband looking somewhat tired that evening, Lady Laura said to him suddenly:

"Have you been riding to-day, Vance?"

And he answered quickly, "No."

Later that same evening the Captain and his wife attended an "at home" given by one of the leaders of fashion, the Duchess of Everton. Among the guests was an old friend of Lady Laura's, a Mrs. Glider Langton, a pretty, fashionable woman, who came to her now with a smiling face.

"I have just heard some one say that your ladyship has one of the handsomest husbands in London," she said, "and I am half inclined to believe it is true. I suppose he takes those early rides to preserve his health and beauty?"

"Early rides!" echoed Lady Laura. "I do not see how you can call them early. He rides with the rest of the world."

"It was not noon when I saw him with Miss Rane in the park this morning."

Lady Laura remembered suddenly what her husband had said.

"You are mistaken," she replied; "my husband has not been riding to-day; he told me so."

Mrs. Glider Langton had not the faintest intention of making mischief, but she did not like to be contradicted, and she knew that she had seen the handsome Captain.

"I assure you that he did ride, and with Miss Rane, too. I saw them both."

"You must have been mistaken; it was not Captain Wynyard," said her lady-

ship; and then some friends joined them and the subject dropped.

Lady Laura, however, did not forget it. When they were in the drawing-room at home—the Captain recruiting exhausted nature with his favorite remedy, brandy and seltzer, Lady Laura looking beautiful and stately in her rich velvet and diamonds—she said to him:

"Did you ride this morning?"

Again he answered, "No."

"I knew you did not!" she cried. "Mrs. Glider Langton told me she met you and Miss Rane."

Lady Laura could not help seeing how hotly his face flushed, and how fierce was the gleam that came into his eyes.

If he had laughed good-naturedly, she would have forgotten all about the incident; but his anger made her suspicious, and she resolved to find out the truth for herself. After a few words with Mrs. Glider Langton, she knew that her husband had been out riding with Gladys Rane, and had kept the matter secret.

Slowly she realized the fact, and she remembered, with something like terror, Angela's words, "He will marry you for your money, but he loves Gladys Rane."

A horrible fear took possession of her. Suppose that those words were true—that he did love another? The very thought made her heart sink within her. He was the idol of her life; all the brightness and warmth of her existence came from him; and if he cared for some one else, there was an end to her happiness. She could never live and know that his love was given to another.

CHAPTER IX.

Lady Laura Wynyard was suffering from nervous headache. She had tried many remedies, but had found no relief.

Yielding to her mother's entreaties, Angela had joined a party of young people ruins of Bramber Castle and driving home by moonlight. The Captain and his wife had also been invited; but the latter had been unable to go out, and the gallant Captain found a greater attraction nearer home. He had left the hotel soon after luncheon, saying that he should be home in time for dinner. Lady Laura had been alone during the afternoon and evening, and it was in consequence of her terrible weeping that the nervous headache came on. Don't Newsham, one of the most faithful maids, was in despair, for her mistress' headache would not yield to any of her usual remedies.

"I know what would do you good, my lady," she said; "perhaps you would not like to try it."

"I would do anything to get rid of this trying pain," returned her ladyship.

"What is it, Newsham?"

"Why, my lady, if you would go and stand at the pier-head, and let the sea breeze blow round you, I am sure it would do you good."

"The remedy is simple enough; I will try it, Newsham," said her ladyship.

"Shall I go with you, my lady?" asked the maid.

"No; I prefer to be alone. Give me a cloak and veil; I do not care to be recognized, for I could not talk to any one."

Lady Laura walked to the head of the pier. The sea was rough; the waves seemed to tumble over each other in their haste; the breeze was full of a refreshing, burning order. Gradually it cooled the burning temples, it eased the weary, heavy eyes. It was like a breath of relief. The evening shadows were falling thick and fast over land and sea as Lady Laura stood looking at the white cliffs beyond which lay Rottingdean and Newhaven, the lights that shone on the vessels out at the pier, her brain stood still, and nature's work, she forgot herself and her troubles.

Suddenly she became aware of two figures sitting not far away from her, on one of the side seats looking toward the sea—a man and a woman—and the man was leaning, with an air of loving tenderness, toward his companion. In a moment she recognized the outline of her husband's broad shoulders. She could not see his face; but she was none the less sure that it was he, and that the woman who was with him was Gladys Rane.

Drawing her veil more closely round her face, Lady Laura stood still, and watched them. They were talking earnestly, but she could not distinguish what they said. Once she saw her husband clasp Gladys' hand; but the hand was quickly withdrawn. She watched them like one spell-bound. This was her own husband; this man who had stolen out in the shadow of evening to meet another woman—her own husband; and, though he cared so little for her, she loved him with all the devotion of a true and loyal wife. Should she go to him and demand an explanation of his conduct? No; for he might say that she had followed him; he might say that he had met Miss Rane accidentally, and that they were enjoying the beauty of the soft gray evening together. No; it would be useless to confront him. He would only laugh her to scorn, and her rival would triumph.

She sat down on one of the seats at the end of the pier, her brain on fire, her heart beating wildly. She longed with an inexpressible longing that the calm and repose of death would come to her rescue. Life held nothing for her but utter misery unrelieved by a gleam of happiness. Even should her husband repent of his unkindness and love her with his whole heart, it would never blot out from her memory this terrible ordeal. If death would but come to her and release her from the pain and the fever of life!

Rising from her seat, she made her way through the crowd and returned to the hotel. She went softly up the great staircase, and met Newsham at the door

of her room. The maid uttered an exclamation of alarm at the sight of her mistress' colorless face.

"Why, my lady," she exclaimed, "you look worse!"

"I am worse, Newsham," returned her ladyship, "I will not go down again to-night."

Before she had opened the door of her room, Lady Laura heard light and rapid footsteps, and the Captain, looking the best of health, came to her in the evening dress, stood before her.

"Not coming down to dinner, Laura?" he cried. "How is that?"

"I am tired," she answered, coldly. "Tired? You puzzle me. The quieter you are, and the less you go out, the more you complain of fatigue."

"You ask me why I am tired," she replied; "I will tell you. I had a bad headache, and I went for a walk to the end of the new pier. You will understand."

And the expression of the Captain's face was a study as the full meaning of her words dawned upon him.

(To be continued.)

JUDGES IN SCOTLAND.

Quaint Law Which Governs Their Election to the Bench.

By an old act of the Scottish parliament the qualifications of a judge in Scotland are quaintly set out. He is to be "a man that fears God, of gude literature, practick, judgment and understanding of the lawes, of gude fame, havand sufficient living of his ain, and who can make good expedition and dispatch of matters touching the lieges of the realm," and by a later statute the judge is to be at least 25 years of age. By the act of union writers to the signet of a certain standing are eligible for seats on the bench, as well as members of the faculty of advocates have always managed to retain the honor for themselves.

The most curious circumstance connected with a new appointment is the probationary trials the nominee has to go through to show whether he is a fit and proper person. By an old rule of court he was required to sit three days with one of the puisnes, and report on cases heard by him there to the inner house, i. e., the court of appeals, and then sit for one day in the inner house and give his opinion on the cases debated there. In one old case the court rejected a nominee as not being duly qualified, and in another instance they claimed to exercise the same power, which led to the passing of an act which provided that, even if the presentee is reported not to be qualified, the crown may insist on his admission.

Nowadays, the "trials" occupy only a few hours; the lord probationer is invariably found qualified, and is at once transformed from an "apprentice" to a regular senator of the college of justice. All Scotch judges are entitled to be called "lord," but that does not confer on their wives the title of "lady," and this, in some instances, where the judge has taken a territorial title, has given rise to some misconception. It is said that a certain lord of sessions, who bore one of these territorial titles, accompanied by his wife, visited a south coast watering place, and inscribed his and his wife's names in the hotel book as "Lord X, and Mrs. Y." This brought the landlord upon the scene at once. "Beg your pardon, my lord," said he, "I fear you must find accommodations elsewhere; this is a respectable house." The use of these territorial designations was much more common in former days than now. Boswell's father, it may be remembered, was Lord Auchinleck. The practice, indeed, seemed to be dying out, when the old custom was recently resuscitated by Mr. Mackintosh and Mr. Gloag, who occupy seats on the bench with the titles of Lord Killychase and Lord Kincarmy respectively.—Westminster Gazette.

A Holy Fair at Allahabad.

At Allahabad, in the northwest provinces of India, a religious fair is held periodically on the dry part of the bed of the Ganges, to which natives of all castes and from all parts of India travel in order, by bathing in the sacred river, to obtain release from sins or to cure disease. Thousands upon thousands of Hindus make this long and weary pilgrimage, and during the height of this gathering the city teems with natives of all conditions. Some make a vow to measure the whole journey of their pilgrimage, hundreds of miles, perhaps, by the length of their bodies. This they effect by lying flat on the ground, making a mark where their head comes, rising and tooting their bodies. This they effect by lying flat on the ground, making a mark where their head comes, rising and tooting their bodies. This they effect by lying flat on the ground, making a mark where their head comes, rising and tooting their bodies.

Others carry weights, others gall their flesh with chains. Indeed, the means adopted for self-mortification are countless. The bathing is conducted on remarkable lines. The sacred river itself is by no means inviting. Within a few yards of the devotees who are drinking of the holy stream or bathing in it, vultures may be seen preying on human corpses that float down. Yet this very river is taken away by men in various vessels suspended from long poles decorated with tiny flags, and sold far away up country at many annas, and even rupees, for a single drop, so deep and strong is the Hindu's faith in the water of the sacred river.

Aconcagua, the highest peak on the Western hemisphere, is to be attempted again this fall by Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald, who explored the New Zealand Alps. If he succeeds in getting to the top, which is 23,200 feet above sea level, he will beat the highest mountain-climbing record, Sir W. M. Conway's 22,800 feet ascent of Pioneer Peak in the Himalayas. Dr. Gussfeldt has tried Aconcagua, but got into trouble with his guides and had to turn back two thousand feet from the summit. Mr. Fitzgerald will have in his party the Swiss guide Zurbriggen, who accompanied him in New Zealand and was with Conway in the Himalayas.

Elizabeth, in her old age, had a red nose and was very much ashamed of it. One of her most ardent admirers, a very curious account of the scrupulous care with which the queen's nose was painted and powdered before any public appearance.

Nero was near-sighted. He had a transparent gem which enabled him to watch the sports of the gladiators. It was believed to have a magic property, but is now supposed to have been an accidental lens.

ALL RIGHT IN THE END.

Your heart is bowed with a transient grief. Your eyes are misty with tears; There's a sorrow deep and there's no relief.

Ahead in the maze of years. So it seems to you as you weep to-day. Yet sorrow may be your friend; So keep up your courage a while and pray.

'Twill come out right in the end. There never was day so dark and drear. But that, ere the sands had run, The clouds would shift and the heavens clear.

To the smiling face of the sun. There never was cruel stab or blow Inflicted by foe or friend. But there was a balm, God willed it so— 'Twill come out right in the end.

There never was love so cruelly wronged. Or throttled by vengeful lies, But time atoned for the joys you longed, And love that was crushed would rise.

O, heart, rise up from the slough's despond. Your faith must not swerve or bend; Let hope be pinned above and beyond— 'Twill come out right in the end.

—Roy Farrell Greene.

OVER THE DAM.

By Mrs. M. E. Kendall.

"Now, Lou, be good, and tell us honestly how it came about that you, once Louise Crofton, the belle of Ivy-side, became Mrs. Darwin, instead of the wife of the handsome, elegant, refined Charles Mountain, the semi-millionaire, to whom Madam Rumor and all the rest of us had you more than nineteen times engaged."

That is the question that I, as speaker pro tem for a party of pettecoated pests, put to Mrs. Louise Darwin, the petted wife of an honest, upright, very plain, not overeducated, independent farmer, to whom she had been eighteen months married, and whom she loved with her whole heart; while Denton Darwin worshipped her as the devout Persian does his sun-deity.

"Don't you know, we went over the dam together?" was the laconic answer I received in behalf of myself and inquisitive clients; which answer made us only the more clamorous for details, and so we besieged the somewhat reticent Louise en masse, threatening her with suffocation by hugging—all of us—right around her neck, unless she surrendered at discretion, and afforded us the information demanded.

"O, yes; most of us remember your going over the dam in company with your husband that is now. But then that was two and a half years ago, and we have never quite determined how that simple circumstance could have so entirely revolutionized Louise Crofton's matrimonial ideas."

"I am well aware how widely you all guessed of the truth in discussing the incident and its results. But as I always argued it was really the business of a new except myself and the man who is now my husband, I know of no reason why you should not be permitted to guess on to your heart's content, without my volunteering an explanation."

"Now, Lou, you're a tyrant, and a barbarian, to snub us in this manner. We only wanted to—"

"Ah, yes, girls—I understand. You only wanted to add a few more meshes to your man-catching nets. Well, you shall be gratified; not that I approve of dimity man-traps; but that one or two of you are in need of an illustrated argument, and perhaps all of you may deem it advisable to go over the dam some day before dropping your family identity at the altar forever; and so I will tell you the story."

"Ah! there's a darling. Now you are really good, Lou! And we all got closer around Louise Darwin, flinging ourselves down on the velvet sward under the old elm out there on the lawn, in a listening attitude. Lou told us the story very prettily and briefly. I will endeavor to be as brief; though I can not hope to be as entertaining with a pen as Mrs. Darwin was in her real conversation."

"Several of you girls were eye witnesses of the incident; but as some of you were not, I will relate the circumstances in brief, as they occurred."

"A party of some thirty persons, quite one-half of whom were young ladies of about my own age, had crossed in boats the larger branch of the river, to a narrow, wooded island about a mile above the Fairfield dam, for the purpose of fishing, wandering in the woods and social enjoyment generally."

"Three days previously Denton Darwin had solicited my hand in marriage, and I had rejected him—not rudely and heartlessly, for as a friend I regarded him very highly; but as I neither loved him nor any man, I had no idea of giving myself away until my heart had a word to say in regard to the transfer. This I frankly told Darwin, and though he regretted his failure, he was in no wise offended, and it was agreed that our relations of friendly intimacy should continue uninterrupted."

"Charles Mountain was my escort upon the occasion, and availing himself of an opportunity that occurred during a ramble through the woods, he declared his love for me in a manner somewhat impetuous, and besought me to accept his heart, hand and fortune."

"Mr. Mountain's attentions to myself had for several months been so particular that local gossip had declared an engagement, which assertion I never took the pains to contradict. Indeed, I was rather proud of such a possibility; for Charles Mountain was rich, refined, of good family, unexceptionable in character, and I knew of no earthly reason why any girl, having her affections enlisted in the right direction, should not accept him on presentation. It was only that my own affections were not so enlisted that I did not accept him unconditionally. As it was, I declined the proffered alliance, but in a manner that gave him a wide margin for future pursuit, of which he assured me he should certainly avail himself."

"Mr. Darwin was of our party and although unaccompanied by any lady, he was very entertaining, attentive and

servicable to all; and before the day was half over every one of us of the feminine persuasion voted Denton Darwin an absolute necessity in all future picnic, boating or woodland excursions.

"By the merest accident, about an hour previous to the time fixed for our return home, five of us—Charles Mountain, Denton Darwin, Philip Fallonsby, Mary Watson and myself—met near where our little fleet lay moored to the river bank; and at some one's suggestion it was resolved that in one of the boats we should make an excursion around the foot of the island, and, pulling up in the eddy on the opposite shore join the remainder of our party, who had improvised an extemporized bush concert near the bank on that side."

"Entering a light skiff, the smallest of the fleet, we set out on our miniature voyage, and with Fallonsby, who was an expert waterman, at the oars, we went gliding down the swift current as gracefully and fleet as the startled swan."

"We were in mid-channel, and almost down to the foot of the island, when our oarsman, by a sudden overstrain of his left-hand oar in bringing the bow of the boat round toward the island, snapped the treacherous blade short off in the row-lock. The mishap sent Fallonsby sprawling backwards into the bottom of the boat, and in his tumble he lost overboard the remaining oar, which in a moment drifted beyond our reach, and there we were, helpless, drifting at the mercy of the current—each moment becoming more powerless—right—toward the Fairfield dam, over which the river dashed in a foaming cataract, and where escape from destruction would be a miracle."

"For the space of—it might have been thirty seconds, all remained quiet and breathless with astonishment, and terror. The silence was as profound as that of the tomb, and the frail skiff was whirled with fearful velocity toward the yelling dam. Then a boisterous exclamation of joy broke from Mountain:

"Fallonsby, there is a chance for us. Down yonder where you see that rock just above water, the depth is not more than four feet all the way across the river. By stripping off coats and vests, and holding firmly to each other, we can gain the shore by wading."

"And would you abandon these helpless girls to destruction without an effort to save them? indignantly asked Darwin."

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature," replied Mountain, dashing his coat, hat, and vest into the bottom of the skiff."

"We can only save ourselves," cried Fallonsby. And down went his coat and panama, along with Mountain's."

"Go, then, cowardly wretches that you are!" exclaimed Darwin, contemptuously. "It is some relief to know that our last breath will not be drawn from an atmosphere tainted by the presence of such poltroons."

"The boat had reached the upper edge of the belt of shallow water, and without reply to Darwin's taunt, Mountain and Fallonsby simultaneously leaped overboard, and grasping each other fiercely, began fighting their way laboriously towards the shore. But an escape by fording was a far more difficult feat to accomplish than they had imagined; and by the time they had reached the rock alluded to by Mountain, and which lay at about one-third the distance from where they leaped from the boat to the shore, they were both so entirely exhausted that it was with considerable difficulty they managed to drag themselves out of the water upon the flat surface, affording scarcely sufficient room for two persons, and in no place a foot above the water."

"In the meantime Darwin had not forgotten resigned himself and us to impending fate. You would think that under the circumstances there was nothing that human agency could achieve to avert our doom. It was this that Mary and I argued at the time; but Darwin thought our lives worth a desperate effort, and he made it."

"A moment after Mountain and Fallonsby left us he was overboard also, striving like a very Hercules for our salvation. First he endeavored to sustain the boat against the current by setting his shoulder against the downstream side, and seeking to force it gradually edwise towards the rock, against the upper side of which, if he could but gain it, he quietly informed us he could securely lodge the skiff until some one of the other boats could come to our rescue. Finding himself baffled in this attempt by the force of the current, he dexterously whirled the bow of the skiff up stream, and planting his feet firmly against the projections of the ledgy bottom, he sought first to force the boat diagonally across the stream towards the shore. In this he for a little time made some progress; but the strength of the current was too powerful for human endurance, and our brave champion was fast becoming exhausted. While we—poor helpless things—all we could do was sit there and pray God to spare so generous and brave a hero, even were we ourselves doomed to perish."

"Darwin glanced towards the two men covering their heads on the rock, and exclaimed in a tone eloquent in its very bitterness:

"O, if those wretches had but remained and coupled their strength with mine, how easily we might have sustained the boat and saved you!"

"Then finding that he could no longer force the skiff another atom against the surging current, he resolutely set himself against the lower gunwale, and said very quietly:

"Louise and Mary, I will battle against our fate while my strength lasts. Perhaps relief may reach us before I am quite conquered."

"At that moment a clear ringing shout reached our ears from the water a little distance above us, and looking in the direction whence the shout came we discovered a man fighting his way toward us with superhuman efforts, in part supported by a branch of some light wood. As he drew near we recognized Charles Cheever, who, as we subsequently learned, had been rambling alone about the foot of the island, and observing the accident of the oar breaking at the moment it occurred had instantly cast aside his boots, coat and hat and plunged into the stream, hoping to overtake us before we reached the dam, and aid us as he

might by his superior knowledge of water craft."

"On reaching us, Charles was quite as much exhausted as Darwin himself, and his first word was a declaration that it was sheer folly for them to attempt to sustain the boat there until they became utterly helpless, and finally be forced over the dam like an old saw log."

"Give me a hand here—both of you girls. Now—a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together." And by the united efforts of Mary, myself and Charles, that young gentleman was in the skiff directly, and not many seconds later he had Darwin in also, and the boat was drifting swiftly onward again towards the dam."

"Charles Cheever was a discarded suitor of Mary's, while Fallonsby, who had so basely abandoned her in the moments of extreme peril, rumor said was her accepted lover."

"Queer arrangement, wasn't it, girls? There we were, two foolish girls, drifting to destruction with our rejected suitors, while our accepted ones were perched on a rock away up there in the middle of the river, like sea-lions, only there was very little of any sort of lion about them."

"Now, then, Denton," said Charles, gaily but earnestly, "let us to work and wreck this craft a trifle more, that we may have something to save her with. Wrench out that thwart on which you are sitting, while I help myself to this one. So—we are supplied with tolerable paddles—now you take the bows, and I'll go aft; keep one eye on my motions, and assist my navigation with all the might that is in you. I've been 'three times over that old dam, with more water rolling over than there is in this evening. Help me all you can, Denton; and you girls keep quiet, and if I don't pilot you down that channel without ruffling a feather, I'll agree to swim up stream over the dam."

"I can never describe to you the fearful plunge, for every sense was merged in that of concentrated vision, and that fixed upon the stern, resolute features of the two heroes who were so generously periling their lives for our salvation."

"We passed the seething vortex unscathed, and then I think I fainted, for I have no recollection of anything further until awakened by the congratulations of our whole party save two, who had hastened across the river, and down the bank to the point where Darwin and Charles had landed us in safety."

"When the base conduct of Mountain and Fallonsby was proclaimed, it was voted unanimously that a night's reflection on the rock there by themselves might be of service to them. In the following morning, however, they were brought off; but they were never well received in Fairfield society afterwards."

"A year later, Charles and Mary, Denton Darwin and myself, all went over the matrimonial dam together."

Birds of Ill Nature.

Among those birds which stay at home, especially the most domesticated, there is often an exhibition of unkindness seemingly unaccountable, says a writer in the Cornhill Magazine. The graceful swan, e. g., is one of the most ungracious in its ways. Not only (in the breeding season) does a male bird resent the intrusion of a strange gentleman, but it will spend the day in driving off from its domain any unlucky geese, which might be plainly assumed to have no designs upon its domestic arrangements, and have, indeed, no desire beyond that for a comfortable wash and swim. It will also pursue even the most innocent of new-born ducklings while they unwittingly rejoice in an early taste of their common element."

When an only child has passed out of the cygnet stage of life and grown to full physical, if not mental, maturity, father and mother swans have been known to fall upon and deliberately beat it to death with wing and beak. The gratified parents swam gracefully about the mere in which they lived, while the great white corpse of their son lay, battered and dead, upon the shore. The following year, after another had been born to them, and in infancy began to treat him so roughly that, not being plucked like them, he wisely flew away, and we saw him no more. Curiously enough, geese which have experienced rudeness from swans in the lustrous spring have been known to retaliate in the calmer autumn, when the fierceness of their enemy had become mitigated. I have seen a gander leap upon the back of a once arrogant swan and pound away at it in the full enjoyment of gratified revenge."

Temperature of the Polar Sea.

Some of the members of the Nansen expedition at Tromsø have been relating to a Reuter's correspondent some of the scientific facts gleaned during the expedition. During the course of the cruise the crew had on several occasions exciting encounters with bears. North of 84 degrees, however, no animal life was found to exist, and this would seem to cast some discredit on the hitherto prevalent theory that at a sufficiently high latitude could be attained, one would come to dry land and open water, because birds are to be seen flying toward the extreme north. This northerly flight of the birds is now believed to be attributed to their having lost their way or being blown out of their course. The depth of the water in the extreme north also seems to indicate that there can be no land near. Soundings taken at 84 degrees latitude gave a depth of from 1,310 to 1,530 fathoms, and further north the lead reached even greater depths, as much as 3,138 fathoms, it is said. From observations made in 1894-96, the temperature of the sea in these regions was found to present several peculiarities. At a depth of 100 fathoms the water was cold. Then came a stratum of about 832 fathoms with some degree of heat, and under this stratum about 490 fathoms of cold water. The proportion of salt in the water varied a good deal. These conditions were pretty much the same everywhere. The further north they got the less current and tide there was, while the wind began to exercise considerable influence on the course of the Fram."

A New Fuel.

M. Paul d'Humy, a French naval officer, has originated a process for the solidification of petroleum for fuel purposes. From an account in the Progressive Age it appears that heavy common oil has been converted into a solid block, as hard as coal, burning slowly, giving off an intense heat, and showing no signs of melting—a ton of such fuel representing thirty tons of coal, and occupying a space of but three cubic feet, as against the large space required for coal. M. d'Humy recently exhibited samples of the article, and experimented with them. Among the samples were several of the solidified fuel and of low grade oils, and in addition to these there were samples of the same fuel in dry powder and paste, the petroleum powder and paste mixed together and forming a hard homogeneous mass, with a great specific gravity, and when burned, giving off a flame three times its own volume and a remarkable heat. Tests to determine the production of smoke or small failed to indicate the presence of either of these."