TRAILING ARBUTUS.

In spring when branches of woodbine Hung leafless over the rocks, And fleecy snow in the hollows Lay in unshepherded flocks,

By the road where dead leaves rustled, Or damply mat.ed the ground, While over me gargled tae robin His honey'd passion of sound.

I saw the trailing arbutus Blooming in modes, y sweet, And gathered store of its riche Offered and spread at my feet.

It grew under leaves, as if seeking No hint of itself to disclose, And out of its pink-white petals
A delicate perfume arose.

As faint as the fond remembrance Of joy that was only dreamed, And like a divine suggestion The scent of the flower seemed.

I had sought for love on the highway, For love unselfish and pure, And had found it in good deeds blooming Tho' often in hands obscure.

Often in leaves by the wayside, But couched w . i a heavenly glow, And with self-sac lifee flagrant, The flowers of great love grow.

O lovely and lowly arbutus!

As year unto year succeeds, Be thou the lau.el and emb em Of noble, unselfish deeds!

-[The Academy:

NEARER HOME.

"One sweetly solemn thought,"
Sang the mriden so .. and low;
While the tender strains were fraught With a soulful ebb and flow.

"I am nearer home to-day;"
And the scalight gl'n, her broz, While the thought per heart doch sway, Never nearer home than now.

Years come on with steady tread, With their change of weal and woe— "I've nearly left the cross," she sr'd, And the notes were few and slow. "Father, perfect my trust -"

And the eyes of lus ous blue Soon to slumber 'neath the dust. Lighted with a heaven-form hue. "O take me beneath thy care!"

Now the voice grows fain er yet, And her face more saintly fair For life's golden sun had set. She had laid her burdens down

On the world's storm drifted lea. She had gained the g. eat white crown Just across the crystal sea. -Chicago Sun.

THE MAD MARKSMAN.

Translated from the French of Joseph Moniet. I had just taken a turn, in company with Doctor Noirot, through the vast gardens that surrounded his hospital. and was advancing with him towards the stoop of his own special dwelling. The celebrated physician, whose particular field was insanity, was explaining to me the case of one of his patients, whom we had met in an alley, cinates that of a wild beast. and who had saluted us with a patron-

izing air. sounded a few paces from us. grasped my host's arm.

"What's that?" I asked. "Has one of your patients shot himself?" Doctor Noirot smiled.

want you to see.'

drew me toward a small pavillion hids | Yankee whose attention to Miss Araden behind a grove of trees. He un- bella had made some noise in New said. locked the door, led me across the nar- York. It was because of him particurow vestibule, and we found ourselve- larly that the marksman had made his in a sort of long court surrounded by engagement in Paris, and hastened his walls. A man was there, of lofty departure from America. But this man stature, clad in a hunting costume, re- now had taken a notion to follow them, calling by certain details the Mexican for it was on account of Arabella that fashion. He had his back against the he had come to Paris. As soon as he wall of the pavilion and, at the mo- had ascertained where she had gone, ment we entered, raised his right he had taken passage on the next hand, armed with a pistol. Our ar-rival did not dicturb him. He aimed turning to her dressing-room, Guido slowly, with a sure hand. I followed | Ventura made a terrible scene with his the direction of the weapon and saw, about twenty paces distant, at the foot of the opposite wall, a white face with a dark hole in the center of 'the forehead. It was, as well as I could judge la's footsteps. Guido Ventura had at that distance, the plaster mask of a Greek head, in which I thought I recognized the classic type of Diana, the huntress.

The pistol was discharged. The head did not move and not even a fragment

"Look!" said the doctor to me, in a low voice. "It's very curious. He never misses his mark.

"He never misses?" "No. All the balls are lodged in the same place, in that dark hole, smaller than a piece of a hundred sous."

The man had drawn another pistol from his belt. He fired. As before the mask remained intact. The weapon being loaded with several balls, in the American fashion, the marksman successively discharged five more balls. Not one of them cut the forehead of the white face.

The doctor laid his hand upon the shoulder of the marksman, who wheeled about. His visage, though enframed by a strong beard, had an expression at once energetic and sad.

"Stop an instant, please," said the doctor to him.

The man made a sign of consent with his head. Then the doctor led me to the other end of the court, and, behind the plaster mask, showed me a plate of blackened iron that protected the wall. In the center of the plate a round spot glistened with reflections of lead .produced by the flattening of the balls.

"You see," said he, showing me the exact correspondence of the brilliant spot with the hole that pierced the plaster mask, "you see that all the balls pass through there. You will not find one of them elsewhere."

"It is marvelous," I answered. "But what strange history is associated with

this man? "Come," said the doctor to me, will tell you on the outside."

We again crossed the court and the vestibule of the pavillion. And this is what Doctor Noirot told me, while behind us the detonations commenced

with regular intervals between them:
"This unfortunate man," said my
host, "calls himself Guido Ventura. Is he an Italian, a Spaniard or an Ameri- he is inoffensive, as you can see.' can? That's what we don't exactly know. Probably he is an American, for it is the new world particularly that sends us these virtuosos of the revolver and rifle. It was from there, at all said the doctor to him in an affable events, that this one came to France. | tone. You may have seen him last year at the Man raised his nead, and, the Alcazar d'Automne, where he gave pointing with his finger at the plaster had all Paris running to see him if a terrible event had not suddenly inter-terrible event had not suddenly inter-terrible and not suddenly inter-terrible event had not suddenly inter-

rupted the course of his reptesentations. But we must begin at the beginning. There is an exciting story involved, that I certainly am the only person acquainted with, having without aid, during the six months this man has been here, succeeded in reconhere, succeeded in reconhere to the beland the seemed to me. structing the details of it, thanks to certain words an intermittent delirium snatches from him. Hence, I will give Wis, change 's ris? Tueir one best reasure—bliss

does not deceive me. "Guido Ventura, when he came to Paris, was accompanied by a young woman named Miss Arabella. She was a superb creature, scarcely twenty years of age, with the head of a goddess and the figure of a statue. Admirers were not lacking, and in less than a week it become the fashion to go see the splendid Miss Arabella aid in his exercises the celebrated marksman, Guido Ventura. She stood proudly, her arms folded, her visage impassable, fifteen paces from Guido Ventura, who directed upon her the vain menace of his pistol, the infallible ball of which cut a Draws trem logether. card between her fingers, broke the No wreck no weither bowl of a pipe two inches from her lips, | Can mr: your loc. and crushed the shell of a nut on her head.

"A slight trembling of the marksman's hand and all would have been over with the superb Arabella. But the hand of Guido Ventura never trem-

"Evidently Guido Ventura loved this creature like an idol. To be convinced of it, it sufficed to surprise one of those glances that shot from his gold in the summer sunsaine. eyes each time when in the foyer of the theater, where he was awaiting his turn to go upon the stage, when some gallant was unusually attentive to the handsome girl. Was he jealous, also? Certainly; and must have suffered ful alpine hat. Her neat figure was did not quite mean to abjure his allegitive pounds, and had come into the atrociously, for his companion, as coquettish as beautiful, seemed to delight in exasperating his jealousy.

"On one occasion the manager of the Alcazar d'Automne stopped her in the wings, as she was escaping with a laugh from a circle of wine-excited coxcombs.

" 'See here, my little one," he whis- ated. pered in her ear, 'you'd better take care. Every evening that man holds your life at his mercy. "Arabella burst out laughing.

" 'He kill me?' cried she, shrugging her shoulders. 'Get along with you; he thinks too much of me to harm a hair of my head.

"And every night she stood before favor. the muzzle of the pistol with the same tranquility, fascinating the rebellion of her lover, as the eye of a tamer fas-

At that moment an explosion re- had been shining scarcely a week upon beneath them. the bills of the Alcazar d'Automne, a the foyer, went straight to the woman, asked the girl beside him. who uttered a slight cry of surprise. and taking her hands kissed the tips of ed, but she perceived only an empty It's still another very curious case I been talking to the manager, turned leaves, and a solitary wild bird perchand suddenly grew very pale. The ed in songless silence on a huge bare of Garnwold. And turning obliquely to the left he man who had just entered was a rich | boulder. companion.

> "But the most terrible scene took place some nights later. For a week the American had hung about Arabelstriven to exact that the manager of hibit him from entering the coulisses. But, having made his way into the managerial office with his hat in his hand, the American emerged putting his wallet back into his pocket, and there was no longer question of his exile.

"That night, when Arabella was preparing to assume her page's dress for the performance, Guido Ventura saw a the girl frowned again, and with the paper fall from her corsage. He picked | least perceptible scorn. it up and read it; it was a love letter, proposing to the young girl an elopement and marriage the next day. When he came down into the foyer, the marksman had knitted brows and a quivering lip. He took a pistol and aimed at his own image in a mirror to try his hand. His hand did not tremble.

"Five minutes afterwards he was on the stage, commencing his exercises. frown changing to a smile, "that the As he turned he saw behind him in the fabric itself is shot and shaded with drew her submissive hand within his coulisse the American leaning against different colors that brighten or fade a flat. Just at that instant Miss Ara-away in different lights. And," she bella planted herself in front of him, said, playfully, "your mysterous ramher arms folded, her nutshell placed bler among the firs yonder seems not upon her head. She smiled. On whom unlike the colors she wears—she apwas she smiling? On the man who was there behind him! Guido Ventura saw it clearly from the direction of her that her vanishing effects have beglance! Suddenly, her eyes having witched you." moved, she ceased to smile and a shadow passed across her visage. Standing before her, Guido Ventura took aim

full at her forehead. The report rang out and Miss Arabella fell dead upon the boards. When they tore from his arms the corpse that he had desperately clutched to his bosom, Guido Ventura was a mad-

man. the affair. In Paris the dead are half in the shadow, half in the sunspeedily out of mind. The first ex-

heroes of this bloody drama. "Since that time Guido Ventura has been in my establishment, passing half Once he chanced to break it. For a gazing down into the deep, glistening week afterward he was delirious. But lake, she slowly warbled:

We returned to the pavilion, and found the marksman loading his weap-

"Not a shot missed the mark, eh?"

DEATH'S ANCHOR.

With sorrows ever freighted, And driven by winds of care, I we bear is that love had mated Were sundered in despair.

But now, ch. now it to you as I see it, sure that my vision Naug .e se could ma ca—is gone;
A child with a lent open eyes Has want e ed lo. in to meet the dawn Of Pa ad se. And now, an now!
Tid sto m and wind and eddy Unmoved they 'e, Qu'et as n'- t, and as the heaven steady, What anchor colds them?

Memory, that shall not die Though the oved one be dead.
Greet sorrow. 'pence en o'ds them,
What though her feel the ling. Long, soo- ke t. o on of he t de? No more 'o ... em .. e honeless dil ...ing Calm est e siee plics bed head And fee, of him that d'ed. hey rest; and w en the strain Of cor he be insegain, The silent chair-

-Ceo. Pa.sons Lathrop in the Century.

A VANISHING EFFECT.

Two persons-a man and a girlwere walking slowly down a picturglistening purple gem deep in a ridge me.' of emerald wood, and among peaks, all

The girl was a trim, sedate and pretty young creature, with the calm itative dark eyes, and dark hair that was smoothly knotted beneath a graceand her small feet were strongly shod. She carried, too, a funciful staff, and a der, and supported a leathern bag at her slim waist. Altogether there was something about her that suggested the scrupulous and the independent, and perhaps also the p im and the opinion-

Her companion was tall and blonde, and muscular, with dreamy brown eyes and a womanish chin. His luxurious moustache was fastidiously waxed and perfumed, and he wore exceedingly modish garments, and he had the indefinably irreproachable presence of a

As the two slowly descended, chatting in a desultory and harmonious fashion, the young man abruptly stopped, with an expression of sudden and "One evening, when the name of intense interest in those dreamy eyes, Guido Ventura and that of Arabella which were fixed toward a little hollow

"Who is she, Amie? do you know?gentleman of fine appearance entered that lady on the bank below us?" he

She glanced in the direction indicat-

"Why, Al, I see nobody at all," she

"You did not see her because she has gone. She vanished," he murmured, with a regret that was almost grotesque, "like a vision, or a figure in a mirage. I shall wonder presently do beautiful genii inhabit these unscaled peaks and unexplored forests, or if there be some enchanting naiad of the tarn to allure and elude the sight."

Amie drew her madonna brows together in a pretty frown of distaste at his little rhapsody; she was much too prim and practical to encourage any proclivities for exaggerated sentiment or enthusiasm of fancy.

"And I should wonder presently if your wits have gone wandering," she said in her clear and placid tones. "I the Alcazar d'Automne should pro- am really inclined to doubt that you saw anybody."

"Ah! but I did, indeed. And there she is again," he returned; lifting his large soft hand with an admonitory gesture toward a sunny gap in the shadowy firs, "Do you not see her

"I saw only an ordinary mortal dressed rather elegantly in vanishing effects of blue and yellow," she said, in her quiet and uncompromising way. "I fear you will be obliged to en-

lighten me," he remarked pleasantly. "I do not conceive what you mean by vanishing effects in the clothes one "I mean," she instructed him, the

different colors that brighten or fade pears only to vanish and then appear again. But I honestly believe, Al,

He checked her playful raillery with hand.

"There she is again," he said, in a sort of ecstatic whisper, "did you ever as if to shut trom his sight the cruel behold any human thing so fair?" And she was fair indeed - this

strange stroller—with her perfect face, his heedless feet slipped on the mossy her eyes of dazzling blue, her stately verge of the steep bank, and the next and slender shape. Her golden hair instant he fell forward-down, ever "Was it a crime?-was it an acci- glittered and gleamed beneath an im- down, toward the glistening depths dent? They thought only of stifling mense white hat as she stood there, shine; and in the shade and the light citement over, people forgot the two her marvelous dress shimmered with curiously fleeting tints of azure and amber, of jasper red and peacock green. As yet she was not aware of his days aiming at his plaster mask. their proqinquity, and as she paused,

"I would be a mermaid fair; I would sing to myself the whole of the day; With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair; And still as I combed I would sing and say, What is it loves me? who loves not me?"

As she sung, Alfred Luray regarded her with a look so intent, so absorbed

shall be compelled to recognize her as an old acquaintance," she admitted reluctantly, as the fair vision again van-

"Will you indeed?" he commented in gratified surprise.

"I knew Celestia Ausley long ago," Amie responded, with a new gravity. has come to Garnwold."

gentleman, querried, laughingly. "I only dislike shams," the girl an-

swered in her blunt and direct way, luding many another who perhaps were less-" she hesitated, a delicate pink flush wavering over her calm features.

"Less what?" he inquired, smiling still with a certain indelent equanvoke.

"Less weak, I am afraid, Alfred," she said, with astonishing composure. "You are more candid than flattering, Amie," he returned uneasily, but with no vexation. "But after all, I love you the more dearly for your utter | developments in a house three miles frankness always in everything. And out, occupied by Mrs. Sandifer and esque and precipitious path beside a you never apprehend nothing that will M.s. McAfee, two widowed sisters. mountain tarn, that was set like a ever cause you one slightest regret for The house is continually pelted with

And he meant what he aver ed. But, nevertheless, as time went on he became unmindful of his promisemindful of nothing but the fascinations features of a Madonna, large and med- of one fair woman, the beck of whose small white hand had a charm to lure clothed in some serviceably grayfabric ance to another; he certainly had no window just be ore Mr. Britt left. wish to grieve, nor to affront his promised bride; but he was, indeed, weakleathern strap crossed one pretty shoul- so pitifully weak, and the temptress so very fair.

☐ And beside, Amie seemed to have become so placidly indifferent to it all; she never seemed to feel distrustful nor neglected, but was always her sedate and amiable self, maintaining only a polite and mildly resolute reserve toward the captivating woman against whom she ventured no more warnings.

"Amie is not capable of any great passion of any kind, neither of any one sentiment nor sweet enthusiasms," he would think, apologizing to his own personage whom society delighted to compunction. "I like fire and spirit; This is kept up until midnight, when it and I do not know that I should be judged weak and blamable just because I turn to another for what she can herself never afford me."

But perhaps in her quiet way, Amie suffered; perhaps in her opinionated way she believed that her weak and rccreant wanderer would sometime surcly return to her affections; eertainly in her independent way she never seemed latterly denied her. She went about plorer of all the picturesque wonders

Late one afternoon she paused in the tangled hollow beside the little lake, and reposed herself upon the cool dry grass, listening absently to the drowsy rustle of the leaves, and the lazy lapping of the water upon the rocks be-

Presently the sound of familiar voices came through the wall of firs before her, and as half unwillingly she peered into the glade beyond, she beheld her betrothed husband, and the fair woman who had charmed his heart from her.

They were standing on the utmost verge of the mossy bank, she contemplating the purple waters that glistened far below; but the man seemed unconscious of everything but her presencehe watched only for the soft blushes of Suddenly he bent toward her and

seized both her small, jeweled wrists. dreamy eyes and sternness in his polished voice. "I was warned against the hearts of men for the sport of a on a sheep ranch. She was even credsummer day. But I have chosen to be- ited with the management of the vast lieve you true; I have chosen to be- estate herself, and one story went so far lieve that you can love as 1 would be as to paint her superintending her farm loved; and for all my faith in you, Ce- personally and driving about over lestia, I demand that you end a sus-

pense I can endure no longer." She struggled from his gentle grasp and made a little cry of coquetish protest, but at that moment another individual-a gentleman of an unpleasantly plebeian aspect-strode across the

glade and approached her. "I have been searching for you everywhere," he said, irritably, as he sort of salute toward poor Al. "Little members of the royal family. Last Sun-Rolly is dangerously sick again, and I have come to take you home. I am to my wife," he added, with a peculiar chuckle, and another grudging acknowledgment to the astounded Al-

fred Luray. The young gentleman could scarcely another gesture of his soft and shapely as yet realize the significance of it all; but as the two moved away he lifted his hands to his forehead and turned, thing which had wounded him.

His movement was incautious, and below.

And a moment later Mamie, from her covert in the tangled hollow, beheld him lying like one dead among the rocks, the lazy water lapping his pallid face, upturned to the summer

Something more potent than sentiment, and more efficient than enthusiasm, served him now. A very practical and deliberate young woman clambered down the perilous and difficult declivity; a strong young arm helped him to a grassy couch beyond the reach of those deadly waters; a cool young brain soon ascertained that his and so admiring, that the girl beside hurts were superficial; and a steady, trinkets belonging to Guibal, and on house. him sighed unconsciously.

"Come, Al, let us go," she said draught that aroused him to consciousskilled hand then administered the

tude and contrition that he fancied she could not wholly comprehend.

She understood sufficiently well, however. But candid of soul and blunt of pleted half a century of a "sit" at the speech as she was, she did not at this crisis shrink from a little innocent dis-sembling; and she did not allow him to guess that she knew the entire truth. "I never liked her, and I am sorry she to guess that she knew the entire truth. "Why must every woman dislike an- had returned to her affections, and Golden Gate man. Father Quinn was other who happens to be beautiful or she was not loth to believe that his in any manner superior?" the young amends would be all that she could de-

"I have a notion, Amie, that I was really somewhat infatuated with your And I shall be sorry if Celestia de-lude you, as she has succeeded in delude you, as she has succeeded in de- that he deemed indispensable; "but, my dearest, ---I'

She interrupted him with a peculiar expression that rather puzzled him.

"I shall not allow you to fib to me, A!," she said with a peculiar meaning, but with assuring sweetness. "I shall imity, that her bluntest and most un- rot credit your notions about what was, compromising candor could never pro- after all, only a vanishing effect, you know."-[Etta Rogers.

Pelted by Invisible Hands.

This city, says a Forsyth (Ga.) dispaich, is much excited over mysteriors stones, which seem to come from no. where. M. Wiley Brit has brought into town one of the stones which had fallen, and which was not of a meteoric character. It was one that was lying on the ground with the dirt still adhering to it. This was one of the him wheresoever she might will. He largest that had fallen. It weighed

> A visit to the house found the ladies at home surrounded by a number of friends, who were vainly endeavoring to fathom the mystery. The trouble started several days ago, when a stone fell violently upon the 100f of the house. Mrs. McAfee thought it was a negro boy on the premises who had been guilty of the deed, and reproved him for it, but he clearly showed his innocence. In a short time another fell, and then another, and as stones kept falling, some striking the roof, some the side, and others dropping in the yard. They would fall thus at intervals, sometimes one, two and three. ceases until sunset. A thorough search was made of the premises without reaching a solution of the myster z. The stones were evidently raised from the ground around the house. Some of them early in the morning were wet on one side, and one had clay on it, as if it had come out of a branch about 100 vards distant. Some people think the stones come from the sky, but wherfront some folks assert that the end of the world is at hand.

American Belies Abroad.

London Letter to Chicago Taibune. Among the American women who have attained a high position in London socially is Mrs. Pierre Lorillard Ronalds, nee Mas Fanny Carter. New Miss Carter as one of the most beautiof pronounced markel unhappiness, the perfect face, and for the coquettish | peror is said to have thought her the smiles of the handsome crimson mouth. | most beautiful American he had ever seen, and frequeedy went purposely to see her skate on the ice at the fashion-"You shall speak; I will be an- able "rink," which she did, according swered now," he said, passion in his to my informant, "divinely." After the fall of the empire Mrs. Ronald went to Algeria, and for several years was you; I was warned that you are a lost to the fashionable world. Rumor countless acres armed to the teeth, fearless, though the only white woman

within miles. Within the last few years Mrs. Ronalds has returned to London, and now none. Her only daughter was married and Princess of Wales, the Duke and day Mrs. Ronalds had the three Ameri-Winslow and Mrs. Beach-Grant's lovely daughter. There were also several artists present, among them Miss Griswold, Mr. Bret Harte's niece, whose few weeks since has so gratified her friends and admirers.

A Tooth Betrays a Murderer.

Poronto (Can.) Maii, evidence which proved him to be her her, and the case was about to be aban- treatment of disease. doned for want of proof, when a girl came forward who had been Marie's intimate friend. "Search among the possessions of the accused," she said, "and see if you can find among them a gold more feet of water, in an air-tight ring set with a woman's tooth instead house, with thick, non-conducting of a stone. The tooth is mine—here is walls. This house, he says, will be the space from which it was taken- found a perfect treasure for preserving and I had it set and gave it to Marie plants and for many other purposes. Cerbere as a token of friendship." The The more water that is taken from it ring was found among the hoard of the more warmth it will give out to the nearing of its discovery he confessed.

and regarding her with a look of grati- More Than Fil.y Years at the Cass. New Yo k Po. Western newspapers are boasting

over a printer in the employ of the San

Francisco Chronicle who has com-

who has a longer string than the apprenticed when a lad to a printer in the city of Waterford, Ireland, in 1860, and, after serving his appenticeship got a sit on the London Times, and had several "fat takes" of the account on the New York Evening Post, which he held for seven years. During that period he had the personal acquaintance and confidence of William Cullen Bryant, Park Godwin, John Bigelow and others. Turning his face westward, he went to Erie and served nearly twenty years on the Erie Despatch. He now holds cases on the Erie Daily Herald, and, although almost seventy, uses his eyes without the aid of glasses. Father Quinn's years of toil present startling features in the way of figures. For instance, assuming a fair average rate of speed, taken from his best, at 10,000 ems, and his rate of 5,000 ems at the present day, gives 9,500 ems for an average, tt will be found that the enormous amount of 119,340,000 ems of matter has been set up by this compositor during the past half century or more. In secting this it was necessary to handle over 358,-020,000 pieces of metal twice over besides distribution. It will further interest the reader to know that the type so set would weigh 188,000 pounds, or ninety-four tons which the old man has lifted piece by piece in the specified time. In setting type the average distance over which the hand travels is a foot and a half or thereabouts. Consequently his hand has traveled over 16,000,000 feet, or a matter of 97,727 miles, or within a few hundred feet of being four times the circumference of the earth, this does not include the distribution, which would increase the distance to about five and a half times around the globe. Father Quinn's 'string' would fill about 10,015 columns of space. If stretched out in a continnous line it would form a belt two inches wide and over seven miles long in solid reading matter. Put these lines in one continuous line, and it would extend 158 miles. Father Quinn expects to spend ten years more at the case. He is quite spry and observes all the fast days and St. Patrick's day with great regularity.

A Strange Case of Blindness.

Three months ago, says an Oswego,

(N. Y.) dispatch, Amos Batden, of Barton near Waverly fell sick with to require the attentions that he had ever they come from they have set feve. A week after he became tomany people to praying, and when cally blind. He was blind six weeks. her strolls alone-sedate and prim and taken in connection with the number of Tuen he suddenly recovered his sight; "No," said he, "reassure yourself. her fingers. Guido Ventura, who had green hollow, a blank wall of rustling self-sufficient—an indefatigable ex- electrical girls who are coming to the but a though during his blindness his ene al health improved and his mind was sound, with the return of his sight he lost all power of recognizing the different members of his family, his so oardings and his friends. His wife he heated as if she were some person he had once known, and his actions indicated that his home seemed to be some place where he must have York society people will well recollect lived at some future time. His condect was apparently governed by some ful girls of her day. After several years imaginary sur, oundings entirely foreight othe actual ores. He remained Mrs. Ronalds separated from Mr. B., in this condition just six weeks. Last quitting America with her three little Thornday be became enraged at Mrs. children. I suppose there are few lives Barder, who, appearing to him as the more full of incident and romance than unknown person referred to, did somethat of this saill beautiful and wonder- thing contrary to his wishes. He left fully fascinating woman. During the the house and was gore until Friday reign of Napoleon III. she was one of morning. No one knew where he had the belles of the French court. The em- been. Shortly after his return he went out in the yard. He presently returned, much amazed, and, addressing his wife by name, exclaimed, Why. I've got my sight back, but how d'd I come to be in the garden?" he said he had felt something give way in his head, and instantly what he supposed to be his sight returned. The six weeks previous were an entire gilded sham-a woman who deludes from time to time said she was living blank to bim, and it was with difficuliy that he could be convinced that t was July instead of May. His physicions are unable to account for his strange case.

Dr. "Graveyard" Walker.

London Trath.

Dr. George Alfred Walker, known as 'Graveyard' Walker, who died last week at his residence, Ynsyfaig, Barholds a position in society second to mouth, North Wales, after a brief illness, was born at Nottingham in 1807. a short time since, making a brilliant | He became a licentiate of the Society match, and, a friend tells me, the wed- of Apothecaries in 1829, and a member ding gifts included one from the Prince of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1831. He studied for a lengthened pearm, and with a grudging and boorish Duchess of Edinburg, and several other riod at the Aldersgate-street school. and at St. Bartholomew's hospital, completing his professional education can beauties with her during her recep- in Paris. Early in life he was deeply obliged to you, sir, for your attention tion hours-Miss Chamberlain, Miss engrossed by the terrible upturnings of human remains in graveyards, which he had seen in various parts of the country. For many years he resolutely waged a crusade against intramural successful debut at Covent Garden a interments, which ultimately brought about the passing of the law forbidding burials in church vaults, and which led to the construction of public cemeteries. In 1847 he gained possesion of the notorious Enon chapel, in Guibal, the assassin, has just been London, from which he exhumed sevconvicted at Perpignan of the murder eral thousand bodies in various stages of a girl named Marie Cerbere. The of decay, and had them entombed in a monster grave in Norwood cemetery. murderer was very curious. Guibal He was the author of several works on had been suspected of having killed sanitary reform and the graveyard the girl, as she had never been seen question, and wrote a number of treatsince one day when she was known to les on the skin, ulcers, gout, rheumahave been in his company. But he tism, sciatica and indigestion, which sirenuously denied all knowledge of laid the foundation of a new era in the

> Mr. Collins recommends a large and deep well, at least four feet clear in diameter and with a depth ot four or

It is said that rubber belting has algers of a negro woman's right hand A southern paper says that five fin-