Freshest Fashions.

Suits made of pocket handkerchiefs continue in fashion. It requires 45 handkerchiefs to make a dress. The borderings. if properly arranged, give the suit a pecular and stylish appearance. Some dress-makers have attempted to make these dresses without the borderings, as the latter are very difficult to arrange properly, but the attempt has proved a perfect failure. The two most suitable ways of making these dresses are in "plastrontablier" style, plaited lengthwise, and crossed by striped bands. The back is raised over a false skirt. The second model is a Louis XV. vest, with a jacket and plaited skirt. A "lavendiere" scarf is draped over the skirt.

Another success of the Parisian season is Pompadour satinet for Watteau suits. These suits are also made of embroidered or stamped foulard and of white muslin. A bridal dress made this style has a long train faille skirt, bordered with a full chicoree ruching of the same material. The front of the garment is covered by a long "mousseline de l'Inde," apron plaited in very close plaits. Two pieces of satin ribbon fasten the plaits down toward the lower part of the skirt, and are tied in the middle. The waist, with a long point in the front, is of faille and "mousseline de l'Inde," the latter falling in the back in Princess shape. The sides are raised and draped, and the "mousseline de l'Inde" train falls in soft, graceful folds. Around the lower border is a muslin flounce, falling over the ruching of the skirt. The collerette and jabot are of shell shaped lace, trimmed with satin ribbon loops. The duchess sleeves have the same trimming. The bouquet and wreath are composed of a particular kind of rose, with orange blossoms intermixed.

No color has ever met with the success that caroubier has had during the past year. Silk, woolen, and velvet materials are manufactured in this color. Bonnets are trimmed with caroubier ribbon, feathers, and flowers. Even matinees are made in this color. Children's garments are also lavishly trimmed with red. The prettiest shade is dark garnet.

Jackinets made of Van Dyck blue velvet, called "valours de commissionnaire," of which mention has already been made, are much liked. White cassimere vests are worn under them. These white vests are much worn with plaid suits, in which case the dress is improved by the addition of deep white cassimere cuffs.

Velvet is again used for trimming. Scotch plaid velvet bands trim plain silk toilets. A suit of this kind may be of iron-gray silk, with a lustre. The skirt is plaited to above the knee. Fastened on the left side, over where the plaits are sewed down, is a scarf, half silk and half plaid velvet. This scarf is then taken straight across the front of the skirt, and forms toward the hip a fan-shaped trimming, which is fastened down toward the end under a band of Scotch plaid velvet. The back of the dress forms a Highlander plaiting, consisting of two gray plaits and a plaid one alternating. These plaits start from the shoulder-piece. A collar with three points of Scotch plaid velvet, trimmed with silk and "grelot fring," ecorresponding with the plaid starts from under the plaits. The train is trimmed with three narrow, fluted flounces, with a heading of Scotch plaid velvet. The front of the skirt is trimmed with a deep fluted flounce with a plaid heading. The side pieces of the waist are of silk, forming the habit basque, with revers lined with plaid velvet. The bronze colored satin vest is buttoned all the way down by means of small silver pendants, lace trimming, placed on like a jabot. The sleeves are of gray silk with plaid cuffs. The bronze-colored vest is in the shade of the grounding of the plaid.

Fall outer garments will be made of black faconne, cashmere, cloth or silk faconne, and are to be made very long.

The mantelet-visite of black cachemire de l'Inde, or gros grain silk, will be worn until the very cold weather sets in. It is trimmed with five or seven rows of "dentelles de Paris" and passementerie insertions.

Among the new designs in woolen goods are many different kinds of plaid. Bronze is a favorite grounding, enlivened with red threads, Tartan is also made. The different shades of green already in use last winter, such as myrtle green and moss green, will remain in favor. Scotch plaids with throads of old gold color, and light cloths in small checks are also in use. Among the warmest materials is ribbed velvet, with silk threads in light shades between each rib. These velvets come in all shades, but the favorite ones will be bronze, reddish, and greenish shades. Visiting suits are to be made of this velvet. Many toilets are making of "lampas broche" and black matelasse. These are very well suited to slender figures. With these dark toilets bright colored flowers may be worn on the waist and in the hair. Handsome old laces are also a great improvment for the neck and sleeve trimmings. The effect of old point lace is very beautiful when it falls from the folds of these rich dark materials.

A plaid walking or traveling suit may be of Scotch plaid cashemire, in two shades of green, with stripes of red. The short skirt is trimmed with two deep plaited flounces, cut on the bias; these are trimmed down the front with ribbon bows, combining the three colors. The "bebe" waist has a long plaid basque, forming, as it were, the third flounce of the suit. The waist is also plaited on a plain upper part and drawn in at the waist by a belt of the same goods. Over this belt is worn a red gros grain belt ribbon with a golden buckle. Down the middle of the waist are bows matching those upon the skirt. The duchess sleeves are plaited all the way down and finished with a deep plaited ruffle. The black straw hat is trimmed in front with bows in the colors of the dress. On the top of the crown is a tuft of putty-colored feathers. In the back are large red bows.

Demi-saison bonnets are small shirred capotes made of colored faille. The favorite shades for these are dead leaf, bronze, Van Dyck blue, and a "capucin," or in the light colors, putty, pale pink, caroubier, and myrtle. The upper portion of the bonnet is larger than before, and the bonnets sit closer to the head. They are, however, no longer than the summer shapes, and the end of the brim does not reach the ear, which remains uncovered. The cabriolet shape is likely to remain in fashion for some time to come. This shape is now made in felt, and will soon be brought out in velvet and satin. Small capotes are made of gray felt and velvet, trimmed on the side with feathers. Among the new trimmings is the "Mouppette," a kind of puff of black, white, or colored marabout placed on the side of the bonnet toward the top. Sometimes a white aigrette is added to this feather. Shaded ribbons, Scotch plaid velvet, satin, and a variety of Pekin are to be constituted the principal trimmings. One of the new styles in a Marie Amelie bonnet of havane satin. The brim is very broad and falls back against the crown. The mentonnieres are made of satin ribbon and placed between the crown and the brim, fastening down a bunch of feathers. On the lower part of the crown is a double ribbon bow crossed by a pearl buckle. The "tour de tete" is of white tulle ruched and bordered with sky blue. The tiny cap called "coiffe Elizabeth" has again been brought out. A model now being worn by a Parisian "artist" is of velvet, covered with gold, beads, and spangles. It is very small and placed on the back of the head.

Some fashionable ladies have adopted for evening wear bags of velvet and silk, which depend from the arm by means of ribbon or cordelieres.

The lizard and serpent porte-bouquets are to be replaced in Paris by butterflies, bees, and birds of diamonds. These are very much handsomer than the first named. The Princess of Wales wears as a bouquet-holder a "devil's darning-needle," with sapphire wings. The Princesses de Sagan has a white rose in the beak of a bird, breasted and winged with rubies. The ex-Empress Eugenie has just presented to Princess Thyra a topaz butterfly. The Duchess of Teck fastens her daisies in a porte-bouquet in the shape of a bee. Some aristocratic Parisian ladies wear their coat of arms on their porte-bouquets, or small lions in diamonds.

Long Ago.

The bark sails slowly over sunless seas,
The coasts of youth long faded out of sight;
The gleam that lingered on the last dear height,
Lost, as we drift before life's steady breeze;
Yet, as the ship glides onward, fair green leas,
And wood-crowned uplands, bathed in mystic light,
Show on an isle, set in the moonbeams white.
Or blush of sunrise. Glad, we steer for these;
The mirage pales, the mists close thick again,
We see the great gray waves, and nothing more;
And listen with a yearning, useless pain,
To hear the soft waves whisper on the shore;
Shore of the happy land we used to know,
Ne'er trodden twice in life, the Long Ago.
—*All the Year Round.*

HOMESPUN HINTS.

When accident overtakes a member of a family, or sudden and severe sickness invades a household, its members are often so paralyzed by fright as to be totally useless, when possibly, by presence of mind, suffering might be mitigated and danger averted until the arrival of a physician. While many are incapacitated through fright, others are quite as powerless through ignorance. Although amateur doctoring is not to be generally recommended, and but few women have either talent or inclination for the practice of surgery, or time to master the science of medicine, it is every woman's duty to become familiar with simple remedies for allaying pain, and the course to be pursued in emergencies. In common with many others, we should be glad to read a chapter on this comprehensive subject in the Good Health department of the *Prairie Farmer.* What to do until the doctor comes, is a matter that should interest us all, for who can say how soon it may cease to be merely a question of interest, and become one of vital importance?

Second only to the office of physician is that of nurse—a fact of which doctors are fully cognizant. A good nurse is his most efficient assistant, while an ignorant or unreliable one is a source of annoyance and dread.

If an attack of sickness is severe or dangerous, all other interests are swallowed up in the intensity of anxiety. Day and night are as one; sleep forsakes the eyelids, rest is disdained, and the all-absorbing thought is, how to soothe and comfort, and bring present relief, and possible healing to the dear one, whose head lies in helplessness on a pillow which the death-angel's wings are shadowing. When the danger is over, and the heart thrills of rapture and thankfulness have settled into calmness and peace, there are still many hours of watching and care; even while striving to fulfill the mission of love with the utmost faithfulness, errors of judgment are often attended with unhappy results.

It is in these days of convalescence, when nature is slowly battling its way back to health and strength, that the genius for nursing will prove itself invaluable. Wearied with watching and anxiety; worried with the pressure of neglected duties; the fickle tastes and childish exactions of an invalid frequently prove a severe tax on time and patience. A person in perfect health can scarcely realize how weakened the nerves become from severe or long continued illness, or how trivial circumstances are magnified, when viewed within the narrow boundary of four walls, where meal time and the physicians' visits are the events of the day, and where the hours drag wearily along in pain and inactivity. Whoever else may suffer, the sick one suffers most, and his comfort should be paramount. A good nurse will make the sick-room a quiet haven into which no worrying discussions, or unwelcome visitors may intrude. Least of all will she tolerate those who bring with them a lugubrious countenance, a horrible whisper, and a choice list of cases—all fatal—with symptoms precisely like the patient's. Squeaky shoes, rustling dresses, and creaking hinges will meet no mercy at her hands, and neatness and order will charrcterize her reign. She will never ask an invalid what he would like to eat, but will carefully note any expressed desire, and gratify it, if prudent and possible.

Tact and skill in preparing palatable and proper nourishment for the sick is an art which deserves cultivation. Where appetite is to be coaxed, variety and daintiness will go far towards accomplishing the desired end, which is sometimes of as much importance as the physician's prescriptions, and the point to which they often tend. A person who is not particularly fastidious in health, will be likely to become more so by sickness, and even they turn in disgust from lukewarm tea in a cracked cup and all refreshments of a similar nature. Whatever else is neglected, the serving of an invalid's meals should receive the most careful attention. Fresh napkins, the daintiest dishes the house affords, and the brightest silver are none too nice. The good nurse will not only remember this, but she will, with her own hands, prepare the food and thus insure its proper cooking and dainty serving. A *tete* service is the most convenient, but if this be lacking and there is no little sugar bowl or cream jug at hand, put the cream into a small cup and the sugar into another, so that the patient may have the precise flavor fancied for the cup of tea. The seasoning of food should be light, as sickness often changes one's tastes in these matters, and further seasoning can be added if necessary. One of the surest methods of destroying all appetite is to leave the remnants of each meal in the room until time to serve the next.

Beef Tea for Convalescents.—Cut a pound of lean beef (trim the neck) into small pieces and soak it an hour in three small cupfuls of cold water. Press the meat to extract the juice and heat slowly; boil for ten minutes, skim and strain; season with salt and essence of celery, and serve hot with Albert biscuit or toasted soda crackers.

Beef Broth with Tapioca.—A pound of beef cut in pieces, as before directed, must be put into four cupfuls of cold water, set on the back of the stove where it will heat slowly, then boiled gently for two hours or longer, keeping it closely covered to prevent too great evaporation. There should be a pint of broth after it is strained. Set it away until wanted and remove any fat that may rise to the surface. Soak two tablespoonfuls of tapioca for an hour in a little boiling water, add this to the broth and boil all together for fifteen minutes; season with salt, and if admissible, pepper and a few drops lemon juice may be added, or, if prefered, the broth may be seasoned in cooking with a bit of celery and a little scrap of onion.

Chicken Broth.—Cut up an ordinary sized fowl, crack the bones and put into two quarts of cold, unsalted water. Cover it closely and boil for three or four hours, then strain off the broth, set it away to cool and remove every particle of fat before using. Soak two tablespoonfuls of pearl barely in a little lukewarm water; add it, with four tablespoons of milk, to the broth, and simmer all until the barley is cooked. Season lightly with salt and pepper and serve with crackers or dry toast.

To Cook a Chicken.—Cut the breast from a tender chicken; dip it into melted butter and broil carefully over a bed of live coals; season with pepper and salt and serve it hot. A dish of boiled rice, stewed tomatoes or French peas may be served with the chicken, if vegetables are allowed. If potatoes are prefered, bake two of them to a turn, cut a small slice from the top of each and carefully remove the inside. Mash this smooth, season with butter, pepper, salt and sweet cream, and return it to the skins. Do not pack it in too tight but let it rise a little above the top. Set on the upper grate of a very hot oven for five minutes then serve immediately.

The balance of the chicken may be cut in pieces and put into cold water, reserving the second joints. When the water boils add a little salt and put in the reserved pieces, which must be cooked until tender and remove; boil the balance until all the goodness is extracted, when the bones and fragments must be strained out, and the broth set away with the reserved pieces in it. Skim off the fat before using. Put the broth on the fire to heat. Mix some corn starch with a little milk and add the yolks of two eggs. Beat all together and dip into the mixture a few spoonfuls of the hot broth; mix well and return all to the sauce pan, also the pieces of chicken. Season to taste. Let come to a boil and serve.

Farina Blanc Mange.—Mix one ounce of farina and a pinch of salt with a little fresh milk. Heat the balance of a pint of milk in a double boiler, and when simmering add the farina; stir constantly until the mixture thickens. when it must be turned into wet molds. Serve cold with cream sweetened, flavored, and whipped until light and foamy. Vanilla is said to be injurious and should not be given to invalids.

Rice Jelly.—Mix a tablespoonful of rice flour into a thin paste with cold water. Have ready in a double boiler a cup and half of boiling water, to which add the rice flour. Boil until transparent, sweeten to taste, flavor with lemon juice and pour the mixture into wet molds.

Milk Punch.—Put the yolk of an egg into a goblet, and beat it until very light with a teaspoonful of powdered sugar. Add a tablespoonful or less of the best brandy, and the white of the egg beaten to a stiff froth. Fill up the glass with rich new milk, or better still with whipped cream.

How to Prepare a Raw Egg.—Beat the yolk with some pulverized sugar and add a little sherry or port wine and some grated nutmeg. Beat the white to a stiff froth and mix the two lightly together. Valuable medicinal properties may be obtained by substituting brandy for the wine, and adding the grated surface of a toasted cracker.

Brief Biography of a Clergyman and Soldier.

From the Pittsburg Post.

The sad intelligence was received in the city last evening, that Rev. Father Richard C. Christy, the well-known Catholic clergyman, had died at Columbus, Ohio, yesterday. The announcement of his death will cast a gloom over Western Pennsylvania, throughout which he was so well known as the fighting chaplain. He was attached to the Seventy-eight Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, commanded by Col. Wm. Sirwell, of Kittanning, which belonged to Nogley's Brigade in the army of the Cumberland. Well does the writer remember the day that the brigade embarked from the wharf of this city on a steamboat, and the crowd attracted to witness their departure. Much to their horror the hurricane deck of one of the boats broke and a number of soldiers were injured. The Catholics on that occasion were proud to know that the faithful priest was on hand to give spiritual consolation to the wounded, and cheer the afflicted. Through the entire war Father Christy was devoted to the cause of the Union, always on hand to give religious counsel to the wounded, and equally ready to take his gun to make common cause against the enemies of his country.

When the war was over the "fighting chaplain" returned with the Seventy-seventh, Seventy-ninth and Seventy-eighth Regiments, and resumed charge of his old congregation near Kittanning. When the annual reunion of the heroes of the war was held throughout the country the fighting chaplain occupied a prominent place in the front ranks with his comrades, Gen. Phil. Sheridan and others, and has on several occasions enlivened the assemblage with his happy anecdotes of camp life and the trials attendant upon long sieges.

After a short stay at Kittanning, Father Christy took charge of the church at Ebensburg, the county seat of Cambria, where he was stationed for many years, and built a fine church and pastorial residence and established a pastorial school for young children. A few years ago he was assistant at St. Patrick's, where his health failed, and for a time was stationed at Mercy Hospital. Afterwards he was called to take charge of a church at Columbus, and thus he hands over his flock to the keeping of the Lord, who has relieved him of his good work.

Father Christy's life is a lesson for the rising generation. He was one of the five brothers and two sisters, viz: Dr. Christy, of Oil City, John A. Christy, Mrs. Andrew Butler and Mrs. Wm. J. Bonner, whose ancestors are among the pioneers of Cambria County. Father Christy was about 50 years of age, and during the half century he lived he contributed as much of the milk of human kindness to those he came in contact with as the most noted philanthropists.

A Similar Case.

Jack, I hear you've gone and done it,
Yes, I know; most fellows will;
Went and tried it once myself, sir,
Though you see, I'm single still.
And you met her—did you tell me?
Down at Newport, last July.
And resolved to ask the question
At a soiree? So did I.
I suppose you left the ball-room
With its music and its light;
For they say love's flame is brightest
In the darkness of the night.
Well you walked along together,
Overhead the starlit sky,
And I'll bet—old man, confess it—
You were frightened. So was I.
So you strolled along the terrace,
Saw the summer moonlight pour
All its radiance on the waters
As they rippled off the shore;
Till at length you gathered courage,
When you saw that nono were nigh—
Did you draw her close and tell her
That you loved her. So did I.
Well, I needn't ask you further,
And I'm sure I wish you joy,
Think I'll wander down and see you
When your married—eh, my boy?
When the honeymoon is over
And you're settled down, we'll try—
What? The deuce you say! Rejected,
You rejected? So was I!

THE OPEN VERDICT.

It was a very pleasant feeling, that of liberty from all business care of whatsoever kind, if only for a few weeks, when one's avocations for the remainder of the year confines one to a busy brain-devouring city like this mighty London of ours and therefore it was with no slight degree of anticipated enjoyment that I accepted an oft repeated invitation to visit an old school-chum, Dr. Henry Gladdind, at the village of Claystone, in one of our northern counties.

I arrived, however, at an unfortunate period, and found that what I had pictured to myself as being a happy, jolly country-house, was at that time a house of mourning; Gladden's uncle and predecessor, old Mr. Williams, had died only a few hours before my arrival. I would willingly have gone on my way; but this my friend and his wife would not hear of, and everything was done to render my visit as cheerful as circumstances would permit. I attended the funeral; and as we turned to leave the churchyard, I was struck by an expression of Gladden's, which appeared to be uttered without any knowledge of it on his part. It was: "The grave has closed over the last." I felt greatly tempted to ask for an explanation, but for obvious reasons checked my curiosity.

A few mornings afterwards, while accompanying my friend on his round of visits, we came before an old, large red-brick house that stood close beside the road, being separated from it merely by a hedge and small lawn.

"Why, what's this?" exclaimed Gladden, as we saw a number of workmen engaged in erecting scaffolding, digging up the lawn and otherwise demolishing the place. "What are these men about?—Hi! (calling one of the people) What is it you are doing here?"

"Pulling down t'house for railway," was the laconic response.

"Then the final link is being broken," mused my companion as we drove on.

My curiosity was again aroused, and this time I resolved to satisfy it, so I came to the point at once by thus addressing my friend, "Ha!, you are not generally given to ambiguous or unsatisfactory sentences, and therefore—if I am not presuming too much—would you mind telling me what you alluded in your last remark, and the equally strange one uttered at your uncle's funeral?"

"Well, Dick," he replied, "it is a strange story, and one perhaps, that does not reflect much credit upon my poor uncle; but as the actors of this little drama have passed away, and even the very scene of action will, in a few days, be plowed up, I may and will set your mind at rest on the subject. You remember that after I had walked the hospitals in town. I came down here partially to study under my late uncle. But I found a later attraction than any I had anticipated, in the person of my cousin Lucy, with whom I soon fell over head and ears in love. Her father was not averse to it, and things were shortly in a good train for our marriage. I was to be taken into partnership by my uncle when that event took place; and the day before the deeds were signed, the old gentleman called me into his room, and narrated the following storry which I will tell you in his own words.

"'Harry,' said my uncle, 'as you are to be my son-in-law and partner, I think it but right you should become acquainted with an adventure which befell me in my younger days, and for my share in which—justifiable as then appeared to me—I have never ceased to reproach myself. At this time I am speaking of, I was studying medicine at Manchester, but while on a visit to a distant relative, a Dr. Seyton, who occupied this very house—("you see Dick this is quite a family practice," parenthesised Gladden)—I was one night awakened by a shake of the shoulder, and looking up, saw, by the light of the moon, which streamed in at my window, Dr. Seyton standing by my bedside. 'Come, get up,' said he. 'I have been sent for; and, as Poor (his assistant) was out last night. I'll get you to accompany me now.' While he descended to the surgery and stables, I speedily donned my habiliments; and by the time I reached the front gate, the doctor was seated in the gig waiting for me. It was a most magnificent moonlight night.

"Along the clear white road, as fast as the horse could draw us, on we went; past cottage, farm and mansion, past pond and park and stream; beneath long avenues of trees that bordered the roadside and drooped over us, now veiling all in shadow, now showing some stray moonbeam that danced upon the quivering boughs to the soft cadence of the night-breeze. Sharp and crisp rose the echo of our horse's tread; and as we came within sight of our destination, we heard the gallop of another horse; and, as we sped past a turning, saw a horseman riding up—as we imagined, the messenger who had been dispatched for the doctor, and who has said he must return by way of Merlton. We stopped before Mazeborouough House, the residence of the Hon. Frederick Wellester, presumptive heir to the title and estate of the Earl of Cauitdale. There was great commotion in the house; for its owner, who had been ailing for some time past, had that night been taken seriously ill; and while the doctor ascended to the sick chamber and our horse and trap were put up, I lit a cigar and stood under the veranda, looking out upon the night and musing. Presently, one of the domestics emerged from the house and passed out into the road, walking briskly on; and just as my cigar was out, I heard Dr. Seyton's voice inquiring for me.

"Take this," said he, handing me a paper, "and ride home as fast as you can." Get Poor to make it up; and come back with all the speed; it is life or death. Here is one of Mr. Wellester's horses for you." I then perceived a groom standing with one ready saddled at the gate, on which I mounted and galloped off.

For upwards of a mile the road lay open and clear enough; but beyond that it was darkly shaded by copses and plantations, through which the moon's rays found little space to shine. I had barely penetrated a dozen yards into this dark and lonely spot before I received a summons to "stand and deliver." My horse, being very fresh, quite entered into his rider's feelings, and had not the least intention of checking his speed, but continued his journey; while behind came he who bade me "stand," threatening to put a bullet in me if I did not draw rein. This only made me urge my animal to greater speed; but my pursuer did his best to keep his word, for he fired and the bullet just grazed my left arm; and at the same instant a hand was laid upon my horse's bridle so suddenly as to throw him on his haunches and cause me a speedy and ignominious dismount. But be that as it may, it served me a good turn, as I was enabled, not being at all hurt, to slip away in the darkness and conceal myself in the plantation.

"Where is he?" inquired the horseman, riding up.

"Stunned, I s'pose, close by," was the reply.

"The fiend take him for a plagued horse-dealer," rejoined the first speaker, as I fancy they searched for me. At last, the same voice said: "Here, Stevens; I can't see him. Take this note to Walters and Garforth, and bring me back an answer sharp. Take my horse; that other brute might get you recognized."

"Besides," said the other, "the animal has trotted off;" which was true and much to my regret.

"I will wait for you at the corner of Deadman's-lane," said the first speaker, as his companion mounted and rode on; and he continued his search for me, little thinking I was creeping away from him through the plantation, out of which, at length I emerged, and, crossing some fields, regained the road, and had the unspeakable gratification of seeing the horse I had ridden fastened to a gate. This, I suppose, had been done by Stevens when he overtook him. I was once more in the saddle, and away we went as fast as horse could go. About three miles from here the road to Garforth branches off to the right; and as I came down the hill towards the turning, I preceived Stevens riding along it. Quick as thought, I threw myself flat on the horse's back, thinking it just possible he might hear the galloping, turn round and try his hand as a marksman; fortunately he did not; and I arrived at my destination without any further adventure. To call up the assistant, have the prescription made up, and attend to the horse, were things speedily done; and, ere long, I was again in the saddle.

'Now I looked before, beside and behind me; but all was peaceful. I neared the plantation where I had been stopped; but no one barred my progress; so on I rode, not quite reassured though, for I had not forgotton my pursuer was to wait at the corner of Deadman's lane, and I did not know where that was. And now the open road, shining in the clear moonlight; lay bright and untenanted before me. I could distinguish Mazeborough House, and nearer, the lane up which, when coming with Dr. Seyton, we had seen a horseman riding. When it struck me that as that horseman was not the messenger who had been dispatched for the doctor, that functionary having arrived before us, it might have been the one who had stopped me, and that that was Deadman's-lane. There was no help for it; I must pass the spot; so, feeling for the pistol I had taken the precaution to bring with me this time, I pressed the horse's sides and urged him on. I was not four or five yards from the lane when a man started into the roadway and stood directly in front of me; his figure was slight and his face concealed by a mask; but when he spoke, I recognized the voice that bade me "stand and deliver."

"Not quite so fast, young sir," said he, as he perceived my intention to draw on one side. We don't part quite so easily this time. I must have the medicine."

"What medicine?" I asked.

"Oh! none of that stuff for me. I want that physic you have been sent for; and that bottle I must and will have. So take your choice; that bottle and life; or," producing a pistol, "this barrel and death!"

'It was a serious moment; but my plan was at once decided on; so putting my hand in my breast as if for the bottle, I reined close up beside him and as he eagerly stretched forth his hand for the expected prize, I drew my pistol and fired. I saw him stagger, and in a few moments after, as it seemed, I was at the gate of Mazeborough House.

'Once inside and safe, I had no sooner delivered the medicine to the servant, to be taken up stairs to Dr. Seyton, than the state of tension to which my nerves (not of the strongest) had been strung, gave way, and but for some stimulent from the steward I should have fainted away. However, I soon recovered sufficiently to narrate my adventure to him; but he only laughed at my attributing a literal meaning to the robber's demand for the bottle, and suggested it might be slang for plunder; so I held my peace on that head, feeling the force of the lines:

A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.

The conversation with the steward soon changed to the family, and I learned from him that the Hon. Fredric Wellester had a half brother Ernest, a very wild, dissipated person, who had been a favorite with the Earl until his character was found out. This Ernest used to live at Caultdale Place, one o the Earl's seats, some fifteen or sixteen miles off; but owing to heavy gaming debts, he was compelled to break up his establishment, and only retained one servant, whom, after a time, he also discharged. This servant, Mr. Fredric had engaged, "and," continued the steward, "a very decent servant Stevens was."

"Stevens!" I ejaculated very loudly, I dare say, for a man looked into the apartment and inquired: "Did you call, sir?" I was struck dumb; a thousand ideas rushed through my brain. "No; it was nothing," replied the steward: and the man disappeared, but not before I had recognized in him one of the men concerned in my late adventure. Just at this moment there was a great disturbance in the house, I found Dr. Seyton standing on the staircase interrogating Stevens, the other domestics being grouped around.

"How is this?" exclaimed the doctor, "How came you to bring me this? It contains a slow poison."

"The gentleman brought it, sir, and, of course, I gave it to you."

'But, surely, Poor could never have made this up. Look at it, Frank; what do you say?" and Dr. Seyton held out the bottle; and before I could reach it Stevens had taken it, and the vial was dashed to pieces on the ground. The doctor looked annoyed at what appeared to him to be an accident; but to me there was design in it; so as he reascended the stairs I called to Stevens, who followed me and the steward into the latter's apartment; when, shutting the door and placing my back against it, I thus addressed him: "How did you come possessed of that bottle you let fall just this minute?" (for I could see it was not the one I brought), "and for what motive did you stop my horse a few hours since, and who was your companion?" These queries poured out rapidly, not giving time for any distinct reply; but when I paused for a moment he answered with a look of the utmost astonishment: "Sir, I really do not understand you. The bottle you brought I gave the doctor; and to stopping your horse and about a companion, I am quite at a loss to know what you allude to."

"But I need not enumerate the answers by which he fenced off my inquiries. Suffice it to say he denied all knowledge whatever of my adventure, and stoutly affirmed he had not left the house the previous day. What annoyed me still more was the conduct of the steward, who appeared to regard my statement as proceeding either from a weak intellect or a too free use of the means supplied for my recovery.

'There was nothing to be gleaned from Stevens, so of course he went his way, and I remained with the steward. Soon after daylight, Dr. Seyton rejoined us; the invalid was sleeping, and all immediate danger was over, so orders were given for our horse to be put up to. In a few seconds news was brought in of some of the farm laborers having discovered the lifeless body of a man lying in the road; the remains had been removed to one of the outhouses, whither we proceeded. It was a dreadful spectacle; the features were quite undistinguishable, and presented the appearance of having some firearm discharged close to them. The steward and Dr. Seyton minutely examined the body; and after holding a whispered conversation together, the doctor drew me on one side and advised me not to mention any of the circumstances connected with my late adventure, but to wait until the inquest; then, as medical aid was perfectly useless, we took our departure and drove home.

"Two days afterwards a lettter was received desiring our presence at Mazeboroug House; and, immediately on our arrival, I was ushered into Mr. Wellester's private room. Our interview was a lengthened one; we then descended to where the inquest was being held. The best report of the proceedings was given in a local paper published a day or two afterwards; which, if I remember rightly, ran thus: "As some farm-laborers in the employ of the Hon. Frederick Wellester of Mazeborough were proceeding to their work early on Tuesday morning, they discovered the dead body of a man on the highway. The remains were at once removed to one of the farm-buildings, where they remained till Thursday last, when an inquest was held upon them. No satisfactory evidence was produced tending to throw any light on either who the unfortunate person was, or by what means he met his death, although it is conjectured, owing to the frightful spectacle the face and head presented, that some pistol or gun must have been discharged close to him; but whether by himself or by some one unknown, no clue could be obtained. A pistol, ready loaded and capped, was found in one of the deceased's pockets but no papers or other means of identification. A strange fact in connection with this case is the disappearance on the same morning the body was found of one of the domestics, named Stevens, formerly in the service of the Hon. Ernest Wellester (half brother to the proprietor of Mazenborough House), a gentleman who for some years has resided on the continent. This occurrence has only tended to throw greater obscurity upon this mysterious affair. In consequence of the utter want of all evidence, the jury returned an open verdict—'Found Dead.'"

"Such," continued Gladden, "was my uncle's story. You have followed him to the grave, and seen the preparations for razing to the ground Mazeborough House; the Caultdale title has become extinct; the Hon. Frederic Wellester, who succeeded to it, died a few months afterwards without issue; and, although diligent search was made for the next of kin (his half brother Ernest), no tidings could possibly be obtained of him."

"But," said I, "surely your uncle——"

"Lived at a time when wealth and interest could influence everything and almost everybody."

"I see," I rejoined; "it is what is called 'hushed up.' But I suppose the body that was found was that of the half-brother Ernest?"

"Precisely."

FORTY DEGREES BELOW ZERO.

The dogs, usually four in number, are attached to the sledge, tandem fashion, the best dog being placed in front as fore-goer, and the next best in the rear as steer dog. It is the business of the fore-goer to keep the track, however faint it may be on the plain. The steer dog guides the sledge, and prevents it from striking or catching on obstructions. To assist his own locomotion the traveler ties on his largest pair of snow shoes—say five feet long and fifteen inches wide. A man can walk much faster on snow-shoes, with a fair track, than on the best road without them; but when the trail is frozen perfectly hard, the traveler casts them off, and runs behind the dogs, who are able to gallop at great speed along the slippery path; and in this manner the most extraordinary journeys are made. With a crack of his whip, and a harsh command to his dogs, the train moves off. After that a perpetual shouting, varied cursing, cracking of whips, and howling of dogs, seem necessary to keep the cavalcade in motion.

The unerring fidelity with which the half-breed or Indian follows a straight line in one direction over the bare plain, where no landmarks can be seen, on days when the sun is not visible, nor a breath of air stirring, seems almost incomprehensible. Indeed, from the fact that no one is ever encountered who is able to explain the power he possesses, it may be considered as quite a natural faculty. The inexperienced traveler finds it quite impossible to preserve a straight course, and invariably begins to describe a circle, by bearing continually toward the left; and yet this weakness is incomprehensible to the half-breed, who looks upon it as the most arrant stupidity. It is scarcely to be wondered at, however, when one comes to consider the conduct of the dogs at the very beginning of the journey.

The start is generally made at a very early hour in the morning, for the travelers invariably accomplish a good portion of the day's tramp before breakfast.

Traveling day after day through the intense silence of the snow-clad plain, without meeting a sign of man, and rarely seeing a living creature, strikes very strangely upon the mind at first. The half-breed or Indian delights in wandering alone; but the traveler who first tries the experiment finds the silence and loneliness so oppressive as to be unbearable. He often journeys over an expanse where no tree or shrub breaks the monotony of the sky-line; only the unending vision of snow and sky, the vague, distant and ever-shifting horizon; the long snow-ridges that seem to be rolled one upon another in motionless torpor, or, in a storm, moving like the swells of the ocean; the weird effect of sunrise and sunset, of night limiting the vision to almost nothing, and clothing even that in a spectral opaque gray; of morning, slowly expanding it to a hopeless, shapeless blank; the sigh and sough of the ceaseless wind, that seems an echo in unison with the immeasurable solitude of which it is the sole voice; and, over all, the constantly growing sense of lonely, never-ending distance, which deepens upon the traveler as morning after morning dawns upon his onward progress under the same fantastic, ever-shifting horizon of snow and sky.

All this becames doubly intensified to the traveler left alone to shape his course for the day. But the reality of the storm, drift and desolation has the excitement of the very pain which they produce. To be lost in the blinding blaze of a "poudre" day; to have a spur of icy keenness urging him on to renew efforts; to have the dead weight of that dread inertia which always accompanies the traveler on nothern plains, keeping him down with an iron grasp; to have despair constantly suggesting the futility of further exertion, to seek with dazed eyes and sickening fears, hour after hour, for the faint print of snow-shoe or moccasin upon the snow; to see night approaching, and not a thing of life or shape of shelter within the scope of vision; to urge the tired dogs with whip and voice to fresh exertions, to greater efforts in gaining some far-off aspen bluff or willow copse ere night shall wrap the dreary scene in darkness—all this is but the reiterated recital of the traveler's daily misery. In the face of a cold the intensity of which it is difficult to imagine he must keep on. Right in his teeth blows the bitter blast; the dogs with low-bent heads, often face about in the traces, and can only be induced to proceed by repeated thrashings; the half-breeds, with blankets wrapped tightly about their heads, bend forward as they walk against the wind. To run is instantly to freeze; to lie upon the sledge even, for a moment, is to chill the body through to the very marrow. Under these circumstances the traveler is apt to wonder if the game is worth the candle. He compares himself with all other lunatics who have gone on fool's errands since the world began, and finds the result very much to his own disadvantage.

Small wonder, when after such a day of toil and hardship the traveler sees through the gloom the haven he so long has sought—it may be only the campfire in the aspen clump or the dull glow of a chip-fire in a snow-drift—he hails with intense joy the gleam that tells him of a resting-place. And yet, as he stretches his weary limbs in the snow or on the soft broom, he laughs at the fatigues and fears which an hour before were heart-sickening enough. Yet so it is.

When the light begins to fade over the silent plain, and the grayish, opaque pall settles down upon the frozen landscape, the traveler looks about him for a good camping-place. A poplar thicket or a pine bluff supplies all the requirments—a few dead trees for fuel, a level space for his fire and his blankets, and "broom" for his bed. Every one sets to work as quickly as possible. One unharnesses the dogs and unpacks the sledges; another collects dry logs; a third cuts fine chips and startes the fire, while the fourth shovels away the snow in front of the fire with a snow-shoe, and strews the cleared ground with pine-brush. Then all squat down, smoking and superintending the cooking of supper, the hungry dogs seated around waiting for their share.

A pipe and smoke follow, then the blankets and robes are spread down for the bed. The operation of undressing is reversed, and the traveler literally dresses for the night, covering his head and all, and placing his feet as near the fire as he dare. All huddle together as closely as possible, and, when silence reigns, the dogs creep softly in toward the fire and lie at the sleepers' feet. Then begins the cold. It has been inexpressibly cold all day; as the darkness creeps on the wind lulls, and the frost comes out of the clear, gray sky with still, merciless rigor. The mercury in the thermemeter sinks down, down, till it disappears in the bulb and may be used as a bullet; the twenties and thirties below have been passed; just when a faint tinge of coming dawn steals over the eastern horizon it will not unfrequently be in the forties below. The traveler is tired with his forty miles' march on snow-shoes. Lying down with his blistered feet and stiffened limbs, sleep has come to him by the sheer force of fatigue; but the dim consciousness of that frightful cold never for an instant leaves his waking brain; and as he lies in a huddled heap beneath the robes, he welcomes the short-haired shivering dog, who, forced from his cold lair in the snow, seeks warmth upon the outside of his master's blankets.

Strange as it may appear to those who, living in warm houses and sleeping in cosy rooms from which all draughts are zealously excluded, deem taking one's rest in a poplar thicket at such a temperature next to an impossibility, it is quite the reverse. The men who brave such dangers are made of sterner stuff, and do not perish so easily. On the other hand, it frequently occurs that when, before dawn, the fire again glows ruddily and the cup of tea is drunk hot and strong, the whole discomfort of the night is forgotten—forgotten, perhaps, in the dread anticipation of a cold still more trying in the day's journey to come.

For days the same routine of travel is pursued. To rise at three o'clock of the bitterly cold mornings, to start at four, and plod on till dark, halting twice for an hour during the day, is the dull history of each day's toil. No literary skill is able to enliven the dreary monotony of the journey. In front goes the train of dogs, floundering along in the deep snow, then the other trains wind along on a firmer footing. As the day wanes the dogs begin to tire, but still go on as gamely as ever. At sundown the trains have straggled widely apart, the weaker ones dropping far to the rear. The dogs begin to look wistfully back at the driver running behind the sledge, who, "filled with strange oaths," only responds to their pathetic glances by fiercer imprecation. Dogs and men seem to go forward from the mere impulse of progression. All have been tired long since; not partially so, but regularly weary; yet somehow the sense of weariness seems to have passed away; the step forward upon the snow-shoe is taken by a mere mechanical effort, destitute alike of sense or feeling. Where all is a wilderness, progression means preservation; and sick or sore, weary and blistered, the traveler must push on.