



CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

A few seconds later Armathwaite walked slowly down the hill, watching the lights in the shops and houses. He proceeded on in a pleasant sense of mingled excitement and security, until he suddenly became aware that the ground was rising. A few paces further the ascent became quite steep, and he could no longer doubt that, in spite of the lookout he was keeping, he had done what he had been warned not to do, and taken the higher road. There was nothing for it but to go forward very carefully, and to be especially cautious on the descent. He descended with a will, while still on the ascent, he passed various dwellings which, though he could see nothing of the buildings themselves but an occasional light in the windows, he judged from the gates and the tall snow-laden evergreens which formed a screen parallel with the road, to be villas and ornamental cottages.

Just as, after a few yards of particularly steep ascent, the road took a sharp turn to the left, a long, low-built house, standing back only a few feet from the road, but on ground so much higher as to give it an imposing appearance of dignity, sprang quite suddenly into view. He walked past it, and, as he did so, he saw at the doorway a man, who, dressed in a dark suit and a hat, and filled him with curiosity to know what people lived there. The descent now became very steep, and Armathwaite proceeded with the utmost care, pushing forward into the darkness, watching eagerly for the junction with the coach road. The snow was now falling in larger flakes than ever, and just as he got to the level ground he slipped and fell into a deep drift by the side of the road. Armathwaite soon extricated himself, but the tumble had made him dizzy, and he was unable to get up without assistance. He was in a wretched state, and he was unable to get up without assistance. He was in a wretched state, and he was unable to get up without assistance.

CHAPTER III. It was some moments before Frank Armathwaite recovered enough self-possession to try to think the unknown lady whose name he had just learned had saved him from drowning in the lake. "You are on foot?" she said. Her voice was pleasant enough, but entirely human and colloquial, the voice of a young, well-bred woman. "I have come from Meriside, madam, but a minute ago I lost my way. I can't think of the road, and I am quite lost." She interrupted him, lowering the lantern she held, and with a glance directing him to turn back and walk with her. "Yes, it was fortunate for you I was there, certainly."

enjoying the devotion of the husband himself. He was trying to evolve a remark which should show enough, but not too much, of the sympathy he had for when sounds of a man's angry voice and a man's heavy tread were heard in the hall. "That is my nephew," said Mr. Crosmont, "and he is very much displeased with you. Armathwaite rose to his feet, feeling very uncomfortable. For he recognized the voice as that of the man who had been driving Lady Kiddonia's sleigh when she dropped her handkerchief, and whom from the liveliest he wore, he had taken for the groom. Little as he knew of the duties of an agent to a country gentleman, he was fully aware that the wearing of the latter's livery must be less than optional, and he had an awkward conviction that he had been an undesired witness of the fact that the pranks of Lord Dighton and Master Ned had not ceased when the former became Lady Kiddonia and the latter "agent to my lord."

CHAPTER IV. The door was thrown open roughly, and Mr. Edwin Crosmont, sitting at his table, with the air of an enraged bulldog, stopped short on finding himself in the presence of a stranger, and gave Armathwaite a look of not only surprise but of indignation. "Who are you?" he asked shortly, and in the voice of a person who had been prepared for an unpleasing encounter. "I am a stranger," said Armathwaite, "and I am here on business. My name is Frank Armathwaite, and I am here on business."

"Come into the drawing room," she said when her inspection was over. "I will introduce you to Mr. Crosmont. My name is Alma Crosmont, young in years, but not in spirit. It is not proper, it is not proper, and I won't have it, and so she must understand." Armathwaite, who was watching him steadily, making up his mind that he was quite the most offensive brute he had ever seen, saw from a look which passed over the face of the young Mr. Crosmont, that the latter had recognized him, and that the recognition had the effect of frightening him and calming him down. "I have just seen you," said Mr. Crosmont, "and I am very glad to see you. I am very glad to see you."

CHAPTER V. He bowed and opened the door quickly, but started on seeing Mrs. Crosmont, who entered very quietly, glancing at him as he passed. "Not her husband, surely," thought Frank. Mr. Crosmont rose, taking off his reading spectacles hastily, and held out his hand. He was a man of middle height, with a beard and a fringe of reddish hair, and a pair of eyes which, though they were not large, were full of intelligence. "I dare say you know Mr. Armathwaite, that a stranger in this part of the world, and who, as you know, is worth a king's ransom, and who, as you know, is worth a king's ransom, and who, as you know, is worth a king's ransom."

CHAPTER VI. "I am, I thought not," muttered Mr. Crosmont, and then he turned to the visitor. "Do you know the lake country well?" he asked. "It is rather a risky thing to travel about here at night if you do not." "It is my first visit, and I can't hope to see much of it, for to-morrow afternoon I must be in Glasgow." "The end of the long, wide dining table was set out with a dinner for three persons. There was some third member of the household whose presence was a discord."

ASAS TWISTERS. A Few Little Anecdotes Told by a Trustful Witness. "I've heard so many incredible stories about the cyclone and its eccentricities," said the solemn looking man to a party of tourists he had joined in this region, "and I've been to Kansas making some personal investigations in the interest of science. I find that many reports from that section have been grossly exaggerated. Nothing occurs there that is not in excess of what nature has produced in these terrible outbreaks of nature. For instance, the tornado, often mistaken for the cyclone, has a rotary motion. I have known it to dip low enough to have a well and then bound once more to a distance of several miles. This wonderful phenomenon was an accomplished fact in far less time than it takes me to tell of it."

With Flying Clouds. Mr. Clayton, of the Blue Hill Observatory, near Boston, reports that observations made there show that the average speed with which clouds, between 8,000 and 9,000 feet high, move is sixty miles an hour in midsummer, and one hundred and ten miles an hour in midwinter. The swiftest flight of a cloud yet measured was 230 miles an hour. A Pigeon Race. In France pigeons are regarded as valuable messengers in case of war, and recently the French Minister of War offered a prize for the victor of a pigeon race from Paris to Lyons, 240 miles. No less than 2,746 birds entered in the contest. The winner made the distance in seven hours thirty-four minutes, an average of over thirty-four miles an hour.

Ice-Breaking Ships. The American navy, has been studying the construction and use of powerful ice-breaking ships. At a recent meeting of the American Geographical Society, which was held in New York, it was said that with two such ships, each of ten thousand horse-power, acting together, a line of free water communication could be kept open in winter to the port of St. Petersburg, and he added that about what the velocity is, however, can be determined by the thickness of the ice did not exceed twelve feet.

A Short-Lived Island. In 1867 a new shoal was discovered by the group of the Tonga, or Friendly Islands. In 1867 smoke was seen over the island, and it was found to be a volcanic island, more than two miles long and 210 feet high, and a fierce eruption was taking place within it. In 1868 the island had begun to shrink in dimensions, although the eruption continued. In 1869 it had shrunk to one-half its original size. In 1870 it had shrunk to one-third its original size. In 1871 it had shrunk to one-fourth its original size. In 1872 it had shrunk to one-fifth its original size. In 1873 it had shrunk to one-sixth its original size. In 1874 it had shrunk to one-seventh its original size. In 1875 it had shrunk to one-eighth its original size. In 1876 it had shrunk to one-ninth its original size. In 1877 it had shrunk to one-tenth its original size. In 1878 it had shrunk to one-eleventh its original size. In 1879 it had shrunk to one-twelfth its original size. In 1880 it had shrunk to one-thirteenth its original size. In 1881 it had shrunk to one-fourteenth its original size. In 1882 it had shrunk to one-fifteenth its original size. In 1883 it had shrunk to one-sixteenth its original size. In 1884 it had shrunk to one-seventeenth its original size. In 1885 it had shrunk to one-eighteenth its original size. In 1886 it had shrunk to one-nineteenth its original size. In 1887 it had shrunk to one-twentieth its original size. In 1888 it had shrunk to one-twenty-first its original size. In 1889 it had shrunk to one-twenty-second its original size. In 1890 it had shrunk to one-twenty-third its original size. In 1891 it had shrunk to one-twenty-fourth its original size. In 1892 it had shrunk to one-twenty-fifth its original size. In 1893 it had shrunk to one-twenty-sixth its original size. In 1894 it had shrunk to one-twenty-seventh its original size. In 1895 it had shrunk to one-twenty-eighth its original size. In 1896 it had shrunk to one-twenty-ninth its original size. In 1897 it had shrunk to one-thirtieth its original size.

High-Priced Bumblebees. Many years ago the farmers of Australia imported bumblebees from England, and set them free in their clover fields. Before the arrival of the bees clover did not flourish in Australia, but after they came the clover became a staple crop. The bumblebees sent to Australia had no difficulty on that score. Mr. Darwin had shown that bumblebees were the only insects fond of clover nectar, which possessed a proboscis sufficient long to reach the bottom of the long, tube-like flowers, and to pull the same into a heavy honey. The bees, when they came to Australia, found that the clover did not flourish in Australia, but after they came the clover became a staple crop. The bumblebees sent to Australia had no difficulty on that score. Mr. Darwin had shown that bumblebees were the only insects fond of clover nectar, which possessed a proboscis sufficient long to reach the bottom of the long, tube-like flowers, and to pull the same into a heavy honey.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Christmas Revels Before Her Majesty in Greenwich House. In St. Nicholas there is an account of Christmas revels before Queen Elizabeth, the description occurring in John Bunyan's serial, "Master Skylark." The following is the passage: "The palace corridors were lined with guards. Gentlemen pensioners under arms went flashing to and fro. Now and then through the lines there came some handsome page with wind-blown hair and rainbow-colored cloak pulled to the great deep collar: 'Way, sir, way for my Lord—way for my Lady of Alderston!' and one by one, or in little groups, the courtiers, clad in silks and satins, 'velvets, jewels, and lace of gold, came up through the lofty folding-doors to their place in the Hall. There, where the fischer of the Black Rod stood, and the gentlemen of the chamber came and went with golden chains about their necks, was bowing and scraping without stint, and reverent civility; for men that were wise and noble were passing by, men that were handsome and brave; and ladies sweet as if summer day, and as fair to see as spring, laughed by their sides and chatted behind their fans, or daintily nibbled comfits, lacking anything to say."

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S DISCOURSE. A Discourse for Christmas—Three Texts: Prosaic: Cheerful Conversation and Behavior, Proper Christian Investment, and a Great Spiritual Awakening. Text: "Wherefore doth a living man complain?" A cheerful interjectory in the most melancholy book of the Bible, Jeremiah writes to the Jews who were in captivity in Babylon, and who were in a state of despair. "Wherefore doth a living man complain?" "Wherefore doth a living man complain?" "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

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