

come here when you like; the grounds are open to every one."

"But it would be you I should come to see—only you. I do not make any false pretense. It is not because I think this spot more beautiful than any other, or because I like it better—it is that I may see you, speak to you, sun myself in your bright presence. Now do you say 'Yes'?"

Her face became grave, the golden light deepened in her eyes.

"Miss Gordon, do not refuse me. What your presence is to me I dare not say. Do not refuse me the greatest favor I have ever asked."

The pleading of his voice, the wistful expression on his face, touched her.

"If I see you here to-morrow morning," he repeated, "may I come?"

There was just a lingering idea in her mind that it would not be quite right—Miss Digby would not like it. That last reflection decided her.

"Yes," she replied, "if it pleases you, you may come."

And he said to himself that he had made wonderful progress that bright sunny morning; and those who knew how proud, how reserved Ethel Gordon was, would have agreed with him.

CHAPTER XII.

THE love-story enacted at St. Ina's Bay was a romantic one. Whatever might be the secrets and follies of Laurie Nugent's life, he was most certainly thoroughly in earnest now; whatever flirtations he might have indulged in, that was the one great master-passion of his life. It had taken complete possession of him. He would have given his life for the beautiful brown-haired girl whose smiles were like glimpses of Paradise to him. He would have given his life for her—yet he did not spare her, he had no pity for her, no remorse. His whole soul, every thought, every energy of his mind, was bent upon winning her; he seemed to have concentrated his very existence on that desire. But, knowing what he knew, why did he not spare her? Because his love was essentially selfish. He was capable of committing any crime for the sake of winning the girl he loved—he would have hesitated at nothing; but he was not capable of sparing her, of saving her from himself, of giving her up and leaving her. His love was utterly selfish.

He was frightened at himself, at the vehemence of his own passion, at its ascendancy over him. There were times when he almost loathed himself because a woman's smile could make his sun, or her frown his shade. There were times when he wondered if it were possible that he could be the same cynical, careless man who had laughed at love, and thought of it only as a pastime.

The day had no brightness for Laurie Nugent now until he had seen Ethel, he fell asleep with her name on his lips, he dreamt of her at night—fair, gracious, sweet, and winsome, yet so proud and reserved; he woke thinking of her, longing for the hour in which he should see her, thinking of a thousand pretty things he would say to her. The world was wide, the world was large, but in it all he saw only Ethel Gordon—proud, beautiful, bewitching Ethel. He caught himself repeating her name as the words of a song. It was as though he had gathered every force of his mind and soul together, and had centred them on her. Love with such a man, in such force, was rather a passion than an affection. He had sworn to himself that he would win her, that the sweet face should shine upon him and no other, that her lips should speak to him, and to no other, of love.

Yet with it all he was prudent. He seldom spoke to Ethel in the presence of Lady Station or Helen Digby; he knew that it would hardly be safe to do so—that, if they perceived any attention on his part, they would, after the fashion of chaperons, begin to make inquiries as to his position and his fortune—such inquiries as would not suit him. So, with skill and adroitness worthy of a better cause, he continued to keep the elder ladies quite in ignorance of his friendship with Ethel.

When Miss Gordon was with them, he passed with a bow; if he spoke to them, he contented himself by looking at her. When his heart beat, and his pulse throbbed with impatience, he comforted himself by saying that very soon she would be his, free from all restraints, from all surveillance. Yet, with all his prudence and caution, he had some narrow escapes.

One morning Helen Digby was restless, and even before the early dawn found herself unable to sleep; she had dreams that frightened her—uneasy dreams of Ethel Gordon; and she rose, thinking the morning air would refresh her, and drive the disagreeable phantoms away.

She went out on to the lawn, and there saw Ethel talking to Laurie Nugent. Ethel held in her hand some wild roses, round which was entwined a spray of blue convolvulus. Miss Digby went up to her; she bowed coldly to Mr. Nugent, and laid one hand warningly on the girl's shoulder.

"Ethel," she said, "I did not know that you were up and out."

"Did you not?" was the careless rejoinder. "I am out early every morning."

"I thought myself very fortunate in meeting Miss Gordon," said Laurie Nugent, with a coldly polite bow; "it is not often that ladies believe the morning air to be beneficial."

He passed on, as though he had only just stopped to exchange a morning greeting with Ethel, and then Helen Digby turned gravely to the young girl.

"My dearest Ethel," she said, "I do not like to seem officious, but your father trusted you entirely to me—so entirely that I feel bound to see that you form no new friendships unless they are such as he would sanction."

"My father never interfered with me in that way himself," interrupted Ethel, quickly.

"Perhaps not, my dear; but then the circumstances were different. You had none but old friends around you, you were not amongst strangers, and your father, of course, could do as he liked."

"Equally, of course, can I," said Ethel, proudly.

"Will you explain, Miss Digby, what you mean, and to what you are alluding?"

"Certainly I will, Ethel—plain speaking suits us both best. I saw you talking to Mr. Nugent; now I merely say, my dear child, be cautious."

"Cautious of what? Mr. Nugent is an acquaintance of yours, a friend of your friends, I have heard you say."

"I grant it; a woman of my age, Ethel, may form acquaintances that a young girl had better not form. I say nothing about Mr. Nugent—nothing against him, for I know nothing; but I think you had better avoid him."

"You will pardon me if I ask why," said Ethel; and Miss Digby saw the gleam of defiance on her beautiful face.

"In the first place, we know nothing of him, except that he is a friend of Lady Delamaine's; in the second, I tell you frankly, I do not like his face."

"Why do you not like it?" asked Ethel.

"I cannot tell. It looks to me like a false face."

It is not the face of a good man. There is cunning in the sharp eyes, and cruelty on the thin lips."

"You are prejudiced," said Ethel, coldly. "I have never heard of any sensible person disliking a man for the color of his eyes or the shape of his lips."

"Ethel, you will not understand me. It is not that. I say the expression of the face is bad, and I am sure it is not the face of a good man. Mind, I know nothing against Mr. Nugent; but Nature never made a mistake in her handwriting, and she has written 'Beware' on his face."

Ethel looked up at her, and the defiance deepened on her face.

"Before you fatigue yourself by arguing any further, Miss Digby, will you tell me in what way Mr. Nugent concerns me?"

There was such scornful pride in the beautiful eyes that Helen Digby hastened to explain herself more fully.

"I do not expect that there is anything clandestine between you, my dearest Ethel—I have never thought of such a thing. I only wish to warn you. You are very young; Mr. Nugent is very handsome—a perfect man of the world—and I think it best to warn you."

"You must be more explicit still, Miss Digby."

Helen Digby sighed. Her charge was terribly perverse.

"I wish to warn you very distinctly and clearly against Mr. Nugent, Ethel. You are very lovely, my dear, and naturally enough he must admire you. He may pay you compliments, and flatter you; do not believe him, do not trust him, do not put faith in anything he may say."

"You are supposing, Miss Digby, that I am not old enough to take care of myself?"

"No, Ethel; I am only supposing that you are inexperienced. I should not like Sir Leonard to think that I had not taken good care of you."

"And I should like to show that I was able to take better care of myself than you could of me," retorted Ethel; and with these words, proudly spoken, she walked away, leaving Helen Digby to her own reflections.

That was the turning of the scale: from that day the balance weighed in Laurie Nugent's favor. That Miss Digby disliked him, and had warned her against him, was quite sufficient to make Ethel Gordon like him and incline in his favor. Helen Digby could not have done anything more fatal than express distrust of him.

If Ethel could have acted as she liked, she would have talked to him more than before, and it would always have been in the presence of Miss Digby; but Laurie Nugent was wiser. He saw by Helen's face that she had not been quite pleased at seeing Ethel with him on the lawn.

"Discretion is the better part of valor," he said to himself. "If Miss Digby should suspect what I have sworn, she will take Ethel where I cannot follow, and then I must lose her; but, if I use a little self-control, she will not even suspect."

So, for the next few days, although it cost him more than he would have cared to acknowledge, he did not once approach Ethel—he did not even seek an opportunity of addressing her chaperon.

"She shall not think me eager; she shall find me perfectly indifferent," he said; and Ethel was surprised to find how much she missed him.

Helen Digby, like the noble, simple, unsuspecting woman she was, laughed at herself for her suspicion. It had been only a passing thought, an idea that came from seeing them together, which she laughed at now.

Laurie Nugent appeared to be sublimely indifferent to Ethel, and she, proud, cold and haughty, would never care for any one. Helen Digby was quite at her ease, and in a few days had forgotten the circumstance, or, if she remembered it, it was only with a smile.

(To be continued.)

PERRY'S OLD FLAGSHIP.

RAISING OF THE "LAWRENCE" FROM LAKE ERIE.

THE harbor of the city of Erie, Pa., was the scene of considerable interest and excitement on Tuesday, the 14th, the occasion being the raising of the hull of the *Lawrence*, the flagship of Commodore Perry in his memorable battle of Lake Erie, fought September 10th, 1813. The vessel was built, together with the *Niagara*, her sister ship—at the mouth of a ravine called the "Cascades," near where the water-works now are, her keel being laid by Mr. Dobbins, and the work being conducted under Perry's own supervision. After she was launched, she was towed over to "Misery Bay," where her masts were put in and her rigging set, and whence she started to meet the foe and cover herself with glory. She went into the fight on that September morning flying a flag with Lawrence's dying words, "Don't give up the ship!" emblazoned thereon, and after sustaining the combined attack of the enemy's fleet for hours, drifted out of the line a helpless wreck, her scuppers running blood, and her decks covered with the *débris* of her spars and rigging, and the dead and wounded bodies of eighty-two of her gallant crew.

On the deck of the *Lawrence* stood the gallant Perry when he led his little navy of nine vessels into the fight on the morning of September 10th, 1813. It was his flagship, and, with the exception of the *Niagara*, the only regular vessel-of-war in the fleet, the others having been built for trading. Perry had been laying in Put-in-Bay, near Sandusky, when he discovered the British squadron in the offing. Although the undertaking was a hazardous one, he promptly went out to meet the enemy. The naval supremacy on the lakes was a matter of much moment, and the gallant young commander eagerly seized the opportunity of the test of battle. The British fleet consisted of six vessels—two ships, one schooner, one brig and two smaller vessels—carrying 63 guns and 502 officers and men. Perry had two brigs and seven small vessels, with 54 guns and 490 officers and men. The English guns were of longer range than those of the Americans, and as soon as the fight commenced, the enemy concentrated the fire of the greater number of their guns upon the *Lawrence*, and by half-past two o'clock, out of 101 officers and men on board, only 19 were not disabled, and all her guns were rendered ineffective.

When the vessel was no longer habitable, Perry left the *Lawrence* and carried his flag to the *Niagara*, which lay half a mile to windward, crossing in his boat under a heavy fire. The combat, which lasted about three hours, resulted in a glorious victory for Perry, and completely established the American supremacy on the lakes. The dispatch to General Harrison, which Perry wrote on the back of an old letter, resting it on his navy cap—"We have met the enemy, and they are ours"—has become as celebrated an epigrammatic sentence as anything ever spoken by a Bonaparte or a Nelson.

After the battle the *Lawrence* was towed back to her birthplace, and anchored in the bay whence she had so recently set out, and here she remained,

a noble monument of that celebrated victory, until 1815, when she sunk at her anchors.

Some years ago an attempt was made to raise her for the purpose of equipping her for the merchant service, but having originally been calked with tow instead of oakum, her seams leaked so badly that it was found impossible to make her available for the purpose, and she was allowed to sink again to her resting-place on the sands of Misery Bay. More recently a company of gentlemen organized themselves into an association, purchased the old ship, and on Tuesday the 14th inst., she was raised again to the surface amidst the plaudits of crowds who had repaired to the spot to greet the heroic old craft which had so nobly carried the old flag, and whose decks had witnessed such acts of heroism and bravery. She was found lying on her starboard side, and with her timbers in a sound condition, although much of her port side had been carried away by relic-hunters who had sawed off her plank and knees on that side as she lay under water.

The operation of raising her was not a very difficult one as she lay just beneath the surface of the water. Four scows were stationed, two on each side of her frame, and with the usual appliances of cranes, levers, etc., she was brought to the surface and beached, where she will remain until arrangements can be made to float her through the canals to Philadelphia, where it is proposed to exhibit her at the Centennial.

SINGING TO JACK.

CHAPLAIN CLARKE of the United States receiving ship *Ohio*, stationed at the Charlestown (Mass.) Navy Yard, has been very active in providing interesting entertainments for the enlisted men during the past Summer. These have been given on the gun-deck, and consisted for the most part of excellent singing. Double quartets were furnished by the Apollo Club, which it will be remembered sang over Charles Sumner's grave, and thus the sailors, who have little to relieve the monotony of drill, have had the choicest vocal exercises in their floating dwelling. The gun-deck upon each occasion was decorated as only sailors can decorate, and a goodly company of ladies and invited guests swelled the audiences to agreeable proportions. The singers were Mr. Charles H. Small and Mr. E. R. Morse, first tenors; Mr. Edward Prescott and Mr. N. O. Whitcomb, second tenors; Mr. E. C. Moseley and Mr. C. H. Webb, first basses; Mr. George Isley and Mr. Henry Bates, second basses. The exercises were pleasantly interspersed with recitations and very brief addresses. So great has been the appreciation of the enterprise and so heartily have the singers responded to Chaplain Clarke's invitation, that it is considered probable that the concerts will be continued through the Fall and Winter.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

OF THE VARIOUS KINDS of nervous and dyspeptic ailments which medical men are constantly treating, Dr. S. Wilkes, of Guy's Hospital, finds at least six due to idleness to one from overwork.

THE FORTY-EIGHTH MEETING of the German Scientific and Medical Association will commence this year on the 17th of September at Graz (Austria). The two branches will be presided over by Drs. Rollet and Von Tuba, of that University.

A SCIENTIFIC AND AGRICULTURAL CONGRESS will be held at Palermo on the 29th. Many *savans*, particularly from Germany, have intimated their intention to assist at the proceedings. Father Secchi presides in the department of Astronomy.

AN EXTENSION of the application of the magnetic needle to the exploration of the deposits of iron ore in Sweden has been suggested by Mr. Thalen. He describes a method of determining approximately the area of the deposit, its thickness and its depth underground.

THERE IS A FISH which is used as a candle, and is caught on the coast of Alaska. It is about eight inches long, and is almost transparent, and very fat, with a pure, white fat that is very sweet. The Indians dry this fish, then light it at the tail, and it burns with a clear, sparkling flame which no wind can extinguish.

IN A LECTURE ON ACCIDENTAL EXPLOSIONS delivered before the Royal Institution, Professor Abel, F.R.S., chemical director at the Woolwich Arsenal, said that explosions not unfrequently are caused at flour-mills by the ignitions of mixtures of flour-dust and air. An accident of this kind destroyed the great flour-mills at Glasgow in 1872.

THE FACT has recently come to light in Germany that poisonous aniline dye is sometimes used to color the lining of hats. A hat with a brown leather lining was purchased at Stettin, near the Baltic Sea, by a gentleman, who began to suffer from inflammation of the head and eyes soon after he commenced wearing it. A chemical examination of the hat showed that the brown hue was imparted to the leather lining by means of a poisonous substance extracted from coal-tar, and the illness of the wearer was occasioned by the contact of the poison with his head.

THE LEAF-LIKE FIGURES which are so frequently found upon the bodies of men and animals struck by lightning are generally believed to be impressions of the foliage near the spot where the accident has occurred, made by the lightning in some manner analogous to the process of photography. There are strong reasons, however, in support of the proposition advanced by Mr. C. Tomlinson, F.R.S., that these figures are not derived from trees at all, but represent the fiery hand of lightning itself, the spray being traced by the main discharge, while the trunk-like branches proceed from the electric feelers first cast out, as it were, to find the line of least resistance. The sensation of cobwebs being drawn over the face, which has sometimes been felt by sailors just before their ship was struck by lightning, is by him attributed to these sprays of electricity preceding the main discharge. It is, nevertheless, true that an impression of neighboring metallic objects, such as a horse-shoe, for example, frequently occurs with marvelous distinctness upon the body of the person struck.

ACCORDING TO DR. THOMAS NICHOLSON, of New Orleans, if an animal be bled to death, say a dog or cat, and the blood of another dog or cat can be transfused into the animal, it will revive and live as thrifty as ever. But here is something new. The animal will not live again if the blood transfused be not from one of the *same species*. If cat-blood be transfused into a dog deprived of its blood, the dog will not revive, and *vice versa*. There is no exception to this fact. Now, why is this? The microscope reveals the wonder. When the blood of a cat is transfused into a periously bled dog, the whole mass of blood becomes *homogeneous*. The blood globules break up and flow together, and thus destroy the life of the animal. This always is the result. If, however, dog-blood be transferred into the dog, he leaps into new life, and wags his tail as happily as ever. This is an important fact, and an absolute demonstration of the unity of species, and a verification of the doctrine that animals were created in species, and do not come into existence by evolution or natural selection. This discovery is the key to the solution of the vexed speculations as to the origin of the species, and emblazons the initial pages of Moses with new attractions for the naturalist and scientific thinker.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

JOHN G. WHITTIER is 67.

THE ex-Empress Eugénie is 49.

THE Grand Vizier of Turkey receives a salary of £30,000 per year.

JOHN B. HOOD, Lieutenant-General in the Confederate army, is transformed into a quiet Louisiana planter.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL PIERREPONT, as Superintendent of the national outrage factory, does not give satisfaction to its traveling agents.

GOVERNOR GASTON of Massachusetts is the first Democrat chosen to the Executive Chair since Marcus Morton was elected by one majority in 1843.

THE voice of prophecy long ago asserted that the wolf would dwell with the lamb, but conjecture was never so sanguine as to imagine that Gambetta and Thiers would affiliate.

THE Vanderbilt University at Nashville will be dedicated, October 1st, to Christian education, by Dr. Deems, of New York; to patriotism, by Congressman Lamar, of Mississippi; and to popular education, by Dr. Lipscomb, of Georgia.

DR. HORATIO STONE, the sculptor, according to a dispatch from the United States Consul at Carrara, Italy, is so ill that his physicians see no hope of his recovery. The statue of Senator Baker, of Oregon, ordered by the Forty-third Congress, had just been completed by him.

IN the private study of the Emperor of Germany there is a calendar which he consults every morning, containing, under dates, brief notes on important events in his life that occurred on the same day of the year. There is also to each day a text from the Bible and a motto from his favorite poets.

M. BUFFET, the French Premier, was born in 1818, and entered political life at the close of the Revolution of 1848 as a Conservative. He served about three months under the late Empire as Minister of Finance in M. Olivier's reform Cabinet. He is a strong advocate of liberal measures, and has been President of the Assembly since Marshal MacMahon succeeded M. Thiers.

THE venerable John Bright is said to be the handsomest man in the British Parliament. Of late years his hair has turned from iron gray to spotless white. His figure is stout, heavy and unwieldy; but he has a broad, lofty forehead, firm, clear-cut mouth, wonderfully fine eyes, and with an earnestness and a strong democratic mind that combine to make him generally popular and an acceptable "tribune of the people."

DR. RANSOM, President of the Constitutional Convention of North Carolina, is a native of Virginia, a physician by profession, and an old line Whig by political choice. When in the State Senate he vigorously opposed several schemes advocated by the representatives of his party, and at the expiration of his service he found himself shut out of the Republican fold. Early in the late campaign he announced himself an independent candidate for the Convention, and was elected by 200 majority, receiving the support of the Republicans and Democrats alike.

FREILIGRATH, the distinguished German critic, in speaking of one of Walt Whitman's works, says: "It is fitting that our poets and thinkers should have a closer look at this strange new comrade who threatens to overturn our entire *Ars Poetica* and all our theories and canons on the subject of aesthetics. When we have grown familiar with the deep, resounding roar of these, as it were, surges of the sea in their unbroken sequence of rhapsodical verses breaking upon us, then will our ordinary verse-making, our system of forcing thought in all sorts of received forms, our playing with ring and sound, our syllable-counting and measure of quantity, our sonnet-writing and construction of strophes and stanzas, seem to us almost childish."

HON. JAMES B. GROOME, who is soon to step from the gubernatorial chair of Maryland, was born in Elkton, Cecil County, Md., April 4th, 1838. He has always been a Democrat, and with others succeeded in keeping up the organization, so that, from a majority of 2,000 in the county in 1861, the Republicans steadily lost ground until 1866, when they were entirely beaten. In 1867 he was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention, and in 1871 he was elected to the Legislature. He was re-elected in 1873, and when Governor Whyte was chosen United States Senator, Mr. Groome was advanced to the Executive Chair by a vote of seventy-five in joint ballot, to eighteen for his Republican competitor. As a quiet, earnest and effective plodder he has few superiors. It is understood that he will resume the practice of law as particularly applicable to railroad interests.

JOSEPH GUIBORD, whose remains were denied burial in the Catholic cemetery at Montreal, introduced stereotyping into this country, and was a man of great mechanical ingenuity. He was sixty-two years old at the time of his death, November 18th, 1869. Two or three years after the establishment of the "Institut Canadien" he united with it, and when it refused to destroy certain books in the library, the Bishop anathematized all the members. Guibord popped a large number of his associates to appeal to the Pope, but was taken seriously ill before an answer was received. The Bishop directed a priest to take his dying confession, and after that to refuse to administer extreme unction. After his death the Bishop forbade interment in consecrated ground. The Institut procured legal counsel, and an order from the Privy Council of Great Britain for the burial of the remains in the cemetery. This peremptory reply drew from the Bishop a threat to curse any portion of the cemetery in which the body might at any time be interred. The bones are still without a permanent resting place.

GENERAL E. KIRBY SMITH has been elected Professor of Mathematics in the University of the South, at Seawane, Tenn. He is a native of Florida, a graduate of West Point, a veteran of the Mexican and Comanche Wars, and a man of deep religious convictions. He was in the Confederate service from the time of Florida's secession until May 26th, 1865, when he surrendered to General Canby. His career was specially brilliant in a military sense. He saved the Confederate army at Manassas, captured Lexington and Frankfort, Ky., marched to within a few miles of Cincinnati, and as Commander of the entire Trans-Mississippi Department his operations were of the most important character, notwithstanding the almost continual annoyances General Bragg subjected him to. After the surrender of Lee, Johnston and Taylor, General Smith besought a convention of the Governors of Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and Missouri, for the purpose of receiving fresh orders, all communication with President Davis having been severed. He was advised to surrender; but believing that a successful stand might even then be made, he held out, even in the face of wholesale desertions, occasioned by what the rank and file considered the termination of the war. Upon taking final leave of his troops he urged them to resume the occupation of peace at their earliest opportunity, to yield obedience to the laws, and to strive by counsel and example to restore order and insure security to life and property. He was one of the few really successful generals of the war, and for this very reason jealous associates in the field neglected no chance of assailing his integrity and belittling his vast services. The University has greatly honored itself by choosing him as one of its professors.