

THE CROAKER.

When it ain't a-go'in' to blow, It'll snow, It'll snow!

THE ABANDONED HOUSE.

FOR fifteen years I passed nearly every day, and sometimes twice a day through a little street situated at the extreme limit of the Faubourg St. Germain, and ending in one of those magnificent boulevards which radiate about des Invalides. It was one of those very rare Parisian by-ways where there is not a single shop. I do not know a more tranquil spot.

shook the trees. I felt a large drop of rain on my hand. I was obliged to make all haste to get home. Some days afterward I was in the Casino at Dieppe with some jolly companions, and took part in an animated discussion upon music. I praised popular airs, which spring spontaneously from an innocent sentiment. In aid of my theory, I related my adventure.

I had been moved at the news of the singer's death, and I could not hide from him the instinctive antipathy which I felt toward Lobanof. "Behold, you people of imagination!" cried the prince. "You were charmed for an instant by this woman's voice, and you feel a posthumous love for her, and a retrospective jealousy of my poor friend. I own to you that I have always thought Basil a more sensual than sensible man, more passionate than tender; but I have seen him since poor Ida's death, and he is a prey, I assure you, to the most horrible and sincere despair. When I expressed my sympathy to him, he cast himself in my arms, and repeated to me, as he wept on my shoulder, that he could live no longer. And it was not pretence. He goes at once to Senegal, to join the Jackson mission, a party of explorers, who will bury themselves, probably forever, in frightful Africa. That is not common, you will own. It is to be feared that fever or cholera, or a shot from the gun of a savage, will end the poor boy's life and sorrows. "Back back, I beg you, your rash and premature judgment upon him. Besides, he had before his departure an idea which should certainly seem affecting to you. That pavilion, where he has been so happy and so unhappy, belongs to him. Well, he has closed it forever. Basil wishes that no living being should ever again penetrate that abode of love and sorrow. You can pass there now, and see the house fall into ruin, and on the day when they put a notice upon it, on that day you can say, 'Basil Lobanof is dead.'"

"I should have suspected him. It seems that he forgot his dead love at once." "Oh no," replied the prince. "Basil is not so guilty as that. Wild with grief after her death, he would, for good or bad go with the party, and he set out for Senegambia. But on the sixth day of their march he fell seriously ill and was taken to St. Louis by a caravan, in the greatest agony. There he recovered—but it was not his fault. His friends profited by his weakness and lack of energy to carry him back to Europe, and since then, after waiting a long time, he has consoled himself."

ODD ACCIDENTS. STRANGE RECORDS OF FATALITIES AND CASUALTIES. What an Examination of the Vital Statistics Issued by the New York Board of Health Discloses.

by a snowball and one by being struck in the chest by a baseball. One girl died from falling while jumping rope. Among the deaths due to suffocation one was caused by swallowing artificial teeth, four by beans becoming lodged in the larynx, three by bed clothing, three by bones in the bronchus, three by buttons in the pharynx, one by grain in a grain car, one by swallowing the head of a walking stick, one in a bin of bran, two in bins of malt, one in a diving bell, one in the cession of the Brooklyn Bridge and one in a manger of hay. The most common cause of deaths by suffocation is due to smoke at fires and the lodgement of food in the trachea.