was always in advance, holding upon her left arm her child, and upon the right, her pallid head. Thus they all arrived before the murderer's chateau. Comorre, who had seen them coming, had ordered the port-cullis drawn up. Saint Veltas drew near with the dead one, and cried in a loud voice, "Count de Cornovaille, I bring thee back thy wife in the state which thy wickedness has placed her, and thy child, such as God has given him to thee. Wilt thou receive them under thy roof?"

Comorre kept silence.

Saint Veltas repeated the words a second time, then a third, and as no voice answered him, he took the child from the dead woman's arm and placed him on the ground. Then one saw a marvel which proved the power of God, for the child walked alone freely to the borders of the ditch, took a handful of sand, and throwing it toward the chateau, cried:

"The Trinity does justice!"

At the same moment the towers shook with a great noise, the walls fell open, and the whole chateau sank down upon itself, burying the Count of Comorre and all those who had assisted him in his crimes. Saint Veltas then replaced the head of Triphyna upon her shoulders, laid his hands upon her, and the holy woman returned to life, to the great contentment of the king of Vannes and of all those who were present.

Noticeable Articles.

That gossiping weekly paper, the London World, contains from week to week a series of articles entitled, "Celebrities at Home," written up by professional "interviewers"; for the trade of interviewing is almost as flourishing in England as in America. The "celebrity" of the current number is the Marquis of Abergavenny, K.G., at Eridge Castle. First comes an elaborate account of the castle itself, situated in its magnificent park of ten thousand acres, and seven miles long, near Tunbridge, on the borders of Kent and Sussex; and very beautiful this great estate must be. "In the wild, uncultivated character of this deer-park lies one of its peculiar charms, with its long, winding grass-drives cut through the bracken; and it recalls to you the fact that it was a chase before the Conquest, forming a part of Waterdown Forest, and is one of the oldest in England. It is calculated that the grass-drives, roads, and walks measure no fewer than seventy miles in extent." And all for the pleasure of one nobleman! It suggests thoughts as to one of the burning political questions in England at the present day.

The Marquis himself is the representative of one of the few remaining real old noble families of England,—the Nevills. "His first known progenitor was Gilbert de Nevill, or de Nova Villa, an admiral of William the Conqueror's fleet,"—that is to say, one of the real old Norman pirates,—and he is directly descended from Ralph, first Earl of Westmoreland, by his second marriage with Joan, daughter of John of Gaunt, the time honored Lancaster of Shakespeare's Richard II. One of Ralph's children was Cicily, afterward Duchess of York, and mother of Edward IV. From this 'princess of spotless character,' called the 'Rose of Raby' for her beauty, and 'Proud Cis' for her hauteur, are descended three Kings of England, four Princes of Wales, four Kings and three Queens of Scotland, two Queens of France, one Queen of Spain, and one Queen of Bohemia; and "in the family there have been," continues the proud interviewer, "one duke, one marquis, fifteen earls, barons and lords a numberless company, seventeen Knights of the Garter, six Lord High Chancellors, two Archbishops, etc.," the etc. no doubt embracing a great many very insignificant persons. The insignificant, untitled reader is a little overpowered; but it leads to the reflection how much of the interesting detail of English history lies in the story of these noble families, and one would like to see Rowland's "History of the House of Nevill."

Mr. Howard Evans, in that remarkable little book, "Our Old Nobility," in which the history and the land-owning monopoly of the English aristocracy are so unsparingly shown up, is very contemptuous in regard to the Abergavenny branch of the Nevill's, and quotes lines which have the ring of Browning, about

"Partridge breeders of a thousand years,
Who have mildewed in their thousands, doing nothing."

They certainly have been well rewarded for doing nothing, for the present marquis has a comfortable property of 28,127 acres, lying about in seven differ-