CHAPTER I.

Stirkbridge was a village in one of the English midland counties. It was a quiet, old fashioned place, looking clean and pictur esque, with its whitewashed cot ages, cobbly causeways, quaint old church, and long stretches of green sward bordering the road upon which it stood. Half a mile beyond it was a small though thickly set wood, belonging, as did the village itself, to Mr. Robert Brotherton of The Towers.

Mr. Brotherton was not popular in the village. He was rarely at home in the large house with the high tower, from which the -country could be seen for miles around, situated at one end of Stirkbridge, and which was his nominal residence, and when he did occasionally, for a few weeks, occupy The Towers, his haughty manner to the willagers, and the indifference he displayed to the small grievances in which they sometimes wished to interest him, as their land-

lord, did not prepossess them in his favour. For twenty years Mr. Brotherton, having succeeded his father at the age of thirty-five, had owned The Towers and the estate be longing to it, unwedded; and he had come to be regarded as a confirmed bachelor. When at length it became known that at the ripe age of fifty five he was about to marry, a considerable amount of surprise and curiosity was manifested, especially as the bride speech. was rumoured to be a young foreign lady of great beauty. The marriage never came off. On the morning preceding the day on which Mr. Brotherton should have proceeded from Stirkbridge to London to claim his bride, he persons near to regard him with redoubled was found dead in Stirkbridge Wood.

The sleepy old village was roused to a ferment of excitement, especially when day after day passed without bringing the discovery of any clue to the murderer. That the act had not been suicidal, was proved by the fact that the wound which had been the cause of the death was such as could not have been self-inflieted. In spite of the unpopularity of the victim, the utmost interest was evinced in the steps taken by the authorities for the detection and capture of the perpatrator of the crime. But he remained at large, unpunished, his crime one of those mysterious deeds which now and again bafile the most strenuous efforts of the police, and by-and-by Stirkbridge, becoming unable to extract fresh matter for discussion from the subject, let it drop, relapsing into its former condition of bucolic tranquillity.

Twenty years passed, bringing with them few changes to the village. The owner of The Towers now was a nephew of the late Mr. Brotherton, who had inherited the whole of his uncle's property. He never resided at The Towers, disliking a country life, and, unlike Mr. Brotherton, he was accustomed to let the house. The last tenant, who had now been in possession more than five years, had taken the place on a long lease. He was not an Englishmanno one knew exactly what his nationality was, some saying Spanish, some Italianbut his English was tolerably well spoken, he having in boyhood lived much in England. He was, in appearance, except for the doing to the house, and a few little alteraremarkable brilliancy of his dark deep set | tions that I think it would be more coneyes, an old man, grey haired, hollowcheeked, wrinkled, and bent in form. His They will not take long to do, perhaps a manner of living was plain in the extreme. The Towers was a large house, and during its occupation by other tenants it had possessed a large staff of servants, but Mr. Stranghnessy employed only three—a housekeeper, a housemaid, and a page, with there?" she respectfully inquired. occasional help from a village gardener. He ramble through the wood, or when upon have my meals brought from the Red Lion, shrieks in which was a sharp tone of terror. for the day, being seen outside his grounds, can be got to attend here an hour or so a and refusing admittance to all visitors. He day.' was considered odd, eccentric, "a bit touched," by the villagers, though Mrs. Driffield, trying to prevent the surprise she was teel his housekeeper, said he seemed sane enough, | ing expressing itself upon her face. Mr. a little perhaps because of the strictness | Straughnessy was reversing the order of with which he preserved his seclusion, but things to which she had been accustomed. not the result of an accident -- they completechiefly because of a strange habit they had At her other situations, repairs had been ly threw Mrs. Duffield off her balance. She learnt from his servants he indulged in.

long, low apartment, from which a narrow behind. "And when are we to go, please, ed an unpleasant qualm, remembering that winding staircase led to the tower, which sir?" had been built to satisfy a whim of old Mr. Brotherton's, the murdered man's father. In Straughnessy. "As soon as you can manage so stiff and still, incapable alike of commitpart of his time, and since his occupation of you think ?" the house no one but himself had been allowed within it, he locking the door both | sir; just time enough to write and let our bridge, where small things were hugely mag. | lebnified by gossiping tongues, and where the "Then we will say three days from now, dearth of larger interests made even the most | that wilf be Thursday," interrupted Mr. trivial doings of its inhabitants established | Straughnessy. "That will do quite well and continuous subjects for conversation, for me." and Mr. Stranghnessy and his mysterious chamber came to be looked upon by some of prespect of a holiday, but their pleasure did his humbler neighbours with a certain | not prevent them experiencing and express

amount of awe. was intensely superstitious, believing Friday | bouring village. to be an unlucky day, and being unwilling to travel upon it, he had put off his journey until the week following.

October 1, 18 -, was a fine bright day, the sky but sparsely flecked with clouds, the atmosphere warmer than is usual for sleeping at The Towers, their meals served that time of the year. About noon, several people were in Stirkbridge Red Lion, and a woman from the village abation, waiting for a couple of trains which were shortly due within a few minutes of each other. They stared hard when Mr. Strangmessy's bent figure slowly meandered on to the platform, but no one ventured to address him, and to none did he vouchsafe a greating. He stood looking aimlessly down the line in the direction from which his train was expected, apparently oblivious of interior of The Towers was the same as when his abstraction by the approach of a gentle- tions of the house that had seemed most startled Mrs. Driffeld and the doctor. man-a short, stout, good-tempered-looking man ha clergyman's garb-who had just entered the station, and who in hearty

genial tones soco: ted him. "Good-morning, Mr. Straughnessy," he said, holding out his hand, into which Mr. Strangbnessy very reluctantly placed his Glad to see you out a fine morning like this. Better for you if you took a little a tendercy to a dr zz ing rain, had prevailed ''Oz, sir !' she gain ejaculated.

trip somewhere more often. Eh! Don't you think so? By the way," with a jovial laugh, "I have a commission to perform in which you are concerned-a special message to you from a lady.

A suspicious frown from the old man rewarded this sally, and bending his shaggybrowed visage close to the smooth face of the reverend gentleman, he shot upon him a glance, so threatening, so uncanny, so malicious, as to cause him involuntarily to shrink back. In a moment, however, the good-natured parson recovered his usual

equanimity. "Poor old fellow!' he thought. "If he continues in his unhealthy secluded style of living he will go from bad to worse-from a little queerness to dangerous madness. Nothing like moping for unhinging the brain." Aloud he continued: "My wife declares she is thoroughly offended. You have refused to see us twice lately when we have called at The Towers. You have refused to visit us. And she wants you to atone by attending our bsziar next week.

What do you say? Will you come?" Mr. Straughnessy advanced still closer to his interlocutor, and his thin lips parted in a repulsive grin, revealing his gleaming teeth, as in peculiar guttural tones he enunciated the following extraordinary

"A death's head at a feast. A keleton upon the hearth. A madman at a bazaar. An! Ah! Ah!" the end of the peal rising almost to a shrick, and causing several

"Good Heavens!" thought the vicar. "He's worse, fifty times worse, than he was three months ago. He's simply frightful, beyond the reach of any influence of mine, I'm afraid." And with the hasty remark, "Ah, my train, I see; good morning," the Rev. John Barristaw hurried off.

As near an approach to a smile as was ever to be seen on Mr. Straughnessy's grim countenance now momentarily played upon

"I think I've settled him at last," he muttered. "Confound him. He's taken a vast amount of time learning his lesson of leaving me alone. Year after year has he pestered me in this way. While his lady wife, with her airs, and her graces, and her subscription lists, hanging about my doors, has driven me nearly mad-nearly made me the old lunatic the intelligent villagers imagine me to be. Well, well: I think I've settled the Ray. John Barristaw now. And, still mumbling to himself, he climbed into his train and was carried away.

One morning, a month after the occurrence of this little episode, as Mrs. Driffield, after receiving her master's orders for the day, was about to retire from the diningroom, where her daily audience with him usually took place, he called her back, saying he had some pleasant news for her.

"I am going to give you a little holiday, Mrs. Dr ffield," he said; "you and the other servants as well. I want a few repairs venient to have done while it was empty. week or a fortnight-and I am going to give you a fortnight's holiday."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," said Mrs. Driffield. "But some one will be wanted just to look after the place a bit, sir, won't

"I shall do that," replied Mr. Straughlived in almost hermit-like seclusion, never, | nessy. "I am not going away myself; I except for an infrequent early morning wish to superintend the workmen. I shall rupted by a succession of loud piercing certain state occasions he lett Stirkbridge and I daresay some woman from the village | Coming as they did-with such startling

"Yes, sir, no doubt," agreed Mrs. Driffield, | conducted, along with painting, etc., during | sank trembling into the nearest chair, utter The largest room in The Towers was a the family's absence, the servants remaining ly unnerved, while even Dr. Loton experienc-

this room Mr. Straughnessy spent the greater to get ready. How long would that be, do ting good or ill.

apon entering and leaving it. Such a pro- friends know when to expect us, and to get ceeding could scarcely fail to arouse some | ready for us. We're none of us Stickbridge curiosity, particularly in a place like Stirk. | folks, you see, sir, so we have just to

The servants were well pleased at the ing some wonder as to the motive for which The comsions upon which Mr. Straughnessy | their master thus sent them off. They did was accustomed to leave Stirkbridge were | not accept his reason as the correct one. when, once a quarter, he went to Berri They had heard no previous mention of chester, a manufacturing town fifty miles alterations, and there was little repairing distant. What was the purpose of his visits needed. Their suspicions naturally jumped to Berrichester was not known, but regu- to the conclusion that the mysterious closed larly, with one exception, since his coming chamber had something to do with Mr. to Stirkbridge had he, the first week in Straughnessy's desire to be rid of them, but January, April, July, and October, made his | whether their conjecture was well founded excursions thither. The one exception had or not they had no means of judging, and been when nearly a week of soaking wet when Thursday came round they departed, wanther had come one October, only one day, Mrs. Daffield and the boy, who was her Friday, being tolerably fine; and Mr. | nephew, to visit some friends at Berriches-Stranghnessy among his other peculiarities | ter; the housemaid to her home in a neigh-

> Upon the morning of the Monday following, Mr. Straughnessy left by train for Ber richester, returning in the afternoon accompanied by a couple of workmen and some luggage. For several days the men remained, along with Mr. Straughnessy's from the attending for an hour or two a day. After their departure Mr. Straughnessy continued

as before until the return of his servants. Mrs. Deiffield was curious to notice whether the alterations mentioned, but not specified by Mr. Straughnessy, had been carried out ; but, so far as she could see, the in need of improvement were unchanged, and she came to the conclusion that the work done had been, as she had anticipated, within the mysterious chamber.

CHAPTER II.

It was a raw November night. Fog, with | ing tones.

throughout the day, and the roads of Stirkbridge were saturated and the cobbles darkened with moisture. It was nine o'clock, and with the exception of a solitary figure hurrying along the High Street, no one seemed to be abroad The lights of lamp and fire were shining from many a cottage window, and the sound of loud laughter, and of the clinking of glasses, came through the doors of the Rei Lion.

from The Towers, and, judging from the with which he came dashing up the street dying oath of it, sir." without overcoat or umbrella, his errand was an urgent one. About the middle of foolish girl, you have let your imaginathe village was the house of Dr. Loton, the tion run away with you." And he turned Stirkbridge medical practitioner, and it was on his door step the boy paused.

He rang the bell, inquired for Dr. Loton,

and was told the doctor was within. "The master's been taken ill," he gasped, his breath coming quick and short, "very ill. They think 'e's poisoned 'imself."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated the man who had answered the door. "Well, I for one am not surprised. He was a queer up, was Mr. Straughnessy. I'll tell the doctor a question. at once. Lucky 'e 'appens to be in."

Dr. Loton was informed his services were in immediate request at The Towers, and drawing on his top coat he at one proceeded | plied the doctor. "It is tolerably clear he thitherwards, in company with the boy. Swiftly striding along, he questioned his com- Whether the laudanum was administered panion as to the circumstances surrounding with suicidal intention or not, is not at all the case. He elicited the facts that the clear; but either way, an inquest would be poison taken was laudanum, and that Mr. held. As I saw him first, I think you say, Straughnessy had been accustomed to induce | was as you found him." sleep by its means, though never, as upon door by Mrs. Driffield, who, pale and dis. dinner at twelve, supper at eight,-but composed, ushered bim upstairs to Mr. he hadn't come down; so after wait-Straughnesey's bedchamber, the room in ing nearly half an hour, I came up to grey and pinched, he was a ghastly sight.

"He is dead," he said quietly. "Dead !" repeated the housekeeper. "That was what I feared."

doctor inquired. "I saw him just after dinner to day, sir,"

"Did you notice anything strange in his demeanor! Did he seem in his usual spirits ! -not depressed at all?

replying, her fingers nervously twisting the is nothing further I can do fringe of her black silk apron.

length; "but that he often was. He wasn't one to talk much to his servants. Now I thirk of it, though," he did look graver than | "don't be so foolish. Take my word for it, ordinary."

Dr. Loton meditatively rubbed his chin with his hand, a habit of his when thinking. He remembered how many times he had heard Mr. Straughnessy spoken of as not being in the full possession of his mental faculties, though Mr. Barristaw had often asserted he was merely a little odd-nothing It was Mr. Brotherton, or his ghost. And more. Even the vicar, however, had latterly run with the popular verdict, giving as his reason for the changing of his opinion an account of his last interview with the old man, when he had been both shocked and startled by the wildness of his manner and words. He (the doctor) was strongly inclined to suspect Mr. Straughnessy a death had not been caused by an accidental over. is all moonshine." doss—as the housekeeper upon first seeing him had suggested-but that it was a case of suicide—suicide while in an unsound state

The tenor of his thoughts was here intersuddeness, breaking the before undisturbed quiet of the house, and following closely upon her introduction to the idea she plainly saw Dr. Loton entertained, and which had not presented itself to her mind before, that Mr. Straughnessy's death was suicidal and strange stories had been circulated through | know what strange ways he had. I haven't "The sooner the better," replied Mr. | the village concerning the man who now lay

Meanwhile the housemaid and the page "Two or three days would be long enough, had been sitting together by the kitchen fire. They had been discussing their master's sud- last many a year. den illness, his strange ways, the mysterious locked room, and by-and-by-though smile. "You are a sensible woman, Mrs. this was not in connection with Mr. Straughnessy, save as one weird topic leads to say you will have heard of the strange another of like kind-the murder in Strik- tricks imagination semetimes plays even on bridge Wood. For some time they had sat | the strongest of us. Mary had been a little thus, then Mary, remembering there were upset by the suddenness of Mr. Straughcertain duties she had forgotton, in the nessy's death, and so became an easy prey flurry consequent upon the discovery of Mr. Straughnessy's condition, to perform in Mrs. Driffield's room and her own, rose and left Mrs. Driffield, and at a distance by Mary, the kitchen for the purpose of attending to | who preferred comparative nearness to the

her neglected work'. She ascended to the rooms, which were ing in the death-chamber alone. Directed by near together, by the back or servants' the housekeeper, he ascended the staircase; but after completing her task, stairs at the end of the passage, she found that her candle, which she had to the landing above, and with carelessly snatched up from the kitchen quick, firm steps approached the large table without remarking its shortness, was | apartment, from which a narrow winding burning so low that the movement of carry- staircase led up to the tower. He was a tol ing it downstairs would be likely to extin- erably brave man, but a chill of-if not ex guish it. The back staircase was in dark- actly fear, some feeling akin to it-passed ness, but the front stairs, leading past the over him as he looked through the doorclosed room, were faintly lit by a lamp half-open, as Mary had left it-and beheld shining from one of the landings, so she what was within, while Mrs. Driffield, who determined to return to the kitchen by the was close behind him, drew back with a

Blowing out her candle, she ran down a The room, save for a faint haze at the

door was sjar.

Mrs Driffield ! Cl, Mrs. Driffield!"

"What is it, Mary ?' said Mrs. Driffield.

"Try and tell us, there's a good girl." "I've seen a ghost," said the girl, with a convulsive shudder, and a glance of apprehen sion towards the dccr, as if in expectance of the appearance of the cause of her fright, "Mr. Brotherton's ghost. Him as was mur dered. I couldn't be mistaken, 'she continued, vehemently, seeing a faint smile curl the doctor's lips. "I knew Mr. Brotnerton by The solitary wasfarer was the page boy sight when I was a girl. I remember him as plain as ever. It was him or his ghost I saw alarmed expressionof his face and the speed up in the master's room, I could take my | body, a bullet entering his chest and out at

towards Mrs. Driffield. "You must assist me to place the body on the bed, please, Mrs. Driffield," he said. will be better there. And Mary, you may be required to lend us a helping hand,"

Mrs. Driffield did as she was requested, but Mary shaking with nervous fright, was unable to render any assistance whatever. The body removed, Dr. Loton was about to leave, when Mrs. Driffield stopped him with

"Will there be an inquest?' she asked

"I don't see how it can be avoided," redied from an everdose of laudanum.

"Yes, sir; exactly like that. His this occasion. before retiring for the night. supper had been laid, and the gong sounded Arriving at The Towers he was met at the | -he kept very old-fashioned hours, side. Huddled up in the chair, his face was drawn down, the lamp lit, and he was lying in the chair just as you saw him, sir. The doctor took the nerveless hand hong- I spoke to him, and touched him, because I ing over the chair in his. After a while, thought at first he was asleep; but when I bent down-I am rather short sighted, sirand looked closer, and saw what his facwas like, and noticed the bottle, that in the "When did you last see him alive?" the morning had been nearly full, empty, I thought he was ill-had perhaps taken too much laudanum as I'd heard of people doing, and I sent Tom for you at once, sir."

"You did quite right," replied the doctor. "Well," with a last look, before leaving, at Mrs. Driffield considered a moment before | the pale face on the bed, "I think there the matter at present, so I will "He was very quiet, sir," she said at wish you good-night, Mrs. Driffield. Come, come, my girl,' no added, to Mary, seeing she was still in a great state of terror ghosts don't exist out of anyone's imagina-

"But I saw it, sir," she insisted, "with my own eyes. It was no fancy. I wasn't thinking anything about ghosts, nor nothing like them, until I saw it all shining like out of the darkness at the end of the room. I must leave the house. I wouldn't stay another night in it for worlds."

"What! Will you leave Mrs. Driffield all alone here except for the boy? Surely you cannot be so selfish-so silly. Come, take me with you to the room you speak of, and see if I don's show you your supposed ghost

"On, I daren's go there again, sir. daren's if I was killed for not going," cried Mary emphatically.

"Teil me how I can find it, then," he said. He thought that perhaps if he inspected the apartment and found the cause of the girl's fright-some trifling thing he had no doubt it would prove to be-he might be able to set her fears at rest. It would, he knew, be extremely inconvenient to Mrs. Driffield for Mary to leave her just then, and he wished, if possible, to induce

"I can show you the way, sir," said Mrs. much faith in ghosts and such like myself; but still," shaking her head, "the master was a queer man, and there's no knowing what he may have had in a room that no one-none of us, anyway-has been in this

"Pooh! pooh!" said Dr. Loton with a Driffield; surely you are not afraid. I dare to hallucinations. That is all."

He went out into the passage, followed by scene of her fright, in company, to remain-

short flight of steps connecting the landing further end, was in darkness; and on which was her room with the front stair- from out the darkness two figures case, and arrived opposito the mysterious seemed to shine as if containing light chamber. Great was her astonishment at in themselves and being independent seeing that the hitherto jealously locked of the darkness around them. One of them Dr. Loton recognised at once as the former She spood-fascinated by a desire, now owner of The Towers-the man murdered that the opportunity lay before her, of in Stirkbridge Wood. The other was a mastering the secret hitherto hidden, but stranger to him-a handsome youth, with a repelled by a certain sense of awe-staring dark, foreign-looking face, glowing black with wide-open eyes at the door. She longed, eyes, and strongly marked brows. They apvet dreaded, to approach it, and after a peared to be standing upon the spot upon while-after a good deal of hesitation-she | which the body had been found -there were did draw near to the room, and pushing the | the two larch trees, with the little mossy path door further back looked in. It was the running between them-and there was fierce terrified acreams she emitted upon seeing anger depicted upon both faces, but especially all around him, until he was startled from she left it a fortnight ago. Those por what the interior contained, that had so upon that of the younger man, one of whose hands was in the act of drawing a knife, that Uttering shrick after shrick she fled away had apparently been concealed on his person, down the stairs to the room in which she from beneath his coat. Like a flash came believed Mrs. Drifield still was, bursting in the conviction to Dr. Loton's mind that with an effeighted cry of "Oh, sir! Oh, what he saw was the scene of the murder, and that the clive complexioned man with the "What is the metter? What has a arm knife was the long-sought murderer. He did ed you?" asked he doctor in quiet, sooth not wonder at Mary's fright. There stood the exact image of Mr. Brotherton, lifelike and yet with an inanimation and a curious

heze about him, unlifelike and shining out from the darkness in an unlifelige manner.

TO BE CONTINUED

Shot Through the Body.

Apropos of the projected exhibition of Waterloo relics at Drury Lane, a correspondent writes to the London "Globa": One incident may interest your readers before they see the watch of a hero who fell that day, June 18. He was shot through the the back. To say the least, it is not a "Nonsense," replied the doctor. "You wound one would like, and the doctors of those days had some rules to go by. We hear now of marvellous wounds, operations, and cures, and the victim recovers; but at Waterloo you were shot shrough the body; therefore you were, in the eyes of the medico, a dead man, and our "hero" was told so. He still retained conciousness, and replied, "Take this watch to my brother and—tell him-" more was not said, he fell back insensible. The calls and shricks of the wounded, the flying shot from Wellington's pursuing army generally confused the surgoon, and after the search for the dead was made he forgot where he had left the man who was shot through the body; therefore, the watch remained in his possession. After the war, he was ordered to join a regiment in Canada, with no opportunity of finding the dead man's brother, as he thought, and the watch went with him to Canada. Three years later our hero, having recovered in some wonderful way (perhaps because he was left alone), was at a dinner party at Bith, and heard, amid a dead silence of interest, the story of his death related, and his own valued property exhibited to the assembled company. It came round at last to him, and to the surprise of the surgeon, and everybody present he said, which he had been found, lying back in an his room. I knocked several times and at "Oh, then you are the man who stole the easy chair, motionless and rigid, with an last, being afraid something was wrong, I | watch ! 'Had a ghost from Waterloo appearempty bottle labelled "Poison" lying by his opened the door and came in. The blind ed they could not have been more startled. However, a shake of the hand, with 'All right, my boy," made the poor surgeon quite happy, though he felt the "hero" ought to have died on the field. The watch, of peculiar make, was handed down with its story to the hero's godson, and may be sent to our enterprising Augustus' collection of Waterloo relics.

A Former Channel Bridge Project.

The project for a bridge across the Engish Channel, says the "Engineering and Bailding Record," recalls a scheme of the same kind proposed twenty years ago, beside which the present one appears tame indeed. In 1868, according to an old volume of London "Engineering," the French Emper or endorsed a design prepared by M Charles Boutet, who was called an engineer. Boutet modestly proposed, for £8,000,000, to build, in three years, ten spans of 9846 feet each. with a capacity of 24 loaded trains at the centre of each span. There were to be five parallel main trusses 198 feet deep at the ends, and 51 at the centers, each truss fearfully and wonderfully composed of 120 parallel (nearly) horizontal iron wires 2 inch cable in the same vertical plane. After being woven together by cross ropes they were to become endowed with enormous resistance to flexure, and act as rigid beams. The wrought iron piers were to be floated on buoys, adjusted by an enormous set screw in the center and leveled on and bonded with the underlying sand by screwpiles, much like the adjustment screws or level

Esquimalt Graving Dock.

It is said that the British Government will soon be asked to contribute to the cost of lengthening the graving dock at Esquimalt, British Columbia. The amount orgrinaily granted for the construction of this dock was \$250,000, and now another \$50,000, being just half the sum needed for the work, is applied for. It has been discovered that the dock, which is only 430 feet in length. will not be nearly long enough for the mail Driffield, "if you really wish to go. It is steamers which the Canadian Pacific Railnot far from here -on the next landing. | way Company is constructing, and as the But do you think it is well to go? You British Government is greately interested have not lived in the same bouse with Mr. | in the new mail service it is though that it Straughnessy like we have, and you don't will not be unwilling to aid in the improvement of the dock .- [N. Y . Times.

Victoria's Spring Tours.

I hear that besides going to Italy in March the Queen will probably pay a visit to Ger many at Whitsuntide, in order that she may be the guest of Empress Frederick at Cronberg, in the Taunus, and her Majesty would afterward be entertained by the Emperor William at Potsdam, and would attend the opening of the magnificent mausoleum which is being built there for the reception of the coffinof the Emperor Frederick, which is to be transferred to it on June 15, the second anniversary of his death. The interior is being superbly decorated and it is to be surmounted by two cupolas inlaid with Venetian mosaics. - [London Truth,

What the British Pay for Tobacco.

The cost price of tobacco annually imported into the United Kingdom is but £3,000,-000, but taxation of one sort or another amounts to £9 000,000, and when we have included retail profits and cost of the apparatus required by smokers, we may put down cost of smoking to the British and Irish public at £16,000,000, being nearly £3 per head per annum of the adult male population of the United Kingdom.

English View of the Cronin Verdict.

American dissatisfaction with the Cronin verdict is shared here to the full extent. Nobody doubts that there has been a miscarriage of justice, the Home Rale organs of England agreeing with the Unionist, Nor is the question treated as one of politics. Three of the vilest wretches ever left unhung are left unhung, says the Gladstonian organ; while the leading journal of Toryism calls the result abortive and fittle honorable to American administration of justice.

Speak English.

Stranger-"Did a pedestrain pass this way a few minuets ago?" Granger-"No sor. I've been onter this tater patch for more'n a nower, an' notter a thing has past cept one solitary man, an' he was trampin' erlong on foot.

Fires are Raging Everywhere. First Small Boy-We had a fire at our house last night. Second Small Boy-That so?

F. S. B .- Yes. Pa fired sister's beau.