

BRITISH NEWS.

By a fire at Kilrush at midnight on Saturday a young servant girl named Scanlan, in the employ of Mrs. Moody, was burned to death.

Nine of the girls poisoned at a village tea near Northampton still lie in a prostrate condition. No clue has been ascertained to the mystery.

Samuel Harrison, a Jewish slipper maker, of Leeds, who was sentenced to death at Leeds Assizes for the murder of his wife, has been reprieved on the ground of insanity.

The death is announced at Strood, near Rochester, of William Thomas Walter, aged 66, one of the few survivors of the Sir John Franklin Relief Expedition. The deceased was carpenter on the steam yacht Fox.

The gardener, steward, and coachman of Mr. Twiss, of Bosthill, were fishing on Saturday night in the Shannon, near Killaloe, when the boat upset, and Gleeson and Shanahar, steward and gardener, were drowned.

An old house at Ballymore, Ireland, being under repair, the skeleton of a human being was found under a bed-room floor, with a shilling, a clay pipe, and a quantity of rags. It is supposed to be the body of a man who disappeared thirty years ago.

On Tuesday the signalling station erected by Lloyd's Shipping Agency on Tory Island was formally opened in presence of a distinguished company. Tory is about seven miles off the mainland of the Bloody Foreland on the north-west coast of Ireland.

On Friday evening at Howth, near Dublin, Mr. R. Yates, a Dublin artist, whilst sketching on the sands, was overtaken by the tide and drowned. He was observed struggling in the waves, and two gentlemen succeeded in getting to him, but on landing he was found to be dead.

The whole of the inhabitants of the village of Bridesbridge, near Castle Lyons, have been evicted. The evictions were carried out by sheriff-officers and bailiffs from Cork, protected by the police. The inhabitants were afterwards readmitted to their homes as caretakers.

Charles Pratt, who was discharged for making love to his employer's daughter, Miss Hattie Town, went to their home and shot the father dead. He also shot at the young lady, whom he fatally wounded. Pratt was captured and taken to jail with difficulty, as an angry crowd attempted to lynch him.

At the Police Court, Dublin, on Wednesday, Ellen Farrell, aged 37, was committed for trial for killing her illegitimate child, aged ten months. The accused, it is alleged, beat the infant, and then taking it by the legs, swung it around, striking its head against the ground, inflicting injuries from which it died.

Mr. Somerville of Dunbeacon has brought into Schull Harbour an immense haul of 11,000 mackerel, which were caught on Thursday in Dunmassey Bay. The fish are very small, as the autumn mackerel fishing does not commence for another week. The mackerel have been bought by a Boston man, and will be taken to America.

The steamer Troutbeck, which left Blyth for Gibraltar a few days ago, put into Plymouth on Monday, and reported the loss under mysterious circumstances of Mr. Nesbitt Cox, the engineer. Mr. Cox had been engaged in conversation with the mate off the Start, and shortly after he had disappeared.

A touching scene was witnessed at Queens-town on Tuesday, when an old man, 90 years of age, landed from the Cunard steamer Catalonia, from Boston. The old man at once attracted a large crowd by dancing an Irish jig, the air of which he gaily whistled. He then explained that he did so through delight at reaching his native land again, having left it when 15 years old.

At Tralee, on Monday, after a private inquiry, lasting over several weeks, Bartholomew Sullivan and Patrick Hackett were committed for trial at the assizes on a charge of having murdered Patrick Flahive at Heir-hill, near Ballyheigue, in August, 1886. Flahive was returning from cutting corn on an evicted farm when he was waylaid and shot.

A man named Daly is in custody at Waterford, Ireland, for the alleged murder of his mother-in-law, named Margaret Ineragan. From the evidence given at the inquest it appeared that the accused suddenly attacked the deceased in her own cabin, kicking her to death in the most brutal manner. The skull was shockingly smashed in, death resulting from severe injury to the brain.

During a thunderstorm on Sunday, a lad named George Walton, aged seven years, son of a farmer living in Greenside Lane, was killed by lightning. The boy had been sent on an errand, and was returning when the electric current struck the brass buttons on his jacket, burning his left side fearfully. His body was found soon afterwards by some boys, who took it to a farm close by.

The British Board of Trade report issued on Monday shows that last year 1076 persons were killed and 4836 injured on railways in the United Kingdom. Of these, 183 killed and 1829 injured were passengers, and the remainder servants of the railway companies or of contractors. Only 88 passengers were killed and 1016 injured in consequence of accidents to or collisions between trains.

On Monday a frightful fatality occurred at the South Shields Theatre Royal. It appears that Mr. Newman, head carpenter, was busily employed arranging scenery at the top of the building when he suddenly missed his footing, and fell to the stage below, a distance of 40 feet. When picked up he was found to be in a seriously mangled condition and life extinct. The deceased was 36 years of age, and leaves a widow and family.

On Saturday, Messrs. Harland & Wolff, Belfast, launched the steamer Georgina, for Fred Leyland & Co., Liverpool. The new steamer, which is intended for the Leyland Line between Liverpool and Boston, is claimed by her builders to be the largest and most complete afloat, having a carrying capacity for 7000 tons dead weight. Her dimensions are:—Length, 441ft; breadth, 45ft; and depth, 34ft.

An old man named Vokes, aged 81 years, a native of Milton, near Sittingbourne, committed suicide on Monday in a sensational manner. While out walking he entered a cottage garden, opened the lid of the well, and jumped down into the water. His cries brought assistance, and after some difficulty he was brought up dead. The man who went down after him almost had one eye

pulled out with a hook that was lowered by the people above.

An exciting scene was witnessed on Monday evening at a menagerie on Ashton-under-Lyne fair ground. A lion-tamer named Lorenzo was going through a performance with a pack of six wolves, when one of them sprang upon him and proceeded to worry him. The attendants outside the cage beat back the other five, and Lorenzo had a desperate battle with his foe. Although badly bitten on the hands, he succeeded in beating it off, and finished the performance.

At Matlock, on Tuesday, Samuel Blackham was sent to jail for three months for creating an unseemly disturbance at a funeral. Prisoner's wife's mother was being interred at Matlock, Bath, when he attacked and fought with the widower and several of the mourners. He afterwards assaulted the police, and a disgraceful scene occurred before he could be conveyed to prison. In Court the prosecutor offered the Bench £50 to send the accused to prison for 20 years.

On Sunday evening a man named Hopkins was arrested by the Cardiff police on a charge of causing the death of his wife by strangulation. So far as could be ascertained, it appears that Hopkins, who is about 36, lived with his wife in Milton Street, Roath. They had been drinking, and in the course of an altercation the woman, it is stated, threw a poker or some other missile at her husband, whereupon the latter seized her by the throat and strangled her.

We shall soon have another sensational case, says the London correspondent of the *Newcastle Journal*, which will probably quite throw the Dunlo affair into the shade. The suit is down for hearing in the Irish Courts for the coming term, and is brought by a foreign nobleman whose wife highly connected with several Dublin families, and possessing great accomplishments and attractions, was, it is said, maliciously abducted some little time back, and despite all her husband's efforts, still remains undiscovered.

All hope is now almost given up concerning the safety of the fine Liverpool ship *Hawarden Castle*, which, it is feared, has been lost with all on board. The *Hawarden Castle*, an iron ship of 1132 tons register, left Newcastle, N. S. W., on March 26, for Valparaiso with a cargo of coal, and since that time nothing has been heard of her.

The last risks taken by the underwriters on the vessel were at 85 guineas, but that is some little time since, and now no insurance can be effected at any terms, showing that she is considered to have gone down.

Commander Joseph Irwin, R.N., who had good claims to the title of "Father of the British Navy," died at his residence at Wetheral Plains, near Carlisle, on Saturday morning. He was 96 years of age, and received his commission as a midshipman in 1806. At the siege of Tarragona in 1813 he served in H.M.S. *Thetis*. Subsequently he served for nearly forty years as Inspecting Officer of Coastguard in Ireland, retiring from the service in 1860. During the last thirty years of his life he enjoyed well-deserved retirement in his native county.

Referring to the reported finding of the leaf of a pocket-book on the North Lanchester coast, indicating that a boating party from London had been lost, a Dublin correspondent telegraphs:—"The parties mentioned are well-known Dublin young men, and one of them, a young doctor, on being questioned about the message from the sea, admitted that four weeks ago for a joke he put it into a whisky bottle and threw it into the sea when they were boating in Dublin Bay. Some of them were in peril at the time."

The Kitchen and Refreshment Rooms Committee of the House of Commons have presented the following report:—"During the present session up to the week ending August 9, 8401 luncheons and 12,323 dinners have been served in the Members' Dining Room; 1142 luncheons and 1125 dinners in the Strangers' Dining Room; and 325 luncheons and 1014 dinners in the Terrace Dining Room." The last-named apartment, it may be added, was opened at the commencement of the session to increase the accommodation for members and their friends.

An agricultural labourer's wife, named Wing, and family, at Stanton St. John, about four miles from Oxford, have been suffering from the effects of eating fungi in mistake for mushrooms, and in the case of one child, aged two years and a half, fatal results have ensued. The mother gathered the supposed mushrooms herself, and fried them with bacon for tea. She and her six children partook of it. On Sunday morning the woman was prematurely confined, and is not expected to recover. It is believed the other children will recover.

Mr. Wynne E. Baxter held an inquiry at the Poplar Town Hall concerning the death of a two-year-old daughter of a carman, Elizabeth Nichols, the mother, deposed that on Tuesday last week the deceased went out to play with an elder sister. Shortly afterwards she came home and said that the deceased was not well. She afterwards told witness that the deceased had been struck on the temple with a cricket ball by a boy who was playing cricket in the playground of the Byron Street Board School. Witness put the deceased to bed, and she died on the following Thursday. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

The funeral of the late Sergeant Brown, one of the Balaklava heroes, who died in Withington Workhouse, took place at Phillips Park Cemetery on Saturday, and notwithstanding all the efforts which have been made to insure its being attended with military honours was of an entirely private nature. When Brown was admitted to the workhouse, a few days before his death, he was in a most pitiable condition, and it was at once seen that his days were numbered, though it is stated that had the poor fellow been provided with some temporary assistance before arriving at that condition his life might have been prolonged some years.

An inquest was held at a village near Market Harbour on the body of William Johnson, a gamekeeper, who died after a fight with a young farmer named Crisp, who is in custody on a charge of wilful murder. Johnson played a practical joke on Crisp by setting down a stuffed rabbit-skin for him to shoot. Words ensued, and the prisoner states that the deceased struck him first. He returned the blow, and the keeper fell. Crisp left him, not thinking he was hurt, but he was afterwards found dead. After hearing the medical evidence, the jury found that death resulted from natural causes—excitement acting on the deceased's heart as a result of the quarrel.

A desperate encounter is reported from Beechpark, near Ennis. The police went to a house to arrest a man named Nelson, and found the whole family armed to resist them. The police were obliged to retire and bring reinforcements. Further violent resistance was then offered, Nelson's sister using a pitchfork till she was disarmed and then seizing a hatchet. After a long struggle the police succeeded in getting Nelson out of the house, but he still struggled violently. Eventually they got him on a car, where they tied him down with ropes, and thus brought him to the police barracks in Ennis. It is believed that he is insane. He has refused to eat any food.

The Gordon Highlanders, during their visit to Holywood for ball practice, have made themselves very popular with the inhabitants, who have just entertained them to a farewell tea, and, in return, the military awarded them an excellent concert, which was given in the schoolhouse without a hitch. Mr. James Munroe, C. E., speaking on the occasion, paid a high tribute to the personal character of the soldiers. He said their reverence as worshippers in their church, and their conduct throughout has been most exemplary, and reflected the highest credit on the regiment to which they belonged, and he was quite sure the audience would agree with him when he expressed the regret they felt at parting with such fine fellows.

An inquest was held at Buxton on Tuesday on Mary Jane Coates, wife of the manager of the Manchester and County Bank, Buxton. Mr. Coates said after breakfast on Monday morning he left his wife alone at nine o'clock, the servant being away. When he returned to dinner he found deceased hanging from the bedpost quite dead. She had suffered much from depression of spirits, and on one occasion wandered aimlessly all day on Fairfield Common. He found the following letter on the dressing table:—"My Darling,—It is no fault of yours, but because I cannot live like this. God bless you, and help you out of your difficulties. You have been one of the best of husbands, and true to all the work you have taken in hand, my darling." A verdict was returned of suicide during temporary insanity.

A fatal boat accident occurred at three o'clock on Monday afternoon off Deal. A party of visitors had been for a sail towards the Goodwins in the four-oared service galley *Seaman's Glory*, and when within a mile of shore a sudden gust of wind caught the sail, and boat capsized and sank. There were seven persons in the boat, comprising the boatmen, named Mark Nash and John Nott, Mr. and Mrs. Arney, their daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, visitors staying at Deal, and as the boat sank all were left in the water. Mr. Arney and his daughter, Mr. Palmer, and John Nott were picked up by a passing steamer, but Mr. Palmer died soon after being landed. The rest were drowned. The *Seaman's Glory* was the best service galley on Deal Beach. Miss Arney, who was apparently buoyed up by her clothes, struck out bravely, and was picked up some distance from the others, through she was also becoming exhausted when rescued.

TAXES IN LONDON.

A Proposal to Raise Them from Entirely New Sources.

If new taxes—worth, say, a quarter of a million a year—are to be obtained for London, the *Spectator* observes that they must be sought from many comparatively small sources. Of these there are several which are worth considering. If the County Council were allowed to impose a tax of a penny in the shilling on every seat let in any London theatre, music hall, circus or other place of amusement, they would reap a golden harvest. We presume that not fewer than 25,000 men and women attend places of amusement in London every evening, and that the price of the seats or the entrance money averages 1s. If that is so, then a yearly revenue of £30,000 might be obtained with very little expense. Next, an impost on placard advertisements might easily be made lucrative. The owners of hoardings and all other spaces, either in railway stations or in public exhibitions, or in omnibuses and tramways on which advertisements are displayed, might be required to affix a special adhesive stamp, value one penny, to every placard on their walls.

Horrible Scenes in Morocco.

Terrible doings have been recently occurring in Morocco. Some twelve tribes formed an alliance against the Sultan, and in a conflict with the imperial army defeated it and captured the fortified position of Ait Inse. The victors then commenced to butcher indiscriminately the inmates of the place. The Governor's son, who had been wounded in the fight, was put to death with fiendish cruelty. Pieces of his flesh were cut off and roasted, he being then forced by his brutish tormentors to eat these ghastly morsels. Not until the poor wretch was nearly dead did they terminate his horrible sufferings by decapitating him. The rebels afterwards successfully attacked another fortification, and the last intelligence is to the effect that they are besieging Sefro. The Sultan of Morocco has gone out to intercept their progress, and give them battle.

An Engine-Driver's Heroism.

Through the gallantry of an engine-driver named Sudra an accident on the State railway between Bordeaux and Paris has been deprived of disastrous consequences to human life. At five o'clock in the morning the express train ran off the line at Clavaud, while travelling at the rate of 45 miles an hour. Sudra not only applied the continuous brake, but, at the risk of being scalded to death by steam, opened certain valves which made the brake work with greater rapidity. He was dreadfully hurt about the hands and face, but saved the lives of 107 passengers, who ran the risk of being hurled over the steep embankment, down which the engine and tender actually fell. In addition to Sudra, the stoker and four passengers were injured, but not fatally. A relief train was sent from Pons to carry the wounded and the passengers to Saintes, where the former were cared for, and the latter entered other carriages and proceeded to their destinations. Some of the coaches in the wrecked train were telescoped, and the line was so much damaged that a day or two must elapse before it is put into proper working order; the traffic being carried on in the meantime by a branch. One of the rails is supposed to have become loosened from the sleepers, and to have thus occasioned the mishap.

THE DEVIL'S ARMY.

An Awful Experience in the Wilds of Central America with Tarantulas.

I have just returned from an expedition into the interior of Yucatan and Campeche, during which I met with an adventure so awful and unusual that I think my friends in San Francisco will be much interested in an account of it.

In the latter part of May last I came to Central America from San Francisco at the request of the Munich Society for Prehistoric Research, of which I am a member, to investigate the ancient ruins which cover this country, with a view of obtaining, if possible, some clue to the period to which they belong. I got the clue I sought for from some hieroglyphics among the Conquistador ruins, which, according to my theory, are about 8,000 years old, but, of course, absolute proof is not available. I had as a guide a most intelligent half breed, Manuel Besero, and he informed me that, according to the traditions of his Indian progenitors, there were some ruins of still greater antiquity some 100 miles to the northward, near the Rio Seca. Indeed, he said that this dry basin was once the bed of a river that had been turned from its course by the inhabitants of these same ruins. Thinking that I might possibly find some corroboration for my theory among these earlier relics of the lost race, I started to find them, accompanied by my faithful guide. It was very hard travelling through the jungles, and we made hardly fifteen miles a day. The difficulties were multiplied by the enormous number of snakes and poisonous insects that infest this section. We lost one of our pack mules through a bite or a sting of some sort on the third day.

On the afternoon of the fourth day we camped in a little opening, clear except for grass. This we soon burned off.

We had just finished supper, and I was sitting at the base of a tree smoking my pipe, when an enormous tarantula came out of the grass into the cleared circle. He was positively the largest specimen I had ever seen, and as the slanting rays of the sun caught him I noticed a curious dull, indefinite, reddish line down his back. I regretted that I had not the means to preserve it, but Manuel settled my regrets by crushing it with a billet of wood. It had hardly ceased moving when another and equally large one appeared at the end of the burned patch. I did not fear them much as I wore heavy leather leggings reaching to my hips.

"We have made a bad camp, Manuel," I said; "there seem to be many tarantulas."

"One place is about as bad as another," he answered in Spanish; they usually go by twos.

He appeared more troubled, however, than his careless answer seemed to indicate, and while I killed the second unwelcome visitor he began to poke around in the grass with a long branch. He uncovered more of the great spiders, and killed them; when he turned around there were fully half a dozen of them in clear space. They fastened on to the dead ones and seemed to suck their blood.

"We must get out of this," screamed the Indian.

At this moment our remaining mule began to struggle and kick. He soon broke his picket rope and disappeared. Then I became aware of a steady rustling in the grass. More tarantulas came out.

"I have heard of it from the Indians," cried my guide. "It is a devil's army. They say that the people who lived in the dead cities were killed by them, and that no one can live there now. They come by thousands, like red ants, and leave nothing alive where they pass. I thought it was a squaw story. We must fight them with fire."

He seized a flaming brand from the camp fire and yelled to me to do likewise. He tried to fire the grass on all sides of us, but where the trees grew it was too rank and wet, and the fires we started would not go. Meanwhile the spiteful spiders became more and more numerous. I crushed one at least of them every step I took. Many of them bit at my leggings, and hung there by their fangs. We turned our fire-brands to crushing the tarantulas, but they seemed to come thicker than we could drive them off.

"I am bitten," I heard the Indian scream. I passed him my flask. I could do nothing more for him, and dropping my stick I started to run. Every step in the grass seemed to bring me into worse quarters. I tried every direction, but they seemed everywhere. I noticed that they were in the bushes and on the grass, so high that my leggings would not protect me, and presently I found myself back at the camp. There at least they could not reach me without climbing up. The ground was perfectly black with them. Poor Manuel was down on his knees and the great insects were all over him. He seemed crazy, and I have no doubt his mind was nearly gone with terror and the pain of the bites.

I could barely keep the tarantulas from getting above my leggings. Suddenly it occurred to me that I might find safety in one of the trees. I knew that I would soon be exhausted if I remained among the black beasts, and that would end it. In a moment I had my arms about a small tree: I crushed the insects that clung to my legs against the bark as I dragged and scrambled up. A dozen feet from the ground there was a branch from which we had hung some small game I had shot. I pulled myself up on to this branch, and got the first moment's rest I had had since the tarantulas first appeared. I had had no time to think before this, but now I began to realize what had happened. It seemed more like a nightmare than anything real. I looked down and almost fell off my branch at the horrid sight below me. My Indian was now fairly on the ground. I could not see him for the poisonous things that covered him, but the irregular black mass wriggled and squirmed like a wounded snake, and I knew he was not yet out of his agony. On every side were more tarantulas hungrily searching for more victims. Their crushed fellows were almost torn to pieces, so fierce were they in their hunger. They were all enormous; some of them were as big as turtles, and when the sun struck them I could see the red line that distinguished them from the congregated species that are familiar in other places. They crawled over one another in their desire to find something into which to sink their fangs. Poor Manuel's wailing of body. They fought fiercely for a spot of flesh where they could strike, and every movement of the still living man seemed to make them yet more fierce.

It did not take me as long to notice all

this as it does to describe it, and I soon saw that I was not yet safe from the horrible fate that had overtaken my guide.

The insects began to crawl up the tree, though not in any considerable numbers at first. I brushed them down with a small branch, and those that were hurt at all were immediately set upon by their fellows.

My recital of these things may seem tame, but I have no pen to describe the awful horror of it all. There were about two hours of daylight left me. I knew this, and I wondered what I could do in the dark. Then I remembered reading that snakes or centipedes would not cross a hair rope, and I thought that perhaps the same rule might apply to tarantulas.

The game was swinging from the branch by a horsehair riata, and it took me a very few minutes to cut the rabbits loose and wind the rope about the trunk just below me. Pretty soon more of the big spiders came up. Manuel was quiet now at last and they wanted another victim.

My hair rope did some good. They could not swarm over it in such numbers that I could not sweep them back with my branch. How long I stayed there fighting the insects back I do not know.

But the light was fading when I noticed a commotion among the tarantulas. At the same time I observed a number of blue-black wasps darting about. I recognized them as belonging to the Hymenoptera family and realized that they were the tarantula hawks of which I had read. In ten minutes the four or five wasps had become hundreds, and five minutes later there was not a tarantula to be seen, except the numerous dead ones at the foot of the tree.

Manuel's body, swollen and discolored by the venom of the spiders, stared up at me. I waited an hour and then came down.

It took me eight days to reach Nevada, and on the way I did not see a single tarantula.

STRANGE STORY OF A CRIME.

Was The Wrong Man Hanged?

On Tuesday week Mr. Churton, County Coroner, Chester, received a letter from a correspondent at New Orleans, stating that a man had confided to the rector of St Paul's there that he nattered John Bebbington, gamekeeper to Mr. Edwin Corbett, of Tiltstone Lodge, Tarporley, for which John Blagg was executed at Chester in 1857. Mr. Churton remembered the trial and the execution of Blagg. The evidence was purely circumstantial, the chief point being footprint corresponding to a Blagg's boots. The man who has made a confession states that he borrowed Blagg's boots on the night of the murder. A press representative on Saturday visited Alraham, the locality in which the mysterious murder of the gamekeeper Bebbington took place thirty-three years ago. Mrs. Blagg, the widow of John Blagg, the man who was executed, still lives in the village, in a cottage almost stilling stone's throw of the scene of the tragedy. She is advanced in the years, and is in poor circumstances, but is able to earn a few shillings as a teacher or caretaker of her neighbors' little children. In reply to question she said:—"On the night before the murder there came a rap at our door when John and I were together. I opened the door, and there was a John Jones, I never did like that man. I asked what he wanted, and he called my husband outside. I wondered what was on, and when John came again I asked him, and he said 'Oh, nothing.' Well he got his boots from where they were usually kept, and gave them to Jones. Jones came inside, and took off his elogs, and left them in our house. He very seldom wore elogs, but he had elogs on when he came to our house that night. I can't say whether it was a plot between them, and I did not suspect at the time that anything wrong would be done." The reporter suggested that the real point in the case was as to whether her husband was at home throughout that night. Mrs. Blagg replied that he was, but in answer to another question said he got up, she thought, about four o'clock in the morning. She supposed he went out, but when she got up, between six and seven o'clock, he was sitting in the kitchen, having lighted a fire and prepared breakfast. There was nothing unusual in his manner or appearance. The boots had then been returned. She could not say how or when he had received them back. She heard of the murder a couple of hours afterwards. Before the police came for her husband she saw them pass with Jones, who looked pale and agitated. But they did not keep him, she added. They only wanted her husband, as they "had it in" for him. Asked why her husband was at all suspected, the old lady said that various stories were going about the village, one of which was that her husband had been heard to swear he would shoot the keeper. It was not true, she was perfectly sure. He was such an inoffensive man that he would not do an injury to anyone. Mrs. Blagg was able to tell from memory all the details of the arrest of her husband, who offered no resistance, and simply said he was innocent, though his own boots and gun were used. It seemed to pain the old lady to recall the farewell scene on the day before the execution, when she, with their little daughter, since dead, had a last interview with the condemned man at Chester Castle. His words to her at parting were, "I am as innocent as that child. I have not had justice. They have gone against me just as they liked and they might as well have hanged me on the nearest oak. But never mind. I intend to go

TO THE SCAFFOLD,

for I shall never tell." She asked him if there was anything she might do for him and he replied, "No, you have a bit of money. It will be of no use to me now. It will be of use to you. Don't part with it for my sake." "He never said how it was done," remarked Mrs. Blagg, "but at one interview he did say to me that if he disclosed for life, and he would prefer instant death." The old lady pathetically concluded:—"And now, after 33 long years, when it was let alone as a thing to be forgotten and buried in time, it has risen up again in this new form. I would rather it were let alone." Mrs. Blagg turned away in tears. The landlord of a village inn informed the same reporter that up to two years ago Jones, who was a wheelwright, was employed in the Potteries, and on one occasion since he had visited Alraham, and called at that house for some refreshment. There is certainly a difference of opinion in the locality where the tragedy took place, and where parties were so well known, as to the alleged innocence of Blagg. Old inhabitants agree that he was a notorious poacher, and in disposition was very sullen and reserved.