

# COMING TO AN END.

## This Year to Witness the Destruction of the World.

At least that is what Hether Shipton prophesied. The Pyramids and the Future—Planets, Disturbances, and the Balaful Influence of Sun Spots—Fleasant Hopes for Nervous People—Sceptical Scientists.

### HEATHER SHIPTON.

The world to an end shall come in 1881. So says Hether Shipton in the celebrated prophecy bearing her name, which has attracted attention all over the English-speaking world, and has obtained no less credence, notwithstanding the no less fact that the alleged prophecy states no prophecy at all, but the revelation of a London Bohemian. She pretended that it dated back from the thirteenth century. Whether this allegation be true or not, certain it is that the period between 1881 and 1887 has long been regarded as a time full of awful significance, whether of good or evil. The Mormons, a portion of the Spiritualists, the Second Adventists and others, hold that the millennium is near at hand, and many agree in placing it between 1879 and 1887. But the prophecies of evil seem by far the most abundant. Astrologers, wizards and soothsayers have concentrated all manner of sinister predictions upon the year 1881, and people who are not willing to admit that they are superstitious, regard the year with more or less anxious expectation and dread.

### PROPHESIES OF EVIL.

The prognostications of evil take all manner of forms and shapes, and are based upon all conceivable kinds of calculation. People were called upon, some years ago, to observe what was called the prophetic symbolism of the great pyramid of Egypt. Prof. Piazzzi Smith, the English astronomer, contended that they were not only memorials of a system of weights and measures, intended to be perpetual, but that the channels of the pyramids represented the important epochs in history, and thus indicated events still to come. Starting with a proposition that an inch represents a year, it was clearly reasoned out by many that not only was the birth of Christ foretold, but the date of the year given at which Moses received his first command to take the children of Israel out of Egypt.

### THE PYRAMIDS AND CHRONOLOGY.

Mr. Thomas Wilson, of Chicago, it is said, recently developed a geometrical relation of the pyramid to chronology, by which a number of remarkable dates were correlated by triangulation. Dr. Everett W. Fish, of New York city, in a recent book on the Pyramids, holds that the impending wall at the south end of the grand gallery in the interior of the Pyramid and the narrow passage beyond, symbolizes the enclosure of the present epoch and the end of the age, though not of the world. "The narrowness of the passage out of the grand gallery," he says, "signifies great tribulation to fall upon the earth from 1881-2 to 1886. As this is the age of the great planetary perihelia, the probabilities of its correct prophecies are startling indeed."

### PLANETARY DISTURBANCE.

The last sentence refers to the fact that about two years ago pamphlets began to appear, arguing that the most awful consequences were about to befall mankind from all the great planets reaching their perihelia, or nearest points to the sun, together. According to these prophets, the effects of the perihelia were to begin making their appearance this fall, when Jupiter passed his perihelion, and next year the scythe would begin to sweep westward, with a swathe as broad as the continents, until it reached the Pacific Ocean. Plagues, famines, pestilences, fire, earthquake, floods and tornadoes were to scourge the human race, till only a few people remained, like Noah and his family, to repopulate the earth. It was argued that the ravages of the black death in the middle ages followed the nearly-coincident perihelia of four great planets, and therefore similar consequences could be expected from the configuration of the planets now.

### SUN SPOTS.

B. G. Jenkins, F. R. S. A., found that the outbreaks of cholera in 1816 throughout the world were synchronous with the maxima and minima occurrences of sun spots, and predicted another great cholera season in 1883-4. He found a connection between the proximity of Jupiter to the sun and the black death, and also saw that more deplorable conditions would result from the perihelion. Mr. Proctor, the astronomer, has taken pains to show that the pretended facts upon which these statements rest are baseless, and to prove that the great planets will not be in perihelion in 1881, and they will not all be in perihelion at any time.

### The Eccentric Weather.

It is doubtful whether the very oldest inhabitants remember a winter in which there was so little snow at this period of the season as there is this winter. There has been little more than three or four inches at any time. Prof. Abbe, of the United States Signal Service, Washington, in alluding to the numerous forecasts of weather, which are not verified, says: "If we find that for several months the average has been wet or cold, it may be predicted that during the immediate succeeding month the weather will be the reverse, that is, dry or warm. Then, we can get at the matter in another way. When January, February and March have certain characteristics, the latter part of the year, October, November and December will have corresponding characteristics. Thus the weather may be foretold, in a general sense, some months ahead. But no man in the world has ever devised a plan which will foretell special storms on certain days, or which will offer a genuine prediction for a long period in advance."

AN AWFUL PICTURE.—Mr. Wm. Donnelly was a passenger by the train from the west the other evening. The newsboy came round with a book containing an account of the murder of his relatives, and when William looked through the little book he suddenly burst into tears. The passenger sitting next him observed that he had opened on the page which gave the likeness of his mother—one of the most execrable illustrations that was ever turned out of any publishing house.

### Jolly Old Pedagogue.

"Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,  
Tall and slender, and tallow and dry;  
His form was bent and his gait was slow,  
His long thin hair was as white as snow,  
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye,  
And he sung every night as he went to bed,  
"Let us be happy, down here below;  
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,  
Writing and reading, and history, too;  
He took the little ones upon his knee,  
For a kind old heart in his breast he knew;  
And the wants of the littlest child he knew;  
"Learn while you're young," he often said,  
"There is much to enjoy down here below,  
Life for the living and rest for the dead!"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With stupidest boys he was kind and cool,  
Speaking only in gentlest tones;  
The rod was hardly known in his school—  
Whipping to him was an obsolete rite,  
And too hard work for the poor old bones,  
Besides it was painful, he sometimes said;  
"We should make life pleasant down here below,  
The living need charity more than the dead,"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorne lane,  
With roses and woodbine over the door;  
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,  
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,  
And made him forget he was old and poor.  
"I need no little," he often said,  
"And my friends and my relatives here below,  
Won't litigate over me when I am dead."

But the pleasantest time that he had, of all,  
Were the sociable hours he used to pass,  
With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,  
Making an unceremonious call,  
Over the pipe and friendly glass,  
This was the finest pleasure he said,  
Of the many he tasted here below;  
"Who has no cronies he had better be dead!"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face  
Melted all over in sunny smiles,  
He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,  
Chucked and sipped and prattled apace,  
Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles  
"I'm a pretty old man," he gently said,  
"I have lingered long while here below;  
But my heart is fresh if my youth has fled!"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air,  
Every night when the sun went down,  
Whilst the soft wind played in his silvery hair,  
Leaving its tender kisses there  
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown;  
And feeling the kisses, smiled, and said,  
"Twas a glorious world down here below;  
Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at the door one midsummer night,  
After the sun had sunk in the west,  
And the lingering beams of golden light  
While the odorous night-wind whispered  
"rest!"  
Gently, gently he bowed his head,  
There were angels waiting for him, I know;  
He was sure of happiness, living or dead,  
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

—GEORGE ARNOLD.

## AGAINST THE LAW.

[A Novel—By Dora Russell.]

### CHAPTER I.

#### MONEY.

In the school-room of Bridgenorth House, in Midlandshire, about half-past 9 o'clock one December evening, the wearied governess of the family sat down with a heavy sigh, feeling that for that day, at least, her duties were over.

She was a pretty girl, but this night she had that unmistakable look which worry and anxiety will give even to the fairest features.

Many painful thoughts were indeed crowding on her mind as she sat there in the dimly-lighted school-room. But her most pressing anxiety at that moment was that she wanted money.

She presently drew a letter from the pocket of her dress, which she had received during the day. A tradesman's bill! In this letter she was politely informed that unless her over-due account was paid before the commencement of the Christmas holidays, that the tradesman would be compelled to resort to the painful necessity of informing her employers, and asking them to pay the amount out of her salary.

"Ah if he knew," she thought, "that I have nothing to receive! That I have been already compelled to ask Mrs. Glynford to advance my salary, and all the cruel things that she said to me when I did so. And now I have nothing left—nothing more than what will barely pay my train fare to Seaton. Oh! what shall I do? Shall I go and see this man—Mr. Bingley? Shall I tell him the truth—how I have been compelled to send all my money home to save poor mother from absolute starvation? But to tell him this—to degrade myself—how can I—how can I?" And the poor girl rocked herself to and fro, in her miserable anxiety and doubt.

Then she took another letter from the pocket of her dress—a letter from her mother.

Alas! in this disorderly scrawl there were no fond hopes, no tender advice, no loving counsel to her absent girl, such as most affectionate mothers write. It was only the old story over again that the governess read in the dim school-room, to deepen her troubles; only the old complaint! Want of money! This was the craving cry which this young girl constantly received from home.

"We were almost entirely without means," wrote her mother, "and your small enclosure, dear Bessy, came just in time. It paid the county court summons, and the butcher has agreed to give me a little more credit. But, my dear child, why do you not exert yourself to end this miserable state of affairs? You are very pretty, surely you could get married, and not allow your poor mother to be degraded as she is now? And my health is so wretched too, and I am forced to take so much support. Altogether, I feel so very low, but I hope to hear on your return that you have some prospects before you; that some rich old man—anything is better than poverty—has taken a fancy to you."

The rest of the letter was in the same strain—a selfish degrading letter, which made its reader's fair cheeks burn and blush for shame.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she thought; "if you would but conquer this fatal weakness—if you would not drink everything away—how happy we might be! But it's always the same thing—always the same old miserable story; and now its weight has fallen upon me!"

She rose restlessly as she made these last bitter reflections. She had, indeed, no longer time to sit still. To-morrow the holidays began, and she was going to her miserable home for a month; she had, therefore, many arrangements to make before she went to bed. Her packing was to begin, and the sooner she commenced it now the better.

But it was a weary task! The loved word home, for her, had no music in its

sound. She knew too well what it meant. Her mother's bloated countenance; her young sister, peevish and deformed! These were the images that this word

for her. But, all the same, she must prepare to go. So slowly and wearily, she went up to the attic, where all the trunks were kept in Bridgenorth House. Mrs. Glynford would not allow one to remain in any of the bed-rooms.

"Unpack your things," she had said to the governess, on her first arrival, "and then take your boxes to the trunk-room. I can allow no shabby old boxes standing about my rooms!"

Poor Miss Keane, the governess, had shabby old boxes, and blushed with all a young girl's sensitiveness about trifles when Mrs. Glynford made her ungracious remark.

"They are indeed shabby," she thought, looking at the two worn out black trunks, which had first come into use on her mother's wedding-day, twenty-three years ago.

So, during the next three months, whenever she went into Farnham, in the suburbs of which town her employers lived, she always looked into the trunk-shop windows, to see if there was anything likely to suit her narrow purse.

But no. Two pounds, three pounds, even four pounds, would be an impossible sum for her to give out of her expected quarterly payment from Mrs. Glynford, as her whole salary was only forty pounds a year, and Mrs. Glynford expected that she would dress well, and appear in evening costume, when she went with her pupils into the drawing-room.

Thus, with a sigh, she would turn away from the trunk-shop, and had almost given up the idea of buying one at all, when, passing a broker's shop one day, amid the strange miscellany it contained, she saw a leather portmanteau, ticked eighteen shillings.

Mrs. Glynford had unfortunately given her her salary that morning, and she yielded to the temptation of having a respectable travelling case in her possession. Yet the day did not pass without her regretting her purchase; for the night's post brought a letter from her mother, asking for the loan of ten pounds. She had received ten from Mrs. Glynford, but two were already gone. She had bought a few little necessaries and her portmanteau!

She sent her mother the eight pounds she had in her possession, and thus left herself penniless.

During the next quarter of the year, a child's dance was given at Bridgenorth House, and Mrs. Glynford said to her governess that she hoped she had bought herself, or would buy herself, a new dress for the occasion.

Alas! the poor girl had not now the means of doing so. But after some consideration she determined to order one at the shop in Farnham where the family dealt, and where she had bought the few trifles which she had already purchased in the town.

This shop must be specially described. It belonged to a Mr. Bingley, and—though Mrs. Glynford hoped that no one knew, or at least remembered the fact—Mr. Bingley was Mrs. Glynford's own brother.

But a considerable social step lay between them. Mrs. Glynford had been a pretty girl, and had married Mr. Glynford, a widower and a coal-owner. He was fairly well-to-do when she married him, and moved in a circle above the Bingleys, who were drapers in a large way in the town.

But scarcely was she married when the now passed away wonderfully prosperous days of coal-owners began. Mr. Glynford became suddenly rich, and Mrs. Glynford rose to the occasion.

She had always been a little, vulgar, poor woman; and now grew unbearably so. "Her head is turned," her brother, the draper, said to his wife; and when Mrs. Glynford bought Bridgenorth House, Mrs. Glynford no longer countenanced her own family. Yet she still dealt at the shop. She, indeed, did this at her husband's command, who was a highly respectable man, and not ashamed to own his relations.

But Mrs. Glynford was. That shop in Front street, Farnham, was unpleasant to her sight. She went there in early morning, and rarely were her carriage horses to be seen standing before her brother's door.

She visited in "a different set," she said, and this was actually true. But one day, when a certain grim visitor, who calls on all sets alike, appeared in the house above the shop in Front street, and carried off her brother's wife as his prey, Mrs. Glynford did descend to pay a visit of condolence.

But the widower's wrath was hot upon the occasion, and he told Mrs. Glynford that he did not want her company now, when she had never been civil to "poor Sarah" for the last eight or nine years. The brother and sister, in fact, had a serious quarrel, and Mrs. Glynford retired to her carriage very red, and shedding a few tears.

"To think," she said to her husband, on her return home, "after I had made such a sacrifice—actually driven there in the daytime, though I know those spiteful Hollmans will tell it all over town, and of course recall our unfortunate relationship! And, after I have done this—faced the insult remarks of the world, as it were—he insulted me!"

And once more Mrs. Glynford began to cry.

But her husband, who was a sensible man, gave her no encouragement.

"Well," he said, "Bingley's your relation, and not mine; and, moreover, he's a fellow I don't particularly like; but, for all that, I think he served you right."

"Served me right!" repeated Mrs. Glynford. "What do you mean, William?"

"Simply, my dear, that as you have chosen virtually to out your brother and his wife for the last few years, you could not expect him to feel very grateful to you for paying her a visit when she was no longer able to appreciate the compliment."

Mrs. Glynford was very angry, but ordered her own and her servants' mourning at her brother's shop; partly, because there was no other good draper's in the town, and partly because Mr. Glynford requested her to do this.

"Don't be foolish," he said, "if you want people not to talk, try to stop your brother's tongue by a good order. Put money into a man's pocket, my dear, if you want to stand well with him!"

Mrs. Glynford accordingly took her husband's advice, and the handsome order which she gave at his establishment no doubt served to soothe her brother's wounded feelings. But he did not really

forgive her. He took off his hat to her with a satirical bow when she came into his shop, or when he met her carriage in the streets, but he never spoke to her. He kept out of her way, but all the same he knew pretty well how things went on at Bridgenorth House.

Thus he knew the governess both by sight and name. He therefore made no objection to Miss Keane's order, when she gave one, and a pretty, well-made dress was sent from the shop in Front street, in time for the child's ball at Bridgenorth House.

But it cost more than Miss Keane had intended to pay. Altogether, the bill came to eleven pounds, and this bill the poor governess was now unable to meet.

She had, in fact, been compelled to ask Mrs. Glynford to give her her next quarter's salary in advance, for her mother's circumstances were, by her own account, now almost desperate.

"We are starving," the mother had written, and what could the daughter do? She did what she could; she begged Mrs. Glynford to pay her salary in advance, and Mrs. Glynford had said some very rude and unkind things to her on the occasion.

"And there is another thing I wish to impress upon you, Miss Keane," said Mrs. Glynford during this interview. "Be sure you never have anything on credit at Bingley's shop. Always pay for what you get at the time."

When Miss Keane heard these words, she knew that she owed Bingley's shop eleven pounds. The bill had been sent in already twice, and the poor governess had intended to settle it when she received her money before the Christmas holidays. But now she was forced to send this money away before it was due.

She was still undecided what to do about this bill—whether to see Mr. Bingley, or to write a letter asking him to wait—when she went up to the attic to bring down her boxes to pack, and her new portmanteau.

She sighed regretfully when she looked at the last named possession. If she had not foolishly bought this portmanteau, she was thinking, she might have had a little more money left.

But now there was no help for this, so she carried her portmanteau down to her bed-room. It was a convenient packing-case, after all. It held her limited wardrobe, in fact, except her dresses, and these she placed in the despised black boxes.

The pockets of the portmanteau, indeed, seemed endless. There were pockets and inner pockets, and carefully examining these, she perceived a small slit in the striped lining of one pocket. She got out her needle to mend this, and in turning the lining back better to perform the task she pulled out with it a small flat parcel, which had been pushed up through the slit between the lining and the leather.

Naturally she opened this parcel, and gave a half-cry as she did so. A wonderful and, for a moment, she thought, a welcome sight met her gaze. Five fresh five pound bank-notes were enclosed in the little flat parcel that she had found, and now she knelt with these five-notes in her hand by the side of her portmanteau.

She looked at them one after the other; stared at them, examined them carefully; and was convinced that they were genuine notes.

Then another question presented itself to her mind, *What should she do with them?* She had no right to them—at least, she supposed so. True, she had bought the portmanteau, and they must have been in when she had purchased it. But did that make them hers?

She knelt there still, thinking. They must have belonged to some one; but that some one might now be dead. Some poor sailor, perhaps, and his portmanteau had been cast on shore, and sold by the person who picked it up to the broker from whom she had bought it. Thus she speculated. If this were the case, whose were they? Not Mrs. Glynford's, at least, for she had nothing whatever to do with them; yet if she were to tell Mrs. Glynford (so Miss Keane decided) she was sure that the mistress of the house would claim them for her own.

Twenty-five pounds! only a small sum to a rich woman, but a large one to the poor care-burdened governess.

"I wonder if I might borrow them?" at last she thought.

This sum would pay Bingley's bill; would leave her money to take home—money to help her miserable mother, the poor invalid sister.

The temptation grew stronger. They belonged to no one now, at least, she mentally argued. She was wronging no one, so she rose from her knees, and having brought her purse, placed the five notes within it.

### CHAPTER II.

#### AT BINGLEY'S.

The next morning, about eleven o'clock, Miss Keane, the governess, left Bridgenorth House to pay her bill at Bingley's shop.

It was an imposing shop. Bingley was indeed rich, as well as his sister; but he made no parade of his money, he used to say, with a sneer, when speaking to his neighbors of his fine relations.

A good many people were in the shop when Miss Keane entered it. Mr. Bingley never served behind the counter. He walked out of his private office sometimes, and spoke to his friends and acquaintances when they came in; but he never sold anything. He was talking to some ladies in the middle of the shop when Miss Keane entered, and the widower's look fell admiringly on the pretty governess from Bridgenorth House.

Miss Keane felt very nervous. Her notes were in her purse, and the bill was in her hand which she had called to pay; but she felt unhappy—almost guilty.

But if they were not hers, they were no one else's, she whispered to her sinking heart, and proceeded to produce her bill to one of the shopmen, and then laid down three of the five-pound notes which she had found.

The shopman of course took them up, without surprise or comment. He also, perhaps, knew the pretty governess from Bridgenorth House by sight; but if he thought of it at all, he must naturally have supposed that Miss Keane had just received her salary, and was therefore sure to have notes in her possession.

The bill she had called to pay was eleven pounds, and the shopman lifted up the three notes and the bill, and took them to Mr. Bingley's private office—for Mr. Bingley looked after the monetary affairs of his establishment himself.

Mr. Bingley (who had scarcely ceased to

look at his sister's governess since she had entered the shop) saw her give her bill and the notes to the man, and as the shopman went into the private office to get the change and a receipt, Mr. Bingley followed him.

The man at once presented him with the notes and the account. Mr. Bingley first receipted and stamped the account and then glanced carelessly at the notes. But no sooner had he observed the number on one of them than he started, and eagerly examined the two others.

Then he opened his desk, and took out a paper. He scanned this, and then again examined the notes and a grim smile of satisfaction passed over his not very pleasant countenance as he did so.

He was somewhat coarse self-indulgent-looking man, this Bingley, with thick lips, a reddish complexion, and reddish-gray hair. His eyes, however, rather contradicted the impression of his mouth. They were sharp, and shrewd—hard, even cold. "You can't cheat me," they seemed to say; but his other features told a different tale.

While he was looking at the notes, his shopman was looking at him. And, by the expression of the shopman, you saw no love was lost between them. Bingley was unpopular. He paid his way honestly enough; but there are two ways even of paying one's way. One is pleasant, and the other disagreeable, and Bingley chose the disagreeable way.

"Johnson," he said, looking up sharply, "ask that young lady—Miss Keane—who has just paid this money in to step this way for a few minutes. I want a word with her."

"Very well, sir," replied Johnson; and he walked out of the office to obey his employer's commands.

He felt sorry for the pretty girl from Bridgenorth House when he gave her Mr. Bingley's message.

Miss Keane started, turned pale, and then suddenly red.

"Is there anything long?" she said. "Why does Bingley wish to speak to me?" "I cannot tell you, miss," said Johnson. "Whether he saw anything wrong about the notes or not—I don't know. But you had better speak to him."

Making a violent effort to control herself, Miss Keane then followed Johnson to Mr. Bingley's private office.

Mr. Bingley was standing with his back to the large fire burning grate, as they went in, and he moved forward a step, and placed a chair for the governess.

"Good morning," he said; "cold morning, but reasonable. Take a chair, Johnson, go out and shut the door."

Johnson went out, and shut the door after him, and then Mr. Bingley's manner changed.

He put on a familiar air, and with something between a leer and a sneer, he laid the three five-pound notes which Miss Keane had given the shopman on the desk before him.

"Now, young lady," he said, "I am going to ask you a question. Where did you get these notes?"

Miss Keane flushed scarlet, but to a certain extent she retained her composure. "Why do you ask, Mr. Bingley?" she said.

"I have a reason for asking," replied Mr. Bingley. "I am not sure, but I fancy I have seen these notes before."

"But—if you are not sure?" faltered Miss Keane.

"No, not sure," said Bingley, looking hard at the girl, "but still I think so. However, you wish to pay your account with these notes—wherever you got them?"

"I—I came to pay my account," answered Miss Keane, very nervously.

[To be continued.]

### Scotland.

At Inch-Ewan, in Bredalbane, a family of the name of McNab occupied the same farm, from father to son, for nearly four centuries, till within these few years the last occupier resigned. Arace of the name of Stewart, in Glenfinlas, in Monteith, has for several centuries possessed the same farms.

The Marquis of Bute has intimated his willingness to give £45,000 to assist the authorities in building the new Common Hall of the Glasgow University, on condition that the general public should within a specified time provide funds sufficient to raise the substructure. Happily the senators were enabled to avail themselves of the munificent gift of the marquis.

On one estate at least in Sutherlandshire game preserving is said to be carried to a great extreme, and the grumbling of the tenants is loud and deep. A farmer on the east coast is about to raise an action against his landlord for compensation for damages done by game. The case, which is one of more than local interest, will be closely watched by all who have not been benefited by the passing of the Hares and Rabbits Bill.

Dr. Aitken, Inverness, lecturing in Nairn lately, referred thus to dreams: Perhaps we pay too little attention to the revelations of dream life. At all events we carry ourselves into our sleep, and our dreams often betray to us what we really are. If our life is blameless and single-hearted, so will our dreams be happy, and in them our most cherished visions will be realized; if our life is the reverse, it is revealed to us in all its deformity, and remorse and bitterness will even follow us there.

### FLYING FROM THE GALLOWS.

Smith, the Luncenburg Murderer, Escapes from Jail.

HALFAX, Jan. 8.—Robert Smith, sentenced to be hanged at Luncenburg on the 20th instant for the murder of John Huey, escaped from jail at that place shortly after midnight last night. The alarm was given by the prisoners confined in an adjacent room, and the sheriff and jailer started in pursuit. They went as far as Bridgewater, but returned without having discovered any trace of him. Two deputy-sheriffs are now on the road. On an examination of his cell it was found that Smith, who had been secretly provided with an old mill file, had burned the woodwork five inches thick around the staple holding the fastening of the door. He concealed his work from day to day by the use of some lime, which he had quietly secured during a recent lime washing of the cell. The popular wish in Luncenburg is that he may not be captured.

The new University boat house at Oxford has been burned, with many valuable boats.