THE MIRROR

"OH, WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US, TAE SEE OORSELS AS ITHERS SEE US."

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A DEAD RECKONING.

CHAPTER XI.

No one spoke for a moment or two after Margery had blurted out her news. Then for the second time Karovsky said: "There is still one way of escape open to you."

"And that is?"— said Gerald again.

"For me to personate you."

"O monsieur!" cried Clara, a flash of hope leaping suddenly into her eyes.

"Karovsky, are you mad?"

"Pardon, I think not; but one can never be quite sure. Listen! These men who are coming to arrest you are strangers to you, or rather you are a stranger to them; they have never set eyes on you before. I will answer to your name; I will go with them, and before they have time to discover their mistake, you will be far away."

"And the consequences to yourself?"

"A few hours' detention—nothing more. Your English police know me not." Then he added with a shrug: "At St. Petersburg or Berlin, mai foi, it might be somewhat different."

"Karovsky, your offer is a noble one, and the risk to yourself might be greater than you seem to think. In any case, I cannot accept it."

"Gerald, for my sake!" implored his wife.

"As I said before, I am tired of this life of perpetual hide-and-seek. Let it end; I am ready to face the worst."

"No, no! Would you court a felon's doom, you whose innocence will one day be proved to the world?"

"Vous avez raison, madame," said the Russian. Then placing his hands on Gerald's shoulders, he said, "Go, Brooke mon ami; hide yourself elsewhere for a little time, and leave me to face these bloodhounds."

Picot, who had been listening and watching in the background, now came boldly forward. It was enough for the kind-hearted mountebank to know that his friends were in trouble. "I have une petite chambre en haut," he said to Gerald. "Come with me, monsieur, and I will hide you."

"Yes, yes; go, dearest, with Monsieur Picot," urged his wife, her beautiful eyes charged with anguished entreaty.

"For your sake, let it be as you wish," answered Gerald sadly.

At this juncture there came a loud knocking at some door below stairs.

"Venez, monsieur—vite, vite!" said Picot.

Gerald hastily kissed his wife, gripped the Russian's hand for a moment, and then followed the mountebank.

"It will not be wise to keep our friends waiting," said Karovsky. Then turning to Miss Primby: "Madame, will you oblige me by taking charge of these trifles for a little while?" With that he handed her a card-case, a pocket-book stuffed with papers, and a bunch of keys.

"They will be mighty clever if they get them out of here," muttered Miss Primby, as the articles disappeared in the capacious depths of some hidden pockets.

The knocking was repeated in louder and more imperative terms than before.

"Let the door be opened," said Karovsky to Margery; then he addressed a few words hurriedly in a low tone to Mrs. Brooke.

The door at the foot of the stairs, which Margery in her alarm had taken the precaution to fasten, had apparently been originally put there with the view of more effectually separating the upper part of the house from the lower, probably at a time when the domicile was divided between two families. This door Margery now unbolted without a word; and without a word after flashing a bull's-eye in her face, a sergeant of police and two men pushed past her and tramped heavily upstairs.

"Mr. Gerald Brooke, commonly known by the name of Stewart?" said the sergeant interrogatively as he advanced into the room, while his two men took up positions close to the door.

The Russian turned—he had been in the act of lightning a cigarette at the fireplace. "Who are you, sir, and by what right do you intrude into this apartment?" he demanded haughtily.

The sergeant went a step or two nearer and laying a hand on his shoulder, said: "Gerald Brooke, you are charged on a warrant with the wilful murder of the Baron Otto von Rosenberg on the 28th of June last at Beaulieu, near King's Harold, and you will have to consider yourself as my prisoner."

The Russian dropped his cigarette. "There is some strange mistake," he said. "I never either saw or spoke to the Baron von Rosenberg on the 28th of last June."

"All right, sir; you can explain about that somewhere else; but I should advise you to say as little as possible just now."

One of the men had advanced into the room, and now drew the officer's attention. "I say, sergeant," he whispered, "the gent don't seem to answer much to the printed description, does he?"

"Idiot!" whispered back the other; "as if a man couldn't dye his hair and make his beard and moustache grow any shape he liked! Besides, we knew beforehand that he was disguised, and this is the room where we were told we should find him."

When the sergeant turned again, Clara was standing before Karovsky, with a hand resting on each of his shoulders.

"You see," whispered the sergeant to his subordinate. "We were told his wife was living here with him, as well as an elderly lady—the aunt. He's the gent we want, and no mistake."

"I shall only be away for a little while, cara mia," said Karovsky, as he drew Clara to him. For a moment her head rested against his shoulder, then his lips lightly touched her forehead.

She turned from him, and sinking on a couch, buried her face in her hands.

Karovsky drew himself up to his full height. "Now, sir, I am at your service," he said to the sergeant.

A moment later and the three women were left alone.

"They be clever uns, they be!" said Margery with a chuckle as the sound of the retreating footsteps died away.

"How noble, how magnanimous of Monsieur Karovsky!" exclaimed Miss Primby. "I shall never think ill of the Russians again."

"Now, is the opportunity for Gerald to get away," said Clara. "The police may discover their mistake at any moment." Her hand was on the door, when suddenly there was a sound which caused all three to start and stare at each other with eyes full of terror. It was the sound of unfamiliar footsteps ascending the stairs. Mrs. Brooke shrank back as the door opened and George Crofton entered the room. "You!" she gasped.

"Even so," he answered as he glanced round the room. "It is long since we met last."

"Not since the day you crushed my husband's portrait under your heel."

"As I have now crushed your husband himself."

"What do you mean?"

"Clara Brooke, the hour of my revenge has struck. You slighted me once, but now my turn has come. It was through my efforts that your husband was tracked to this place. It was I who gave information to the police. Never could there be a sweeter revenge than mine."

"Can such wickedness exist unsmitten by Heaven!"

After that first glance round, he had never taken his eyes from Clara's blanched face. He spoke with a venemous intensity which lent to every word an added sting.

"Don't I just wish I was a man, instead of a great hulking good-for-nothing girl!" muttered Margery, half to Miss Primby and half to herself, as she defiantly rolled up the sleeves of her cotton gown.

For a little space, the two stood gazing at each other in silence.

Clara's heart beat painfully, but her eyes blazed into his full of scorn and defiance. Then she said: "George Crofton, believe me or not, but my husband is as innocent of the crime laid to his charge as I am. It is not he who is a murderer, but you who are one after this night's work—in heart, if not in deed."

A sneering laugh broke from his lips. "I was quite prepared to hear that rimarole," he said. "It was only to be expected that you should swear to his innocence. It is possible you may believe in it—wives will believe anything."

But Clara's ears, of late, ever on the alert, had heard a certain sound. With a low cry she sprang to the door; but before she could reach it, it was opened from without, and Gerald, accompanied by Picot, appeared on the threshold.

Crofton fell back as if he had seen a face from the tomb. "By what fiend's trick have I been fooled?" he cried.

"There stands the villain who betrayed you," exclaimed the young wife, pointing to Crofton with outstretched finger.

"He! My cousin! Impossible."

"It may not be too late yet," exclaimed Crofton as he sprang to one of the windows and tore aside the curtain. But next instant, with a bound like that of a tiger, Picot had flung himself on him and had gripped his neck as in a vice with both his sinewy hands. The other was no match in point of strength for the mountebank; and before he knew what had happened he found himself on his back on the floor, half choked with Picot kneeling on his chest and regarding him with a sardonic grin.

Clara, with natural impulse, had clung to her husband's arm. Miss Primby and Margery were too startled to utter a word.

Picot's hand went to some inner pocket and drew from it a small revolver; then rising to his feet, he said to Crofton: "Oblige me by standing up, monsieur, and by taking a seat in that chair, or in one leetle minute you are a dead man."

Crofton, with a smile like that of some half-cowed wild animal, did as he was bidden.

Gerald stepped quickly forward and laid a hand on Picot's arm. "What would you do?" he asked.

"Shoot him like the dog he is, if he move but one finger. If he move not,—tie him up—gag him—and leave him here till you, monsieur, have time to get away."

Then addressing himself to Margery, but without taking his eyes for an instant off Crofton, he said: "My good Margot, in my room up-stairs you will find one piece of rope. Bring him here. Depechez-vous—quick."

Margery needed no second bidding.

Then the mountebank said to Gerald: "You must not stop here any longer, monsieur; the police may come back at any moment."

"Yes—come, come," urged Clara. "Another minute and it may be too late."

"George, I did not deserve this at your hands," said Gerald with grave sadness to his cousin. The only answer was a scowl and an execration muttered between his teeth.

Gerald, his wife and Miss Primby retired into the farther room and closed the folding-doors. Margery was back by this time, carrying a small coil of rope.

"Good child.—Now hold this so," said Picot, as he placed the revolver in Margery's hand, and stationed her about a couple of yards from Crofton. "If you see that man stir from his chair, press your finger against this leetle thing, and—pouf—he will never stir again. Hold him steady—so. You have no fear—hein?"

"Why, o' course not," laughed Margery. "It would do me good to shoot the likes o' him."

With a dexterity that seemed as if it might have been derived from long practice, Picot now proceeded to bind Crofton securely in his chair.

"You scoundrel! you shall suffer for this," muttered the latter between his teeth.

"A la bonne heure, monsieur," responded the mountebank airily. Then perceiving a corner of a handkerchief protruding from his pocket, he drew it forth, and tearing a narrow strip off it, he proceeded to firmly bind the other's wrists; then making a bandage of the remainder, he covered his mouth with it and tied it in a double knot at the back of his neck. "Ah, ha! that do the trick," he laughed. "How found you yourself? Very comfortable—hein?"

Margery, who had watched the operation with great glee, now gave back the revolver and retired to the inner room. Picot sat down a little way from his prisoner, but for the present took no further notice of him. He had heard a footstep on the stairs a minute or two previously, and rightly judged it was Gerald already gone.

From the first day of taking up their abode at No. 5 Pymm's Buildings, Clara and her husband had prepared themselves for an emergency like the present one. They were always ready for immediate flight, and had arranged the means for communication in case of an enforced separation.

At the end of a few minutes Margery returned carrying a folded paper, which she gave to Picot, at the same time whispering a few hurried words in his ear. The mountebank nodded and smiled and kissed the tips of his fingers. Then the girl went back and the two men were left alone. But presently both of them heard the footsteps of more persons than one descending the stairs. Picot listened intently till the sound had died away, and then proceeded to light a cigarette. Of Crofton, sitting there bound and gagged, he took not the slightest apparent notice.

A quarter of an hour passed thus, and with the exception of a footfall now and then in the court below no sound broke the silence. At the end of that time, Picot's cigarette being finished, he rose, pushed back his chair, clapped his hat on his head, and after a last examination of his prisoner's bonds, he marched out of the room without a word, and so down stairs and out of the house, first shutting behind him the door which divided the upper rooms from the ground floor.

Left alone, George Crofton began at once to struggle desperately to free himself, but all to no purpose. After a little time, however, he discovered that the chair in which he was bound moved on casters, and this discovery put an idea into his head such as would not have entered it under other circumstances. The room was lighted by a lamp on a low table, and to this table he managed by degrees to slide his chair, along the floor. Then setting his teeth hard, and stretching his arms to the fullest extent his bonds would allow of his doing, he held his wrists over the flame of the lamp, and kept them there unflinchingly till the outermost coil of the ligature which bound them was burnt through. When once his hands were at liberty, very few minutes sufficed to make him a free man.

"My revenge is yet to come, Gerald Brooke," he said aloud as he paused at the door and took a last glance round. "It is but delayed for a little while, and every day's delay will serve but to make it sweeter at the last."

CHAPTER XII.

We are back once more at Linden Villa. It is a March evening, and the clock has just struck nine. George Crofton is smokin ga cigar, and gazing fixedly into the fire, seeing pictures in the glowing embers which are anything but pleasant ones, if one may judge by the lowering expression of his face. He looks haggard and careworn, and is no longer so fastidious with regard to his personal appearance as he used to be. Dissipation has set its unmistakable seal upon him; he has the air of a man who is going slowly but surely downhill.

His wife is amusing herself somewhat listlessly at the piano. There is a slightly worn look about her eyes, and the line of her lips looks thinner and more hard set than it is wont to do. Married life had not brought Stephanie the happiness, or even the content, she had looked forward to. The awakening had come soon, and had not been a pleasant one. Not long had it taken her to discover that she had mated herself with an inveterate gambler, if not with something worse. So long as plump young pigeons were to be had for the plucking, matters had gone on swimmingly at Linden Villa. There had been no lack of money, and Stephanie had never cared to inquire too curiously how it had been come by. But after a time Crofton's wonderful luck at cards began to be commented upon; people began to be shy of playing at the same table with him; pigeons were warned to avoid him; and when, one unfortunate evening, he was detected cheating at the club, and unmasked by a member cleverer in that particular line than himself, his career in that sphere of life came to an end forever. But his ambition had not been satisfied with the comparatively small gains of the card-table; he had bet heavily on the St. Leger and other races, and had been unfortunate in all. So far he had been able to meet his racing liabilities, but the doing so had exhausted the whole of his avaoilable resources, and matters at Linden Villa had now come to a pass that might almost be termed desperate.

Stephanie brought her roulades to an end with a grand crash; then turning half round she said in her clear metallic tones: "Have you anything to talk about, mon ange? Have you nothing to say to me?" Her husband's back was towards her, as he sat brooding sullenly in front of the fire. "It is not often that you stay at home of an evening, and when you do—chut! I might as well be alone."

He shrugged his shoulders. "What would you have me talk about? Our debts—our difficulties—our"——

"Why not?" she broke in quickly. "If you talked about them a little oftener, it might be all the better. You seem neither to know nor care anything about them. You are out from morning till night. It is I who have to promise, to cajole, to lie, first to one person and then to another who come here demanding money when I have none to give them. Oh, it is a charming life—mine! N'importe. It will end itself in a little while."

"What do you mean? What new trick are you hatching now?" he demanded.

"It is nothing new—it has been in my head for a long time. Shall I tell you what it is? Why not?" The fingers of one hand were still resting on the piano. She struck a note or two carelessly, and then went on speaking as quietly as though she were mentioning some trifling detail of every day life. "One evening, cheri, when you come home you will not find me; I shall be gone. This life suits me no longer. I will change it all. I will go back to the life I used to love so well. I have had a letter. Signor Ventelli is at Brussels; he prays to me to return to him. I shall go. You and I, my friend can no longer live together. It will be better for both that we should part." Again her fingers struck a note or two carelessly.

Crofton was roused at last. He started to his feet with an imprecation and faced his wife. "What confounded stuff and nonsense you are talking, Steph," he exclaimed. "As if I believed a word of it!"

"Do I ever say that I will do a thing when I do not intend doing it?" she quietly asked. In his own mind he was obliged to confess that she did not. "We have made a mistake, you and I, and have found it out in time," she resumed. "We can be friends, always friends—why not? But you will go your way and I mine; that is all."

The cold indifference of her tone and manner stung him to the quick. Evidently she was minded to cast him off as carelessly as she would an old glove. The sullen fire in his heart blazed up in a moment. He loved this woman after a fashion of his own, and was in nowise inclined to let her go. "What you say is utter nonsense. I would have you remember that you are my wife, and that I can claim you as such anywhere and everywhere."

"And do you imagine that if I were twenty times a wife I should allow you or any other man to claim me as such against my will?" demanded Steph, with a contemptuous laugh. Tza! tza! my friend, you talk like a child."

They were standing face to face, and for a few moments they stared at each other without speaking; but the clear resolute light that shone out of Steph's eyes cowed, for a time at least, the fitful, dangerous gleam flickering redly in her husband's bloodshot orbs, as though it were a reflection from some Tophet below.

George Crofton turned away, and crossing to the sideboard, poured himself out a quantity of brandy. "You would be a fool, Steph, to leave me as you talk of doing, were it only for one thing," he said dryly. He seemed to have quite recovered his equanimity, and was choosing a cigar as he spoke.

"If it pleases me to be a fool, why not?"

"Has it ever occurred to you that any morning the newspapers may tell us that my cousin, Gerald Brooke, has been captured? Every day, that is the first news I look for."

"Ah, bah! you mock yourself. Your cousin will never be arrested now; he has got safe away to some foreign country long ago."

"You have no ground for saying that. Any hour may bring the tidings of his capture, and then—— But you know already what the result of his conviction would be to you and me. Beechley Towers and six thousand a year—nothing less."

"You deceive yourself," resumed Steph. "You are waiting for what will never happen. Nine months have passed since the murder, and the crime is half forgotten. You let Gerald Brooke slip through your fingers once; but you will never have the chance of doing so again.—Let us come back to realities, to the things we can touch. Dreams never had any charms for me."

He went back to the fireplace with his cigar, and took up a position on the hearth-rug. "As you say—let us stick to realities; it may perhaps be the wisest," he went on. "What, then, would you think, what would you say, if I were to tell you as a fact that in less than six weeks from to-day I shall be in possession of ten thousand pounds?"

"I should think and say that it was not a fact, but a dream, a—what do you call it?—a Will-o'-the-wisp."

"And yet it is not a dream, but a sober solid fact, as a very short time will prove."

She raised her brows; evidently, she was incredulous. "You made sure that you would win two thousand pounds at Doncaster, whereas you contrived to lose five hundred. You were just as certain that you would win'——

"What I am referring to now has nothing to do with horseracing," he broke in impatiently.—"Listen!" he added; and with that he planted himself astride a chair and confronted her, resting his arms on the back of it and puffing occasionally at his cigar as he talked. "I am about to tell you something which it was my intention not to have spoken about till later on; but it matters little whether you are told now or a month hence." He moved his chair nearer to her, and when he next spoke it was in a lower voice: "The young Earl of Leaminton, who is enormously rich, is to be married on the 27th of next month. On the 14th of April one of the partners in a certain well-known firm of London jewellers, accompanied by an assistant, will start for the Earl's seat in the north carrying with him jewelry of the value of over twenty thousand pounds, for the purpose of enabling his lordship to select certain presents for his bride. That box of jewelry will never reach its destination."

Stephanie was staring at him with wide-open eyes. "You would not——" she exclaimed, and then she paused.

"Yes, I would, and will," he answered with a sinister smile. "I and certain friends of mine have planned to make that box our own. The whole scheme is cut and dried; all the arrangements in connection with the journey are known to us; and so carefully have our plans been worked out, that it is next to impossible that we should fail."

"And you, George Crofton, my husband, have sunk to this—that you would become a common robber, a thief, a volteur!"

His face darkened ominously, and the gash in his lip looked as large again as it usually did. "What would you have?" he asked with a snarl. "My cursed ill-luck has driven me to it. I cannot starve, neither will I."

For a little while neither spoke.

"I didn't think you would take my news like this, Steph," he said presently. "Think of the prize! How is it possible for a man fixed as I am to resist trying to make it his own? One half comes to me because the plan is mine, but of course I can't work without confederates. My share will be worth ten thousand at the very least; and then, hey presto for the New World and a fresh start in life with a clean slate!—What say you, Steph?"

"At present, I say nothing more than I have said already," she answered coldly. "I must have time to think."

(To Be Continued.)

WRONG DIAGNOSIS.

Spudds—Young Harkins seems very pensive to-night. Do you suppose that he has fallen in love?

Spatts—Oh, no. He is only breaking in a pair of tight shoes.

THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Interesting Items About Our Own Country, Great Britain, the United States, and All Parts of the Globe, Condensed and Assorted for Easy Reading.

CANADA.

Thirty-five horses were burned to death in a fire at the Temple livery stables at Hamilton.

The Grand Trunk Railway has decided upon a new regulation uniform for its train crews.

Peterson, Tate & Co., contractors for the fast Atlantic service, have bought the Beaver line of steamships.

Trade returns show a large increase in both export and imports for the year ended June 30.

Laura Merkins, aged twenty, of Stratford, committed suicide by swallowing a dose of Paris green.

The Victoria, Australia, rifle team won the Kolapore Cup at Bisley, the Canadians taking third place.

The port of Morden, in Southern Manitoba, has been made a port of entry by the Dominion Customs Department.

The body of an Indian woman was found near Edmonton. She had been strangled by tying her hair about her neck.

Mr. Dillon, a Hamilton hotelkeeper, caught a burglar in his bedroom, and after compelling the man to disgorge let him go.

Queen's University, Kingston, will confer the degree of LL.D. upon Sir Wilfrid Laurier on October 16, University day.

While celebrating the fall of the Bastile in Sohmer Park, Montreal, a number of people were wounded by a rocket discharged into the crowd.

A six-year-old son of Mr. John Harrington was run over by a Michigan Central train at Niagara Falls and his head was severed from the body.

It is expected that between thirteen and fourteen hundred delegates will attend the annual meeting of the British Medical Association in Montreal next month.

Mr. C. H. Wallace has been appointed first assistant engineer at Hamilton at a salary of $1,000, and Mr. J. R. Hoddle second assistant engineer at $800.

Mr. Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, will leave for Victoria, B.C., in a couple of weeks and will proceed to Japan to promote a trade between that country and Canada.

The Rideau ranges, where the D. R. A. match will be shot this fall, are in a neglected state. It is so rank with weeds that when the riflemen are lying down they cannot see the targets.

The Government has decided to enforce the alien labor law in Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia during the construction of the Crow's Nest Pass Railway.

Mr. Sifton has decided to make no reduction in the strength of the Mounted Police in Alberta, and in other parts of the Territories only as vacancies take place.

It is reported at Halifax that the British Admiralty have rejected the type of vessels proposed by Petersen, Tate & Co. for the fast Atlantic service, and that the contract will have to be revised.

Mr. J. S. Larke, Canadian Trade Commissioner in Australia, points out that four million bushels of wheat, or its equivalent in flour, will be needed to carry the population of the island continent through until next harvest.

In addition to annexing London West the City of London will ask power from the Legislature to annex 350 acres of land in London and Westminster Township along the bank of the river between the city limits and the waterworks.

Mr. V. McInnes, who has charge of the Dominion Government immigration agents in the Western States, says that the feeling in Michigan towards Canada is greatly improved, and that those who are going to the North-West will make first-class settlers.

A despatch from Montreal states that a third case of smallpox has been discovered in that city, the patient having been taken to the hospital eight days ago, but news of it had been withheld from the public. The patient, who is a brother of young Charbonneau, one of the first patients, is in a critical condition.

The fastest steamship voyage on record across the Pacific has just been made by the steamer Empress of Japan, of the Canadian Pacific line. She made the passage from Victoria to Yokohama in ten days, three hours, and forty-four minutes, being at the rate of 17.3 knots an hour.

The three-year-old son of Mr. John Raymond, Pine Bush, near Galt, Ont., on Tuesday swallowed a currant in the garden. It lodged in the throat, at the intersection of the bronchial tubes, and in spite of the efforts of a physician who was called, the child died three hours afterwards.

Exhaustive reports of the crop outlook in Manitoba indicate that while the grain has been retarded by the cold weather of May and the first half of June, with favorable weather this month a fair average crop may be looked for. The acreage under cultivation this year is from fifteen to twenty per cent. greater than ever before in the history of the country.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Samual Charles Allsopp, Baron Hindlip, is dead.

Five thousand wrought nail workers in South Staffordshire and North Worcestershire, have struck for a ten per cent. advance in wages.

The Woman Suffrage Bill was withdrawn on Thursday from the House of Commons, as there was no disposition on the part of the House to pass the measure.

In spite of formal denials, there is good reasons to believe that an engagement has been virtually agreed upon between the Duke of Manchester and Miss Mary Goelet, New York.

The London press is very outspoken in condemning the recent despatch of Secretary Sherman on the Bering Sea dispute sent in the form of instructions to United States Ambassador Hay.

Lady Selina Scott, mother-in-law of Earl Russell, who in January last was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment, for criminally libelling him, was released on Thursday morning from Holloway gaol.

Sir Blundell Maple has not subscribed two million and a half dollars to the Peterson fast Atlantic scheme, as at first reported; but will underwrite that amount, if the whole capital of the new company is underwritten.

A hundred distinguished London ladies gave a jubilee dinner to celebrate the progress that women have made during the Queen's reign. A novel feature of the entertainment was that each lady was privileged to invite a distinguished man.

A meeting of the representatives of France, the United States, and Great Britain was held in London to consider the question of bi-metallism. It is probable that an international conference will be held shortly in the United States.

The Parliamentary South Africa Commission that has been enquiring into the Transvaal raid, has made its report, in which it throws the responsibility and places the blame upon Mr. Rhodes, and exonerates Mr. Chamberlain, the Colonial Office, and Lord Rosemead.

The Duke and Duchess of York will start on August 15th on a visit to Ireland. They will remain for ten days in Dublin, and will attend the Leopardstown races and the Horse Show, after which they will make an extended tour in the north and south of the country.

Sara Bernhardt fooled the municipal authorities at Portsmouth. They made elaborate preparations to give her a reception, but after they had assembled in their rooms at the Town Hall the tragedienne discovered that she did not feel strong enough to climb the steps.

UNITED STATES.

The Pittsburg strikers are asking for arbitration.

Senator Hanna has indicated his willingness to arbitrate the trouble between the striking miners and the coal operators.

Female prisoners in Kansas City gaol, who have hitherto remained in idleness have now to break stones like the men, dispensing with their skirts, and wearing coarse overalls.

United States Secretary Sherman has written instructions to Ambassador Hay in London, in which he complains of the British Government's policy of delay in dealing with the sealing question.

A despatch from Washington says that the Executive has decided that upon the first interference of Japan in the Hawaiian Islands the Stars and Stripes will be hoisted and bluejackets landed to annex the islands.

Prince Eu Wha, heir-apparent to the crown of Corea, who is at present in the United States, is said to be followed constantly by assassins, who are instigated by the Corean Progressvie party to take his life.

An Indian named Tiger Cat eloped with a chief's wife from Fort Lauderdale, Florida, a few days ago. The runaway couple were captured and brought back. They were bound to stakes near the water's edge, and after being exposed an entire day in the burning sun they were devoured by alligators.

The commission appointed by the United States Congress to examine the deep waterway scheme of connecting the great lakes with the Atlantic have reported. They point out three routes, two of which are practicable and one possible, but they do not think that the advantages to be derived from the undertaking are such as to commend it as a Federal Government project.

According to the commercial reports from the United States trade has been during the past week more than usually dull, even for this always dull season of the year. The general depression is also intensified by the coal miners' strike, and the number of men "out" is larger than last week. In some industries, notably the building trades, boots and shoes, and iron ore, there is an improvement, but continued uncertainty about legislation helps to hamper trade. Wheat has advanced on considerable buying for export.

GENERAL.

The Turks are desolating the villages of the Armenians with great cruelty.

News from Tromsoe says that Prof. Andree started on Sunday afternoon on his balloon voyage to the North Pole.

The French Supreme Council of Education has adopted a proposal by which foreigners are enabled to obtain doctors' diplomas by undergoing examinations at French universities.

Intense excitement was created in Havana on Thursday by the arrest of eighty rich Spanish merchants and bankers in that city, for selling merchandise and medicines to the Cuban insurgents.

It is stated in well-informed circles in Vienna that a European conference will shortly be held in Vienna or Berlin to discuss measures to be adopted against the United States tariff policy regarding sugar bounties.

Malsalley, the rebel leader, with sixty followers attacked and burned the British Government station of Gaya, on the Island of Labuan, and carried off two thousand pounds from the treasury. The British Resident at Labuan has gone in pursuit.

GOT AHEAD.

A sea captain and a lawyer lived next door to each other. One very windy night the lawyer was reading a book in his study when a terrific crash upaffairs startled him. Upon investigating, he found that a chimney had hurled itself through his roof, doing considerable damage. Feared that it was the sea captain's chimney. Hastening down [illegible] he pulled out his law [illegible] d up similar cases, [illegible] ming how he could [illegible] from the detestoug[illegible] only child? thus engaged [illegible] his enemy that is impossi[illegible] —If you do open it in [illegible] once, I will [illegible] ds of the [illegible] mysteri[illegible]

TE TRUE.

[illegible] Parent—Sir, wo[illegible] ould [illegible] easure, sir,

THE QUEEN TO HER PEOPLE

DEEPLY GRATIFIED WITH HER SUBJECTS' ENTHUSIASM.

Pleased With Seeing So Many of Her Subjects From all Parts of the World—She Thanks Everyone From the Depth of Her Heart.

A special supplement to the London Gazette publishes the following letter from the Queen to Sir Matthew White Ridley, the Home Secretary:—

"I have frequently expressed my personal feelings to my people, and though on this memorable occasion there have been many official expressions of my deep sense of the unbounded loyalty evinced, I cannot rest satisfied without personally giving utterance to these sentiments. It is difficult for me on this occasion to say how truly touched and grateful I am for the spontaneous and universal outburst of loyal attachment and real affection experienced on the completion of the sixtieth year of my reign.

"During my progress through London on the 22nd June this great enthusiasm was shown in the most striking manner, and can never be effaced from my heart. It is indeed deeply gratifying, after so many years of labour and anxiety for the good of my beloved country, to find that my exertions have been appreciated throughout my vast Empire. In weal and woe I have ever had the true sympathy of all my people, which has been warmly reciprocated by myself.

"It has given me unbounded pleasure to see so many of my subjects from all parts of the world assembled here, and to find them joining in acclamations of loyal devotion to myself; and I would wish to thank them all from the depth of my grateful heart.

"I shall ever pray God to bless them and to enable me to still discharge my duties for their welfare as long as life lasts."

A SENSATIONAL MARRIAGE.

A despatch from Philadelphia, Pa., says:—Dr. G. F. Cadwalader, the head of one of Philadelphia's oldest and most exclusive families was married yesterday in St. Paul's Episcopal church, to Bridget Mary Ryan, his former housemaid. The marriage caused quite a sensation in society circles in this city. The bride came to this country five years ago from Tipperary, Ireland, and three years later entered the doctor's employ as housemaid. The doctor took more than an employer's interest in the fair Irish girl, and finally proposed marriage. She accepted, and after vainly endeavoring to have the Roman Catholic Church, of which she was a member, waive all restrictions, Miss Ryan gave up her religion and joined St. Paul's Episcopal church, of which Dr. Cadwalader is a vestryman. She is 21 years old. Dr. Cadwalader is 50.

ENGLISH DEATH RATE LOWERED.

Remarkable Preservation of Life During Victoria's Reign.

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London held a meeting in the Guild hall the other day to prepare an address to the Queen on the subject of the improvement in the state of public health which has been brought about during her reign. The facts and figures brought forward were interesting, and almost startling. In 1864, when Macaulay investigated the mortality of London, the death rate was 25 per 1000. In 1865, not a sickly year, 1 in every 23 in London died, a death rate of between 43 and 44 per 1000. At the present moment the London death rate is 14.9 per 1000. So that in spite of the enormous increase of the population and the difficulties which such an increase always places in the way of sanitary administration, the mortality of London is less than one-third what it was a third of a century ago.

Equally striking are the facts with regard to the mortality of the whole of England and Wales during the last sixty years. During the ten years from 1838 to 1847 the mean annual death rate for England and Wales was 22.16 per 1000, while for the ten years from 1881 to 1890 it was 19.1 per 1000. This implies, on an estimated population of 29,000,000, that 7,000,000 persons were kept alive in each year of the latter period who would have died in each year of the former.

Dr. Thorne, in order to guard against the liability of a people to overestimate its own achievements, appealed to the testimony of Henri Monod, an official of the Ministry of the Interior for France. Monod was dissatisfied with the waste of life in France, and came to England to investigate the results of English sanitary administration. He found that if the English death rate prior to 1881 had been maintained during the ten years from 1881 to 1890 no fewer than 800,000 persons would have been lost who were preserved alive. Following this calculation upon the same lines, it appears that in the fifteen years between 1880 and 1895 the saving amounted to nearly a million and a half—1,424,712.

Special reference was made to two diseases, typhus and tubercular phthisis. Typhus, once one of the scourges of the country, is now practically banished. Comparatively few of the present generation of doctors have seen an example of it, while as to p[illegible] within a comparatively short p[illegible] prevalence has been diminish[illegible] half. Reference was, of course, [illegible] smallpox, and the wonderful resu[illegible] Jenner's discovery. Nowadays a pock-marked face is a rarity. Less than sixty years ago "He died of England's scourge," carved on a tombstone in Lancashire, was sufficient to tell every passer-by that he was at the grave of a victim of smallpox.