

HIS HEIRESS

OR, LOVE IS ALWAYS THE SAME.

CHAPTER VIII.

"You!" The word falls from Mrs. von Thirk as though without her knowledge. Her eyes are fixed coldly upon Muriel. "Yes, it is I," returns Muriel, calmly. "I was anxious to see this part of the house, but Mrs. Stout has told me that it is to you I must come for the keys of it."

Mrs. Stout, has dropped a courtesy and is out of sight, upon the appearance of Madame. "It is true that my rooms lie beyond here," answers Madame now. She has quite recovered herself, and proceeds very deliberately to lock the door behind her.

The action is significant, and Lady Brankmere draws her next breath somewhat quickly. "Your rooms. Yes," she says, with a coolness. "I would not interfere with them, as long as you remain here; but Mrs. Stout tells me there are at least seven apartments in this wing."

"Six," corrects Madame, amiably. "What I wish to see," continues Muriel, stolidly, "are the rooms out of these six that you do not occupy. Your boudoir, your bedroom, are your own; but the others?"

"The others," echoes Madame, with an expressive little shrug. "Ah! You do not know, perhaps, that I do a little *décor* painting. Just quite a very little. But it is a joy to me, and I hate that the servants should meddle with my affairs, and—"

"But six rooms for painting," interrupts Lady Brankmere, ruthlessly. "Not altogether, you will understand. Then, with graceful politeness, 'You desire the wing, perhaps? It has been, up to this, apportioned to your husband's grandmother, she being, unfortunately, attached to it for many reasons—and to me it is convenient, as being near to her, so that at any moment, night or day, I may reach her without disturbing the household; but, if you wish it—blandly—we can, of course, move, we—"

"I do not wish to disturb Lady Brankmere in any way," protests Muriel, haughtily. "I merely expressed a desire to see this portion of my own house."

"Ah!" she says with an agreeable little smile, and slips the key she holds into her pocket. "It appears, then, that I cannot?" she says, with a pale smile.

"If, indeed, I might still consider this small portion of your house" (with a peculiar bow) "as belonging to me and my patient, Lady Brankmere, I should be grateful," returns Madame, meekly.

"You say the servants are forbidden to enter your rooms," she says, looking straight at Madame. "No one, then, has access there save yourself?"

"And Mrs. Brooks. She is it" (pointedly) "who summons me at night to the bedside of my patient—when my presence there is necessary, which" (with slow force) "is very frequently."

"Mrs. Brooks only?" "I have said," returns Madame decisively. "So?" says Lady Brankmere. "It seems a pity, Madame, you will permit me to see these paintings of yours," which, I am sure, are well worth a visit."

She turns away with an insolent air, and goes down the gallery with her usual slow and stately step.

She stops short when she has turned a corner, and is out of sight of her face, and clutches her hands with uncontrollable passion.

Suddenly all the passion dies from her face. She grows singularly calm. But her lips as she moves onward seem to have taken a hard, stern, determined line.

From the south gallery comes the sound of many voices and much laughter, and the welcome clatter of cups and saucers; and the breath of innumerable roses mingled with the fragrant odor of the steaming tea, floats on the air.

The walls are sparsely studded with priceless plates of hideous colors and designs, and on a large black rug a little sleepy puss is snoring blissfully. Taken as a whole, it is a charming picture, and Lady Brankmere, standing on the Persian mat before the fire, in a tea gown of ancient brocade, completes it.

She is talking to old Lady Primrose—a placid person with corkscrew ringlets and a desirable nose—and is smiling kindly. She is looking pale and slender and extremely beautiful.

Everybody is talking more or less, and the soft hubbub caused by the voices grows drowsy. Somebody at the upper end of the gallery is playing the piano very delicately—almost in a whisper as it were.

At this moment a servant throws wide the tapestry hangings at the end of the gallery and announces: "Captain Staines."

Involuntarily Lord Brankmere lifts his eyes and turns them upon his wife. "I hope Jenkins was in time to meet your train?" He started rather late," says Lady Brankmere, advancing so very indolently to welcome the new-comer, that his hand touches hers she is still on the border of the Persian rug. Her unconcern is so complete, so utterly without effort (apparently) that Brankmere draws a breath of passionate relief. He had almost forgotten where he was in his eager examination of his wife's features, until started into remembrance by a whisper at his side.

It is scarcely a whisper, either, rather a word or two spoken involuntarily. Mrs. von Thirk is standing beside him. As Muriel's cold, measured tones meet her ear, she draws a breath of admiration. "Magnificent!" she says.

"What?" he asks, sharply, turning abruptly to her. "That old brocade," with a little supercilious glance at Muriel's toilet, and an ambiguous smile.

"I say!" says Mrs. Amyot, "that is Captain Staines, isn't it? Some little story about him wasn't there?"

"I never heard it amounted to that," draws Mrs. Vynor. "He was very decidedly epish with her before her marriage, but—"

"With whom?" "With whom?"

"Lady Brankmere, of course. Why what were you alluding to?" "Ah? so! Hadn't a notion of such an affair as that. But really one never knows going to be up to next. In love with him before marriage, you say. And now she has him here?"

"By Brankmere's desire, not hers. It was Brankmere himself who specially invited him."

"Ah! now, that was kind!" exclaims Mrs. Amyot. "What's the joke?" asks Halkett, dropping into the chair nearest to her; "Anything I may hear without detriment to my morals?"

"One knows so little about them," hesitates Mrs. Amyot. "They are unobtrusive, certainly. I don't show them off like Miss Mumm. You must take them for granted."

"I shouldn't like to take them at all," licks Mrs. Vynor. "I shall tell Colonel Vynor about your incivility to me," says Halkett, "if you persist in this persecution of an unprotected young man. By the by, is he here?"

"He is always an evidence. One can not escape him," says Colonel Vynor's wife. "Well, I still want to hear about what was amusing you so intensely a moment ago," persists Halkett, "if I may, without blushing."

"That, certainly," casting a coquetish glance at him. "Mrs. Vynor and I were merely discussing the amiability of the present age!" Here she leans a little toward her friend. "My little story was not yours," she murmurs, confidentially. "Sentiment had nothing to do with it. It was something else. Gambling debts, a row of some sort; in some club abroad. To tell you the truth, I am always rather vague about my little stories unless the subjects of them happen to be—"

"Your intimate friends," interposes Halkett. "Ah! make it acquaintances. It sounds better," returns Mrs. Amyot. "Talking of them," yawns Mrs. Vynor, "did you ever see any one wear like Madame von Thirk? How she chooses her gowns! It's a talent—positive talent! Thirty, it a day, and doesn't look twenty-two. I hope when I'm run thirty I'll look half as well."

"When will that be?" asks Mrs. Amyot mischievously. "Never!" calmly. "I have made up my mind to go from twenty-eight to fifty in a week. But pay attention to Madame. She is worth it."

"She is very careful, certainly, and she is foreign. This latter counts a great deal."

"I think it is all those dear little soft high frills she wears round her throat," says Mrs. Amyot, reflectively. "Nothing betrays one like the throat. But I don't admire her as much as you do. There is a sly, caty look about her that annoys me. If I were Lady Brankmere—"

"Well?" "I should give her her walking-papers straight off."

"You should remember how good she has been to Brankmere all these years—or at least to his grandmother," murmurs Halkett, demurely. "And then—here she is such a thing as gratitude."

"Oh! Brankmere's all right," says Halkett, suddenly. "And Lady Brankmere—"

"Is handsome enough to upset all our apple-carts," laughs Mrs. Amyot. "There fore, we owe her one. But Captain Staines? He wouldn't suit me, at all events."

"I wonder who would?" asks Halkett, carelessly. "You do admirably," retorts she, saucily. "No—no more tea, thank you, Mr. Bellew," says Mrs. Amyot, looking up at Curzon. "But you can give me something else—information about that little woman in the window talking to Madame."

"That is Mrs. Daryl. A new-comer lately. She married Billy Daryl long ago, or he married her. I'm not sure which. Anything else I can do for you?"

"Yes. Go back to Margery," with a smile. "So," turning to Lord Primrose, who had just joined them, "That is Mrs. Daryl? Big heiress, wasn't she?"

"Yes. She was the only child of her father, and he was a rag and bone merchant."

"Not at all," corrects Mrs. Vynor. "Three lovely golden balls hung before his door, and—"

"She didn't get a penny from her father," interrupts Halkett. "There was an old general something or other, an uncle of hers, who enriched her. You'll like her. She's real grit, as they say in her early home."

"Strangers are often interesting. I shall make myself pretty to her," says Mrs. Amyot. "By the by, she appears to know Captain Staines, at all events?"

"With some people at all events, it appears he is hardly a favorite; Colonel Vynor and Lord Primrose grows even more devoted to Lady Anne as he draws near."

Staines, turning suddenly round, finds himself face to face with Mrs. Daryl. "This is a surprise, is it not?" smiles she calmly. "But I should have given you credit for being proof against all casualties of such a nature. Have you never yet taken that to heart?"

"Willy—" begins he, confusedly. "Mrs. Daryl—" interrupted she, icily, and turns away.

"I beg your pardon," exclaims he, following her further into the window recess. "I know nothing, remember that. You are married, then? and to Daryl? By Jove! You—you are Lady Brankmere's sister-in-law!"

"Yes. Why should the fact cause you emotion?" asks she contemptuously. "Is that so? Then why have you grown so red?" demanded Mrs. Daryl. "Look here with the intention of making it unpleasant for anybody. I'd advise you to chuck up that intention as speedily as possible. I'm here too!"

"I don't see why you attack me like this," said Staines, sulkily. Then suddenly he lifts his head and looks at her; "can't we be friends?" asks he.

"Friends? No!" "Not foes, at least?" She is silent. "Betrayal will cost you dearer than me," says Staines.

"I think not," slowly. "Coward!" she says scornfully. "A woman's good name is a brittle thing. A touch smashes it."

"Yes, I am not afraid. You will never be able to smash mine; whereas you will Geveceour and—"

Staines grows livid. "Hah!" laughs she, lightly. "That touches you, it seems. That heart. I am not going to set the social bloodhounds on your track—yet."

"Sign a truce with me then," exclaims he, eagerly. "To be kept sacred just so long as I see you conducting yourself properly," returns she. "Now go. The very sight of you is hateful to me."

She seems to breathe more freely when he Margery, who draws near with Curzon Bellew at her side.

Just now she is locking a little worried, but Mrs. Daryl is not allowed time to inquire into the matter. Lady Brankmere, sweeping up to them, lays her hand on Wilhelmina's arm.

"I want to introduce you to Lady Anne." Half-way across the gallery Muriel looks round. "So you know Captain Staines?"

"Slightly, yes. I met him abroad, in Brussels, where the old people went once and took me with them."

Then Lady Anne is reached, and the introduction is gone through. Meantime, Margery has sunk in a rather dejected fashion upon the deep window seat and is gazing out upon the wooded hill steeped in dying sunshine, and on the lake far down below that is sparkling as if incandescent.

"You didn't mean it really, did you?" asks Bellew, presently. "That I am not going to the country ball, next Thursday fortnight? Certainly, I meant it. Why should you doubt me?"

"Be your reason?" "Reasons rather, for they are plentiful as blackberries." But why should I give them?"

"Give one at least," pleads he. "Take the principal one, then. I haven't a gown fit to be seen in."

"Oh! stuff and nonsense," says Mr. Bellew. "I dare say!" indignantly. "That is just the brilliant remark one might expect you to make. But there is very little nonsense about it, let me tell you, and no stuff at all—not a yard of it—or probably I'd go. But to appear shabbily gown'd is a thing I glance at her slave, "you would be the very first to find fault with me."

"I would?" "Yes, you. Picture me to yourself in that headdress of mine—the old white silk—" "You look lovely in it."

"Amongst all the others tricked out in their best bibs and tuckers straight from White and Worth. Confess you would be ashamed of me."

"Ashamed!" "Yes, thoroughly," with decision. "You needn't imagine that you are a bit better than the rest of you, and all men hate a dowdy woman."

CHAPTER IX. Mrs. Amyot, when the idea of dancing through the afternoon is propounded to her, is delighted with it; so is Mrs. Vynor, in except Aunt Selina!

Halkett, who, from the beginning of their acquaintance, has been greatly taken by her, now approaches her with a winning smile.

"You dance, of course, Miss Mumm," he says, "may I have?" "Dance? No!" interrupts Miss Mumm. "I should think not, indeed. I wouldn't be guilty of such lightness." She is sixty if a day, and on an average weighs about seventeen stone.

"No, no," says Mr. Halkett, "Your actions, I feel sure, are not open to censure of that sort. 'Whatever you are'—with respect and respectful conviction—"I am sure you are not light."

"It is a comfort to know that you sit, at least, have measured me justly," returns Aunt Selina, gravely. "In my time, that abominable romp called dancing was looked upon as little less than sin. We were content with more innocent amusements, such as, for instance, 'Puss in the corner,' 'Blind man's-buff,' 'Kiss in the ring,' 'Hunt the slipper,' and a variety of other simple sports."

"There is a great deal in what you say," he agrees solemnly, "a great deal. We might all take it to heart with much benefit to ourselves. There are possibilities about 'Kiss in the ring,' before which the weaker attractions of dancing pale. And as for 'Hunt the slipper,' why should we not hunt it now? Mrs. Amyot, will you join me in the chase? Miss Mumm, I feel sure, will kindly give us the rules."

"You will find it dull!" remarks Miss Mumm, severely. "Let that be understood. Without further ado she takes herself off, and a universal peal of laughter follows on the last echo of her footsteps.

"Annie, will you sing us something whilst they are arranging the things—putting the footstools to one side?" asks Muriel.

Lady Anne Brankmere, who is never happier than when her fingers are on the keys, moves briskly to the piano. "She sings," says Mrs. Vynor, vaguely. "Oh, charmingly. Not magnificently or loudly, you know; but with feeling and all that sort of thing," says Primrose. "Tell you a fellow who sings well, too. Staines. Like a bird, he sings. Very hard to make him warble. I expect he thinks it wine to make himself rather scarce in that way. Adds to his popularity—see?"

He would want to add something to it; by all accounts, it is thin!" whispers Mrs. Amyot.

"Eh? Can't say, I'm sure," says Lord Primrose, rather puzzled, to whom Staines was rather a fancy article, run after a good deal and that, eh?"

"Captain Staines, will you sing to us now?" says Mrs. Amyot, suddenly, who had been doing to make him sing ever since Primrose had told her he was chary of giving his voice to the world.

"I think not," returns Staines, smiling at her. "My efforts would hardly please you, I imagine, after what we have just heard, and besides—"

"Besides what?" "Simply that I believe I have forgotten how, that's all. I had almost forgotten Muriel, who is standing near, looks quickly at him.

"Let to-day then be the commencement of a new epoch in your life's history," persists Mrs. Amyot, gayly. "Return to your old delights. Give place to song."

"To go back upon our lives is denied us," says Captain Staines, gently. "And to most of us the past is a sealed book to which we dare not revert. I am sorry, I can not please you in this matter, but" he turns his gaze suddenly upon Lady Brankmere, "music has died within me."

"Through dearth of encouragement, perhaps," says Lady Brankmere, coldly. "If you were to try—to make an effort—to recover your lost power, perhaps you might succeed."

"My lost power!" repeats he in a peculiar tone. He looks down, and then continues softly, "Well, I will try, if that is your desire."

"Not mine—Mrs. Amyot's," says Lady Brankmere, haughtily. "Oh, yes, mine certainly," laughs Mrs. Amyot.

The group at the piano divide and make room for him. His voice is not powerful, but clear and elastic, and for exquisite timbre could hardly be equalled.

Lady Anne is profoundly touched, and stands gazing at the singer with tears in her eyes.

Muriel is standing well within the shelter of a velvet portiere, but her face is in the light. The shadow of a terrible grief is desolating her beautiful face. Some cruel thought—a crushing remembrance—hitherto subdued, seems now to have sprung into fresh life, and to have reached a colossal height. That music has undone her quite.

Somebody drags a chair with a little rasping noise along the polished floor, and Lady Brankmere starts as though violently awakened.

"Thank you. It is a charming song," she says, indifferently, turning her gaze full on Captain Staines. "I always think you are better worth listening to than most people. Now, for your waltz," smiling at Mrs. Amyot.

She seats herself at the vacant piano, and lets the first bars of the brilliant waltz float through the room.

CHAPTER XI. "The Dowager Lady Brankmere's love to Lady Brankmere, and she will be pleased to receive her this afternoon." The message sounds like a command and Muriel throws aside her brush, and prepares to obey it.

"I wish I could go with you—she is interesting, as fossils usually are—but the fact is she abhors me. I am too large, too healthy, too fleshy for her," laughs Lady Anne. "I look out of place in that ghastly old room of hers."

"I can't see that you are more robust than Madame von Thirk. Yet she tolerates her," says Muriel. "She adores her," corrects Lady Anne. "There is some tremendous bond between them; I don't quite know how the friendship arose, but it began about seven years ago, about the year poor Arthur was killed."

She always alludes to her dead husband as "poor Arthur." "You know Arthur was her favorite. He was the eldest, and Brankmere came in for the title. You know all about that duel!" She is talking confidentially to Muriel.

"I knew he had been killed in a duel; that is all."

"Brankmere, George, your husband, was with him at the time. He, George, hinted to me that it was a quarrel about money; but he was so distressed that I knew the wretched affair he'd arisen out of some fault of poor Arthur's. He was rather wild, you see, and had an ungovernable temper. From what I could drag out of it, I should say poor Arthur lost himself over some affair in a brilliant saloon, and he had been shot dead," she says, in a low whisper, tapping her fingers nervously upon the table.

"How terrible—fr— you?" "Yes, terrible. But do you know, now I can think of it quite calmly. It all happened so long ago, you see. Seven years is a tremendous space nowadays. Yes, it all happened the year Madame came to the castle. Poor Arthur was killed about the beginning of the year, and she came here about six months afterward. I remember it perfectly. She was a friend of some people Brankmere knew in Tuscany."

"She seems to have given up Tuscany and made her home in England—in Brankmere, rather."

"Yes. I shouldn't mind that, if I were you. She is very good to the old lady, and useful when the dowager has one of her troublesome days. Going to her now?"

"I wish you could come with me."

"I shouldn't be welcome."

"Would I do?" asks Mrs. Amyot amiably. "I am afraid you would be worse than Lady Anne," says Muriel, smiling. "You are too bright, too airy. It is only ghostly bony people like me she can endure. I shall give your kind regards to Lady Brankmere, however, if you like."

"What a tiresome number of Lady Brankmeres there are," remarks Mrs. Vynor, idly.

"Too many," acquiesces Lady Anne. "There is the dowager, there is me, there being placed as No. 2 amongst the dowagers came, if not Lady Anne Hare, at least Lady Anne. A safe return, Muriel," as the present Lady Brankmere moves toward the door.

"Then I won't do!" asks Mrs. Amyot, pathetically. "Yes, you will for me, admirably," says Halkett, who has just stepped in through the window. "So take heart, and a tennis racket at the same time. We are having such a game out here. Come one—come all of you—and let's make an afternoon of it."

Muriel crossing the hall slowly—being in no haste to gain the chamber where the old dame lies in solitary state—comes suddenly face to face with Captain Staines.

"You should go out; the others are on

the tennis-ground," she says, in a dull, stifled sort of way, and goes quickly on ward.

"One moment, Lady Brankmere," exclaims he, in a low tone. "One only. What have I done that you should avoid me?"

"I do not avoid you," icily. "I fear you do. I fear my presence here is a matter of dissatisfaction to you. But I have arranged about that," he goes on, gloomily. "A telegram to-morrow will rid you of me. I shall leave as suddenly as I came."

"I beg you will not do this thing. I assure you there is no reason why you should," says Lady Brankmere haughtily. "There is a reason," breaks out Staines in a low tone, full of suppressed passion. "If you are dead to the past, I am not. I know now I should never have come here—now that it is not late."

"And why is it not late?" she demanded with flashing eyes.

"Because you are here," he says, slowly. "Need I have said that? Did you not know my answer? I was mad when I accepted you—Lord Brankmere's—invitation, but I could not refuse it. But now that I have come—now that I have seen when all the old sweet memories force themselves back upon me, I feel I dare not remain."

"You will please yourself about that, of course," answered Muriel, coldly. "To go will not please me," declares he, hurriedly.

"Then stay," indifferently. "Have you altogether forgotten?" "Altogether!" she says stoutly.

"I won't believe it," protests he. "What! in this little space of time to have all, all blotted out! Nay, I defy you to say it from your heart. Now and again some thought from out the pure sweet past must rise within your breast. Yet love could never have been to you what it was to me. You wronged me Muriel, as only a woman can wrong a man. You betrayed me."

"I?" "Yes. Was I the first who broke faith? Have I married? And now, standing here together face to face once more, you tell me I have no longer a place even in your thoughts, that it is nothing to you whether I go or stay?"

"Nothing," returns she, slowly. "I shall nevertheless be very pleased if you will stay with us for a little while," she says languidly.

"I accept your invitation," declares Staines, suddenly—almost defiantly, and turning away, strides impatiently down a side corridor—to find himself all but in the arms of Mrs. von Thirk!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How the Ocean Became Salt. Prof. Edward Hill read a paper before the Victoria Institute recently on "How the waters of the ocean became salt."

From an inquiry into the character and affinities of the organic forms of past geological ages, the conclusion was justified that the waters of the ocean must have been salt from very early geological times, but it by no means followed that they were as fully saline as those of the present day. There were two ways by which they might account for the salinity of the ocean waters from very early periods of geological time. First, by supposing that the primeval waters were saturated with acid gases which were held in suspension in the vapor surrounding the incandescent globe; or, secondly, that the salinity resulted from a process resembling that by which salt lakes of the present day had been formed. He thought that they must concur with Dr. Sterry Hunt, that from some cause or other chlorine largely abounded in the waters of the primeval ocean, as by far the greater proportion of the salts were chlorides, and chlorine was but very slightly represented in river waters of the present day.

From the examples of closed lakes they could determine the process of salinification greater or shorter periods these lakes had been receiving the water of the rivers, bringing down mechanically suspended sediments and chemically dissolved salts, silicates, and carbonates. The sediments were precipitated over the bottoms of the lakes, and the water being carried off into the atmosphere in the form of vapor as far as it entered, left behind the dissolved ingredients. These necessarily augmented in quantity, and ultimately the waters of the lakes became saturated with salts and carbonates, which were then deposited. The ocean was a closed lake of enormous magnitude, and they were then brought to the conclusion that the saltiness of the sea might have originated in very much the same way as had that of the Dead Sea, Lake Oromia, or the Great Salt Lake of Utah, and many others which possessed in common the characteristic of having no outlet. When the great envelope of vapor which surrounded the incandescent globe began to condense upon its cooling surface, the result was a deluge of saline ingredients. The process of salinification began with the first streams which entered the seas from the old bordering uplands; and this process carried on throughout the long ages preceding the silurian period, brought the waters to a condition suited to sustain the life of forms of inhabitants representative of those which inhabited the ocean at the present day. These long ages might be supposed to include not only the archæan and azoic periods, but that during which the first crust was in course of formation over the incandescent globe.

Hatching Fish Under Hens. The Chinese have a method of hatching the spawn of fish, and thus protecting it from those accidents which generally destroy a large portion of it.

The fishermen collect with care from the margin and surface of water all those gelatinous masses which contain the spawn of fish, and, after they have found a sufficient quantity, they fill with it the shell of a fresh hen's egg, which they have previously emptied, stop up the hole and put it under a sitting hen.

At the expiration of a certain number of days they break the shell in water warmed by the sun.

The young fry are presently hatched, and are kept in pure fresh water till they are large enough to be thrown into the pond with the old fish. The sale of spawn for this purpose forms an important branch of trade in China.

THE W

Mrs. McLean and wife of Mr. Stock, Ont., committed suicide.

Chief Justice Superior Court took of inflammation.

Thirteen children were killed in the great Christmas fire.

It is again circles that the Departments of Mr. Fred Williams Mounted Police.

The St. Andrews appointed a committee of wards forming a union with the Rifles.

A young woman found dead the under suspicion of a coroner's inquest.

There has been a small pox hospital victim of the disease Eva Adams.

Mr. William Hamilton, and warehouse, was deprived of his years ago he lost suffering from eye and the other eye.

While returning he suddenly became Courtland Freely shot his wife in a hallway on Tuesday. He the police. The first and the third in and wife had been and the woman request to return wounds are of a Mr. David McLellan when the horse bit away. Mr. McLellan wagon and run surgery. Blood was his leg, and before the unfortunate incident resulted in the death of the accident.

Mr. J. H. Turner in the British who is at present in Redistributing session as, had census returns, which correct, it would be satisfactory.

Mr. Frank McLean steel's stove mill with a terrible death. While endeavoring to draw in between and he was dragged arm and shoulder was and his face was lived for an hour at the Managing Director of the real General hospital the petition of a man requesting the Commission to issue to two women College permission basing their objection there exists no facility of women in the co-education of been disappeared by

The strike of the to, England, has returned to work in the Trustees of Stratford-on-Avon have Mr. Gladstone was port laureate, made Lord Tennyson, to art critic.

The first shipment the season arrived in morning. The Commission the British Board of ing the animals apart inspection.

Mr. Michael Davitt ber of North-East, Co. declared a bankrupt, the costs connected with test in North Meath, Chiltern Hundreds.

William Townsend, have had intentions Gladstone, was again magistrate and was a cal officer was not p on upon the question of

Late on Saturday night was exploded in the Courts, Dublin. The buildings were not in was hurt. It is not in despatch, that the public throwing the bomb was life, as at night the vi deserted.

UNITED Large numbers of from the British war harbour, likely attract in the United States

The exhibitors in M World's Fair complain over-charged for power threaten to withdraw

Miss Frances Will advocate, has entirely of her years of hard w ordered to Switzerland mer.

The paid admissions on Saturday did not to The Board of Lady themselves on record a ing of the fair on Sunday

About five hundred Milwaukee were close observance of Revival Sabbath. Over five th are reported.

The President of th