CHAPTER XXVIII. - (CONTINUED.)

Her fingers are still in a listless fashion rippling the calm water of the fountain. He hesitates openly. Staines takes possession of them, and forciseems surprised by his action, but not inordinately so.

"Let my hand go," she says, haughtily. "In one moment." Carefully, yet with an obedient haste, he dries the hand he holds. Perhaps the impatience that thrills through it is not altogether displeasing to him as he lifts his eyes and intently scans the lowered lids and silent face before him. that hides as if with a mask the working, of its owner's heart.

She comes back to the present with a sharp sigh as Staines lays her hand now dry

upon her lap. "Don't put it in again," he says, quietly.

"It is still early in the year, and the water is chilly. You may catch cold." "I never catch cold"-absently-"as

you may remember." "Remember!" he repeats, "When shall I forget, I wonder? What is there in all the sweet days we passed together that I do not remember? do not misunderstand me. Do not for an instant imagine that I regret one single hour. Memory is now the only good that life has left me. The memory of a priceless past ?"

"Let the past lie," returns she, coldly. What have we to do with it? It is gone, Muriel Daryl? dead. No effort, however violent, can bring it within our grasp again."

overshadowed by them."

faint shrug of her shoulders. "It seems to cries Staines. "Hear me!" me that at times you can emerge from yours with a very tolerable success.

But be happy in the thought that they do face again.' not trouble you—that those old days are by "Let us not talk nonsense," says Staines, happy;" demands she scornfully.

"I would have you believe nothing cording to your fancy."

something to say. Say it.'

-for ever and ever !"

She sits quite mute, with her eyes down- As she so stands, beautiful in her grief cast, and her fingers tightly laced, lying in and her cruel self-contempt, a soft, low

"It is an uninteresting tale, is it not?" her left. continues he quietly. "All on the one string. I can make my torture a little keener now and then by a careful reminding of myself that the woman for whom I would have bartered every hope I possess ed between us every tie."

all?' Why did you never protest so much as that in those old days you are so fond of recalling?" inquires she.

"I thought I had protested more. I believed my soul as open to your gaze as I madly dreamed yours was to mine. I saw no necessity for words. I was mistaken upon both points. My failure was my own ault, but it is none the less bitter for

"If, indeed, you feel as you now pretend, you should never have come to this house," declares she, with slow distinctness. "I know that now, but then- How

with extreme agitation; at this moment indeed, he is sincere enough and the woman before him, standing gazing at him with head e ect in all her cold, mperious beauty, seems to him the one de sirable thing on earth. "It seems to me," he goes on, vehement-

ly, "as though I should come; as though with my own eyes I must see you, if only once again." "And -?" Her tone is stern.

"Now I know," returns he, "my love still lives-nay, has grown a thousand-fold in its vain strength. I have learned that time holds no hope for me. That I am as sick of life as a man may well be !" "Why do you stay here if you are so un-

happy?" cries she "Why don't you go?" Sie rises and stretches out her hand with a quick impulsive meaning. "Go I beseech you," she exclaims, feverishly.

"I can not! Some power chains me to the spot. It is a fear, undefined as yet, but it is too strong for me-it holds me

"A mere morbid fancy," returns she. "You should despise such vague warnings." "Not when they point toward you!" kindly. She pales perceptibly, and would have spoken, but he prevents her answer and hurries on deliberately.

"If I could manage to forget, I might, indeed, make my escape; but that is impossible. Nor would I care for such oblivion. No! I would not forget. The very voyage dainty chin. that wrecked my happiness will always be

the dearest memory I have." "It is folly-madness," cries she. "You should go.'

"Are those your orders?" demands he, sadly. "Do not enforce them. And there is another thing, how can I go, and leave you here alone, surrounded by those who-at least-bear you no good will?"

"Give voice to whatever is in your mind," she commands him. "Are you concerned, you never are." afraid to put your insinuation into plain words? The worst enemies, they tell us, are those of one's household-who is it you would bid me distrust? Speak !- Branksmere? His grandmother?—or perhaps—" she draws her breath sharply, -" Madame von Thirsk ?"

"You give me my opportunity," exclaims he, eagerly. "Madame von Thirsk! Do begins, saucily. not trust her. I know but little, I have no right to judge, but-do not, I implore my sake, if not for your own, refrain ! I Anne?"

you, p'ace faith in that woman." "I fancied you were madame's friend," she says. "Did I not see you talking to her, just now? It appeared to me that you forgets her self-imposed mission as to burst was wrong "

"How can I say whether you are right or wrong? It is only some hidden instinct that bids me watch her, for your sake."

"I would be rid of this accursed doubt," bly draws them from the water. Muriel he says, "tell me-you, who should know -what is it there is-between her and-Branksmere ?"

Muriel leans heavy against the fountain -no answer falls from her lips. It is all over then? The disgrace is known! Instinctively as it were she has turned to him for support. His pulses throb with unusual force as he recognizes this fact, and closes his own fingers firmly over the beautiful A sad face, pathetic in its studied coldnesss | slender ones that come to him of their own

Then in a moment it all passes away—her agitation—the anguish—the deadly shame. "Must no man dare to have an old friend?" she asks, with an attempt at lightness that is only a miserable tailure.

"My beloved! That you should have to endure all this!" murmurs Staines. And then in a moment, as it were, his arms are round her, and he has pressed her bowed head down upon his breast. She lies there passively. At this time, it seems to her as if there was nothing at all that mattered. What are honor, loyalty, faith? the knowledge that all the world is at liberty now to jeer at her, and point the finger of scorn at her—the despised wife. Good heavens! Can such things be for her-

"I have at least one solace in my desola- back from him. Of what had she been something." tion," says Staines. "And that is the thinking -she? A terror has fallen upon knowledge that I suffer alone. It is, it her, strange, vivid, horrible; a looking into shall be, a lasting comfort for me to know herself that has changed and darkened her that you are as free from regrets as I am face, and made her look like an incarnate

fear! Whither is she drifting? "Shadows are movable things," with a "Muriel, you shall not feel it like this,"

"Nay, sir; be satisfied!" breathes she, heavily. "Am I not degraded enough? At "Ay, but they always follow me. In your bidding all was forgotten. I do not she. eality there is no escape from them. | see how I am to look any one of them in the

you remembered as a foolish passing dream.' with a sudden roughness. "The question "Would you have me believe you un- now is, how can I help you? I have nothing to offer-nothing save my devotion." "I want nothing from you," cries she, displeasing to you. Mold your belief ac- passionately. "That least of all. Did the whele world combine, do you think it could "I have none. I have lost all beliefs," avenge such a case as mine? And you, of declares she. "But don't waste time over all others, how dare you offer me help! that speech. You look as though you had You, to whom I have shown-" Further words refuse to pass her lips. "No-no "You are wrong. I never felt more help from you to me is possible," she says, thought by what he said that Lady Branks- "Do you know I think it will be that," tongue-tied in my life. I could tell you presently. "Be sure of that. I will accept nothing that is not already old and weary nothing at your hands. Oh, that I could news to you. That I have loved, and that trample out of sight all that troubles me," I do love, that I shall love you and you only she cries, her fingers plucking convulsively at the soft laces that lie upon her bosom.

laugh rings through the shrubbery upon

CHAPTER XXIX.

"This retreat of yours is a positive sanctuary," says Halkett. "It is very dusky -deliberately-of her own free will-sever- in this corner of the balcony, and there is something soothing in the thought that "'For whom you would have bartered every one is dancing in the rooms within, and that one's own body is idly resting." He had adressed Margery Daryl, but there are two or three others lounging in this quiet, forgotten little spot, hemmed in by the tall shrubs in their huge pots.

Mrs. Daryl is sitting on the sill of the partner is amusing herself with him from | beautiful face in the world." the depths of a cushioned lounge.

been quieted within him, but now, all | ments ever since I was born. suddenly as it seems, she wakes into a wicked life, and turns a be wildering smile on Halkett.

flown to you for refuge? And is this the mand an unlimited amount of repartee. spirit in which my prayer is received! Experience has also taught me that there Seeing you not alone, Miss Daryl, or even are also few so-wearying.' a deux I took the liberty-"

"Oh, that is nothing. You are always taking that," retorts she. "The question is, what brought you ?" "Need you ask ?" reproachfully. "You know I am always unhappy when -?"

"She proves untrue?" This speech has allusion to Mrs. Amyot. "She always does," says Halkett

" Who should know it so well as you?" "Who, indeed?" "Yet you have most cruelly deserted me

all to-night; most wantonly you have flung me amongst the Philistines. And all the time you have been dreaming here, or in some other fortunate spot, whilst he who would die to-to-"

know all the rest," puts in Miss Darvl, see through things? I tell you, you were "You should! You have served an ap- ion, and that he seemed only too glad of prenticeship to it. To know that all the

world is groveling at your feet might make you merciful instead of cruel."

me as far as that." "That is just as well." "I don't think you are in a very pretty crime. temper to-night. A generous mistress uses

the lash sparingly to her slaves." "Her favorite slaves, perhaps. Besides, who told you I ever was in a pretty

"No one. I think myself, so far as I am | cannot escape your censure."

lea t of it. "No. Have I not just this moment told | man."

you she never is-to me ?"

really can not sit silent and hear you call vourself names."

Wilhelmina in the background here so far her, just now? It appeared to me that you longers her detailed burke of Luxers bell very amicable relations with her. I out laughing. Margery follows suit, and spairing tone. See when I mention his so long as you give me no cause to speak." berg. Some of the vintages date back to gresently Mr. Halkett joins in also.

"Now where does the joke come in?" lemands he, mournfully. "That is what we all want to know,"

says Curzon. " All? I don't," says Margery.

prey to the unsatisfied curiosity that is you are going to marry Herrick."

"I should think my meaning has always been perfectly clear to you," returns he. By the bye, this is our dance, I believe." "Is it ? I - I don't think I want to dance,"

returns she. "Don't you? I wonder then why you

"True! There is flirting," says he, bit- This terrible speech seems to take all says. terly. Tommy Paulyn runs lightly up the heart out of Bellew. He stands, as though steps to their left and precipitates himself stricken into stone, except for the rapid one, it seems to me, has power to hurt me,

with a glance at Margery and Bellew. hope, finally? "Been to the gardens? They are looking

kill your blues in a hurry.' "Did they cure yours, Tommy? Was She has taken up her fan and detached

Words-all words! Nothing remains but thinly minded little girls as yourself. I able distance. defy any man, woman, or child to affect my nerves. To deviled oysters alone that proud he, passionately. boast belongs. But the gardens are awfully well got up. Lamps everywhere, and stars and things. The committee ought to all things are at end between us?" All at once a revulsion seizes upon her; be congratulated on its arrangements. she drags herself out of his arms and stands They ought to be presented with a Bible or your own fault. I won't have people jig. such fears mean death! But if the coming

don't see what could repay them."

asks Curzon, meaning the gardens, not the | wouldn't do one good !" committee. "It is a charming night, quite sultry."

"Pouf!" exclaims Mr. Paulyn, lightly. "I like to hear you beginning to be careful of your health. You aren't more delicate than Muriel, are you? and she has been enjoying the midnight breeze with Staines for the last hour." Tommy says stiffly; "but I thought-" this quite gayly, being ignorant of any rea-

son why she should not so enjoy herself. listlessly down the steps into the scented above all else. And so I shall remain darkness beyond. "What a fellow your whether you wed me, or some other man, cousin is to talk," he says; "I quite or if you never marry at all."

"I know Tommy, and the wildness of his surmisings, better than you do," returns asks Bellew. she, evasively. How foolish she was to peace of mind returns also her sense of aggravation. And it is at this very momunfortunate remark.

"You look pale," he says, solicitously. "I am sorry I can't look like a dairy- ally, that would hurt you." naid to oblige you," she says. "However, if my appearance offends you, I must tryto correct it." She lifts her hands and administers to her poor cheeks a very vigorous scrub that almost brings the tears to her eyes. "Now, are you satisfied?" she asks, irately, turning to him a wrathful, that."

crimson countenance. "I don't know what you mean. I can't curtained window; Curzon Bellew is lean- | see why you should speak to me like this." ing over Margery's chair. Peter, and a says Mr. Bellew. "When did I express tail artilleryman called Herrick, are lean- myself as dissatisfied with your face? hours!" says she. "After all, how could this country was turned out recently at the ing against the ivy, and Peter's last pretty | To me as, you well know, it is the most I expect you to give me of your best, I,

"There are a certain class of people "If a sanctuary, who gave you permis- whom I detest," returns Miss Daryl, un- heart !" replies he, gloomily. sion to invade it?" asks Margery. She pleasantly. "You are one of them. Flatcould I tell-how be sure how it was with has been particularly rightminded up to tery is their strong weapon, and I'm sure that rings through the cool night air. me until I saw you again?" He is speaking this rather late hour, and Curzon's soul has you've been paying me meaningless compli- As she looks straight before her, the

"Born !" with a rather derisive laugh. "You can remember since then!" "I have often heard," icily, "that there "What an unkind speech ! Have I not | are few so clever as those who have at com-

"If I bore you," says Mr. Bellew, it is most unreasonable of me to inflict my presence on you any longer. Will you come back to the house, or say here whilst

I tell Halkett--' "There! I knew it!" breaks she in. Anything like your abominable jerlousy I have never yet known! I am accustomed to it-but your radeness to that very inoffen

sive person does call for comment.' "How was I rude, may I ask?"

"Do you then deny you were in a raging temper all the time he was-was courteously endeavoring to entertain me?"

"Openly endeavoring to make love to you, you mean," exclaimed Bellew. "Do "Yes. Don't let it embarrass you; I you think I am blind, or a fool, that I can't encouraging Halkett in a disgraceful fashthe encouragement."

"Perhaps you think you are amusing mention at odd times with a due apprecia- first love of her life, we should feel nothing tial failure of the East Indian jute crop. me?" with a soft disdainful uplifting of her tion of my charms. To-day it was Mr. but pity for her.' Herrick-yesterday Lord Primrose-to-"My natural self-conceit never carried night Mr. Halkett. It would cause them murmurs Margery, sobbingly. "But my connections consists of copper strips consome slight embarrassment, I should say, heart misgives me.

interrupts him mischievously.

"The lady of your heart is always good- vince me. I have loved you too long to be reveal itself to her. But even now as she Muggins, "by jocks I'll read the riot act to

on throwing me over to marry some other knows a sense of relief when her eyes fail at herself in the glass. "You won't do any-"Which of them?" demands she. "Mr. "The object of your affections-" she Halkett, who is head over ears in love with smile, and, hardly pausing to notice her ex- bringing his fist down on the table. Mrs. Amyot, or Lord Primrose, who has pression moves on to where the lace drap-

Herrick and-" She has changed color perceptibly. "Yes, Herrick," he reiterates in a dename how you change color."

Is a blush a sin ?" asks she.

the deliberate breaking of a man's heart. | cal bow. I have loved you all my life I think-and "No? You are happy then in not being you have suffered me, only to tell me now least remember you are warned!"

"I am not going to tell you anything," "I am so far a prey to curiosity that I cried she, indignantly. "Am I a Mary am dying to know what you mean," says Baxter, who, 'refused a man before he axed woman is nothing to her. But Margery, her'? Am I?' "Did you refuse him ?"

"How could I," evasively, "if he didn't utes ago returns to Mrs. Daryl with a vivgive me the opportunity?" "You give me your word he did not

propose to you ?" come here ?" says Mr. Bellew. "The busi- that to you?" she demands. "You are into the shadow of the window. ness of a ball is dancing; one can sit and not my father, or my brother, or my guardian, that you should take me to task "There are other things besides danc- - and certainly you shall never be my husband !"

gnawing of his mustache. Will she speak save myself. Yes, I exonerate you from all "What are you all doing here in the again? If she moves away, what is he to do blame. dark ?" asks he. "All in dumps, eh ?" -to follow, to implore, or to resign al

"If," she declares to herself, "he should lovely. Try 'em and take my advice. they'd stand there, mooning, until the day ! reaks I shall not be the first to speak !"

that why you sought them?" demands it from the ribbon that holds it. It startles her, when she finds it roughly taken from "No, my dear, I leave the vapors to such her careless fingers and flung to a consider-"Have you nothing to say to me?" asks

"Nothing returns," she, calmly. "Do you know you have told me that

ging about after me, and pretending to hours hold out to me some hope, I shall "Not good enough," says Miss Daryl. look the deepest concern when there is no 'According to your account they have suse for it. There is nothing on earth so managed even the heavens admirably. I tiresome as being asked every moment whether one has a headache, or if one's "Will you come and look at them?" | neuralgia is worse, or if some iced water

"And all this," remarks Mr. Bellew "has arisen out of my simple declaration "Cold, I should have thought," replies | that I thought she was looking a little pale ! 'I have been a cross goose, certainly," that Branksmere is watching her from a she confesses with heroic candor; "but never mind. We are friends again now

"We are not," he returns. "Oh! that as you will, of course,"

"I am your lover," declares he. "Nothing you could do or say would alter that "Come," Bellew says, earnestly. This fact. You can throw in the triend and time without a word she rises, and moves | welcome. But your lover I am, before and

mere was somewhere out here; didn't you, says she. "I am sure I shall never marry

"I really think, Curzon," says Margery place any dependence upon any words of gayly, who has quite recovered herself Tommy's! With the restoration of her; "that there is one small thing for which an apology is due from you to me. What was that little insinuation of yours about ent that Bellew chooses to make a rather flirting, eh?" You didn't mean it-h'm?" "Flirting!" he repeats. "I'm sure I shouldn't say or mean anything, intention-

> "That's all very well," replies she persistently. "But the thing is, did you mean that? I'm not a flirt, Curzon, am I? tria. And you don't think so, do you ?" "Of course not," he says hastily, "I

must have -have been a fool when I said

"Only then?" mischievously. with you," returns he, vehemently. "I thank you for giving me your choicest

who am so bent on being an old maid?" "You, who are so bent on breaking my Miss Daryl laughs—a soft, tuneful laugh

laughter dies upon her lips. There-there in the moonlight—only a few vards from her, stands Muriel, her face pale, ashen, all the marks of passionate despair upon her beautiful face, and there, too, stands-

CHAPTER XXX.

back to the house.

Not a word or sigh escapes her, yet he, bright red. loving her, knows the agony her heart is enduring, and understands but too well the degradation and horror that are possessing

"Don't take it so hardly, darling," he says, very tenderly. There is a pause full of doubt, and then Margery turns to him and lays her heed upon his breast, and bursts into a passion of silent tears. "Oh, Curzon!" exclaims she, in a bitter

the world, Margery; but you must not take from a gas burner to pass. "I must be a modern Venus," says Miss not altogether stifle one's heartbeats, and if ties of such an industry are being seriously Daryl, "to inspire all the different men you she was bidding an eternal farewell to the considered in Nicaragua in view of the par-

were they to be openly accused of their Muriel had caught sight of her sister on underground. A terrier has been trained "It is not only-" begins he, but she never could be devoutly grateful enough wires through the culverts with the skill of that the girl had not chanced to see her at an experienced workman. "Not only those I have named? True! the fountain as she stood there transfixed there is still Mr. Goldie who has also come with horror of herself, with the first terrible under your ban. Even that estimable man | touch of dispair upon her face. That Margery had seen, and judged blindly but cor-"To sneer at me, Margery, is not to con- rectly of the miserable truth, did not even comes here again," angrily exclaimed Pap tempered, of course !" There is another in- callous on this point. If an end to my steps again into the brilliant glare of the him nuendo in this remark ; Mrs. Amyot at dreaming has come, I would know it. "It lamps she looks round nervously for the

Wilhelmina she greets with a friendly "Oh, Miss Daryl! 'The object!' For neither eyes nor ears for anyone save Lady eries of the windows form a frame for her; her frizzes another dexterous jab with her Staines coming to a standstill behind her, taper fingers, "you can't read, you know. "There are others," says he, "There is looks round him, and in turn meets Mrs. Daryl's rather impressive gaze.

"Take care!" she whispers, " you re- wines in the world is that stored away in member our compact. I will be silent only the cellars of the Grand Duke of Luxers Elevated by the sense of triumph that is 1706.

"I suppose I can change color if I choose, still warm within him, he disdeins all answer to this warning, only saluting her "No. But I will tell you what it is - with an almost defiant and certainly ironi-

"As you will," returns she, "but at

He laughs insolently. Something in his manner strikes cold to Wilhelmina. It seems to her at this moment that the other she will suffer. The memory of the pretty white face that had passed her a few minidness that is actual pain.

She becomes conscious that Staines is still gazing at her with that mocking smile "Even if he did-if they all did, what is upon his lips. She falls back once more

Staines, moving up to Lady Branksmere's side addresses her eagerly.

"At least do me the justice to understand I did not mean to offend you," he "What is offense?" muses she. "No

"Ah, to be sure of your forgiveness," he

murmurs eagerly.

"Be sure then," she says, very gently. "Give me a proof," entreats he. "Tomorrow, the others are all going to the tennis affair at Lady Blount's. Are you, too, going !"

"No :" with a surprised glance ; I have decided against it long ago. Tennis bores me. But what has that to do with-"

"To assure me of your pardon," interrupts he, quickly. "Say you will permit me, too, to set aside the invitation for to-morrow, and to accompany you instead in your afternoon walk. That you might "Well," cries she, pettishly, "it is all in time learn to look askance at me; and all surmount my tears. Believe me, I shall not sin again !"

"To-night was a mistake, certainly," she says, " but as I have already told you, I absolve you from all blame. Yes ; to-morrow, if you wish, you can walk with me." Turning her face from him, she looks listlessly around her, and as her eyes travel from wall to wall she becomes at last aware

distant door-way with a burning, immovable She starts visibly, and is conscious growing nervous and unsettled beneath it. He had been aware that the flowers his wife held were not those sent to her by him, but he had been far from imagining whose gifts they were until enlightened in a charmingly airy and casual manner by Mme. von

Thirsk somewhat later on. A very tumult of mixed passions is swaying him. That she shall give him an explanation he is determined. But not now. He has written to her, and considering tonight's work she will hardly dare deny him the interview he has demanded on the "Shall we walk on a little further?" morrow. In a few short hours he will be face to face with her, and will get an answer to the questions that are clamoring

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BITS OF SCIENCE.

One of Mr. Edison's latest discoveries is

a method of reproducing phonograms. Very handsome dresses and window curtains as well are now made of glass in Aus-

Phonograph cylinders are now made of a size suitable for mailing. They have a capacity of 200 words.

The Simplon tunnel from Brieg in Swit-"Then, and now, and always when I am | zerland to Isela in Italy, will be twelve and one-half miles long. The first nickel-steel crank ever cast in

> Bethlehem iron works. In Germany lightning rods are being tipped with gas carbon. Points of this material,

> unlike those of metal, are infusible and are not corroded by the air. A new cigarette machine has been invented by a man in Winston, N. C., that it is said, will feed, roll, paste and make 10,000

perfect cigarettes in ten hours. Edison is working on a magnetic ore separator. The only obstacle in the way of its success at present is the necessity of crushing the ore to a very fine powder before the separating process.

A sensitive paint has been invented which Margery steps back again behind the should prove useful for detecting hot bearkindly shelter of the evergreens, and Cur- ings in machinery. It is always bright yelzon follows her rapidly, in her hasty walk low when cold, but gradually changes color on being heated, and at 220 degrees becomes A Rhode Island sculler rejoices in pos-

sessing an aluminum snell, made wholly of that metal, that weighs only twenty-three pounds, all rigged. It measures thirty-one feet eight inches over all, but is less than a foot wide. A new glass which is nearly impervious to the calorific rays is made in Germany from 70 parts of sand, 25 of china clay and

34 of soda. A plate a third of an inch thick "There is a great deal of unhappiness in allowed only 11 or 12 per cent of the heat things to heart as though there were no The fiber of ranana stalks is proposed as hope, no remedy. How can we tell what a substitute for jute in the manufacture of Muriel was enduring just now? One can wrapping paper. The commercial possibili-

The method adopted by an electric light-"Oh, that I could dare believe you!" ing company of London in laying their ducted along their entire system in culverts her homeward way, and had told herself she to do this work and carries the electric

Simpkins Safe-

"Ef that young squirt of a Simpkins

" No you won't dad," replied his buxom. times being a little impetuous, to say the is my belief that at last you have decided slender, lithesome figure of the girl, and red-cheeked daughter, taking another look thing of the kind." "Why won't I?" stormed the old man,

> "Because, dad," said the maiden, giving The most precious collection of German

FOUR HUNDRED BRITISH TARS GO

Later Particulars of the Aw. al Disaster.

THE VICTORIA WAS TH SHIP OF THE SQUAD Excitement in London Queen and Mr. Glads

Greatly Shocked Rear-Admiral Albert H. Ma the Trafalgar, the flagship of th miral in the Mediterranean, has t officially to the Admiralty from Syria, under date of to-day as for regret to report that while mance Tripoli, this afternoon, the Vi Camperdown collided. The Vid in fifteen minutes in 18 fathoms She lies bottom uppermost, Th down's ram struck the Victoria the turret on the starboard side one officers were drowned. Tw and fifty-five men were saved. to the Camperdown has not yet ascertained but it is serious and sitate her going on dock for repa pose to send the survivors to Ma

A PREVIOUS DISASTER. In January of last year the Vi aground off the Greek coast Lea

and she was only floated off a mense amount of labor and large It was said the accident was due t Hon. Maurice Bourke, captai Victoria, and a son of the late Ear who is the youngest post capt British Navy, was held responsible

accident and was severely reprima

court martial. Capt. Bourke was

mand of the Victoria when she sa THE OFFICERS. According to the navy list the officers of the Victoria were : Vice-admiral-Sir George Tryon Captain - Maurice A. Boarke. Commander-Chas. L. Ottley. Chaplain-Rev. Samuel S. O. M Fleet surgeon-Thomas Bolster

Fleet paymaster-Valentine D. Fleet engineer-Felix Foreman The complement of officers an the Victoria comprised 600 men. of officers drowned includes, bes admiral Tryon, Chaplain Morr Munroe, Fleet Paymaster Ricke Engineer Foreman, Engineer Ha sistant Engineers Deadman, Hat Seaton, Gunner Howell, Boats nard, Carpenter Beall, Midshipn Grieve, Fawkes, Lanyon, Henly and Scarlett, Cadet Stooks and C

and Savage. A change had recently been m commander attached to the Victo L. Ottley having been detached as ed by Commander Fellicome, who as were also Capt. Maurice A. H

15 other officers. SCENE OF THE DISASTER The first despatches concerning dent led to the belief that the di occurred off the coast of Tripoli, Africa. Later advices show that of the calamity was near Tripoli town on the eastern Mediterrane north-east of Beyrout, Syria, an

atively short distance from th Cyprus. As soon as the officers of the V that there was danger of their sl ing orders were given to close t bulkheads, in order to keep th the compartment into which t down had shoved her ram. tried to obey the orders, but the making water too fast to allow the bulkheads, and while the m trying to shut them the ship, w mense guns and heavy topham

over and carried them down. THE NEWS IN LONDON As soon as the news of the disa known in London, the Duke of who was lately promoted to the admiral of the fleet, cited the ad conferred with the officials the ference of the Admiralty Board and a telegram of instructions Rear Admiral Markham.

The news of the calamity has most intense excitement, not those who had friends aboard t ship, but among all classes of tion. The admiralty office in V besieged by relatives and frie officers and crew, reporters seek details of the disaster and thro ple attracted by curiosity. S the throng in the vicinity that alty officials were compelled the police to restrain the crowd No information has been rec

miral Markham's first officia The Victoria was A SINGLE TURRET SHI carrying two 110-ton guns, m forward turret coated with 1 compound armor, one 10-inch firing aft and a broadside aux ment of 126 inch 5-ton guns lery of smaller nature she quick-firing and eight machine maximum speed was 16.75 could stow 1,200 tons of coal ers, and her radius of action speed with her full complemen estimated at 7,000 knots. H belt and bulk-heads consisted of armor from 16 to 18 inches in She was built at Elswick.

admiralty, since the receipt of

IN THE HOUSE OF COMM Mr. Gladstone was greatly sl he received the news of the d informed the House of Commo cident and paid a most glowin the worth of Vice-Admiral Try said was one of the ablest and ed officers in the service. M said there were 611 officers, boys, and 107 marines on box It was feared of this total of 7 had been lost. He was sure sympathy of the House wou the brave men who had found a in the service of their country. would be extended to their friends.