

A NOBLE REVENGE.

BY JESSIE MACLEOD.

PART I.—SUNKEN ROCKS.

"Who are these new arrivals, I wonder? Friends of my husband, I suppose, for I do not recognise them," said Lady Adair, who with several visitors was enjoying the morning sunshine on a high-terraced walk in her flower-garden, overlooking the carriage drive, up which a vehicle was approaching. "It is a hired chaise from the station at Mochram," observed Mrs. King; "and as there is no luggage, they have evidently not come to stay."

"Hardly, or I should have had intimation," replied Lady Adair. "I am sorry Sir Hugh has gone with the shooting party. Perhaps they have business with him. I must return to the house and ascertain."

"If I may make a remark," said a very young lady, whose observation and eyes were keen, "I should hardly take the visitors for gentlemen—two of them, at any rate. Fancy chimney-pot hats and blue ties! Besides, there is something—something!—She stopped, as it occurred to her that such remarks were not well-bred.

"It is impossible to judge who are gentlemen and who are not, by their dress, for appearance does not count in these days. Wait until you hear them talk," said Lady Adair.

"One of them was not unlike the chief clerk at the bank; but not having seen him many times, I cannot say for certain. If it is he, I fear there must be something the matter at home," observed Mrs. Gravenor, a sweet-looking young woman, in a tone of anxiety. She always spoke of her family as "home," for Captain Gravenor had not yet set up his lares and penates, but moved about with his regiment.

"I will go and see," said Lady Adair, descending the steps.

A footman met her. "These gentlemen on business to Captain Gravenor, my lady. They are in the morning room."

She hastened to the house, entering an apartment opening from the entrance hall, one set aside for chance visitors, and where Sir Hugh transacted affairs connected with his estate.

"I regret that Captain Gravenor has accompanied a shooting-party to the moors; he will scarcely be back before sunset. I trust your business is not very urgent?" said she, scanning successively the faces of the three strangers, not knowing whom to address as the principal.

"My name is Parish. I am in the bank of Desborough & Co., of Nicholas Lane. I have accompanied these gentlemen from London, who particularly wish to see Captain Gravenor," replied the eldest of the three, indicating his companions with a wave of the hand.

"I suppose we can drive after them?" said one of the men, taking up his hat, as if about to depart.

"You evidently are unacquainted with Scotland. You might possibly overtake the party by riding; but to drive you cannot; there are no roads," remarked the lady.

"What is to be done?" said the other to his companion. They looked at each other nonplussed.

"Mrs. Gravenor is here; perhaps you might like to see her?"

"By no means, ma'am. It is no business that she can transact," said the spokesman, with a grim smile.

Lady Adair, without knowing wherefore, felt a vague uneasiness. The reticence, the total absence of ceremony in these strangers, set her wondering. What was she to do with them? They had driven ten miles from Mochram, a little so-called town, that had sprung up around the nearest station on a loop-line from Stirling.

"If the affair is urgent," said she, "you can have a pony from the stables for one gentleman, and a groom to accompany him. Perhaps the others can find amusement in the meantime in visiting the grounds, and with newspapers.—Will you allow me to offer you some luncheon?"

This proposal was accepted with thanks.

"The fact is, ma'am," said Mr. Parish, "our business is not a pleasant one, to say the best of it. Mrs. Gravenor may be best kept in the dark."

"I am sorry," said Lady Adair, turning pale. "I hope there is no illness—no death?"

"No, ma'am, nothing of that kind; but as bad in another way."

It must be money, thought the lady, for she knew that, previous to his marriage, Captain Gravenor had lived fast. She consulted the strangers to the care of the butler, who provided a hospitable luncheon, to which they did ample justice, after their drive in the mountain air. Then the leader of the party was mounted on a strong pony, and, accompanied by a groom, set out for the moor where the sportsmen met presumably be found; and the chaise was put up in the stable.

"You were right, Lena; it is Mr. Parish from your father's bank; but there is nobody ill in your family; he merely wishes to see Captain Gravenor on business," said Lady Adair, wishing to reassure the young wife.

"What a strange thing! And we have not yet left London a week. I do not think Papa can have sent any money, for he made George a handsome present recently," said Mrs. Gravenor, who made no secret of being poor—for she was poor, although a banker's daughter. Money is seldom plentiful in a banker's house; it is no unusual thing for his home to be a penurious one; and in this case, although Lena Desborough would have money, it could not be until her father's death—she had no marriage dowry.

Keeping his money-bags so closely tied, sons-in-law did not appear. When Captain Gravenor asked for Helena, or Lena, as she was familiarly called, the youngest of his three daughters, upon whom all the beauty and amiability of the family were concentrated, he was refused by the old gentleman, for it was well known that he had carelessly run through whatever property he had possessed. She, seeing the lives of her sisters soured by disappointments, weary of their sharp tongues and jealous tempers, took her fate in her own hands, and quietly married Captain Gravenor one morning at All Souls Church, when she was supposed to be reading in Park Square Gardens. She was a mild gentle girl; this was the only time in her life she had ever acted on her own responsibility. These young people were wrong and, like most deviations from the straightforward path, punishment followed it. At first, Mr. Desborough was enraged; but as he loved his youngest child the most, he soon thought better of the

matter, for Captain Gravenor was a gentleman, the last survivor of a good family. What was more, he had married Lena without settlements; therefore, the banker held future arrangements in his own hands. At last he consented to receive his son-in-law, and they became, if not on a cordial, at least on a friendly footing with one another. He gave no settled income to Lena, but sent cheques occasionally. People said that the Captain had married her for a fortune. They were wrong; he married her because she was sweet enough to be valued for herself alone.

In the meantime the young officer, unconscious of the unpleasant news coming to overtake him, was the gayest of a rather large party of sportsmen. He was a tall, fair, handsome man of seven-and-twenty; a general favorite. Genial, thoughtful, fond of pleasure, he had made ducks and drakes of his inheritance, but nothing worse. Honourable at heart, he had almost paid his liabilities up to the last penny. This left him poor, but with a character unscathed.

"Do not laugh so immoderately, Gravenor," said Sir Hugh. The old wives say, "They that laugh in the morning will greet ere even."

"You think me 'fey'?"

"Not so bad as that—only, it's not lucky."

"Put it down to your exhilarating mountain air. Ozone is as intoxicating as whisky. As for your Scotch proverb, I can cap that with the English one of 'Laugh and grow fat.' Don't you know that there is a certain valve in the heart that only opens with laughter?"

"Well," said Sir Hugh, gazing at the open, handsome face and bright blue eyes of his young guest with a certain admiration, "I suppose it is natural that you, with a charming young wife, and a military promising career before you, should be gay. Old fogies like me have cares as we advance in life; while you—"

"Have not a care in the world—that is, nothing to be called by so serious a name. A little more money would be desirable; but I am perfectly happy without it."

"Bang, bang! An unerring marksman, he had not missed a bird that morning."

"Your hand is well in. As for the grouse—Sir Hugh interrupted himself. "Who are these coming after us? Some one I do not know on Kelpie, and Campbell on Prince. Well, the more the merrier."

He concerned himself no more about the matter, continuing to follow the beaters, leaving the new-comers to overtake the party, which at last they did. Then Sir Hugh saw a stranger.

"Gentleman from London, Sir Hugh, come after Captain Gravenor on business," said Campbell.

"Nothing serious, I hope?" said the Baronet, advancing.

"It may or it may not be, sir," replied the stranger, lifting his hat. "I came express with two companions, who remain at your house. The good lady thought it best to send me up here—what a long ride it has been—awfully steep, and confounded footing! (wiping his hot forehead).—Well, sir, which is Captain Gravenor?"

"Hillo, Gravenor!" shouted Hugh. "Come here; some one for you."

Captain Gravenor instantly turned back, taking long strides over the heather, his fine figure a model of manly beauty, his fair face beaming with health and excitement. He came up to the new visitor, looking at him curiously—evidently not knowing him.

"Are you Captain Gravenor?" said the stranger, dismounting.

"Yes," replied the Captain, surprised.

"You must come with me at once."

"Come with you.—Why?"

The man led him apart from the others.

"Because I have come from Scotland Yard to arrest you," he answered in an undertone.

"Arrest me! What for?" cried the officer in amazement.

"For forgery."

Captain Gravenor flushed crimson with indignation. "How dare you!" he cried. "I've a great mind to knock you down."

"That would only make matters worse. You just come with me quiet, unless you want the others to know."

"All the world may know!" exclaimed the Captain angrily. "I have never heard such a ridiculous charge in my life. Upon whom am I supposed to have forged, if you please?"

"Mr. Desborough."

Captain Gravenor laughed; his good spirits had not deserted him. "This is really too good. It must be a practical joke."

"You'll find it only truth.—Here is the warrant for your arrest. We've come from London on purpose; me, another officer, and Mr. Parish, clerk from the Nicholas Lane Bank."

"There is, then, some dreadful mistake." He beckoned to the Baronet, who stood out of earshot, but who plainly understood that something was wrong. "Sir Hugh," said he, "I must curtail my pleasant visit and accompany this person back to London at once." Then he related the accusation, in a bitter scornful tone.

Sir Hugh looked shocked and astonished. "I will return to the house with you," he exclaimed. "Never fear, the matter will be cleared up. There is some roguery at the bottom of it. But it seems to me an unpardonable proceeding on the part of your father-in-law. He ought to have known you better."

"He does not like me. Still, for Lena's sake"—He stopped, for the first time overcome.

"Let us return to the house quietly; there is no occasion to make such a scandal public," said Sir Hugh, placing his hand kindly on the young man's shoulder. "No one shall know it here. The matter will soon be cleared up. You will leave Mrs. Gravenor with us until you come back to finish your visit."

It was an easy matter to hoodwink Lena, although she could not clearly understand why three persons should be despatched to fetch her husband, when a telegram from her father would have answered the purpose equally well. But she had been brought up in subjection, having lost her own mother in her infancy, and took things meekly.

"Bless you, my dearest! We shall soon meet again," said the captain, embracing his wife.

But Lena wept. "This is our first parting," she said, "and it seems cruel."

"I shall be back again in a few days," cried he.

Alas! sad unexpected events happen in the world. Captain Gravenor never returned. In spite of his solemn assertions of innocence, he was obliged to stand his trial for forgery. There was only circumstantial evidence, but that went against him. Many friends and brother-officers came forward to

bear witness as to his honour. Their testimony went for nothing.

The sum was only for five hundred pounds; but he was known to be in straitened circumstances. His father-in-law would rather have lost the sum than had the affair made public. As it was, he was one of the last who had intimation, and it was too late for hushing it up.

The forgery had been detected by a Mr. Thorel, a very important person at the bank, the nephew of the late Mrs. Desborough, Swiss by birth, and head of the foreign department.

When Captain Gravenor heard who was his accuser, he was astounded, as well he might be. He declared the cheque for five hundred pounds had been handed to him by Thorel himself. This Thorel emphatically denied. Unless proof is brought to the contrary, one person's word is as good as another's.

The Captain stated that he and his wife were staying for a few days in Portland Place, before starting for Perthshire. They returned to the Wellington Barracks one evening after a dinner party. Mr. Thorel was also there. Having said adieu to Mr. Desborough and others, he was following Lena down stairs to the brougham, when Thorel stopped him on the landing at the first flight of stairs, where they were quite alone, and whispering, "My uncle desired me to give you this cheque," slipped it into his hand.

"Give Mr. Desborough my most grateful thanks," he had replied. On reaching home, he told Lena of her father's present, at which she was much pleased. He cashed it the following morning before starting for the north.

Mr. Thorel emphatically denied having given the cheque to Captain Gravenor. He had certainly spoken a few words to him on the landing, but they merely referred to his intended journey of the morrow. No one had seen the transaction. It was some days before Mr. Desborough discovered that a leaf had been purloined from his cheque-book, which he kept in a drawer of his writing-table in the library. This led to investigation; and on Mr. Thorel's examination of the cheque that Captain Gravenor had cashed, he at once pronounced it a forged one.

Captain Gravenor had sat reading in the library the day of the dinner-party. All went against him. Mr. Desborough deposed that he had occasionally sent both his daughter and her husband cheques, but never to so large an amount. He had received a short letter from Gravenor when he arrived in Perthshire—it thanked him for his "great kindness." He was at a loss to know what he meant, but set it down to the friendliness he had recently shown his son-in-law, with whom he had not been on the best of terms.

Captain Gravenor was pronounced guilty by most people; but all wondered at his shortsightedness, not to say clumsy management in the fraud, which he might be sure would be almost instantly found out. Doubtless, he calculated on the transaction being looked over, for his wife's sake, as it would have been, had not Mr. Thorel made the affair public at once.

A money-lender named Issachar stated that he had recently received the last balance of an account owed by Captain Gravenor; and the testimony of this man in his client's favour was remarkable. He had transacted money matters with him for several years, even before the young officer attained his majority, and had always found him strictly honourable; in fact, he was one of the few persons in the world whom he would trust implicitly. He insisted upon handing back the two hundred pounds he had received from him, to the banker. "I refuse to keep it," said he; "but I consider Captain Gravenor's debt paid just the same."

The unfortunate Captain was found guilty of forgery, and sentenced to transportation.

To those who believed in him, the case was a mystery. As time went on, he was forgotten, his name being seldom mentioned even by those who had been his friends—by his wife, never.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PHANTOM CANNON.

Strange Phenomena Witnessed in the Ganges Delta.

Among the strangest phenomena are the explosive noises that have been heard for years over half the large area of the Ganges delta, and that have not yet been assigned to any satisfactory cause. The noises, for the lack of a better name, have long been known as the Barisal guns, so called from Barisal, the chief town of the district, to which they are most confined.

The startling sounds were the subject of a long discussion at a recent meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, but the learned members are no nearer a solution of the mystery now than when it was first discussed and written about, nineteen years ago.

The sounds resemble the explosion of bombs or the thunder of heavy guns. They occur at quite regular intervals, but most frequently in the rainy season, and their usual accompaniment is a southerly wind. They are heard along one hundred miles of the coast and up the many branches of the delta from fifty to one hundred miles inland, and due north as far as the Garro Hills, about 150 miles from the coast. The low-lying, swampy coast region for fifty miles inland is thinly inhabited, and strange as it may appear, no one ever seems to be at or near the place where the noises originate.

The meeting of the Asiatic Society was prolific of theories as to the cause of this phenomenon, but no theory was supported by evidence entitling it to much weight. The noises are variously assigned to atmospheric electricity, to subterranean or sub-aqueous agencies, to the bursting of bamboo—which last, however, produces a noise more like the crack of musketry than the boom of artillery—and also to the breaking of the tremendous surt rollers along the northern shore of the Bay at Bengal, the sound of which, it is urged, is borne far inland along the river channels.

The discussion showed chiefly that the learned men were sadly perplexed, and the only conclusion they reached was, that as yet sufficient data have not been collected to trace the sounds to their origin.

Talking about literary style, there goes a man noted for his finished sentences. "Indeed? Is he a novelist?" "No; he is an ex-convict."

Employer—"I'd engage you for the place at once, only I must have a married man." Applicant—"Keep the place open for an hour, sir, and I'll easily fix that."

RIOTS AT ICHANG.

The Opposition of the Junkmen to White Enterprises One of the Causes.

The riots in China have spread as far inland as Ichang, on the Yangtse-Kiang, a thousand miles up the great river. Opened to foreign commerce by the treaty of 1876, the trade of Ichang with outside nations had developed from \$100,000 in 1877 to \$5,000,000 in 1888. But, though her prosperity has been much increased by foreign trade, the people of Ichang are not friendly, and the persistent efforts of Mr. Alexander Little, a Shanghai merchant, to establish steamboat communication between Ichang and Chung-King, 500 miles further up the river, have intensified the ill feeling. At last the people have risen against the foreigners, have burned all the trading stations and the mission building, and a party of British marines are now on their way up the river to protect the interests of foreigners.

For hundreds of miles the country is flat and marshy. Above the city the river for over 100 miles is confined within a narrow gorge through which it shoots with great velocity. The rapids are shown in the picture and so are junks, which to the number of 5,000 have thus far monopolized the trade between Ichang and the upper river. About three years ago the Chinese Government gave a concession to Mr. Little, permitting him to run a steamer between Ichang and Chung-King, the commercial capital of the wealthy province of Szechuen, subject however, to restrictions in the interest of the junk trade. This proviso nullified the concession, for the Chinese Government left it to the authorities at Ichang to decide what protection the junkmen needed. They concluded that it would not be best to permit the steamers to run more than two days a month, during which time the 5,000 junks would be tied to the shore. They also advised Mr. Little not to run the steamer at all. They told him that natives up the river would roll great stones down from the mountains and crush the boat. Little found that he could not start his vessel at all, and for many months she was tied up at Ichang, waiting for a more auspicious opportunity. Just before the recent riots began the Chinese Government again issued permission for the vessel to ascend the upper Yangtse, without imposing prohibitory conditions. It is very likely that the prospect that Little's vessel would soon ascend the river hastened the present troubles at Ichang.

The city has, before the present time, been the scene of terrible outrages upon the whites. Not very long ago some quiet, unpretentious Catholic Sisters, who were pursuing their work of mercy there, were murdered.

The traders have been established in Ichang since 1878. Its exports are chiefly opium, coal and drugs.

The boat people between Chung-king and Ichang number about 20,000 people, and they believe that steamer competition would be absolutely ruinous to them.

Today in Morocco.

In Morocco all the officials are either unpaid or receive mere nominal salaries, and when a man assumes the position of a public employe he, in nearly every case pays a smart price to some higher official, to the Sultan's Ministers, or to the Sultan himself, as a bribe to get the appointment, it becomes, therefore, an understood thing that the man is to recoup himself as best he can from every other native under his jurisdiction. Thus, when fines are levied by the Pasha the amount goes to his private account. Men are continually arrested and consigned to prison on false and fictitious charges, on some *ex parte* statement made by an enemy, or when the victim is suspected of having money, on the Pasha's simple mandate. Whether rich or poor, innocent or guilty, one thing is certain: the man arrested is not set at liberty until he resigns a portion of his wealth; and this, as in the former case, goes to the Pasha's private account. No regular record is kept of the persons in prison, of the time they have remained in duration, or of the crimes with which they are charged. If they cannot muster sufficient money to pay the officials, the wretched prisoners remain often for years untried, and ignorant of their accuser, or of the accusation brought against them.

I know one case of a man who was an inmate of the Tanger prison for seven years—he never knew for what reason, and he was never tried, but was at length released, owing to the intercession of the late English Minister, Sir John Drummond Hay. Another case came to my knowledge a few years ago of an unhappy creature who, as I am informed, had been simply arrested one day, and although charged with no crime, had remained in Moorish captivity for seventeen years. One Governor after another had exercised his functions during that long period; all record of the man had disappeared, and the Governor acting at the time I heard of the case admitted he did not know what accusation was brought against the man or even if he had been accused of anything. A French official at Rabat, where the man was confined, had been, from motives of humanity, endeavoring to effect the prisoner's release but so far without success; the Moorish magistrate declined the responsibility of setting one free who had been so long in prison, and quite possibly he is there still.

The Sabbath Chime.

Oppression shall not always reign,
There comes a brighter day.
When freedom, burst from every chain,
Shall have triumphant sway.

Then right shall over might prevail,
And truth, full armed in rail,
The hosts of tyrant wrong assail,
And hold eternal sway.

What voice shall bid the progress stay
Of truth's victorious car?
What arm arrest the growing day,
Or quench the solar star?

What soul shall dare, though stout and strong,
Restore the ancient wrong?
Oppression's guilty night prolong,
And freedom's morning bar?

The hour of triumph comes apace,
The fated, promised hour,
When earth upon a ransomed race
Her bounteous gifts shall shower.

Ring, Liberty, thy glorious bell,
On high thy banner swell,
Let trump on tramp the triumph swell,
Of Heaven's redeeming power.

An Oregon man wants to trade a mule for a wife. Some men (writes an old bachelor) never know when they are well off.

Are Criminals Born?

"Two-thirds of the criminals are so simply because they cannot help themselves." Such is the astonishing proposition which Dr. S. A. K. Strahan lays down in a recent work which he has written to prove that the law of heredity, so generally admitted in respect to physical peculiarities and mental traits holds also in the region of morals. According to this theory a man's morality—and, of course, his immorality—is born with him, liars, thieves, murderers, etc., being so not from passion or poverty, but from instinct "because it is their nature." In support of his theory Dr. Strahan appeals to the prison records where he finds that physical and moral degeneracy are an inheritance which, as a rule, go together. He cites the Elmira Reformatory as proof that criminals are excessively scrofulous and tuberculous and afflicted with neurotic diseases. Several authorities are cited to show that the criminal death rate is excessive by 50 per cent. as compared with the normal rate despite the excellent health conditions of modern prison life. A family strain of suicide or scrofula or insanity will not necessarily be reproduced in kind but may be transmuted into any of many forms of antisocial instinct and lawlessness. In building his theory upon such facts Dr. Strahan does not seem to notice that he has committed the logical fallacy of drawing a universal conclusion from a particular premise. That many physically degenerate and diseased parents have begotten offspring which early exhibited a criminal disposition and tendency proves nothing unless it can be shown that the offspring of all physically degenerate and diseased parents have manifested a similar tendency. The argument to be of any value must proceed upon the principle that "like causes produce like effects. The fact of coincidence does not prove that one is the cause of the other.

After such a conclusion one is not surprised to find our philosopher advocating a change in the modern penal institution. Dr. Strahan proposes that the institutions in which criminals are confined should be asylums rather than penitentiaries. He would inmate taught trades and would give them a portion of their earnings. He would furnish them books and recreation, and would divide them into grades with increasing privileges until they should be discharged to sin no more. These suggestions, eminently humane and in the line of the most advanced principles of penology, are hardly consistent with the theory that "a man's morality is born with him." As the New York Times remarks, the theory proves too much. "If," says the Times, "it be conceded that many criminals are such by uncontrollable impulse due to disease it must, it appears, be conceded that reform can only follow cure of the disease. In proportion as crime is due to inherited parental protoplasm, it follows that it will pursue the unfortunate to his end as inescapably as an ill-shapen head, or an asymmetrical face, or squinting eyes. In other words, it is as useless to attempt to reform a hereditary criminal as to make a musician, an orator, or a scholar of a subject who lacks innate capacity. It is not likely that the guardians of the law will feel particularly grateful to Dr. Strahan for his new theory. Even now teaches that a criminal is morally responsible for his conduct and that he is free to choose the path of obedience to law if he so wills, and which teaches, moreover, that those who offend against the laws of society and its well-being, ought to suffer for their crime, those who administer the laws find the crop of criminals quite as large as they can conveniently attend to. How much more then are they likely to be burdened when law-breakers are taught to believe that they are objects of pity rather than of blame, and that society ought to make their prison life (when it sees fit to restrain them) more comfortable and pleasant?"

A Moving Mountain.

A traveling mountain is found at the Cascades of the Columbia. It is a triple-peaked mass of dark brown basalt, six or eight miles in length where it fronts the river, and rises to a height of almost 2,000 feet above the water. That it is in motion is the last thought which would be likely to suggest itself to the mind of any one passing it, yet it is a well-established fact that this entire mountain is moving slowly but steadily down to the river, as if it had a deliberate purpose some time in the future to dam the Columbia and form a great lake from the Cascades to the Dalles. The Indian traditions indicate immense movements of the mountains in that region long before white men came to Oregon, and the early settlers—immigrants many of them from New England—gave the above described mountainous ridge the name of "traveling" or "sliding mountain."

In its forward and downward movement the forests along the base of the ridge have become submerged in the river. Large tree stumps can be seen standing deep in the water on this shore. The railway engineers and the brakemen find that the line of the railway which skirts the foot of the mountain is being continually forced out of place. At certain points the permanent way and rails have been pushed eight or ten feet out of line in a few years. Geologists attribute this strange phenomenon to the fact that the basalt, which constitutes the bulk of the mountain, rests on a substratum of conglomerate or of soft sandstone, which the deep, swift current of the mighty river is constantly wearing away, or, that this softer subrock is of itself yielding at great depths to the enormous weight of the harder mineral above.

Californians appear to have a peculiar way of treating their convicts. Instead of making their prison life bitter and thus producing a wholesome fear of a return thereto, the citizens of the "Golden State" are in the habit of regularly supplying the prisoners with daily papers and of allowing them to mingle freely with one another, to carry on conversation, and to form plans and without the slightest supervision. This latter privilege the prisoners in the great State prison at San Quentin appear to have faithfully used. A deplaid conspiracy having in view a general delivery of the 1400 convicts detained has just been unearthed by the authorities who strangely enough have not yet been able to locate the dynamite and arms which they know positively to be concealed within the penitentiary wall. Alas, the frailty of man. Surely this is enough to shake one's confidence in the boasted goodness of human nature when men require a great kindness with such base ingratitude.