AN UNLOOKED FOR TURN.

CHAPTER II.

Bird went straight out, as he said this, leaving the master of the house terribly angry, yet with a strange startled feeling which he would hardly permit himself to acknowledge—a foreboding that he had not seen or heard the last of this man or his claim.

"He has left his paper, has he?" he exclaimed. "I will throw them into the fire, to begin with." But although he spoke thus, he knew in his secret heart, even as he stretched out his hand for the papers that he should not deal with them in any such fashion; nor did he. He read them through, and as he laid each one down, uttered some ejaculation of contempt; but he was unusually abstracted and nervous when he sat down to supper with his wife, to whose questions he merely replied that he had a bad headache.

His solicitors, Messrs. Hinger and Barkman, were surprised by a call from Mr. Dudley Starbert-Smithers on the next morning as soon as their office was open. He entered on his business with a laugh half contemptuous, half apologetic, for troubling them in such a matter. Throwing down the papers left with him by Mr. Silas Bird, he said: "Give this fellow such a rap on the knuckles as will teach him better manners," closing his speech with another laugh intended to be scornful, but which perhaps had in it an unsound ring, for old Mr. Hinger looked curiously at his client over the rim of his gold spectacles.

The lawyer glanced through the papers, and promised to attend to them at once. "They would be very serious, if genuine originals could be furnished," he said; "but the man is probably doing this to avenge himself by a malicious hoax for the part he must know you took in the prosecution."

After further conversation, in which Mr. Dudley may have shown more anxiety than he intended, he rode off; and Mr. Hinger, the papers still in his hand, sought his partner, Mr. Barkman, with a face expressive of anything but cheerfulness.

What steps these gentlemen would have taken, it is difficult to say; but fresh events decided for them. Their client rode over again in the afternoon, bringing with him a letter he had just received—a formidable legal affair, from an attorney of low standing but of great repute for his sharpness; and this was actually the preliminary to a lawsuit. Stated plainly, Silas Bird declared that he was a near relative of Mrs. Edwy Starbert—he claimed, indeed, that she was his daughter—and had stood as godfather when her son was christened. That this child being puny and sickly, Mrs. Edwy had never cared for it, and so had given Silas Bird twenty pounds to take charge of it for good and all. That he, Bird, had done so, and went away from London before the death of Edwy, of which event he had heard; but he had not known of the death of the senior Mr. Starbert, nor of his accession to an estate, nor of his change of name, so had not known the position the child was entitled to assume. During the late prosecution, he had learnt all these things, and on behalf of the child, he, as the guardian, the mother having since died, claimed its rights. To avoid litigation, he would accept half the Starbert and Smithers property, if an agreement were arrived at without going into court. He furnished a number of references, certificates and the like, into which Messrs. Hinger and Barkman were to inquire. In connection with these documents the firm engaged two first rate detectives; and in connection with them, it may also be said, the firm had the most serious misgivings.

Every step taken, every additional scrap of information obtained, made Mr. Dudley's case look less hopeful. It was shown beyond all doubt that a son had been born to Edwy of his marriage, and what was of almost more importance, it was proved that the child had been given to a man who was conclusively identified as this very Silas Bird. The woman married by poor Edwy was certainly Caroline Bird; so this part of the story also was confirmed. All this was absolutely beyond dispute; and it was therefore no wonder that Hinger and Barkman, while putting the best face on the matter possible, counselled the buying off of Mr. Bird, if only, as they phrased it, for the sake of peace and quietness.

This counsel was naturally unpalatable to Mr. Dudly, and he tried to carry matters with a high hand; but this bravado was only on the surface. The legal proceedings had been fairly commenced, and the "Remarkable Discovery of a Lost Heir" had already furnished paragraphs to the local papers. Dudley strove to meet all inquiries with a laugh, professing to see only absurdity and swindling in the whole transaction; but when at home, he was dreadfully dispirited, and showed that he had feared the worst. He felt that he could have challenged the result with more courage, but for the birth of his son, the heir to his estates, who was to have such a distinguished career, a career his father had pictured a thousand times over. How bitterly Dudley regretted that he had not decided upon a plan which had been much in his mind when he left Churchborough—to sell the whole of his property and go to America. Had he done this, he could have laughed at the claim which now looked so dangerous.

The hostile solicitor ha made one or two overtures for a compromise; but Hinger and Barkman had no authority to negotiate, and so these fell through. The firm st ll advised their client to affect some arrangement; but he obstinately preserved his swaggering defiance, or attempted to do so, until all at once he collapsed. By this time the suit had progressed so far that the action was entered for trial at the county court. The final reports of the detectives had been received, and these were hopelessly against Mr. Dudley's interest, every shred of doubt as to Bird's having been entrusted with Edwy's child being removed; and then, as intimated, Dudley collapsed. As all such men would do, he went into the other extreme, and gave his solicitors carte blanche to settle the suit upon any terms, even though he had to divide the estate, as Mr. Bird had suggested in his friendly call at Dudley's home; but the day was now gone by. Mr. Bird's lawyer was now too confident to abate the smallest portion of the claim, and took, no doubt, a keen professional pleasure in loftily repelling the advances of Hinger and Barkman, who had always held aloof from and assumed to look down upon their present antagonist.

War to the knife, then, was all that was left to him, and Dudley became at once a depressed and broken-spirited man. He rarely stirred out of his own house, where he would sit for hours alone with his infant son, who was just beginning to prattle, and the father's brow grew gloomier day by day. It was dreadful to think that this bright child, who had done so much to relieve and redeem his father's life, who had been regarded as the heir to such fair estates, and whose future was scarcely ever out of Dudley Starbert's mind—no, not for a single hour since his birth—that he should be disinherited, should be a comparative outcast, should be ousted to make room for such a successor.

Rumours of great festivities in the house to which Mr. Silas Bird had removed were now afloat, and much was said of the strange company he entertained. His chief friend and adviser appeared to be the head-clerk of the lawyer who supported his claim, and this clerk was a man of anything but a good character. His employer was by no means of high standing, and had probably never been engaged in so important or respectable a matter before; but the clerk was reported to have been more than once an inmate of a jail. However, this signified little to Dudley, who saw his ruin impending, the catastrophe drawing closer day by day. Even his own lawyer hardly pretended to have much hope now, and so it was immaterial who or what was the agent of his downfall. It became a very serious question as to whether he should go to trial at all; his decision was pressed for, as the time had come when counsel must be engaged; and as Sir Homer Vickers, the Solicitor-general, and Mr. Julius Lance, the eminent Q. C., were the barristers proposed, the outlay, especially if for a certain loss, would be alarming. The brooding, morose Dudley was scarcely ever seen out of his own house, while each day the hopelessness of his position became more evident.

He was seated in his study one evening, listening to the wind and rain against the windows, drooping forward as he sat at his table, and trying to think rather than thinking. He had something to think of, for he had just concluded an interview with Mr. Barkman, who had candidly told him that if Mr. Silas Bird could only establish in court the exact facts which his, Barkmans own agents had advised him were indisputable, no talent on Dubley's side could avail him him a tittle; and indeed, the brieter and less stubbornly the battle was fought, the better for him. In any case, the next day must settle the engagement of the eminent council, and Mr. Smithers—Dudley never meant to call himself Smithers after the trial—must give a cheque for six hundred guineas, this being the lowest amount for which their services could be secured. His mood was despondent, and he felt an almost irresistible inclination to abandon the struggle, gather together all that was left of his own—of his boy's property, he thought—and go clear away. He had heard of great successes in Australia by those who could raise as much capital as he could still command, and surely that would be better——

A ring at the door-bell was heard. What other visitors could be coming on such a night? It was the morbid irritation of his nerves of course which produced the feeling; but he seemed to know, as of a certainty, that peal was connected with the business which was haunting and almost maddening him. The servant appeared, and asked if he would see a lady who declined to give her name, but said she had called upon urgent business. Any affair should be urgent, indeed, which would bring a woman on foot, as it seemed she was, through the falling torrents; so she was shown in. She was of course wrapped up; but she laid aside her hood and shawl, and as she seated herself, Dudly saw that she was a young woman; but he face was haggard, harshly lined, and darker than is often seen in England. The gentleman fancied he had some dim remembrance of this face, but could by no means recall where he had seen it. He began a question, asking as to what his visitor wished to see him upon; but she interrupted him.

"I can see you do not recollect me," she began.

He started, for he knew the voice at once—knew the speaker, and a wild, half-desperate hope sprang up in his mind instantly.

"You knew me as Caroline Starbert," she resumed, "the wife and widow of your brother Edwy. I am now the widow of Thomas Meadows of the royal artilery. I have been reported as dead myself, and have indeed gone through trouble enough to kill most women; but as you see I am here alive and strong, although a good deal scorched by the Bengal sun. I am here to tell you something of interest. You were unkind to me in my distress, when I had not been a week a widow. It was by your influence I was left almost penniless, to do the best I could in the world."

"I assure you that—that I did not—could not," began Dudley. He was unable to frame his excuse without faltering, for the woman spoke the truth.

She saved him some embarrassment by interrupting him. "So you see," she said, "it is not from gratitude I come to you. However, you did not afterwards know that I had a feeble, crippled boy to support."

"I swear I did not!" exclaimed Dudley; "I sincerely wish I had known it."

"Well, in this boy's name—mark what I say," continued the woman—"in his name, Silas Bird, a relative of my family, but a disgrace to it, claims your estates. My coming home is annoying to him of course; he had given out that I was dead, and perhaps he really believed it. In any case, I was to know nothing about his plans till after his success, when he would not have cared for all I could do. I am—or would be—the rightful guardian of my child, and could at once have taken him from Silas, who would then have no shadow of interest in the matter. However, I proposed perfectly fair terms. I offered to take a fourth—himself and the boy to have the same each, and the parties behind the scenes to take the rest. But he laughed at me—the fool! It would would have been more like him, more like a man who delights in falsehood and deceit, to have promised, and then have tried to cheat me afterwards. But no! As if he was already lord and master, he carries it with a high hand, and says I may have ten shillings a week, or a fifty-pound note down—and this if I behave myself! Do you know why he thinks this good enough for me?"

"No," replied her hearer; his mouth had grown so dry and parched that he could scarce gasp out the syllable.

"Because, he says, I have nothing to do with the scheme," pursued the woman. "And he is right. I have not. When you prosecuted, it is all the same, he got hold of a lawyer's clerk, a worse man than himself, if possible. He told this man how I had entrusted my boy to him, to bring up in the country, as he was so delicate, with his own little son, about the same age. This clerk, hearing all his story, showed him how to make his fortune; and, through him, his employers agreed to find the money for all expenses. Purjury, of course, had to be freely dealt in; but I fancy Silas Bird was used to that."

"Why perjury?" asked Dudley, to whom the woman's story was growing to be intense interest.

"Because the same fever which killed his wife carried off my poor boy!" was the startling reply. "He lies in a cemetery near Liverpool; and the child now brought forward is Silas Bird's own—neglected and treated as an encumberance for years, but of importance now. Silas Bird's claim was easily worked. There were plenty of persons who could swear to this being the same—honestly enough, on their parts. They thought they were right, and had never heard of his son or of the death of mine. In fact, everything turned out easier than he and his friends had expected; and if he had not sent me an account of my boy's death and funeral, I should have known no better than others; or if my husband had not died, and so caused my return to England, all would have gone well with Silas. But above all, if he had not arranged to cheat me—if he had not sneered at me and laughed at my pleas, I tell you candidly he might have done his worst, as I owed you no gratitude. I have done you a good turn, however; what will you do for me?"

Dudley opened his lips to reply; but ere he uttered a syllable, to the astonishment and not a little to the alarm of his visitor, he burst into an hysterical fit of tears and sobbing, the first time anyone had seen an approach to such emotion in the hard selfish Dudley; but the reaction was too great. The woman rose to approach him; but he waved her off, controlled himself by a great effort, and then spoke as collectedly as before.

His promises were ample, and fully secured the partisanship of the woman. But the rest of their conversation need not be detailed here.

Ere she left, a plan had been decided upon; and as Dudley was not the man to linger over his vengeance, he was in the private room of the stipendiary magistrate at the police court as soon as it was open on the next morning, as was also Mrs. Meadows, his visitor of the overnight. The magistrate was not a little startled on hearing the latter's story, and at once issued warrants for the apprehension of Silas Bird and his confederate, the lawyer's clerk. It would clearly be impossible to prove that the latter's employer had a guilty knowledge of the conspiracy, although there could be no great doubt on the matter.

But the clerk's plans had been better arranged than they had suspected. He must have had an ally at the police court, and provided by a convenient act of treachery for even such a contingency as this, for the warrants were not executed, inasmuch as Silas Bird and the clerk each disappeared from the town that morning, and were never again seen therein, nor was any trace of them discovered.

The poor little boy who was to have been used as the chief instrument in the fraud was left to the mercy of the parish or of any one who chose to befriend him. To the credit of Dudley, be it said, the poor child did not lack a friend. He provided for the little fellow, and not without a reward in the gratitude and good conduct of his protege; nor without a greater reward in his own increased comfort. Perhaps his recent trial has softened him; it is certain that he lived more happily with his wife, and indeed he was heard to declare more than once that Silas Bird had done him a good rather than an ill turn.

The unlucky widow, Mrs. Meadows, was offered a comfortable allowance by Dudley; but she preferred a sum down, and with this potent attraction, found no difficulty in captivating a third husband, with whom, for the second time, she tried her fortune in a foreign clime, this time in Australia. So much Mr. Starbert-Smithers heard of her; but no further tidings ever reached him, and he could hardly be expine at this result.

[THE END.]

Picking A Wife for Prince George.

Everyone likes to manage his own love affairs, but, according to the ideas of the European royal families, the principals appear to have nothing to do with the case whatever. For instance, there is Prince George, the heir presumptive to the English throne. Whatever George's personal preferences may have been in the past, he is not likely to have any future trouble in the matter of selection. A very careful and solicitous royal grandmother has considerately taken charge of all the details.

Of course the royal grandmother insists that she really does not interfere excepting so far as demanding that the princess' name shall be the same as her own. Victoria holds very fixed opinions on this point. She loses no opportunity of perpetuating her own name. The royal "consent" has been given on many occasions to bestow the name on towns, parks, bridges colleges, decorations, flowers, vehicles, etc., and it is quite generally known that when the Duke of Clarence engaged himself to marry the Princess of Teck it was not long before pretty "May" was warped into heavy, hard-sounding "Victoria." The same sort of favoritism caused the recent exaltation of a common nurse in the Queen's apartments, who happened to be so named, high above any of her companions, and now when it has been determined that George must marry, and that right away, the eligible princesses have gradually reduced themselves to two, both of whom are named "Victoria." Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein is English by birth and a sister of the Princess Louise, whose marriage to Prince Albert of Anhalt was one of the sensations of last year. Victoria of Hesse was also born in England, but has dwelt most of her life in the German province ruled by her father, whose dangerous illness was announced during the past week. She is said to be a charming young woman of excellent education. It was said at one time that she was devotedly attached to the late Albert Victor and a marriage was considered among the possibilities, if Albert Victor's affections had not been fixed elsewhere.

The Washington authorities complain that while the two American vessels caught poaching in Behring Sea last season were libelled, the English Government has taken no action against the British vessels committing the same offence.

A SWINGING ROCK.

The Remarkable Buenos Ayres Phenomenon—A Mysterious Balance.

The "swinging rock" of Mount Tandil in the Argentine province of Buenos Ayres, is one of the most remarkable features of South America. A gigantic block, twenty-two feet high, eighty-two feet long, and fifteen feet broad, with a diameter of more than 4,560 cubic feet and weighing about 5,000 pounds, seems pivoted to its base by an invisible pin and has a lateral motion from east to west, produced by the wind, or by the propelling strength of man.

The rock is shaped like an irregular cone. When the wind begins to blow from the southeast it begins to rock to and fro in the air like the branches of a large tree.

The Marriage Vow.

In England the question of the rigid fixity or easy dissolubility of marriage has come to the front, with its difficulty of harmonizing two irreconcilable positions, each having something to say for itself. In many Roman Catholic countries—not in all—where marriage is a sacrament and indissoluble, infidelity is leniently regarded. The frailty of human nature, the fact that inconstancy is part of that human nature, and the imperative need of the heart for love, have their due weight with those who rule conscience in private, and those who set the order of moral allowances in public. The fetters are irremovable, therefore they are made easier in the wearing, than with those who can free themselves of theirs, almost at pleasure;—which last system at least gets rid of all those debasing elements of an intrigue which hurt the nature far more than the mere fact of inconstancy pure and simple. In countries where marriage is indissoluble we have the ideal *in excelsis*, with a sadly dwarfed standard in practice; and between the religious sacrament on the one hand and the modifying *cicisbeo* on the other—the undivorceable wife and the supplementary *petite femme*—we have space enough for reflection, and ample materials for careful weighing. On the other hand, with divorce made as easy as it is in certain American States, the marriage bond has no sanctity, and the good of the family, no valid influence. Love is degraded to animal instinct or whittled away to temporary caprice; but the magistrate gives a clean bill for future endorsement, and the whole relation becomes one of legalized and very slightly-veiled promiscuity. Held by no tie stronger than desire, a transient weariness which a little self-control would overcome takes the dimensions of unconquerable aversion; and the present association is broken with no more sense of solemnity than two players cut afresh for partners at the end of the rubber. Infidelity has lost its sin, inconstancy its shame, because marriage has lost both honor and stability. The children generally remain with the mother, perhaps to grow accustomed to a succession of step-fathers, which must somewhat bewilder their ideas of continuity. But, like the lady whose three divorced husbands were her constant card-table companions, women under this loose system are hardened to the situation, and its piquancy is lost in its familarity.

Here, then, we have the two extremes of indissoluble fixity and fluid instability; and it would be hard to say which system is the more disastrous to morality. In both alike, the morality of women suffers more than that of men, and in both alike they take full advantages of their opportunities. In Canada and England there has been effected a compromise dear to the minds of the people. Abolishing the irrevocable sacrament, the idea of sanctity while the tie lasts is retained. Allowing the relief of divorce, we do not make it too easy to get. Only for infidelity can a man get rid of his wife. For nothing but the same crime, complicated with cruelty, desertion, and two other causes of rare occurrence, as well as for a condition of things where no crime is possible at all, can a woman get rid of her husband. Thus we have placed our essential idea of marriage on its most elementary relation. But the true meaning of marriage is lost in other ways than those of personal infidelity, and the law of divorce ought to be stretched sufficiently to include them. Habitual drunkenness, madness, and felony ought each to be causes for the dissolution of a tie which they rob both of its sanctity and its significance. We marry for the sake of offspring. Underneath all the personal passion of that fever we call love lies this other impelling of unconscious instinct. The preservation of the race is an instinct as strong—even stronger—than that of self-preservation and, consciously or unconsciously children are the root of marriage. What kind of children can we give to the State when one parent is a drunkard or a maniac? A drunkard in broadcloth makes as disastrous a father as a drunkard in shoddy—a woman who has inherited madness gives no better chances to her children because she drinks champagne than one who forgets her dawning miseries in gin. Felony destroys the very meaning of marriage both by its separation and dishonor. Crime, which takes from a man his active citizenship, should surely also include his marriage bond—should release an innocent woman from a felon husband, and free an honorable man from a felon wife.

The World's Largest Bells.

The largest bell in France is about to be hung in the beautiful Church of the Sacred Heart, which is just being completed on the steep hill of Montmartre, to the north of Paris. This bell, which is the gift of the faithful in the Department of Savoy, weighs about 55,000 pounds. It is ten feet high, with a diameter of about ten feet at the base. Two men could stand inside of it easily. While by no means the largest bell in the world, this big fellow is considerably larger than any other bell in France. The largest bell in the Cathedral of Notre Dame weighs less than 40,000 pounds, while that in the famous Cathedral of Rheims weighs hardly more than 30,000 pounds.

All these bells sink into insignificance, however, when compared with the great bell at Moscow, which weighs about 500,000 pounds. Next in weight are the bells of Protzkoy, 350,000 pounds; of Pekin, 125,000 pounds; of St. Ivan, in Moscow, 115,000 pounds; of Nankin, 50,000 pounds; of Lisbon, 45,000 pounds, while the great bell at St. Peter's in Rome, weighs 40,000 pounds.

An Indian outbreak in Bolivia has been quelled by Government troops after a severe fight, in which 1,000 Indians and 30 Government troops were killed and wounded.

LIVING TOO FAST.

Dr. Edson Raises a Warning Cry.

In the March North-American Review Cyrus Edson, M.D., has an article which gives warning of the disastrous results which are certain to follow if the people of the United States do not abate the tendency to live so fast. Mr. Edson says "that as it is physical law that the union of diverse stocks will produce the strongest progeny, the United States should produce the most effective race the world has seen. The question is, and it is one of vital importance, "are we producing this race?" The writer proceeds to answer this question by remarking that his countrymen work harder than do any other men on earth; that the American's business is always with him, giving him no rest or relief. Were he to reduce the effort his competitors would pass him at once. This and the fact that the rewards are so rich, so sure, so quickly won, stimulate him to his greatest effort all the time. He has been aptly likened to a steam engine running constantly under a forced draught. His daily routine is one of intense and ever-present excitement. He must have a stimulus even in his recreations. The most exciting books, dramas whose gorgeousness of setting and sensational character of plot rival the dreams of Eastern tellers of tales, athletic games that demand the utmost effort, horses whose speed is that of railroad trains these and a thousand other things, all intense, all startling, all sensational, are the occupation of his leisure hours. What is the outcome? To supply his rapidly exhausted system he is compelled to consume large quantities of rich food and to stimulate himself with alcoholic beverages. One of three results, says Mr. Edson will most surely follow. As these conclusions apply in a large measure to Canada, especially in the cities, we will briefly refer to them.

The following evils are enumerated by Mr. Edson as being inevitable from the extraordinary tension the business people are compelled to maintain: First, he becomes an inebriate and is destroyed by the alcoholic poison he consumes. Second, escaping the pitfall of acquired drunkeness, he rapidly impairs his digestive organs by his abuse of food, and in consequence of this his stomach and intestines no longer properly perform their functions. His system does not receive its proper nourishment and he soon literally burns out. Third, he starts on his career with a robust digestion not easily deranged. The over-indulgence of his appetite crowds upon the excretory apparatus an amount of work that sooner or later embarrasses and disorders it. Matter that should be cast out is retained in the body and forms unwholesome tissue. Fat is accumulated. The muscular system undergoes what is termed "fatty degeneration." The heart may become affected. The kidneys may become diseased, or the overworked digestive system refuses to perform its functions. The name "nervous exhaustion" has been coined to describe the condition into which this overworked, overstimulated man gets. After referring also to the ailments of American women which are even more numerous and complicated than those of the men the writer proceeds to ask what can be done to relieve the strain on the mind, to make the competition less fierce. Obviously, he says, it is impossible to change our surroundings, to change our modern life. Therefore we can hardly expect to relieve the tention to which our advanced civilization subjects. It is apparent then, says the writer, that as we cannot lessen the strain, we must increase the ability to undergo it. We must, as a people, learn to understand this: that while we drive the brain we must build up the body. The methods of doing this are so simple that they are apt to be overlooked; they may be summed up in two words,—exercise and fresh air. We must teach our children to exercise until it becomes a habit, a second nature, a something that when omitted causes real physical distress, and we must choose a form of exercise which is adapted to persons of middle age as well as to children. The form of exercise recommended is one of three, the dumb bells, Indian clubs, or the chest weights. Of the three the last is the best, because every muscle of the body can be worked with them. They should be a part of the furniture of every house, and the children should be given half an hour at them morning and evening. These children should be taught, too, to use them properly; to exercise the muscles of the arms, thighs, abdomen and legs in turn. Out door sports and recreative pursuits should be judiciously encouraged. One month, at least, in every twelve should be spent in rest. Sundays and other holidays should be observed as days of rest and recreation. Fresh air and exercise are of even greater importance for the girls than for the boys if such a thing be possible. The girls will find their reward for the work when they become young ladies in society, in the bright eyes, clear complexions, stately carriage, graceful walk and perfect health which they will enjoy. More than that, when the time comes in their lives that they need all their strength they will find they have a reserve which will not fail them, and their children will be healthy and strong. Build up the body, build up the body! In our modern life, this should be dinned into the ears of all untill it is obeyed, for verily, unless we build up the body, the strain on the brain will ruin the people of this Continent.

A Remarkable Woman.

Details are given by the Bosnia papers of the strange career of a woman named Mila, who has been sentenced to death by the district court of Pazarevac, in Servia. This woman has for ten years been the terror of northeastern Servia. In 1881 a prize of 200 ducats was offered for her capture, two years later 500 were offered, and in 1890 the promised reward was increased to 1,000, ducats. She had a band of devoted Haiducks with whom she committed her robberies. She never went about otherwise than in man's dress, with all her weapons in her belt and a rifle on her shoulder. Young, handsome, and a perfect markswoman, she was the beau-ideal of her band. She had a lover named Petrovitch, who fell some time ago, and whom she nursed with devotion in a cave on the Roumanian frontier. Her people told her in good time that she was watched and must fly for safety, but she refused to abandon her sick lover. After the battle with the gendames, two of whom she killed, she was captured. In the court she spoke for over an hour in her defense, and when sentence was pronounced listened to it with stolid indifference.—[London Standard.