THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL

THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL THE WORLD OVER.

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

CANADA.

The scheme to have a new theatre in Kingston is being revived.

Hamilton City Council will be asked to vote $10,000 for the Royal reception.

Quebec will have an assay laboratory in order to help the mineral development of the province.

Ottawa lumbermen have planned a trip for the Duke and party down the Ottawa rapids on a crib of square timber.

Judge Richards of Winnipeg will try Ellen Pregg, an Indian woman, of Duck Lake, charged with the murder of her husband.

The vessels which are conveying Canadian hay from St. John's, N. B., to South Africa are using all Cape Breton coal for the trip.

Nieves have been operating very successfully in London Township, harness, farm implements and poultry being the chief articles stolen.

A Kingston clergyman failed to smuggle into that city an ice cream freezer bought at Ogdensburg, N. Y., and had to pay full customs charges.

Philip Wagner, a Dominion Government interpreter, has been sentenced to five months' imprisonment at Edmonton for swindling Galicians.

The convocation of McGill university in Montreal, at which the degree of LL. D. will be conferred upon the Duke of Cornwall and York, will be a brilliant affair.

The population of Hull, according to the recent census is 14,200, or 3,000 more than in 1891. The County of Wright is shown to have 44,500 souls, or 3,300 more than in 1891.

Wm. Ogilvie, ex-Governor of the Yukon, has been offered a position at Ottawa, but has not yet indicated whether or not he will accept it. The position open to him is on the astronomical staff.

Montreal's citizens' reception to the Duke includes an address, drive to Lord Strathcona's residence, LL. D. degree next day, inspection of Victoria bridge and a run of the Lachine rapids.

GREAT BRITAIN.

At London Alfred Austin has been reappointed poet laureate.

Sunbonnets for horses have been generally discarded in London.

England's wheat crop will be fine in quality and extensive in quantity.

Mr. Clark, the London contractor who built the Chilian railway, is dead.

The wheat harvest has begun in Eastern Kent, which is an earlier beginning than usual.

The House of Commons sanctions the one-rail system between Liverpool and Manchester.

Americans are planning the introduction of Chicago steel construction buildings into London.

Thieves have stolen historical treasures and large quantities of silverware from the Duchess of Sutherland.

Lord Dunraven has been designated to command the new corps of Yeomanry sharpshooters that is being formed.

On account of faults found in it Constant's portrait of Queen Victoria is not to be hung among the royal collections.

The directors of the London Metropolitan railway have declined the offer of Charles T. Yerkes to introduce electricity into their system.

It is reported that King Edward has forgiven the Duke of Orleans, and the French pretender will return to England to live with his Duchess.

Lord Russell, who is serving a three months' sentence for bigamy, is ill, being unable to sleep or eat, and has a doctor in constant attendance.

Brigadier-General Sir Alfred Gaselee, has been made a major-general and Knight Grand Commander of the Order of the Indian Empire for his services in China.

A handsome bronze wreath has been sent by the Emperor Menelik to be deposited at the Royal tomb at Frogmore, "to the memory of her Majesty Queen Victoria."

Mr. Louis Sherry of New York will open a new hotel in London in time for the coronation, the new hotel to have 300 rooms and to rival the Waldorf-Astoria in equipment.

The engagement of the daughter of Walter Winans of Baltimore, Md., to Sir Merrick Raymond Burrell, and a lieutenant in the First Royal Dragoons, is announced in London.

The committee on the Queen's memorial has accepted, subject to modifications as to details, Mr. Thomas Brock's design for a monument to her late Majesty, and Mr. Aston Webb's design for the treatment of the space in front of Buckingham Palace.

The commissioner appointed to enquire into the use of arsenic in beer has reported that the excess of arsenic in brewing is unavoidable with the use of certain ingredients, and recommends that a standard test be established, defining the proportion of arsenic to be used.

UNITED STATES.

New York has a case of bubonic plague from Calcutta.

Two ranchmen killed 300 rattlesnakes near Interior, S. D.

The damage to crops in Iowa by the heat is estimated at $20,000,000.

Mattoon, Ill., has had 18 incendiary fires within a month. Loss, $2,400,000.

Sympathizers with the steel strikers have started an endless chain to aid the strike fund.

Sun's rays concentrated by plate glass windows, started an $80,000 fire at Sioux City.

Fred. B. Newton, nineteen years old, committed suicide at El Paso, Ill., by hanging himself.

Floyd Peckham, nineteen years old, has been indicted at Erie, Pa., for the murder of his father.

Ralph Holmes of Evanston earned his passage to Europe on a cattle ship in order to study art.

Michael Kelly, while insane, shot four men at Leavenworth, Kan. One is dead and two others may die.

Dr. E. M. Arnholt of Pittsburg, ex-member of the Legislature, shot himself through the heart because of illness.

The New York Dock Company with $20,000,000 capital, takes the place of the Brooklyn Wharf and Warehouse Company.

A New York coroner is charged in New York with accepting bribes to return a verdict of natural death in cases of suicide.

George Young, a barber of Ilion, N. Y., was shot and killed by Henry Brown. They quarreled over a small debt. Brown was arrested.

C. J. Dillon and Wm. Morgan, young farmers of Three Mile, W. Va., seriously wounded each other with shot guns in a duel about a girl.

In a trial rig of the torpedo boat destroyer Stringham at Newport, R. I., a tube in the boiler blew out and six men were scalded and burned.

A strike of egg candlers employed by a large firm in New York has been ordered. They demand a reduction of the hours of labor from 17 to 10 a day.

While the teller's back was turned a smooth individual in a Dayton, O., bank lifted a package of bills from the cage with a pair of tongs and escaped.

Rev. W. B. Leach, formerly of Canada, preaching at a camp meeting near Chicago, said he expected to find a lot of women in heaven, but very few men.

Ada Lancaster, of Portsmouth, O., threw the body of her baby to the hogs and its arms and legs were eaten off, according to the young woman's confession.

GENERAL.

The Russian army is to be increased by 380,000 men.

A band of thieves is successfully operating on Paris-Geneva trains.

Operations have begun on the ship canal between St. Petersburg and the White Sea.

Efforts are being made to reduce the strained relations between Germany and Russia.

Kaiser William is now letting his whiskers grow, in a desire to resemble his late father.

Paris newspapers are enthusiastic over the successful feat of the submarine torpedo boat Morse.

Capital is urgently required to develop the promising gold mines at present idle in Erythrea, Italy.

It is stated that the Empress of China has degraded the heir apparent which makes his succession impossible.

The Rivez Danube, flooded by torrential rains, has overflowed its banks, and 300 houses are under water at Budapest.

Albanian insurgents and Turkish regulars have had several encounters on the Turkish frontier, with many killed and wounded on both sides.

More than 2,000 prisoners from all parts of Russia, confined in Moscow Central Prison, will be redistributed among the old and new prisons of European Russia.

A picture, Saint Sebastian, by Titian, which had been stolen from Italy by one of Napoleon's generals, has been sold to the Count de Castellane for £8,000.

A scheme is on foot to carry a line of railway beyond the Victoria Falls, South Africa, and 300 miles to the north, where rich copper mines are said to await development.

The fastest time across Russia is 42 days, and the price of a ticket $257.50, but when the railway is complete the time from Vladivostock will be reduced to 19 days and the fare to $88.42.

As a result of operations to subdue the tribes south of the Atlas Mountains, in Morocco, it is reported that the French have 90,000 troops on the borders of the Moors' land, and have defeated them in a great battle.

Russian newspapers are discussing British activity in Abyssinia, and demand that Russia and France take steps to oppose the construction of British railway lines through the country before it is too late for such action to have any effect.

MARKETS OF THE WORLD

Prices of Cattle, Cheese, Grain, &c in the Leading Markets.

Toronto, July 30.—Wheat—The demand for wheat to-day was good, with prices higher. Sales of No. 2 white and red winter was made at 66½ to 67c middle freights, and the quotation north and west is 66c. No. 1 spring sold on the Midland at 68c, and No. 2 goose at 65c on the Midland. Manitoba wheat steady, with sales of No. 1 hard at 82c and of No. 2 at 80c. For Toronto and west 2c lower.

Milfeed—The market rules quiet. Bran quoted at $12 to $12.50 middle freights, and shorts at $14.75 to $15 middle freights.

Corn—There is no Canadian offering, and prices are purely nominal at about 48c west for No. 2 yellow, U. S. yellow quoted at 50c to 60c, laid down here, lake and rail.

Rye—The market is quiet and prices steady at 47c middle freight.

Buckwheat—Market dull, with prices purely nominal.

Peas—Trade quiet with a sale at Barley—There is a quiet trade. No. 2 at 48c west for No. 2 yellow, U. S. yellow quoted at 50c to 60c, laid down here, lake and rail.

Rye—The market is quiet and prices steady at 47c middle freight.

Buckwheat—Market dull, with prices purely nominal.

Peas—Trade quiet with a sale at 70½c middle freight.

Barley—There is a quiet trade. No. 2 is worth 42½c middle freights, and No. 3 extra 41½c middle freight.

Oats—The market is firm, with offerings restricted. No. 2 white is quoted at 34 to 34½c north and west and at 35½ to 36c middle freight. Exporters are quoting 34 to 34½c middle freight.

Flour—Demand is fair, with a few sales. Ninety per cent. patents were bought at $2.57 middle freights, in buyers' sacks. Straight rollers, in bbls, for Lower Provinces, $3.10 to $3.20. Manitoba patents $4; and strong bakers' $3.70.

Oatmeal—Market is unchanged. Car lots at $3.75 in bags, and $3.85 in wood. Broken lots, Toronto, 25c per bbl extra.

DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—The market unchanged, with good grades wanted. We quote selected dairy tubs 16½ to 17c; choice one-pound rolls, 17 to 18c; seconds, tubs and rolls, 15 to 17c; creamery prints firm, 20 to 21c; solids, 18½c to 19½c.

Eggs—The market is quiet, with prices unchanged. We quote strictly fresh gathered, nearby, 12 to 12½c; seconds and culls, 6 to 8c.

Cheese—Markets remains steady with good demand for finest goods for export. We quote finest, old 9¾c; new, choice, 9¼ to 9½c; twins, 9¾ to 10c.

DRESSED HOGS & PROVISIONS.

Dressed hogs unchanged here at $9.25 to $9.75. Hog products in active demand, and prices firm. We quote:—Bacon, long clear, ton, and case lots, 11 to 11½c. Pork—Mess, $19.50; do, short cut, $21.

Smoked meats—Hams, 13½ to 14c; breakfast bacon, 14 to 15c; rolls, 12c; backs, 12½c, and shoulders, 11c.

Lard—Pails, 11½c; tubs, 11c; tierces, 10½c.

Buffalo, July 30.—Flour—Strong; good demand. Spring wheat—Fair Winter wheat—No. 1, northern, old, 80½c; do, new, 75½c; No. 2 winter red, 75c; No. 1 white, 75c. Corn—Strong; No. 2 yellow, 61½c. No. 3 do, 61½c. No. 2 corn, 60c; No. 3 do, 60½c. Oats—Firm; No. 2 white, 43c; No. 3 do, 42½c; No. 2 mixed, 42c; No. 3 do, 41½c. Barley—Nothing doing. Rye—Stronger; No. 1, 58c asked.

Detroit, July 30.—Wheat closed—No. 1 white, cash, 73c; No. 2 red, cash, and July, 73c; September, 73½.

St. Louis, July 30.—Wheat closed—Cash, 69c; July, 69½c; September, 70½c.

Duluth, July 30.—Wheat closed—No. 1 hard, cash, 74½c; No. 1 Northern, cash, 72½c; July 72½c; September, 71½c; August, 72½c; October 72c; December, 72½c; No. 2 Northern

Minneapolis, July 30.—Wheat closed—Cash, 71c; September, 69¾ to 70c; December, 71½ to 71½c; on track, No. 1 hard, 73c; No. 1 Northern, 71c; No. 2 Northern, 69½c.

Milwaukee, July 30.—Wheat closed—Higher; No. 1 Northern, 72 to 73c; No. 2 Northern, 70 to 70½; September, 72½c. Rye—Firm; No. 1, 56 to 56½c. Barley—Steady; No. 2, 56c; sample, 35 to 54c. Corn—September, 56½c.

Toledo, July 30.—Wheat—Cash, July and August, 72½c; September, 73½c; December, 75½c. Corn—Cash and July, 55c; September, 56c. Oats—Cash, 37½c; July and September, 36½c. Cloverseed—Active; higher; October, $6.15. Oil—Unchanged.

Minneapolis, July 30.—Flour—Higher; first patents, $4.10 to $4.20; second, $3.90 to $4; first clears, $3 to $3.10; second, do. $2.35. Bran—In bulk, $13 to $13.50.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, July 30.—At the western cattle market to-day 100 carloads of live stock were received, including 1,785 cattle, 845 sheep and lambs, 300 hogs, 100 calves, and 18 milch cows.

The runs have been large lately, and the supply to-day exceeded business requirements, and as a result trade was dull, and prices, except for a few lots of extra choice, were weaker.

Export cattle were off from 10 to 15c per cwt., and 5¼c per lb was the best representative price to-day; from 4¾ to 5c was a common quotation for good stuff, and light shippers sold at from 4½ to 4¾c per lb. Several loads were left over.

Butcher cattle was dull a few choice lots sold at 4½ to 4¾c, and five or ten cents over was a few times paid, but for ordinary cattle prices were from 15 to 25c lower than on Tuesday. Sales were slow, and a good quantity of the stuff was left over. Prices weakened considerably towards the close of the market.

There is still only a light enquiry for feeders and stockers; feeders are worth from 3 to 3¼c per lb.

Export ewes and lambs were weaker to-day.

Export ewes are worth from $3.30 to $3.60 per cwt.

Bucks sell at from 2½ to 3c per lb.

Culls at from $2 to $3 each.

Lambs are worth from $2.50 to $4.

Calves are unchanged, and choice calves are wanted.

A few choice milch cows will sell up to around $50 each.

There was no quotable change in the hog market to-day. The run was light.

The best price for "singers" is 7¼c per lb.; thick fat and light hogs are worth 6¾c. per lb.

Hogs to fetch the top price must be of prime quality and scale not below 160 nor above 200 pounds.

Following is the range of quotations:—

Cattle.		
Shippers, per cwt.	$ 4 75	$ 5 12½
Do., light	4 25	4 65
Butcher, choice	4 00	4 50
Butcher, ordinary to good	3 25	3 75
Butcher, inferior	2 75	3 00
Sheep and Lambs.		
Choice ewes, cwt.	3 30	3 60
Culled sheep, each	2 00	3 00
Lambs, each	2 50	4 00
Bucks, per cwt.	2 50	3 00
Milkers and Calves.		
Cows, each	20 00	45 00
Calves, each	2 00	10 00
Hogs.		
Choice Hogs, cwt.	6 75	7 25
Light hogs, cwt.	6 50	6 75
Heavy hogs, cwt.	6 50	6 75
Stags, per cwt.	0 00	2 00

GEN. BADEN-POWELL.

Enthusiastic Crowds Greet His Arrival at Southampton.

A despatch from Southampton says:—Gen. Baden-Powell, the hero of Mafeking, and now chief of the Transvaal Police, landed here at 4:30 on Friday afternoon. He was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

In an interview Gen. Baden-Powell said he did not care to prophecy the end of the war. It was easy in such a country for small roving bands to elude pursuit or capture. Nevertheless, he was inclined to think that unless there is an earlier dramatic ending, the Boer resistance will have been completely crushed in three or four months from now.

Gen. Baden-Powell spoke with respect and admiration of the Boer as an individual. He said:—"They have been most terribly misled. I do not think that the time is remote when the Boer and Briton will settle peaceably side by side, and cordially work together for the good of South Africa."

Referring to Lord Milner's speech at the Guildhall, he said that its effect must be to give an object lesson in good government in South Africa. He added:—Lord Milner, to whom the Empire owes an everlasting debt of gratitude, exactly hit the nail on the head. Once give the Boers to understand that they will be governed justly and wisely, the rest will be easy. Depend upon it, in the end we will win over the Boers to our side."

Gen. Baden-Powell has not yet gone to London. He will go to the country for a while for rest.

BUGLER DUNN INJURED.

Boy Who Led Advance Across Tugela Has an Accident at Cape Town.

A despatch from Cape Town says:—While practising at the Greenpoint camp on Wednesday for the reception to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, Bugler Dunn met with an accident. His horse bolted and stumbled and fell. Dunn had one of his legs broken and the horse suffered a similar injury. The animal was shot.

Dunn is the fifteen-year-old Bugler of the First Royal Dublin Fusiliers, who was wounded three times at the battle of Colenso while sounding his orders. He was one of the first to cross the Tugela after sounding in order to advance. When he returned to England to recuperate Queen Victoria presented him with a silver-mounted bugle. He was afterwards sent back to South Africa at his own request. He spent some time in Netley Hospital, where he was visited by several members of the Royal family.

HULL IS FLOURISHING.

Fire Had a Beneficial Effect on Her General Prosperity.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—The City of Hull is in a much better position now than it was before the great fire fifteen months ago. The assessment rolls, which were all received at the City Hall on Friday morning, place the taxable property in the Transportine City at $3,165,000. A year ago, before the building operations following the fire were advanced, the estimate was $1,700,000. Before that date the taxable property was valued at $2,500,000, so that the city is $665 ahead as a result of the fire. The difference is accounted for by the better class of buildings erected. The non-taxable property, church, schools, etc., are valued at about $1,000,000. The population of the city, according to the assessment rolls is 13,994.

ST. PAUL'S MAY COLLAPSE

England's Great Cathedral Has Been Undermined.

A despatch from London says:—The scare which New York has had in connection with the Brooklyn bridge has had its counterpart here in St. Paul's cathedral, and the public has been startled by the expert announcement that the vast edifice is in danger of collapse.

The enormous wall of the south transept, which is eight to ten feet thick, 130 feet wide, and 150 feet high, is showing a number of very alarming breaks, due, it is believed, to the subsidence of the soil, while the vast front, with its heavy towers and bells, is also showing unmistakable signs of subsidence.

The soil upon which the cathedral was built was never very good, and the architect, Sir Christopher Wren, took his precautions accordingly. Had the subsoil been left undisturbed these precautions might have sufficed. But not only has the water at the bottom of the sandy stratum beneath the cathedral been tapped, but the hillside on which the cathedral is built is now traversed by deep drains, and by several underground railroads.

It is owing to this that the whole structure is manifesting a disposition to tip down toward the river, while the safety of the cathedral is gravely endangered by the immense fissures in the ground due to subsidence. This announcement, coming so soon after the fall of a huge mass of stone in Westminster Abbey, due to the destruction by rust of the iron clamps by which the stones were fastened in their place hundreds of years ago, has given rise to very serious alarm among the English people with regard to the safety af their two most famous cathedrals.

FEAR BUBONIC PLAGUE.

Quarantine Officers Instructed to Exercise Vigilance.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—The medicals at the Williams Head quarantine station, near Victoria, B. C., have been instructed to exercise the greatest possible vigilance in connection with the arrival of steamers from Hong Kong. The bubonic plague is epidemic at that port. Up to the 4th of June the total number of cases was 1,154, and 1,088 deaths are reported this year: 15 cases are European, with 5 deaths, and 23 were non-Chinese, with 16 deaths. During the epidemic of 1894 the number of deaths reported up to June 30 was 744. The area of the present infection is widespread, which increases the danger of transmission. In other cities of China the plague has been especially severe. The deaths in the city of Shock Lung alone are estimated at 2,000. Dr. Heiser, the representative of the U. S. Marine Hospital Service at Quebec, is detaining on an average eight immigrants a week destined for United States points.

VENICE DISAPPEARING.

Queen of the Adriatic Slowly Sinking Into the Mud.

A despatch from Rome says:—There is some danger of Venice disappearing beneath the waves of the Adriatic. It has been proved that for several centuries past the waters of the Adriatic have been encroaching on the land. The stone staircase behind the Palace of the Doges, which formerly served as a disembarking place for gondola passengers, is now completely under water. A number of little islands in the lagoon have also completely disappeared. Venice is slowly but surely sinking into the mud.

HEAVY LOSS.

One Thousand Square Miles of Pine Burned Over.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—A thousand square miles of pine forest are said to have been burned over in the recent fires in the Temiscamingue and Kippewa districts, although the reports are conflicting. The money loss is placed at from $500,000 to $750,000, and while this loss will be felt at once, the future loss will also be great. The young pine which were destroyed would have been commercially valuable in a few years, but it will be many years before the new growth can replace them. Much of the old pine trees damaged by the fire can be cut in a short time and made ready for the market. The principal losers are the Shepard and Morse Company, J. R. Booth, Alex. Lumsden, the Hull Lumber Company, Gillies Bros., and McLachlan Bros., of Arnprior.

SOUTHERN CHINA.

Bands of Armed Robbers Abroad in Night Raids.

A despatch from Canton, China, says:—A band of over forty armed robbers for three successive nights has been looting shops opposite Shateen. The Chinese authorities have made no attempt to interfere. The Chinese themselves are alarmed, and predict serious trouble. It is understood the foreign consuls have been warned to prepare for an uprising. A magistrate of Shuntah reports that robbery are increating in his district. Seventy-five robbers have been beheaded at Skertchaiy during the last two months.

THE WHITE ROSE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"I long for my father," said Gertrude to Lola de Ferras, who still kept silence. "My heart is thirsting for a look, a word from him. Ah, tell me if you ever loved him, is he living or dead?"

"He is dead," replied Lola in a low voice.

"Dead," repeated Gertrude, with a burst of bitter tears—"dead! Ah, then I shall never see him! Oh, my dear, dear father, I have longed for you, I have worked for you, and I have loved you; yet I shall never see you! But better a thousand times dead than living as they believed! Tell me one thing more. Did he go away with you?"

At first Lola resolved not to answer. This had been her secret for many years. In order the better to be able to keep it, she had buried herself alone, she had cut herself off from her kind, she had lived a life that every day grew harder. But how could she refuse Karl's daughter? It was strange how the girl's eyes and voice reached the depths of her heart.

"You will tell me, pleaded Gertrude. "I am sure your life is all before me; but, if this veil is not removed, I shall never marry. I shall live in seclusion, as my mother has done. Ah, do not condemn me to such a joyless, loveless existence! By the love you bore him I beseech you to tell me did my dear father go away with you?

If ever woman's soul was torn, it was Lola's. The treasured vengeance, the long-kept secret, the burning hate were all slipping from her. She could not speak falsely to this young girl with Sir Karl's eyes and voice.

"Tell me, my dear!" cried Gertrude, in desperation. "If you hope for heaven, tell me the truth; did my father go away with you?"

"No," she answered, "he did not."

She paused, startled even in her own pain by the cry which broke from Gertrude's lips.

"I knew it, I knew it! Ah, my darling, if I could but see you, hear you, tell you how much and how dearly I love you, and how I have always believed you innocent!" Then, turning to Lola, she added, earnestly, "Heaven bless you for telling me even so much!"

It was the first time for so many years that any one had prayed Heaven to bless her, the first for so many years that had spoken kindly to her, that Lola was completely overcome.

Gertrude's excitement had almost reached fever heat.

"How could they say it of him?" she cried. "How did they dare?"

Lola, bending over her, said—

"It was I who caused them to say it for a purpose of my own."

For some time the young girl's wild, incoherent cries for her dead father continued; then she sprang suddenly from her knees and looked at Lola.

"If he never went away with you, and if he is dead, tell me how and where he died. After being so good to me, you will not refuse me this?"

There was a struggle in the heart of the miserable woman; and then she answered slowly.

"Ask Lady Fielden to come here, and I will tell you all."

Lord Fielden followed his mother into the room with Gertrude.

"You are too clever a woman not to guess that whatever you have to tell is life or death to me for Miss Allanmore's sake," he said to Lola. "For Miss Allanmore's sake?" Lola asked, looking at the noble face with a wild longing that it were possible to undo the past.

"Yes," he replied. "What touches her is life or death to me."

She was deeply moved. She remembered having seen the expression of Lord Fielden's eyes in those of the men she had loved her, but never, alas, in the eyes of the man she loved!

"I have something to tell you," she said—"that which I have long kept secret, and which I reveal now for her sake—only for hers, for she is the only being who has touched my heart for years—this girl who is Sir Karl's daughter."

She resumed her seat in the low rocking-chair, carefully keeping the lace on Gertrude's dress clasped in her hands. Lord Fielden placed a chair for his mother, and stood behind it.

"Your eyes and your voice to me, child," went on Lola, "are like those of one come back from the dead."

"The dead!" cried Lady Fielden. "Sir Karl is dead then? Oh, Dolores Dolores!"

"Yes, he is dead," said Lola slowly. "You must not think that I am a repentant sinner, nor that, if my life could begin again I should act differently. I am proud, after my own fashion, of what I did. Few women would have had the strength of mind to act as I did, to keep the silence that I kept. I have had my revenge!"

A touch from Gertrude's hand controlled her. She avoided looking at the pure, sweet face as she spoke; but her eyes were fixed on Lady Fielden.

"It will be no news to you," she said, "that Dolores robbed me of the only love of my life, Sir Karl—that she came between us and stole my life's happiness away. It is no secret either that I swore to have vengeance. I ought perhaps to feel ashamed of myself; but I do not. I loved Sir Karl with all the strength of my heart—a strength that you weaker natures do not even understand. I may have been blinded by my affection; but I certainly thought that I saw in him some sign that he loved me. It all ended when Dolores became a widow, and he married her. It was then that my blind, mad, furious hate against her began, and I resolved upon avenging myself, cost whatsoever it might. I loved Sir Karl so well that, if he had asked my life, I would have given it to him without a sigh. From the day of the marriage I was like one mad. I had sworn to her and to him that I would be avenged—and I was! I persuaded my dear mother to leave Beaulieu and go to Germany. She did so and she died there. I need not dwell on any of the details; but when she died I was alone in the world, my heart full of the bitterness of the disappointed love and of a fierce longing for revenge.

"I heard how happy Sir Karl and his wife were—that a little daughter had been born to them, that they were a model couple—and so tender he so proud. In those days I had many correspondents in this neighborhood, and my brain was fired by these home-pictures. I felt that I must see him or die. I wanted to heap burning reproaches on him, to make him wretched by seeing my wretchedness, to show him my great misery, that the sight of it might chill his happiness. Let me be truthful. I hungered to look on his face, to hear his voice, to touch his hand! Never did thirsty heart pant for living streams as I for one look at the man I loved!

"Oh, blind, mad folly! As well might a hungry man try to eat stone! I thought that looking at him would slake the thirst of my fever, would cool the fire that burned my brain. I wrote to him, telling him that I had a favor to ask him. I begged that I might see him, moved and implored him to meet me. I told him that I would wait at the white gate near the coppice. I went to Deeping by train; no one recognized me. At eight o'clock I was standing at the coppice gate, wondering with a doubting heart if he would come.

"The night was fair and brilliant. I remember the odors from the trees, the song of the nightingale, the soft murmur of the brook. I remember—Oh, heaven, would that I had died then and there! Look at me, child, with your father's eyes. With a kindly light those same eyes rested on me that night so long ago—there was no reproach in them, no anger, no contempt.

"I trembled when I saw his shadow on the grass, I trembled when he spoke to me. He held out his hand in all kindness to me.

"'My dear Lola,' he said, 'you should not have done this.' 'I wanted to see you,' I cried to him. 'How can you be so hard and cruel to me? I have been longing for a glimpse of you. How can you scold me? My very life was fading because I could not see you!' 'My dear Lola, you must not speak to me in that fashion,' he said. 'You must remember your own self-respect, also that I am married to the woman I love.' The poor man who begged the crumbs from the rich man's table asked only for the crumbs, not for the luxuries. I am the same. I ask only for what you have to give—your friendship and kindness; I cannot live without them," I replied.

"And then I, who in my life had never sought men's pity, broke down and wept. I hope no other woman will ever shed such bitter tears as those. He was sorry for me, and even his pity was sweet. He knew now how utterly I had loved him; he saw for himself that my life was ruined. He was sorry for me. Oh, how sweet that sorrow was! He talked to me kindly, reasonably, sensibly; he advised me to leave England, to go right away, to find new interests in life; and at the time he was speaking two uncontrollable feelings were growing in my breast—one was love for him, the other, mad, passionate hatred of Dolores, my rival. But for her he would have loved and married me.

"All this time we were walking on and I am quite sure that neither he nor I knew where. I remember once being startled by a noise in the underwood, and at another time we were standing by a gate, and a man passed us at some little distance. I was crying bitterly, and he looked at me in wonder. We walked on and on, and—Oh, Gertrude, listen! If I have sinned, I have suffered. He forgot, I honestly believe, how his words would pain me, and he began to talk to me about his little child Gertrude and his wife. He could not help it, the very happiness of his heart seemed to come from his lips. He forgot my misery, my pain and anguish; in his face I could read unmistakable content, and my madness increased. Oh, child, when you hear of anyone suffering pain, think of me walking by his side, with my heart full of love for him, listening to his love for his wife and child! There were moments when my breath was like a flame of fire; there were others when a band of ice seemed to be encircling my heart, and it almost ceased to beat. I clinched my hands until they bled.

"'You are cruel—cruel!' I cried at last. 'I came to you in deep distress and you tell me only of your own happiness!' He stopped abruptly. 'You are right, Lola,' he said, 'I am selfish—horribly selfish.' Then he tried to console me. All that I next remember is that we walked away from the light of day, and that my heart was full of burning hate towards Dolores.

"We walked where great boughs shaded us; but I did not notice the place. I told him that the one desire of my heart was to come back here and live near him, where I could sometimes see him, talk to him, make him what he was once, my best friend and adviser. Ah, me! He was not willing; he who was all the world to me refused me this small crumb of comfort. Where we were walking the grass was thick and long and the branches of the trees drooped low; he pushed them aside with careless hand. 'It would not do, Lola,' he said. 'I would do anything to please you or help you; but the step proposed would not be prudent. Your best plan will be to go far away, my dear child. I have done you evil enough; Heaven forbid that I should do any more! Try to forget me, and fill your life with new interests. I am grateful for your love—I could not be otherwise; but you must, if you wish to be happy, overcome it. Even were what you contemplate acceptable so far as you and I are concerned, it would not please Dolores. Dolores would not like it; Dolores would not—' I interrupted him with a fierce cry—'How cruel you are! Will you think of no one but Dolores? You stab me over and over again with that name "Dolores." "I must think of her," he said, and what followed was my fault. My words startled him; he seemed suddenly to remember that we were out together alone, that it was late, and that he was distant from home. I saw him give a quick startled glance around him; he seemed to be considering which was the shortest path across the wood. 'Come this way, Lola,' he said. And we left the long straight path on which we had been walking and crossed the green. I saw that I had distressed him, and my hatred of Dolores increased. Think of me at least with a little kindness!" I cried. "It is all Dolores, nothing but Dolores.' I must think of her first, last and always,' he said. 'Dolores is my—' No other words followed: There was a terrible crash, a great cry, and he was gone. I stood in the long grass alone!

"I was stunned, giddy, bewildered. Where was he, and what had happened? I had walked a step or two in advance; he was close behind me. Only a minute before I had turned my head, looked into his dear face, and seen the distress and anxiety in his kindly eyes. He had stood within a few paces of me, tall, handsome, erect, and now he was gone. What had happened? Where could he be? Nothing was changed; no great bough had fallen and struck him, no flash of lightning had laid him low; there was no sound—nothing but perfect, brooding, intense silence. Ah, yes! Once there came—only Heaven knew from where—a deep, unearthly moan. I cried aloud in my terror. The sound died away, and the silence was the silence of death. I began to recover my senses, and I called, 'Karl, Sir Karl, where are you?' There was no reply, while it was rapidly growing dark. I could never describe the agony I suffered. I had no idea where or how he had vanished. I was almost mad with terror. I called again, more loudly this time, frantic with fright, 'Karl, Sir Karl!' But my voice died away among the trees. I decided to go to the house and get help.

"I began to run, feeling that every moment was of importance; but before I had gone many steps my foot struck against the gnarled and twisted root of a tree, and I fell with my hands over a dark, huge chasm, the mouth of which was covered with luxuriant, creeping vegetation. Had I taken one step further, I must have gone down too; nothing could have saved me. Now I knew what fate had overtaken Sir Karl.

"I tried to rise and hurry on; but I had hurt my foot so seriously that I could not move, and for many long minutes I lay on the ground suffering intense physical pain. At last I managed to struggle to my feet, and then I remembered that I had once before been to this place with Sir Karl. We had been in the neighborhood of the Black Pool, far back in past happy days, before any other had come between us. One day I had wandered with him through the grounds, and we had come to this very part. He had stopped and told me about the Black Pool, and had said that many people believed there was a subterranean communication between the pool and the river. That conversation recurred to my mind now with terrible force.

"But he had not fallen into the Black Pool. I could see it now, far away under the trees, smooth and dark. Then I remembered how Sir Karl had also talked of an old coal mine, with its long, disused, open shafts—pitfalls of danger he had called them—and, more than that, he had declared his intention to me of making the place safe when he had time to attend to it.

"I began to understand now. We had both been unconscious of our whereabouts. I had no idea that we were near the Black Pool, and he had evidently forgotten it also, and, it was plain, had fallen down the deep, long-disused shaft. I spoke quickly now; but as I lay there with wildly beating heart, thinking deeply, these ideas were some time shaping themselves deeply in my mind. I had had a terrible shock, and my thoughts moved slowly. A moment before Sir Karl had been walking by my side, strong and healthy, the next he had vanished from my sight; and I knew that for him there was nothing but death in the deep, dark pit, and a terrible death, too. Stronger nerves than mine would have given away. I crawled round to the pit. The whole of its wide mouth was covered with rank interlacing creepers. To all appearance there was no difference between it and the ground contiguous to it. There was a gap at one side. I knelt down and peered through it, but I could see nothing. I called aloud; no answer came. Then I took a stone and dropped it into the pit, with the idea of discovering if it were deep. It seemed to me an age before I distinguished a faint splash; the stone had fallen into water. Of course Sir Karl was dead by this time. No help could reach him; I knew that, even as I knelt there, looking into that most horrible chasm. And then I must have fainted.

"When I came to myself the air was cold; all the summer's warmth and beauty had departed, the wind was wailing drearily through the trees, and the moon was shining. As the recollection of all that had occurred came back to my mind, my whole frame trembled. I rose, and, grass, I cried aloud, and more than once I went to the mouth of that terrible pit with the intention of throwing myself into it after him; but my courage failed me. I would have gone down to save him; but I dared not die. So far, except in asking for an interview with him, I had done no wrong.

"Now came my temptation. He was dead whom I loved better than all the world; but my hatred and jealousy of Dolores still lived. But for her, he would have been mine. As I lay writhing with pain of body and anguish of mind, an idea—I grant that it was a diabolical one—came into my mind. It was this—that I would never reveal the truth of Sir Karl's terrible death, but would lead this woman whom I hated to believe that he had abandoned her and gone away with me. I felt sure that the old Squire, whom I had met driving home, had recognized me. I felt equally sure that the groom had also recognized me. Almost in all probability everyone would know that Sir Karl had come out to meet me. If I could but go away, and then from a distance write to Dolores and say that my revenge was complete, that she would never see her husband again! I would not say that he had gone away with me. I would leave it to her woman's keen instinct, quickened by jealousy, to form what conclusion she might, feeling sure she would put but one construction on my letter.

"The more I thought of the idea the more my heart delighted in it. I forgot even the anguish of Sir Karl's death. I could think of nothing but the grand opportunity for carrying out my threats of revenge. Now the fair-haired woman should suffer as I had suffered; now anguish of heart and bitterness of soul would be her portion as they had been mine. I knew all that she must endure, the long years of uncertainty, the shame and humiliation. And, as I lay on the grass, I laughed aloud in the wicked joy of my heart. It would be an ample revenge. No thought of compassion came to me. I had shed bitter tears; let her shed bitter tears also. My life was blighted; let hers be blighted too.

"I tent over the pit and bade him who lay there a last farewell. Then, under cover of the darkness, and in the silence of night, I limped from the park and reached the high-road. I walked during the whole of the following day. Several times horsemen passed me. I yell knew they were in search of Sir Karl. They little guessed that the woman they passed on the road, who seemed to them lame and old, could have solved the mystery with a few words.

"I hid myself in Paris. From there I wrote that letter to Dolores which made her believe in her husband's guilt. Ten thousand such letters would not have destroyed my faith in Sir Karl. I read in the English papers that Sir Karl was supposed to have eloped with me; and my revenge, I felt, was accomplished. The sneers and satire that this rumor provoked only amused me. I can declare one thing most solemnly, I never thought of his children, nor how the scandal might affect them. I never thought that their name would be sullied.

"Life was over for me then. I went to the south of France, where I spent some time with an old friend of my mother's who was dying. I remained with her for some weeks, and then took her name. I called myself Madame St. Ange. After that I rented the Chateau Fleuris; and there I have spent such years of solitude and anguish as fall to the lot of few women.

I have been dead in life, but that which sustained and cheered me was the knowledge that Dolores suffered more even than I had. I should never have emerged from my seclusion had I not chanced to see one of the advertisements for me, which aroused my curiosity and brought me hither. I meant simply to come over well disguised to England, and ascertain why I was wanted. In doing so I can see that I have acted imprudently."

(To be Continued.)

BREAKFAST IN NAPLES.

Coffee and Chestnuts Constitute the Morning Meal of the Masses.

In the "short and simple annals of the poor" in Naples there is no getting up and lighting to cook the family breakfast. The wayfarer arriving on the early train, or the reveller returnin g from gay ball at dawn, sees the first movement of the immense wheel of human appetite in the shape of a dismal-looking creature muffled in a ragged overcoat and shuffling sluggishly from door to door of the open bassi, or ground-floor shops and tenements. He carries a long-handled iron pan, half filled with smouldering charcoal, whereon simmers a quarts copper pot full of a mixture that purports to be coffee. This compound which he duly administers to his clientele is the Neapolitan "espresso." Well sweetened and