By M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET." " WYLLARD'S WEIRD," ETC., ETC.

thoroughbred back shorn with modish severity, and his tufts arranged after the Rochejaquelin Green beyond measure, but jingled as he walked at his mistrees's side, meet her en petit comite. One danno avoid and his neck ribbon was of the new colour. only to the elite. No sooner does it Frank might be angry." become known to the external world, than it is deposed from the workrooms of the best

Tory's mistress was not looking her best. She had lost her brilliant carnation, and quisitive. He would come home, and his the splendour of her Irish eyes was She looked five years older than tradespeople to push their demands. His when her father had seen her at the beginning of the last London season.

"My dear Leo, you look ill and worried," said the Colonel, as they drove away from the station, Tory sitting on the seat opposite. them, shivering in his little cloth overcost, Baddeley, with a compassionate sigh. him with his topez eyes as if he did not ad | people do it now-a days-quite nice people mire the country.

worse of them. Short of being inordinately "How can I help it? Of course I have been worried," answered Lso, discontented "Do you suppose I have not felt thedisgrace of Helen's conduct."

"Is it generally known, do you think?" " People know there is something wrong. Valentine ordered everything to be sold off about a month ago—all these pretty Japanshe is with St. Austell. It is strange that moor beyond, had no charm for her. no one should have met them abroad.

"I suppose they have been very careful." | with a shiver. "Yes; they certainly must have avoided the beaten tracks. I have watched for Abbey on Christmas Day. It was a green paragraphs in Galignani or the Society Christmas, mild, misty, depressing. Leo Papers, and I have cut out half-a-dozen wore one of her loveliest gowns-an arrangelittle allusions to St. Austell, but not one ment of dark red velvet with glittering ruby hint about her.

el. "I showed you his letter—the letter I but nobody was honestly and uneffectedly found in her dressing bag-when we were cheerful at that small Christmas dinner. on board the Clotho. That seems decisive." Mr. Rockstone made the bravest effort at Leo, but not with conviction.

nral sang froid when she accused him of dulness in the most convivial circle, and running away with her sister. She remem- | Colonel Deverill was obviously depressed. bered how he had left Charing Cross.

get at my despatch box," she said. "And disturbed his slumbers, and filled his mind now tell me all about yourself. Why did with gloom. He was weighed down by hood, with its wretched associations.'

son-in-law. Now that St. Austell is a free getting a divorce, don't you know."

"In order that he might marry Helen," cried Leo, as if she had been stung.

"Of course. It is the only thing that can ginning to hate him."

set her right.

if she were free to morrow?" Leo asked, against than sinning." contemptuously. "Do you know Lord St. Austell so little as to suppose that he would burden himself with a wife, when he has Helen could go where she liked, and enjoy secured a mistress—a mistress whose attrac- | herself as much as she chose. If she had had tions must have grown stale by this time- | only common prudence she could have got a mistress who, no doubt, has made the one on very well indeed." grand mistake that all women make under such circumstances, and has bored him with | Cclonel Deverill waited for the post which tears and contrition. A divorce will only brought him his letters and his newspapers advertise her disgrace. It will not bring | with keener impatience than he had ever her one iota nearer marriage with St. Aus- felt before for those luxuries of modern

Austell shall make her his wife, or ac- settlement, he had been content to let his rount to me for her dishonor," said the days slip by and to know no more of the Colonel fiercely.

crack shot like yourself-perhaps in much | ignani;" content to forget the days of the better practice. He will give you satisfac- week, and to be surprised by the church tion, I daresay-but he won't marry my bells on a Sunday morning; content al-

sister." poor girl, Leonora, and I must say I think | drifting to ruinundera Radical Cabinet or beat very unwomanly on your part."

things from a different standpoint. With to bring him worry than pleasure, and unyou men, a woman has only to go wrong in less he was expecting a cheque from his order to become interesting. You open I rish agent, he was apt to be indifferent to your arms to her, are ready to shelter her the going and coming of the post. and fight for her. For a woman to be very But now he was intently expectant of would be at too high a premium."

ter's tone, but he was very glad to have her | ten, that even in her sinful life she was still seciety, all the same. Her presence bright his daughter. He had been expecting such med the cottage, and put flight for the time a letter for months, and his heart sickened being to those morbid fancies which were be. as the new year began without bringing him ginning to weigh very heavily on the Colo- one line of greeting from the lost one. mel, the fancy that his daughter was ill and | "I sur pose she is afraid to address me dying in a far-off land, that St. Austell might | he thought, "And yet she ought not to be ill-treat or desert her. Even Tory was an afraid. I was never severe to my children. acquisition, and the sight of that intellectual | He had a permanent address in London, animal, sitting bolt upright on the hearth- under cover to a solicitor's firm in the City, rug, with his mouth open, and his yellow where all letters were taken charge of and Colonel Deverill's drooping spirits. The known to Helen. She would have had no Gladstonian performance with a lump of difficulty in writing to him had she had Gladstonian performance with a lump of difficulty in writing to him had she been sugar, might pall, if repeated more than disposed to write. exenty times a day-nor was it all rapture to hear Tory play "God save the Queen" upon a damp cottage piano-but there was asefulness in a dog shat rushed at every open door, and shut it with a cheerful bang. Even Tory's dinner made a little diversion in the long winter evening, and afforded subject for conversation.

Mrs. Baddeley did her best to cheer her father, but she was evidently out of spirits, and the effort to appear lively was almost beyond her strength. Her own affairs were changed not free from entanglement; fer in spite of the devoted Beeching's aid-given on many eccasions, as in the dresamaker difficulty she was considerably in debt. She had not forgotten that she had a husband in India, and while he remained there he had been list table, sail to clutch the liensy foreign eminently useful as her, as audited against the shafts of glander and of invitable codes of appeal. The shafts of glander and of invitable codes of appeal. The shafts of glander and of invitable codes of appeal. The shafts of glander and of invitable codes of appeal. The shafts of glander and of invitable codes of appeal. The shafts of glander and of invitable codes of appeal. The shafts of glander and of invitable codes of the code o

CHAPTER XXXVIII-" WHAT IS IT THAT | been able to decline gracefully on the plea You FEAR?"

Tory was in high health and spirits, his I think you know I am not a prude," would say, "and I admire that lovely Mrs. latest fashion. His Indian bangles don't think Frank would quite like to

being friendly afterwards, you see. I should There is always a new colour known be pestered with cards for her perties, and But now, Frank's regiment was to return to England in the following March, and milliners, and from the toilet of fashionable Frank would be no longer a dear fellow in India, useful to be referred to on all occasions, but by no means troublesome or inarrival would be the signal for clamourous

welcome to the nest in South Kensington would be a shower of bills, lawyers, letters, and county court summoness. "I'm afraid poor Frank will have to go through the Bankruptey Court,"mused Mrs. trimmed with Astrachan, and looking about | hope he won't much mind. A good many and society seems to think very little the

rich, money doesn't count in society." Reasoning thus, the fair Leonora told herself she had no cause for being down-hearted; yet in the picturesque seclusion of Myrtle Cottage her spirite sank, and the | Major Baddeley's envelope. "Pansy's sorprospect of future difficulties grew daily rowful father entreats her to write to him. darker. She had hitherto lived the kind ese things, which I took an infinitude of of life in which there is no leisure for She has a home still with him. Kilrush. trouble to get for them. They went for a | thought; and now all at once she found mere song. I made Beeching buy a good | herself with nothing to do but read novels many things for me-screens and vases, and and think of her own affairs. The novels she said. "Those two names, Pansy and portieres anything I could find room for. | were for the most part less interesting than Of course people have talked-and I have her own embarrassments, and they laited to takable." been pumped perpetually about her. But | distract her. The quiet beauty of her surit is an odd thing that I have never met roundings, the broad river, the wooded hills with anybody who positively knows that in the foreground, and the dark ridge of the

The Colonel and his daughter dined at the beads, which made a glowing atmosphere "She must be with him," said the Colon- around her, and suggested cheerfulness "Yes, she must be with him," replied | mirthfulness, and filled up every gap in the conversation, but there was a gloom upon She remembered St. Austell's preternat- | Valentine's face which would have spread a His dreams had been troubled on the prev-"I will show you the paragraphs when I can lious night. Strange, shapeless visions had you plant yourself in this dull neighbor- formless apprehensions. He could not define to himself what it was that he dreaded. He "Because I had a good deal to say to my only knew that his mind was full of fear.

"I think I must give up going to the man, there ought to be no time time lost in ! Abbey," he told his daughter as they drove home. "Lady Belfield is charming - and Sir Adrian is as good as gold—but I cannot get on with Valentine. I'm afraid I'm be-

"That is rather hard upon him," answer-"And do you think he would marry her ed Leo, "for he certainly is more sinned

"He was a neglectful husband." "True; but he was very good-natured.

In his retirement at Myrtle Cottage life. On board a friend's yacht, or at any "Let me once see her free to marry, and sleepy little Swiss or German water-cure outer world than was revealed to him by "He won't refuse to meet you. He is a an occasional "Morning News " or "Gal-

most to forget which party was in and "You are diabolically Litter against that which was out, whether his country was ingguidedto glory by Conservatives. Letters, "Ah! but you see women look at these he had told himself, were always more likely

pretty, and to go astray in the first bloom | every mail, and had a blank and dispirited of her prettiness, is to command your affec- feeling when the hour was over. He was the table, "she must have understood my tion and your chivalrous service. Women expecting some kind of communication from had need be cruel to each other or vice his runaway daughter-a letter of penitence -of intercession-a letter of filial love, The Colonel was distressed at his daugh- | telling him that he was not utterly forgot-

The new year began sadly under shees circumstances, and even Tory's blandish-Mrs. Baddeley yawned over her novel, beside the wood fire, which was the only cheerful thing in the house.

from Frank Baddeley, which his wife read with good-humoured indifference till she came to a passage at which her cheek suddenly paled, and her whole aspect

citedly, "anything about her?" "No : but it is something about him." Read it—read it, pleases gasped he pose his message,

thority, so you must be wrong in your idea that Helen went to Ceylon with him. They may have been together in Italy, as you say, but he arrived at Caylon alone. Tom MacDonald, of the Punjaub Regiment, was there when he came. Perhaps your sister went off with some one che after all, and you are on a false scent

"Great God !" cried Colonel Deverill starting up from the breakfast-table, and walking about the room with a distracted "What does it all mean? If she is not in Ceylon, where is she? We know that she ran away with St. Austell. There is his letter to prove it."

"She may have changed her mind at the last," said Leo, looking straight before her with a troubled brow, for even to her careless temperament the matter began to assume a mysterious aspect. "Her conscience may have been awakened, and she may have fled away from him, and not with him. She may have gone into a convent-or joined some Anglican sisterhood. "Who can tell ?"

"What am I to do !" groaned the Colonel, walking up and down in an agony of be-

wilderment. "You might advertise-put an advertisement in the "Times," so worded that she alone would understand. Let it be repeated twenty times, at certain intervals, so that if she is in any place where the "Times" goes, she must eventually see your advertisement."

"How can I advertise so that she will be the only one to understand?"

"Oh, we must invent a code. We must recall something in the past-known to us only-some pet name. Don't you remember you once used to call her Pansy. She would know that Pansy was meant for her."

Leo took out her pencil, and wrote upon A father's heart can forgive everything. She read this rough draft to her father.

"She could not fail to understand that," Kilrush, in juxtaposition would be unmis-"Yes, I think she would understand," re-

plied the Colonel. "There are not many people who could write from Kilrush. You are right, Leo. I'll send the advertisement "It is a cut-throat place," she exclaimed, to the Times by the next post-with a cheque. I suppose that is a kind of thing one must pay for in advance."

The advertisement appeared at the head of the second column, three days later, and the Colonel contemplated it with tears in his eyes. He could fancy his daughter reading it in her seclusion or desolation. Since he had discovered that she was not with St. Austell he knew not how to picture her to himself whether deserted and penitent, or as a woman who had drawn back upon the brink of the precipice, and had fled from her tempter. All his hopes for her had been dashed by that letter from Major Baddeley. As a father, he had wept over her folly and her sin, but as a man of the world it had seemed to him a good thing that she should become Lady St. Austell. He felt that from a society point of view her reputation was gone for ever, and that her only chance was to dare society in a new character. As a Peeress, and a beauty, she might yet become the centre of a brilliant circle -on the continent.

The advertisement appeared time after time, week after week, until the twentieth insertion had run out, and the Colonel's cheque was exhausted. There had been no reply. The year was two months old and the bery borders at Myrtle Cottage, and the little lawn was gay with the golden crocuscups, and there had been no sign or token from Helen.

Mrs. Baddeley stayed on with her father, though the London season was beginning. was not that she loved Devonshire more, but that she feared South Kensington most. The trades people were pushing for their accounts, and lawyers' letters were growing frequent. It was easier to face these things at a distance than on the spot, where every vibration of the electric bell jarred her nerves, and set her heart beating vehemently, in apprehension of immediate evil. Here at least though she received the letters, she did not hear the bell; and she was out of reach of any importunate creditor, who might be so audacious as to demand an interview. So she put her arms round the Colonel's neck one morning at breakfast, and told him she would not desert him. She would stay till Frank's return.

"God bless you, my love," faltered her father, " I thought you would stand by me in my loneliness. Indeed, Leo, I am half broken hearted about your sister. Her present existence is a mystery to me, and I can scarcely bear my life under the burden of that mystery. If she was anywhere within the reach of this paper," striking his fist upon the Times, that lay open on appeal. Where in Heaven's name is she hiding? Some one must know."

Leonora. "I will tell you of one thing that you can do, father. You cannot go to she cheated me, but I was very augry. My crowd collected forthwith as the new Covier. The inner is to be cheated me, but I was very augry. My Ceylon. The journey is too long, and you pride was wounded. I had grovelled before spread, and, touched by the Queen by are too old. But you can telegraph a question to St. Austell. Ask him if he had a feet and I told myself I would grovel no more. gent's pious humility, followed after to ton to St. Austell. Ask him if he had a feet and I told myself I would grovel no more. tion to St. Austell. Ask him if he knows where Helen is to be found. Ask him to state of mind, and I went to Ceylon in the answer you on his honour. He cannot refuse to answer such an appeal."

"I'll telegraph to him. You are right, is. I must leave no stone unturned."

sye balls glaring at the fire, helped to raise re-addressed to him, and this address was from Chadford Post-office, where it would first to last. She might have married an exsion for gossip; so he went to Exeter next her a fine position. She chose to jilt him Exeter Station, it suddenly occurred to him ments could not maintain cheerfulness. that he was just in time for the London express, and on the spur of the moment, he decided on going to London. He telegraph. ed to Mrs. Baddeley, promising to return Early in the year there came a budget next day, and he took his ticket for Water-

> It was six o'clock when he arrived, and dark, so he pus himself in a hansom, and drove straight to the Badminton, and went into the coffee room to order his dinner. "What is that?' asked the Colonel ex. When he had given the order for half-past seven, he went to the reading room, and seated himself at the table near the fire, to com-

There were telegraph forms on the table, but he began a rough draft on a short of pap-

He read the words three times over; mystery," he said. "He is wondering if they were strong enough. He education and manners. You have the third reading, wiped his him, and thoroughly. When the wondering if they were strong an end his him, and thoroughly. When it paused after the third reading, and looking up the matter of recompene it touchead with a westy sir, and looking up the matter of recompene it is been in his hand, saw St. me." absently, with his pen in his hand, saw St. | me." Austell standing in front of the fireplace look. ing down at him.

"My God !" he cries, starting to his feet. "This is a most extraordinary thing. thought you were in Ceylon.'

"I was until a few weeks ago. I came home the week before last-too, soon my doctor tells me, but I was heartily sick of the place. You don't look over well.

The Colonel was ghastly. He had drop back into his seat, and was arranging papers before him with tremulous finger He handed St. Austell the rough draf the message without a word.

"What doos it mean?" St. Austell asked after he had read the blurred words in the Colonel's big penmanship.

"The question is plain enough, I think. Until very lately I thought my daughter was with you in Ceylon. I hear she was not there; but all the same you are likely to know her present address. For pity's sake tell me where she is-at once. I am longing to find her-to protect and sherish her. I am ready to forgive all - to forgive her and you."

The room was empty, but the Colonel spoke in suppressed tones, with the consciousness that he was in a public place.

"My dear Colonel, I wish I could help you-but I can't. As for forgiveness, you have nothing to pardon in me except the fact that I was madly in love with your daughter-and tried to win her-and failed. If my sin in so trying was great, my punishment was greater. I never loved any woman as I loved Helen Belfield, and she threw me over at the last moment."

"But I have your letter of instructions about her journey-everything must have been planned between you."

"It was, so far as I could plan; but I tell you she threw me over. She was to have met me at Exeter, but she didn't. I waited for three trains, and then went on to London in a rage-mad, despairing. I had been most completely fooled."

"So I thought on the previous afternoon. "She made her plans deliberately; her trunks were all packed."

"But she meant to run away with you?"

"Indeed. That looks business-like. And yet she threw me over, you see, and carried her trunk a somewhere else."

"No. Her luggage was all left in her own rooms at the Abbey. Wherever she went, she must have gone in such a state of mind that she took no trouble to secure her own property. Not even her comforts for her journey. Her travelling bag-my own wedding gift-was left. It was in an inner pocket of that bag that I found your letter.'

"And she has not claimed her belongings since then," asked St. Austell, with a troubled

"And you have heard nothing of her since that time—absolutely nothing.'

" Not one word. I thought she was with You were heard of in Paris-with a

"A passing acquaintance—and a Paris-"You were heard of in Venice-again

with a lady.' "An old friend—a Florentine Countess, who was good enough to go about with me a little in my solitude—we dined together, and lunched together al fresco, half a dozen

times. That was all. And you have heard nothing about your daughter—from August spring flowers were blooming in the shrub- to March -you had no letter from her-no information directly or indirectly." "flot one word. "Then, Colonel Deverell, I can only say

the business tooks very alarming," said St. Austell, turning his face to the mantelpiece, and resting his head upon his arm. The Colonel saw that he was deep'y mov

ed. There was a silence of some moments, and then the older man asked in a faltering voice-

"What is itthat you fear?"

"I don't know. I-I-can't tell you. My fears are vague and shapeless; but it is a shock to me, to find you are so completely in the dark about her. I loved her devotedly, Colonel Deverill. If she had trusted herself to me as she promised, I would have made her my wife, now that I am a free man. I would have done all that a man can do to recompense her for her sacrifice."

"I believe she must be in hiding somewhere; in some Anglican sisterhood, some semi-monastic retreat, where she is not al lowed to see the newspapers, or to write letters to anyone in the outer world," said the Colonel, after a pause.

" Ies, it may be so," answered St. Austell, moving away from the mantelpiece, and seating himself opposite Colonel Deverill at the writing table. "It may be so. It would be like her to go and bury herself alive in a fit of religious enthusiasm. She ping her carriage, she alighted, and signs was a creature of rapid changes of mood. When I thought I was most secure of her, vehicle. Her daughters had also been lifted knowing very well that she loved me, she "Yes, some one must know," answered spread her wings as suddenly as a butterfly, either hand, she followed with them on forther hand, she followed with the followed with them on forther hand, she followed with them on forther hand, she followed with the followed and was gone. I was hardly surprised when walking behind the carriage. An imment So I went off to the Continent in a sullen same temper, and my life was loathcome to me all the time I stayed there."

"Upon my soul I am sorry for you," said Leo. I must find out where my poor girl | the Colonel, "though I suppose I ought to He did not like to send his ocean-message is a most unhappy business, unhappy from Regent was applauded most vociferously is a most unhappy business, unhappy from Regent was applauded most vociferously is a most unhappy business, unhappy from Regent was applauded most vociferously is a most unhappy business, unhappy from Regent was applauded most vociferously is a most unhappy business, unhappy from Regent was applauded most vociferously in the control of the last man in the world to say so. It day, intending to send the message from for the sake of his worthless brother, who start could at length be made. No won there: but after he had alighted at the the Spanish Republicans are beginning to despair. Such a queen as Donna Christian there; but after he had alighted at the neglected her. Her whole life has been a mistake."

"Which she is trying to atone for, perhaps, in the dull round of conventual work, ministering to the sick, feeding the hungry, praying, fasting, wearing out her young life and her beauty within four walls. It is maddening to contemplate," said St.

He had feared that Helen might have made away with herself a That she had felt herself too weak to withstand temptation, and had preferred death to dishonour. There might be a woman left, perhaps even in this nineteenth century capable of such a

for her," he saked, "not directly, but in-

Familiar Expressions that are Ga

Quoted Wron. It is a peculiar faculty of human to misquote proverbs and poetry. invariably to place the credit where it

Nine men out of ten think that "The tempers the wind to the shorn had from the Bible, whereas Liwrence Sm the author. "Pouring oil upon the trail waters" is also ascribed to the signal ume, whereas it is not there; in fact, m knows its origin.

Again, we hear people say: "The of the pudding is in chewing the This is arrant nonsense, and the man eating thereof and not in chemical in the property of the pudding in the way were swollen out of all property of the pudding in the way were swollen out of all property of the pudding in the property of the pudding in the property of the Nothing is more care budding the flogging he had received on Nothing is more common than to b

A man convinced against his vil Is of the same opinion still." for no one can be convinced of one and at the same time hold to an or one. What Batler wrote was emi-

A famous passage of Scripture is misquoted thus: "He that is without among you, let him cast the first to It should be : " Let him first cast a the

Sometimes we are told: "Behold great a fire a little matter kindleth, when St. James said : "Behold how greats ter a little fire kindleth," which is one different thing.

We also hear that "a miss is as good mile," which is not as sensible or forcil the true proverb: "A miss of an inch i very high key. Standing about i good as a mile."

"Look before you leap" should And look before you ere you lean." Pope is generally credited with h

"Immodest words admit of no defence. For want of decency is want of sense, though it would puzzle any one to find verses in his writings. They were win by the Earl of Roscommon, who died be Pope was born.

Franklin said, "Honesty is the policy," but the maxim is of Spanish en and may be found in "Don Quixote,"

How to Tell One's Age.

Just hand this table to a lady and read her to tell you in which column or column her age is contained, and add together figures at the top of the columns in wi her age is found, and you have the m

A Queen's Popularity.

The Queen Regent of Spain has just gird another proof that she knows the way to wa the hearts of her people. On Thursday ist, as she was being driven about 7 p.m. dom the Puerta del Sol with her two little gra a priest bearing the host chanced to com out of a house close to the Cafe du Levant, restaurant which visitors to Madrid cannot fail to remember. No sooner did the Ques Regent see the sacred procession than, stop to the priest to take her place in the down from their seats, and taking one and her children to the Carmen chard It was to this church that priest and the host belonged, and he majesty, entering the sacred edifice with he little ones, prayed for some minutes being one of the altars. On again regaining street and entering her carriage, the Que the enormous crowd that had gathered, so that it was only with great difficulty that

than a whole army corps of soldiers. don Figaro. A Back-Handed Compliment What a rare smile Emily de Bryster "Rare! I should say it was rare! I'm been watching her for two days and she's

only smiled once."

is worth more to the monarchy in Spain

His Expenses Heavy. Countryman (outside of dime museum ad miring picture of three-headed man): What d'ye have to pay that chap, mister! That the can help you to solve any good deal for hats.

CHINESE POLICE TORTU

racities in the Penal 8

the Celestial Empire. Brough a broad arched gateway ar of these nightmarish daubs w Immediately inside w shed, divided into compa hich at first sight looked like the This was the distric ild animals. ed a second glance revealed the fi ied the bars to be human being bjects I ever saw, which is sayin Prisoners in Chinese jails

Howed to shave their heads, and treggling hair, black and coarse hair, falling IN UNCOMBED CONFUSION bout their faces, gave to them a amy appearance. They looked siry gorillas than men, peering bars at the "American barba they termed me, "Fankwa Cournful curiosity.

One poor wretch I noticed whos to make him confess as a crimi testify as a witness. A witness mandarin thinks stubborn and un This is an impossible condition of a treated as barbarously to no one can be convinced at the treated as barbarously a criminal. In an adjoining q one was another wretched object his stomach and moaning pite back was a mass of bruises and l Outside were several men wearing "He that complies against his will Outside were several wooden cangues le of his own opinion still."

Outside were several wooden cangues necks heavy wooden cangues others were shackles and were f blocks of store, which they had to them whenever they moved.

LIKE A SCENE FROM COMIC O Crossing this outer yard, through another gateway, and selves within an inner court. In of this stood a broad, low wooder half house, half shed. Here at the mandarin, smoking a silver and listening to the represent man who was gesticulating and to attitudes were yamuni runners, lictors and the various function Chinese court of justice. I had the yamun just in time to see so & Chinese criminal trial. The policemen wore short, st

jackets on which were sewn dis oilcloth a foot in dismeter before On the disce were big red charac odd appendages gave the weare arly grotesque appearance. The like comedians on the mimic st than Government cfficia's serious ed. Over the strange gathering, from the rafters of the build a hundred gay-colored lanters with big gilt inscriptions, and b

THE WHOLE SCENE, frem the perkish-looking manda round spectacles and the lon feather in his hat, to the gilt paper lanterns, was the life and pa of the stage. The mandarin w the policemen and yamuni ru their ludicrous bulls-eyes, were and the others the cast an Even the wretched prisoner, cla rags and prostrate on his fac court, was a clever actor, to star, may be, drawing a salary to that of the leading man mandarin at the table.

To pass through the middle g complete change from the realm comedy. To these immediatel however, it is perhaps needless was anything but a farce. A Fr rare visitor in Nam-ngan, and my entrance arrested the att whole court. Even the prison neck to see what was the interruption. The mandarin t chair, and, "chinchinning' pl his clasped hands, motioned m

IT WAS AN AWFUL TRAGEDY

This momentary diversion e went on as before. The 'cute-l man with the high-keyed vo was presenting the prisoner mandarin. As he finished, w sive wave of his hand from th the prisoner, the latter ros The mandarin beamed at hin severity through his glasses him curtly. The culprit, if hung his head and muttere Perhaps it was merely a me innocence, perhaps an app Whatever it was, it seemed of the mandarin's wrath, as plosive order which was al scathing and condemnatory,

couldn't understand a word, an owl through his spectacle The prisoner prostrated h of submission; two policem bamboo rods, and advanced. ed man meekly bared his or trembling hands; folded his breast, and lay flat on his thighs were already a mass the last flogging, adminis bout four days before. A BRUTAL-LOOKIN

held his head, another his fe

quick strokes the two police

Prostrate man by turns,

A time until each had deliv Each complement of twe delivered, with the accura in the same place the furrow of battere scross the thighs. The n snother farrow just below Protect was repeated, the stroot in the bend of t le length of the wan the wretched mi whole frame was quiveri was beering helplessly rolled wildly in the turnkeys h fore the mandarin, who im time he m the mandarin w the poor mangled wre fully off I wondered wit a criminal unwilling t only an unfortunate wished him to

gellt befor posted punishment against lew days until that he is at le to have the

A Fleasant Cure.

A Permanent Cure.

TALESTEE AL