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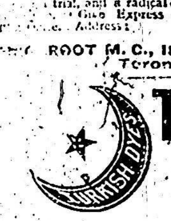

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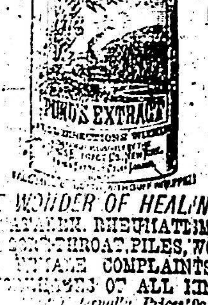

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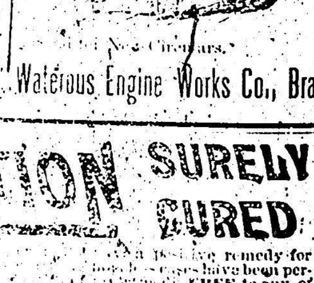
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STRANGELY [illegible]

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CHAPTER XXX.

A PLAIN QUESTION.

"A sudden bold and unexpected question will many times surprise a man and lay him open."

It must be owned that, although the old Jack had in a great measure come back again, there was still a great gulf fixed between Lord Rosstrevor and Ethel.

All the sweet friendliness of the old relations between them were gone, for a time at least. The weeks crept by and wore into months; Ethel's time as a tenant of Mrs. Ackroyd's came to an end and she moved her belongings to another flat on the same floor as Madame Wolenski's was on. These rooms were larger and brighter in every way and Ethel would have been perfectly happy in them if only that barrier of restraint which existed between Jack and her had been removed.

But they seemed to see far less of each other than they used to do in poor Cosmo's time—he never came to dinner now, never suggested going anywhere with her, and although he came in to see her nearly every day it was always about the same time in the afternoon and he never stayed a very long time. In fact, he was, as he believed, leading such a very circumspect life that not even Mrs. Grundy could venture to couple his name with that of the young widow whose husband had been so mysteriously murdered.

So the pleasant spring days wore on; London became gay and bright, the trees in the parks and squares put on their tenderest shades of green, the smart boxes in front of the smart houses began to be filled with all colours of the rainbow—with great moon-daisies, red geraniums, rich-hued begonias and gay calceolarias—and people came and went to all manner of entertainments; clad in the gayest of garments; indeed it was a brilliant season and Ethel began to feel like some humble mote stranded in the midst of a great garden-party.

She might have gone out a good deal herself at this time, for Madame Wolenski was in a very smart set, thanks to her good introductions, and would willingly have taken her everywhere. Apart from this, a lovely young widow of twenty-three, with an income absolutely her own of seven thousand a year, does not generally want for friendship and attention in the gay city where feelings are really not very deep—where you may see the frisky widow of fifty years, and of six weeks' widowhood, going modestly to the opera under the thin disguise of her duty to society and an unwillingness to intrude her private griefs upon the world at large.

But Ethel, who now that she was complete mistress of herself in every way had begun to develop a very fair will of her own, had made up her mind to one thing, which was that she would not go out into Society during that season. She had promised to go abroad to Homburg or Swalbach—in August with Madame Wolenski, and Rosstrevor had half promised to follow them. Indeed if the truth be told, he was already busily engaged in getting up such symptoms as would sternly necessitate a sojourn at a German *Bad* during the late part of the summer.

But meantime Ethel was still the other man's wife—and the other man, poor misguided man that he had been, stood between them far more than he had ever had any wish to do.

"He is so different," Ethel complained bitterly to Madame one day when that lady had been taxing her with her altered looks and low spirits. "He has never been the same since he became Lord Rosstrevor. I don't believe the difference is anything to do with poor Cosmo's death at all. He used to be fond of me, Helene—yes, indeed, he did—he told me so."

"A great many men tell married women that," remarked Madame drily—"it is a very safe way of amusing themselves."

"But Jack never wanted to amuse himself in that way," Ethel cried indignantly—"but listen—if you will keep it as a great secret Helene, I will tell you all, and then you can advise me, for I have nobody—nobody to help me in any way but you."

"It shall be a perfect secret," said Madame solemnly.

"Well, I will tell you all. You know when Major Dennis exchanged to the 15th I was then a very unhappy woman. He did not ill-use me, at least not actually, although I have had my arms and wrists all bruised and black from his roughness."

"My little one—*never!*" Madame cried indignantly.

"Yes, it is true," Ethel replied. "And one day when Jack and I were out together, he noticed it—and—and he asked me to leave Cosmo and—you know the rest."

"And you would not."

"No—I was fond of Jack, you know, and he wouldn't have suggested it if he had not thought that Cosmo had ill-used me. But really Cosmo scarcely knew what he was about—he—he—"

"Had been drinking, I suppose," ended Madame. "Well; and Mr. Jack asked you to end it all by going away with him. And, of course, that was what any man who cared for you would do. And when you said No?"

"Well, I think Jack was rather glad," Ethel answered simply. "I'm sure of it—only Helene, although he told me more than once that he loved me with all his heart, he has never told me so since—since he might have done. I think about it all, and I think about it till I scarcely know what to believe. Sometimes I feel sure that he does care—and then again, I feel as if I have been mistaken and that he only pities me. Sometimes I fancy I have too much money; and if he were Jack Trevor still I would speak out boldly about it. But Jack is rich now, very rich, and my seven thousand a year are a mere nothing compared to his income. And then again I fancy that now there is a title to consider and he the last of the name, that he may not want to—to—marry a widow, who might have no heir. Oh! I think and I think till I am nearly out of my senses. And at the end of it all I don't know what to think."

Madame Wolenski took the girl's small soft hand.

"It is very hard on you, my little one," she said, "but I would have patience yet. I don't *think* about the matter—I *know* Lord Rosstrevor loves you with all his heart."

"How do you know?"

"I have seen him watching you about the room. I have seen him turn so eagerly to the door when we have met here and you have not yet come to us. I have seen a thousand signs good enough to tell me what he feels for you—and I say to you, little one, only have a little patience and all will be well by and by."

So Ethel, with what patience she could muster, set herself to the task of waiting. It was but weary work, and before many days had gone by, Madame Wolenski, who had kept her eyes open, made up her mind that she would take the matter into her own hands and put uncertainty to an end once for all.

Now Madame Wolenski, like all persons who have travelled much and lived in many countries, was a woman who did not hesitate long after she had once made up her mind; therefore she did not hesitate very long at this juncture. Having decided to act, she very soon found a way of having a little private talk to Lord Rosstrevor—in fact, the very next time she met him at Mrs. Dennis's, she found an opportunity of saying to him, "I particularly want to have half an hour's quiet talk with you, Lord Rosstrevor."

"Certainly, Madame," he replied. "When shall I—"

"I will go now—will you come into my room when you take leave of the little one?"

"Certainly, I am at your service," he said courteously.

"Nay, it is not for *my* service exactly," she said smiling at him.

He smiled too, and then Ethel, who had been to fetch the majestic Crummles, came back again, and very soon Madame betook herself away.

"Yes, I must go, dear child," she said when Ethel began a feeble protest against her going so soon. "I am dining out and have something to do before then."

She kissed her and patted her cheek, gave her hand to Lord Rosstrevor and also a meaning look as he held open the door. And presently, that is after half an hour or so, Jack also took his leave and instead of turning down the stairs—Ethel never went to the lift or the top of the stairs with him, as she used to do—he went on and rang at Madame Wolenski's bell.

He was shown into her boudoir, a pleasant little room with plenty of flowers and plants about it and with a tiny conservatory at one end.

"Come in here," she said holding out her hand to him. "We shall be less likely to be disturbed than in the other rooms. I find my friends have a way of coming unexpectedly and wishing to write a note to me."

Lord Rosstrevor followed her into the room and she closed the door behind them. "We shall be quite undisturbed here," she said. "And now, I daresay you are wondering why I asked you to come up here?"

"A little," he answered smiling.

"Ah! yes. Well—I am going to ask you a very plain question—perhaps what you will think a very impertinent question—but I am almost an old woman, Lord Rosstrevor, and I hope you will forgive me if I seem either impertinent or intrusive. But as you must know, I take a very great and deep interest in our dear little friend, Mrs. Dennis—and I want you to tell me in the strictest confidence, whether you have any strong feeling for her?"

"Certainly I have," he replied.

"Then let me tell you," said Madame looking straight at him, "that you are making her very unhappy, very unhappy indeed."

"I hope not——" he began, when the lady interrupted him.

"Lord Rosstrevor," she said laying her hand on his arm—"I beg you to answer me plainly—What is it that has come between you?"

CHAPTER XXXI.

A STRAIGHTFORWARD ANSWER.

"Truth needs not many words."

When Madame Wolenski put that very plain question to Lord Rosstrevor, he gave a start and looked at her as if to ask the meaning of her words. And Madame, who was a woman of quick perceptions, caught the meaning of the look and answered it at once.

"You would ask me what I mean?" she said. "Of course, that is very natural. Believe me in the first place I beg, when I say that I have no curiosity on the subject whatever. I am putting myself forward wholly and solely for my dear little friend's welfare. I have thought always that you were exceedingly fond of her, and I know that she likes you not a little. But something has come between you, something which keeps you from speaking out and asking her to become your wife; is it not so?"

"Yes," he said, "that is so."

"Then," she returned persuasively, "I want to know what it is, because it is possible that I might be able to help you over it."

"Well, Madame, I will tell you how I am situated. But first, shall we not sit down? It is a pity to keep a lady standing so long. That is better. Well, Madame, to begin at the beginning and to tell you, as you wish, precisely all about it—Ethel and I ought to have been married when she was married to Major Dennis."

"I have already gathered that," she said.

"But her mother kept us apart—mothers have sometimes a disagreeable way of interfering in their daughters' love affairs and the marriages they make do not always turn out the best that could have been brought about. In this case—well, Major Dennis is dead, and I don't *want* to speak against a dead man, but for once I am bound to say that a more unmitigated brute never lived. In the first place he was more than twenty years older than Ethel, in the second he was a hard, blatant, drunken bully. He was never faithful to her—he thought nothing of raking his best friend out of his grave to serve as a blind to his poor little innocent child-wife. Why for weeks down at Chertsey, he was literally hunted down by some foreign woman who had a grudge against him—aye, and was hunted out of the Service too, for she got entrance into the house at last—their hut you know—and that frightened him so that he sent in his papers and came to London to lose himself."

"And that woman's name was——?"

"Valerie—Mademoiselle Valerie," he answered.

"Ethel has mentioned her to me," said Madame calmly.

"She told you about her?" he exclaimed.

"She told me nothing. She only asked me one day, before Major Dennis was killed, if I had ever met or heard of such a person."

"And you had not?"

"I told her I had never heard of Valerie as a surname," Madame replied. "Well, go on with your story please. I am deeply interested."

"Well," he continued, "I don't say that Dennis ever actually struck her or beat her—not when he was sober, that is—but he thought nothing of catching hold of her little delicate wrists with his brutal fingers and gripping them till they were black with bruises—I've seen them so myself, and though she tried hard to pass it off, declared he only had caught at her to steady himself and all the rest, I've been half-maddened more than once, Madame, and would have given half my fortune to take him outside and give him a jolly good thrashing. But you can't do that sort of thing in the Service; your oath prevents it, and besides, for her sake, I had to bottle up all I felt and force myself to be decently civil to the brute. She wouldn't leave him—not for his sake, of course, but because she had been brought up in that sphere of life in which that kind of slur becomes insupportable; and although I had asked her to go and would have gone at any moment that she chose, yet I did not press it. I didn't *want* the woman I loved to go wrong, do you see? Well, one fine morning, to everybody's horror, this man is found dead with a knife in his back, and his widow, still more than a child, comes into a large fortune absolutely at her own disposal. At the same time his death is apparently shrouded in mystery and as likely as not the mystery will never be solved. Now do you not see how I am placed?"

"No, I don't," replied Madame—"unless you think that the child killed him herself, and with the usual selfishness of a man, you have a lurking fear that she might have a knife for you also."

"No, I did not think of that," he said unguardedly.

"Then you did suspect her," echoed Madame quickly.

Lord Rosstrevor looked up—"It's no use trying to deceive you, Madame," he said, "that thought did occur to me. She was so strange and—and I am ashamed even to remember it of myself. Please don't talk about it any more. I shall never think of it again if I can help it."

"But what then," cried Madame, "is it that still stands between you?"

For a moment he sat looking irresolutely into the fire. "Madame," he said, "while this murder remains undiscovered, *everybody* who had any connection with the dead man is liable to suspicion, and who, do you think, is so liable to the suspicion of being interested in his death as I? If I were to marry Ethel to-morrow and she ever got an idea into her head—and remember, it might suggest itself or be suggested to her at any moment—that *I* had killed him, I should be perfectly powerless to defend myself to her or to put the idea out of her mind."

"But you know where you were at that time?" she cried.

"Yes, *I* know where I was, but as a matter of fact I was not at Trevor Hall. I got so sick of the gloom and grandeur and loneliness that I went into Norwich, dined, did a theatre and slept at a hotel—they might know me—they might not. I got back to Trevor Hall just in time to have got back from London—now do you understand? All that I wonder at is that they didn't haul me up at once and charge me with the murder."

"They did not do that because they had followed your movements down to Norfolk and back again with tolerable accuracy, and because you were well known here and would certainly have been identified had you passed in or out."

"Pooh! Somebody must have got in or out without being seen—that is unless it was done by someone within the building," he answered.

"Yes, that is so. Then your great object is to find out who killed Major Dennis?"

"It is."

"And you don't mean to marry her until you do know?"

"That is just so. Madame, I can't marry her until this hideous possibility is done away with," he cried.

"Lord Rosstrevor," she said—"have you any idea in your own mind as to who did it."

"Yes."

"Who was that person?"

He hesitated a moment—"Oh! I don't think I ought to mention a name when the matter is so serious as murder; it isn't fair—I may be utterly wrong."

"It will be perfectly safe with me," she said calmly. "I give you my word of honour that I will never divulge that name."

She held out her hand as an earnest of good faith and he took it for a moment in his own. "I think," he said rather unwillingly, "that the woman Valerie did it. You see, she had every reason to do him a harm, at least—by her general conduct, it would [illegible] ... the police on ..." Madame enquired.

"I would have done so if I wanted to do ... but Ethel would not hear of it. She was so convinced that the evidence against her was so overwhelming that she wouldn't have a chance of getting off. And as it couldn't have been possible for her to get in or out without being seen, it would not be fair to set the police after her. But she did it, Madame, all the same."

"The dear child," murmured Madame under her breath. "Well," after a short silence—"Lord Rosstrevor, you are a gentleman and a man of honour—I may speak to you quite safely?"

"Madame!" he cried indignantly.

She smiled a little—"Yes, I know, I know all about that. But I should like to have your assurance if you do not mind."

"I give you my sacred word of honour, Madame," he said instantly, "that you may speak to me with perfect safety."

"And nothing would tempt you to break that promise?" she asked.

"Nothing," he answered, "not if my life should pay the forfeit."

"Good! Then, Lord Rosstrevor—stay!" she stopped short and held up a warning finger, then went to the door and opened it gently, made sure that no one was listening, came back to her chair and placed it close beside his, so that she could speak to him in a whisper—"Lord Rosstrevor," she said impressively, "I will tell you who killed Major Dennis."

CHAPTER XXXII.

VENDETTA!

"Nothing comes fairer to light, than what has been long hidden."

It is no exaggeration to say that Lord Rosstrevor jumped nearly off his chair, when those impressive words left Madame Wolenski's lips—"*Madame!*" he cried.

"Yes—yes—sit still," she said soothingly, "there is no need to be so startled about it. You want to know, do you not?"

"Why, yes—of course," he stammered, "but—"

"But you did not think I knew anything about it?" she said looking at him with her calm brown eyes and a gravely quizzical expression on her face. "Well—now—am I to go on?" she asked.

"Certainly, if you please," he replied.

Then she said speaking in the same quiet and even tone, "I will put an end to your anxiety at once without spinning my story out. I killed Major Dennis!"

For some minutes neither of them spoke—Rosstrevor, in fact, turned and stared at her, his lips apart, his eyes in which as yet there was no room for any other expression, full of unutterable amazement. Could it be possible that this—this highbred elderly lady, with her clear cut, regular features, her snow-white baby curls, her quiet elegant clothes, her smooth and dainty hands, could be the murderess of Major Dennis? Oh! It was preposterous—he was dreaming or mad or possibly drunk! He jumped from his chair and walked to the window—he pinched himself hard to find out if he was awake or dreaming—he felt his face—he laid his warm palms against the cold panes of glass in the window, and then he went back to his seat again. "Madame," he said at last—"did I hear you aright just now?"

"I think you did," she said quietly.

"That you, *you* killed Dennis?"

"Yes—why not? Don't you think that," holding out her firm white hand—"*looks* as if it could kill a man?"

"It looks as if it could do anything," he answered promptly, "but *you* don't look as if you could do that or anything like that. I don't believe you, Madame; you are trying to set my mind at rest and make things easy for my dear little sweetheart," with a gesture in the direction of Ethel's rooms.

"I swear to you," said Madame solemnly, "that I was the woman who killed Cosmo Dennis."

"But why? What reason had you?" he asked; he was awed by her manner but he still scarcely believed it in spite of her positive words.

"I had the best of reasons"—gravely—"we have been waiting for that man's life for years—for years."

"But you are not Valerie," he cried in bewilderment.

"No, I am not. But Valerie is my sister!"

"Good God!" he exclaimed sinking back in his chair. "Then Dennis was right—he said that he would die by the hand of a woman before he was fifty."

"Yes, and it was my sister, Valerie, who told him so. But stay—I will begin from the very beginning—I will conceal nothing from you, and then I think even your cold English ideas of justice will absolve me and justify me for what I have done. First I must tell you that I am a Corsican."

"I thought you were a Pole," he exclaimed.

"My husband was a Pole—I was born in Italy of a pure Corsican stock—my mother died when I was ten years old at the birth of her third child, my little sister Violetta. There was another girl, Valerie, only three years old then—and I became the little mother to them both. Well, time went on and we lived a simple retired life in our little southern city until I was six-and-twenty, Valerie nineteen, little Violetta only sixteen years! She was our pride, our delight, our joy, the blessing of my father's lonely old age, for he had loved our mother with all his heart and soul, with no thought of ever filling her place by another woman. After her sixteenth birthday was past, Violetta left the convent where she, and I too, had been educated, and came home to share our pleasant and simple life. So time went on, a few months went by. Violetta was the acknowledged belle of the neighbourhood and might have married several times exceedingly well. However she only tossed her head at all the lovers who came our way, and as we were not anxious to get rid of her we only laughed and thought it no more than a young girl's caprice. But one fine morning, Violetta was missing. We searched high, we searched low—not a trace of her could we find, until at last a note reached us from Florence. In it she bade us a tender adieu—begged us not to worry about her—said that she was on her way to England to become the wife of a young and handsome English lord, who would bring her back to see us all when he was safely married according to the English laws, which necessitated being married in his own country. I do not know," Madame went on, "whether we quite believed it or not. We hoped it might all be true—but our father bade us say that Violetta had gone off on a visit to some of our relations at Florence, and as everyone knew the letter come from there, the story was accepted readily enough. Well, some six or seven weeks went by and then we got a poor little letter from Paris. Would we go to her—she was alone—ill—heart-broken. My father and I went. We found her in a small hotel, alone, deserted, shamed, with nothing but a letter of brutal farewell to give us the clue we sought. He had left her a sum of money—a hundred pounds in French notes—and gave an address in England for her to write and tell him that she had got safely back to her people. The address was "C. Donne, Esq., 4th, Cornmarket, Idleminster." We sent back his money, with the words that we did not wish to keep the price of blood Valerie wrote—and that we guessed that was not his own name but that sooner or later we should find it out and him also, and that in that day he would learn what Corsicans meant by the word "Revenge."

She stopped for a moment—and Rosstrevor drew a long long breath. He had lost all his feeling of horror—he was only intensely interested in her story.

"She signed it—" Madame went on—"'Valerie, the sister of your victim,'—and then we could only think of our poor child, Violetta. It was not for long—before the following year had come, we had laid her to sleep for ever with a little nameless babe beside her and the merciful grave had closed over her shame.

"Our friends never knew the truth. Violetta was supposed to have died of a decline—the secret was ours. But we Corsicans, Lord Rosstrevor, do not let our injuries lie in the same graves with our injured ones! No! Violetta was gone—we had then plenty of time to look for her betrayer. He was not known at the address he gave—that went without saying. My father went there himself. Yes, a Mr. Donne had sent once or twice for his letters there—but only two letters had come, both with an Italian post-mark. And he had sent—they had no idea of his identity. They remained, my father and Valerie, for some months in a lodging in the Cornmarket at Idleminster, but he never came for any more letters—he guessed that we should lie in wait for him. Well, years passed over. I married and went to live in Vienna with my husband, who was rich and kind; but my father and Valerie remained always in the places where the English most resort, always looking for a face that they had never seen, always trying to find the clue which would prove the death warrant of our lost one's betrayer. I was [illegible] out the reckoning because I was married and my great duty was to my husband—Oh! they are very just, our people, very just.

"The only real clue that we had was the knowledge that this Donne's name was Cosmo. We believed that this was his real name, for Violetta wore to the day of her death a little ring with a true lover's knot in small diamond and turquoises, and on the hoop within we found the words engraved—'Cosmo to Violetta'—that was after her death. Well, the years went by and at last my father died. He died in my house in Vienna. And just before the end, he passed on the Vendetta to us and made us both solemnly swear that we would never lay it down until we had gained our end.

"Well, I need not go through all the life that my sister Valerie led after that. She had to work in the dark, you know, and she found out that she had once actually been near enough to the man we were seeking to have taken his hand, to have told him his past and future by the lines in his hand; and she foretold to him, not knowing then who he was, or rather not knowing that other life of his—'you will die by the hand of a woman before you are fifty.'"

"By Jove, yes," Rosstrevor broke in—"I remember his telling us that the very first day Valerie spotted him in Chertsey. He was completely knocked over by the sight of her."

"Ah! well, it was odd but we never found out how he learnt that she was Violetta's sister—stay, of course, he must have recognized her surname at the time and fancied himself perfectly secure in his own personality. Well—well—she found him out at last but not until this very summer at Chertsey. She tried hard to get hold of him there but he knew that he need expect no mercy from her and he was always on the watch. She *could not* succeed in getting near him—at least," significantly—"*not near enough!*"

"So she, not wishing to waste more time, sent for me to come to her in London. She had found him out in his fancied safety here. I was by then a widow of five years and the betrayer of my sister did not know me. So I came here. I had the best introductions, for I move in the best society in Vienna—I am rich and personally an attractive woman. I waited my time patiently and—but there, what is the use of talking about it—you know all the rest—all the world knows it—So!"

She was perfectly unmoved—she sat erect and dignified in her large arm-chair, her firm white hands resting idly on the arm thereof, her white curls and fine-cut face thrown out in relief by the tall back of carved oak behind her. Lord Rosstrevor gazed at her in profound amazement.

"I cannot believe it," he burst out at length.

"But you may believe it—it is absolutely true," said Madame quietly.

"So you murdered Dennis and——"

"Hush! We do not call such an act by so ugly a name in Corsica," she interrupted. "I avenged my sister—yes. Say rather that I did a service to the whole world when I removed that wretch from the face of the earth. See the kindness it was to his poor little wife. Wife—his little slave I should say. I set her free, and if she knew the truth she ought to bless my name for ever. You, also, Lord Rosstrevor—you can never thank me sufficiently for the inestimable service that I have rendered you."

I must confess that at this point Lord Rosstrevor began to wish himself safely out of the room—he scratched his head in perplexity—he looked at her doubtfully—"Yes—I see what you would say," she said quite placidly. "You English look at these matters in a different light. You will not give me up to your very blundering justice because you have given me your word of honour that you would respect my confidence; and you are the kind of Englishman who keep his word at all hazards. But you won't let my little friend, whom I have set free from a monster, who was breaking her heart, come and see me again; you will regard me during all the rest of your life as a bloodthirsty murderess, and were I to discuss the subject with you for fifty years I should never be able to make you see me in the same light as I see myself—that is merely an instrument of retributive justice, as much justified in my act as your judge is when he pronounces the sentence of death upon a convicted murderer. Well, well, Lord Rosstrevor—I have loved your little friend very dearly and very truly, and during all the rest of my life—which I shall probably spend in Vienna, the city that I love best—I shall feel better and happier for having known her, and for thinking also, that I have been the means of turning her gloom into sunlight—the means of turning [illegible]. One thing I want to ask of you. Don't tell her this—she has been brought up in the English way—she would look upon me with horror. I could not bear that, even in my thoughts."

"Madame—I promise you she shall never learn it from me," he said solemnly.

"Stay—you shall see that I can be a real friend as I can be a real enemy. If ever that thought comes into her mind—that *you* had to do with Cosmo Dennis's death—*then*, you have my full permission to tell her all."

"I thank you," he said.

"And now do you go—as I told Ethel, I am dining out. Good-bye—No—don't shake hands with me unless you like—I shall not be offended."

For one moment he hesitated. Then he bent and kissed her hand courteously. "Madame," he said—"I confess I do not think as you do—but it is not my place to judge a national custom. I thank you for your confidence—and I will respect it."

Something very like tears came into her eyes—"I shall go back to Vienna next week—I should like to see her once before I go." Her faltering voice touched him instantly. "I shall not say a word to prevent it," he said—"though afterwards——"

"Afterwards! There can be no afterwards," she cried almost fiercely. "Go! The blessed saints protect you both—Good-bye!"

It was just a year and a week after Cosmo Dennis had come to his untimely end—a group of men were standing about the hearth in the smokingroom of a Club in Pall Mall listening to the remarks of a large awkward man with very yellow gloves and very small eyes—"Ah!" he was saying—"I only got here last night—went for to scamper over to Viennah and Berlin—sort of 'farewell, y'know,' before I lay myself down at the feet of the sweetest little widow that ever lived. By the bye—its just a year ago to the very week, isn't it?"

"Do you mean Mrs. Dennis, Pottinger?"

"Of course—what other widow should I mean—er—er?"

"Oh!—but haven't you heard?"

"Heard—what?"

"Why—She's the other man's wife," Horne cried. "She and Rosstrevor were married this morning!"

[THE END.]

Sponge Out a Headache.

The ordinary nervous headache will be greatly relieved and in many cases entirely cured by removing the waist of one's dress, knotting the hair high up on the head out of the way, and while leaning over a basin, placing a sponge soaked in water as hot as it can be borne on the back of the neck. Repeat this many times, also applying the sponge behind the ears, and the strained muscles and nerves that have caused so much misery will be felt to relax and smooth themselves out deliciously, and very frequently the pain promptly vanishes out in consequence.

Every woman knows the aching face and neck generally brought home from a hard day's shopping or from a long round of calls and afternoon teas. She regards with intense dissatisfaction the heavy lines drawn around her eyes and mouth by the long strain on the facial muscles, and when she must carry that worn countenance to some dinner party or evening's amusement, it robs her of all the pleasure to be had in it. Cosmetics are not the cure, no bromides nor the many nerve sedatives to be had at the drug shop.

Use the sponge and hot water again, bathing the face in water as hot as it can possibly be borne; apply the sponge over and over again to the temples, throat and behind the ears, where most of the nerves and muscles of the head centre, and then bathe the face in water running cold from the faucet. Color and smoothness of outline come back to the face, an astonishing freshness and comfort is the result, and if a nap of 10 minutes can follow every trace of fatigue will vanish.

The same remedy is invaluable for sunburn, and the worst case of this latter affliction of sensitive skins will succumb to the hot-water treatment. The cold douche should not follow in this case; instead, a light application of vaseline or cold cream, which prevents peeling of the skin as the hot water prevented inflammation.

Nothing so good for tired eyes has yet been discovered as bathing them in hot water, and neuralgia nine cases out of 10 will yield to applications of clothes wrung out in hot water in which the hand cannot be borne.

HEALTH.

Diet in Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

There is probably no question more frequently asked the physician, nor more important to answer, than "What shall I eat?" It is fortunate that we can now give a pretty satisfactory reply. Laborious investigations have very accurately classified the various articles of our food according to its chemical constitution and physical characters, and physiology very plainly and very attractively points out how each and every one of these different kinds are effectively attacked and digested by the secretions with which the canal is successively flooded.

We not only know how many ounces of meat, bread, butter, water, etc., is required for the healthy maintenance of the human being at any given age, but have elaborate tables of the amounts and relative proportions of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, etc., requisite for the same end; and painstaking and painful experiments by the score are recorded wherein it has been proved that man cannot long survive upon a pure diet of any one of the proximate principles of his body. In fact, the physiology of nutrition has now been brought almost to the condition of an exact science, so far as what takes place in a healthy individual is concerned.

Under a normal state of affairs it never occurs to one, when he is hungry, to calculate the relative proportions of albuminoids, carbo-hydrates, and hydro-carbons in the dishes before him. Instinct teaches him to so regulate his appetite as to adapt the supply to the physiological demand. This is what the lower animals do, and it is what we do when, as Herbert Spencer says, "we are in perfect harmony with our environments."

Here is the trouble. Our physiological organism is out of tune with the concert-pitch which characterizes the requirements of modern business and pleasure, and we feel confident that our readers will bear us out in the statement, that one of the first evidences of this discord will be manifest in the digestive organs. Right now, if we are on the alert, subsequent serious and fatal degeneration can be averted. The manifestations of derangement are generally flatulence, a sense of weight in the stomach, gastrodynia, palpitation, nausea, constipation, dizziness, hypochondria, and many other familiar symptoms. The books classify these features into a variety of forms—nervous, atonic, and acute dyspepsia; but we doubt whether any such arrangement would modify the dietetic treatment. To comprehend these symptoms it is necessary, of course, that the physician should be familiar with the physiology of digestion, and of the chemical characters of the various classes of food,—that sugars, fats, and starches, by means of organisms swallowed with them, are all fermentable and convertible into irritable gases and ichorous acids, which not only distress by their physical presence, but hinder the normal process by their chemical properties. A patient presenting such symptoms should immediately be put upon a natural plan of living. It will not do to put him off with general instructions to eat and drink "what agrees with him." The general catarrhal conditions of his mucous membranes, of which he now complains so much, can be best cured by copious draughts of hot water before meals. Antiseptic and astringent sprays to the upper air passages may be necessary, but our experience and belief are, that the whole track will clear up when physiological life is resumed. Washing out the stomach is rarely called for, except in extreme cases.

Then the diet should be strictly according to the following table:—

MAY TAKE.

Soups, etc.—Thin soups, beef tea, broths.

Meats.—Beef, mutton, lamb, chicken, game, venison, chopped meat, meat pulp.

Eggs.—Poached, soft boiled, raw, or whipped up with water and liquor or wine.

Bread and Farinaceous Articles.—Bread sparingly, rice cakes, stale bread, macaroni, sago, tapioca, dry toast.

Vegetables and Fruits.—Green vegetables, such as spinach, turnip tops, cresses, salads, celery, sorrel, lettuce, string-beans, dandelion, chicory, asparagus, oranges, [illegible], peaches and pears.

Drinks and Liquids.—Water, abundantly; hot water an hour before meals; koumiss, buttermilk, milk and lime water, milk and seltzer.

Thoroughly masticate all foods.

AVOID.

Rich soups, all fried foods, veal, pork, hashes, stews, turkey, sweet potatoes, all starches and saccharine articles, except as all allowed, gravies, made dishes, sauces, desserts, pies, pastry, puddings, ice-cream, wines, malt liquors, cordials, uncooked vegetables, white potatoes, oysters.

Of course the above can be gradually extended or modified to meet peculiar conditions. But as it stands, we submit it as having served admirably in cases which were hitherto unmanageable.—*Dietetic Gazette.*

Chilblains.

We glean these two prescriptions from the *British Medical Journal*. They are now being largely used in this country, and with good result. Lin. belladonnæ, 2 drachms; Lin. aconiti, 1 drachm; Acidi carbolic, 6 minims; Collod. flexil, 1 ounce. Mix and apply every night with a camel's hair pencil. Collod. flexil, 4 drachms; Olei ricini, 4 drachms; Spt. tereb 4 drachms. Use three times daily with camel's hair brush.

Simple Remedies.

Never breathe through the mouth unless it is impossible to breathe through the nose.

For an aching tooth, saturate a piece of cotton with ammonia, and lay it on the tooth.

Constipation may be relieved if a cupful of hot water, in which a teaspoonful of salt has been dissolved, is taken every morning before breakfast.

For stomach worms in a child, mix one teaspoonful of powdered sage in two tablespoonfuls of molasses, and give a teaspoonful every morning.

It is said that to drink sweet milk after eating onions will purify the breath so that no odor will remain. A cupful of strong coffee is also recommended.—GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

The Cattle Shipping Trade.

The Imperial authorities are tremendously in earnest in the matter of excluding diseased cattle from British ports, and we may be sure that their inspections will be severe and that even the slightest trace of illness in an imported cargo will give us trouble. So determined is the Government to allow no pleuro-pneumonia to land that Mr. Chaplin recently declared he would risk all the terrors which the American Customs law in its coercive clauses holds out to English exporters, rather than reduce by one iota the protection against disease extended to the British herds. Canada, happily, is completely free from infection. Not one case of pleuro-pneumonia is known. Nevertheless, as already observed the British inspectors may at any moment report against us. There is a section of the trade in England that would view with equanimity, if not satisfaction, the scheduling of Canadian cattle and the consequent enforcement of the requirement that all such cattle shall be slaughtered on the quays at the port of arrival. Mr. Plimsoll stands high in favour with this body of thought. At the last session of Parliament Mr. Plimsoll introduced a bill prohibiting altogether the carriage of live cattle across the ocean, on the ground that cruelty is practised during the passage. The measure was held in abeyance while a commission investigated the cattle trade. That commission is at work now, and it is feared that if it does not report in favour of prohibition it will at least demand restriction. That is to say, it will propose that the trade be more carefully overlooked, and that cattle be more tenderly treated on board ship. One of the objections to the present system of transportation on what are called the "tramp" ships arises from the carriage of the cattle on the upper decks in roughly extemporized pens called "pasteboard boxes." It seems that in these pens the cattle are, particularly during the winter, in danger of being swept overboard, or of catching disease from exposure. Many trips are made without loss; yet now and then, in heavy storms, cattle are carried away. In all probability the "pasteboard box" will be assailed by the commission. But whether it be or not, our Government cannot do better than regulate the trade so as to remove objectionable features. It might also take measures to ensure inspection in the Canadian interest on the other side. The Americans are now inspecting American cattle as they reach the English ports.

Gold has just been struck at Smartsville, Cal.

[illegible]

Though the confinement of the Empress of Germany was premature, both she and her child are doing well.

The withdrawals from the Government Savings Banks continue to increase. The amount withdrawn last week was $150,000.

Prof. Koch, recognizing the danger attending the use of his lymph in private practice, will in future issue supplies to hospitals only.

Prof. E. Stone Wiggins, of Ottawa, predicts that cholera will visit Canada next summer unless the strictest quarantine regulations are enforced.

The inmates of Regiopolis College branch of the Rockwood Insane Asylum will in February be removed from there and distributed among other institutions.

Eyraud and Gabrielle Bompard have been found guilty of the murder of Gouffe. Eyraud has been sentenced to the guillotine, and his fair companion to twenty years' hard labour.

Another patient at the Montreal General Hospital was on Saturday inoculated with Dr. Koch's lymph. The two patients first treated show as yet no specific effects from the injection.

An alliance is on the *tapis* between Princess Margaret of Prussia and Prince William, heir to the throne of Luxemburg, the richest *parti* among European princes after the Czarewitch.

Mrs. Etienne Beauchemin, one of the passengers injured in the St. Joseph de Levis railway accident, died on Saturday morning. Her demise increases the number of fatal cases to seven.

Miss Ida Laycock, a young teacher of Longmont, Col., disciplined Bert Myers, one of her big pupils, and he lay in wait for the teacher and stabbed her four times, inflicting what will probably prove fatal wounds.

A New Year Transformation.

An unmistakably gloomy day. The sky overcast with leaden clouds, gave little promise of future sunshine. The rain came down with a steady patter as it struck against the window pane. Glancing without, the woods wore all the dreary impression of a rainy day in winter. [illegible] realized then, if never before, the literal meaning of the words "Nature is weeping"—not with the tender half regretful passion of an April shower, but rather weeping with a sullen mournfulness of wintry despair.

"What a discouraging prospect for a day before New Year! No hope of pleasant weather to-morrow"; and Bricie turned from the window with a sigh which was mentally echoed by all present.

Surely this dripping sky and dark, dreary earth contained little assurance of a cloudless morrow. The gray shadow of early twilight settled over the landscape, but the storm increased rather than diminished. As evening drew apace, the wind moaned in a sad minor key as if wailing a funeral dirge over the departing year. Nature's requiem mingled with her copious tears, filled tired hearts with sympathizing sorrow.

Oh mournful memory, you haunt [illegible] than Nature's universal heart as she sobs in anguished wail. Past joys, half forgotten dreams, awoke in many hearts. The old year has countless mourners to-night. The listener to the moaning wind is filled with sorrow, as the year passes rapidly away to join the throng of passed years—hardly dear in their flash of youth and beauty.

Still Nature wept in unavailing regret. The last sound heard before entering dreamland was the plash and patter of the rain. The sighing of the winter wind was the weird strain which sounded in our ears as we sank to sleep to await the dawning of a New Year.

The sound of the rain had ceased and morning light flickered through the window drapery. Drawing aside the curtains a vision of entrancing loveliness met the eye. Nature was metamorphosed from the dreariness of dark despair to the brilliancy of joyousness. Each tear of the evening, was, through the morning transformed into a radiant, sparkling gem. The tiniest shrub was not forgotten in the distribution of this wealth of dazzling beauty. The slender branches of the willow trees swayed beneath their burden of jewels. The towering forms of the oak and the poplar trees, bore their treasures proudly; while the red berries of the mountain ash gleamed faintly through the clear crystal which covered, but did not hide, their brightness.

O marvelous and beautiful magic which has clothed the naked limbs of the forest trees in a mantle of such radiant beauty! Each branch revealed a new and lithe discovered delight, as the bright rays of the sun flashed into rainbow hues the glittering crystals. Heart and mind were filled with admiration closely allied to awe, as in reverence and acknowledging the Power, which clothing Nature with loveliness in the springtime of the year, clad with still more beauty adorning, the landscape in the gloom of desolate winter. Nothing was forgotten; from the tall forest trees grand in their majestic stateliness to the humble and despised weeds of the garden. No, that Master's hand had endowed each with its own Heaven-sent jewels.

Was not that New Year day prophetic? The sad music of the evening changed to faint notes of delightful harmony as the crystals under the smile of the sun [illegible] their tenacious clasp, fell with a silvery tinkle unheard by all save Nature's lovers. To her true, friends many rare secrets are revealed, many delightful melodies which to the indifferent observer are withheld. Her most hopeful and glorious promises, contain no encouragement for the unappreciative beholder who passes through life blind and deaf to the charms of her varying moods.

Nature's charms are many to some hearts,
Springtime the timid violet starts;
Summer with her wealth of splendor,
Autumn tinted when bright and rare,
Are Nature's charms all fled,—whither cold.
Hushes to rest the blooming, smiling [illegible]
No, Nature's charms are never lost, [illegible]
Alike in summer bloom and winter snow.

Saving the Large Game.

The British East Africa Company has at last closed its large territory to sportsmen. After Joseph Thomson described the wonderful game region on the highlands around Mount Kilima-Njaro, it became the fashion for lovers of sport who could afford it to visit that country and pass a few months hunting the elephant, rhinoceros, and other large game. Even [illegible] participated to some extent, and [illegible] our own hunters have visited [illegible] Africa and returned with many trophies. When Stanley last emerged from the Dark Continent he joined his protest with [illegible] of others against this wholesale slaughter of East Africa game. He said that the animals would be needed for the food of the thousands of workmen who would soon be building a railroad to Victoria Nyanza, or carrying out other large enterprises.

The East Africa Company has decided now that some efforts must be made to protect large game against wholesale slaughter by European lovers of sport. It has therefore closed its territory to these hunters, and they must find some other field for the exercise of their proficiency. Of course wealthy men have been able to indulge in these adventures for a visit to the game country involves the equipment of a large party, including many natives, and a few months there involves expenditure of at least several thousands of dollars.

The restriction upon shooting in this region has come none too soon. Hunters were killing without any discrimination everything they came across, even though they could not utilize the food thus procured. It is about time that the process of exterminating the noblest animals of Africa, merely that sportsmen may have a few more skins, furs and horns to adorn their homes with and other trophies of their prowess as Nimrods, should come to an end. No game region can stand such incessant slaughter as has been visited upon the large animals of all parts of Africa that have been accessible to European sportsmen. Some efforts are also making in other parts of the continent to protect game from utter extermination; and it is to be hoped that the noble animals that are found in Africa will be saved from the entire destruction which has overtaken our own bison.

Uncle Sam After Pointers.

OTTAWA, Dec. 25.—Evidently the United States is not above taking a few pointers from Canada. The difference in our administration of Indian affairs has stood out in marked contrast to that of the authorities at Washington, so much so that while our treatment of the Indians of the North-west is almost universally commended, that of the United States government has become a byword and reproach among the nations. To-day there was received at the Interior Department a letter from an officer of the secret service branch of the United States interior department, stationed in Dakota, in which he asks for the fullest information in reference to Canadian methods in dealing with the red man or halfbreed and as to what steps have been taken looking to the enfranchisement or the betterment of their condition. Comment is unnecessary.

STEALING WOMEN IN TONKIN.

The Traffic in Human Beings Still Carried On by Some Chinese.

While in most parts of the world, except Africa, slave catching is becoming a thing of the past, the practice is still carried on to some extent in Tonkin in spite of the efforts of the French to put an end to it. The slaves who are wanted there are only women and children. Slave dealers find women and children in the forests, away from the villages, drag them into the mountains and sell them to Chinese merchants, who carry them into some of the western provinces of China and sell them to rich families. This idiotic traffic began about twenty-five years ago. Formerly Tonkinese women were almost unknown in China. The practice of exporting them as slaves came about in this way:

In 1865 the Chinese soldiers who invaded Tonkin, which was in revolt against China, found themselves encumbered by prisoners taken from the Tonkinese. They did not know what to do with the prisoners, but at last decided to ship them to China and see if they could not sell them. It was at this time that emigration agencies were recruiting in China thousands of workmen to toil in the Guano Islands of Chili. The hundreds of male prisoners were easily disposed of to these emigration agents, and the women and children who were among the unfortunates were sold to well-to-do Chinese.

This opened a new trade, although at first it was not easy to sell the women, because wealthy families did not wish to have servants with black teeth, the result of the practice of betel nut chewing. So small a price, however, was asked for them that all the women were finally sold. To-day these women are in much demand in some parts of western China. As servants they are said to be obedient, and laborious, and are so highly esteemed that they command a good price. It is a very lucrative trade, and hundreds of poor women are every year dragged away from their homes by these pitiless dealers in human flesh. Many Chinese are engaged in the business.

It is gratifying to hear that the French are making good progress in their efforts to stamp out the traffic. They have visited very severe punishments upon some Chinese who they have caught stealing women and dragging them into the mountains.

A Sound Body.

How to secure good health is one of the first problems for this generation of women. This is [illegible] and their subjects will make [illegible] crowning as queens of the hearth [illegible] home. Give us bright, fresh, [illegible] sisters, say the lads and the little [illegible] the homes. Give us happy, healthy [illegible] over our cradles, plead the babes [illegible] their heaven in mother's eyes [illegible] cheer, and laughter and a little [illegible], say the fathers turning wearily toward their firesides at the end of a day of [illegible] bright word and a helping hand and your dainty touch on household ways [illegible] mothers who would give [illegible] to see their daughters well and strong and glad. Give us health is [illegible] the world to its women, says Harper's Bazaar. Give us girls [illegible] that will spare us the morbidness of discontent, the hysterical [illegible] the nervous collapse, the look of gloom from the clear wells of our eyes.

[illegible] world is weary and travel worn, [illegible] as the Master sat against the well [illegible] and says, "Woman give [illegible]." The youth and health of [illegible] like a cup that holds refreshment [illegible] thirsty and weary soul. Do [illegible] answer: "I have nothing to [illegible] and the well is deep."

[illegible] our purpose now and here to [illegible] how best it can be solved. To the [illegible] will open its intricacies one by [illegible] simple hygienic law of sleep, [illegible] dress or exercise the first and [illegible] that you know, obeyed, and the [illegible]. Knowing the next thing to [illegible] important until you have done the [illegible] know.

[illegible] called by whatever name, [illegible] and so goes on, begins at the [illegible] and may be sure, how [illegible] their growth, that every step [illegible] in a hygienic fact will be a [illegible] toward personal physical well-being [illegible] toward the uplifting of the race.

[illegible] themselves to the [illegible] take hold of the matter in earnest [illegible] not be long in seeing a more [illegible] in the sky. Already is there a [illegible] flashing in the columns of [illegible] man who stops to ask himself [illegible] how many healthy women he [illegible] his acquaintance but will [illegible] the gleam of this dawn.

NINETEEN YEARS.

What a Toronto Man Got for Murdering his Mistress.

[illegible] from New York announces [illegible] Charlie Jackson, alias Buchanan, who [illegible] convicted of having murdered his mistress, Minnie Murphy, in Johnson's saloon [illegible] morning of the 22nd of April last [illegible] sentenced to nineteen years in the State prison, he having pleaded guilty to [illegible] of manslaughter in the first degree. [illegible] was a native of Toronto, and [illegible] ten years ago was employed as an [illegible] evening newspaper. He was [illegible] and for many years his [illegible] lived on McGill street. Before he [illegible] served out his apprenticeship he became enamored of the daughter of a character [illegible] Blind Kelly, the Fiddler, and [illegible] the remonstrances of his relatives [illegible] married her. They did not get [illegible] well together, and finally, during a [illegible] on Yonge street, in a fit of rage he [illegible] stabbed her in the neck, nearly causing her [illegible]. With the aid of friends he fled [illegible] was not heard of again until he turned [illegible] the murderer of Minnie Murphy. [illegible] wife is still in Toronto. She has [illegible] arrested frequently for drunkenness [illegible] appeared as complainant in assault [illegible] frequently.

Feats of Strength.

Louis Cyr, of Montreal, who is variously [illegible] the Canadian Samson and Hercules, [illegible] been performing some remarkable feats [illegible] recently in New York. He first put up [illegible] dumbbell weighing 102 pounds, lifting the [illegible] with one hand and holding it out straight [illegible] the shoulder in a horizontal position. [illegible] then lifted a 232 pound dumbbell with [illegible] hand to the shoulder, and then slowly [illegible] it up and held it in that position. [illegible] next lifted the 232 pound and the 102 [illegible] dumbbell with a man who weighed [illegible] pounds with one finger. The aggregate weight lifted was 480 pounds, which beat [illegible] own record by 40 pounds. Cyr balanced Mme. Minnie Cyr, who weighs 118 pounds, while she hung on a ladder on his [illegible]. Cyr's best exhibition was lifting a platform, bound with iron, on which was 18 [illegible] and a 232 pound dumbbell with his [illegible] and hands. He was eager to lift 4,000 pounds weight, but the platform was not large enough. The actual weight the giant lifted was 3,337 pounds. He has, it is said, lifted 3,336 pounds of pig iron in the same manner. He then shouldered a barrel of [illegible], which weighed 251 pounds, with one hand from the floor. He finished his feats by lifting a man weighing 200 pounds with one hand and holding him dangling in the air above his head. Cyr, I might remark, is monstrous in size. He weighs 280 pounds, stands 5 feet 10½ inches in his stockings and measures 50 inches around the chest. His arm [illegible] above the elbow measures 21 inches. He is 27 years old. He is declared to be the nearest approach to the man whom Delilah betrayed that has been seen within the lifetime of living man.

About the Dairy.

A comfortable cow stable need not be costly. [illegible] a stable will be costly if not comfortable.

A stack of straw will make more warmth [illegible] if used as bedding in a warm barn instead of out of doors.

When you go to buy a cow note how the owner goes up to her and how she accepts the approach. If she receives a pat or stroke as though she were accustomed to it well and good; but if she looks afraid or surprised look out for her to be some time in getting acquainted.

A good creamery man remarked the other day that he would give $500 to have his patrons together for two hours, so he could talk to them. He knew it would be money in his pockets to do so, as it would be money in their pockets, and what puts money in their pockets is money in his. No creamery man, no farmer can afford to miss attending every dairymen's meeting that comes anywhere near him. In fact, he cannot afford to miss them, even if he has to go out of his way to attend them.

California farmers sell pumpkins at $1 a ton.

LATEST BY CABLE.

The Kilkenny Cats Still Warring—A Powerful Combination Defeated.

And what a spectacle the Kilkenny cats have furnished! The fur has been flying thickly all the week. The cable has made you familiar with the details of the contest—Mr. Healy's envenomed rhetoric, Mr. Davitt's bravado in rushing among the blackthorns to hurl defiance under Mr. Parnell's nose, and his retreat through the surging mass of angry Irishmen, challenges and counterchallenges of combatant priests, the battle of lime (or flour) bags, the spectacle of the "uncrowned King" with his head bandaged and wrapped in shawls the presence of more than 100 priests on a single platform, Dr. Tanner's coarse witticisms of the hunting-field;—all these make up a picture at once grotesque and instructive from the English point of view. The Bassetlaw election has shaken the confidence of many of Mr. Gladstone's Parliamentary followers, but the scenes now presented in Kilkenny are convincing thousands of electors that Ireland is unfit to be intrusted with its own Parliament. Men of business, who rarely discuss politics, as well as men in the street, have had their attention forcibly drawn to this object lesson which is more damaging to Mr. Gladstone's demands than anything ever accomplished by Fenians or dynamiters.

Three of the largest shipping companies in London this week defeated a powerful combination against the freedom of contract. The trades unions insisted that seamen and firemen should be engaged at the Board of Trade depot docks, where, of course, none but a unionist dared offer himself. These three companies insisted on engaging men on shipboard. A strike followed, in which many branches of trade turned out against the three companies. The Shipping Federation assisted the employers. The latter chartered an enormous ship as barracks for many hundred workmen, and have just won a decisive victory. Another disaster to the aggressive labor classes was found in the punishment of the union leaders who lately encouraged intimidation. Sprow, who was sent by the London dockers to provoke a struggle at Southampton, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment at hard labor. Another man received a sentence of five weeks at the Liverpool assizes for a similar offence.

A New Balloon.

Should the design of reaching the North Pole by way of the air ever come to any thing it will be assisted materially by a new navigable balloon, which a Corsican, named Capazza, coming from the town of Bastia, has invented, and a model of which he has brought with him to Paris for the benefit of aeronautic savants. The Bastians are very proud of their townsman. Napoleon, they are in the habit of saying, gave France the Empire of the Earth, and it will be a natural thing for the little island if a native Corsican should give it the Empire of the Air. The new balloon is flat in shape, like a huge pancake, and must be of immense size. The preference the inventor would have made is of thin metal. Through the centre of the apparatus a horizontal [illegible] pivot on which the car [illegible] wood or metal. [illegible] swivel-point [illegible] weight [illegible] is movable [illegible] weight and movable [illegible] that the balloon [illegible] direction, and [illegible] any particular [illegible] that the new balloon [illegible] will have very much the appearance of the aerial ironclad, capable of doing great deal of damage to hostile troops [illegible] continually upon them [illegible] voyage. As yet the inventor [illegible] planned his model [illegible] ascent has yet been [illegible] great craze prevails [illegible] there is anything [illegible] has every chance of [illegible] Corsican's conquest [illegible] measurable distance [illegible] described as an [illegible].

Failure of a Salvage Expedition.

From cable advices [illegible] ceived in Liverpool [illegible] tempts which have been [illegible] African mail steamer [illegible] successful, and [illegible] have been abandoned [illegible] stranded during a [illegible] African coast near [illegible] which breaks [illegible] terrific that salvage [illegible] conducted with [illegible] powerful steam [illegible] erally out from [illegible] steamer off, and [illegible] pumps of great [illegible] that steam had [illegible] Opobo, herself, [illegible] moved with her [illegible] that her head had [illegible] strained by [illegible] broke. The steamer's [illegible] fast in the sand [illegible] pulled out of [illegible] is to be abandoned [illegible] for the salvors [illegible] get the steamer [illegible] satisfaction of [illegible] vessel's cargo.

British Enterprise in Brazil.

According to recent [illegible] are now sixty steamers plying [illegible] Amazon, nearly all of them [illegible] British capitalists, and [illegible] commercial fleet will [illegible] before the end of [illegible] British enterprise [illegible] are of heavy tonnage [illegible] built than those [illegible] They carry on [illegible] the banks of the Amazon [illegible] traverse its main [illegible] and Rio Madeira [illegible] towed [illegible] navigable [illegible] is now a probability [illegible] highway for Peru [illegible] steamer trip across [illegible] vicinity of the Andes [illegible] place at the [illegible] a voyage from [illegible] through the West India [illegible] of New York [illegible] a spectacular [illegible] found elsewhere [illegible].

Oliver Cromwell's Clothes.

The clothes [illegible] of Oliver Cromwell [illegible] baby are still [illegible] of Chequers, in Buckinghamshire, [illegible] carefully cherished by the present owner. The costly satin robe [illegible] cradle has since been [illegible] descendants, as well as for the [illegible] family that now owns [illegible] caps, scalloped round, the edges [illegible] with ribbon that is now yellow [illegible] form part of the collection.

To Cut Glass With Scissors.

Panes of glass can be cut under water almost any shape with a pair of scissors. Two things are necessary for success in this: the glass must be quite level in the water while the scissors are applied, and secondly, to avoid risk, it is better to perform the cutting by cutting off small pieces, thus reducing the form gradually to that required. The softer glasses cut best, and the scissors need not be very sharp.

H. M.'s ironclads Australia, Colossus, Fearless, and Collingwood, forming part of the Mediterranean Squadron, have arrived at Salonica. The Collingwood will shortly leave for Malta with invalids. The Dreadnought was recommissioned on Saturday last.

It is stated that Bismarck is happier in his retirement than he ever was in active life. He has been relieved from the hard business of bearing the burdens of the State. He is not involved in the wrangles of the Reichstag. He does not need to outline the policy of the Government or look after complex interests. He has got rid of the disagreeable work of grappling with his adversaries. He is free from service in the guardianship of the throne. He heeds not the vociferations of the Socialists. He can now enjoy life upon his estate at Varzin and he can take time to read the numerous biographies of himself that have been published in many languages. In the light of these facts the ex-Chancellor can hardly be regarded as calling for the special commiseration of his fellowmen. Rather should he be congratulated upon his happy release.