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FOR THE FAMILY.

OR, THE GUILTY ONE DISCOVERED.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE TRACK.

The day after writing his letter to Mrs. King, Francis Gray was surprised by a visit from Mr. Stokes, and then learned for the first time that the old butler had left Yewle. "I had hoped to die there, Mr. Gray," the old man said sadly; "but I couldn't bear the house with its new master. I only hope he'll drink himself to death before long." "Drink?" said Gray, surprised.

"He's always drinking; it's notorious all over the parish, in everybody except the ladies at the vicarage. It's downright criminal, Mr. Gray," exclaimed the old man, bringing down his hand heavily on the table, "that the man should be allowed to marry Miss Agnes. He'll break her heart in three months, and her mother's too."

"But is it certain, Stokes, that she is going to marry him?"

"Certain! He's getting the house ready for her, and the curate is going to live in the vicarage as parson of Yewle.—Mark my words, Mr. Gray; it's some dark scheme he's carrying out in marrying the poor girl. And he'll get back her money too."

"That reminds me, Stokes, to ask you a question. You remember I was over at the vicarage the last evening Mr. Rowan was here?"

"Was it, while I was away that he had his will?"

"Yes. Master was very restless and fretful. Lord bless you, Mr. Gray, he must have written out twenty wills that evening, to judge by the lot of paper he tore up and flung in the basket. And this is how it was. Wilson the undergardener can tell you. Master rang for me, and when I came in, he had two big sheets of paper before him, full of writing. Wilson was doing something outside in the grounds, and master called him too. "I have made my will," he said, "and I want you both to witness my signature." He took up first one sheet and read it over from beginning to end, then the other, and then he folded them together, for all the world as though I didn't know which it was to be. "This is the one," he said at last, and both looked on while he signed it, then signed our names to it. "Now, lads, said master; and he took the one and tore it into bits, and flung it in the basket along with the rest. But after we left him, master grew dreadfully fidgety again, for Wilson saw him going about the grounds; and in an hour or so Wilson came round for a glass of ale and says to me, 'Mr. Stokes, master isn't satisfied with his will; mark my words, Mr. Stokes, he don't tear it up and make another for nothing.' Well, Mr. Gray," continued Mr. Stokes, "the words were hardly spoken when master rang for me. Wilson went back to his work, though the six o'clock bell had gone; and when I came into the study, there was another will ready to be signed. Master said he had made a mistake in the other one; and Wilson was called in again, and we witnessed him signing this second will satisfied now—at last, I thought, added Stokes solemnly, "the Lord alone can account for it, seeing that the will left Yewle to Mr. Richard King!—Next morning, after finding master dead in his chair, I had the presence of mind to look in place whether the last will wasn't torn up too; but it wasn't."

"How could you tell that, Stokes? You could not identify the last will, if it had been torn up like the other, among a basketful of fragments."

"I could, Mr Gray, because the last one, I noticed, was wrote out on white paper, and all the others was on blue paper."

Francis Gray was the only person to whom Rowan King had given any explanation of his reason for disposing of Yewle as he had done. To him it was quite intelligible, if not quite satisfactory; but Yewle had to go to somebody, at least, to Charles King, the whom else could it be left except to Richard? The bequest of the twenty thousand to Agnes King rather marked Rowan's affection for the girl than any alteration of arrangements for his brother's emigration. There was nothing, therefore, in the contents of the will to surprise Francis Gray.

The thought of Agnes becoming the wife of Richard King was dreadful to the young man. He knew he had overheard—the understanding on which she had promised; but King must have been working on her weakness to bring her to forego the condition now. Her father's name was not clear; and it was more than doubtful whether Richard King was not deliberately deceiving her with false promises. That Agnes did not love him, Gray would have sworn.

His employer being absent from London for a week, Gray had little or nothing to do, and in the evening he wrote a line to Mr. Rintoul ask if he might call next day. The solicitor answered, naming an hour.

In the course of the interview, Francis Gray was startled on hearing from Mr. Rintoul that Richard King had just the girl's money for a gambling. "It is the talk of his friends," said Mr. Rintoul; "and now he is about to borrow twenty-five thousand on mortgage. It is the first mortgage that has ever been placed on the estate," said the solicitor regretfully. "I am afraid Mr. Richard will run through the old acres."

"Could no means be devised, Mr Rintoul," Gray asked, with a little embarrassment, "to put a stop to this marriage?"

The solicitor observed him with attentive interest for a moment. "There is only one person who could prevent it," he answered.

"Who is that, Mr Rintoul?"

"Charles King."

"Then I am afraid it cannot be prevented," said Gray despondently. "Charles King is ignorant of all this, and is gone out of England, no one can tell where."

"How do you know that?"

"I infer it from what he said to Stokes that night at Yewle."

"But he had no money?"

"So was the case Stokes a ten-pound note indeed. I have the note myself, as Mr Stokes got for it. No doubt Mrs King had furnished her husband with the money."

"If it not struck you," asked the solicitor, as inconsistent, with the intention which Charles King avowed to his wife, that he should leave the country?"

The question brought Francis Gray again in contact with the terrible fear which no one in the vicar's innocence could whisper to him—the fear that it was his name and his attack the fatal blow that had driven Mr. King to the next morning, until she assured that there had been no murder.

"I know what is in your mind, Gray," said the solicitor. "I have the best reason to know. However, that Charles King is in England, he is ticket-of-leave man, and is bound to report himself at stated times to the police. He has done so within the past week in London."

"I would never do that," exclaimed Gray with excitement.

"At least, as accused or suspected man. But who accuse or suspect him? It is not even known—beyond all doubt—that Rowan King was murdered. Richard King suspects it, as his efforts to cover the body have proved; and his object is to fasten the crime on some individual, he not that quite clear?" asked the lawyer drily.

Francis Gray was aghast, for the first time with the horrible suspicion that Richard King's aim was to suggest that the murder had been committed by Charles King. He knew that the vicar had been at Yewle that night.

"Mr. Rintoul," said Gray, pale with horror, "this is all too terrible to think of. It would be better for Agnes King if she were dead. The man's schemes are inscrutable. Did you not see the vicar and talk to him? You could not be afraid of you?"

"I have tried to see him, but he has disappointed once more. All that can be done is to wait till he has to report himself again. I feel you may not be able to catch him just then. Doesn't he seem to be avoiding notice?"

"That certainly is so. I know nothing of his motives. They may be very wandering, for his first impulse, I think, in any guilty should have been to come to me."

Lewis Gray stood up and walked over to the window of the solicitor's room, which looked out on the Victoria Embankment. He did not know what to do or what to suggest. But above and beyond all, the prospect of Agnes King becoming the wife of the master of Yewle was an agony to him.

"The keen solicitor saw this, and rather pitied him by saying: "I suspect strongly, Gray, that—you won't mind my speaking plainly?—that you are in love with Agnes King yourself. If this is so, why don't you go and carry her off?"

"For several reasons, Mr Rintoul. In the first place, I don't know at all whether she cares a pin about me—I'm inclined to think she doesn't: in the second place, she is engaged to Richard King; and lastly, her mother is very desirous of seeing them married."

"Then I don't see what we can do. He will make her his wife."

Francis Gray sighed. "I confess, sir," he said, "that—without any thought of myself—it was the hope that you might be able to do something to stop the marriage that made me wish to see you."

"How have you become so certain that the marriage is near at hand?"

Gray described the visit he had had from Stokes in so far as it bore upon this matter. Then, without having given a previous thought to the subject, he asked: "Do you recollect, Mr. Rintoul, the kind of paper on which Mr. Rowan King's will was written?"

"Of course I do," replied the lawyer, looking up with some surprise. "It was common blue foolscap."

"Blue?"

"Blue foolscap, such as you can purchase at any stationer's shop."

For half a minute the young man's rising excitement deprived him of words, when he spoke he fairly startled the impassive man of law. "Then, Mr Rintoul, there was a later will made that evening—a will written on white paper!"

After Gray had repeated the butler's story to Mr. Rintoul, the latter sat for some minutes with his finger-tips pressed to his forehead. "If the butler's recollection of that evening is correct," he said at length, "the matter begins to wear a serious look. But there are one or two points which want clearing up. Mr. Rowan posted to me the blue will on the day before his death, and it was of this will that probate was granted. Supposing him, then, to have made the second will, why did he not destroy the first?"

"I can answer that," said Gray. "The post leaves Yewle at five o'clock, and according to Stokes it was after six when he and Wilson were called into the study a second time. The bell dismissing the workmen—the six o'clock bell—had already gone."

"Very well. Another point still remains. Supposing this second will to have been made, what has become of it?"

"It will either be somewhere in the study—or," or the alternative was inevitable, "Richard King will have discovered and destroyed it."

"Just so," said Mr. Rintoul; "or it may possibly have been in the dead man's pocket, who knows? However, the great point is to put it beyond doubt that a second will was made; after that we can look for it."

"What do you propose to do?"

"I myself can do nothing," said Mr. Rintoul, shrugging his shoulders. "If am Mr. Richard King's solicitor for the present, though I am not speaking to you in that capacity. I think you had best run down to Yewle yourself—a stranger hanging about the place would arouse suspicion.

"What could I do at Yewle?" Gray asked, with beating heart.

The lawyer explained. He was to go down, ostensibly to visit the ladies at the vicarage—no one would scribe any other motive—and to obtain from Wilson, the gardener, his independent account of what happened that evening in the study. If this agreed in the main with Stokes's story, he was to bring the man into Winchester to Mr. Warwick, Mr. Charles King's solicitor, with whom it would rest to take such steps as he thought proper to follow the matter up.

"Meantime," said Mr. Rintoul, "I will take care that Mr. Richard does not get the twenty-five thousand on the estate."

Francis Gray was somewhat excited going back to his lodgings. He started for Winchester within an hour, without sending word to the vicarage; he did not desire Richard King to know he was coming.

He reached Winchester after dark. Having dined at his inn, he was at a loss how to spend the remainder of the evening—at a loss, rather, how to restrain his impatience till next day. He thought there would be no harm in ascertaining whether Mr Warwick, the solicitor, was at home, and if so, at what hour it would be convenient to see him next day. He readily found the house, and sent in his card on learning Mr Warwick was at home.

The solicitor immediately came down. He had never met Gray before, but of course knew quite well the relation in which he had stood towards the late master of Yewle. His reception of the young fellow was therefore mixed with a good deal of curiosity as to the object of his visit.

"I only arrived an hour ago," Gray explained, "and am anxious to see you tomorrow, before going to Yewle. Have merely to inquire when you could give me an interview?"

"Would not the present moment do? If you have dined" (Gray said that he had) "then I can give you a cigar, and we can have a quiet talk together."

"Thanks; I should be very glad."

Mr. Warwick led the way to his study. "I think I can guess the subject of your visit, Mr. Gray," said the lawyer, handing him a box of cigars. "These have been unfortunate matters at Yewle."

"It is to be hoped they will not become still more unfortunate, Mr. Warwick."

"You refer to the marriage of Richard King and Miss Agnes? Ah, yes; that would be regrettable. Richard was by no means a popular man when he lived in this town—of course all we are saying is in confidence—and few people were sorry when he left it. They were not sorry at the last."

"It is about Richard King and Yewle—and still more, Charles King and his wife and daughter—that I have come to see you, Mr. Warwick. Mr. Rintoul has advised me to come to you. Some things I have myself discovered, and others I have been told, which may lead to important consequences. I will be entirely open with you in everything, even as to my secret thoughts, known only to myself, if you ask me concerning them," Francis Gray spoke earnestly.

"That will be right, Mr. Gray," said the solicitor.

"But is there, in the first place, no possibility of preventing this marriage? Richard King has some powerful secret motive for desiring to make Agnes his wife, and he is pressing her to it. Her mother desires it. Now, I will frankly say, Mr. Warwick, that if that marriage takes place, it will so paralyse me, as being the *ne plus ultra* of misfortune, that I shall move no further. He will break her heart in three months; he is drinking hard; he has lost all his money at gambling, and is now raising twenty-five thousand pounds on mortgage. If the marriage takes place, all will be lost."

The vehemence of Gray's speech and manner made his secret as clear to Mr. Warwick as it had been to the London lawyer.

"I know all you have just told me, Mr. Gray. King is drinking harder than ever now, because I have, as the solicitor of Agnes King and her father, and by instructions, taken action for the recovery of the younglady's fortune. On the other hand, the mortgage business does not seem to go on—I don't know why. But I will give him no quarter."

"If, however, the marriage takes place, what further can you do?"

"That would certainly be an extinguisher," answered Mr. Warwick, smiling. Then he added, noting the effect of the announcement on the young man: "Of course, the marriage, that has been effectually stopped."

The blood rushed to Gray's face, and he half rose from the chair. "Mr. Warwick," he exclaimed, "that is good news indeed! Now, one can go to work with a light heart. I do not ask you how it has been done—I am so satisfied with the fact—but I thought there was only one person with authority enough to stop the marriage."

"You were quite right; that one person has stopped it."

"Miss King's father?"

"Her father. Through me he has sent his daughter his written command not to become Richard King's wife."

"You know where he is?"

"I know where he is to be found. But remember, Mr. Gray, he is not the same man whom you knew in former years, neither is he in the same position."

"I know it all, Mr. Warwick—too well I know it. But I feel that we are nearing the end. I am going to Yewle to-morrow, and it is time I told you my business there." Then he related to Mr. Warwick the story of the two wills, as well as what had passed that day between Mr. Rintoul and himself. It was, however, disappointing to observe that Mr. Warwick seemed not very interested. He explained why.

"Suppose, now, the gardener Wilson confirms the butler's story, and it is placed beyond reasonable doubt that there was a will executed later than that which gave Yewle to Richard King. In the first place, that will may never be found. It certainly will never be found if it was unfavorable to Richard King and it fell into his hands. Apart from this last consideration, it would be time enough to estimate its importance when we know its contents. It may merely have left the twenty thousand pounds to Agnes King's father or mother instead of to her; or, indeed, his solicitude about yourself may have led Rowan King to leave you a few thousands to start you in life. The main fact might remain as it is, that Yewle was left to Mr. Richard King."

Recalling the conversation with Rowan King that day, Francis Gray felt struck with a considerable deal of probability in the last supposition. It was like what Rowan

[illegible] even if he deducted only a thousand from the twenty for his poverty. The thought was depressing, but nevertheless he declared his resolution to go on with the matter as far as he was able.

"Go on with it, by a long means; it can do no harm," said Mr. Warwick. "But better than all would be the clearing of poor Charles King's name from the foul stain which darkens it, and which is killing the man before his time."

"That may happen too, Mr. Warwick, sooner than you expect," replied Gray with a quiet confidence that made the lawyer glance at him sharply. "From the beginning, one fixed idea has held itself in my mind, and latterly I have fancied I have found more light. I am still, however," he added, looking frankly at Mr. Warwick, "so far from any certainty, that it would be dangerous to speak what is on my mind. A day might be enough to clear everything; who knows?"

"Don't speak till you are sure, Mr. Gray; that is an excellent rule."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Household Hints.

Tenderloins broil better if first brushed over with olive oil.

Soak clothes that take over night in water in which has been dissolved one ounce of sugar of lead to a pailful of rain water.

To keep lemons, put in a glass can and cover with cold water, changing the water every week.

Boiling hot liquid may be safely poured into a glass jar or tumbler by first putting a silver spoon in the dish. Be careful, however, that a draft of cold air does not strike the vessel while hot.

Every housekeeper knows how important it is to keep the refrigerator clean. Wash the shelves and ice racks in soap, ammonia, and water. Vinegar and water will remove every stain from the zinc.

Very handsome hoods for evening wear are made of satin, edged round with fur. It would be well if they could be introduced into day wear, at least for very cold days. They could be made in velvet, lined with satin and trimmed with fur, lace or any other trimming in fashion.

Milk porridge, carefully prepared and almost as thick as a custard, is a delicacy when properly sweetened and flavoured enjoyed a like by invalids and the robust.

To colour lace curtains, before starching take a little saffron, tie it in a muslin bag, and squeeze into the starch while hot. Any shade may thus be obtained from ecru to dark yellow. For red cochineal may be used.

PLAIN PEA SOUP.—One pint of split peas, three quarts of water, a pound and a half of beef, a pint bowlful of spinach, one slice of ham, a little ground cloves and nutmeg, a few sprays of mint, one lump of sugar, a saltspoonful of pepper, the same quantity of salt, or enough to suit the taste; boil the peas in the water until quite soft, then add the beef and ham cut in pieces, and cook it about two hours, adding the spinach and seasoning after the meat has been boiling an hour; when the soup is done rub it through a sieve or colander, heat well, adding the sugar and a dessertspoonful of butter; serve with fried bread cut in dice.

ROAST TARGET OF LAMB.—A target of lambs the breast and neck joints not separated. The flap bones must be taken from the neck, the chine bone sawed off and the ribs well chopped. Wash it well and wipe dry, season well with pepper, salt and a very little sage; cover well with buttered butter and place it in a shallow pan, and brown it well in a quick oven. Baste frequently with butter and flour, adding cracker crumbs just before taking it from the oven. Dish it up with the sauce from the pan poured over it, and serve with mint sauce in a tureen.

VENISON HASH.—Cut some cold venison into neat slices, and season lightly with salt and pepper, put the bones and any cold gravy with a sufficient quantity of water to cook well, stir slowly one hour, then strain off the liquor and season it well with a little cayenne, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, half a shallot, a dessert-spoonful of butter, add flour enough to thicken it and salt to suit taste, and three tablespoonfuls of port wine, put in the slices of venison, and when thoroughly hot, serve with currant jelly and sippets of bread.

DEVONSHIRE SQUAB PIE.—Cover a deep pie dish with a good crust, and place in the bottom a layer of sliced apples, then a layer of thin mutton steaks, cut from the loin, and well seasoned with pepper and salt; then put another layer of apples and two onions sliced thin, but they must be previously boiled to extract the strong flavor; then add more mutton, and continue this until the dish is full; pour in about a pint of water, put a crust over the whole, cut a large place in the centre, glaze it, and bake about 1½ hours in a good oven.

BAKED GERMAN PUDDING.—Yolks of four eggs, whites of three, two tablespoonfuls of flour, half a pint of cream, two tablespoonfuls of butter melted, two tablespoonfuls of good wine, a little nutmeg, and sugar to suit taste, mix all these ingredients well together adding eggs well beaten last, bake in cups in a brick oven, and serve with a delicate sauce flavored with vanilla.

GERMAN PLUM PUDDING.—Six tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, six tablespoonfuls of chopped suet, two tablespoonfuls of flour, two cupfuls of molasses, a tablespoonful of ginger, a saltspoonful of salt, mix well together and boil two hours; serve with cold sauce.

If the Heart be Young.

"Give me a test," the lover cried
As he pressed the hand on his promised bride.

"A test that shall try my constancy,
A test that shall prove my love for thee.

"For though knightly days and deeds are past,
I fain would prove that my love will last."

And the maiden turned with winning grace
And blushing peered in her lover's face.

"For sweet is the homage youth bestows,
Aye, sweet as the breath of the summer rose,

"And her eyes were soft with tender light:
"Nay, I need no proof of thy love, Sir Knight.

"But sweet, when my tresses are streaked with gray
Will you love me then as you love me to-day.

"When youth has fled and the hand you hold
So tenderly now is weak and cold?"

"If the heart be young, love, what are the years?"
He sang as he kissed away her tears.

"For life may be both drear and cold
Though the years are few if the heart be old.

And her April smile beamed warm and bright
As her lover whispered a fond "good night."

And she trilled the song as she sought her room
A picture of Hobe in youthful bloom.

To her the sweetest of thought or tongue,
"Love, what are the years if the heart be young?"

Some "First" Things

The first geographical map of England was made in the year 1520.

The first dictionary was compiled by Ragout-She, a learned Chinaman, who lived in the year 1100 B. C.

The first voyage around the world was made by the Vittorini, a ship which formed part of the expedition which sailed under Magellan in 1519.

Woolen cloth was first made in England in the year 1331, though it was known in Oriental countries since time out of memory it was neither dyed nor dressed in England until the year 1667.

The first London directory was printed in 1667 and contained sixty-four pages, with the names of 1,790 persons and firms.

Life's race well run,
Life's work all done,
Life's victory won,
Now cometh rest.

Sorrows are o'er,
Trials no more,
Ship soaketh shore,
Now cometh rest.

Faith yields to sight,
Day follows night,
Jesus gives light,
Now cometh rest.

We awhile wait,
But soon or late
Death opes the gate,
Then cometh rest.

Thirty Days Hath September.

This is the way the people who live in the Isle of Skye are said to describe their weather:

"Dirty days hath September,
April, June and November;
From January up to May
The rain it raineth every day;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Without a blessed gleam of sun;
And if any of them had two and thirty
They'd be just as wet, and twice as dirty."

The German navy will have thirty-seven more vessels in active service this year than last year. The total number to be assigned to duties lasting from three to ten months is ninety-six.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADA.

Hon. H. L. Macdonald, Commissioner of Public Works for P. E. Island, is dead.

The Barnum Wire and Iron works expect to remove from Walkerville to Toronto about April 1st.

Hon. James McShane was on Monday elected mayor of Montreal by over 5,000 majority.

During the fine weather of last week several farmers near Calgary sowed wheat as an experiment.

At Winnipeg, on Monday, the thermometer registered 32 below zero, and at Qu'Appelle 42 below.

Rev. Dr. Stevenson, the well known Congregational minister, died in Montreal on Monday morning.

Seventy-nine insurance companies have been licensed to do business in Canada under the Insurance Act.

There were 42 failures in Canada during last week, as compared with 47 for the corresponding period last year.

Mr. James B. Boyle, public school inspector of London, died in his office Tuesday night, aged 77 years.

Permission has been granted for the formation of two new companies for the Royal Grenadier of Toronto.

Parker & Popham, wholesale clothing merchants, Montreal, assigned on Tuesday with liabilities of $78,000.

An organization has been formed in London, Ont., under the name of the London Temperance Union, with the object of promoting the cause of national prohibition.

Gilbert Lockhart, aged eighteen, fell from the upper window of his father's house, 240 College street, Toronto, on Monday night, fractured his skull and died instantly.

Quebec wants the cattle trade, and is making big offers of facilities to outbid Three Rivers' attempt to get the business from Montreal.

Owing to the delay that occurred after the murder of John Hislop, of Ancaster, before any alarm was given, no trace of the murderers has yet been found.

At the annual meeting of the Imperial Federation League of Canada, held last week at Toronto, Sir Leonard Tilley was elected president. Addresses were delivered by Mr. D'Alton McCarthy and Rev. Principal Grant.

A Manitoba deputation has waited on the Minister of Agriculture to ask that the Government devote funds to the purpose of assisting Canadians in Dakota to settle in Manitoba. Favorable consideration was promised.

A Montreal despatch says a young man was robbed of $40,000 worth of real estate deeds and $40 in cash at a house of ill fame in that city by two girls, who decamped for Chicago where they have been arrested.

At the annual meeting of the Ontario Cricket Association in Toronto, it was decided to revive the tie system, and to have the winners of the groups play off the championship at some place selected by the association.

The Winnipeg Board of Trade, at its annual meeting adopted a resolution condemning the Dominion Government for the manner in which it has dealt with the improvement of the Red River navigation scheme.

Comte de Rossignac, who is at present in Ottawa, is more convinced than ever that the establishment of a beet-root sugar factory at Whitewood, Man., would pay if machinery could be brought into the country free of duty.

The collector of customs at Victoria, B. C., has reported the seizure there of a whole case of cigarettes, ingeniously covered with a layer of hen fruit, and entered as eggs, which are free of duty. The package was sent from Seattle, Washington.

Last March Mr. James Jackson broke through the ice at the Narrows, near the Rama Indian reserve, and was rescued by two Indians named John Wesley and James Nanidushkong. Ex-Mayor Slaven, of Orillia, interested himself in the case and secured Royal Humane Society medals for the brave Indians, and the presentation has just been made on the reserve.

Mr. C. H. Croxden Powell, the English publicist, who is at present in Ottawa, referring to the cattle trade, says out of the 40 millions people of the British Isles there are fully 30 millions who depend on foreign countries for their meat supply, and anyone who interferes to prevent the supply from Canada will have a serious reckoning to make with a very large electorate.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A fight occurred at an anti-Parnell meeting at Kilrush on Sunday.

The report that Mr. Gladstone intended to retire is pronounced unfounded.

The Cork Steam Packet Company strike has ended in defeat of the strikers after a fight of 14 weeks.

The Crimes Act has been put in force in the town of Carlow and revoked in portions of Sligo County.

Rev. Joseph Parker, of the London City Temple, has denounced Mr. Gladstone's Religious Disabilities bill.

The paupers at Limerick, Ireland, have refused to go to work in place of the municipal laborers now on strike.

Mr. Parnell and Mr. Justin McCarthy have agreed not to hold Sunday meetings in Ireland for the present.

It is stated that Mr. Gladstone has congratulated Secretary Balfour on the success of his efforts to relieve the distress in Western Ireland.

Mr. Parnell intends pushing his campaign in Ireland more vigorously than ever. He will shortly address a monster meeting in Ionmel.

George Fleming, who had donated £1,000 for the furtherances of Gen. Booth's scheme, was suddenly taken ill while addressing a meeting in its favor and died almost immediately.

The London *Standard* interprets Mr. Parnell's speech at Ennis to mean that Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien have consented to unite with him in exhorting guarantees from the Gladstonians.

There is a strong crusade against the Mormons in Nottingham, which is the centre of the polygamous sect in England. The House of Commons was called upon to interfere.

A London despatch announces the death of Very Rev. Hayes Plumtree, dean of Wells.

Mrs. Richard A. Proctor, is endeavouring to raise $25,000 by lecturing in order to erect an observatory with telescope to the memory of her husband.

Bartholomew Sullivan was hanged at Tralee, the other day for the murder of Patrick Flahrive in County Kerry in August last. Flahrive was killed because he was going to cut crops on an evicted farm.

In St. James' Hall, London, the other night Gen. Booth, of the Salvation Army, inaugurated the carrying into effect of the scheme of social regeneration set forth in his book In Darkest England, and the Way Out.

UNITED STATES.

Mrs. Roches has just died at Kulkaska, Mich., aged 111 years.

The number of dead in the Mammoth mine at Youngwood, Pa., has been swelled to 130.

The socialists of Chicago demand that only union labor be employed in the World's Fair work.

A syndicate of Boston commercial men has been formed to test the legality of the McKinley tariff.

Secretary Blaine has definitely stated that the United States will not accept reciprocity with Canada confined to natural products.

The famous explorer, Lieut. Schwatka, was fatally injured the other day at Mason City, Iowa, by a fall.

Joseph Bond, colored, has lain in bed in the sulks for 27 years and is now approaching death, all because his mother sold her farm against his will.

In Minneapolis on Sunday, Rev. Neville Farming, Congregational, had just finished a sermon on "Is Life Worth Living" when he fell down and died of apoplexy.

The Chippewa Indians on the Red Lake reservation in Minnesota are dancing and the people are greatly alarmed. Troops have been asked for.

Mrs. Lucy Wixom and her twin sister, Mrs. Wood, have just died in Oakland and Ionia counties, Michigan, respectively, aged 91 years.

United States officials claim that numbers of Chinaman are being smuggled in from Port Arthur in sleighs, and an agent is at West Superior, Wis., watching for the Celestials.

Dr. Sullivan Whitney, the first American physician to manufacture homeopathic remedies, died at Newtonville, Mass., on Wednesday at the age of eighty-three years.

Hog cholera is raging in McPherson, Marion and Sillens counties, Kansas. Hundreds of animals are dying daily and farmers are shipping hogs to market, many of which are said to be diseased.

North Nebraska and South Dakota are enveloped in a terrific storm. At Deadwood the mercury is 20 degrees below zero, at Lead City 30 below and Galena 40 below. Many herds of cattle have been lost and the settlers will suffer.

In a wrestling match at Hopkinton, Mass. on Tuesday, Michael Maloney was thrown by Charles Hifferty, his head striking the floor and fracturing his skull. He died in a few hours, leaving a wife and three children.

A colony of Hebrews from Russia, comprising 160 families, will arrive in St. Paul and Minneapolis this week. They were sent to the United States by Baron Hirsch, who donated a large sum of money for the purpose.

Miss Lent, a young school teacher of Winnebago City, Minn., a few days ago chastised one of her pupils, and the parents of the punished girl were so enraged that they maltreated Miss Lent to such an extent that she died yesterday. The pupil and her father and mother are now in gaol on a charge of murder.

Russell C. Caufield, a farm hand, has confessed to having choked to death a young girl named Nellie Griffin, whom he secured from the public school at Coldwater, Mich., on the plea that he wanted her to go on a family. After choking the girl to death he buried her clothes under a cow shed and calmly went to bed. He is now in jail at Charlotte.

In the United States Supreme Court on Monday it was decided to grant the British Government leave to file an application for a writ of prohibition in the Behring Sea matter the court holding that it had undoubted jurisdiction.

Edward Bosanquett, son of a wealthy banker of London, Eng., was bitten by a rattlesnake near Dayton's, Florida, on Sunday morning while hunting and is beyond hope of recovery. The snake struck him on the inside of his left leg above the ankle.

The annual report of the New York State assessors says the farms in the State are constantly depreciating in value, farms are becoming less valuable, sales are unfrequent, and the mortgages are frequently to the full value of the farms.

Charlotte Scott, the coloured woman who contributed the first five dollars paid toward a monument for Abraham Lincoln in Washington, and whose name is on that account inscribed in bronze on the base of it, died at Saturday.

Mrs. Henry Wilson, near Morton, Kansas, was left a widow two years ago with three children to support. Becoming destitute and fearing starvation, she attempted to kill the children and herself. The eldest, a boy of 12, escaped with his throat cut, but the mother and two little ones perished in the house, which the woman set on fire.

IN GENERAL.

It is reported the German Government is about to rescind the law prohibiting the importation of American bacon and hams.

A Wisconsin missionary, who is laboring in Asia Minor, reports that 1,500 people died of cholera in six weeks in the Town of Monash.

Eyraud, the Paris murderer was guillotined on Tuesday morning. He showed neither fear nor remorse, and refused all religious ministrations.

Severe weather still prevails in Greece. Fifteen men have been frozen to death while endeavoring to re-open communication with snow-blocked villages in the Moren.

The Italian Ministry was defeated on a vote in the Chamber of Deputies, and Prime Minister Crispi has placed his resignation in the hands of the King.

The colonies of Australia have asked the Home Government to accord them the privilege possessed by Canada of negotiating commercial treaties with foreign countries under the sanction of the Foreign Office.

The Papal Congregation of Rites has decided not to beatify Columbus. A prominent member of the Congregation told a journalist of Rome that Columbus was a perfect gentleman and an excellent Catholic, but not a saint.

The Roman Catholic Anti-Slavery society of Europe will hold a general meeting next week in Brussels to consider the present condition of the African slave trade, and particularly the Red Sea traffic in children for harems.

The Paris *Figaro* publishes an interview in which the Pope is represented as saying he to support a good republic is to fight against God, and that the formation of a Catholic party in France is impossible the Catholics ought to support the Government.

A body of infantry forming part of the garrison of Oporto, along with a number of civilians, started to establish a republic in Portugal recently, but their enterprise was soon snuffed out. There was a fight, seven people being killed and a large number wounded.

It is announced by the physicians Bertin and Picq, of the Nantes faculty, who recently injected 15 grammes of goat's blood into the thighs of two patients, that in the case of both patients there has been an abatement of the fever. One of them, a woman, whose temperature prior to the injection was 102, shows a decline of two degrees.

A Gallant Youth.

"When fear comes to a pretty girl,
Or terror may confound her,
Just for protection's sake, of course,
Why, put your armor round her."

They read it in the newspaper,
As they together were:
He looked at her, she looked at him
And wondered if he dared.

"Oh, Charley," cried the artful maid
With mock affright and out of breath,
"I really am so much afraid
I'm almost scared to death."

Then he put his armor round her.

A Natural Advantage.

Parent—"I'm afraid you are not studying your typewriting as diligently as you ought." Young Jane Penworthy, who started in at the same time you did, has a $20 situation already."

Daughter—"But, papa, she has so much advantage. She's cross-eyed and can watch her copy and the machine both at once."

The absence of soft water is no excuse for drinking hard.

No matter how averse a picture frame maker may be to horseback riding, he will mount a picture for you any day. And put spurs to it if he thought they were anything of an ornament.

The deceased Archbishop of York was a bit of a sport, a wag and a liberal chap, but his successor is in such respects his opposite. There is a capital anecdote current in the London clubs about the defunct. It seems he was tolerant to his coachman, who patronized too much a Joe Willis ale house. One evening the Archbishop discovered that his coachman was too juicy in his head to be a safe whip, and he, with Christian forbearance, put Jehu inside and himself mounted the box. In turning into the stable yard the wheels struck a corner and the coach was nearly upset. A sentinel outlier was on hand and immediately in the dark night upbraided the coachman as the horse's heads were seized. "Drunk again, are you, and by Jove you've got the old cock's hat on." "No, Jim," cheerily said the Church primate descending from his perch, "it's the old cock himself." The new Archbishop, however, in a diocesan speech a year ago said of betting in general that it was only sinful when in excess it took the form of gambling. He had a predecessor as Archbishop, and who was an uncle of Sir William Vernon Harcourt, who once in ordinary morning dress waved his handkerchief on witnessing a St. Leger.

An interesting discussion is just now in progress in the United States House of Representatives on a bill to strengthen the coast fortifications of the country. Some of the speakers ridicule the idea that they have anything to fear from Great Britain, but others hold that in sheer wantonness the English fleet could in 24 hours create desolation at every seaport in America. Others imagine that its not by sea, but by land that the United States would be attacked, and that Canada would be the base for English supplies. This latter class favor compulsory annexation, forgetting that they would then bring down upon their devoted country the very evils they profess to dread. In the multitude of counsellors there may be wisdom, but yet the average Congressman talking about England and Englishmen, and the furious thrusts of an angry bull are as nothing compared with the wild, senseless lungings of his tongue.

ROBBED BY CHINESE PIRATES.

AN OLD-TIME THRILLING STORY FROM THE CHINA SEAS.

The Steamship Namoa Captured by Yellow Desperadoes, Her Captain and Two Other Persons Shot to Death, and Several Wounded—The Pirates' Junks Carry Away $70,000 Worth of Booty.

Hong Kong was startled one morning recently by the return of the Douglas steamer Namoa which had left the previous day, with the story that she had been attacked by pirates, that her master, one of the best known and most respected Captains in the Bay, a passenger, and one of her quartermasters had been shot in cold blood, several of her officers and cr