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CHAPTER VIII.—DARKENING.

It was with a full heart Francis Gray found himself approaching the familiar woods of Yewle the next forenoon. It was a light heart, too, for the load no longer pressed upon it of his fear of Agnes King's marriage. He did not enter the village, but leaving the hired fly at a farmhouse a mile off, walked through the well-known lanes until he arrived at that very spot, behind the garden wall, where he had heard Agnes give her conditional promise to Richard King. Leaning his arms on the wall, in the same posture as on that former occasion, his eyes wandered over the garden. There was not a shrub or flower-bed in it that was not familiar to him, and yet it seemed so long since he had seen them last. Do what he would to keep away implacable thoughts, that former scene rose before him again. He saw the man's head bent, heard his earnest pleadings, and like a picture the face and figure of Agnes King stood before him. With the resuscitation of that scene came also the remembrance of the resolve on which he had himself gone to the vicarage the night preceding—the resolve to ask Agnes King to grant him the right, by virtue of his true love for her, to follow her wherever she went. And he asked himself, with fear and trembling, whether she would now, if he was bold enough to ask her, give him the same conditional promise which she had given to Richard King—the promise to be his wife if he cleared her father's name?

He recalled his thoughts suddenly, and wondered how long he had been standing there. A vault over the wall landed him in the vicarage garden, and he was advancing towards the house when he heard his name spoken close by, in a startled but familiar voice: "Frank!"

She was standing at the door of a summer-house, her hands clasped on her bosom, and her face red with surprise, looking at him. In a moment he had both her hands caught in his own, and was feasting his hungry eyes on her changing face. Not a word could he speak, his heart was so full, and the impulse to take her in his arms was almost more than he could resist.

"Shall we sit down, Agnes?—we have often sat here—and it seems so long ago since I last saw you."

The girl smiled, and led the way into the house, where they both seated themselves on a wooden bench.

"You frightened me so, Frank, until I recognized who it was. Why did you not let us know you were coming, for we should have been so glad?"

"Is your mamma at home?"

"Yes; she has lain down for an hour. Mamma sleeps ill at night," said Agnes with a look of concern, "and I am so glad when she can get even an hour's rest during the day."

For a considerable time they talked of old days and parish topics, and no reference was made to Yewle or the family troubles. In this way the old familiarity was restored between them before Agnes suggested their going in for tea.

Mr. King was still in her chamber, and they had their tea alone. Unconsciously Francis Gray began to look in the girl's face sudden and earnestly that his gaze made her blush.

"Agnes, how like old times this is," he said.

"It would be," she answered, "if poor papa were here. Oh Frank! do you think it will ever come to pass?"

He was not prudent to suffer himself to be carried away, but he did. "Yes, Agnes, yes! And, Agnes if I should myself be the principal means of restoring your father to you in his spotless honour—if that should be, Agnes, why there would be no prouder man living."

It somehow rather poor ending—rather poor substitute for what his tongue was running to, but feared at the last to say. The girl's subtle instinct read what was in his thoughts, what indeed was written so plainly in his face and shone in his eyes. She coloured deeply and rose, and Gray stood up too.

Agnes King was a very brave girl when occasion called for it. Instead of shrinking away from his glowing gaze with maiden modesty she stood erect before him, looking at him without fear, and placing her hand in his arm, said: "Frank, be quite clear with me. Do you think you can clear my father of that shame?"

"I hope to do it, Agnes. I have thought of nothing for many months. Nothing have some to me clearly, but they have kept coming; one by one. I suppose what I have heard is true," he added suddenly, "that you are not going to marry Richard King?"

"I cannot," she answered, removing her hand from his arm and stepping back space. "I never wished to marry Mr. King; I never liked Mr. King. I had consented to be his as a duty."

"Ah! I know, Agnes. He would never have done, or tried to do, that which he promised. Let that pass—It is partly my reference to your father's case that I have come down to-day, and I hope to go back with a lighter heart than I left London with."

They were both silent after this for some time. It was not an awkward silence, because they were both unconscious of it, being occupied with their own thoughts, in this state of things Mrs. King entered the room, and her surprise was as great as her pleasure in seeing Francis Gray.

They had a great deal to say which Mrs. King was having a cup of tea, which does not closely concern this story. Richard King, it appeared, had gone to London that day, which made it the easier for Wilson, the under gardener, who was therefore sent for to come over to the vicarage. Gray did nothing to the ladies as to the purpose to which he wanted to see the man.

"Now, Mrs King," said the young man after they had done tea, "I want you to carry your mind back to that day when Mr. King went to London to pay the two thousand pounds. I want you to recall to yourself every detail of the proceedings over at the Hall. Could you remember the clothes Mr. King was going to London?"

"Yes, even to the socks he wore," she answered with surprise. "As for the clothes, Frank, since poor Charlie never had more than two suits—one for Sunday and one for week-days—those he wore are easy to remember."

"There is one article of dress which I do not think Mr. King ever wore," said Gray; "I mean a tall hat."

"No, he never wore one.—But what does all this lead to, Frank?"

"Did you know that broadcloth is laid never wrapped in cloth?"

"Never! Frank, Frank, what is it?"

The poor woman's excitement was growing painful; remember, this was the first ray of hope she had had all those sad years—had seen Agnes pined close up to the dismal man."

"I'm afraid I ought not to tell you," he said, "until I am surer. But how can I help it?"

"You can't help it—you mustn't help it, Frank! Agnes, make him tell you—oh the years!"

She could say no more; but the girl drew closer, and placing her two hands on his shoulder, with the pleading innocence of a sister, simply said, looking into his eyes: "Frank?"

"It is not much, after all," he answered; "and it may raise false hopes. It means that the person who paid the forged cheque into the bank wore a broadcloth coat and a silk hat. I know the cashier who received him the cheques, and he has told me this. When Mr. King came to the bank in the morning he was dressed in his usual way."

"Frank! Frank! God bless you for this," exclaimed poor Mrs. King, bursting into tears; "I feel now the morning is coming on indeed."

One or two more questions I must ask, Mrs. King. Can you at all remember the man he came home by that day? It may not be of any consequence at all, but if they are certain of the fact, it might be as well to know."

She could not give the hour of the train; but she was certain of this, that her husband was home for tea, which they always had at four o'clock.

It was a disappointment to Mrs. King in the first moments of her new hope that Gray should have to leave Yewle again that evening. But it was necessary, and he promised either to come again soon, or to write and let her know how matters were going on; indeed, he felt it would be downright cruelty to leave her in suspense an hour longer than could be helped.

He took leave, therefore, and, accompanied by Wilson the under-gardener, proceeded to the farmhouse where he had left the fly. On the way, Wilson told him exactly the same story as Stokes had done.

Gray explained to the man the issue which was involved in the matter of this second visit, and Wilson promptly agreed to accompany him to Souchester then and there. They all detested the new Squire.

He brought Wilson straight to Mr. Warwick, who took down in writing the man's statement; and afterwards, when they were alone, Gray told the solicitor the result of his inquiries at the vicarage, and explained the significance of the difference of dress pointing to two different persons.

Mr. Warwick was interested now, for he felt much more the wrong from which his old friend and client suffered than the loss or otherwise of Yewle itself.

"This is capital as far as it goes, Gray," he said; "but it goes only as far as negative proof. To get Mr. King's sentence reversed we must have positive proof as to the identity of the person who forged and paid into the bank that fatal cheque—who, in fact, personated Charles King. And having proved his identity, we must establish his motive. All this looks at present a difficult task."

"If we discover the individual, Mr. Warwick, the motive will be found not far off. I myself have no doubt of his identity."

The lawyer wheeled suddenly round and regarded the young man keenly. "You surprise me," he said. "You must be a born detective."

"No, Mr. Warwick. But think how long this matter has been in my thoughts—four years now—and it will not seem strange that points should strike me as they rose. It was the merest accident that sent me to lodge in the same house with the bank cashier; it was the merest accident that led to our talking of the forgery. Of course I was naturally on the alert for all he could tell me, and I had my old suspicion to clothe with each new fact that came to my knowledge."

"I see all that. I think you had better telegraph for your friend the cashier to come here to-morrow. I should like to see Stokes too."

This Gray agreed to do, and wrote out the two telegrams on the spot at the lawyer's request. The latter also wrote a telegram to some person, and taking the three, said he would despatch them himself.

"While we are out, Mr. Warwick, could you learn at the bank whether Mr. Richard King was there on the 5th of May—the day the forged cheque was handed in at the bank in London?"

Mr. Warwick started. "I can easily find that out Gray. But take care—your feeling against that man may bettempting you too far. This is dangerous ground."

"I have hinted it to no one but you. If Richard King was at his duties as usual on that 5th of May, my suspicion falls to the ground, and shall never be known. But if he was not in Souchester that day," said Gray, with rising colour and quick breath, "and if he was in London, then, Mr. Warwick, he was the man who brought that forged cheque to the bank! I have just learned from Mrs. King that on that day her husband was back from London in time for tea at four o'clock, so that he must have travelled down by the train which leaves London at 12.45, while it was after two o'clock when the forged cheque was paid into the bank."

"This is a very important discovery," said Mr. Warwick, as he went out. Half an hour afterwards he returned with the information that Mr. Richard King was not at his bank in Souchester on the 5th of May, and it was believed that he was in London.

When Francis Gray was at the vicarage he was told that Richard King had gone to London; but though this was believed to be the case, he was still at Yewle.

Major Saverley had left Yewle the morning after the interview in the study.

During that day, Richard King wrote to Mr. Rintoul instructing him to negotiate as quickly as possible a loan of twenty-five thousand pounds on mortgage—"for purposes of state improvement," as he explained. But his excesses were beginning to tell upon him, and the day before that on which Francis Gray visited Yewle, he stayed in bed all day and all the succeeding night, and rose very early next morning—ill, indeed, but sober.

Going down to the study before the household was as yet astir, his eye fell on a heap of letters and newspapers which had come through the post during the past days. The newspapers he felt no interest in, but the letters he gathered up and carried back to his bedroom. Curiously enough, the last three of the letters were the only ones that produced any effect upon him. The first of the three was from his mother, and it brought to his mind that he had written begging her to come, at least for a visit, to Yewle. What she said in reply need not be stated here; but he tore the letter angrily into fragments and flung them about the floor. The next was no more composing, being a somewhat peremptory notification from Mr. Warwick that if his client's money were not paid to her credit into the Souchester Bank in three days, legal proceedings would be instituted. The third was from Mr. Rintoul, stating with maddening formality that steps were being taken to raise the money required on mortgage; but that, owing to questions certain to be raised regarding title, there would be some difficulty and delay in obtaining the money.

Richard King, turning the two lawyers' letters over in his mind, was able to see that he was in a rather desperate situation, from which he must promptly extricate himself. Either of two things must be done at once—he must be married to Agnes King, or he must get money. With this estate in his possession, for which he had hungered so long, he was in a greater strait for money than he had ever before been in his life.

In the course of the day, Richard King dressed and went down to the study. He had come to the resolution to go over to the vicarage that evening and have one answer or the other; he could wait no longer. The girl's reluctance to say the final word made him fear that some accident might any moment intervene to cast the whole project to the ground. He did not yet know that this catastrophe had happened, for he had not been at the vicarage for nearly a fortnight.

Money, money, money! If he paid a thousand per cent. for it he must have what he required immediately. He would sell every stick on the estate; he would sell every heirloom in the house—

Richard King, lying back in the same chair in which the late Squire had sat dead, gave a violent start. His eyes were fixed with a look of deep excitement on the great safe in a corner behind the fireplace. There were precious stones there—thousands and tens of thousands of pounds' worth, it was said—studding a casket containing nothing more precious than a dead man's hair! Strange to say, up to the present moment he had no more thought of that old safe, than he had of the cobwebbed lumber in the garret. He was deeply excited now. If all the stories were true, there was wealth enough in that safe to buy another estate like Yewle! And was it not his like every other thing in the house?

But it had to be got at first. He took a chair over to the safe, and began to turn forward and backward, in a hundred chance combinations, the index on the lock; it was, however, of no use. He did not expect it would be any use. The secret of the combination had died with Rowan King, and the safe could only be opened by violence now. Violence he would apply, and lose no time about doing so.

The elation inspired by this most opportune discovery gave him greater confidence as he crossed to the vicarage about an hour after Francis Gray had left it. Dwelling on the thought of his suddenly-discovered wealth, he had hardly a misgiving as to the result when he reached the door; so strong did it make him, that he went into the house without a thought of those apologetic explanations of his protracted absence which he had been preparing an hour or two before.

Mother and daughter were in the drawing-room. Neither spoke when he came in, which struck him as strange. Then he thought they were offended at his late neglect, and he fell back on his apologies. To his chagrin, those were coldly received. But presently Mrs. King, glancing at his face in a way that made him uncomfortable, asked him if he would not have a cup of tea.

"Many thanks," he answered; "I have had some tea; but I should be glad of more. I should ask you to let me wait for dinner, only that I must start for London presently on pressing business, and I can get a late dinner there."

"We had heard, earlier in the day, that you were already in London."

"I had been speaking of it. There is some business connected with the property to be arranged.—And now," he said, looking from one to the other, "there is one business, nearest to me of all, which I must beg permission to attend to at the same time. Agnes, may I give instruction for your marriage settlements to-morrow and procure a special license?"

Agnes looked at her mother.

"Nay, Agnes," said Mrs. King; "I think you had better answer for yourself."

Agnes said before that, when occasion demanded, that Agnes King was a very courageous girl. She was equal to the occasion now, fortified as she was by the relief of being free of this engagement. "Mr. King," she answered, looking straight in his eyes, "I can never be your wife. I am afraid I can hardly be even your friend. My father has forbidden me."

The man sprang to his feet as if he had been struck. "Your father! Where is your father?"

"I do not know. If I did, Mr. King; I would go to him."

"Your father has no authority over you, Agnes. Long ago, he forfeited it. Since then, he has doubly forfeited it. This is mere madness; you must not let such interference come between you and me. How has he forbidden you. Has he been here again?"

"No," replied Mrs. King; "my husband has not been here since the night you know of. But he has written this injunction to Agnes through Mr. Warwick. Agnes will not disobey it."

There was no mistaking the firmness of either mother or daughter in this matter. And Richard King did not mistake it. But it was utterly foreign to anything he expected that it staggered him. He leaned against the mantlepiece for some two or three minutes in silence, looking at the two ladies.

"Very well," he said; "that is the end. I have made a fool of myself, and the triumph is yours to enjoy while you may."

Even the gentle-spirited Mrs. King rose against this insult with crimson face. "Shame on you, Mr. King!"

"I asked a thousand pardons," he continued in the same tone. "But before I go, allow me to explain to you the extent of self-interest which urged me to seek this marriage. In the first place, Mrs. King, after your husband's conviction, I pitied you both; and when, in course of time, Rowan King gave me to understand that I was to be his heir, I resolved to make to you and your daughter all the preparation I could for the misfortune which had fallen upon you—I resolved to make Agnes my wife, the mistress of Yewle, so that no person dare point the finger of pity at the felon's daughter or his wife. Since the night of Rowan King's death, my motive for hastening the marriage has been far more powerful—you needed shielding from a greater misfortune—and it was only I who could have done this for you. I perceive, Mrs. King, my meaning is not entirely unknown to you," he observed, as the poor woman's face grew ashy pale, and the work dropped from her fingers.

He stood looking at her white terror, and the wretch seemed to take enjoyment from the contemplation of it, until he received an unexpected surprise. Agnes rose, and facing him with high colour and heaving bosom, said: "Go on, Mr. King. Explain yourself more clearly, so that we may fully understand."

"Very well," he said. "Your father visited this house secretly that night—the night his brother was murdered"—

"Murdered! You yourself told us"—

"I told you it was heart disease. It was murder, however; a knife was sent to Rowan King's heart as he sat in his chair, and he never moved again. This fact is known to others besides me; ask Dr. Hayle, for one. Your husband, Mrs. King, after leaving here, went over to the Hall, and was seen lurking behind the bushes by Stokes the butler. The butler, who knew him well, spoke to him, and your husband told the servant that he was going into the study, through the open casement, to see his brother.—Next morning, his brother was found murdered."

"God have mercy on us!" murmured the poor wife, putting her hands to her face and bowing her head. Her daughter glanced anxiously towards her, but held her erect attitude.

"If the faintest suspicion of these facts were to go abroad, nothing could save your husband from a terrible fate. I do not say he was guilty; I am only pointing out what the verdict of the world would be.—Was it selfish or ungenerous of me, Agnes, to seek to shield him from all suspicion by making his daughter my wife? Indeed," he added, without thinking, had it not been for the disappearance of Rowan King's body, I would have effected it and wherever it was taken to, the coroner's inquest would have set the police to work, and, I am afraid, they would quickly strike the scent.

"Exactly, Mr. King," said the girl, with beautiful scorn; "and therefore you left nothing undone to hud the body for the coroner and police? Thank God, my father will soon be cleared of the stain of one crime, and Heaven is too just to allow the perpetrator of either to escape!" As having delivered this bolt, Agnes addressed herself to attendance on her mother, and no further notice was taken of him. Richard King, inwardly raging, left the house and went back to the Hall. There he had some dinner, and a great deal to drink with it; and then, cursing with every turn of the wheels, drove to the station and went to London by a late train.

He did not go to his accustomed hotel that night, and it was late next morning before he rose. It was not to see lawyers that he had come to London; his business proved to be of quite another character. Driving to a well-known safe-maker's establishment, Richard King selected a few safes, and selected one, for which he paid twenty guineas. He gave his card, and after requesting the safe to be sent down to Yewle within a week, said: "I want the services of an experienced man to open an old safe for me which contains a number of family papers. Can you send me down such a man by the first train to-morrow morning?"

Asked who the makers of the safe in question were, he said he did not know—it was a very old one, and had been in the house many years. But it had fitted to it an American "combination" lock, the secret of which could not now be found, as the late owner was dead.

The kind of a workman wanted was promised; and then Richard King drove round by his club, in hope of meeting Major Saverley. He wished to see him for two purposes—first, to settle a little betting transaction, in which King as usual was the loser; and second, to consult with the Major, as an experienced man of the world, how best to raise a sum of money (should the safe prove unfruitful) of its reputed diamonds.

But he did not find the Major at the club; he therefore wrote him a letter, enclosing a cheque, and asking a waiter to give it to Major Saverley whenever he should enter the club; then he drove to the station, and so home to Yewle.

Next morning Richard King was up early to receive the workman from London, to be did not wish the servants to know the purpose of the man's visit. He therefore led him directly to the study, where breakfast had been laid for him.

After the workman had breakfasted, he proceeded to examine the safe. It was a strong one, and he expressed the opinion that he would require to drill the door of the safe in order to open the lock; a course which Richard King told him he was quite free to take if he found it necessary.

"I have bought a new safe," he explained "so that I shall not want to use the old one again."

"In that case, sir," replied the man, "there will be the less difficulty in opening it—no difficulty at all."

Richard King was in high spirits. The vision of the wealth which the sale of all the stones in that casket would bring him compensated for the mortification of the interview at the vicarage; indeed, his thoughts were so concentrated on the one object of obtaining possession of the treasure, that there was no room in mind for anything else.

"Old Nick himself, sir," said the mechanic, after toying with the combination for a minute, "couldn't open one of these things unless he know the figures.—But a drill," he added, settling down on one knee and commencing to bore, "is a tool that overcomes most of them things."

It was tedious work, however, for the metal was hard and thick. At last one hole was completed, and Richard King was stooping over the man, examining it, when the door of the study opened. He sprang round, sharp and angrily, but the colourless his face and his limbs trembled when he encountered, a few feet from him, the stern eyes and set lips of the vicar of Yewle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Getting Married at His Expense.

A shabby-looking tramp was in the habit of calling at the office of a local lawyer and receiving a small sum of money on account of former acquaintance. Last week the mendicant called, as usual, but the lawyer said:

"I can't assist you any longer, as I've got a wife now and need all the money I can lay my hands on."

"Well, now, that's just coming it a little too strong. Here you actually go and get married at my expense," responded the indignant tramp.

"She is such a dear girl and she loves you devotedly." "Yes," responded his unsympathetic listener, "most girls who love flowers devotedly are dear girls."

THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADA.

A natural gas company has been organized in Kingston.

A cable despatch received at Montreal announces the death of Judge Rainville, of the Quebec Bench, at Paris.

At the annual meeting of the Clydesdale Horse Association held last week in Toronto, Mr. Wm. Smith, M. P., was re-elected president.

Sir Donald Smith, who was waited upon on his arrival in Montreal, has consented to run for the Western division of that city.

At the poultry show in New York last week William McNeil, of London, took the special prizes for Hamburg and Polish, while W. Barber & Co., of Toronto, got second for standard game, and the specials for silver and golden duckwings. Barber & Co. also took the first cash prize for female game bantams.

Bishop's College, in connection with the Church of England, situated at Lennoxville, near Sherbrooke, Que., was almost totally destroyed by fire one day last week. The students have had to be sent home until the building is restored.

Sarah Jane Robb, daughter of the late George Robb, of Kingston, has been declared legitimate and entitled to $20,000 left by her father. Her title to the amount was disputed on the ground that the marriage of her father to a daughter of Wahkus, chief of the Comox Indians, British Columbia, which was celebrated in accordance with tribal customs, was irregular.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Mitchell & Shepard, woollen manufacturers, of Bradford, Eng., have failed. Liabilities £83,000.

Mr. Gladstone's bill to remove religious disabilities was defeated in the House of Commons last week by 256 to 223.

Lord Salisbury has summoned a general meeting of the leaders of the Conservative party throughout Great Britain, to take place early in March.

A pastoral letter from the primate was read in Catholic churches throughout Ireland on Sunday condemning Parnell's conduct.

Lord Salisbury has received an official invitation from the United States government requesting Great Britain to take part in the World's Fair at Chicago.

The new C.P.R. steamship Empress of India left Liverpool on Saturday for Vancouver, via the Asiatic route, with a full passenger list.

It is stated that Mr. Parnell has declined to accept any Liberal assurances regarding the proposed Home Rule measure unless they are committed to writing.

The Dublin *Express* says Mr. Parnell has forced the Liberals hand, and that the Liberals intend to stand or fall by a sweeping Home Rule scheme.

At Cardiff, Wales, at a banquet given by Lord Bute, the bursting of an electric lamp caused the hall to be partly destroyed by fire. Of 400 present none were hurt.

A number of Irish cousins of A. T. Stewart, the New York millionaire, are contesting his will, and a commission is taking evidence in Belfast.

The action of Premier Whitaway in intervening on behalf of the British Government in the pending suit against Sir Baldwin Walker has raised the ire of the New Foundlanders.

UNITED STATES.

The late Sioux war cost the United States $2,000,000.

The employees of the coke manufacturers in the Connellsville region struck on Monday, about 16,000 men going out.

A cyclone struck Helena, Montana, on Saturday, wrecking several buildings and injuring several persons.

Ten prominent citizens of Port Huron have been arrested for buying grain which had been stolen from railway cars by boys.

The ways and means committee of the Chicago World's Fair will ask Congress for aid to the extent of $5,000,000.

For the first time in the history of Bismarck, N. D., all the saloons have closed their doors for an indefinite period, and not a drink is to be had for love or money.

Rev. George Cooper, of Wapwallopen, Pa., has been arrested on a charge of forging notes amounting to $500. He was to have been married this week to an estimable lady.

Henry Kramer, a fireman, recently received an electric shock at Louisville Ky., and has become hopelessly insane, believing he is pursued by an electric ghost.

The Indians on the Red Lake reservation in Minnesota are still carrying on their orgies, and the settlers are building stockades and organizing to defend themselves.

English capitalists are organising a company in Chicago with a capital of $11,500,000 for the purchase and operation of a number of breweries of that city.

It is feared there will be much suffering and heavy losses of cattle in Nebraska and Dakota owing to Sunday's blizzard. Two persons were frozen to death near Rapid City, Dak.

Bishop Engle, of the church of United Brethren, at Abilend, Kansas, speculated in real estate and became bankrupt. The elders of his church have expelled him from the ministry for "indiscreet financiering."

"One, two, take your books and go," said Principal E. N. Wort to his 175 pupils at Bloomingdale, Mich., on Wednesday, and all the children obeyed in good order. The school was on fire, and no one was harmed.

Eleven prisoners were lashed in Newcastle, Del., jail Saturday morning, and two stood in the pillory for an hour. Acurious crowd of several hundred people stood in the rain and watched the punishment inflicted.

IN GENERAL.

The late King Kalakaua was a third degree Mason.

In the newly elected Spanish Cortes there are 360 Protectionist members, and only 70 in favor of free trade.

Latest reports say that 100 persons were killed in the fighting at Oporto, and that 500 in urgents are in prison.

Prof. Henoch, of Berlin University, says the Koch lymph is not good in diseases of children.

The elections in Spain on Sunday indicated considerable growth of republicanism in the large towns.

A new Italian Cabinet has been formed under the Premiership of the Marquis di Rudini.

The silk trade in Japan is in a very bad way. Last year the merchants lost over $25,000,000.

Madame Patti was arrested at Berlin on an order from St. Petersburgh, issued on the ground of breach of contract.

The pope contemplates making a large accession to the cardinalate early in the coming summer. The death of Cardinal Cristofori leaves 32 Italian cardinals and 29 foreign cardinals.

A commercial treaty has been signed under the Tariff Act, between Brazil and the United States, which will go into effect next January. It is understood similar treaties with Cuba and Venezuela are being promoted.

Bank of England will pay back to the Bank of France at the end of this month the £300,000,000 borrowed during the Barings crisis. The money was never unpacked. The feature of the week on the stock exchange was a bad relapse in Argentines.

There are reports from Poland of fresh plottings against the Czar, and the secret police are said to be adopting measures of brutal severity to find out the chief conspirators, arresting for that purpose the wives and daughters of suspects, who are subjected to horrible tortures to make them divulge their secrets.

No Invidious Distinctions.

"Do you consider this piano any more reliable than the others because it's upright?" inquired the caller.

"No, sir," answered the dealer. "Those others are perfectly square."

How It Is Done.

"Dawkins hung around Miss Dacre for seventeen years and now they are divorced after being married only six months."

"Yes. She only married him to get rid of him."

Near Tacoma there is said to be a sign which reads: "This road is not possible, not even jackassable; and those who wish to travel it should turn out and gravel it."

Little Boy—"Do hotel clerks get very big salary?" Uncle—"Not often." "Then how do they afford such big diamonds?" "Well, you see, they don't have to pay anything for their licker."

BERRING SEA.

WHY DOES MR. BLAINE STOP THE WAY TO ARBITATION?

If England is Willing to Submit her Claims to the Washington Court, Why Should the Executive Object?—The "Herald" Speaks Out its Mind—It Blames President Harrison—What Better Court Does he Want.

The New York *Herald* again assails the U. S. Government for throwing obstacles in the way of England's attempt to obtain a legal decision on her Behring Sea claims. Having referred to the sphere of the Supreme Court at Washington, it proceeds as follows:

Everybody wishes for international arbitration an enlarged sphere of usefulness. Of course there have been instances when, as in the controversy between France and Germany in 1870, which was one of ambition, Arbitration was impracticable, but in a majority of the differences between nations it is not so.—The dispute turns in a large majority of cases on a point of law, in regard to which both sides finally come to insist on conflicting views, quite as much from pride of opinion as anything, or on questions of fact, which often divide the contestants only because the facts have never been adequately investigated. The Behring Sea controversy is one of that class.

OBSTRUCTIONS.

And yet what is happening therein? President Harrison, Secretary Blaine, Congressmen of both parties, and newspapers are everywhere applaud international arbitration. They are working to secure it for all over America—North, South, and Central America. But when there is an opportunity to have arbitration of England's demands in the Behring Sea affair, and arbitration by our own Supreme Court, the Harrison Administration and its echoes in Congress protest and resist with passionate invective.

WHAT DOES THE GOVERNMENT WANT?

What sort of arbitrators can those Washington wiseacres invent which can be better than the justices of that court? What sovereigns, or ministers, or diplomatists, or jurists, or business men, would be superior in any sense to our Supreme Court, just see? Would the Pope of Rome be preferable? Where, outside of the judicial tribunals of England and of other nations, could men, as competent and impartial be found, and as capable considering and applying to the facts involved in the Behring Sea dispute the entirety of the law of nations? There is a body of precedent decisions by that court on intricate questions of international law to which foreign courts, foreign jurists, foreign chancelleries, and all modern writers on public law have for years turned with admiration and deference, increasing more and more as time goes on. It is inconceivable that England could venture to encounter the European unpopularity which would surely come if she refused to promptly conform her conduct in regard to her Behring Sea demands to a decision made by our Supreme Court after she had been heard in the court by lawyers of her own selection, in whom she had confidence.

We are confident that it will not be easy for anyone now to measure the benefit that will come to all nations, and especially to the two English-speaking nations, if it can be that the highest tribunals of one or the other shall be often used to settle international differences so really simple, in their essential questions of law and fact, as is the Behring Sea dispute.

And yet Mr. Blaine is endeavouring to stop the way!

MURDER STRANGELY FIXED UPON HIM.

A Shred of the Murderer's Skin Found Between the Dead Girl's Teeth.

A curious murder case and mystery, whose gruesome details would have done honor to the imagination of Edgar A. Poe, has just found its denouement in the place where the crime was committed, namely in Switzerland, near Berne.

Late in the autumn a fair was held in Gatz, city which attracted a large concourse of people from the neighbouring villages. Among these was a young country girl, one Anna Hachinger, who came with a party of her friends and neighbors to partake of the festivities of the occasion. Late in the evening they all started for their homes in a little hamlet not far from Berne. It was not till they reached their destination that they discovered that Anna was missing. Had she lagged behind, or, as was more probable had she failed to set out at the same time with her comrades with the intent to follow them and to catch up with them later?

This last solution appears the more likely as her corpse, frightfully mutilated and in an indescribable and shocking manner, was found a day or two afterwards in a field not far from the main road. Search was at once made for the assassin, but without avail. He was not to be discovered, and after the first fire and cry was over, the affair seemed to have settled down into one of those mysterious crimes whose perpetrators are destined to remain forever unknown.

The police authorities held in their possession a solitary scrap of evidence against the murderer. The victim was a vigorous and healthy country girl. She had fought hard, though vainly, to preserve her honor and her life. From between her clenched teeth the physician entrusted with the performance of the post-mortem examination, had disengaged a fragment of human flesh, torn off in her struggles, from the face or the hands of her assailant. This ghastly morsel preserved in alcohol, was put carefully away so as to be ready to produce in case of need.

Time went on and the baffled detectives failed to find even the slightest trace of the mysterious criminal. But the other day a young medical student in the University of Berne was in the act of laying aside his street coat to put on his working jacket, when his shirt sleeve became disarranged, revealing on his wrist a strange-looking wound which had apparently been caused by a terrible bite. His comrades crowded around him, overwhelming him with questions concerning the origin of this singular injury. He immediately became confused, gave incoherent and contradictory answers, and finally, breaking away from the crowd, he hurried back to his home, seized a loaded pistol and shot himself through the head.

The police authorities of Berne being informed of this catastrophe caused the piece of flesh to be produced and applied to the wound on the young man's arm. It fitted exactly, and further investigations with the microscope proved the identity of the suicide's skin with that upon the fragment. Thus strangely, and through the workings of the assassin's guilty conscience, was poor Anna Hachinger avenged. As one of the lawyers interested in the case remarked, "She has convicted her murderer out of her own mouth."

A Proper Offer.

"I don't see how you gentlemen can render a verdict of not guilty," said the Judge. "Well, your Honor," said the foreman, politely, "if you'll watch us close we'll do it over again and show you how."

It is announced that the Agriculture and Arts Association propose to give a two days' horse show in the drill shed in the spring, and that besides prizes for Clydesdales there will be premiums, medals and diplomas for all other important breeds, such as thoroughbreds, carriage and coach horses, roadsters, Hackneys, Shires, Suffolk Punches and Percherons. So laudable an undertaking hardly needs commendation.

H.M.S. Rapid has just been engaged on a somewhat novel expedition—viz., that of endeavouring to rescue a number of captured wives—but the latter were so satisfied with their new masters that the Rapid's trip was rendered a fruitless one. During a cruise in the South Seas the Rapid touched at Treasury Island. The chief, Muli, by name, was found to have died having, it is said, been poisoned. A new chief, named Monghell was reigning in his place, and the captain of the Rapid learned that a raid had been made on the island by Gorai, chief of the Shetland Island, Muli's enemy, and sixteen women, former wives of Muli's, carried off. At the request of the Treasury Islanders, the captain of the Rapid decided to go over to the Shetland Island to reclaim the women. A number of the Treasury natives went in the war vessel. The women were found, but preferred to stay with their new master, and the grieved Treasury natives returned sadly home without the fickle women. The Rapid landed an armed party at Marau to punish the natives for a double murder. The natives decamped. The party marched through the greater part of the country, and burnt the villages and canoes and destroyed the plantation trees. The Rapid reported an extraordinary occurrence at Rontumali. A subterranean upheaval had taken place some time ago, and since then the fish had become poisonous.

EYRAUD MEETS HIS FATE.

Declaiming With His Last Breath Against M. Constans.

He Also Utters Bitter Words About "Bricelle Bompard"—His Body Given to His Family—Extracts from the Criminal's Letters to His Sorrowing Daughter.

PARIS, Feb. —Michael Eyraud, the murderer of Gouffe, was executed at 7.20 o'clock this morning on the place de la Roquette.

As early as 2 o'clock this morning the customary barriers were erected upon La Place de la Roquette. Shortly afterward two divisions of police, a detachment of about fifty of the Garde Republicaine on horseback, and a detachment of about 150 Gardes Republicaines on foot took possession of the Place, and, the weather being most bitterly cold, the police and troops spent the rest of the night doing their utmost to keep themselves warm. The appearance of the workmen sent to erect the barriers, to say nothing of the arrival of the police and troops, on the Place de la Roquette, spread to the clubs and cafes, and during the night and early morning, so that there was a moderate assemblage when the hour for the execution drew near. In addition to these jail-birds there was a small assemblage of honest workmen and disreputable persons attracted to the scene; the former on their way to work, the latter because they always attend such events.

To make the scene more gloomy than usual a heavy damp, cold fog hung over the city and seemed to encircle the prison building, more particularly in its dense mantle. The cafes near the Place de la Roquette were full of carousers, male and female, the latter singing in fiercely drunken or maudlin tones a disgusting song having for its refrain: "C'est Eyraud qu'il nous faut" (it is Eyraud whom we must have): "C'est un tete qu'il nous faut" (it is his head which we must have).

The scenes in some of the cafes can better be imagined than described, but they gave the stranger a good idea of the metropolis of a Paris mob when "blood is in the air."

At exactly 4:30 a. m. the executioner's wagon arrived upon the place and took up a position opposite the prison. The ghastly guillotine, so feared and hated, was then erected amid much clattering, hammering, and hauling about of planks and beams. The barrier had been so arranged as to protect Deibler, the executioner, from the curiosity of the newspaper correspondents and reporters, whom he seems to dread more than ever before. By 5 o'clock, despite of drizzling rain, fog, and cold, the number of spectators gathered about the Place had considerably increased. At 5:35 the "Bois de Justice" (Wood of Justice), or timber portion of the guillotine, arrived, and soon was hoisted into place. The mounted Gardes Republicaines then took up a position in front of the guillotine, which was erected on the spot marked by five st