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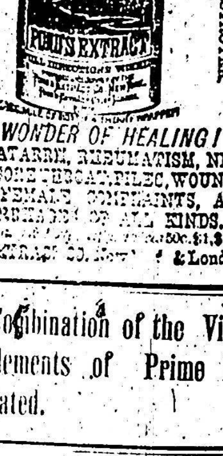

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FOR THE FAMILY NAME; OR, THE GUILTY ONE DISCOVERED.

CHAPTER IX.—THE WHITE WILL.

When Richard King turned on hearing the study door opened, he was riveted to the floor by the eye of the man that stood before him. He seemed to read some terrible fate in that intent and burning eye. Neither spoke, until the workman, perceiving himself in the wrong place, stood up and left the room.

Richard King's eyes followed the man, noticed him hesitate outside the door, before closing it, and then he knew there was some other person there.

"Who is at the door?" he asked, with an effort that cost him much.

"Two officers with a warrant," answered the vicar, without once removing those burning eyes of his.

"What do you mean?" he now demanded furiously, with a menacing step forward.

"That your hour has come, Richard King, when you must expiate to the uttermost farthing the terrible wrong you have done to me." The vicar spoke in a voice of suppressed passion. "We now know who it was that forged the cheque and delivered it at the bank, with the awful consequence that I, a consecrated priest of God, was torn from the altar, and branded with the curse and infamy of a felon. But now your hour has come."

"I believe you are mad," answered King; and, assuming an appearance of indifference, added: "Bring in your friends, whoever they are."

Richard King tried to look the master of Yewle as they came in, but he did it very poorly. The two officers entered first, but remained standing at the door; then followed Mr. Warwick, Mr. Rintoul, and Francis Gray. When King saw the two lawyers come forward, neither of them offering him a hand or a glance of recognition, he felt indeed that something ill was in the air. He was for the moment staggered. Turn where he would, the vicar's burning eyes followed him, like fire. He turned to the study table, and seizing a decanter, poured out a quantity of brandy, and gulped it down with an effort, as if it choked him. Then, so fortified, he turned once more to his visitors.

"As master of this house, gentlemen," he said, "I thank you for the courtesy of this visit. In the same capacity, gentlemen, I shall thank you to withdraw when you have stated your business as briefly as you can."

"Mr. Richard King," said Warwick, "depositions have been sworn before the Mayor of Southchester, proving beyond reasonable doubt that the forgery for which my client, the Rev. Charles King, has endured four years of deep suffering and undeserved obloquy, was committed by yourself, and that you were the person who, dressed as a clergyman, paid the forged cheque into the bank."

The vicar's eyes were still upon him; and in spite of all he could do, his brow darkened, and he bit his lip.

"Very well," he answered; "You need not go into the depositions here, whatever they are. A court of law will be the proper place, and I am ready when you are. Anything more?"

Mr. Warwick turned, and was about to address himself to the officers, when the door of the study once more opened, and a gentleman with a military bearing entered. It was Major Saverley, although the only man present who knew so much was Richard King. The Major's face was clouded, and an angry glare sat in his eyes. He hesitated for a moment when he saw the company that stood on the floor, facing each other.

"I beg pardon, gentlemen," he said; "I am afraid I have interrupted your business. I only wish a few words with Mr. Richard King, who will perhaps favour me with a short private interview."

King moved as if to retire to another room with the Major; but the two officers drew themselves up between him and the door. He did not take any further notice of the matter, except that his face reddened suddenly, and he requested the Major to follow him to the other end of the room, where they stood together in an embrasure of the window. Here they conversed awhile in low tones, those of Richard King gradually becoming louder and more angry.

"What villain has done this?" he said, turning towards the lawyers. "I gave my friend Major Saverley a cheque for three hundred pounds in payment of a business transaction between us, and when he presented it at my banker's yesterday afternoon, he was refused payment."

Mr. Warwick spoke. "I can see, sir, that your letters of this morning still lie unopened on the table. If you had consulted your correspondence, you would not have required to ask the question."

King rushed to the table, and looking hastily over the letters, selected one and tore it open. A few seconds were sufficient to give him the gist of its contents.

"A writ of attachment issued upon my bank account! Who was scoundrel enough to do this?"

"It is not necessary to use strong language," said Mr. Warwick in level business tones. "I issued it. You were in possession of a large sum of money which belonged to a client of mine, and I had certain information that that money was being rapidly withdrawn from the bank. I felt it my duty to protect her interests, and so put a stop to your operations upon the account."

The Major looked both angry and crestfallen. "By Jove, King, you have done me this time. What do you propose now?—This gentleman," he said, turning to the others, "is not a business matter, as King said, but a debt of honour; and I call upon him to pay me at once."

Richard King went close up to the Major and said in low tones: "I am in trouble just now. Stand my friend for the present, and before night everything will be right."

While all this was passing, the vicar had stood looking slowly round the room, as if calling to himself the old associations which the sight of these familiar articles of furniture and adornment were calculated to produce. His eye lighted upon the safe. He approached it, and began, in a half-absent manner and as if merely mechanically, to turn the index of the door. Nobody noticed him, and he was unconscious himself of the light coming back upon his memory from that distant day on which the combination lock had been fixed in its place, and when his dead brother had given him the secret of it. "No one shall ever be able to open it but you and me, Charlie," he had said. And, now, the powerful bolts flew back, and the massive door swung wide open.

Every eye was turned to the safe in a moment. On a shelf stood an object covered with faded velvet—its original colour no one could tell.

Richard King observed the solicitor take the paper with curiosity, and striding forward, closed the door of the safe, without locking it.

"Is there anything more?" he demanded rather impatiently.

"A good deal more, Mr. Richard King," answered Mr. Rintoul. "I have only recently discovered that there was a later will than that under which you have occupied this estate—and here it is!"

"I believe you are all mad," said Richard King in a voice of passion. "The will which left Yewle to me was made on the last day of Rowan King's life."

"So was this, Mr. Richard King. The same parties who witnessed the first will witnessed the second. They told me the first was written on blue paper, the second on white. I got the blue one. This, as you see, is the white will, and it is the last one."

"It's a forgery!" exclaimed King angrily.

"A forged will would hardly be found where we found this. And it is not a favourable one for you, Mr. King. By this deed the testator revokes the will which he had that day 'posted to my solicitor, Mr James Rintoul, of Bedford Row, London,' and bequeaths the whole of his property, real and personal, 'to my niece Agnes King, daughter of my brother Charles King, of the vicarage, of Yewle.'—'But whereas,' it goes on to say, 'I promised my dear friend and cousin, Mary Gray, on her deathbed, to be a friend to her son, Francis Gray, who now resides with me as my private secretary, I desire my said niece Agnes King to take the said Francis Gray into her generous consideration, and to make such disposition for his welfare and happiness as she may think proper.'"

Francis Gray did not hear these words read, for, at a whispered hint on the part of Mr. Warwick, he had shortly before gone hurriedly out of the room as if to fetch some one.

"The will," continued Mr. Rintoul, "is witnessed by John Stokes and John Wilson, both of Yewle. It is a very clear and satisfactory will—once more illustrating the old saying, that second thoughts are best; and Mr. Warwick will at once proceed to take possession of the house and estate in behalf of his client, Miss King."

"Never!" cried Richard King, white with rage. "Never! And before ever that is attempted, I, standing here, in presence of you all, charge that man there, Mr. Charles King, with the murder of his brother. I saw him come here that night after dark, partially disguised in the dress of a groom. I saw him speaking to old Stokes the butler, and bribing him to silence by the gift of a bank-note. I saw him enter this room by the window, and next morning I saw his brother sitting in that chair, dead—with a knife at his heart. That man is his brother's murderer!"

The vicar turned pale to the lips, and staggered as if to fall. Francis Gray, who had returned with Stokes and some others while Richard King was speaking, sprang forward and assisted the vicar into a chair. He seemed about to faint; and Stokes, with the instincts of his calling, poured out a little brandy and put it to the sinking man's lips. For a few minutes the whole company was paralysed into silence.

Richard King's eyes glowed with the triumph he had achieved over the prostrate man, and he turned boldly to Stokes. "Stokes," he said "you have still that bank-note, and I have its number here in my pocket-book. Produce it."

Stokes, as it were involuntarily, turned and looked at Francis Gray.

"Ah, it's there, is it?" exclaimed Richard King. "He has it, has he?—Then, let us have it. It was one of a number of notes in which I had paid to Mrs. King, on the afternoon before the murder, the quarterly allowance which she had from Rowan King, and that note has never been returned to the bank. I demand its production."

Francis Gray put his hand to his pocket as if to produce the note, but Stokes stepped forward.

"No, Mr. Francis," he said with great deliberation; "it's my turn to speak now, and I am agoing to do it. I got a ten pun' note that night from Mr. Charles; but that charge of murder will not stand law, for I heerd the crowner's 'quest say in this very room that there can be no charge of murder laid against no man if the dead body was not found. And Mr. Richard King here, though he sought as hard as any man can seek, never got no dead body of Rowan King. He wanted my master opened—that's what he wanted, but he did not manage it. If they'd agreed to open me, why they might 'a done it; but no King of Yewle was ever yet opened, and I felt it my duty not to let my master, Mr. Rowan, be opened by no doctor in England. How did they know he was dead? They'd 'a opened Mr Geoffrey, or any of the rest, the same way, and how would it 'a been then? I said, if they want to open somebody, let them open me, but my master they shall *not*!"

The old butler spoke with wonderful earnestness and fluency, and only at this point paused, as if forced to take breath.

"We know it quite well, Stokes," said Mr. Warwick kindly. "No one knows your fidelity and affection to your dead master better than I. But this is an awful charge that has been brought against his brother and though none of Mr. Charles's friends could believe it possible, I only wish that Mr. Rowan were resting among his ancestors, instead of being—we know not where."

"Ah, that's it, Mr. Warwick," said the old man, with an eager look in his eyes, and speaking now almost in a whisper. "It's that charge as has determined me to speak. Mr. Rowan is where he ought to be, Mr. Warwick—in his own coffin!"

A movement of sensation surged through the group of anxious listeners, and for a few minutes no one spoke. The vicar raised himself by his hands in the chair, and was heard to murmur, as if in prayer: "Thank God!—thank God!"

"And was it true, Stokes," asked Mr. Warwick solemnly, "that your master had been murdered?"

"It was not true, but a black lie—nor was there no knife in the body."

At this moment the old family physician Dr. Hayle, who had come in with Stokes, stepped forward.

"What Stokes says is true," began the doctor. "Mr. Richard King, two days ago, horrified Mrs. King and her daughter at the vicarage by making the same gross charge against the vicar that you have now heard him make, and, as he had mentioned my name to them, they came to ask my advice. I had always had a suspicion that Stokes, out of devotion to his master, and from his knowledge of the peculiar cataleptic affection which had run through some generations of the Kings, had something to do with the removal and disposal of the dead body. Richard King had said to Mrs. King that I believed Mr. Rowan had been murdered. I must admit that I had a suspicion, from a dark stain which I saw on the waistcoat of the dead man, there might have been foul play. In these circumstances, and in view of the poignant distress and alarm of Mrs. and Miss King, I came to the conclusion that I must find Stokes and force him to tell me what he knew. He did so, after some pressure, and I at once procured a warrant from the Mayor to have the body disentombed. I and other two doctors made a careful examination of the body, and have sent in a sealed report to the Mayor. I may only here say, that there was no knife and no wound in the body, and that we were unanimous in the conclusion, from all the symptoms, that Mr. Rowan King died a natural death. The stain which I saw on the waistcoat, and which had led to my suspicion of foul play, was easily explained: It was the result of the discharge of some colored liquid on to Mr. Rowan's clothes in the course of one of his many chemical experiments. The nature of the liquid—an ordinary chemical solution—is explained in our report to the Mayor. I can only think, from the diligence with which Mr. Richard King had sought to discover the body, that he had hoped Mr. Rowan *had* been murdered; and he must have made that awful charge to the poor distracted wife and daughter to serve some vile purpose of his own. It is a lie!"

A feeling of relief pervaded all who listened to the doctor's statement, except perhaps Richard King. He stood still, but with a slight pallor on his face.

Turning to Stokes, Mr. Warwick asked: "Who assisted you in this business?"

"Wilson and Varley and me did it, sir. We laid him in the coffin as had been prepared for him, and we said the burial service to the best of our abilities; for the last King of Yewle wasn't to be buried like a heathen, no more than opened. And we visited every night and every morning, for eight days, but there was no signs of life, so we screwed him down, and come away. And all that time Mr. Richard King was a tearin' and a-searchin' all over the country, but never thought of going to the place as all the Kings was buried in."

A slight twinkle came into Stokes's eyes as he said this, and something almost like a smile broke out on the faces of the company. Richard King, alone, only scowled the more, and became a little paler.

"Officers," said Mr Warwick, turning to the constables, "you had better do your duty."

They approached Richard King, and, one of them reading from his warrant, said that he apprehended him for the alleged crime of uttering a forged cheque on the bank of Prester & Co., London, on the 5th of May 18—.

"It is not true," cried Richard King. "I was not in London that day, and you cannot prove it. I was fifty miles away from London. I was at the Staplehoe Races that day."

"No, King, you were not," were the words that came in a firm and decisive tone. It was Major Saverley who spoke. "I do not quite know what all this is about," he continued, half apologetically to the company, who had in turn fixed their eyes on him; "but I have a good cause to remember the 5th of May of that year. And as it seems that King here has been up to no good there can be no harm to any innocent person if I tell you what I know to be true. On the day mentioned I intended myself to have gone to the Staplehoe Races, but received a telegram that morning calling me to London to the deathbed of my daughter. She died that night; so I have sad reason to remember the day. I was passing Prester's Bank in a hansom a little after two o'clock, when I saw King coming out of the bank wrapping a muffler round his neck. He was a little oddly dressed, in a clerical-looking coat and an ordinary tall hat, and I was not quite sure of him at first. But at that moment I was particularly desirous that he should square up a little betting transaction with me, and so I stopped the cab and called to him. He seemed annoyed at being recognized, and made as if to pass on without taking any notice of me. But I persisted, and at last he came to me, and I asked him to jump up and I would carry him as far as the club. He did so, and I got the little cheque I was in need of. I do not know the outs and ins of this matter; but I know that Richard King was in London that day, and in Prester's Bank at the hour I mentioned."

Richard King was very pale, but did not answer. He only turned to the officers and said: "I am ready to go with you. But come with me to my dressing-room till I put on other clothing."

The three quitted the study; and those left behind were moving about in that restless, aimless kind of way, in which each has much to say, but nobody wishes to speak, when a sharp report rang through the house. Richard King, when he opened his wardrobe door, had taken a revolver, and shot himself.

That was the end of him. And at the inquest held next day over his body, all the facts which we have narrated were established in evidence, and the Rev. Charles King was once more pronounced to be an honourable man, clear from all the grievous and painful charges which had been made against him, and for which he had suffered so much.

That same afternoon the vicar was once more sitting in his accustomed chair in the vicarage study, with wife and daughter on either side of him. The fire had gone from his eyes now—quenched with the sweetest tears that ever flowed from manhood's eyes. The iron was drawn from his heart. The agony was over, and the peace of heaven was in their hearts.

"Dearest," said Mrs. King at last, "our friends are here. We must dress for dinner."

"One moment," he said. "The truest friend among them claims our first thanks. Bring Francis Gray here."

It was to his daughter this command was addressed, and reddening to the eyes Agnes went out. The two presently returned and stood before him.

"Frank," said the vicar, "my brother Rowan has left you nothing; but he has commended you to the care of Agnes.—Now, Agnes, what do you propose to do with him?"

She fell on her father's breast and sobbed. Quietly disengaging himself, the vicar said, with his old sweet smile:

"Nay, then, settle the matter between yourselves.—Florence, my dear, come with me, and leave them alone to their discussion."

It was a beautiful morning in autumn. The Sabbath bells were ringing out on the still air. Along the leafy lanes, that glowed with the hues of burnished green and gold, came the straggling lines of church-goers; for on that day the Vicar of Yewle was to be reinstated by his Bishop in the solemn functions of his holy office. Francis Gray and Agnes were in the vicarage pew, sitting together—she wearing a sprig of orange blossom. And the people crowded in from far and near, in tens and hundreds, for the vicar was to preach again for the first time. He did so simply, briefly, and with feeling; and not a few eyes filled with tears as he gave out the words of his text: "All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me. Yet the Lord will command His loving kindness in the daytime and in the night His song shall be with me."

[THE END.]

THE KING OF TERRORS.

He Reaps an Awful Harvest in a Canadian Coal Mine.

Over One Hundred Killed—Many Widows and Children Left Helpless.

A late despatch from Halifax says:—The details at hand from the terrible calamity that happened at the Springhill colliery on Saturday show that it was the most disastrous as regards loss of life that ever happened in the history of Canadian mines, or, in fact, on the Continent of America, with the exception of the explosion at Scottsdale, Pa., recently. The death roll foots up to 117, and of the victims 51 were married men and 57 single men and boys; 151 fatherless children are left. By the Ford pit explosion about ten years ago 53 lives were sacrificed, and by the Drummond pit disaster twelve years ago 64 lives were lost. The explosion on Saturday occurred shortly after the men went to work from taking their dinner. It came so suddenly and without warning that few of the men in the section of the eastern slope, where the disaster occurred, escaped, although some of the workmen in the vicinity were able to get out. Over 1,000 men were at work at the time, but those in the other slopes easily made their exit. The force of the explosion rent asunder the timbers supporting the roof of the eastern slope and allowed it to fall. The colossal weight crushed the boxes and

MUTILATED MEN AND HORSES

in one slope most horribly. Some of the bodies were so badly torn to pieces that they had to be gathered up in bags and thus conveyed to the surface. They were, of course, unrecognizable. The men in the other slopes died from suffocation by after-damp, and when found looked as peaceful in the face as though only sleeping, though their clenched hands and twisted limbs showed that the poor men had met death in convulsions. The cause of the explosion is not known, but is thought by some to have been caused by an outbreak of gas which had formed while the men were at their meals. Another theory, and it is the most generally accepted, is that the cause was due to a blown out shot in one of the faces. The mine had been inspected on Friday by a Government official and a few days previously by a committee of workmen and pronounced perfectly safe. Among the dead is Manager Swift, but his body will not be recovered till some of the debris is cleared away. Some most miraculous escapes are recorded. A trapper boy named Farris was sitting at his door when he saw a flash of flame coming. He dodged under his seat and placed his hands over his face. His hands and ears were burned and the doors blown on top of him. He was stunned, but got up and ran away and thus escaped suffocation. When a boy named Beaton heard the explosion he rushed away to the place where he knew his brother was working and succeeded in carrying the latter out, although he was unconscious and badly wounded. As may easily be understood, the appaling character of the affair has completely

DAZED THE INHABITANTS

to Springhill. Thousands have been flocking to the scene all day from the surrounding country, many because of curiosity and others to lend assistance to the grief-stricken widows and orphans and other stunned and bereaved ones. This afternoon it was a gruesome sight to see 40 bodies and pieces sufficient to make up a score more lying in a row, while around them were moaning frantic women and weeping men searching for husband, brother or son. Special trains conveyed a score of doctors from the outlying towns to look after the wounded, who number about 50, some of whom are fatally injured but the majority will recover. The enormity of the deprivation at this time of the year of so many breadwinners can only be met by prompt and extensive aid, and an appeal has been issued to the generous public of the Canadian and American people. The damage to property at the work is not great outside the eastern slope, and it will be possible to resume work in a few weeks. The volunteers to enter the mine to search for victims were many and prompt, and their bravery in entering the mine so soon after the disaster occurred is much praised. Chief Manager Cowans and other officials and bosses of the mine led the rescuing party.

The position of about 50 of the dead men showed that they were not killed by the force of the explosion, but were overcome by and succumbed to the deadly fire-damp while trying to escape.

Deadheads by the Thousands.

Some people are saying that crowding the cars is apt to generate bacilli and microbes."

"What!" shouted the president of the company, jumping from his chair. "How long has this terrible state of affairs existed?"

"Four years, I understand."

"Great heavens! And all that time those bacilli and things have been riding without paying any fare!"

The Girl Was in it.

"Well, good night, Miss A., said a young man the other evening to a Dwightville girl whom he was visiting. "I think it's better for me to go. I feel certain that if I stay two minutes longer I shall be indiscreet enough to kiss you."

"Well, good night, Mr. P.," replied the girl. "Oh, by the way," she added, "I want to show you my new sachet bag before you go. It will take only a couple of minutes."

It is only necessary to state that the young man in question is the possessor of a bright intellect and he quickly embraced the situation, and we can further assert that the girl was in it.

A dinner-gown made of Bengaline, brocaded with a velvet pattern, is handsome and stylish.

FOR THE LADIES.

In A Tender Hour.

It comes again, the fond impassioned yearning,
'Gainst which I thought the world had steeled my heart;
And in my soul, unquenched, the fire is burning
That made me play of old the sorry part.

Oh, love, thy eyes still hold the wondrous power
That gave the spring-time of my life its light;
That made the world a poet's fairy bower,
And thee its princess by divinest right.

It comes again, with all its dreamy wonder;
And I lie sleepless in its memory;
Though thou and I are many miles asunder,
I never knew thee, sweet, so near to me.

A poet's fancy! Yet I'll not surrender
The gladness that comes flower-decked with youth,
To turn my mood in ways divine and tender,
And prove that loving is God's highest truth.

The Model Wife.

If a wife wants a peaceful atmosphere and the same unlimited adoration that she had from the individual who was her lover in her earlier days, one of her first endeavours must be to retain it by in some measure deserving it. One of the first things for her to attend to in that line is that of keeping the sum that she and her husband have decided to be fit and proper; and a system that will ensure that having been established, to let her husband's pockets rest in peace, to ask for no more money, and to have none of those trifling, teasing expenses of which each single amount is small, but the sum is comparatively enormous. One of the next things for her to do is to remember that a well-fed man is vastly better and more amiable, healthier and happier than one poorly nourished, and to govern her table and her cookery accordingly; and if she effort causes difficulty with her servants, to let him know nothing of it; and if she has no servants to husband her strength in other ways and to make the work easy for herself by a systematic procedure—a day for this duty and a day for that; a place for everything and everything in its place. It would be a poor sort of husband that would not appreciate this effort and meet it more than half way. That business attended to a wise wife will try and keep up with her husband's tone of thought and with his reading, and will bring forward subjects for conversation and discussion not altogether personal, omitting scandals and fashions, making herself so companionable and agreeable to him intellectually that he will not need to go elsewhere for such society. Still another point for her to consider is that of the exercise of as much courtesy to her husband as she was wont to use towards him in the days when it pleased her to think she attracted him. And then, as her husband is mortal, she is to remember that fact, and not be surprised and manifest her surprise at his want of perfection, remembering also her own want of it, and the possibility that she, too, may have fallen short of an ideal. It is a good plan for to remember that she pleases not so much by brilliancy as by charm.

The Starvation Fad.

A number of Washington women have been fasting for the good of their health. A writer has asked several of them about the pleasure and pains of fasting with this result.

"The longest fast on record is not that of Succi, for Mrs. Hannah MacLaren Sheppard, a resident of Washington and a daughter of Bishop MacLaren of Illinois has endured a fast of sixty days' taking nothing during that time save a teaspoonful three times a day of nutrient. Mrs. Sheppard had been a sufferer for many years from rheumatism and heart disease.

I have her word for the statement that regular practitioners of medicine had pronounced her incurable, that she adopted the fasting system as the last resort. She says that after the second day of her fast she began to feel better; that instead of losing strength, she gained it. When she began the fast she was hardly able to walk across the room. On the tenth day she walked three miles; she was able to attend to her household duties, make her social calls, and in every way enjoy life perfectly up to the very last of the sixty days, and then she says she began to eat because it was deemed advisable, not because she really felt hungry, as she did not. This sounds like a most remarkable story, but Mrs. Sheppard vouches for the truth of it.

Another faster is Mrs. Conger, wife of ex-Senator Conger. "I believe," said Mrs. Conger, "that I was afflicted with every ill that flesh is heir to. I had rheumatism and neuralgia and heart disease and dropsy and I won't attempt to say how many more things. Life was misery to me. I was not able to walk. Neither was I able to sleep; everything I ate seemed to distress me. Finally, in my despair, I determined to try fasting. My friends told me that I would die if I did not eat. I told them I would surely die if I did, so there was about an even chance.

"My first fast was for fourteen days, at the end of which time I ate the inside of a ripe watermelon. The next day I ate a roast potato." Mrs. Conger's experience in doing without food was quite the same as that of the others. She insists that she felt no inconvenience from hunger or weakness. "I only felt," she said, "as if something was lacking, I hardly knew what. I suppose it was force of habit; most habits are hard to break, and the habit of eating food is not an exception." Mrs. Conger so far recovered her health as to take a long trip through the northern part of Minnesota. While riding out in that bracing atmosphere without sufficient wraps she contracted a severe cold, which resulted in a settled lung trouble and a serious cough.

She returned to Washington and sought the advice of the apostle of fasting. He told her that she must begin again to do without food and that she must continue in that line until the cough was starved out. That time Mrs. Conger continued her fast for thirty-three days. At the end of that time the nutrient became so nauseous to her that she was not able to take it any longer. She was then told that she could take raw onions. "But," said Mrs. Conger, "I cannot eat onions without bread." As the bread was not allowed, she compromised the matter by boiling part of the onions, and she lived in this way for six weeks, on a diet of boiled onions and raw onions mixed together. At the end of six weeks she went again to the director of her health, saying, "I am tired of onions and tired of the nutrient and tired of water—what shall I do now?" As a crisis seemed to have been reached and the cough had ceased, Mrs. Conger was allowed again a rigid diet of brown bread and roast potatoes. She says, with all sincerity, that she believes she would have been dead long ago had it not been for this system of fasting. As it is, she enjoys life as well as most women of her age, rides and drives and visits and it is certain that she is quite happy without taking meat and that she can exist very comfortably on one meal a day.

Mrs. Lippitt, the widow of General Lippitt, is another of the fasters, and while her faith in the theory and its results is quite as strong as that of the others, she does not tell the same story of happiness and comfort during the ordeal. She says the treatment is a most heroic one, and disclaims the idea that there is anything pleasant in going without food. She suffered continually during her fast, and since then the necessity of living upon one meal a day and the necessity of doing without a great many things of which she is fond makes life more or less of a burden. Still she insists that it is the only way that she can be well and she is willing to crucify her appetite in order that she may have good health. Her case, like all the others, was one which the doctors of medicine pronounced hopeless, and she is as firm in her belief that her life has been saved by this system of abstinence as are any of the others.

A Calamity Escaped.

MONTREAL, Feb. 26.—What narrowly escaped being a terrible fatality took place at the Montreal Court-house yesterday. The building has lately been under repairs, and on Friday afternoon the gasfitters were called in to make connections for the gas pipes. It was late in the afternoon, and by some mistake a connection was made with a pipe that was not used and had an opening in the end. This was in a vault near the centre of the building. When the meter was opened the gas commenced to escape, and continued to do so throughout the night. Yesterday morning one of the bricklayers at work on the building happened to go into the vault with a lighted candle, and a terrific explosion followed. The man miraculously escaped, but the noise of the explosion was such as to create a panic in the building, which was soon surrounded by an anxious crowd. Fortunately no one was hurt. Had the gas not had a chance of escaping through large openings in the floors, the explosion would have been a terrible one, and would probably have resulted in great loss of life.

A GAMBLING-TABLE TRAGEDY.

Suicide of a Count and Countess.

The week's record of suicides at Monte Carlo (writes a correspondent) includes that of a young and beautiful Russian wife, who was as good as she was beautiful, by name Nadjeska Charikoff. The Charikoffs are an ancient and noble family, whose estates lie not far from St. Petersburg, but the productiveness of which has not been increased by the freeing of serfs and the recent failure of the grain harvest. In fact, Count Ivan has been lately hard pressed to raise sufficient funds to defray the expenses of his usual winter visits to the Riviera, for Ivan, like many Russians was an inveterate gambler. But play was not his only amusement. On his way to and from St. Petersburg he had frequently made detours that enabled him to visit Bucharest, the gay capital of Roumania, where he found, in the late spring, all the rigours of a Russian winter, and quite as much gambling as he had left behind him on the Mediterranean. It was not long before he discovered that Bucharest contained an additional attraction in the person of Nadjeska Litolf, the youngest daughter of a large landed proprietor, whose beauty and many accomplishments had already brought all the eligible youths of Roumania to her feet, but she was still heart whole when

THE HANDSOME RUSSIAN

appeared on the scene. In an evil hour she allowed herself to fall deeply in love with the newcomer, and it was not many days before she surrendered. The marriage occurred about the middle of November, and the wedding festivities were celebrated to the music of sleigh-bells as well as of cathedral chimes. What more natural, therefore, than that the bride, who had never before left home at this season, should visit a region of almost perpetual sunshine and enjoy the sight of roses blooming and lemons and oranges ripening in the open air in December. It is true that the exceptional cold was a keen disappointment to Nadjeska, but the fast-hastening events of the tragedy soon drove all other thoughts from her mind. It was not to be expected that Count Ivan intended to eschew play even during his honeymoon, and the event proved that he could not, as a benedict, resist the temptation of the Casino any more successfully than he had done as a bachelor. The countess was aware that her husband was fond of play, as she had seen him gambling at Bucharest, but she was not prepared for the entire command over his whole being that the fatal passion had secured, in comparison with which her own charms of mind and person as counter attractions were as nothing. The denouement that might have been predicted from such a state of affairs was not long in coming. Before a fortnight had elapsed Nadjeska realized that

SHE HAD BEEN VIRTUALLY ABANDONED.

Between noon and the time the tables closed at midnight she only saw her husband at the dinner hour, and even then she was not sure of his company, as he was frequently too much absorbed in the game to remember that he was hungry. They had taken rooms at the luxurious Hotel de Paris, adjoining the Casino, so that the Count might be promptly on hand when the doors opened and play began. The hotel is resorted to by many of the wealthy, but otherwise least reputable of those who make Monte Carlo their winter home. To these idle gentry the sight of a lovely bride systematically neglected by her husband was a cheering spectacle. And now came the hour of Nadjeska's temptation. Carefully reared in a virtuous home, and unskilled in the wiles of fashionable coquetry, she firmly rebelled all advances made by the ill-conditioned crowd, but was unable to conceal the grief that the Count's conduct caused her. It was her undisguised unhappiness that gave them hope. Prominent among those who thus pestered her was Prince Altobreccia, an Italian. He was

FAR RICHER AND HANDSOMER

than any of his rivals, and seemed determined to gain his point. His method of procedure was a novel one. Discovering that Count Ivan was losing heavily, he sought an interview with him, and cooly informing him that he (the Count) seemed to care more for money than he did for his bride, proposed that she should be transferred to the Italian for the payment of 200,000 francs in French gold. The Count was not as tall as the Prince, but indignation at the audacity of the proposition nerved his arm, and he promptly knocked his rival down in the secluded corner of the Casino gardens, where the interview took place. But his spasm of right feeling and action was not to save the Count. He kept on plunging and losing until ruin stared him in the face. It was for this that the wily Italian had waited. He again threw himself in the way of the infatuated Russian, who finally humbled himself so far as to ask for the 200,000 francs as a loan. Nothing was said on the second occasion of the Countess. Prince Altobreccia, feeling certain he had gained Nadjeska's love hastened to seek an interview with her and

PROPOSED AN ELOPEMENT,

a proposal that it is needless to say was indignantly rejected. Meanwhile Count Ivan was engaged in rapidly losing his windfall, and the second day found him nearly reduced to beggary. He had enough money left to pay his own expenses northward, and unable to face the situation he had created he took the first train for Vienna and St. Petersburg. New Year's Eve the Countess discovered that she had been abandoned. So far as ready money was concerned she was almost penniless, but she might have raised a considerable sum by selling her jewels. This she disliked to do, as she still hoped that her husband would after a short absence return. It was Tuesday last when, having finally given up all hope and too proud to call on her friends at home for help, she closed her unhappy career by taking poison. Hardly was her body cold when the proprietor of the hotel received a telegram from St. Petersburg stating that Count Ivan had been run over by a railway train, and that, on his pockets being searched, a note was found giving his name and stating that he had committed suicide, but pleading that a charitable silence might be preserved regarding his life.

"A rainbow in the morning
Is the shepherds warning;
A rainbow at night
Is the shephard's delight."

But not everyone who repeats it is aware that the statement which it contains, is capable of scientific verification. So, too, with such common adages as

"If red the sun begins his race,
Be sure the rain will fall apace.

And

"Evening red and morning gray
Set the traveler on his way;
Evening gray and morning red
Bring down rain upon his head;"

Are something more than old wives' fables, for they embody at least a rough approximation to established truth. Both of these latter proverbs, indeed, seem to be fashioned directly upon words found in the Gospel of St. Matthew, where we read (chapter xvi.): "In the morning, ye say it will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering;" and, "When it is evening, ye say it will be fair weather, for the sun is red."

The Support of Ministers.

"As a class, our ministers are not adequately supported. So far is the support from being adequate, that most ministers are in a humiliating dependence; many are necessitated to turn aside from that singleness of purpose so essential to success, and combine some secular vocation with their appropriate work; very many are burdened with debts; many are in want, and some in positive mental and physical distress. The real facts are not overstated, nor the picture overdrawn; and yet these are the men whom God has called to declare glad tidings laying upon the Church the duty of their support. These are the men, overburdened with care, worried and perplexed with their own scanty finances, to whom the church is looking to save our country from oppression and wrong."

New Word Needed.

Polhemus—"I've had my typewriter two years and all it has cost me is one dollar for oil and ribbons."

Powelson—"Mine costs me seventy-five a year for ribbons alone."

"How does that happen?"

"I married mine. That's how."

The Distressing Part of It.

The woman who laces tightly
The need may have realized
And thinks she is acting rightly—
And she shouldn't be criticised.

Her form may require some bracing
To set off a sacque or cape
And a little extra lacing
May greatly improve her shape.

But 'tis really quite distressing
To think ere she's tightly laced
How much of her time, when dressing,
Each morning goes to waist.

Women are wedded to fashion and they love, honor and obey it cheerfully.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Consumption of Barley.

The total product of barley in the world is 825,000,000 bushels. Europe produces 630,000,000, of which the larger part is grown in Russia and its adjacent provinces and in Turkey and in Germany. Great Britain, which makes over 1,000,000,000 gallons of beer annually, consumes, in addition to her own product, about 30,000,000 bushels. As the consumption of beer, which is the least objectionable kind of intoxicating drink, is constantly increasing, we may look for an always-growing demand for this grain, and Canadian farmers may wisely give more attention to this crop. Ordinary barley sells for about 70 per cent. of the price of wheat, while the best qualities, fit for the brewers' use, bring considerably more than wheat, with only forty-eight pounds to the bushel. A good sample of the two-rowed barley, of which the Chevalier is the favorite variety, weighs fifty-four pounds, which adds to the comparative value. Along with roots the culture of this grain is a synonym for good farming, for the high preparation of the land for both these crops is felt beneficially through the whole rotation.

Milk Fever in Cows.

Milk fever can almost always be prevented, but is difficult to cure, as its course is exceedingly rapid, coming on suddenly without notice and ending fatally often in twenty-four hours. The following treatment will generally prevent an attack: When the cow is within two months of calving she should be dried off gradually, milking her only once a day, an hour later every day if possible, until the milk is so reduced in quantity that milking may be stopped. No grain food is given. A week before calving, or as soon as indications of it are perceived, the cow is removed to a loose stall in a separate building, where she is kept quiet and watched closely. When the calf appears, it is taken from the cow before it sucks or at once to some distant place, thus relieving the cow from worry and nervous excitement which often occurs when the calf is left with her. No grain food is given until the third day, when the cow is milked and the calf fed. After the third day the cow may be safely returned to her place and grain feeding be begun, and gradually increased to the usual ration.

The Feeding of Cattle.

Disorders of the digestive organs are the most frequent and the most disastrous to all farm animals, from the least to the greatest. This is no matter for surprise when we consider that the whole system is nourished by the food, and whatever is wrong about this in its kind, condition, and disposal of it by the digestive organs must necessarily disturb the delicate balance of the various vital functions. In the Winter occur the greatest risks, dangers, and damages from mistakes in feeding. The kind and condition of the food are generally the sources of the greatest injuries, for when the food is not digestible or is deficient in nutriment or, worse than either, is both of these, then mischief is inevitable. Just now the usual complaints of serious losses among cattle feeding on the dry corn stalks weathered in the field and often abounding with smut are rife, and many farmers are led by the most amazing inconsistency or ignorance to attribute these losses to anything but the right and only cause, the inability of the animals to dispose of the dry, innutritious fodder which they are forced to swallow to excess by the craving of the system for sustenance, denied by the absolute crudity and insolubility of the so-called food, which has no more nutriment in it than wood shavings.

With the innutritious dry food there is scarcity of water. Ponds and streams are frozen and wells are scarce; thus the cattle fill their bellies with dry husks, which collect in a mass, unsoftened by water, and choke the stomach and the whole intestinal canal. First, impaction of the stomach and then blood poisoning ensue, with the various results, and anthrax fever, congestion of the brain, red water, and what are often termed unknown diseases supervene and carry off the cattle before the inattentive owners detect the mischief. Year after year this happens, and yet the fault is not remedied.

This subject of wholesome feeding is one of the most important for the farmer and stockman to understand. It is a matter of money to him. It is the very central point of his business, around which all the farm revolves. It is not a scientific matter. It is essentially practical. Good food is needed for the cattle, and every man of ordinary common sense must know that dry, weather-beaten corn stalks, which snap off at a blow from excessive brittleness, with a scarcity of water, cannot support the life of any animal. There is nothing in it of balanced rations or nutritive elements of the scientific farmer. It is as plain and commonplace a matter as the futility of feeding the domestic stoves with rocks in place of coal or wood. No heat results. Combustion is impossible. And as rocks are in a stove so are these dry stalks in the stomach of an animal.

The silo is the remedy for this evil. It will pay to gather sufficient stalks or to grow a few acres of thickly-planted (not sown) corn for this purpose, leaving the residue for the partial feeding of the stock. Half a bushel of the fresh silage given in the morning in the feeding lot may be followed by the gleaning of the stock field afterward, and another half bushel in the afternoon will finish the day's feeding. As the silage will have a considerable quantity of small ears on the stalks, this will provide the kind of nutriment that will insure the digestion of the stalks. There is no necessity for cutting the stalks. Whole stalks can be cured in the silo as easily and with less labor than the cut ones, and one acre of corn will furnish feeding for two or three or even four steers with a run among the stalks. If cattle are low in price it is all the more reason that every one should be saved and fed to the most advantage. Thus profit may be made and losses averted.

Monotony in Farm Life.

That "variety is the spice of life" is very generally admitted, says the *Country Gentleman*. Yet the farmers, as a class, do not get as much of the spice of variety as they should. Their lives are often monotonous almost beyond endurance. It must be confessed, however, that farmers are themselves largely to blame for this monotony. The isolation of the farmer's home is one of the greatest obstacles in the way of social enjoyment he has to deal with. It is our duty to one another to cultivate social habits, to visit each other's homes, compare notes, and make suggestions as to the best methods of farming, etc. Nor does our duty end at this neighborly intercourse. Our first obligations, like charity, begin at home. We should make the farm home just as attractive as our means will allow.

How many farm homes are utterly devoid of attraction! The house is unpainted and uninviting; the fences are dilapidated; the gates are sagged down to the ground; the entire surroundings are dreary in the extreme. In the yard grow noxious weeds where roses and other ornamental plants should be seen. Scrubby bushes stand where a neat grass plot should be. Instead of an orchard of beautiful fruit trees, we see here and there at long intervals, a few broken-limbed, neglected apple and peach trees, and a dense thicket of bushes hard by. The adjacent fields have been cultivated for years in the same crops plowed by the same shallow-running plows and producing their steadily-decreasing little crops of corn and cotton. No manure has ever been applied since the land was first cleared. The same round of drudgery has been gone through with year after year; the same cry of "hard times" has always been heard on this farm, and the same doleful expression has been seen on the farmer's face for years past. Indeed, this lugubrious expression seems to have settled down to stay, and stay it doubtless will until the grave shall close over his weary form.

The work stock receives but a scanty and monotonous ration of corn and fodder, while the milk cows have to subsist on what they can glean from the bare forests and old fields.

Is it at all strange that boys should abandon this kind of sordid, wearisome life and flee to the city as soon as they become of age? It would indeed be strange if they remained there.

But think of the hardships the poor wife must endure upon such a cheerless farm as this. Oftentimes without even the common luxury of a vegetable garden, and, perchance little or no poultry or milk to aid her in her culinary cares. Is it not enough to run a sensitive woman crazy? There are thousands of just such dreary, monotonous, cheerless farm houses in the west and south, and perhaps elsewhere. Executive ability is not confined to men, by any means. I know plenty of women who have more practical common sense in a minute than their incapable husbands will have in a lifetime. Some women should hold the tiller and guide the agricultural ship. Had they full control of things there would be far less monotony in farm life. They would supply both the spice of variety and the sugar of sweet contentment to the boys and girls of the household.

The Classification of Poultry.

The utility of breeds is divided into three classes by The Germantown Telegraph: 1. For egg farming—Leghorns, Minorcas, Andalusians, Anconas, Spanish, etc. 2. For table birds (roasted)—Brahmas, Cochins, Games, etc., for broilers, crosses of lighter breeds on the above. 3. For general purposes—Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Houdans, Langshans, etc. Now, for a profit, a man can secure better returns by selecting according to the class in which he is interested. For instance, an egg farm would be a very slow concern run with birds from class No. 2, likewise a meat supply could not be supplied by class No. 1. And where both are intended, and only a limited supply of such expected, class No. 3 will fill the bill. One reason for a great many failures is that they do not select their varieties judiciously. This year we have secured plump birds for broilers from the Wyandottes in their purity, but still feel satisfied that the equal of that Houdan Cochin cross we tried last cannot be found. The Leghorn makes a good cross on any of the Asiatic or American classes for broilers, and those who have tried Brahama crossed on Cochin claim they make the best roasters.

Points In Sheep Buying.

There is doubtless more desire on the part of farmers everywhere to purchase sheep than there was two or three years ago. Relatively to other stock they pay better now than then, but those going into the business without much experience can hardly be too careful in buying. Old sheep, if thin in flesh are worth only what their pelt will fetch. Young sheep, strong and lively, are a good purchase where they are to be kept on hay and straw, and turned out to pasture next spring. But these thin sheep of any age are not profitable for winter fattening. Only sheep that are in good condition, almost fat enough for the butcher, will bear grain feeding, and even they should be fed very lightly to start, not over a half pound per day at first. The fatter the sheep or lamb, the more flesh it will put on from an equal amount of grain feeding. The fatness of the animal indicates good digestion. A sheep thin in flesh has always had its digestion injured and a sheep with a poor stomach is as poor an animal to keep as a horse with poor feet. When farmers sell their flocks they often sell the whole, good and poor, together. They might as sensibly run the cullings in with good apples in selling them. At the large city markets the dealers assort the sheep, picking out the best for a high price to those who fatten. The farmer who goes to one of these markets thinking that any sheep rightly handled will pay will surely lose. He may buy culls at a very low price, but they are worth more to kill just as they are … and convert their carcasses into … aggregate. It is certain that such sheep on dry feed will not live until spring … pelt would not be worth more than … earlier in the season.—[American Cultivator.]

The Cup of Polite Society.

Whenever a kindly or considerate act is shown you, … be always careful to say that … to good breeding—"Thank you." Certainly you say it to the man who has given you an evening of amusement at the theatre or the concert, or who has taken you to and fetches you from a friend's house. To whom else should you say it?

To the … servant who hands you your letters, who makes it a special point of keeping your room in good order, and who, remembering that you liked certain things placed in a certain way, was careful always to do it.

To the … who holds open a door for you, to the elevator man who saves you climbing … stairs, to the man who gives you … in a car or omnibus, and to anybody, of any station of life, who shows you a courtesy of any kind.

We are … very stingy with our thanks; … things entirely too much for granted, … believe, in having courtesies shown us that they are only what we deserve. … is the wrong way of looking at … the day it will serve the girl right … who believes that the good things … the way of politeness are hers … that without any effort on her part they can be retained, will discover …

You can … be generous with thank yous; the … current coin of polite society, the … of which tends to make everybody … to do unto others as they would be done by. No girl makes a mistake … thank you always ready. It is the … good character and a loving heart … is golden, and thank you is the … passes everywhere and is recognized by …

Sacrificed To Fashion.

A distinguished Paris physician says: "I believe that during the twenty years I have practised my profession, 20,000 children have been carried to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms. … the thermometer in a … the mercury rises to 60 degrees … the same to its little hand; … be bare and the evening cool, the … will sink to 50 degrees. Of course … blood that flows through their arms … from 10 to 40 degrees below the temperature of the heart. Need I say … currents of blood flow back to … the child's vitality is more … And need I add that … be surprised at its frequent … affections of the tongue, throat, … have seen more than one child … cough or hoarseness, entirely … by simply keeping the hands and arms warm.

The Sabbath Chime.

My … the living Lord;
… be well supplied;
… a holy word
… and my guide.

In … where salvation grows
… He makes me rest
… gently flows,
… richly blest.

My … His ways mistake,
But … soul to peace,
And … for His mercy's sake,
In the … of righteousness.

Though … through the gloomy vale,
… all its terrors are,
My … shall never fail,
For … with me there.

Amid … and the deeps
… Thou my stay;
… my feeble steps;
… my doubtful way.

The … earth and sons of hell
… and repine
… so well
… and cheerful wine.

Pretty Pillows.

An exquisite pillow for a couch is made from four … small Turkish squares or small Japanese squares of embroidery. The squares … together with an insertion of stout … lace, and colored ribbons that match the colors of the squares are run through the insertion. Such a pillow … 36 embroidered squares in pink and … olive, and the insertion run with ribbons of the same colors. The back of the pillow was olive surah silk and a cord of the two colors edged the pillow.

A pillow for an infant's cradle is beautiful made in the same way. Take four small and fine white linen doilies with a hemstitched border and fasten them together with an insertion of lace. Back the pillow with fine linen and edge it with a frill of lace, or of fine linen with a narrow lace on its edge. The pillow itself that is used under the cover should be of the finest white hair in a white cotton or coarser linen case. Feathers and down are so heating to the head that the hair pillow is now considered more hygienic.

Make the Tea Table Attractive.

No domestic sight is pleasanter in its way than a tea table on a cold winter night, spread with a bright cloth and set out with dainty china and shining silver, and with all the cheering appurtenances of the tea tray, with the plate of hot bread, the savory dish of hot meat, and the little relishes that the housekeepers know well how to supply. And in summer its counterpart is seen in the table laid in the room brightened by the level sun's rays, where a crisp salad, piles of white and brown bread, and a plate of rusk or tea biscuit, pitchers of milk, and a dish of berries with cream galore revive the fainting appetite and spirits of those who have borne the heat and burden of the day.

Hens and husbands without distinction of party are a unit in favor of the closure rule. … meal's shut up.

LATE BRITISH NEWS.

Shot at by Burglars.

A BREWERY BURNED.

Illness of Mrs. O'Shea.

A Model Magistrate's Clerk.

At Greenwich Police Court, William Ford, aged 30, a medical student, of Corydon, was committed to prison for 14 days for assaulting Ellen Knot by kissing her in Park Road, New Cross.

The Herts police, having been fired at by armed burglars three times within six months, it has been decided, under stringent restrictions, to allow them to carry revolvers on night duty, subject to the Home Secretary's sanction.

Some vastly amusing advertisements are to be found in theatrical papers. Here is one, for instance:—"Mr. X. disengaged for small parts, … dead bodies, mobs, processions, outside shouts, &c."

Three children who had ventured on some large pieces of floating ice in the river Cherwell on Monday afternoon were immersed, and Alfred Lovegrove, of Circus Street, Cowley Road, Oxford, was drowned.

The Court of Appeal dismissed the appeal of a tradesman who had been mulcted in £100 damages for slander, in stating of the plaintiff, a fancy goods trader, to a third party, that he was "next door to bankruptcy," and "not worth powder and shot."

Ida Lewis, the life saving heroine, has declined to go on the stage, a play made to fit her specially, saying she prefers to stay at her Newport lighthouse. She might have several lighthouses if she will accept the theatrical offer.

A shocking gun accident occurred at Burton, Suffolk, on Tuesday. Mr. Hearn, a merchant, took a gun into the kitchen for the purpose of going rabbiting, and not knowing it was loaded asked his wife to hand him a cartridge, which she was doing when the weapon exploded, and she was killed on the spot.

On Tuesday night a fire broke out in a dwelling-house in Fell Croft, Dalton-in-Furness, occupied by a family named Roberts. There was only two children in the house at the time, they being in bed. The flames spread with alarming rapidity, and the two children were rescued with difficulty. The fire was afterwards got under.

In consequence of the unusually stormy weather prevailing in the Irish Channel, the Trinity steamer Stella has been unable to effect the relief either of the Morecambe Bay or Bahama Bank Lightship men. She proceeded with provisions, coal, &c., several days back, but has not yet been reported at Holyhead, where some anxiety is felt for the Stella, as she is quite a fortnight overdue.

An outrage was committed on Sunday evening at Oldham Conservative Registration Offices. A blue bottle containing powder was thrown through the back window, and it burst with a loud report. The window was shattered, and the back room was strewn with broken glass and filled with the smoke of the powder. No person was injured. No clue has been obtained to the perpetrators of the outrage.

In the London Bankruptcy Court recently, Charles Coghlan, the actor, now playing Antony to Mrs. Langtry's Cleopatra, met his creditors. He stated he was now receiving a salary of £50 weekly, but was unable to set aside any portion of it for the benefit of his creditors. The meeting decided to wind up the estate in Bankruptcy, the accounts showing liabilities, £3119; assets, nil.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "We learn that Mrs. O'Shea has been seriously ill. The recent report that she had gone over to Paris was untrue. In consequence of her illness and of medical certificate that she was not in a fit state to bear any strain, an order of the Court, taking away the custody of the children from her, has been allowed to remain in abeyance. The probate suit is expected to come on immediately after the Easter vacation."

An Exchange Queenstown telegram says that John Brown, aged 60, who arrived at Boston, filthy and ragged, by the Iowa, from Liverpool, said he had no passage ticket, and declared it was lost. He was taken ashore as a pauper, but upon being searched close on a thousand pounds in gold coins was discovered sewed up in the back of his vest. He says he was in Ireland for a short while and got sick of the country.

Albert Carolan, master printer, of Cromer Street, Gray's Inn Road, London, was arrested at Windsor on Monday charged with attempting the murder of an apprentice named Moore. The latter was found by the neighbours in the prisoner's house with fifteen wounds on his head, and is now in the hospital in a precarious condition. Cross summons between the master and the apprentice were pending.

A shocking lamp accident is reported from Newcastle, Emlyn, where Mrs. Sarah Jones set fire to her bedroom whilst lighting a benzoline lamp. The lamp suddenly exploded, and the room was completely enveloped in flames. Mrs. Jones was burned beyond all recognition, and the entire contents of the room were destroyed.

Mr. Thos. Cousins, for twenty years magistrates' clerk at Portsmouth, has resigned his appointment on the ground that he needs rest. The salary is £1050, out of which £300 has to be paid for clerks. During the time Mr. Cousins has held the appointment no decision of the magistrates has been reversed or interfered with in appeal. The selection of a successor rests with the magistrates, subject to the approval of the Town Council.

A Coroner's Jury at Rowley on Monday severely censured the deputy manager of one of Lord Dudley's collieries who had served out gunpowder in a paper parcel instead of a can, as required by the Mines Regulation Act. The miner held a lighted candle in his hand at the time, a spark flew, and an explosion occurred, the man dying from the effects. The Coroner told the deputy-manager he had narrowly escaped prosecution for manslaughter.

Robert Turner, late manager and secretary of the Chelsea Savings Bank, was charged on remand at Bow Street on Wednesday with embezzlement and falsification of accounts. It was stated that prisoner had been employed for several years in the bank, his salary having been gradually raised until it reached £325 yearly. Great confidence had been reposed in him, and he had consequently been enabled to rob his employers of about £5000. He was remanded.

In Dublin on Saturday three women, named M'Carthy, Rutledge, and Donoghue, and a man named Conroy, were charged with causing the death of William Rutledge, aged 28. According to the evidence, deceased quarrelled with his wife and mother-in-law and others on the 23rd inst. The women kicked him and mutilated him so barbarously that he died on Friday night from his injuries. The prisoners were committed for trial. It is alleged that the quarrel arose through jealousy.

Words.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A flash from a passing cloud,
Two hearts are scathed to their inmost core,
Are ashes and dust forevermore;
Two faces turn to the crowd,
Masked by pride, with a life-long lie,
To hide the scars of that agony.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
An arrow at random sped;
It was cut in twain the mystic tie
That had bound two souls in harmony,
Sweet love lies bleeding or dead,
A poisoned shaft with scarce an aim
Has done a mischief sad as shame.

Ocean Cables.

The longest ocean cable in the world is that of the Eastern Telegraph Company, whose system extends from England to India and measures 21,000 miles. Africa is now completely encircled by submarine cables, which make up altogether a length of 17,000 miles. There are eleven cables across the North Atlantic, though not all of them are at present in use. Five companies control the lines of telegraphic communication between this country and Europe.

The "self-made man" is very likely to feel that he has a complete corner on the chef-d'œuvre business.

Irish poplins are in demand for the Louis Quinze coats, and plain skirts were never more fashionable.

George Mitchell, an engine driver, was struck by a stone while travelling at express speed to Calderbridge, but although the collar-bone was broken by the blow, he unflinchingly continued to drive his engine to her destination. He has been forty years in the service without ever having met with any accident, and is well known to railway men as "The Commodore."