BATTLE WON. THE

CHAPTER XI.

THE OAT AFTER TO-MORROW.

"You say they will be sent to prison for embezzlement," said Mr. Petersen, reflectively-"tell me the meaning of that word embezzlement.

"Getting goods under false pretences—that's embezzlement, sir," replied the private inquiry agent.

yet they keep horses and carriages

and dress like that !' "Why, that's just how they do it. Lor' they didn't make a show. Not one of these West-End houses wouldn't trust me with goods for five pounds; but a smart female, with nothing in the world but a good stock of impudence, can let the whole lot of 'em in for hundreds easy. And they do. The West-End tradesmen are constantly being done. A friend of mine, in the same line of business as myself, is employed regular by one of these firms to find out weather a new customer is a smasher or otherwise. I called on him last night, and he told me all about these two females. It appears his employers are going for 'em, cost what it may. It's throwing good money after bad, as you may say. They'll never get back a penny for the goods they've let go; but, you see, they have to make a public example now and then to frighten some of the shaky

ones into paying up.
"Is that young girl guilty as well as the

"Both in it, sir; and, from information received, I should say the young girl was more in it than the other. It's she who's let 'em in and got creditall round." "What is this? Do you tell me that prac

tical men of business would give large credit to a young girl like that?"

"I don't think they would if they'd known it: but the parties took precious good care they shouldn't. This is how they did it. The young lady has a lot of eards printed with her name, "Vanessa Grahame," under a her name, "Vanessa Grahame," under a crest, and "Grahame Towers' over the London address in a corner. But auntie gives the cards, and orders the things to be sent home, and consequently leads me to believe she's Vanessa Grahame. They worked another dodge of the same kind. It seems that they brought a pony carriage to London with 'm-very smart turn out: handsome black cob and silver-plated harness. There was a monogram, 'M. R.' on the panel of the trap, and the same on the harness— showing that it belonged to this Mrs. Merrivale, who formerly called herself Redmond Well, the first thing they did was to take off the monogram and stick Miss Grahame's crest in the place of it. Clever, wasn't it?
"It is dreadful to think of."

"Why, so it is, sir—especially for the reditors. They've booked the things to Vanassa Grahame and can't get a penny out of her; nor her people if she's got any, seeing that she's a minor; and silks and furs and champagne and horse riding and villa furnished up to the mines are not exactly necessities to a person in her circumstances. It appears," continued Griffiths, consulting his note book, "that they came to London August the 21st—barely two months ago—and put up for a week at the Grosvenor Hotel—there's cheek for you! Then they went into this villa at St. John's

Wood--the Pines."
"Where is St. John's Wood?"

"North-west district, sir-where a lot of people of this sort live. "What sort of people?"

"Why, parties who haven't any regular source of income. The party they took this villa off is in the musical line, and she's gone to America with an operatic company. There they've been going it like anything—living up to a couple of thousand a year, I should say, what with theatres every night, horse riding, pony carriage, four servants, and high living."

Mr. Petersen said something in his own language which was quite incomprehensible to J. Griffiths, but in his voice there was an

unmistakable tone of regret.
"Don't you worry about your son, sir There's evidence enough to convict both the females of swindling. I've jotted down one

or two facts here—"
"No, I have heard enough," said Mr. Petersen, turning in his chair with a repelling movement of his hand.
"Well, I've done the best I could for you,"

aid Griffiths in an injured tone, feeling that his client had every reason to with the result of his inquiries. reason to be satisfied "Yes, you have done well."

" "I thought you didn't seem quite satis-

"No, I am not satisfied when I think of that young girl, as I have seen her, quite gust.
a young maid—not older than my own a young ment daughter."

"Well, you see, sir, I ain't got any sympathy with girls of that sort."

"Tell me what will become of her," the old gentleman said sharply facing about.

"Sha'll go to prison, and come out worse

"She'll go to prison, and come out worse than before. She'll play the same game on again. They always do; and she'll get another term in prison, and come out more hardened than ever, And so she'll go on, comin' out and going in, till she's a regular

"And what will become of her then?"
"When she's lost her good looks and her youth and all that—well, I'm blessed if I know what does become of 'em all then. "And yet you have no sympathy for her while she is still young. My son loves her," he added, tenderly, as he turned again in his seat. "Perhaps I love her too. Surely, there is something good in beautiful faces to win the love of income hearts."

win the love of innocent hearts." "Well there's nothing more to be done, I

suppose," said Griffiths.
"Yes there is," replied Mr. Petersen, after a moment's reflection; "find out more about Miss Grahame. All we know now is what you have learned from a man occupied in securing evidence to convict her of evil. I cannot believe that she is quite wicked, and I am sure—yes, quite sure—that my son will not believe it."

"Why, as you say, sir, it's only one man's opinion, and he's biassed. There's one or two points in the case that I can't quite make out satisfactiory, and it may be she'll turn out to be only a tool in this Mrs. Red-

mond's hands when the truth is known. 'That is what I want-the truth. Nothing

"Well. I'll have a go at it, sir, and learn

left the office, promising to call the next

day.

Griffiths sat for some time in considera tion; then he put money in his pocket, and went out to buy the truth about Miss Gra-

He did not get much for his money the first day; but the next evening he obtained a few facts from Miss Grahame's coach

This young man had set down his mistress and Mrs. Merrivale at the doors of the Criterion, and was slowly working his way through the crowd of vehicles in Piccadilly Circus, when Griffiths cooly stepped up and ook the box seat beside him.

"Hallo, here-I say-what are you at?

asked the young tellow.

"All right—drive on. I'm going with you just as far as Oxford Circus: that's all. I want to know something about the ladies you have just set down, and I shall pay for the information." Argument, or even objection, was out of

the question in the midst of the traffic, and by the time he had driven into the comparative calm of Regent Street, the coachman had come to the conclusion that he might just as well earn a shilling or two as not

"Well, now then, governor, what do you want to know?" he asked. "Tell me what your ladies do from the

first thing in the morning till the last thing at night. To begin with, what time do they come down in the morning?"

"Mrs. Merrivale comes down all manner of times, but Miss Grahame is mostly down by nine to breakfast. She's always dressed and ready to go out for her riding lesson when Mr. Dyer's gentleman comes at ten with the horses."

"Oh; she goes out every morning for a

"On; sne goes out every morning for a riding lesson."
"Never misses a day 'cept Sundays.
Never see such a young lady for riding.
Don't mind what sort of weather it is."
"Well, when she's had her lesson?"
"She comes home. They have lunch at

one, and after that they either goes out again for a ride, the two of em' or else driv-

ing in the victoria."

"Where do they drive?"

"All manner of places: picture shows, shopping; but mostly they have a turn through the park?

"Every night it's a theatre or a concert." "Or a music hall."
"Music hall." echoed the young man,
"Do I look with disgust and indignation. "Do I look like a coachman as drives ladies to music

"Well, where do you take them?"

"I've told you."
"Sometimes they go to visit friends, I

No, they don't."

"Well, anyhow, they stop to speak to acquaintances?"
"No, they don't. They haven't got any

equaintances. "But surely they receive visits from some

one. A gentleman drops in now and then?"
"No they don't. No one drops in." "Not even bill collectors." "You don't call them gentlemen, I hope. We don't and we send 'em round to the

servant's door if they don't know their place. Don't you run away with any fool-ish error. We're as respectable as if we lived in Russell Square." "P'raps you've not been there long enough

to know any better."
"I've been with them ever since they

came to live in London. Now you've got your answer, and you can get down as sharp as you like."

"What's the matter?"

"Why, you know well enough. "You've been hinting that my people ain't of no account, and that's just as much as to tell me to my face that I haven't got any character to lose. I know you, and I don't want your money. If you can't get off my box without assistance, I'll call a policeman to help you. Griffiths was not displeased with the

young man's virtuous indignation. It was clear that the ladies were living respectably. But where did they get the money to go to theatres and concerts "most every night" if it were an actual fact that they were driven to the dangerous extremity of goods under false pretences?

He took a cab to the Grosvenor Hotel, sent in his business card, and was presently taken into the manager's room.

"You have had two ladies staying in this hotel: one calling herself Mrs. Merrivale; the other Miss Grahame," he began.

The manager assented with a nod, and

said they had stayed there a week in Au-"I am instructed by friends of Miss

Grahame to make inquiry respecting certain debts incurred by that young lady." "I have already answered inquiries on that subject.

"Yes, I am aware. I have called to corroborate the information given to my friend

"Well, I can only tell you what I told him -Miss Grahame owes us nothing."
"May I ask if she paid in cash or by

cheque ?' "Cheque." "You have no doubt about the chequ bbe-

ing genuine?"

"None at all. I can prove that at once to your satisfaction.

He opened the drawer and produced his bank books which showed that a cheque for one hundred pounds payable to Vanessa Grahame had been paid in to the bank and was duly honored. But the chief fact for Griffiths was that the cheque was drawn by Hyams Nichols. The name was well known to him: Nichols was a professional money lender. It was dated the same day that they left the Grosvenor. It looked as if they had been staying there only till they got the money to pay their bill. But it puzzled Griffiths to imagine how they had got the money out of Nichols: he was the last man in the world to be taken in by pretences of any kind. It cost Mr. Griffiths two whole days and the best part of a fivepound note before he got within measurable distance of an explanation. He succeeded at length, however, in getting Mr. Benjamin Levy, a clerk to Mr. Hyams Nichols, into his office, and there brought him to a communicative

"Mrs. Redmond came to us the very day she bolted from her husband," Mr. Levy ex-"Well, I'll have a go at it, sir, and learn all'there is to be learnt," said Griffiths with renewed cheerfulness. "In the meanwhile, don't you say a word about this to your son." she boiled from her nusband, Mr. Let'y explained. "She brought Miss Grahame with her. The young lady was dressed plainly, and looked particularly pale; but there, I tell you, I was mashed at first sight, and

overnor's private office. And it is a good thing for you, Mr. Griffiths, I was mashed, for I wouldn't have let down my governor for thousands if I hadn't been. What I'm for thousands if I hadn't been. What I'm doing ain't for you to quid: don't think it. I'm playing for Miss Grahame; not myself.
"Read this, if you please, 'says Mrs. Red-

mond, laying a paper on the table before the

governor as soon as they were seated.
"He reads it—so did I afterwards. It was will, leaving an estate worth forty or fifty thousand pounds to Miss Grahame, to be hers when she's twenty-one, with a codicil placing her under the guardianship of James Redmond until she comes of age, and be-queathing the whole estate to him in the event of her dying a minor. Do you see?" Griffiths nodded.

"When the governor had read it through, Mrs. Redmond says, 'This is Miss Grahame; I am the wife of her guardian, James Red-

"The governor butters 'em up with a couple of compliments-he's a rare hand at that, you know—and she goes on: "I have given up my home and all I have in the orld, and brought this unfortunate young lady to London in order to save her from being murdered by the most infamous scoundrel living—that scoundrel is my husband, James Redmond.'

"'Is it possible?' says the governor, as if he'd never come across such a thing be-

fore.
"'Miss Grahame herself will tell you have her life last

that an attempt was made upon her life last night. Is not that true, Nessa?'
"I should not have been alive now but for you, dear,' replies the poor young lady in a low tone, taking Mrs. Redmond's hand affectionately.

"The governor was astounded of course and then, having soaped 'em down again, he says, 'And what do you propose to do, my dear ladies?'
"'I intend,' says Mrs. Redmond, 'to

live in London and keep Miss Grahame under my protection until she is entitled to her estate and is no longer in danger of falling a victim to my husband's machinations. But I am without means. As I told you, I have abandoned everything. I have nothing but the pony carriage in which we made our escape from Grahame Towers

and a few personal effects.'
"'Your husband has no legal claim upon that property, of course ?' says the governor,

getting on to business.
"'None,' says she; 'I have nothing that belongs to him—not even a name. That is a stain I will not bear. Henceforth I shall be known only by my maiden name—Merri-

vale.'
"A very proper decision, Mrs. Merrivale, says the governor. 'And now, I presume, you want me to give you a temporary pecuniary assistance

"'Not for myself, but for Miss Grahame says Mrs. Redmond. She must live during the next three years in a manner suitable to the position she is to occupy when she comes of age. For that purpose I wish you to advance the sum of five thousand pounds on the security of that will.

"This was a large order, and the will, of course, was no security at all; but the governor answered at once, as sweetly as if she'd asked for a loan of half a crown on consuls for a hundred quid, 'There will be no difficuly in letting Miss Grahame have five thousand pounds for her present use on her promissory note, and if later on she would like to draw a bill for a few thousands

"Mrs. Redmond was delighted, and I thank you very much,' says she. 'When can we have the money?' "'You can have a couple of thousand to-

morrow morning, if my legal adviser sees no objection to the security.'
'' Oh, you'll find that all right,' says she.
'You can see the will at Somerset House.'

"That's exactly what the governor sent me to do as soon as I had shown 'em out. I got a copy of the will from Somerset House,

and the governor did nothing all the rest of the day but look at it and stroke his beard. I was curious to know how the governor was going to work this job, for I knew perfectly well he never intended to let Mrs. Merrivale have money without good security. "She came alone next day, and the gov

ernor was more soapy than ever.
"'My legal adviser,' says he, 'has pointed
out one fact that we have overlooked. If Miss Grahame should die before twentyone, her promissory note is worth nothing, as the whole estate goes to Mr. Redmond. The probability is that Miss Grahame will not die while she enjoys your valuable protection; but should it happen that she fell by some unfortunate accident into the hands of her guardian, the prospect of her attaining the age of twenty-one is—well, very small indeed. Nevertheless, I think we may overcome the difficulty by insuring the young lady's life for the sum we wish to place at her disposal, and leaving the policy in my hands as security. I shall be happy to pay the preliminary expenses, and all that Miss Grahame need do is to submit to a medical examination at a respectable insurance office, and put her name, to a piece

of paper.'
"Well, of course, Mrs. Redmond agreed to that, and the same afternoon Miss Grahame passed an examination and filled up a form of application to insure her life for five thousand pounds. The governor paid the premium, and got the policy the following week, and to do the thing handsome handed Miss Grahame a cheque for

the sone handed Miss Graname a cheque for £100 on the spot, promising the rest of the loan by the end of the week.

"You may lay your life he didn't keep his promise. Mrs. Redmond had got enough to start with, and didn't bother us for three or four days. When she did come the governor, of course, was out, and when she came again he was out—in fact, he's always out, and she's never seen him from the day he gave her the first cheque to this. Many a time when she was raging like a fury in the outer office he was sitting inside stroking his beard and grinning, just like a cat clean-

ing it's whiskers after chawing up a mouse.

"But he wasn't always in. He went down to Lullingford for a few days' fishing, and managed to scrape an acquaintance with Mr. James Redmond. He didn't say anything to him then, but last week when he heard that the police were watching Mrs. Redmond, and had found her out pawning some jewels she hadn't paid for, he goes down to Lullingford again, and tells Redmond that it's his painful duty to inform him that his ward, Miss Grahame, is carrying on in London with a woman of suspected character. And now he and Red-

mond and the police are all working it to-gether for their own ends. Do you see?"

"No, I don't quite," said Griffiths.

"Well, I'll just tell you what will happen to-morrow as sure as ever the sun rises. "God forbid I should do that wrong to stammered, and stumbled over the mat, and to-morrow as sure as ever the sun rises.

Went on just like a fool showing 'em into the They will be taken into custody when they

go out of the house in the afternoon: that's what will happen to-morrow. The day after to-morrow they'll be brought before the magistrate, and be charged with fraud. Redmond's solicitor will step forward and affirm that Miss Grahame is a young lady of unsound mind, who ran away from school after playing a mad freak, and has taken refuge with Mrs. Merrivale-whom Mr. Redmond, of course, will never in all his life have seen before—and been an unwary tool in the hands of that unprincipled

"Possibly Miss Grahame will be discharged; if not she will certainly be let off on bail, and in either case she will be snugly placed in the hands of that scoundrel Red-Mrs. Merrivale will be committed for trial without doubt. That's what will

happen the day after to-morrow. "What will follow in due course is just as certain. Mrs. Merrivale—Redmond—will go to gaol, Miss Grahame will die, and the governor will get five thousand pounds from the Providence Insurance Company for the neatest job he has ever had the good fortune to fall in with."

Late as the hour was when Griffiths part case clearly before him.

CHAPTER XII.

TO THE RESCUE!

It was stricking ten as Eric Petersen left the Charing Cross Hotel and hailed a hansom, running towards the cab as he called to the

"St. John's Wood," he said putting clearly-written address in the man's hand. "I will give you a soverign if you drive anickly

His father and his sister had followed him quickly down the stairs. The cab was turning round and facing them as they came to the door. The girl, with love and hope in her face, waved her hand in encouragement; the facher also waved his hand, looking at his dear son through the tears that dimmed his sight. Eric saw nothing but a vision of the girl he had to save from death.

There had been a thick fog in the streets all night—the first of the season; it had lifted a little, and hung over the houses in a copper canopy, but it had left the roads It was maddening to sit behind the stumbling horse with the knowledge that the dearest life in the world might be lost by delay.

'Roads very bad, sir, this morning," said the driver, apologetically, through the trap. "We shall be all right soon's we get off the

So it proved. The copper cloud became gray, the sun standing out sharp and flat like a red wafer; the horse spanked along the hard dry macadam, making up for lost time, leaving everything on wheels behind. At length the cab drew in towards the kerb and pulled up sharp before a house that stood back from the road, screened by a shrubbery and a couple of fir trees. On the gate post was the name of the house—the Pines.

As Eric stepped quickly from the cab, he cast an eager glance at the windows of the house visible above the shrubs. The face he sought was not there. Then he glanced to the right and left. Against a lamp post at the corner of the street to the left a man looking like a labourer out of work stood, a pipe in the corner of his mouth, his hands in his breeches pockets; against the wall hard by a mate leant; he was intent on cleaning his pipe with a straw and never raised his eyes. The fellow against the post just shifted his shoulder against the post to look in dull curiosity at the cab. Without a doubt, they were police in disguise waiting to arrest Mrs. Merrivale and Miss Grahame. "Thank God I am not too late!" said Frie to himself, as he proceed the late!' said Eric to himself, as he passed the gate and approached the house. While he gate and approached the house. While he stood at the door, one of the two mcn from the street corner slouched past the open gate and cast an eye at him.

"I wish to see Miss Grahame at once, said Eric as the door opened.

"Miss Grahame's not at home, sir," said the man servant; "she went out about half an hour ago." Eric's heart fell-"And Mrs. Merrivale, he faltered.

"No, sir, she's in. Miss Grahame went out with the riding master alone."

That explained the presence of the detectives. They had let the girl slip for fear of

losing the greater culprit "I think she's gone in the park for her lesson; she generally does." The young man, added. "You might meet her if you went in by the Marlborough Road way,

Eric ran down to the cab. One of the labourers was now standing by the kerb, about a yard ahead of the cab. The other had quitted the wall to grace the lamp post. If Mrs. Merrivale had come out to the cab she would have stood but a poor chance of escape between the two.
"Marlborough Road," said Eric, as he

stepped into the hansom, and then lifting trap when the cab had gone a hundred a riding lesson.'

"Right you are, sir. I think I know the

most likely place to look for 'em."

He turned into the park. The sky grew brighter. The sun was radiant now and sparkled in the moisture that beaded the bare twigs of the trees. Only a thin mist softened the distance. The young man's heart grew brighter too, and his eyes sparkled with eager hope. Presently the trap was lifted.
"There's a lady and gentleman on ahead,

sir, and there's no groom," said the driver.

Eric had already discovered them.
"Yes, that is she," he answered, trembling with emotion; "they are coming this way. Stop when she is near. They came on at a gentle canter. Before

the cab stopped, Eric sprang out and stood in the road before them. There was no one else within fifty yards. It was clear that this young gentleman had business with them, and they reined in

instinctively. You must hear me," said Eric, laying his hand on the reins in desperation as she moved.

"Do you venture, sir-" she began. "Oh, I will venture anything-even at the risk of your anger. Listen-" She drew back indignantly as he pressed

towards her side; but she heard the words he whispered under his breath: "The police are waiting down there to seize you and give you into the hands of James Redmona." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Do you know what Duty is? It is what we exact from others.

The frican Now that certain of

the English newspap indignation at the arrange. the East African difficulties, m. Lord Salisbury and Gen. Caprivi that the English Parliament will in action of its premier, if it is called up take such a step, and that for some time come harmony will exist in the colonial tions of the two greatest of the Europea 2 powers. The assignment of Heligoland 🐨 Germany is of no loss to England, except in its sentimental aspect. These two islands, twenty-five miles from the mouth of the Elbe river, have an area of three-quarters of a square mile, and a population of about 2000. They have been utilized for years past as a summer resort, and this chiefly by the Germans. As a defence to the Elbe they have an undeniable value, and the report that the German government proposes to spend \$10,000,000 in erecting fortifica-tions upon them is not by any means improbable. It is possible that, in the agreement of transfer, Lord Salisbury provided that the inhabitants of Heligoland should be ed from the amiable Mr. Levy, he went to the Charing Cross Hotel, and in a private interview with Mr. Petersen laid the whole made the people of Helizaland on Tengonand should be relieved from the compulsory military service that is a part of the German system. If some such arrangements as this were not made the people of Helizaland on Titizaland and Titizaland on Titizaland and Titizaland on Titizaland and made, the people of Heligoland, as citizens of the British empire, might justly complain that they had been sacrificed through no fault of their own, but merely to bring about the settlement of a disputed question on the coast of Africa. Indeed, a precedent may be established, if care has not been taken in the way we suggest, which will have a weakening force on the English colonial system. The inhabitants of the smaller colonies of Great Britain may see in the readiness of an English premier to trade them off, the possibility of decidedly unpleasant future complications; and it, as German immigrants allege, one of the chief reasons why young men leave the father-land is the desire to escape the compulsory military service, the young men of Heligo land may complain that their rights which they enjoy under the British constitution have received but scant attention. However this may be, the transfer, looked at in their ways, has been an advantageous bargain for the English if in exchange they are granted what is practically a protectorate over Zanzbiar, and the control on the lines laid down of a large section of disputed teritory in East Africa. The lines are somewhat dimly defined in the cable reports of this affair that have thus far reached us; but it would seem that, so far as the continent of Africa is concerned, England had been obliged to give as well as take, and that, although Mr. Stanley may praise the settlement as one of benefit to his associates who are interested in the East African Company, quite a section of the territory now offered to Germany is that which owed its early, and until recently its only, development to English adventure and enterprise. The probable outcome will be renewed effort on the part of the representatives of both of these great nations to build up settlements in tropical Africa. The effort is one which in the end will be of advantage to mankind, since, under the conditions that have thus far existed, this part of Africa was of necessity given over to barbarism, with no good to the outside world, and with no appreciable advantage to its native inhabitants.

The Newfoundland Difficulty. The dissatisfied inhabitants of the west-

ern and northern portion of Newfoundland have resolved to try to settle their fisheries difficulties by a bold step. They propose that the island be politically divided, their end of it being annexed to the Dominion of Canada. While some of them are said to prefer annexation to the United States, they know that Great Britain would not consent to surrender to that country the key to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and they accept the next best thing, annexation to Canada, which is only forty miles from them. They propose a partition line from Cape Ray on the South-west to Cape John on the Northeast. The dissatisfied Newfoundlanders have sent a petition to the queen, in which they inform her majesty that they are separated from the capital of Newfoundland, St. John's by an impassable wilderness of 400 miles; that they are taxed excessively for benefits which are unavailable; they are in absolute want of roads, bridges, ferries, wharves, quays, breakwaters and rail-roads. They declare that the trade in-terests of St. John's are in opposition to theirs, while those of Canada are in harmony with the petitioners'. They assert that they believe annexation to Canada essential as a community. France would have no substantial reason for interposing objections to the project. Its accomplishment would in a short time end the disputes about the fisheries which are growing more formidable by reason of owners of lobster plants refusing to be bullied into compliance with the English-French bargain. It is now improbable that some of the factories will be closed by the joint orders of the commanders of the fleets, and diplomatic difficulties will then follow yards, he added, "I want to find a lady who in the suits which will be brought against has gone into the park with a man to have the British government for damages. Canada naturally desires annexation of the French shore, and our commissioner in London will probably exert himself in favor of the peti-

Crop Prospects in England. A cable dispatch dated London, July 5th.

thus graphically describes the present agricultural situation in England: "England is likely to require all the cereals that Canada and the United States can send her this year, for the continued wet weather and the cold, blighting winds are rapidly destroying our own crops. Hay is rotting on the ground. Wheat is getting mildewed. The fields are being turned into ponds. Nothing is ripening. As for the fruit, nearly all we get comes, like most other things, from abroad. We are more and more dependent on foreign supplies for provisions and deli-Every year makes cacies of every kind. the prospect worse and worse for the English farmer. Fortune seemed likely to be more favourable the present season, but rain set in and has scarcely ceased since the beginning of June. The country is wrapped in gloom. The absence of summer is also dealing a heavy blow at trade of all kinds, especially among the West end shops. At the large and fashionable milliners much patronized by American visitors, the shutters might as well be up. London is full of strangers. Rural excursions end in their getting drenched, and a heavy pall hangs over London. The visitors, flying in despair, proceed to Paris, where the weather is not much better, though the amusements of the city are."