

MR. ESHOLT'S YOUNG WIFE.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER IV.

On the afternoon of the day following that of Peggy Myer's visit to Tydd Street, a cab stopped at the door of Mrs. Strake's house, and presently the landlady in person appeared before Miss Granby, holding a visiting-card gingerly with a thumb and finger and a corner of her apron, for she had been interrupted in the middle of her breadmaking. Miss Maria took the card wondering, and read the name, "Mr. Robert Esholt," aloud. "Gracious me!" she exclaimed, dropping the card as though it were red-hot; "how has he found us out, I wonder, and what can he have come for? Dear, dear, and I with this shabby gown on—Agnes, my love, not a syllable about the shirt-making." She was all in a flutter, arranging her curls and her lace collar before the dusty glass over the chimney-piece. "Now, Mrs. Strake, I think you may show the gentleman in, please," she said with a little gasp.

Then was Mr. Esholt ushered into the dingy sitting-room, and coming forward, shook hands with Miss Maria. "My dear Miss Granby," he exclaimed, "how lumpy it makes me to see you again after so long a time. Just the same as of old, I see. It might have been only yesterday that I saw you last, instead of fourteen long years ago." Then turning to the white-faced invalid: "You do not remember me, Miss Agnes, I daresay; but I have by no means forgotten you. The last time I saw you was when you were not much higher than this table. It was when I accompanied my brother Richard on one of his visits to the vicarage. You are of course aware, Miss Granby, that I lost my brother some years ago.—He was one of your father's oldest friends, Miss Agnes; they were at college together, for Richard was originally intended for the Bar. Mr. Granby wrote me a most touching letter, after his death, which I have to this day, and shall always keep.—But, as I was saying, my brother and I visited at the vicarage fourteen years ago. I was but a young fellow then, while Richard's hair was turning gray.—Do you know, my dear young lady, that you were rather fond of me at that time, and many a romp we had together? I knew you again in a moment, for all you have grown up, and haven't nearly so much colour in your cheeks as you had in those days."

He had kept on talking with a view of giving the ladies time to recover from the nervous perturbation into which his unexpected visit had evidently thrown them. He now drew up a chair, and sat down with the air of one who was determined to make himself at home.

"Pray, Mr. Esholt," said Miss Maria, "if I may venture to put such a question, by what means did you discover our humble retreat?"

"Oh, that's a secret," answered Mr. Esholt with a laugh, which I am bound under heavy pains and penalties not to divulge.—And allow me, with all respect, to remark that I think it was due to the friendship which has existed for so many years between the two families to have informed me long ago that you were in Liverpool, instead of allowing me to make the discovery through another channel."

"Mr. Esholt, sir," replied the spinster, flushing painfully, "you must be aware that my niece and myself are no longer in the same position that we were in two years ago—that our worldly circumstances are now greatly narrowed. We thought it only due to ourselves not to press our indigence on the notice of those who had known us under happier circumstances."

"Fie! Miss Granby. I cannot agree with your philosophy at all. What is a friendship worth that will not help to ward off the strokes of ill-fortune? But I will lecture you on this subject some other day, and succeed in converting you, I trust, to a belief in a more charitable creed. For the present it is enough that I have found you, and you may rely upon it that I shall not readily lose sight of you again. I have been informed, how or by whom matters not, that Miss Agnes has been ordered to spend a month or two at New Brighton for the re-establishment of her health; and judging from her looks, I can well believe such to be the case.—Now, listen, please. I have a cottage at New Brighton ready furnished, with a housekeeper in charge of it. It was bought and fitted up for the use of my sister, who generally passes some weeks there every summer. At present, however, she is in North Devon, and the cottage is empty. Now, if you and Miss Agnes will go and take up your abode there for so long a period as you choose to stay, you are truly and sincerely welcome to do so, and you will be obliging me very much in the bargain."

Miss Maria's fingers began to twitch and tremble, and for a moment or two she was unable to utter a word. Then she said: "Really, Mr. Esholt, while thanking you sincerely for your most generous offer, I am compelled to say that we shall be under the necessity of declining it. Neither my niece nor myself could think of putting ourselves under such an obligation to any one."

"Miss Granby," said Mr. Esholt more gravely than he had yet spoken, "it is absolutely necessary, so I am given to understand, that your niece should have the benefit of the sea-air. The means of obtaining what she requires are placed within your reach. Do you feel yourself justified, allow me to ask, in refusing those means, and thereby retarding your niece's recovery, and all for a slight question of obligation, as you choose to term it? Had your brother and mine been now alive, do you think that either of them would have hesitated to accept such a bagatelle at the hands of the other? While the memory of their friendship is with us, do not, I beg, stand on such trifling observances."

Miss Granby was silent, if not convinced. Her mental perturbation was great. At length she said: "I will leave my niece to decide the question for herself."

Mr. Esholt turned to Agnes with a smile. "What say you?" he asked. "Oh, as for me, no one but myself knows how I long to get out of these close stifling rooms," she replied, looking out wearily across the hot street. "I want to sit on the sands and watch the waves and to feel the cool sea-breeze. Were I to say otherwise, I should not be speaking the truth.—Don't be angry, Aunt Maria, but I feel as if I should never get well while I remain shut up here."

Mr. Esholt won the day. So, before long, it was agreed that the ladies should cross the river to New Brighton the next day but one. Meanwhile, he would arrange to have everything in readiness for their reception, and would come himself at the time appointed and see them safely to the end of their short journey.

Robert Esholt at this time was thirty-eight years old. He was tall and inclined to be thin, and had a very slight stoop of the shoulders. He had a long thin face and a prominent clear-cut nose. All the lines of his mouth and chin spoke of firmness and determination of will; but his eyes, of the darkest brown, rarely lost the kindly look which was natural to them, and lent a softness to his expression it would otherwise have lacked. His whole bearing was that of a keen clear-headed man of business, who knew his own mind and had the courage of his opinions. Few faces were better known on the river than that of Robert Esholt.

Mr. Esholt's visit passed like a freshening breeze over the parched lives of our two ladies. Next day, Agnes felt decidedly better than she had done since the beginning of her illness. She was in a pleasant flutter of spirits, and could talk of little else than Mr. Esholt's kindness and liberality and how she should enjoy herself at the seaside. Mr. Esholt was there to the minute, and saw them safely across the water and duly installed in Syringa Cottage. It was small, but tastefully furnished, and had a pleasant outlook across the mouth of the Mersey. The housekeeper and a girl were there to wait upon them; and by some magic of which they were not cognisant, they found their table furnished in a style to which they had been strangers since Mr. Granby's death, with all these little delicacies so tempting to an invalid's fastidious appetite, especially when coming unexpected. There, too, they found a well-filled bookcase, and, what to Agnes was more precious than all else, a piano. Her own instrument had gone, one among so many other cherished objects, at the sale, and ever since her arrival in Liverpool she had felt like a stranger in a thirsty land for want of it. To-day, as she touched the keys caressingly with her fingers, she could scarcely restrain her tears. But for all that, he felt happier than she had felt for several months past.

Miss Esholt being still from home, the loneliness of his bachelor establishment seemed to strike Mr. Esholt in a way it had never done before during his sister's absence, so he asked permission to visit the ladies occasionally, a permission which they were only too happy to accord. So on Saturday afternoon he left his office earlier than usual and found himself at Syringa Cottage soon after two o'clock. The ladies were out somewhere on the sands, he was told, so he went in search of them. He saw them in the distance, Agnes seated in a donkey-chaise, and Miss Maria walking by her side. He stood for a moment or two to contemplate the picture, and then went forward to meet them. The crisp salt air and the sunshine, combined, it may be, with Mr. Esholt's sudden appearance, had called an evanescent wild rose tint into Agnes's pallid cheeks. Mr. Esholt was struck with her loveliness—for loveliness rather than beauty was the term to apply to her—as he had not been struck before. The ladies received him with unaffected pleasure, and they all wandered about together till Miss Maria declared that Agnes had been out quite long enough. Then they went indoors and had a cosy cup of tea, after which Agnes played for a short time, and then Mr. Esholt rose to go. They pressed him to come again as soon as possible, and he was glad to promise that he would do so.

A month passed away, and found Mr. Esholt at the cottage two or three times a week. The fascination grew upon him, and he could not resist it—it may be that he made no effort to do so. It was something new to him, and he smiled when he thought of it, to find himself in the middle of the day longing for five o'clock to arrive; to find his thoughts, even when on "Change," veering in the direction of the Cottage, while his eye would glance up unconsciously at the large clock visible thence and note the slow lapse of time. The ladies were quite as eager to see him as he was to hasten to them. He occupied their thoughts and monopolized their conversation in a way which could not but have flattered him had he been aware of it, while his more powerful mind dominated theirs and colored their lives far more than they suspected.

The autumn days grew shorter, and Christmas was within measurable distance, but still Mr. Esholt would not hear of the ladies leaving New Brighton. Whenever Miss Maria ventured to broach the subject, he put her down in a quick pre-emptory way which flattered her nerves for an hour afterwards, and made her afraid to hint at such a thing for at least a week to come. His visits were still as frequent as at first: neither wind nor weather kept him away. He was regarded by both ladies with a feeling of lively friendship—a feeling which his every word and action led them to believe was reciprocated. Nothing in his speech or manner betrayed anything beyond that; but all his life he had been trained to conceal whatever feelings it did not suit him to show on the surface. He wore a mask habitually in business, and it had become so far a second nature with him to do so that he often forgot, or did not care, to lay it aside in private.

One wet Sunday evening after his usual quiet farewell, Mr. Esholt held deeper communion than usual with himself on his way home. Standing near the funnel of the steamer, buttoned up in his waterproof and smoking his cigar, he pondered deeply a momentous question. "I am decidedly in love with this girl," he said to himself, "and have been from that first Saturday when I saw her on the sands." He was too sagacious and clear-headed to deceive himself in a matter about which so many men are self-deceived. "The question is, Shall I propose to her or shall I break the affair off?" He never for a moment doubted his ability to do the latter. "I have no reason to believe her heart is touched in the least, so that at present it is a question which concerns myself alone. I must go abroad shortly on business. Why not make that my wedding trip also? Or else take the opportunity to break through this enchanted web as harmlessly as may be? But why not marry her, provided always that she would have me, which seems somewhat problematical? For one thing, there is a great disparity in our ages; but let me only succeed in touching her

heart, be it ever so slightly, and that difficulty, if it be one, will quickly vanish.—But what would Janet think and say?" That was the most awkward question of all—one which brought him, as it were, to a dead-lock.

He was still turning the point over in his mind, considering it from different points of view, when the steamer reached Liverpool, "Come what may," he said as he walked slowly across the landing-stage, "this day fortnight I will either propose to Agnes, or take the express train and break the neck of my passion by flying southward for a week or two after the swallows."

True to his self-made promise, Mr. Esholt let matters go on as usual for another fortnight, showing neither by word nor sign that such things as love or marriage had any place in his thoughts. On the day fixed by himself he sought an interview with Miss Granby, and told her that he was desirous of marrying her niece, and wished to have her consent to mention the matter to Agnes. Miss Maria could hardly have been more surprised had the proposal been about to be made to herself. She held Mr. Esholt in the greatest respect, and stood somewhat in awe of him as well, so that her consent was readily given, though she could not help shedding a few tears as she gave it, while thinking of all that she and Agnes had gone through during the last two years, and of the bright prospect that had now revealed itself so unexpectedly before them.

Agnes sat like one spellbound when Mr. Esholt told her in a few brief impassioned words how deeply he loved her. Frost-bound, rigid as a statue, she sat, even after those words had ceased; while he stood before her, his elbow on the chimney-piece, waiting for her answer. Even in the midst of her surprise and dismay, it struck her as somewhat incongruous to hear this grave middle-aged man of the world discoursing in such wise to a girl like herself. It was as though some long extinct volcano had suddenly burst through the snows of centuries and revealed the fiery heart at work below; for to her youthful imagination Mr. Esholt seemed far older than he really was.

Mr. Esholt changed his balance from one foot to the other, and without thinking what he was doing, looked at his watch. He had not the slightest wish to hurry Agnes, but his business habits kept the upper hand of him even at a time like the present. The movement, slight as it was, brought Agnes back to actualities and helped to steady her thoughts. "I cannot answer you at once, Mr. Esholt," she faltered. "I must have time to think over what you have said. You have surprised me so much that I scarcely know how to express myself. My aunt shall write to you." And so, like a pale ghost, she flitted from the room. In her heart she thought she knew quite well what her decision would be, but just then she could not find courage to put it into words.

All the following week Mr. Esholt was more assiduous at business than usual, and more silent and self-absorbed in manner; only when his letters were brought in each morning he turned them slowly over one by one, as half hoping, half dreading to find that which seemed so long in coming. It came at last, a tiny billet in Miss Granby's crooked, angular hand, containing but three lines—an invitation to tea for the following afternoon.

Mr. Esholt's proposal to Agnes had opened the old wound afresh, which time was beginning to heal over. She was startled to find how dear to her heart the image of Wilmot Burrell still remained. It seemed like sacrilege to think of marrying another. The image was overthrown, never to be upreared again; but in her eyes it was beautiful still. Mr. Esholt she respected, liked, looked up to with girlish reverence; but Wilmot, alas! she loved. Burning tears of love and shame watered her pillow again and again after Mr. Esholt's declaration. Whether she married him or not, the future lay bare and bleak before her, uncheered by hope, without one ray of sunlight to brighten the path which led onward into the dim and unknown future.

Supposing she were to refuse Mr. Esholt, she and her aunt could no longer continue to be the recipients of those kindnesses at his hands which had hitherto been put down to the score of the friendship which had existed between her father and the elder Mr. Esholt. Indeed, their long sojourn at the Cottage had, of late, as she knew, been a source of silent worry to Miss Maria, and it was only for the sake of her, Agnes's, health that they had not brought their holiday to a close some time ago. Now they must perforce fall back into that hard-working, poverty-stricken life from which, by Mr. Esholt's kindness, they had been temporarily rescued.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Russian Bacon Company, with a capital of £150,000, has been formed in London to work for 21 years on a concession grant by Russia to an English syndicate of the government curing factory at Griaza. It is stated that freight to England will be 9d. per cwt. cheaper than the rate from Chicago.

There seems to be no doubt that what our doctors and Health Departments have to do in these modern days is to destroy prejudicial bacteria. Dr. E. L. Shirley, of Detroit, has been reading a paper before the American Medical Association at Washington in which he enunciates the cheerful sentiment that "man is an artificial animal assailed by poisons on every side." He also says that 116 species of bacteria have already been enumerated.

The main difficulty which faces the United States Government with regard to the proposal to prohibit shipment in bond through Canada is stated by the Philadelphia Record:—"An order of this kind would be equivalent to decreeing a commercial separation between the north-eastern and north-western States. It would make them from 150 to 500 miles further apart by rail by depriving them of the advantage of the Canadian short cut. There might follow upon such action some serious political consequences. Probably there's the rub."

The English census returns are showing the tendency of the time to leave the agricultural districts and flock into the cities and towns. In Northamptonshire there has been an average reduction of 20 per cent. in the population of the agricultural districts, and an increase in the manufacturing districts of from 30 to 50 per cent. Several of the larger villages have more than double. All the villages and small towns in South Lincolnshire show reduced populations as compared with 1881. Boston, however, keeps up, having been 18,330 in 1881, and 18,329 now. The agricultural districts in Norfolk also show decreases.

English Marriage Laws.

A case was recently tried and decided in the English Court of Appeal which attracted a great deal of attention, since it had an important bearing on the rights of an English husband over his wife.

It appears that a gentleman named Jackson, soon after marrying, was obliged to go to New Zealand on pressing business. He left his newly married wife in England. Upon his return, he found that she had taken up her residence with her relatives, and, to his surprise, she obstinately refused to go back to him and live with him.

The husband resolved thereupon to exercise the right which he supposed to be his by the time-honored law of the land, and to capture his wife and compel her to live with him whether she would or not.

With some friends he managed to get access to her, and forcibly seized her and carried her off to his own house. There he kept strict guard over her for several days, using, indeed, no bodily violence, further than to take her bonnet away and throw it into the fire, and forbidding her relatives access to her.

The relatives moved for a writ of habeas corpus, which compelled the husband to produce his wife in court in order that it might be decided whether he was lawfully retaining her.

The Divisional Court, before which the case was first tried, affirmed the husband's right to hold and keep possession of his wife's person.

But an appeal was made to the highest court, that of Appeal, consisting of the Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, and Lord Justice Fry; and this highest court reversed the decision of the lower court, and unanimously decided that the husband had no such right; that he had been wrong from first to last, and that the obdurate wife must be released and restored to liberty.

In this country there would probably be but one opinion as to the justice of this decision. But in England, from ancient times, the idea that the husband has a right to compel his wife to live with him has been rooted in the public mind.

In recent years, however, many laws have been passed in England, regarding the rights of married woman, which have been in harmony with modern thought throughout the civilized world.

It is true that the law, which has existed for more than sixty years, forbidding any man to marry the sister of his deceased wife, still remains on the statute book. It has been repeatedly repealed by the House of Commons; but the House of Lords, largely influenced by the bishops, has always refused to do away with the restriction.

While a wife who is deserted by her husband cannot, in England, as she can in most of our States, obtain a divorce from him on that ground, she can compel him to support her, by paying her such a weekly sum "as is in accordance with his means." On the other hand, it seems by the recent decision that a husband has no rights whatever over a wife who deserts him.

By a law passed within ten years, moreover, the married Englishwoman's rights in regard to property have been greatly enlarged. She can now acquire, hold and bequeath property in her own name, without any control or interference of her husband; while she is liable for the debts separately contracted by her. She has thus been placed virtually in the same position, as to property, as a man or as an unmarried woman.

The result of the decision which has been referred to is likely to be, that desertion by a wife in England will be added, in the laws of that country, to the other causes for which a husband can sue for a divorce.

Where They Differ.

In a town in the far West, a crowd of cowboys stood around a fenced enclosure, beside the railroad track. In this enclosure was confined a large bull. The cowboys were amusing themselves by annoying in many ways the poor brute, who was fast becoming furious.

Suddenly, one of their number, lightly vaulting the fence, landed squarely astride of the bull's neck, and grasped him by the horns. The infuriated animal plunged and snorted, but his rider, with wonderful agility, quickly leaped to the ground, and before the bull could turn and gore him, sprang over the fence again to be greeted by the applause of his comrades.

Their attention was soon diverted, however, by the arrival of a passenger train which was just drawing up to the station across the street, and the cowboys, with characteristic shouts and laughter, ran across toward the platform.

Meanwhile, the now maddened bull had succeeded in breaking through the fence, and with tossing head and lashing tail was trotting across the street, bellowing as he went.

Just then a young man, satchel in hand, came running down the street to catch the train, passing on his way some farmers who were standing some distance from the bull.

They shouted to the young man as he passed, "Hi, there! Stop! The bull! The bull!" but he kept on, with a wave of the hand and an "All right! I'll look out for him."

The next instant the bull saw him, and with lowered horns, ran to head him off. But the young man was a fast runner. He passed just in front of the bull's head, which, the next instant, brought up with a thud against the side of the station. It was a very close shave.

Dazed by the shock, the bull stood still for a moment, then turned just as two children, who had arrived on the train and had passed through the station, started to cross the street. When they turned the corner of the building, they caught the animal's eye, and quick as a flash he charged them.

A cry of horror went up from the group of farmers, as the two little girls, now aware of their danger, started to run hand in hand.

A stalwart young farmer soon appeared a short distance behind them. He took in the situation at a glance. By hand running, he overtook the bull when but a few feet from the children, quickly grasped with both hands the horn nearest him, set his feet firmly, and with one quick, strong, downward and backward jerk, threw the animal heavily to the ground.

With the help of the other farmers, who by this time had reached the spot, the bull was secured and led away where he could do no more harm.

Thus, in less time than it has taken to tell it all, occurred perfect examples of three distinct human qualities, which in the minds of many people are often confounded—bravado, recklessness and courage.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Mystery of Growth.

Who has ever seen anything grow? It must be that one who could keep vigil long enough might do so, for last night when I looked into this flower-pot there was nothing there but earth, and to-night there is a slender stem or blade of something half an inch long. There must have been a moment when the green point protruded through the soil, or perhaps it was a white point, and it would have been very possible for me to have remained in a position to watch it steadily for 24 hours. People have done things requiring more patience than that. But though I have been near this flower-pot most of the time, I only know that one sunset went down upon the mould, the next upon a green thing growing.

Shortly I shall see a thicker stalk, a broader blade. If no accident happens, there will be a plant of some sort before me in a few weeks. But, though I vow to watch it, I shall not see it grow. I shall say at intervals, "How it has grown!" but never know when it took this new start or unfolded that new leaf, at what instant the bud appeared or at what moment it opened.

Has anyone actually seen a rosebud open? There is no record that I know of any such fact. The motion that is required is evident. We have seen flowers in every stage, and the process is brief. We almost fancy we have seen it performed, each one of us; but, as I think, I know I never have—have you?

I believe that no mortal ever watched a mushroom take its shape. The thing is usually done in darkness and secrecy; yet, with a lantern, it would be possible to see what could be seen. And yet I am sure that if we should try the experiment, all that would happen would be that we should be aware at some moment that a mushroom had sprouted up—no more.

As to the large plants—the shrubs, the trees, the vines—botanists can tell you how every stage of growth is arrived at; but no one ever saw nature at work.

At what hour does the baby begin to grow? The mother who holds it in her arms for weeks is only conscious that it has changed. The wrinkles vanish, the red turns to pink and white, its eyes become intelligent, its ears curl up, its lips grow plump, its nose acquires a shape. With her arms about it, her eyes upon it, she would say every half hour:

"Why, of course, the baby looks exactly as it did when I began to put it to sleep."

But in eight weeks there is a smiling little creature in a cradle that could not be recognized as the hour-old child—pronounced a very fine boy by the nurse and the doctor, but to unaccustomed eyes, hideous enough to be horrifying.

That fair baby, too, how does it change to the boy, to the strong man? The baby never knows himself.

To almost everyone it has occurred to come suddenly to a realizing sense that he is grown up—without having the slightest idea how it has happened.—[New York Ledger.]

Wash For Trees.

An Ontario correspondent of the Maine Farmer writes as follows:

Take lime, slake, and prepare as for ordinary whitewash, in an old barrel or box, enough at a time to make a bucket two-thirds full—proper consistency for the ordinary whitewash. Now add one pint of gas tar, one pound of whale oil soap, dissolved in hot water, or one pint of common soft soap, or one pound of potash, or one pint of strong lye from wood ashes, or box of concentrated lye, then add clay or loam enough to make the bucketful of wash of proper consistency to be applied with a brush. If the trees have had the earth banked up around them, take the earth away from around the collar, and apply the wash to the body of the trees—from the limbs to the ground or down to the roots. Its advantages are: It will destroy the bark louse, or all scale insects; will give the trees a bright, clean, healthy appearance. This wash will drive out all borers that are in the trees, and the moth will not deposit eggs on or about the trees the same season the wash is applied. All who grow apples, peaches, dwarf pears, or quinces should not fail to use this wash; don't fail to use because not patented and sold at a high price. I have known cases where peach trees became healthy and vigorous with one application of this wash. Again mice and rabbits will not girdle trees where this wash is used. Apply in May for borers and general benefit to trees, and the late autumn as a preventive against mice and rabbits. Gas tar when applied pure will kill trees.

Poultry Notes.

The yearly importation of eggs in England amounts to the sum of \$7,500,000.

Young chickens that are just beginning to run about should be fed regularly every day.

If the eggs shells are fed to the poultry, care should always be taken to crush them thoroughly before feeding.

A hen pays in proportion to the number of eggs she produces; therefore it is an item to feed so as to secure plenty of eggs.

When desired to fatten rapidly there is nothing that will equal good corn meal. Fowls should be given all that they will eat up clean.

One can depend with close, careful plucking upon an average of one pound of feathers per bird from a flock of common geese per annum.

In shipping young poultry at this time see that they are well watered and fed before cooping, and do not crowd too many into the coops.

As a rule hens learn to eat eggs from having them broken in the nest. In arranging the nests have them convenient for the hens, so that in getting in and out there will be little if any risk of the eggs being broken.

Hens like seclusion. They do better when contented. It is best to darken the place selected for a nest. Even though secluded a dark nest gives her but little chance to see about her, hence she will remain more quiet. A nest made of soft cut hay or chaff is as good as any.

In hatching ducks' eggs under hens, the incubation differs from hens' eggs only in the fact that ducks' eggs pip at twenty-five to twenty-six days, instead of nineteen, as with chickens, and also that they generally pip from thirty-six to forty-eight hours before emerging from the shell.

It is stated that Mr. Carling, Minister of Agriculture, is adverse to the scheme of allowing American cattle to be slaughtered in bond at Three Rivers.