The Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER

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Sittings of the Division Courts of the Co. of Halton.

For the Year 1887

Place of Sittings and P. O. Address of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sep.	Nov.	Hour of Opening
1 Milton	Wm. Pauton	28	25	27	15	30	25	10 a.m.
2 Oakville	R. Palmer	12	9	4	13	7	2	10 a.m.
3 Georgetown	L. Grant	18	15	10	12	13	8	9.30 a.m
4 Acton	J. Matthews	20	17	12	"	15	10	10 a.m.
5 Campbellville	S. R. Lister	14	11	6	"	9	4	9 30 "
6 Burlington	G. C. Bastedo	11	8	3	"	6	1	11 "

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, Tuesday 14th June, and 13th December, at 10 a.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, Tuesday, 4th April, and 3rd October, at 10 a. m.

County Court Sittings—Formerly Terms—Monday, 3rd January, 4th April, 4th July, and 3rd October at 10 a.m.

Judges Chambers.—Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, except on Court days and during vacation, at 11 a.m.

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J. BUTTERFIELD, AGENT.

Milton, Nov. 18, 1886.

ADOPTED DAUGHTER

BY ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "TRUE LOVE NE'ER FORGETS," "PASSION AND PRIDE," ETC., ETC.

"Leave me alone to arrange that. My ingenuity never failed me yet at a pinch. In fact, I have already settled on something feasible. The man of money died too soon to suit me. From what I have heard, I did not expect him to go off so suddenly, or I should have been better prepared for action. I could not, under any circumstances, have ventured to send Lora down yonder with a falsehood on her lips till I had gained such influences over her as to induce her to serve her own interests as well as mine by acquiescing in the statement of my death made by Silas."

"You mean, I suppose, that the young girl might prove unmanageable. If you meant her to take her chances with you, wouldn't it have been better to train her up to your hand? Where has she been all this time? Till lately you never spoke of having a step-daughter."

"She was only a trouble to me after her mother died, so I gladly gave her to a friend's wife. I had no intention of ever claiming her again until I heard accidentally about the childless uncle slowly dying in Rio Janeiro. I knew that I could prove her to be his heir-at-law, and if he made a will, it was likely to be in her favour, as I did not know of any other kin James Ross had. Of course I looked after the girl when I know that, and but for these cursed Nugents, things would have gone smoothly enough. To complicate affairs, the son is in love with Lora, and she fancies she likes him."

"That is unlucky, as I mean to marry her myself," said Rosen coolly. "I took a good look at her as she walked up the cabin, and if there is such a thing as love at first sight, I am in for it. She is as dainty as a princess, and a great deal handsomer than most of the royalties I have seen."

"How many of them have you seen?" asked Ford with a mocking laugh.

"Oh, enough for comparison. Didn't you know that I am a travelled man Ford? That I had spent two years in Europe before I had the pleasure of meeting with you?"

"Never heard of it; and I thought I knew you pretty well. How long since you had the chance to criticise great people?"

"Not so very long. Eight years ago, when I was just twenty-one, my father sent me to the fatherland to look after his title and estates. You may laugh, but the old man will tell you that it's true. His elder brother had died, leaving an old, tumble-down castle, and some worn-out land—about fifty acres perhaps—to which the title of Graf was attached; so you see I am of blue blood, and can call myself Count, if I choose."

"Blue blood, indeed! *Brew* blood, you had better say, for the lager your father manufactures has been the making of you, and all belonging to you."

"I won't disparage the lager, although it has not done so very much for me in the way of business. But for my own shrewdness I should have been a hanger-on at the brew-house all my life. I got out of that, though, and mainly by your help. I am not ungrateful, as I mean to take this pretty encumbrance off your hands, after we have settled about her share of the plunder. We will not quarrel about that, however, because I know that it will all come back to her some day, with much more added to it."

"Cool! on my word!" was the sardonic comment of Ford. "It's like your impudence, Carl, to settle the future of my daughter without reference to me. Suppose I refuse to give my consent, what then?"

"Ah, bah! What's the use of discussing impossibilities? Aint I your right bower? Are we not hand and glove in all the great schemes which are to make us kings in the realm of speculation? But for my help you would never bring the half of them to any efficient conclusion. Then why shall you not bind me to you myself with hooks of steel, by giving me, as my wife, the girl who will soon become a nuisance to a man of your habits?"

"All that is true enough, and, to tell you the truth, I had selected you for Lora's husband; but the girl herself may have a word to say on that subject which will upset your plans in that direction. She is wilful and spoiled, and in spite of all I mean to do to win her over, she may turn on us yet, and refuse to obey me."

"As if you would permit *that!*" scoffed Rosen. "When you laid your hand on that girl's fate you meant to bend her to your will, as you well know. If fair means fail, others may be chosen; but I flatter myself that *I* can bring about a smoother state of things. Women generally like me, and I mean to make an impression on the pretty darling. As to the other fellow, I will soon make her forget *him*. I'll tell her about the title, and the family estate, and if she wishes it, I will even promise to go back to the fatherland, and let her reign as a countess over the old ruins. Women are ambitious of such distinctions, you know, and promises cost nothing."

"I shall be glad if you can accomplish all that," said Ford, dryly, "for I do not care to be troubled with a girl's vagaries. I thought once I'd let her go her own way, after I have possessed myself of the fortune coming to her—that is if I found her so unmanageable as to refuse to see where her true interests lie; but if you will take off my hands the trouble of breaking her in, if she refuses to be bent, I will hold on to her, and keep up the fiction of paternal authority."

"Thank you, I will cheerfully undertake the task; but I can't see how you are to do the last, if the girl is to aid you in getting possession of her fortune."

"I thought I had explained that I have matured another plan. At this stage of affairs, it would never do to attempt making use of Lora in any way. If her uncle had not died so inopportunely, I could have gained time to train her as a tool, but now it is out of the question. I have thought of another plan. You remember the housekeeper's daughter at Flath Innis?"

Rosen nodded, and repeated the last words with a laugh.

"Flath Innis! Where in the world did you get such an outlandish name for your island home?"

"I found it in a book, and as I don't often read one, it made an impression on me. Flath Innis means Noble Island, and it was the fabled paradise of the ancient Britons. It was said to be surrounded by tempests, and was situated far in the western ocean. When I took possession of that island located in a part of Lake Erie exposed to frequent storms, and far out of the track of commerce, I thought of the name well suited for it, and gave it to my new possession."

"Umph! Paradise, indeed! Something that means Inferno would be better suited to it. It is there the shiners are made, though, and they help us to make a paradise for ourselves wherever gold can buy luxury and pleasure. But about that girl? I remember her as a young devil, as ready to play tricks as a monkey. I can't see how you are to utilize her."

"Oh, she is two years older than when you saw her last, and much more civilized. I sent her to a Catholic school in Canada, and the nuns broke her in to some degree, though she's a wild filly yet. Elfie is sharp enough to act any part she may be required to perform, and if money is to be made by it she will do it well. Both she and her mother were beggars when I picked them up on the streets of Cleveland, and the woman gladly accepted a home for herself and child on the island, which she has never left since. She married our chief workman, and seems contented; but the girl would like to go out in the world and see something of life if she had a chance."

"And you will give it to her by sending her out to personate the Ross heiress, eh?"

Ford nodded acquiescence.

"Won't it be dangerous to trust such a secret to her?"

"I shall trust nothing to her. I shall require her to go with my brother to New Orleans and claim him as her uncle. Silas will settle all the rest, and he is sharp enough to guard against any imprudence on Elfie's part. If she is promised a thousand dollars for personating Cora Ross a few days, she will be too much elated to care to know more than my brother chooses to tell her."

"I dare say she would be willing to serve her own interest in any way proposed by you, but I should fear to trust such a giddy-pated creature myself. There is no telling at what moment she may play off one of her apish tricks, and betray that she is not the person she represents."

"She will be too much afraid of me to try that. Besides, the creature is really grateful to me for taking her out of rags and squalor, and trying to make something of her. All the education she had before she was sent to Canada she got from me, when at intervals I visited the island. In the evening it amused me to talk with the weird-looking creature, and finding her sharp and bright, I undertook to teach her to read. She was so quick and eager that she soon went beyond that, and the end was I sent her away to school. I know that I can trust her to serve my interests well."

"Um! Of course you know her better than I do, and it seems that in this strait you can do no better. There is the bell ringing for supper, and we had best go in before all the places are taken."

The two arose, and Rosen threw the remains of his cigar into the river, saying as he did so:

"When the ladies go back to their cabin I shall expect you to take me in and introduce me to them. Do your friends go further than Cincinnati with you?"

"Mrs. Grafton will be the companion of Lora for some time yet. I am going to turn the girl's head with flattery and nonsense, if I can, and mind that you help me to do it. Shall I introduce you as Count Rosen?"

His companion laughed.

"That will be a fair beginning, only you may as well have the whole name. When my father emigrated to this country he dropped the last syllable, I don't know why. We are Rosenbergs, and really entitled to our sixteen quarterings. Some day I'll show you the crest of my family."

Ford took off his hat and made him a mocking bow.

"I feel highly honoured, I am sure, to find myself associated intimately with a descendant of Teuton nobles. Never mind the crest. A foaming tankard of beer, with bogus railroad scrip, and bank-notes of the same character, would better typify its grandeur now, I fancy."

Rosen flushed angrily, and then grew very pale.

"Good heavens! what can you mean by speaking of such things in this public place? I should resent such a speech as that if you were not even deeper in the mire than I am. Are you mad, Ford?"

"Only a little touched by the assumption of grandeur on your part. Honour, bright now, Carl—isn't it all a myth, intended to dazzle Lora, and get up especially on her account?"

"Ask the old man," replied Rosen suddenly. "He'll swear at you for meddling in his affairs, but he'll not deny that he is Graf Von Rosenberg, and that by courtesy I may bear the title, too. But the old fellow will think me a precious fool for doing it, even if it is to win the girl I have set my heart on."

Ford shrugged his shoulders, and said:

"I beg you pardon, Carl, if you are really in earnest. You are such a sham, you know, that one can never be certain where fiction ends and truth begins. But we are 'birds of a feather,' so don't let us get to pecking at each other. If you *are* a count, so much the better for the success of our plans with the little Glamrer whose vanity is to be tickled by your title. Come, man, it is folly to flare up with me."

"I know that well enough; but when I *do* tell the truth I don't like my word to be doubted. Yes, we are shams; we are birds of prey; we are the vampires of social life; but if there is honour among thieves, there should also be something like courtesy shown between those of the fraternity who aspire to fill the position of gentlemen."

"You are severe, but I can face the music. But who is talking imprudently now? Don't let your noble blood boil over more than you can help, my boy, for it's dangerous sometimes to speak all one thinks. I have apologized; and supper is waiting for us. Come on, and swallow your boiling wrath with your hot coffee."

Rosen's sudden anger subsided as quickly as it had arisen. He said, in his usually composed manner:

"I was a fool to mind your sneers. Of course, in this plebeian country nobody regards good family but those who happen to belong to one."

"It is natural that those who have no pretentions to blue blood should scoff at the fag-end of an aristocratic family, who has nothing to boast of in himself," said Ford, dryly; but he quickly added:

"That remark does not apply to you, Carl, for you have shown pluck and capacity which proves that you ought to have sprung from energetic yeoman stock, if you did not."

"I thought you were going to say *honest* yeoman stock; but in that case I could hardly have become *your* partner, Mr. Ford," was the cynical reply.

"Excuse me; but while we are bandying compliments the places at table will all be taken. Shall we cease this stupid wrangling and go in?"

Ford walked on to the upper end of the cabin, where he knew a place would be reserved for him by his party, and Rosen found a seat at a lower table, but near enough to watch the girl in whom he proposed to be so deeply interested, and whom he had made up his mind to marry from the first day he had heard of her existence.

He was nearly thirty years old; he wished to marry, and the confidence Ford had lately reposed in him concerning his step-daughter seemed to open the way naturally to such an event. He would have every opportunity to cultivate her acquaintance in the intimate association into which they must be thrown, for he was the constant associate of the man to whom he had become almost necessary, and knew that he possessed more influence with him than any other living creature.

For the first moment he had been struck by the delicate yet spirited beauty of Lora's face, and as he watched it sparkle and brighten as she talked with those near her, he thought:

"It will be an exciting chase, and I shall like it all the better for that. Difficulty spurs me on. I should never have been what I am but for the dear delight of getting the better of the shrewdness of others, and forcing the world to pay tribute to my superior finesse. I have never failed to win yet, and that girl shall be my fairest prize."

Ford said to Mrs. Grafton, as they were rising from the table:

"I found a young friend on board, madam, who is an especial favourite of mine, and I wish to present him to my daughter and yourself. I presume you will have no objection?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Ford," was the reply, though in her heart Mrs. Grafton had great objections to any friend of Mr. Ford's heralded by such praise from his lips. But she had no power to refuse, and with critical eyes she scanned Rosen when, half-an-hour later, he was brought into the ladies' cabin, and formally introduced as Count Von Rosenberg.

Lora opened her eyes widely as she heard the title, and bestowed on her new acquaintance more attention, it must be confessed, than if he had been presented as plain Carl Rosen. She had read of noblemen, but she had never expected to be thrown in actual contact with one, and she was intensely curious to discover if this specimen of aristocratic lineage was as superior to common mortals as such elevated beings should be.

Her ideal was a little shocked at the ordinary appearance of Rosen who, in spite of his foppish dress and curled hair, could bear no comparison with one who, if not "the glass of fashion," was "the mold of form" in her estimation.

"He's fat, and he may be 'scant of breath' before many years," she said to herself, with a budding smile on her lips. "He looks more like a dutch porter than a nobleman, in spite of his fine clothes and hyacinthine locks. Nature never curled that stubbly hair, and it's funny to see a man try to make himself look like a curly dog."

Such was the irreverent comment of this true daughter of America when the scion of an ancient race was presented to her; but she turned her attention to him so earnestly that Rosen was flattered by her manner and thought that he had made a favourable impression on her inexperienced heart long before the evening was over.

He could talk well, and he made every effort to show himself to the best advantage before the young creature who listened with interest, occasionally making some bright sally herself which showed him that she had brains as well as beauty.

"So much the better," he thought, "for smart women always wish to play a brilliant part in society. She will soon think it a fine thing to queen it among her set as the Countess Von Rosenberg. That was a bright thought of mine to utilize the barren old title that the old man only swears at. I wonder what he'd say if he found out that I have resuscitated the family name!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE HEIRESS IS HEARD FROM—STRUCK DOWN BY FEVER.

When Frank Nugent reached New Orleans he found that in the interval between the sending of the letter to his father, which explained the nature of Mrs. Nugent's claims on the Ross' estate and the date of his arrival, the lawyer who had charge of the business had been attacked by paralysis, and was in no condition to attend to the case.

His brain was clear, however, and he could explain what had been done toward discovering a clew to the heiress. She had been advertised for in the usual form in the principal journals, both North and South, and two replies had been received only the day before Nugent arrived. One ran thus:

"NEW YORK, June —, 18—.

"DEAR SIR: If there is anything really to the advantage of Cora Ross to be discovered by communicating with you, I shall be glad to know what it is. The young girl is living and can be produced, together with such evidence as will prove her identity. Please reply, and address me at the Metropolitan Hotel. Respectfully,

"SILAS FLETCHER.

"P. S.—In writing this I am only acting for my brother in his absence. As soon as I can communicate with him he will take the affair in his own hands."

The other was in the shape of a telegram from Cincinnati:

"Cora Ross will be forthcoming. She is on her island home in Lake Erie, but will be taken to New Orleans as soon as possible to claim whatever is coming to her. SAMUEL FLETCHER."

Mr. Pagand, a delicate, spectral-looking man was propped up in his bed with pillows while he received his young visitor, with whose appearance he was greatly pleased.

"I am sorry," he said, "that you have made this trip for nothing, Mr. Nugent. Of course your mother had to be notified of her claims, as she is the heir if Cora Ross could not be found; but I stated how doubtful they were. I discovered the fraud Samuel Fletcher perpetrated when he wished to sell the Lyman estate, as it was called, because it originally belonged to the father of Mrs. William Ross. Her husband had, however, added to it and improved it, and his daughter had a much larger claim on it than the half-sister who really died. Two-thirds of it at least belonged to Cora Ross, and that is why that villain, Fletcher, palmed off the deception he did on the man who purchased the property. I hardly think that Fletcher himself will venture to come to Louisiana. Things might go hard with him if he did."

"Would not such a man be capable of attempting a second fraud?" suggested Nugent. "So unscrupulous a man as he seems to be would do anything for money."

"If he attempts anything like that, of course it must be my business to defeat him. I shall soon be well enough to attend to affairs, and I shall sift every particle of evidence with the greatest care. The girl's identity must be established beyond a doubt before I surrender such a succession to a man like Fletcher. I am sorry for the young lady if she has no better friend than her unprincipled step-father."

"Is there no way to secure the interests of Miss Ross? She is under age; and knowing what you do of Fletcher, I hardly think he is to be trusted with her fortune. He may defraud her of it, as he did of the one left by her father."

"He will certainly do that if he gets the chance. But what are we to do? He has doubtless trained the girl to believe him her father and to have faith in him. By the laws of this State a woman is of age at eighteen, and if Cora Ross says that her step-father is to control her property, no one will have the right to interfere. We can only hope that Fletcher has some affection for the child he has reared as his own, and will not therefore act a very unfair part by her."

After a pause Nugent said:

"I cannot see that my presence here can do any good, Mr. Pagand; so after looking about the city for a few days, I think I will take a steamer for Louisville. I do not regret the trip, as I have seen the interior of a fine country as I came down by rail, and now I shall have an opportunity of seeing the mighty father of waters as I return home."

"Really you are quite a philosopher, Mr. Nugent, to take your disappointment so coolly. Most young men would make a struggle for this fine fortune by at least satisfying themselves that there could be no doubt as to the genuine heiress being produced. If you can invalidate her claims in any way, your side might yet come in and win the prize."

"We have no wish to set up a claim to what does not fairly belong to us, Mr. Pagand," said the young man, a little stiffly. "It is you who must decide as to the identity of the claimant, and even if I remained here, I could hardly aid you to that. I know nothing of these people, and I do not care to meet them. Our interests, such as they are, I can safely confide to you, I am sure."

"Yes, yes; certainly you can do that. I shall soon be well and strong again, and Fletcher will find I am quite a match for him in acuteness. I shall take care of your interests; be sure of that, Mr. Nugent. I suppose he will sent his brother, though, as he will not dare to show his face here himself. The man that wrote to me seems as keen on the scent of the fortune, though, as Sam Fletcher himself could be."

With a faint smile, Nugent said:

"Of course, it will behoove you to be as much on your guard against one as the other. Since the young lady is alive, and coming to claim her own, there can be no further interest to me in prosecuting a claim which, from the first, I have hardly considered it worth while to look into. My parents wished me to come, but all along I have had the conviction that Miss Ross would be forthcoming."

"You leave me to fight your battle for you, then?"

"If there is anything to fight for, I may safely trust it in your hands, I think. Do whatever you think right, Mr. Pagand. I know your repute as an honest lawyer, and I am willing to trust the management of the case—so far as we have one—entirely to you."

"You might put it in worse hands," said the spectre, with a grim smile; "and I promise you that if there is a flaw in Sam Fletcher's evidence as to the identity of the girl, he will not get a penny of this money out of my hands till my doubts are removed. I don't know that you could be of any use if you did remain, and it is hot and unhealthy here at this season. We can keep you notified as to whatever happens when the time comes. It may be some weeks yet before anything can be settled."

"Then I think I shall not tarry very long in your city. The heat oppresses me, and the climate is not healthy for a stranger at this season of the year. If there was any reason why I should risk staying here a few weeks I would do so, but, as things are, I can see no use in that."

"Not the slightest use—not the slightest. I can take care of your mother's interests; and I shall do so, not only to circumvent Fletcher, but to serve you, Mr. Nugent. Now that I have seen and talked with you I shall take a deeper interest in the case than ever. It is so rare to find a man, and a young one, too, who cares for wealth so little as you seem to do."

Nugent flushed slightly.

"I do not know that I can take that compliment to myself, Mr. Pagand. Just now this money would be a great blessing to me, for if it came to my mother I should be in a position to claim the girl I love with all my heart. Without it, I shall have a long probation to endure, and while it lasts I know that every effort will be made to alienate my betrothed from me."

"Yet you are willing to suffer this noble estate to pass into the hands of such a miscreant as I know this Fletcher to be without making a struggle to wrest a portion of it from him? He will defraud the heiress out of the greater part of it, I feel very certain—there is enough to divide and leave a handsome fortune for both parties. If a compromise were effected, and a fair division made, it would be more just than to give up all this money to the grasping hands of Sam Fletcher. I only wish he would dare to come here in person; I would soon make him glad enough to purchase his own safety by accepting any terms I might choose to dictate to him."

"Thank you for the interest you have expressed for me, Mr. Pagand; but the fortune of James Ross was willed without reserve to his niece, and neither my parents nor myself wish to take advantage of the circumstances surrounding her to gain possession of a portion of her inheritance. Sift the evidence brought forward as carefully as you can, and if you are satisfied in your own mind that the young girl who is coming hither to claim my cousin's estate is indeed Cora Ross, give her her own. I cannot think that any other course would be honourable on our part."

"Give me your hand, Mr. Nugent, for it is that of an honest man. It is very rare that such a case as this does not give rise to long litigation, often ending in a compromise. I shall bring all my professional skill, all my acuteness, to bear on the proofs those people must furnish; and you may be sure that I will protect your interests to the best of my ability."

"I have not a doubt of that, Mr. Pagand; and I thank you for your good opinion of me. I have been reared by a noble, high-toned father, and a true and loving mother, and to them I owe it that I shall do nothing to show them how little I have profited by their teachings. Thus can be but one code of honour, and I must act up to that or lose my own self-respect."

They shook hands cordially, and Nugent took his leave after promising to write to the lawyer as soon as he reached his home and communicated with his parents.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Century For November.

With the current number of the Century Magazine begins its eighteenth year and thirty-fifth volume. As usual the November number is especially notable. Great value and, at this time, wide popular interest attaches to Mr. Kennan's paper on the "The Last Appeal of the Russian Liberals," the text of which, for the first time in English, is included in his article,—in fact, the appeal has hitherto not really been published at all. Considering the wide and growing popular interest in Russian life, literature, and politics, Mr. Kennan's series—the result of a special investigation of Russia politics, as seen both in Russia and in Siberia—is likely to create a genuine sensation." The frontispiece this month is a portrait of Washington by Wright of Philadelphia, made in 1784, and now for the first time engraved. Silhouettes of Washington, John Washington, and Benjaman Franklin, made by themselves and not before printed, also appear in a paper on "The Homes and the Haunts of Washington," by Mrs. Contance Cary Harrison, which reproduces with much picturesque illustration the life and scenes of Mount Vermon and Alexandria in Washington's time. A short paper by Mrs. Sophie Bledsoe Herrick, on "Mount Vernon as it is," completes a full account of the chief American shrine. The special art feature of the number is the sculpture of Aug st s Saint Gaudens, of which several beautiful examples are reproduced, including two of his portraits in bas relief, the large relief portrait of Dr. Bellows, the Puritan statue at Springfield, Mass. the caryatid from a chimney-piece in the house of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and the figure of an angel for the tomb of the late Governor Morgan. The fiction of the present number is especially notable, including the beginning of two serial stories: "The Graysons," a tale of Illinois life in the first half of the century, by Edward Eggleston, and a novelette of Acadian life by George W. Cable, entitled "Au Large," the scene of which is the neighborhood of "Grande Pointe," the characters being substantially the same as in the novelette of that name. Mr. Eggleston's daughter, Miss Allegra Eggleston, furnishes an illustration for "The Graysons," and Mr. Kemble one of his sympathetic studies, a 'Cajun type, for Mr. Cable's story. "A Little Dinner" is a short story of "society" by Mr. William H. Bishop. Additional results of Mr. Kemble's visit to Louisiana in the interests of "The Century" are seen in the striking drawings which are given with a paper by E. V. Smalley on "Sugar-making in Louisiana." Mr. Smalley supplements these pictures by descriptions of the actual processes of the industry, and brings to light, in compact form, many interesting facts and considerations in relation to sugar-making. Professor John T. Stoddard of Smith College Contributes a second paper on "College Composites," in which he shows the results of his experiments in the combination of photographs, the examples being drawn from the classes of '87 at Amherst, Bowdoin, and Williams Colleges, Cornell, Harvard, and John Hopkins Universities, and the Sheffield Scientific School. Composites are also given of the classes of '87 of the Harvard Annex, of Mount Holyoke Seminary, Smith College, Wellesley College, Wells College, Vassar College, together with a co-composite of all, including a group of two hundred and eighty-seven, which may be considered the type of the American college girl. There is also a composite from negatives of fifteen nurses at the McLean Asylum Training School, Somerville Massachsetts, and another of thirty-eight of the Harvard Faculty. The conclusion of the Battle Serics is emphasized in this number by an admirable presentation in text and pictures of the breakup of Lee's army and the surrender at Appomattox. The article is by General Horace Porter, and is entitled "Grant's Last Campaign." With the November number the Lincoln History reaches a most interesting part of the great President's career, the period between his election and his inauguration, and one upon which, by their personal relations to him, Messrs. Nicolay and Hay are able to throw much new light. This installment contains large quotations from unpublished M. S. letters to and Lincoln. The separate chapters deal with the Montogery Confederacy, the proposed Constitutional amendment the President-elect, Alexander Stephens's speech and correspondence with Lincoln, and Mr. Lincoln's answers to questions as to his policy. Portraits are given of Howell Cobb, Jefferson Davis, E. B. Washburne, Thurlow Weed, Alexander H. Stephens, George D. Prentice, and John A. Gilmer. The poetry of the number is contributed by Dora Read Goodale, Charlotte Fiske Bates, Charles H. Webb, H. C. Bunner; and in "Bric-a-Brac," by Louise Chandler Moulton, Maria H. Burditt, James Herbert Morse, Frank D. Sherman, Arthur J. Mundy, and Margaret Vandegrift. In "Topics of the Time" the Editor says a word to the readers of the Century to remind them of the national spirit, freedom of opinion, fair play, and hospitality to ideas at which the Magazine has aimed. There are also editorial articles on "A Phase of Political Independence" and "Sanitary Legislation in American Cities" In "Open Letters" there is a communication on the education of the blind, by Edward B. Perry; a discussion of the sugar tariff, by Horace White, the planter's argument having been given in Mr. Smalley's paper; "The Incompetence of Legislative Bodies," by Charles Fiske; and "Lyrcshing," by the Rev. Dr. Deems.

It is now stated that Lady Dre y jumped overboard from the yac t while delirious from fever and although her husband dived after her, he was too late to save her.

Mr. Walsh, the proprietor of a Wes ern paper, has been sentenced to fi months' imprisonment for publishing reports of meetings of suppressed branches of the National League.