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For Weal or for Woe;

Or, A Dark Temptation

CHAPTER XVI.

The servants had been up, and the decorations had been going on since long before daylight at Leighton Hall on this memorable day, and it was a gala scene on which the golden sun rose.

Crimson and gold bunting floated from the majestic trees, the colored waters of the fountains glowed rainbow-hued in the clear, bright light of the early day; brilliant lanterns swung from the green branches, and the lawn was dotted here and there with great vases of passion roses, lilies of the valley, and circles of variegated flowers.

The interior of the hall was quite as gorgeous.

Great banks of roses, palms and magnolia blossoms greeted the eye wherever one turned.

Ione Leighton told herself as she gazed critically about her, that the lawn fete and mask ball which was to follow in the evening would be a grand success.

The guests began to arrive early in the afternoon, and soon the lawn, the park, and the old Hall were thronged with merry maidens and gallant, handsome young men.

The window of Gay's room afforded an excellent view of the entrance gate, and as carriage after carriage dashed up the avenue, depositing their gay, chattering burdens, a little figure with a death-white face and great, burning, dark, tear-swollen eyes crouched behind the heavy, silken curtains, peering breathlessly and eagerly out.

Percy Granville was rather late in arriving.

As he stepped from his coach Gay watched him with a wild sob of the keenest pain; she never noticed how haggard the handsome face was, upon which the sunlight fell.

If he had but known—if some kind fate had but warned him whose eyes were watching him from the window where the silken curtains were so closely drawn, what a world of agony might have been spared two hearts, whose every throb was for each other!

When Percy alighted he turned quickly toward the coach again, then Gay saw that he was not alone; two white, jeweled hands were held out to him, and the next instant a silken-clad figure sprung into his outstretched arms.

One glance at the proud, triumphant blonde face as it was turned toward her, then poor Gay reeled back from the window with the keenest throe of jealousy that ever rent a young girl's heart—she had recognized Evelyn St. Claire.

In the bitterness of that terrible moment Gay remembered the haughty heiress' words, "We were lovers before you came between us; but, mark me, the hour will come when his mad infatuation for you will die away, and his heart will return to me and its old allegiance."

"His heart has gone back to her," moaned Gay, rocking herself to and fro with piteous sobs. "I was mad to dream that I could win him. I have come between him and his love. How he must hate me for it. Oh, Percy, my love—my lost love—how I wish that I were dead!"

At that moment there was a hurried tap on the door.

"Is that you, Grace?" she asked, vainly trying to keep back the sobs that shook her voice.

"Yes," answered Grace Leighton. "I'd like very much to come in. May I?"

For answer Gay opened the door, but Grace stood quite still on the threshold.

"What's the matter, Nell, have you been crying?" she demanded. "Why, your eyelashes are wet with tears; has—has Ione been saying anything cross to you?" she inquired, smoothing back the bright golden curls that clustered around Gaynell's flushed face with her cool little plump hands.

"No," said Gay, choking back a hard sob; "only I am very unhappy, Grace, and I feel just—just as if every one in the world hated me."

"You must not talk like that, Nell," cried Grace Leighton, throwing her white arms in impulsive girl-fashion about the slender waist, and kissing the dimpled peachy cheeks. "I like you better than any girl I have ever known. Don't grieve because you were not invited to the lawn fete, though I know how awfully hard it must be to listen to the music and to be cooped up here when you are longing with all your heart to dance.

"Don't grieve, I say," she went on breathlessly, "for I have planned just the jolliest little lark for you that you could ever imagine. I'm going to smuggle you into the ballroom this evening, and you shall enjoy yourself to your heart's content behind a friendly mask. Now don't look at me with those big, startled, dark eyes of yours, for come to the ball you must. No one will be one bit the wiser. I have the jauntiest and the sweetest costume for you imaginable. You are to be the fairy bride. Come, now, what do you say?"

"Oh, Grace, I—I—don't know whether I ought to go or not," murmured Gay, faintly yet down in her heart there was a passionate throb of joy at the prospect of being so near Percy—herself unseen—a joy so keen that it was almost pain. "You are so kind to me, Grace," she faltered; "every one is so cold and cruel to me. I think I should die if I were to lose your friendship."

"My friendship is a lasting one," replied Grace, promptly. "I could do anything in the world for you, Nell."

She wondered why Gaynell looked so earnestly down into her eyes, then turned away with quivering lips.

Poor Gay! if she had only confided in Grace—reckless, impulsive, warm-hearted Grace—it might have been better for her.

"Grace," she said, suddenly, catching the girl's two white hands in her own, "no matter what you may hear of me in the future—no matter what fate might tempt me to do—promise me, Grace, you of all the world will believe in me—you will never lose your faith in me. There are dark, pitiful secrets in many lives," she went on, "that drive one to the very verge of madness in one's woe. If you love me, pray for me, Grace. My feet are on the edge of a yawning precipice."

In after years Grace Leighton remembered the haunted look of terrible despair in the beautiful dark lustrous eyes raised to hers, and remembered the piteous quivering in the sweet, girlish voice.

It was not very hard, after all, to gain Gay's consent to be smuggled into the very midst of the jolly maskers in the ballroom—every throb of the girl's heart urged her to accept what chance offered her—one more opportunity of being near her love.

"I will go, Grace," she whispered tremulously.

"That's right," declared Grace. "After it's over you will tell me it was the happiest hour of your life. I'll go and bring you the dress directly, for it is nearly dark now."

It was the gayest masked ball in high life, that was ever given. The grand parlors, the reception-rooms, and the magnificent dancing-hall beyond were ablaze with light from a score or more of electric globes, and odorous with the perfume of gorgeous banks of tropical plants and roses, that made the scene appear like a glimpse of fairy-land.

And it was a quaint and novel sight that caught and held the eye.

Gorgeous princesses, in their shimmering satin robes and waving plumes, masks covering their dainty, smiling faces; stately young queens ablaze with diamonds and golden crowns; the trimmest and most coquettish Spanish, Normandy, and gypsy maidens that ever were seen leaning upon the arms of their graceful masked partners, or whirling in the mazes of the bewitching, bewildering waltz.

Gay had just entered the glittering ballroom, and Grace smiled triumphantly as she beheld her—she and she alone knew her by her costume.

More than one pair of admiring eyes turned to look at Gay.

She stood a little apart from the rest, radiant in the white, glistening robes of a fairy bride, a great crimson, dewy rose on her breast, her misty veil caught back by a sparkling blood-red ruby star.

A white silk mask reached to the pretty red mouth; white kid gloves extending to the elbow set off the soft, pearly pinkiness of the lovely rounded arm above it, and white kid slippers that Cinderella herself might have worn, they were so exquisitely trim and dainty, peeped coyly out from beneath the silvery silken skirts.

In her hand she carried a simple spray of orange buds.

There was one guest who never took his eyes from that slim girlish figure since Gay had first made her appearance in the ballroom.

With slow, deliberate steps he crossed the hall and gained her side.

For one brief instant the world seemed to stand still around poor, hapless Gay; the wonder was that she did not die, so great was her emotion as she raised her eyes and saw the tall plumed knight bowing low before her.

She knew it was Percy who was standing before her—the handsome, passionate lover who had married her on the impulse of the moment—the lover who had first awakened her heart with the sweet possibilities of love when he pressed upon her lips that thrilling kiss at the altar—the man whom she loved with all her soul, at whose very name she trembled, whom she idolized in her girlish heart, who had vowed so earnestly he would shield her forever from the cold, cruel world, who had sworn eternal constancy while the gleaming stars overhead shone on them—who had sworn all this, then cast her off.

Yet, for all this, how her passionate little heart went out to him!

How she longed, with a pitiful yearning words cannot tell, to touch his hand or rest her weary head just one minute on his breast, and feel his arms close tightly around her.

Poor Little Gay's brain whirled; she seemed to live ages in those few moments.

Should she throw herself on her knees before him and cry out:

"Oh, Percy, Percy, my darling, I am not guilty of leaving the village with Harold Tremaine of my own free will. I was forced away—abducted. Listen to me, my love. Hear my pleadings—listen to my prayer. I have been more sinned against than sinning. My life has been as pure as an angel's—take me back to your heart—love me again, or I shall die."

The handsome plumed knight bowed low before her with a winning smile.

"The band is about to strike up a waltz," he said; "may I claim it?"

Gay bowed—she dared not trust herself to speak—and placing her little gloved hand on his arm, they were whirling away the next moment to the measures of the music.

Percy wondered why the slender form in his embrace trembled so—how was he to know that it was because the band had struck up that tender waltz refrain—"There's Nothing Half so Sweet in Life as Love's Young Dream."

Gay was thinking how cruelly her dream of love had been shattered; and she was vaguely wondering why God gave some young girls the lover their hearts craved, while others were cruelly awakened from love's young dream.

They had reached the entrance of the conservatory and there Percy paused abruptly. He did not pretend to understand the strong inclination that swept over him to clasp that slender figure close to his heart—closer than the courtesy of the waltz permitted him.

"Will you come out into the conservatory and see the fragrant flowers?" he asked, drawing the little trembling hand through his arm.

He bent his handsome, fair head eagerly toward her, but he could not hear the faintly articulated reply that fell from her lips.

He had felt such a yearning toward this little creature beside him—an attraction—such as he had felt toward Little Gay on that starlit night he had escorted her home from the Highland House; and the love scene that was enacted under the glimmering light of the golden stars rose vividly before him.

For once the cool, green, flower-embowered conservatory with its perfumed, murmuring fountains and fragrant blossoms was quite deserted.

Percy found his companion a seat beneath a blooming aloe tree. He longed to ask her to remove her mask, but that, of course, could not be; he could not see her face until the gilded clock in the ballroom was on the stroke of twelve.

To be so near her love, yet further apart from him than the cold, gleaming stars in the blue heavens, was more than Gay's tortured heart could endure.

She forgot the bitter words of the cruel letter that had nearly cost her her young life—forgot if they ever met again it was to be as strangers. She only remembered she was standing face to face at last with the handsome young lover who had won the love of her girlish heart.

And with a piteous cry Gay slipped down on her knees at his feet crying out:

"Oh, my love, my love, don't you know me?"

CHAPTER XVII.

Over the fragrant roses of the dim conservatory, over the soft strains of the dance music that floated out to them, Gay's clear young voice rang out shrill and piteous as she flung herself down on her knees before the tall, handsome knight, crying out:

"Oh, my love, my love! Don't you know me?"

For one brief instant the heart in Percy Granville's bosom seemed to stand still; he regained his composure with a bitter sigh.

How mad he had been to imagine Gay's voice had spoken to him; Gay, his beautiful young bride, whose lips he had kissed cold in death.

He turned to her courteously, quite believing she had mistaken him for another.

"You are evidently in error," he said kindly, bowing low before her, and removing his mask with one hand; "we are strangers, you see."

Gay recoiled from him with a choking gasp.

"Strangers"—the word seemed shrieked out shrilly on the perfumed air.

It was written in letters of scorching fire upon her brain.

The cruel words of the note he had penned recurred to her with stinging force.

"If we meet again, let it be as—strangers."

Gay sprung to her feet, her lovely face as white as the silken mask that covered it.

The answer that sprung to her lovely lips, and which would have changed two destinies, never was uttered, for at that moment one of the servants of Leighton Hall entered the conservatory, glancing hastily around.

His face brightened as he saw Percy Granville standing unmasked under the drooping branches of the aloe-tree.

"I was afraid I should have some difficulty in finding you, sir," he said. "A telegram has just arrived for you from Redstone Hall."

And he put the envelope he held in Percy's outstretched hand.

At that moment Evelyn St. Claire entered the conservatory.

"I see you have found Mr. Granville," she said to the man, staring hard at the lovely young figure beside him as she spoke. "I hope no one is ill at Redstone Hall."

Evelyn too had removed her mask and was standing before Percy, laying one white jeweled hand on his arm.

This was more than the tortured heart of Little Gay could bear; she turned from them and fled like a flash through the gorgeous tropical blooms out of the conservatory.

Percy was too astounded and bewildered by this sudden action to think of following her or attempting to account for it.

Evelyn St. Claire turned to him with a smile:

"Your partner wishes to leave you by yourself while you discover the contents of your telegram," she said.

"She might at least have permitted me to take her back to the ballroom," said Percy, anxiously and thoughtfully.

He tore open the buff envelope as he spoke, and ran his blue eyes over the message; as he read his face grew white, and his eyes troubled.

The contents of the telegram banished all thoughts of the beautiful partner who had fled from him so strangely from his mind for the time being.

The message was dated at Redstone Hall, Passaic, and was from Dr. Gray, the family physician.

"My Dear Percy,"—it ran—"Your uncle, General Granville, has met with a fatal accident—you must return home without delay if you would see him alive."

Percy's lipe grew white as he read the last words slowly aloud.

Evelyn St. Claire gave a little hysterical sob as she wrung her white jeweled hands together.

"Let me accompany you back to Redstone Hall, Percy," she implored; "I could not dance the long hours of the evening away listening to mirth and music while he lies dying."

He pressed her hand gratefully, telling himself that Evelyn had a tenderer heart than he had ever suspected.

Half an hour later their carriage stood before the porch of Leighton Hall. Ione and Grace bade them good-bye with the most sincere regret.

"I am sorry such a sad circumstance takes you away from us so unexpectedly," said Harry Chesleigh, grasping his friend's hand; "I had so much to tell you over our cigars after the masked ball was over."

"Perhaps your uncle may not be as seriously ill as you suppose," said Ione Leighton, sweetly; "will you write me and let me know just how he is soon after you return home? I shall be so anxious to know."

"I will write you all about it, Ione, after I get home," put in Evelyn, with just the faintest suspicion possible of triumph in her voice, as the thought flashed with lightning-like rapidity through her brain: "The artful minx, how quick she is to seize upon an opportunity to get up a correspondence with Percy—but I'll baffle her."

Ione flushed burning red under the flaring light of the carriage-lamps.

"Then I will be indebted to you both for letters, letting me know how he is," she retorted maliciously, turning her black eyes full upon Evelyn.

"I shall be very pleased to write you in reference to uncle's condition immediately upon my return home, Miss Leighton," said Percy, sincerely grateful that she too took such an interest in his uncle, and at that moment the thought drifted across his mind that some time he would write her, inquiring who the little creature was who took the part of the fairy queen at the masked ball.

(To be continued.)

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RED FLAG IN THE LORDS.

The House of Lords has undergone many shocks of late, and nervous peers are anxiously inquiring "Where's it all going to end?" The Hon. Charles Lister, heir of Lord Ribblesdale, is a Socialist, and so also is the Countess of Warwick. Not long ago the Duchess of Sutherland confessed to a belief in Socialism, and now Earl Russell has joined the Fabians.

Earl Russell.

Earl Russell is not a sentimental youth who has been seized with a sudden fad for Socialism. He is now 47 years of age. It was 34 years since he succeeded his grandfather, the great Lord John Russell, so that he has been in the peer business for quite a long time. He is related to both Lord Ribblesdale and the Stanleys of Alderley, and is a member of the great house of Bedford.

In his time Earl Russell has played many parts. He has served in the army, studied electrical engineering, is a barrister, and has given proof of literary abilities. He has served on the London County Council, and is credited with the responsibility for some of the most advanced proposals made by the recent Divorce Commission.

Earl Russell has declared himself in favor of the nationalization of land, and this declaration has excited very great interest, in view of the fact that he himself owns land in Ireland, and his distinguished relative, the Duke of Bedford is one of the wealthiest land-owners in the world. We may yet be favored with the spectacle of Earl Russell vigorously supporting Mr. Lloyd George in his forthcoming land campaign, and raising aloft the red flag in the House of Lords. He has for long been regarded as the "bad boy" of the ducal family, and some of his peers would dearly like to convert him to more orthodox views or quietly suppress him.

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HOME

Winter Puddings for Children.

Contrary to popular belief, suet puddings, although heat-giving and nourishing, are not good for young children, who find them difficult of digestion. By substituting vegetable butter or nut lard for suet, and following the recipes given below, delightful puddings may be placed before the little ones, nourishing them as well as pleasing their palates.

Feather Pudding.—Mix together 6 ounces of flouf, 3 ounces of granulated sugar, and 3 ounces of vegetable butter or nut lard. Add a teacupful of stoned and cut-up prunes, dates or raisins; figs and currants, of course, must never be given to young children. Boil a breakfastcupful of milk, stir into it half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, the lumps being carefully rubbed smooth; pour this into the dry materials, and mix quickly but thoroughly. Have ready a well-buttered basin, large enough to hold twice the quantity of pudding; half fill it, cover with greased paper, and steam for four hours. It must not be boiled. Serve with sauce made of golden syrup boiled with water, thickened with cornflour, and flavored. Or make the sauce from a penny packet of jelly tablet, lemon, raspberry, or strawberry flavor. Follow the directions for making the jelly, but use less water and serve it hot, or whisk it to a froth when nearly cold, and add it to a plain melted butter sauce.

Ginger Pudding.—This is always a nursery favorite. Take about half a small jar of preserved ginger, and free it from the syrup, letting it drip till dry. Cut it into dice and mix with it, stoned and cleaned, 2 ounces of raisins. Beat ¼ pound vegetable butter to a cream with the same quantity of castor sugar. Stir in 6 ounces of self-raising flour, add the ginger and raisins, mix to a soft dough with milk, put into a buttered basin, allowing plenty of room to swell, and steam for four hours. For sauce, mix two or three tablespoonfuls of the ginger syrup with the same quantity of water and bring to the boil. Have ready a tablespoonful of cornflour rubbed smooth with cool water, and boil a few minutes. Put in a small piece of butter just before serving.

Nut Pudding.—Nuts are considered unwholesome for children, and are undoubtedly so if eaten as dessert after a hearty meal, but when cooked and forming part of the dinner, are perfectly wholesome, and are always much enjoyed. Mix ½ pound of self-raising flour, ½ pound of breadcrumbs, and 4 ounces of ground Brazil nuts together, Brazil nuts are so rich in fat as to make a good substitute for suet. Add the grated rind of an orange, and its juice, and mix very thoroughly. Make into a stiff dough with milk, put into a buttered basin, and steam for four hours. Turn out and put a good slice of butter on the top, sprinkle lavishly with brown sugar, and serve with a sauce made by beating equal quantities of sugar and butter to a cream.

Special Rice Pudding.—Rice pudding is too everyday a pudding to be much relished in the nursery, but this variety will be sure of a welcome. Put 3 ounces of rice into a buttered dish, add a quart of milk, 2 ounces of ground Brazil nuts, and sugar to taste. Mix well and leave soaking for some hours. Then put into a slow oven, and bake very gently for three hours. Serve with cream, or add a well-beaten egg just before serving up.

These puddings are all very nutritious, and may be used as substitutes for meat, most children preferring them.

Two Spinach Dishes.

Spinach Soup.—Wash the spinach well in three or four waters and cook it in as little water as would keep it from burning, stirring it constantly. Boil from 10 to 15 minutes, according to its age. Drain it and rub it through a sieve and take five tablespoonfuls for the soup. Slice one large onion; boil it in boiling salted water; drain it and fry in one heaping tablespoonful of butter to a light brown. Boil one quart of milk with one dozen whole white peppers and add the onion. Simmer it gently for half an hour, strain out the onion and whole peppers and add the prepared spinach. Mix all smoothly and boil up, thickening it, if necessary, with butter and flour worked together. Serve with croutons of fried bread.

Spinach Pudding.—Three or four rolls are soaked in water or milk, and when soft pressed and rubbed through a sieve; then add one chopped and browned onion, four heaping tablespoonfuls of cooked spinach, four yolks of eggs, seasoning of salt and grated nutmeg. When everything has been well mixed the stiffly beaten whites are folded in. Butter a mold, sprinkle with fine breadcrumbs, fill with the mixture, cover with a buttered paper and steam for two hours. When cooked the mixture is turned out of the mold and served with butter sauce. If the pudding is cooked in a double boiler in the oven it takes less time to become firm.

Useful Hints.

Clothes will not freeze fast to the line if a cloth is dipped in salt water and rubbed over the line when the clothes are ready to hang up.

If there is too much blurring in the rinsing water, all bad effects can be avoided by adding three or four tablespoonfuls of household ammonia.

Croquettes, when fried in deep fat, should stand in a warm place for half an hour before frying; this will make them brown more quickly.

To wind a curtain, remove it from the brackets, wind it up by hand and then put it into the brackets and pull it out full length. Repeat if necessary.

If the baby is too little to hold playthings, fasten them by a string suspended above him in such a position that they will not get out of his reach.

Towels should not be put in the guest-room when they are brand new. Use them until they have been laundered several times and lose their stiffness.

When using oil for frying the oily taste can be taken away by making the oil very hot, and then fry a piece of onion in it. When brown, take it out.

After sitting for a while embroidering, the eyes and back are apt to become tired. Try putting a flat pillow on your lap. The change of position is very restful.

A ball of string in the guest room is a convenience. Often when a guest is packing, there is need of string. A bunch of baggage tags in the desk will be appreciated.

Corn can be very successfully roasted in a thin skillet by putting two tablespoons of lard in the pan with the popcorn. Put a cover on securely and shake it about on top of the range over a very hot fire. The corn will pop quickly and thoroughly.

When turnips are young, wash them off carefully and boil without peeling. You will find the thick rind will cook as tender as any part of the vegetable and the flavor will be much improved.

When the vinegar cruet has become clouded, clean it by putting a teaspoonful of lye in it; let this remain for a few days, then wash out. It will be perfectly clean.

Every kitchen that is covered with linoleum should have rag rugs or strips of carpet placed on the floor when one stands to wash dishes and in front of the working table. The feet do not get nearly so tired if this is done.

Lettuce can be kept very fresh if it is thoroughly washed, then all the water should be shaken from the leaves and it should be put in a tin pail with very tight cover, then set in a cool place. The lettuce will be crisp and fresh the next day.

PRINCE ALBERT A SAILOR.

King George's Second Son Leaves on Six Months' Voyage.

Prince Albert, the second son of King George, sailed from Devonport recently aboard the training ship Cumberland on a six months' voyage. He will go first to Teneriffe, Canary Islands, and then to the West Indies. He will arrive in Porto Rico on March 18, in Jamaica on March 22, at Havana on April 3, and at Hamilton, Bermuda, on April 10. From the latter place the ship will go to Gibraltar, Malta and the Mediterranean.

It was planned at first to give Prince Albert a special cabin aboard the ship, but the King promptly vetoed this. He declared that his son must be treated as an ordinary cadet. For this reason he travelled from London with fifty or sixty other cadets, carrying his hammock and handling his own baggage. Some of his comrades tried to screen the Prince from the camera men, but Albert told them not to trouble themselves about it.

He went aboard the ship in the most formal manner. Capt. Smith received the cadets in the order of seniority.

"When one comes to live as long as I have," says Sir George Birdwood, who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday, "any fear of death has vanished."

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FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE

NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S SHORES.

Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to Irishmen.

A destructive fire broke out at Seafield House, Monkstown, the residence of Mr. J. E. McCormick, J.P.

Considerable damage was done by a fire which occurred in the Labor Echange on Bow Street, Lisburn.

The death is announced at Dunshaughlin Workhouse in county Meath, of Michael Smith, aged 116 years.

As a result of an epidemic of measles 16 children died in Ballinasloe during the first week in December.

Between twenty-five and thirty ton of hay, the property of Jas. Bagenall, Annaharney, have been destroyed by fire.

The monthly fair was held at Ballyclare, but there was only a moderate show of cattle and trade was rather dull.

A bull was roasted alive in an out-house of Mr. Birkwyse, Glengormley, Belfast.

Mr. Thomas Barkley, the well-known Belfast solicitor, died with tragic suddenness at his residence, Traumere, Osborne Park.

Damage to the extent of $4,000 was done by a fire that broke out on the farm of J. D. Crosbie, of Ballyheigue Castle.

At Leinster Assizes in Dublin, Patrick Jordan, 73, was found guilty of murdering his wife and was sentenced to death.

The famous old Irish castle, The Island, Waterford, the seat of Mr. G. P. Fitzgerald, is shortly to be offered for sale.

William Bert, a farmer, living near Ballyconnell, county Cavan, shot a black bird which had a gold ring on one of its legs.

Mr. M. F. Keogh, secretary of the Dublin and S. E. Railway Co., has been appointed manager of the Midland G. W. Railway Co.

A serious fire occurred at Moydrum Castle, Athlone, the residence of Lord Castlemaine, and some of the servants had narrow escapes.

The Committee of the Dublin Master Printers' Association has decided that an immediate advance in all prices for printing is necessary.

The local Government Board have written to the New Ross District Council, complaining that their rent collector was $1,000 in arrears.

Bishop O'Dea of Galway, opened a handsome new hall, which has been erected at a cost of $5,000 for the residents of the Claddagh.

Mr. John Shiel, J.P., Kilbegnet House, Roscommon, has been fired at by poachers, a portion of the shot piercing his clothes, but he was not hurt.

Michael Kearney was at the Munster Assizes sentenced to 5 years' penal servitude for the manslaughter of Michael Doolaghty, on the Creagh estate.

Owing to the shortage of meat, caused by the cattle restriction, the demand for fowl in the County of Tipperary fowl markets has greatly increased.

A. J. Slush, farmer, was building a load of hay at Torlugan, near Aughnacloy, when he was thrown from it and the wheels of the cart passed over him, killing him instantly.

TASK FOR NAVAL OFFICERS.

Must Choose Husband for an Orphan Girl of Toulon.

Naval officers are not often called upon to perform such a delicate task as that set out in a circular which emanates from the French Ministry of Marine. It runs thus:

M. Ruyter Warfusse has bequeathed to the town of Toulon a legacy destined to promote marriage between an orphan girl of good character and a sailor of proved sobriety, the former to be selected by the Mayor of Toulon and the latter by the senior Captain of the squadron of vessels now anchored at Toulon. Would-be candidates for the legacy must send a statement of their qualifications accompanied by documentary evidence to this officer not later than December 25.

The couple selected must, according to the terms of the will, be married on the forthcoming feast of the Epiphany and undertake to have at least four children.

TWO KING'S LETTERS FOUND

Curious Discovery at Town House of Dukes of Wellington.

It is said that a most curious discovery has been made at Apsley House, Hyde Park Corner, London, the town house of the Dukes of Wellington.

In the cellars there has been found all the private and State correspondence of George III. and George IV. These documents, covering a vital period of over sixty years, must include Napoleonic references of great interest. The letters, etc., have been removed to Windsor, and are now being sorted by the King's librarian.

According to one of these documents the Iron Duke's name was never Wellesley. The family name was Colley, and his grandfather was adopted by an Irishman named Wellesley.

It's awfully hard to convince a man that he is getting a square deal.

Grandmother — "Whatever are you doin' with the boy?" Grandfather—"He's gone and took his medicine without shakin' the bottle, so I'm shakin' it for him."

Father Time—"Black Knight assures a bright New Year to all users".

It's a paste—easily applied—and gives a brilliant, black polish that is not affected by the heat.

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