Wild Trifficant' room

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

A TALE OF TO-DAY,

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Author of "The Shadow of the Sword," "God and the Man," "Stormy Waters," &c.

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CHAPTER XIX -THE GREAT WATERS.

For a brief space Jake Owen was paralysed with disappointment. He stood haggard and wild upon the quay, watching the mighty thip till it disappeared. and to the eyes of those who observed him, he seemed rather like a man mouraing some loved one who had departed from him than one intent on terrible

reverge. But his was a nature of strange tenacity. Had he lain hands upon his enemy, as he had hoped, he might have spared him; but his purposs, from being defeated, grew in strength and violence-so that he was more than ever bert on bringing the fee to bay. Recovering at last from his stupor, he rushed to an hotel and consulted a time table, from which he discovered to his joy that a vessel sailed that day for Liverpool from Hobokon, on the other side of the

Without losing a moment he proceeded by car and ferry to Hoboken, and arrived there in time to got on

beard the vessel, which was under weigh. The John Macadam was a serew steam-vessel of about 3000 tons burther, belonging to the famous Macadam h. e of packets, trading between Liverpool and New York She carried both cabin and intermediate passengors, as well as a large steerage complement forward. Her captain was Andrew Machherson, a sturdy, weather beaten Scotchman, and all the officers, as well as the surgeon and a large portion of the crew, belonged to the same nation. On week days the vessel was spick, span, and business. like from stere to stem, and on Sunday it was solemn ssachuch. When the captain read prayers in his bread Annandals accent, it was like a Covenant meeting on a Scotch hill-side.

Jake Owen, not being wasteful of money, had taken a berth in the intermediate, or second, cabin. His companions were small traders, Jews on the pilgrimage to the shrines of Mammon, farmers returning from a trip to the new country, and one or two rough miners retureing home to bring out their familles.

Lost in gloom, and deeply determined on revenge, Jake kept almost entirely to himself, while the great vessel steamed out through the dark waters, leaving the white elephant of Coney Island behind her and steering due east into the ocean. The dull mechanical thur der of the engines, c asing neither night nor day, kept tune to the miserable throbbing of his brain, to the deeper beating of his sad, overburdened heart. Surely, he thought, no man breathing on this

planet could be more miserable, no man, however infertunate, could have had a heavier load to bear. His passion for Jess had been the master purpose of his simple life. What tore his soul to freazy, what he could not endure or reason calculy upon, was the bitter cense of shame at having been so cruelly befooled. For the poor follow was proud as Lucifer, and he felt himself in the present situation an object for all the norld's contempt. Well, it was all over. Jake had drunk his cup of

humiliation to the dregs; and all he thirsted for now was a meeting with the man who had mixed the poison for his drinking. Would he find him? Yos, if be hunted the earth from pole to pole. And then?

Revenge, more than almost any other evil passion, leaves its signs upon the outer man. Fow men would have recognised in the gaunt, moody, gray-haired creature, with that cinel. far-off look in his eyes, the tall and powerful Jake Owen of a year before. He were a rough seaman's jacket and a wide-awake, he had given up shaving, and altogether looked more like n low-class adventurer than an honest son of toil. The night- and days passed on, Jake had made no

male friends and was generally voted a sullen, disagreeable fellow. Yet the purifying breath of the sea had not altogether failed to do its work. He was calmer now and not so restless; as determined as ever to have it out with his enemy, but not so cruel. We are creatures of the elements we breathe, and oxygen, if absorbed in full measure, will disintegrate eren revenge, as well as solider secretions.

Only one person in the intermediate cabin had awakened his interest in the slightest measure. This was a young woman of about his wife's age, and not unlike her in features, dressed in widow's weeds, and accompanied by a little girl about five years old. Her look of abstraction and deep uchappiness had tirat attracted him. Here, he thought, is some one almost as miscrable as myrelf.

During the rough weather out, the woman was very ill, and as she was quite helpless and alone, Jake paid her some little friendly attentions, for which she seemed very grateful. One evening, when the vessel was labouring in a calm but heavy sea, they got into conversation, and after some hesitation she told him something of her story.

Her maiden name, she said, was Ellen Windover, and she was going home to join a married sister at Plymouth. Six years before she had married, or so she thought, a gentleman who said he was an officer in the army, and who had met her when she was a governess in a wealthy quaker family, in the suburbs of Philadelphia. For about a year, and up to the birth of her child, she lived a life of comparative happiness, despite the fact that her husband was of idle and dissipated habits. At last, however, he left her almost without a word, and almost simultaneously she was informed that he had another wife livinga discovery which, she said, almost broke her heart, "The villain!" cried Jake, indignantly. He added, with flashing eyes, "Aye, the parsons are right

"I have forgiven him long ago," said the woman, sadly. "My only grief now is for my little girl." "And you have never seen him since?"

-there must be a Hell!"

"Never, air!" "Well, maybe it's better so. The Lord will punish

him somehow, make no mistake about that!" The woman lifted her eyes timidly to his face, and with genuine intuition, almost guessed his secret. "I think," she said, "that you too have been unfortunate. I only hope your misery has not been as great as mine."

Flushing to the temples, he forced a laugh. "No, my lass," he returned. "I ha' had my ircubles like other mon, but a man wi' health can defy the blue devils. It's strange, though, that in so bonny a world there should be so many wicked devils unfit to live. Aye, aye, there must be a Hell! There are some men-and maybe some women, too-that need purging in fire. Your mate was one o' them, and I know another! It's him I'm follering across the aca."

And with a forced laugh and a nod, he walked away, and looked sullenly across the lonely waste of

Days and nights passed away, till the vessel was Within a few days' sail of the North of Ireland, when suddenly there swept upon her a furious southeasterly gale, laden with the spume of Antarctic frost and fog. It was an anxious and awful time. The passengers were kept prisoners below for forty-eight hours; but Jake Owen, who knew something of sea-Craft, offered to make himself usoinl, and was allowed to keep his place on deck and assist the men. t was a strange scene, a curious mingling of the picturesque and the diabolic, and he watched it with a sort of savage delight.

The great from ship lay helpless as a straw in the trough of the sea, and as the mighty waves came rolling up with crash of thunder and flash of foam, they washed her stern to stem, staved in her boats to starboard, cleared her decks of every loose fragment. and on one occasion, upleaping high as the fannel, nearly put out her engines. For twelve hours together, it was necessary to keep her head to the gale, but despite the power of full steam, she swang This way and that way at the mercy of the billows, and had the not been built of mallable stuff she would have split to piecer.

The old captain kept the bridge, trumpet in haud, and had the Caledonian hymn book in his pocket. For days together his solo sustenance was whisky in mederate doses, qualified with natural piety. The hubbub below, the thunder above and all around, Were deafening, but the grim old Scot never lost his head. He gave his orders as calmly as if he were String the psalm from the precentor's desk, and regarded the vast Ocean as just so much contemptible matter in disturbance, which a word from the

Almighty could stop at once. At last the gale ceated, and there came a great peaceful lull. The captain dived down into his cabin to sna'ch a little sleep, the seamen crept hither and thither repairing damages, and the chief officer guided the good ship on her way to port. The next morning, however, the found herself in a fog so dense that it mas impossible to see the end of her own nose—that is to say, of her bowsprit; and as it was some days tince the sun had been visible, or it had been possible to take any reckoning, the engines were slowed to half spred, and she stole through the fog, leadenly

like a blied woman groping her way. The feg increased, till all was black as Erebus on

every side. The air was so bitter sold that the masts and shrouds were frozen, and the decks crackled like ice underfoot. There was not a breath of wind. The sea, still rolling with the force of the tempest which had subsided, was sinister looking and black as ick.

Jake watched the old captain and his officers in frequent consultation, and saw by their looks that they were very anxious. At last the engines atopned altogether, and the ship rolled in the seas like a log. while they waited for the fog to clear. Every now and then soundings were taken, and entered in the ship's log.

Thoroughly tired out by the exertions of the last few days, Jake went down to his berth and slept like a log for many hours. He was awakened at last by a hard rearing and crashing, and simultaneously he found himself nearly swinging out of his borth by a lurch of the vessel to leeward. Hurrying on his clothes, he ran on deck, and found that the fog had pertially cleared, and that another tempest, from the scuth east this time, was blowing great guns.

It was just about daybreak, or so it seemed by the dim, wan, doubtful light which flickered now and again in the eye of the bowling wind. Olinging on the bridge, the captain was trying to get a reckoning, and after infinite struggles he partially succeeded. The result did not seem reassuring, for the ship, instead of being allowed to continue on her way, was put round to face the gale, and the engines increased to full speed.

Such was the fury of the tempest, however, that she seemed to make no way whatever, and again and again she fell off and drifted sidelong in the trough of the sea. The clouds and vapours trailing low upon the water, swept over her and mingled with the upleap-

ing waves. All day long, if day it could be called where all was a doubtful and sinister twilight, this state of things centinued. When night came the blast had somewhat slackened its fury, but the violence of the enormous seas was greater than ever.

Meantime, the prasengers were tossed about with

mingled feelings of discomfort and terror. Again and again, as some more than usually violent sca struck the ship, making it quiver through and through till destruction scomed imminent, the cries of women and children rese from the cabin. Many fell upon their knees, clinging to the quivering woodwork, and prayed. Among those who ecemed least panicat icken was the peor woman named Ellan Windover. Pale but

calm, she watched by the side of her little girl, who was too prostrate by sea sickness to comprehend the danger. On the night of which we now speak Jake found her kneeling by the child's side, and wetting its lips with a little milk and brandy. "Things be mending, I think," he said, going over to her. "At any rate the wind has fallen. How be

the little lass?" "Very ill, sir. She has caten nothing for so long, and was never very strong." "And you? I'm glad you keep up your courage.

Many men aboard might take a lesson from you. She looked sadly up into his face. "If it were not for my darling, I should not mind

much what had happened." "Come, don't say that!"

"Ah, sir, my life is wasted and I have little left to live for. Perhaps it would be better for both of us if we sunk down this night into the deep sea."

As if in very answer to her words, at that moment there was a crash like thunder, the cabin in which they stood seemed rent and riven, she herself was thrown violently forward on her face, and Jake was shot like a bullet right away to leeward. The after part of the cabin shot up to an angle of fifty degrees, forming an inclined plane, at the bottom of which struggled a mass of shricking human beings. Another crash! and another! Then instead of righting herself, the ship stood firm, raised up aft and dipping down forward, while thunder after thunder of raging seas roared around hor. She had struck.

With a wild cry of horror and surprise, Jake crawled rather than ran up the companion, and came cut upon the deck. What a sight met his eyes! The breakers were white as milk around the ship, rising and whirling high up into the air, and on every side was horrible darkness. The wailing of the wind, the loud quivering of the vessel, the crash of the seas as they smote upon her, the shrieking of the officers and the benildered crew, all stunned the ear and filled the sense with horror.

The truth soon became apparent. Beaten backward before the blast, now fronting the seas and now blowing sidelong, she had at last drifted on some terrible reef or shore. The engines were going at full speed, but she was wedged in between the sharp teeth of the submerged rocks. Nor was this all. The propeller, half broken away and daugling by the steering chaics was beating like a sledge hammer on the ship's sides, threatening momently to stave them in, and as Jake s'ood listening and gazing, an enormous sea, sweeping over the vessel forward, rolled right over the decks, swept into the engine room, and put out the fires.

What next happened he scarcely knew. The crew seemed distracted, and the terror stricken passongers, thricking and struggling, many in their night dresses, swarmed the deck. Up on the bridge still stood the old captain, roaring out his orders and trying to still the tumult.

Suddenly a wild shrick went up that she was going to pieces. Another enormous sea swept her from etem to stern, carrying away with it many human beings. At this moment Jake Owen saw the young woman clinging to the door of the intermediate companior, holding her child in her arms. He rushed to her assistance. As he did so there was another crash which stunned him. He seemed to be drawn down, down, into some whirling gulf of darkness, and when he recovered consciousness he was clinging to a spar and struggling like a straw in the trough of the foaming waters.

After many hours, he and two others, seamen of the ship, were picked up by a passing vessel. All the rest, including the brave old captain and Jake's one friend, had been swept, with the John Macadam, to the bottom of the sea.

CHAPTER XX .- THE PRODUCAL RETURNED.

THE mutual recognition of husband and wife, and Gillian's awoon following upon it, happened so swiftly that the witnesses of the scene did not at first comprehend what had happened. Venables was the first to recover his presence of mind. He laid Gillian on the sofa, and taking from a table near at hand a glass flower stand dipped bis fingers in the water, and threw the drops smartly in her face. "My darling Gillian !" said O'Mara, bending over

her. "My wife! Look up, and speak to me." "Your wife?" cried the baronet, pausing in his ministrations. Mr Herbert echoed the words. Dora meantime was clinging to her mother's insensible hand, and sobbing over her.

"Yes," cried O'Mara, with a face of agony, "my dear wife! Separated all these years and now to meet like this! Ob, sir, if you are a friend of her's-if you bave a heart to pity us, send a messenger at once for a dector."

Venables leaned against the wall with a stifled mosn, like a man stunned by a physical blow. "His wife?" he repeated, wonderingly, as if the words bore no significance.

Mr Herbert, recalling a little of his lost presence of mind, bade Dora run for Barbara. At first the child only clung the faster to her mother's hand, but after a little persuasion left the room. "This is no place for us, Wenables," he said,

touching the baronet on the arm, "Come!" He took the poor fellow by the arm, and led him, dazed and stupefied by this sudden cruel blow, from the room which, scarcely a minute before, he had entered so gaily with his affianced wife. O'Mara looked after him with a grim, soundless laugh, which changed again to an expression of harassed solicitude

"Eb, my poor lady!" cried the faithful servant. She went on her knees beside her, and loosed the collar of her dress, and held a bottle of smelling salts to her nostrils.

as Barbara entered the room with Dora.

A faint colour tinged Gillian's cheeks and leaden ligs. She shivered, sighed, and opened her eyes, looking around vacantly. "Mamma !" cried Dora, "oh, mamma, don't look

so, Speak to me, mamma." Memory returned at the sound of the loved voice.

and Gillian cast her arms about the child. "Ah!" said O'Mara, in a tone of devout gratitude, "thank God, she returns to life. Thank you, my gord weman. Leave us, if you please, and take the child with you." "And who be you?" asked Barbara, wonderingly

and suspiciously. "I am this lady's husband," answered O'Mara.

"Leave us, Barbara," said Gillian, in a low voice. " He speaks the truth. Go, my darling." She kissed Dora with icy lips, and rising led her

firmly, though with uncertain steps, to the door, and closed it on the beseeching, tear-stained little face. As she turned O'Mara came towards her with a radiant smile and hands outstretched. "Don't touch me !" she cried, "don't come near

me. The knowledge of your presence is enough. Her horror of the man, who after years of cruelty and desertion, had returned to dash the cup of happiness from her lips, banished her weakness. My darling l' cried O Mara, in a wounded voice.

"The shook has turned her brain," he added, pityingly, for the behoof of Barbara, or of any other possible listener. "What do you want here ?" asked Gillian, "How

"By the purest accident, my dear Gillian, entered the house and asked permission of your venerable friend the Vicar to sketch the interior of this charming room. You still retain—usy, you have positively improved upon—the exquisite taste you always possessed. While conversing with him, my chi'd, our child, Gillian, came into the apartment." He produced his handkerchief and made play with

did you come?"

it at this moment. "I learned from her own sweet lips that her name was Dora. My memory flew back to the time when I had possessed a cherub of that name, and even then when yet I was ignorant that the child was mine nature seemed to draw me to her. I half thought that I could trace in her little lineaments the features I had loved so well."

He flourished the handkerchief before his eyes.

"It was too good to be true, I thought; such bliss was not for me, and yet, not only in her face, but in her voice, her manner, in her happy frankness, the child recalled the wife I had never ceased to mourn. The little one, perhaps with a divine instinct that I had need of consolation, asked for music. This beautiful dwelling, the odour of the flowers, the sweet Englishness of the scene, the presence of the child, her name, with its remains of that happy time wa spont together, two short, alas, and shortened I must own, by my own intemperate folly, which I have bitterly repented, and which, I see in your dear face, you have long since forgiven; all these influences flooded a heart which, with all its shortcomings, has ever been open to the influences of external beauty and poetic feeling. The dear old song you used to sing came back to me, "Home, sweet Home." Ah, I thought, as my fingers dwelt upon the keys, if this peaceful and beautiful dwelling were indeed my home, if this angelic child were the Dora I had loved and lost, if you were by my side, as in the dear dead days ! And the dream is true, my Gillian, my bride!"

The strained and flimsy rhetoric, the theatrical gesticulations with which he spoke this rigmarole, contrasting with the diabolical balf grin upon his face, was an epitome of the man's character. The words and voice were for the possible listeners, his gestures expressed his sense of the dramatic value of the situation, the smile baspoke a pleasant sonse of humour. It is not often that a born torturer has a more perfect chance of displaying his instincts than this that fate had just put into the hands of Mr O'Mara. He made a second step towards her.

At his first advance she had shrunk from him in terror, but now she stood firm, drawing herself to her full height, and meeting his eyes with a look which

changed his mocking regard to one of half-sullen admiration. "Listen," she said, quietly "I know the powers you have, the privileges the law gives you I know that all I have is yours, that it is just as much in your power to day to strip me of all I possess as it was to rob me seven years ago. You are welcome to do so.

Take all I have—I shall speak no word of complaint, make no effort to assert the right—I know God recognises though the law denies it. But try to do no more. Lay a hand upon me, advance one step towards me, and you will find that I am not unprotected. I have but to raise my voice to have you thrown out of this house like the thing and cur you are. You will be wise not to provoke me to such a measure. Go, and leave me to myself for awhile." Her calm did more than any raving denunciation

of him could have done. The quiet contempt of her words and look left him quite untouched, but he recognised the force that lay behind them, and gave way, marking his retreat in his usual flowery glances. "I comprehend, Gillian. You want quiet to accus-

tom yourself to these changed circumstances. I can understand that my sudden apparition is something of a shock to you. I am not here to rob you, as you call it. You do me injustice in thinking that the prosperity of your circumstances adds one iota to the joy I feel in finding you. It is not your wealth I want, it is only yourself; the affection you once had for me I would revive. Try not to think too harshly of me, Gillian. I was not blameless in that past time; I admit my faults, my errors, I confess them with tears. I leave you for a time, your better nature will conquer -1 am sure of it. You will forget and forgive the creors I deplore, you will hear the call of duty and affection. We shall be reunited. Here, in this delicious spot, I shall taste the felicity which in my foolish youth-I confess it, Gillian-I threw aside, God bless you, darling, and our dear little one. I will return presently to meet, I hope, the reception dear to a husband and a father."

He left the house, and walked towards the village, hin face grown hard with lines of calculation. "I shall have trouble with her," he said to himself.

"Gad I how infernally handsome she is. These last seven years have improved her prodigiously. used to be a little thin. I arrive appropos. That burly baronet was hard hit when I proclaimed my identity, but I don't suppose I shall have much trouble with him I have made one friend already in that thick-witted old parson, and to have the clergy on one's side is half the battle with women. But that fellow Bream will be the clou of the situation, I'm

He reached the "Pig and Whistle," where Stokes was smobing his pipe in the porch. O'Mara passed him with a slight sideward motion of the head, and, went upstairs to a room overlooking the street. A. minute later Stokes knocked and entered.

"Well?" he asked, eagerly. "Your penetration was not at fault," said O'Mara,

"Mrs Dartmouth is my wife." "You've seen her?"

"Yes, and she has seen me." "What did she say?"

"Nothing you would be the wiser for knowing, or that I should care to repeat." "I can believe that," said Stokes, "if you treated her as you did the others out yonder," with a jerk of the head in the supposed direction of America. "I can find it in my heart to wish as I'd never told you anything about Mr Broam and the acrapbook."

Meyer mind what you could find in your heart. my good Stokes. See if you can find a bottle of

dinkable brandy in your bar." Stokes went and returned with the brandy. O'Mara motioned him to a seat on the other side of the table. "Just to get things straight in my mind," he said,

"I will tell you the morning's adventures." He told them, plainly and succinctly, as he could speak when he chose, and Stokes listened.

"What do you make of that?" he asked, when he had finished. "She's going to bolt," said Stokes," "and she'll

most likely take the kid with her." "That is my reading of the situation also," sald O'Marn. "I shall want your help, Stokes."

"Then I wish you didn't," said the publican, un asily, nerving himself with a gulp of spirit, "and I've a ---- good mind as you should do without it." O'Mars, with his hand on the table, and a cigar

stuck in the corner of his mouth, looked at him with a smile of dry, contemptuous inquiry. "I'm sick o' being made a tool and catspaw of. I had enough o' being your jackal, out yonder. Nice jobs as you put me on, too! If I'd ha' held my jor about that parygraph, as likely as not you'd ha' gone away from here no wiser than you'd come. And if

seen you ---- [Mr Stokes's lauguage was remarkably forcible at this point] afore I'd ha' said a word." "You are really shockingly immora, Stokes," said "Go it, go it!" said Stokes, disgustedly. mean it, though. Mrs Dartmouth's a lady. When I was down with the rheumatic a queen couldn't ha' been kinder than she was to me. Jelly and port wine, every day she sent me. The poor man's Frovidence

I'd ha' krown as Sir George was sweet on her, I'd ha'

-that's the name they give her hereabout. A nice providence you'll be to anybody, won't you? And Sir George is a good sort, too; he's going to rebuild this place and give me a new lease on the old terms." "Bucolic Philistine!" said O'Mara, "why can't he leave the house alone? It's charmingly picturesque, I am afraid, Stokes, that you didn't shed many tears

over that paragraph announcing my untimely decease." "I shouldn't cry over better men nor you, Mr O'Mara."

"Wonderful are the ways of providence," said O'Mara. "When that infernal ruffian left me on that beartly hill, twenty miles from anywhere, I little thought what a good turn he was doing me. I wonder why he kept the letters; though, for the matter of that I don't quite know why I had kept them myself. I'm glad he did keep them. I wasn't popular in that part of the States, and his death with those letters on bis person was a godsend to me." "Yes," said Stokes, "the devil's mindful of his

"Thank you," said O'Mara, sweetly; " and now,

to business. I think with you that my wife will probably try to run away, and, as you suphemistically express it, take the kid with her. That must be stopped. It's my intention to stay in this delightful spot, for a time at least, and I want no avoidable scandal. You must watch the house and have the pony and trap in readiness. If she goes, follow her. and wire me the earliest possible information."

"Why should I?" asked Stokes, who had been

drawing pretty freely on the brandy bottle. "You're disposing of one pretty free, you are. You leave me alone. I came to this place for peace and quietness, and I've had it till you come to make mischief, as you always did. I'm a reformed character, I am. You go and ask about the village if I ain't a respectable

There are one or two other communities, my Stokes," returned O'Mara, "where your record would not bear sifting so well. Do you remember a little affair at Oleoville, in '68 wasn't it? You are remembered there with quite a tender interest. Did you

ever hear of the Extradition Act?" "You're a virtuous character, you are, ain't you, now?' said Stokes. "'Pon my soul, you're a cool hand, to take that sort of tone with me. Split on me, th? We'd make a pretty pair side by side in the dark, my sweety. You're as deep in the mud as I am in the mire, if it comes to that."

"Precisely," said O'Mara, calmly, "Which helps to make our interests identical. My dear Stokes, we are in the same boat, and, as usual, I am at the helm, so it will take what course I choose. The work is exhaustibg, let me speak plainly."

"If you can," grunted Stokes. "I can and will. Our danger and our interests are the same. You want to settle down as a moral and virtuous character in this delightful village. So do I, and we're going to help each other. That's the situa-'tion in a nutshell."

"But what am I to get for it?" asked Stokes. "I shall give you one hundred plunds for your original information, and a further sum to be settled between ourselves for such further services as you may perform. And now, waste no more time, go to the Court, and keep your eyes open. I'll go meanwhile to that dear old ass of a parson, and get him to muzzle Bream. He's the only real danger, because he's the only one of the crowd with a head on his shoulders."

[To be Continued.]

[Begun January 10. Back numbers may be had.]

## SUICIDE OF A BANKER. On Monday evening an inquest was held at Pimlico,

London, into the circumstances attending the death of Mr Lionel Charles Drummond, aged 57, a banker, lately residing at 45, Chester square, who committed enjoide by abooting himself through the head with a double-barrelled gun. Deceased was found on the floor of his dressing room dead, with a gun between his legs. Deceased's solicitor, Mr John Hopwood, said his late client had no pecuniary troubles; indeed his affairs

were flourishing. He had a controversy, however, with a gentleman, and feared litigation. He had been very unhappy and nervous about it. On February 28th, when he last saw him, deceased intimated that he was going to abandon the dispute he was concerned in, and witness concurred, although he was sure decensed would have won. He lived happily with his family, and it was witness's opinion that deceased lost his balance through contemplated litigation, Servants having described the deceased's condition

prior to death. Dr J. P. Bartlett, a surgeon, stated that he had attended deceased on and off for 15 years. He was just recovering from a sharp attack of acute bronobitis. The day before his death deceased was shaved and had his hair cut, and was looking forward to

going out on Monday. Police-Inspector Downie produced a letter which he found in deceased's pocket, which the coroner said was addressed to Mrs Drummond. The contents were of a very painful nature, and it would suffice to read the following sentence:-"Struggling against this, and I feel that madness is coming on." Dr Waugh said deceased had shot off the upper part

of his skull. The shot entered the left temple. It was quite possible that the gun might have gone off by accident. A verdict of "Suicide whilst temporarily insane" was returned.

## A BANKRUPT'S SUICIDE.

The inquest on the death of Edgar Baker, who committed suicide by jumping into the Harbour near Eristol Bridge on Thursday week, was held by Mc Washrough, city coroner, at the King's Arms, Meadow street, on Monday afternoon.

Mr Holman Gregory, who represented the deceased at the meeting of his creditors, was present at the

William Thomas, brother-in-law of the deceased, said that the latter was 38 years of age, and was a licensed victualler, baving been till lately landlord of the Radnor inn, Nicholas street. Witness had seen him since he had taken the licensed victualling business in Bristol, when he said that he had taken the business under a misapprehension as to its value. He became bankrupt, and filed his petition about a fortnight previous to his death. When witness naw his brother-in-law last the latter appeared strange in his manner. He said he had been swindled in buying the business. The peculiarity of his manuer was so marked that witness spoke to him on the subject. The deceased complained of pains in his head, and was greatly depressed.

William Savill, of 10, Bath street, said that he had seen Mr Baker constantly since he came to Bristol. On Thursday, at half-past one, he left witness's house, and he was then in a very despondent condition. He met with an accident while at the Radnor by falling down a flight of stairs, and this seemed to have affected his head. He had been staying at witness's house for about a month. When he left the house on Thursday he said he would come back again in a few minutes; but he never returned, The suicide occurred a few minutes afterwards.

In answer to the Coroner Mr Gregory said that at the meeting of creditors the deceased appeared greatly depressed. Thomas Bolwell Pearce said that he was with the

deceased before he committed suicide. He was with him the greater part of Thursday morning. He appeared to be in good health, but was depressed in his mind. He left witness about twenty minutes past one o'clock, they having arranged to meet each other the next morning. A few minutes afterwards witness saw a crowd on Bristol bridge, and found that a man had jumped into the water and was drowned. He was afterwards informed that it was Mr Baker.

P.C. Guard (51 A), said that about 1.45 p.m. on Thursday, he was on duty on Bristol bridge. He saw come people running towards the side of the bridge and shouting that someone was in the water. Witness randown the steps to the water with one of the Humane Society's hooks, but could not reach the man. Two young men put off in a boat and escured the body, which was by that time quite lifeless. It

was then removed to the mortuary. The Coroner said that there was no doubt that the man committed suicide, and it seemed as though he must have been suffering from mental abstration at the time. With regard to his business, whether he was taken in or not he (the coroner) could not say, but it had clearly been a losing concern for the poor man, and he had lost his all. There was no doubt that these circumstances had such an effect upon him that his mind gave way under the pressure.

The jury returned a verdict of "Suicide whilst temporarily insane,"

### SUICIDE. MYSTERIOUS Dr R. Macdonald hold an inquiry at the Red House

coffee palace, on Wednesday, into the circumstances attending the death of Francis Stanley Strachan, aged 21 years, a clerk in the Prudential Assurance Company, and lately residing at 10, Grayling road, Stoke Newington, whose body was recovered from the river Lea, near Tottenham Lock, on Friday, the deceased having mysteriously disappeared from his home of the 31st of January last. Archibald John Strachan, residing at 7, Holly Park

villas, New Southgate, said he was an insurance clerk, and the deceased was his brother. He last saw his brother about two o'clock on January 31st last, He had never heard him threaten to commit suicide, neither had he seen him with firearms. When the deceased left home he had about 17s or 18s. He had been home from business for two days, as he had been under the doctor's care. The letter produced was in the handwriting of deceased, and ran as follows:--"The reason why I commit this act is because I have no pleasure in life. I have tried to find pleasure

and comfort, but have not succeeded. I am weak minded, that causing me to be unsatisfied with myself. Nobody but myself is to blame for this act.— F. S. STRACHAN." Edward Brennan, keeper of Stone Bridge Lock, deposed that on Friday last he was walking near the

river when he saw the body floating. He procured assistance and sent for the police, who conveyed the body to the mortuary. Percy Newin, a clerk, of 199, Church atreet, Stoke Newington, deposed to being out with the deceased

on the morning of his disappearance. He left him to go home about 11 o'clock in the morning. He did not appear to be in any trouble, and witness had never heard him refer to suicide. Dr William Hall, of Tottenham, deposed to examin-

ing the body. He found a bullet wound in the forehead. He had since made a post-mortem examination and found the bullet had passed to the base of the skull. The pistol must have been held high, and pointing to the forehead in a downward direction. This position must have required great determination. He eventually found the bullet under the scalp. Death must have been instantaneous.

The Coroner having summed up, the jury returned a verdict of suicide while temporarily insane.

Michael O'Brien Dalton, the Tipperary campaigner, was released from Kilmainham prison on Tuesday, baving completed his sentence of four months' imprisonment.

Mrs M'Cann, a lady of Irish descent and the oldest inhabitant of Falkirk, was buried on Tuesday. Mrs M'Cann, who died on Saturday, was 105 years of age.

She had been a widow 40 years.