## NOW FIRST PUBLISHED. THE WEDDING RING, A TALE OF TO-DAY,

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

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CHAPTER XXIII,-FLIGHT. State Ely had Sir George disappeared when Gillian became conscious of a lond contention of voices in the garden. For a moment she fancied that O'Mara and the baronet must have broken into open quarrel, and listened with a sick apprehension of new disaster. but a moment later she recognised the voice of Earbara in the debate, mingled with another which and there saw her faithful servant engaged in a her mind. struggle with her brother-in-law, Jake Owen. Gillian had forgotten the man's existence, and recalled it by

"I tell 'ee," said Jake, who was white and feeble, but strung to an energy not his own by some fearful excitement, "I tell'es I heard him. Snouldn't 1 know his voice? Theer aint two like it in the world. Let me go, lass, let me go. He's close about. He can't ha' got far away by this time."

Barbara clung to him and held back. Jake, Jake! take a thought, lad, and remember where ye be. Is it likely as he'd be here? Do act reasonable, now, and don't 'ee go there, frightening the soul out o' my poor lady, as has enough to bear "I heard him, I tell ee," repeated Jake. "I heard His eyes fixed, and the ghastly pallor of his face deepered. "Sh'," he said, setting Barbara asi le with a strong gesture. "He's there, I've got him,

Quiet, my lass. Gillian, fixed to her place behind the curtains, with borror saw him start with winding steps and crouching body a few paces forward, and then, with a sudden buring, strike hurriedly at the empty air with a formidable looking knife. \_\_ him!" he said, "he's gone again! What

are ye doing with him?" he said fiercely to Barbara. "You're hiding him from me. You, Jess's sister! Te're false, my lass." "Come back, Jake, come back to your bed,

pleaded Barbara, "ye're not fit to be about, my poor "But I saw him," persisted Jake, though with an accent on the word, which showed that a flash of complete sanity had made him doubt the countenance of the vision. "I saw him, right there." "But ye saw him this morning," said Barbara,

"and Jess, too." "Ay !" said Jake, "lying dead and white at his feet. That was only a dream, lass, but this time--"It's only a dream, too, Jake. Come back to your bed, my poor lad." Jake looked about him with a pathetically puzzled

face, and Barbara's gentle pressure on his arm allowed her to lead him away. Time had slipped by unnoticed on this day of strange events, and it was with a sort of dull surprise that Gillian saw the finger of the clock upon the mantel-shelf pointing to within five minutes of the hour of Sir George's rendezvous at the spinney. She began to wonder whether it would be right or wise to

go, and so debating went. Her mind was a chars, with no definite sensation save one of vague, hopeless She passed through the dusk of the open spaces of garden and farm, faintly silvered with strengthening moonlight, to the strip of dense shadow cast by the spinney. There she paused in a sharp wrestle with tears which would force their way through her eyelide, and became conscious of a measured step, pacing | out slowly up and down the high road beyond the trees. He was there already, waiting for her. The brave heart which had borne its own weight of sorrow so well went out to his desolation. She conquered her weakness, and pressed forward. At the first crackle of her step upon the dried leaves with which the spinney was strewn the steady beat on the road

"Thank God! I feared you might not come." "It would perhaps have been better if I had not," the answered.

a sob of relief.

stopped, and as her dark figure glided out into the

moculight, she heard her lover's breath escape him in

"Don't say that," he pleaded. "I can't tell you, Gillian, how I have longed to see you since—since this morning. My whole life, for the last six years, has been spent in longing for you, to see your face, to hear your voice, but I never knew how dear you were to me till to-day. Ah, my darling 1 To have held you in my arms, to have heard from your own lips that you love me, and then to lose you! I could hear that, perhaps; at least I could bear it better than to know that I lose you to that brute-beast who has blackened all your innocent life. Tell me, Gillian, let me hear you say it, you will never be reconciled to him-rever go back to him!" "Never," she said, "never! You may be sure of that, at least. No," she cried suddenly, "stay as you are." He had made a sudden motion to swing himself up the bank which divided the road from the spinney. "This is good-bye, George, between us. was wrong to come here at all. Do not make me more sorry than I am that I have been so weak." "Good-bye!" he echoed, "why good-bye? You

"Will that be so easily done?" she asked. "There is no court in the world," he said, "that would not give you your liberty after what you have condoned at this man's hands "

have only to fling this wretch out of your path to be

"Think," she answered, "think what I must endure to procure that liberty. You do not know. have not told you one tithe of the shamo, the horror, of my life with that man. What he was no one can know but myself. The proof of his lafamy would be my shame as well as his before the world. George, it would be horrible. I would rather die than face that "But what will you do?"

"I do not know. I must have time to think. My brain and heart seemed numb-dead." "Gillian, you must face it for my sake. There can be no disgrace to you. How can there be? What have you done at which people can point? All the shame would be his. I know how you must skrink from it. You could not be the woman you are if you could welcome such a prospect, or be indifferent to it; but think of your liberty—think of Dora's future think of me. A little courage, darling, for my sake.' "For your sake?" she answered. "Ah, George, it is of you I think more than of myself. Could you proud as you are, with your name and positionmarry a weman whose fame had been dragged through

"You doubt me, Gillian? You doubt my love?" "No," she answered; "I do not doubt your love. It is because 1 believe in it and in you that I shrink from taking the means which could make it possible for us to come together. I know you would redeem your promise. You might be happy for a time, but it would be happiness dearly bought." "I would give my life for you," be protested.

the mud of the public courts?"

"Your life, yes. I think you would," she answered, simply, looking sadly at the exaltation on his moonlit face. "But your friends, your position in society." fully. "What are friends, what is position in society? be if they were less costly to his employer. Con-Why, what danger is there of my losing them, even | science—rot too much of it, but just enough to if I cared for a second whether I lost them or not? | put up a man's prices—is a splendid thing. Listen, Gillian." He sprang up beside her, with one | seems to have managed this affair rather cleverly. He arm embracing the fence, and caught her fingers in | has some elementary knowledge of women, too. He's his disengaged hand. "We have our happiness in our | right about Gillian, she'll double back to the Court own power. If we act like a brave man and a brave | when she finds the child is gone, like a hare to her woman, who truly love each other and have real confidence in each other's affections, this man cannot keen us apart. Why should we wait for the law to I the brute would really have proceeded to violen to it set you free?"

"George 1" cried Gillian, starting back and disengaging her hand. as if it were another woman's cass. Would you blame I the utmost. She's devillish bandsome and well preanother woman in your position for acting so, knowing | served," he went on, as he stropped his rezor; "sho the circumstances as fully as you do? While you remain | piques me, with her confounded airs. It would be here you are constantly open to this man's attacks and | something of a triumph to win or force her back, and insults, you are completely defeaceless before him, I the discomfiture of her admirer, the baronet, would Even when you made your appeal for justice in the | be a rich treat. It will be a hard fight, and she may court, see what you have to face—the insults of a | go to court with a divorce suit, which would be licensed cad in a wig and gown, the publicity of the | awkward-confoundedly awkward-especially if she press, and God knows, there are always accidents to I won. But could she win? No mortal creature ever be dreaded, and justice is never certain, perhaps when | saw me lay a hand upon her, save in the way of kindyou have condoned all this, you will still find your. self tied to this villain more hopslessly than now,

"And my child, George?" "Your child? Why, she would come with us, of course, and learn to love me as a father, as she does already, devrest." "And whom she learned the story, and grew old enough to understand?"

Why should you stand such a risk?"

"Why should she ever know the story?" should be unworthy of her affection? Ab, George, you me in my eyes, and your own. Ah!" she continued. secing him about to protest, "I know what you would say. I know you would be sincere in saying it, but the time would come when you too would despise me. Evil connot cure evil. Suffering can never be cured by sin.'

"The sin would not be ours," said Venables, "it would be the world's, which has brought this misery upon you. If you loved me, Gillian, you would not

"I do love you," said Gillian, "and you know it. It is because I love you that I am jealous of your good fame and my own. Spare me, George. Let me feel that one man at least is pure—that one man liver who is incapable of a thought, a wish, which would reflect dishonour on bis own nature, and prove his

scorn for mine." He hung his head, and a great sob forced its way | don't cry any more. I am not going to hurt you.' from his throat. "At least," he said, when he could trust his voice

again, "you will try to recover your liberty?" "I must think," she said, "it has all been so ) sudden, so terrible-of one thing you may be certain -all is over between him and I. Even if his hypocritical repentance were real, it could not wipe out the past."

bappens, I am your servant, your slave, till death. You have one friend, Gillian, who will see justice done to you. You are tired and ill, my darling. Go | what she is; I don't want her to see me along o' you." home and try to sleep. I shall bring you to reason at last, I know. Good night." He caught the hand she offered him, and kissed it passionately. Then he walked away, but Gillian

shadow cast by the trees. The house was silent when she returned to is, and quite dark save for a gleam of light through the shutters of the kitchen where Barbara sat. In the cool night air Gillian walked up and down the lawn. considering the event of the past hour. Sir George's parting phrase, "I shall bring you to reason at last," rang in her ears, with a gathering clearness and terror

heard his steps stop before she was beyond the line of

"God help me!" she cried to herself; "I am walking among fires."

The man she loved grew to seem a more pressing danger than the man she hated. She had schooled herself to speak calmly and wisely during this interview, but she dreaded the renewal of his pleadings, seemed strange to her. She moved to the window, clearly foreshadowed in the phrase which haunted

"I am not strong enough to bear it. God knows what I might be tempted to do in this strait." She stood for a moment, gazing intently at the ground her fingers knotted together. "Yes," she said, slowly, "it is the only way."

She hurried within doors, to her bedroom, where she rang the bell which summoned Barbara. That good creature found her packing a portmanteau, and

"Wake Miss Dora, please Barby, and dress her." The woman stared, and then, with a sudden understanding of the situation, began to blubber. "You are a good, faithful creature," said Gillian, kissing her, "I think you are my friend." "God knows I be, my lady."

"I will trust you," said Gilliav, "I am going away, you can guers why? When I have a shelter you shall know where I am. I shall be away some time—how long I don't know yet. You will stay here and look after the place, and let me have news of what happens. And now, be quick, there is no time to

She finished her packing, putting a few immediate necessities for Dora and herself in a portable handbag, and leaving the heavier packages to be forwarded later. She took a little bundle of bank notes from her escritoire, and wrote a short note. "I am going away. I leave you master of this house, of all that is mine. I admit your right to make me a beggar—you shall never make me do more. I will rather beg my bread than defend myself against you." "Give that to Mr O'Mara when he comes tomorrow," she said to Barbara, as she appeared with

the child. "My darling, you are not afraid to go | forward with a glad cry and fell into her arms. "No, mamma," answered the child bravely, though with a quivering lip. "We must go away to-night. If we stop here,

they will take you from me." The child nestled closer to her, looking up in her face with frightened eyes. "You will be good-you will not cry? My darling, it is for mamma's sake. God bless you, Barbara, you shall hear from me soon. these things when I send for them. I shall write to you through Mr Bream." Again she kissed the honest, homely check, wet with tears, then, with Dora clinging to her skirts, slie

hurried downstairs and from the house. Scarcely fifty yards from the gate she beheld a dark object barring the road, which on closer inspection resolved itself into a dogcart and a horse. A smaller black object detached itself from it, and became perceptible in the moonlight as Stokes. "Evening, mum," said that worthy, with a touch of his rebbit skin cap. "Evening, little lady."

"Good evening." said Gillian, quietly. "You are late on the road, Mr Stokes." "I've been over to Radford, mum. The horse had got a stone in his shoe, and I pulled up to pick it "Could you take me over to Radford?" asked

Gillian. "I have important business in London, and must eatch an early train. I will pay you well for "Trouble's a pleasure, mum," said Stokes, gal-"As to payment, I hope you won't talk o' that. I'm proud to oblige ye, mum. The little horge is as fresh as paint, he'll take you there inside of an hour and a half.' He helped Gillian to mount, and lifted in Dora

CHAPTER XXIV,—THE LAST MEETING. In was yet early on the following morning when O'Mara, placidly asleep in his bed at the Fig and Whistle, was aroused by a loud knocking at his door. "Who's there?" he asked, sitting up in bed. "It's me," responded the voice of his landlord, "I've got news for you." "Wait a minute," responded O'Mara, and hastily

dorning one or two articles of clothing, admitted "I've got her," said Stokes, triumphantly. "It ought to be worth another hundred, guv'nor." "What is all this," asked his patron.

"I've got the kid," replied Stoker, "your wife bolted last right, as you thought she would, and drove her into Rudford. She went to the George Hotel there, and I heard her tell the waiter to wake her up in time for the first train as left the station. So I waited on, followed her to the station, and heard her ask for tickets to Cambridge. She was lookin' precious ill and worried, as if she'd been crying all night. She went out on to the platform, and just as the train was signalled, blow me if she didn't faint bang off. She'd ha' fell on to the line if a chap hadn't ha' caught her in his arms. That gave me my chance, and I took it sharp, you bet. "I know the lady," I gays, 'I drove her in here from Crouchford last night. She's a-stopping at the Heorge.' I says, 'Leave her to me, it's all right.' The stationmaster knows me, and I get charge of her and the kid easy enough; takes 'em back to the George—at least I takes her back, leaving the little one in the trap outside. The chambermaid took her upstairs to her room—she was in a dead faint all the while—and I lays into the horse, and comes along here with the little 'un."

"And where is she?" asked O'Mara. "Locked in the parlour, downstairs," said Stokes, "What are ye going to do? The mother 'uli be back here in no time. She'll guess, if nobody tells her, what's gone with the kid." "Your penetration does you credit, Mr Stokes," said O'Mara. "You have managed things very cleverly. Thou art the best o' cut-throats." "Ther's another thing, too," continued the

"Sir George was with her again last "What, after I got home?" "Yes. They were together at the bottom of the

spinney for a good hour and more." "Did you hear anything of their conversation?" "No, I daren't go close enough. But the moonlight was bright and I see him kiss her hand." "Ah!" said O'Mara, "I think if it should be necessary that you might remember a little of their talk later on, my good Stokes."

"No," said Stokes, with a resolute shake of the head, "no, no perjury," "Perjury!" echoed O'Mara." "My dear Stokes. Go and freshen up your faculties with a little sleep. Or-stay. Wait till I am dressed, and you shall drive Miss Dora and myself down to Crouchford Court. Au invaluable fellow, that," he continued, when Stokes "Friends? Position in society?" he repeated, scorn- | had withdrawn, "his scruples are amusing—or would | form. I shall have trouble with her, and with that rustic booby of a caralier serviente, too. I wonder if had resisted him last night. By to-day I should be free from that kind of annoyance. My lady will alter her tune when she gets a letter from a London solicitor "What?" he said, "look the thing fairly in the face, | stating my claim and my intention to prosecute it to ness. She can't prove that it was I who took that ter pounds. The desertion looks ugly, but I don't think

desertion alone is good enough for a divorce, and even then I have my defence—her assumed name and change of domicile. I have done well to strike first -it's always the safe rule with women. A threatened suit for restitution of conjugal rights may turn out to be a very ace of trumps and frighten her into submission. It's a stake worth playing for, and my liand is not a bad one, all things considered. Fancy that ass "If she never did, would that alter the fact that I of a baronet going back last night and talking to her from the public road! I can fancy what a virtuous do not love me as I dreamed, if you would degrade | Erltish jury would make of that and her flight an hour later. That's a trump card, and must not be for-

> Communing thus with himself, he finished his toilet, and descended to the room in which Stokes had fastened little Dora. The child was sitting silent and trembling with terror. It was not his one to set her against him, and he opened the conversation with an Well, my darling, are you ready to go home with

"You are not my papa!" said Dora. "Oh, but I am, indeed. Won't you give me

"No," said Dora, "I won't. I don't like you." "You will like me better, my darling, when you know me better," said O'Mara. "I am a really charm. ing person, Lassure you. Come, dry your eyes, and "I want mamma," said Dora,

"We shall find her at home," said O'Mara. "Come along, the trap is ready.' The child followed him, submissive but chviously distrustful, and Stokes drove them to within a hun-

dred jards of the gate of Crouchford Court, There "Go on, Mr Stokes, if you please," said O'Mara.

"Oh, no," said Stokes, with a dry air aid a

lengthened shake of the head, "I've had as much of symptom of outraged virtue in face and voice. O'Mara accordingly descended, and holding Dora by the hand walked to the house and rang. He was admitted by Barbara, who gave an inexpressible enort of anger and contempt at his appearance, and handed him Gillian's letter. Dora made a motion to run to her old nurse, but O'Mara checked it. "Go and sit in that chair," he said, pointing to

one in the corner behind him. There was so strong a hint of possible disagreeable consequences in his manner that the child obeyed. He tore open the envelope, and read the mi-sive it contained. "You've got your will at last," said Barbara, her hatred of the usurper conquering her prudent feeling that it would be best to hide it. "You've driven my mistress away, poor dear. Ah! if she only had my

"Yes?" O'Mara smilingly prompted her. "She'd have stayed and faced ye, ye smoothtongued, smiling serpent." "You are really an extremely disagreeable person,"

"Aye, so you'll find me." "We had better come to an understanding at once," said O'Mara. "I am master here; you are doubtless a hard working and deserving person, but your appearance—to say nothing of your manners, which are deplorably vulgar—dissatisties me. I like

to have well favoured people about me." Ye don't get me out o' this house," said Barbara, folding her arms, "without force, and I wouldn't ba in your shoes if you tried that dodge. I don't go till I'm told to by my lady; if harm comes to her or to that sweet lamb there, you'll find me harder to reckon with than many a strong man." "Oblige me by leaving the house," said O'Mara,

advancing towards her. "If I go," said Barbara, "I take Miss Dora with me. Don't 'ee be afeared, my darling, no harm'll happen to 'ee while Barby's here to look after ye. Come to Barby!" "Stay where you are," said O'Mara to the child. "Do you dare," he continued, "to interfere between

"Aye, do I!" said the honest virago, "and what's more I don't believe she's any daughter o' yourashe's o'er good and o'er pretty 1" "Take care, woman," oried O'Mara, stung through his armour of cynicism by the servant's outspoken

me and my child?"

"Woman, or no woman, I'm a match for you, master. Dont'ee lay a finger on me. Raise your hand if ye dare, and I'll write my ten commandments on your ugly face! Thank God, there's my lady." Gillian tottered into the room, overcome with fatigue and fear. Her eyes fell upon Dora, who ran

"I'm glad you're here, my lady," said Barbara. "Yes," said Gillian, who had grown quite calm again upon a sudden. "I am here. I have come to take back what this man tried to steal from me, like the coward he is." "I am glad to see you," said O'Mara. "I expected

"You had reason to. You know that I would have risen from my dying bed to save my child from you." "Pardon me," said O'Mara, quietly, "also my child. Let me trust, Gillian, that you have come to your senses, and that your return to this house implies a new and growing feeling of wifely duty." Gillian, with her eyes fixed up in his face, touched Dora lightly on the head. "Go with Barby, my darling. You are safe with

"Aye, that she is," said Barbara; "but don't stay with him alone. Let me be by." "There is nothing to feer," said Gillian. leave us, but remain at hand. In a little while this gentleman will be gone, and I shall be again mistress in my own house. "My dear Gillian," said O'Mara, with a laugh,

when they were alone together, "you amuse me. You are positively splendid." "What I have to say to you," said Gillian, "can were interred in the family vault, St. Mary's churchbe said in a few words. Weigh them well, they are the last you will ever hear from me." "I am all attention. Let me remind you, however, that you talk nonsense. You said just now that I

shall remain,"—he took a chair and crossed his legs with an easy gesture—"and if you are a sensible woman you will remain with me." "Lister," said Gillian. "Last night you terrified me; your very presence, the thought of what you might say and do, filled my soul with dread." "Naturally. You see, I commanded the situa-

was about to leave this house. Quite a mistake.

"In my terror, I attempted to escape from you. was weak and ill, and even as I tried to fly I was struck down. While I lay feeble and helpless, you had my child stolen from me." "Quite so. I had warned you of my determina-

"The news was brought to me justantly. Thank God, it did not kill me. No. It cured me of all my cowardice, and gave me a mother's strength.' "You still look a little pale," said O'Mara, sympathetically. "Let me get you a glass of wine." "I feared the world. I feared the scandal and the

cry, I shrank from the public shame! I thought 'So long as that man lives, there is no shelter for me, and "Quite right, my dear-except in sweet sub-

"I said to myself, There is nothing he will not There is no infamy to which he will not subject me, rather than let me keep my child and live in "An exaggeration, I only---" Hear me out. Then while hastening back hom

door I had made my defermination." "To be reasonable! Come." "To defy the world, to defy all scandal and shame, and to take my stand upon the law itself as a free at d featless woman."

I thought it all out, and before I had reached that

"A vigorous programme," said O'Mara, "And how do you propose to carry it out!" "Your desertion absolved me from all responsibility. Your absence for all these years is my justification. I was divorced by your own act, and in | Manchester City Council, died somewhat suddenly proof of that I will invoke the law." "I won't help you, my love."

"We shall see. Next you left your child to starve. of Burnley and Manchester, died on Wednesday at the Day by day, year by year, I have guarded and reared age of 76. her, without one sign from you. By the duty so done I had made my child mine only-and in that too the law shall justify me."

"You really think so? Anything more?" "Yes. From first to last I have never had one penny, one crust of bread from your hands. You in Chili, abandoned me in my poverty. What came to me afterwards escaped you. It is mine—this house, with all in it, and all else that I possess is mine, and that also the law shall prove."

"You will not remain another hour. You will go as you came. "One moment!" said O'Mara, calmly still. "" will not attempt to combat your very primitive notions of English jurisprudence. I will pass over your insane presumption that a husband has no right either in his wife's property or in the person of his child. I will merely remind you, my dear Gillian. that should you 'invoke the law,' as you poetically describe the simple process of consulting the nearest solicitor, you will cause very unpleasant revelations." "I have thought of all that, and I am prepared.

"I on my side, will have an unpleasant duty to perform. I shall have to contend that one reason, and one reason only, accounted for my wife's eccentric conduct on my return, that reason being connected with her attachment to a man who certainly | the body of an elderly man had been found wished to become her hueband, and was possibly her

"You coward!" said Gilliau. "Well, I am prenared for that too." "I shall have also to testify-very unwillinglythat this gentleman and my wife were talons together last night at the bottom of the spinney an hour after she had called upon him to eject her lawful husband | had held some 27 acres of land under Sir Greville from her hause, an hour before she fied—the prasumption being that during that interview her flight was arranged, and that he was to follow her, meet her at some convenient spot, and convey her to some

secluded haven of bliss." "Is that all you have to say," answered Gillian. "I-I think so."

"Then leave this house" "I shall do nothing of the kind."

"You had better go quietly. If you do not, I will not call the law to assist me, but I will summon one who is prepared to take its place." She moved to the open door as she spoke." Who, pray?" asked O'Mara, with a sudden existing between tenant and landlord under which,

"The man whom you call my lover, and whom "Then," said O'Mara, fiercely, "you confess it?" "Without shame now, and without fear. Yes, love him. He knows that we are here together. is prepared at a sign from me to remove you from this house, which, I tell you again, is mine now. Will

"No," answered O'Mara, ragingly. The handkerchief which Gillian had held in her hand during the interview fluttered for a moment at the door, and a few seconds later Sir George Venables and Mr Bream entered the room.

"I see," said O'Mara, " a conspiracy." "Nothing of the kind," said Bream; "on'y a course of treatment which I have suggested." "And which we are here to carry out," added

"You see, my friend," said Bream, "the lady was too precipitate. Had you accepted her generous yielding up of her possessions, and ceased to persecute her, you might have been quite comfortable. Now, the tables are turned." "So," said O'Mara, "are you quite aware, gentle

"We have," said Venables; "and at a word from "That lady," said O'Mars, with a bow in Gillian's direction, "is again to be congratulated on her cham-

men, what you are doing? Have you ca'culated t'is

plons. I put this rural person aside—he is simply a pertinacious busybody; but as for you, air, who are Be slient, said Venables, or or "I will not be allent," joried O'Mara, with every

Miss Barbara Leigh as I went. She's a Tartar, that's | am not un mari complaisant, and I do not intend to be either silenced or suppressed. And if I ever do vacate these premises, my daughter at least shall

"I claim my child, too," said Gillian, "everything possess, and I dely you to do your worst against "You!" cried O'Mara," "you! heathen and

"That's enough," said George, "Out you go." "Very well," said O'Mara, stepping back ont of reach of his arm. "Observe, I yield to force-to force only. Remember, I shall spare none of you now. Personally, I dislike publicity; but since you put me to it, madam, the world shall know everything-yes, everything. If I fail I shall at least have the pleaanre of knowing that my existence—and I think the world will decide with the husband, and against the wife who pretended to be a widow and entrapped an innocent clodhopper into a marital engagement. will be a cause celèbre. I shall conquer, and society will be amused. Sir, I salute you. Monsieur Busybody, Mr Cantwell, Mr Facing Both Ways, your cervant. Madame la soi disante widow, au revoir He swept a semicircle of bows, and lounged easily towards the open French window. But suddenly he stopped, with uplifted hands of helpless panic. 'Keep him back!' he cried, "keep him from

A shadow darkened the sunlight. Jake Owen, with dilated eyes, stood there, glaring at O'Mara. The gleam of steel in his hand warned onlookers of his intent: but before a foot could move Jake sprang, the knife flashed in the air, and O'Mara fell, grove ling to the floor. Bream leapt on Owen, and wrenched the knife from his hand.

"Back, you madman! Give me the knife." "Aye, take it, parson," said Jake, "I've done what "Good God!" cried Bream, sinking on one knee

beside O'Mara, who had writhed over on to his face, '' he's dead." "Dead 1" cried Gillian, "Murdered?" "Murdered," said Jake, still with his eyes on O'Mara's figure at his feet. "No, for I killed him

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

He killed my Jess, and it's only life for life,"

POLITICS AND SOCIETY. It is stated that the protest against Sir C. Dilke's

candidature for Parliament has now received the signatures of 2500 Nonconformist ministers of every rection of religious belief in every part of the country. Amongst those who have signed are Dr James Martineau, Dr Paton, of Nottingham, Dr Parker, and Mr Newman Hall. Dr Dale and Mr Guinness Rogers, who abstain from signing the protest on constitu tional grounds, are said to be in entire accord with the object which it has in view. There is some talk convening a public meeting in London with the object of giving further effect to the views of the signatories. Mr Haslam, secretary of the Derbyshire Miners Association, has been adopted as the labour candidate for the Chesterfield Division at the next general

Lord Congleton, who was formerly in the Royal Navy, and was present at the battle of Navarino, in 1827, as midshipman of the Glasgow, was 82 years t The expenses of the candidates at the recent North

ampton election have just been issued. Mr Manfiel agent returned his at £310; Mr Germaine's amounte The Marquis of Bath and the Ladies Thynne have left Cairo on their homeward journey, and are expected in London on the 5th April.

The will of the-late Sir Richard Francis Sutton, of Norwood park, shows personalty to the amount of General Johnston, the Confederate General, died on Saturday from an illness caught at General Sherman's funeral, where he was one of the pall bearers. The remains of the late Sir Joseph W. Bazalgette

yard, Wimbledon, on Saturday afternoon, According to information from a private well informed source the health of Sir J. Macdonald, the Canadian Premier, is very precarious. The death is announced from Honiton of Captain

John Rennaway Simcoe, R.N. Mr Channing, M.P., has amended his Bill on the subject of the adulteration of artificial manures, in order to meet, as far as possible, the objections recently expressed by a deputation from the Artificial Manure Manufacturers' Association.

Lord Alfred Seymour died on Tuesday at the London residence of his brother, the Marquis of Hertford. The marriage of Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein with Prince Aribert of Anhalt will, it is said, be celebrated at Windsor on July 8. The Chevalier de Colquboun, father in law of th

Earl of Limerick, has died at Cannes, in his 65th March 21st show that the receipts were £86,998,66 theexpenditure £81,380,926, and the balances £9,598,92. At the corresponding period of last year the receipts

were £86,501,927, the expenditure £79,662,564, and the balances £7,281,471. Probate of the will, dated Ostober 20th, 1889, of the late Mr Bradlaugh, who died on January 30th, leaving personal estate of which the gross value has been declared at £4586 and net value nil, has been granted to the sole executrix, his daughter, Mrs Bradlaugh-Bonner. The testator gives to his said

daughter all his real and personal property. Lord Hindlip was 49 years of age on Tuesday. At Rome, on Tuesday, Archbishop Walsh was received by the Pope. The Countess of Carnarvon has arrived at Pixton

Park, Somerset, from visiting Mr Stafford and Lady Rachel Howard at Thornbury Castle. The new Town Council of Chatham, which was elected on Monday, is composed of thirteen Liberals and five Conservatives. The contest was fought on | political lines, the result being that the majority of eleven to four on the defunct Board of Health has been completely upset.

It is said that the Covernment intend to take action for the creation of an additional judge. Mr Myerscough, a prominent member of the Mr William Waddington, a well-known architect

Mr George Harris Lea has been appointed judge to County Court Circuit No. 33, in succession to Sir Francis Roxburg, Q.C., deceased. The sudden death is announced of Mr W. Reade

Gardiner, grandson of the late Capt. Allen Gardiner,

DEATH OF AN EX-POLICEMAN. On Thursday afternoon the city coroner, Mr H. S. Wasbrough held an inquest at the Mortuary, Bedminster police station, on the body of George Smele, who was in the 69th year of his age, whose body was

found lying on the banks of the river Avon below the Sea Walls, on the Gloucestershire side of the river. on the previous afternoon by a man named Richard Bridgewater, of 10, Weston square, Hotwells. Smele was formerly a member of the Bristol police force, and by his steady and persevering conduct reached the rank of sergeant, and after many years' service he retired upon a superannuation allowance. This was about 14 years ago, and at the time of hi | superannuation he was a highly-respected officer ( the B (Bedminster) division. Witnesses deposed that the deceased was a market gardener, living at North House, North street, Bedminster, and according to their evidence he left home on Wednesday morning at six o'clock, but never returned. His family naturally became alarmed at his unusual absence, and in the afternoon his two sons, hearing that t near the Sea Walls, started off for the Hotwells, and met the body, which they identified. A coust derable amount of evidence was given, the corone evidently taking a great deal of pains in sifting the facts which might possibly bear upon the cause the death. Several witnesses were called, and a son of the deceased, having formally identified the body of his father, proceeded to explain that the deceased Smyth, which he cultivated as a market gardener, This land had been cultivated for a great number of years by the Smele family-one of the oldest families In Bedminster—and Mr Smele was on all sides police force, and later for his straightforward and manly conduct as a private citizen. All went well with him till recently, when a small portion of the property of which Mr Smele was tenant, and which is stated to be between one and two acres in extent. was sold to a neighbour of the tenant. Unimportant as this may seem to be, it seems to have been disappointing to the deceased, because he was under the impression that there was an agreement in case of an event such as had occurred, the tenant would have been recouped as compensation to the extent of the realisation of the produce of the ground which he had rented. From the evidence, it appeared that when the ground was sold the sale came very unexpectedly to the deceased, and it upset his mind. MrT. Dyke, who acted on behalf of the landlord in the matter, explained at some length that the question of Mr Smele's rights had been the cause of a great deal of previous discussion. Mr Smele, who was one of the best tenants on the estate, had a strong opinion as to the existence of the agreement referred Witness had interviews with a Bristol solicitor in the matter, and the agreement was eventually found to be in existence. Certain steps were taken on the 24th inst., by which the deceased was to have had handed to him the value of the produce of the land sold; but the matter must have seriously preyed on his mind, in addition to which the unfortunate man apparently had been given notice to quit the tenancy of the whole of the 27 acres which he held; and this was during the time the point was raised as to the existence of the agreement in question. It transpired that the deceased was a particularly careful man, whose habits were most regular. There were no marks of violence on the body, so that it was not probable that he jumped from the cliffs into the

THE RISING GENERATION.—Young Hopeful (home after his first half at school)-"As Ethel's only brother, I should be glad, Captein Buster, to know what are your intentions with regard to that young lady."—Fun,

five sons and two daughters.

MONTAGUE STREET MYSTERY. ADJOURNED INQUEST.

For about an hour on Wednesday afternoon Mr Wasbrough (the city coroner) and a jury were engaged at the Bristol Infirmary in making further inquiry into the death of Elizabeth Mifflin, aged 30, who expired at her father's house, No. 6, Lower Montague street, on March 11th, after a brief illness. It will be remembered that at earlier stages of the inquest evidence of a startling character was adduced (and reported in the BRISTOL MERCURY). It was stated that the deceased had been employed as an accountant at Messrs Bessell's, Castle street, and, leaving home to go to business on Saturday, February 28th, she was absent until the following Wednesday. Subsequently she appeared to be ill, bu when questioned made light of her indisposition, she evaded inquiries as to the place had visited. Dr Imlay, on being called in shorth before the death of the deceased, came to the conclusion that there had been some attempted operation which had given rise to peritonitie; and a post-mortem examination by Dr Greig Smith left no doubt that an instrument of a very clumsy character had been used, and an amount of force exercised which was At the inquiry on Wednesday (the third sitting of the

jury) Detective Inspector Short watched the proceed-

ings on behalf of the police. Upon taking his neat the Coroner said: -Gentlemen, before I proceed with this inquiry I should like to muke one or two observations with regard to the publication of the evidence taken in this case in the Bristol Mercury (several jurors—Hear, hear). Now you will recollect that the inquiry in the first instance was held at the house of the parents. There was good reason for that. There were circumstances in this case which induced me, and induced the police, consider that secrecy was for a time necessary; an it is in consequence of that I hat I gave no notice the reporters, and they were absent. On the second occasion when we met here there were two reporters present; and after the evidence had been taken, the pature of that evidence was such, and the fact of the police being in the possession of letters which gave a clue, and which, followed up, might have to the discovery of the perpetrators of this crimethe nature of the evidence was such that I particularly requested both reporters that that evidence should not be published. And so strongly did feel upon that matter that I told them that the police felt so strongly the importance of reticence in B care of this kind that the parents at their request had not even published the death of the poor girl. They knew the circumstances—both reporters did—and whatever they might have felt, I consider clearly and distinctly—I see one of the reporters present, and he can contradict me if it is not the truth-I consider distinctly there was an understanding that the evidence should not be published until the inquiry was completed. On that understanding I gave the reporters notes of the evidence that I had taken c the first occasion, in order to enable them to comple their reports when the matter was complete. had the elightest idea at that time that that report would have been published in any papers, certainly should not have given, nor thought of giving them the slightest information or intimation upon the subject; and I consider—I may state this, and I say it advisedly - I distinctly consider that the publication, at all events of the first portion publication. From my knowledge of him for many years I feel confident that he repeated to the editor my reasons for withholding evidence in the inquiry until the inquiry was completed. I feel confident h did so. Now I cannot help referring to the conduct of the other editors of papers, particularly to one editor, his reporter being present; and I have doubt, having told him of the understood arrange. ment at the time, as a gentleman he felt he could not publish it without compromising his subordinate, That is my impression, although he knew at the time that the MERCURY was about to publish it. Now I may state that in the afternoon of the day we were here I was informed there was a probability of the evidence appearing in the MERCURY the next day, and Vealled at the MERCURY office. I could not see the editor; but I saw the reporter who was at the inquest, and I begged him, I told him, I had come down-and I may say at considerable pain to myself. for I had a very had foot-but I asked him-I said 1 had come down to request as a favour that that might not be published; and I did add, if it was published A should consider whether it was my duty or not to prevent the MERCURY reporters again appearing at my court (hear, hear). Now, in the evening received a letter from the editor, in which reported-oh, in which he spoke to me-in which he talked of never having had such an application made to him before by any coroner; he talked a great deal about his responsibility, and that he regarded his work as a public duty to be conscientiously performed. Gentlemen, the next morning, I suppose editor, considering that the arrangement of subordinate was not binding upon Now, in the letter, I may ray, besides talking of conscientionaly performing his duty, he insinuated that in asking him not to report the case, or to suppress the evidence—which I never did; it was only to delay it for a day or two—that I was desirous of obliging some one. Now a more ridiculous thing The Exchequer returns from April 1st, 1890, to | than that could never have been suggested. My sole object was in the interests of justice (hear, hear), that the officer in charge of this case might have the means of following up the clue that they had ha and discover the perpetrators of this abomina That was my sole object. Now . gentlemen, whether or not a public was conscientiously performed by publishing this case, and not only publishing but drawing the attention of the public to the thing r some geneational heading as "A Mystery in Lower Maudlin street" (Jurors-Montague street)-"Th in Montague street"-drawing attention to it and giving plenty of to anyone who wanted to avoid justice I want to know whether that duty would not have been more conscientiously performed by withholding the evidence. (Jurors-Yes; certainly; hear, hear.)

> recognised by the law, and I know of no law that obliges me to have reporters in any inquiry of this kind, or any inquiry at all. Gentlemen, what I purpose doing is this. I shall not give any notice or information to any paper in Bristol of any inquiry which may be coming on. I shall take my own reporter from time to time, and I will take good care that the public are apprised of every inquest\_ol any interest to the public (hear, hear). That is what I purpose doing, gentlemen. Now we will go on with After the Coroner had concluded his address a juror remarked in an undertone-" Well, it was a good Mrs Barah Fitzmaurice was the first witness called. She said she was in the service of Messrs Bessell, For the past five years she had known the deceased, who was considered a good, steady girl, and who had he the position of cashier in the firm. Witness was widow and had one child. During last year th deceased went away in August for a holiday, returnic a fortnight. About six weeks after her return-or the 17th of October witness believed—the decease. asked her as a married woman the symptoms of person who was denceinte. She represented t she was inquiring for a lady friend who

Well, I don't know, gentlemen: I have thought a

good deal upon this subject. The law recognises in a

case of this kind that inquiries before the coroner

should be secret where third persons are likely to b

implicated and other charges preferred. That

on the 8th of September. She was absent altogether got into trouble. Witness answered her inquiry best of her knowledge. Deceased also take, and witness recommended camomile Deceased observed that that would cause home, and she was in business during the day. Witness understood that camomi tea was good for a woman in a certain condition. She had often seen the deceased taking medicine, but not know the nature of it. She believed the detective had the bottle; it had upon a label the words, "Shake the bottle," but no name. The Coroner—Did you suspect her?

Witness-Yes: I did, sir, I thought she was inquiring about herself The Coroner-Do you know she had a lover at all? Witness-She often told me about gentlemen-one at Bath, and there was also a gentleman she knew at olkestone. I knew she often used to have very handsome presents, and a letter every morning during the last three years. She had regular correspondence with the gentleman at Folkestone; and she told me she used to go to Bath to meet a gentleman. The Coroner-She had presents from a gentleman? Witness—He was retired from the army. He was a

The Coroner—And constantly received letters? Witness-Every morning for the last three years, except on Mondays. The Coroner-With the Folkestone post mark?

Witness-Yes, sir. She added that the deceased used to go to Bath about once a month—it might not have been quite so often-and when she was going the seemed desirous her parents should not know of her visits there. Deceased left her place of busines. on Saturday, February 28th, about 25 minutes to The Coroner-Had you any idea where she was

Witness-No. sir. She said previous to the Saturday, "I am going out to sleep with some friends, and I shall not be back Monday, and most likely Tuesday They had, continued witness, some conversation as to what was for dinner on Monday, and deceased on being asked where she was going repeated, am going to stop with some friends, but I am not going to let our own people know where I am going

The Coroner—Do you think she remained in Bristol. Witness-She said Saturday, the last time I saw her, "Oh my dear, I wish I was going home to my own comfortable bed." I asked her where she was going, and she said her friends were coming to meet Witness added that she believed deceased's sister gaw her in the shop on Saturday evening between 30 and 5.30. She heard of the death of the deceased the day after it occurred, the three sisters of Miss Mifflin calling at the house. The contents of a box or deak, letters and other things belonging to her, were taken from the little office and given by Mr Bessell In answer to questions from the jury, witness said

she was the cook at Messre Bessell's, and the deceased used to talk to her. She showed her an umbrella with a silver handle and other things which she said were Dresents from a gentleman. Witness never posted any letters from the deceased to gentlemen. The only way witness knew deceased went to Bath was that on water: and after a prolonged inquiry lasting three early closing evenings she could not wait in the dining hours, the jury, taking this into consideration, and room, but had a cup of tea while she was dressing. also the fact that no direct evidence had been brought and went by an early evening train, returning, she before them clearly showing how he met with his death, agreed upon a verdict of "Found Drowned." told her, at 10 o'clock. Witness did not know of the deceased having any lover in Bristol, now did she Deceased leaves a widow and a grown up family of know of medicine being sent for. The Coroner-It is quite clear from the evidence we have had that the medicine had nothing to do

> with this case. A sister of the deceased stated that on Thursday morning, after the death, she and two sisture went to Mesers Bessell, her father requesting her to take some keys to the place. She asked if the deceased had left | per day.

anything there, and was told she could come in and ste what belonged to her. Witness saw no hox of here there. She could not say if the deceased kept letters or things in a drawer, but there were some letters in a desk, and witness produced them. The Coroner-I don't want to see them; probably it would be desirable not to publish them. The papers were thereupon handed to the police,

Witness added that there were also some hooks which the did not take. She had not had any suspicion the deceased had got into trouble, and, in fact, could give no information with regard to that matter. She saw her on her return home, on the Sunday afterwards, and did not consider that she was in a dangerous condition. She then understood she was suffering from cold and sore throat, and asked her how she was. On the Wednesday afternoon, a few hours before the deceased died, witness was fetched to the house by her father, and remained with her sister until the last. Deceased did not appear aware of her dangerous state, nor did she seem to suffer much pain. The desk at Mr Bessell's from which witness had the letters was unlocked at the time; on her arrival there Mr Bessell said the keys were useless, as he had already opened the desk. Witness did not know of any letters or papers having

Miss Minnie Mifflin, the sister of the deceased, who gave evidence at the first hearing, was recalled, and questioned with regard to the note she received from the deceased on the Monday subsequent to the 28th of February, requesting her to forward an enclosed letter to Mr Bessell. She repeated that she could not say where the note was posted, having attached no importance to it, and she had destroyed the envelope. It bore a stamp, The Coroner said that the jury might take it as

certain, whether the deceased went out of Bristol on Saturday-which he very much doubted-or not, that that letter was posted in Bristol and would have the Bristol postmark. She could not have gone out of Bristol on Saturday night. However, these were questions to be considered by and by. The inquiry would have to be again adjourned. After some discussion, it was agreed to adjourn for three weeks, until April 15th.

The Coroner said he hoped they would then be able to complete the evidence. If they could not, he was afraid further effort would be useless, as there was not a particle of evidence incriminating anyone at the present moment. Nothing would be lost by an adjournment for three weeks. It would give the police time for further inquiries.

The police state that up to the present date they have no clue whatever as to the perpetrators of the

SUICIDE AT EVESHAM.

The inquest on the body of the late Mr Aifred William Brown, which was found in the river Avon, was held at Evesham. Mr W. W. Brown, father of the deceased, stated that his son's state, both mental and physical, had for the last month been very unsettled. He had been under treatment by Mr A. H. Martin, but attended to his business daily as partner in the firm of Burlingham and Com-He had never been very strong. On Sunday morning he attended the Friends' meeting and in the afternoon went to his Bible class as usual. During the day, however, he had one of his alarming attacks, in an interview with his sister. This took the form of severe depression, and he seemed worse than he had been before. He expressed distrust of himself to Mrs and Miss Brown, and said his work seemed a burden to him. Henry March deposed to recovering the body, and stated that the legs were tied together at the ankle with a curtain loop. Deceased was not wearing a waistcoat, collar, or tie. Mr A. H. Martin testified that the deceased had been in a bad state of health. He was subject to fits of nervous depression, and told witness one day last week that he feared he would be driven to do something. Miss Brown, deceased's sister, stated that she went to deceased's bedroom, being alarmed that he did not come down to breakfast. She found the following note in deceased's handwriting on a leaf of a pocket book :--" I must do it. You will find my body near the Common Railway Bridge. May God forgive me.--A.W.B." The jury returned a verdict

## A SENSATIONAL SUICIDE. SINGULAR DETAILS.

At the Three Queens hotel, Oxford street. Weston-

super-Mare, on Thursday, Dr F. W. S. Wicksteed

and a jury inquired into the circumstances attending the sudden death of John George Stark (55), common lodginghouse keeper, of Union street, which took place the previous afternoon. Eliza Ann Stark, wife of the deceased, deposed that she lived at 8, Union street. He had had a great deal of trouble and anxiety lately in connection with a lawsuit against the Commissioners. He had been very upset since he was committed to prison for using the sands. Recently, when she and her husband went to London, they had to borrow some money from her niece. Last Saturday she was told to get money to pay off part of the town rate. As a matter of fact, she had not a penny at the time, and her husband knew it. This seemed to worry deceased. Sergt, Dicks said to her, "You had better get the money, or a distress will have to be levied." Deceased was very low and depressed on Saturday. He did not get up until 12 o'clock on Sunday, and then he was, as usual—miserable—and he did not care to speak. On Monday witness had a letter from her niece, who had lent them some money, and deceased raid,"O Lord God, Eliza, what shall us do?" They had a conversation about raising the money, and on the Tuesday morning witness tried to pawn a pair of trousers. Her son had given her 10s for his week's lodgings. In the afternoon of the same day deceased went to Mr Smith's office to pay the rate, but they refused to take the money, paying they must have £1 7s, instead of about 18s 8d. On his return deceased raid to witness. "I don't know what they (apparently meaning the local authorities) will do with us. should think they would like to put me in a mortar mill and grind me up." Witness told him that the law would not allow the authorities to do

that. Deceased seemed unsettled. On the same

evening deceased bought a Bristol newspaper, and

cut out a paragraph (produced) alluding to the

tale of some house property and ground rents

in Union street, which formerly belonged to him.

When deceased was made a bankrupt last summer, he

lost those houses, and others in New street. When he

saw the news paragraph deceased appeared to be and upon reading the sum at which the ground rents had been sold, deceased remarked, "They said these would not fetch anything, as they were worthless." During Tuesday night and Wednesday morning deceased twisted and turned about in bed, and seemed to be very uneasy. In the early part of Wednesday morning deceased struck his little girl-who was his favourite child—and witness was sure he would never have done this had he been in his proper senses. Between ten and eleven o'clock witness sent some chairs away, and subsequently deceased drank some broth, and then had a smoke. In the course of conversation, deceased remarked to witness, "I don't think I shall drink any more tea or anything else.' He asked for a piece of paper, with which witness supplied him. Deceased wrote something in pencil on the paper, but witness did not know what. He folded the paper up and placed it in one of his waistcoat pockets prior to going into the back yard. He returned, and taking up a cup went into the back yard again. She advised him not to drink water. but to have a drop of beer. Witness sent for some beer. In the meantime, deceased had laid himself down upon the bed, and refused to have the beer. She heard her husband expectorating. He said, "O, Lord, God; God help you Liz, and God help my poor children." She then heard deceased

Witness told her husband to be quiet. Witness's daughter drew her attention to deceased, and said he was dead. Witness saw him with his mouth open, and the daughter said. "Why not send for a doctor?" Witness replied, "I have not any money to pay a doctor," Mrs King, a neighbour, advised witness to send for Sergt. Dicks. She had heard her husband say, some time ago, "They will never see me alive at Shepton Mallet again," and "Life is hardly worth living." He would sit and cry sometimes very much,

mutter, "A curse will fall upon — and — and the

Weston Commissioners, for they are

and she tried to console him. By a Juror- She did not know that there was any Sergeant Dicks deposed that at half-past two on Wednesday afternoon he was called by the daughter of deceased to go and see her father in Union street. He found the deceased upon a bed on his back; his eyes were closed, and he was apparently unconscious. Witness endeavoured to give deceased an emetic. but he could not swallow it. There was a strong smell of acid about the body, and he sent for Dr Fraser. Witness had searched the pockets of the deceased, and found a document (produced) in his watch pocket. It was folded up, written in pencil, and ran as follows: -- "May God curse my murdururs and all the Commissioners conserned in my murdur, for murduring me and my family in trying to get an onest living-Bigned, John G. Stark, 1891," Formerly

deceased was considered to be a well to do man. He

had been in trouble several times, and convicted

before the magistrates for contravention of the town bylaws. Deceased had been imprisoned, Dr G. B. Fraser said that shortly after 2.30 he was called in to see deceased at Union street. He found him lying upon a bed on his back. Life was just extinct. The exact cause of death was failure of the heart's action, caused by carbolic acid poisoning. The Coroner having summed up.

The Foreman said they were unanimously of opinion that the deceased died from carbolic acid poisoning, whilst in an unsound state of mind. They, however, thought he had been dealt with rather harshly by the town authorities, inasmuch as they refused to accept the money he tendered in part payment of his rates. The Coroner-Your verdict, then, is "That the

deceased died from failure of the heart's action. caused by swallowing carbolic acid whilst in an uncound state of mind," He added that the remarks of the jury would be taken notice of by the press; and he could not help associating himself with them in the feeling they had expressed (hear, hear). It did geem to him that the man had had harsh measure meted out to him. No doubt there were many things connected with the case that the jury and himself knew nothing of, and a different light might be thrown upon it by the intelligence others could give them. At the same time, he sympathised very much with the remarks the foreman of the jury had made. It had been a very painful case.

## THE QUEEN'S JOURNEY. GRASSE, WEDNESDAY.

The train conveying Queen Victoria arrived at twenty minutes past four.

"Truth" says that for the tenancy of the Grand hotel at Grasse, her Majesty is charged for the rent of the building, stables, and grounds at the rate of £120