THE WEDDING

A TALE OF TO-DAY,

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN,

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

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

And what's to me a ring o' gold That proves the written law: A ring of airn's around my heart That sadly broaks in twa! Old Ballad.

CHAPTERS I AND IL-Mr and Mrs O'Mara, both of thom arlists, occupy rooms in Peter street, Westminster, with their infant child. Dora. The husband is somewhat of a spendthrift and idle to boot, but the wife manages to keep the wolf from the door as well as she can by miniature painting. Maddened by misfortune, O'Mara descends to cheating at cards, but is detected at his friends' chambers. and leaves in disgrace. As he arrives home he hears the voice of his wife and that of a strange man.

CHAPTERS III AND IV .-- Mr Broam, the clergyman, who takes the greatest interest in Gillian, is the gentleman on a visit to her on her husband's return. He insists on being her banker, and lends her £10 for the purpose of providing medicine and change of air for herself and little one. O'Mara hears the convergation, and after Mr Bream's departure he asks for the money from her. She refuses, and a struggle ensues. She falls and cuts her temple. O Mara takes the money from her clenched hand and decamps. Mrs O'Mara is taken to St. Thomas's Hospital, and recovers to hear that she is an heiress to £20,000 left her

by an uncle. CHAPTERS V AND VI - Mr Bream, taking another curacy in Essex, meets a Mrs Dartmouth, a distinguished parishioner, and recognises in her his acquaintance of seven years ago. She is acquainted with Sir George Venables, the squire of the manor. Mr Bream and Mrs Dartmouth compare notes as to the events that have occurred since they last met. She has heard nothing of her rascally husband.

CHAPTER VII.—SIR GEORGE.

THE two friends roce side by side, in silence for the most part, until they came to Crouchford lodge, a venerable pile of building, of which the central and oldest portion was Elizabethan, and the two wings of the date of the first Charles and the second George respectively.

It stood on a little eminence (quite a hill, it seemed amid the flat Essex mesdows) and commanded a goodly view of the broad acres which owned Sir George as master.

Dinner that evening was as dull a business as if the two companions, instead of being bosom friends who had not met for years, had been long since bored to death by each other's society, and could find nothing to say. Bream, who had by this time got over his amazement at recognising his old Westminster parishioner in Mrs Dartmouth, made several attempts to lead his companion into conversation but with little avail. Sir George woke up for a minute, only to fall back into his uneasy reserve. At last, when coffee had been served, and they were left alone with their cigars, the curate roundly challenged his friend as to the reason of his melancholly.

"I may as well tell you," said Venables. "One gets a sort of relief sometimes by talking freely. But not here. Let's get out of doors into the fresh air."

They passed out together in the growing moonlight, and the baronet, at first with an obvious effort, but increasing ease as he continued, unloosened himself to his old friend. "You asked me just now," he said, "why I went

abroad the year before last, and stayed away until two months ago. I'll tell you. It was because I had asked Mrs Dartmouth to be my wife, and she had refused, and I thought that change of scene and occupation might help me to forget her." "She refused you," repeated Bream.

" Yes,"

Did she give any reason for the refusal?" "I asked her for a reason. She begged me to let the question go unanswered, but assured mo that the reason was sufficient." "Who is Mrs Dartmouth?" asked Bream.

It went against the honest openness of his nature to be guilty of even such innocent feigning as this, but he held the woman's secret in trust, and had bound himself in silence. Sir George was his oldest friend, and he must needs show sympathy for him in his trouble.

"She is Mrs Dartmouth," answered the birouet. "That is all I know, and all I want to know, except for the last five years she has been the only woman in the world to me."

"You know nothing of her antecedents?" "Nothing whatever. She came here with her chil I five years ago, and took the farm through an agent. A year later she made personal overtures to buy it. My father was very unwilling to let it go, but I persuaded him, and he gave way. That was the beginning of a misunderstanding between us, and which lasted till his death—the only one we ever had together. I was so infatuated with Gillian after my first meeting with her, that I could not keep away from her, and my constant presence at the farm got to be the talk of the county. There was some scandal about it, I heard—the fools about here would talk

scandal of an angel, I think." He panted, angrily striking his boots with his riding whip.

"Well, it came to my father's ears, and he spoke of it to me, and warned me that I was damaging Mrs Dartmouth's reputation and hurting my own prospects. He had plans for me. Our neighbour, Sir James Dayre, had an only daughter, and the two estates ran side by side. It was the old man's dream to put a ring fence round them. He told me all this. I don't know what I said, but I remember what I did. I jumped on horseback, and went over to Mrs Dartmouth, and asked her to marry me. She refused, as I have already told you."

Bream listened, but expressed no surprise. Sir

George continued— "I was like a man dazed for weeks after, and then I had a severe illness—a brain fever. It was thought that I should die; but I recovered. My father was very good about it; he did not reproach me, or press me to obey his wishes in any direct way, for some time. I suppose he saw the case was desperate, and understood that his only chance was to give me time. After a while, he returned to the subject very delicately. He brought Miss Dayne and me together, and encouraged people, in a quiet way, to look on our union as certain. I suppose I gave him some right to do so, for I never mentioned Mrs Dartmouth's name

"Wise, perhaps," interrupted Bream. "Once I met her by accident, at a yeomanry ball, and I am sure that no stranger who had seen our meeting would have discovered that there was anything between us but the most commonplace acquaintance. I seemed numbed, somehow, as I felt once when I was pitched on my head out hunting, and got up and rode home. My father thought I was cured; I should have thought so too, if I could have cared for anything, or felt any interest in life. Something like a tacit engagement was entered into with the Daynes. I was to go abroad and travel a little, and when I came back the engagement was to be made public,

for months, or went near her."

and we were to be married." Sir George paused, with a gloomy frown, then nroceeded:

"She—the girl, was a good, feeble, insignificant little creature, who would have married a labourer off her father's fields, if she had been ordered to do it. It was arranged that I should go away for a year. I started, and got as far as Paris, and then-God knows what idea I had in my poor head-I knew it was hopeless, and whether I was at home or at the North Pole it would make no difference; but I came back. I could not bear to be away from her. My father saw that it was no further use to struggle with me, and gave in about Miss Dayne. He died a year later, and I succeeded to the title and the estates, and some months later, I made a second proposal to Mrs Dartmouth." " And then?"

"I learnt then what I had never known before, that she loved me. She told me so. I begged her to tell me what was the obstacle that kept us apart, but she would not. She extracted a promise from me that I would go away from England for a short time, and that come what might, she would marry no other man. I went, and travelled all over the continent, and through America and Australia. I was away nearly two years, till I could stay away no longer. The absence did me a little good. I shall never cease to love her, but I have learned patience. I can meet her now as a friend, without making her unhappy by asking her for what she cannot give me. I am not very unhappy, except at moments, and I manage to keep my unhappiness to myself, as a general thing. I potter about the estate, and attend quarter sessions, and all the rest of it, and I daresay some day I shall go into the House, and be a telerable success as a

country gentleman." "Have you no idea of her reason for refusing to marry you?"

"She gave me none. I can only guess. The likeliest guess I can make is that her husband is still alive. A nice brute he must have been to quarrel with an angel like that. By God, Bream, when you know her as I do. She's an angel. She's been the sunlight of this place since she's been here. You'll hear what the poor say about her. They worship her, and no wonder. She's the best friend they ever had."

"Do you see her often?" "No oftener than I can help," he replied, simply. "I hadn't been there for six weeks when I called to-day."

"You could hardly have liked my monopolising her as I did," said Bream. "I did not mind it," answered Sir George. "I am glad to be near ber. but it is as well, perhaps, that I should not be alone with her. I am not certain, if

could trust myself to speak of-of things better left unspoken of." The anodyne which soothes the heart of one who has spoken of his secret trouble to a sympathetic listener had come to him, and he was more cheerful, more like his strong and hopeful self, whom Bream had known years ago, when they had been boys together. They walked late under the moonlight, talking of many things, old memories and future

plans. Bir George was cheerful at breakfast, and saw his friend mount and start back to the village with juvial invitations to him to come again soon, and to stay a longer time. As Bream drew near Mrs Dartmouth's house, he saw approaching him the figure of a tall and strongly built man, clad in what seemed a peculiar compremise between the ordinary dress of a peasant and that of a sailor. He had on a pair of dilapidated long shore hoots reaching to mid-thigh, and splashed with mud of various hues, as were the corduroy trousers which

surmounted them, a blue flannel shirt with a carelessly knotted flaming red tie, a ranged tweed jacket, and a broad felt sombrero. He seemed to be under the influence of liquor, for he was reeling and tacking from side to side of the road, and every now and then pausing to hold on to a tree branch. Thinking that it was an early hour for the most faithful subject of La Dive Bouteille to be so nearly prostrate at her shrine, and wondering if one so strangely garbed was merely a passing tramp or one of his parishioners,

Bream turned in at Mrs Dartmouth's gate. The lady was on the lawn in front of the house equipped with gardening gauntlets and a pair of shears, and engaged in trimming a rosebush, with Dora hovering about her. She gave him a pleasant greeting, and called to a gardener at work at a little distance to take the mare round to the stable. They were chatting together as she continued her work among the flowers, when a sudden cry of alarm from Dora made them both turn. There, in the gateway, stood the figure which Bream had seen a few minutes before in the road. In the very moment in which Bream again caught sight of him, he set both hands to his head, and with a long groan fell for ward on the path, sending the gravel flying in a little shower about his prestrate figure.

Bream ran to him. He was lying face downward, in an attitude of complete unconsciousness and selfabandonment,

Turning him over as he raised his head, the curate naw that he had altogether misread the man's condition. He was not drunk, but clearly very ill. His face was blanched to the line of chalk, his lips a dull violet, the half-opened lids showed the glaring and discoloured whites of his eyes. The beating of his heart was scarcely sensible to the touch of Bream's hand, and only his slow and stertorous breath betrayed that life was in him. "The man is seriously ill," he answered to Mrs

Dartmouth's rapid questions. "He has fainted from hunger.' "Poor wretch," said Mrs Dartmouth, pityingly.

"Can you not carry him into the hall? Tom will help

The gardener had returned, and lent a pair of strong and willing hands. The broken wayfarer was carried into the house, and set upon a chair, where he sat, lax as an unstrung marionette, supported by Bream's arm. "A bad business, I fear," said the latter. "Cou'd

you let me have a little brandy, please?" A rivg at the bell produced Barbara, who went in starch of the spirit, and stood by while Bream gently trainuated a teaspoonful into the man's throat. He

sighed, and a faint tinge of colour flickered into his ashen checks. "That's better," said Bream, "Come, my lad, try another dose."

The second teaspoonful of liquor worked a marked change for the better in the man's aspect and condition. The colour in his face deepened, his eyes opened, and after letting them wander for a moment, he fixed them on Mrs Dartmouth. His lips stirred with a broken murmur, and he made a wandering movement with his arm, meant, perhaps, for a phrase of thanks and a salute, though no word was distinguishable, and his arm fell heavily by his side again. "Is there any workhouse or asylum that would

take the poor fellow in?" asked Bream. "None nearer than Stortford," answered Mrs

Dartmouth, "and that is twolve miles away. Is he very ill?" "Too ill to stand such a journey," said Bream. "He is almost exhausted. What is to be done!"

"We must give him shelter here, I suppose. It would be inhuman to turn him out upon the road "Eh, Misses," said Barbara, "but he is such a

rough lookin' chap." "It may be a long business," said Bream; "he has evidently only partially recovered from a severe illness, possibly an infectious disorder." "There is a loft over the stable," said Mrs Dart-

mouth, "where the groom used to live before his cottage was finished. He would be quite safe there." "Lord, save us, Misser," again interposed Barbara, "we shall all be murdered in our beds!"

"Not by this fellow," said Bream, "for a time at any rate. He hasn't the strength to murder a fly. Whatever is to be done, should be done quickly." "We cannot turn him out," said Mrs Dartmouth. again, "that would be too shameful. Will you help

Tom carry him to the loft, Mr Bream, and please tell me what food he should have." "Soup-not too strong. A spoonful every halfhour. Now, Tom, my man, take his legs. So ! You

had better come with us, Miss Barbara, to see that

the room is in order." Barbara followed, a mute protest expressed in her face, and Bream and the gardener bore their patient to the loft. It was not until they had got him there that Bream noticed a ragged and dirty scrap of paper clenched in the man's hand. It seemed as if, even in bis mental prostration and physical exhaustion he blindly attached some value to it, for he feebly re-

sented the curate's effort to take it from his fingers. On it was written, in thin, rusty ink, in straggling, formless characters, these words. " Barbara Leigh,

"Crouchford Court, Crouchford, Essex." He read the words aloud, and was electrified by a audden scream from the woman at his side.

"Lord sakes, it's Jake!" "Jake !" said Bream, "you know him?"

"Know him! He's my own very brother-in-law-Jake Owen, as married my sister ten years ago and took her to Ameriky !"

CHAPTER VIII.—JAKE OWEN.

"JAKE!" said Barbara, kneeling beside the bed. "Eh, Jake lad, to think as I'd ha' turned thee out on to the road again, like a starvin' dog! Lord forgive me for my wicked sin. Jake, don't ee know me? I be Jess's sister, Jess, as you married, Jake."

The repetition of the name stirred the traveller. His eyes, which had been fixed upon the ceiling with a meaningless and glassy stare, grew brighter, the rigid lines of his face softened.

"Jake!" said Barbara again, "won't ee epeak to

The fingers which had held the paper fumbled feebly on the counterpane, as if seeking for it. Jake turned his head and saw Barbara kneeling beside him. "Who be you?" he asked; "where am I?"

"I'm Barbara Leigh," she said, letting his second questi: n pass unanswered. "Barbara Leigh," he repeated, "let's see thy face. Aye, Barbara Leigh. Jess's sister."

"Yes, yes, Jess's sister. What brings so here?" "I've come," said Jake, slowly and with difficulty, "to see ye, and bring ye a message. How did I come here! Where did ye find me? Ah! I remember. I was at the gate when my head went round, and I seemed death struck, and then-what place is this?" "Crouchford court," answered Barbara; "I'm ser-

vant here. Ye had the name wrote on this paper." "Ah!" said Jake, recognising it, "I wrote it myself, two days agone, when I left London, after I'd first felt the deadness coming over me, so as folks might know as I had friends, and belonged somewhere. Who's this? he asked, with a gesture of the head towards Mr Bream, who stood quietly attentive at the bedside.

"It's Mr Bream, Jake, the curate of the parish, as found ye at the gate, and brought you here." "Sarvice t'ye, sir," said Jake, "though I'd rather

see ye in a coat of another colour." "Aye?" gaid Bream, "and why so, my good

"Why," answered the wayfarer, "they say where black coats gather they be like ravens, and scent death. But I won't die yet, no-by God-not till

I've done my work !" "You'll live to do plenty of work yet, my friend, if you'll take care and not excite yourself,"

"Bless you, sir, for them words!" said Barbara. "You've had a long tramp?" said Bream.

"Aye, all the way from London. Three nights an l days on the road, I'm sore spent, but there's life in me yet." "There is indeed," said Bream, looking at him with

There was a galvanic vitality in the man. Five minutes ago he had seemed almost on the point of death, now his voice, though weak, was firm, and his pale face was full of a restless energy. "You'll come through all right, but you must be quiet, and not oxcite yourself. You've had brain fever."

"Ay 1" said Jake. "That's what they called i aboard ship. But I want to talk to Barbey, and, begging your pardon--"

"You want me to go? Well, so I will in a minute. Let me feel your pulse. Are you hungry?" "I was a while ago."

"Some soup will be here in a little while. See that he eats moderately, Barbara. He is not so ill as I supposed, but he must be careful. I'll look in again towards evening. Keep your heart up, my fine fellow, and you'll soon be on your legs again."

"Thankee, sir," said Jake, "for what you've done, and my service to Barbey's missis." "Tell me," said Barbara, when the door had closed

behind Mr Bream, "tell me about Jess. Where is sho! Is she come back to England wi' you?" "Nay," said Jake, "she'll come back to England

no more, my lass." "Jake!" said Barbara, "Can't ce speak plain? What is it as ye're trying to hide from me?"

"She's dead," said Jake. "Dead !" said Barbara.

"Ay," said Jake, staring at the ceiling. "She's dead and buried. She died in my arms." "I can't believe it," said Barbara; "ch, Jake, ye're lying, I doubt, for sport. Say as ye are."

"It's the God's truth," said the man. "She died 'my arms, out yonder. Look me i' the face, Barbey; did you have no word from her-no news o' what happened ere she died?" Not a word," said Barbara. "Not a word have I

had from her for twelve months and more. The last letter I got she said she was well and happy, and that you was good to her." "Better to her, may be, than she deserved," said

"What d'ye mean?" said Barbara. "I'd olaw the face of any other man as said a word ageu my sister. Speak out, straight and open, like a man."

"She left me," said Jake. "Left ye, how left ye?"

"She went off with another mau." "No, no!" cried Barbara, covering her face with her

hands, as if to shut out some horrible vision. "Aye," said Jake, "that was the end of it. That was what came of nine years of happy married life. Good to her! She might well say that, Barbey, and more to the back of it. Good to her! I loved the ground she trod on—the thing she touched. I'd ha' put my hand in the fire to save her from the fingerache. And she loved mo too-till he came."

"He!" repeated Barbara. "Ay, the man she bolted with." He lay looking at the ceiling with the same unwinking stare, and then said, softly, but with an indescribable intonation

of hate and loathing, "Damn him!" Barbara sat silent for a time, rocking her body quietly to and fro, till suddenly she broke into loud

weeping. "Ay, lass," said Jake, with the same evil sounding quiet in his voice, "I've done that too, but it didn't fetch her back."

Barbara wopt unres'rainedly for some minutes.

"Tell me," she said at last, "how it came about." 'It was in California, at a place called Jackson's Gulch. I was mining there, and doing well, for the place was rich. I'd been doing well pretty much all along, after I married Jess, for when a man loves a gall as I loved her, it put the starch into his back. I'd done a lot of things, and tried a lot of trades and places, for there might ha' been gipsy blood in her veins, she was that fond of change. We had no children, thank God! Though, perhaps," he added, after a pause, "if we had had, it might ha' kept her "Well, we got to Jackson's Gulch, and it was there

we met Mordaunt. That was the name he gave

himself, though most likely it wasn't his own. He

was a gentleman, born and bred, and a scholar, and I took it as a good deal of honour as he should have took to me directly a most as he saw me. Jess liked him, I could see, and I was glad to see her make a friend, for the place was full of rough people as she didn't care to mix with. I was away at work all day long and I thought no harm even when I knew as he was always with her. I'd have trusted her across the world, after the nine years we'd lived together, and him with her, for I believed he was my friend, and was proud to be in his company. He never did any work, and always seemed to have plenty of money, somehow. Everybody liked him, and gave way to him, he was a sort of king among them rough chaps, and every woman in the camp was after him. There was nothing as he couldn't do. He could talk to the Frenchmen and the Germans in their own lingo, and he could play the fiddle better than any oth er chap in the place, and could draw people's pictures so as they seemed to speak to you out of the paper a'most. He did a picture of Jess, as used to have in the cabin at the Gulch. I burned it after-after that happened, for I couldn't stand seeing the eyes follow me about. I found out afterwards as there'd been a lot of talk in' the camp about her and Mordaunt being so much together, but nobody said anything to me at the time. P'raps that was lucky for 'em, for I was so mad about the wench, and so took up with Mordaunt, that as likely as not I should have stuck a knife into 'em for their pains. Well, the end came at last. I went home one night, and the cabin was empty. I waited till one o'clock in the morning, and then I went to the bar, beginning to be afeard as something might have happened, and I thought I might get news of her there. Nobody had seen her. Then I asked where Mordaunt was; and the man as kept the bar said he'd borrowed a horse from him and rode out that morning, and hadn't come back yet. I went back to the cabin and waited all night. No news came, and no news all next day. I was well nigh mad with fright, and I went to the chief of the Vigilance Committee, and asked him to give me a search party to

Mordaunt, thirty miles away, at six o'clock the day He paused in his story, panting a little with the exertion of so much speech. Barbara sat waiting, with clasped bands and tear stained cheeks, for him to continue. Outside, the pleasant homely sounds of farm life came floating up to the window of the room on the still June air, the clamping of the horses in the stalls below, the cluck of poultry, the rattle of the big mastiff's chain as he snapped at the flies, the call of a wagoner to his horses fifty yards away on the high road, the distant clatter of a sheep bell, the drowsy music of the trees. Presently Jake's voice rose again,

look for her. 'It's no use, my lad,' he said; 'they've

got six-and-thirty hours start of us, and God knows

where they are by now.' They? I said. What

d'ye mean?' And he told me, she'd been seen with

monotonous and hollow, like a ghost's. "I was that mazed I couldn't think for an liour or two. Then I went to the claim where my partner was working. I didn't need to tell him what had happened. He knew already, and he saw it in my face as I knew too. I asked him to buy myshare and he took it, and paid for it more than it was Worth, I remembered afterwards, though I didn't notice at the time. He offered to come along with me, but I said I didn't want him. It was my work, and I meant to go through with it alone. I meant to find 'em and to kill 'em both, and what was to happen afterwards I did not know, and I didn't care. I hunted 'em for a long time, and nearly all across America, getting word of 'em here and there, but never coming up with them, till at last I got to New York. They had been therestogether, and Mordaunt had sailed to England a day or two before, alone. I went all over the city looking for Jess, and at last I found her. She was in the hospital, for she'd been fever struck, and he'd took advantage of it to run away, and leave her to die, or to starve, or to go upon the streets. I'd meant to kill ber, even when I heard she was in the hospital; I went there with murder in my heart, and my knife was open in my pocket when the doctor took me to her bed. But oh, lass, when I saw her poor white face, with the mark of death on it, plain for a child to read, my heart broke, and I fell crying by the bedside. For I loved her in spite of all."

Barbara took his hand, and kissed it, and wept upon it, in a helpless passion of pity.

"She died," Jake continued. "Thank God, she died in my arms, and knew as I'd forgiven her. I was raving mad for days after, and knew nothing as happened. When my brain cleared, I was standing by her grave, and there, with the rain beating down on me like my own heart's blood. I swore to find the man as had done it all-as had killed her and ruined

"And did you find him?" asked Barbara, involuntarily shrinking from the bed, though she still clung

to Jake's hand.

"No," said Jake, "or I wouldn't be raving here, like an old hen wife as had lost half-a-dozen chickens. If I'd found him, I'd be quiet, lying in the grave with Jess. That's what's brought me here. That's what's kept me alive through the fever and the trouble, and the hunger. It's fed my mouth like bread the thought of meeting him face to face. It's all I ask of God Almighty, just to let me stand before that man for one minute."

The simple peasant woman had never seen passion like to this. It frightened her to silence. Then she began to stammer religious commonplaces about the wickedness of revenge. Jake lay staring at the ceiling, and made no answer; it was doubtful if he heard her. "I'm tired, lass." he said, quietly, a minute after her voice had ceased; "leave me to myself—I'll

alcep a while."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE KNOWLES-DUNCAN CASE. APPEAL AGAINST THE VERDICT.

The appeal of the defendant in the Knowles-

Duncan breach of promise case came before the

Appeal Court on Thursday. The defendant, Leslie Fraeer Duncan, appealed from the verdict of the jury at Lewes assize awarding Miss Gladys Knowles £10,000 damages, on the ground that the damages were excessive, and asked for a new trial. The Solicitor-General represented Mr Duncan, who was formerly editor and proprietor of the "Matrimonial News." He described the manner in which the defendant became acquainted with plaintiff at the "Matrimonial News" office, and his proposal to marry her. They corresponded, and the young lady in one letter had promised defendant two kisses if he would write by return of post, and in reply he sent her ten thousand kisses. The Master of the Rolls—That was a large proportion in return (laughter). The Solicitor-General-There is another letter in which the defendant writes the figure 50 with any number of crosses. I wish the court to take judicial notice of that as indicating kisses. The Master of the Rolls-I do not know that we can take judicial notice of the promised kisses (laughter), Mr Willis, Q.C., for the plaintiff, said there was not much kissing about the law. The Solicitor-General read the correspondence that had passed, including one letter from Miss Knowles asking Mr Duncan to marry her and make her the "happiest girl in the world." She went down to Grey court, defendant's house in Essex, to be married, and took her wedding dress with her, but Mr Duncan put off the marriage on the ground that the vicar of Ham was not at home, and that he could not allow the young curate to perform the ceremony. The Solicitor-General then reviewed the evidence about Miss Knowles' visit to Grey court, and said he could not excuse the conduct of the defendant in taking the young lady to his house and breaking into her bedroom in the middle of the night. No impropriety had occurred there, nor at a hotel in London. The Master of the Rolls said that the defendant had told a pack of lies to Miss Knowles in order to induce her to marry him. The Solicitor-General said it was clear from the evidence that Miss Knowles wanted to marry him. The Master of the Rolls-After he had stated that he was a wealthy man, holding Russian and Portuguese bonds to a large extent. He had promised to settle £1500 a year upon her and to leave her £4000 a year. If he, an old man of 70, had told her he was poor, she would not have consented to marry him. The Solicitor General said she made Duncan's acquaintance in March, and up to the 8th May she was pressing him to allow her to go to Grey court. He did not wish to cast a slur upon the young lady. The Master of the Rolls-No; what you want to say is that she was a foolish girl, with a still more foolish mother. The Solicitor General said that, taking all the circumstances into consideration, the £10,000 damages given by the jury were extravagant and excessive, seeing the means of the defendant, who was now in the bankruptcy court. Mr Willie, Q.C., with whom was Mr Fillan, for the plaintiff, said he wished to impress upon the court that Miss Gladys Knowles never wrote a letter to the defendant until he had made a promise to marry her. The learned counsel suggested that the defendant never intended to marry Miss Knowles, and that his proposals were made with a view to seduce her. The Master of the Rolls-Did you put that view of the case before the jury? Mr Willis-I did, mylord, and Baron Huddleston said I was justified in doing so. The learned counsel said he was not prepared to defend the indiscretions of Miss Knowles; but it must be remembered that the defendant had told plausible stories about his wealth to the plaintiff. Lord Justice Fry-Had she any means of her own? Mr Willis said she had no income, her mother having an allowance for the maintenance of her children. The defendant wanted to keep the marriage secret from her mother. He was 63 years of age and she was 20. The Master of the Rolls-She accepted defendant three weeks after she foolishly called at the matrimonial agency. Mr Willis said be could not deny that she was no doubt attracted by the apparent eplendour in which defendant lived. Mr Willis read correspondence between Miss Knowles' mother and the defendant, and the court adjourned.

THE LEGAL ARGUMENTS.

The legal arguments in the St. Anne's Ferry right of way case were heard on Thursday, before the Official Referee (Mr W. H. Verey, Q.C.), at the Royal Courts of Justice, London. It will be recollected that the evidence in this important public case was unfolded before the Official Referee at Bristol, during cittings extending over 14 days, when it was decided to hear the summing up in London.

Mr Bullen (instructed by Mesers Pitman and Sons. of London) represented the plaintiff, Mr Jas. Sinnott, owner of the St. Anne's estate, and Mr Pillers, tenant of the estate; Mr C. I. Elton, Q.C., M.P., Mr D. Metcalfe, and Mr Mackay, represented the defendant, Mr R. C. Tuckett, accretary of the Bristol Footpaths Preservation Association, who instructed them, Among those present besides the legal gentlemen engaged were Mr James Sinnott, Mr Pillers, Mr J. R. Webley (one of the witnesses), and Mr W. Mallett,

Mr Elton, in the course of his argument, went

genior clerk to the Official Referee.

back to very early times to show that a public path did exist, and was used by pilgrims to the chapel of St. Anne. If it could be shown, as he contended it had been, that pilgrimages did take place, and that a large number of persons were in the habit of going to the chapel, there would be presumptive evidence that a public path did exist in ancient times. In the same way he would ask the referce to take into coneideration all the circumstances connected with the converging paths. All those paths seemed to have no purpose except to lead to the monastic and religious remains, and it was almost impossible to believe, as would be alleged by the other side, that they were incompleted roads leading into fields. They must have been there for a purpose, and it was impossible to resist the idea that the existence of these physical tracks had always been public footpaths. The suggestion would not be tolerated for a moment that because during the last few years a less number of people had been there that that altered the case. As to the ferry that was important for them to show the exact line of the road, and he held that they had found that line. He did not rely solely on the fact that pilgrims visited the place in ancient times, because the answer would be that those pilgrims were dead and forgotten; but he had shown that the paths had been used in recent times by the public-lovers among others—and he by no means wished to contend that the right of way was only for pilgrimage purposes. But the discovery of old coins belonging to the pilgrims and the uger by these of the path had to be taken in connection with the user of it now. It might be said that it was a nort of three-branch thing, and the question asked, Why not take one? He would reply that people might want to come from different directions. At any rate that did not affect the question if the user had been sufficient. The learned counsel quoted from several cases in support of this contention, mentioning among others the case of King v. Lloyd, in which it had been laid down that if a passage which led from one part to another, or if it be a very circuitous road, had been open to the world for a great number of years without any bar or chain across it it was considered as dedicated to the public,

and became a highway. Mr Bullen asked if that particular case was not a nisi prius case. Mr Elton said almost all cases of this kind were nisi prius cases, but when they once got into the text books they were never questioned. After going fully into other cases, the learned counsel went through the evidence, relying, as he said, particularly on that of the old witnesses. He pointed out that although one witness had stated that the boat used as a ferry was once used for purely private purposes, numerous witnesses had sworn that they had paid to cross, and the court would remember the evidence of Mrs Marshall May, whose sweetheart had paid for her to cross the ferry in the early part of the present century. Mr Elton occupied the whole of the afternoon by wading through the evidence of the witnesses seriatim, commenting on the fact that they all swore to baving paid to cross the ferry, and that on no occasion had the gates been locked.

The learned counsel had not concluded when the court adjourned.

The Common Council of the City of London on Thursday voted 200 guineas to the Irish Distress

Mr Kipling, it is reported, contemplates returning to India about August and taking up his residence permanently in the land of his birth.

Is the inimitable Emin in difficulties again, asks the "Pall Mall Gazette?" It would seem so; for, according to a letter published in Tuesday morning's "Times," he is again orying out for help. "Come and help us," he writes to Dr Carl Peters. The "Times" correspondent notices as "naïve and characteristic" the Pasha's calm forgetfulness that such appeals ought first to be made to Major von Wissmann. But even more naïve is Emin's appeal for help at all. We may find him sending again to Stanley for a second "rescue" yet.

THE REASON,-He-"Is it true you're going to marry Jones?" She-"No," He-"So glad." She-Why? Chance of happy future for you?" He-"No

-chance for Jones."-Fun.