## NOW FIRST PUBLISHED. THE WEDDING

A TALE OF TO-DAY, BY ROBERT BUCHANAN,

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> > 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.

UHAPTERS I AND II -- Mr and Mrs O'Mara, both of them urtists, occupy rooms in Peter street, Westminster, with their infant child, Dora. The husband is somewhat of a arend thrift and idle to boot, but the wife manages to keep the wolf from the door as well as she can by miniature painting. Maddenet by misfortune, O'Mara descends to thesting 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.

CHATTERS 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 hanker, and lends per £10 for the purpose of providing medicine and change of air for herself and little one. O'Miss hears the conversation, and after Mr Bream's departure he asks for the money from her. She refuses, and a struggle ournes. She falls and cute her temple. O'Mara takes the money from her elenched hand and decamps. Mrs O'Main is taken to St. Thomas's Hospital, and recovers to hoar 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 goven years ago. She is acquainted with Sir George Vonables, the squire of the manor. Mr Bream and Mrs Dartmouth compare notes as to the events that have pecurred since they last met. She has heard nothing of her rascally husband.

CHAPTERS VII AND VIII. Sir George Venables tella Bream that Mrs Dartmouth had refused his proffered hard. Mr Bream is near Mrs Dartmouth's house, he meets a man evidently in the last stage of exhaustion. He surns out to be the brother-in-law of Barbara Leigh, one of the servants at Oroughford Court. He tells her in broken accents that his wife, her sister, had left him, eloping with another man, named Mordaunt. He resolves to find them both and have a fatal revenge on them. He at last found his wife in a hospital, dying. He forgives his orring wife, who dies in his arms. He makes a vow to destroy the betrayer of his happiness.

CHAPTER IX AND X.-Bream learns through an old strapbook kept by Ezra Stokes, the landlord of the village publichouse, that O'Mara, under the name of Mordaunt, had come to an untimely end in a New York drinking salcon. He informs Mrs Dartmouth that her husband is no more, and that she is free. Sir George Venables again makes overtures to her, and is accepted.

## CHAPTER XI.—ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT IT. THE evening after the blissful interview which had

onded six years of fear and doubt, Sir George Venables, mounted on his big roadster, was journeying through the pleasant green lanes which lay between the Lodge and Cronchtord Court. It was still early in the morning, and the heat of

the yourg sun was tempered by a cool breeze and an occasional fleecy cloud. The whole earth seemed, in the happy lover's imagination, to rejoice with his rejoicing; and the tranquil, friendly prospect of the meadows among which his whole life had been passed had never touched him with a charm of such serene happiness. The long ribbon of road, inch deep in white dust

between the flowering hedges, was empty of passengers, and in the pleasant solitude he gave vent to the gladness of his heart with an almost boyish simplicity, answering the incessant chatter of the birds with a fluent whistle, as jolly as the jolliest note of thrush or blackbird. His handsome face, ruddy with free exercise in sun and air, beamed with satisfaction. He was dressed with unusual care, and from the corner of his bat to the tips of his polished boots looked the very model of an English squire. As he appreached within sight of the chimney

cowls of Crouchford Court, visible above the winding hedges, he became aware of a figure approaching him on foot, and on a second glance, recognised the pedestrian as Mr Herbert. He waved his riding whip in salutation, and quickened his horse's leisurely The reverend gentleman was strolling along with a

screnity of visage begotten of a good breakfast, a conscience at rest, a mind at peace with all the world, and the softening influence of the odorous morning air. "Good morning, Sir George." he said, as the baronet

reined in his horse "Magnificent weather." "Yes," said Venables. "It's the finest day !

ever saw, I think." There was an unconstrained ring of joility in his

voice, he spoke the words upon a laugh, as though they had been some masterpiece of merry hum ur. The elergyman looked at him, with knitted bro s of good humoured inquiry drawn over his mild, hortsighted eves. "You look particularly happy this morning," he

exclaimed. "I am particularly happy," Venables answered.

"I rejoice to-ah-hear it," said Mr Herbert. " May I ask the cause?"

"Well," said Venables, "you would certainly soon hear it from some other source, so I will tell you, the more willingly since, to some extent, it concerns "Concerns me?" repeated Herbert. Venables descended from his horse, and taking the

clergyman's arm, led on his horse by the bridle, "Yes, I hope in a week or two to ask for a cast of your office." " Indeed?"

Mr Herbert spoke the word with a sudden gravity, and shot a side-long glance at the radiant face of his companion, "Yes," said Venables. "I'm going to say good.

bye to bachelorhood, and settle down as a married "Ye-es," said Mr Herbert.

"Is that all you have to say?" asked Venables,

"By no means. I may have much to say, my dear Sir George; but tell me, first, who is the lady?" "I should have thought you would have guessed that," said the baronet. His tone was a little dis-

commted and brusque, as though his old friend's lack of warmth hurt him. "Perhaps I do," said the clergyman. "Mrs Dartmouth?' "Yes, I proposed to her last night, and she

accepted me. By Jove! I believe I'm the happiest man in England at this moment. You know, sir, what a woman she is, how good, how---" He checked himself. To his devoted tenderness his very praise seemed almost a profauation of the

priceless woman he loved, so little could he express of the devotion with which she filled his heart. "A most admirable lady," said Mr Herbert. lady for whom I have the most profound respect-I

had almost said—ah—affection. Beautiful both in person and character." "Isn't she?" cried Venables, turning a happy face

on him. "Thank you, sir, for saying that. Though who could think otherwise who'd ever seen her for five minutes. I knew you would congratulate me when you know." "Ahom!" went Mr Herbert.

"What do you mean, sir? asked Venables, re-

leasing his arm. His face, which was simply woodering, would have expressed indignation had his companion been other than he was. "My dear Sir George," said Mr Herbert, "ba

calm. I respect and admire the lady as much, I think, as you can do. I admit that as far as the graces of her mind and person, the excellence of her character and principles are concerned, it would be difficult to discover a lady more admirably suited to do credit to the station you will raise her to. But there are other considerations." "Other considerations?" echoed Venables. "What

other considerations, in Heaven's name?" "Let us approach them-al-scriatim!" said Mr

Herbert. "You must know, my dear sir, that a friend so intimate, not merely with yourself but with your dear father, must have been aware of the conditions of your feelings with respect to Mrs Dartmouth for some time past. I know, for instance, that some five or six years ago, you asked her to become you "I did."

"Did she-ah-confide to you any reason for he: refusal at that date? "No, I guessed it, and have since learned that my

guess was correct. Her husband was still alive." "I gather from her acceptance of you, that he is since dead." "Precisely," said Venables, drily.

"Precisely," echoed Mr Herbert. "Has she confided in you the reasons for her separation from her husband for so long a period?" "I never asked her," answered Venables, "I did

not want to know them. The matter has not been mentioned between us."

"Don't you think," pursued the clergyman, "don't you think, my dear Sir George—putting aside for the moment other considerations to which we will—ah presently return—that it would be well to invite such

a confidence?" "I am so professing certain, said Sir George, "that

Gill—that Mrs Dartmouth—can have nothing to blame herself for, so sure that whatever the reason for hor reparation may have been, she was blameless in the matter, that I have never thought it necessary to approach the subject. Let me ask you, sir, if ever, in all your knowledge of women, and in your capacity cl. ricel you must have known many very intimately, have you ever known one her superior? I have heard you speak of her goodness a hundred times. She is your favourite parishwoman. It was by your countenance and friendship that she conquered the prejudice with which, as a stranger, she found herself surrounded when first she came to live here."

"True," said Mr Herbert, "I believe her to be an excellent woman. But, mark me, I can only believe it. I do not know it. I know nothing but

her career among us in Crouchford." "Is not that enough?"

"To extend to her my personal consideration as a gentleman, my office as a spiritual guide, yes. To receive her as a fit wife for you, the son of my oldest friend, the representative of the best family in this county, as the future mother of your children, no. No, my dear George. You have a right to know more, to know-ah-all. I pay the lady a sincere compliment when I express my belief that she would we'come your invitation to such a confidence."

I have no fear of it," said Venables, with a laugh. "If she likes to tell me-I'll listen. But I won't hint a doubt of her by asking it."

"Then," said Mr Herbert, "let us waive that point for a little time, and come to the other consideration at which I hinted a minute or two ago. Mrs Dartmouth is-sh-a widow."

"Well!" said Venables. He spoke the word drily, with a twinkle in his eyes which his companion did not see.

"My views upon certain topics," said Mr Herbert, "are, I know, what the present generation, even the present generation of clergymen, are in the habit of calling-ah-old-fashioned. That judgment has, however, never frightened me into holding back when I deem it necessary to express them. Some old fashions are worth preserving. Your 'well,' my dear Sir George, is a little disingenuous, for I think you are aware of my views upon the re-marriage of widows.'

"I know that you disapprove of it," said Venables. "Mrs Dartmouth knows it too, for you have expressed it, she tells me, in her presence. She told me so last pight, when I said that I hoped that you would

"Understand me," said Mr Herbert, "that I have never taken the ground that no widow should marry. There may be—ah—dispensations. There are many rules of conduct which admit of no exception whatever. There are others in which—ah—distinction may fittingly be made. I trust that this may be such a case, admitting, of course, that, as I am strongly inclined to believe, your blind belief in Mrs Dartmouth's purity of character is justified. Come!" he said, pressing the young man's arm, and speaking with a winning friendliness of manner made additionally pleasant by his general stiffness and preciseness. "come, my dear sir, let us see if there is no way of reconciling our views upon this matter."

"Willingly" said Venables, "I know, sir, that I have no more sincere well-wisher than yourself." "Good!" said Mr Herbert, "Then, will you let me approach Mrs Dartmouth on the two themes of which we have speken? Let me in my double character of your friend and well wisher-representing, in that capacity, the world and-ah-the general feeling of society-and as a clergyman, representing the views of the true church, let me ask Mrs Dartmouth for some particulars of her first marriage and the reason of her-ah-unfortunate separation from her husband."

Verables paced on slowly for a moment. "I tell you candidly," said the old cleric, with an obvious affection, which gave a certain dignity to his speech and preserved the young man from taking any offence at his rather fussy officiousness, "that I feet towards you-ah-in loco parentis-Ah! you laugh. You think you are old enough to be out of leading strings, old enough to do without anybody's "Advice!" repeated Venables. "Pray understand

me, Mr Herbert." He checked his horse, and stood still to make the declaration, letting go the old clergyman's arm. "There is no power on earth could prevent me from marrying Mrs Dartmouth. believe, now that she is free, there is no force on earth that could prevent her from marrying me," he weat on, with a heightened colour and a broken voice, which testified to the violence he did to his igner self in speaking thus plainly of his dearest and most inmost thoughts. "I love her, sir. She loves me. We are pledged to each other, and nothing, nothing can part us. "I trust," returned Mr Herbert, "that there may

be no need to speak of your parting. My knowledge of Mis Dartmouth during her residence amongst us prompts me to bolieve that the fullest possible inquiry into her antecedents will conduce only to au additional respect for her character. That inquiry. my dear George, is the merest precaution, the merest matter of form. As to the dispensation, that is a matter on which, until I know the facts of her former union, I cannot venture to speak. It is a matter for grave deliberation, not for-ah-haphazard guesswork."

"You have heard my ultimatum, sir," answered Venables. "No power on earth can keep me from fulfilling my engagement with Mrs Dartmouth. I do not think-I cannot believe—that anything will force or persuade her to break her promise to me." "You expressed a desire," said the cleric, after a

mement's silence, "that I should perform the marijage service.'

"Certainly," said Venables. "It would add to my happiness, even in marrying Mrs Dartmouth, that you should unite us." "Nothing would give me sincerer pleasure," said

Mr Herbert, "than to do so, if I can only satisfy my conscience that I am guilty of no breach of the laws of the Church. But I feel so strongly upon this point that I make no apology for plain speech. If I find that I cannot so satisfy myself, it will be a painful necessity imposed upon me by-ah-the necessities of the case to request you to apply to another clergy.

Venables gave a little shrug, half of vexation and half of humour.

"Well, sir," he said, "I can't and shan't try to prevent you speaking to Mrs Dartmouth on any topic you think fit. She may tell you what she will about rer past life. As to your crotch—your views about this other matter-I warn you that I would marry Mrs Dortmouth if she were fifty thousand widows rolled into one.

With this wholesale announcement of unconquerable affection. Venables turned his horse's head again in the direction of Crouchford Court.

"You are going to call upon Mrs Dartmouth?" asked Mr Herbert.

"Will you permit me to accompany you?" "Certainly," said Venables, and he and the clergyman walked on together.

## CHAPTER XII.—Another Way. A SMALL rustle, in an ancestral smock frock, covered

with a rimless felt hat, and wearing a pair of enormous boots of abnormal thickness of sole, was coming whistling along the road towards them at an easy pace, which quickened at sight of them to a shambling half inn. On encountering the two gentlemen outside Mrs Dartmouth's gate he touched a shaggy forehead and extended a letter to Mr Herbert. "I missed 'ee at the Vicarage, sir," he said.

Mr Herbert opened the letter, dismissing the messenger with a fatherly nod. He perused the communication with lifted eyebrows, and handed it over to his companion with a gravely twinkling smile. "Mrs Dartmouth wishes to see you, sir," said Venables.

"As you see," said Mr Herbert. They passed into the house together, and had been

seated in the wide reception room some five minutes when Mrs Dartmouth entered. She was dressed in a riding babit, and carried a whip in her hand. She flushed a little at sight of Venables, and cordially greeted Mr Herbert. "It is very good of you," she said, "to answer my

appeal so soon, when you must have so many calls upon your time." "I am always at your disposal, Mrs Dartmouth,"

the reverend gentleman answered. "Your messenger missed me at the Vicarage. I met him at the gate, where I had just encountered Sir George." "If," said Venables, looking at his watch, "if you can let me know, Gillian, at what time you think your

conference with Mr Herbert will be over, I will get back then and we can go for our ride," "But I want you to stay," she answered. "I asked Mr Herbert to come at this hour because we

had already made an appointment." Verables sat and plunged into contemplation of his

"I am all attention," said Mr Herbert.

"You are aware," she began, the colour playing on her face, and her breathing a little quickened, though her manner was as simple and unembarrassed as her words, "you are aware, Mr Horbert, of the relationship newly established between Sir George Venables and myself?"

Mr Herbert bowed.

"I have heard it from Sir George himself within the last half hour." "I took the liberty of asking you to call."

"You did me the honour. Mrs Dartmouth." She acknowledged the stately mixture of correction and compliment by a slight bend of the head. "To make a communication to you. The circumstances of my engagement to Sir George, and of my position in this place, seem to me to be such as make

it advisable."

"My dear Gi-llan," Venables broke in at this point, "pray allow me a word. You are free to make any communication to Mr Herbert you please. But have asked for none, and I desire none." "It is best," she said. "I should be unworthy

the honour you do me-of your love," she added, with a little deepening of colour, " If I permitted you to marry me except with the clearest possible understanding between us."

"Admirably said, Mrs Dartmouth," said Mr Herbert. "You see, my dear Venables, you stand for love, who has always been painted blind, I represent the church and the world."

"Which have always had their eyes particularly wide open," interjected Venables.

Mr Herbert let out a resounding cough of one syllable, deprecating levity, to call it by no harsher name. "I have been told," continued Gilliau, addressing him agair, "that you have leanings to auricular confessions."

"In a sense, yes. Without its perversions, its intrusions into domestic privacy. There are many things in the old formulas which might still be adopted, with—ah—modifications."

"Adapted," murmured Sir George, "like plays from the French."

"On another point," said Gillian; "I hear you hold rather old fashioned views-you doubt the right of a woman who has once been married to marry "Hum! Not-not entirely. There may be excep-

tions—spiritual dispensations. Divorce—of course,

I hold with the Fathers to be abominable and un-Christian. Even when death intervenes, causing a temporary separation, it seems to me that the union of souls is still a living certainty." "Ah!' said Gillian, softly, but with a note of deep

emotion in her voice, which made her auditors look at her, Mr Herbert with a quickened interest, and Venables with a pitying affection. "The union of souls! It is of that I wish to speak before you both -of that, and other things. It is right that my future husband should know the whole truth concerning my former marriage and my past life." "I listen under protest, Gillian," said Sir George.

"I ask for nothing that it can pain you to tell." "It would pain me all the more to be silent, George," she answered. She paused for a moment, before beginning her

"I was a mere child when my mother died, so young that I can searcely remember her at all. My father had till that time practised as a dooter in London, but at my mother's death he gave up his practice and retired to a little town in the Midlands. He had been very successful in his profession, and besides the money he had earned in that way, had a small private fortune, so that we were in more than easy chemmatances. He was passionately devoted to science, and after his retirement from practice devoted his whole time to his studies and experiments, leaving me to the care of an old nurse, who had been my mother's favourite servant, and who idolised me. was the only child. I grew up under her guardianship, not the best in the world, perhaps, for a self willed

child, seeing little of my father, who passed nearly all his waking hours in his laboratory. I would not have you think that I blame my father, or think of him with anything but the warmest love and respect. He was the kindest and best of men, generosity and gentleness in person, and he loved me dearly. But he was absorbed in his scientific studies, and so long as I looked happy and contented when we met, he never dreamed that there was more to wish for. I learned what and how I liked, and studied or idled as the fit took me. It was a happy life," said Gillian, with a sigh, "a long dream of happiness, but not the best preparation for the duties and struggles of the world. "The place in which we lived was a very small one-little more than a village-and from two years of age to seventeen I had never been five miles away

from home, so that between the unceasing affection of my father and my nurse, and my ignorance of everything in the world which I had not learned from kooks, I was little more than a child in knowledge wh n already almost a woman in years. I can look back on myself as I was then quite dispassionately. had many faults. I was wilful and petulant, as spoiled children who have never had their whims crossed are aure to be. I was very ignorant of life, and my brain was filled with nonsensical dreams and ideas, some drawn from the novels and poetry which were all I cared to read, some the birth of my own ignorance and girlish folly. But I was as innocent and honest a girl—I can truly say-as I have ever known. Looking back to that time through the miserable years which separate the poor girl from the woman I now am, the contrast is all to her advantage.

"I was just seventeen when I first saw my hus-

band. He came to the village on a sketching tour. He managed to scrape acquaintance with my father by pretending to have a great interest in some solontific problem on which my father had just published book. He was an extremely clever man, with a ready address and a certain ease of manner which imposed on most people very readily, and he had, more than any other person I have ever known, the art of pleasing and interesting the people he desired to stand well with. A less clever man might easily have made a conquest either of my father or myself. He, poor old man, fell a complete victim. In a week he could talk of nothing else but this new acquaintance. He had made himself my father's pupil and secretary, and it was my father's constant cry that he was a man of scientific genius, who, if he had the necessary training, would have been one of the greatest lights of the age. I can remember and understand now by what means he gained my father's affection, how he played on his simple vanity and flattered his foibles. learned more afterwards, and from him. It was one of his favourite amusements to tell me, after our marriage, how he had cheated and deceived the good old man, who grew to love him in a month or two

almest as a son. "My father fell ill, and after only a week's confinement, knew that his case was hopeless. In his last days all his thoughts were for me. He reproached himself bitterly for his neglect of me, the only terror death had for him was that he must leave the child he loved alone and unprotected in a world of which he knew as little as I mysslf. Philip-that was my husband's name-played on this terror with such success that the day before his death my father begged me to marry him there and in his presence. His belief in this man amounted to a mania, though he had known him scarcely three months. He implored me with tears to make his last hours bappy, happier,' he said 'than he deserved to be after his neglect of me-to let him know that he did not leave me unprotected. I consented. What else could I do. Put yourself in my place, Mr Herbert, imagine the circumstances."

"Did you love this man?" asked Mr Herbert. "No," said Gillian. "A bad heginning," said the clergyman,

"Bad, indeed," said Gillian. "No, I did not love

him. I admired him, I thought him clever, handsome, like the heroes of novels I had read, but he had not touched my heart at all. But my father begged me to marry him, and in his anxiety for my welfare painted the future of an unprotected girl so black and full of danger, that I consented. To be quite honest with you, there was a dash of remance in this marriage to a semi-stranger, by the bedside of a dying father, which appealed to my silly fancy. Don't think worse of me than I deserve. I loved my father truly, devotedly, and was desolate at the thought of losing him; but I felt that it was like an event in a novel or a play, and felt a sort of pleasure in making a poetic figure. "For the few days in which my father lingered,

and for the few other days after his burial, during which we remained in the village, my husband's conduct not merely gave no cause for alarm, but was most affectionate and considerate. Then, without any warning, he suddenly told me that the house and grounds were sold and that we were going to London. Arrived there, he took rooms in a street in the West End. I was a perfect stranger in the town, without a friend or even an acquaintance, and perfectly at his mercy. We had hardly been in London a week before he began a systematic course of insult and neglect, which lasted till our separation. He would leave me completely alone for days at a time. My remonstrances were treated with cool contempt, and, on more than one occasion, were answered by violence." "For Ged's sake!" broke out Venables, "Why

should you torment yourself in this fashion?" "Let me finish, George," she answered.

confidence is no confidence. I will be as brief as I can. I found I had married a libertine and a drnnkard. He had a truly diabolical cunning, which he loved to exercise. When guests were present he acted affection and respect in a fashion which would have deceived any witness. Always, in the presence of a third person, his conduct was the very perfection of consideration; when we were alone-I cannot speak of it. His hypocrisy was the most horrible of all his.

vices. I had married a man with neither heart nor conscience, one base beyond conception, cold, calculating, horribly impure. And, as I fully woke to the wretchedness to which I had bound myself, I became

a mother. "Have we not heard enough, sir?" asked Venables. turning with a grean of pain and impatience to Mr Herbert.

"Be patient, George," said Gillian. "If I could bear it, surely you can bear to hear of it, now that it is all over so long ago. When my child was a few months old I learnt that we were ruined. My fortune had gove, every penny, in gambling and debauchery. Grade by grade, we sank lower and lower, till at last we were actually starving-I and my darling Dora. He, meanwhile, made enough money by the exercise of his talents as an artist for his own needs, dressed like a gentleman, and took his pleasures abroad, only returning to the miserable garret in which he lived when he was penniless, to do a few hours' work whereby to provide money for his pleasures. Dora was ill-she was dying of want of nourishment and fresh air. She would have died had it not been for a friend-God bless him, a truer friend, a better man never broke bread. He gave me ten pounds with which to take her for a time into the country. My husband heard that I had the money. He seized it, and when I attempted to prevent him, he struck me to the ground, For weeks afterwards I lay in the hospital. While I was convalescent, news came of the death of a relation in Australia. He had left me a sum of money, with which I came here, and bought this

farm. The rest you know." [TO BE CONTINUED.] [Begun January 10. Back numbers may be had.]

## A BRISTOL DIVORCE SUIT.

In the Divorce Division of the High Court of Justice on Thursday, before Mr Justice Jeune and a common jury, the case of Garwood v. Garwood and Harris came on for hearing. This was a petition of Mr Arthur John Garwood, formerly of Portishead and Bristol and now of Bedford, for dissolution of murriage on the ground of his wife's alleged adultery with the corespondent, Mr Edwin John Harris, Answers were filed denying the allegations as to adultery, and counter charges of adultery, cruelty, and neglect were made against the husband, which he

Mr Deane appeared for the petitioner. Mr Barnard appeared for the respondent, and Mr Crosse for the

corespondent. Mr Deane, in opening the case, said the petitioner

and respondent, who were both young people, were married on the 19th November, 1888, and lived together until November, 1889. Mr Garwood when a boy lost his parents, and was brought up under the guardianship of his uncle. When he came of age he received an income of £250 a year, and was entitled to property amounting to £2000 or £3000. He had been apprenticed to a pianoforte manufacturer, but he gave up that business in 1885 when he came of age. He lived at Portishead and Bristol up to the time of his marriage, and was on intimate terms with the corespondent, Mr Harris, who lived at Bristol, and was articled to an architect at that time, intending to become an architect. In 1885 petitioner made the acquaintance of Mr Hart, veterinary surgeon, at Bedford, and became engaged to a daughter of his, but the engagement was broken off. He afterwards visited a Mr North at Tredegar, in Wales, and there became acquainted with his wife, who was then a Miss Jenkins, and eventually he married her and lived with her at Portichead. In July, 1889, they removed to Bristol. Harris was introduced to the wife, but petitioner did not suspect anything between them beyond friendship. Petitioner's wife desired him to enter into business, and he accordingly took a tobacconist's shop at Bedford. It had transpired that during petitioner's absence from his wife Harris had visited her, and was constantly alone with her, and they had been seen walking out together until late at night. Harris was not invited to visit them at Bedford; but the wife received letters from him, and she had spoken to one of the witnesses of the letters as being "chest warmers" (laughter), and she spoke in strong terms of her liking for Harris. Evidence would be given showing that the letters were addressed to her in the name of a witness named Ann Tripp, who handed them over to her, and some of the letters were addressed to her at the Post Office. These matters coming to the knowledge of the petitioner, he had spoken to her, and she refused to give any explanation. He thought the evidence would point to the conclusion that she had arranged to clope with the corespondent. In Lovember, 1889, she paid a visit to Reading, where the met the corespondent, went to a hotel with him, and was there alone with him from half-past one until four o'clock in the day. Evidence would be given that the corespondent had been seen standing with the respondent with his arm round her waist, and that at parting he kissed her. When spoken to on

Petitioner said that he married his wife at Swindon, where her parents lived. She was the sister of a lady who married his cousin Mr North. Having spoken to other statements of counsel, he said he first made the acquaintance of the corespondent when living at Portishead. Before going to Bedford he had noticed familiarity between his wife and the corespondent. On two or three occasions when he entered the room he had seen the corespondent with his arm round the respondent's waist. He spoke to his wife about her familiarity with Harris, and she said "It is only your fancy." After going to Bedford he noticed letters coming to his wife, and he opened one letter on the 4th November. The letter was read: it made an appointment to meet the respondent at Reading, and was signed "With best love, yours, &c., E. J. H." Petitioner arranged for a witness named Robinson to watch his wife. She was away a whole day, and when he asked where she had been she After Robinson returned and said "Not far." petitioner had seen him, he again spoke to his wife and asked her for an explanation. She refused to give any explanation whatever. Other letters were read, which petitioner said were in the handwriting of Harris. In one he said:-"If matters come to a crisis, you know what to do; but give me as much notice as possible." In another he advised her not to act precipitately, and added:--" If he has decided to kick up a row I should ask your advice in the matter." Again, "I was not aware that any man could prevent his wife going to see a friend however much he objected, as there is nothing actually wrong in it." Petitioner added that he never slept with his wife after her visit to Reading. She left him on the 26th November, and he had not seen her since, and did not know where she was until he received a letter from her in January last, in which, writing from Bristol, she said she had not a penny, and had had to borrow money to get food. She added:-"Iam very unhappy away from you. Let me come back to you as your wife. I will do all in my power to make

one occasion she said that she wanted "a tall dark

man with dreamy dark eyes."

In cross-examination petitioner denied that he had neglected his wife. He had been frequently out late, and had drunk to excess, but not frequently. He had no recollection of his wife complaining of his neglect. Once after a quarrel she went upstairs and took poison. He could give no reason why she did that. On one occasion when he was playing at billiards his wife wanted to go for a walk, and he auggested that Harris might take her. He denied that he had threatened to turn his wife out of the house. He knew of a letter which his wife wrote to her friends before going away, saying, "I am going abroad in another name. I am not going alone. I am leaving Arthur for another." Petitioner denied that he had dictated that letter. Before his wife left him he believed she had committed adultery, but he did not commence proceedings until after she had gone. He had inserted advertisements in the papers warning the public against his wife incurring debts. He received a letter from his wife's solicitor threatening him with proceedings for restitution of conjugal rights. He admitted that on the 15th of January he had offered to agree to a deed of separation and allow his wife £75 a year. He had sworn that he knew his wife was living in Bristol since she left him. He admitted that at the time of his marriage he had a certain disorder, and that afterwards his wife suffered in a similar way.

you happy. Let us mutually overlook the past."

By Mr Crosse—As a rule, he was sober (laughter). On one occasion he smashed the clock in the hall when he was drunk.

when he was married. The poison his wife took was laudanum, which she usually had in her bedroom. She took a strong dose. She woke him up in the night, and told him she wanted a handkerchief. He fetched one, and under it he found a note, previously written by her, stating that by the time he read it she would be dead.

the visits of the corespondent to the respondent, and said that on one occasion he brought her a flower. She called him Ted. He had sent her a card. Witness thought that they were very friendly towards each

The case was adjourned.

The population of All the Russias in 1889 was reckoned at 109,000,000, just about double what it was 60 years ago. Three men who were entombed in a colliery near

Wilkesbarre, U.S.A., have been rescued in a terribly emaciated condition, having been imprisoned for 115 The emigration return for January shows a total of

11,014, as against 10,383 in the same month of the previous year. Of the total, 5846 were English, 917 Scotch, and 1059 Irish. The Irish Industrial League claims to have established in Ireland 15 gooisties for carrying on dairy

dealing with the milk of 20,000 cows. At Bolton a public farewell has been accorded Edward White, a youth of 19, and son of the deputycoroner of the borough, who departs this week to take up missionary work in Central Soudan.

industry, comprising 10,000 to 15,000 farmers, and

Re-examined—He honestly believed he was cured Mrs Alice Phillips, sister of the petitioner, spoke of