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we that on the besis wheat crop of the iser Argonaut, built Blasgow, began her As she was going a slight explosion

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presented with the ertained at a public been appointed to Sussex, has had an at which dates from

he Royal Institute of Piccadilly, held on ring gentlemen were Byam Snaw, Robers and J. S. Crompton. lated in the French had been recalled to were to be mitted out lmitting the first and dressed his constitu-

and dealing with the ipt, hailed it as an man, and said that the Government te ef Superintendent of h the forgery of Im-

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r of Mrs. Hoffenden, ingby, Sussex, fell cued by a neighbour he National Sporting or the middle-weight utset Craig had the

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emanded.
For of 28 acres, to be been accepted by the cil The addition is at

A resolution was for his great public

Pease, M.P., in the ton, are returned ab of the votes recorded sen Crosby Phillips, 42: 1d., or 4s. 72d. FOR WOMAN'S LOVE

A NOVEL. BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Hidden Hand," "Only a Gir?":
Heart," "A Deed Without a Name," etc.

CHAPTER V. THE GREAT BENUNCIATION. WHEN the governo elect and his bride entered he Rockharrt town mase, they were received by

group of obsequences servants, headed by Jason, the butler, and Jane, the housekeeper, and mong whom stood Martha, lady's maid to the new Mrs. Rotheay.
"Will you come into the drawing-room and rest, dear, before going upstairs?" inquired Mr. Rothsay of his bride, as they stood together in

me front nam.

"No, thank you. I will go to my room. Come,
Martha!" said the bride, and she went upstairs,

ollowed by her maid.
Rule stood where she had so hastily left him, it the hall, looking so much at a loss that presently

Jason volunteered to say:

"Shall I show you to your apartment, sir?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Rothsay. And he followed the servant upstains to a large and hand-somely furnished bed chamter, having a dressingoom attached.

Jason lighted the wax candles on the dressin

table and on the man'el-piece, and then inquired "Is there anything else I can do for you, sir?" No," replied Mr. Rothsay. And the servant retired.

Kothsay was alone in the room. He had never set up a valet; he had always waited on himself.
Now, however, he was again at a loss. He was overed with radway dust and smoke, yet he saw o conveniences for ablution. While he stood there, a shout arose in the street nutside A single voice raised the cheer;
"Hoo—rah—ah—ah for Rothsay!"
He went to the front window of the room. The

sahes were hoisted, for the night was warm; but he shutters were closed. He turned the slats a little and looked down on the square below. It was filled with polestrians, and every window of svery house in sight was illuminated. When the shouts had died away, he heard voices in the room. He was himself accidentally cone ale I by the window curtains. He looked around and waw his bride emerge from the dressing roomattired in an

tairs followed by her maid.

He saw the door of the dressing-room standing open and went into it.

He quickly made a refreshing evening toile; and went downstairs, for he was eager to rejain his bride. He fou st her in the drawing room; but soarcely had he seated himself at her side when the door was opened and dinner announced by

They both arose; he gave her his arm, and they followed the butler to the dining room, which was on the opposite side of the front hall and in the rear of the library.

An elegant tete-a-tete dinner but for the presence

of the old butler and one young footman who waited on them. They did not linger long at table, but soon left

and returned together to the drawing room.

They had scarcely seated themselves when the door bell rang, and in a few moments afterward a and was brought in and handed to Mr. Rothsay, who took it and read: A. B. Crawford.

Show the judge into the library and say that I will be with him in a few moments," he said to the servant. "He is one of the judges of the supreme court

of the State, dear, and I must go to him. I hope he will not keep me long," said Mr. Rothsay, as he raised the hand of his bride to his lips and then left the room. with a sigh of intense relief Cora leaned back ler chair and closed her eyes.

People have been known to die suddenly in

their chairs. Why could not she die as she sat there, with her whole head heavy and her whole heart faint, she thought.

She listened-fearfully-for the return of her honed to do: for while she listened the door bell rang again, and another visitor made his appearance, and after a short delay was shown into the

library. Then came another, and still another, and afterward others, until the library must have been half full of callers on the governor-elect. And presently a large band of musicians halted before the house and began a serenade. They played and sang "Hail to the Chief," "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," and other popular Doodle," "Hail or national airs.

Mr. Rothsay and his friends went out to see them and thank them, and then their shouts rent the air as they retired from the scene. The gentlemen re entered the house and retired to the library, where they resumed their discussion

of official business, until amother multitude had gathered befere the house and shouts of—
"Hoo-rah-ah-ah for Rotheay!" rose to the empyrean. Neither the governor-elect nor his companion

esponded in any way to this compliment until loud, disorderly cries for-

"Rothsay!"
"Rothsay!"
"Rothsay!"

constrained them to appear.

The governor elect was again greeted with thundering cheers. When silence was restored he made a short, pithy address, which was received with rounds of applause at the close of every paragraph.
When the speech was finished, he bowed and cheese

withdrew, and the crowd, with a final cheer, dispersed.

Mr. Rothsay retired once more to the library, accompanied by his friends, to renew their dis-Cora, in her restlessness of spirit, arose from

ber seat and walked several times up and down Presently, weary of walking, and attracted by the coolness and darkness of the back drawing room, in which the chandeliers had not been lighted,

the passed between the draped blue satin por tieres that divided it from the front room and intered the apartment. The French windows stood open upon a richly stored flower garden, from which the refreshing fragrance of dewy roses, lilies, violets, cape jas-

nines, and other aromatic plants was wafted by

Cora seated herself upon the sofa between the two low French windows, and waited.

Presently she heard the visitors taking leave "The committee will wait on you between ten and eleven to-morrow morning," she heard one

gentleman say, as they passed out. Then several "good nights" were uttered, an the guests all departed, and the door was closed. Cora heard her husband's quick, eager step as

hurried into the front drawing room, seeking

She felt her heart sinking, the high nervous tension of her whole frame relaxing. She heard the hall clock strike ten. When the last stroke lied away, she heard her husband's voice calling,

"Cora, love, wife, where are you?"
The over She could bear no more. The overtasked heart

Save wav. When, the next instant, the eager bridegroom pushed aside the satin portieres and entered the spartment, with a flood of light from the room in front, he found his bride had thrown herself lown on the Persian rug before the sofa in the wildest anguish and despair and in a paroxysm of

Passionate subj and tears.
What a sight to meet a newly-made, adoring hasband's eyes on his marriage evening and on the

n ambition! For one moment he gazed on her, too much amazed to utter a word. Then suddenly he stooped, raised her as lightly if she had been a baby, and laid her on the sofa.
"Cora—love—wife! Oh! what is this?" he

eried, bending over her.

She did not answer; she could not for choking sobs and drowning tears. He knelt beside her, and took her hand, and bent his face to hers, and murmured:
"Oh, my love! my wife; what troubles you?"

She wrenched her hand from his, turned her face from him, buried her head in the cushions of the sofa, and gave way to a fresh storm of an-

guish.
When she repulsed him in this spasmodic manner. he recoiled as a man might do who had received a audden blow; but he did not rise from his position, but watched beside her sofa, in great listress of mind, patiently waiting for her to speak and explain.
Gradually her tempest of emotion seemed to be

raging itself into the rest of exhaustion. Her sobs and tears grew fainter and fewer; and presently after that she drew out her handkerchief, and raised herself to a sitting position, and began to wipe her wet and tear-stained face and eyes. Though her tears and sobs had ceased, still her osom heaved convulsively.

He arose and seated himself beside her, put his

arm around her, and drew her beautiful black, curled head upon his faithful breast, and bending his face to hers, entreated her to tell him the

ing his face to hers, entreated her to ten him the cause of her grief.

"What is it, dear one? Have you had bad news? A telegram from Rockhold? Either of the old people had a stroke? Tell me, dear!"

"Nothing — has — happened," she answerel, distributed with a name.

giving each word with a gasp.
"Then what troubles you, dear? Tell me, wife! tell me! I am your hu-band?" he whispered smoothing her black hair, and gazing with infinite enderness on her troubled face. "On, Rule! Rule! Rule!" she moaned, closing

"On, Rule! Rule! Rule!" she moaned, closing her eyes, that could not bear his gaze.
"Tell me, dear," he murmured, gently, continuing to stroke her hair.
"I am—nervous -Role," she breathed. "I shall get over it presently. Give me—a little time, she gasped.
"Nervous"! He gaze! down on her woe-writhen face, with its closed eyes that would not meet his own. Yes, doubtless she was nervous-

very nervous - but she was in se than that. Mere nervousness never blanched a woman's face, wrong her festures or convulsed her form like this. "Cora, look at me, dear. There is something

I have to say to you."

She forced herself to lift her cyclicls and meet the almost, truthful eyes that looked down into of the interview between us to any living being."

"I promise this, also, on my honour, Rule."

"That is all I ask, and it is exacted for your

had broken from her without her knowledge

"Thes let me share it," he pleaded.

"On, Rule! Rule! Bule!" she waile I, dropping

her head upon his breast.
"Is your trouble so bitter, dear? What is it, ratee I her to her feet.

Cora? It can be nohing that I may not share Mr. read it "On, Rule, bear with me! I did not wish to room distress you with my fully, my madness. Do not mind it, Rule. It will pass away. Indeed, it will that I will be with him in a few minutes," said that I will be with him in a few minutes," said that I will be with him in a few minutes," said that I will be with him in a few minutes," said that I will be with him in a few minutes," said that I will be with him in a few minutes, " said that I will be with him in a few minutes," said that I will be with him in a few minutes, " said that I will be with him in a few minutes," said that I will be with him in a few minutes, " said that I will be with him in a few minutes," said that I will be with him in a few minutes, " said that I will be with him in a few minutes," said that I will be with him in a few minutes, " said that I will be with him in a few minutes," said that I will be with him in a few minutes, " said that I will be with him in a few minutes," said that I will be with him in a few minutes, " said that I will be with him in a few minutes," said that I will be with him in a few minutes, " said that I will be with him in a few minutes," said that I will be with him in a few minutes, " said that I will be with him in a few minutes," said that I will be with him in a few minutes, " said that I will be with him in a few minutes," said that I will be with him in a few minutes, " said that I will be with him in a few minutes," said that I will be with him in a few minutes, " said that I will be with him in a few minutes," said that I will be with him in a few minutes, " said that I will be with him in a few minutes," said that I will be with him in a few minutes, " said that I will be with him in a few minutes," said that I will be with him in a few minutes, " said that I will be with him in a few minutes," said that I will be with him in a few minutes, " said that I will be with him in a few minutes," said that I will be with him in a few minutes, " said that I will be with him in a few minutes," said that I will be with him in a few minutes, " said that I will righter as spirit about me; do not notice my moods; and give me time. I shall come all right. I shall be to you-all that you wish me to be. But, for the Lord's love, Rule, give me time!" she pleaded, the gentleman into the front room," said the with voice and eyes so full of woe that the man's governor-elect.

heart sank in his bosom. He grew pale and withdrew his arm from her neck. She lifted her head from his breast then and leaned back in the corner of the sola. She trembled with fear now, lest she had betraved her secret, which she had resolved to keep for his own sake. She looked and waited for his words. He was very still, pale and grave. Presently he spoke very gently to the grieving woman.

Dear, you have said too much and too little

Tell me all now, Cora. It is best that you should, dear."
"Rule! oh, Rule? must I? must I? ' she pleaded,

wringing her hands. "Yes, Cora'; it is best, dear." "Oh, I would have borne snything to have spared you this. But—I betrayed myself. Oh, Rule, please try to forget what you have seen and heard. Bear with me for a little white. Give me some When would that be? To-morrow? little time to get over this, and you shall see how truly I will do my duty—how earnestly I will try

to make you happy," she prayed.
"I know, dear-I know you will be a good, dear wife, and a dearly loved and fondly cherished wife. But begin, dear, by giving me your con fidence. There can be no real union without confidence between husband and wife, my Cora. Surely, you must trust me, dear," he said, with erious tenderness. Yes; I can trust you. I will trust yo

with all, through all, Rule. You are wise and good. You will forgive me and help me to do right." She spoke so wildly and so excitedly that he laid his hand tenderly, soothingly, on her head, and begged her to be calm and to confide in hi with out hesitation.

What a story for a newly-married husband to hear from his wife on the evening of their wedding-

day!
He listened in silence, and without moving a muscle of his face or form. When he had heard all he arose from the sofa, stood up, then reeled to an arm chair near at hand and dropped heavily into it, his huge, stalwart frame as weak from sudden faintness as that of an infant.

"Oh, Rule! Rule! your anger is just! It i just!" cried Cora, wringing her hands in despair He looked at her in great trouble, but his beau tiful eyes expressed only the most painful compassion He culd not answer her. He could not trust himself to speak yet. His breast was heaving, working tunultuously. His tawny-bearded chin was quivering. He shut his lips firmly together, and tried to still the convulsion

of his frame.
"The Rule, be angry with me, blame me, re proach me, for I am to blame—bitterly, bitterly blame. But do not hate me, for I love you Rule, with a sister's love. And forgive me, Rul —not just now, for that would be impossible, perhaps. But, oh! do forgive me after a while, Rule, for I do repent—oh, I do repent that treason of the heart—that treason against one so worth the truest love and honour which woman give to man. You will forgive me-after a while-after a-probation?" She paused and looked wistfully at his grave, pained, patient face.

He could not yet answer her.

"Oh, if you will give me time, Rule, I will—I will banish every thought, every memory of my—my—my season in London, and will devote my self to you with all my heart and soul. No man ever had, or ever could have, a more devoted wife than I will be to you, if you will only trust me and be happy, Rule. "Oh!" she suddenly burst forth, seeing that he did not reply to her, "you

are bitterly angry with me. You hate me. You cannot forgive me. You blame me without mercy.

Now he forced himself to speak, though in a low and broken voice. "Angry? With you, Cora? No, dear, no."
"You blame me, though. You have not been to blame," he faltered, faintly, for he was an almost

nortally wounded man. "Ah! what do you mean? Why do you speak to me so kindly, so gently? I could bear your anger, your reproaches, Rule, better than this tenderness, that breaks my heart with shame and remorse?" cried Cora, bursting into a passion of sobs and tears.

He did not come near her to take her in his arms

and comfort her as before. A gulf had opened between them which he felt that he could not pass, but he spoke to her very gently and com aionately. "Do not grieve so bitterly, dear," he said. "Do

not accuse yourself so unjustly. You have done no wrong to me, or to any human being. You have done nothing but good to me, and to every have done nothing but good to me, and to every human being in your reach. To me you have been more than tongue can tell—my first friend, my muse, my angel, my inspiration to all that is best, greatest, highest in human life—the goal of all my darthly, all my heavenly aspirations. That I should love you with a pure, single, ardent passion to the best of the state of t of enthusiasm was natural, was inevitable. But He paused in his walk and listened. All the

natural, too, though most unfortunate. I am not

fair to look upon Cora. I have no form, no come liness, that any one should—" He was suddenly interrupted by the girl, who sprang from her seat and sank at his feet, clasped his knees, and dropped her head upon his hands in a tempest of sob and tear, crying!

"Oh, Rule! I never did deserve your love! I

never was worthy of you! And I long have known it. But I do love you! I do love you! Oh, give me time and opportunity to proveit!" she pleaded with many tears, saying the same words over and over again, or words with the same meaning. He laid both his large hands softly on her bowed head and held them there with a coothing, quieting, measureric touch, until she had sobbed, and cried, and talked herself into silence, and then

he said:
"No, Cora! No, dear! You are good and true to the depths of your soul; but you deceive your self. You do not love me. It is not your fault. You cannot do so! You pity, you esteem, you appreciate; and you mistake these sentiments as you mistook sisterly affection for such love as only hould sanctify the union of man and woman. "But I will, Rule. I will love you even so

Give me time! A little time! I am your own, "No, dear, no. I am sure that you would do your best, at any cost to yourself. You would your best, at any cost to yoursel. You would consecrate yourlife to one whom yet you do not love, bucasse you cannot love. But the sacrifice is too great, dear—a sacrifice which no woman should ever make for any cause, which no man should ever accept under any circumstances.

Cora." "Or, Rule! What do you mean! You frighten me! What do you intend to do?" exclaimed Cors, with a new fest in her heart.

not immolate yourself on my unworthy shrine

"I will tell you later, dear, when we are both quieter. And, Cora, promise me one thing-for your own sake, dear,"
"I will promise you anything you wish, Rule.
And be glad to do so. Glad to do anything that will please you, she earnestly assured him. "Then promise that whatever may happen, you will never tell any hum in being what you have told | family when the Rockharrts occupied their town me to-night."

ne to night."
"I promise this on my honour, Rule."
"Promise that you will never repeat one work bride emerge from the dressing roomatured in an slegant dinner costume. She passed through te on your mind dear - a burden too heavy, for you so white and pure that the smallest speek can be second and a longer one, sealed that also. One stairs followed by her maid.

The here is some great burden own sake, dear. The fair name of a woman is second and a longer one, sealed that also. One seen upon it. And now, dear, it is nearly eleven to bear alone."

The here is some great burden own sake, dear. The fair name of a woman is second and a longer one, sealed that also. One seen upon it. And now, dear, it is nearly eleven to bear alone."

The here is some great burden own sake, dear. The fair name of a woman is second and a longer one, sealed that also. One seen upon it. And now, dear, it is nearly eleven of the desk; the other he dropped into his pocket. seen upon it. And now, dear, it is nearly eleven colock. Will you ring for your maid and go of the desk; theother he dropped into his pocket, to your room? I have letters to write—in the Library—which, I think, will occupy me the whole might, he said, as he took her hand and gently

> At that moment aservant entered, bringing a card Mr. Rothsay took it toward the portiere and read it by the light of the chandelier in the front

library locked. I did not know that it would be wanted again to-night. But I will light up sir."
"Wax candles? It would take too long. Sho

The servant went to do his bidding. Then Rothsay turned to Cora, savin : "I must see this man, dear, late as it is! will bid you good night now. God bless you, dear.

And without even a farewell kiss, Rothsay passed out.
And C raidid not know that he had gone for good. She rang for her maid and retired to her room there to pass a sleepless, anxious, remorseful night.
What would be the result of her confession to her husband? She dared not to conjecture.

He had been gentle, tender, most considerate and most charitable to her weakness, never speak

ing of his own wrongs, never reproaching her con stancy.

He had said, in effect, that he would come to an

Scarcely, for the ceremonies of the coming day must occupy every moment of his time.

And what, eventually would be do?
His words, divinely compassionate as they had
been, had shadowed forth a separation between them. Had he not told her that to be the wife o a husband she could not love would be a sacrific that no woman should ever make and no man should ever accept? That she should not so offer up her What could this mean but a contemplated

senaration? So Cora lay sleepless and tortured by these harrassing questions.

When Rule Rothsay entered the front drawing

room he found there a young merchant marine cap tain whom he had known for many years, though t intimately. "Ah, how do you do, Ross?" he said. "How do you do, Governor! I must ask par ion for calling so late, but—"
"Not at all. How can I be of use to you?"

"Why, in no way whatever. Don't suppose that every one who calls to see you has an office to seek or an axe to grind. Though, I suppose, most of them have," said the visitor, as he seated himself. Rothsay dropped into a chair, and forced himself talk to the young sailor.

"Just in from a voyage, Ross?"
"No; just going out, Governor."
Rothsay smiled at this premature bestowal of the ich official title, but did not set the matter right. was of too little importance.

"I was going to explain, Governor, that I was ust passing through the city on my way to Norfolk, rom which my ship is to sail to-morrow. So had to take the midnight train. But I could not go without trying for a chance to see and shake hands with you and congratulate you."

"You are very kind, Rose. I thank you," said Rothsay, somewhat wearily.

"You're not looking well, Governor. I suppose all this 'fuss and feathers' is about as harassing as a stormy sea voyage. Well, I will not keep you up long. I should have been here earlier, only I went first to the hotel to inquire for you, and there I learned that you were here in old Rockharrt's house, and had married his grand-daughter. Congratulate you again, Governor. Not many men have had such a double triumph as you. She is a splendidly beautiful woman. I saw her once in Washington City, at the President's reception. She was the greatest belle in the place. That reminds me that I must not keep you away from her lady-ship. This is only hail and farewell. Good night. I declare, Rothsay, you look quite worn out. Don't see any other visitor to-night in case there should be another fool besides myself come

to worry you at this hour. Now good-bye," said the visitor, rising and offering his hand. "Good-bye, Ross. I wish you a pleasant and prosperous voyage," said Rothsay, rising to shake ands with his visitor.

He followed the young sailor to the hall, and

seeing nothing of the porter, he let the visitor out and locked the door after him. Then he returned to the drawing-room. Hold. ing his head between his hands he walked slowly up and down the floor-up and down the floor-up

and down—many times.
"This is weakness," he muttered, "to be think ing of myself when I should think only of her and the long life before her, which might be so joyous but for me—but for me! Dear one who, in her tender childhood, pitied the orphan boy, and with patient, painstaking earnestness taught him to read and write, and gave him the first impulse and in-spiration to a higher life. And now she would give her life to me. And for all the good she has done me all her days, for all the blessings she has rought me, shall I blight her happiness? Shall I nake her this black return? No, no. Better that I should pass forever out of her life-pass forever out of sight-forever out of this world-than live to make her suffer. Make her suffer'? I? Oh, no! Let fame, life, honours, all go down, so that she is saved-so that she is made happy.

intelle that appreciation for that living fire of was sleepless. Oh, that he could go and comfort sterns. lave when annie man and woman, was her! even as a mother comforts her child; but

he could not. "I suppose many would say," he murmured to himself, "that I owe my first earthly duty to the people who have called me to this high office; that private sorrows and private conscience should yield to the public, and they would be right. Yet with me it is as if death had stepped in and relieved me of official duty to be taken up by my successor

just the same -He stopped and put his hand to his head, Is this special pleading? I wonder if I am quite sane?"

Then dropping into a chair, he covered his face with his hands and wept aloud.

tears had relieved the overladen heart. He arose

and recommenced his walk, reflecting with more calmness on the cruel situation.

"I shall right her wrongs in the only possible two strange youths of uncouth appearance were way in which it can be done, and I shall do no observed to leave the house. harm to the State. Kennedy will be a better governor than I could have been. He is an older, wiser, more experienced statesman. I am conscious that I have been over-rated by the people who love me. I was elected for my popularity, not for merit. And now-I am not even the man that I was—my life seems torn out of my bosom. Oh, Cora, Cora! life of my life! But you shall be happy, dear one! free and happy after a while. Ah! I know your gentle heart. You will weep for the late of him whom you loved -as a brother. Oh! Heaven! but your tears will come from a passing cloud that will leave your future life all clear and bright—not darkennd to rever by the slavery of a union with one whom you do not -only because you cannot -love.

He walked slowly up and down the floor a few more turns, then glanced at the clock on the mantel-piece, and said:

"Time passes. I must write my letters." ery, mostly for the convenience of the ladies of the

He went to thir, sat down and opened it, laid paper out, and then with his clow on the deck

fell into deep thought. At length he began to write rapidly. He soon Then he took "a long, last, lingering look" sround the room. This was the room in which he had first met Cora after long years of separation; where he had passed so many happy evenings with mitted him to do so : this was the room in which they had plighted their troth to each other, and to which, only six hours before, they had returned to all appearance—a most happy bride and groom.

Ah, Heaven !

His wandering gaze fell on the open writing desk, which in his misery he had forgotten to cluee. He went to it and shut down the lid. Then he passed out of the room, took his hat

from the rack in the hall, opened the front door, passed out, closed it behind him, and left the house Outside was pandemonium. The illuminations in the windows had died down, but the streets were full of revellers, too much exhibitated as yet to retire, even if they had any place to retire to; for on that summer night many visitors to the inauguration chose to stay out in the open air until morning rather than to leave the city and lose the

Once again the hum and buzz of many voices was broken by a shrill cry of:
"Hooray for Rothsay!" which was taken up
by the chorus and echoed and re-echoed from one end to the other of the city, and from earth to sky.

Poor Rothsay himself passed out upon the side-

walk, unrecognised in the obscurity.

An empty hack was standing at the corner To this he went, and spoke to the man on the

"Yes, sah, it is -took by four gents as can't get no lodgings at none of the hotels, nor yet boarding houses—no, eah. Dere dey is ober yonder in dat dere s'loon cross de street—yes, sah. But it don't keep open, dat s'loon don't, longer'n twelve o'clock—no, sah. It's mos' dat now, so dey'll soon call for dis hack—yes, sah !"

Rothsay left the talkative hackman and passed or A hand touched him on the arm. He turned and saw old Scythia, clothed in ong, black cloak of some thin stuff, with its hoo! drawn over her head.

Rothsay stared. "Come, Rule! You have tested woman's love day, and found it fail you; even as I tested man's faith in the long ago, and found it wrong me! Come, Rule! You and I have had enough of falsehood and treachery? Let us shake the dust of civilisation off our shoes! Come, Rule!"

> PORTSMOUTH RAILWAY STATION.

(To be continued).

SERIOUS STATEMENTS. An inquest was held on the body of Walter Cull, a shunter in the goods department at the Town railway station at Portsmouth, who was killed while at work. It was shown that the deceased was jammed between two trucks as they were passing each other, and that the spot in question was a busy and dangerous one. The coroner (Mr. T. A. Bramedon) said that since December, 1896, he had held no less than seven inquests on the bodies of people who had lost their lives on the line at Portsmouth, and of the seven six had been servants of the railway companies. It seemed that the life of a shunter at the Portsmouth Town station was anything but a happy one. Portemouth Station was an extremely busy one, and it had been shown that it was cramped, one, and that been shown that it was dramped, inadequate, and dangerous. He hoped that before long something would be done by the componies to ensure the safety of their servants. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death. They added that they considered that the accommods tion at the Portsmouth Town goods station was entirely inadequate for the traffic carried on there. They were of opinion that the railway companies were morally responsible for the death of the deceased on account of the insufficient means of

signalling. THE WHEAT CROP FOR 1808.

Sir J. B. Lawes, writing from Rothamsted on the above subject, sums up his experiences and opinions as follows:—The prominent enaracteristics the season were in the main very similar hroughout the chief wheat-growing districts of the country. The reports published from time to time of the progress of the wheat crop almost uniformly ndicated a very heavy produce of straw. But the earlier reports record many complaints of laid crops, rust, blight, and small ears not well filled, and doubts are expressed whether the yield will be equal to what might be expected from the bulk of traw. Nevertheless, as the season advanced, and harvest progressed, the majority of the estimates showed an expectation of over average yield of grain per acre, if not an adequate yield in proportion to the straw. Reports of actual threshings are, however, comparatively few, but upon the whole the later records are more favourable than the earlier, and there can be little doubt that there will be more than an average yield of grain per acre over the country at large. Since the above was written, there has appeared a further report in The Times said to be founded to some extent upon the yields from the threshing machine, and the general indication is stated to be that for the whole of Great Britain the yield will be about 36 bushels per acre. It may be of interest to observe that supposing future threshings should confirm an estimate of about 35 bushels per acre for the that you, dear, should mistake your feelings toward me, mistake sisterly affection, womanly sympathy, evidently asleep—except her! He felt sure that she would be from 21 to 22 million quarters. TRAGEDY AT BIRMINGHAM.

A WOMAN POUND STRANGLED.

The dead body of a woman named Mary Ann Alibat, about 50 years of age, who has for the past six years lived alone, was discovered in her house in Birmingham. She was of independent means, as she owned some small property, and was popularly supposed to keep a considerable amount of money in the house. As the house remained shut up all the morning the police become susof money in the house. As the house remained shut up all the morning the police became supplicious, and an entrance was forced. On reaching the bedroom a terrible eight presented itself. The occupant of the room was found with her arms fastened to the rail of the bedstead, while around her throat a piece of calico was tightly tied. She with his hands and wept aloud.

Does anyone charge him with weakness? Think of the tragedy of a whole life compressed in that one crucial hour?

After a little while he grew more composed. The she had died from strangulation. The room had been ransacked, and a small trunk and a hat-box, soft ostrich plumes starting from a big rosette of

> AN ARREST. The police have arrested a man at West Bromwich in connection with the murder. He gave the name of Claude Munby, slias Frank Jones, and he is a brass finisher by trade. He had silver in his possession amounting to about 20s., and he accounts for this by saying he found a sovereign and changed it. He has no fixed abode, and at one time he lived in Latimer-street. He admitted to the police that he was in that neighbourhood on the night of the tragedy. A search of the premises resulted in the discovery of a secret hoard which the thieves missed. A box in the bedroom was found to contain a large saucepan, and in this, in a biscuit tin and a cocoa tin, was found a pile of eilver, gold, and copper, amounting to over £100.

A return has been issued in Blue Book form of accidents and casualties reported to the Board of Trade by the several railway companies in the United Kingdom during the first six months of the present year. The number of persons killed and injured in the course of public traffic during the six months is returned at 546 killed and 2,861 injured, being a decrease of seventeen in the number of killed and 64 in the injured as compared with the corresponding portion of last year. A number of accidents were also reported by the railway companies as having occurred upon their premises but in which the movement of vehicles used exclusively upon railways was not concerned, thus bring-

ing the total up to 575 killed and 7,294 injured.

PRISONER AS WITNESS. CAN HE BE CALLED AFTER EVIDENCE ON HIS

BEHALF? At Northampton Quarter Sessions, Walter Crisp, labourer, was charged with wounding the landlord of a village inn. The prisoner was using bad language, and the landlord attempted to put him out. Both fell, and the latter was severely cut in the thigh by a pocket knife in the prisoner's hand.

—Mr. W. A. Attenborough, for the defence, said the prisoner had the open knife in his hand when the landlord went to him, and the cut was entirely accidental. He would call witnesses to show that, including the prisoner.—On Mr. Attenborough calling his first witness, John Smith, Mr. Ryland Adkins, for the prosecution, objected. If the prisoner was to give evidence, he should be called first.—Mr. Attenborough said there was nothing in the Act to that effect.—Mr. Adkins contended that it was clearly the intention of the Act that a prisoner should not be allowed to hear the witnesses on his own side, and then say, "I say ditto." In criminal cases, very properly, witnesses were not allowed in court. It was obviously impossible to order the prisoner out of court while his witnesses were in the box.— The Chairman intimated that the Court thought it desirable that the prisoner should be called to adopt that course. It would be taken as a precedent, and he attached great importance to the matter. The Act said that the prisoner could be called "at any stage of the proceedings." would even go so far as to say that according to the Act the prisoner could be called after the chairman had summed up.—After a consultation, the Chairman allowed Mr. Attenborough to adopt his own course. When four witnesses had deposed to the scuffle, he called the prisoner.—Mr. Adkins asked the Court to say that the time for the prisoner giving evidence had gone.—The Chairman: The Court considers that the course proposed to be followed is most objectionable. The Act says where the prisoner is the only witness for the defence he is to be called immediately after the witnesses for the prosecution. We think that the

taken as a precedent.—The prisoner then gave his account of the affair, and the jury acquitted

THE ORMSKIRK ELECTION.

inference is plain that the same course ought to

be pursued in other cases. We do not feel our-selves authorised to refuse the evidence, but the

Court earnestly hope that this course will not be

UNOPPOSED RETURN. The Hon. Arthur Stanley (Conservative) has been declared duly elected for the vacancy in the Ormskirk division of South West Lincashire, no other candidate being proposed.

The results of the previous elections in the con-The results of the stituency have been:—
1885. Mr. A. B. Forwood (C).. Mr. J. P. Sheldon (L) 1886. Rt. Hon. A. B. Forwood (C)... 1892. Rt. Hon. A. B. Forwood (C) J. Middlehurst (R)...... 2,517 Rt. Hon. A. B. Forwood (C)......

FATALITY IN CORK HARBOUR.

FOUR MEN DROWNED. Four lives have been lost through a collision in Cork Harbour between the War Office steam launch Cambridge and a boat containing a party of 14 workmen engaged at the Haulbowline Dockyard extension works. The workmen were cross-ing from Haulbowline to Riugasheddy, where most of them lived, in the evening; and the Cam-bridge was conveying a number of military men from Spike Island to Haulbowline and Queens town. It was very dark at the time and when mearing Haulbowline the launch ran into the smaller craft, cutting her in twain and throwing touch of relief colour, which is repeated in the all her occupants into the water. Three men from the launch immediately jumped into a punt which was being towed behind their vessel and rescued some of the drowning men, others of whom were picked up in an exhausted state by a boat which

EXPLOSION ON A TORPEDO.

BOAT.

An accident occurred to an American torpedoboat, which was running its trial trip near Actoria (Oreg n). While running at full speed some of the ler tubes burst. There were about a dozen men by at the time, and eight of them were killed.

LADIES' LETTER.

MY DEAR NELLIS. Something approaching a revolution has taken place in the shape of hats this autumn. No longer are their brims turned up against the crown at the back or over the left ear, but they droop meekly over forehead and coil of hair, and are only very elightly raised at the sides by means of trimmings.
This particular shape, reminiscent of the fashions
of the sixties, is likely to be very much worn indeed, setting saide the always popular boat and and sailor shapes, it has no dangerous rivals except the toque and the tricorn hat, and as it suits the majority of English faces it seems likely to remain

in favour throughout the coming winter. One of the prettiest of these drooping-brimmed shaded grey velvet in front, falling towards the store of money, were found open and the contents in a state of disorder. The police made inquiries of the neighbours, and learnt that in the morning are grey, like the hat itself but a pleasant touch are grey, like the hat itself but a pleasant touch of colour is provided by the velvet chrysanthemums of rich orange which are tucked under the brim at either side. This brim, by the way, is quite as broad at the back as it is in front, unlike a few of the new models whose brims are sloped away

slightly behind. Coloured felts, with contrasting linings—especially in deep green combined with turquoise blue—are again very fashionable, and a smart hat of this sort has its crown encircled by two feathers shaded from green to blue and starting from a mighty rosette of miroir velvet that has a hand-some paste ornament in the centre. A grey fets hat, lined with crimson and trimmed with grey feathers, shaded crimson wings, and steel orna-ments, is also a bright and pretty headgear for wear on a dull autuinnal day.

In addition to big cloaks we have to welcome He walked slowly up and down the floor a few more turns, then glanced at the clock on the mantel-piece, and said:

"Time passes. I must write my letters."

There was an elegant little writing-desk standing in the corner of the room and filled with station
SIX MONTHS' RAILWAY ACCI
DENTS.

In addition to big clocks we have to welcome back that most obliging of garments, the redingote, Girls aver that very large coats are not only heavy but weight their skirts down to such an extent that they spoil anything smart and new.

My advice to them is not to welcome back that most obliging of garments, the redingote, Girls aver that very large coats are not only heavy but weight their skirts down to such an extent that they spoil anything smart and new.

In addition to big clocks we have to welcome back that most obliging of garments, the redingote, Girls aver that very large coats are not only heavy but weight their skirts down to such an extent that they spoil anything smart and new.

This is constructed to welcome back that most obliging of garments, the redingote, Girls aver that very large coats are not only heavy but weight their skirts down to such an extent that they spoil anything smart and new.

The passes of the room and filled with stationunderneath a smart new coat. This is one reason that a coat is such a useful garment. It is worn both for cold weather and for driving and travelling in, and with it may go a skirt that has known its best days and is not longer than the redingote itself. If the skirt is longer and shows at all it is apt to lo.k shabby. It is modish to line a coat of this sort with a delicate shot glacé silk. Anemone colour is a patticular favourite; cyclamen pink another. I have seen a green very successfully lining a putty-coloured cloth. Glacé silk comes as a boon and a blessing in this direction; it slive on underneath a smart new coat. This is one reason on and a blessing in this direction; it slips on

and off so easily and seems to wear a very great deal better than the striped satins which are cer-tainly thicker than this silk, but not nearly so comfortable nor so durable. For a young girl an artistic little dress can be made of electric blue cloth or velv-teen with a pleated vest, sed a soft sash of silk in a paler shade of blue. The gouged sleeves are also of silk.

With this is worn a large picture hat which is made of velveteen to match the dress, with a puff-ing at the edge and a cluster of estrich tips in the The new cloth walking gowns of the moment, the skirts of which fit so very closely over the hips, are closely laced either at the back or on one side. This mode of fastening, however, does not commend itself to those who have to dress without any assistance, so that buttons and hooks are still in use. The deep shaped flounces are headed with several rows of fine silk stitching, and the beauty of the skirt is in the cut, which must be perfect. However narrow it may be at the waist, it is very wide at the hem, and more than touches the ground in front, with almost a demi-train behind.

Only skilfulness of cut prevente the length in front from being inconvenient. A dress, becoming only to young girls and very young women, is one which fastens invisibly under the arm. Even these bring it nearer to a bodies with embroidery, simulating a short bolero, or with insertions of braid arranged in clusters, encircling the skirt, and repeating themselves on the shoulders. A quadruple collar, trimmed with similar insertion, completes this costume, which is destined for walking, travelling, races, or country excursions. This implies that the high, volumin-ous collar, far from being abandoned, reappears cloak, a theatre cloak, a cloak for every occasion When in state-blue on brick-coloured cloth, it is bordered with transparent incrustations on a silk lining. Two or three exquisites have appeared at country houses with collars, painted by themselves on cloth, in lovely floral devices. The effect is

most elegant and recherche, and there is little fear of the mode becoming common. Every shade of pink is popular except the cold bluish pinks of 30 years ago, with a revival of which we were threatened in the summer. The very palest coral pinks vis in favour with rich rose du Barri; a dull brownish shade of heliotrope is frequently seen, silvery grey, relieved with flame colour or orange, is "well worn," and there is a charming shade of blue called "Old Japanese." One great advantage of a deep, bright pink is that

it lightens up the sombre, grey, smoky days of an English winter.

A new cut of bodice has a double pointed yoke, with a very high collar trimmed with the new white silk gimp, having a narrow uncurled fringe at the edge. Triple rows of this garniture are brought from the shoulder, and are carried down the side of the bodice to simulate a jacket, leaving ample space for a broad belt below, which is made in ribbon forming a point in the centre, with fall-ing loops and ends at the left side. A great deal of careful arrangement is necessary to render these bands becoming and not ugly. The ribbon is very wide indeed, but is arranged in careless folds, being fastened to the skirt, after the bodice has been put on, with a jewelled pin of some kind. It is then drawn to the front, so that it carefully follows the waist line, and passing through a hand-

some buckle, the ends are tied into a small short Everyone who wears a shirt or blouse, whatever the material may be, knows how very important is the tie worn with it. Just at the present moment almost all ties are black satin tied with a sailor's knot and with ends reaching to the waist and out either straight or pointed and finished with little bits of very good lace and insertion, white cream or ecru, which follow the shape of the ends, but are sometimes applique on to the satin in the forms of inverted V's, or, as heralds would say, on chevron. Other colours are not tabooed, but a black tie is the most effective.

Coats are so varied that almost any style may be worn, provided that the basques are kept as close as possible, and the sleeves tight and small. The very long, exaggerated barques are too unbecoming to be very popular, and the extremely short ones, unless en suite with the costume, will present a too summer-like effect for winter wear. It is therefore to the half and three-quarter length coats we may devote devote our attention. A fashionable tea jacket has a deep basque,

running down to a point at the back, and the outlined with narrow ruchings of chiffon or gauze. The full vest is of soft material, such as Indian muslin or chiffon, arranged with a scarf of the same edged lace to tie over the bust. The sleeves are small and slightly rufiled, the deep collar-revers having the effect of an epaulette over the top, and the elbow is finished with double frills of h

collar.

For everyday wear good results are gained by a plaid skirt and a plain cloth coat, green plaid being alike suited for an alliance with blue cloth, or green or black. A dark red and black plaid put out from Haulbowline. Altogether 10 of the looks well worn with a dark red cloth coat, faced workmen were saved, one being badly injured, but with caracule, belted with black. Of course, you looks well worn with a dark red cloth coat, faced need a good figure to wear a coat with a belt round the waist; but, then, I am afraid allogether that a good figure is an essential assistant to the best charm of the fashions of to-day. The walking dress question, then, for the streets is easily settled, it will be seen, by a plain or plaid skirts and a short cloth jacket, or the long basqued coat if the keen desire to follow the fashions dominates

the mere seeking after the becoming. Your loving