D GARDEN.

value of leaf-mould in a
over-estimated. It should
beech leaves, and be free
. Violets like a liberal
ug in the ground, together
e plants will not only grow
in autumn with good balls
with the soil in the frame
e planted, the flowers will
stem, and of richer colour
without it. Primulas,
us, also tree carnations and
e a fifth part leaf-mould
and aquilegias; anemones,
hardy flowering plants root
Hardy azaleas, kalmias, and
eciate leaf-mould, and fruit
ncouraged to make fibrous
le leaf-mould amongst the
em. Cuttings of all kinds
and well if a fourth part
h the compost.
Careful investigation has
two varieties of Catterdog
known as Animalus domes-
stages they are somewhat
lly developed it is hard to
uality. The one is known
tus mewiensis, the other as
pest is especially common
other congested areas. It
some affinity to the mush-
ly the first variety named,
noticed to appear during the
e worst pests in town gar-
f against it, even trees are
rtunately, it is fairly easy
houses, though it is well to
ors and front ventilators, as
ich may cause an infection.
own to appear through the
y remedies offered, but so
this pest that after the first
en. Really, syringing with
d as any, but it must be
tack is speedily renewed.
.—In some districts, particu-
own after roots, there is still
o be effected, and the work
s rapidly as possible. When
her sets in it will be best to
heat-sowing altogether, and
e in the spring, for wheat-
ber is very precarious work,
may be as profitable as any
prevailing is not such as to
take any unnecessary risks.
nd the possibility of injury
ust not be overlooked, while
he plant may be a very diffi-
ch happens to be the case,
generally do some consider-
ploughing, if not already
e pressed forward whenever
—earlier in the season this
ted on all but the strongest
as "fair overhead," but in
do to plough any but sandy
f Fields that have been in
may be stirred in light frosts
bish not yet disposed of, and
e month cross-ploughing may
ilar circumstances. Stirring
when the horses do not tread,
the land and bad for the rub-
here is nothing like a frost to
l growing rubbish.
EIR BEDDING.—The remedy
ed is simple—bed the animal
e will not eat. The best sub-
bedding, from the points of
and manurial value, is moss-
at. Horses have been said to
w have appetites so depraved.
cken is sometimes used, but
t that. Sawdust, however—
m terebinthinate woods—is
will eat, and if you cannot get
—which is not at all likely to
ust. No doubt clean wheat
in the stable, but it is inferior
n compared with moss-litter,
omfortable to rest on. It is
tter or sawdust than to con-
s to wear a muzzle as soon as
e consumed. The ingestion of
of straw is most injurious to
a fertile cause of indigestion

S.—These flowers are very
demand rests, perhaps, on what
om a cold greenhouse, or the
owns should be purchased as
potted into pots just sufficient
comfortably. Any ordinary
flower these plants, loam, leaf-
n equal parts would suit them
n a cold frame for a fortnight
place, then bring them on in a
ng gently forced. Where the
to flower in the open ground,
otected in some measure from
eep them purely white. Hand
d for this purpose, and answer
three stout stakes, each about
driven in triangular form into
the plant, and in each stick a
ted about six inches from the
an inch or so, a piece of glass
on these nails, and would help
In sharp weather, a piece of
ther material could be wrapped
, and would protect them from

GARDEN.—Large areas of late-
are looking in a very poor way
n open situations many of the
ed. There is always more or
e late plantings, as, unless the
ne and open until they are well
y large proportion of them be-
t wholly destroyed. Sheep and
ning quantities of cauliflower
d by right have found their way
fortunately, the frost has so dis-
t they are useless for any but
e. Where close planting has
rtion of the crop may be thinned
his will allow the remainder to
dly, and the thinnings will be
r marketing in their young state.
s are indispensable, while in the
ets for glass-house and potting
he utmost value. Opportunity
dig over all vacant ground—not
ging, but a thorough working
ere trenching can be managed,
etter; but the poor subsoil
in its proper place and not
op. Future cropping must be
the land manured, according
nts of the crop it is to carry.
hen the ground is firm with frost,
for carting, and, as the manure
pleted, fresh supplies should be
t may become well rotted by the
d for use. On fruit plantations
n in earnest; on large holdings
mewhat tedious operation.
T TREES.—Pruning should be
erienced hands only, as it were
the trees alone rather than they
t in a reckless fashion. Remember
er-prune than the reverse, as ex-
uses the trees to receive a shock
r their fruiting capacity for some
w operations in horticulture are
an pruning, yet it is remarkably
sense is called into requisition
b methods are consigned to
for fruit, and not for wood and
er-pruning usually results in, but
s. Endeavour to shape the trees
the centres to be fairly open;
hes so that each may have plenty
p the leading growths in check.
ing of the trunk and branches
ary, to dislodge all pests which
in the crevices.

he proprietor of the Paris Intran-
ordered to pay £320 and costs to
libelling him by accusing him of

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RUMOUR SAYS.

A NOVEL.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

(MRS. PENDER CUDLIP.)

Author of "Theo Leigh," "He Cometh Not, She Said," "No Alternative," "Blotted Out," "A Laggard in Love," "High Stakes," "Best for Her," "Called to Account," "Denis Donne," "False Colours," "Friends and Lovers," "Her Success," "On Guard," "Sir Victor's Choice," "The Reigning Favourite," "Walter Goring," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTERS I. & II.—No. 10, St. Rupert's-terrace, Draymouth, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Carthew. Mr. Carthew (a young man) is a captain in the Prince's Own Pink Picts and married for financial reasons. He has just returned from Burmah, whither he had gone with his regiment a bridegroom of a month's standing. He now does not relish his return to domesticity and Mrs. Carthew. Richard Walmer, Gunnery Lieutenant of H.M.S. Dee, is engaged to May Hatherleigh, to whom Captain Carthew formerly paid his addresses. Richard Walmer calls on his father, who resides at 10, Prince Rupert's-terrace, Draymouth, where he paints pictures that fetch long prices, which money goes to pay off a debt of honour. Mrs. Carthew and Captain Carthew meet at the photographer's Mrs. and Miss Hatherleigh.

CHAPTER III.

REVIEWING THE NEIGHBOURS.

As Mrs. Hatherleigh and her daughter walked home to their lodgings after that brief encounter with the Carthews, the girl was so obviously in a thoughtful mood, and disinclined for conversation, that Mrs. Hatherleigh, who always respected other people's whims, left her unmolested to her thoughts, without even saying anything about the unexpected meeting.

But when they had reached home and seated themselves by the window, that opened on to a balcony filled with boxes of mignionette in full bloom, with the afternoon tea-table drawn up between them, May relaxed.

"Mother," she said, "I may as well tell you, because you would find it out if I didn't, I liked Mr. Carthew to-day better than I ever liked him in my life; and exactly in proportion as I like him I dislike——"

Mrs. Hatherleigh interrupted her daughter with an imperative movement of the hand.

"I won't have you say anything ungenerous and illogical about Mrs. Carthew," she said with decision. "She made a mistake just now in disparaging your looks, but it was a very womanly, a very forgiveable mistake. Poor woman! Don't you think she eats daily of the root of bitterness that there is in the words, 'I have been young and I am now old."

"My dear mother, I wasn't even *thinking* of Mrs. Carthew. I was thinking of myself only, or rather of myself and Dick Walmer. I was going to say that in proportion as I like Mr. Carthew, I dislike my engagement to Mr. Walmer.

"But May!"

"I know! I'm disappointed with myself, desperately disappointed, and you have every right to be disgusted with me, mother."

"Disgusted! With you!"

There was such illimitable pride and woe in her mother's tone that May felt herself emboldened to go on.

"The worst of it is you won't be disgusted with me, you'll argue yourself into the belief that I am right in time, thoug you'll be more than sorry about it. But I know I am not right, I shall always know I am not right. I know I am a fool, and I shall always know that I am a fool. All the same, if I feel as I do now about it, when I see Mr. Walmer I shall tell him I can't marry him."

For a few moments a few deep lines, drawn by the sharp incisive hand of care for the future, made themselves painfully visible on Mrs. Hatherleigh's forehead. For many years, for almost all the years of May's life, Mrs. Hatherleigh had led a life of work, of contrivance, of endurance, and she had always led it cheerfully for May's sake. Her daughter's engagement to Mr. Walmer had been hailed as a blessed relief by her, not that she speculated on any good accruing to herself through it, but that its fulfilment would make May safe. And now, just as she might expect the safety which might be secured by marriage with a true, good, thorough gentleman, and excellently well-reputed officer, May had conceived and developed doubts which would defer and perhaps might destroy the union.

"The child knows what is best for her; not even a mother can look into another woman's heart, though that other woman is her own daughter."

This sentence which she herself had written in one of those many stories of real life and love which she had poured out upon the fiction reading people, recurred to her mind now, and made her speak temperately.

"You'll wait till you see Mr. Walmer before you do this?"

"Yes, mother. I can say a thing of that sort more kindly than I can write it."

"Shall you tell him—No! I will not ask you what you will tell him, May, that is between you and your conscience and him. Only tell me one thing, and that is that you will do nothing hastily. Think of the blow it will be to him before you deal it, and reflect on the certain good you are casting away for a mere *chimera*. It is, beyond everything, unfortunate that the Prince's Own Pink Picts should have been sent here now."

"Oh! I don't know. If a revelation is to be made, it is just as well it should be made now as then."

"There is one thing certain, you can't have the faintest feeling of aversion for Mr. Walmer. Poor fellow! An illusion that he has cherished for two years to be rudely dispelled the moment he lands."

Mrs. Hathersleigh sighed heavily as she finished speaking, perhaps as much at the dispelling of the illusion which she had nursed for two years as for the impending blow which was probably about to descend on Mr. Walmer.

May laughed. She was not a heartless girl, but she was getting sore and wounded this day, and in her own pain she, after the manner of youth, forgot to feel for the pain of others.

"Don't speak sentimentally about it mother. Probably Dick Walmer has enjoyed himself very much in these two years in other ways, as well as nursing illusions about me. He didn't know much about me when he proposed to me you must remember."

"About as much as you knew of Mr. Carthew."

"Exactly! but then I am taking it for granted that Mr. Walmer is a sensible person, while I am a fool."

"You are not a fool, and will never act like one," her mother said with unwonted gravity, and for a few moments there was silence between them. Mrs. Hatherleigh, in her few hours of idleness, was so invariably vivacious and conversational that May's heart reproached her. She knew that the line of action she had meditated, and hinted that she meant to pursue, was already casting a shadow over her mother's usually light heart.

"I think I'll go to the library and try and get two or three new books," she said abruptly, "we'll read ourselves away from our doubts and troubles, at least for to-night, mother."

"I am not 'doubting' you, dear, nor am I troubling about myself," Mrs. Hatherleigh said softly. "Yes, get some books by all means, and a London paper."

"I pray that the Dee will not come in till May has had time to recover herself," the elder lady thought, as from the window she watched her daughter walking towards the library, and at the same time May was thinking:—

"What a ghastly thing it is to be poor! Dear mother couldn't help thinking more of the money she has spent on getting me a perfect *trousseau* that perhaps I may never want now, than she did of poor Dick's possible disappointment."

The young people had met at a ship dance, and, after a very brief period Dick Walmer had spoken out with the straightforward dash of a sailor. He had taken May a little by storm, but she liked it at the time, for her heart and vanity had both been hurt recently. There were no obstacles. Mrs. Hatherleigh gave her consent, and he had no one to consult "excepting his father," he said, "and the dear old dad was ready to allow him three hundred a year from the day he married."

He had not added that his father would leave him much better off than this when he (the father) died, for there were reasons why the elder Mr. Walmer had no desire to be brought forward or discussed by any one. Immediately after the engagement he had gone off to the Mediterranean station to join the Dee, whose commission had still two years to run, and it had been arranged that on his return May and he should be married at once. And now! May was hesitating for the first time because she had seen the ghost of a bit of by-gone joy.

* * * *

"Ghastly place this is. What made him fix on it?" Mr. Carthew asked a few days after his return.

"They are considered some of the best houses in the town, almost the best, I believe. I am sure the rent is high enough, but that consideration needn't trouble you. And they have the advantage of being near the Prince Rupert's Barracks."

She tried a winning smile upon him as she said this, in spite of the more than slight annoyance she felt. But she was too much *en evidence* for him to feel as tolerant towards her as he had been feeling during the two years of his absence."

"I should have thought—of course, you know best!—but I should have thought it would have been better for you to have kept on the Kensington house, and have let me rub on in quarters here for a time."

"I have let the Kensington house very well, as I told you, to my brother for twelve months, and I prefer being here with you, Arthur."

There was a touch of plaintiveness in her tone that jarred discordantly upon his ears ("a woman of her age has no business to be plaintive, she should be reasonable and sensible") he thought, and by way of making her reasonable and sensible, he replied:—

"A relation is about the last person in the world that I should think of letting a furnished house to. Your brother's children will have fine sport with your furniture! Their nurses will know that the little dears needn't be restrained from spoiling anything they like, as its only their aunt's, not their parents."

"My brother's children are not young bears. I am perfectly satisfied with the arrangements I have made, and I think——" She paused, and to his dismay he saw her face working obviously and tears coming into her eyes. If she had been his mother, as she might easily have been, he would have gone to her, given her a hearty hug, and besought her not to worry about his irritability, which was only caused by a slight liver attack. But he could not string himself up to the pitch of attempting to soothe her in this way, as she happened to be his wife.

"Do you know any of the people in the terrace, or the town?" he asked presently, ignoring the emotion with which he felt incompetent to deal. And at the shadow of interest betrayed in her by his question, she recovered her spirits—those fell good spirits, which seemed to him such an appalling mockery when developed by a woman of her age, and replied:—

"Oh, yes, several people have called. The Hunter's, who live next door, very nice people. His brother has a beautiful place, Hardlands, a few miles from here. He's quite one of the people to know in the neighbourhood. The Miss Hunters were saying they were sure their uncle would call on you here, as well as on the regiment. "You'll find them very nice people, Arthur. One of the girls sings beautifully. I have promised that you shall learn some duets with her. She is a very pretty girl, too, but I am not going to make the mistake *some* wives make and try to keep you from even looking at a pretty girl."

She spoke in a playfully powerful way that would have been intensely amusing to him if he had heard her use it with legal assurance to any other man. As it was, he found himself grimly recalling to his mind a story he had once read of a monstrous female ourang-outang in Borneo, who took a fancy to a gentleman of Merat while the latter was bathing, lugged him out of the water, dragged him up into the topmost branches of a tall tree, where she deposited him in a nest of her own making, and attended to him with jealous assiduity and unremitting fondness for many days, feeding him with palm leaves and other delicacies of the kind, with hospitable force, and never letting him get beyond her arms length. At the end of that time his appetite failed, and she left him to find something he could "fancy" in the way of food, quite like a human sqaw. He took the opportunity of her absence to slip from the tree and restore himself to his family, and history has it that, being an ardent sportsman, he shortly after shot the ourang-outang who had so misplaced her affections.

Mr. Carthew felt annoyed with himself, but as he stood there discontentedly surveying the limited prospect from the window of the drawing-room of the house which his wife had taken and sumptuously furnished for his pleasures, he could not for the life of him help thinking of the story of the Borneo ourang-outang.

"Do you know any of the other people in this row?" he asked presently.

"Yes, there's a Mrs. Temple, at number six, the house with the amphilopsis festooning all over the front of it. She is a great friend of the Hunters, at least they're constantly together; but they tell me they don't know much of her, rather think she has a history, I fancy; and they suspect her of having designs on their rich uncle, Mr. Hunter, of Hardlands. She didn't seem to care much about me till she heard my husband was in the Prince's Own Pink Picts. Since then she has been *more* than affable and attentive. The Hunters don't think she is particularly well off. She is only lodging at number six, has the drawing-room floor certainly; but then, as the Hunter's say, it's quite worth her while making a good show for a time if she is trying to catch Mr. Hunter, of Headlands."

"The Hunters seem to be very nice genial sort of unsuspicious people," he said drily. "Have they posted you up about any more of your neighbours?"

"No, but they are very much interested about the person who has lately taken number ten, the corresponding house to this at the other corner, you know. He has been here about two months, and brought his own servants with him; and the servants are very odd foreigners, we think. At any rate the one they suppose to be the cook goes out every morning with a big basket, and does her marketing quite in a foreign fashion. *I* have not troubled my head about *them*, I have had *you* to think of Arthur" (he thinks of the ourang-outang again) "but the Hunters are quite puzzled. They don't know his name, and they don't *quite* like to ask the postman."

As his wife had been speaking Arthur Carthew had sped on to the balcony to look at a man who was passing up the terrace between the railed in plot of ground and the pavement. After watching him intently for a few moments he exclaimed:—

"I could almost swear that was Walmer of the Dee who went by, and—by Jove!—yes, he has!—stopped and rung at the door of other corner house!"

"Then you see, Arthur," his wife exclaimed, coming forward and tucking her hand fondly into his arm, "even you can't help beginning to take an interest in the occupants of our terrace!"

Soon her husband after two or three vigorous affirmations to the effect that he was sure it was "Walmer of the Dee" who had gone into the corner house, occupied by the miserable old gentleman, went out at the call of duty to the Barracks, and Mrs. Carthew started in her Victoria to call on the Hatherleighs, accompanied by Helen Hunter.

She was a kind woman to those who came in her way, if they suited any purpose of hers for the time, so now she picked up one of the Hunter girls to be the companion of her drive. The Hunters had lived in Draymouth ever since the girls were children, and they knew the ins and outs, the worst and best of all the service people in the place. They had, in consequence of their father being a retired Admiral, what they called a nice position in the town; and they had a vicarious interest for, and position in, the neighbourhood by reason of that father being the heir to his brother the bachelor squire who lived at Hardlands. Their position gave them opportunities of research into current, local, private histories, which made them delightful companions to Mrs. Carthew, who dearly loved to shake the bones of a skeleton in a fellow creature's bones.

Accordingly one or other of them nearly always had the spare seat in Mrs. Carthew's Victoria.

"So the Dee is in!" Mrs. Carthew said before she had been five minutes in the Hatherleighs' sitting-room.

For the last two hours May knowing the "Dee was in" had been expecting to see Dick leap into the room, and feeling uncertain how she would receive him. An indescribable tone of triumphant suspicion as to "all not being well" in Mrs. Carthew's tone settled the girl on the latter point: she would receive him with the loving warmth he deserved.

"We hear she's in, Mr. Walmer has not come off yet," May said coolly.

"Not been here yet! My husband saw him walking up our terrace two hours ago, evidently going to call on the old gentleman at the corner house."

"What old gentleman?" Mrs. Hatherleigh asked quickly.

"An old Mr. Walmer, his father, it is supposed. Dear me! didn't you know that the old gentleman was living in Draymouth! He has been quite the interesting mystery of our terrace for the last two months. He is quite a recluse. No one but tradespeople ever go near the house. It was quite startling to see young Mr. Walmer ringing at the bell, but I heard from Miss Hunter, coming along, that the old gentleman's name is Walmer too."

The young lady referred to bridled and smiled with the pleased consciousness of one who is able to impart information tinctured with a faint flavour of unpleasantness to her audience.

"Yes," she said, "the glazier was putting in a pane of glass in the scullery window, and he told cook that the old gentleman was 'a painter of the name of Walmer, and didn't seem to have a friend in the world.'"

"That is Dick's step!" May cried, in a voice that rang with pride and impatience, and the next moment her mother had the joy of seeing her child go to the man she was engaged to marry, and greet him with open, hearty, loving gladness.

* * * *

"So you see, my darling, that was the reason I couldn't come to you the minute I landed," Dick Walmer said, after telling them of his father's unexpected letter and presence. "I'd go from one end of the world to the other, if seeing me gave the dead old dad a minute's pleasure."

"You're devoted to your father, Dick!" Mrs. Hatherleigh said appreciatively.

"I just am that! And so would anyone be who knew him."

"Is he an invalid?" asked May.

"No, hale and hearty as I am."

"It's very good of him to come out of his absorbed devotion to art in order to make May's acquaintance," said May's mother gratefully.

And Dick Walmer's eyes glistened as he answered:—

"Good! his life is one long act of fondness and of suffering.'

It was characteristic of Mrs. Hatherleigh and of her daughter that they neither of them uttered a word of conjecture respecting Dick's father, when they found themselves alone dressing for the little dinner to which Dick was presently to pilot them. Instinctively they had implicit reliance on Dick's judgment, and felt whatever the motive for old Mr. Walmer's seclusion might be, it was a good one.

They were to be at his house by half-past seven, and as that hour drew near, while the Hatherleighs and Dick were sauntering slowly through the sumptuously warm soft air that made the streets of the town oppressive, the old artist stood watching for them on his balcony.

For the first time for twelve years he had put on full evening dress and it was in honour of the lady who was going to bring that gladness into his son's life which Dick's mother had brought into his own. When he caught sight of the trio, rounding the corner, his face paled for a moment; then he strung himself up with the thought "that it was for Dick," cast off the shy reserve which he had maintained towards his social equals for years, and went down to meet his guests at the door of his castle like the true old Freight he was.

"This is Mrs. Hatherleigh, dad!" Dick began eagerly, but something impelled Mrs. Hatherleigh to hold back, while May seeing his eyes fixed on her pressed forward and said what she would have laughed at the idea of herself saying a minute before:—

"Will you let me be your daughter?"

He drew her into the house, put one arm round her slender shoulders, then holding his hand out to his son, said "You two will make life dear to me again."

(*To be continued.*)

ACTION BY A BANK.

In the Chancery Division the other day Mr. Justice Eady heard the case of the London and Westminster Bank, Limited v. Affleck, an action brought by the London and Westminster Bank against Sir Robert Affleck and Mrs. Fulton Hay, wife of Mr. Edward Hay, and it raised the question whether the bank was entitled to retain £5,000 deposited with them, or were bound to hand it over to Mrs. Hay, from whom it originally came.—The plaintiffs' case was that in December, 1895, Sir Robert Affleck deposited with them title deeds relating to the Somerby estate, in Leicestershire, and upon the security of these deeds and a memorandum referring thereto, the sum of £13,384 was owing to the bank. By virtue of such deposit the bank claim a charge upon the estate, and also claim to be entitled to retain, in part payment of their advance, the sum of £5,000 paid to them by Sir Robert in January last, that being the amount handed to him by Mrs. Hay as a deposit for the purchase of the estate. Mrs. Hay counter-claimed against the bank, to whom she joined Sir Robert as defendant. She alleged that by an agreement made on Jan. 14th last Sir Robert undertook to sell to her Somerby House for £13,000, of which £5,000 was paid as deposit on the signing of the agreement, and the balance became payable on the completion of the purchase in March, 1901. Her case was that the agreement was entered into with the knowledge of the bank, and was concurred in by them, on condition that the £5,000 should be paid by Sir Robert to them, and it was accordingly paid to the bank, and retained in reduction of Sir Robert's indebtedness. Sir Robert had since refused to complete the agreement, alleging his inability to do so unless the bank concurred in the sale upon payment to them of the residue of the purchase money. The bank, however, refused to concur in the sale, or to repay the £5,000, and she therefore claimed specific performance of the agreement, damages, or the return by the bank of the £5,000 deposit. The bank denied knowledge of any such agreement.—Evidence having been given on behalf of the respective parties, the judge came to the conclusion that the bank had no knowledge of the agreement, and that they were entitled to retain the £5,000. Mrs. Hay would, however, be entitled to judgment against Sir Robert for £5,000, with interest, and damages to be ascertained. The bank would also be entitled to a foreclosure decree.

THE GERMAN BUDGET.

A HEAVY DEFICIT.

In the Budget Bill, which was laid before the German Reichstag the other day, the estimates of revenue and expenditure balance at 2,349,742,456 marks. The matricular contributions are set down at 568,135,000 marks, as compared with 570,933,000 marks last year, and the sums returnable to the Federal State at 544,235,000 marks, as compared with 570,933,000 marks. The Imperial Chancellor is authorised to effect credit operations to the amount of 182,058,945 marks for meeting various items of non-recurring extraordinary expenditure. The revenue side of the account includes a supplementary loan of 35,000,000 marks. The accompanying explanatory statement points out that there is a considerable deficit, and adds that, owing to the financial position of the individual States of the Empire, it is impossible to have recourse to the matricular contributions to cover the whole of the 58,900,000 marks required. It is therefore deemed advisable to provide only 24,000,000 marks by increased matricular contributions, and to furnish the remainder by means of the above-mentioned loan. It is to be noticed that the amount of this loan is included in the total of 182,000,000 marks which the Imperial Chancellor has already been authorised to borrow.

A little boy named Isaac Fraser was found in a semi-conscious state in a field near the highway at Choppington Colliery, Blyth, shot in the forehead. The supposition is that he was accidentally shot by a sportsman in a neighbouring field.

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

(From *The World*).

The King is again at Frogmore Lodge this week, and I hear that his Majesty is so much pleased with the place, which has been greatly improved, that he will probably reside there frequently for short periods. There is to be shooting in Windsor Great Park on three days. The King can entertain a party at Frogmore without the strict formality, full household, and rigorous Court etiquette which are essential during a residence at Windsor Castle.

The King will hold an Investiture of the Bath, the St. Michael and St. George, the Distinguished Service Order, and other military decorations on Tuesday the 17th, in the Throne Room at St. James's Palace. The ceremonial will be semi-state, and the Great Officers of the Household and the other White Staves are to be in attendance. The late Queen always held Investitures in the afternoon, but the King likes to get the function over before luncheon, so it is to be at 12 o'clock.

The Earl Marshal's arrangements for the admission of persons to Westminster Abbey on the day of the Coronation will be very elaborate. Every ticket will have the name of the person to whom it has been given inscribed on it, and no ticket will be transferable. Every seat in the Abbey will have its assigned occupant. It will be impossible to give any tickets to private persons, and the seats in the "boxes" of the King, the Earl Marshal, and the Lord Great Chamberlain will be the only available places for unofficial people. An enormous extent of accommodation is required for Royalties and their suites, the Houses of Parliament, the Corps Diplomatique, the Privy Councillors, Indian Princes and suites, Colonial Premiers, and representatives of the Universities, certain Corporations. the Army and Navy, Convocation, and many other public bodies. Everyone in the Abbey must be attired in full dress.

It is understood that the Queen will wear a robe of royal purple (which, according to modern notions, is bright dark blue) at the Coronation. Her Majesty has also had under consideration the dresses to be worn at the ceremony by her bedchamberwomen and maids of honour, with the result that the former will probably be arrayed in white embroidered with gold, while the latter are also to be in white adorned with silver embroidery instead of gold.

A great many peeresses have already been to inspect the models of the attire that will have to be worn by them at the Coronation. These are now shown to those whom they concern at Norfolk House. The gown is to be made "en princesse," of red velvet trimmed with miniver, but white satin embroidered to the taste of the wearer will form the front of the skirt. One uniform style of coiffure is to be adopted by all those attending, and no jewellery of any kind is to be worn on the head.

The Prince of Wales is to pay a visit shortly to Lord and Lady Amherst of Hackney at Didlington Hall, near Brandon, which is one of the finest country seats in Norfolk, and the pheasant, partridge, and wild-fowl shooting is quite first-rate.

Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark will come to town about the middle of January for a short time, after which they are going to the south of Europe until Easter, and then to Copenhagen, returning to England shortly before the Coronation. Mr. Arthur and Lady Clementine Walsh have been staying at Appleton House, Norfolk, on a visit.

The new Chaplain-General has taken up his duties at the War Office. Dr. Edgehill retires with the respect and best wishes of all who have had official dealings with him. A man of broad views, a good preacher, an excellent administrator, and a trained Army chaplain, he fulfilled the duties of his difficult office admirably, and it is thought by many that there ought to be some acknowledgment of his services. This matter, it is satisfactory to know, has not been entirely lost sight of by the military authorities, who are most sensible of Dr. Edgehill's strong claim.

The statements which have been circulated to the effect that Lord Roberts is desirous of vacating the Chief Command of the Army have come as a surprise to all at the War Office. Not a word has been breathed by him to any of the principal members of his Staff which could be misconstrued into a suggestion even of a possible change in the administration of Army affairs at headquarters. The probability of Lord Roberts's withdrawal during the continuance of the war is doubted in the best-informed circles, as his health is excellent.

Lord William Seymour, who has taken up his duties as Military Secretary, is now considering the claims of a large number of officers in connection with the many staff appointments which will shortly require to be filled at home and in the colonies. Several of the officers temporarily employed have every chance of continuing in the discharge of their present duties for some time to come, as it is thought to be unfair to give everything away that is worth having at a time when so many deserving officers are fighting in South Africa.

Lord Chesham, on return to South Africa from England, resumed duty as Inspector-General of Imperial Yeomanry. It is interesting to learn that Lord Chesham by no means endorses the views of some critics as to the last contingent of Yeomen sent out from home. He speaks of them in very eulogistic terms; indeed, he has been heard to say of some of them that he considers them perfect troopers for the purpose for which they are required.

(From *Truth*.)

There is no foundation for the statement that Sandringham Hall is to be considerably enlarged. The King has no intention of making any additions to the house, which now affords ample accommodation for the Royal Family and for quite as many guests as are ever invited there. The new house at Sandringham is very comfortable and remarkably well arranged. It is understood that the King has settled Sandringham on Queen Alexandra as a dower-house. It is odd that there is no Royal dower-house. Queen Adelaide had Bushey Park, which, however, has ceased to be used as a Royal residence. Of places belonging to the Crown, Frogmore or Osborne are the only country residences avaiable for such a purpose.

Prince George of Hanover, eldest son of the Duke of Cumberland, is to pay his first visit to England next June, when he is to represent his father at the Coronation. Prince George is a great favourite with his grandfather, King Christian, and also with the Emperor Francis Joseph.

The Duchess Marie of Saxe-Coburg has left Gotha for Milan, accompanied by her daughters, the Grand Duchess of Hesse, and Princess Beatrice, and they are going to the Château de Fabron, her residence near Nice. The Duchess Marie is to be absent from Germany until the middle of May, and it is understood that she will go to St. Petersburg in January for some weeks. The Duchess was opposed to the marriage of her daughter with the Grand Duke of Hesse, and the unfortunate result of this union is attributed by her to the displeasure of Providence, as it was contrary to the laws of the Orthodox Church, which strictly forbid first cousins to marry. The match was entirely arranged by Queen Victoria, who had difficulty in obtaining the consent of her son, Duke Alfred, who was never on cordial terms with his relatives at Darmstadt.

The King is annoyed at the lavish manner in which Deputy Lieutenants have recently been appointed by Lords Lieutenant, and his Majesty objects so strongly to an "unlimited creation" of these functionaries, that a scheme has been drawn up by which future nominations are to be regulated. There is to be a limitation of the number of appointments, nobody under the age of 28 is to be nominated, and in those counties which have an excess of the number permitted under the new scheme, the first three vacancies are to be absorbed, after which only one vacancy in every three will be filled up. Hitherto the Lords Lieutenant have created any number of Deputy Lieutenants that they pleased, and in some counties the appointments have been so extravagantly large, that Deputy Lieutenants are almost as abundant as ordinary Justices of the Peace. The King does not approve of his subsidiary fountains of honour playing too freely, and his Majesty will probably keep a judicious hand on the tap in some other directions.

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PRISONER'S ATTEMPTED ESCAPE.

The other morning one of the prisoners at Pentonville escaped from his cell and got on to the roof, where he succeeded in defying capture. The prisoner is described as of powerful build, about 36 years of age, and an ex-Army man. He was missed when his breakfast was taken to him. It was not, however, until half an hour afterwards that he was found on the roof at the highest part of the building. One of the warders heard his loud laughter. The prisoner, who was wearing no boots, socks, or coat, and had his trousers and shirt sleeves rolled up, was told to come down, but in answer laughed in a mocking manner. He ran up and down the roof at considerable peril to himself. The authorities placed ladders against the building. The prisoner threatened to throw them over. No notice was taken of the threat, and the ladders were put into position, but the convict promptly tipped them over. A number of attempts were made to get the ladders into place, but without success, and finally the idea was abandoned. Up to noon the prisoner was still on the roof chaffing the warders who stood in the courtyard below, perplexed how next to proceed. It appears the escaped man had completed his sentence and was to have been discharged to-day. He had only a few days ago left the prison hospital, and his strange behaviour leads to the belief that his illness had temporarily deranged his mind.

Another account says:—Between 10 and 11 o'clock the other morning, pedestrians and others were surprised to see one of the prisoners of Pentonville Prison on the roof of the building. A warder who was passing had his attention called to the fact, and he immediately entered the prison and gave information. Meanwhile a great crowd gathered, and the utmost excitement prevailed. The Governor of the prison and other officials, on hearing of the occurrence, entered the "exercise" yard and called on the man, who was leaning on the parapet of the building, to "come down." "No fear," shouted the prisoner, "and if you attempt to catch me, I'll bash your brains out." It was then decided to obtain a ladder, and thus gain the roof. This was done, and a warder ascended it, followed by others. When, however, the roof was reached a lively scene ensued. The convict dodged the warders, and a semi sort of "hide and seek" game followed. Eventually the convict reached the ladder, down which he slid, and attacked two warders who attempted to secure him. The man then ran round the yard and ascended a ladder which was standing against the eastern wall of the "exercise" ground, and was about to leap over the wall, when a warder caught hold of his legs, and thus frustrated the attempted escape. How the man got on the roof remains a mystery, as at a quarter to 10 this morning he was in his cell.

The man, whose name was Daniel Tugwell, held out resolutely until midday on the second day, when, after an exposure of 27 hours to the bleak winds, against which he was fortified neither by sufficient raiment without, nor inward sustenance, he condescended to capitulate. In the interim his term of sentence had expired, and his mother had arrived to welcome him back to liberty.

THE KING'S COLONIALS.

PRINCE OF WALES APPOINTED HONORARY COLONEL.

The *Gazette* contains official notification of the appointment of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales as Honorary Colonel of the 4th County of London (King's Colonials) Imperial Yeomanry, now being raised. The appointment of Lieutenant-Colonel Willoughby Wallace, retired pay, late King's Royal Rifle Corps, to be Lieutenant-Colonel, is also gazetted. Lieutenant-Colonel Willoughby Wallace states that the corps will have machine guns, ambulance, signallers, &c., and is to be composed of Colonials residing in or near London. Every effort will be made to train and to equip thoroughly a sufficient number of men to take part in the pageantry of the coming Coronation, which, says Colonel Willoughby Wallace, will form an historical record for all time in the annals of "The King's Colonials." As the commanding officer he appeals to the Colonists and those connected in any way with the Colonies, who are residing in the United Kingdom, to assist in placing the corps at the beginning on a sound financial basis, either by subscribing annually to the regimental funds, by donations, or by making presentations of some of the various military requirements necessary to enable the regimental committee, about to be appointed, to equip the corps completely at its start. The qualifications for commissions and enrolment in "The King's Colonials" are as follows: 1. Subjects of the British Crown, who by birth, parentage, or residence have been connected with any British colony or dependency; 2. Those who have rendered special service to any British colony or dependency or to "The King's Colonials," at the discretion of the commanding officer. It is intended to divide the regiment on the following broad lines:—(a) British Asian Squadron; (b) British American Squadron (including West Indies); (c) British Australasian Squadron; (d) British African Squadron.

BARMAID'S TRAGIC END.

Richard Wigley, a Shrewsbury butcher, was committed to the Shropshire Assizes at Shrewsbury charged with the wilful murder of Eliza Mary Bowen, a barmaid at the Lion Inn, Westbury. After the crime, which was committed with a large clasp knife, the girl's head being almost severed, Wigley came out of the house and said, "I've done it, lads; I've done it for love. She is dead enough. I came to do it, and I'm ready to swing for it any time." To a policeman he declared, "I've killed that little woman; I loved her, and nobody else shall have her."

The German army estimates for 1902 are £3,750,000 in excess of those for 1901.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

THE FUTURE OF LIBERALISM.

LORD TWEEDMOUTH'S ADVICE.

Lord Tweedmouth, speaking at the National Liberal Club, made reference to the future of the Liberal party. He said in his opinion his Majesty's Government would remain in power until such time as either the House of Commons revolted against them or by the lapse of time the country desired that there should be a change. Surely the time had come when they should put aside academic discussion as to the origin of the war, as to even the conduct of the war, or certain acts of the war, whether legitimate or illegitimate, and fix their whole attention upon what was the best way to settle this great dispute and to create a happy and contented and self-governing colony in South Africa (cheers). And first he should say the time had come when they had better all cease ploughing their own furrows (laughter and cheers). That operation had not been confined to one section of them, although it was only his friend, Lord Rosebery, who had had the courage and the frankness to confess it (hear, hear). To him the field of politics lay open, and there was no good to be gained by endeavouring to push the plough from behind. The only way to get it along was to have a good team of horses in front of the plough (cheers). He was delighted to see that Lord Rosebery was to address a meeting of Liberals soon. He knew not what his lordship would say, but he hoped he would put the head of his plough in the right direction, and that it was his intention to get a good team of horses to put into the plough, for all he could say was that Lord Rosebery would find many a good horse ready to go into the plough and many a good man ready to help him to harness the horses (cheers). Then each section of their party should cease saying that the other section was wrong. He ventured to prophesy that, having passed through that trial, it would emerge as powerful as ever it was before (cheers). What had they to do to consolidate the Liberal party? In his view, they must add to the Whig interest the Labour interest. Frankly, they had got to democratise the Liberal party; but he warned them not to confuse the true Labour party with the Independent Labour party, or, as they should rightly be termed, Socialist party. Again, they wanted to get local men as candidates, for to that he largely attributed the success of the Conservatives at the polls in 1895. It always filled him with horror to see the number of constituencies which were allowed to go uncontested at a general election. Liberals must see that every seat was contested, and that every candidate, whether rich or poor, should be supported by the Liberal party in each particular constituency. By that means Liberalism would soon make its power felt (cheers).

DEATH OF MR. C. LOCKEY.

By the death of Mr. Charles Lockey, at the age of 81, has departed one of the few survivors of the original cast of *Elijah*. Mr. Lockey, it is true, had not sung in public for a great many years, and, indeed, his voice failed him as far back as 1859. But in the forties he was considered one of the first tenors in England, and he was, indeed, specially chosen by Mendelssohn to create the principal tenor part in the first production of *Elijah* under the composer's direction, at the Birmingham Musical Festival in 1846. In a letter to his brother, Paul Mendelssohn, dated from Birmingham, August 26 of that year, the composer declared, "A young English tenor sang the last air with such wonderful sweetness that I was obliged to collect all my energies not to be affected, and to continue beating time steadily. As I said before, had you only been there!" Mr. Lockey was born at Newbury, in Berkshire, in 1820, and was the son of Angel Lockey, of Oxford. Lockey's musical career began at the age of eight, when he became a boy chorister at Magdalen College, Oxford. He remained there till 1836, when he went to Bath to study music under Edmund Harris. Six years later he became a pupil of Sir George Smart, and he sang at the coronation of Queen Victoria. He was for a year a lay clerk at St. George's, Windsor, and in October of the same year he made his first appearance as a concert singer in oratorio at the old Store-street Rooms, which were afterwards a pianoforte warehouse, and have recently been pulled down for a new building of flats. Lockey's fresh and beautiful tenor voice quite took the town by storm, and he had numerous engagements in all parts of the country. In those days, however, concert singing was not paid for at anything like the same remunerative rates as those which now prevail. Accordingly in 1843, Lockey became Vicar Choral at St. Paul's Cathedral, and received, we believe, the stipend attaching to that office until the time of his death, that is to say, for very nearly 60 years, although for upwards of 40 years his duties there had been performed by deputy. Lockey sang at nearly all the Three Choirs' Festivals until 1856, and he was likewise, from 1848, a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, a post from which he retired on a pension after his voice failed him in 1859. His loss to the concert room was at first very much felt, but it was greatly to the advantage of his then rival, Sims Reeves, who from 1859 until the rise of Maas and Edward Lloyd practically reigned supreme. After his retirement in 1859 Lockey became the proprietor of an hotel at Gravesend, but for many years past he had resided in retirement at Hastings. His wife, whom he married in 1853, was Miss Martha Williams, who in her day was a well-known oratorio contralto. There was a little romance attaching to their courtship, for they first met at the original performance of *Elijah* at Birmingham, when Martha and her elder sister Anne Williams, both of them pupils of Tom Cooke, sang subordinate parts. Mrs. Lockey continued her career as a concert vocalist until 1865.

SERIOUS FIRE AT LIVERPOOL.

A serious fire broke out in Exchange-buildings, facing Rumford-street, Liverpool, early the other morning. In this wing of the buildings the Chamber of Commerce and the Exchange News Rooms are situated. The fire started on the third floor, and although several steamers were got to work the flames forced their way up through the roof and made great headway. About half-past 2, however, the firemen gained the upper hand and got the outbreak under control. The damage done was considerable.

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