DESERTER AT FIFTEEN.

At West London, on Saturday, Albert Victor Connelly, who gave his age as seventeen, living at Munden-street, Hammersmith, was brought before Mr. Fordham on the charge of being a deserter from the 6th Battalion Royal Fusiliers, stationed at Hounslow.

Observing the prisoner's youthful appearance, his worship asked him how old he was, and the prisoner replied that he was fifteen years and nine months.

Mr. Fordham: I thought so. You certainly don't look seventeen.

A lance-corporal from the regiment stated that the prisoner, who enlisted in January, gave his age as seventeen.

Mr. Fordham: Someone must have seen that he was not that age—he is a mere child dressed up as a soldier. As he is not sixteen years old I can't deal with him—he must go to the Children's Court at Westminster.

The prisoner's mother said that he would be sixteen in May.

Mr. Fordham: I suppose he is a fair sample of the soldiers this country has for its defence. I shall remand him to the Children's Court, and let the children's magistrate see what our army is composed of.

Assistant-gaoler Foulger: To the remand home, sir?

Mr. Fordham (sarcastically): Yes, to the remand home, as a child.

WELL-KNOWN AVIATOR FINED.

Thomas Octave Murdock Sopwith, who recently flew from Brooklands to Windsor Castle, where he descended in the presence of the King, was summoned at Bow-street Police-court for applying for a motor-car driver's licence without giving particulars of the endorsements on his old licence.

A solicitor who supported the summons on behalf of the London County Council said there were convictions against Sopwith for excessive speed, and on two occasions his licence had been suspended.

Sopwith said that he was unable to give the particulars of the convictions, as he had no record of them. When he was in the motor business he was continually going to the County Council offices to register cars, and the officials all knew him very well. Each time he had taken out his licence his convictions appeared upon it, and when he sent in his last application he thought everything was in order. He knew that a record was kept of his convictions.

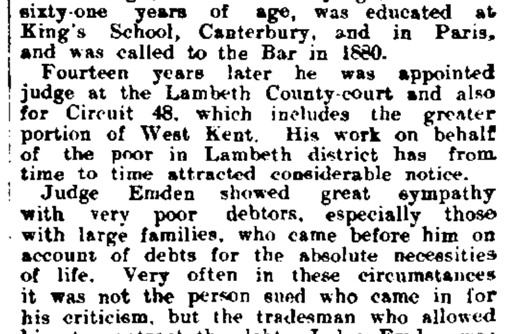
The magistrate fined him £20, with £2 2s. costs.

The South Wales Miners' Executive rejected the terms proposed at a conference with the employers and the Board of Trade for a settlement of the Cambrian dispute, in which 12,500 men have been out of work for four months.

The Prime Minister of the Overseas Dominions and the Ministers accompanying them, who are attending the Imperial Conference in London at the end of May, will be the guests of the Government and the King during their stay in England.

Mr. Evelyn Cecil, M.P., continues to make very slow progress towards recovery, and is still confined to his room.

Judge Willis was unable to attend the Southwark County-court on account of indisposition, and his place was taken by Deputy Judge Latham.



DEATH OF JUDGE EMDEN.

The death was announced on Saturday of his Honour Judge Emden, which occurred at Crowborough, Sussex. The judge, who was sixty-one years of age, was educated at King's School, Canterbury, and in Paris, and was called to the Bar in 1880.

Fourteen years later he was appointed judge at the Lambeth County-court and also for Circuit 48, which includes the greater portion of West Kent. His work on behalf of the poor in Lambeth district has from time to time attracted considerable notice.

Judge Emden showed great sympathy with very poor debtors, especially those with large families, who came before him on account of debts for the absolute necessities of life. Very often in these circumstances it was not the person sued who came in for his criticism, but the tradesman who allowed him to contract the debt. Judge Emden was also severe in money-lending cases where exorbitant interest was charged.

Like his colleague Judge Bacon, Mr. Emden was a late sitter at his courts, frequently continuing cases as late as eight o'clock in the evening in order that litigants might not be subjected to adjournments. It was always a source of pride to him that the work at his courts was seldom in arrears.

On the need for reform in the law relating to committal orders Judge Emden was never tired of dwelling. He would never make committal orders when a man's earnings amounted only to a sum which would work out at five shillings a head for the support of his family. He did all in his power to secure absolute justice for poor litigants.

At the North London Railway meeting Lord Rathmore emphatically denied the rumour of absorption by the London and North-Western Railway.

Dr. William Williams, medical officer of health for Glamorgan, and a great authority on sanitation, has died at Bournemouth, after a short illness.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

THE HOUSE ON THE BLACKWATER

By DEREK VANE

Author of "The Three Daughters of Light," &c.

CHAPTER XI. (Continued.)

The nurse felt very sorry for the devoted husband who had to listen to such strange words from his wife's lips. He uttered no complaint, but in spite of his self-control she saw how he would flinch and turn white with pain as he quietly left the room.

"He is a peculiar looking man, too hard and stern, perhaps, for such a pretty young thing," she thought, "but one can't help feeling sorry for him. He evidently thinks all the world of her, and the servants say she was just as fond of him when she was all right. Well, sick people have queer fancies sometimes."

But these days when Philip sat alone hour after hour torn by anxiety—and by something even more cruel—put their mark on him heavily. He aged perceptibly, but he still turned a hard, defiant face on the world. If he sorrowed it was in secret.

"I can deceive myself no longer," he thought. "She has no love left for me; there has been only a make-believe for a long time. I think the real thing died the day I returned. Poor little Pamela!—poor little brave heart, what a struggle it must have been! I never realised it till now." The dry agony in his eyes was sadder than any tears "And that is not the worst. She is afraid of me—of me!" He flung out his clenched hand as though the thought was unendurable. "She shudders at my touch—I can't go near her. Oh, God! my punishment is greater than I can bear!"

The man's pride was in the dust with all his hopes. He had steeled himself to endure everything but this. His vulnerable point was his love for Pamela, and through that he was made to suffer.

One night, when the nurse had gone out for something, Philip crept softly upstairs to his wife's room. He could keep away no longer. He must look at her, breathe the same air, stand within reach of her, for a few minutes. His idolatrous love for her was forced to fever heat by her danger and the way she repulsed him. If he could win one kind word or glance he thought he could rest content. He comforted himself at times by thinking that she was not responsible for her actions: that she did not mean half she said.

He noiselessly opened the door and stood a minute looking down at the slight girlish form, tossing in an uneasy sleep, with a world of passion and pity and longing in his eyes. If she knew how he hungered for a kind word, would she not give it? She to whom he had never turned in vain. The pretty hair lay in damp curls on her fore, head, the white face was set in lines of pain, and from the parted lips came now and again a little moaning cry. It was a piteous sight, and something stung Philip's eyes sharply.

Perhaps that fixed gaze made itself felt, even through her unconsciousness, for presently Pamela slowly opened her eyes. For a moment they were blank and expressionless, while the silent man prayed, as he had never prayed before, that she might give him one look of kindness. Then she glanced at him in a puzzled way.

"Who are you?" she said, in a strange, whispering voice. "What are you doing *here*? I want Gerald—why don't they bring *Gerald*? I should get well if he came."

"Don't you know me, dear heart?" he said, flinging himself down at the bedside. "I am Gerald—your husband. Won't you let me stay and take care of you? I am so lonely and unhappy."

The delicate brows met in a frown, as though she were trying to remember something. Then, suddenly, her eyes opened wide in fear and horror.

"I know you now," she screamed, "you are Philip. What do you want? You frighten me—where do you come from? I have been afraid of you for a long time, I think. Don't touch me—keep away! Gerald! — Gerald! where are you? Help me—save me!"

Her voice rose to a scream, and she threw herself over on the other side of the bed.

Philip got up quickly, and his face had the white, stricken look of one condemned to death. The nurse, hurrying up the stairs, shuddered, and hastily averted her eyes when she saw him, though he was unconscious of her presence.

He made no second attempt to win Pamela's recognition until the fever had gone, and she was on the road to recovery. Then she received him with the kindness and gentleness of other days. She knew nothing of what had happened during her illness, and he did not tell her how she had turned from him, but through all her smiles and sweetness he remembered the fear and repulsion that had leapt to her face when she was unable to disguise her feelings. And he could not forget.

An estrangement grew up between them, none the less real because it was never openly referred to. Pamela was not as strong as formerly, and perhaps more prone to let things drift. After all, what had she accomplished with all her striving? she would ask herself when she was tired and depressed. This was not the future she had pictured when she stood by Philip's side at the altar. He was not the man she had hoped he would be. Was it her fault or his? she wondered. She had given him everything except love, and was she to blame because that had died down to pity and kindness? Perhaps it never answered to do evil that good might come.

So, because both felt a certain constraint in the presence of the other, they drifted farther and farther apart. They began to lead separate lives. Philip grew more wild and reckless; he was out night after night with his dissipated companions, and was a leading spirit in their mad orgies. Pamela remonstrated once or twice, but to no purpose.

"Do you care to have me with you?" he asked on one occasion, looking her straight in the face with his haggard eyes. "Am I necessary to your happiness?" And as she hesitated he turned away with a laugh; a scaffold laugh.

He earned less and less money, and Pamela's income was not large enough to support his extravagances. Fortunately, she could not touch the principal, or she would certainly have used it to free Philip from his debts. What was money compared to all the other things she had given him? A crisis came at last.

"I must get some money somehow," he said moodily. "I am in a very tight place. I am ashamed to ask you, but can you help me once more?"

"I wish I could, but my account is already overdrawn," Pamela replied. "Can't you make some by your writing? You were getting on so well."

"I cannot settle to anything lately, and in any case I can't afford the time now," he said impatiently. "I must have some money at once." She noticed he was twisting an envelope in his fingers as he spoke, and she concluded it contained another bill.

"I suppose there is no one from whom we could borrow a hundred pounds? We don't seem to have many friends, and mine are too impecunious and yours too respectable to lend money."

She shook her head.

"As you say, we have not many friends, and I know no one intimately enough to ask such a favour. I am sorry, Philip. You know I would help you if I could."

"You have always been too good to me," he said with feeling. "You deserved a better fate; I have been a sorry investment for you, Pamela. Well! I must try to make some arrangement—to get a little time. I won't be hounded in this way. It is not wise to drive a man like me to desperation."

"Can't you tell me your troubles, Philip?" Pamela asked wistfully.

"Dear, the day would not be long enough," he answered with a reckless laugh. "You don't know all I have on my conscience! Your innocent soul could not understand such a nature as mine, you could not come down to my level. The occasional glimpses you have had of the real man have repelled more than attracted you, I fancy."

"I am sorry if I have seemed unkind, Philip. I never meant to be. I am afraid I have not always understood you."

"You would not be the woman I love if you had not shrunk from me sometimes," he said ambiguously. "I do not blame you. At one time I might have made myself worthy of you, but that day is past. Well, a truce to regrets! They are useless. I must go and interview my principal creditor; and, to do any good, I must be as hard and remorseless as he is himself. Don't be alarmed if I am not home to-night. I may be detained."

He held out his hand in farewell, and she stooped and kissed him, as she had not done of late.

"Good-bye, Philip. I wish you success. If you get clear of your difficulties, won't you try and make a fresh start? If we cannot do all that I hoped once, let us at least do better than we have done lately. I have lost heart as well as you. Let us begin again when you come back."

She spoke earnestly, but with diffidence. Philip's moods were uncertain now, and she did not know how he might take it. But as he looked into her beautiful pathetic eyes his own softened.

"Do you care about the Prodigal still?" he said tenderly. "It is more than I deserve. If I can shake myself free, I will see what I can do, if only for your dear sake. At all events, you have done your best; you have nothing to reproach yourself with. I suppose I am not as strong as I thought, or I should have conquered fate, and made you proud of me, at least.

"Good-bye again. It is hard to leave you when you speak so kindly. Say, at least, that you forgive me for all the trouble I have caused you—for spoiling your life. I think, perhaps, that if I had known how it would be, I would not have accepted your sacrifice. And yet," throwing up his head, "to have loved you has been worth all the rest!"

"Good-bye, Philip. If I have anything to forgive, it is freely forgiven. I think we shall get on better after this, I feel as though things were clearing up. We know now what to expect, and we must make allowance for each other."

He went away looking happier than he had done for a long time. He knew the ordeal he had to face would be a severe one, but he felt strong enough to overcome all difficulties. It must be at such times that "the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us!"

CHAPTER XII

"I AM NOT A MAN TO CHANGE."

Honor often lingered outside Blackwater House in the hope of seeing or hearing something that might help her, but so far without success, and she was thinking of paying another midnight visit when a rather strange thing happened.

She received a small box by post one morning, and on opening it found that it was filled with choice confectionery. Honor, like most women, was fond of sweets, and wondered who the kind donor could be, as there was no name or message inside, and, as far as she was aware, none of her friends knew where she was.

"Mr. Forsyth must have ordered them from town for me," she thought. "We were talking about Fuller's delicious sweets the other day, I remember. As he has not said anything, I suppose he does not wish me to thank him for his kindness. He is rather shy and reserved still at times, though it is wearing off."

And she decided not to speak of the little gift unless he did. The sweets proved so tempting as she sat at work in her room that before she went to bed half of them had been eaten. She felt strangely elated and excited that night, something pleasant must be going to happen, she thought. She could hardly restrain herself from singing and laughing aloud.

"Good news must be coming to me," she said, "I feel so happy. I should not be surprised if I heard of Anthony to-morrow."

She lay down in bed with her eyes wide open. She had no inclination to sleep; her mind was too full of delightful thoughts. This sense of exhilaration had been with her all the evening, and so far from diminishing it grew more intense. She had laughed and talked downstairs with unusual animation, and was reluctant to say good-night. Now lying in the silence and darkness she seemed almost overwhelmed by waves of bliss; she saw visions and dreamed dreams.

This mad exhilaration was followed by a state of dreamy tranquillity, which suddenly changed to a feeling of unreasonable fear. Something was going to happen—something terrible. Honor tried to spring up in bed, but she was powerless to move. The loud beating of her heart seemed to fill the room, she could hear nothing else. Then she turned cold and faint. She felt that the end had come, and gave up hope. A cloud of darkness enfolded her, and she knew no more.

When she slowly recovered from this stupor she could not at first remember what had happened, or understand why she should feel so strange. Her head seemed as heavy as lead; she felt weak and exhausted as though after an illness. She staggered to her feet and struck a light, swaying to and fro as she stood.

"What is it?" she thought fearfully. "Am I going to be ill? That would be a climax indeed!"

In a little while her head felt clearer, and she could go back over the events of the day and try to find a cause for this sudden and strange attack.

"It was not different from any other day," she thought. "It was filled with the same little round of duties." Then her glance fell on the box of sweets, and an inspiration flashed on her.

"Is it possible that tho mischief lies there?" she asked herself. "Can there be anything wrong about the sweets? They are the only thing I have had different from anybody else in the house." Her breath came quicker.

"Ralph Forsyth could not have wished to do me any harm," she thought. "It is impossible! If those sweets are really to blame for this extraordinary seizure, he is innocent of wrong, I am sure he is. And yet I feel convinced I have been half poisoned—poisoned," with a shudder. "And in what a cruel, stealthy way!"

"Of course it is possible it may have happened by accident. The sweets may have been carelessly prepared and got mixed with something injurious. It least I can find out about that, I think. I will send the box to a London analyst and ask him to examine the contents. Meanwhile, I will keep my own counsel."

This decision set her mind more at rest, and she lay down again and tried to sleep. She must get up as usual to-morrow morning whatever happened. She could not lie there helpless, not knowing what secret foe might be seeking her life. So, though she was obliged to plead a headache to account for her changed appearance, she forced herself to go through the usual routine and to carry the little box herself to the village post-office. Only a woman of her unspoilt physique and resolute will could have done what she did. When night came she was thoroughly exhausted, but, fortunately, she had a little medicine chest with her, and knew enough to be able to doctor herself.

She waited a day or two anxiously for the analyst's report. Then it came.

"I find," he wrote, "that more than half the sweets have been mixed with *hashish* or *bhang*, which is the native term applied to the dried flowering tops of the Indian hemp, from which the resin has not been removed. *Bhang* has little taste, and when carefully mixed with other substances—as in this case—it would not be perceptible. There is enough of this insidious drug in the sweets to produce serious consequences in some cases, but hardly two people experience the same effects from the use of *hashish*. Its action is uncertain. In answer to your inquiry, it is impossible that the *bhang* could have got mixed with the sweets by accident."

It was natural that this report should turn Honor's attention in a certain direction. Instinctively her thoughts flew to Doctor Vogt's Indian servant. This was a drug he would understand—it belonged to his native country And she had often heard how clever natives are in the use of drugs and herbs. Had he—acting under the doctor's instructions—attempted to poison her? Or, at all events, to incapacitate her for a time? In this case she must be dangerous; they must have reason to fear her.

"Have they seen more than I suspected? Do they know more about me than I think?" she asked herself. "It may well be. I could give that man credit for anything. He would ferret out what he wanted so secretly and stealthily that you might not even suspect him until it was too late. What shall I do now. I feel as though I were no longer safe here, and yet I own myself beaten if I go away.

"I suppose some people might say I ought to put this," looking at the box, "into the hands of the police. I very much doubt whether they could do anything against such a wily adversary. I can give them no proof that it came from Blackwater House. I have only suspicions, and suspicions are not in much favour at Scotland Yard. No! I had better say nothing for the present. When my enemies find their scheme has miscarried, they will be afraid to take any further steps, for a time, at least."

That same day she met Abaddon not far from Land's End, and though she stopped deliberately and looked at him, he took no notice of her beyond his usual low salaam. She had little doubt what he was doing there. He had come to find out what had happened. She knew she would gain nothing from an open accusation; he would only deny everything, and yet she longed to fling his guilt in his face. At the moment she was too angry to be afraid.

It was some days before she recovered her health or spirits, for her nerves had been severely shaken. Ralph Forsyth still carried his arm in a sling, but he required little attention now, and Honor told herself that she really had no excuse for staying any longer. Though she had little intercourse with old Mr. Forsyth, who was generally shut up in his own room, he was always most courteous when they met, and begged her not to leave Land's End until she wished to return to town. Neither father nor son would hear of her taking up her old quarters at the Green Man. She had come down for a holiday, they said, and as they had unfortunately interrupted it, it was only fair that she could give them the opportunity of making it good.

There was no one to remark on the length of her visit except the residents of Blackwater House, and she was indifferent to their opinion. At the same time, Honor felt that it would look strange even to her kind hosts if she did not fix some date for her departure. So she mentioned a day a week hence. She must leave Highwold then, even if she did not go as far away as London.

She was sitting on the little balcony outside her room on the morning of her departure when Ralph Forsyth called to her from the garden to come and look at a climbing rose. They were too near the sea, and the situation was altogether too bleak and exposed for flowers to flourish, so that a *Gloire de Dijon* in full bloom was something to be proud of. He was waiting at the foot of the little flight of steps, and, putting her work on one side, Honor ran down to him. She had nearly reached the bottom when something gave way under her, and she slipped, and would have fallen headlong to the ground had he not sprung forward and caught her with his uninjured arm.

"That was a narrow escape!" he said. "You might have broken your leg, or hurt yourself badly. How did you manage to fail?"

"I don't know," she said, trembling. "Something seemed to give way—the stone slipped, I think—and I could not save myself." She unconsciously leant against his supporting arm, startled and unnerved by the shock.

"Sit down a minute and let me look. Perhaps one of the steps has got loose." He knelt down to examine the stonework, and looked up after a few moments with a grave face.

"I don't understand it," he said. "The supports under the last three or four steps have been loosened in some way, so that the stones would slip when trodden on, and anyone coming down like you were just now would probably be pitched to the bottom. It is most unsafe. I will have it seen to at once."

"Do you think it happened fairly?" she asked in a quivering voice. "You say you don't understand it."

"How do you mean—fairly?" he replied, looking puzzled. "I certainly see no reason why the supports should have got loose all at once, unless they have been undermined by the rain."

"It has been done on *purpose*," she said gravely. "I feel convinced that I have had another narrow escape."

"What do you mean?" he asked in amazement. "Who could have any wish to injure you? You have not looked well lately, and this has naturally upset you. You don't take enough care of yourself. You must go in and rest a little while."

"Oh, you don't understand!" she cried excitedly. "I am pursued by a relentless foe; this is the second time a trap has been laid for me. Is it likely that I shall be fortunate enough to escape a third time? And there is no warning of danger—nothing to guide me. Oh! it is horrible to feel afraid to move—to suspect everything and everybody!"

She burst into a passion of tears, great sobs that told of all the fear and trouble and suspense that had been shut up in her own breast for so long. For once she was completely at the mercy of her emotions; she covered her face with her hands and sobbed on helplessly. Ralph Forsyth's face changed.

"Dear Miss Grey—Honor," he whispered caressingly, throwing himself down beside her, "don't cry so, it breaks my heart. Tell me your trouble—let me help you! I did not mean to speak yet, but I love you, and I cannot bear to think you are in danger."

"What has happened? What is it you are saying?" she cried in dismay, looking up at his impassioned words. "Oh! I cannot listen. What have I done?" A glance into the pleading, handsome face, told her more than any words. She saw the tenderness in the deep eyes; all the hope and glory of a true man's love, and for a moment she stood aghast.

"Have I startled you—have I spoken too soon?" he said tenderly. "I will be patient. I know how to wait; only do not send me away without hope. You can hardly realise how much this means to me—I who have lived without love for so long, whose life has been dark and empty for years. You have been drawing me nearer and nearer to the light. I have begun to feel alive again since you came—to think that happiness might be in store even for me. . . Tell me, have I hoped too much?"

(To be continued.)

MILLIONAIRES' MONEY.

THREE MEN LEAVE £32,000,000.

The wills of three millionaires were published on Saturday—two British and one foreign. They are those of Sir William Agnew, Bart., the well-known art dealer and chief proprietor of "Punch"; Lord Winterstoke, the "tobacco king," head of the Imperial Tobacco Company; and Baron Albert de Rothschild, the Austrian head of the famous international financiers.

Sir William Agnew's estate has been sworn at £1,353,692.

Lord Winterstoke's has been provisionally entered at £1,000,000, "so far as at present known." This, of course, is merely a nominal sum, given to allow his executors to deal with the estate, which it is believed will ultimately be found to be one of the greatest left in this country in this generation.

Baron Albert de Rothschild's property is estimated at £30,000,000, and on his will being opened disappointment was expressed in Vienna that all that was left to charities was £84,000.

Many famous drawings which have appeared in the pages of "Punch" figure in the bequests of the late Sir William Agnew.

He bequeathed £1,000 to the General Hospital and Dispensary for Sick Children, at Pendlebury, and pictures, drawings, and objects of art to the National Gallery and the Whitworth Institute, Manchester.

The "Punch" silver tankard (presented to Mark Lemon by the proprietors of that journal) goes to Mr. Philip Leslie Agnew, one of the testator's sons. Doyle's design for the "Punch" cover becomes the property of his nephew, Mr. William Laurence Bradbury; Sambourne's drawing of the famous table goes to Mr. P. Leslie Agnew; and the gold ring of the King of Ashantee to Mr. Walter Agnew. Tenniel's drawing of "The Passing of Gladstone" is bequeathed to testator's brother, Mr. Charles Agnew.

After allowing for gifts to servants and others, the residue of the estate is bequeathed in sixths, of which his four sons take one share each and the remaining two sixths is left to his grandchildren.

The amount of estate duty will be £203,338. In addition to this there will be payable legacy duty, which will vary from 1 to 10 per cent., according to the relationship between the legatees and the testators.

Lord Winterstoke, who had no children, entails his Coombe Lodge Estate at Blagdon, and all his other Somersetshire estates, on his cousin, Mr. George Alfred Wills. He devises East Court, St. Lawrence-on-Sea, to his adopted daughter, Miss Stancomb Wills, for life, and then to Mr. G. A. Wills, as part of the entail. His London residence, 25, Hyde Park-gardens, and his yacht Sabrina, he similarly bequeaths to Miss Wills for life. After various bequests, Lord Winterstoke leaves his residuary estate on trust, the income of one-half to be paid to Miss Stancomb Wills for life, and of the other half to his other adopted daughter, Mrs. Richardson, for life.

One of the five codicils confirms a donation of £25,000 to Bristol University, in addition to a previous gift of £10,000, both of which sums were paid in Lord Winterstoke's lifetime.

The will of the late Baron Albert de Rothschild was filed in Court at Vienna on Saturday. It appoints his third son, Baron Louis, as the head of the Vienna House. Regret is expressed in Vienna that out of his huge fortune he only left the comparatively small sum of £84,000 to charity.

SOLD HIS WIFE'S CLOTHES.

Mrs. Isabella Cole, of Holywood, co. Down, was awarded £100 damages against her husband, James Cole, at the Sheriff's inquiry, at Belfast, for wrongful deprivation of wearing apparel, goods, and household furniture.

Counsel said Mrs. Cole had not been long married before finding out that her husband was a man of ungovernable temper. Assaults were the order of the day. In March, 1910, he blackened her eyes and broke her teeth, and she had to leave the house because of his violence. She spent the night in the coal-house. She never got back, and in her absence her husband had sold her clothes, jewellery, furs, and household furniture by auction.

MANSLAUGHTER CHARGE DISMISSED.

Douglas Bunbury Sulivan, of Salisbury, surrendered to his bail at Romsey to answer a charge of manslaughter of William Coope Walke, a theological student, of Salisbury, when driving a motor-car at Willow on the 9th inst., the deceased being thrown out and killed.

Expert evidence stated that the car was a semi-racing one of French make, over 35-h.p.

The chairman said the magistrates had very carefully considered the case, especially as to the speed of the car, and, as there was no definite evidence on that point, they had decided by a majority to dismiss the case.

MARRIED AT NINETY-FOUR.

Considerable interest was taken in the marriage at Chatham of William Hennem and Fanny Wadhams, two old-age pensioners, who left the workhouse a week or two ago for the purpose of spending the rest of their days in each other's company.

The bridegroom, the last of the old postboys, is 94 years old, and the blushing bride was a widow of 80.

The ceremony took place in the Wesleyan Hall, which was crowded to the doors. Scores, indeed, were unable to obtain admission. The Rev. R. Hall officiated, and Mr. Lees, of Millterrace sub-post office, who had assisted Hennem in filling up his pension form, acted as best man and also gave the bride away. The aged bridegroom's face was wreathed with smiles during the ceremony. Hennem is Mrs. Wadham's third husband and she is his fourth wife.

Upon leaving the hall the couple were showered with confetti, and to the accompaniment of cheers from a large crowd they drove off in a motor-car.

At the breakfast following the ceremony the veteran bridegroom declared it was the happiest day in his life, and expressed the hope that he and his wife have several years' happiness before them.

H.M. battleships Hindustan, Dominion, Hibernia, Britannia, and Lord Nelson, and the cruiser Bristol have sailed from Vigo for Weymouth.

It is officially announced that Admiral Togo and Gen. Nogi have been ordered to accompany Prince Higashi Fushimi on the Japanese mission to King George's coronation.

In the third round of the International Chess Tournament at San Remo, Reti Gunsberg, Przepiorka, Forgacs, and Lowtzky won their games.

In connection with a Belfast illicit still raid the magistrate fined two men £100 each, with a recommendation that the penalties should be mitigated to £50 and £25 respectively.

OTHER MEN'S MINDS.

My dear father has been called "the Peacemaker," and he was a peacemaker, and I consider it my duty to follow in his footsteps. Consequently I shall support every endeavour in the direction of promoting peace and goodwill between the nations.—HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE.

ONE THING LACKING.

There is a sad lack of character in the men and women of to-day; we are so intent on growing minds that we forget that there is a will and a heart. — FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN.

THE STRENGTH OF SENTIMENT.

Sentiment is sometimes spoken of as one of the weak things of life, but, properly understood, it is one of the strongest.—PROFESSOR MUIRHEAD.

PECKING AT A PROBLEM.

The garden suburb may be only pecking at a big problem; but it is far better to peck at it than merely to sniff at it.—SIR BENJAMIN JOHNSON.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

So-called labour-saving devices, such as telephones, taxi-cabs, and private secretaries, merely enable a man to crowd more work into a day, and make life more strenuous.—BISHOP OF STEPNEY.

THE RIGHT OF THE CHILD.

Every child has the right to an education suited to his intellectual capacity, and not merely to the depth of his father's purse.—MR. H. CATLIN.

THE THREE DISGRACES.

The three great obstacles to our reaching the sanitary millennium in England are ignorance, indifference, and greed; and the greatest is ignorance.—MR. R. JUMP.

THE SOUNDING-BOARD.

The House of Commons is the greatest sounding-board in the world, and responds more quickly to a human appeal than most people think.—MR. WILL CROOKS, M.P.

BY DEGREES.

The ideal social state is no more than an ideal which we must strive to attain by evolution in the laws of the state and by slow education of the people. — MR. F. C. CONSTABLE.

THE SIN OF IDLENESS.

Knowledge is only useful when it can be applied; and if the idle rich are an offence, the idle scholar is a still greater offence.—SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.

AN IMPOSSIBLE HANDICAP.

It would be as easy for a fishing smack to stop a Dreadnought as for an uneducated people to compete successfully with an educated people.—SIR HENRY F. HIBBERT.

THE BRUTAL MAJORITY.

It always appears to me that the principle of majority rule is a rather brutal one, at any rate in theory. It is quite within the limit of possibility that we may have a minority in the country setting up a majority in the House of Commons, and we have, in fact, of recent years, seen a small majority in the country returning an altogether disproportionately large majority in the House of Commons.—LORD RITCHIE.

OUR DEFENCES.

If I were a German, a Frenchman, or a Swiss I would be for compulsory service, for the first thing to be done in those countries is to defend their land frontiers, and that can only be done by throwing their whole manhood into such defence. Great Britain is differently situated, inasmuch as her first line of defence is naval, and she does not need a great home defence Army for the protection of these shores, because there is a sheet of sea between her and other countries.—MR. HALDANE.

ONE MAN ONE VOTE.

We believe a man's right to vote depends on his being a citizen, and primâ facie a man who is a citizen of full age and of competent understanding ought to be entitled to a vote, but he ought not to be entitled to more than one.—MR. ASQUITH.

CLERGY AND LAITY.

This terrible amount of clerical poverty is not due solely to the depreciation in the value of land and the fall in the tithe rents. There is also the fact that while the ancient endowments of the Church are wholly insufficient to meet the expansion of the Church's work, the laity of the Church of England have, as a whole, never realised that they are living contentedly on the provision made by their forefathers; and that they themselves are doing less for the support of those who minister to them in spiritual things than the members of any other religious body in the world.—BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER.

THE SLOUCHERS.

Our pastimes of to-day have produced a slouching gait; and the majority of young people have lost all sense of beauty in their bearing.—MR. CECIL SHARP.

THANKS TO THE GIPSIES.

We owe a great debt of gratitude to the gipsies for their faithful guardianship of beautiful folk-songs and ballad music, which a modern civilisation considers old-fashioned.—MR. SCOTT MACFIE.

THE OBJECT OF EDUCATION.

The real object of our schools should be not to produce a few "stars" and sparkling citizens, but to raise the status of the working child.—COUNCILLOR DUGDALE.

THE 'VARSITY TOUCH.

People connected with universities, especially professors, are often more remarkable for their business peculiarities than for business aptitudes.—REV. JAMES HAMILTON.

FOR FILTHY LUCRE.

Has there ever been a movement like the advance of manufactures, that juggernaut which has crushed and trampled upon the population of this country? Has there ever been a movement with such inadequate provision and provision to meet it? The idea of the day welcomes the encroachment, because of the gold it brings with it. From one end of the country to the other it is followed by muddle, muddle, muddle, and smoke and desolation took the place of beautiful country scenes.—SIR HENRY CRAIK, M.P.

BRITISH ART.

I have little patience with those people who speak of foreign countries leading us in matters of art. We in England can produce extraordinarily fine work in nearly every direction, and there is hardly a form of art in which we cannot produce a first-class person from among ourselves.—EARL BEAUCHAMP.

EPITOME OF NEWS.

Cats are dying in large numbers at Culompton, Devon, of a strange disease.

The Jersey States have decided to raise a loan of £7,500 for the further building of elementary schools.

Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton, Inspector-General of the Oversea Forces, has arrived at Malta from Port Said.

The Duchess of Albany celebrated her fiftieth birthday on Friday.

Mrs. Reginald McKenna has given birth to a son at Admiralty House. Both are doing very well.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has ordered a report favourable to the Anglo-American treaty for putting a stop to pelagic sealing in the Behring Sea.

King Manuel was the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Manchester at their house in Grosvenor-square.

A fire broke out at the Putilow Iron Works, St Petersburg, and did damage estimated at 30,000 roubles.

Lady Suffield who was a sister of the first Lord Revelstoke and was mother-in-law of Lord Carrington, died at her residence, Manchester-square.

Four hundred of the poor of Margate of over sixty years of age were entertained, for the 21st consecutive year, at dinner and tea by the amalgamated societies of Margate.

At West London Police-court, Mrs. Ellen Slade, of Portobello-road, Notting-hill, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for assaulting her stepson, Frederick, aged sixteen.

It is proposed to found a scholarship in Morpeth to perpetuate the public services of Mr. Thomas Burt, who has represented the constituency for nearly forty years.

During a fierce gale on the east coast of Scotland a fisherman named John Lough was killed by the mast of his boat falling on him while he was returning from sea.

Radical students of Glasgow University approved of Mr. Birrell as their candidate for the Lord Rectorship. The election will take place on Lord Curzon's retirement in November.

According to an official return by the London County Council, only 8,799 intoxicating liquor licences were issued in the metropolis during 1910. This is a decrease of 871 compared with the previous year.

Considerable opposition is being raised by members of the metropolitan borough councils to the proposed increase in the salaries of some of the London County Council officials.

Mr. O. C. Morrison followed the West Surrey and Shere Beagles for some distance a few days ago on his aeroplane.

Two quarter-pound baskets of English-grown royal sovereign strawberries fetched 16s. each at Covent Garden.

A beautiful specimen of the ermine has been caught in the flower garden of Scottow Hall, Norfolk. It is an extremely rare visitor to this country.

A solicitor who appeared as a debtor in the Southwark County-court said he was doing little business. Last year was the worst he had known for a long time, as the Budget had put an end to conveyancing.

According to the statement of Melbourne Customs officials, an enormous trade in bogus curios has been flourishing in Australia, hundreds of violins, swords, china, boomerangs, and idols made in Germany and Birmingham have been imported and sold at high prices.

"The Rabbits Working Men's Social Club," of Manor Park, and the "Little Ilford Social Club," of Romford-road, were ordered at West Ham to be struck off the register and not to be re-opened for a year, for being under the financial control of brewers.

Hakki Pasha, Turkish Grand Vizier, has no intention of resigning, despite persistent reports that he will.

M. Henry Roujon, the permanent secretary of the French Academy of Fine Arts, and M. Denys Cochin, a well-known Conservative deputy, have been elected members of the Académie Française.

The hearing of the King's Lynn election petition is fixed for March 14.

King George has sent ten guineas to the London Fire Brigade Widows' and Orphans' and General Benefit Fund.

Brazilian and Argentine contracts have been given to Belgian steel works for 8,000 tons of structural steel.

To succeed the late Mr. Henry Miller, Alderman J. W. D. Barron, of Hyde, Cheshire, a Parliamentary agent to the Church Association, has been appointed secretary of the association.

Owing to the closing of Westminster Abbey for preparations for the Coronation, the distribution of Maundy money will this year take place at St. Paul's Cathedral.

Some thousands of pairs of boots in various stages of manufacture were destroyed by fire at a factory in Upton-road, Downham-road, Kingsland.

At Birkenhead Mr. Henry Vivian, ex-M.P. for the Borough, was presented with a cheque for £100, to be spent on books, and a gold watch for Mrs. Vivian, in recognition of his services to local Liberalism.

In the Strand the engine of a motor-omnibus suddenly burst into flames. The fire brigade, who were quickly on the scene, extinguished the fire before any great damage was caused to the vehicle.

Remarking that it was the most terrible case of cruelty of which he had ever heard, the South-Western magistrate sentenced Alfred George Phillips, a carman, of Acton, to three months' hard labour for flogging a horse at Battersea.

At Kingston-on-Thames, the Hon. Mrs. Assheton Harbord, lady aeronaut, was fined £5, with 8s. 6d. costs, for having exceeded the motor speed limit. Lord Victor William Paget was fined £3, with 16s. 3d. costs, for a similar offence.

The Compton Castle estate, Compton Pauncefoot, in Somersetshire, is to be sold by auction during the coming season. The property includes the whole of the parish of Compton Pauncefoot, with its picturesque village. The Castle occupies a fine position, overlooking the lakes.

"Method" was the axiom throughout the life of Robert Jay, the Aldeburgh-on-Sea centenarian recently buried. He took three meals a day and nothing between. On the day of his death he smoked his customary two pipes of tobacco. All his brothers and sisters died over eighty.

Whilst engaged in blasting rocks at the Royal Naval Docks at Haulbowline, three workmen named Wm. McCarthy, Philip Moriarty, and Wm O'Rourke, all of Queenstown, were injured by an explosion. One man had his scalp torn off and the other two were severely injured about the face and body.

Major-General F. T. Clayton is gazetted as major-general in charge of administration.

The King has accepted a copy of the "Transactions of the International Swedenborg Congress," presented by the Swedenborg Society.

No. 32, Soho-square, where Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society, once lived, has been marked by a London County Council tablet.

Three jurors at the St. Luke's Coroner's Court were unable to sign their names. "I was brought up to to work not write," said one.

Further concessions were made to the workmen in the north-east coast shipyards, and the threatened strike will probably be averted.

Another body has been recovered from the Hulton Colliery, the scene of the disaster on December 21. Only one body now remains in the mine.

The City Coroner's jury found that the fire at Messrs. Weinstein's premises in Barbican a fortnight ago was caused by an incendiary.