AN TRISH MURDER CASE.

"There is that fence broke again," said William Graham, Mr. Jennings Scotch steward, as he entered his comfortable home in the yard, in which he had lived for fifteen years. "I wish the blackguard Murphys were out of this, for I know they will never out of this, for I know they are here." quit this mischief as long as they are here." "So do I, Bill," answered his wife, while Graham got a hatchet, a hammer, and some long nails, with which to repair the wooden paling. "But had ye not better wait and eat your breakfast before ye go out now? It

is nearly ready."
"No. I will make the fence right in five minutes, and then I can eat my breakfast in comfort; but I wish the master would come home and do something about the Murphys. It would be better to leave them the bit of a field than to have all this trouble at his yard-

gate if he does not put them out."
"Well, for God's sake, take care, Bill, and don't ye be gettin' into any arguments with them until the master returns; for they are a dangerous lot, and ye had better let him settle with them himself."

"Tut, woman, I don't fear all the Murphys

this villainous country ever bred; but don't ye be afraid that I am goin' to enter into any argument with them. Indeed, they have been more civil-like for the last week than since they lost the field; and I'm thinking they see that it's no use trying threatening etters on me.

"Will ye have two eggs or three?" the good woman called after him as he went through the back gate, close outside which was the house where lived the Murphys, to whom he had alluded. Three; for I'm thinking I'll go into the

market to day," he answered, as he looked back, with a smile. They were the last words he ever spoke.

Mrs. Graham returned to the comfortable parlour, where the breakfast-things were laid, and, calculating that he would return in ten

minutes, she had everything ready for him; the eggs were boiled, the piles of buttered toast were carefully laid before the fire. But twenty minutes passed and he did not appear. She replaced the eggs in hot water, cracking the shells that they might not become hard; and after waiting another ten minutes she went to the yard gate to call him. The wooden fence that he had gone to re-

pair was not a hundred yards from the gate, and had been put up to fence off about an acre from the grass field, immediately behind the yard. This acre had been let to Michael Murphy about five years before, as he had taken the home farm during the absence abroad of Mr. Jennings, and he wanted the accommodation of the small plot. But a year before, as it was required for Mr. Jennings' use, he was called upon to give it up, and refused point blank. Within six months a notice to quit was served upon him by Graham, the steward, and at the next sessions it wanted but the legal proof of the service of the notice to obtain in due course, a decree for posses sion. Twice before the service of the notice Graham had received threatening letters, and once since the service had been effected. But, fearless in the performance of his duty, he took no heed of the missives, which he placed

in his desk.
Mrs. Graham walked out of the yard gate, and past the door of Murphy's house. Through the open door she observed Mrs. Murphy and her two daughters sitting over the fire knit-ting. None of the men were about. Looking to the fence she saw at once where the top and second rail had been displaced. No man stood repairing it, but close by a something that might be a bundle of clothes. Too well she knew what that meant, and with a cry of horror she rushed to the spot, to find her husband on his face, his arms extended, and the hatchet lying beside him. Mrs. Graham was not a woman to go into hysterics, or to give way to the loud wailing that would have reieved a weaker nature. As she gently turn-ed him over it needed not a glance at his pallid face to show that he was dead. With stunned despair she sat down, and, taking his head in her lap, remained quietly regard-ing him for a considerable time. She did not e Mrs. Murphy come to the door, and, lookover at the place where she sat in the bright blaze of the morning stin, turn back to resume her knitting at the fire. She did not see their own workman look cautiously over the garden wall, and as cautiously disappear She saw nothing but the dead face of her husband, and her mind flew back over the many happy years they had lived together

many happy years they had lived together since they left their northern home; the years of his strong manhood, and the last anxious year of his slowly ebbing life—for sickness had laid its hands upon him, and the dispensary doctor had given but slender hope of his ultimate recovery.

At length, laying him down, with her apron over his face, she walked resolutely to the open door of Murphy's house.

"Come out, you murderers, and let me look you in the face!" she shouted. "You have

von in the face !" she shouted. "You hav threatened him long enough, and now you have killed him at last, like the cowards that The lord save us ! What is the matter Mrs. Graham ?" answered Mrs. Murphy, with

an air of the deepest concern.
"Matter! well you know! Where are your murdering sons that killed my hus band?" "Oh, the cross of Heaven be about us

What do you mean, ma'am?" said Mrs. Murphy, apparently almost speechless with agitation, while she reverently made the sign of the cross on her forehead and breast.
"What do I mean? There—there! Do "What do I mean? There—there! Do you see where he lies—where you murderers have left him?" again shouted Mrs. Graham, dragging Mrs. Murphy to the door. "Oh, my poor Bill! my good husband! what brought us to this murdering country?" And wringing her hands wildly, she turned abruptly, and went back to the house.

All this I learned after my arrival. The police had already sent for the coroner, and from all the surrounding stations additional

from all the surrounding stations additional constables kept dropping in, until at length there were thirty men at the place. Every-body was rigidly excluded from the field, and a thorough search began for any clue that night be discovered. Not ten yards from the broken paling was found a brass cartridge-ease similar to those used in American breechcase similar to those used in American breech-loading rifles. It had been recently discharg-ed, and already the police had found that two bullets had passed through Graham's body. About the spot were found a couple of rusty sails, an old tobacco-pipe, a piece of boot-lace, the iron tip of a boot-heel, half a horn cost button, and a torn piece from the leef of oat-button, and a torn piece from the leaf of

fully put by lest by any chance they might afford a clue.

The three Murphys were absent, and from the information given by Mrs. Graham there was little doubt that one or other was the murderer. I directed, therefore, that the house should be thoroughly searched from

song-book. Except the cartridge and the

were not much; but they were care

Into the house the police went, and searched Into the house the police went, and searched it carefully; passing their hands over every beam to see if it might not be hollowed on the top, and a gun laid in the place; probing the thatch where arms are often hidden; scanning every square foot of the floor; searching the chimney, the fireplace, under the hearth-stone; feeling inside the frames of the bedsteads, where guns are sometimes hung on hooks; examining the beds themselves; searching carefully under them where long wells are often sunk for the arms, and covered wells are often sunk for the arms, and covered over with a board, the clay, if a clay floor, being carefully rammed down on top; looking closely at the jambs of the doors and the lintels; peering into every cupboard, box, pail, and jug; lifting out the dresser, behind which is a favourite hiding-place, and generally turning upside down everything in the house. In the dark corner of a little cupboard was found an empty cartridge-case, exactly was found an empty cartridge-case, exactly the same as the one found close to the body and on the clay floor of the room was the ro and on the clay floor of the room was the re-mains of a piece of burnt paper that had pro-bably been used to light a pipe. A small oval piece remained unconsumed, and had evidently rested under the heel of a gun-stock, the mark remaining in the damp floor. This was all; and, though affording indications in

confirmation of our suspicious, I could no see much hope of evidence sufficient to justify

see much hope of evidence sufficient to justify an arrest.

By this time the coroner had arrived, and the jury having viewed the body, a postmortem examination was ordered. To a person who has not gone through a course of surgery nothing can be imagined more horrible than the post-mortem examination necessary in cases of murder. With none of the conveniences of a regular dissecting room, everything is a make-shift, from the ordinary dining-table, pressed into the sickening duty, to the amateur assistant, who is not seldom obliged to be relieved by a man of stronger nerves. The doctor is the one person present who rises superior to the feelings of less-blunted humanity; and even in the case of Graham, on whom he had been in constant attendance, I could discern, as he cut through the breast, and removed the heart and lungs, no feeling of pity for the man from whom he had received many a fee.

The doctor spoke to himself, as he carefully examined the various organs. "Ho, ho! Lungs good, heart healthy! Dear me, it's his liver that is gone; and I have been treating him for his lungs!" Ah, well, well; he would not have lived twelve months anyway; so I was right after all!"

I was present—impelled by extreme anxiety

would not have lived twelve months anyway; so I was right after all!"

I was present—impelled by extreme anxiety to know exactly the direction that the bullets had taken. If the first shot had killed him dead, then why fire a second, except a second person were present, and thus made himself a principal? If the second shot were fired after he had fallen, the direction of the wound would be oblique, from back to front, from below upwards, as the shot was fired from behind. On the other hand, if Graham did not fall from the effects of the first shot, the probability was that the same person reloaded and fired again while he was struggling away. I decided that both shots were fired by one man, who reloaded; and as both bullets traversed the chest from back to front at the same height, both were fired when Graham was still standing.

was still standing.

Nothing further was discovered at the in-Nothing further was discovered at the inquest. Mrs. Murphy and her three daughters were examined, and swore they heard no shots. The man working in the garden had heard two shots, but thought somebody was frightening crows, so took no notice. He did not even look up from his work. A farmer working in a field a quarter of a mile away had stated that he heard two shots, and, a short time after, saw a man running along the bottom of the field, and carrying a gun. He was sent for, and sworn, when he acknowledged that he saw a man, but declared that he could not remember seeing a gun. On this point he was pressed. The person to whom he had told it was brought forward, and sworn. He did not like to say positively that Connor, the farmer, had told him there was a gun. Reminded that but a couple of hours had passed since the conversation, he said that he would not be positive upon his oath. Connor swore that the man he saw was not one of the Murphys, being much smaller.

The police proved the finding of the car-The police proved the finding of the cartridges. A juror requested that Mrs. Graham should be recalled, and examined her closely as to the relations existing between her and her husband. After a time the coroner interposed, and suggested that further examination in that direction could throw no light upon the murder. The juror suggested that Graham might have shot himself, but reluctant-Graham might have shot himself, but reluctantly assented to the proposition that he could not have afterwards secreted or carried away the gun. This juror, with another, appeared to take a much deeper interest in the evidence than the remainder of the jury, who sat stolidly listening to the witnesses with apparent indifference. No further evidence was forthcoming, and the coroner addressed the jury, saying that there could be no doubt that a foul murder had been committed; and though they could not help feeling that the circumstances with regard to the property, in though they could not help feeling that the circumstances with regard to the property, in which Graham was involved, may have had something to say to the crime, there was no evidence before them to throw any light upon the matter. The second juror objected to the assumption that the bad heard, whispers, of Graham's name having been coupled with two or three girls, and suggested that such a state of things would account for the murder, without assuming that it had any connection with agrarianism. He did not see why the country should, without proof, be cast under such a stigma and perhaps saddled with a uch a stigma, and, perhaps, saddled with

olice tax.

Murmurs of approbation followed the spe
and a verdict of wilful murder was retur tating that by whom or for what cause the ras no evidence to show.

After the inquest the two jurors, Burke and

falloran walked away together.
"It was well done," said Burke, "and eatly, too. I am glad the Murphys kept "Yes," answered Halloran. "And you

may as well give me your subscription now, as the less meeting the better for a short time."
Burke handed him a one pound note with-

Burke handed him a one pound note without a word, and at the cross-road they separated, each for his home.

Where were the Murphys? This was the question to which I was anxious to have an answer. No doubt Connor swore that a man passed in the direction of Clarewell who was not one of the Murphys. But why were all the latter absent? Was not Connor's statement one of those always forthcoming after a murder, to put the police off the scent? No agrarian murder ever takes place when similar statements are not made for that purpose. As to the observations of Burke and Halloran, I had too often heard exactly the same line taken to attach any weight to the observations of the latter. No man held a higher character than Graham, and the idea of a murder by irate friends of fallen virtue was absurd. But the fear that, in case of an agrarian murder, a special police station might be established at the spot, and the expense charged to the neighbourhood, always produces a crop of statements, reports, and innuendoes tending towards immunity from the tax.

the tax.

No trace of the Murphys could be found, but a close watch would be kept upon the various houses. That evening every house was searched within six miles of Ballymorley, was searched within six dines or harymorley, where the murder was committed, but not a Murphy could be found. A reward of three hundred pounds was offered for information that would lead to a conviction; and so the

case rested for the present.

John Hennessey's confortable farmhouse is situated on gently rising ground. Behind and around are fat pasture lands and arable fields, whose deep and fertile soil is only to be found in that portion of Ireland where its quality. has won for it the name of the "golden vein.
At a little distance the Bog of Allen begins At a little distance the Bog of Allen begins, and stretches away far as the eye can reach. For sixty miles you can walk straight on, withough leaving the spongy peat-moss and purple heather, whose animal growth and decay contributes to the ever-increasing peat-moulds. An arm of the bog separates Hennessey's house from Ballymorley, which is not more than three miles distant. Around the verge of the bog are hundreds of deep pits, from which the turf has been cut. Into these the dark-brown water has filtered, and these the dark-brown water has filtered, and these the dark-brown water has filtered, and here, buried nine or ten feet below the surface, is a splendid hiding place for anything that water will not spoil. In these holes lie many a gun, the barrels filled with grease, well-oiled stockings covering the locks and hammers, with an outer covering of grease, and a linen rag. When required, ten minutes by the fireside makes them fit for service, and over if found their research. nd, even if found, their presence in a bog-

and, even if found, their presence in a bog-hole can compromise no man.

John Hennessey is a wealthy man. His haggard is filled with the produce of his corn-fields and meadows. Fat cattle are in his byre. Herds and flocks stock the pasturage, of which he holds a long lease; and the bank-er in the nearest town holds a "snug" balance to his credit. His rent has always been paid to the day; and his landlord is pre-pared to youch for him as one of the most re-spected of his tenants.

spected of his tenants.

In Hennnessey's house, about three weeks after the murder, were assembled about twenty men. Some were respectably dressed, while the ragged garments of others showed

woman, with a broad, good-natured face, and three daughters of various shades of ugliness. The men stood in groups, chatting in a low tone; and the most perfect equality existed between the ragged men and the better dressed. A man lounged outside the house, who, by a cough, gave notice of any approach, and, at the same time, went forward to meet the new-comer, that no stranger should take the company unawares. Into the house a young man entered quickly, and with that pronounced air of self-effacement that some men assume when they know their presence will be welcomed with enthusiasm. He was about five feet five, with hair of a reddish tinge and light-blue eyes. He had the pale freckled face so often seen with men of evil temper but his broad, upturned nose and the play of his large weak mouth seemed to indicate a thoughtless good humour.

"God save all here," said the new-comer.

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"God save all here," said the new-comer.

"Ah, Martin Grady, cead mille falthe," answered Mrs. Hennessey, who met him with effusion, and shook him heartily by the hand. All the others crowded round to seize his hand, one after another.

"Well done, Martin!" said one,
"More good luck to you!" said another.

"Now, boys, business," said Hennessey, in a loud tone, as he led the way into an inner room, in which were two beds—one for Hennessey and his wife, the other for the daughters. Candles were lit, and placed on a table in the centre, at which Hennessey sat, while the others arranged themselves round the room, some sitting on the beds, others standing, or leaning carelessly against the walls. One young man took a revolver from his pocket, and, unloading it, amused himself by pulling the trigger and snapping the hammer, to see how truly the chambers revolved.

Grady sat on one of the beds in a corner, talking earnestly with two men, who listened attentively to his whispered tale.

Hennessey rapped on the table, and was about to speak, when Halloran, the juryman, entered, accompanied by a man who was evidently a stranger.

"Blood and thunder!" shouted Hennessey, with startled emphasia, as he hastily blew out one candle. Before he could extinguish the other, Halloran said:

"I am answerable. It is all right."

Already the meeting had made hasty preparations for departure, and their faces showed how frightened they had been. The young man with the revolver had thrown it at the back of the bed; and Brady, whose hand convulsively clutched the corner of the bed on which it rested, presented a picture of abject terror.

"It is all right," repeated Halloran, ad-

bed on which it rested, presented a picture of abject terror.

"It is all right," repeated Halloran, advancing to the table and relighting the candle.

"My friend, Bryen Hughes, from Roscommon, is a true and trusty brother."

"You enght not to have brought him here without notice," retorted Hannessey; "but"—turning to the stranger—"as you are here I will ask you some questions. Come forward to the table."

ward to the table."

Hughes advanced and Hennessey held out his right hand, which was seized with the grip of the society. The following passwords were then put by Hennessey, and the corresponding answer given by Hughes:

Q.—All things are commendable at present?

A.—We have no reason to complain.

Q.—We have got more than we expected?

A.—Yes, the Lord is all-wise and merciful to His people.

A.—1 es, the last to His people.

"So far so good," said Hennessey. "Now first tell me the name of your Centre, your Sub-Centre, and your Committeemen."

Hughes repeated several names,
"What is your position?"

"I am a committeeman."
Taking him aside, Hennessey whispered:
"Every man should do his drty." To which the other answered, in a similar tone:
"Yes, according to his station."
"All right," said Hennessey aloud, resuming his seat at the table, when, addressing the meeting, he continued:
"You all know the business we have met for to-night; and I hope to find the collectors have done their duty. The job has been done, and well done; and I say the management of the whole thing is a credit to our district. Tom Murphy would have come here to-night to thank the brave man who has done his duty so well, but I told him that for six months he must not come near us, for every move will be not come near us, for every move will be watched by the peelers. He has sent a good pound note at mass yesterday that I now lay on the table. I say that a hundred pound would not overpay the man that has this job, for it is worth many hundred to

this job, for it is worth many hundred to the farmers of this country; so now let me see what the people have done."

Each man came forward in turn. One handed in four pounds, another eleven, another three, and so on in different amounts, which were received by Hennessey with various remarks, as the amounts were fair or

small.

"Tom Casey," he said to one who had handed in but sixteen shillings, "do you mean to say that the people of Knockrod could only put down the beggarly sum of sixteen shillings for the man that has done his business like a hero, and saved them hundred a country of the saved them hundred to country the saved the saved

his business like a acro, dreds of pounds?"

"Begor, I do 1 I tried them all round, as far as I dare go; but the Malleys have a grudge against the Murphys, and they are strong there, so they would not subvery strong there, so they

"May their own land go from them, th traitors !" said Hennessey.

He then counted the proceeds of the collection, which amounted in all to forty-eight pounds. This amount he rolled up in a news paper and left on the corner of the table that when the candles were extinguished Grady, for whom it was collected, could take it without the actual taking being observed by anyone, so that under no circumstance

an informer.

"Now," said Hennessey, "is there any other business to be done?" other business to be done?"

"Yes," answered Hughes, the new comer, whose entrance had caused such consternation,
"Graham is gone, and a good example made; but the country will never be safe until the master feels our power as well as his man, and I propose that he is settled when he comes home. We might as well try to cure the smallpox by cutting off the pimples as cure this landlord tyranny by cutting off their servants. The land is ours, and ours it must be, and no thinking tenant can aleep easy in his bed while his landlord aleeps easy in his, I tell you..."

I tell you—"

The remainder of flughes' speech was lost for at this moment two loud whistles wer heard, and a few moments after a boy about heard, and a few moments after a boy about heard, and a few moments after a boy about heard heard heard heard. twelve years of age came breathless into th

"The peelers are out!" he said, "I watch ed the barracks all the evening, as you tole me; and when I saw the patrol coming is They won't be here anyway for twent minutes."

In an instant the candles were out, and th meeting suddenly dissolved; Hughes and Halloran boldly striking out for home across the bog, the others carefully avoiding the roads, along which the police usually patrolled. To cover the fire with the ashes was the work of a minute, and in less than a quarte of an hour the entire Hennessey family in bed, the lights extinguished, and the in bed, the lights extinguished, and the dogs turned outside to perform their duty by bark-

turned outside to perform their duty by barking at the police.

Weeks passed away, and not a gleam of
light was thrown upon the murder. The three
hundred pounds reward offered by government was supplemented by two hundred
offered by the owner of Ballymorley for private information that would lead to a conviction. From time to time various people were named to the police as having committed the murder; but inquiry showed that the information could not be depended upon, and sinister whispers reached me that the society was determined to pay me off, for what was considered an over-yealous anxiety to keep

was determined to pay me off, for what was considered an over-zealous auxiety to keep the police on the alert.

A girl named Kate Donohue had confessed that on the morning of the murder she had seen a person coming across the bog; but who he was she would not say, though the constable suspected that she was coquetting with the offer of the reward. The Murphys had returned to their house after a week, but where they had been was kept a profound secret. That it was in the neighbourhood was

police surrounded a district of about five miles in diameter, and searched every house inward to Ballymorley without success.

By post one morning I received the following letter:

"If your honour will meet me to night at 11 o'clock, at Ballynacrasha, where Tim Delaney's boreen goes down to the bog, I can tell you the man that shot Graham. But you must come alone, as I do not wish any of the police should know me, until I see your honour about the reward. If you are alone, I will whistle."

This letter puzzled me much. On the one hand, it was quite probable that the writer did not like to trust to a constable; on the other, remembering the warnings that I had received, I could not ignore the possibility that the letter was a cleverly contrived trap for me. Within twenty miles there was not a more unfrequented spot than the place indicated; and dangerous to the society as I had the credit of being, its members would gladly compass my death, which would increase its prestige. However, my duty was plainly to take any course that promised the faintest hope of clucidating the mystery of Graham's murder, so I determined to go.

Ballynacrasha was about seven miles from my station. Taking two men with me, I drove to within a mile of the piace, and then, turning down a cross-road toward Tim Delaney's house, walked on alone, leaving directions to the men to follow for half a mile slowly; then, if they heard a shot, to run on to the place as quickly as possible. The night was fine, but dark; and as the road was pretty fair and fenced by low walls only, I got along quickly, keeping my eyes well about me lest any people should be behind the walls, and my revolver ready in my hand, to return any possible attentions to which I might be subjected.

Arrived at the boreen to the bog, I was rather taken aback at finding that along both sides ran high hedges of whitethorn. Here was a most undesirable passage through which to walk, as the man on the road was completely at the mercy of anybody inside either fence. I lay down at the last I found myself at the end of the lane, and close to the verge of the bog. An old Rath stood not far from the spot, from which even in daylight no sign of human habitation was to be seen. Sitting low against the corner of the bank, I waited quietly, listening intently for the smallest sound. From the old Rath came the low cry of a curlew, and after a short interval it was repeated. I gave a low short whistle, and watched carefully in the direction of the Rath. Soon a stooping figure came between me and the dim sky-line, and approached the end of the lane where I sat. When he had come quite close, I stood up.

"Is that Mr. McGrath?" he whispered.

"Yes," I answered.

Then stepping close to him, I placed the revolver to his breast, while I ran my left hand over his pockets, and felt his hands, to insure that he was not armed.

He stood passively, though I could hear his heart beat.

"Come to the old Rath." he whispered.

his heart beat.
"Come to the old Rath," he whispered:

"I am afraid to stand here."

"All right. Go on; but remember, if there is any treachery I will shoot you."

He walked on to the Rath, stopping once or twice, and listening carefully, while his head turned from side to side, as he peered into the darkness. "Oh, your honour ! Sure if I was found out, not a bit of the world's bread would I

ever eat !" "
"Now, first, who are you !" I asked, as we stood in a deep hollow in the heart of the old

stood in a deep hollow in the heart of the old fort.

"I am Jem Brophy, from Ballyphilip; and I thought your honour might like to know who it was that shot William Graham."

My eyes being now accustomed to the darkness, I could faintly discern his face, and a worse type I never saw—low and debased in every feature. "As he spoke, he restlessly jerked his head from one side to the other, looking to see that no person approached.

"Now, first, who shot Graham?"

"Well, sir, I was thinking of asking your.

im?"
"Yes, if you swear it, and a jury believes "Well, now, sure that is hard. Would not I be mardered the minute it's known that I

Well, sir, I was thinking of asl

"Not a bit of it, You could emigrate buy a farm. However, I cannot remain here all night, so now tell me what you want to

all night, so now tell me what you want to say at once."

"Well, faith, I'll lave my dependence on your honour; sure it was Martin Grady from Carrickbeg beyant that shot him."

"I don't believe you."

"Well, on my oath, he is the man; and, by the same token, he shot him with Hennessey's rifle that was over at Murphy's. For, first, Mick Murphy said he would shoot him; but the lodge said that it should be done regular, and Martin Grady was appointed.

"How do you know?"
"Because I am in the society myself. was not I one of the meeting where he was appointed? And was not I at the meeting last week when we paid him the collection that was made for him at Hennessey's of Clarewell ?"
"How did he shoot Graham ?"

"Well, the Murphys broke the wooden paling four or five times to see how Graham would mend it, because he was a careful man; and they found he always mended it the minute he found it broken, for he was fond of driving nails. So they broke it that night and went away on their keeping, so that the police would suspect them, and Martin Grady went to their house. Then, when Graham was mending the fence, he followed him down and shot him from behind."

"Then he was alone, I suppose? Tell what he did with the rifle." "I don't know what he did with it, if he "I don't know what he did with it, if he did not hide it on the way across to Kilpatrick. They waited to shoot Graham until they could get a good funeral, so that if Grady was seen near Ballymorley the funeral would account for it; and when Mrs. Byrne died, it was settled that she was to be buried at 9 o'clock in the morning; so, when Martin did the job, he ran to the funeral across the bog, the job, he ran to the funeral across the bog, and in the graveyard he spoke to Father Joyce, as if he came all the way with the funeral, so that if there was any trouble out of it he could call Father Joyce as a witness that he was at Mrs. Byrne's funeral. Then, on his way to Kilpatrick, he took off the old boots he wore, and burnt them in a heap of weeds that was burning on Harney's farm, so that if there was any track left it could not that if there was any track left it could not be brought against him. He had another pair of boots left in the ditch near the weeds."

Surely he did not tell you all this ?" "Ay, did he, faith! He told me and Mick Tracy at John Hennessey's house, where we had a meeting to pay Martin the money for the job."

"Do you mean to say that John Hennessey is in the society?"
"Ay, begor! Isn't he the district-centre of this place?" "But why should Grady trust you with all

"O, sure we all knew he was to do it, and weren't we paying him for the job? Besides, it was I that arranged when Barney Tansley was to be shot, and settled the alibis, only Dooley, that was to do it, cowed two days before the time, and then the boys thought that maybe it would be unlucky. But I had

that maybe it would be unlucky. But I had
the slugs ready, and poisoned."

Never before did I feel a longing to commit
a murder, but as I heard the ruffian coolly
relate his damnable precantions, I felt inclined
to shoot him where he stood. However, repressing my loathing, I asked:

"How do you person them?"

"Oh, I use white arsenic, and grind it
through the lead, and then the man will
surely die eleven days after. I made the gh the lead, and then the man will y die eleven days after. I made the that shot Mr. Evans about twelve years sings that shot Mr. Evans about twelve year, ago. James Carney shot him and went to America. He has just returned; and as there is law pending between his father and

Mr. Moon, the landlord, I believe Carney is to shoot Mr. Moon if the law goes against him. And bedad, I heard that your honor was to be shot, too."

noted the jury list, and as a man came for-ward who was known to be determined to "well and truly try," he was ordered to stand aside. So with the Crown solicitor on the other side; but one man, well dressed, and apparently very respectable, was unchal-lenged by either side. As soon as he had been sworn the prisoner's attorney relaxed his vigilance; and felt that the battle was won. That man was Burke, who had sat on the coroner's jury. "Ah, well, that would not do them much good. Have you heard who is told off to shoot me?"
"Oh, no. I don't think it is settled, but I suppose Martin Grady, or Carney, or may-be one of the Murphys. Sure, whoever is ordered must do it."

All this the ruffian told with the most per-fect unconcern and coolness, but at short intervals he stopped and looked from side to side as before. That man was Burke, who had sat on the coroner's jury.

An hour had passed since the judge had concluded his charge and the jury had retired. The prisoner sat in the dock; the judge remained on the bench talking to the high sheriff, and a suppressed murmur of conversation filled the densely crowded court, when the door of the jury-room opened, and the jury entered the box, following the foreman, who held the issue-paper in his hand. "Silence!" shouted the crier; but there was no need, for everything was still as death. The prisoner stood up, and, clutching the rail in front of the dock, fixed his eyes on the issue-paper, upon the contents of which de-

side as before.
"Where have the Murphys been?" "Begor, they were within a quarter of a mile of Ballymorley. Sure they were all safe on Father Ryan's hay-loft, and of course the police never thought of searching the priest's house."

house."
"Do you mean to say that Father Ryan knew they were there?"
"Oh, no; but his boys is a cousin to a "Oh, no; but his boys is a cousin to a friend of Murphy's by marriage, so of course he gave them a corner on the loft, and gave them their bread and milk every day."

"Well, you must come in to me to-morrow night at ten o'clock, and swear what you tell me before a magistrate."

"Oh, blood and agurs! Your honopr, sure you would not do that to me! I could not do that!"

"If you do not, then I shall have Grady."

der?"

"Well, gentlemen, the broad principle is this:—The evidence of an accomplice—and by his own showing the witness Brophy was an accessory before and after the fact—must always be received with the gravest suspicion, and except corroborated by untainted evidence.

sure you would not do that to me! I could not do that!"

"If you do not, then I shall have Grady arrested, and I will swear in the court what you have told me, and examine you on it, and I wish you joy of your safety when the society knows all that you have told me."

"Sure I trusted your honour; and you would not treat me that way!"

"I did not ask you to come. You asked me; and, except for your evidence, I do not want to hear your story. That evidence you must give; and you need not fear for your safety, as the police will previde tor you in Dublin for the present."

"Well, sir, I have no money; and I will be thankful if you give me a pound to give to my poor mother."

I handed him a pound note, and, reminding him that he must present himself at my house the next night, I turned from him, and left the old Rath. Picking up the men, I returned to my station; and the next night Brophy knocked at my door. The resident magistrate was with me, and took Brophy's information, telling him that if nothing further turned up he would probably not be called upon to give evidence, and in the meantime information of the proceedings of the safe to convict upon it. But if there are independent circumstances that corroborate that testimony, it is right that you should weigh all together, and, as honest men, give to the tainted evidence its proper weight. Now here, gentlemen, you have it sworn by Brophy that the prisoner was employed by this desperate society to murder William Graham, and that after the murder the witness Brophy was present at a meeting where the subscriptions in payment for that murder were paid for the prisoner, who was also present. At that meeting the murder was openly alluded to, and, if the witness is to be believed, the position of murderer was accepted by the prisoner called upon to give evidence, and in the mean-time information of the proceedings of the society would be well paid for. A five-pound note made the ruffian happy, and he returned

note made the ruffian happy, and he returned to Ballyphilip.

This information was of immense importance. Inquiries showed the truth of some of Brophy's statements. Weeds had been burning on Harney's farm on that day. The ashes were still there, and in them the remains of two boots or shoes. Father Joyce was spoken to about the funeral, and, and without betraying the object of the convention. betraying the object of the conversation, the fact was elicited that Grady had spoken to

him.

If Kate Donohue could only be persuaded to say what she knew, a case might be made against Grady, whose movements were now closely watched.

Armed with the knowledge derived from Armed with the knowledge derived from Brophy's information, the constable at length succeeded in persuading her to come forward; and her information was taken, to the effect that on the morning of the murder she saw Martin Grady, whom she knew, run across from the grounds of Ballymorley. He carried a gun, she was pulling heather in the bog, and he did not observe her. She saw him stop and do something to the gun, which he then threw into into the boghole, and went on at a quick pace toward the churchward of on at a quick pace toward the churchyard o Kilpatrick. She had known Martin Grady for several years, and could not be mistaken.

The constable produced a rifle that he had found in the boghole indicated by Kate Donohue. A piece of tallow candle was forced into the muzzle, and over the lock was drawn the ciled leg of a stocking, which, however, was no protection from the water. On opening the breach an exploded cartridge was found in the chamber, exactly similar to the one picked up at the scene of the murder.

A warrant for Grady's arrest was immediately granted, and in the afternoon he was brought in. In his house were seven cartridges similar to the ones found close by for several years, and could not be mistaken

ridges similar to the ones found close by Graham's body and in the rifle. And in his box was a song-book, with half a leaf torn out, the corresponding half being the piece of paper picked up at the scene of the murder. While he stood in the day-room of the bar-While he stood in the day-room of the barrack, he nervously buttoned and unbuttoned his coat. Why he should have done so is a mystery; but as the eye followed the mechanical movement, one of the constables was struck by the fact that one button was broken. The half leaf of the song book had just been fitted, and the paper containing the various articles picked up was on the table. He picked out the half of a broken button, and placed it with the broken one on Grady's coat. It completed the button, of which it had evidently formed the half, and supplied additional corroboration of the evidence of

additional corroboration of the evide The case was heard at the next assizes, and excited immense interest. Money was forthcoming to employ for Grady the ablest counsel, and for two days the trial continued. Brophy's evidence was listened to with breathless attention, and the cross-examination for the scathing and merciless exp of his infamy. Kate Donohue's of his intamy. Kate Donohue's evidence was straightforward and unshaken. She indignantly denied that she was influenced in telling the truth by any prospect of reward, and declared she neither looked for it nor would take it. In cross-examination she confessed that she loved Phil Beatty, and looked forward to the time when

perhaps they might be able to marry and emi-grate to America or Australia; but she never intended to do that with "Government money."

The circumstantial evidence in the case was apparently conclusive; and when the leading counsel for the Crown sat down, saying: "That's our case, my lord," he did so with the air of a man who feels that but one verdict

s open to the jury.

When Kate Donohue left the court and wa When Kate Donohue left the court and was taken by a policeman to the outer hall, Phil Beatty stood before her, his face distorted with scornful anger. For months they had been looking forward to the time when perhaps they might get together the very small sum upon which an Irishman thinks he may marry. Scaing him she half narry. Seeing him, she held out her hand

with nervous eagerness.

"What!" he exclaimed, "do you think that I would demean myself by touching the hand of an informer? How dar' you have the impidence to spake my name? If you were hung about with diamonds, they would be red with Martin Grady's blood. You murderer! Take your blood-money, if you can get it, but never show your face again to an bonest boy !"

honest boy!"

The policeman led the wretched girl into one of the offices, where, half fainting, she into a corner, and, covering her with her shawl, wept bitterly, as all her hopes of happiness faded away and left be-hind them blank despair. The defence was long and carefully

planned. Five men swore that Grady had left home that morning with them at seven o'clock, and gone with them to the funeral. Father Joyce proved that Grady had asked him the hour in the churchyard at Kilpatrick. Mr. Halloran, who was on the coroner's jury. Mr. Halloran, who was on the coroner spury, swore that about a month before the murder Grady had come to him about some that he had walked back murder Grady had come to him about some work, and that he had walked back with him through the field where the murder was committed. Mrs. Murphy swore that she saw them there, and that Grady leant on the paling. This was to account for the button and paper. As to the cartridges, the counsel for the defence produced ten exactly similar to those in evidence, and Halloran swore that he had often seen such cartridges in the

he had often seen such cartridges in the country.

The judge charged the jury fairly, giving due weight to the points for the defence, but pointing out that the finding of the gun in the bog-hole was a strong corroboration of Kate Donohue, whose evidence had not been shaken in the least; and when the jurys retired, the prisoner's counsel agreed with his brother for the Crown that a verdict of guilty would

probably be returned. Not so the prisoner's attorney. He had carefully scanned and noted the jury list, and as a man came formed to be determined to THE LAST PENALTY.

issue-paper, upon the contents of which de-pended his life or death. His wide mouth open, with trembling lips, and a sickly dew upon his pallid face, he must in that moment have had a foretaste of the agony of death.

But it was not to be just yet. The fore-

man said :-"My lord, the jury wishes to knew if the

evidence of Brophy is receivable on the points in which he has not been corroborated."

"Is there any particular point upon which

you wish to ask my assistance?"

"Yes, my lord. We want to know if we can consider the evidence of Brophy as to the meeting where the prisoner was paid the money, and as to his knowledge that the prisoner was appointed to commit the murder?"

and except corroborated by untainted evi-dence or by circumstances, it would not be safe to convict upon it. But if there are inde-

tion of murderer was accepted by the prisoner at the bar. Now Kate Donohue, who, I must

say, gave her evidence fairly—and you, gen-tlemen, can form your own opinions as to her

manner in the witness-box—swears that on the morning of the murder she saw the prisoner

norming of the murder are saw the prisoner come from the lands of Ballymorley, and saw him throw a gun into a boghole. Constable Timothy proves the finding of the rifle in the boghole, and in it was found an exploded cartridge of a peculiar make. A similar cartridge was found beside the body of the murdered was found it was recoved that the body of the same and it was recoved that the body of the same and it was recoved that the body of the same and it was recoved that the body of the same and it was recoved that the body of the same and it was recoved that the body of the same and it was recoved that the body of the same and it was recoved that the body of the same and it was recoved that the body of the same and it was recoved that the body of the same and it was recoved that the body of the same and it was recoved that the body of the same and it was recoved the body of the same and it was recoved the body of the same and it was recovered to the same and it was recovered t

was found beside the body of the murdered man, and it was proved that two shots were fired. The half button found on the spot has been explained by the defence on the theory that the prisoner broke the button while leaning over the paling a month before the murder, and dropped the paper at the same time. On the other hand, the witness who found the button swore that it was not close to the naling; and the theory not forward by

found the button swore that it was not close to the paling; and the theory put forward by the Crown is that the button was broken in the hurry of reloading the rifle, and the paper, if dropped there, must have been wet with the recent rain, whereas it was quite dry. It is for you, gentlemen, to say if you consider this testimony, oral and circumstantial, sufficient to corroborate the evidence of Brophy." Again a long panse. Again the hush of expectation; but it was only to say that the jury could not agree.

"Very well, gentlemen, you must retire. I shall wait for an hour, and then, if you still

oner's eyes grew dim, and he clutche sively the front rail of the dock.

"How say you, gentlemen? Have you all agreed to your verdict?"
"We have."

"And you say the prisoner is not guilty."

A rear came from a hundred voices in the court, and a surging crowd pressed forward toward the dock.

"Silence!" was shouted, but no silence

came, until the mass of people had rushed from the court to the street, where wild cheers

rent the air.

The prisoner was discharged, and on his ap-

The prisoner was discharged, and on his appearance at the door of the court house was lifted bodily, and carried triumphantly through the town. Then a piebald horse was procured, and on this he rode at the head of a procession, past the house of Ballymorley, where the mob stopped, shouting and yelling. A brass band preceded the procession; and as it approached the townland of Carrickbeg played "See the conquering hero comes," and a banner was produced, on which was written: "Down with the tyrants! Grady for ever!"

for ever!"

Here Grady made a speech. The verdict was found, and never again could he be tried for the same case, so he made no secret of having "rid the world of one tyrant;" and ended his speech by saying: "I have done my duty honestly and well, and am ready to do it again."

A special police station was established at Clarewell, but subscriptions were made all through the county to pay the special tax.

Clarewell, but subscriptions were made an through the county to pay the special tax. Brophy could not show his face if the county. His life would not be worth a day's purchase; so, choosing a locality in another country, he

so, choosing a locality in another country, he received from the Government a sum sufficient to take him there. Kate Donohue returned to her father's house, but no human being spoke to her. As she went along the road the children spat at her, and called her an informer. From behind walls and hedges

stones were thrown at her from time to time, and, as she entered the chapel on Sunday,

the entire congregation rose and left it, as if she were plague-stricken. Her father and mother wished her to leave the house, so

she tried to get a situation as servant, but for her no house was open, and at

length the poor-house was the only spot on earth where rest and safety were within her reach. This having been represented, Gov-

reached. The hard ber a free passage to New Zealand, where she is now the wife of a flourishing farmer. The Murphys were evict-

ed; but never since has Mr. Jennings dared to return to Ballymorley, where his advent

would give the signal for the execution of sentence of death that he knows has been

passed upon him. The society, though closely watched, is still in full swing; and the "Gra-

ham murder case" has gone to swell the annals of "undetected crime."—Time.

An Inhuman Father.

A despatch from Newark, Ohio, says :

John Comming, a day labourer, forbade his eight-year-old son coasting on an adjacent hill on Saturday last. The boy disobeyed, and the inhuman father took him to the barn,

procured a hickory sapling, split it, put the boy's thumbs inside, nailed the sapling tight where split, then with it lifted the boy upon

in the afternoon till ten at night, when passers by, hearing the lad's groans, released him. Neighbours to-day went to Newark for an officer to arrest the father. There is a

A Placer, Cal., dog fell into a shaft, and was there forty-two day before he was discovered. During that time he was without food. The bottom of the shaft was tramped as hard and smooth as marble, and the sides as high as the dog could spring were furrowed and torn in its frantic efforts to escape. A diet of warm water and milk was administered, and at last accounts it was recovering rapidly. Its weight before it disappeared was 100 pounds, and when found it was less than twenty.

the side of the barn and nailed him, ke him in this crucified state from four o'clock

strong feeling against him.

for ever !"

Execution of Cleophas Lachance at Arthabaskaville.

CONFESSION OF THE DOOMED MAN.

Montreal, Jan. 28.—The execution of Cléophas Lachance, the murderer of Miss Odille Desilet, took place this morning inside the gaol at Arthabaskaville, in this province. On the ninth of March last the victim of one of the foulest murders that has probably ever taken place in Canada was on her way to visit the family of the murderer on the invitation of the latter's sister. Miss Desilet was a farmer's daughter, exceedingly good-looking and of excellent character. On seeing the girl approaching Lachance went to meet her, and finding that she resisted his improper advances the demon she resisted his improper advances the demon arose in him, and he deliberately killed her, arose in him, and he deliberately killed her, throwing her corpse into a well. A mock enquiry was held before a county magistrate and a jury of Lachance's relations, and the matter hushed up. The Local Government hearing of the affair despatched high constable Bissonette, of this city, to the scene of the tragedy, and he soon elucidated what was up to that time a terrible mystery. Young Lachance was arrested soon after, tried at the assizes, and found guilty, the high constable producing the prisoner's confession of the murder, made voluntarily before him. The prisoner was sentenced to be executed to day. producing the prisoner's confession of the murder, made voluntarily before him. The prisoner was sentenced to be executed to-day, and all efforts to get the penalty commuted proving ineffectual the law took its course this morning. The convict was only twenty-one years old, and had always been engaged on his farm except during a short time he was resident in the United States. He was scarcely five feet high, with a slight but wiry frame. He was far from prepossessing in appearance, but did not present the ideal characteristics of a murderer. In answer to enquiries, he said he did not sleep last night more than fifteen minutes. After getting up this morning he ate a hearty breakfast, and seemed to scarcely realize that his dreadful end was at hand. His face was bleached, but not with fear, and he betrayed no symptoms of nervousness. As early as eight o'clock over a thousand persons were assembled outside the prison in the hope of being admitted as witnesses of the execution. Many were disappointed, as not more than a third of the number were allowed to enter.

ON THE SCAFFOLD. The prisoner was brought from his cell and taken to the scaffold, which he ascended with taken to the scaffold, which he ascended with a smile upon his unintelligent countenance. His arms were pinioned to his side, and his coat thrown loosely over his shoulders. The black cap or any covering on his face was dispensed with. He was attended by his faithful father confessor, who administered all the consolation in his power. The executioner was covered by a black cloth cloak so that he could not be identified, and he fixed the rope about the condemned man's neck, then drew the bolt, and the body of Lachance was swinging in the air. The fall was not sufficient to put the wretched convict out of pain instantaneously, and it was fully five minutes before the body ceased its spasmodic shudders. The Rev. Father Kesther descended from the scaffold, and kneeling under the body, recited a prayer, to which the people present gave the responses. After the people present gave the responses. After hanging fifteen minutes the body was cut down, and an inquest was held by the coroner. The remains were then deposited in a corner of the gaol yard. The following is

LACHANCE'S CONFESSION.

"On the 29th of March last, after having

dined, I left my father's house and went to the Babine's house, which was unoccupied, to meet Odilie Desilet, whom I had seen approaching. She was about five arpents distant. I met the deceased Odilie Desilet opposite the place where the murder took place. I asked her to embrace me. She refused and repulsed me, and I fell while holding her by the neck. I raised myself, still holding her, and being angry assaulted her, striking her with my fist. I threw her down on the ground and drew my knife. She dined, I left my father's house and went to down on the ground and drew my knife. She snatched it from my hands, but I held her to the ground with my hands and legs, and she said to me, 'O God, he draws his knife,' When she said that, it was before she had taken the knife from me. When she had snatched the knife I attempted. she had snatched the knile I attempted to recover it from her again, and grasped it by the blade. It was getting hold of it thus that caused me to cut my hand. In snatching it from her the knife darted into her neck. It was this blow that caused the inquest by the magistrate. After having been stabled she tried to raise herself. I threw her down to the ground and went to seek the billet of wood produced in court, in which there was a nail. When I stabbed her which there was a nail. When I stabbed he it was near the middle of the road. I dre it was near the middle of the road. I drew her near the well after having struck har with the knife in order that she might not escape. It was then that I split the piece of wood and returned to the girl lying on the ground near the well. This piece of wood was part of the cover of the well. When I went back to the girl with the piece of wood she was lying on the ground on her right side, with her head near the well and her feet towards the road. I struck her on her left towards the road. I struck her on her left temple with the piece of wood, near the left eye. She groaned so that one would have heard her in Babine's house had any-one been there. I struck her again on the left side of the head. I held the wood in both hands. She raised her left hand and put it at the side of her head at the wounded place. I struck her again, and her hand remained in her hair entangled there. She moved no more. I threw her into the well head first. In the well I forced down the limbs upon the body to conceal them. The feet and part of the limbs appeared above the opening and I forced them. peared above the opening, and I forced them down. Her hat and shawl were in the road. I put them also in the well, and afterwards put some pieces of board in the well above her. I left the body in the well and went towards our house, but after getting half an arpent away I ran back twice. I looked each time into the well, and she did not move. After that I went to the barn, near our house, about eight arpents away, to wash my hands. In leaving, after the murder at the well, I perceived that my hands were cut, and that there was blood on my jacket from the body of Odilie, also on my sleeves where I had put my bloody hands. I washed my hands in a little pool in the rear of the barn. When I had done so I returned to the high road, and went back to the barn belonging to my brother, Joseph Lachance, farther up. I stayed there until I was composed. It was at this time that I saw the would have been content to have confessed all this several days ago but I could not make up my mind, but now I make this con in order to take away any suspicion which might be cast upon any innocent per-son. I make this declaration that I may relieve my conscience. This confession is made of my own accord, and is not caused by any

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMPORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong gnough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundred of the tendency to disease. Hundred of the attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Sold only in packets labelled "James Epps & Co., Homeopathic Chemista, London, Eng." Also makers of Epps's Chocolate Essence for afternoon use. 101-35 EPPS'S COCOA. -GRATERUL AND COMPORT

A slave of the ring : Almost any married

Conclusion of the Evidence the Carroll Case.

A NUMBER OF NEW WITNES

Address of Counsel for the Defence for the Crown.

ARGUMENTS PRO AND C

Illness of the Prisoner-Interest in th London, Jan. 26.—When James took his seat in the dock this morning unusually cheerful, nodding to his frie various parts of the room and laught jokes.cracked by the humourous crie court. The jury came into their b quarter past nine, and their their seats punctually at the half hour was very little stir around the court when the hearing opened, but later day when the boy Johnny Connor to

stand applications for admission tickets in thick and fast to the sheriff.

JOHNNY CONNOR'S EVIDENCE.

There was a slight commotion in the when Connor's name was called, and a were turned towards the door of the wiroom. The lad is the only living wit the atrocity which was committed Donnelly homestead, and it was on himony and other evidence, mostly of a catantial character, that Carroll and his prisoners were indicted. He is only years of age, but he is exceedingly br conducts himself in a manly way the far to strengthen the belief in what I This is his fifth or sixth appearance witness stand, and upon each occasion been submitted to searching cross-es-tions lasting many hours. The office ports of the various hearings show ver deviation from the tale which he or told. He is not as nervous as some other witnesses, and he answers read question put to him. He is a most in witness, and this Crown is fully of. This is established by the that he is carefully looked after is under the surveillance of the To-day he stepped into the stand two fur hat on his hand, but not stand two He was dressed in a neat suit, with go in his shirt-front and a gold chain str over his vest. Under the direct exan of Mr. Irving he readily gave a skete recent movements and the circum which led to his visit to the Donnelly which led to his visit to the Donnelly night of the tragedy. The jurymen, an intelligent and respectable-looki men, leaned forward when he approamore tragic part of his recital, and eagerly to every word. The awful lars fell from him quietly, and with display of feeling. He told how he let be dwith old man Donnelly, and was awakened from his sleep by the getting out of bed. "When I look said the lad." I saw a man standing said the lad, "I saw a man standin bedroom door with a candle in his ha "Who was that man?" asked Mr

"James Carroll, sir," answered the Do you see that man now ?" frving.
"Yes, sir, he's down there in answered the witness, looking in the

of the dock.
"Then what occurred?" enqui Crown Counsel.
"While the old man was hunting a "While the old man was hunting a his things," continued the witnes turned to Carroll and asked, 'what against me now, Jim i' and Carroll sa thing about another charge and cor walking up and down outside the door. Then I heard Tom asking 'O read the warrant for his arrest, answered that there was 'tim that.' Then I heard the tramping of many men, followed by sounds mering, as if the crowd were beatin one. I ran under the bed, and looki saw Bridget run upstairs. I came fre the bed and ran up after her, but fin door closed I ran down stairs a crawled back under the bed. The Toin run through the dining-room, a him and I heard them beating him and heard him cry repeatedly they carried him in and threw hi floor and I heard the rattle of hand could see Tom's boots and a portic trousers from where I lay under then I heard a voice saying, that spade and knock in his and the sound of blows followed. I thing I heard was some one enquiring girl Bridget, and a voice replied that gone up stairs. Several men went and upon coming down some one sa all right."

"Did you see anyone else you kne Carroll?" asked Mr. Irving.

arroll?" asked Mr. Irving.
"Yes," answered the boy, "I sa the younger, and John Purtell, in 'How did you know Purtell! " He had a cut right here," said ness, pointing to his chin. The went on to describe his visit to Whal he had escaped from the burning he told how he had informed Mrs. Wh Carroll was one of the men who had the Donnellys. She told him to ke else he would get them all into troub remainder of his testimony was in r the meeting of certain persons, and ence to the evidence given in previo

CROSS-EXAMINATION. Mr. Meredith then took the w while at Donnelly's he said he ne anyone speak of James Carroll. Co the light while the old man was dre cause the latter had asked him to During the boy's examination t was taken suddenly ill and had to

LONDON, Jan. 27 .- When James was led into the dock this mo effects of his sickness of the prewere palpably apparent both in lance and gait. His aunt, Mrs. companied him as far as the arranged pillows upon which he half reclined during the day. H half reclined during the day. quent retchings, and his face nately redden and grow pale at in pitcher of lemonade was placed beside him, from which he took copious draughts. At one o'clock condition of the prisoner, h said that he would adjourn the o bour in order to give the accused a recover somewhat.

JOHNNY O'CONNOR was called to the stand for Mr. cross-examination. The trial from to the close of O'Connor's eviden interesting, counsel displaying tact in managing the witness. The of the examination was taken up in Bridget Donnelly's flight up Johnnie's subsequent effort to fine the same room. "Did you see anyone in the kit you followed Bridget up stairs?"

wen followed Bridget up stairs?"
Meredith.

"Yes," said the boy, "I saw me ing the Donnellys, and I could them."

Witness then proceeded to explinad crawled under the bed and behind a clothes' basket; how To cout the purch the front does not the purch the front does not the purch the form the purch the purch the form the purch the purchase t

out through the front door, a upon the floor.

Mr. Irving then took the Mr. Irving then took the direct examination. The latter had had no conversation with Donnellys until after he had seen the Deporter. He just peeped ou under the bed, and all he had been that peep.