

Five minutes afterwards, Daly returned, and they went out together, both passing through the shop. Daly dropped his letter into the box at the post-office as they passed it, on their way to the wide shady road which led towards the canal bank. This would be almost their last walk, and the knowledge, with all its pain, was a relief to Dominick Daly. The solicitude, which Katharine did not feel for herself, he felt for her; and he shrank instinctively from the recklessness which characterized her, while he felt to the utmost how entirely and passionately she loved him. Father John O'Connor had been as good as his word; he had obtained another post for Miss Farrell, at a greater distance than Athboyle from Narraghmore, and she was to leave the latter place within a week. None too soon, for though the ladies who visited the school, and patronized the handsome and clever young schoolmistress, heard nothing of the matter, public opinion in her own class was not favourable to Katharine Farrell.

This was very near their farewell hour, and the spirits of both were naturally depressed. This time it was Daly who spoke of the future, and dwelt upon the happiness that it might bring to them; this time it was Katharine who seemed disinclined to pursue the topic. He had heard from Mrs. Cronin, Daly told her, that his wife was considerably worse, and that she was very irritable and hard to manage, insisting upon it that there were "cures" to be had if anyone would try to get them for her, and bitterly angry that Dominick had not attended to her latest request of this kind.

"There's nothing I could do I haven't done," said Daly; "but Mrs. Cronin begged so hard I would send her something new just to keep her quiet. I sent her some powders, there's nothing in them but soda, and they can't do her any harm; nothing will do her good or harm now."

Katharine said nothing of the satisfaction which such an account of Daly's wife must have inspired in her; she only leaned close and heavily upon his arm, and an uncertain smile passed over her colourless face. The man's heart was full of various feelings, and he gave expression to them with more than usual ease—for Daly was not generally free of speech—but the woman's mind was seemingly concentrated upon the parting that was near, and filled with an intensity of anger against the priest who had "beaten her," as she said between her teeth, low and fiercely. It was not until Daly was on the point of leaving her that Katharine burst into one of the fits of passionate tenderness which irradiated her beauty, and made her more than human in her lover's eyes.

"You will not forget me, for one moment, when I am gone," she said; "you will think of me always, and feel every minute long that keeps you from me. But it won't be for long; it won't be for long."

"No, darling, there's something tells me it won't be for long."

Four days later, a scene of unusual excitement might have been witnessed at Grange's—excitement which grew stronger, and laid hold on a greater number of persons as the hours of the day wore on. Groups gathered on the pavement at the street corners, and there was a throng round the Court-house, where two of the local magistrates were sitting. Mr. Bellew, the chairman, and another member of the Board of Guardians, were seen to push through the crowd, and enter the Court-house with perturbed and anxious faces. Folks said that Dominick Daly was within there, in the awful character of a man charged with a capital offence! What was the nature of it? People did not seem to be agreed on that; hence the influx into Grange's. What was certain in the matter was, that two of the county constabulary had come into Narraghmore early in the day, and, after an interview with the sitting magistrate, had proceeded to arrest Dominick Daly at his lodgings, and that, very soon afterwards, and in some unexplained way, the awful word "murder" was bruited about. Little by little it came to be understood that the charge against the popular and generally-respected Clerk to the Union involved the blackest and most treacherous of crimes. His wife was the victim, the invalid wife, so much older than himself, who lived apart from him, up north-ways, in the mountain district, and was afflicted with the falling-sickness—a circumstance that had cleared Daly from the reproach which otherwise he would have incurred, in Ireland, a quarter of a century ago, by living apart from his wife. Could it be true? How did they say he had done it? The whole town had seen him, over and over again, during the last three days—how could this horrible thing be? Then was given a version of the crime which made it, if possible, still more treacherous, horrible, and cold-blooded—a version which caused the women who flocked to the circulating library side of Grange's shop to exclaim, with every variety of epithet, that no one could ever believe such a thing of Dominick Daly. This version set forth that he had conveyed the poison which had caused his wife's death, in a letter to her of a kind, even affectionate character. It was long since such a theme had offered itself to the newsmongers of Narraghmore.

It was remarkable that public opinion, or rather public feeling—as yet there was hardly material for the former—set much more strongly in Daly's favour among the higher than among the lower class of people. The former were inclined to scout the suspicion of such a crime against him with impatient scorn; the latter hesitated, and were pretty unanimous in canvassing a possible motive which the gentry could know nothing about, but which might have "put him beyond himself," even to the awful extent of murder. A whisper of this kind travels fast; and by the next day, wherever the story was told, Katharine Farrell's name was linked with Dominick Daly's in ominous conjunction—especially by the women, who were ready enough, and not without some sound sense in their readiness, to declare, that if he "did it," she had driven him to it. Didn't everybody know that she was always after him? Was it any secret that Father John O'Connor did not like the looks of it, and had his eye on the two of them this long time? Who but he was getting Miss Farrell quiet and easy out of the place, without raising a scandal? All this, and much more of similar import, modified the incredulity with which the story was received at Narraghmore.

That story, horrible as it was, had straightforward simplicity about it, and was narrated at the inquest, by Mrs. Cronin, the dead woman's friend and relative, with a plain directness that told terribly against Dominick Daly.

Mrs. Daly had been for a long time subject to very severe epileptic fits, for which she had been treated in the ordinary way by the parish doctor at Kilkevin. She had long lived apart from her husband, with her own consent, but he occasionally visited her. Whenever he did so, he behaved kindly to her, and she was undoubtedly attached to him. In reply to a question by the coroner, Mrs. Cronin stated that Mrs. Daly had repeatedly requested her husband to inquire about "cures" for her, and being pressed on this point, she added that it was the deceased woman's habit to make a similar appeal to every one, and that she would try all the remedies suggested, some of them of the silliest and most superstitious kind—and that for allowing her to do so, Mrs. Cronin herself had been censured by the doctor, so that of late Mrs. Daly had attempted to conceal from her that she had been trying experiments. This did not, however, apply to the remedies sent by Mr. Daly on former occasions, or to the medicine which her husband had enclosed in his last letter to the deceased woman. These had all passed through Mrs. Cronin's hands, and been administered by her. "She did not misdo anything that Mr. Daly would send," was her explanation of this breach of the doctor's orders; "he was a knowledgeable man." With fatal precision the death of Mrs. Daly was traced to the effect of the "cure" which had come to her in her husband's last letter.

"She cheered up greatly," said Mrs. Cronin, "when she got the letter. 'He hasn't forgot me, God bless him,' says she, 'and he hasn't gave me up, like Dr. Todd, that gives me just the one old thing. Make haste, Sally dear, and mix me a glassful of Dominick's cure. He says I may take it night and morning; but, with the blessing of God, I'll begin it this minute.' So I mixed the cure in a glass; it was a white powder, and I put a pretty big spoonful in it, for the poor creature thought she could never get it quick enough, or enough of it, and it was hard to mix; but she took it off as gay as could be; and then she says: 'I'll lie down on my bed a bit, before I answer his letter. Didn't I tell you, when he'd go about it in earnest, Dominick would find a cure for me?'"

These were practically her last words. A short time after she had swallowed the first dose of the "cure," she was seized with such symptoms as made Mrs. Cronin send for Dr. Todd, who immediately detected all the features of poisoning by arsenic. His evidence, and that of Mrs. Cronin, was complete and conclusive; and the *post-mortem* examination would doubtless confirm the doctor's opinion. The unfortunate woman had been speedily released from her sufferings, and the first question of the doctor had elicited such suspicious circumstances against her husband, that he had immediately communicated with the police, who applied for a warrant for Daly's arrest.

The inquest was adjourned for several days; and it said much for the suspected man that there was, at that distance from the place of his abode, a general knowledge of his good char-

acter, a general feeling that he had been "a good friend to the poor," and therefore must not be lightly suspected. But there was no levity in the suspicions which closed round Dominick Daly like a black cloud, and fairly shut him in, when the last letter he had written to his wife, and the remainder of the powder which Mrs. Cronin swore to as having been conveyed in that letter, were produced, and the powder having been analyzed, was found to contain arsenic.

The evidence forthcoming on the resumption of the inquest, subsequent to the analysis of the poor remains of the victim, was rendered additionally impressive by the fact that a fire had broken out in the laboratory at which the dreadful process of examination was conducted, and almost all its contents had been destroyed. But the sad fragments of mortality which were to reveal a crime and to bring a criminal to retributive justice, were saved by a ghastly accident the grass, and there it was found, amid the ruins of two costly buildings, set on fire none could tell how—and made to deliver up the secret which it held.

The coroner's jury returned their verdict—"Wilful Murder" against Dominick Daly; the consequent formalities were speedily accomplished, and the accused man was committed to jail in the county town, Portmurrrough, to take his trial at the summer assizes.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT LITERATURE.

BESSIE HARRINGTON'S VENTURE, by Julia A. Mathews. Boston: Roberts Brothers. (\$1.50.)

This is a book which if once begun will be read eagerly to the end. The story is told with much simplicity, and with real power. John Britton, the hero; is one of the many outcasts and pariahs of society, of whom there are sad enough specimens in all our large cities. His earliest recollection "was a dim remembrance of a certain night when he had crawled, before a sugar warehouse, and fallen comfortably asleep, after licking off, with a very small tongue, from the inner side of the staves, every crumb of sugar which yet adhered to them." When we are introduced to him at a later period he forms one of a group of roughs who have in one of the worst quarters of the City. John is about to be expelled; when a young lady herself undertakes the formidable task of teaching him and his associates. This is "Bessie Harrington's venture." The story of her success should be read by every Sunday-school teacher. All we can say here, is, that John Britton in after years becomes himself a sort of apostle to the vagabonds and outcasts among whom his early life was spent. There are characters bear the stamp of reality and life. John is perhaps too ideal in his self-renunciation and sacrifice, and the book closes with a success which in real life is not always achieved. But little book, and some will probably be induced to begin who never thought it possible before. The book is singularly destitute of "padding," no "moral remarks" of the author's hinder the progress of the plot, or occupy the closing pages; the moral is in the story itself.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.—No name series. Boston: Robertson Brothers, 1877.

This is a book of small merit, if any, thoroughly American in tone and sentiment—that is—the men pet and coddle the women, and the women pet and coddle themselves. All the characters have travelled much, so there is constant talk of "when I was going to Europe," "I remember one evening in Florence," "Oh, we met last in Rome," &c., &c. These conversations take place mostly in Boston, so the ladies are all very good after a very worldly fashion. The young ladies have their "cooking class," where they "stay to lunch above all else, a 'Bazaar,' with material furnished just in time from Paris. There are reports." A Mr. Sanders, a most obedient husband, only required to get money for his wife. A Mrs. Porter, who talks much and fast, and always in italics. Amid a host of others the heroine comes in, a Miss Fraser, and upon her drops quite suddenly "from a set of Rome days," and then come Dr. Thornton, who has been "up the Nile," and Henry Desknow how Boston ladies talk had better read "The Wolf at the Door." The title has little to do with the book. It is dragged into one of the conversations. The book should be called "Ducks and Geese in Council."

AN ARITHMETICAL PROPHECY.—I claim to have discovered a method of calculating the position in time of future important events,—something entirely new; and to have found the exact time of the Consummation or End, and all the chief prophetic dates, including the day of the Resurrection, as nearly as the *year* of the Resurrection of Christ is known.

I point to this year (1878 as the year of the Covenant with the Jews spoken of in the Book of Daniel, to Napoleon IV. as the emperor who "shall confirm the covenant;" and to the war in the East as preparing the way for the Covenant and gathering of Jews to Palestine. —Rev. xvi., 12-16. I point to the seventieth week of years (Dan. ix.) as beginning with August 1st, but possibly also as civil years on or about July 13th. From August 1st they are against Turkey—the preparing of Palestine for the Jews—is so near, the end of the war is probably near.

January 7th, 1878, (day 922 B. C.)

JOHN C. WILSON.

MR. GLADSTONE.—Mr. Sidebottom, M.P., speaking at Glossop, quoted the following opinion expressed by Mr. Gladstone in 1854:—"I apprehend that what we think to secure by the war is not the settlement of any question regarding the internal government of Turkey, as Russia, which will bring upon us greater evils than those which already exist. This we are called upon to resist by all means in our power." These words were spoken by Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons on the 6th of March, 1854, and Mr. Sidebottom said it would be difficult to find language more applicable to the present moment, or which expressed the situation with more exactness or precision. A Sheffield Liberal forwarded the extract to Mr. Gladstone, asking him if he really did utter the sentences attributed to him, as do not doubt I said, and it was quite true if I did, that the immediate object of the war in time which did concern the redress of the Christian grievances, but in the opinion of all Europe law; but with it were combined measures which were then believed to be realities, and to provide for the redress of grievances. Your faithful servant, W. E. GLADSTONE. Dec. 11."

True dignity is his whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,
Shrinks not though Fortune aim her deadliest blow.

Nine-tenths of the quarrels in this life would be averted if we would never take the doubt against charity. Never accept an insult. Men who go about looking for men to kick them are seldom disappointed. Men who accept only the best interpretation of every act are sure to have always the best acts to interpret.

OBIT.

On Friday, the 18th instant, at the residence of his brother, in Newburgh, Ont., JAMES HOPE, Esq., (formerly of Kingston,) father of Mrs. W. Geo. Beers, of Montreal.