

THE GREAT PEARL CASE.

A True Story that Recently Agitated the Fish Society to its Depths.

While the men and women who take the principal parts in this drama of life, which might be called "The Crime and Punishment of Ethel Osborne," are not of the highest social rank as in the somewhat similar bacarat case, they are of excellent birth and of the best English culture. They are gentlemen and ladies, as the English make those distinctions, and it may be said safely that this drama will lose nothing for its lack of sonorous titles. Had any great writer put this story into a book, word for word, detail for detail, as it has been revealed in the English houses and shops and courts, people would have read it with absorbing interest, but it is doubtful whether the realistic style would have given it a favorable criticism.

It deals with the class of people whom Thackeray has presented at the worst in "Vanity Fair," those who drift about the outskirts of high society, sometimes getting in and generally getting left. They have extravagant tastes, which they indulge far beyond their exceedingly limited means. Their days are full of battles with tradespeople, and their nights are often wakeful with plans for the inevitable catastrophe which is somehow or other always put off a bit. The church and the army are the two great refuges for the men and rich marriages for both men and women. They live on a trifling sum allowed to them by some richer relative, and their hopes are for legacies, for windfalls, for new affairs of any kind.

There is always a comedy side to this life—for the spectators. It is always more or less a tragedy for those concerned. Sometimes, often than the newspapers indicate, there is such a tragedy as this, with the climax just at the right time, and the last curtain falling on sorrow and shame and despair.

In such an atmosphere Florence Ethel Elliott, her brother and her three sisters were brought up. Their grandfather, John Elliott of the Albany, Piccadilly, is a man of a good deal of wealth, but "so funny," to use Miss Elliott's polite phrase. His only son studied law and was admitted to the bar, but he never practised. The father made him an allowance, and when he married, increased it so that he could lead an idle life and bring up a family with just too little money to be comfortable. The son had four children, one of whom died. They were brought up in a pretty little house at Tergumouth, in Derbyshire, not far from Torquay. At Collingwood, Torquay, lived Mrs. Martin and her granddaughter, the great aunt and the second cousin of the Elliott children. There were frequent visits between the families and Miss Martin was especially fond of little Ethel Elliott.

In 1876 Miss Martin married Major Hargreave, an officer in the army, living on \$2,000 allowed him by his father. Major and Mrs. Hargreave lived with Grandmother Martin, Mrs. Hargreave being allowed \$2,000 by her. Mrs. Martin had six diamonds and by purchase a collection of jewels worth nearly \$75,000. Each piece was a gem in its way, and the old lady was wont to show them to visitors as an especial mark of favor. From time to time she gave Mrs. Hargreave one of the jewels, promising to leave her all the rest.

In 1885 Ethel Elliott, grown to a fine-looking girl of 20 years, made a long visit to Mrs. Hargreave. They went about a good deal, among other places to a ball at the Imperial Hotel. Soon after that Mrs. Elliott heard that Mrs. Hargreave had introduced Ethel to a certain Radcliffe Hall, whom she had heard was a highly improper person. She also heard that there was a certain Mr. Englehart, a rich bachelor of Torquay, who was on too intimate terms with Mrs. Hargreave to suit the nice sensibilities of Torquay respectability. Mrs. Elliott felt much aggrieved, and, after writing Mrs. Hargreave a sharp letter, broke off all relations with her.

That state of affairs lasted until 1887, when the quarrel was patched up by explanations, and the old cordial relations were resumed. In 1887 Mr. Elliott died, and in 1889 Mrs. Elliott died. She left each of her children about \$6,000, and the shares of Mrs. Geach, the oldest sister, Hugh, Ethel, and Evelyn were afterward increased by the death of a sister, the Old Johnnie. He allowed his grandchildren something to Hugh, who had become the kind of a lawyer his father was, \$2,000 a year, \$2,500 for household expenses, and a house at The Boltons, South Kensington, a district of London, rent free. They moved to The Boltons immediately, and for a time lived fairly well. Hugh, having all at his disposal, spent a great deal of money. The \$3,000 he got from his mother was spent soon. Then he borrowed a good part of his sister Ethel's share, into which her love for fine gowns, boots, hats, and the like had made terrible inroads. Finally he borrowed a good part of Evelyn's share to relieve his most pressing debts.

In January, 1890, old Mrs. Martin had died, leaving all her jewels to Major Hargreave's wife, but dividing what money she had equally among her heirs. The Hargreaves had to move from Collingwood, and in the fall of 1890 established themselves at Shirley, Torquay, much closer to the handsome establishment of Mr. Englehart, whom the Major and his wife called "Limb" on account of the length of his fine legs. "Limb" had become almost a part of the Hargreave establishment, and Torquay was edified frequently by seeing him and Mrs. Hargreave in the front seat of one of his traps, while the Major sat docile and beaming on the single seat behind. By that time, September, 1890, Mrs. Hargreave had lost two jewels, one while returning from a cricket match at Torquay, and undoubtedly on the road, and the other, a pin of sapphires and diamonds, pither at The Boltons when Mrs. Hargreave was visiting there, or on the train going from London to Torquay. Mrs. Hargreave is not sure about that. She always carried her jewels on her when she travelled. She wore them in a small leather bag strapped to her waist and under her corset. Whether either of these losses has to do with this story no one has said, and only one person could say.

Major Hargreave, being an extravagant man, was always hard pressed for money. He and his wife were not on the best of terms in private life, although nothing of that appeared in public, they occupied separate apartments, they went separately away. She accused him of meanness to friends. The facts were kept from the servants as far as possible, and from the two daughters, who were 13 and 15 years of age. Mrs. Hargreave would never listen to his frequent complaints that she had \$75,000 locked up in jewels when they needed money. She could not make up her mind to part with a single jewel, and becoming alarmed lest news of her treasures should get abroad and attract burglars, she bought a cabinet from White & Co. of Torquay, and had a cabinetmaker, who made a specialty of secret drawers and compart-

ments, put a secret drawer in it. Mrs. Hargreave, being very proud of it, sent the servants out of the room and showed Major Hargreave and Mr. Englehart how it was worked. It was a black cabinet, with two small drawers on either side. The secret drawer was under the lower drawer on the left side. She took the lower drawer out and a false bottom was revealed. With a hat pin she pressed a tiny hole in the centre of the false bottom and a small drawer sprang out from what seemed to be the cavity had ornamentation of the lower part of the cabinet.

Mrs. Hargreave kept in that drawer a tray with forms to fit the rings and pins and several small white pasteboard boxes, each containing certain jewels, the names of which were written on the covers of the boxes. She showed the whole process to the two men and then cautioned them never to tell anybody.

Major Hargreave was about 40 years of age. In December, 1890, a disease of the blood that he had contracted in India began to trouble him, and he decided to go to Aix-la-Chapelle for the waters. He was to leave on Feb. 4, and, as Mrs. Hargreave did not care to be left alone, she sent for Ethel Elliott to come from The Boltons and visit her for a week.

The announcement of Ethel's engagement to Capt. Arthur Osborne of the Carbiniers had just been announced. Ethel Elliott was then 25 years of age—a tall, well-formed woman, with good ideas about how to dress herself and a disregard for her income. She carried out the ideas. She has brown hair, earnest brown eyes, and very beautiful white teeth, which her lively disposition made her show much of the time. She was a handsome girl, with indications of good breeding in manner and dress. She had known Capt. Osborne ever since she had known any one, and they had been in love for a long time. He had some expectations from his father, but was hard pressed while waiting for them to be realized. He was respected for his straightforwardness and his courage. Ethel was very proud of him. She appreciated his good qualities and loved him as much as he loved her.

In December, 1890, when the engagement was announced, she was in great financial straits. A crisis was approaching, and while she was just as gay as ever, she probably lay awake a good deal wondering how all the tradespeople were to be paid, and how the wedding was to be arranged. Her brother, of whom she was very fond, was in the depths of the dumps with tailors' bills, and florists' bills, and the like, far beyond his power to pay. Capt. Osborne was in the same condition. An army officer always has his debts, and Capt. Osborne was wondering how he could square matters and get into shape for the marriage.

Major Hargreave went to Aix on Feb. 4, and on Feb. 9 Ethel arrived. She told Mrs. Hargreave a good deal about her trouble, and she guessed she would have to sell the last of the bonds in which her mother's estate was invested, although the amount would not be nearly enough. Mrs. Hargreave said the Major was so mean that she would have to stay away from Ethel's wedding because she couldn't buy a gown. Ethel wouldn't listen to that, and offered to give her \$50 to buy the gown in time for the wedding. Mrs. Hargreave, or George, as she called her, agreed to that finally, and Ethel promised to send the money as soon as she returned to London. After they had canvassed their troubles thoroughly they enjoyed life quite gaily with the aid of Miss Englehart, who was in constant attendance.

On the morning after Ethel arrived at Shirley she and Mrs. Hargreave went to a photographer and sat together for a picture. Mrs. Hargreave wore all her jewels, which, by the way, showed up very poorly in the picture. When they returned Mrs. Hargreave did not put her jewels back into the secret drawer, but left them over on the table. Mrs. Hargreave called Ethel into her bedroom the next morning, and the two women talked about the jewels while the old servant, Avant, was at work in the room. Then Mrs. Hargreave sent Avant out, and having closed and locked the door, opened the secret drawer, showing Ethel how to use it. As there seemed to be nothing strange in the young woman's story, Mr. Spink gave her the firm check for \$550. He saw nothing more of Mrs. Price of Radcliffe Hall, Bradford, until Feb. 23, when, at about 11:30 A. M. she walked in again. She said to the clerk who had waited upon her before that she had presented the check at Glyn, Mills & Co.'s, the bankers, upon whom it was drawn, and had learned that she could not get cash for it. She asked him to change it so that she could get cash. He very accommodatingly wrote "Pay cash," on it. She thanked him and went away.

Major Hargreave, as soon as he found out about the theft, he called Barber the jeweler he suspected Ethel Elliott. He said afterward that she was always talking about money, and that on one occasion she had said that she "would not stop at any crime for a penny," the last word being a cant word much affected by the English as a synonym for money. A doubt has since been raised as to whether the Major himself did not utter the remark. When the Major heard that the young woman described as a tall brunette, had given as her home Radcliffe Hall, a place having no existence, his mind reverted to Radcliffe Hall, who had caused the coolness between the Elliotts and the Hargreaves. He became convinced that his first suspicion was correct.

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Mrs. Hargreave did not look at her jewels for several days, not until Feb. 20, in fact. At 11:30 o'clock on that Friday morning she had an errand in Torquay, and she thought she would take her diamond earrings along and have them reset. She went over to the cabinet and was started to find that the secret drawer was not quite jammed in.

"How careless of me," she thought, "I did not shut it tightly the other day."

She pulled it out and examined the writing on the tops of the boxes. She could not find that box marked "two diamond earrings. Two pearl ditto." She took the drawer clear out and searched eagerly. She looked in all the other drawers and in the drawers of her dressing case, although she felt sure that the jewels had been taken. She sent for the servants, and, no longer caring for the secret of the cabinet, she called them into her bedroom to search. After an hour's in-

quiries with no results, she sent a telegram to "Limb," and gave herself up to tears. "Oh, Limb, my diamonds and pearls are gone," she said when Mr. Englehart arrived.

"Nonsense," he said. "Have you looked everywhere?"

"Yes," she said. "They have been stolen."

"Then I'll take a description to Capt. Barber at once."

Capt. Barber was the Superintendent of the Torquay police. Mr. Englehart had been spoken of the loss of the jewels before Capt. Barber laughed and winked and said:

"I expect the Major's got 'em." Everybody who was interested knew, however, that the Major was at Aix, being rubbed and scrubbed and drenched, inwardly and outwardly. Capt. Barber sent two Sergeants of Police, who searched the house inside and out, questioned the servants, ran round the gardens with their noses to the ground, and otherwise excited terror and admiration. They ascertained one valuable fact. No one had left Shirley to go any distance since Miss Ethel Elliott left on Feb. 18.

The jewels must have been taken between Feb. 11, when Ethel had been taken back at them together, and Feb. 20, at 11:30 o'clock, when the loss was discovered. Five persons knew the secret of the drawer. Had any one of those five told the secret? Had a servant, peering through the keyhole, seen the drawer opened, and afterward discovered the secret? The police asked carefully about Miss Elliott, but Mrs. Hargreave indignantly and positively thrust her from suspicion. Mrs. Hargreave was inclined to suspect her husband, although she could not see how he could have done it. On "Limb's" advice she kept the loss from her letters to him until a letter she wrote on Feb. 25, five days afterward. He got that on Feb. 29, and he was so much enraged over the loss of the jewels he had cursed so often that he forgot to get angry at the sentence, "If you have taken them by intention, or otherwise, I hope you will let us know at once."

"Limb" determined to sift the matter to the bottom. Accompanied by a detective from Torquay, he went to the city a day or two later. He also sent a circular, containing a description of the pearls and diamonds, to every jeweller in London. Major Hargreave returned to London from Aix on March 2, but he took little interest in the search. Indeed, there was little to do except wait for developments.

On March 8 Messrs. Spink & Son, jewellers at 2 Gracechurch street, answered the circular, saying they thought perhaps they had the jewels. Mr. Englehart, Capt. Barber, and May Hargreave drove the next morning to the jewelry shop, and two hours later Mrs. Hargreave got a letter announcing that the jewels had been found. Mr. Spink told the gentleman that on Feb. 19, shortly after 12:30 o'clock, a well-dressed, fine-looking young woman, whose dress one of his clerks was able to describe with some accuracy, had come into the salesroom over the shop, and had offered for sale the two stolen pearls. He said that they saw at once that she was a Jewess, and he had been told that there was nothing about her cool and perfectly self-possessed manner and speech to indicate that there was anything wrong. As the pearls were large and of an especially good quality they agreed to give her £550 (£275) for them. When they asked her for her address she wrote "Alice Price, 14 Hyde Park Gardens." Following their address, a clerk looked in the directory and found no such person at that address. Mr. Spink politely explained that to the lady, whereupon she smiled, and without the slightest confusion or hesitation said: "Oh, I am simply visiting there. I am Mrs. Price of Radcliffe Hall, Bradford. The firm had not been in the directory for some time. As there seemed to be nothing strange in the young woman's story, Mr. Spink gave her the firm check for £550. He saw nothing more of Mrs. Price of Radcliffe Hall, Bradford, until Feb. 23, when, at about 11:30 A. M. she walked in again. She said to the clerk who had waited upon her before that she had presented the check at Glyn, Mills & Co.'s, the bankers, upon whom it was drawn, and had learned that she could not get cash for it. She asked him to change it so that she could get cash. He very accommodatingly wrote "Pay cash," on it. She thanked him and went away.

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"Why, no, Mr. Englehart," he replied. "What do you mean?"

Mr. Englehart fell to stammering again, and at last blurted out: "They say—they say that—in fact—she is said—she is thought—she is suspected of having taken some of her cousin's jewels."

Mr. Elliott looked at Mr. Englehart with an expression which made the latter stammer more than ever.

"What do you mean," Elliott said, "by coming here with that sort of a story?"

Then Englehart managed to give the facts of which the suspicion was grounded. Elliott himself offered to confront his sister with the clerks. He made an appointment for the following morning.

As soon as Englehart had gone Elliott hurried home and told his sister of the outrageous charge that had been brought against her. She took it as any honest woman would take such a charge, and her manner was such that her brother felt it would have been adding insult to injury to have asked her point blank if she took the jewels. That did not enter into the question. The brother and sister awaited the morning engagement with apparently equal impatience. Mrs. Geach, the older sister, accompanied them to the test. Mr. Spink and his clerks identified her positively, although they said the difference in her clothing, and especially the change from a very large hat she wore before to a very small hat, altered her appearance a good deal. The bank clerks were not so positive, which was in a certain way a point in her favor, and when one of them pointed to her and said, "certainly not this one," she turned her undisturbed countenance toward her sister and laughed merrily. In fact, after her first indignation she was disposed to look on the whole affair as a joke. She could see how such mean people in money matters as the Hargreaves were could rush to such a false and unjust conclusion, and in her triumphant innocence she pitied them.

Capt. Osborne came post-haste in answer to a telegram, and found her in that serene mood. But he was not disposed to look on such a scandalous and shameful accusation so lightly. Of course she was innocent; a doubt of that never entered his head. Even when the ugly facts began to peer on every side his confidence, as his conduct shows, was unshaken. He had several strong major witnesses came to corroborate her. Major Hargreave said point blank that the money must be refunded and the other jewels returned or there would be an arrest. He said that he and his wife were convinced against their will by overwhelming proof. All these events brought April 4, the day of the wedding, very near at hand. And the Hargreaves were so enraged at Ethel Elliott that when they heard Capt. Osborne had resolved that the wedding should go on they sent a solicitor to him, warning him that his intention had better be abandoned, as his fiancée would be arrested on April 4.

The wedding was not to be a public affair, as originally planned, but was to be in the presence of the immediate family. When Capt. Osborne received word of the intended arrest the wedding was put off, and, instead of being married on April 4, Ethel Elliott and Capt. Osborne sat in the little parlor of The Boltons all day awaiting the arrival of the officers. Her face was not so bright as it was a few weeks before, and her eyes had a look in them which made honest Capt. Osborne shut his lips whenever he looked at her. The next day they were married. Capt. Osborne had the notice of the marriage printed in the newspapers and also sent a personal note of it to Major Hargreave's solicitor.

The relatives of the bride and groom had stood by them firmly in all their troubles, and they approved the marriage even in the face of the scandal which all felt was coming. Capt. Osborne's father settled \$75,000 and \$2,000 a year upon her. Ethel Elliott's grandfather settled \$25,000 and \$1,000 a year upon her, with \$1,000 a year more to be paid back when Osborne came into his father's estate.

Major Hargreave had entered suit against Spink & Son for the recovery of the jewels, which they thought they could hold under a queer old English law. He had also served notice on Mrs. Osborne that she must pay over the money she had got for the jewels and sign a confession of her guilt, or take the consequences. Matters were in that condition when it came to the ears of Capt. Osborne that Mrs. Hargreave and the Major were talking of the scandal and rapidly becoming public, that which had before been known only by the persons intimately concerned.

Although that enraged Capt. Osborne, yet, in another sense, it pleased him. It gave him the chance to bring a suit for slander and give the lie to the Hargreaves, who were slandering his wife. The public can not know how Mrs. Osborne took the Captain's proposal to bring a suit for slander and put her innocency to the frightful test of a trial in open court. But from what is known of her she can have made only slight objection, and in all probability she urged him on when she saw how near to his heart the matter lay. Capt. Osborne's solicitors retained Sir Charles Russell, and when notice of the suit was served on the Hargreaves the latter part of June they retained through their solicitors Sir Edward Clarke. By the retaining of these renowned counsellors on opposite sides the case was certain of wide publicity even had it been less sensational.

When the papers began to come in Sir Charles Russell found that Mrs. Osborne would be called upon to account for every moment of her time on Feb. 19 from 9 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock in the evening. Several months afterward he discovered that she would also have to account in the same way for Feb. 23. The Hargreaves and their solicitors kept this information from the Osbornes as long as possible.

When the trial was opened on Dec. 16, before Mr. Justice Denman in Queen's Bench Division of the Royal Courts of Justice, Capt. Osborne and his counsel were confident of victory. Mrs. Osborne, as far as can be judged from her manner as cool and confident as they were. Sir Charles Russell's presentation of her innocence were clear and logical. He rather insinuated that Mrs. Hargreave had stolen her own jewels for some unknown motive, and he dealt far from lightly with "Limb" Englehart.

Mrs. Osborne was the first witness. The vital parts of her testimony were in regard to her money affairs and her whereabouts on Feb. 19 and 23. Her appearance made a most favorable impression on the jury, the crowd which filled the court room, and even on the judge, she was cool, and she answered questions promptly and with no attempts at evasion. The defence had not disclosed the hours at which it was especially necessary for Mrs. Osborne to account for herself. She described her actions on each of the days. For Feb. 19, the day after her return from Shirley and the day on which Alice Price had sold Spink the jewels, she said:

"I slipped on my dressing gown and wrote my letters. I went to Mrs. Hargreave, which is before the court, and another to Capt. Osborne. It took me from half to three-quarters of an hour to write the letters. I rang for my housemaid, who took them down to the page boy to post. I then went up stairs to have my bath, returning after my dressing room about 11 or 12 o'clock. I then commenced to dress, and that took me from three-quarters of an hour to an hour. I dressed completely for walking out. While I was dressing my brother Hugh came into my room unexpectedly, and we had some conversation about our immediate intended movements. I also saw my housemaid and instructed her as to the alteration of a petticoat, which I afterward had packed in a box and sent away. I then left the dressing room."

"Before going out I went into the kitchen to give my orders to the cook. That took about twenty minutes. I then left the house, somewhere about half past 12. I went to the Boltons to Messrs. Whittingham & Humphreys, in Onslow place, quite close to South Kensington station. That took about a quarter of an hour. I then asked for Mr. Humphreys, a member of the firm, from whom I had ordered my trousseau. I had to wait about a quarter of an hour for him, and then had a conversation as to the trousseau. I was occupied with him from three-quarters of an hour to an hour, leaving about 1, or half past. Next I went to Miss Poncefort, who is a dressmaker in Alfred place West. I was there five or ten minutes. On my way home I bought some flowers of a woman at the Queen's gate."

That took her past the time of the sale of the jewels. For Feb. 23, when the check was cashed by the bankers, she said, in answer to the question whether she went out: "No, I did not. I did not leave the house the whole of the day. Miss Ashwood, Mrs. Saunders, a dressmaker, and the servants were in the house that day, and my sister Evelyn returned from Hastings at 6 o'clock in the evening."

After Sir Edward Clarke had cross examined her, the people present felt that she had scored a triumph. They did not notice that Sir Edward had made her show nearly an hour of time between 12 and 1 o'clock on Feb. 19, nor did they realize that he had involved her account of her finances so that she had confessed to far more money than she had the right to have. She left the stand followed by applause, and even Sir Charles Russell smiled at her. She had made only one mistake apparently, and that did not concern the theft.

He read it and handed it to the attorney. Both became intensely absorbed. The note was from the Messrs. Benjamin, Ulster House, Conduit street, and set forth that late in the morning of Feb. 23 a lady stepped from a cab and brought a bag of gold containing £550, into their shop, asking them to give her notes for it. They had not the notes and directed her to the National Provincial Bank. The council kept this note to themselves, but sent out inquiries immediately. The trial went on, and Mrs. Osborne and her husband sat there listening calmly and attentively while the detectives were following the trail.

The detectives ascertained that the woman had notes for the gold at the National Provincial Bank. They copied the number of the notes, and went to the Bank of England. It was late in the afternoon, and the officials had much formality to go through. At last they found one of the notes. It had come from Maple's dry goods house. Written across it, in an unmistakable handwriting, was the name "Ethel Elliott. At Maple's they said a lady living at The Boltons had paid it to their agent in the latter part of March in exchange for a C. O. D. package.

The court had adjourned for the day by that time. When the new facts were laid before Sir Charles Russell he saw at once that Ethel Elliott had deceived everybody. He sent for Capt. Osborne and told the facts to him. Capt. Osborne refused to believe them. He went home and confronted his wife. He told her what Sir Charles had said, and that he was going to withdraw from the case. He told her that he still believed her, that she was innocent, and he knew it. And she still denied it, accusing him of having been deceived. She had forgotten that her name was on one of the notes, that was Saturday.

There were several consultations during Sunday, but Sir Charles could not convince Ethel that she was caught, nor could he shake Capt. Osborne's belief in her innocence. Early on Monday morning, Dec. 21, Capt. Osborne went with Hugh Elliott and his notes to the Bank of England to look at the notes. "I will know that it is not her handwriting," he said; "I cannot be deceived." For nearly a year she had written to him every day. He was familiar with each shade and turn of her writing. Others might be fooled by a fancied resemblance, but he would know, and they went to the bank. The official handed him the note. He looked at the name so lightly written there and yet so distinctly, and as he looked he shook from side to side, and before any one could catch him he fell to the floor. They could not bring him back to consciousness for several hours, but the knowledge that his wife was doubly a liar and that the child to be borne shortly would have a thief for a mother.

There was a scene never to be forgotten when the counsellors, with grave faces entered the court room and the defendants took their seats and looked triumphantly at the vacant seats of the plaintiffs. Sir Charles Russell apologized for his insinuations against Englehart and the Hargreaves and asked that a verdict be given for the defendants without further delay. Sir Edward Clarke explained the complete exposure of Mrs. Osborne as gently as he could. Sir Charles Russell, so moved that he could scarcely articulate said that the suit was withdrawn at the imperative instructions of Capt. Osborne. "I hope may be permitted to add," said Sir Charles, "that throughout he has acted as a thoroughly honorable and chivalrous gentleman."

Why He Laughed. Andrews—the papers say that the President laughed immoderately when Marshall Wilder, the humorist, called on him. Bennett—I don't wonder. Wilder's grimaces would make anybody in the world laugh. "That wasn't what made Harrison roar." "What was it, then?" "That was that he was a New Yorker, but he didn't want anything from the administration, or any office, whatever, under any circumstances." "Well, there is something very funny in that."

Great thoughts proceed from the heart.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Ability involves responsibility. Power to its last particle is duty. To have a course marked out beforehand is to be prepared for difficulties.

If we can still love those who have made us suffer, we will love them all the more.

Lifting somebody else's burdens is the best thing to do to make your own lighter.

Men who undertake considerable things, even in a regular way, ought to give us ground to presume ability.

To appreciate of steady friendship and lasting love, are the two greatest proofs not only of goodness of heart, but of strength of mind.

Hope not to find in philosophy the end of the doubts which perplex you; for philosophy can only suggest problems which the Gospel alone can solve.

There are moments when by some strange impulse we contradict our past selves—fatal moments when a fit of passion like a lava stream lays low the work of half our lives.

It is not the question how much a man knows, but what use he can make of what he knows; not a question of what he has acquired, and how he has been trained, but of what he is, and what he can do.

The love of God can neither console, enlighten, nor sanctify, nor even save us—the love of God indeed is to us as if it had never been, so long as it is not shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit, and mingled in us by faith.

Every one has an ideal of life higher than his actual life reaches. We should all like to be better, nobler, more just and generous and disinterested than we are. Through self-discipline alone can we climb this ladder and approach this ideal.

The best of our glad days sometimes come quickly following the most sorrowful, as mist and storm are often succeeded by the clear shining after the rain. No one can be sure that to-morrow will be beautiful, but he can hope so, and there is a pleasure in looking for streaks of light in our sunsets which we should not deny ourselves.

Often reproof and criticism that might be most salutary if couched in a few cogent words are rendered simply irritating and repulsive by the verbosity which seems to like to linger upon the shortcomings of another. We need that sensitiveness by which we can detect the unspoken feelings of others and forestall the first symptoms of weariness. This and the self-denial that accompanies it are among the best marks of that kindly and generous spirit which are the essence of all true courtesy.

The highest duty that ever comes to a man is not to do a deed of prowess or win a material victory, but to endure, suffer, and die for truth or freedom. The highest honor that a man can bear in life or death is the scar of a chain borne in a good cause. Standing here by the grave of a man who lived and died humbly, modestly, and poorly, we look not for proofs of achievements, we are not deceived by lowliness, by poverty, nor even by errors; we find that, after the sifting of death and years, there remains to us his adoration, courage and devotion. To these we have raised this stone, to honor their memory in a dead man, and to remind living men that love and gratitude are the sure harvest of fidelity and trustworthiness.

Schoolboy English. The following is an extract from a work entitled "Original English," compiled from essays written by London schoolboys:—

The Cow. The cow is a noble quadruped, though not so noble as the horse much less the roaring lion. It has four short legs, a big head for its size and a thick body. Its back legs are bent, and there's two big bones sticking out just above. Its tail's more noble than the donkey's, but nuthin' to cum up to that of the race horse. The cow gives us milk and nice beef and mutton. How thankful should children be to this tame quadruped. The reason why beef is so dear is because that cows cost so much and the earth is gettin full of people. I always have beef to my dinner on Sundays; on other days bread and drippin or bread and lard, sometimes treacle Mother says if I'm hungry on my rounds I can eat a piece of cat's meat if it doesn't smell, but I mustn't eat the liver she says. How thankful we out to be to the cow for nice hot beef. Peaters grows; they are not on the cow. The four things what yousees under the cows belly are what the milk comes through. How thankful should we be. The cows makes milk from grass. God teaches the cow how to do it. A cow's feet are split in two, like sheeps they are called hooves. Little cows are called calves. Calves are the stupidest of all tame quadrupeds, except pigs and donkeys. When you drive a cart, never prick it behind, but push it gently with your flat hand. Men are cruel to calves coz they can't draw milk from them. You can gently find mudrooms in cows fields, but you mustn't go in if there's a board up. How would your mothers like you to be called trespasser? Bulls are very much like cows, but are fierce quadrupeds. You can always tell bulls from cows; one bulls are black and not quite so fat. Bulls are not tame quadrupeds, and they look as if they could run. You can always tell them that way. When my mother sees a bull she always stands with her back to the wall till its gone past, and she holds my hand. If a bull wanted to hurt my mother I would pull mother in a hedge and then kick out. Cows are painted different colors; some are red and yellow. When they are black and white they are genly half bulls, so you must not go near them. There is what is called cream which rich people eats; it is got from cows which are all white. How thankful should rich people be for gettin what they call cream from the cow. You can learn lessons from this poor quadruped; not to kick, not to trespass, and not to persecute people.

Both Were Slightly Rattled. "I'm in a hurry," said a Bloomer farmer rushing into one of our hardware stores yesterday; "just got time to catch the train. Give me a corn-popper quick!" "All right sir," replied the clerk. "Do you want a large pop-corn?" "No, just a medium-sized—an ordinary pop-corn." "How will this pop-corn do?" "Is that a pop-corn?" "Yes, but you are getting a little rattled. You mean a corn-popper—no, a pop-corn—no, a corn popper." "Oh, yes, a pop-corn." "Yes, be quick! Give me a pop-corn, and be quick." "All right. Here's your pop-corn."

Only Half Successful. Poet—Two weeks ago I sent a poem and sent a stamp for approval. Editor—Yes, I remember. We approved of the stamp. It was a daisy. I don't remember the poem.