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THE SHOE MEN.

## The Lovers of Catherine Shaw.

JOHN LAURENCE, in Pearson's Weekly.)

William Shaw of Edinburgh was a hard-working thrifty dour man who leavened the gaiety of those whom they come in contact. An aster in a small way he had the more Puritanical than ever his wife's death, and his own narrow in the extreme. Left an only daughter, Catherine, his thought was to see her married to a man who would, from his point of view, make her a good husband. A man was Alexander Robertson, the son of an old friend of his. Left by his father with a money which, by hard work, he had increased, he was another William Shaw, and therefore the latter's eyes an excellent for his daughter. He encouraged young man's visits, and threw opportunity in their way for, but he reckoned without one his daughter.

Father Disliked Her Lover.

Catherine Shaw had just turned when this story opens, and was one of the most beautiful in Edinburgh. She could have any number of wealthy suitors she wished, but each and every had to reckon not only in winter smiles, but the approval of father, and that had been given to one, Alexander Robertson. Catherine, with her youth and beauty, was as light-hearted, as care-loving, and as free from the morrow as her father was severe, and she gave her heart the keeping of a profligate named John Lawson, an Edinburgh jeweller. Like takes he had a fascination for which, in the case of Catherine, he did not fall to take full advantage of.

Many a clandestine meeting had the pair when Catherine's father was away at his shop. He was puzzled that his daughter showed no interest in the man he had chosen for her, and it was Robertson who told him the reason.

"She thinks she's in love with John Lawson," he said one day. "She's always meeting him."

"Meeting John Lawson!" cried her father. "It's impossible. I've forbidden her to have anything to do with any man I don't approve of, and she knows what I think of him. He's one of the worst men in Edinburgh."

The Girl's Determination.

That evening Catherine and her father had a fierce quarrel.

"I tell you you're to marry Alexander Robertson," stormed her father. "And I tell you if he's the last man on earth I'll not marry him." The dying girl was past speaking. She just nodded her head, and with a final sigh she died in the arms of her lover John Lawson, who had just arrived on the scene.

"She's been murdered!" he cried. At that terrible moment the dead girl's father returned, and all there shrank back from him in silent accusation. For a moment he could hardly speak and then, his iron will broken for a time, he asked: "Who has done this?"

It was John Lawson who replied. "You—you villain," he cried. "You have murdered her!"

Accused of Murder.

The agitation of the accused man, so different from his usual iron control, was not lost upon those in the room, and his cry of denial did not lessen in the slightest their belief that he was the author of his daughter's death. He was at once arrested by the police, and the suspicions voiced against him became certainties in the eyes of all.

When his clothing was examined, his shirt was found to be blood-stained, but these he accounted for by saying that he had cut his arm a few days before.

But when his neighbour Morrison came forward and related the words he had overheard of Catherine: "You're a cruel father and you are killing me," the explanations of Shaw were not believed for a moment.

Not a man or woman in Edinburgh but believed William Shaw was guilty of the murder of his daughter, and though to the last he strenuously denied hurting her in any way, he was found guilty.

His Innocence Proved.

"I die an innocent man," he said. "Some day the mystery will be made clear, but it will be too late. I have heard that love is stronger than death, and the only wrong I ever did to my beloved daughter was to try to force her into the arms of a man whom she did not love."

Nearly a year passed before those words were recalled, and poor William Shaw was vindicated in the eyes of the world. For months the rooms he had lived in with his daughter were empty, but at last a tenant was found who agreed to take them. Cleaning up the place he made a remarkable discovery. Resting in a cavity in the chimney was a piece of white paper, folded like a letter. He opened it and read the silent evidence of William Shaw's innocence.

shop one evening, and had been invited home by William Shaw.

"You can see Catherine, then," he said. "I have been talking seriously to her, and perhaps you'll find her more inclined towards you."

"I don't think so, Mr. Shaw," replied the young man gloomily. "I saw her out walking with Lawson this afternoon."

For a moment William Shaw could hardly believe his ears. That his daughter would disobey him had never entered his head, and he determined that once and for all he would compel her to break off the acquaintance he thought so undesirable.

With rage in his heart he strode home that night maddened by the thought that perhaps his daughter might bring shame on his name.

Exactly what the angry father said to his daughter will never be known, but snatches of the fierce and bitter conversation between the two were overheard by a neighbour.

"I can no trust you," William Shaw was overheard to say. "You're a shameless woman. You'll be married to Alexander Robertson without delay. Till then I shall keep the door locked on you."

Died in Lover's Arms.

Catherine was heard sobbing and pleading with her father, accusing him of barbarity and cruelty, and saying he would be responsible for her death. The voices of the two were raised high in anger, for some time, till finally there came silence, and William Shaw was seen to stride angrily out of his rooms, looking the outside door behind him. The last words a neighbor named Morrison overheard were, "I would rather see you dead than the wife of a rogue like Lawson!" And Catherine's tearful reply, "You're a cruel father and you are killing me."

A few minutes after the enraged man had banged and bolted the door on his daughter, the neighbour Morrison overheard a faint moaning sound, and then a choking cry of someone in pain. He knocked at the door, and getting no reply, though he knew that Catherine Shaw was within, he became alarmed that she had been hurt by her father.

He called several neighbours and told them of the angry quarrel he had overheard and his failure to get any reply. To all their knockings, however, no attention was paid, and the now frightened neighbours, all of whom knew William Shaw had an overbearing temper when he was opposed, sent for the police, who forced the door open.

A horrifying sight met their gaze. On the floor Catherine Shaw was lying in a welter of blood, in her side a blood-stained knife. She was still alive, but it was evident to all that she had but a few minutes to live. One of the police officers bent over her and asked her if her father had cut her throat. The dying girl was past speaking. She just nodded her head, and with a final sigh she died in the arms of her lover John Lawson, who had just arrived on the scene.

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"Barbarous Father," ran the letter.

"Your cruelty in having put it out of my power ever to join my fate to that of the only man I could love, and tyrannically insisting upon my marrying one whom I always hated, has made me form a resolution to put an end to my existence, which has become a burden to me. I doubt not I shall find mercy in another world, for surely no benevolent being can require that I should any longer live in torment to myself in this. My death I lay to your charge. When you read this, consider yourself as the inhuman wretch that plunged the murderous knife in the bosom of the unhappy Catherine Shaw."

The letter was, of course, immediately made known to the police, and it was soon proved to be in the handwriting of the cruelly-wronged man's daughter. She undoubtedly had placed it on the mantelpiece just before she had committed suicide, and it must have blown into the crevice where it was found, alas, too late.

Too hastily had her dying nod been taken as one meaning "Yes" when she was asked if her father had killed her, and the words of anger between her and her father had been misconstrued.

Too late the innocence of William Shaw was proved, and the law could not make tardy reparation. The record of his guilt was removed from the law books, and his innocence publicly proclaimed.

A few weeks later the dead body of John Lawson was found stretched across his sweetheart's grave, and the tragedy of Catherine Shaw was complete.

Why I Think Boxing Brutal.

(By BISHOP WELDON, in the Daily Mail.)

It is no wish of mine to assume a censorship of British sport. Sport has been upon the whole an ennobling element in the national life. The spirit of sport has been the synonym for fair play and good faith. If the Germans had been sportsmen they would not have been such brutes. But if I am asked to give my opinion about boxing matches, I am willing to give it.

When I was headmaster of Harrow School I was naturally led to consider the relative value of athletic exercises. I have been present at many boxing matches in the gymnasium of the school. I took care, of course, that they should not exceed the limits of safety or propriety. But I could not help feeling that even so they were

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vulgarising rather than elevating competitors.

My opinion has not been changed since those days. Whatever the faults or vices of boxing may be, they are far more conspicuous among professional boxers than among schoolboys. If there was a brutalising tendency in the boxing matches of the gymnasium at Harrow, there was something much worse in the recent great boxing match at the Holborn Stadium in London.

I read in The Times the following account of Carpenter's sensational victory over Beckett:—

"After scarcely a dozen blows had been exchanged, the British heavy-weight champion lay a crumpled, inert mass upon the floor, and people rubbed their eyes in amazement. The winning blow was a right hook to the jaw which caught Beckett as he came forward and crumpled him up completely."

If that is not brutality, I do not know what brutality is.

The idea that the noble art of self-defence, as it is sometimes called, is or can be useful at the present time seems to me ridiculous. Citizens in a civilised community do not need to

defend themselves against assault; and, if they did, they would sooner resort to firearms than to fists.

There is indeed a degree, and perhaps a high degree, of skill in professional boxing. But I have satisfied myself that the majority of spectators at a boxing match do not appreciate the skill; what they like is the violence of the attack. At the best the skill of the boxer is not comparable with what of the maulador in a Spanish bullfight; and the bull-ring is admittedly the disgrace of Spain.

I do not fail to admire the courage of the boxers, as I admire courage wherever it is shown. Tom Sayers, the victor of the great fight against Heenan, was one of the heroes of my boyhood; and I do not wonder that his name is still held in honour for his amazing demonstration of pluck. But prize-fights in England, like gladiatorial shows in ancient Rome, have been condemned by public opinion because of their debasing influence upon the character of the nation. It is not by looking at brutal fights or betting upon them that men attain the highest courage.

Few tests of national character are so sure as the sports which a nation approves. Great Britain is a more highly civilised nation to-day than it

was when bull-fighting and bear-baiting were the amusements not only of ordinary citizens but also of statesmen and aristocrats. It will, I think, be still more highly civilised when the many thousands of men and women who, love sport choose to satisfy their sporting instinct by some nobler exhibitions than professional boxing matches.

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