

been to begin with, he was now completely dependent for success on the collaboration of his supposed wife. It only added to the irritation that the lady, on the contrary, was able to play a lone hand. As is often the case in unions based on passion and interest, a quarrel came. Clute agreed with seeming equanimity that, at the close of their engagement in a certain town, the partnership should cease.

At an advanced point in the last evening's programme, Mrs. Clute was engaged with a male subject. Her husband occupied a retired place on the stage where he could be seen by only a small part of the house. The man operated upon proving refractory, Mrs. Clute stepped forward, placed her hands on his shoulders, and blazed with her eyes into his. To the audience it seemed that she had succeeded, and that the man was for the moment her thrall. As a matter of fact, though, it was the Doctor who, stationed almost behind the scenes, had managed to capture him. The occupants of a box close to the stage heard "Now, Slave!" hissed out between the teeth, and to the horror of the spectators the recalcitrant closed with the lady before him. His fingers clutched her throat, his grasp tightened at the will of his master, and the woman fell strangled to the floor.

All through the evening Philpott in T. had been in his padded room. At 10.30 his sister Amy, who was the only other person in the house, thinking there was

an unusual stillness in her brother's room, stepped to his door. Unlocking it and entering, she saw him as if in act to spring. In less time than it takes to tell it, she found herself in his power. One arm was about her waist pinioning her only means of defence; the other was throttling her. She shrieked, but there was none to hear.

At 10.35 on the night of August 10th there were two women dead, as the result of one man's will. A comparison of newspaper reports of the two tragedies disclosed that the women succumbed at the same moment. Incidental remarks in the despatches also revealed that the grip of the murderers had in both cases been so fierce that the finger marks, even with the most diligent massage, could not be effaced.

When the remaining members of the Philpott family returned they found Arthur, restored to sanity, moaning on his sister's corpse. After her funeral he sank rapidly. There was no recurrence of his seizures, but he seemed utterly broken. Three days later he died, and was laid beside his victim.

Clute's sun had set. The suspicion against him grew strong enough to induce his arrest; but, the evidence being conflicting and inadequate, he was discharged. Further practice was, of course, out of the question. Retiring on a competence he fell speedily into a state of imbecility. Rumor had it that he died, a pitiable wreck, in a New York Home for Incurables.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR

Prize Oration by T. D. Brown.

The age in which our lot has been cast is the noblest that the world has yet seen. It would have been glorious had we been citizens of Athens in the age of Pericles, when that city, having hurled back in triumph the Asiatic hordes that sought to wrest from her her freedom and to bind upon her the shackles of despotism and effeminacy, and having taken her place at the head of the Grecian states, set forward in that career of culture and genius that was to leave its impress not merely upon the character of the nations of her own age but upon the literature and the art of all nations to the end of time. Glorious, too,

would it have been had we been citizens of Rome in the proudest days of that country's history, days when even in the most barbarous and remote corners of the known world the words "*Civis Romanus sum*" ("I am a Roman citizen") were a ready passport to liberty and to honor. More, it would have been glorious had we been citizens of that little island across the sea that to-night we are proud to hail as our mother-land, when three centuries ago in defence of her own honor and in behalf of religious liberty throughout the world, she manned her ports and beat back, shattered and disgraced, the mightiest