

"Yes, Granny," said Jack, "except—"
"Except that when you marry, dear, I only wish especially for two things in your wife—that she be a good girl and a lady. You won't forget that your mother was both?"

Jack edged his chair a little nearer to the old lady's and put his arm around her in a winning way peculiarly his own. "Dear Granny," he said— "I never knew my mother but I shall not forget that my grandmother is the very ideal of both. I shall never bring any wife to you, Granny, that you would be ashamed to receive; you have spoiled me for second-rate women."

"My dear boy," she cried.
"And if that isn't a pretty speech for a child of twenty to make to his grandmother," Jack cried, "why, beat it if you can, Granny, that's all!"

Thus with the approval and confidence of his nearest relations, Jack Trevor went down to Brighton to join his regiment. It is a terrible ordeal for any young man, but I must say he got through it as easily as he could have expected or wished. He had never seen the cramped little barracks— but as he drove up to the officers' mess and looked out at the double rows of windows all decked out with smart flower-boxes filled with blooming moon-daisies and red geraniums, he thought the place was cheerful and home-like as any place he ever lived in; and then he got out of the carriage and wondered what would become of him next.

While he was waiting there a tall young man came out and accosted him. "I suppose you're Mr. Trevor? How d'you do?"

"How do you do?" said Jack.
"My name is Dorrington," said the tall young man, "orderly officer for the day, more's the pity."

"Very glad to meet you," said Jack in his easiest voice. "And can you tell where my things are to go?"

"Well, you are to have the rooms next to mine," said Dorrington, "your cab had better go round to the back, and I'll tell you what—put your traps into my quarters and you can dress there."

"Oh! thanks awfully," said Jack.

Dorrington looked aside at him. "Let's walk round—look here, my friend, I'll give you the straight tip—don't let the Colonel hear you say 'awfully,' it's like a red rag to a bull and sets him off on the Service going to the dogs, how officers used to be gentlemen, and all that sort of thing, and all the fellows who have to sit and listen to his tammy-rot will hate you like poison."

"Thank you," Jack said gratefully.
He had already had a little experience of the ways of commanding officers and knew the value of good advice when he saw that it was good.

"When do your things come—chairs—tables—cot and all that?" Dorrington asked.

"I believe they've come already," Jack replied.

"Then the sooner they are started making you comfortable for the night the better; or stay, I've got a second little cot in my room—I put my brother up sometimes when he comes to see me. Will you sleep there to-night? It'll be much more comfortable than your own quarters can possibly be."

"It's really most uncommonly good of you," said Jack, who had been on the point of using the obnoxious word again.

"Not at all, not at all. Come into the mess-room and have a brandy and soda, and then I'll take you round to the office and introduce you to the colonel. He's not in the best of health, but he's discovered this morning that he's got a cold. Says he's got a cold, but he's got a cold."

"The Quarter-Master put out his hand. 'Very glad to see you.'"

"How d'you do?" said Jack.

"Mr. Trevor has brought down three horses, at least they're coming to-morrow," said Dorrington, getting straight to the point.

"And the Colonel says you've got to look after them?"

"Yes, sir," said Jack.

"I think the Colonel's horses are elastic. I've got three extra horses are going to be put into my own horses out into the night to think about Dorrington, soothingly."

"What the Chief told me."

"The Colonel said so."

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Jack Trevor had lived all his life in an atmosphere of command, but he thought Dorrington one of the very finest fellows he had ever come across and his very admiration made the dreadful ordeal of joining come the easier to him.

"I suppose you've got your chargers," said his new friend as they walked across the square towards the office.

"Oh, yes—they're coming down to-morrow, my chargers and my own gees."

Dorrington began to bite the end of his thumb in a thoughtful kind of way. "I wonder where the devil you'll put them?" he remarked.

"Why?"

"Because there isn't a stall to spare in the whole barracks. What a joke it will be if they have to turn the Colonel's forage out to put a roof over your horses' heads! Now, here we are."

He opened the door of the office and Jack found himself in the presence of the Commanding Officer, who was sitting on the table in the corner of the room.

"I've brought Mr. Trevor to see you, Sir—the new subaltern," said Dorrington.

"Er—How do do—how do do? Very glad to see you," said the Colonel, getting off the table for a minute and then immediately sitting down again when he had shaken Jack by the hand. "I hope you'll like your work and find your quarters comfortable. Mr. Dorrington must look after you and—put you up to our ways a little."

Dorrington put up his hand in a gesture that was half a salute and half an expression of assent to the Colonel's words—Jack made haste to assure the commanding officer that this had already been done, or rather had already been begun.

"Thank you, Sir—I've already been aw— that is uncommonly well looked after," he said, in his pleasant easy voice—"Mr. Dorrington has been quite the Good Samaritan to me."

"Not because you have fallen among thieves, I hope," said the Colonel quickly, then went off into a fit of laughter at his own joke. Dorrington and Jack both joining in as if wit so brilliant had never fallen upon their ears before.

"Let me see," said the Colonel, when they had recovered themselves a little—"Lord Gascoigne is your guardian."

"And my uncle, Sir," Jack answered.

"Oh, really! Then your mother was—"

"Lady Constance Gascoigne, Sir."

"And your father?"

"Was Bishop of Blankhampton."

"You don't say so. Why, I once dined with him at the Palace—I remember him well. He was once head-master of—"

"Yes, Sir, he was."

"And a very fine fellow he was too—I am very glad to have his son amongst my officers. By-the-by, have you got your horses down yet?"

"No, Sir, they come to-morrow," Jack answered.

"Ah! yes; and how many?"

"Three, Sir."

"Three—I see. Well, we haven't much room but—er—Mr. Dorrington, you might speak to Mr. Long about it. He must find room for them, of course."

"I'll tell him what you say, Sir," said Dorrington with great humour, and Jack, remembering his little story about the roller shed, was seized with a wild desire to go off into a fit of laughing. Happily the Colonel dismissed them then, and they were able to go out into the open air and laugh as much as they pleased.

"Here's old Long coming," said Dorrington as they walked back across the square.

"Long, this is the new subaltern, Mr. Trevor."

The Quarter-Master put out his hand.

"Very glad to see you."

"How d'you do?" said Jack.

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somewhat and you'll probably have to pay toll, so to speak."

"Oh, I shall get over that," said Jack good-naturedly.

Well, after this Jack really got on uncommonly well—he was "drawn" the first night that he slept in his own quarters, which were small and poky and like the royal "we" expressed more than there was to express; and the second night they made hay in his rooms, and the third they tried him by mess-room court-martial for one or two trifling blunders he had made during the day. Yet on the whole he got on remarkably well and was soon at home among his brother-officers, sooner than he was in the strange mazes of Brighton Society, whose two hundred and fifty clearly defined and distinct cliques soon made the unwary one, who goes there feeling in love and charity with all men, learn to tread like a weary pilgrim on unboiled peas. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Beautiful Snow.

The earliest known publication of the poem was in *Harper's Weekly* on November 8, 1853. Its text is as follows:

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below;
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing.

Flirting.
Skimming along,
Beautiful snow, it can do no wrong!
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek.
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak.
Beautiful snow, from the Heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gently as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go,
Whirling about in its maddening fun;
It plays in its glee with every one!
Chasing,
Laughing.

Hurrying by.
It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye,
And even the dogs, with a laugh and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around;
The town is alive and its heart is aglow
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!

How wild the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges, like meteors, flash by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye;
Ringing,
Swinging.

Dashing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky;
To be trampled in mud by the crowds rushing by;
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street!

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell!
Fell like the snow-flakes from heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled as filth of the street;
Fell to be scoffed, to be spat on and beat;
Pleading,
Cursing.

Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace,
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face;
Father,
Mother.

Sisters, all,
God, and myself I have lost by my fall;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will take a wide sweep lest I wander too high;

For of all that is on or above me I know
There is nothing that's purer as the beautiful snow!

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go;
How strange it should be, when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain,

Fainting,
Freezing.

Dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a groan
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town.

But the joy of the snow coming
In my terrible woe
A shroud of the beautiful

STRANGE STORY OF A CRIME.

Was The Wrong Man Hanged?

On Tuesday week Mr. Churton, County Coroner, Chester, received a letter from a correspondent at New Orleans, stating that a man had confessed to the murder of St. Paul's there that he murdered John Bobbington, gamekeeper to Mr. Edwin Corbett, of Tilstone Lodge, Tarporley, for which John Blagg was executed at Chester in 1857. Mr. Churton remembered the trial and the execution of Blagg. The evidence was purely circumstantial, the chief point being footprint corresponding to Blagg's boots. The man who has made a confession states that he borrowed Blagg's boots on the night of the murder. A press representative on Saturday visited Alpraham, the locality in which the mysterious murder of the gamekeeper Bobbington took place thirty-three years ago. Mrs. Blagg, the widow of John Blagg, the man who was executed, still lives in the village, in a cottage almost without a stone's throw of the scene of the tragedy. She is advanced in years, and is in poor circumstances, but is able to earn a few shillings as a teacher or caretaker of her neighbors' little children. In reply to question she said:—"On the night before the murder there came a rap at our door when John and I were together. I opened the door, and there was John Jones. I never did like that man. I asked what he wanted, and he called my husband outside. I wondered what was on, and when John came in again I asked him, and he said 'Oh, nothing.' Well he got his boots from where they were usually kept, and gave them to Jones. Jones came inside, and took off his clogs, and put them in our house. He very seldom wears clogs, but he had clogs on when he came to our house that night. I can't say whether it was a plot between them, and I did not suspect at the time that anything wrong would be done." The reporter suggested that the real point in the case was as to whether her husband was at home throughout that night. Mrs. Blagg replied that he was, but in answer to another question said he got up, she thought, about four o'clock in the morning. She supposed he went out, but when she got up, between six and seven o'clock, he was sitting in the kitchen, having lighted a fire and prepared breakfast. There was nothing unusual in his manner or appearance. The boots had then been returned. She could not say how or when he had received them back. She heard of the murder a couple of hours afterwards. Before the police came for her husband she saw them pass with Jones, who looked pale and agitated. But they did not keep him, she added. They only wanted her husband, as they "had it in" for him. Asked why her husband was at all suspected, the old lady said that various stories were going about the village, one of which was that her husband had been heard to swear he would shoot the keeper. It was not true, she was perfectly sure. He was such an inoffensive man that he would not do an injury to anyone. Mrs. Blagg was able to tell from memory all the details of the arrest of her husband, who offered no resistance, and simply said he was innocent, though his own boots and gun were used. It seemed to pain the old lady to recall the farewell scene on the day before the execution, when she, with their little daughter, since dead, had a last interview with the condemned man at Chester Castle. His words to her at parting were, "I am as innocent as that child. I have not had justice. They have gone against me just as they liked and they might as well have hanged me on the nearest oak. But never mind. I intend to go

TO THE SCAFFOLD,

for I shall never tell." She asked him if there was anything she might do for him, and he replied, "No, you have a bit of money. It will be of no use to me now. It will be of use to you. Don't part with it for my sake." "He never said how it was done," remarked Mrs. Blagg, "but at one interview he did say to me that if he disclosed all that he knew he would be transported for life, and he would prefer instant death." The old lady pathetically concluded—"And now, after 33 long years, when it was let alone as a thing to be forgotten and buried in time, it has risen up again in this new form. I would rather it were alone." Mrs. Blagg turned away in tears. The landlord of a village inn informed the same reporter that up to two years ago Jones, who was a wheelwright, was employed in the Potteries, and on one occasion since he had visited Alpraham, and called at that house for some refreshment. There is certainly a difference of opinion in the locality where the tragedy took place, and where parties were so well known, as to the alleged innocence of Blagg. Old inhabitants agree that he was a notorious poacher, and in disposition was very sullen and reserved.