

perpetual yearning and search is after weapons of offence of any kind. In this he resembles another dangerous murderer, P., of whom we shall have to say more presently, as also of W., whose cruel slaughter of his mother and sister shocked all England a few years ago. As a matter of course all these dangerous men are kept distinct from the rest, and as much as possible from each other.

It requires great care and constant watchfulness to keep these men from instruments with which to injure the warders or each other. Their airing ground is carefully weeded of large stones, yet the man G., a short time back, persuaded his comrades to collect small pebbles, with which he filled the locks of the doors, so that the warders could not open them, while he and others used their forms as battering rams to beat away the bars of the windows, and so succeeded in escaping into the court below. Over the walls of this, however, they could not pass, and there, with characteristic imbecility, they submitted at once to the captivity which one or two warders re-imposed upon them. Into the refractory wards of this "strong block" never less than three warders enter, so that in case of any attack by which one should be struck down, there are always two left to grapple with the maniac.

One day when Dr. Meyer was going his rounds a patient told him, as they all will tell like children upon one another, that P. had got a knife. He had not seen it, but he was sure from his mutterings and other signs that P. had got it and was likely to use it. This was alarming news of such a lunatic as P., so Dr. Meyer with the warders went at once to his cell. "Mr. P.," said Dr. Meyer, "I am told you have got a knife." P. of course, was utterly surprised at this intimation. Where could he get a knife? It was against the rules to have a knife, and he of course would never break them—not he. This was part of the persecution he had been subjected to throughout life. These lies came of being locked up with madmen, &c. "Very well," said Dr. Meyer, "but at least you must let me search you; so come with me." Away went P. with the Dr. and warders to a refractory cell, where P. was stripped of all his clothes, a new suit given him, and the old ones searched. No knife was found. A fresh inquiry was made, and the information as to a knife in P.'s possession became clearer and more explicit still. So Dr. Meyer returned to P.'s cell and told him that after his examination of his clothes he felt quite sure that he had not a knife. "But still Mr. P.," he added, "as every one reports to me that you have got a knife, and as that is quite against the rules of the establishment, here, in this refractory cell, you will have to stay, without tobacco, until you find a knife. Think about it, therefore, if you know of any place where a knife may be found, and then let me know, for here you must remain until you do." Of course P. protested. It was very hard to be answerable for the falsehoods of lunatics. How was it possible that, shut up there, he could find a knife? If Dr. Meyer would only tell him where they were kept he would find a dozen cheerfully, but otherwise how could he? and so on day by day as Dr. Meyer came to see him. A week thus passed away, and then P., becoming tired of his confinement, began to relax a little, and at last told Dr. Meyer that if he would come alone to his cell, he would show him something—not a knife of course—that they knew he had not got, but still there was something to be seen. To this most uninviting proposition Dr. Meyer of course declined to assent. Whatever Mr. P. had to show in his cell must be shown to Dr. Meyer accompanied by his warders. Upon this the negotiation again fell through, till nearly a fortnight elapsed, when at last P. sullenly gave in, and went with the warders and Dr. Meyer to his cell. Arrived here P. removed his bed, and kneeling down, took out carefully one of the pine knots in the boards which fitted into its hole like a cork, and which when removed gave a little spot of access to the space between the floor and the ceiling beneath. P. then produced from an obscure corner of his cell a piece of cotton, to which was attached a pin bent like a hook, and dropping this into the hole he began a long and weary fishing to catch something, while Dr. Meyer and the warders stood patiently watching. At last P.'s efforts were successful, and he hooked up a thread of worsted through the hole and then sat sullenly down upon the floor. That was all he had to show. Dr. Meyer, however, thought differently, and lifted out the thread through the hole, and lo, attached to it was a knife pointed and sharpened to the keenness of a razor!

BY THE NIGHT TRAIN.

(Concluded.)

I remember one agonised moment of suspense as I was violently thrust forward, one hurried frenzied prayer that rose from my heart to my lips, but was drowned by the roar and rush of the long train of massive carriages as they tore along the iron way. I was launched out, and felt myself falling, and then I dropped with a crash, and my brain reeled, and sensation seemed again to desert me.

On coming gradually to myself, my first vague perception was, that I formed a part of some vast moving body speeding swiftly along, swinging and swaying, but rushing fast through the cool night air. Then, as memory returned, I began to realise my position. In falling, when the assassins had thrown me out of the carriage where the robbery had taken place, I had dropped upon the wooden plank that runs like an elongated step below the carriages, and my hand had closed mechanically, in a

clutch like that of a drowning man, on some projecting portion of the iron-work above, which I presently conjectured to be the prop of one of the iron steps by which passengers ascend. And there I clung instinctively, like a limpet to a rock, while the swerving, swinging train flew madly on through the black night. It was a position of fearful peril. True, I had escaped immediate death; but to all appearance my fate was only deferred. The train was not to halt till it reached C—; I despaired of being able to hold on till then, for already my cramped sinews seemed to be stiffening, and my attitude was a painful and uneasy one. And by night there was no hope that my danger would be observed, and an alarm given, as I was hurled, helpless and despairing, through the darkness. The wounds I had received in my head caused me a dull, aching pain, and I was weak with loss of blood; but my thoughts were coherent and clear. I knew my risk well. If I fell now I must certainly be left behind, a mutilated corpse, torn to fragments by the cruel wheels that whirled and spun close by me. My only chance was to hold on—to hold on till I reached C—, if my strength lasted so long. Once or twice I essayed to cry for help, but my feeble voice was lost in the noise of the train. And presently I felt thankful that it had not been heard, for, from the window of the carriage to the left of where I lay crouching, was protruded the head of a man who peered out into the night; and I shrunk still closer to the woodwork as I recognised in the faint lamp-light the flat white face, the red-brown beard, the tigerish grin of the Russian, my late fellow-traveller. He did not see me, however, but resumed his seat with a well satisfied air.

On we went through the silent country, with scream and rush and roar,—now diving into tunnels, now plunging our way between deep banks, now among the dark trees and hedges. On past the lighted stations, where the signal was made that the road was clear, and where policemen, and porters, and passengers waiting for some slower train that stopped there, were to be seen watching us as we flew past. But they never saw me as I clung, with desperate gripe and aching limbs, to the swiftly-hurrying mass of wood and iron. Twice during that phantom ride I heard the shriek of a steam-whistle of a coming train, and twice I saw the red lamps and flame of the advancing engine, glaring through the dark like the angry eyes and lurid breath of some monstrous creature rushing down upon its prey. And then, with clang and clash, and deafening roar, and in the midst of a gust of wind, caused by its rapid progress, the long array of carriages went by me. On, on, as if impelled by a demon's force we flew; and still feebler grew my arm, and I felt despair and fatigue numb my faculties, and was half tempted to let go my hold and drop, and face the worst at once beneath the grinding sway of the merciless wheels.

Should we never be at C—? How long would that hideous night continue? Was it possible that my tired muscles would much longer endure the strain upon them? And then came a new thought. I remembered that in dear Carry's last letter she had made me a half-playful promise that she and my sister Clara and the rest would come down to the station and meet me there on the arrival of the night train. That recollection filled my tortured heart with a new anguish, as I thought of our mutual love, of the wedding-day so soon to come, and of poor Caroline's grief when she should be left, widowed of the betrothed bridegroom of her choice. And then the mental pain was conquered by physical weakness and distress, and my dull brain preserved nothing but a vague terror lest I should fall—fall beneath these pitiless iron wheels so close to me. And then I seemed to fall again into a waking dream, through which the lights of C— station gleamed very brilliantly.

Real lights! a real crowd! though the figures seemed to waver dimly before my dazzled eyes. The train had come to a dead stop. We really were at C—. I saw a commotion among those on the platform. I heard a shout of surprise, and men came running and lifted me from where I lay, and carried me between them into the station, the centre of a number of eager faces and cries of pity, amazement, and alarm. Among those faces was that of Caroline Lethbridge, and as she saw me, pale, bloody, and apparently dead, and heard me called dead by the heedless tongues around her, I tried in vain to speak, as I saw her totter and sink fainting in my sister's arms. And then I swooned again, and when medical care and rest brought back my senses, I read in the pitying looks of those about me that some fresh grief was in store for me. It was even so.

My Caroline was dangerously ill of a brain-fever, and though her life was saved, her reason, poor stricken thing, never was restored. As for myself, a long illness followed, and left me broken in health and spirits, and with hair that the horror of that hideous night had sprinkled with premature grey. Our two happy young lives were blighted by one stroke.

As for the Russian and his accomplice, all clue to them and to the stolen jewels were lost. Yet, soon or late, I cannot doubt that Justice will claim her own.

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