

information in spite of her previous determination not to worry him in his present condition. What he said to her can be briefly told elsewhere; what he ordered her to do was to return and watch the man, and not the woman.

During Lucy's hesitation, which was somewhat long, a clergyman came to the window, looked in, and promptly retired, seeing the Colonel had company. This, however, was only a modest curate, *alias* a detective. He saw in half a moment that this must be Mark Waddy's pal; he would not watch the girl's own way, but asked her to go with him, but asked her to go with him, with whom he had made acquaintance, to keep an eye upon that with his fellows, for there was a jail-bird in the house; then he went round a front-door, by which he felt sure his bird would make his exit. He had no earthly right to capture this ecclesiastic, but he was prepared if the Colonel, who was a magistrate, gave him the order, and not without.

But we are interrupting Colonel Clifford's interrogatories.

"Madam, what makes you think this disloyal person was my son?"

"Indeed, sir, I don't know," said the lady, and looking around the room with some signs of distress. "I begin to hope it was not your son. He was a tall young man, almost as tall as yourself. He was very handsome, with brown hair and eyes, and seemed incapable of deceit."

"Have you any letters of his?" inquired the Colonel.

"I had a great many, sir," said she, "but I have not kept them all."

"Have you one?" said the Colonel, sternly.

"Yes, sir," said Lucy, "I think I must have near twenty; but what good will they be to me, sir, affecting simplicity."

"Why, my dear madam," said Monckton, "Colonel Clifford is quite right; the handwriting may not tell you anything, but surely his own father knows it. I think he is offering you a very fair test. I must tell you plainly that if you don't produce the letters you say you possess, I shall regret having put myself forward in this matter at all."

"Gently, sir," said the Colonel; "she has not refused to produce them."

Lucy put her hand in her pocket and drew out a packet of letters, but she hesitated, and looked timidly at Monckton, after his severity.

"Am I bound to part with them?"

"Certainly not," said Monckton, "but you can surely trust them for a minute to such a man as Colonel Clifford. I am of opinion," said he, "that since you cannot be contented with this gentleman's son (though that is no fault of yours), the letters (by-the-by, it would have been as well to show me) ought now at once to be submitted to Colonel Clifford, that he may examine both the contents and the handwriting; then he will know whether it is his son or not; and probably, as you are fair with him, he will be fair with you and tell you the truth."

Colonel Clifford took the letters and ran his eye hastily over two or three; they were filled with the ardent protestations of youth, and a love that evidently looked toward matrimony, and they were written and signed in a handwriting he knew as well as his own.

He said, solemnly:

"These letters are written and were sent to Miss Lucy Muller by my son, Walter Clifford."

Then, almost for the first time in his life, he broke down, and said:

"God forgive him! God help him and me! The honor of the Cliffords is an empty sound."

Lucy Monckton rose from her chair in genuine agitation. Her better angel tugged at her heart-strings.

"Forgive me, sir, oh, forgive me!" she cried, bursting into tears.

Then she caught a bitter threatening glance of her bad angel fixed upon her, and she said to Monckton:

"I can say no more. I can do no more. It was fourteen years ago—I can't break people's hearts. Hush it up amongst you. I have made a hero worship; his tears burn me. I don't care for the man; I'll go no further. You, sir, have taken a deal of trouble and expense. I dare say that Colonel Clifford will compensate you; I leave the matter with you. No power shall make me act in it any more."

Monckton wrote hastily on his card, and said, quite calmly:

"Well, I really think, madam, you are not fit to take part in such a conference as this. Compose yourself and retire. I know your mind in the matter better than you do yourself at this moment, and I will act accordingly."

She retired, and drove away to the Dun Cow, which was the place Monckton had appointed when he wrote upon the card.

"Colonel Clifford," said Monckton, "all that is a woman's way. When she is out of sight of you, and thinks over her desecration and her unfortunate condition—neither maid, wife, nor widow—she will be angry with me if I don't obtain her some compensation."

"She deserves compensation," said the Colonel, gravely.

"Especially if she holds her tongue," said Monckton.

"Whether she holds her tongue or not," said the Colonel, "I don't see how I can hold mine, and you have already told my daughter-in-law. A separation between her and my son is inevitable. The compensation must be offered—and God help me, I'm a magistrate—if only to compound the felony."

"Surely," said Monckton, "it can be put upon a wider footing than that; let me think," and he turned away to the open window; but when he got there he saw a lot of miners clustering about. Now he had no fear of their recognizing him, since he had not left a vestige of the printed description. But the very sight of them, and the memory of what they had done to his dead accomplice, made him shudder at them. Henceforth he kept away from the window, and turned his back to it.

"I think with you, sir," said he, mellancholously, "that she ought to have a few thousands by way of compensation. You know she could claim alimony, and a very blister to you and yours. But on the other hand I do think, as an impartial person, that she ought to keep this sad secret most faithfully, and even take her maiden name again."

While Monckton was making this impartial proposal, Bartley opened the door, and was coming forward with his deed, when he heard a voice he recognized; and partly by that, and partly by the fellow's thin lips, he recognized him and said:

"Monckton! That villain there!"

"Monckton!" said Colonel Clifford; "that is not his name. It is Meredith. He is a clergyman."

Bartley examined him very suspiciously, and Monckton, during this examination, looked perfectly calm and innocent.

Meanwhile, note was brought to Colonel Clifford from Grace.

"Papa was the witness. He is quite sure the bridegroom was not Mr. Waddy. He thinks it must have been the other clerk, Leonard Monckton, who robbed Mr. Bartley, and put some of the money into Mr. Waddy's pockets to ruin him; but papa saved him. Don't let him escape."

Colonel Clifford's eye flashed with triumph, but he controlled himself; he said to Meredith:

"Say I will give it due attention," said he; "I'm busy now."

And the servant retired.

"Now, sir," said he, "is this a case of mistaken identity, or is your name Leonard Monckton?"

"Colonel Clifford," said the hypocrite, sadly, "I little thought that I should be asked to suffer for the past, since I came here only on an errand of mercy. Yes, sir, in my unregenerate days I was Leonard Monckton. I disgraced the name. But I repented, and when I adopted the sacred calling of a clergyman I parted with the past name, and all I was that man's clerk; and so," said he, spitefully, and forgetting his sing-song, "was your son, Walter Clifford. Was that not so, Mr. Bartley?"

"Don't speak to me, sir," said Bartley. "I shall say nothing to gratify you nor to affront Colonel Clifford."

"Speak the truth, sir," said Colonel Clifford; "never mind the consequences."

"Well, then," said Bartley, very unwillingly, "they were clerks in my office, and this one robbed me."

"One thing at a time," said Monckton. "Did I rob you of twenty thousand pounds, as you robbed Mr. Walter Clifford?"

His voice became still more incisive, and the curtain of the little room opened a little and two eyes of fire looked in.

"Do you remember one fine day your clerk, Walter Clifford, asking you for leave of absence—to be married?"

Mr. Bartley turned his back on him contemptuously.

But Colonel Clifford insisted on his reply.

"Yes, he did," said Bartley sullenly.

"But," said Colonel Clifford, quietly, "he thought better of it, and so—you married her yourself."

This bayonet thrust was so keen and sudden that the villain's self-possession left him for once. His mouth opened in dismay, and his eyes, roving to and fro, seemed to seek a door of escape.

But there was worse in store for him. The curtains were drawn right and left with power, and there stood Grace Clifford, beautiful, but pale and terrible. She marched toward him with eyes that rooted him to the spot, and then she stopped, and said:

"Now, hear me; for he has tortured me, and tried to kill me. Look at his white face turning ghastly beneath his paint at the sight of me; look at his thin lips, and his devilish eyebrows, and his restless eyes. THIS IS THE MAN THAT BRIBED THAT WRETCH TO FIRE THE MINE!"

These last words, ringing from her lips like the trumpet of doom, were answered, as if by a gunpowder explosion at a lighted torch, by a furious yell, and in a moment the room seemed a forest of wild beasts.

A score of raging miners came upon him from every side, dragging, tearing, beating, kicking, cursing, yelling. He was down in a moment, then stood up again, then dragged out of the room, nails, fists and heavy boots all going, stripped to the shirt, screaming like a woman.

A dozen assailants rolled down the steps, with him in the midst of them. He got clear for a moment, but twenty more rushed at him and again he was torn and battered and kicked.

"Police! police!" he cried.

And, at last, the detectives who came to seize him rushed in, and Colonel Clifford, too, with the voice of a stentor, cried:

"The law! Respect the law, or you are ruined men."

And, at last, the law he had so dreaded raised what seemed a bag of bones, nothing left on him but one boot and fragments of a shirt, ghastly, bleeding, covered with bruises, insensible, and to all appearance dead.

After a short consultation, they carried him, by Colonel Clifford's order, to the Dun Cow, where Lucy, it may be remembered, was awaiting his triumphant return.

pray, sir, why did you not interfere sooner and prevent this lawless act?"

"Well, sir, unfortunately we were at the other side of the house."

"Exactly; you had orders to be in one place, so you must be in another. See the consequences. The honest men have put themselves in the wrong, and this fellow in the right. He will die a sort of victim, with his guilt suspected only, not proved."

Having thus snubbed the Force, the old soldier turned his back on them and went home, where Grace met him, all anxiety, and received his report. She implored him not to proceed any further against the man, and declared she would fly the country rather than go into a court of law as witness against him.

"Humph!" said the Colonel; "but you are the only witness."

"All the better for him," said she; "then he will die in peace. My tongue has killed the man once; shall never kill him again."

About six o'clock Monckton beckoned to Lucy. She came eagerly to him; he whispered to her:

"Can you keep a secret?"

"You know I can," she said.

"Then never let anyone know I have spoken."

"No, dear, never. Why?"

"I dread the law more than death," and he shuddered all over. "Save me from the law."

"Leonard, I will," said she. "Leave that to me."

She wired for Mr. Middleton as soon as possible.

The next day there was no change in the patient. He never spoke to anybody, except a word or two to Lucy, in a whisper, when they were quite alone.

In the evening down came Lawyer Middleton. He was told from what she knew, but Monckton would not speak, even to him. He had to get hold of Waddy before he understood the whole case.

Waddy was in Monckton's secret, and, indeed, in everybody's. He knew it was folly to deceive your lawyer, so he was frank. Mr. Middleton learned his client's guilt and danger, but also that his enemies had flaws in their armor.

The first shot he fired was to get warrants out against a dozen miners, Jim Davies included, for a murderous assault; but he made no arrests, he only summoned. So one or two took flight and fled. Middleton had counted on that, and it made the case worse for those that remained. Then, by means of friends in Derby, he worked the Press.

An article appeared headed, "Our Savages." It related with righteous indignation how Mr. Bartley's miners had burned the dead body of a miner suspected of having fired the mine, and put his own life in jeopardy as well as those of others; and then, not content with that monstrous act, had fallen upon and beaten to death a gentleman in whom they thought they detected a resemblance to some person who had been, or was suspected of being, the miner's accomplice; "but so far from that," said the writer, "we are now informed, on sure authority, that the gentleman in question is a large and wealthy land proprietor, quite beyond any temptation to crime or dishonesty, and had actually visited this part of the world only in the character of a peace maker, and to discharge a very delicate commission, which it would not be our business to publish, even if the details had been confided to us."

The article concluded with a hope that these monsters "would be taught that even if they were below the standard of humanity they were not above the law."

Middleton attended the summonses, gave his name and address, and informed the magistrate that his client was a large landed proprietor, and it looked like a case of mistaken identity. His client was actually dying of his injuries, but his wife hoped for justice.

But the detectives had taken care to be present, and as they put in their word, they said that they were prepared to prove, at proper time, that the wounded man was really the person who had been heard by Mrs. Walter Clifford to bribe Ben Burnley to fire the mine.

"We have nothing to do with that row," said the magistrate. "One thing at a time, please. I cannot let these people murder a convicted felon, far less a suspected criminal that has not been tried. The wounded man proceeds, according to law, through a respectable attorney. These men, whom you are virtually defending, have taken the law into their own hands. Are your witnesses here, Mr. Middleton?"

"Not at present, sir; and when I was interrupted, I was about to ask your worship to grant me an adjournment for that purpose. It will not be a great hardship to the accused, since we proceed by summons. I fear I have been too lenient, for two or three of them have absconded since the summons was served."

"I am not surprised at that," said the magistrate; "however, you know your own business."

Then the police applied for a warrant of arrest against Monckton.

"Oh!" cried Middleton, with the air of a man thoroughly shocked and scandalized.

(To be continued.)

Try Ayer's Pills and be cured. Misery is a mild word to describe the mischief to body and mind caused by habitual constipation. The regular use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills in mild doses will restore the torpid viscera to healthy action.

LACROSSE.

Sir,—In accordance with the constitution of this association I forward you for publication the council's decision in the Montreal-Shamrock dispute. The council have decided against the complaint, and the Shamrock Lacrosse Club are now the champions. The vote was as follows:

Against the complaint—1, W F Winslow, Paris; 2, D Stewart, Ottawa; 3, H Lebrun, Peterboro; 4, J Ryan, Toronto; 5, J Hoobin, Montreal; 6, J Murphy, Toronto; 7, H J P Good, Toronto; 8, A A Smith, Cornwall.

In favor of the complaint—1, Ross Mackenzie, Toronto; 2, R M Orchard, Brantford; 3, Dan A Ross, Toronto; 4, H O'Laughlin, St. Catharines.

Did not vote—Angus Grant, Montreal, and J Manning, Brantford.

Yours, etc., DAN A. ROSS, Hon. Secretary.

Toronto, Sept. 8.

EXECUTING AN EXPLORER.

ACCOUNT OF THE SHOOTING OF PRIVATE HENRY BY ONE OF THE GREELY PARTY WHO TOOK PART IN THE KILLING.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 9.—Sergt. Fredericks, of the Greely party expedition, is in the city. Your correspondent was surprised at the florid complexion and hearty appearance of the explorer, but this was explained by Mr. Fredericks.

My normal weight is 162 pounds. When the Greely party was rescued I weighed 168. Yesterday it was 173, and I am losing flesh daily. This superb feast that you see hanging to my bones, a sort of reaction from starvation. I am still weak, and the heat is trying to me. It is only in the past day or two that I have been able to do without a fan. I have had smothering sensations, but am now coming round all right. I am limited to simple fare, such as oatmeal, arrowroot and milk punch, and ate my first solid food, such as vegetables, a few days ago. It may seem strange to you to hear me say that it is harder to endure an increase of daily rations than a decrease. Up in the Arctic our decrease was gradual and endurable. Our stomachs adjusted themselves to a diminishing supply and became so accustomed to a trifle of food that a large amount causes a heaviness that is not only painful and swelling in its effect, but creates a horrible craving for more. As to my flannel complexion, that is due to the effects of the Arctic winds.

Your correspondent solicited a discussion of the charges of cannibalism made against the Greely party. The attention of Mr. Fredericks was called to a widely-published dispatch which charged selfishness on the part of himself and Long, and a determination on their part to live, whatever became of the rest of the party.

"It is a lie from the word go," said Fredericks. "So, too, is the statement that there were two factions in the Greely party. I never saw a party so united and harmonious as was the Greely party. The only man who ever disobeyed an order was shot. This was Henry, as you know. So far as I know there is no foundation for the charge. It might have been that there was some cannibalism, for the stomachs of the men were in no condition to take such food. To speak definitely, I myself saw no instance of cannibalism."

"Did you see Henry shot?"

"I did. Theft of food supplies was proven against him in several instances, and four or five times he promised to reform. We demanded his life of Greely, but Greely was chicken-hearted, or rather too big-hearted, and begged him off. All the time Henry kept in a good physical condition, coming out in the spring as sleek as he was in the winter. One day I saw him take food from a man without arms or legs, and from another who was drawing his last breath. I upbraided him for his conduct, but he was indifferent and afterwards boasted that he was able to take care of himself. The party became a unit against him and demanded that Greely should issue a death warrant or allow it to proceed without. Greely finally consented and the order was secretly issued. Now, mind you, Henry was as supple as ever, and if he had known that an order for his death had been issued he would have killed us all, for we were so weak that we could not defend ourselves, and could barely walk with a gun. Three guns were loaded—I can't tell you who loaded them—two of them with balls, the other with a blank cartridge. The three were placed on the ground and an equal number of men detailed to take them up for the execution."

"Who were the men?"

"Brainard, Long and myself were the three. We did not know who loaded the gun with blank cartridge. Nobody knows except the man who loaded the gun. We were then ordered to proceed to the execution. We found Henry down on the coast and alone, about 150 yards away, in the very act of collecting seal-skins which were devoted for the subsistence of the entire party. Henry did not know that we were about to kill him, but he knew that he had been warned time and again that he would be killed if he persisted in appropriating the food of the party. We walked to within twenty yards of him, and the ranking man said: 'Henry, we are now compelled to carry out our orders.' The order to fire was given and the man dropped dead. There was no missing him at that time, and the aim from each of the two men, whoever they were who carried the bullets in their guns, was fatal. Henry did not say a word before or after he shot."

THE PLENARY COUNCIL.

ARCHBISHOP GIBBONS CALLS CATHOLIC PRELATES TO MEET AT BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, Md., Sept. 9.—A pastoral letter from Archbishop Gibbons was read in all the churches of the archdiocese to-day relating to the assembling of the Plenary Council in November. The pastoral states:

Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., out of his paternal solicitude for the welfare of all the faithful committed to his care, has desired all the bishops of the Church in the United States to assemble in Plenary Council to consider the best means for promoting the salvation of souls in this portion of the Lord's vineyard and because of the infirm health of His Holiness the Cardinal Archbishop of New York, who was so well qualified to preside, not only on account of his high office, but also of his mature wisdom and weight of merits, His Holiness was pleased to appoint us to convocate by his apostolic authority the third Plenary Council of Baltimore and preside over the same as apostolic delegate. We therefore, dearly beloved brethren and children, now make known to you that, in witness of this authority, we have by our letters of date March 27, of this year, convoked the third Plenary Council, to convene in our metropolitan church at Baltimore, on the 9th day of November, in this year of our Lord, 1884. Eighteen years have now elapsed since the last Plenary Council was held, and we have reason to be devoutly thankful to God for the steady progress which religion has made in the United States since that period. It cannot fail to be a source of consolation and benefit to the chief pastors of the Church of America to meet again, after so long an interval, to recount their trials, their hopes and their successes in their respective fields of labor, to interchange views, to enlighten each by mutual counsel and to derive that strength and confidence which result from the reunion of earnest men engaged in the same holy mission.

Every State and diocese of the Union will be represented at the approaching Council by prelates and priests, and although they are descended from diverse nations and speak every European tongue, they are all united by the bonds of a common faith and animated by the spirit of fraternal charity. The object for which this Council is summoned, as you are well aware, is not to formulate new dogmas of faith, for the only doctrine we preach now is "the faith once delivered to the saints." Nor will our deliberations have any political significance to redress, no political aspirations to gratify. The Church of God has no direct relations with politics; political intrigues form no part of her divine mission; the kingdom of Christ and of His Church "is not of this world."

She renders to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's.

The enactment of salutary laws for the promotion of piety and sound morals, the correction of abuses, the establishment, so far as is practicable, of greater uniformity in ecclesiastical discipline, the development of the Christian commonwealth, the quickening and strengthening of the bonds of charity, which should bind us all as members of the Christian family to our God and to each other—these are the signal blessings at which we aim in assembling together. May the Supreme Legislator, the source of all light, by the sole suggestor and guide of all our judgments, so that we may in no wise stray from the path of equity. May we so temper justice with charity that our decisions may be approved by Him by whom "Kings reign and law givers decree just things." With the view of obtaining the divine light by union of prayer, we deem it advisable to ordain the following exercises of devotion for this archdiocese:

1. The collect *de Spiritu Sancto* will be added in the mass till the close of the Council.

2. All the religious communities of both sexes, will recite the daily hymn of the Holy Ghost, *Intra Octavas Spiritus Sancti*.

3. The Litany of the Saints will be publicly recited in the parish churches, either before or after high mass, on every Sunday till the first Sunday of November, inclusive.

BREVITIES.

The Bank of Fort Edward, N. Y., has suspended.

The French government denies that China has declared war.

It is understood John McCulloch, the actor, is recovered.

It is thought the New Brunswick Bank will resume shortly.

H.M.S. Northampton is expected at Halifax, N.S., next week.

The Belgian Senate has adopted the new bill on primary education.

About 1,200 militia are in camp at Aldershot, King's County, N.B.

There is much destitution among the Pittsburgh iron and glass workers.

The contract for the new art building at Quebec will be given out this week.

The Gilchrist scholarship for the present year has been won by W. Dull, of New Brunswick.

The condition of the U.S. cotton crop is estimated to be lower than on the 1st of August.

Some of the trunk railways are allowing \$6 as commission on tickets from New York to Chicago.

The Toronto Industrial Exhibition was formally opened yesterday afternoon by the Lieut.-Governor.

It is reported that Bismarck repudiates the authorization of the German annexations on the African coast.

It is announced that the Earl of Dufferin, now ambassador to Turkey, has been appointed Viceroy of India.

Later returns from the county of Halton increase the majority against the petition to repeal the Scott Act to 188.

The Glasgow iron masters threaten to close a portion of their furnaces unless the landlords and railways reduce charges.

It is rumored that Mr. Allison, M. P. for Hants, will shortly be appointed collector of customs and postmaster at Windsor, N. S.

The Prince of Wales has expressed a desire to make a tour of Ireland with the Princess. The matter will be decided by the cabinet.

The United States agricultural department agents estimate the yields of the wheat-increasing countries of Europe at 260,000,000 bushels.

The artillery competitions at Quebec, the Halifax team are ahead in the ordnance shifting competition, and the Englishmen in the firing.

It is said that negotiations are on the tapis between the Pacific and the North Shore Railway Companies for the sale of the road to the former.

It was currently reported in Toronto yesterday that the appointment to the vacant judgeship in the Court of Queen's Bench for Ontario had been offered to and accepted by James Beatty, M. P. for West Toronto.

Immigration returns for August show the total number of arrivals as 14,836, and for the eight months since 1st January, 112,512. The number of settlers in Canada during the month was 8,941, and since 1st January 64,235.

Exhaustive reports on the tobacco crop from 500 correspondents of the *New England Homestead*, covering all the seed leaf tobacco growing sections in the United States, indicate that the crop now nearly harvested is the best in growth and quality raised for years.

A FORTY-SIX DAYS FAST.

LONDON, Sept. 9.—The ability of a human being to exist for a long period without natural food has been again demonstrated in a recent instance, which has been investigated with much interest by the Austrian doctors. A peasant woman lost her way in a Bohemian forest, and was unable to return to her home. She wandered many miles, and at length sank down exhausted and was unconscious and unable to respond when her neighbors went through the forest looking and calling for her. Parties of villagers continued to search for her in vain, and at the end of a month all hope of finding her alive was abandoned. On the forty-sixth day after she had been lost she was discovered by accident. The woman was still alive, but was in a most pitiable condition. She had subsisted entirely by sucking dew from the leaves and by eating grass. When found she was surrounded by a number of half-famished foxes, evidently awaiting the death of their expected prey.

A Great Problem.

—Takes all the Kidney and Liver Medicines.

—Take all the Blood purifiers.

—Take all the Rheumatic remedies.

—Take all the Dyspepsia and indigestion cures.

—Take all the *Ague*, Fever, and bilious specifics.

—Take all the Brain and Nerve restorers.

—Take all the Great health restorers.

—In short, take all the best qualities of all these, and the —best

—Qualities of all the best medicines in the world, and you will find that —Hop

—Bitters have the best curative qualities and powers of all —concentrated

—In them, and that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or —combined

—Fail. A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism. Since then I have been unable to be acute at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were pulled up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has worked a miracle in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave. J. W. MOREY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, 1881.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it."—A WORKINGMAN.

Many genuine without a bunch of green Hop on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

GREAT FIRES.

LONDON, Sept. 10.—Stooks & Co.'s leather works at Leeds have been burned. Loss, £80,000.

TELEGRAPH LINE DESTROYED.

The telegraph line between Samariland and Bokhara has been destroyed.

OBITUARY.

DUBLIN, Sept. 10.—Dennis Duggan, a well-known Fenian is dead.

A CHINESE EDITORIAL.

THE "SHUEN-YE-POW" SAYS CHINA CAN FIGHT BETTER TO-DAY.

In the leading Chinese newspaper, the *Hong Kong Shuen-ye-Pow*, of July 21, 1884, appeared the following editorial upon the Franco-Chinese war:

"It is painfully evident to all familiar with the course of recent events that France has determined to chastise China right or wrong. The lying pretence that we defended Tonquin and the hollow pretext that we have no reason to indemnify them for attacking our vessel and territory have been made use of to justify them in further rapine and slaughter. They deliberately ignore the fact that what resistance they encountered after passing the Tonquinese border into our land was made not by us as we might rightly have done, but by Annamese forces and independent Black Flags. The Imperial government declined to fight even when it was in the right. It put forward the plea of poverty in order to save the property and lives of its subjects. What was done by Chinamen in Tonquin was done by them in their individual capacity, and done when smarting under the destruction of their homes and business and under the tyranny of French martial law.

"THE GALIC SAVAGES."

"This was bad, brutal and barbarous enough. But it grows worse when these Galic savages threaten violence to our civilization and people. Then, if ever, the Government and the individual should unite and rise in opposition to these blood-thirsty and arrogant foreigners. We can do better to-day than in our last war with European Powers. That pitious conflict taught us that our civilization, however potent in peace and for peace, was impotent in war. Humanity and charity suffice the savage hordes whom we have civilized, but are meaningless to those nations whose type of man is a cut-throat and whose only aim is to despoil and slaughter a weak antagonist.

"In fifteen years we have expended millions upon forts and navies, upon rifles and cannons, upon European teachers of the art of murder. We have, and it is a disgusting confession to make, a good navy and an equally good army. Let us show these Western marauders that they have taught us something, even if it be of evil, and let us put to their lips the cup of blood that they once forced us to drink.

"If it is our heart to learn that our nation to-day feels and thinks alike. When victory

DEATH OF THE QUEEN OF THE MIDGEES.

After a very brief but public career, Lily Evans, the Birmingham midget, died suddenly on August 17th. She was only nine inches in length, weighed ten ounces, and aged six weeks and four days. For the sum of 30s per week this tiny object exhibited her several times during the hour for the small sum of "one penny" from each visitor. After being thus exhibited from 9 in the morning till 12 at night on Saturday, the little one showed signs of illness and died as already stated. By order of the coroner, an officer attended the funeral to insure the burial of the corpse, as it had been intimated that the parents were about to sell their dead child, so that little Lily had a very popular funeral on Sunday last.