

Our Monte Carlo correspondent telegraphs that Miss Malcomson, a young lady of independent means and well known in London Society, yesterday attempted suicide. She has attracted considerable attention during her stay in the principality, both by the splendour of her costumes and her daring play at the tables. This morning she was found unconscious in her bedroom at the Hôtel de Paris, and it was at first thought that the young lady had inadvertently taken an overdose of the morphia prescribed by doctors as a cure for her sleeplessness. But a letter from the young lady herself contained the painful announcement that she was tired of life, and had overdosed on purpose. There is no more to this Monte Carlo sensation.—The morphia has not killed the young lady: she will soon be well enough for Casino authorities to escort her to a railway carriage. That is all.—Fleet Street for a moment directs its great search-light upon Irene, and now she is again in darkness.

Then once more she is seen, but less vividly—by the Fashionably Intelligent:—

"A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between the Honourable Reginald Papworth, second son of Lord Sunningdale, and Miss Irene Malcomson, youngest daughter of the late Lionel Malcomson, Esq."

Tourists came to the castle as of old. It had been so long a show-place that one could not without unkindness shut its gates against the tourist herd. Thus, on drowsy summer afternoons, its courts echoed to the tread of many footsteps; and from the garden terrace, you could hear the sound of strange voices mingling with the murmur of bees in the flower border, the faint song of haymakers in the meadows, the puff and rattle of a distant train. The tourists, conversationally buzzing as they moved, were like a swarm of bluebottle flies—rather a nuisance, but not really doing one any harm. . . . "This is the great hall. Very old. Fourteenth Century. Except the Minstrel Gallery—of much later date." The daughter of the gate-house, now a buxom matron, leads each swarm of buzzing flies, and tells them the tale of the castle. "Look up, ladies and gentlemen, to the small hole or orifice in the roof—the only chimney provided by the