

Here last year to see the dead beggar whom they carried in from the wayside, the place was full of willing hands and happy faces; now it's like the shade of penitence—every one hath run away from it.

Quitting the kitchen, he proceeded to the servants' chambers along the passage leading to the buttery; but though he called and knocked on the door, and finally examined their beds, not one was to be found; even their garments were no longer to be seen hanging from the hooks about the room, nor their trunks and boxes arranged as usual along the walls.

"Dear me," muttered the old man, hobbling out from the last room, and looking alternately to both ends of the corridor, "I fear me there must be something wrong. God forgive me if I did ought to drive them away. I don't remember if I did. I didn't intend it. How, there! Sewall, Biddle, Stinson, come out from your hiding places. Come! as ye drank too much in my absence, why, I'll forgive ye. Be not ashamed—I'll pardon ye right willingly. No answer—no answer. O dear me; how silent are these passages! My voice almost frightens me. And Reddy, where is he gone? How, Reddy! what dost thou do, man? Hasten thee, haste thee; for I fear would have a sup of wine and a morsel of bread to support me against the weakness I feel coming about my heart. Why dost thou not speak, man? And thus ejaculating, he made his way to the buttery, and threw open the door. The place was empty. "Not a living thing to be seen or heard," he muttered, shaking his head; "not even the creaking of a mouse behind the shelves. Dear me; how deserted I begin to feel! not a cat to mew, nor a dog to wag; his last acknowledgment of my acquaintance. I'm like the last man of the human race, when all the rest are dead and gone. And Reddy, too, hath abandoned me; O dear, O dear!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

The bitter thoughts in which the knight indulged grew more and more painful, as minutes after minutes passed without any sign of Reddy's return. The shadows of night, too, began to fall across the low and narrow windows, bringing with them still deeper gloom round the sinking heart of the old recluse.

"O my God," he murmured at length, leaning on his cane, as he slowly knelt down on the flags of the deserted corridor, and took off his hat in lowly reverence, "I humble myself before thy overruling justice. I acknowledge myself a sinner in thy sight. I know I have not loved thee as I ought. I fear me I have suffered my theories to impose between thee and me; but I will do so no more; I will renounce them all if thou wilt not abandon me. My child hath forsaken me, and my servants have fled away as from a leper; even the one I trusted most of all is gone, and I'm left here alone, a very miserable, desolate old man. But if thou wilt help me, I shall be strong. Grant me but strength to reach my daughter's side; give me but to see her round my dying bed, to touch her hand, to kiss her once pure and loving lips before I die, and I promise thee I shall never touch a beetle or a butterfly again. That is, I mean," (correcting himself quickly), "after I shall have completed the collection, and finished the theory on bronchial respiration. The work is nearly done, and I know thou wilt not be jealous with me for devoting a few days' study to its completion. I need not say a word more on the subject, not a word, for thou knowest my heart, and how ardently I have ever observed my promises. So I am content to sacrifice my collections, and resign all my books; that is, always excepting the four great fathers, with Origen and Tertullian thrown in, for reference; and Brockton too—though it goeth to my heart to part with the old place—on consideration of being once more referred to. Alas! So God be pleased to make the sacrifice! And thus concluding, the knight with great difficulty was endeavoring to regain his feet, when Reddy, who was standing for some time behind him at the corner of a narrow passage, took his arm, and assisted him to rise.

"Ha," said the knight, looking up at Reddy's face, as the latter lifted him on his feet, "I concluded thou hadst gone also."

"Where to, sir?"

"Why, hem!—hem! abandoned me, like the rest."

"Shure, I could ye I wudn't go till ye'd pay me my wages."

"And then—what then?"

"O, have immediately, to be sure; why not?"

"Very well—certainly—thou'st a perfect right to leave if thou pleasest," asserted Sir Geoffrey, thrusting his hand into his pocket and drawing out his purse. "I would not have thee remain against thy will for the world. Here, take this for the present," he added, handing the wallet to Reddy with all the liberality of a prince. "When we meet again I shall give thee more. So God be with thee, Reddy, and grant thee comfort in thy old days, for all the kindness thou hast done to me."

"Bogorra, master, it's mighty queer if ye'd be other piltin' me off with that trifle," said Reddy, turning out the few shillings the purse contained, and holding them up in the palm of his hand.

"Dear me," said the knight, "is that all?"

"Bedad, it's no wonder ye'd say it. Bad as it is, it's a bit of a consolation for my boys atween here and Tyrone."

"Well, thou must have value then; go in there to the buttery, and take what thou pleasest."

"There's nothin' there," replied Reddy, shaking his head.

"The silver plate, I mean; the tankards, goblets, and such like."

Reddy smiled sadly.

"What! thou surely dost not mean—?"

"Bedad, it's the truth, sir; there's not a bit of silver plate or y'er nail left in the walls 'till this house."

"Bless me! dear me, is it possible?" exclaimed the knight, staggering back against the wall, and looking at Reddy in utter astonishment. "Did they take all?"

"Not as much as a goblet to drink out of, nor a wine glass, I may say, to pick up. Here, sir, sit down and take this bit of candy and a crust 'till bread; it's all I could find, after a long search, till to offer ye."

"So it's come to this at last, Reddy," murmured the knight, looking sadly at the scanty refreshment the (once princely) hall of Brockton could afford. "And the wine, too, is gone. This, Reddy, seems almost incredible. I saw my servants all around me this morning, methinks, when I alighted at the door. Is it possible they could rob the house in so short a time?"

"Certainly not," replied Reddy. "But haven't they been robbin' ye day after day these five years? Shure they might steal the bed from under ye for all you knew or cared about it. An as for gold, I'll warrant they were ready to go any time they saw the danger comin'."

"So, then, I'm not able to requite thee for thy faithful service, either in value or coin."

"Niver mind," said Reddy; "I'll trust ye."

"O, no, not at all," replied Sir Geoffrey, looking sideways at a diamond ring on his little finger. "Thou hast earned thy wages right honestly, and shalt not leave without them."

"What're ye lookin' at that for, Sir Geoffrey, inquired Reddy.

"This ring?"

"Ay, sir."

"Why, I was thinking of giving thee—hem!—only it's here," said he, pointing to the chapel; "she gave it me the morning she died; so I believe I couldn't do it."

"O, by no manner of means," replied Reddy.

"'Twould be a kind of sacrilege, I suppose."

"Av coorse it would."

"And what then?" inquired Sir Geoffrey; "I have nothing else left."

"Well," responded Reddy, "I must only wait till we get to London. If ye say ye'll pay me there, why, av coorse, I'll take yer word for it. So, come away now, and let me put ye to bed, for we must rise early the morrow, if we'd escape this Houghton and his villainous crew. Bedad, I must make haste and get the horses ready for the journey, ye know; come, master; yer tired, and want some rest."

As Sir Geoffrey and his trusty henchman wended their way slowly, through the long passages, towards the knight's room, under piles of old rusty armor, hanging from the ceilings, and tapestries falling in shreds from the damp walls, both maintained, for a while, a sad and mournful silence. The shades of evening, now deepening into night, and relieved here and there by the few stray moonbeams that struggled through the trees, and found their way, at length, into the corridors by the massive windows, lent to the scene an aspect of loneliness and desolation that weighed down the heart of the old man more and more at every step, and made him grasp the arm of Reddy the tighter, as if to assure himself by its touch that there was one yet in the world who did not abandon him in his hour of sorrow.

"He had no daughter to desert him," said the knight, at length, breaking abruptly on the solemn silence that prevailed, and speaking in connection with a point he had been hitherto silently discussing with himself.

"Who'd ye mane, sir?"

"Job."

"Nevertheless, he was a man of very respectable patience under affliction, Reddy. More than I have, I fear."

"Hush!" exclaimed Reddy, stopping suddenly, and pointing to a figure that had just crossed the window at the end of the hall.

"Who's that? Sewall! by all that's bad, it is! How, there! Sewall, come back; Sir Geoffrey wants to speak to ye." But the figure vanished in an instant round the corner of the passage.

"That scoundrel," muttered Reddy, "is plottin' some deep villainy, an has some hidin' place in this house, where he burrows till he has finished it."

"Dear me!" said the knight, "dost think I'm so bad as that?"

"He's no worse than I could ye be was, four times."

"What! thinkest thou he hath betrayed me to this Houghton fellow?"

"Jist as shurely as there's a sun in the sky above ye, he has, and that through his brother-in-law Davidson; him ye would the farm to. An, bogorra, if Houghton don't find he's sold himself, before long, I'm mighty far astray in my reckonin'.

Houghton expects the gold, as Sir Thomas Plimpton expects the property; but he'll soon find it's one thing to expect, an another to get."

Here Sir Geoffrey trod on a hard substance, which so twisted his foot as to make him stumble.

"Ah," ejaculated the knight, looking down, "an old nail, I suppose, that fell from the wall."

Reddy let go the knight's arm, and picked it up.

"It's the steel of a tinder box," said Reddy, "and dropped by Sewall in his hurry to escape."

In another minute they had reached Sir Geoffrey's bed chamber, and Reddy, having bid his master good night, and promised to call on him early on the morrow, withdrew to make preparations for the journey.

The stable was the first place to which Reddy directed his steps; but, to his utter disappointment, he found the stalls empty, and the doors wide open.

Going from the stables to a little paddock immediately behind them, where the horses were sometimes turned out to pasture in the cool evening, he searched every nook and shady corner in the field, but no horse was to be seen. As he again vaulted over the paddock gate, and alighted on the opposite side, he felt his collar suddenly grasped by a strong hand, and his arms caught behind and plied over he could utter a word.

"Ha! thou scurvy varlet," cried a voice which Reddy recognized in an instant, "I'll pay thee right roundly for thy villainous and dastardly trick of this morning. Hold thy base tongue," he continued, as Reddy began to remonstrate against the violence he used, "or I'll pound thee through the gutlet as a butcher would an ox." Where's Master Sewall?"

"Where dy'st thou?" replied Reddy, assuming an appearance of the greatest composure, when he felt there was no chance of escape.

"Answer me, dog; whither went he?"

"To the devil, may be, where you and he ought to be, long ago."

"Take that for thy churlish speech, then," cried Houghton, dealing Reddy a blow on the head with the hilt of his dagger, which inflicted a deep gash, and made the blood flow copiously down his neck and over the collar of his doublet.

"Batter away," cried Reddy, instantly recovering from the shock, and looking round contemptuously at the trooper; "am I bound, ye see, and ye're nothing to fear. Batter away; it comes natural to ye to do the dirty thing."

"What, thou drivelling hind! Wouldst be insolent?" vociferated Houghton, again raising the dagger.

"Strike! man," pursued the imperturbable Reddy; "don't be afeared; the odds is in yer favor. There's five av ye here, an I'm all alone, and pinioned besides. Come, sir, up with yer weapon, an give the Celt another touch of the Saxon."

"How, Waglipet!" exclaimed the trooper, "off with thy gray neckcloth! and gag the scoundrel; and ye, Williams and Johnson, hold him fast till I find the steward."

"Waglipet! What!" exclaimed Reddy, turning to the little host of the White Hart, "an did you turn traitor too?"

"Nay, I'm no traitor," answered Waglipet. "Truly, I must confess to thee, I have received favors last many from Sir Geoffrey Wentworth, and—"

"Favor! Why, had I not to ye, ye spalpeen, didn't he take ye in when ye net to ramble about an orphan, 'thout a mother's soul to ask ye had ye a mouth on ye? didn't he take ye in to his own fire, and keep ye there till he made a man of ye?"

"Most true," replied Waglipet, "and right gratefu' am I for his kindness. But, when

the interest of our holy religion is concerned, I feel constrained to raise my voice, ye, my hand, against iniquity, should I detect it in my very brother, and battle with it even to the death."

"By Jaminny, then, it's a mighty wonderful change that's come over ye all at once—'pon my conscience ye niver was much given to scruples, av ouid."

"Ay, verily, I have been long living in the shadow of death, but the light hath at length appeared."

"The light? humph! what light dy'e mane?"

"The light of the holy gospel," responded Waglipet.

"The light of hell, ye ungrateful desavin' little blackguard," cried Reddy, no longer able to restrain himself, and striking the unfortunate convert on the heels with his yet unbound foot, threw him flat on his back.

So sudden was the fall that the little fellow lay there for a time stretched at full length, staring wildly round him, and unable to tell whether he was struck by lightning or enchantment.

The other members of the party (none of whom were known to Reddy—being, for the most part, hangers on of the tavern, whom Waglipet, at the instigation of Houghton, induced to accompany him to Brockton) now secured Reddy from attempting further violence, and carried him bound to the stable, where they resolved to guard him until the return of the trooper.

Houghton, in the mean time, intent upon accomplishing his ends, had entered the house and searched for Sewall every place where he was likely to be found; but no Sewall was forthcoming. He then commenced calling his name along the deserted corridors, but no reply came back, save the echo of his words.

Enraged at his disappointment, he resolved to wait no longer, but proceed instantly to find Sir Geoffrey, and make the second tender of the oath of supremacy. For this purpose, however, he was obliged to return and bring Waglipet with him, as a witness of the act.

The knight was on his knees at prayer when the trooper and his companion entered the room, and his position was such, that they could distinctly see his whole person directly before them, as the door opened. He was leaning, as usual, on the head of his cane, holding the rosary and cross suspended from his fingers. His countenance was as placid and mild as ever; but across his still ruddy cheeks appeared some marks of recent tears, which he had carelessly wiped off with the cuff of his doublet. The large and richly jeweled cross which he carried about him, and generally kept hidden in the breast of his jerkin, hung down, by its massive gold chain almost to the ground, and kept swinging to and fro like the pendulum of a clock. The moment the door opened, a single glance revealed to Sir Geoffrey the presence of strange and unexpected visitors. Instantly he rose to receive them; and as he did, the blush upon his face spread and deepened, like that of a young girl when friends happen to enter her room suddenly, and discover her engaged at her devotions.

"Waglipet, my friend," said he, advancing to the dapper little host of the White Hart, and stretching out his hand as he spoke, "I'm right glad to see thee—verily, we have been as strangers for well nigh two years."

The latter placed his hand coldly in Sir Geoffrey's, but held down his head, and said not a word in reply.

"And who may this gentleman be, my little friend, whom thou hast brought with thee? His dress, methinks, is not entirely unfamiliar to my eyes, though I remember not his face."

"My name is Houghton," replied the trooper, "sergeant in Sir Thomas Plimpton's company, and am here by his orders, to tender thee the oath of supremacy."

"So he, master; then, the fellow whom Plimpton sent to execute the queen's warrant."

"Ay, verily am I. Art willing to take the oath, and save thyself further trouble?"

The knight smiled at the question, but made no reply.

"Nay," persisted the latter, "I must have an answer. An thou'rt willing to swear, I shall take thee untried before the next magistrate; but thou continue to refuse allegiance to her majesty, I must bind thee in irons and send thee a close prisoner to London. So I'll leave thee Master Waglipet here to reason with thee till my return." And so saying Houghton quitted the room to renew his search after Sewall.

Master Houghton's a right zealous, God-fearing Christian," whispered Waglipet, confidentially, adding up to the old man, "and will treat thee kindly, an thou'rt—"

"Peace, man!" exclaimed Sir Geoffrey, turning on his quondam protegee; "what knowest thou of the matter?"

"Truly," replied the little host, "it would grieve me much to see injury dealt thee, and therefore would I make bold to counsel thee against disrespect of the Queen's authority. Sergeant Houghton is right willing to deal with thee as mercifully as his office permitte."

"And how comest he to deserve thy commendation—eh?" said the knight, looking distrustfully at the lackeier.

"I have consorted with him somewhat of late, so please thee, Sir Geoffrey, and am well assured of his willingness to befriend thee."

"What! man, thou consort with the sworn enemy of our holy church, and agent of Sir Thomas Plimpton, the relentless persecutor of my daughter—of her who, when a child, set out on her knee, and taught thee thy devotions! What, sir, thou the associate of this man!"

"Ah, Sir Geoffrey," replied Waglipet, looking up at the knight, "thou knowest but little of the changes that have lately taken place in the world. Things have altered much since I made my first shift in the little chapel below."

"Ay, marry, thine own speech and companions have marvellously changed, methinks."

"I have at length seen the star that now shines over this bright land, and Heaven, too, vouchsafed me the courage to follow it. And thus have I become a new man, casting off the slough of corruption which I carried about me for so many years. Yes, I have—"

(To be continued.)

My friend, look here, you know how weak and nervous your wife is, and you know that Oatier's Iron Pills will relieve her, now why not be fair about it and buy her a box?

Yale College now has 1,092 students.

PENETRATED TO THE BONE.

Alderman John Baxter, Toronto, Canada, avers that St. Jacobs Oil will penetrate to the bone to drive out pain. I know it, for I have tried it; it hits the mark every time.

General Howard has amended his scheme for punishing deserters from the army. He is now opposed to branding them, but waxes them "marked on the arm with indelible ink."

SOME PLAIN TALK ABOUT DIVORCES.

What Mgr. Capel has to say on the Subject.

Mgr. Capel lectured on "Divorce" recently to a full house at Chelmsford Hall, New York. He apologized for using notes, as he seldom had occasion to do so; but the subject of divorce was one so grave that he desired to see every means at his command to place the subject before his audience in all its gravity and importance, and with the authority of the Church of which he was a priest. The subject is being discussed by the press and by public lectures, and acerbity was being aroused to this question that reaches the foundation and structure of home and its influence. The Catholic Church has since its formation, 1,900 years ago, placed the only barrier to divorce that has been employed. Marriage in that Church is a sacrament, and is thus raised to the highest dignity. Civil marriages are merely the certification of a contract, but would not be recognized. The Church teaches the inviolability of the marriage bond, and no earthly power, in the teaching of that Church, can divorce those bound by that indissoluble tie. Mutual consent is the essential feature of that union. She regards the seal set upon it by the sacramental character imposed as giving it the grace of God enabling them to fulfill all the duties of that state. Under no circumstances can this tie be broken but by death.

The Church could decide whether or not a marriage was void in its inception, but that was as far as its power went. If divorced men and women marry again a priest cannot absolve them; they cannot receive the holy sacrament at dying, nor can they have Christian burial. These must be a separation before the ban is removed. The Church regards such a marriage simple concubinage. A divorced and remarried person cannot be received into the Church. During the decadence of Rome divorces spread, and Protestantism reintroduced it. Statistics show that in the States where Protestantism has the most power there are the most divorces. In England the Queen has raised a bar to divorce by refusing to receive divorced persons at court. But this bar must soon be swept away. The decadence of England dates from the time when divorces began to be common.

Divorce does the gravest injustice to children. Mounier Capel continued, "who regards it as a father somewhat as the representative of God, and their mother as the source of life. A divorce leaves a lasting stain on the innocent children. If divorced people will marry, let them keep away from society of respectable people afterwards."

The clergy of all denominations are continually preaching about the evils of divorce, but they have not the courage of their own convictions. They have a great part to do in reforming it. Let them refuse to marry people who have been divorced and that will go a long way toward correcting the evil. There is a great hue and cry against Romanism, but there is in truth very little difference between polygamy and marriages of divorced persons. The main difference is that one is having many wives at once, and the other, many in succession. The principle is the same in both.

Persons have come to me seeking admission to the Church, and I have found that they had been married, divorced and married again. It has been my painful duty in such cases to declare that the second marriage could not be recognized by the Church. Europe, for that civilization she boasts of to-day, is indirectly indebted to the unaided efforts of the Catholic Church. I wish that half the men who talk about ignorance during the 'Dark Ages' had half the light which existed in the Dark Ages. Divorce breaks up the home, which is the foundation of the State. With the destruction of the home comes a nation's decadence. The granting of the privilege of divorce is the opening of the floodgates to sensuality. It is Protestantism that introduced divorce into Europe. This is passing strange, in view of the fact that Protestantism boasts of carrying out Scripture to its fullest extent. The teachings of the Scriptures are undoubtedly all against divorce."

He spoke of the celibacy of the clergy, and said priests were bound by their oath of chastity and celibacy not to marry, and if they did so, as in the case of Luther and others, the marriage was a farce, and they knew it. Their vow to God forbade their marriage. No compromise could be allowed. No amount of wealth—a life, however eminent in goodness and charity, avails nothing; even dying abolition could not be given. They must die without the sacrament and be refused Christian burial, and any priest administering to such persons would be suspended. This practical plan she has always trod, and here in this country 8,000,000 of her children propose to follow her steps. He said the Church, with its 500 years of experience, to point to, and up to the sixteenth century, divorce was unknown, and he said that wherever Protestantism flourished or gained away laws for making divorces easy were enacted.

He referred to Ireland as an instance of the grace of the sacrament of marriage. There, he said, where poverty, servitude and wretchedness you could not believe to be possible, were found the brightest examples of the purity of the marriage bond and of the family tie. Nowhere, he said, on God's earth, could be found such instances. Some years ago the *Pall Mall Gazette* sent a correspondent to Ireland, expecting to find justification for the treatment she was complaining of; but his letters came filled with instances of heroic suffering and of family devotion almost unheard of. They all, despite of political misery and social want, spoke of the joy and comfort they found in the family ties and affections. Before he left Paris, not thinking he would lecture on this subject, in passing through one of the streets, a little boy said to his mother:

"Oh, mamma, there is the gentleman who was my papa last week."

Comment, he said, was unnecessary. Divorce lowers the moral tone of the whole social life. He pictured the ruin of family, name and station by these appeals to divorce, seeking in the law shelter for shame. The atmosphere that produces great men and good women is polluted by divorce. In every country where divorce laws prevail the tone of morality is lowered and must be eventually destroyed.

A MURDEROUS ORANK.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 26.—The *Times* Washington special says: The report that a crank was arrested at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on Evacuation Day was true. When the man was searched at police headquarters a bowie knife and loaded revolver were found upon him. He declared he had received instructions to serve Arthur as his predecessor had been treated. Arthur was not aware that anything unusual had transpired. The matter was hushed up and only came out when the President's quarters at home were changed during his recent visit. The authority for this statement is unquestioned.

ELECTION NOTES.

MR. BAIN ELECTED IN SOUTHERN, THE YORK, N. B. VACANCY—RENT, ONT., ELECTION ANNULLED.

CONRAD LANDING, Dec. 27.—The election to-day for the county of Bonjager, to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons caused by the unseating of Mr. G. R. L. G. H. S. DeBeauvoir, resulted in the return of Mr. Bain by a majority of 30. Both candidates were Conservatives. Mr. Bain was defeated at the last election by a very small majority.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Dec. 27.—Mr. George F. Gregory, a leading barrister at Fredericton, has tested his card as the Liberal candidate for the seat in the Commons for York county, rendered vacant by the death of John Pickard. The Conservatives will hold a convention on January 2nd to select a candidate.

CHATHAM, Ont., Dec. 27.—The trial of the petition against the return of Mr. Henry Smyth, M.P. for Kent, began here at 5 p. m. yesterday, and, after a few preliminaries, was adjourned till this morning, when, after hearing a few witnesses, judgment was delivered unseating Mr. Smyth, the plaintiff withdrawing the personal charges. Mr. Smyth was a Conservative.

HOUSE COMMITTEE APPROPRIATIONS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27.—The House Appropriations Committee do not expect to reduce the appropriations much below what they were last winter. The Committee may give the Navy Department enough money to complete the cruisers already begun, but it is doubtful if any appropriations will be made for new vessels. For fortifications the smallest sum

DYNAMITE AGAIN.

LONDON, Dec. 27.—There appears to be a revival of attempts to destroy life and property by explosives. A dynamite cartridge was exploded in Strabane, Ireland, yesterday, destroying the roof of a house. A box of explosives with fuse was found on the track of the Great Western Railroad, near Axminster. Had the train passed over the box a serious explosion would have ensued.

A MURDERESS' CONFESSION.

THE HAGUE, Dec. 25.—A married woman named Vanderlinden, has been arrested at Leyden, charged with having murdered during the last few years sixteen persons. The victims were nearly all members of her own family. She insured their lives first and received the insurance money after their deaths. The woman has confessed. It is supposed she has poisoned five of her own children.

INSULTED BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

ABSTINENT HUSBAND FROM MRS. LEITER'S RECEPTION IN HIS HONOR IN ORDER TO LECTURE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26.—An admirable illustration of the supreme assurance of the Englishman in America, even though he be a litterateur and thoroughly permeated with sweetness and light, is the manner in which Matthew Arnold has planned himself and family upon the Letiters. Some time ago Mrs. Leiter invited Arnold to spend some little time in Washington during the social season to see something of the fashionable life of the capital. Social life in Washington is extremely stupid and unentertaining before the holidays. The season does not begin until New Year's. The lecturing business is also extremely dull at this time of the year. It is cheaper to visit than pay hotel bills, and Arnold has taken advantage of an invitation which was given for a later date to take up his residence in the Leiter mansion with his wife, daughter, nurse and small yellow dog. Mrs. Leiter is said to be decidedly mad about it, but she cannot do anything except entertain them to the best of her ability and much to her inconvenience, as the inopportune visit has disarranged all her plans. Last evening Mrs. Leiter gave a reception for the Arnolds, but the thrifty Englishman for whom the reception was chiefly given, and who was the only one of the family whom any one cared to see, had received an invitation to lecture and flatly insulted his entertainers by accepting it, thereby accumulating the usual fee.

A MISSISSIPPI TRAGEDY.

YAZOO MISS., Dec. 25.—A terrible tragedy was enacted here last night at 10 o'clock. John T. Posey, of the firm of Williams & Posey, an estimable young man, highly connected, was lured by John James, a negro butcher, Goling off, Posey returned with some friends, when, without warning, the party were fired upon, and John Posey, James Posey and Jasper Nicholls were killed with buckshot and instantly killed. H. O. Ellet dangerously wounded, and Fritz Halder slightly wounded. The negroes had organized, and, under cover of the intense darkness of the night, shot down this man, who refrained from shooting because the streets were full of boys and men not connected with the difficulty, and to have fired would perhaps have been to kill many innocent persons. Only one of the negroes has been apprehended. At a meeting of the City Council held to-day upon a full investigation of the cause leading to the difficulty, they declared that it was the result of a personal altercation between John T. Posey and John James, and that the friends of both parties were drawn into the conflict, but that neither politics nor race prejudices actuated either party. John James, the leading negro in the difficulty last night, was killed this morning. While his arrest was being attempted he fired three times and was killed by the citizens who were trying to arrest him.

ACCIDENT TO GENERAL GRANT.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27.—General Grant, leaving his residence this morning, slipped, fell and struck the curb stone with considerable force, injuring his thigh severely. His system received a serious shock. His surgeons are as yet unable to determine whether the injury is dangerous. They say the limb will be paralyzed for a time.

A second statement of the accident to General Grant says that General Grant, while alighting from a coupe at his residence on Monday evening, slipped and fell on his left side, sustaining serious injury in his leg, about four inches below the hip-joint. Surgeons say that no bones were broken and the supposition is a bruise of the sciatic nerve had been sustained. The General was assisted to bed, where he has remained ever since, lying in one position on the back, while the injured leg is most painful. The General's health is otherwise good and he is comparatively cheerful. The surgeons anticipate nothing serious, but it will be several weeks before the patient will be able to leave the house.

General Grant's injuries were less painful to-night and he was resting comfortably at a late hour. His leg is very much swollen and he will be unable to leave his bed for several days.

GRAVEYARD INSURANCE.

FALL RIVER, Dec. 27.—The case of John G. Downing, who was buried on Tuesday, is said to be another "graveyard" insurance case. Downing was admitted to the Ancient Order of Hibernians a few months ago, having been passed as sound by Dr. Hennessey, the society physician. Soon after several policies on his life, amounting to \$15,000, were taken out, one being held by Dr. Hennessey, another by Edward Driscoll, the agent, who has left the city, and others by various persons. Downing's father claims that his son's death was hastened by malpractice by Dr. Hennessey, and it is asserted that the large death rate among the Hibernians during the past two years has been partly due to Dr. Hennessey's efforts to realize on insurance policies. A policeman, whose life was insured, was taken ill and treated by Dr. Hennessey and grew rapidly worse. Under the treatment of another physician he speedily recovered. There is no trace as yet of the whereabouts of Hennessey or Driscoll.

AGRICULTURAL REPORTS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27.—The statistician of the Agricultural Department has completed preliminary estimates of the principal crops of the country for the year. They show that potatoes as well as all other roots, and oats have grown luxuriantly and yielded abundantly. The average yield of corn per acre is nearly 23 bushels of 12 per cent. less than an average. The quality of corn north of the 40th parallel, however, is worse than for many years. The wheat crop is slightly in excess of 400,000,000 bushels and the cotton product about 6,000,000 bales.

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