

SECOND

EDITION.

The  
**Palace Journal**  
**CHRISTMAS \* NUMBER.**

VOL. III.—No. 59. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1888. ONE PENNY.

### Coming Events.

- THURSDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open from 7.30 a.m. to 10 p.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 10 till 5, and from 6 till 10 free. LECTURE on "Emigration" in Lecture Hall, by W. E. Mann, Esq. chair taken by the Rev. J. F. Kitto. ELOCUTION CLASS.—"Open night," at 8.30. GYMNASIUM.—Special Meeting, at 8.30. LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.—Concert, at 8.
- FRIDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. EVENING CLASSES.—Christmas vacation commences. PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.—Social Gathering, at 7.30. LITERARY SOCIETY.—Lecture by J. Spender, Esq., B.A. CHORAL SOCIETY.—Rehearsal in Music-room, at 8. FOOTBALL CLUB.—General Meeting, at 8. CLUB REPRESENTATIVES.—Meeting, at 8.30.
- SATURDAY.**—LIBRARY.—Closed to Readers of Books. NEWSPAPERS.—Can be seen in the Queen's Hall, from 8 to 9.30 a.m. OPENING OF THE CHRISTMAS ARCTIC FETE, at 10 a.m. EXHIBITION OF PICTURES (lent by H.M. the Queen and others) in the Library. Band of H.M. Scots Guards, in the Queen's Hall at 8. ORGAN RECITAL at 6.30. FOOTBALL CLUB.—First XI., at Ilford; Second XI., at Wanstead. HARRIERS.—Five Miles' Handicap.
- SUNDAY.**—ORGAN RECITALS at 12.30 and 4. LIBRARY.—Open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY.**—LIBRARY.—Closed to Readers of Books. NEWSPAPERS.—Can be seen in the Queen's Hall, from 8 to 9.30 a.m. ORGAN RECITAL at 6.30. Continuation of Christmas Arctic Fete, commencing at 10; Concert at 8, in the Queen's Hall, with the Band of H.M. Scots Guards.
- TUESDAY (CHRISTMAS DAY).**—PALACE ENTIRELY CLOSED.
- WEDNESDAY.**—LIBRARY.—Closed to Readers of Books. NEWSPAPERS.—Can be seen in the Queen's Hall, from 8 to 9.30 a.m. (BOXING DAY).—SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS.—Christmas Arctic Fete commences at 10 a.m.—Dissolving View Entertainments for children at 11, 3, 6, 7, and 8 respectively.—Band of H.M. Scots Guards, at 3 and 8, in Queen's Hall.—Exhibition of Pictures in Library.—Variety Show in Exhibition-buildings, comprising "The Mystery of She," concerts, shooting gallery, monster snowball, the Home of Santa Claus, etc., etc. Admission, One Penny. HARRIERS.—Paper Chase at 12 noon.
- THURSDAY.**—LIBRARY.—Closed to Readers of Books. NEWSPAPERS.—Can be seen in the Queen's Hall, from 8 to 9.30 a.m. ORGAN RECITAL at 6.30. Continuation of the Christmas Arctic Fete, commencing at 10; Concert, at 8, in the Queen's Hall, with the Band of H.M. Scots Guards.
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### Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, DECEMBER 30th,

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30 AND 4 O'CLOCK,

ORGANIST - MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

This, the SECOND EDITION of our Christmas Number, contains Contributions by Mrs BERNHARD WHISHAW and Mr. HARTLEY KNIGHT. Mr. JOHN RAMSAY'S Story will appear next week.

### Notes of the Week.

THESE notes must serve both for Christmas and New Year—two weeks rolled into one. A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all of us! Let us hope for a year of even greater success to the Palace—fuller classes; a longer list of Members; clubs which shall carry all before them; social evenings delightful and varied; a more crowded library; a Palace which shall attract every day, more and more, the people of our great City of East London.

WHAT is the difference between Christmas plum porridge, so often spoken of in the old books, and Christmas plum pudding? The thoughtless reader may imagine them to be the same thing. Not at all. The accomplished Mrs. Glasse, in her cookery book of the year 1774—my copy was bought by one F. C. Cook in 1776—tells us how to make both; and if any one wishes to revive the plum porridge of his grandmothers, this is the way to do it, slightly abridged:—You must take a leg and a shin of beef—this sounds tolerably expensive to begin with—put them into eight gallons of water, and boil them into a broth. Take out the bones and the meat and leave the broth. Add six penny loaves cut up into slices and boil in the broth. Put in five pounds of currants and boil again, then add five pounds of raisins and two pounds of prunes and boil again. Next put in three-quarters of an ounce of mace, half-ounce cloves, and two nutmegs, all beaten up fine. You may now take off the pot and put in your sugar (three pounds), a little salt, a quart of sack, *i.e.*, sherry, a quart of claret, and the juice of two or three lemons. Finally, boil two pounds of prunes in a quart of water till they are tender, and strain them into the pot while it is boiling. In other words, make a great quantity of beef tea, fill the pot with bread, raisins, currants, and prunes, boil up and add, with generous hand, wine and spices, and you have your plum porridge. Strong meat, my friends, but our ancestors loved strong food. The plum pudding seems to have been much the same then as now.

THEY loved, I repeat, strong meat highly seasoned with plenty of stuffing, and that made up of sage, onions, spice, and so forth. They stuffed turkeys with beef, chicken, partridges, as well as chestnuts, and sage and onions and sausages; they loved sea-pie, lobscouse, pork puddings, liver puddings; they made pies of ducks' giblets, pork, onions, calf's-head, herrings, and eels; they fearlessly approached a Devonshire squab, a hodge-podge, or a Shropshire pie; but what they loved most of all—I mention it with trembling, and only because it is Christmas time—was Yorkshire Christmas pie.

It really takes away one's breath only to read of it. You first make a good thick crust. You then take a turkey, a goose, a fowl, a partridge, and a pigeon. You bone the birds. Then you lay the partridge first upon the bottom crust, upon the partridge place your pigeon, on the pigeon lay the fowl, on the fowl lay the goose, and set the turkey atop of all, so that it looks like a turkey and nothing else. This is by itself magnificent. But this is not nearly all. You next take a hare, cut it in pieces, and lay the pieces all along one side of your turkey; on the other side place woodcocks, more game, small birds of all kinds. When the pie is packed as full as it will hold lay on your spices—cloves, nutmeg, mace, black pepper,

and salt. Lastly, put five pounds of butter into the pie, cover all with a good thick crust, and bake for four hours. This will be found an extremely economical and useful dish for Christmas.

In one respect the people in the last century surpassed us. They used to make all kinds of things for themselves. They made very delicate and wholesome wines. They were simple, but generally very light and pleasant—elder wine, elder flower wine, orange wine, cowslip wine, ginger wine, raspberry wine—drinks very superior to the gingerades and lemonades of these days. They also brewed their own beer, and good home-made beer, with the hops floating about in it, was a thing for which those who can remember it now sigh in vain. They also made cordials of currants, elderberries, cherries; they distilled red rosebuds and all kinds of herb flowers and roots; and they preserved fruit quite as well as is done now without putting it into air-tight tins. Let us go back to the ways of our ancestors, and learn again how to make home independent of the shops.

ALL the papers have been full of the recent remarkable action of the German Emperor—in calling out his reserves? increasing his army by another million? No; in ordering that the servants of the Imperial Court shall no longer wear beards and moustaches. There has been weeping among the lackeys, but their faces are now trim and smooth. The history of the beard is interesting. In the East it has always been worn, and has been considered the noblest decoration of man. It was worn in the West, though generally trimmed and kept within bounds, until the middle of the seventeenth century. Then it went out of fashion altogether. The reason was simple: the whole head, as well as the chin and cheeks, was shaved for purposes of cleanliness. The wig besides had many advantages. It disguised in great measure the approach of age: it made all the men appear to be of the same age: it could be taken off and dressed while its owner sat in a night cap: it kept the head and neck warm. When the wig was abandoned the hair was still powdered and plastered, so that a black or brown beard under a white head would have appeared incongruous. When men once more wore their hair as Nature intended, they began to make timid advance towards decorating their faces with the natural adornment. First they wore mutton-chop whiskers: then a few of them wore moustaches: lastly, they advanced to the full beard. This, in spite of occasional freaks of fashion, is going to endure I hope.

EVERY middle aged man can remember the vehement opposition that was at first made to the beard and moustache. Students of the Temple and Lincoln's Inn had to shave before they could be called. No judge would allow a barrister to plead in his court with a beard. Clerks were not allowed to appear in their offices with unshaven lip: as for clergymen—when one or two ventured to defy public opinion, the uproar was wonderful. Was not the Rev. Llewellyn Davies of Marylebone inhibited by the Bishop of London from preaching in his own church because he refused to shave? In the army the cavalry alone wore moustaches, and were imitated by the officers of the line after the Crimean War. Every regiment had four—or was it six men?—who were permitted to grow their beards. They were called the pioneers, and marched in front before the band. They had great leather aprons, and carried besides the usual arms, spades or axes, to show that their duty was to clear the way. In the navy the men shaved, but wore their hair in long curls carefully dressed with the tallow candle. Why, in the drawings of forty years ago, they could not then draw a moustache. It was always like a theatrical thing gummed on, and the wearer looked as if he could think of nothing else but whether his moustache was sticking on.

THE second event of the week—very different and much more serious—is the collapse of the Panama Canal. The position of things is very deplorable. Sixty millions have been subscribed by the French people—a very large part by widows and retired tradesmen, and others who had a little money and who put it all into Panama stock, confident that the shares would rise and that there would be tremendous dividends for them. All this money seems to be hopelessly gone: the difficulties of the work have proved far greater than was ever anticipated, the estimated expenses were far below what turned out to be required: and at last the enterprise threatens to be abandoned. It is certain the shareholders will lose their interest: it is almost certain that they will lose their capital: it is also almost certain that the Canal will be abandoned.

If the Canal is abandoned, the Americans will probably step in and construct the Nicaraguan Canal. If any one will consult the map, he will see that a little to the north of the Isthmus of Panama there is a great lake with a narrow strip of land on either side between it and the sea. The Americans propose to cut through this narrow strip: the lake is navigable: and then to the Canal. For a long time it has been considered by engineers that this is far the easier and more practical route. But the imagination of Lesseps and of the French was carried away by the apparently simpler—and therefore grander—scheme of cutting through the Isthmus. Besides—had not the English engineers declared that it was impossible to cut through the Isthmus of Suez, yet he had done it? Now, he was going to prove the superiority of French engineering in piercing the Panama Isthmus which English engineers had also declared impossible. Well: we have seen. One of the difficulties was that the River Chagres had to cross the proposed Canal. This river, which looks small enough upon the map, has an inconvenient trick of rising forty feet after rains! Think of providing a bank high enough and strong enough to withstand a rise of forty feet!

Now it is all over, and the bubble has burst, it remains to be seen what the French Government will do, if it will do anything. It is not supposed that the United States will stand the interference of France in their continent: so that the utmost the Government could do would be to grant time for the payment of interest, and for the reconstruction of the Company. But I think we shall not see the Panama Canal constructed.

ONE would like to know how many lives have been lost already upon the works. The construction of the Panama Railway was computed to have killed one man for every six feet of the line. Now as the line is forty-eight miles in length, that makes 42,340 men. It cost two and a half millions: it carries every year about £25,000,000 worth of goods: it saves between New York and Hong Kong 5,000 miles. The town of Panama lies at the south end of the line, and that of Aspinwall at the north end; the latter was formerly called Colon, after Christopher Columbus. It was the only place on the continent named after the original discoverer, and so the Americans very patriotically changed its name to Aspinwall. Now there is no town at all named after the great Spanish discoverer.

SOME ONE wrote a most foolish letter to a paper the other day, asking scornfully whether the Palace attracted the "class for which it was intended." The "class"? What class? What is the attitude of this man's mind towards the People's Palace? Of course there is no such thing with us as class. When one speaks of the People, one means all the people, from the Queen to—let us not be invidious by naming anybody. We all belong to the people, and the Palace exists for all. We can only recognise "class" in one sense. There is in every great town a "class"—that is to say, a certain proportion of people who are unable to take any delight in anything but in the lowest vices: if there is any "class" for which the Palace is not founded it is for this class. We will take the children of these persons, and make them happy in the Palace, and train them up to be worthy citizens, but their parents will remain where they are—their only Heaven, the bar. Let no one ever venture to ask for what class the Palace has been created!

A SHORT time ago I quoted certain remarks made by Mr. Dion Boucicault, on the necessity of training before one should venture upon the stage. I have since ascertained that there is quite a small library upon the art of amateur acting, with rules for the guidance of beginners. Among these books—all of which I have placed in the hands of the Hon. Sec. of the Palace Dramatic Club—are the "Actor's Art," and the "Art of Acting" (French, Strand): "How to Make up" (same publisher): "Amateur Acting" (Routledge): "Private Theatricals" (Allen): and "The Stage in the Drawing Room" (Griffith and Farran). There are very likely more, but these should be sufficient to give suggestions to beginners. How would it answer to read these books aloud in the presence of the Club? They could then, altogether, practice the art of laughing, crying, scowling, screaming, fainting, and dying. But one would recommend the Members to lock their doors before beginning. Fancy twenty all fainting as one man! And picture the floor strewn with the writhing bodies of the Members all dying at the same moment, to slow music, and in the painfully prolonged manner which is seldom, happily, seen off the stage.

EDITOR.

## "The Terror of Thomas Thoms."

An Authentic Ghost Story,

BY

Mrs. BERNHARD WHISHAW.

Author of "The World Below," "Two Ifs," etc.

ONE summer evening, some forty years ago, a group of worthies were lounging about the door of the only public house in the parish of Thurlestone, a rural paradise even now comparatively undiscovered, on the rocky coast of Bigbury Bay. Thurlestone is but twenty miles from Plymouth by the old coach road through Aveton Giffard and the Yealmpton Valley, but it could not be further removed from the rush and stir of that gay town if the Himalayas themselves lay between, so quiet is it, so homely are its people, so primitive its ways: for although for purposes of geographical identification, we say it is on the old coach road, it lies, accurately speaking, five miles to the south of that or any other high road, so that there is not even the advent of the daily mail to break the holy calm. The very few "furriners" who find their way thither, whether tempted by the exquisite quiet, the boating, the beautiful coast scenery, or fish at two-pence a pound, are apt to think that Thurlestone is always at peace, that no fever or fret of jarring life ever mars that smooth surface of existence, that the days and the years roll on there in one untroubled sweep, broken only by the chiming that denotes a marriage, or the tolling of a passing-bell. But if the grey old church could speak, it would tell a different tale—ship-wreck, disaster, smuggling, death, hunted men flying for their lives, French prisoners of war hiding from the wrath of their pursuers under hedges and in barns, broken hearts, and ruined homes,—all these things and more has that solemn tower seen, and many a fugitive did it shelter in the secret room above the weather-beaten porch, when the waves and storms of the 18th century washed over and around our pretty village; for those were stirring times on Bigbury Bay.

Forty years ago, however, Thurlestone was settling down to the repose which has been its portion ever since; under the wise influence of an enlightened parson, smuggling and wrecking were becoming things of the past, and the cast-away on that coast need no longer fear lest he be saved from drowning only to meet a more cruel death. Up at the rectory, rose-covered and myrtle-bowered, the parson's young wife and bonny children made a circle of sweetness and light which spread its radiance to the uttermost parts of the scattered parish, and even the roughest of the old men, who dated from the lawless days gone by, had to admit that "t' parson" was their best friend, would they but recognise him as such.

Among those who were beginning passively to accept the civilizing influences at work in the parish, was stupid Thomas Thoms, a steady-going simpleton, whose heart was better than his head, and he was one of the group collected at the "Fisherman's Rest" on the evening of which I write. This hostelry was not in Thurlestone itself, but was the chief house in the hamlet of Bantham, a cluster of thatched cottages at the southern base of the ridge on which the village proper stands.

"Farmer Polyblank, 'e maay tell aal daay fur ought a' cares," said Thomas Thoms, blowing a whiff from his pipe. "Thaat rawd 'ave allus bin public propperty; an' t'aint no manner o' uze 'ee settin' oot fur tu shut un oop."

"Naw rawd caan't niver be closed naw mower onst a corpse 'ave a bin carr'd along un, an' aal t' buryins tu Bantham 'ave gone 'long thaaf a-waay this hunnert year an' mower," said Cap'en Sheriff, raising his bleared blue eyes. He was eighty-nine, and had earned the title he bore in many a desperate run across Channel under the very eyes of the revenue men, who had never succeeded in catching him red-handed with his illicit spoils. So his utterances were listened to with respect.

"Iss fey! Cap'en Sheriff 'e saays t' same, an' 'e knows, 'e du," said Thomas Thoms approvingly, "but it wur a cryin' shame o' Maaster Polyblank tu turn 'e's bull intu t' watter-medder," he continued meditatively, "tarrified some o' the wimmen folk most intu fits, 'e did."

"Iss, an' not on'y t' wimmen folk," said Cap'en Sheriff, with a wink at Thomas, which raised a round of laughter.

"'Ave 'ee 'eared as passon most lost 'ees brindled cow this marnin'?" said William Alger, a shock-headed youth, who was stable-man at the rectory.

"Naw," said all the others, pricking up their ears at such an exciting piece of news "du 'ee tell now!"

"'E calved 'bout a-six o'clock, an' 'e wur mighty frail sure 'nuff come dinner time, an' so wur t' calf, but a' giv' un summat 'ot, an' then 'e drayed 'issel over tu 'e, an' 'e drayed 'issel over tu 'e, an' a' left un a-zucken. Missus wur' main plazed, sure 'nuff."

"Our Mahaly, 'er wur a-saayin' as passon wur't 'ave a strawberry in t' garden coom nex' month," interjected a weather-beaten fisherman, whose daughter was nurse at the rectory.

"Mahaly, 'er speaks trooth," said William Alger. "Missis saith they be ate by catterpillows, *marl-scravls* 'er maneth. 'Tis a powerful bad year fur t' fruit."

"Powerful bad 'e be, but 'e'll be wuss yit, yu see. Ther' be a gale a-blowin' oop from t' Sou'-west now as ever is, and t' young apples ull be blowed off cruel. 'A see a rare lot o' pork-pieces\* in t' bay off a-Yarmouth Sands tu-daay, an' that tells which way t' wind be a-blawin'."

Old Sheriff spoke like a prophet, conscious of being the authority on the subject.

"Passon, 'e saays," remarked Thomas irrelevantly, "as 'taint naw manner o' use goin' tu t' white witch 'bout ma old 'ooman, an' 'tis better fur tu taake 'er tu t' doctor in tu Kingsbridge."

"Iss," said William Alger, "a' 'eared passon an' t' missus a-talkin' 'bout Maaster Thoms's missus, an' thaaf wur what 'e sed. Maaster Thoms, 'e cud 'ave Dobbin an' t' gig enny daay fur tu taake 'ees missus tu t' doctor, but 'e wur't a-goin' tu 'ave no white witches in 'ees parish, 'e warn't."

"T' passon, 'e saays as ther' ain't naw trooth in t' devil a-walkin' on Yarmouth Sands of a Sunday night, and us dwon't need fur tu be tarrified of an naw more." It was Thomas Thoms who spoke, and he looked round him somewhat anxiously, as if the bare mention of the devil were enough to raise him in their midst.

"Passon's yoong," said Cap'en Sheriff solemnly, "passon's yoong, an' 'e dwon't know. That's wur 'tis."

With this the conclave began to break up, and Thomas Thoms wended his way home to his sick old wife. She was sitting half-asleep on a high-backed settle by the hearth, but she roused herself as her husband came in.

"So yu be coom whoam, be'ee?" she remarked aggressively. "Yu mout avabin oop t' Thurlestone an' back dree times over, fur t' time yu 'a bin oot. A be bound yu ain't bin no furder than t' 'Rest,' 'ave 'ee now?"

"Yu'd bestways lemme lone with yure 'Rest,'" answered Thoms, "caan't yu never lave a body bide? A seed passon, an' 'e sed us wur't tu 'ave nothin' tu du with t' white witch nayther, an' 'twere aal naw better'n tomfoolery."

Mrs. Thoms sank back in her seat with a frown on her brow.

"Yu be so widdy-waddy," she said, "there's niver no carkalatin' what yu'll be duin' next."

"Cap'en Sheriff 'ee saays us'll 'ave a starm tu-night," said Thomas, discreetly endeavouring to change the subject. "Ef so be as us does, a'll taak t' donkey an' get some oref fur t' garden coom Monday."

"Coom Monday, Farmer Polyblank 'll be doon tu t' sands an' carr' un aal awaay afore other folks be awaake," sneered Mrs. Thoms.

Now it was a standing grievance with the villagers that they never could get enough sea-weed to manure their bits of garden, because Farmer Polyblank with his horses and carts invariably appropriated the bulk of what was washed ashore, before his poorer neighbours, who were dependent upon their sacks or their wheel-barrows, could return from their first journey home to procure a second lot. So Mrs. Thoms' jibe contained a double sting.

"Us'll see what us'll see," said Thomas, oracularly. "'Appen Farmer Polyblank 'll find summat else tu du coom Monday. 'Ave 'ee 'eared as yoong Maaster Llewellyn be a coomin' tu t' rectory with 'ees yoong wife a-Monday a-puppose fur tu see an' settle oop with Farmer Polyblank 'bout thaaf ther' rawd over t' hill tu t' church?"

"Tain't Monday, then," answered his wife. "They be acoom a'ready, fur Mahaly Snowden 'er coom in wi' t' chillen tu pass t' time o' daay this marnin', an' 'er sed as 'ow Maaster Llewellyn an' 'ees Missus wur a coomin' tuday afore dark wi' tu 'osses an' a gig, an' 'er sed, ses she, whatever du they want tu 'osses fur a little light carr'ge like that fur, but 'er spoas it be t' fashion oop wher' they lives now, oop Exeter waay."

And having thus set her husband to rights, and displayed her superior information, Mrs. Thoms said it was time to go to bed.

\* "Pork-pieces, them wallopin' great fesh loike pegs" (*Anglicæ* porpoises).  
+ Local name for sea-weed used on the land as manure.

Cap'en Sheriff's prediction was justified by the event, for all night long the wind raged over Bigbury Bay as it seldom does in summer time, and when morning came, the Bantham folks, toiling up the steep hill to church by the disputed path, beheld great waves rolling high over Yarmouth Sands, thick and dark, where they broke at the foot of the cliffs, with the precious sea-weed, of which they would probably get no share. But no one dreamed of going down to the shore to-day, for it was Sunday, and at Thurlestone we religiously observe that commandment which bids us make the seventh day a day of rest.

Before the sweet old bells began their final round, it became evident that the congregation would be unusually large, for the sunny path over the hill was dotted with ascending Bantham folk, and beneath the avenue of fine elms—felled long since, alas!—which at that time shadowed the village street, numerous groups were wending their way churchward.

At the church-porch, a knot of men awaited the coming of the rector, and discussed village politics meanwhile.

"Folks du saay," remarked one of them, "as Maaster Llewellyn be a great laryer now, fur aal 'e be so young."

"Iss fey, so 'e be, an' so Farmer Polyblank 'll find, ef so be as 'e goos a-puttin' oop gaates on t'lea," said another.

"Dunno yu know," said a third, "as t' gaate be oop a'ready? Folks du saay as Maaster Polyblank an' 'ees boy Jan put un oop yester night when other folks wur aal tu bed."

A chorus of indignant protest arose from the assemblage, in the midst of which the rector appeared on the scenes, followed by Frank Llewellyn and his pretty bride. Llewellyn, who was an ex-pupil of the rector's, and knew everybody in the parish, stopped to exchange greetings and introduce his wife, but just at that moment a loud roar was heard, and the young lady looked round her nervously.

"Don't be afraid," said Llewellyn. "It's only Farmer White's bull, and he's safe shut up in the yard down below there."

"Naw, sir," said one of the men, "it beant t'bool, 'tis Maaster Perriton inside o' t' church a-practisin' of 'ees base. Missus Talbot 'er be powerful fond o' music, 'er be, an' Perriton, 'e be agwin fur tu sing treble-base in t' psalms t'uday, along o' yu bein' coom back fur tu see us. Perriton 'e cud sing base wi' any dree in t' parish afore that ther' little 'armonjum coom, but Missus Talbot, 'er d'won't let 'e sing not so loud-like now us 'ave got t' insterumunt."

"Ah, yes, Perriton always was the mainstay of the choir, I remember," said Llewellyn, repressing a smile. "Fine strong voice he has, certainly."

"Iss fey, that a' 'ave. A moind onst of a Sunday, when a' wur playin' t' base-viol ma'self, Perriton 'e wur singin' 'ees part, an' Missus Perriton 'er sung summat wrong, an' Perriton 'e saays tu 'er, so's aal on us cud 'ear, 'Nan, thee beest out a demi-semiquaver,' 'e did, afore passon an' aal, right there in t' church. 'E's a fine singer, 'e be."

By this time the bells were ringing their closing change, and the last of the loiterers, who had been waiting to get a sight of the popular young barrister and his bride, had found their way beneath the ivy-grown lych gate into the church. The service was about to commence, and in a few minutes more not a living soul was to be seen in the village, for all, save a few decrepit and bed-ridden old people, were gathered within the grey walls which for so many centuries had been "a shelter from the storm and a shadow from the heat."

All, did I say? No, there was one exception. Thomas Thoms, though neither decrepit nor bed-ridden, did not form one of the congregation that sunny summer morning.

When all was still in the village, save for the sigh of the wind, still restless after the night's storm, our hero might have been seen, had any one been there to look, picking his way with a mysterious air over the coarse grass and among the tufts of prickly sea-holly scattered about the lea which lay between the church and Yarmouth Sands. The disputed path led direct from Bantham, up over the hill to the church, straight through the churchyard, and then across the lea to the Sands. From Bantham to the church the path was in daily use, for it saved the pedestrian a round by the road of more than a mile in length; while from the church onward the cart-track, for it now developed into such, was the only access to the Sands, so that Farmer Polyblank's high-handed attempt to close it constituted a very legitimate grievance.

Thomas Thoms walked slowly on till he reached the bran new gate erected by the farmer in the dusk of the preceding evening. There he came to a standstill; not because he could not get by, for the gate stood preposterously alone between its posts, barring the cart-track certainly, but with no pretence of hedge or fence on either side. There it stood, pathetically inadequate, a moral barrier perhaps, but in no

sense a material one, since the Plymouth coach itself, with its four horses and its Dalmatian dog, could have passed it by as easily as could the humble foot-passenger who now stood before it, gazing at it as if it were the master-piece of some great artist never to be gazed at enough.

The rush and rumble of the waves breaking on the sands below grew softer and more musical as the moments passed, for the wind was rapidly dying away; and one might almost have thought that their increasingly gentle sound were acting upon Thomas Thoms as a lullaby, so motionless did he stand, and for so long a time. But before the first notes of the last hymn from "that there little 'armonjum" stirred the languid air, he shook himself out of his reverie, thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his best blue coat with its shining brass buttons, and muttering, "Iss fey, a'll du it," he left the gate to its solemn loneliness, and walked away home over the hill.

There was no moon that June Sunday, and when the dim twilight passed into night a damp grey fog rolled up from the sea and made the lanes and the lea as dark as Erebus. Small matter that, however, in a community which rose with the sun and went to bed at nightfall. Down at Bantham all was still and silent by nine o'clock in the evening; Farmer Polyblank was slumbering so soundly as to forget the coming conflict with Frank Llewellyn; Cap'en Sheriff was dreaming happily of the glorious days when his double chimney was filled with smuggled brandy and his wife, peace to her ashes, with a birch-broom for all weapon, held the revenue men at bay; even acidulated Mrs. Thoms had concluded her nightly curtain lecture and closed her eyes in repose, never imagining, in her moments of wildest conjecture, that her spouse had done or could do otherwise than follow her example.

But there was no sleep for Thomas Thoms that night—something very different was to be his portion.

No sooner did his wife's snores proclaim that she was lost to consciousness, than he noiselessly left his bed, slipped on his clothes, and went down the crazy ladder which served for staircase to the kitchen below. Here he took flint and steel and struck a light, always with the same stealthy movements and infinite caution, and then, opening the back-door, he went to the shed behind the cottage where his lame old donkey was stabled.

A few minutes later he led the animal out, flung an empty sack across its back, and started up the hill towards the church. For Thomas Thoms was bent upon a dark deed—nothing less, in short, than breaking the Sabbath. Yes, while all his neighbours, Farmer Polyblank included, slept the sleep of the just, fondly imagining that the earliest bird next morning would be the one to catch the worm, Thomas Thoms was stealing a march upon them; Thomas Thoms was going to outwit them; Thomas Thoms, the lazy, the incompetent, the butt of all the village wits, was on his way to get the ore-weed!

It had seemed to him, when he contemplated the new gate in the broad sunshine, that it would be an easy matter to come at night and possess himself of the coveted treasure. No one had ever done such a thing before, within his recollection, but that was only because they were afraid of meeting the devil down there. And now passon said there was no fear of that, and if he did for once secure a good lot of ore-weed, at any rate he would be quit of his wife's jibes on that subject—always a very sore one. By daylight, it had seemed to Thomas Thoms that he would gladly risk meeting the devil, if by so doing he could thereafter get the better of his Xantippe in their domestic brawls; and perhaps this thought was his strongest incentive to take the reckless course he was now pursuing.

But when he reached the churchyard and found himself alone among the tombs, his new-born courage began to fail him all at once, and only that it seemed easier to go forward than back past those mute head-stones, he would even now have renounced his desperate enterprise, and returned to the arms and the abuse of his better half. Heartily did he regret having tempted Providence thus, and the sight of Farmer Polyblank himself would have been welcome to him at that moment. But no one stirred in the village; not a light was to be seen, save a glimmer from the rectory, invisible to trembling Thomas, and no sound disturbed the solemn silence of the Sabbath night. And the donkey limped on down the long lane with its wreaths of honeysuckle and blooming briars, across the sandy cart-track, upon which no footfall would be heard, past the new gate, alongside of which Thomas had to feel his unaccustomed way, and so down the shelving sandy cliff to the shore, lying like a pale streak above the phosphorescent ripples of the gentle waves, darkened here and there with dim shapeless shadows, which were

nothing less than the weed for which, as Thomas Thoms now momentarily more firmly believed, he was risking his precious soul.

At this juncture, however, a kindly breeze brought to his nostrils a whiff of the rank, briny odour of the ore-weed, and the familiar smell revived his courage to a quite remarkable extent; for it straightway brought before his mind's eye visions of freshly-turned earth rich with this valuable manure, of rows of fine upstanding potatoes heavy with juicy tubers, of delicious cabbages boiling over the wood fire and making the whole cottage teem with their amiable fragrance, of odorous onions gloriously flavouring the humble suet pudding, known to Thurlestone by the name of "Inside-out." After all, it was worth while,—and passon had been so confident about the devil.

Thus comforting himself, Thomas Thoms took the sack off his donkey, led that patient beast to the foot of the cliff, where it could, if it chose, nibble a few mouthfuls of coarse fibrous grass, and proceeded to prospect for his treasure. He did not seize upon the first heap he came to, as he would have done, in view of rival ore-gatherers, at a more legitimate time, but, like the wanderer in El Dorado, he went from one heap to another, thinking each one more promising than the last, and unwilling to take any lest the next be better worth taking, until, to his surprise, he found that he had traversed the whole length of the little bay, and had reached the rocky promontory which divides Yarmouth Sands from Butter Cove.

Here, perforce, he turned back, for the rising tide forbade his going farther, even had there been any purpose in so doing; but now he refrained from filling his sack, because he would have so far to carry it to the spot where he had left the donkey; and he groped on among the weed with his eyes bent to the ground, feeling a sudden access of fresh alarms at the discovery that even his dumb companion was out of earshot.

Suddenly something—he never knew what, but he said afterwards that he thought it was a flash of blue flame—caused him to raise his head. He looked up at the cliff first, it was dark and still as ever; then he gazed out over the sea, and saw nothing to fear there. And then he stared at the stretch of sand before him.

Stared? His eyes nearly started out of his head, his jaw dropped, his hands loosened their hold of the fatal sack which betrayed his purpose—his whole being became absorbed in a kind of cataleptic contemplation.

For there, right in front of him, coming down upon him, without a sound to denote his approach, Thomas Thoms saw the devil! horns, hoofs and tail, with an awful great body, and two horrible great eyes, which shed a fiery radiance a yard or so all round them, and made evident the dreadful contours of their preternatural possessor.

This much Thomas Thoms saw, while he stood rivetted on the spot in a fearful fascination; and then the instinct of self-preservation conquered the paralysis of terror, and deserting sack, donkey, and all his hopes of ore, he turned and fled as one possessed, clambered up the face of the cliff like an ancient goat, raced across the lea and past the gate which, strange to say, offered no impediment to his flight, and never paused so much as to breathe until he was through the churchyard, over the hill, and safe back at the door of his own respectable home.

It may be guessed whether Thurlestone lacked matter for conversation next day. The question of the disputed path, and the duel between Farmer Polyblank's "laryer" and Maaster Llewellyn, at the County Court, sank into utter insignificance. No one could think or speak of anything but Thomas Thoms and his encounter with the devil.

Mrs. Thoms had roused the whole village to hear her husband's story, when she found him, puffed and panting, the perspiration streaming over his face, his hat gone, his sparse grey hairs standing on end, beating a frantic tattoo with hands and feet at his front door, regardless of the fact that he had left the back one open. And as soon as the blessed daylight came, and they could see each other's faces, a deputation of the bravest of the Bantham men, headed by Thomas Thoms (whose courage could never again be disputed), went down to Yarmouth Sands to investigate the haunted place. There they found the empty sack, and the lame old donkey, peacefully browsing at the foot of the cliff; there they found hoof-marks and other traces in the sands; and up above, alongside of the cart-track across the lea, they found Farmer Polyblank's new gate, taken clean off its hinges and laid flat down on its face, with Thomas Thoms' hat on the top of it.

When Parson Talbot and young Llewellyn returned from their fight with Farmer Polyblank, having routed the

enemy with great slaughter, and found the village all in an uproar over Thomas Thoms' adventure, they treated the story with much irreverence; laughed so loud as to be heard half-way down to Bantham, and even went so far as to assert that the apparition was no other than Llewellyn himself, who had driven his tandem over the disputed path, and thrown down the new gate in order to fulfil some local technicality with regard to the right of way. And the rector took the trouble of showing Thomas Thoms, and several others, the new-fangled lamps attached to Llewellyn's gig, which lighted up the road to double the distance covered by the old-fashioned ones in vogue about Thurlestone.

But of course Thomas Thoms knew better than to believe any such folly as that. He had seen the devil with his own eyes, and surely he knew better than the passon what the devil looked like! He was the hero of the hour; and he only grinned complacently the next Sunday, when the rector preached a sermon on the ninth commandment, coupled with allusions to the power of imagination, heated by a conscience not altogether free from guilt.

And Cap'en Sheriff sat among his admirers at the "Fisherman's Rest" for many a long evening afterwards, shaking his head solemnly at the mention of Thomas Thoms and the rector's scepticism, and murmuring tolerantly:

"'E maneth well, du passon, 'e maneth powerful well; but 'e's young, an' 'e d'won't know, that's wher' 'tis!'"

### Ideas are Worth Money.

Make them and you can sell them for Big Prices.

A half dozen of the most successful men were recently asked, says the *Boston Herald*, what chance young men have to get along in the world these days; Mr. Jay Gould, Mr. Russell Sage, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Dr. Norvan Green, and Charles A. Dana said the outlook was never so good as now.

"What one quality should they possess to succeed best?" was asked each.

Russell Sage replied, "Caution"; Jay Gould, "Perseverance"; Dr. Green, "Hard Work"; Mr. Bennett, "Enterprise"; Mr. Dana, "Brains."

Perhaps Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, of the *World*, summed it up in the best way:

"My dear sir," he said to an applicant for a position on the *World* some time ago, "what can you do?"

"Anything," was the cheerful reply.

"Yes, but you must certainly be able to do one thing better than another."

"Oh, yes," was the response. "I can write well on most any subject, am a good executive man, and am fertile in ideas."

"Oh," was Mr. Pulitzer's reply, "fertile in ideas." And he drew his chair up closer to his visitor and peered anxiously into his face. "Then you are just the man I want. How many good ideas have you lying around loose that I could utilize in increasing the circulation of the *World*?"

"Oh, I could give you twenty," was the calm rejoinder.

"Twenty," said Mr. Pulitzer in astonishment.

"Yes, sir, twenty."

"Well, now try it. Go home and write me twenty good ideas or suggestions for increasing the circulation of the *World*. Send me your list to-morrow. I will pay you £25 for each idea I accept. My cheque for £500 will be mailed to you at once if I accept them all, and I hope I can, for we need new ideas here all the time, and then we can make a permanent arrangement. I will pay you £25 a week for a good idea, and you needn't come to the office either. Yes, I'll do more; I'll buy you a fine pair of horses, so that you may drive around town and enjoy yourself in the park. Your fortune is made if you can do as you say."

The young man did send in his ideas carefully written out, and they were promptly returned to him as worthless. Instead of riding through the park in a luxurious coach, he is now holding down a chair in a Bowery cheap lodging house.

He possessed brass, but not brains.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

### GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

Affectionate Nephew—"As soon as I heard of uncle's illness I rushed over here. I must see him."

Nurse—"Impossible. The doctor says the slightest shock may kill him."

Nephew—"All the more reason why I should see him."

### HIS BEST FRIEND.

Manager—"I won't need your valuable services as bill-poster hereafter."

Billposter—"What! You are not going to discharge me, are you? Why, I'm your best friend."

Manager—"You my best friend?"

Billposter—"Certainly. Nobody sticks up for you as I do."

## CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S FETE AND GRAND ARCTIC FAIR.

### PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

GIVEN  
ON WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26th, 1888.

ARTISTES:

MADAME RIECHELMANN

AND

MR. McCOLL CHAMBERS.

Musical Director - - Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

BAND OF H.M. SCOTS GUARDS  
(By permission of COLONEL STRACEY).

CONDUCTOR - MR. EDWARD HOLLAND.

At THREE p.m.

1. OVERTURE .. "La Gazza Ladra" .. .. Rossini.
2. SELECTION .. "From favourite Operas" .. .. Verdi.  
"Il Trovatore"—"Rigoletto"—"March"—"I Lombardi"—"Romance"—"La Traviata Cavatina"—"Macbeth"—"Coro"—"Simon Boccanegra"—"Coro"—"Nabucodonosor"—"Cori di Zingari, Il Trovatore"—"Quintetto"—"Un ballo in Maschera"—"Brindisi La Traviata."
3. SONG .. .. "Annie Laurie" .. .. Scotch.  
MADAME RIECHELMANN.  
Maxwelton braes are bonnie,  
Where early fa's the dew,  
And it's there that Annie Laurie  
Gie'd me her promise true.  
Gie'd me her promise true.  
Which ne'er forgot will be,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,  
I'd lay me doon and dee.  
Her brow is like the snowdrift,  
Her neck is like the swan,  
Her face it is the fairest,  
That e'er the sun shone on.  
That e'er the sun shone on,  
And dark blue is her e'e.  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,  
I'd lay me doon and dee.  
Like the dew on the gowan lying,  
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;  
And like winds in summer sighing,  
Her voice is low and sweet.  
Her voice is low and sweet,  
And she is a' the world to me,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,  
I'd lay me doon and dee.
4. VALSE .. .. "Traum" .. .. Millöcker.
5. CORNET SOLO .. .. "The Better Land" .. .. F. Cowen.  
MR. AUGUSTUS LEWIS.
6. HUMOROUS SONG .. .. "Selected" .. ..  
MR. McCOLL CHAMBERS.
7. DESCRIPTIVE PIECE .. .. "Chinese War March" .. .. Michaelis.
8. OVERTURE .. .. "Maritana" .. .. Wallace.
9. FANTASIA on English songs and dances.  
Including:—"Down among the Dead Men"—"A Lullaby"—"The Carman's Whistle"—"Morris Dance"—"Barbara Allen"—"Sally in our Alley"—"Sir Roger de Coverley"—"Pray, Goody"—"Hope, the Hermit"—"Tom Bowling"—"Weel may the Keel row"—"Home, Sweet Home"—"The Bay of Biscay"—"Rule Britannia."
10. SONG .. .. "Our Wedding Bells" .. .. Carano.  
MADAME RIECHELMANN.
11. SOLO TROMBONE .. .. "Concert Polka" .. .. Boulcourt.  
MR. WILLSON.
12. HUMOROUS SONG .. .. "Selected" .. ..  
MR. McCOLL CHAMBERS.
13. MARCH OF THE ISRAELITES "Eli" .. .. Sir Michael Costa.

At EIGHT p.m.

1. OVERTURE .. .. "William Tell" .. .. Rossini.
2. SELECTION from Sir Arthur Sullivan's favourite works.  
Including:—"The Martyr of Antioch"—"Trial by Jury"—"Pirates of Penzance"—"H.M.S. Pinafore"—"Patience"—"Princess Ida"—"Iolanthe"—Song, "The distant Shore"—Grand March of the Peers from "Iolanthe."
3. SONG .. .. "Sunshine and Rain" .. .. Blumenthal.  
MADAME RIECHELMANN.  
The rain is on the river,  
But the sun is on the hill,  
And I know the clouds will sever,  
When the storm has had its will.  
Set your heart then on the morrow  
If the sky be grey to-day,  
For the darkest of your sorrow  
Be ye sure will pass away.  
Lift your eyes to yon day-giver,  
Look up higher, hoping still,  
Tho' the rain is on the river,  
Yet the sun is on the hill.  
'Tis the winter's white snow-shower  
That defends the shivering root,  
'Tis the falling of the flower  
That gives birth unto the fruit.  
Then arise from helpless moping,  
Nor repine at each annoy,  
There is room for wider hoping  
If your days are void of joy.  
Time is kind and will deliver  
All your days from every ill,  
Tho' the rain is on the river,  
Yet the sun is on the hill.
4. VALSE .. .. "Douce Paroles" .. .. Waldteufel.
5. BASSOON SOLO .. .. "Lucy Long" .. .. F. Godfrey.  
MR. CRAMP.
6. HUMOROUS SONG .. .. "Selected" .. ..  
MR. McCOLL CHAMBERS.
8. NEAPOLITAN DANCE .. .. "Tarantella di Belphegor" .. .. Jullien.
9. OVERTURE .. .. "Masaniello" .. .. Auber.
10. SONG .. .. "The Old Wherry" .. .. A. H. Behrend.  
MADAME RIECHELMANN.  
In Spring the breezes gently blow,  
And Summer days are merry,  
And Autumn lays the leaves a'low,  
And winter drapes the fields with snow,  
Thro' all I ply my ferry.  
Broad river gently flow,  
Steadily steer old wherry,  
While young and old, and high and low,  
Come down to cross my ferry.  
Sometimes the parson, sage and kind,  
Sometimes the miller's daughter,  
Sometimes a sturdy sleepy hind,  
Or lovers with their arms entwined,  
Come down to cross the water.  
Broad river, etc.  
And so I ply my cheerful trade,  
Thro' shine and stormy weather,  
Until death's river crossed and laid,  
Under the belfry's peaceful shade,  
We lie at rest, for ever at rest.  
Broad river, etc.
11. SELECTION OF SCOTCH SONGS AND DANCES.  
Including:—"Scots wae hae"—"The Bonnie Laddie"—"The Campbells are Coming"—"The White Cockade"—"Logie o' Buchan"—"Strathspey"—"Annie Laurie"—"Within a Mile of Edinburgh"—"Bonnetts of Blue"—"Tullochgorum"—"Auld Lang Syne."
12. SOLO CORNET .. .. "The Lost Chord" .. .. Sir A. Sullivan.  
MR. AUGUSTUS LEWIS.
13. SONG .. ..  
MR. McCOLL CHAMBERS.
14. HUMOROUS POLKA .. .. "The Jolly Cobblers" .. .. Lutz.  
Introduction—Early morn—The cock crows, and birds sing; the village clock strikes five.  
Polka—Two jolly cobblers we, from every trouble free,  
As we're hammering, hammering, hammering sole or heel;  
We work the livelong day, and sing out roundelay,  
As we're hammering, hammering, hammering with arms of steel.  
Trio—Two merry, merry cobblers we,  
Jolly cobblers we, jolly cobblers we;  
And (sneeze) Oh, how we work together,  
For you know there is nothing like leather.
15. MARCH .. .. "Boccaccio" .. .. Suppé.

## The House in Stamford Street.

A Matter-of-Fact Story.

BY HARTLEY KNIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

RE DUPLANY DECEASED.

THE lawyer, who had paused to recover his breath, presently read on:

And to my nephew James the son of my dear sister Jane Baring I give and bequeath the sum of one hundred pounds. To my adopted daughter Mary Conway whose unremitting attention I cannot sufficiently commend I leave a legacy of one thousand five hundred pounds. And to Andrew Bertram Kennedy recently of Gospil Place London Bridge in the county of Middlesex I leave in addition to the sum of fifty thousand pounds my house in Stamford Street East with all that therein is Conditionally: That the said Andrew Bertram Kennedy shall leave unmolested and undisturbed the upper part of the said house in Stamford Street until a space of five years from the dating of this will shall have been fully complete and ended.

Aunt Margaret turned white with passion, and an ominous cloud flitted across her face; but she said not a word. Uncle Gilead Coldrey, who was fat and scant of breath, ceased mopping his bedewed brow as the lawyer read these latter words, and gazed around him in profound astonishment. The hopeful, but weakly James, "son of my dear sister Jane Baring," stood with his elbows planted upon the table, steadfastly regarding a fast diminishing pile of wine-biscuits; but brother-in-law Jim Baring—who in truth had always been renowned for the strength of his adjectives—waxed exceedingly wroth, and gave them the benefit of his opinions.

"Well, if old Frenchy"—this was the recognised pet name of the deceased—"wasn't off his head when he wrote that there, never trust me! To go and throw his money away on a bit of a gal who's nobody's kid, and who don't stand no higher than this 'ere table, is what I call downright lunatic. That's what I call it: downright lunatic." And Uncle Jim, with a splendid show of outraged virtue, glanced around to note the effect of his sapient remarks.

Aunt Luxton, who had throughout preserved a sphinx-like rigidity, evidently shared her indignant relative's opinion, for she condescended to nod a thoughtful acquiescence.

"It ain't as if he didn't know that we wanted a dribble," the irrepressible Jim resumed, "for as we've worked and slaved hard all this 'ere years, he must 'a known which way the wind blowed. Look at me. 'Ere 'ave I been a driving a cart for nigh on twenty years, and 'ave pinched and struggled along to keep body an' soul together, and all he thinks o' leaving my missus is a dirty fifty pound! To tell you the truth, I think the will's a forgery, and I don't believe as Frenchy ever wrote a word of it!"

And again he glanced triumphantly around; but this time, however, not a muscle of his audience moved, which was rather a damper on his eloquence. But the stream of inspiration was not so easily dammed, and Jim, determined to make one more effort before relapsing into an inglorious silence, fixed his eye upon his biscuit-gazing scion, and proceeded.

"His 'adopted daughter, Mary Conway,—daughter indeed! As if I hadn't youngsters enough at home but he must go and throw his money away on that—that fondling." And he prefixed a word so very terrible that the prudent Luxton coughed uneasily, and glanced significantly towards brother Baring's tender son.

"H'm," said the excellent lady, "little pigs has large ears, James." She called him James as being more consistent with her high respectability: although plain, unvarnished Jim would have suited that gentleman better.

"Right you are, Martha; but who can help swearin'? Twenty years: a-toiling and moiling—and that's all he thinks we're worth. And having completely exhausted himself, he settled down to a sullen silence.

Then spake Aunt Margaret. Hitherto her mortification and disappointment had stuck, like the thane of Cawdor's pious ejaculation, somewhere in the region of her throat, but now she gave her thoughts some tongue. Be it known that Aunt Margaret was a widow with "means"—which often means a good deal—and, in consequence, regarded herself as of no little importance in her own family.

"I am by no means astonished at the contents of my late brother's testament;" she began, grandly, although her face clearly belied her speech, "for, to confess the truth, I have long suspected the deceased of harbouring eccentric philanthropical notions towards the foundling, Mary Conway. His letters were full of her. Therefore I was quite prepared for such a result—and am not a bit surprised!" (Surely this

woman was named Sapphira!) "So, out of respect for my dear brother, I shall esteem it my duty to see that the poor creature is properly cared for and educated. She must come to England, and I will bring her up as my own child." Which, all things considered, was truly magnanimous on this good lady's part.

"I am sorry, madam," interposed the lawyer, stoutly, "that such beneficent intentions may not be carried into effect; but the deceased expressly stipulates that the girl shall be handed over to a Mrs. Carter, of Rupert Street East, in the city of New York."

"Mrs. Carter!" burst involuntarily from three pairs of lips. "Who is she?"

"That, at present speaking, I do not know, but I shall make it my duty to find out. Then I shall further enlighten you." A grave dignified little man this lawyer, with an expressive, smileless face, and a smattering of thin grey hair.

There were two others in the room besides those mentioned above. One of these was a short, vacant-looking man, with a clean-shaven upper lip, and a feeble sprouting of sand-coloured whisker sloping gently down from ear to chin. He was sixty perhaps—or thereabouts; and was as meek as he was abstracted: one of those naturally mild-dispositioned men whom long years of calculating labour and a ceaseless struggle for existence—not to mention the worries attendant on the rearing of a large family—had reduced to a harmless piece of mechanism. This was Ebenezer Smart—or old Ben as he was commonly termed: for none ever thought of calling him Ebenezer.

In direct contrast—and yet, so far as shabbiness went, wonderfully like—was his companion. A fine athletic young fellow, of perhaps three-or-four-and-twenty, with a handsome face just now wearing a care-worn expression, and an inconsistent, aristocratic bearing—a bearing that is supposed only to characterize the nobly born, but which, by the strangest irony, is often enough discernible in the children of the very poor. This was the fortunate legatee—Andrew Bertram Kennedy. No claim on proud descent had he, notwithstanding his noble mien, for his mother was but an illiterate, chapel-going needlewoman, professing—as she doubtless felt—a world of love and admiration for her handsome boy. And his father?—Well, that gentleman had shuffled off this mortal coil many years ago, leaving his distracted widow only the memory of a good name. Yet notwithstanding this the breath of slander had somehow crept into the sober home of widow Kennedy, and there were those who vaguely hinted at a mysterious rottenness in the domestic Denmark of that blameless lady, who always kept her own counsel and steadfastly refused to let such trifles trouble her.

To return. The interesting family circle—each individual of which was filled with varied emotions—presently showed signs of a general exodus. As an united family they seldom or never met: and, indeed, would not have done so now had not their beloved relative, Joseph Duplany, taken it into his stubborn old head to die in a foreign clime after an absence from his native land of nearly twenty-one years. But there was one consolatory reflection, they had thought, when they received the sad news: There would be no inconvenient funeral ceremony, and sable-donning, and all that sort of thing; so that, taking one consideration with another, it was perhaps generous in the old man to get himself comfortably buried three thousand miles away. Then . . . What had he left behind him? Speculation ran high. Old farmer Coldrey—who, at long intervals, would correspond with dear Aunt Luxton—ran up specially to London to "sound" that excellent lady on the Duplany money question: but in vain. So day after day passed in wearying expectation, until at length they were summoned to a forensic abode in dull and dirty Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields—almost facing the old Sardinian chapel. Thus we find them.

The reading of the last will and testament of Joseph Lewis Duplany, deceased, had been very trying: not only to the reader but to his audience also. For the bequests—couched in all the grandiloquence of Legality—were unusually lengthy and scrupulously detailed: and had puzzled the family not a little. But one thing—one oasis from the general chaos—they clearly understood, and that was: That a young girl—whom the deceased had fancied had resembled his mother's portrait—an unknown girl: and, what was worse, a foundling: whom they had never seen and knew only by a scanty correspondence—had inherited a comfortable fortune of one thousand five hundred pounds, whilst they, comparatively, had been sent empty away. To increase their mortification a thousand-fold, that stuck-up stripling, the son of Duplany's old house-keeper, must needs be left a valuable house and a sum of fifty thousand pounds! It was monstrous and, as Jim Baring had pointedly put it, "downright lunatic" indeed!

Andrew and the worn out piece of mechanism by his side kept their seats as the ladies rose. This was rude, of course; but he remembered that each of these had received a shock—from which they would presently recover only filled with a sense of exhilaration. . . . Thought Andrew: He, a struggling journalist, poor and ignored, and known only to a few, had suddenly inherited a rich possession, and from one—a stranger—whom he had never known. It was a dream—a dream! And yet, no: for as he looked up he caught the wrathful eye of red-faced Aunt Luxton as she vigorously rubbed away the crumbs from Master Baring's interesting countenance. No, no, it was not a dream: for old mechanism, who had been sitting so silently next him was just now staring insanely at nothing in particular; whilst Jim—uncle Jim—was there in the flesh, giving vent to extremely mundane expressions.

Well, it was all over at last, thank the Lord! for as Aunt Margaret subsequently remarked in the private ear of a friend, the whole affair was a painful worry to her, for she had been obliged to witness the conflicting emotions of her mercenary relatives, and the evil passions which such engendered. Yes, over at last; and the keen-eyed lawyer witnessed without emotion the surreptitious smuggling—into the pockets of the Barings' hope—of the remaining funeral bak'd biscuits; and the less secret lowering—into the vast stomachic vat of Uncle Gilead—of the rest of the old sherry: (specially imported from Short's in the Strand that very morning.) Tardy adieux, intermingled with a few mortified sobs, followed, and then the room was rid of them.

But Andrew and the vacant Ebenezer remained. The lawyer regarded the twin fixedly for a moment, and then, crossing the room, he touched the mechanism upon its shabby shoulder.

"My God—is it true? Can I—dare I—believe it: or do I only dream?" And the pinched and poverty-stricken face looked up at the lawyer in eager bewilderment.

"It is true, sir—perfectly true: five thousand pounds are yours. I congratulate you. . . . Perhaps,"—and the little man with a wistful look drew forth his pocket-book—"perhaps, you would like an instalment now?"

Oh, that precious "now"! A half-savage gleam of acquiescence shot from old mechanism's eye. . . . Then a sweet—how unspeakably sweet!—rustle of bank-notes, and . . . the old machinery, oiled with a new-born Hope, burst forth into a flood of curiously human tears.

"Thank God again—a thousand thousand times! . . . My darling wife—my—my starving boys. No more despair. At last!—at last!"

It sounded like the cry of a soul released from purgatory,—such a cry as Ixion might give at the stoppage, for a moment, of the wheel. The next moment the man had gone, leaving the lawyer and the legatee together.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE LAWYER'S STORY.

"WELL, Mr. Kennedy," said his legal adviser, when they were left alone together, "what do you purpose doing with your legacy—the house in Stamford Street?"

"Selling it, I suppose," replied Andrew. "I am unmarried; and a bachelor doesn't want a whole house to himself, you know. Besides, I shouldn't care to live there."

"And why not, my dear sir; why not?" queried the little man. "You might do worse. Thoroughly cleaned and renovated, with bright hangings and new furniture in every room—No, not every room," he said hastily, "for the testator, as you know, expressly desires that the upper storeys shall, for a stated term, remain untouched.—There is something in that!" he added abruptly.

There was. More than the lawyer with all his philosophy ever dreamt of.

"What do you mean?" asked Andrew quickly.

"Rather: what does *he* mean," responded the other, elevating his eyebrows. "My dear sir, I do not know nor can I guess his reason. My late client was a very excellent man—very excellent indeed; but he had his—his—little eccentricities, if I may so term them, which, however admirable they may have been as leading characteristics of the man, were apt to prove extremely embarrassing to his personal friends. . . . Many years ago he was an entirely different man: and lived in this very house in Stamford Street.—Why you yourself were born there, you know—!"

"I!" exclaimed the young man in unfeigned astonishment. "Why, how came that to be?"

The lawyer looked extremely confused. Evidently this affirmation was a *lapsus lingue*; but he determined to make the best of it.

"Really, my dear sir, really," he protested, conjuring up a faint smile as he wilfully misinterpreted the question. "That is beyond even a lawyer. But you—you were born there: for I was in the house when you made your *début*. You were remarkable for lung power in those days, Mr. Kennedy."

"On my word, sir," said Andrew very earnestly, "you astonish me. I never knew till this moment the whereabouts of my birth-place. The deceased—of course, knew this?"

"Yes; oh—yes,—certainly." An unaccustomed uncertainty of manner strange to see in this usually-collected little man.

"Perhaps," said Andrew, jumping to a hasty conclusion, "that has something to do with my legacy!"

"Perhaps."

"Though why I, an entire stranger, should have fallen on such good times, puzzles me exceedingly."

"Mr. Kennedy," began his dialogist, once more himself again, "I told you before that Joseph Duplany was of an eccentric disposition. I repeat it, sir: he was *very* eccentric. His was a life shattered, sir—and through his own ends. Only a few were really acquainted with his real history—I can count them easily on the fingers of one hand.—From his earliest days the deceased was entirely different to the rest of his family: different in tastes, manners, and ideas; and was, in short, the gentleman of his own circle. He had a strange career. Soon after he was fifteen his mother died, and his father, naturally a coarse, brutal man, took to drinking, and behaved so infamously towards his grief-stricken son, that one fine morning, when the household awoke, Joseph, alas! was *non est*. Nothing was heard of him for some time—years, in fact; when one cold wintry day—it wanted a week to Christmas, I recollect—a stranger who refused his name was shown into this very room. I knew him at once: for notwithstanding his bulk and his beard I recognized—"

"Duplany, of course!" put in Andrew.

"Duplany, of course," re-iterated the other: "and I was unfeignedly glad to see him again. He had had a pretty rough time it seems: and had knocked about the globe a good deal. But he was rich—richer than most men at his time of life—for he told me he had made a pile of money: firstly, in running a saloon in Texas; and, secondly, in sugar-planting in Demerara. To confess the truth, his family were not over-rejoiced to see him again: for the father had died long since, and there was a comfortable little property which he, being the first-born, should have inherited. He in turn showed no sentiment at the sight of his relatives: for he had altered very considerably; and although, in taking possession of his own, he behaved handsomely enough to them all, he showed not the slightest disposition for a family reunion. A greater surprise, however, awaited them: for one morning Joseph brought to Stamford Street a dark-eyed vivacious French girl full of engaging manners. This, it seems, was his wife: she was the daughter of a sugar merchant in Demerara, and they had been married a year. If the return of the long-lost brother had been unwelcome to his relatives, the arrival of his wife was still more so, for they hated her cordially: and didn't scruple to show it."

"So I should think—judging from their candour to-day," said Andrew.

The lawyer nodded. "Then came the beginning of the end. For three long years the husband and his wife had lived happily enough in Stamford Street, when one day, soon after the birth of their only child—a boy, the arrival of a young merchant from Demerara broke the monotony of their peaceful life—for ever. This young man—George Lemaire, by name—was received with open arms: for it seems that Duplany and he had once been friendly rivals for the hand of the former's wife when she was a Mademoiselle Eute. This fact was the standing joke between them all: and Mrs. Duplany, in a playful mood, would often smilingly say that it was Monsieur Lemaire she should have married, and not Duplany at all. Luckily for her it was not so: for the fellow was as consummate a scoundrel as ever lived. Duplany, who first made his acquaintance at the Texan saloon, knew all about him. He was an escaped convict, it seems, but a professed reformer. He had made a clean breast of it to Duplany, who, when he quitted the States for Demerara, took the fellow with him and gave him a start in life. Both had succeeded; and both, as it happened, had fallen in love with the same woman. Singularly enough she had preferred the Englishman to his rival, her compatriot; who, after finding it useless to press his suit further, apparently gave up all pretensions to her hand, and Joseph Duplany carried off the prize. They were married, and in due time came to England, where, as I have said, Lemaire subsequently followed them."

Andrew began to feel interested.

"They went to balls, theatres, and races together," continued the lawyer, "and entered into a round of gaiety.

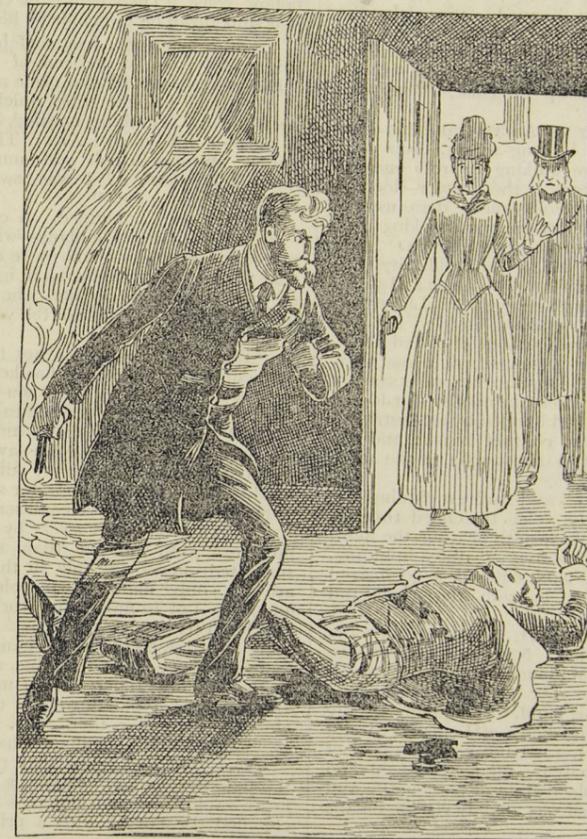
Lemaire was a stranger to England, and Duplany naturally took a pride in showing him the sights of the metropolis. This went on for some time, but the end soon came. One night when they had returned from a card-party in Somerset Square and were entering the house a man in the street accosted them, and placing a letter in Duplany's hand made off into the darkness. This was not, as you may suppose it to be, an unusual thing: for a man with money—and especially such an one as the deceased—is perpetually receiving letters from mendicants begging for brief loans. He laughed as the man made off, and crumpled the paper into his pocket. But at the supper-table, however, he quietly drew it forth and read it.

"They saw him turn pale—livid—with passion, and then to the astonishment of his wife he arose abruptly and left the room. From that night he was a different man. He no longer accompanied his wife and Lemaire on their daily excursions, but, pleading business or indisposition, would leave them to go alone. In vain the wife begged for an explanation: he would tell her nothing. One evening, when Madame and Lemaire returned to Stamford Street, they found Duplany in a state of wild excitement. That he had been drinking was only too evident. The poor wife, in great distress, at once repaired to her room, leaving her husband and Lemaire together. . . . A few minutes after she heard a wrangling in the drawing-room, and before she could hasten thither the loud report of a pistol rang through the house. Filled with a strange apprehension—but never suspecting the truth—she flew downstairs and rushed to the room. She shrieked in terror as she opened the door, for her husband, with blood upon his face, was standing pistol in hand, glaring wildly at the body of their guest as it lay bloody and motionless at his feet."

"Thus I found them," went on the lawyer, sadly, "and never shall I forget the sight. Explanations and accusations followed. . . . till the indignant wife, burning with maddening insult, at length broke down, and fell in a swoon to the ground. . . . I shudder to think that Duplany was nearly a murderer that night."

"But how did it all end?" asked Andrew, anxiously.

"I did my best to bring about a reconciliation—but in vain. Duplany, who left England the very next day, died, in fact, believing his wife unfaithful. But the woman was the soul of honour I swear. That his suspicions in regard to Lemaire were correct there is no doubt: for the fellow in his delirium said enough to show what had been his intentions. 'Twas he, it seems, who had wrought all the mischief: for as he lay, fever-stricken, and wavering between life and death he unconsciously confessed all. He it was who had written and caused to be delivered the letter which purported to incriminate himself and Duplany's wife. Blinded as he was with a sudden jealousy and knowing enough of Lemaire's past life to suspect him capable of anything—notwithstanding his professed reformation—Duplany, after wrestling with his ungodly fury, had at length avenged his imagined injury by attempting to take the life of Lemaire—upon whose head, as you will perceive, the effect of this devilish work had justly fallen. . . . It was the old story of the "Winter's Tale" over again, but with this difference: that whereas Leontes had no cause to suspect his guest—Duplany certainly had."



"PISTOL IN HAND, GLARING WILDLY AT THE BODY OF THEIR GUEST."

It was a substantial house, too, with a very high, very steep red-tiled roof pierced to accommodate two attic windows; a good wide doorway—through which you could have driven a coach and pair—approached by five broad steps; a small, cobble-stone court-yard, where a tall grass—and sufficient thereof to square-meal a full-sized Nebuchadnezzar—sprang up and withered away. A two-foot wall, surmounted with iron railings, and a gateway fashioned to accommodate an oil lamp and a couple of link-sconces, fronted the house and served to keep the curious at a respectful distance. It was a house, in short, similar in many respects to its neighbours in the same street—a street which, some four or five generations ago, had been the resort of a powdered nobility.

Thus the legacy under Duplany's will. Came hither Andrew Kennedy to take possession of his own. He has prospered since we saw him last—nearly five years ago. He is rising gloriously in his calling; and his works proclaim the man. He moves in good society; may be seen at the "crushes" of the Burlington or the Grosvenor: and is a prominent figure among first-night audiences at Society play-

"And Madame," said his excited and sympathetic listener, "did she die?"

"What became of the poor lady after that night," continued the lawyer, slowly, "nobody ever knew. She disappeared completely; and, I fear, must have perished miserably as an outcast. Some say she went over to France and rejoined her relatives there—but that is not true, because I corresponded with all of them. Some again swear most positively that they saw the poor creature a few months before Duplany died: but that seems improbable. The house was closed, and has never been entered since Duplany's departure. Of course there was consternation amongst his relatives at the time, but, as I said before, they only knew that Madame and her husband had quarrelled, and had agreed to part. The only persons who knew the real truth besides myself were old Ebenezer Smart—Duplany's clerk, the starving legatee whom you saw to-day—and Mrs. Kennedy, the house-keeper, who were both in the house when the pistol was fired!"

"Mrs. Kennedy—?" began Andrew.

"Yes; Mrs. Kennedy—your—your mother. She has never told you?—Of course not! Prudent woman; she agreed to say nothing, and has kept her word!"

"But the child—Duplany's son?" said the astonished Andrew.

"What became of him—did he also disappear?"

"Yes and no," answered the other, gravely. "He was left behind by his mother, and Duplany himself placed him carefully away unknown to any one, and for a time even I did not know where he was. But I know this: that the father, who quitted England—as it proved, for ever—never saw the boy again. . . . He is a man now, of course, and some day may probably learn the whole story—and then there will be a pretty to-do."

## CHAPTER III.

## THE HOUSE IN STAMFORD STREET.

THERE was nothing particularly odd, nothing very unusual about the house in Stamford Street—so far, at least, as its architectural aspect went. It was an old house, certainly, but there are many such in London, and had probably been erected when George the Third—of Blessed Memory!—was King of this Enlightened Realm.

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houses. He has found—what he had always suspected—that money can work many wonders; has discovered that the more humble the man the more surely will the world despise him. (And truly 'tis so: for the Heep theory of 'umbleness applieth only to the creepers and the crawlers of this earth—of whom, God knows, there is no lack!) His journalistic work he has supplemented by dramatic authorship, and has written several good plays: the latest of which was the success of the past season; and altogether stands well to the fore for a young fellow who, but five years ago, was a pinched and poverty-stricken man, with an extremely shabby coat, and a haviour of visage compared to which that of Hamlet was mirth intensified. He is unmarried; though rumour hath it that ere long the charming American actress, who "created" the title-role of his last play and who helped so materially to ensure its success, will become his bride. This young lady, who is professionally known as Miss Miriam Haigh, was once a little foundling in a New York asylum—named Mary Conway—who, so it is said, was "raised" through the munificence of an eccentric gentleman with a French name, who left her money under his will.

Came hither, I say, Andrew Kennedy—the rich, the flourishing; and with him came also our old friend, the Lincoln's Inn lawyer. For the years have flown and Andrew—if he pleases—may open those rooms which for six-and-twenty years have been given up to Dust, Decay and Desolation.

It was a dull day in December as Andrew and his legal adviser, followed by a locksmith bearing a bag, drew near unto Stamford Street. They were walking leisurely enough, arm-in-arm, and in close converse: the lawyer—looking precisely as he did five years before—more than usually animated. Presently they stood before the house looking up at its dark and dirty windows, and commenting thereon.

Then the lawyer, by reason of his former familiarity with the place, led the way. Damp and Dust, the silence and gloom of the grave: and yet life and growth everywhere. Life where the busy web-spinners had for generations enjoyed full and undisturbed liberty: growth where a strange distorted fungi, born of Damp, had hung for years in rich maturity. Dust—from whence cometh dust?—rose up in cloudlets before their cautious tread: life, again, where the nimble four-footed nibblers scudded away, alarmed and blinded by an obtrusive light. It was like a huge forsaken charnel house: and the party felt as cheerful as Juliet when she awoke in the tomb of the Capulets.

"A ghostly place, on my word," said Andrew, finding the silence becoming oppressive. His voice re-echoed through the deserted house: scaring the locksmith bearing the light, and serving as a warning to the uncanny creatures in hiding. Then they ascended the stairs, and entered a good-sized room: looking strangely solemn beneath the cloak and accumulation of years.

"This," said the lawyer with a start, "was the very room where the murder was attempted. Nothing has been disturbed—I see it all again. Madame stood there on the threshold, myself peering over her shoulder. Duplany, with the smoking pistol still in his hand, was standing exactly where you stand now; whilst the body of Lemaire, so still that I thought the fellow dead, was lying here in a pool of blood. And see," he said excitedly, taking the light and stooping down, "here are the blood-stains even now!" And sure enough a dark-brown patch was plainly visible on the carpet at their feet.

"As I stand here again it seems as if 'twas only yesterday the affair occurred," went on the little man, "though over a score of years have come and gone. . . . Ah, Mr. Kennedy, I can never look back on that night without a feeling of dread and despair; for part of the drama has been omitted: has yet to be accounted for. Lemaire, I think I told you, returned to Demerara where, for aught I know, he may be still; but Madame—poor beautiful lady!—went, nobody knows whither, and has never returned."

It was an uncomfortable subject to discuss in such an uncomfortable house. Andrew could scarcely repress a shudder as he thought of the probable fate of the much-injured lady. Then they again ascended.

"Poor woman! poor woman!" said the lawyer, holding the lamp aloft to light the way. "Her disappearance has puzzled and worried me for many years, for search and enquire as I would, I could never glean any news respecting her whereabouts. So kind—so beautiful! Oh! Duplany, Duplany! you have much to answer for! I would have given half I possessed to know that she at least was—Ha! surely this must be her very room!"

Why he did it I know not: but to Andrew's amazement the little man suddenly stopped and, giving the light to the attendant locksmith, drew out his handkerchief and wiped

his brow. It seemed as if he, suddenly and unexpectedly, had at that moment received a silent message from the dead. He was ghastly pale too, Andrew saw, which was due perhaps to a long pent-up emotion. Clearly his heart was not of parchment. Then he took off his *pince-nez*, methodically wiped them and put them on again: and buttoning his coat tightly across turned the handle of the door and entered the room.

It was a pretty room—or rather had been: for a dreary desolation now marked it for its own. The abode of a woman of taste, too, as Andrew saw at a glance, and fitted in a style loved of ladies: with many soft useless things which only women know the worth of. Yet decidedly French too, with the hangings, the frillings, the chintzes, in vogue in France many years ago. A little mouse with its bright and bead-like eyes was on the dressing table, scared and bewildered at this unwonted intrusion.

"So this was Madame's room," said Andrew slowly, as he gazed around.

"Was Madame's room!" repeated the little man in a hollow voice. Then before he could say another word, he had sunk down on the chair by his side.

Andrew, alarmed, hastened to him. "You are ill," he said hastily, as he glanced at the lawyer's ghastly face. "Let us leave this hateful place at once!"

"No no," said the other, quickly, rising, with an effort, to his feet. "It is nothing, nothing, I assure you. Mr. Kennedy, I must—I will speak! . . . There is something in this unholy business which you must know of—which I have never told you. . . . I was sworn to lasting secrecy—but I must speak out!"

Andrew was astounded. A confession—in such a place! "I told you that Duplany—whom Heaven forgive!—had placed his son away unknown to anyone. I did not tell you that the boy was brought up in ignorance of his parentage: of his real position in life, when he was forsaken by his unhappy father. I did not tell you this, because . . ."

"Well?"

"Because I had sworn not to do so. Because till this moment my sense of duty has kept down the better promptings of my heart. . . . The son—the poor little lad whom Duplany deserted and refused to recognise is—yourself!"

Had the heavens fallen, Andrew would have been less astonished. He gazed at the lawyer incredulously, as if he doubted whether that worthy still retained his faculties. He tried to speak but could not, for surprise held back the strings of his tongue, and his voice deserted him.

"It is true—true, I swear by Heaven! Mrs. Kennedy is no more your mother than she is mine. This some suspected—hence the talk in the neighbourhood. . . . You are the only child of Joseph Duplany. . . . You are amazed. Let us finish this work and get into the fresh air, and I will tell you more."

As he stretched forth his hand and took up the lamp, his foot caught the leg of the table, and brought the whole thing to the ground. There was a mighty crash, which startled all three, and a blinding cloud of dust, which for a moment obscured their view, then . . .

"Merciful God! What is that?"

'Twas Andrew's voice that rang in horror-stricken tones through the house: Andrew's eyes that started from his head as he fastened his gaze on a corner of the room and clutched the lawyer with a grip of iron: Andrew first to see . . .

Only a semblance of poor humanity. Only a skeleton form habited yet in a still bright, tattered woman's garb: with a diamond ring glittering in supreme mockery upon a wasted hand. Only a ghastly skull, resting on a wealth of hair, grinning at vacancy; only this, I say, that once had been a beautiful living form: a moving, grand creation. Merely this to tell the tale of Madame's self-destruction—save indeed a phial at the feet: the tiny Instrument of Death.

"This was your mother," the lawyer said; and Andrew's heart repeated the truth.

That night, as Vitty, the undertaker's men removed from a long-closed house some fragments of frail mortality, one dropped, unheeding, on the floor, a smouldering plug of rank tobacco. And the Fire Fiend, playing at hoodman blind, saw it and laughed, for, said he: "There'll be rare sport presently."

And there was a lurid glare in the sky that night which alarmed the town. And when Andrew Duplany, with his withers all unwrung, saw it and asked what it was, they told him that 'twas an empty house blazing merrily in Stamford Street.

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