THE LIFE AND CAREER OF DEEMING the MURDERER.

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

In Chapter I. we are introduced to Mrs. Deeming, the mother of Fred and his brothers and sisters—Old Deeming's rage at the absence from school of the Scapegrace—A Father's prophecy disputed by a Mother's love—The truant is seen by his brother Walter, who informs Deeming, sen.—Fred is caught, and the old man threatens and thrashes him—His sullen obstinacy and doggedness—Mrs. Deeming, in trying to save him from further chastisement, breaks a blood vessel—The Family's consternation—Fred is placed under lock and key, with a promise of further punishment by his father.—Chapter II. Husband and Wife alone—The Ghostly Past—The Haunted House in Leicestershire—An old Tragedy re-enacted—The Spectre's Warning unheeded—The Murderer's Curse upon the Unborn Child—the birth of a Human Devil!—Chapter III. Fred the Ferret—No Cash—Deeming's Boyish Ingenuity—A Heartless Lie—The Raid on Mother Reynolds' Shop—Tommy Toff and Steve the Sneaker's Gang—The Row in the Dive—"Police!"—General Stampede—Chapter IV. Fred's Chastisement—Mrs. Deeming Appeals Again for the Erring Boy.—The Father Relents—Release of the Culprit—"Let Brotherly Love Continue"—Chapter V. Playing at Hanging—A Narrow Escape for Walter—The Sneaker to the Rescue—Tidings of the Gang—Chapter VI. Fred and Steve Disagree—Chapter VII. The Compact Between the Sneaker and Tommy Toff—Chapter VIII. Judas Junior—Fred Hoodwinks his Brother and Mother—Chapter IX. Drugging the Dad—At the Midnight Hour—Robbing a Father—the Division of Profits. Chapter X. Deeming Meets His Match—The Sneaker—Chapter XI. The Babbery after the Robbery—Young Deeming's Duplicity—Christopher Keene, Detective—His Suspicions—Chapter XII. The Detective v. Young Deeming—Fred's Hypocrisy—Off for a Holiday—Chapter XIII. The Old Jew and the Gentile—Vanity Again in the Ascendant—Shadowed. Chapter XIV. Against the Common Foe—Old Pals—Shadowed. Chapter XV. "Trapping a 'Tec!"—A Trio of Worthies. Chapter XVI. A "Keene" Disappointment—A Sweet Revenge Chapter XVII. Sharing the Plunder—Robbing the Detective—Disposing of the Body. Chapter XVIII. Left to Live or Die—Fred's Horrible Dream. Chapter XIX. The Discovery—The Thieves in Conference. Chapter XX. "Don't Halloa Before You are Out of the Wood"—Another Visit to the Jew.

CHAPTER XX.

CONTINUED.

"VERY well. The sooner I moult the better," Fred replied, and accordingly the landlord brought in a blue smock, particularly dirty, and a boy's cricketing cap, which had been originally yellow, but was now mud coloured.

While gone for these Fred took off his jacket and vest, laying them regretfully on the sofa.

Nor was his sorrow lessened as he saw the very dingy-looking articles of attire which were to take their place.

"Never mind, Fred, you'll soon have your other togs—your own, you know—so don't jib."

"I won't, Harry," returned our hero, and he put on the blouse with all the alacrity he could summon.

"Brayvo! Looks quite the jolly butcher boy to the life," remarked the publican, with a wink at his companion. "Now then, beef, pork, mutton—will you buy! buy! buy!"

Fred looked far from happy in this new garb, but when, in addition to this ill-fitting garment, he had his head tied up with a piece of fusty red flannel, on which the cap was put like a ducal coronet, he felt that he could have sunk through the earth.

Then they gave him a basket, which was covered with a white cloth, and his make-up was pronounced complete.

"And where's the watch?" asked Fred, "and the letter?"

"Sewn into that beautiful cap, which no one would ever think of robbing you of," said the publican, in reply, with a broad grin.

Fred, despite his disgust at the change from gay feathers to this dismal plumage, was fain to admit that it was a sensible plan of concealing the valuable.

Having been given his directions by Harry, and tucked his arm through the basket, off went the lad at last. The Hocusser arranged to meet him outside the ferry.

The evening was not quite such a bad one as the preceding, but dark and drizzling.

"So much the better," thought Fred; "there's nobody about, thanks to this wet."

And as he left the Pride of the Mersey, but for half a-dozen bargees who were rousing the echoes by some lugubrious ditties which each one howled simultaneously, without the slightest deference to the fact that every companion was howling another species of the variety, there did not seem a soul to notice the exit of our hero.

He cut down the street rejoicing in the fact of escaping observation.

But he was mistaken.

For he was followed.

A figure, gliding stealthily behind him from the moment he left the waterside inn, tracked his every footstep until he reached the clothing emporium of Mr. Moses Aaron, when it took up its position in the shadow of the doorway opposite.

There was a dim light in the shop window which scarcely showed off to their best advantage the various articles of attire which Mr. Aaron declared were so sought after by members of the aristocracy and the leading citizens of Liverpool.

As he entered the thin old Hebrew started up from the chair in which he was dozing.

"Vell, ma tear, vat do you vant?" he said, gazing askanse at the youth.

"I've brought a present for you, Mr. Aaron," said Fred, in a disguised voice.

"Holy Abraham!" cried the Jew. "A present for poor, old Moses. This is good goods. They have not forgot the poor old man. Vat is it—give it to me at vance—at vance?"

"It's a griskin of pork," replied the mischievous lad, putting down the basket.

"Oh, you young villain!" roared the Hebrew, indignantly. "Ish your muffins so vell buttered dat you dare insult a respectable old gentlemans?"

"A very respectable old gentlemans, I don't think," continued Fred, who had by no means forgotten the lies the Levite had told him about the waistcoat.

"Vat—do you insinivate I vas not respectable?" yelled Moses. "I'll go for the police."

"I shouldn't, they'll come for you quite soon enough."

"Eh, what's that?"

"Oh, lor, aint we innocent—as if you didn't know—you jolly old fence," cried Fred.

The Jew turned deathly pale.

"I don't understand you; explain yourself, or cut your stick."

"Open your ears, then. I'm the young man you sold the midshipman's things to yesterday, and whom you swindled over the waistcoat!"

"S'help me Jerusalem, I—"

"Shut up. I've not come to round on you, I've come to do business."

"Business?" asked the proprietor of the shop, suspiciously.

"Yes, and from someone you know well."

"Who's that?"

"Hocussing Harry!"

"Harry the Hocusser," exclaimed Aaron, eagerly, for he was a very old customer. "What have you brought?"

"Let's go into the inner room."

They accordingly proceeded into an inner room, dingier and dirtier than the shop, if possible.

"Vell, vell?" queried the Hebrew, trembling with eagerness.

In answer Fred produced a pocket-knife, and ripping the lining of the cap took out the magnificent watch and Harry's letter.

"What do you think of that?" he said, as Moses snatched the repeater from him.

"A ticker! a gold ticker!" repeated the Levite, in assumed tones of deep disappointment. "Vell, dat is a pity."

"A pity—why?" asked Fred.

"Because, ma tear child, vatches vas quite a drug in the market, besides vich very risky goods. Oh, I am sorry you could not bring me something different to this—pins, rings, bracelets, brooches, or some plate—anything would have been better than this!"

"Turn it up," cried Fred, who had been well drilled what to say. "You're carrying on the same old game—running down the goods so as to give less for them. But it won't wash."

"No; by Shadrach and Abednego I swear—"

"Save your breath and shut up. I want five-and-twenty pounds for that little article, so stump up and let me stump it too."

"Five-and-twenty pound?" echoed the Jew, with a scream of horror. "Vere do you thinks I gets such a lot of money? I never seed so much in all my life!"

"Shut your tater-trap, Moses," broke in Fred, inelegantly, "and give me back the ticker, I'll take it to old Sol Hart; he won't have all this 'Shenanagin.'"

"Vot, go to an old thief like that as vould rob his own grandmother lying in the coffin of her false teeth. I vas ashamed of you, young man—Solomon Hart vould be a disgrace to a rag-shop, let alone a synagogue. No, this is the old-established place of business, which, once patronised, you never goes to another. Now let us see vot ve can do vith you; but I'm very sorry it's a votch."

The elderly child of Israel produced a pair of spectacles, and opening the cases examined the repeater with great care and preciseness, during which Fred got impatient.

At last he said, with a deep sigh—

"Vell, I am a silly, foolish old shentlemans, and shall see my grey hair come vid sorrow to the grave all through being too liberal: but I've took a fancy to you, ma tear, and I'll deal very liberal vid you."

"Glad to hear it," responded our hero. "Don't spoil a good man."

"I'm not doing justice to myself or to me vife Sarah, and my little Isaac and Joel, because I'm robbing my children to benefit a stranger. Never mind, the Lord will reward me in another way for dealing fair with the stranger inside my gates. I tell you vot I does—I absolutely give you twelve beautiful golden sovereigns for dis thing, though when I see my money back I don't know."

"Twelve quid—good!" replied Fred, coolly.

"Ah! I thought you would jump at my liberal offer. I am too good—too free," said the Jew, his eyes flashing with eagerness and greed.

"Yes you are—the other way up," was the cynical remark of the young customer. "I'll take twelve quid; but I want another thirteen on top of it—twenty-five sovs., or up goes the donkey, and I take my toddling ticket to your pal Hart!"

Moses, who had just produced a very dirty piece of linen rag from his boot, out of which he was very gingerly taking some sovereigns, uttered a groan of dismay.

"Holy Abraham! hark at him!" he said, apostrophising the ceiling. "He must think I'm dotty before the time."

Then an animated discussion arose, in which the Hebrew begged, pleaded, and swore by turns.

But Deeming had his cue, and, young as he was, knew how to act up to it.

At the end of a quarter of an hour the matter was compromised by Mr. Aaron paying the youth twenty-one pounds instead of twenty-five.

"Not so bad," thought Fred, proudly; "a quid over what Harry expected at the outside. I'd stick to it, only he's not the sort of cove to look on these little jokes kindly. No, I'll run straight, and I shall go up one in his opinion for the result of the deal with this old thief."

He finished his musings, and then said to Moses—

"You must let me put on the togs I left here, please, Mr. Aaron."

"Vy, certainly," returned the Jew. "But can't I sel you something more fit for a good-looking gent like you are. I've got a beautiful drum-major's uniform—taken in at the back it would suit you a treat."

"No, thank ye," answered Fred, "I've not forgotten how you lied to me about that red waistcoat."

And seeing that there was no probability of doing business the Israelite produced our hero's clothing.

"You can have the blouse and cap cheap, if you like," said the lad, with a grin as he divested himself of those articles; "and I'll throw in that bit of flannel that went round my throat—gratis, free, and all for nothing. There's a chance!"

"I vouldn't touch them vid a pitchfork," returned the proprietor of the Emporium, with an energy that betokened he was sincere.

When the boy was dressed the Hebrew said, with apparently great friendliness—

"Von't you take something to keep out the vet, ma tear—it's a nasty night, and it vill keep you from catching colds!"

But Master Deeming saw the peculiar look that accompanied the invitation, and declined with thanks.

"'I'm a young man from the country, but you don't get over me.' No, thank you, Moses Aaron. I'm not quite such a fool as to booze with you in this crib alone when I've got money about me. Good evening!"

And not waiting to hear any of the clothes dealer's deprecatory remarks he passed into the street, where a draught of the fresh air was grateful after the suffocating atmosphere of the Jew's ill-smelling den.

"Well, I've come out of that all right, and as far as I can see, I shall get home safe and sound with a quid or two more than I started with, and no one a bit the wiser. Lor, what a lot of things has happened since yesterday! They would not believe 'em if I were to tell the story, which for my own sake I can't do. Well, I'm a lucky dog, and everything's right."

But there is a very ancient adage, and one that in the affairs of this life it is always well to bear in mind, as it saves many a disappointment.

It is—"Don't hallo before you are out of the wood."

Had Frederick remembered this distich it would perhaps have been wise on his part.

But in his fool's paradise he was too confident, and was doomed to be rudely awakened from his day-dream.

CHAPTER XXI.

HUSH MONEY.

FRED hurried down the street, and the long, lanky form of the Sneaker followed him at a respectful distance, hugging the doorways very closely so as to be able to pop into one for shelter in a second.

But it never occurred to our hero in his exalted state of mind that he could be shadowed.

The detective having been knocked on the head, he thought himself safe from the espionage of anyone else, and so did not even take the trouble to look behind him.

Thus Steve had no difficulty in dodging his footsteps; nor did any occasion arise for him to avail himself of the hiding places, which, however, he continued to pertinaciously hug as long as possible.

At last Fred reached the ferry.

But he did not go on board of the boat immediately.

"Waiting for someone to turn up," said Steve to himself.

And he was correct.

But not one of the busy crowd who hurried down to the boats seemed to be the party for whom Deeming was waiting.

Fred got impatient.

"I wish he'd come," he said, irritably.

"This is not the nicest place to wait in, nor is it the liveliest night to be out in."

And the constant, steady drizzle justified the latter part of our hero's speech.

Just then an old woman with a tattered shawl over her head accosted Fred with—

"Give us a copper, young man, to make up my bed-money, and if so, may the Holy Vargin and all the Saints bless you for helping a poor ould woman."

Fred was not at all stingy at any time—that is with other people's money—and any old woman always stood a good chance of getting something if he had it, for their appeal ever awoke the one tender chord in his evil soul—the love of his mother.

So he dived in his pocket and produced a sixpence, which he gave the applicant.

"And may you live long and die happy, Master Fred Deeming," said the old lady.

Our hero started.

Who was this that addressed him in a strange city by his own name, when he thought himself entirely unnoticed, alone.

"Who are you?" he asked, quickly.

"One who knows as much about you as you do yourself," was the reply. "I'm a witch, but I wish you well."

"Speak more plainly."

"I know every step in your career, my jewel," went on the old woman, in a quiet undertone; "about your robbing your father, coming to Liverpool, meeting that broth of a boy, Hocussing Harry, settling the 'tec, Chris Keene, and that you've got the proceeds of the robbery about you now! How's that for a witch?"

The heavy drops of perspiration fell from Fred's brow. He shook from head to foot, and, staggering, would have fallen to the ground, so overcome was the boy by the intimate acquaintance with his ill-deeds which this stranger seemed to possess.

But the mysterious elderly female caught him in a grip of iron and held him up.

"What a fool you are, Fred—I gave you credit for better sense and keener judgment. Don't you know me?"

The lady slightly raised the shawl from her features, and disclosed beneath a false front the laughing face of Hocussing Harry.

"Harry!"

"Exactly. How beautifully you were taken in."

"I was indeed," owned Young Deeming; "but what a confounded shame to round on me like that. I never felt so funky in my life."

"No harm done," replied Harry. "But, tell me, how did you get on with that old cheat, Moses Aaron."

"Better than I expected."

"How much—fifteen quid?"

"No, more than that—a lump—twenty-one."

The supposed old woman caught him a hearty whack on the shoulders.

"Good!—bully!—you're a trump. I said twenty, but never thought you'd get it. You're a don at dealing and no kid. If you stick to the game you'll be a terror to all the 'fences' in Liverpool."

These compliments from such a source were like music to the ears of our hero, and he felt highly gratified.

"I'm glad you think I've done well. I ought to have brought a bit more," he continued, jocosely. "I wanted Moses to allow something for that old blouse and cap and the flannel bandage, but he would not take it on."

"Shows his bad taste," answered the disguised robber, with a grin. "But, come along—I know a quiet pub close handy, with a snug tap-room, where we can divide the swag."

"Right you are—lead the way."

And accordingly the elder of the twain led the way through a dirty street to a low, dirty-looking tavern, which bore for its sign three sailors in an apparently very drunken condition saluting a Union Jack, while beneath this impressive picture was the legend in flaming letters, "The Jolly Mariners."

"You order the drinks, Fred," said Harry before they entered; "it will look better."

"Good—what's the poison?"

"I'll stick to rum on a night like this."

They entered the hostelry, and Fred having ordered the grog for his "mother," who put on a fearful fit of coughing in order to keep the deception better, they entered the parlour of the Jolly Mariners—which was devoid of any of these jovial gentlemen at present—being completely solitary.

"So much the better," remarked the Hocusser, carefully closing the door; we can do our little bit of business more privately—fork out the rhino."

The gold was produced.

"Twenty-one—right!" said the Hocusser, after counting them twice—then he gave Fred seven—put up another seven in an envelope, which he placed in his breast-pocket, and transferred the remainder to his own pocket beneath his woollen shirt. "Now that's all settled straight and proper. Here's good luck to ourselves and destruction to every tec. and copper in Christendom."

"Brayvo!" rejoined Fred, drinking the toast heartily in the glass of ale wherewith he had provided himself. "Which way shall we go back?"

"You are not going back to-night."

"Not going back. Why this change of arrangements?" asked Fred.

"Because the excitement is so intense in the City about this outrage that we must be doubly careful. Far and wide there is nothing talked of but the outrage on the detective, and my pal and I, after a long consultation, have come to the conclusion we had better separate to-night for some few days at any rate. I shall not return to the inn, but be snug in another crib I know. You will go home!"

(To be continued.)

Passing Notes.

THE fourth Administration of Mr. Gladstone opens with no very brilliant prospects, for though he has succeeded in the task of Cabinet making his followers are all sixes and sevens as to the "full and effectual transfer to Ireland of the management of her own local concerns." Nevertheless, Mr. Gladstone has attained the cherished object of his ambition, and that is everything with him. It has yet to be seen whether, at his great age and with his failing powers of command, he can succeed in maintaining the slender majority by which he has been returned to power. There is no inconsiderable danger ahead for this fourth Premiership, and Home Rule, to which Mr. Gladstone has adhered so tenaciously, is the rock which presents itself in the distance. The qualifications of the men who have rallied round him to guide the whip of State have been keenly discussed during the week. While some of acknowledged experience and administrative ability receive the portfolios of office, there are others whose appointments are open to adverse criticism. Weak as may be the new Cabinet in some respects, there has been expressed on every hand sincere satisfaction that Lord Rosebery is to have the conduct of Foreign Affairs. The policy of Lord Salisbury in our relations with other Powers will thus be maintained, and nobody more than Gladstonians themselves have found relief in the fact that Lord Rosebery, notwithstanding the state of his health, has been prevailed upon to accept office.

✣ ✣ ✣

The members of the new Cabinet—representatives of the "happy and united family" about which Mr. Labouchere chats—met for the first time on Wednesday. The editor of *Truth* holds out no hope as to the Conservatives getting back to power through the divisions of the Gladstonians, but we shall see. The preliminaries for the next Session have to be settled on some future occasion, and as to them there is not at all likely to be any division of opinion. Measures for the extension of local government and the reform of the registration law are on the cards. There are a Local Option Bill and—the Home Rule Bill. So long as the new Ministry can go on with no policy so much the better for them. It is a characteristic mode of procedure. Only let the Home Rule Bill be introduced and then will be seen whether Mr. Labouchere—so conspicuous by his absence from the Ministry—is quite right in the assumption that his party is a "happy and united family."

✣ ✣ ✣

At York Ainsty Petty Sessions, on Saturday, a plate-layer named Thomas Forth, who resides at Dringhouses, was summoned by the agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children for having assaulted his daughter, Charlotte Forth, a girl between thirteen and fourteen years of age. The girl was in service, and sent by her mistress on an errand. She did not return until late, when her master and mistress took her home. Her father then took a thick walking-stick and thrashed the girl unmercifully. Andrew Burbridge said he went into the house while the defendant was beating the girl with the stick. He asked him to give over, as the child had got enough. When the girl asked him to give over and promised to be a good girl, he said, "You —— thing, I'll thrash you into mincemeat." Dr. Shann described the girl as of rather weak intellect. The defendant admitted that he had struck the girl with a stick, but he had had great provocation because of her having been dismissed from other situations, and he did not know what to do with her. The Bench said this was a case of brutality, although they admitted the defendant had had great provocation. He was fined 40s. and costs, and ordered to be bound over to keep the peace.

✣ ✣ ✣

Dr. Talmage, who visited Leeds on Tuesday, was not in his best form. He had not only a swollen cheek, but a voice out of tune. However, in the Oxford-place Chapel, which was as hot as a Turkish bath, he made himself distinctly heard. He is fluent and discards manuscript. His twang, American to the very letter, there was no mistaking. He is not a great preacher, popular as he may be, for there is too much of the sensational about his utterances, and his style lacks the polish and the force which characterise the preaching of the best men of the pulpit. Nevertheless, people flock after Dr. Talmage, who took for his subject on this occasion "The force of moral gravitation." It was easier, said he, to come down than go up. His picture of evil associates playing dice on the coffin and chuckling over the corpse of their victim was an instance of the smart way in which he put things. The congregation frequently laughed. They were never moved to tears, not even when, in caustic and effective terms, he very graphically pictured the repulsions of society. He spoke familiarly at the end of his sermon of a twelve-gated Gospel, and his closing appeal was marked by much earnestness, but it cannot be said that the discourse was as impressive as it was sensational.

✣ ✣ ✣

A general report of the census taken in Ireland for the year 1891 has been published. The population, including the navy and military services in the country, was 4,704,750 (2,318,953 males and 2,385,797 females). In 1881 it was 5,174,836 (2,533,177 males and 2,641,659 females). There was, therefore, in the ten years a decrease of 470,086 persons, or 9·08 per cent. There is a marked diminution, amounting to 15·7 per cent., of the number of children under 15 years of age in 1891 compared with 1881. There is also a decrease in the number of persons in the age periods from 20 to 30, and from 30 to 40, amounting to 5·5 and 8·4 per cent. respectively. The number of married persons in 1891 was—males, 313,649; females, 625,031. In 1881 they were respectively 696,542 and 712,525. Widowers and widows were 92,509 and 232,004, compared with 95,869 and 253,091 respectively in 1881. The unmarried were—males, 1,472,304; females, 1,527,762; the corresponding figures for 1881 being 1,740,360 and 1,675,537. The number of Scotch in Ireland was 27,325, or an increase of 22·4 per cent. Roman Catholics decreased from 3,960,891 in 1881 to 3,547,307 in 1891, or 10·4 per cent. Protestant Episcopalians decreased from 639,574 in 1881 to 600,103 in 1891, or 6·2 per cent. Presbyterians decreased 5·5 per cent., their numbers being 444,974 in 1891, as against 470,734 in 1881. Methodists showed an increase from 48,030 in 1881 to 55,500 in 1891, or 15·6 per cent. All other persuasions increased from 51,508 in 1881 to 56,866 in 1891, being an increase of 3·8 per cent. In 1881, 59·3 per cent. of the population aged five years and upwards were able to read and write; in 1891 the percentage was 70·6, showing an increase of 11·3 in the decade. In 1891 there were 9,177 establishments for primary instruction, attended by 685,062 pupils. In 1881 the number of establishments was 9,151, and the number of pupils 675,098, showing an increase of 10,038, or 1·5 per cent. In 1891 there were 490 establishments for superior instruction, with 25,709 students. In 1881 the number of superior schools was 504, and the number of students 24,693, showing an increase of 3,076, or 12·5 per cent., in 1891.

✣ ✣ ✣

A daring attempt at burglary was made on Friday week at the private residence of the Comtesse du Vézia, in the Boulevard Perière, Paris. Taking advantage of the absence of the family in the country, the burglars, who numbered four, broke into the house, and, having seized a quantity of plate and other valuables, were in the act of placing their plunder in a van when they were surprised by the police. Nothing daunted, however, the burglars drew revolvers and opened fire on the officers of the law. The latter returned the fire, and a regular fusilade was exchanged before the police were able to capture the robbers. Ultimately two of the thieves were slightly wounded, and the constables then rushed forward, and after a brief hand-to-hand struggle took the whole gang into custody.

✣ ✣ ✣

The Pasteur Institute seems prolific in scientific discoveries. The latest is that of cholera inoculation as a specific. Dr. Haffkine is confident that the inoculatory method may do for cholera what it has achieved for small-pox and hydrophobia. The disciple of the illustrious savant, who is a Russian, has already used choleraic vaccine upon animals with success. The latter have been unhurt by the cholera virus, whilst those inoculated have died. Dr. Haffkine has experimented upon himself. He believes that he is free, as far as can be gathered from the after symptoms. He is now negotiating with the Russian Government, and hopes shortly to prove the efficacy of the discovery in cholera-tainted districts. Vaccination for cholera ought to be tried in those parts of the world where the terrible epidemic germinates.

✣ ✣ ✣

A Dalziel's telegram from Greenville, Mississippi, says that a strange and horrible tragedy took place there last Thursday arising out of a dispute at cards. The players were Charles Pitman and Ives Monroe, labouring men, and the game was for what remained of their week's wages. After a quarrelsome game they fell to fighting over a sum of 35c., about 1s. 6d., which Pitman had seized and Monroe claimed as his. They clinched and rolled on the floor, pummelling each other. At this point both thought of a hatchet which was lying on the floor near the wall, and the fight resolved itself into a struggle to obtain the weapon. They were alone in the house and were not interfered with. After wrestling for ten minutes Monroe proved the stronger, and though still held by Pitman he seized the weapon. He made several efforts to strike, but was prevented by Pitman, who held his arm. Finally he obtained a free swing, and inflicted a terrible cut on Pitman's head. A second blow followed, the blade sinking into Pitman's shoulder. The latter fell back, and Monroe did him no further injury. The injured man walked away with difficulty, and had his wounds roughly dressed. Shortly afterwards he reappeared with a shotgun, and came upon Monroe before the latter had any intimation of an attack. Pitman was weak from loss of blood and very pale. He spoke slowly but with great determination, however, saying, "You have tried to kill me twice. I will now try once." As he said this he raised the gun. Monroe, who was about ten feet from him, turned his back to the shot. Pitman then fired, and Monroe fell dead. No arrest has been made.

MEDICAL.

A CARD.

REVEREND JOSEPH HOLMES' improved Mexican prescription, as discovered in the hot table lands of old Mexico, is a guaranteed cure to all those who suffer from the errors and indiscretion of youth, nervous weakness, physical exhaustion, and early decay. To introduce it into England the Mexican Prescription will be sent, free of charge, upon receipt of a self-addressed stamped envelope. Only address: Joseph Holmes' Remedy Co., Bloomsbury Mansions, Bloomsbury-square, London, England. Mention this paper.

ALLEGED FRAUDS AT CROYDON.

AT the Croydon Police-court, Francis William Fryer, a tall, well-dressed young man, who described himself as of independent means, was charged with stealing a suit of clothes and a number of other articles, valued at £3 8s., the property of John Wilkinson, a draper, of 34, Whitehorse-road, Croydon. Thomas Hudson, assistant to the prosecutor, stated that on the morning of the 11th inst. the prisoner came to the shop and selected a number of things, including the suit of clothes he was now wearing, and asked witness to send them to 98, Oakfield-road, giving as his name Charles Laver. The parcel was sent by a boy named Stevens, who returned without the amount of the bill, and stated that the address mentioned by the prisoner was a ladies' boarding school. In reply to the Bench the prisoner said he paid the boy £15. Thomas Stevens, the errand boy, deposed that he went to Oakfield-road with the goods, and found Fryer waiting outside No. 98. He said, "Come down to the bottom of the road and wait while I change a cheque." They had gone some distance when the prisoner said, "You need not bring the things all the way down; you might leave them at the house." When they reached the house he told witness to take the cheque (produced) to the bank, while he tried on the trousers. The cheque was for £15, and when witness took it to the London and South-Western Bank the cashier said it was of no use. By the Bench: It was dated 1876. He did not see the prisoner again. Detective-sergeant Stemp said he arrested the prisoner on Tuesday night at 12, St. John's-road, Carshalton, where he was lodging with his young lady's parents. In his room witness found a large quantity of property, which would form the subject of other charges. The prisoner, who repeated that he paid the boy for the goods by cheque, was remanded in custody.

ROBBERIES FROM SEASIDE LODGING-HOUSES.

AT the London County Sessions, at Newington, before Sir P. H. Edlin, Q.C., Charles Buchanan, thirty-one, a well-dressed young man, withdrew a plea of not guilty and pleaded guilty to three indictments charging him with stealing a quantity of jewellery, value £50, the property of Miss Florence Edith Terry, £8 worth of jewellery belonging to Miss Elizabeth Shearon, a like amount the property of Dr. Henry Edward Symons; also with stealing jewellery, value £5, the property of Mr. Alfred Leonard. Detective-sergeant Neill, of the J Division, informed the Court that the prisoner's antecedents were somewhat mysterious, but he was believed to be an expert hotel and boarding-house thief. It would appear that on the 16th ult., whilst the visitors were out, the boarding-house where the first three-named owners of property were staying, at Folkestone, was entered, and several of the apartments were ransacked of every article of value. Later on the same day another establishment of the like kind was also entered, and the thief got away with some jewellery, but had evidently been disturbed. Two days later the prisoner sold some of the stolen property to Mr. Smith, manager to a Mr. Osmond, a pawnbroker, of Rye-lane, Peckham, to whom a second visit with a like object was paid, and that aroused suspicion, and he communicated with the police, in consequence of which the prisoner was given into custody. There was little doubt that the prisoner had been very successful in his operations. He lived in good style at Peckham with respectable people, and when on one occasion he changed his residence he ostentatiously gave out that he was going to Chicago; put his luggage on a cab, was only driven to a near railway-station, and then returned to lodgings very near. He had been proved to have been constantly visiting seaside resorts. Refusing to give any account of himself, nothing further could be gleaned about him. The prisoner declared that he was not the thief, but he pleaded guilty because unless he did so he must bring into disgrace a friend. He hoped the judge would give him another chance. The learned chairman told the prisoner that he had been convicted of four very serious offences, and he had better take care as to his future conduct. He sentenced him to twelve months' hard labour. The prisoner, who was evidently agreeably surprised, said, "Thank you, my lord. May God bless you, my lord."

EXECUTION AT LIVERPOOL.

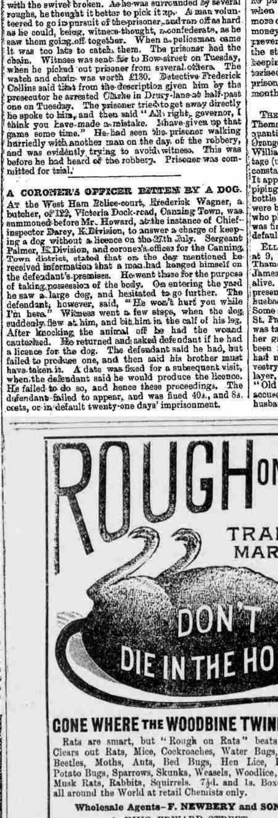
PATRICK GIBBONS, who was sentenced to death at the last Liverpool Assizes for the murder of his mother at Oldham, by cutting her throat in the course of a drunken quarrel, was executed at Walton Gaol. Since his condemnation Gibbons had expressed great contrition for the crime. He slept well, and rising early took a light breakfast with coffee. A new scaffold had been erected in the rear of the main buildings of the gaol, and the culprit was taken to the cell immediately adjacent. He was attended by Father Birchall, Roman Catholic Chaplain. The executioner, Billington, entered the cell a few minutes before eight o'clock, and pinioned the culprit, who submitted quietly, and then, preceded by Father Birchall, and followed by the gaol officials, was conducted to the scaffold. The chaplain recited the prayers for the dying. Gibbons walked firmly and without any support, and on arriving on the drop his legs were strapped. Just as Father Birchall recited the words, "Eternal rest give me now, O Lord," the bolt was drawn, and the body disappeared. There was but a slight vibration of the rope, and death appeared to be instantaneous. After hanging the customary time the body was cut down, and the usual inquest held, when the governor and medical officer of the prison gave evidence as to the carrying out of the sentence, stating that the execution was properly and skilfully performed. The culprit weighed 150lb., and was allowed a drop of 6ft. 9in.

THEFT FROM COLONEL MAPLESON.

JOHN CLARKE, a lad of nineteen, was charged before Mr. Lushington, at Bow-street Police-court, with stealing a gold chain from Colonel Mapleson, the well-known operatic impresario. Colonel James Henry Mapleson said he was a justice of the peace, residing at Worthing, and charged the prisoner with attempting to steal his watch and with stealing a chain, on August 20th. On that day witness was passing down Drury-lane shortly before six in the evening, and saw the prisoner. There was a block in the traffic due to some carts. The prisoner stared him full in the face for a quarter of a minute, and suddenly snatched away his watch and chain, and ran down Prince's-court. Witness would have followed, but saw the watch lying in front of him on the pavement, with the swivel broken. As he was surrounded by several roughs, he thought it better to pick it up. A man volunteered to go in pursuit of the prisoner, and ran off as hard as he could, being, witness thought, a confederate, as he saw them going off together. When a policeman came it was too late to catch them. The prisoner had the chain. Witness was sent for to Bow-street on Tuesday, when he picked out prisoner from several others. The watch and chain was worth £130. Detective Frederick Collins said that from the description given him by the prosecutor he arrested Clarke in Drury-lane at half-past one on Tuesday. The prisoner tried to get away directly he spoke to him, and then said "All right, governor, I think you have made a mistake. I have got the chain and the game come time." He had seen the prisoner walking hurriedly with another man on the day of the robbery, and was evidently trying to avoid them. This was before he had heard of the robbery. Prisoner was committed for trial.

A CORONER'S OFFICER BITTEN BY A DOG.

AT the West Ham Police-court, Frederick Wagner, a butcher, of 122, Victoria Dock-road, Canning Town, was summoned before Mr. Howard, at the instance of Chief-inspector Davey, K Division, to answer a charge of keeping a dog without a licence on the 27th July. Sergeant Palmer, K Division, and coroner's officer for the Canning Town district, stated that on the day mentioned he received information that a man had hanged himself on the defendant's premises. He went there for the purpose of taking possession of the body. On entering the yard he saw a large dog, and hesitated to go on. The defendant, however, said, "He won't hurt you while I'm here." Witness went a few steps, when the dog suddenly flew at him, and bit him in the calf of his leg. After having [illegible] the animal off he had the wound cauterised. He returned and asked defendant if he had got a licence for the dog. The defendant said he had, but failed to produce one, and then said his brother must have taken it. A date was fixed for a subsequent visit, when the defendant said he would produce the licence. He failed to do so, and hence these proceedings. The defendant failed to appear, and was fined 40s., and 8s. costs, or in default twenty-one days' imprisonment.



CHARGE OF ATTEMPTED MURDER.

AT Rowley, on Friday afternoon, a young man named Thomas Ashcroft, residing at Bridge, was charged with attempting to murder Elizabeth Daft and John Newell. It was stated that as the prosecutors were passing through a brickyard at Tividale, on Thursday night, they saw the prisoner and a companion, each carrying a gun. Daft asked the prisoner how he had got a black eye. This remark annoyed him, and he is alleged to have deliberately fired at Daft and Newell, the pellets striking both in the face, and inflicting very serious injuries. The prisoner, it was further stated, attempted to seize his companion's gun, in order to fire at them a second time, but he fortunately was prevented from doing so. Medical aid was promptly obtained for the injured persons, who were removed to their homes. Information of the outrage was given to the police, and accused was arrested on Friday morning. The prisoner, who appeared indifferent, was remanded until Wednesday, bail being refused.

ALLEGED UNLAWFUL POSSESSION OF STOLEN FRENCH COUPONS.

EDRIC ELVEN SALKELD, forty-two, described as gentleman, of 11, Medusa-road, Catford, was charged, at the Greenwich Police-court, with the unlawful possession of four French coupons, value £47, supposed to have been stolen. Mr. Scard defended. Police-sergeant O'Hara, 72 P, said that on Tuesday he stopped the prisoner as he was leaving the Castle, Lewisham, and asked him if he had obtained £40 for four French coupons from Mr. Watts, the landlord. He said he had, that he bought them on the Stock Exchange, and that he had four more in his possession. Witness told him that he had received information that the coupons had been stolen from the French Treasury in 1890. He took the prisoner to the police station, where he produced four coupons, and repeated the statement that he had bought them on the Stock Exchange from a Mr. Leverett, whose private address or office he could not tell, but he could find him in the City if an officer went with him. He said he had receipts for them, and produced two, and said he made the purchase four or six weeks ago. Witness said, "These receipts are dated March," and the prisoner replied, "That is the date when Leverett purchased them of the other man. I had the receipts from Leverett." He found that the coupons, on which £40 was raised, had been paid through a bank. Sergeant Merritt said the prisoner told him that Leverett's office was somewhere in Copthall-court, City, but could give nothing more definite. Prisoner gave him the address of a Mr. Graham, but witness found no one at home at the address. Mr. Fenwick remanded the prisoner for a fortnight on his own bail in £50, and two sureties of £25 each.

THE YOUNG WOMAN LODGER.

AT the Marylebone Police-court, two well-dressed men, giving their names as George Butler, aged twenty-eight, a traveller, of Milcombe-villa, Tooting Graveney, and Frank Richardson, twenty-nine, a solicitor, of Gray's-inn-road, were charged with unlawfully and wilfully damaging a glass lamp and a lustre, valued at £3 10s., the property of Selina M'Millan, of 7, Albany-street, Regent's Park. Richardson was further charged with assaulting Sarah M'Millan. The elder prosecutrix said she was the landlady of the house, and she had a young woman lodger named Nellie Burns. On Monday night late the young woman brought home the two prisoners, and shortly afterwards she asked witness to fetch her in a bottle of wine. She did so, and the three had the wine. Not long afterwards witness heard an altercation going on upstairs, and on her going up she heard one of the men say he wanted the change out of his £50 note. Entering the room, witness asked for an explanation, and Miss Burns assured her she had not seen any money whatever. Witness appealed to the gentlemen to behave like gentlemen, and be quiet. Butler uplifted his walking-stick, and began to strike out right and left. She appealed to the men to pay for the wine and leave the house, but they would not, and then they attacked her. Richardson went for a large glass lustre, and deliberately smashed it with his stick. In fact, they swept the place of all china and glass ornaments. She again begged that they would go, but the prisoners threw the umbrella stand down and broke it. She tried to get out to call the police, but they barred her way, and she had to get a neighbour to do so. Both the men were much the worse for drink. When the constable arrived the prisoners were given into custody. The prisoner Richardson: You (witness) robbed me of 30s., and hid my stick and hat so as to prevent me going out. Selina M'Millan averred that the prisoner Richardson struck her with his stick. Mr. Hannay: What is the young woman Burns? Witness: She lives there. Miss Burns spoke to meeting the prisoners in St. James's, and they insisted on going home with her. They wanted wine, and she got them a bottle. They also wanted three other bottles of wine before they had paid for the first. She said she could not do that, and the men began beating her, and her friends had to come to her protection. Then they smashed the furniture. Cross-examined, she denied that there was a man there with a tall hat. The prisoner Butler, in reply to the charge, said they got into the company of a man in St. James's, and he took them to Albany-street. The man and Richardson were admitted to the house, but he (the prisoner) being the most sober was refused admission, and the door was closed. Shortly afterwards he heard Richardson call out that he had been robbed, and he (Butler) commenced to knock and hammer at the door, and hundreds of people gathered round. At last he got into the house, and he found that the women had charged £5 for the bottle of wine. The prisoner Richardson said he put a sovereign down for the bottle of wine, and when they wanted more, he placed a half-sovereign more on the table. The man with a high hat took the money and made off, and he went after him, but was prevented by the women catching him. He went to the station to charge the elder prosecutrix with keeping his stick and hat. Mr. Hannay characterised it as a disgraceful affair, and fined each of the prisoners 40s., with £3 10s., the damage, or one month's imprisonment.

THEFT OF WHISKY.—At the Gravesend Police-court, Thomas Tree, potman, was charged with having stolen a quantity of whisky from the locker at the Prince of Orange Tap, the property of Mr. William John Herbert. William Herbert (son of the prosecutor), Arthur Hermitage (under boots at the Prince of Orange), and Police-constable Waters gave evidence in support of the charge. It appeared that prisoner, by means of a piece of lead piping, drew half a pint of whisky, value 1s. 4d. from a bottle kept in a locker, and he and the lad Hermitage were both found in a state of intoxication. The prisoner, who pleaded guilty, was given a good character. He was fined 10s. 6d., and 19s. costs, or twenty-one days in default.

ELLEN COLE, twenty-six, a well-dressed woman, living at 9, Carlton-square, Mile-end, was charged, at the Thames Police-court, with feloniously intermarrying James Smith while her husband, Henry Cole, was still alive. Elizabeth Cox, sister of defendant, said she was present at the first marriage, and defendant and her husband separated after living together only three weeks. Some six or seven years ago she happened to be passing St. Paul's Church, Bow Common, and, seeing a wedding was taking place, she went inside the building, and, to her great surprise, found that the defendant had just been married to James Smith. Although the witness had not seen the actual ceremony she went into the vestry and signed the register. James Smith, a plate-layer, informed the court he first met defendant on "Old Globe-bridge." He afterwards married her. The accused said until a few years ago she believed her first husband to be dead. She was committed for trial.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR
And People's Medical Adviser.
WEEKLY, ONE PENNY; by post, Threehalfpence. Quarterly Subscription, post free 1s. 8d.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 189[illegible]
CONTENTS.
Of the Functions of the Nervous System; Editorials; Cholera; Diet as an Aid in the Recovery of Health; The Use of Salap and Scammony; Modern Medicines; Recent Patents; Queer Things About the Nose; Flesh Eating a Fashion; A Tobacco Drunkard; Recipes for the Household; Hints for the Household; The Mother's Page; Repose and How to Get It; The Prophylaxis of Inebriety; Home Treatment—The Old Ways and the New; Therapeutic Uses of Olive Oil; Death from a Fermentation Change in Tinned Salmon; Care of the Sick-Room; Improving Toe-Nail; Disinfectant; Beverages; Gleanings; Compressed Fracture of the Skull; Alcohol as a Food; Correspondence; Notes and Queries; Answers to Correspondents, &c.
G. PURKESS, 34, Catherine-street, Strand, W.C.

Now Ready. The Two Numbers and Presentation Plate, 1d., by Post, 1½d.
THE Reissue of Nos. 1 and 2 of CHARLES PEACE; or, The Adventures of a Notorious Burglar. Each purchaser will be presented gratis with a large coloured engraving, depicting various incidents in his life.
G. PURKESS, 34, Catherine-street, Strand, W.C.

Nos. 1 and 2, with Coloured Plate, 1d., by post, 1½d.
THE Reissue of Nos. 1 and 2 of the Celebrated Romance BUFFALO BILL; His Life and Stirring Adventures in the Far West, with coloured plate, entitled "The White Lily Saved by Buffalo Bill" (presented gratis).
G. PURKESS, 34, Catherine-street, Strand, W.C.

Now Ready, Price 1s. by post, 1s. 2d.
MOTHER SHIPTON'S LIFE & PROPHECIES.
Collated from contemporaneous manuscripts and printed pamphlets which have been placed in the hands of the Author. Beautifully Illustrated.
G. PURKESS, 34, Catherine-street, Strand, W.C.

Bound in cloth, 10s.; post free, 10s. 6d.
Or can be had in Penny Weekly Numbers, of which there are 100.
CHARLES PEACE; or, The Adventures of a Notorious Burglar.—This exciting story containing absorbing interest, with the most intricate and thrilling episodes in the life of this notorious burglar, and other character. With one hundred Illustrations and a portrait of Charles Peace.
G. PURKESS, 34, Catherine-street, Strand, W.C.

Now ready, price 2d., by post, 2½d.
GUIDE TO HEALTH AND HAPPINESS; or, Golden Rules for the Preservation and Enjoyment of Life.
G. PURKESS, 34, Catherine-street, Strand, W.C.

Bound in handsome cover, Price 2s. 6d.; by post, 2s. 9d.
THE LIFE OF CALCRAFT THE HANGMAN.—This extraordinary romance forms a complete history of this most remarkable man. Fairly comprising his own self, it gives an authentic account of the various executions during his fifty years of office. Containing upwards of thirty illustrations, together with other interesting incidents never before published.
G. PURKESS, 34, Catherine-street, Strand, W.C.

BRITISH CYCLE MOUNTS ARE THE FINEST!!



Everton-road, Liverpool, Manchester Depot; London Works, Showrooms, and School; Camden Town, close to Euston Station.

ADVICE TO MARRIED LADIES.
ALL persons whose circumstances will not permit them to maintain a large Family should send for "PRUDENCE AND PLENTY."
An interesting pamphlet, which should be read by all who wish to maintain and improve their position in life.
Copy, together with our Illustrated list, sent free on receipt of stamped envelope to—
E. LAMBERT and SON,
Manufacturers of Hygienic and Domestic Appliances (Established 1860),
60, Queen's Road, Dalston, London, N.E.

THOUSANDS OF UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.
SUITS FOR THE SEASON.
BUY YOUR CLOTHING DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY AND PARTICIPATE IN THE PROFIT
TROUSERS GIVEN AWAY. A PAIR OF 10s. 6d. TROUSERS GIVEN AWAY.
GIVEN TO EVERY CUSTOMER ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE.



NOTICE.—We are now selling our SPLENDID WEST OF ENGLAND WOVE BLUE, BLACK, AND GREY SERGE SUITS for the Season at 25s., and there are well worth three times the amount. [illegible]
Presentation Trousers [illegible]
and measure round chest and waist, and Postal Order for 25s., to—
WILSON & CO., CO-OPERATIVE CLOTHIERS, 15, KNIGHTRIDER STREET, LONDON, E.C.
Cheques should be crossed London and South-Western Bank.

TO THE MARRIED ONLY.
Persons who desire to regulate the number of their family, according to their means, should send stamped addressed envelope for our SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED LIST of Appliances, as recommended by eminent physicians. It contains valuable information on this most important subject.
E. LAMBERT & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL APPLIANCES,
44, Mayfield-road, Dalston, London, N.E.

SANTAL-MIDY
These tiny Capsules are superior to Copaiba, Cubebs and astringent liquids, curing in 48 hours without inconvenience. Each capsule bears the name "MIDY." Paris, 8, rue Vivienne. Price, 4/6 of all Chemists. Or post free from WILCOX & CO., 239, Oxford-street, LONDON, W.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.
BEECHAM'S PILLS
FOR ALL
BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS
SUCH AS
SICK HEADACHE,
WEAK STOMACH,
IMPAIRED DIGESTION,
CONSTIPATION, LIVER COMPLAINT,
AND FOR
FEMALE AILMENTS.
THE LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

BEECHAM'S COUGH PILLS
FOR
Coughs, Asthma, and all Chest Affections.
In Boxes, 9½d., 13½d., and 2s. 9d. each.

BEECHAM'S TOOTH PASTE,
EFFICACIOUS—ECONOMICAL
Cleanses the Teeth.
Perfumes the Breath.
In Collapsible Tubes, ONE SHILLING each.

Printed and Published by GEORGE PURKESS, at the Office, 34, Catherine-street, London, W.C. SATURDAY, August 27th, 1892.

Image © THE BRITISH LIBRARY BOARD. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.