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THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH. SUNDAY, MARCH 2, 1890.

now, but I have made another plan-how there to meet Lady Honoria and get to work stupid of me!"

"You had forgotten," he said in his beavy oice; "it is easy for you to forget what I have been looking forward to for a whole week. What is your plan-to go out walking with Mr. Bingham, I suppose?" "Yes," answered Beatrice, "to go out

"Yes," answered with Mr. Bingham." 'Ah! you go out with Mr. Bingham every day now.

'And what if I do?" said Beatrice quick-

ly; "surely, Mr. Davies, I have a right to go out with whom I like?" "Yes, of course; but the engagement to come to the castle was made first; are you have a super state." not going to keep it?"

Of course I'm going to keep it; I always keep my engagements when I have any." "Very well, then; I shall expect you at 3 o'clock.

Beatrice went on home in a curiously irritated condition of mind. She did not, naturally, want to go to the castle, and she

did want to go out with Geoffrey. How-ever, there was no help for it. When she came in to dinner she found when she came in to dinner she tound that Geoffrey was not there. He had, it seemed, gone to lunch with Dr. Chambers, whom he had met on the beach. Be ore he returned they were all three starting for the castle. Bestrice leaving a message to this effect with Betty.

About a quarter of an hour afterward Geoffrey came back to fetch his gun and Beatrice, but Beatrice was cone, and all that he could extract from Betty was that she had gone to see Mr. Davies.

the was perfectly furious, though all the while he knew how unreasonable was his anger. He had been looking forward to the expedition, and this sudden change of plan expedition, and this studien enange of plan was too much for his temper. Off he started, however, to pass a thoroughly miserable atternoon. He seemed to miss Beatrice more at every step, and gradually to grow more and more anyry at what he called her "rudeness." Of course, it never occurred to him that what he was really angry at was her going to see Mr. Davies, or that, in truth, her society had become so delightful to him that to be deprived of it even for an afternoon was to be wretched. To top everyt ing, he only got three good shots that afternoon, and he missed them all, which made him crosser than ever.

As 'or Beatrice, she enjoyed herself just as little at the castle as Geoffrey did on the bench. Owen Davies took them through the great unused rooms, and showed them the pictures, but she had seen them before, and though some of them were very fine, did not care to look at them again-at any rate, not that afternoon. But Elizabeth gazed at them with eager eyes, and mentally ap-praised their value, wondering if they would ever be hers.

"What is this picture?" she asked, point-ing to a beautiful portrait of a Dutch burgomaster by Rembrandt.

"That," answered Owen, heavily, for he knew nothing of painting and cared less, "that is a Velasquez, valued for probate at £3,000-no," referring to the catalogue and reading, "I beg your pardon; the next is the Velasquez; that is a Remorandt in the master's best style, showing all his wonderful mastery over light and shade. It was valued

for probate at 4,000 guineas." "Four thousand guineas." said Elizabeth. "Fancy having a thing worth 4,000 guineas hanging on a wall !"

And so they went on, Elizabeth asking questions and Owen answering them by the help of the catalogue, till, to Beatrice's relie, they came at length to the end of the pictures. Then they took some tea in the little sitting room of the master of all this magnificence. Owen, to her great annoyance, sat opposite to Beatrice, staring at her with all his eyes while she drank her tea, with Effic sitting on her lap, and Elizabeth, observing it, bit her lip in jealousy. She had thought it well to bring her sister here; it would not do to let Mr. Davies think she was keeping Beatrice out of the way, but his mute idol worship was trying to her teelings. After tea they went to the top of the tower, After tea they went to the tower, and Effic rejoiced exceedingly in the view, which was very beautiful. Here Owen got a word w. h Elizabeth. "Your sister appears to be put out about

"I daresay," she answered carelessly, "Beatrice has an uncertain temper. I think she wanted to go out shooting with Mr.

Bincham this afternoon." Had Owen been a less religious person he

at Chambers. That very morning, indeed, a brief, the biggest he had yet received-it was marked 30 guineas-had been forwarded to him from his chambers, with a note from the third toe of the right foot, and you will soon know all about it." "By Jove," said Geoffrey, "what a crimi-nal lawyer you would make! I believe that you have got it. But how are we to find this boy with the missing toe joint? Every pos-sible inquiry has already been made and failed. Nobody has seen such a boy whose his clerk to the effect that the case was expected to be in the special jury list on the first day of the sittings and that the clerk had made an appointment for him with the solicitors for 5:15 on Tuesday. The brief was sent to him by his uncle's firm,

and marked, "With you the Attorney-Gen-eral and Mr. Candleton, Q. C.," the well-known leader of the Probate and Divorce Court Bar. Never before had Geoffrey found himself in such honorable company, that is on the back of a brief, and not a little was perhaps not speak of his disfigurement, and he elated thereby. But when he came to look into the case no one else might know of it, especially if

he were a new comer in the neighborhood It is quite possible that he took off his boot his joy abated somewhat, for it was one of the most perplexing that he had ever known. The will contested, which was that of a in order to creep up to the window. And now I will tell you how I should set to work Yorkshire money-lender, disposed of prop-erty to the value of £80,000, and was proto find him. I should have every bathing place in the river running through the town when he died, if not actually weak in his mind, was in his dotage, and superstitious -there is a river-carefully watched by de-tectives. In this weather," the autumn was an unusually warm one, "boys of that class all the property was left-to the exclusion of the son and daughter of the deceased, both often paddle and sometimes bathe. If they watch close enough they will probably find a boy with a missing toe joint among the married, and living away from homestayed with the testator and looked after him. Shortly before his death, however, number." "What a good idea," said Geoffrey. "I will telegraph to the lawyers at once. I cer-tainly believe that you have got the elue." And, as it turned out afterward, Beatrice him. Shortly before his death, however, he and this niece had violently quarrelled on account of an intimacy which the latter had formed with a married man of bad repute, who was a dis-charged lawyer's clerk. So serious had been the quarrel that only three day, before his death the testors had sent for a lawyer had got it; her suppositions were right in almost every particular. The boy, who proved to be the son of a peddler who had recently come into the town, was found his death the testator had sent for a lawyer, and formally, by means of a codicil, de-

wading, and by a clever trick, which need not be detailed, trightened into telling the prived the niece of a sum of $\pounds 2,000$ which he had left her, all the rest of his property he had leit her, all the rest of his property being divided between his son and daugh-ter. Three days afterward, however, he duly executed a fresh will, in the presence of two servants, by which he leit all his



property to his niece, to the entire exclusion ditch full of water. There they were found, of his own children. This will, though very and went far to convince the jury of the truth of his story. Thus it was that Beatrice's quick wit laid the foundations of Geoffrey's This particular Monday was a field day at the vicarage. Jones had proved obdurate; no power on earth could induce him to pay the £34 11s. 4d. due on account of tithe.

Therefore Mr. Granger, tortified by a judg-ment duly obtained, had announced his in-tention of distraining upon Jones' hay and cattle. Jones had replied with insolent de-Within an hour of the signing of the will might have sworn; as it was, he only said: "Mr. Bingham-it is always Mr. Bingham from the effects of fear, but the niece was fance. If any bailiff, or auctioneer, or such people came to sell his hay he would kill only other remarkable circumstance in the him or them. So said Jones, and summoned his supcase was that the disreputable lover of the norters, many of whom owed tithe, and none of whom wished to pay it, to do buttle in his cause. For his part, Mr. Granger reat night. There was also a further fact. tained an auctioncer of undoubted courage, niece that his father was seriously worse, who was to arrive on this very afternoon suphad hurried with extraordinary speed to the ported by six policemen, and carry out the house, passing someone or something-he could not tell what-that seemed to be runsale. Beatrice felt nervous about the whole thing, but Elizabeth was very determined, and the old clergyman was now bombastic and now despondent. The auctioneer ar-rived duly by the 1 o'clock train. He was a yet come in. It was a lovely autumn evening; the sea afterward found. Of these footmarks two tail, able-bodied man, not unlike Geoffrey in appearance; indeed at 20 yards distance it casts had been taken, of which photographs would have been difficult to tell them apart. The sale was to take place at 2:30, and Mr. been made by naked feet of small size, Johnson-that was the nuctioneer's name-went to the inn to get his dinner before proceeding to business. He was informed of the hostile demonstration which awaited him and that an English member of Parliaot kin, for whom Geoffrey was one of the ment had been sent down especially to head the mob: but being a man of mettle poohthe mob; but being a man of mettle poon-poohed the whole affair. "All bark, sir," he said to Geoffrey, "all bark and no bite; I'm not a'raid of these people. Why, if they won't bid for the stuff, I will buy it myself." "All right," said Geoffrey, "but I advise influence and fraud, but, as it seemed at present, with small prospect of success, for, though the circumstances were suspicious enough, there was not the slightest evidence of either This curious case, of which the outlines are here written, is briefly set out, because it proved to be the joundation of you to lookout. I fancy that the old man he saw her well enough, but he Geoffrey's enormous practice and reputation is a rough customer." Then Geoffrey went back to his dinner. at the bar. He read the brief through twice, thought "You are not going, Mr. Bingham, are on?" asked Beatrice in a voice which beit over well, and could make little of it. It was perfectly obvious to him that there had traved her anxiety. "Oh, yes," he answered, "of course I am. I would not miss the chance for words. been toul play somewhere, but he found himself quite unable to form a workable hy-pothesis. Was the person-if it was a per-Why, Beecham Bones is going to be there, son-who had been seen running away, concerned in the matter? If so, was he the member of Parliament who has just done his four months for inciting to outrage. We are old friends; I was at school with him. the author of the footprints? Of course, the ex-lawyer's clerk had something to do Poor fellow! he was mad even in those days, with it; but what? "We shall lose this," he said aloud in deand I want to chaff him." "I think that you had far better not go, Mr. Bingham," said Beatrice; "they are a spair; "suspicious circumstances are not enough to upset a will," and then, addressvery rough set." "Everybody is not so cowardly as you saw you?" "And you were going by without speak-ing to me; it was very rude of you-what is the matter?" are," put in Elizabeth. "I am going at any rate "That's right, Miss Elizabeth," said brief toward her. Geoffrey. "We will protect-each other from the revolutionary fury of the mob. Come, Beatrice took it with a laugh, and for the

WILD DAYS IN ERIN. he that he will not come forward, or answ er the advertisements and inquiries. Find a boy in that town who has a joint missing on the third toe of the right foot, and you will

The Country Drinking Clubs of the Nobility a Century Ago.

THROWING DICE FOR HEIRESSES.

Abduction of the Beauties of Rathmeaden and Their Awful Revenge.

AN ACCOUNT OF A DRINKING CONTEST

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1

A very wild and reckless generation was the one which gave nobles and squires to Ireland toward the close of the last century. The constitutions of these men must have been of iron, for they performed feats that their successors and descendants would tremble to attempt. The terrible. Hellfire clubs with which the country was at that time filled will live in story as the nursing places of debauchery and vice. It is the fashion to rail at the British aristocracy of the present time; but the wildest scions of noble houses nowadays are saints compared

to their fathers and grandfathers. Every county in Ireland had its Hellfire or Abduction club. In the former, Bacchus was king. Punch and claret flowed all night long, and the rattle of the dicebox was never still. In the latter, the young men drew lots for well-known heiresses. The winner was assisted by the whole club in carrying off the young lady of fortune who had fallen to his share. Every member of the club was sworn to help the lucky winner in his abduction of the rich maiden; and if a marriage was effected the bridegroom was bound to make a handsome gift out of his wile's fortune to the club. On a lonely peak in the Dublin mountains stands a crumbling edifice of granite. Far away across two counties this remarkable object can be clearly discerned. It looks

wind-swept summit. This is all that is left of the once notorious Dublin Hellfire Club. The walls of the clubhouse are of tremendous thickness. The roof is made of gran-ite, and loopholes served for windows. There are two stories, and extensive vaults stretch underground, where once the rarest wines, cooled among the cobwebs, and many a jar of illicit "potcen" and Dutch schiedam were stored.

WHERE NOBILITY GATHERED.

In this lonely house the best blood of Ireland once met in uproarious carousal, while the winds howled around their mountain hold and the rain beat upon the lofty roof of "Hellire Hall." The members drove twice a week from Dublin to their meeting place in great drags and lumbering coad Then the clubhouse was lit up, and far down the valley the quiet peasantry saw its windows all ablaze, and crossed themselves in fear. For well they knew the mad devil-try that was about to reign within those massive walls. The "session" of the Hellfire Club opened

at midnight. Then every member took his seat, the president-Lord Santry, or Colonel St. Leger, or Mr. Gerald Blanchville-being at the head of the festive board. At the ing at the head of the festive board. At the foot was left a vacant chair. This was left for the devil, whom the president formally invited to join the revels. It is more than probable that His Satanic Majesty availed himself of the polite invitation. When the devil had been summoned, his health was proposed and drunk in the best claret, after which the frolic began. At 6 o'clock in the morning the "session" was pronounced at an end, and every member made a low bow

an end, and every member made a low bow to the place where the devil was supposed to sit, bidding "auld clotie" goodby. When the coaches were brought round, and with bloodshot eyes and unsteady hands, the Hellfire lords and gentlemen pre-pared for their great race down hill. Many Irish roads are steep, but the Montpelier road, which leads to the Heilfire clubhouse, is steepest of the steep. At one point it is almost perpendicular, and its width 90 years ago barely permitted of two carriages pass-ing one another. Then the ruts and chasms

along its course were positively appalling. Yet down this Montpelier road the members

They were waylaid, and the two girls were thrown across the saddle-bows o: Byrne and SITTING THE SADDLE. Strange, while the members of the club routed Mr. Kennedy's servants. The luck-less heiresses were then couveyed to a shoot-ing lodge of Lord Galmoy's in the moun-Great Men of Washington Who Have Nerve Enough to Chase Foxes.

BAYNE AN ENTHUSIASTIC RIDER.

Jere Rusk as Picturesque on Horseback as

Joe Cannon is Unique.

ICOBRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

ride out to take their daily constitutional

in riding habit in full course after the

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AN

WASHINGTON, March 1.

has hardly been a day

when they could not

on smooth-shod horses.

Laly constitutional

ing lodge of Lord Galmoy's in the moun-tains, where a mock clergyman was ready to perform the ceremony of marriage. The girls resisted, and the younger one, Anne Kennedy, fired a pistol at Strange, shooting him in the arm. They were, however, finally persuaded to go through the pre-tended marriage. Meanwhile Mr. Kennedy had aroused the Government, and it became necessary to leave the moun-tain hiding-place. With a guard of 20 gentleman, a dash was made by night across the borders, and toward morn-ing the party reached a small harbor on the ing the party reached a small harbor on the Wexford coast, where a fishing vessel was

in readiness to convey them to France. They put out to sea, but stress of weather drove them back, and next morning the boat was boarded by coast guards and a detach-ment of militia. Strange and Byrne fought manfully, but they were finally captured with some ten of their fellow members. They were tried at Maryborough assizes by the Lord Chief Baron, who declared that he was determined to make an example, and con-demned the two abductors to death. The ten gentlemen who had been captured with

Byrne and Strange were heavily fined. As Henry Cabot Lodge, one of the HANGED AMONG FLOWERS. most enthusiastic horsemen at the cap-An effort was made to obtain the pardon ital, said the other day, it has been of the two young men. A petition signed by 50 Irish and 21 British peers, together with nearly a thousand of the gentry was presented, but without avail. Count Taaffe, an "all winter October." Fox hunting, it it had been fashionable in winter

months, might have been pursued just as Lord Chamberlain of Austria, who was Strange's cousin, and the Spanish Prime Minister O'Donnell, who was uncle to Byrne, interceded with the Lord Lieutenant. well as during the autumn. Three years ago there was hardly a score of horsemen in Washington; now the fad has But a pardon was firmly refused, and even the small mercy claimed by the prisoners of being shot instead of hanged was denied them. They met their doom with the utmost fortitude on June 10, 1780. The scaffold was covered with choice flowers and wreaths, sent by the kinfolk and iriends of the ill-advised fellows. A rescue was attempted, but after a sharp skirmish with the military country fox hunt which usually wound up with a dinner or a luncheon at the Whitney country seat, Grassland. Nearly all of the members of the Cleveland Cabinet were fine riders, although they did not join in the fashionable fox hunt. Mr. Cleveland never BRENAN. trusted himself to the pigskin, and it was owing to his opposition and positive ob-jection that Mrs. Cleveland was never seen

FUN OVER THE WIRES. An Old Lady Who Got Her Money's Worth

and a Sad Young Man. Youth's Companion.]

Telegraph operators with a sense of the RIDERS OF THIS ADMINISTRATION. The present Administration contains sev-eral good horsemen. General Harrison himself rides now and then on his large, rangey, shiny bay horse, which he bought before coming to Washington last year. Mr. Blaine does not ride, taking his outdoor ludicrous sometimes find their dull, everyday routine enlivened by the amusing measages handed in by their customers. An operator in a small Western town was sitting alone in his office, when an old lady entered who informed him that she wished

to send a message to her daughter. "How much will it cost?" she asked. "Fitty cents for ten words."

"How much for five words?" "The same. We do not send any mes-

sages for less 'han 50 cents." "All I want to say is, "I will come home to-morrow,' and that will be the same as if there were ton words, eh?"

wuth," she said reflectively. Then, holding up one hand and counting the words off on

The operator was of too sympathetic a nature to be amused over the distress of a

young man who, three minutes after the de-parture of the last train for the day, rushed up to the window and dashed off the follow-

ceremony until to-morrow. Would walk there if I could. Try to be calm."

A Remarkable Service by Reformed Drunk-

ards Over His Remains.

"Yes, ma'am." "Well, I may as well have my money's

up one hand and conting the words of on her fingers, she added, "Johnny-cut-a-tooth-yesterday." "There," she said, "you send that along, too, to make us even," and with a comforta-ble sense that she had not been defrauded by the company, she went on her way. "The company was of the sumwithing the

ing message to be sent to a town 60 miles away, addressed to a Miss Something-or-

his market basket on his arm, almost every morning. It has been some time since he and Historian Bancroft have made their rides together, Mr. Bancroft's failing health making it necessary for him to reirain from his fond diversion. Sector Follows and their Choosing a Profession

his fond diversion. Senator Edmunds is another well-known rider in Washington. He surmounts a very tall chestnut and is not given to very fast riding, but looks well on horseback and evidently enjoys the sport. His daughter used to be his almost inseparable companion Choosing a Profession. INDUSTRIAL PURSUITS ARE BEST.

No Reason Why the Mechanic Should Not with him. ONE-LEGGED RIDERS.

The South Carolina Senators, Wade Hampton and Senator Butler, although they have but one pair of legs between them, are habitual horsemen. Zeb Vance, of North Carolina, used to be very fond of riding about Washington and now rides A FAD WITH FASHIONABLE LADIES summers when he goes home to North Caro-lina, but his eyes have given him so much THIS open winter has been exceptiontrouble during the last few years that he has not gone out on a horse. His colleague, ally fine for Washing-

and "profession" is one of them, and "occu-pation" would often express what is meant Senator Ransom, however, is an enthusiastic rider. Vice President Morton makes a very fine by it. When we speak of young men startappearance on a horse and is seen riding ing out in life and selecting a calling by asionally with his three daughters. The which they are to earn their daily bread, we



A UNIQUE RIDER.

spimals

State

I ving. This is doubtless a very important question, though is oftener settles itself than it becomes the result of careful consideration. I will venture to say that in more than half the cases of boys seeking an occupation the circumstances rather than actual choice are responsible for the selection. Even in this country, where occupation is supposed to be abundant, the boy who is trying to find a place discovers that it is a matter of no little difficulty to get one. His family needs the \$3 or \$4 a week he carns and he has to take the first place he can fird that will yield him this pittance. He makes a beginning without either his parents or himself having selected his occupation. MECHANICS OF COUNTER-JUMPERS.

I wish that more boys were disposed to be-

Stand High in Society.

CHANCE DETERMINES OCCUPATIONS.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

In our plastic language certain words

have come to include a great deal more than

their original significance would warrant,

are very apt to call it a profession if its na-

ture is not yet settled. If the business

come mechanics, farmers and generally to seek a subsistence in industrial pursuits, for, with a taste for such callings, I believe they would be more independent and more suc-cessful as "bread winners." Unfortunately many of them get the idea that it is more picture is a very pretty one, the lather and genteel to measure off tape behind a counter three very womanly little riders. Another family picture of horsemanship, and one that will be remembered a long while by anyone who has seen it, is that of ex-Congressman Van Manning, of Mississippi, than it is to wield a sledge-hammer or shove a foreplane. As a counter-jumper he can keep his hands white and clean, stand in the presence of ladics and dress himself like a swell, though he may be a modest and simand his six children, most of them little girls, out together cantering along a country ple gentleman in this occupation as well as in any other.

road. Mr. Manning owns a farm out a few miles from Washington, and breeds fine horses, so that he has no difficulty in sup-plying his numerous family with fine We have been pleased to observe to what an extent places of this kind are filled in late years by women, to whom they seem more properly to belong. If any boy, with such information as he can obtain in his own locality, will take his slate and pencil and

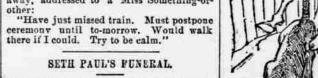
The most unique rider in Washington is figure up the compensation of mechanics and salesmen in drygoods stores, he will probably, since the departure of Dr. Yow, of the Chinese Legation, the Hon. J. G. Cannon, of Illinois, who takes daily rides. have some material to guide him in choosing a profession. Or course, he must include in His charger is a good, steady, honest, big-boned bay and the Hon. Joe rides, if not ex-actly like a Centaur, with a great deal of spirit and purpose. His arms have a ten-dency to go akimbo and flap like the wings more expensive tastes and habits of the former as compared with the latter. of the great American eagle, and the Illinois Congressman looks very much like the old-fashioned rider that used to make the rounds of the log churches in the Sucker

In making this examination into the pros-pects the future may hold out to him, the young man cannot avoid, it he would, being greatly influenced by the reputa in which these occupations are held in his community, the social attractions which one may pre-The most numerous class of riders, how-

ever, in Washington are not Congressmen nor Senators, but members of the guild of sent and the other may not, and especially the chances held out to him for future adsociety, scientific men and military men. Major Powell, the head of the Geological vancement each may offer. Survey and an old army man, is one of the best riders in the city, although he has but THE SOCIAL PART OF IT.

best riders in the city, although he has but one arm. All the army men have their own horses and are to be seen almost any day out upon them. General Schofield likes to ride and his small, rich mahogany bay horse is housed clean and respectable and go into society; none why the doors of mansions thereby not onen as wide to him as to the

RIDING SCHOOLS POPULAR. salesman in a store. If the daughters of he Washington Riding School, one of Squire Tinsel look down upon a mechanithe largest in the country, which was built two years ago by Mr. J. D. Brown, has former may console himself that he is no proved a very handsome investment. Anyloser by the preference, and that he may one who wants to see the notable people of save the money the latter expends upon concert tickets and carriages. Not more than one in a hundred of these the country can find them there almost any The number of ladies in Washington who retail salesmen will make any great ad-vancement in his business. There is not keep their own stables and ride out every room enough for more than that proportion of them at the top of the ladder. The day with their grooms is now beyond count-With them it has come to be a society fad to which there is no stop or ending. This chances for boys entering wholesale houses are better. The taste and even the inney of a boy ought to be consulted before he is planted in any occupation, if the circumstances will permit, as they will not always. In later years there is a tendency to establish me-chanical schools in the large cities, and they ought to be encouraged to a much greater extent than at the present time. REAL USE OF MECHANICAL SCHOOLS. Some boys manifest a very decided mechanical bent at an early age, and others, so far as can be ascertained, have not the slight est inclination in that direction. It can hardly be expected that such schools will turn out finished mechanics, but they will render incalculable service in giving their pupils the skill to do such small jobs as every man ought to be able to do. But the greater service they will render is in testing he fitness of their scholars for mechanica ecupations. If the boy is to learn a trade it is certainly best to let him choose it for himself. He ought to be carefully and wisely couneled. Not many boys have the stability in their undeveloped years, or the knowledge of the ways of the world to make a suitable name choice of a calling. Young people ought to be able to see this for themselves and ask Ada. advice of those who are more experienced than themselves. A young man may be tickled by the eloquence of a lawyer and Halt in decide to become one himself, with little or no knowledge of the duties and trials of the prolession. I have known of hundreds of young men and young women who have made up their minds to become authors. Mr. Hill After the Hounds. esults in health and strength. No city i EARLY FANCIES NOT TO BE FOLLOWED.



run to such a length that there are perhaps as many as 500 thoroughbred riding horses that are used for nothing except the pigskin. The craze for horsemanship came in with the Cleveland administration. Scoretary Whitney, who is an exceptionally fine horse-man, kept quite a stable of thoroughbreds, and Mr. Greger, of the Russian Legation, made it fashionable to attend the cross-

hounds.

abduction clubs, and they soon afterward

the rescuers were suppressed and the ring-leaders fined £500 each. After this terrible example the spirit passed away from the

from morning to night! When is he going not in the room at the time of death. The away?" "In another week, I believe. Beatrice

will be sorry, I think; she makes a great niece had been seen hanging about the house companion of him. And now I think that at dusk, the testator having died at 10 o'clock we must be getting home," and she went, le ving this poisoned shaft to rankle in his The son, on receiving a message from the

Alter they had returned to the vicarage and Beatrice had heard Effie her prayers and tucked her up in her small white bed, she went down to the gate to be quiet for a little while before supper. Geoffrey had not sick man's room, which was on the ground

seemed to sleep, and the little clouds, from casts had been taken, of which photog which the sunset fires had paled, lay like were forwarded with the brief. They wreaths of smoke upon the infinite blue sky. Why had not Mr. Bingham come back, she and in each case the little joint of the red; he would scarcely have time to third toe of the right foot seemed to be dress. Supposing that an accident had hap-mened to him. Nonsensel what accident feet that made them had hitherto failed. pened to him. could happen? He was so big and strong he The will was contested by the next seemed to defy accidents; and yet had it not been tor her there would be little enough counsel, upon the usual grounds of undue left of his strength to-day. Ahl she was glad that she had lived to be able to save him from death. There he came, looming like a giant in the evening mist. There was a small hand-gate beside the

large one on which she leaned. Geoffrey stalked straight up to it as though he did not see her; was cross with her.

She allowed him to pass through the gate, which he shut slowly, perhaps to give her an opportunity of speaking, if she wished to do so; then, thinking that he did not see her, she spoke in her soit, musical voice "Did you have good sport, Mr. Bing-

ham? "No," he answered shortly; "I saw very the little, and I missed all I saw. "I am so sorry, except for the birds. I hate the birds to be killed. Did you not see

me in this white dress? I saw you 50 yards away." "Yes, Miss Granger," he answered, "I

"Not so rude as it was of you to arrange

to walk out with me and then to go and see Mr. Davies instead." "I could not help it, Mr. Bingham; it was

an old engagement, which I had forgotten." "Quite so; ladies always have an excuse

for going what they want to do." "It is not an excuse, Mr. Bingham," Beatrice answered, with dignity; "there is

no need for me to make excuses to you about my movements." Of course not, Miss Granger; but it would be more polite to tell me when you change asked.

your mind-next time, you know. How-ever, I have no doubt that the Castle has at-

tractions for you." She flashed one look at him and turned to go, and as she did so his heart relented; he grew ashamed.

"Miss Granger, don't go; forgive me. I do not know what has become of my manners, I spoke as I should not. The fact is, I was put out at your not coming. To tell the truth, I missed you dreadfully." "You missed me. That is very nice of

you; one likes to be missed. But, if you missed me for one afternoon, how will you get on a week hence when you go away and He was attracted to the house from the miss me altogether's

Beatrics spoke in a bantering tone, and road, which was quite near, by catching sight of something unusual through the blind; the brief says there were no curtains laughed as she spoke, but the laugh ended in something like a sigh. He looked at her for a moment, looked till she dropped her or shutters. Now look at the photographs

of the tootprints. See in No. 1, found out-side the window, the toes are pressed down eyes. "Heaven only knows!" he answered sadiy. "Let us go in," said Beatrice, in a con-trained voice; "how chill the air has deeply into the mud. The owner of the feet was standing on tiptoe to get a better view. turned." But in No. 2, which was tound near where

CHAPTER XV. ONLY GOOD-NIGHT.

Five more days passed, all too quickly,

someone who was in a great hurry. Now it is not probable that a boy had anything to do with the testator's doath. Why, then, was and once more Monday came round. It was the 22d of October and the Michaelmas Sit-tings began on the 24th. On the morrow, Tuesday, Geoffrey was to return to London, the boy running so hard? I will tell you: because he was frightened at something he had seen through the blind. So frightened was

next three-quarters of an hour her fair brow it is time to start." was puckered up in a way quaint to see. At And so they went, leaving Beatrice a prey last she finished and shut the brief up. to melancholy forebodings. She waited in the house for the best part "Let me look at the photographs," she Geoffrey handed them to her. She very

of an hour, making pretense to play with Effic. Then her anxiety got the better of her. She put on her hat and started, leavcarefully examined first one and then the other, and as she did so a light of intelliing Effie in charge of the servant, Betty. Beatrice walked quickly along the cliff gence broke out upon her face. till she came in sight of the Jones' farm. From where she stood she could make out a

"Well, Portia, have you got it?" "I have got something," she answered.

said.

great crowd of men, and even, when the wind turned toward her, eatch the noise of "I do not know if it is right. Don't you see, the old man was superstitious; they shouting. Presently she heard a sound like frightened him first of all by a ghostly voic the report of a gun, saw the crowd break up or some such thing into signing the will, and then to death after he had signed it.

in violent confusion, and then cluster to-gether again a dense mass. "What could it mean?" Beatrice won-The lawyer's clerk prepared the will-he would know how to do it. Then he was dered. smuggled into the room under the bed, or As the thought crossed her mind she persomewhere, dressed up as a ghost perhaps. ceived two men running toward her with all

The sending for the son by the niece was a blind. The thing that was seen running their speed, followed by a woman. Three minutes more and she saw that the woman away was a boy-those footprints were made was Elizabeth. by a boy. I have seen so many thousands The men were passing her now. on the sands here that I could swear to it "What is it?" she cried.

"Murder!" they answered with one voice, and sped on toward Bryngelly. Another moment and Elizabeth hand, horror written on her pale face. Beatrice clutched at her. "Who is it?" she cried.

"Mr. Bingham," gasped her sister. "Go and help; he's shot dead!" And she too was gone. Beatrice's knees loosened, her tongue

the son thought he suw a person clave to the roof of her mouth; the solid earth spun round and round. "Geoffrey killed! Geoffrey killed!" she cried in her running, the toes are spread out quite wide. That is the footprint of eart; but though her ears seemed to hear the sound of them, no words came from her lips. Oh, what should she do? Where should she hide herself and her grief? (To be continued next Sunday.)

of the Hellfire Club raced four-horse coaches Seldom in history have such peculiar every morning after one of their great debauches.

THE MAD RACE DOWN HILL. Helter skelter went the carriages down the hill. The horses plunged and bounded; the drags swayed madly from side to side; the clubmen hallooed and made the echoes ring with their horns. Now and again a coach rolled over, or the horses fell beneath their load. Then came a series of terrific collisions. Coaches ran over one another, or fell back and tumbled, occupants and all, into the ditch. Very few escaped unhurt, and half the coaches were utterly destoyed. But the Hellfire Club had had its tun, and what cared it for a few paltry bruises? All Dublin generally got up early to witness the returns of the battered heroes to their resi-

dences in the gay capital. The amount of drink consumed by these dead and gone topers was enormous. "A 16-tumbler" man was but an ordinary drinker among them. Any one who could not manage his 16 tumblers of fragrant punch was considered as unworthy of re-spect. Frequently the Hellfire Club of one onnty would challenge that of another to a drinking contest. Champions were then selected, and the match came off at a fixed

place. An account of a drinking contest which came off in 1790 between the gentle-

men of the counties, Kilkenny and Water-ford, may be interesting. It is copied from the Leinster Journal of May 13 in that year. "At a meeting of the Hellfire Club," says

the Journal, "at Castle Blunden, the resi-dence of Sir John Blunden, M. P., it was decided to send Lord Galmoy to drink against Mr. Power, of Gurtane, the champion of County Waterford."

DESCRIPTION OF THE CONTEST.

On the 19th of May the Journal thus describes the contest: "The champions met will receive every Republican vote in the at Curraghmore, the seat of the Marquis of Waterford. Mr. Villiers Stuart, M. P., was umpire for Waterford, and Mr. Brenan, of Eaden Hall, for Kilkenny. The cortart of Eaden Hall, for Kilkenny. The contest from a few soured and unhappy politicians began at 8 o'clock, when the two combatants, who were once Republicans, but are not now, the umpires, Lord Wateriord, the reieree, and from some of the more bitter partisans the inspires, locked themselves up in the library, the referee keeping the keys. After three hours' hard drinking Mr. Power be-high an opinion of Allison that they prefer came very tipsy, and be ore midnight he sank under the table. Then Lord Gal-of Democrats have been sending out these

drained 26 tumblers, and my lord could touch no more; so Lord Galmoy and Mr. Stuart fell to in a fierce contest. Very soon Mr. Stuart gave in, and he followed his friends beneath the board. The footman make no impression upon the Republican members of the Legislature, for they do not who had served the drinks still remained, so Lord Galmoy challenged him. But the footman was very thirsty and sober, and my

COAL UNDER LONDON.

lord had hard work to overcome him. He finally did so, however, and, having drunk the whole company under the table, to the great honor of Kilkenny, he took the key Question at Last.

from the referee's pocket, unlocked the door and went to bed." Scientific minds are again being exer-So ended a contest which in those days was considered as important as that of Troy. The abduction clubs became so common lirection were expected from a series of in Ireland that it needed a very stringent hand to put them down. The occusion of their overthrow was as follows: The Leinster Abduction Club, in which were the thriftiew of obtaining an increased water supply, but the results were rather disappoint ing. Once more, however, an attempt is, apparently, about to be made to solve the less younger sons of many old and dis-tinguished families, drew lots for the two problem; and a proposal has been made by a tellow of the Geological Society to start a beautiful daughters of Mr. Kennedy, of Rathmeadan Hall, a rich and popular fund of 2,000 guineas for the purpose of country 'squire. The two young ladies were co-heiresses, and would inherit Rathmaking experimental borings.

measan riall and a large property. The winners in the lottery were two young bloods of ancient race but empty pockets-Captain James Strange and Mr. Gerald Byrna, nephew of Lord de Tabley. The 107 gentlemen present then 'swore on their swords to assist Strange and Byrne in carry-ing off the heiresses.

WAYLAID AND CARRIED OFF. A little while after 'Squire Kennedy and his daughters drove to a country concert.

and impressive funeral services taken place as were those of the late Seth Paul yesterday afternoon at the old Jerry McAuley mission. No relatives were gathered about the plain coffin, which rested down in front by the platform; the services were conducted by a reformed drunkard; the eulogies and remarks were made by men who had been companions in vice of the deceased.

The mourners who crowded the room whose eyes were wet with tears and whose hands went into their pockets and gave "Brother Paul" Christian burial, were also reformed drunkards except Rev. Mr. Bowdish, of the Old John Street Church, who offered a prayer and read the burial services. S. H. Hadley, Superintendent of the Mis-sion, related incidents tending to show how sincere was the conversion of "Brother Paul." Mr. Lawrence told how, 17 years ago, before he himself had fallen so low as to lose friends and home, from which wretched state this mission had rescued him, he boarded at a hotel at Riverside, and that the late Brother Paul was then its pro-Mr. Paul was night clerk at the Hatfield

House at the time of his death. ALLISON'S RE-ELECTION.

Futile Efforts of Iowa Democrats to Get Up Opposition to Bim. Des Moines Special to Philadelphia Press.]

It has been decided to hold the election for United States Senator on Tuesday, March 4. A strong effort has been made by Democratic correspondents to create the impression abroad that there is some doubt

of Allison's election. There is abso-

sank under the table. Then Lord Gal-moy, who was quite fresh, after his 20 tumblers, challenged Mr. Brenan, and drank that gentleman under the table also. Meanwhile Lord Waterford and Stuart had in every county in the State, and come back in every county in the State, and come back bearing Democratic names. If there were 50,000 such petitions as these they would

> in any degree represent Republican senti ment.

A Geological Society Proposes to Solve the Newcastle, Eng., Chronicle.]

sised as to the probable existence of coal under the metropolis. Great things in this operations carried out some time ago with a

neadan Hall and a large property. The Woodchuck as Appropriate. Suffalo Courier.]

Buffalo is not a romantic name to fasten on a war ship. In most ports it will be upposed that she is named after a beast, and it will be wondered if there are com

panion ships named Bear. Moose and Woodchuck. How did this city come to be named Buffalo, anyhow? Our forefathers must have been very short of names?

avoraise mainly by walking or riding with time. Mrs. Blaine in his pretty little landau. General Tracy, now and then, is seen riding in a very stately, old-fashioned way on a superb thoroughbred, which he brought ing. rom his New York farm to Washington.

Occasionally Postmaster General Wanamaker is seen riding a beautiful, fleet, mouse-colored mare, and Secretary Noble is quite often out on a fine bay. Uncle Jerry Rusk, however, of the Agricultural Department, is the horseman of the administration; he rides a tall, long-legged sorrel and makes a very fine appearance with his long snowy beard and his piercing black eyes, running and loving about in the country roads surrounding the capital. Attorney General Miller seems never to have time to take a horseback ride and Secretary Proctor seems not to have the inclina-tion. Colonel Halford has lately taken to

the saddle and rides the President's horse. A BEAUTIFUL PLACE TO RIDE.

Around Washington is one of the most delightful and picturesque park regions to be found in this country. It resembles very much the interior scenery of England, be-ing diversified by groves of large, old trees and broken up by streams that come tum-bling down over the rocks through valleys

that abound in hiding places for real wild foxes. Through the woods the chase becomes very exciting, and the dogs and horses enter heartily into the sport. It takes a good horseman to thread these thickets and precipitous rocky defiles. So there is some nonor in taking the brush at a Washington

fox hunt. During Lent the horsemen are promising themselves a great many delightful events. A series of hunts will be followed which will be equal to anything hitherto enjoyed. One of the foremost spirits in all this equestrian sport is the young Congressman from Massachusetts, Henry Cabot Lodge, who rides like a Centaur. His handsome, athletic

the North can afford such almost continua figure looks superb on horseback, and he opportunity for riding as Washington, and ides in a most spirited way. He took the this undoubtedly is a reason which leads many wealthy people in looking about for a brush in one of the most exciting chases two years ago, and had bardly time to allow the blue ribbon to be pinned upon his lappel behome in their years of retirement from business to come to Washington and spend the fore he was arrested by the Sergeant at Arms under a call of the House, and rest of their days. JULIUS A. TRUESDELL.

bliged to retire from the field. FORTUNES OF RICH MEN. BAYNE A SUPERB HORSEMAN.

Almost as enthusiastic as Mr. Lodge A Genial Old Gentleman Who Knows All he Hon, Thomas M. Bayne, the Pittsburg About the Astor Estate. Congressman, who loves a horse as he does his duty. He has a fine stable, and may be New York Star.] Probably one of the most trying and arseen out any afternoon after the adjournment of the House either driving or riding. He duous positions a man can hold is to be conis a superb horseman, sitting his animal fairly and as if he was part of him, never fidential aid and general manager for a millionaire whose estate amounts to \$50,000,fearing the highest fence nor the broadest ditch. Congressman Hitt, of Illinois, also 000 or more. I had a chat yesterday with Abner Bartlett, a genial, astute old gentle-man who probably knows more about the keeps a fine stable, having seven superb thoroughbreds fitted mainly to his own taste

value of the estates of the rich men of New and notions of riding, and at the same time suited also to Mrs. Hitt, who is one of the York than any other man. Mr. Bartlett has for many years managed the landed property of the late John Jacob Astor. It nost dashing and fearless of the lady riders

at the capital. Senator Spooner and his wife are daily was Mr. Bartlett the richest man in America always consulted when about to make a riders. Two years ago Senator Spooner sent to Kentucky by Joe Blackburn and bought purchase, and it was Mr. Bartlett who looked atter the hundreds of buildings and acres of city lots owned by Mr. Astor. In a fine black riding horse for himself, and a few weeks later obtained another for Mrs. Spooner. The two have been enthusiastic riders ever since their marriage-20 years speaking of the value of millionatres' es-tates, Mr. Bartlett said that the majority of estimates were simply ridiculous. ago. The Senator, who is noted for his mental rather than his physical stature, looks as well on a horse as Napoleon did. "Take the Stewart estate, for instance, said he.

THE LAND OF THOROUGHBREDS. Senator Blackburn and Senator Beck, who

ome from the land of thoroughbreds, are both good riders. They keep fine horses brought from Kentucky, and exercise them daily. Blackburn is a fine-looking man on the matter care ully and put the amount at \$25,000,000, and as it alterward turned out I was correct in my estimate. horse, and a most enthusiastic lover of the a position to estimate on Mr. Astor's wealth port. Senator Beck, since his ill-health.

was. Librarian Spofford used to be seen riding his big, long-legged bay horse, with is inherited by his son, William Waldorf. in an intelligent manner it is believed that

It is only a fancy, for some of them cannot spell common words correctly, and they are utterly ignorant of the struggles which the calling generally involves. I am in-clined to believe that those who set out early to become authors seldom end in being such. In very many cases a young man will-find that he has mistaken his calling; but he has not for this reason necessarily wasted his

time in seeking what proved not to be avail able to him. Within reasonable limits it is not wise for a young man to change his occupation. Unless for the very strongest reason, and with the advice of competent counsellors, he had better stick to his occupation, even if it is not entirely pleasant to him. What is not

agreeable to-day may be so to-morrow. OLIVER OPTIC.

VICTORIA'S SIGNATURE.

The Queen Better Off That Goorge IV, Who Had to Use a Stamp. New York Star.J

James Burbank, an ex-member of the Canadian Parliament, is at the Hoffman House. He told many interesting facts about the Queen's signature.

"The Queen's signature to State doenments," said he, "is still a model of firmness and legibility, no sign of Her Majesty's advanced age being discernible in the boldly written 'Victoria R.' which she attaches to When an appraisement was made on the city property I was called in. It had been estimated by the newspapers that the property was worth all the way from \$75,000,000 to \$100,000,000. I looked into such papers as have to bear the royal auto-graph. The question of the signing of State documents in England by the Sovereign became one of great importance in the last months of George IV's reign. Dur-ing this period His Majesty was in such a debilitated state that the writing of numer-ous autographs was an impossibility, and From several gentlemen who have been in

under these circumstances a short bill was hurriedly passed through Parliament au-thorizing the King to affix a fac-simile of his autograph by means of an inked stamp."

Hon. Tom Bayne Afteld.