



[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The leading characters of the story are Geoffrey Bingham, a London barrister, and Beatrice Granger, daughter of the rector of Brynelydd, on the Welsh coast, and village school teacher. Geoffrey is married to a titled woman, Lady Honoria, who married him for an expected fortune...

CHAPTER XXVI.

A FLYING TRIP TO LONDON. The scene that followed Mr. Davies' blunt demand for the hand of Beatrice may well be passed over lightly. Indignant in spirit and with a sense of the conspiracy against her, Beatrice promptly declined the proffered honor.

When they were gone, Beatrice set about her own preparations. Her wild purpose was to travel to London and catch a glimpse of Geoffrey's face in the House of Commons, if possible, and then return. She put on her bonnet and best dress; the latter was very plainly made of simple gray cloth, but on her it looked well enough, and in the breast of it she thrust the letter which she had written on the previous day.

Next morning they breakfasted very early, because Mr. Granger and Elizabeth had arranged to visit Brynelydd. Beatrice, however, through the meal in silence, her calm eyes looking straight before her, and the others, gazing on and at the lovely, inscrutable face, felt an indefinable fear creep into their hearts.

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at the entrance of the House. Beatrice paid the cabman his shilling, thanked him, and entered, only once more to find herself confronted with a vision of white statues, marble floors, and a certain noble and venerable people. An automatic policeman asked her what she wanted. Beatrice answered that she wished to get into the House.

"Ladies' gallery, miss?" said a voice: "order, please, though I think it's full." Here was a fresh complication. Beatrice had no order. She had no idea that one was necessary. "I got an order," she said faintly. "I do not know that I must have one. Can I not get in without?"

"Most certainly not, miss," answered the voice, which now seemed to her a cold, official, matter-of-fact voice. "You must have an order, miss. Now make way, make way, please."

Beatrice's gray eyes filled with tears, as she turned to go. Her heart was so full of her labor in vain, and that which would be done must be done without the mute farewell she sought. Well, when she turned to go, she dropped them all together, and addressing himself to the speaker, but really to the Opposition. He looked at her for a moment, and then, with a slight smile, he said, "You are not a member of the House, are you?"

Beatrice's eyes were fixed on the speaker, and she felt as if she were looking into the very heart of the matter. "I am not a member of the House," she said, "but I am a woman of the House, and I am here to-day to see you."

"I think that I can help you, then," he said. "As it happens, I am here to-day to see you, and I am a member of the House, and I am here to-day to see you."

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"Oh, goodby, Geoffrey!" she murmured, for a second allowing her heart to go forth toward him. Then realizing what she had done, she dropped her veil, and went swiftly. The gentleman called "Tom" she never learned his name—stood for a moment dumfounded, and at that instant Geoffrey staggered, as though he had been struck by a shot, turned quite white, and halted.

"Why?" said his companion, "there is that lady again; we must have passed quite close to her. She was looking after us. I saw her face in the gallery—and I never want to see such another."

Geoffrey seized him by the arm. "Where is she?" he asked, "and what was she like?" "She was there a second ago," he said, pointing to the pillar, "but I've lost her now—I fancy she went toward the railroad station, but I can't see. Stop, is that her?" and he pointed to a tall person walking toward the abbey.

Quickly they moved to intercept her, but the result was not satisfactory, and they retreated hastily from the object of their attentions. Meanwhile Beatrice found herself opposite the entrance to the Westminster bridge, and she was looking after her; she got into it and told the man to drive to Paddington.

Before the pair had retraced their steps she was gone. "She has vanished again," said "Tom," and went on to give a description of her to Geoffrey. Of her dress he had unfortunately taken no particular note. It might be one of Beatrice's, or it might not. It seemed almost inconceivable to Geoffrey that she should be masquerading about London under the name of Mrs. Everston. And yet—and yet—he could have sworn—but it was folly!

Suddenly he bade his friend good night and took a hansom. "The mystery thickens," said the astonished "Tom," as he watched him drive away. "I would give £100 to find out what it all means. Oh! that woman's face—it haunts me. It looked like the face of an angel bidden farewell to heaven."

But he never did find out any more about it, though the last despairing look of Beatrice, as she bade her mute farewell, still sometimes haunts his sleep. Geoffrey reflected rapidly. The whole thing was ridiculous, and yet it was possible. Beyond that brief line in answer to his letter he had heard nothing from Beatrice. Indeed, he was waiting to hear from her before taking any further step. But even supposing she were in London, where was he to look for her?

He knew that she had no money, she could not stay long. It occurred to him there was a train leaving Euston for Wales about 4 in the morning. It was just possible that she might be in town, and returning by this train. He told the cabman to drive to Euston station, and on arrival closely questioned a sleepy porter, but without satisfactory results.

Then he searched the station; there were no traces of Beatrice. He did more; he sat before taking any further step. But even supposing she were in London, where was he to look for her?

"It is very strange," Geoffrey said to himself as he walked away. "I could have sworn that I felt her presence just for one second. It may have been nonsense. This is what comes of occult influences, and that kind of thing. The occult is a nuisance." If he had only gone to Paddington! (To be continued next Sunday.)

Rolling Criminals in England. In 1830, an attempt to poison the Bishop of Rochester and his family, by a cook named Rose, who had thrown some deleterious drug into their porridge, created quite a panic in the land. Poisoning had hitherto been rare in England, and was looked upon as a peculiarly horrible Italian crime. A new statute was accordingly passed to meet the new terror, and the penalty for the offense was boiling to death, without benefit of clergy. Rose was publicly boiled to death in Smithfield.

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Tripe or fish, and the catch per man will average 60 dozen a day. PRICE OF THE LUXURIES. All the soft crabs taken during the summer are sent to market, and in May and early June the only soft crabs to be found in New York come from Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina. In the latter part of June soft crabs begin to be caught in Jersey waters, and the price then declines. When soft crabs are scarce \$2 or \$2.25 per dozen is not regarded as an excessive price; but in the height of the season the ruling price is \$1 for large crabs and 75 cents for medium and small. "Shedders" seldom go below 75 cents a dozen, and are more frequently valued at \$1.50, and sometimes command \$3 per dozen.

Taking a crab out of water arrests the process of development. When packed in seaweed in a cool place the shedder or soft crab will remain alive for several weeks without undergoing any change. L. S. MOTT.

AN AERONAUT'S DESCENT. Description of a Thrilling Performance in a Tents of England. The Newcastle, Chronicle thus describes the performance of W. H. Shipley, of South Shields: At 5:30 the balloon was in readiness. Suddenly it was cut loose and in a moment shot high into the air, amid the cheers of the multitude gathered inside the field and out of it. The sudden ascent did not appear in the least to have disturbed Mr. Shipley's equanimity, for the thousands of upturned eyes saw that he was kicking his legs about in apparent enjoyment. The intrepid voyager coolly took off his cap and waved it, and the action was greeted with enthusiastic cheers.

The balloon and parachute and man were outlined with perfect clearness against the sky, and for a second the falling form of the aeronaut was watched with absolute precision. Really, it seems as if the crab had little else to do in summer but shed his shell and get a new one of larger caliber. The hard crab first puts on a leathery undergarment and while it is growing he is known as a "comer." In a day or two, when this under skin is completed, he is a "shedder," and then he is fitted for bait, because his hard shell can then be stripped off, leaving the leathery integument entire. In a single day the "shedder" parts his shell and becomes a "buster." Taken then he is the best of bait, but left in the water a few hours he will throw off his shell, crawl out on his elastic covering. There he is a soft crab par excellence.

WHEN HE TASTES BEST. On the night of the day the crab divests himself of his misfit shell he is in the best condition for frying. In another day, if he is not taken from the water, his new covering becomes like parchment, and in 12 hours more the parchment hardens so that it just yields to pressure. Then he is known as a "buckler," and is of little use except as a broiler.

Electrocution for Rats. An American patent has been issued to a Frenchman for an electric trap, which consists of a lure or bait located behind a grid composed of metal rods or wires, which are arranged side by side, forming the positive and negative wires of the circuit. When a rat, for example seeking the bait, comes in contact with the grid, the circuit is closed, and so are the eyes of the rat.

Gladstone on a Postal Card. A few weeks ago, Gladstone was invited to be present at a festival given in behalf of a charitable enterprise; he sent his declination upon a postal card; at the festival the postal card was put up at auction sale and brought the goodly sum of £15.

MILKING THE REINDER. Great Herds Driven Into Inclosures and Attended to by the Women. Newcastle, Eng., Chronicle. When we reached the Lapp encampment, which consisted of a number of huts scattered about in a grove of birch trees, we found the men and women absent. Jacob, my guide, pulled aside the skin covering which closed the entrance to one of the huts, when a couple of fine dogs sprang out at us barking and growling, a greeting which was changed to a more gentle welcome when they recognized my little guide. I stooped down and entered the hut, and found it inhabited by three or four children, one of whom was a baby. The elder girl gave me a welcome, and bundled out the youngsters to make room for me, placing a reindeer skin on the ground for me to recline on. However, Jacob would not let me rest, but made me understand there was something to be seen outside.

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CLIFTON. This is the most valuable tract of land ever offered for sale in Pittsburg on popular payments. Opened for sale Monday, May 3. See next Sunday's DISPATCH, but visit the property, if possible, this week--Ft. Wayne Railroad, 6 1-2 miles. Lots \$100 to \$400. First payment \$1 to \$4. No interest. No taxes. WOOD, HARMON & CO., 545 SMITHFIELD ST. 545 PITTSBURG, PA.