

"Yes, sir; I have come from your brother, who has written a statement, which he instructed me to submit to you for your approval."

"He said that, did he?" said the old gentleman, with a gasp of surprise. He mechanically took the paper held out to him, and read it carefully. His face softened as he read, and as he finished he admitted that it was fairly written, and, except a few minor details, just to both sides.

"Ezekiah always was a good square fellow," Norway heard him say, half under his breath, "I'll go and see him."

The old gentleman shook hands very heartily with Norway at parting, and even apologised for his former harsh treatment; though he declared that it was hard lines when a man had to tell, of his own accord, his own secrets, against his will.

The Berthold affair, after the publication of the statement, faded out of the people's minds, there being no further food for curiosity. People reading it and finding nothing sensational, as they had expected, said, "Is that all?" with a yawn, and straightway forgot all about it; and about that time the brothers were reconciled. As for Norway, he became more valuable to the *Pro and Con* as time passed, especially as Mr. Thorne's health failed, and he was obliged to take a year's travel abroad. Norway filled the vacancy caused by his absence, and scraps of able and facetious editorials began to be extensively quoted and misquoted throughout the country from his pen. Society, too, smiled upon the young journalist, and one day he received an invitation to dine at Mr. Ezekiah Berthold's. Miss Berthold, was, of course, present, and it chanced that he was appointed to take her into dinner. Afterward they strolled into the conservatory to look at a new variety of cactus which was then in blossom, but by the time they reached that charming retreat they had forgotten the cactus. They even laughed over the circumstances of their former meeting, when Norway had called in the guise of a wise enemy, though Miss Berthold frankly confessed that the subject was a painful one to her.

"I can never forget the unceremonious way I addressed you that day," she said, "Of course it was rude, and you were an utter stranger to me, and when I think of that ridiculous dialogue, which I was the instigator of—"

"Do not think of it," said Norway.

"Impossible. I have to think of it," said Miss Berthold, perversely.

"But," said Norway, "if I could prove to you that I was not an utter stranger, and that we were, or should have been, old acquaintances, having met seven years ago, would that make any difference?"

"It might. But then it isn't so."

"Yes, it is quite true. Have you no recollection of me? I did not find it difficult to remember you, although I think you have changed more than I have."

"Seven years," said Miss Berthold in a tone of wonder. "Why I was a mere school girl, and let me see, I was at home for a vacation when—"

A flush, swift and deep, caused her face to outlive the red roses at her side as she paused with a sudden recollection. She looked up shyly, and something in her face told Norway that they would hereafter be friends. She held out her hand, saying softly:

"It was the night of the fire."—Exchange.

## THE SUICIDE OF PIGOTT.

AT half-past five on Friday afternoon, March 1st, the Civil Governor of Madrid, acting upon a request of the British Embassy, sent one of his most active police-inspectors with two detectives to the Hotel de los Embajadores to arrest Pigott, who was staying there under the name of Ronald Ponsonby.

The British Embassy at Madrid had received from Scotland Yard and from the Foreign Office, and had communicated to the Spanish civil authorities, a full description of the fugitive, requesting them to look out for him. Then on Friday morning, acting under instructions from the Foreign Office, the Embassy again informed the Civil Governor that the British authorities had reason to believe that Pigott had arrived in Madrid, and was the person who had on Thursday afternoon sent a telegram stating that Ronald Ponsonby had arrived safely in Madrid, and had put up at the Hotel de los Embajadores. This telegram had been handed in at the Central Office, and was directed to "Ponsonby (?), 53 Lincoln's-in-Fields, London." The inspector accordingly went to the hotel and made inquiries of the landlord and servants, which soon convinced him that the so-called Ponsonby was the man wanted by the British Embassy. The description of his personal appearance given by them tallied with the information sent from Scotland Yard in every detail of personal appearance and costume, down to the well-known eyeglass. The inspector sent for the interpreter of the hotel, a German. He was the only person who had conversed with Pigott, and had been constantly with him since his arrival in the through express from Paris on Thursday morning. He had, as he himself told the interpreter, stayed a day in that city. Pigott was in his room when the police arrived to arrest him. Till then he had spent most of his time going about Madrid with the interpreter. The inspector, in order to avoid alarming Pigott, went up to his room with the German, asking the latter to tell the Englishman that he must follow him to the office of the Civil Governor, who wanted to communicate to him some news which concerned him.

Pigott, without any sign of emotion, put on his overcoat, took his hat and umbrella, and left his room and went as far as the stairs with the inspector and the interpreter. Then he quickly retraced his steps to the bedroom, calling out to the interpreter that he was going for his cards. The others did not follow him into the bedroom, and actually waited for him in the corridor outside. Pigott went into the alcove of his room, took a revolver from the only small leather bag he had brought with him, and shot himself dead. He must have fired the shot into his mouth, as it shattered the skull and the upper part of the mouth. The inspector and interpreter, together with some other

persons, entered the bedroom, only to find all assistance useless. As is usual in such cases in Spain, nobody was permitted to touch or move the body until the magistrates came. The police mounted guard at the door of the room, and information was instantly sent to the Civil Governor and the British Embassy. Sir Clara Ford sent the consul to make some inquiries. The magistrate styled "Juez de Guardia" was soon on the spot with his alguazils and other officials. The judge's first step was to send for a doctor, who declared the death of Pigott had been immediate, the bullet having traversed the brain.

The officers of the police proceeded to examine the clothes of the dead man. They found a cheque book on the Ulster Bank, of which many of the cheques had been used, also a license to carry firearms, dated the 7th June, 1887, which Pigott had obtained at Kingstown, and a curious note-book, in which he had written many singular memoranda of his recent doings. There were many entries about letters received while he was at Anderson's Hotel, followed by what seemed to be comments in cypher. In these notes the judge observed that frequent mention was made of Messrs. Parnell, Labouchere, and O'Kelly, and also what appeared to be impressions of visits to Paris, London, and other towns. The last document examined by the judge was a letter which Pigott evidently intended to send to Mr. Labouchere. In this letter he asserts that the first bundle of letters sold to the *Times* contains authentic documents. He goes on:—"In the second bundle I put several false letters, among them two of Parnell's, one of Davitt's, one of O'Kelly's, and one of Patrick Egan's. I deeply lament and regret what I have done, and heartily wish to repair it; and to do so I will do all I can and follow your instructions. The greater part of my declarations before the tribunal were false; but what I declared under oath and in writing was exact." This letter was signed in full, "Richard Pigott," and very much resembles his previous declaration. It was directed to Mr. Labouchere. This letter is, singularly enough, dated last Monday. In his note-book there are said to be political memoranda of importance. The deceased had only a few shillings in his waistcoat pocket, and no other money of any kind; but he repeatedly told the interpreter that he hoped to get letters from friends in Paris and London. His intention was to leave Madrid for France directly these letters arrived.

During the night of Friday the authorities had the body placed in a simple coffin of black wood, and conveyed to the judicial mortuary in the Southern cemetery. The remains are in the clothes he wore when he committed suicide—a brown overcoat, jacket, and waistcoat, black cheviot stuff trousers with dark stripes, and old boots. The shirt is open, allowing a scapular to be seen with the letters "I.H.S." and a cross. The mouth and moustache, both hands and the face, are stained with blood; the eyes, which are light blue, are wide open. The head is much mutilated. The judge allowed the officials of the Embassy to examine and copy most of the documents found on the body.

This tragic affair has excited great interest in Madrid. The Press publishes long accounts of his career. Most papers, and especially the Liberal and Republican journals, show considerable sympathy for Mr. Parnell and the Irish Members in their comments on the Commission. Indeed, Spaniards seldom conceal their sympathies for Ireland.

## THE FINGER OF GOD.

(The Nation, March 2)

GREAT is truth, and in God's own good time it must prevail.

The proverb is old, but its verification is fresh and unmistakable, comforting to the heart and strengthening to the arm of Ireland.

The edifice of lying has crumbled. The main prop to the hideous system of tyranny which oppresses our people has fallen, and confusion and shame are upon the slanderers of the nation.

The tyranny was built upon lying and fraud. It has subsisted because slander availed. From the day of its establishment in our island until the present hour infamous falsehood has been its most trusty reliance.

By it the mind of the world was poisoned, and the sympathy of civilised men directed from a suffering nation. The slanderer of Ireland had the ear of the world, and for a century the profligate *Times* was his speaking trumpet. Through it the world was told that O'Connell was a beggarly and mercenary charlatan, a big beggarman; that the Irish priest was a surpliced ruffian; that the Irish peasant was a ghoulish savage; that the Irish leaders of the present day were the confederates and accomplices of assassins; that Mr. Parnell was the instigator and abettor of murder.

These latest calumnies were but the climax in a career of slander. They were, unfortunately for the calumniator, stated with a definiteness and supported by allegations that enable them to be met. They have been met, and there is but one word that expresses the verdict of the whole civilised world on the conduct of the *Times*—infamous.

The liar and the slanderer have had their evil day in our history. It is ended. Henceforth they are impotent. The instrument by which they worked is broken, the foul employer that enabled them to live is ruined.

Richard Pigott's lies and forgeries were too much even for the *Times* to carry. When the partners joined, the infamy was too great and the justice of God could not brook it any longer. The conspirators sought onebourne. They were bound to meet in the long run. When they met, the cup of the liar's crimes against Ireland was full.

But let there be no mistake. The wretched man Pigott is beneath contempt. He is too foul a thing to have had a place in God's world if the agents of the devil were not in it, too, to shelter him and to find him employment. It is the men who employ such men and support them that make their existence possible. We should have no Pigotts, if we had no Smiths, Walters, MacDonalds, Bennerssatts, Maguires, Higgs, Housons, and Hartingtons.

These men are the real criminals. They call themselves dupes. Pity the dupes—the dupes of Richard Pigott.