

having fallen, sustained an incised wound on the head. The jury found deceased died from exposure after receiving the injuries to his head.

At Omagh November Fair there was a good quantity of stock, and many buyers were in attendance. In some departments prices improved, but on the whole there was not much change from former fairs. Springers and newly calved cows changed hands briskly at a decided advance. Springers, L13 to L16 10s each; second class, L10 to L12 10s; third quality, from L7 10s to L9 10s; new calved cows sold at L12 to L14 10s; second quality, L9 10s to L12; third kinds and strippers, from L6 10s to L8 10s; three-year-olds, L7 10s to L11; two-year-olds, from L6 to L7 10s; six-quarter-olds, from L3 10s to L5 10s; calves, L3 to L4 each. Fat sheep for butchers were scarce and sold from 30s to 40s each; ewes, L1 10s to L1 15s; Scotch sheep, from 20s to 25s each; and lambs, from 15s to 20s each.

Wexford.—The county hunt was stopped during the week at Tintern, because the master refused to warn off a number of landlords and others whose presence was objected to by the people. The latter assembled in large numbers amid great excitement and refused to allow the hunt to proceed. Hon Mr Chichester, Lord Templemore's son, and Mr Boyd of New Ross, agent to Colonel Tottenham, were some of the objectionable persons.

AN ALTERED CASE.

(From an American paper.)

(Concluded.)

It was a month later, that throughout her guardian's home there was a pleasurable excitement, which seemed silly to Winnie. The idea of such a fuss being made over the entertainment of an old woman and her son at dinner? They were not even strangers, either; for Mrs Neames was the widow of her guardian's former partner, and still retained a share in the business, and Ambrose, the son, was his confidential clerk.

Winnie descended to meet the guests with an air more befitting a dismissal than a welcome. She found a stately and weighty dame with colourless, almost livid complexion and aggressively-rolled white hair; and a demure young man, brown of hair and eyes and moustaches.

With the mental comments, "Virago" and "Ninny," she gave herself up to hospitable cares. Her companion at dinner doubtless thought her taciturn, but then his mother furnished a ready excuse. The old lady was discursive, and on a subject, too, which might have proved embarrassing to a more resolute appearing young man; but Ambrose merely smiled affably. She discoursed on the tantrums of his childhood, the misdemeanours of his youth, and the failings of his maturity, and ascribed great credit to her watchfulness, that he was no worse than he was.

"I keep the reins pretty tight yet," continued Mrs Neames. "No night-key, no cigars and cards. A strict reckoning of every cent expended."

"But we all lean on Ambrose in the office," ventured Mr Grantley.

"I know. We talk business over every night, and I tell him what to do.

Winnie studied the young man beneath her glasses. Was he not ashamed, when even she, a stranger, could blush for him. Apparently not all. He seemed to glory in his subjection, now and again agreeing:

"Yes, mother, I don't know how I could get on without your advice," all the while doing justice to the viands. What insensibility! What ignorance of the rights and privileges of glorious manhood! Alas, there were no longer any men, or, if there were, they came and disappeared like veritable gods.

The anxious mother kept her eyes sharply engaged with her son's conduct. When champagne was served, she cried out to the butler: "Mind, only a half-glass for that boy," and then, "Fill it with water, Ambrose," and Ambrose smilingly obeyed, while the butler nearly dropped the cooler in consternation, and Winnie's highly-intelligent nose expressed its highest degree of contempt. A singular young man, surely, noticeable on account of his defects. Well, it was remarkable for a modern young man to even attain distinction in this line! Why didn't he talk? Because she was reserved? That didn't excuse him from his obligation. But no; he seemed thoroughly content to smirk and gorge, and say, "Yes, mother," and "No, mother," like a round-about having an outing.

At length, Mrs Grantley's signal gave a welcome relief, which faded before a shock. For as Ambrose Neames bowed and drew back his chair, he whispered to Winnie, with an undeniable air of tenderness:

"Only for a few moments. Our memories share a responsive chord, you know, which will draw me to you." Was the man deaf, or simply and naturally insolent? Winnie's head was proud, indeed; her dreamy eyes flashed angrily.

"Cord!" she repeated, sippantly, "tis apron string you mean."

In the drawing-room, Mrs Neames, to further exemplify her strength of character, went to sleep without any dissembling. This gave Winnie a chance to gratify her curiosity, which, regardless of her influence, had become exigent.

"Tell me, Auntie," she asked, "why does that young man, why does everyone defer so ridiculously to her?"

"Hush, my child," said Mrs Grantley. "Why, don't you know? She is liable to heart stroke, and must be saved from any excitement. Such filial submission in a great strong man seems noble to me."

After this explanation Winnie retired to a corner and pondered; nor did she emerge therefrom until the guest aroused with a start and forthwith talked vociferously, as if continuing an animated conversation. Then she sprang to the old lady's side and attended upon her with surprising gentleness. Mrs Neames, however, did not make such responses as this consideration merited. She seemed preoccupied. Her gaze was fixed, fixed with a glare on the young girl's hand. Finally she spoke, and her voice might have embellished any one of the Fates.

"Where did you get my son's ring?" she asked.

"Ring. He left it with me that is I borrowed it," stammered the discomfited Winnie, as she incontinently retreated into her corner. How her cheeks burned and how her heart thumped, even as it had during that terrible race. She felt as if every eye rested on her with suspicion. Oh, what should she do? Surely they, surely he, would understand that she had not known that her intense grip had removed and retained the ring. She would explain, but how would she dare face him after her disdain? Ah, there lay the sting! Granted that she was near-sighted, a blind person of any discernment must have recognised at once his grand personality.

There were pleasant sounds of laughter, and the men entered. Winnie watched Ambrose Neames with eyes of adulation. How gentle, how gallant he was, so considerate toward his mother, so courteous toward his entertainers. Ah, modesty was the only panoply befitting a knight without fear or shame! A great gratitude swelled within the girl, and overmastered every other emotion. He had risked his life to save her, a stranger, from worse than death; no conventional scruple should restrain the expression of her appreciation. With a gesture which seemed imperious, because it was impatient, she called him to her side.

"Shall we sound that chord, Miss Driscoll?" he began gaily. "Or do you think that so dull a slave can have no thought save of slavery?"

"Oh, don't! pray don't!" Winnie pleaded. "Forgive me. I didn't recognise you. Oh, you were so good!"

"I am the one to worship, to worship you forever. Can't you feel, Winnie, don't you know that from the instant I saw you I have loved you?"

At this juncture there was a sharp, discordant interruption.

"My son, rasped Mrs Neames' voice, "that young Miss there has your grandfather's ring, which you said you had lost."

"Yes," whispered the girl, "I have your ring, and—I'll keep it if you like."

YOU LOOK SICK!

YOU FEEL SICK!

YOU ARE SICK!

WHAT WILL YOU DO?

IF YOU ARE WISE

YOU WILL TAKE A COURSE OF
CLEMENTS' TONIC.

The greatest renovator of a worn out system the world has ever seen, positively and permanently restores, manly virility, to prove which evidence is forthcoming from any quarter.

READ THIS CASE.

Mrs Annie Levett, Manchester street, Christchurch, N.Z., who writes on April 19th, 1893:—About two years ago I received a great shock to my nerves which brought on palpitation of the heart, and laid me prostrate in bed for a month. I had re-sort to a doctor but he did me very little good. Still very little better, I applied to a chemist, being very weak and nervous and really fit for no kind of work; I had no heart to do anything, and my life was a burden to me. I had read about Clements' Tonic, and was persuaded to give it a trial. I got some and found it was the best thing I had taken for my complaint—in fact, it has made me feel strong, having put new vigor into me; it has greatly improved my appetite, and removed that unpleasant feeling of weakness and languor.—Yours truly, Annie Levett, Manchester street, Christchurch, N.Z.

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