The Sandwich Election COMMISSION.

This inquiry was resumed on Thursday morning at 2, Paper-buildings, Temple, before Mr. Holl, Q.C., Mr. R. E. Turner, and Mr. Jeune; Mr. Ernest Baggallay, secretary.

Mr. Charles Foord, who took the £1,500 in gold to Sir Julian Goldsmid's agent at Sandwich, examined by the President, said that he was a contractor for public works at Rochester and Sheerness. His eldest brother, John, had generally acted for Sir Julian. He himself had taken down £1,500 to Sandwich at the request of Sir Julian in connection with the May election. The money was in gold, and was chiefly obtained from the London bankers of his firm. They had no instructions to send the money in gold. He was told that it was not convenient for Sir Julian to pay in cheques. Mr. Emmerson gave him a receipt for the money.

By Mr. Jeune: You perceive that it is undated, that it bears no receipt stamp, and that Mr. Emmerson's initials only are attached to it?—Yes.

Is it your habit in business matters to take receipts of that character?—No, but I scarcely thought that it was necessary to take a receipt at all in this case.

Did you tell Mr. Emmerson that this money had come from Sir Julian's friends?—Yes, but I did not mean by that to convey the impression that Sir Julian knew nothing about it. I merely meant that it was not the proceeds of his cheque.

Examination continued: His firm had not acted as expenses agents for Sir Julian, neither had they sent bags of sovereigns to him in the case of previous elections. He had never been at Sandwich before and was unknown there. He himself was responsible for the suggestion that the money should be taken down in gold. He could easily have got a thousand pound in gold from his local bank. For the last 12 years his firm had been in the habit of keeping large sums in gold on their premises for the purpose of paying wages, and that fact was well known. He never wrote to inform Sir Julian that he had taken the money to Sandwich.

Mr. Crompton-Roberts, the successful candidate at the May election at Sandwich, who was unseated on petition, then read the following statement:—

I resisted the desire of entering Parliament until I could be in a position to represent a county. This opportunity arose last year, and I was before the electors of Monmouthshire for some months as their intended Candidate, but retired in favour of the present Junior Member for that county.

Hearing that Sandwich wanted a Conservative, my solicitor sent his clerk, who was born in the borough, to make enquiries, and he learnt that Knatchbull-Hugessen and Brassey were much liked, all believing them at heart to be Conservatives, and that therefore it was useless to think of fighting against them, but that as it was well known Hugessen strongly objected to Gladstone's *peace at any price* policy—he would be sure to be shunted into the 'Lords" with the first good Colonial appointment open to him, and that then the party would welcome a Conservative, and they believed they could be sure of returning one. As both the late Members were strangers to the Borough as far as living a long way off; a perfect stranger would be welcome—there being no local Conservative or Whig who wished to enter Parliament. Mr. Spofforth told me I had better hear direct from his Clerk all he had learnt about the Borough before deciding to hold myself open to represent it if called up, and from him I gathered that the general gossip of the place was—That Mr. Tom Brassey was the first to pay heavily in his attempt to win the Borough, his father having said he would get him in *at any price* but he failed.

On some Wednesday or Thursday in May, my solicitor received a letter to say the party would like to see Mr. Crompton-Roberts, if he would receive a deputation, to which a reply was sent, that to save time I would come down by the 7.40 a.m. train on the following day—I did so and hoped to return at night, but was met at the Station and told to go to the Royal Hotel, where some gentlemen would see me at 12 o'clock.

At this meeting of some 3 to 5, I was asked to remain until 6 to see a larger meeting, which I addressed, and by whom I was questioned on my politics. They asked me to retire, and having kept me waiting a long time, regretted to have appeared so rude—but said that there were 4 Candidates in the field, and that therefore they could not make up their minds that evening.

As I could not then get back in time even by driving to Dover, I asked all those who would like to stay, to dine with me, when they would have a chance of getting better acquainted. Some did so, and I left for London by the first train in the morning—I should however mention that just as dinner was announced, one of the other candidates arrived—so as to be perfectly fair with him. I asked him to be my guest, that this section of the inhabitants might have a good opportunity of judging between us.

On the following Tuesday without any previous intimation, I was telegraphed for from Deal and left within an hour. I believe I addressed the Electors once or twice that night.—I was anxious my solicitor, Mr. Spofforth, should have accompanied me, but he did not know if he might not be interfering with some local solicitor, and so I went to learn about this and report.

As Lord Brabourne's patent was not gazetted, it was uncertain how many weeks the contest would last. Mr. Spofforth fearing his engagements would not permit him to give me his individed attention, selected and sent me down the most celebrated electioneering agent of the day, Mr. Hughes, and wrote to me, that he had better be my expenses agent, and that I might leave him to act for me with perfect confidence *in every matter*, as I should if he had been able to come himself.

Having been a very hard worker all my life and knowing the importance of a few hours start with a political adversary, I worked from early morning until late at night, disregarding my meals and feeling severely the effects of the disorganization of the Conservative party.

Had I had the confidence of the borough a week before they finally sent for me, I could have canvassed every voter in half the hours I subsequently found necessary, as I am intimately acquainted with minute organiztion. Your Commissioners have little idea of the labour of such a canvass with no numbers on many of the doors and messengers as sent with me very frequently not knowing where voters lived. In Sandwich things were infinitely better prepared for my canvass. I canvassed most of the opposite side, as well as those who were known Conservatives, and had much support from total abstainers, as my brothers had for years set that example to their men with a view to influence them for their good.

To canvass must be hard work for anyone, but the most painful trial is to those who have been free handed all their lives, to feel that they cannot relieve the misery they come across in a house to house visitation.

In one house I suddenly entered into a room partially below the level of the street, where the woman burst into tears, on my mentioning the object of my visit and I had to retire, on learning that they had just returned from the funeral of one child, having buried another the previous week, and that they had no food in the house. I am not quite sure these were the actual words used, but I believe they were—I could not get this scene out of my head all night, as to promise them future help would be just as bad as giving money before the election, and therefore told the messenger who accompanied me on the following morning that if it must be I would sooner lose the election by giving something in this case, rather than be heartless enough to pass over such misery, and that he was, therefore, to take some money to that man for me, but to tell him not to vote. I don't know the man's name, or whether he was a Conservative or Blue, as I retired as soon as I had apologized for my intrusion on their affliction.

With regard to taking so many public-houses, I mentioned to Mr. Hughes (I think on meeting him in the street) that I thought it hardly fair to my opponent to take so many. He said that he wanted them for advertising stations, and that there would be plenty left for the other side.

On another occasion, when telling Mr. Hughes that I was being bothered by people catching hold of me in the streets, and asking if they might not have some flags, he replied, "Flags are illegal, and I cannot authorise any until the other side start it."

On Tuesday I heard Sir Julian had arrived, and was to be my opponent. I met him within an hour and introduced myself, hoping we should both work in a gentlemanly and pleasant way, for that I would sooner lose my chance of a seat in Parliament than my character as a gentleman. Within half-an-hour Sandwich was decked out in blue flags, which I thought must have come from some of Sir Julian's previous elections, as they were so good and rapidly displayed.

On my return to Deal I found blue flags everywhere, and one putting up between my house and one Sir Julian had thoughtfully taken next door to me, which was eventually covered with flaglets, beautifully specifying all the leading Liberals, Ministers, etc., with Bradlaugh among them. We therefore, on our side, put up flags with my approval, following the lead of Sir Julian and his party.

Hearing that Sir Julian was to be made a Forester, I thought I had better become one likewise, as I had heard very favourable reports of this Society from my workmen, of whom several belonged to it; and after addressing a meeting in the Guildhall, Sandwich, I drove over to Walmer and found Sir Julian waiting my arrival to be introduced to the Lodge, which was held at a Blue House. Before our introduction I asked Sir Julian to take care we neither did anything illegal, and to kindly look after me as well as himself, as he had so much more experience than I had in election matters. The meeting was a close one, and we were either told or had it pointed out in the Rules that politics were never permitted to be broached at them.

Having understood that it was usual for new members to stand glasses round, I asked the President's permission to order them, and they were supplied at my expense, on which Sir Julian told me I was sailing very near the wind.

I hear Sir Julian has made some statement that Mrs. Crompton-Roberts gave some grocer an order for £20 worth of goods. Mrs. Crompton-Roberts has for many years had in her service a housekeeper, who attends to all such duties. If any goods were really ordered, I will produce the bill. I may state that generally any tradesman from whom we purchased goods gave us full and fair value for our money, as far as was reported to us in every way. In some cases, particularly wine, I had grave doubts as to whether I was nearly so well supplied in London by my wine merchants with whom I have dealt for nearly 30 years.

With regard to fireworks, I heard that £20 worth had been ordered for the Bank Holiday regatta, and having on, I think, two occasions spent more than this sum on fireworks for my children's birthdays, I knew nothing worth my giving the town could be had for that money, unless they got them very much cheaper than I could in London. I sent my butler privately to Messrs. Frost to learn, as if for his own information, what was going to be given for £20 (not £50 as stated by Sir Julian), and that if he thought the display would be too shabby, he was to add what money, from me, he thought necessary. He reported that a much better display was to be given than I should have thought the money would provide, but that he had added £5 to the order that had been given, and that he had paid the money. My reason for thus keeping this matter secret was that I did not wish anyone to think I was careless about the expenditure, or dissatisfied with their arrangements.

The large inherited wealth of Sir Julian Goldsmid, and his known anxiety to re-enter the House after his late defeats, influenced my agent and supporters, and no doubt led to the determination not to be outdone by the other side.

I am told that Sir Julian says that there was lots of treating and drunkenness at the Election. I can safely say I never saw but one man a little gone all the time I was in the Borough, and that I have never heard of any Conservative treating; but your Commissioners will, by this time, know more about the truth of this assertion than I can. Suffice it to say that although my opponent had made himself unpopular by rattling at people's doors if they did not at once answer his knock, yet on my request the crowd that had waited at Upper Deal to draw me home on my way back from Sandwich after the declaration of the poll, quietly dispersed in two or three minutes, after I had addressed them, and asked them to go quietly home to bed, when I appealed to their feelings by reminding them that what was a pleasure to me must be painful to my next-door neighbour, who had lost.

I understand that the Royal Commissions are not governed by the ordinary rules of evidence, and that when before you there may be something needing an explanation, or that has gone from my mind until a question may bring it back to me.

Probably such stories as the following you may have heard, viz., the report that my opponent intended to retire before the nomination day, as he found he made so little way, and was so disliked by the electors, until his agents assured him he would win if he continued the fight, and that he only did so on the condition that they bore the further expense in the case of his failure, and he if he won. They thinking to win, accepted some such terms, believing that if *they did their best*, a millionaire *gentleman* would recoup them; and it was only on losing and hearing that they hoped he would make good to them what they were out of pocket, the Petition was decided upon.

Let the above be wholly gossip, or partially true, this is the fragmentary tale that reached my ears, and explained why he should present a Petition after his agents had been shown Liberal money received by Conservatives, while the votes were being cast up.

I saw Sir Julian at the Orleans Club, and asked him if there was anything in my public speeches that had given him offence, and a reason for his petitioning, when he told me I had treated him in a very gentlemanly way.

I afterwards heard the tale I have mentioned above coupled with the "on dit" in every quarter, that the useless money outlay was the sore point with Sir Julian. I asked a mutual friend to find out the reason for Sir Julian's hostility, because *gentlemen* do not usually petition when beaten with their own weapons, and although I told my friend I might stoop to offer to give up the seat and pay his expenses sooner than have the Borough disfranchised where I had served my apprenticeship, although a costly one, I never for a moment expected that Sandwich, *or any other Borough*, would elect Sir Julian after he had made the place so hot.

This idea may appear Quixotic on my part, until you consider that I did not wish to throw more good money after bad. As my private solicitor had told me, he believed from his investigations that I could not preserve the seat.

As Sir Julian had commenced the bribery, it was thought this would have great weight with him, but perhaps he did not then think that that would saddle him with all the costs of getting up the Petition.

I feel it is useless my telling the Commissioners that hardly anyone knew less than I did, or was more astonished than I was, at the revelations extracted by the Commissioners. When I received the particulars for the Petition I was astonished, and could not believe there was any truth in them, until Mr. Spofforth informed me that there must be some fire where there was so much smoke. I was kept hard at work canvassing from the time of my arrival until the day of election, and was told I must not relax even for a day to attend to my business, if I wished to succeed.

I had the misfortune to break my tooth on the Sunday before going to Deal, and had an appointment with my dentist on the Wednesday after having gone down there, so that I was in agony every time I spoke, while wearing a hole in my cheek, but was told by Mr. Hughes that I must not relax my efforts and that he meant to win me the election if he killed the candidate.

If the Borough was to have been won in any but a legal way, why make me work harder than ever I did in my life for a fortnight? I now believe I had won the election by fair means, and that Sir Julian's wealth frightened my assistants, and made them at last distribute money inconsiderately. I don't believe undue influence was intended by taking the public-houses, nor that more than the £5 was paid to any except where stated, nor that Mr. Hughes was at all aware at the time how near some houses were to the others when he allowed them to be engaged.

I was unaware that any other illegal thing (besides what I have named) was going on, and I believe I have given you a conscientious statement of facts.

I trust that the Commissioners will bear in mind that the issuing of this Writ was delayed, although it might have been brought on much earlier, until various Liberal candidates had felt the pulse of the Borough, and that for some days it was not known if the issue of the Writ might not be delayed until after the holidays.

It is probable that had Sir Julian's vanity not been sorely hurt by the great majority with which he was beaten, this Commission would never have been issued, and I hope that you will, in your judgment, kindly contrast my utter inexperience in these matters with his legal education, and his experience from repeated elections and defeats.

Your Commissioners will desire to know what money was used by my side at this election, and when the money was provided.

Having ridden to business, where the telegram followed me on the morning of the day I was summoned to Deal, I had to go home to change, and in my hurry went without cash or cheque-book; indeed I did not know but what I should be able to return on the following day to put my business and house in order for an absence.

Before post time at Deal I wrote a cheque for £500 to the order of my partner for security in transmission through the post, requesting him to take it himself to the Bank, as there might be some difficulty in their cashing it, as it was not on a printed form, and requested him to remit the proceeds by Mr. Spofforth, who I then expected was coming down to work the election for me. As Mr. Spofforth did not come to Deal, the money was brought me by Mr. Thomas, whom I desired to cross it, and pay ready money for everything, as I had all my life paid cash for every purchase, and would not like to run into debt.

Having summoned several friends to my assistance; taken a house and sent for some servants, the latter brought me down my cheque-book.

In about three or four days Mr. Hughes required another £500, which I gave him, and on his again asking me for money I told him I must go up to London, as I did not know how my account stood; as I did not keep my private accounts. He said, Give me what you think you can spare, and then if I want more I can send to your partner. He will be sure to find the funds if you pencil him a note, which I wrote while the train stood at the Sandwich Station. This cheque was for £600, also made payable to Mr. Hoare, so that he could put it right for me if my account was overdrawn.

In response to my note, I learnt some time after the election was over that my partner had advanced £1400, and having heard from town that there was plenty of money on deposit, as £4,000 had been moved from my current account at the commencement of the month, I subsequently drew three cheques of £500 each, and two for £1,000 each, making altogether the total drawings for my election £6,500, viz., £4,000 to the order of Mr. Hughes, and £500, £600, and £1,400 as detailed above.

The inquiry was then adjourned until half-past 11 o'clock on Monday morning next.

DREADFUL OUTRAGE ON A GIRL.

MURDER AT ACTON.

A shocking crime has been committed at Acton. It appears that on Friday last Mr. Shepherd, of 3, Cowper-road, a painter and house decorater, had occasion to go to London, and he was accompanied by Mrs. Shephard and their infant in arms. Ada Shepherd, in her eleventh year, a daughter of Mr. Shepherd by a former wife, was left in charge of the house and two younger children, whilst one of Mr. Shepherd's workmen, named George Pavey, was left to do some work in the yard and workshop, with strict orders not to leave the premises and to give an eye to the house and to the children. The parents left home at about 11 a.m. The young housekeeper fetched her sisters from school at twelve o'clock, gave them their dinner, and again at about two o'clock took them back to their studies, calling on the way at a confectioner's shop and buying the children some sweets. This is the last place where the unfortunate girl was seen alive. She is supposed to have gone back home, to have been seized upon by Pavey, and to have been foully outraged and then stabbed in the neck with a kitchen knife in a similar manner to that adopted in killing sheep. Meanwhile it should have been the duty of Ada to fetch her sisters from school at four o'clock, but as she did not come the children came home, and knocked at the door, and obtained no answer. It being very cold and raining, they began to cry, when some of the neighbours came up and essayed to obtain an answer to repeated knocks at the door; and finally, thinking that Ada had gone out and would return shortly, the children were temporarily taken care of.

At half-past six o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd arrived home, and the first thing that struck them on entering the house was that the place was in darkness. Mr. Shepherd groped his way into the kitchen, and just at the entrance of the door he stumbled over something. He put his hand down, and touched the cold form of his child Ada, and felt the wet blood on the floor. Exclaiming, "My children have been murdered," he rushed into the street and across the road to a neighbour's, who at once returned with him. Lights were procured, and then he found lying on the kitchen floor the body of his daughter Ada, with a stab right through the neck, and lying in a pool of blood. By her side and under her hand was a farthing, the change given her at the confectioner's, a thimble, and three small nuts. Further examination showed that she had been grossly assaulted previously to her murder. It is surmised that Pavey entered the house during her absence, and that when she returned he must have at once assaulted her, and then stabbed the poor girl. During the afternoon two workmen came and knocked at the door to borrow a ladder. This was twenty minutes past three, but they could get no answer, and the milkman called at ten minutes past three and knocked, besides shouting through the letter box, and he too went away without being answered.

Mr. Murrell was sent for by the parents as quickly as possible after the discovery, but he could do nothing beyond confirming the horrible surmises of the parents. The two local Inspectors of Police, Savage and Smith, were also communicated with; and from the fact that Pavey had absconded after having been left in charge of the house and premises, suspicion at once rested upon him, and endeavours were made to secure his apprehension. On examining the house it was found that it had been ransacked with a view to finding money. It appears that it was known that Mr. Shepherd on the previous day had sold a house, but on the morning of the murder he had placed the bulk of the money in the bank, and had taken the remainder to town with him. Mr. Shepherd's bed-room had been left locked, but the door had been burst open, and a drawer and other locked receptacles had been forced open, but nothing whatever had been taken. A large kitchen knife, covered with blood, was also found.

The description of the man which Mr. Shepherd was able to supply accurately to the Criminal Investigation Department was at once furnished to all the police stations and workhouses in the metropolitan district, and as it was known that no money had been taken, and that Pavey had not received his week's wages, it was supposed that unless he possessed money enough to go to Brighton he would probably be wandering about the neighbourhood of London. On Sunday a man answering in every respect to the description of Pavey presented himself at the Hendon Workhouse for admission. The police were sent for, and the man was arrested. He confessed that he was Pavey, and on examination the man's clothes were found to be stained with blood marks. He was subsequently positively indentified as the labourer Pavey, left in charge of Mr. Shepherd's house, and clues absolutely identifying him with being present at the time of the murder were traced. Late on Sunday evening the prisoner was conveyed to Paddington Police-station, and on Monday he was charged with the murder at the Hammersmith Police-court, in which police district the murder was committed. The prisoner was remanded for a week.

STATEMENT BY THE PRISONER.

At the Hammersmith police-court, on Monday, before Mr. Sheil, *George Pavey*, a painter, was brought up in custody, charged with the wilful murder of Ada Shepherd, aged ten years, the daughter of John Shepherd, a decorator, carrying on business at Cowper-road, Acton.

The prisoner was placed in the dock shortly before eleven. He has a juvenile appearance, as he was clean shaved.

The father of the deceased was sworn. He was much affected, and gave his evidence in a low voice. He said: The prisoner worked for me. I left him painting in my yard on Friday morning, while I went with my wife to Norwood Junction to see her mother. I left at half-past eleven in the morning, and told the prisoner to give an eye to the place. I returned home with my wife at half-past six in the evening. I found the place in darkness, and I thought I had gone to the wrong house. I opened the door with a latch key, and the first thing I came across was my daughter lying in the kitchen. She would have been eleven years old in December next. I found her in front of the fireplace, lying on her back, with a handkerchief over her head. I ran first across the road for matches. When I came back I lighted the gas. She was lying under the gas about three feet in front of the fireplace.

Mr. Sheil: Was she dead at that time?

Witness: Oh, yes. When I pulled the handkerchief off her face of course I could see her throat cut. There were no signs of a struggle. A gentleman fetched the doctor and called the police. I found the bed-room door broken open. I kept a wooden box in the room unlocked. In the box I kept a till locked. It had been broken open by a screw driver. I had not left any money in it. The prisoner was aware I had sold a house, and I told him I had a cheque for it.

The Prisoner: You never told me you had a cheque.

Mr. Sheil: That is not a question.

The Prisoner: I have nothing else to say.

Mr. Clement Frederick Fenn Murrell, a surgeon who was called to the deceased, said he found a penetrating wound in the throat, extending from left to right, showing that she had been stabbed right through.

A white-handled table knife was produced, and the surgeon said the wound had been inflicted by an instrument of that description. He added that the deceased appeared to have been dead between three and four hours. The face was generally bruised and swollen, apparently by continual pressure.

Inspector Savage said at eleven o'clock on Sunday night he was at Paddington Police-station, when the prisoner was brought there in custody. He showed him the hankerchief, which was stained with blood, and said it was found on the face of the murdered girl. He said, "That is my handkerchief; I put it there." He then showed the knife. Prisoner said, "I know nothing about that." When the charge was read over to him, he said, "Yes; very well." He then examined his clothes, and found spots and smears of blood upon them. Witness said, "Do you see these spots of blood on your shirt and trousers? They will be used in evidence against you." The prisoner looked at the shirt and said, "Yes."

Mr. Sheil remanded the prisoner for a week.

On being conveyed from the police station in a cab Pavey made the following statement to Inspector Morgan, which was subsequently reduced to writing. He said about two p.m. on Friday, as he was at work at Herbert Villa, a man came to him and said, "Is your name Pavey?" He replied, "Yes." The man then said, "Your master wants you at the Uxbridge-road Station at once. He (Pavey) then left the house, went to the Uxbridge-road Station, and waited there two or three minutes, but did not see his master. When he came back he discovered that the child had been murdered. Pavey added, "You know as well as I do that I have been imprisoned for this same sort of thing, and when I saw the body it frightened me, and I did not know what to do. I then took my handkerchief out and put it over the child's head."

The prisoner told the Superintendent of Police (Mr. Eccles) that he left the house about three o'clock and travelled from place to place, not knowing what to do. On the Friday night he finally went to Prince's lodging-house in St. Giles, and slept one night. On Saturday he went to a lodging-house at Westminster, and on Sunday he proceeded to walk out of the metropolis. He boasted to having in the course of Sunday passed the very station where he was now detained, and at the Hendon Union, instead of trying to hide his identity, he gave his correct name, "George Pavey," and this at once led to his detection. When he arrived at Paddington on Sunday night he was in a very famished condition, and ate ravenously a quantity of bread-and-butter, and also drank a great quantity of tea, but he did not sleep throughout the entire night.

Dr. Diplock, the Coroner for West Middlesex, opened an inquest on Monday at the Station Hotel, touching the death of Ada Shepherd, who was found dead at No. 3, Herbert-villas, Cowper-road, Acton, on Friday night, and who had been murdered under most revolting circumstances.

The Jury having been sworn proceeded to view the body, which was lying at the house where the act was perpetrated.

John Shepherd said: I live at 3, Herbert-villas, Cowper-road. I am a painter. The deceased was my daughter. Her name was Ada, and she was ten years of age. On Friday I left her at home at half-past eleven in the morning, and I went to Norwood Junction. I returned at half-past six in the evening. My daughter was alone when I left her; but there were three other children. There was no one else in the house but George Pavey, who was in the yard painting. He knew that she was alone, and I gave him instructions to look to the house, and to stop until I came home in the evening, which he said he would do with pleasure. He has never been left in charge before. There were no other workmen employed in the yard. When I left, the door leading to the side passage was not fastened. The door from the kitchen to the yard was not fastened either. When I came home the house was in darkness. I let myself in with a latch key. My wife followed me. I called my daughter and my other children, and also the man Pavey; but I received no answer. I went straight to the kitchen and found the door locked. There was no light in the kitchen. I ran over to Mr. Lissingham for a light. He lives opposite, and I came back and lighted the gas. He was then with me. I saw my daughter lying down in the kitchen on the floor. She was on her back. Her clothes were not deranged. I saw a handkerchief over her face.

The Coroner: Why did you say she was murdered? Could you see that before removing the handkerchief?

Witness: Not till I removed it. I then sent for Mr. Murrell and the police. I found upstairs that my bedroom had been broken into. The door had been forced, and my box had been forced open with a screwdriver. I did not miss anything at the time, but I have missed a diamond since that was down in the kitchen, but I missed nothing from my bedroom. I had recently received a sum of money. That was on the Thursday, the day before the occurrence, and was for the sale of two houses. Pavey knew that I had received it. He also knew that I went to London on the Thursday to fetch the money. The man has been in my employment for six months.

A Juror: Do you know any of the antecedents of Pavey?

Witness?—No. I never saw him before I employed him. Neither did I know that he had been in any trouble before.

Mr. Murrell said: I am a registered medical man. I was called to the house on Friday at twenty minutes to seven in the evening. I saw the body of the child lying on the carpet in the kitchen. She was quite dead, and had been so for three or four hours. The body was flat on the ground with the feet towards the door. I then made an examination, and found the throat had been cut by a stab from the left to the right. There was another wound on the right and two small wounds on the neck. It was evident that a gross outrage had been committed. The wound was sufficient to cause death instantaneously. I am of opinion that the stab was the cause of death.

By a Juror: I presume that the child was rendered insensible by the outrage, and the stab was afterwards.

Police-constable Miller, 242 X, of Hamphurst-villas, Spencer-road, Acton, said: I was off duty on Friday afternoon. I was standing at the bottom of the Myrtle-road, which is a few minutes' walk from Herbert Villa. I heard some one on the other side say, "All Mr. Shepherd's children have been murdered." I went at once to the house. I saw the girls. The door was opened by another police-constable. I went in the back kitchen and saw Ada Shepherd lying on the hearthrug. On looking round the kitchen, upon the dresser by the side of the fireplace, I found, covered with a tablecloth, the knife produced. It is a table knife. Mr. Shepherd has seen it, and states it to be one of his. The blood stains on it were quite dry. I noticed that the knife appeared to have been recently sharpened.

By the Coroner: The knife appears to have blood upon the top only, which would coincide with what the doctor has said as to a stab.

Examination continued: There were also two stains on the dresser.

A Juror: Was there any fire in the grate?

Witness: No.

Police-inspector Smith said: I am an inspector in the X Division of Police. I went to the house about seven o'clock. The doctor was present, also Mr. Shepherd. The body of the child was lying in the centre of the kitchen on the hearthrug. I afterwards washed the blood from the face and neck, and the doctor examined the wound. The knife was handed to me by the last witness, who had found it previous to my arrival. The handkerchief was also handed to me, which was found over the child's face. The father found it near the left hand of the child. I found a thimble, a farthing, and three nuts. They appeared to have fallen from her hand. I searched afterwards, and found a napkin stained with blood. I took the body upstairs. The stains appear to have been from the back edge of the knife resting on it. I undressed the body, and took possession of the underclothing, which had stains of blood on it. I afterwards examined the house, and found no appearance of any struggle in the kitchen or anywhere. The back bedroom door on the first floor had been forced open, apparently from pressure of the shoulders. There were no marks of any instrument having been used. The bed was turned up and the bed clothes were all about, and a wooden clothes box in the room was opened, but this had not been locked. A till inside the box had been forced, apparently by a screwdriver, which was found by Mr. Shepherd, on a table in the back parlour, and belongs to him. Mr. Shepherd informed me that he had missed nothing at the time. The screwdriver was obtained from a workshop below.

George Eckford said: I am a tobacconist and confectioner. I knew Ada Shepherd by sight. I saw her on Friday, when she came to my shop at about two o'clock with her two sisters, and bought some sweets. She was then in her usual health.

George Trinder, of 7, Arthur-terrace, Acton, said: I keep a shop, and am in the building trade as well. I went to the house on Friday to borrow a ladder. I tried the side gate, and found it bolted. I then went to the front door and knocked. I waited a little while and then knocked again, but had no answer. I heard no one in the house. This was about a quarter to three in the afternoon. I know the time by leaving the Rectory at half-past two, where I was at work, and I came straight from there to the house.

William H. Shepherd said: I live at Cheltenham. I shall be 15 the 7th of next month. My father's name is William Shepherd. I know Pavey by sight. I saw him on Friday last, the 22nd inst., in the Birkbeck-road, Acton. This was at about twenty minutes past three. I know the time from hearing the chime a quarter past three shortly before. Pavey was then going towards the Uxbridge-road. This was in the opposite direction to Herbert-villas. He was then walking rather slowly. I could not see which way he turned when he got to the Uxbridge-road.

Rachael Clack, the mother-in-law of Pavey, said: I live at Crescent-street, Notting-hill. I am a widow, having lost my husband three weeks ago. I know Pavey. He married my daughter last June. I have seen the handkerchief produced, and I have washed it for Pavey. It belonged to my son-in-law. It had the holes in it when I washed it.

Inspector Savage said: I live at the police-station, Acton. At 7 p.m. on the 22nd inst., I went with Inspector Smith to Herbert-villas. From information I received from the father of the child, I went, accompanied by a detective, to 31, Manchester-street, Notting-hill, the residence of George Pavey. He occupied a top floor back room. I went into the room, but he was not there. His supper was laid on the table, as though he was apparently coming home. I kept watch until about one a.m., but he did not come home. I left other officers keeping watch. On Sunday night, about eleven o'clock, I was at the police-station at Paddington when Pavey was brought there in custody. I showed him the handkerchief stained with blood, and I said, "This was found on the face of the murdered girl." He said, "That is my handkerchief; I put it there." I showed him the knife (produced). He said, "I know nothing about that." When the charge was read over to him he said, "Yes; very well." When he was in the cells I caused him to take off the whole of his clothing, which I produce. On the trousers there are two spots, apparently of blood, on the right knee, one patch on the right leg, and a smear on the left leg of the trousers. On the shirt there are two spots of blood on the neck. On the coat there is one smear, apparently of blood, on the right sleeve, and two small smears on the inside. On the waistcoat there is one small spot. I said to him, "You see these spots of blood on your shirt and trousers; it will be used in evidence against you." He replied, "Yes," and looked at them, but made no explanation as to how the blood came there. There were no marks on the front of the shirt.

The Coroner said the only thing left was to have the clothes tested to see if the marks were blood or not.

Mr. Superintendent Eccles said this would be done before the trial.

The Coroner then summed up, and the Jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against George Pavey.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS FOR THE ROYAL MARINES.—About half-past eight on Wednesday evening, a Marine entered the drapery *emporium* of Mr. Videan in the High-street, and asked to see some handkerchiefs. He was shown some cotton ones, when he asked to see some silk ones. They were produced, when Mr. Marine coolly selected four, placed them under his tunic, and skedaddled. He was vigorously pursued by Mr. Videan, and after a few minutes olympic competition, was overtaken at the top of Broad-street. Before capturing the red-coated man, Mr. Videan called out "Stop thief." Mr. Harvey, butcher, observing what was going on, took a circuitous route through Jew's Harp Alley, known as the "Dardenelles," and closed with the young recruit. The handkerchiefs were soon returned to the rightful owner; and Mr. Videan, who is a most compassionate man, did not wish to prosecute, and allowed the ignoramus of *meum-et-tuum* to go unpunished.

WALMER GARRISON.—The Deputy Adjutant General of Royal Marines, Major General Charles W. Adair, C.B., left the Admiralty on Wednesday, to conduct his annual inspection of the Walmer Marine Depôt. The men were paraded in the South Barracks at 10 o'clock on Thursday morning to receive the General, who inspected each company in turn, and subsequently went over the barrack rooms and outbuildings. Friday was devoted to the inspection of Departments, and examining generally the interior economy of the establishment. The inspecting officer will not officially report upon his inspection for some days, but it is believed that he was completely satisfied with the high state of discipline existing at this recruit depôt.

THE FIELD FLOWER.

A sunbrown maid, a wild field flower,
Once loved a wealthy yeoman's son,
The poor haymaker had no dower
But the rich heart her lover won;
And as she wept, the father spake
One day, "Come mow this field of mine
If in three days is won the stake,
Then in three days my son is thine."

A sweet and tender tale I sing,
Of love and grief a simple lay,
A touching half-forgotten thing
The mowers tell among the hay.

The fond maid listened, and half thought
Of love and joy to die outright,
And in her hand her scythe she caught,
And laboured sore both day and night.
Fainting and well-nigh in despair,
Fresh power she sought from Heaven above;
Her love new strength still won from prayer,
And all her simple prayer was love.

A sweet and tender tale I sing,
Of love and grief a simple lay,
A touching half-forgotten thing
The mowers tell among the hay.

Once as she turned her yearning eye
Fell on a little daisy near:
"Poor simple flower, must thou too die
For my sweet love its fruit to bear?"
But as beneath her scythe it fell,
Its eye had such a pleading power,
Her heart must needs with pity swell;
Was she not too a poor field flower?

A sweet and tender tale I sing,
Of love and grief a simple lay,
A touching half-forgotten thing
The mowers tell among the hay.

The third day duly to the vale
Again the wealthy yeoman came;
Breathless she was and deadly pale,
But her young eyes with rapture flame!
"My girl, I did but jest," he said;
"Here, these ten crowns your work will pay:"
And by her scythe at eve lay dead
One flower the more among the hay.

Such is the sweet and touching tale
The mowers tell among the hay,
And every maid within the vale
Weeps as she sings that simple lay.

LEMOINE, in "Day of Rest."

MAKING A NEWSPAPER.

(From the Canadian Illustrated News.)

MR. BUNBY TRIES TO EXPLAIN TO MRS. B. THE INNER MYSTERIES OF A PRINTING OFFICE.

It was an exceedingly cold night, and Mr. and Mrs. Bunby hugged the stove closely, he passing the time reading a paper and she sitting looking into the fire.

Without any preface whatever she dropped the poker. With so much force did it strike the hearth that Mr. Bunby stopped his reading abruptly, and looked over the top of his spectacles inquiringly.

Mrs. Bunby had a happy thought; quickly it was transmitted to Mr. B.

"John," said she, "you remember some time ago you promised to tell me how newspapers are made."

"Yes, yes; but some other time, love."

"No, now, please, John."

Again he tried to content her with a promise, but it was of no avail; she wanted to know, then, "just how papers are put together."

He hesitated. The longer he hesitated the more impatient she grew, and he felt it. Seeing that postponement was of no avail, he heaved a long sigh, laid aside his paper, and reluctantly began to unravel for his wife's edification the "inner life of a newspaper"

"In the first place," said he, "the copy is sent to the composing-room——"

"Where does the copy come from?" she queried.

"From the editors and reporters, of course."

"Oh, I see."

"Then it is given to the type-setters——"

"What do they do, sit on it?"

"No—thunder, no; they are the compositors who set it up."

"Oh, they compose the copy, and then set it up. But how does it sit?"

He drew another long sigh, and calmly replied, "The editors compose the copy, then send it to the composition room, and the type-setters put it in type."

"What! the copy?"

"Yes—they set the types up so that they will read as the copy reads."

"Oh, I see."

A pause ensued.

"John," said Mrs. Bunby, "You stopped at the compositors setting the type. What do they set the type in?"

"In a stick."

"A stick! What kind of a stick?"

"Oh, a stick is a device that is just the width of the columns of the paper, and holds seventeen lines of brevier."

"And what is brevier?"

"A kind of type that is pleasing to the eye and easily read."

"Oh, I see."

"When the printers get a stick full," he went on, "they empty——"

"Are the printers different from the compositors?"

"No," he replied, a little out of temper, "they are one and the same."

"Oh, I see."

"When they get a stick full of type, as I was about to say, they empty it on a galley——

And in throwing it on a galley don't it all go apart?

No—they lift it from the stick and place it gently, very gently, on a galley——

And what is a galley?

A long article made of brass, in which the matter is proved——

What kind of matter, and how do they prove it?

Will you wait a moment? If so, I will try and explain—but give me time, he said, nettled a little at her cross-examination.

All right, go on.

Type, when it is set up, is called matter, and when the first impression of it is taken they call it——

Impression of what?

Oh, bother—the type! When it is first printed on the galley, that is called a proof, and they call it proving the matter.

Oh, I see. Does the galley print it?

No, the devil!

Oh! John! she cried, in tones of reproach, why will you use such words?

I was not swearing. The apprentice around a printing office is known as the devil.

Oh!

The proof-sheet which he makes, after going to the proof-reader, is returned to the printer and corrections are made.

Corrections made of what?

The matter, my dear. It is then given to the foreman.

What, the proof?

No, the matter.

And what does he do with it?

Will you wait a minute?

The foreman takes the matter and places it in the form.

What kind of a form?

An iron chase, which, when it has all the news in it which is in type, and it is locked up, is called a form.

Locked up! How!

With quoins and side-sticks.

Sticks and coins—ha, ha, ha—what kind of coins!

Not coins, but quoins, q-u-o-i-n-s.

And what are they?

Goodness gracious, any more questions!

A quoin, he resumed, is a small block, and is wedged in between the chase and side-sticks with a shooting-stick.

A shooting-stick! How does it shoot?

Shoots the quoins into place with the aid of a mallet.

She did not quite understand, but saw by the white of his eye that it would not be well to question him too much, so she bided her time, and he went on.

Sometimes the matter is 'pied'——

How is that?

Why, when some type is knocked over or dropped on the floor, it is useless, and is called by the fraternity 'pi.'

He thought he had gotten through, but the irrepressible wife continued:

Where do they make the form up?

On the stone, was the rejoinder.

What kind of a stone—a round one?

No, a flat one—a piece of level marble.

Oh, I see.

Well, when the form is made up it is put on the printing machine, and the edition goes to press.

What do they press the papers for?

They dont press the papers; press means printing, and after they are printed, are circulated throughout the city.

Oh, I see, and after waiting some little time for him to continue, Mrs. Bunby asked, Is that all?

Thank Heaven, yes! he grumbled from behind the paper he had resumed. Silence followed. He read on undisturbed for fully an hour. His wife having regained her hold on the poker, was occupied in twirling it, at the same time murmuring, while looking intently at the ashes, Types, matter, galley, proofs, devils, coins, presses.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—"Civil Service Gazette."—Sold only in Packets labelled—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London."

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Somewhere or other disease is ever rife; everywhere its surest opponent, this medicine, is to be found. When symptoms of sickness first set in, they may be easily subdued by this grand remedy, which gives great and prompt relief to every oppressed organ or disordered function. These Pills regulate and strengthen digestion more readily efficiently, and with more certainty than any other combination of drugs, be it ever so scientifically prescribed. Nothing can exceed the ability of Holloway's medicine to secure natural functional action, whereby thousands of life-long maladies have been prevented at very trifling expense and no detriment to the constitution. An acquisition so priceless should be at hand in every household.

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