

ry curious indeed,' said the official. They do tally. Not mathematically exact, make certain allowances for increase of tural shrinkage, and so forth. Ah, here your photograph. Now perhaps you will folly of denying your identity any

'Why, what's this,' he cried, raising his eye from the carte-de-visite which had been shown to him, and peering through his glasses at the face. 'Here is the portrait of André Lesca, yes, the number tallies with his mensuration card—and, and it isn't a bit like you. A bit. But mistake is impossible. You are André Lesca.'

He looked so perplexed, staring now at me, now at the photograph, and again at the two identification cards, that I felt quite sorry for

'Perhaps I can assist you,' I said.

'This is certainly not your portrait,' he said, handing me the photograph of a really ugly looking ruffian. 'And it certainly is not the portrait of André Lesca. And you are André Lesca, for these mensuration cards tally as

they held them out to me, and I read them with intense interest. Yes, my friends, my head measurements, and notably that of the circumference of the ear to chin, tallied exactly with those of the villainous and sanguinary housebreaker. On glancing down the columns where the measurements were entered, I cried out, 'There's the mistake. There's a 3 in my foot measurement, and in Lesca's case it is a 5. And another 3 for a 5, and, look here, yet another 3.'

The old gentleman was so excited that he stood up and looked over my shoulder.

'Why, you're right,' he cried, 'that sacred system who registered your particulars always takes three like fives. Ah! I breathe again. I knew that the system could not be wrong. No, you are not Lesca, and I can congratulate you on so much, but you may be somewhat, and so we'll look under the threes.'

He left me in charge of a warder, and hurried off to the Archives Room. Whilst he was gone, that dear fellow, Bing, came into the room.

He was in full regimentals, for he had just returned from a garden-party at the Elysee when my photograph was brought to him, and he had hurried to the depot at once to rescue me. He went to see me at once. I was discharged. As I was finally only been detained for my identification, I was told I should hear nothing further of the 'refusal to circulate'—*anglicé*, to move on.

I shan't forget the face of the old man when he came back with the announcement that decidedly, 'I had not been before,' and found me shaking hands with a magnificent-looking British officer. When he told me that I was to be released, he became quite friendly, and we had a good chat on anthropometry before I left. And at my request he was good enough to give me copies both of my own and of Lesca's.

'What on earth did you want them for?' Holgate.

'I have had them framed side by side,' said I, rising from his chair, 'and have hung them up in my study. They will remind me not to carry a craze too far. For, as far as characteristics go, I am exactly the counter-imitation of the drunkard, thieving and murderer—Lesca. His joints, it is true, are longer than mine, but in my theory length of joints does not come into consideration. And as I know I can't drink, have never robbed, and wouldn't touch a fly, I have come to the conclusion that characteristics go for nothing in judging a man's character, or, at best, for very little. 'Holgate, are you off?'

'No,' said Holgate. 'Only I have got rather tired of my umbrella in the hall, and with a chap

## FUNERAL OF MR. R. MOREHEAD.

The funeral of Mr. Robert Morehead whose death occurred at his residence, Osmington Terrace, on Tuesday, after a short illness, and who was an old and respected citizen, esteemed by all who knew him in city and county, took place at St. Munchin's on Thursday. The coffin was borne on the hearse by four officers of the Church Lads' Brigade, who, on it being lowered into the grave, gave the general salute.

The Rev. T. B. Robertson delivered a most touching address, referring to the Christian life of the deceased.

The chief mourners were—V. Morehead, W. Morehead, A. Morehead, R. Morehead, B. Morehead, G. Morehead (sons); J. W. Hill, G. V. Hill, A. J. Roward (brothers-in-law).

Among the general public were—A. J. Eakins, Edward Kidd, T. P. Ledger, G. Ledger, J. Bell, H. Stewart, J. Stewart, A. Forsythe, J. Riddell, A. Woodhouse, N. Eggers, Mr. Hutchinson, T. Wilson, W. Wilson, S. Evans, A. Evans, E. Holiday, A. Shire, R. Horne, J. Phillips, Sergeant Keating, R.I.C., Constable Russell, R.I.C., W. H. Russell (Maryborough), G. Creaney, J. Creaney, C. Johnstone, R. Young, J. Waugh, W. Dunn, W. Dunn, — O'Keeffe (Ascot Terrace), W. Bonhill, J. Cox, Mr. Gleeson (Mulgrave Street), T. Connell, P. Lalor, J. Smyth, R. Despard, J. Reardon, T. Naughton, T. Donovan, J. Barrett, T. Perrett, J. Dalton, F. Vaneesbeck, S. Tubridy, D. Ryan, Todd & Co.; J. Alexander, J. Coffey, C. Davis, G. Leech, J. Stack, B. Hanna, W. Hanna, J. O'Brien, Mr. Bennett, B. Woods, R. Husband, M. Killeen, J. H. Greene (Edward Kidd & Co.); J. Dickinson, T. Bernard, P. Morrishead, T. J. Croacher, Mr. Sullivan, J. Ormston, T. McNamara, M. Nelson, and many others.

Wreaths were sent by his sorrowing wife and family, J. W. Hill, G. Hill, J. Hill, Ed. Kidd and staff; St. Munchin's Company C.L.B.; Mr. and Mrs. Bell, Miss M. Broxhome, Mrs. Morrow and family; Mrs. C. Ledger, J. Stewart, Miss Ormston.

Mrs. Pilkington played the dead march in saul as the coffin was being borne out of the church.

## THE SHOOTING AFFAIR IN BROADFORD.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

In connection with the shooting affair at Kilmore, mentioned in our last issue, we are informed that a farmer named Patrick Fitzpatrick, of Kilmore, was arrested by Sergeant Scanlan for having, as alleged, fired two shots from a gun at three young men of the agricultural class, named Daniel Madden, James O'Connor, and Michael Lynch. It is stated the shots were fired while the men were passing Fitzpatrick's house, on the public road, at about six o'clock in the evening. Fitzpatrick was brought before Mr. Kelly, R.M., on the following day, and remanded on bail.

County Inspector Howe, District Inspector Supple (Ennis), and District Inspector O'Hara (Sixmile Bridge) have been in Broadford recently inquiring into these alleged shooting affairs, and some additional police have been drafted into Broadford, there being now a head constable, some sergeants, and about a dozen constables in the little village, where only a sergeant and three constables were located not very long ago.



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