THE MILL MYSTERY

BY ANNA RATHRING GRAEN.

I let the minutes wo by till the sound of soming steps warned me that my brother was at hand. What he told me was brief and to the point. He had obtained the clergyman's consent to send the will and was on his way to get it. "But, Mr. Berrows?"

I inquired. "Is in the cellar there with " "The cellar !" I repeated. But he was already in the y rd on his way to the town. I was disturbed. The calmness of is tone had not deceived me. I felt that something was wrong; what I could not Taking the lanters he had left behind him, I made my way to the cellar. It seemed empty. But when I had reached the other end I found myself confronted by a ghostly figure in which I was forced to recognize my mother, though the sight of her in the masquerade costume she had adopted, pave me a shock serious as the interests involved. But this surprise, great as it was, was soon lost in that of finding her alone:

| Value Convert | Provide the page of the provided by the page of and when to my hurried inquiry as to where her, I should ruin my life. I left her. Mr. Barrows was, she pointed to the vat, you can imagine the tide of emotions that with my esterm, and she was not a woman swept over me. But no, that is impossible. They were not what you would have felt, they were not what I feel now. Mingled with my shame and the indignant protest of my manhood against so unworthy an exer- my desolate life. It seemed to be mine, cise of nower, was that still dominating instinct of dread which any interference with my mother's plans or wishes had always inspired; and so when I learned that the worst was over and that Mr. Barrows would be released on they's return. I subdued my natural desire to resous him and went away, little realizing that in thus allying myself with his persecutors, I had laid the foundstions of a remorse that would embitter my whole existence. The return of my brother with the will caused me fresh emotions. As soon as I saw him I knew there was a struggle before me ; and in nanding him back the lantern, I took occasion to ask if he had opened the document. He looked at me a moment before reptying and his lip took a change or selipse. does it contain?' 'What we wish,' he answered, with a strange emphasis. I was too much astonished toppear. I could not believe this to be true, and when, Mr. Barrows have ing been released, we had all returned home. I asked to see the will, and judge for myself. But they refused to show it. 'We are going to return it,' he said, and said no more. Nor would my mother give me any further information Either I had betraved myself a the look I gave tiny on his return to the mill, or else some underlying regard for my feeling had constrained her to spare me actual participance in a fraud. At all events, I did not know the truth till the real will had been destroyed and the substituted one placed in Mr. Nicholls' hands, and then it was told to me in a way to confound my sense of right and make me think it would be ment of the facts, bring down upon me and mine the very disgrace from which I had been so desirous of escap' ing. I was caught in the toils you see, and though it would have been a man's part to have broken through every constraint and proclaimed myself once and for all on the side of right, I had nothing whereby to show what the last wishes of my father had been, and could only say what would suin ne without benefitting the direct object of those wishes. I therefore kept their counses and my own; stilling my conscience when if spoke too loud, by an inward promise to be not only a friend to my older brother's child, but to part with the bulk of my forfone to her. That she would need my friendship I felt, as the letter I wrote to her shows, but that such evil would come upon her as did, or that my delay to see her would make it impossible for me ever to behold her in this world, I had yet too much filial regard to imagine. I was consequent ly overwhelmed by the news of her death. and though I never knew the whole truth till now, I was conscious of a distrust se great that from that day to the worser ones which followed, I never looked so those nearest to me without a feeling of deep separation such as is only made by some dark and scoret crime. I was alone, or se I felt, and was gradually becoming morbid from a continual brooding on this subject, when the great blow fell which changed whatever vague distress I felt into an active remorse and positive fear. Mr. Barrows was found dead, drowned in the vat inte which my brother had forced him a month or so before. What did it mean? It was impossible for me to guess the truth, but I esuld not but guess the fact that we were more or less responsible for his death; that the frency which had doubtless led to this tragedy was the outcome of the strain which had been put upon his nerves, and though personally I had had nothing to do with placing him in the vat, I was certainly re sponsible for allowing him to remain there a moment after I know where he was I was, therefore, the deepest horror and confusion that I rushed home with this news only to find that it had outstripped me, and that my mother foreseeing the danger which this death might bring upon us, had sucsumbed to the shock, and lay, as you know, in a most alarming condition herself. The perilous position into which we were thrown by these two fatal occurrences accessitated & certain confidence between my brother and myself. To watch our mother, and stiffe any unguarded expressions into which she might be betrayed, to watch you, and when we saw it was too late to prevent your shar-ing our scoret, to make our hold upon you such that you would feel it to your own advantage to keep it with us, was perhaps only pardonable with persons situated as we were. But, Constance, while with Guy the teating that made this just task easy was one of selfish passion only, mine from the first possessed a depth and fervency which made the very thought of wooling you seem a description and a wrong. For already

live worthy of you, and be in misery what I could so easily be in joy, the man you could honor, if not love. That this hour would ever come I dered not dream, but now that it has, oan you, will you give me to much as you have, and not give me more?

are a burden which any woman might well shrink from sharing, but if you do not turn from .ne, will you turn from them? Love is such a help to the burdened, and I love

you so fondly, so reverently." He was on his kness; his forehead was prossed against my arm. The emotion which shook his whole body communicated itself to me. I felt that whatever his past weaknesses had been, he possessed a character capable of the noblest development, and, yielding to the longing with which my whole being was animated, I was about to lay my hand upon his head, when he lifted his face and, gazing carnestly at me, said

"One moment; there is yet a cloud which ught to be blown away from between us-Rhoda Colwell. I loved her; I sought her seemed to have no choice, for my love died to marry without love. Could I have done differently, Constance?"

I answered as my whole heart in lined me to. I could not refuse this love coming into Whatevertrials, fear, or disquietudeit might bring, the joy of it was great enough to make these very trials desirable, if only to prove to him and me that the links which bound us were forged from truest metal. without any base alloy to mar their purity and undermine their strength.

And so that spot of gloom, which had been the scene of so much that was dark and direful, became the witness of a happiness reserve in which it had been shrouded for so long, and make of the afternoon sun, which at that moment streamed in through the western windows, a signal of peace, whose brightness as yet has never suffered

Dancing-Girls of Slam

Poised on tiptoe, bending their arms and legs back as far as they will reach, and picking up bits of straw with their eyelids, the dancing girls of Bungkok are always exercising in the Royal Gymnasium. These girls are aged from five to twenty years. The curious and subtle feat of picking up a bit of straw with the eyelide can be learned only by the youngest of them, who are made to practise it in order to render them flexible in every part of the body. There are two long rows of benches, one a little higher than the other. On the lower is a row of little girls, and the upper bench are laid fine polished bits of straw. At the sound of the drum the little girls altogether bend back the head and neck until they touch the bits of straw, which with wonderful dexterity they secure between the cyclide. The cup-dance is the most graceful and poetic of their dances. A row of young woman with a tier of cups on their heads take their places in the centre of the gymnasium. Aburstof joyousmusic follows, Onhear. ing this they simultaneously, with military precision, kneel down, fold their hands, and bow their heads until their foreneads almost touch the polished marble floor, keeping the cups steadily on their heads by some marvellous jerk of the neck. Then, suddenly spring to their feet, they describe a succession of rapid and intricate circles, keeping time to the music with their arms, head and feet. Next follows a wiracle of art such as may be found only a seeg people of the highest physical training. The music swells into a rapturous tumult. The dancers raise their delicate feet, curve their arms and fingers in seemingly impossible flexures, sway to and fro like withes of willow, agitate all the muscles of the body like the flutter of leaves in the soft evening breeze, but still keep the tier of cups on their heads. At other times a cup full of some liquid is placed on the floor in the centre of the hall. A girl will spring to her feet and dance about it in wild round eddies, and, suddenly laying herself down, keeping her arms folded tight on her breast. will take up the cup with her lips, and drain the liquid without spilling a drop.

Forgot the Anake in Her Pocket.

One of Portland's bright young ladies has decided taste for studies in natural history, and wee to the bug, beetle or butterfig which comes within her reach. She does not share in the general aversion to the reptile family, but handles toads, lizards, and even enakes familiarly and fearlessly.

One day last wook she was at Peak's One day last work she was at Peak's Island with friends, and in their rambles about the fields and swamps, she bagged a number of specimens. Among them was a green snake about two feet long. The sight of the squirming creature evoked screams from the other feminine members of the white of all the men who were absenced to party, but the young naturalist caught it up and allowed it to coil about her wrist. This was too much for the feelings of her friends, however, and after a while she slip-ped the snake into her pocket, for the want

Presently the snake was forgotten. The party boarded one of the Casco Bay Company's boat, and when about half way to the city a great commotion was suddenly caused among the passengers by the appearance of a green snake crawling upon the deck. Ladies screamed and jumped upon the seats or fied incontinently, and some of the s erner sex were somewhat taken by surprise at the sight of a serpent in that unexpected place. The young woman, as soon as the realized the situation, sprang to recover her property, but too late. A boat hand pitched the reptile overheard and science had met with another loss.—Lewiston Journal.

Nothing to Eschal as a Good Wife.

not your fine quarties protuced their effect, and in the light of your high and lofty nature, my own past looked deformed and dark. And when the worst came, and knode Colwell's threats put a seemingly immovable barrier between us, this love which had aprang up in a very nighmare of trouble, only seemed totake deeper and more lasting root, and I vowed that whether doomed to lifelong regret or not, I would

HAND

CHAPTER L

The town clock of Sibley has just struck 12. Court had adjourned, and Judge Evans, with one or two of the leading lawyers of the county, stood in the door-way of the court house discussing the cocentricities of criminals. Mr. Lord had just ventured the assertion that crime as a fine art was happily confined to France; to which District Attorney Ferris had replied:

"And why? Because atheism has not yet acquired such a hold upon our upper classes that gentlemen think it possible to meddle with such matters. It is only when a student, a doctor, a lawyer, determines to

student, a doctor, a lawyer, determines to put aside from his path the secret stumbling block to his desires or his ambition that the true intellectual crime is developed. That brute whom you see slouching along over the way is the type of the average criminal of the deri

of the day."
And he indicated with a nod a sturdy, fll-favored man, who, with pack on his back, was just emerging from a grassy lane opposite the court house.

"Such men are often seen in the dock," remarked Mr. Orcutt, of more than local reputation as a criminal lawyer. "And often escape the penalty of their crimes," he added, watching, with a curious glance, the lowering brow and furtive look of the man rowering brow and furtive look of the man-who, upon perceiving the attention he had attracted, increased his pace till he almost broke into a sun broke into a run. " Looks as if he had been up to mischief,"

observed Judge Evans.
"Rather as if he had heard the sentence which was passed upon the last tramp who paid his respects to this town," corrected Mr. Lord.

District Attorney. Crime, as an invest-ment, does not pay in this country. The regular burglar leads a dog's life of it; and when you come to the murderer, how few escape suspicion if they do the gallows. I do not know of a case where a murder for money has been really successful in this

region."

"Then you must have some pretty cute detective work going on here," remarked a young man who had not before spoken.

"No, no—nothing to brag of. But the brutes are so clumsy. They don't know how

to cover up their tracks." "The smart ones don't make tracks," in terposed a rough voice near them, and a large, red-haired, slightly hump-backed man, who, from the looks of those about, was evidently a stranger in the place, shuffled forward from the pillar against which he had been leaning, and took up the thread

of conversation.

"I tell you," he continued, in a gruff tone somewhat out of keeping with the studied abstraction of his keen, gray eye, "that half the criminals are caught because they do make tracks and then resort to such extraordinary means to cover them up. The true secret of success in this line lies in striking your blow with a weapon picked up on the spot, and in choosing for the scene of your tragedy thoroughfare where, in the natural course of events, other men will come and go and unconsciously tread out traces, pro-vided you have made any. This dissipates suspicion or starts it in so many directions that justice is at once confused, if not ultim-ately bailled. Look at that house yonder," back. I don't know who lives there, but say it is a solitary old woman above keeping help, and that an hour from now some one, not finding her in the house, searches through the garden and comes upon her lying dead behind the wood-pile, struck down by her own axe. On whom are you going to lay your hand in suspicion? On the stranger, of course—the rough-looking tramp that everybody thinks is ready for bloodshed at the least provocation. But suspicion is not conviction, and I would dare wager that no court, in face of a persistent denial on his part that he even saw the old woman when he went to her door, would bring in a verdict of murder against him, even though silver from her private drawer were found concealed upon his person. chance that he spoke the truth, and that she was not in the house when he entered, and that his crime had been merely one of burglary or theft, would be enough to save

him from the hangman."
"That is true," assented Mr. Lord,
"unless all the other persons who had been seen to go into the yard were not only putable men, but were willing to testify to having seen the woman alive up to the time he invaded her premises."

But the hump-backed stranger had already

Owner of the pour black about this, Mr. Byrd?" inquired the District Attorney, turning to the young man before alluded to. "You are an expert in these matters, or ought to be. What would you give for the tramp's chances if the detectives took him in hand?"

in hand?"

"I, sir?" was the response. "I am so comparatively young and inexperienced in such affairs, that I scarcely dare presume to express an opinion. But I have heard it said by Mr. Gryce, who you know stands foremost among the detectives of New York, that the only case of murder in which he utterly failed to get any clue to work upon, was that of a Jew who was knocked down in his own shop in heard daylight. down in his own shop in broad daylight. But this will not appear so strange when you learn the full particulars. The store was situated between two alley-ways in Harlem. It had an entrance back and an there was for that very reason no one to tell which of all the men who were observed to enter the shop, came out again with blood npon his conscience. Nor were the circumstances of the Jew's life such as to assist justice. The most careful investigation failed to disclose the existence of any enemy, nor was he found to possess in this enemy, nor was he found to possess in this country, at least, any relative who could have hoped to be benefited by the few dollars he had saved from a late bankruptcy. The only conclusion to be drawn is, that the man was secretly in the way of some one and was as secretly put out of it, but for what purpose, or by whose hand, time has never disclosed."

Mr. Oroutt looked at his watch. "I must go to dinner," he announced withdrawing, with a slight nod, across the

street."
The rest stood for a few minutes abstract odly contemplating his retreating figure, as he passed down the little street that opened opposite to where they stood, and entered the unpretending cottage of a widow lady, with whom he was in the habit of taking his mid-day meal whenever he had a case before the court.

A bull was agar the state willow and the

A lull was over the whole village, and the few remaining persons on the Court House stops were about to separate when Mr. Lord uttered an exclamation and pointed to the cottage into which they had just seen Mr. Oroutt disappear. Immediately all opes looked that way and saw the lawyer standing on the stoop, having evidently issued with the utmost precipitation from the house.

toe way and hurried down the street toward their friend, who ran forward to meet them.

"A murder!" he excitedly exclaimed.

"A strange and startling coincidence.

Mrs. Clemmens has been struck on the head, and is lying covered with blood at the foot of her dining-room table."

Mr. Lord and the District Attorney stared at each other in surprise and horror, and

at each other in surprise and horror, and then they rushed forward.

"Wait a moment," the latter suddenly cried, stopping short and looking back. "Where is the fellow who talked so learnedly of murder and the best way of making a success of it. He must be found at once. I don't believe in coincidences."

And he beckoned to the person they had called Byrd, who was hurrying their way.
"Go find Hunt, the constable," he cried;
"tell him to stop and retain the humpback.
A woman here has been found murdered, and that fellow must have known something about it."

The young man stared, flushed with sudden intelligence, and darted off. Mr. Ferris turned, found Mr. Orcutt still at his side and drew him forward to rejoin Mr. Lord, who by this time was at the door of

the cottage.

They all went in together, Mr. Ferris, They all went in together, Mr. Ferris, who was of an adventurous disposition leading the way. The room into which they first stepped was empty. It was the widow's sitting room, and was in perfect order, with the exception of Mr. Orcutt's hat, which lay on the centre-table where he had laid it on entering. Neat, without being prim, the entire aspect of the place was one of comfort, ease and modest luxury. For, though the Widow Clemmens lived alone and without help, she was by no means an indigent person. The door leading into the farther room was open and toward this they hastened, led by the glitter of the fine old china service which loaded the diningtable.

"She is there," said Mr. Orcutt, pointing to the other side of the room.

They immediately passed behind the table and there, sure enough, lay the prostrate figure of the widow, her head bleeding, her arms extended, one hand grasping her watch, which she had loosened from her belt, the other stretched towards a stick of firewood, that, from the mark of blood upon its side, had evidently been used to fell her to the floor. She was motionless as stone to the floor. She was motionless as stone and was, to all appearance dead.

"Sickening, sickening!—horrible!" ex claimed Mr. Lord. "What motive could

any one have for killing such an inoffensive woman? The deviltry of man is beyond belief!"

"And after what we have heard, inex plicable," asserted Mr. Ferris. "To be told of a supposable case of murder one minute and then to see it exem plified in this dreadful way the next is an experience of no common order. I own I am overcome by it." And he flung open a door that communicated with the lane and let the outside air sweep in.
"That door was unlocked," remarked

"That door was unlocked," remarked Mr. Lord, glancing at Mr. Orcutt, who stood with severe, set face, looking down at the outstretched form.

With a start the latter looked up.
"What did you say? The door unlocked? There is nothing strange in that. She never locked her doors, though she was very deaf I often advised her to." And he allowed his eyes to run over the low, uncultivated ground before him, that, in the opinion of ground before him, that, in the opinion of many persons, was such a decided blot upon the town. "There is no one in sight," he reluctantly admitted. "No," responded the other. "The ground is unfavorable for escape. It is

marshy and covered with snake grass. A man could make his way, however, between the hillocks into those woods yonder, if he well. What is the matter Orcutt?"
"Nothing," affirmed the latter,—"nothing, I thought I heard a groan."
"You heard me make an exclamation,"

spoke up Mr. Ferris, who by this time had sufficiently overcome his emotion to lift the head of the prostrate woman and look in her "This woman is not dead." "What?" they both cried, bounding for-"See, she breathes," continued the

former, pointing to her slowly laboring chest. "The villain, whoever he was, did not do his work well; she may be able to tell us something yet."
"I do not think so," murmured Mr. Oreutt. "Such a blow as that must have

destroyed her faculties, if not her life. It was of cruel force." "However that may be, she ought to be taken care of now," cried Mr. Ferris. "I wish Dr. Tredwell was here."
"I will go for him," signified the other.

But it was not necessary. Scarcely had the lawyer turned to execute this mission when a sudden murmer was heard at the door and a dozen or so citizens burst into door and a dozen or so citizens burst into the house, among them the very person named. Being coroner as well as physician, he at once assumed authority. The widow was carried into her room, which was on the same floor, and a brother practitioner sent for, who took his place at her head and waited for any sign of returning conscious ness. The crowd, remanded to the yard, spent their time alternately in furtive questioning of each other's countenances, and in eager lookout for the expected return of the strange young man who had been sent after the incomprehensible humpbeen sent after the incomprehensible hump-back of whom all had heard. The coroner, closeted with the district attorney in the dining-room, busied himself in noting

"I am, perhaps, forestalling my duties in interfering before the woman is dead," intimated the former. "But it is only a matter of a few hours and any facts we can matter of a few hours and any facts we can glean in the interim must be of value to a proper conduct of the inquiry I shall be called upon to hold. I shall therefore make the same note of the position of affairs as I would do if she were dead; and to begin with, I wish you to observe that she was hit while setting the clock. She had not even finished her task, for the clock is still 10 minutes slow, while her watch is just right, as you will see by comparing it with your own. will see by comparing it with your own. She was attacked from behind, and to all She was attacked from behind, and to all appearances unexpectedly. Had she turned, her forehead would have been struck, while, as all can see, it is the back of her head that has suffered, and that from a righthand blow. Her deafness was undoubtedly the cause of her immobility under the approach of such an assailant. She did not hear his step and, being so busily engaged, saw nothing of the cruel hand uplifted to destroy her. I doubt if she even knew what happened. The mystery is that any one happened. The mystery is that any one could have sufficiently desired her death to engage in such a cold-blooded butchery. If plunder were wanted, why was not her watch taken from her? And see, here is a pile of small change lying beside her plats on the table—a thing a tramp would make for at once."

"It was not a thief that struck her." "Well, well, we don't know. I have my

own theory," admitted the coroner; "but, of course, it will not do for me to mention it here. The stick was taken from that pile laid ready on the hearth, odd, significantly odd, that in all its essential details this affair should tally so completely with the supposable case of crime given a moment before by the deformed wretch you tell me about."

about."
Not if that man was a madman and the assailant," suggested the District Attorney.
"True, but I do not think he was mad—
not from what you have told me. But let as see what the commotion is."
It was Mr. Byrd, who had entered by the front door, and stood waiting for an oppor-

tunity to report to the District Attorney the results of his efforts.

Mr. Ferris at once welcomed him.

Mr. Ferris at once welcomed him.
"What have you done? Did you find
the constable or succeed in laying hands on
that scamp of a humpback?"
Mr. Byrd, who, to explain at once, was a
young and intelligent detective, who had
been brought from New York for purposes
connected with the case then before the court, glanced carefully in the direction

the coroner and quietly replied:

"The hump-backed scamp, as you call him, has disappeared. Whether he will be found or not I cannot say. Hunt is on his track, and will report to you in an hour. The tramp whom you saw slinking out of this street while we stood on the court-house steps is doubtless the man whom you most want and him we have cantured." most want, and him we have captured."
"You have?" repeated Mr. Ferris,
eyeing, with good-natured irony, the young
man's gentlemanly but rather indifferent man's gentlemanly but rather indifferent face. "And what makes you think it is the

tramp who is the guilty one in this case

Because that ingenious stranger saw fit to make him such a prominent figure in his suppositions?"
"No, sir," replied the detective, flushing with a momentary embarrassment. "I do not found my opinions upon any man's remarks. I only—— Excuse me," said he, with a quiet air of self-control. "If you will tell me how, where and under what circumstances this poor murdered woman was found perhaps I shall be better able to was found perhaps I shall be better able to explain my reasons for believing in the tramp as the guilty party; though the belief, even of a detective, goes for but little in matters of this kind, as you and these other gentlement very well know."

"Step here, then, signified Mr. Ferris, who had already passed around the table." Do you see that clock? She was winding it when the was struck, and fell almost at its

when she was struck, and fell almost at its foot. The weapon which did the execution over there; it is a stick of firewood. and was caught up from that pile on the hearth. Now recall what that humpback said about choosing a thoroughfare for a murder (and this house is a thoroughfare) and the peculiar stress which he laid upon the choice of a weapon, and tell me why you think he is innocent of this immediate and most remarkable exemplification of his

revolting theory?"

"Let me first ask, if you have reason to think this woman had been laying long where she was found, or was she struck soon before the discovery ?"

" Soon. The dinner was still smoking in the kitchen, where it had been dished

ready for serving."
"Then," declared the detective with sudden confidence, "a single word will satisfy you that the humpback was not the man who delivered this stroke. To lay that woman low at the foot of this clock would require the presence of the assailant in the room. Now, the humpback was not here this morning, but in the court-room. I know this, for I saw him there.

"You did? You are sure of that?" cried, in a breath, both his hearers, some what taken aback by this revelation.
"Yes. He sat down by the door. I noticed him partice arly."
"Humph! that is odd," quoth Mr. Ferris,

with the testiness an irritable man who sees himself contracted in a public expressed theory.
"Very old," repeated the coroner; "so
odd, I am inclined to think he did not sit

there every moment of time. It is but a step from the Court House here ; he might well have taken the trip and returned while you wiped your eye-glasses or was otherwise

engaged."
Mr. Byrd did not see fit to answer this. "The tramp is an ugly-looking customer, he remarked, in what was almost a careless

"A tramp to commit such a crime must be actuated either by rage or cupidity ; that you will acknowledge. Now the fellow who struck this woman could not have been excited by any sudden anger, for the whole position of her body when found proves that she had not even turned to face the intruder, much less engaged in an altercamoney he was after, when a tempting bit like this remained undisturbed upon the

And Mr. Ferris disclosed to view the pile of silver coin he had been concealing.

The young detective shook his head, but

lost none of his seeming indifference.
"That is one of the little anoma lies of criminal experience that we were talking about this morning, he remarked. "Perhaps the fellow was frightened and lost his head, or perhaps he really heard one at the door, and was obliged to escape without reaping any of the

"Perhaps and perhaps," retorted Mr. Ferris, who was a quick man, and who, once settled in a belief, was not to be easily shaken out of it.

"However that may be," continued Mr. Byrd, "I still think that the tramp, rather than the humpback, will be the man to occupy your future attention."

And with a deprecatory bow to both gentlemen, he drew back and quietly left

Mr. Ferris at once recovered from his nomentary loss of temper. "I suppose the young man is right." he acknowledged; "but, if so, what an encouragement we have received this morning to a belief in clairvoyance." And with less irony and more conviction, he added:
"The humpback must have known some thing about the murder." And the coroner bowed; common-sense andoubtedly agreeing with this assumption.

CHAPTER II.

AN APPEAL TO HEAVEN. It was now half-past one. Within the room where the widow lay were collected drew, and stood ready to notice the slight-est change in the stony face that, dim with the shadow of death, stared upon them from the unruffled pillows. In the sitting room the unruffled pillows. In the sitting room Lawyer Orcutt conversed in a subdued voice with Mr. Ferris, in regard to such incidents of the widow's life as had come under his notice in the years of their daily companionship, while the crowd about the gate vented their interest in loud exclavations of wrath against the tramp. who clamations of wrath against the tramp whe back who had not.

"I don't think she'll ever come to," said one, who from his dusty coat might have been a miller. "Blows like that haven't much let-up about them." "Doctor says she will die before morning," put in a pert young miss, anxious to

and that brute of a tramp will hang as high "Don't condemn a man before you've had a chance to hear what he has to say for him-self," cried another in a strictly judicial tone. "How do you know as he came to

"Then it will be murder and no mistake,

this house at all?"
"Miss Perkins said he did, and Mrs Phillips too; they saw him go into "And what else did they see? I warran

"And what else did they see? I warrant he wasn't the only beggar that was roaming round this morning."

"No: there was a tin peddler in the street, for I saw him my own self, and Mrs. Clemmens standing in the door flourishing her broom at him. She was mighty short with such folks. Wouldn't wonder if some of the unholy wretches killed her out of spite. They're a wicked lot, the whole of them."

"Widow Clemmens had a guide target."

[To be continued.]



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PROPRIETOR

My Stock of Harness, Collars, Whips, Trunks and Valises is large, well selected, guaranteed, and cheaper than any place in town than made collars a specialty. Remember that all my work is finished by experienced workman, none other employed. This is money well invested. All I ask is an inspection of my stock and you will be convinced that it is the largest to choose from, best workmanship, and prices really cheaper than any place in town. My expenses being lower, therefore I give my customers the benefit. Gentleman, place in vour orders at once and don't miss this opportunity. Repairing promptly done. Don't forget the place. Give me a call.

JAMES LITTLE.

Lindsay, Dec. 12th, 1888.-1619.

Sign of the Mill Saw, South side Kent st.

Powder, Shot, Shells, Apple Parers, Plaster Paris, Curtain Poles, Carpet Sweepers, Mixed Paints, White L. ad, Brushes, Lanterns, Clothes Wringers, Belting and Mill Supplies, and all kinds of Shelf and Heavy Hardware: also the celebrated

-SCRANTON COAL.-

delivered, at lowest prices.

McLENNAN & CO. Lindsay, ept. 5, 1889.—14-ly.

Cheap FURNITURE

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ANDERSON, NUGENT, & Co. KENT STREET, LINDSAY.

Undertakers and Cabinet Makers.

Call and see our stock. No trouble to show it.

ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO.

Builders' Interests Looked After

DRY KILN

Now in tull blast, and dry

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, &c., guaranteed, with prices right. Parties intending to build should call and inspect our work before buying elsewhere, and we will convince them that they will save money by

Corner Cambridge and Wellington Streets,

GREAT REDUCTION SALE

DURING THE MONTH OF DECEMBER, IN WATCHES, SILVERWARE,

CLOCKS, JEWELRY, Etc.

Is determined to make a big offer for the trade in the above lines, and therefore, during the month of December everything in this store will be reduced in price. Remember Silverware at NET COST, it is unnecessary to enumerate articles and prices. Everything is marked in plain figures and a startling reduction will be made on the present prices. Our stock never was as large as now and is second to none in the county. Our prices have always been as low as the lowest, but this sale for December will outstrip any previous figures. To be con-vinced call and see us. Next door to the Daly House, Kent Street,

S. J. PETTY.

"Widow Clemmens had a quick temper, but she had a mighty good heart notwith N. B.—Please bear in mind all repairs in our line done as usual. Lindsay, December 4th, 1889,