with the atmost conductive, now called him into the period, and presented such a she would be chilised to him the would let her have his from. To be sure she qualified the spending hardness of her request, but the fact roughood that the day of the request, but the fact roughood that the way would be she will be seen to the product of the way would be she will be seen to the product of the way would be she will be seen to the place you the way to the way will be she will be seen to the place you the way will be she will be said to be way to the way will be she way to the way to the way will be she way to the way to the way will be she way to the way to the way to the way will be she way to the w himself adigat to acquired in hier destres, and amount of the his willingues to

First, that Craik Mousell had found from the lips of an innocent child. exemples for not attending the impost, of even the funeral, of his murdered mint. Separatty, he had a strong possion for the

machine on hand. And third, that he was not at home. whereaver else, he may have been on the morning of the murder in 8thlay. "A pour and measer collection of insig-afficent facts," then it Mr. Hyrd. "Too

pode and measure to avail much in stemming the tide threatening to overwhelm Converthat what opportunity committed for makthe house that held the few persons from whom he would hope to glean more complete and satisfurary information, and he did not

know where else to sock it unless he went A quick and hourty, "Shure, you are very good, sir!" attend in the hall without remort him from his meditations and furned his thoughts in a new direction. What it he should learn concerning from the servants? He had no thought of them. This girl, now, whose work constantly carried her into the various rooms on this door, would, of course, know whether Mr. soll had been away on the day of the

events, it was worth white to test her with a question or two before he loft. He accordingly called her in, and showing her a bright silver dollar, asked her if she thought it good enough pay for a short answeet to a simple question.

murder, even if she could not tell the process time of his return. At all

To his great surprise she blushed and drew back, shaking her head and muttering that her mistress, illit n't like to have the girls talk to the young men about the

He must make the acquaintance of one of the fill owners, or possibly of an overseer or accountant, and from him learn where Manuell had been at the time of his the day; but here also he was not by unexpected difficulties. Though he took pains to discusse himself before proceeding to the mill, all the endeavors which he responsible person were utterly fruitless thether his ill luck at the house had fallowed him to this place he could not tell, but, for some reason or other, there was not and he finally proceeded to make use of the right. only means now loft of compassing his onde

post that day, and soo if from him he could way that was dimly to be descried at the withou the single fact he was in search of. which has accounted in this quarter has not reached this grademan's house, "There was no longer any further doubt thought he."

His reception was by no means cordial. Mr. Goodman had been ill the night before, and was in no mood to see strangers. "Yes,

" However," the determined detective re-

You can put me in possession of a fact which connectly being the cause of justice district afformer at Sibley, and the point I wandered back for some distance along want settled is, where Mr. Mansoil was on its banks, that he found a bridge. The

himself where he was to produce the secure to quite ready to tell you. The truth was, Mr. Cloodman was Mr. Manselfs best friend, and as such had his own reasons for not being especially communicative in his research to this stranger.

"The many persons besides the quarrymen to many persons besides the quarrymen to be in the control of the control of

gennously answered. It is only a small take the train at a matter, sir. A person it is not a contial to the stationmaster. state whom has promined to raise the Mrs. Clemmons small property, might not one hand," he laughed, have had some hand in her dreadful death. "You would be apt to

But the hard contion of the other was not day has week ?" "I am sorry," soid he, "but I can give to mplex you no information in regard to Mr. Man me see, will be travels. You will have to ask the "No.

You did not send him out on business of rour own, then?"

" But you know he was going?"

"You" And can tolk when he came back?" " He was in his place on Wednesday,"

vinced Mr. Pred that something more than the sullen chalinary of an uncommunicative man lay behind this determined reticence. tooking at Mr. Goodman implify, he You are a friend of Mr. Mangell gu

The answer came quick and coldly : Mr. Byrd made a respectful bow.

"You can, then, have no doubts of his ability to prove an alibit?"
"I have no doubts concerning Mr. Man-"was the stern and uncompromising

reply. Are fived at once felt he had re-ceived his diaminant. But hefore making up his mind to go, he resolved upon wie further efforts

"I thought, possibly, he might have gone Washington. He is an inventor, I

tiere:
"Yos," was again the laconic response.
"Has he not a machine at present which

Hand and Ring

Mansell had told him that business connected with his patent had called him ontology of the p

the detective, and he could not attribute it to any other source than the jealous efforts of this man.

Mrs. Hart, who had hitherte treated him

flutter to sid herself of him, and no subter talk about, for he wrote a letter to pape fuge could hide it, and Mr. Hyrd found just the day before he came back, and the post-mark on the envelope was Monteith. Femomber, because it was the name of the

depire,
Instantly she was all smiles, and every
wholmed him with evertures of assistance;
but he contronsty declined her help.
The facts he had gleaned, despite the
Interference of his neknown enemy, were
three.
First, that Coals Manuell had found Monteith, as you remember, was the next Mation to Milley

CHAPTER SV.

THE END OF A TORPLOUS PATH. The arrest of Mr. Hildreth had naturally quieted public suspicion by fixing attention upon a definite point, so that when Mr. Hyrd returned to Sibley he found that he could pursue whatever enquiries he chose without awakening the least mistrust that g was on the look out for the murderer of

The first use he made of his time was to find out if Mr. Manuell had been seen to take the train from the Sibley station on the afternoon and evening of the fatal Tuesday. The result was unequivocal. This was his first disappointment.

He next made the acquaintance of the ans of which he believed Mr. Mansell to have made his escape. But with no bester And this was his second disappointment.

His next duty was obviously to change his plan of action and make the town of Monteith the center of his inquiries. But he hesitated to do this till he had made one other visit to the woods, He went by the way of the street mil-

road, not wishing to be again seen crossing the bog, and arrived at the hut in the centre of the glade without meeting any one or experiencing the least adventure. This time he went in, but nothing was to

be seen save bare logs, a rough hearth where a fire had once been built, and the rudest sort of bench and table.

He went into the woods. The thick wall of folinge which at first glance revealed but the two outlets already traversed by him showed upon close inspection a third path, opening well behind the hut, and leading, as he soon discovered, in an entirely opposits direction from that which had taken him to West Side. Merely stopping to cast one glance at the sun, which was still overhead he set out on this new path. It was longer and much more intricate than the other. But a close study of the surrounding bushes soon disclosed signs of a narrow and thread-like passage curving about a rocky steep. Entering this he presently found himself drawn again into the woods, which he continued to traverse till he came to a road out through the heart of the forest, for the use of the lumbermen. Here he paused. Should be turn to the Then he emerged into open space again, and discovered that he was on the hillside overlooking Monteith, and that by a mile or two's further walk over the high-

been the one taken by Mr. Mansell on that fatal afternoon. Hastening down the hill he made his way in the direction of the highway, and learn for himself what one book keeper's name is Mansell. May I passengers had taken the train at this point sake why you come to me with encurier's com- on the Fuesday afternoon so often mentioned. which he had barely noticed in the quick sponded adopting at once the bold course, glance he threw over the landscape from the you can put me in possession of a fact which connectly beatt the cause of justice formidable width of water the hillside from to know, fain an our energy sir, from the the road, and it was not till he

foot of the hill, he would reach the small

the morning of the sain of September ?'

And why do you not ask the scotteman not think of it; and when, after a long and himself where he was the probably would be quite ready to not you."

The truth was, Mr. Goodman was Mr. learn if he had correctly followed the seent,

" Not many," was the short but suffiquestion among the anthorities in Sibley as clearly good natured rejoiner. "I guess for whether Mr. Moncell, as help of poor could easily count them on the fingers of

"You would be apt to notice, then, if a strange gentleman got on hoard here at any time, would you not?"

"times so ; not often troubled that way. "Can you tell me whether a young man to, and I am sure that, if you will, you can supply me with facts that will lead to a complete and satisfactory alibi for him."

Can you ter me whether a young man of very dark complexion, heavy monstache, and a determined, if not excited, expression, took the cars here for Monteith, say, any took the cars here for Monteith, say, any

I don't know," mused the man, " Dark complexion you say, large monstache; let

"No dandy," Mr. Byrd explained, "but a strong man, who believes in work. He was possibly in a state of somewhat nervous hurry," he went on, suggestively, "and if he were an overcoat at all, it was a gray

he have a very bright blue eye and a high

Air, Byrd nodded,
"And did he carry a peculiarly shaped bag, of which he was very careful?"
"I don't know," said Mr. Byrd, but remembering the model, added with quick assurance, "I have no doubt he did." "I recollect such a person very well, I noticed him before he got to the station; as soon, in fact, as he came in sight. He was walking down the highway, and seemed to be thinking about something. He's of the kind to attract attention. What about him,

"Nothing. He was in trouble of some kind, and he went from home without say. ing where he was going; and his friends are enxious about him, that is all. Do you

think you could swear to his face if you "I think I could. He was the only stranger that got on to the cars that after

"Bo you remember, then, the day?"
"Well, no, new, I don't."
"But can't you, if you try! Wasn't there something done by you that day which will assist your memory?"
Again that slow "Let me see " showed that the man was pondering. Suddenly he shapped his thigh and exclaimed:
"I do remember that a large load of stone was sent off that day, and a minute's look at my book. It was Tuesday," he presently affirmed.

The shock of the discovery which followed sent the detective reeling back against the

door. The person who faced him with such quiet assurance was not Craik Mansell. CHAPTER XVIII.

a triumph.

"I am much obliged to you, the friends of this gentlemen will now have little difficulty in tracing him. There is but one thing further I should like to make sure of."

And taking from his memorandum-book the picture he kept concealed there, he showed him surfect likeness, and sales I he

altered to a perfect likeness, and as he if he recognized it.

The decided Yes which he received made further questions unnecessary. CHAPTER XVI.

sadness mixed with the satisfaction of such

STORM.

A dee had passed. Mr. Byrd, who no longer had any reason to doubt that he was upon the trail of the real assailant of the Widow Clemmens, had resolved upon a third visit to the woods, this time with the definite object of picking up any clew, how-

ever triffing.

He did not realize the condition of the atmosphere, and proceeded on his way, thinking more of the person fie had just per-ceived issuing from the door-way of Pro-fessor Darling's lofty mansion, than of the low mutterings of distant thunder that now and then disturbed the silence of the woods. or of the ominous, brazen tint which was slowly settling over the huge bank of cloud that filled the northern sky. For that person was Miss Dare, and her presence here, or anywhere near him, at this time, must of cessity, awaken a most painful train of

The wind had risen, too, and the vast aisles of that clear and beautiful wood thundered with the swaying of boughs, and the crash here and there of an old and fall-

ing limb as he pushed on toward the hut. He reached it just as the first flash of lightning darted down through the heavy darkness, and was about to fling himself against the door, when some-thing was it the touch of an invisihand, or the crash of awful thunder which at this instant ploughed up the silence of the forest and woke a pandeconium of echoes about his head ?- stopped

He never knew. He crept around the corner of the hut and satisfied his doubts by looking into the small, square window open-

He found there was ample reason for all the hesitation he had felt. A man was sitting there, who, at the first glimpse, appeared to him to be none other than Crark Mansell. But reason soon assured him this could not be, though the shape, the attitude that old attitude of despair which he remembered so well was so startlingly like

that of the man whose name was uppermost in his thoughts, that he recoiled in spite of A second flash went blinding through the wood. Mr. Byrd advanced his head and took another glance at the stranger. It was Mr. Mansell. No other man would sit so

quiet and unmoved during the rush and latter of a terrible storm. Mr. Byrd himself forgot the storm, and only queried what his duty was in this

strange and surprising emergency.
But before he could come to any definite conclusion, he was subjected to a new sen-A stir that was not the result of the wind or the rain had taken place in the forest before him. A semething he could not tell what—was advancing upon him from the path he had himself travelled so short a time before. Taking the precaution to step somewhat further back from view, he looked in the direction of his fears, and saw none other than Imogene Dare.

It was a juxtaposition of mental, moral and physical forces that almost took Mr. have moved if the blast then surging through the trees had uprooted the huge pine behind

sibly, yet forcing himself, as a detective, to a horrid old woman," murmured the remain at his post, though every instinct of his nature rebelled, Mr. Byrd drew himself remain at his post, though every instinct of his nature rebelled, Mr. Byrd drew himself up against the side of the low hut and Byrd. "Not Sally Perkins?" "Crack Mansel," said she, in a strained

and listened for the reply with intense in-

Hut it did not come.

"Craik!" Her voice came from the door way, where she had seemingly taken her stand. "Do you not hear me."

"The trail of the trail of the bustling fellow, "till I build you the least bit of a fire to warm you. It won't take but a A stifled groan was the sole reply.

that day when we sat and talked of our laugh,

future prospects and.
The next moment a great branch fell crashing down upon the roof of the hut, out at once. beating in one corner, and sliding thence

from her lips, "It is not to be," she then whispered with a return of her old calmness. "Murder is not to be avenged thus." Then, shortly: "A dark and hideous line of sir? What, if some token of his presence blood is drawn between you and me, Craik had rewarded your search?"

Mansell: I cannot pass it, and you must "I should have complete not, forever and forever and forever. that does not hinder me from wishing to what is it you want me to do for you to-day

A response came this time.
"Show me how to escape the sequences of my act," were his words, Are you threatened?" she inquired.

" My conscience threatens me," was the forced to endure suspicion for a crime he never committed," she whisperingly ex-

Only a grean answered her. Mr. Byrd felt the pressure of the situation so pile of brush." window, he had hitherto avoided, heap of hemlock that lay in a compact mass and looked in. She was standing a in one corner. foot behind the eronched figure of the man between whom and herself she had avowed a line of blood to be drawn. As he looked

"Craite," said she, and the deathless one guilt by acknowledging it. Save the

she murmured, at last, "on the day I hear of your having made this confession, I vow to take an oath of cel hacy for life. It is the only recompense I can offer for the the only recompense I can offer for the misery and sin into which our mutual mad ambitions have plunged you."

And show every limited by the control of the

ambitions have plunged you."

And she gave him one parting look, hurried away, and buried herself amid the darkness of the wet and shivering woods.

A BRACE OF DETECTIVES "So there are two of us! I thought as much when I first set eyes upon your face

This exclamation, uttered in a dry and musing tone, woke Mr. Byrd from the stupor into which this astonishing discovery had thrown him.

"You don't recognize me, I see."

Mr. Byrd at once recoiled.

"Ah!" cried he, "you are that Jack-inthe box, Brown! "Alias Frank Hickory, at your service."

This name, so unexpected, called up a flush of mingled surprise and indignation to "I thought-" he began "Don't think. You are the gentleman who

I was told might lend me a helping hand in this Clemmens affair. I didn't recognize you before, sir. I did want to see this matter through myself. I thought I had the right. And I have done it, too, as you must acknowledge, if you have been present in this terrible place very long."
"Was there no way of satisfying yourself

of the guilt of Craik Mansell, except by enacting a farce that may lead to the lifelong remorse of a woman out of whose love you have made a trap ?" A slow flush, the first, possibly, that had visited the hardy cheek of this thick-skinned detective for years, crept over the face of

Frank Hickory. "I don't mean she shall ever know. But it was a mean trick," he frankly enough admitted the next moment. "If I hadn't been the tough old hickory knot that I am, I couldn't have done it, I suppose. The thing is done, and can't be undone. And,

at all events, I reckon we are both satisfied now as to who killed Widow Clemmens!" "I thought you were satisfied in that regard before?" said he. "At least, I understood that at a certain time you were very positive it was Mr. Hildreth.

"So I was. The byways of a crime like this are dreadful dark and uncertain. It isn't strange that a fellow gets lost sometimes. But I got a jog on my elbow that sent me into the right path," said he, "as, perhaps, you did too, sir, eh?" You got a jog on your elbow? When,

"Three days ago, just !" was the emphatie

And from whom?" Instead of replying, the man leaned back against the wall of the hut and looked at his "Are we going to join hands over this business?" he cried, at last, "or are you

thinking of pushing your way on alone after

The question took Mr. Byrd by surprise "I have no wish to rob you of any glory you may hope to reap from the success of the plot you have carried on here to-day, he presently declared, with some bitterness; but if this Craik Mansell is guilty, I suppose it is my duty to help you in the collec-tion of all suitable and proper evidence against him."

"Then," said the other, who had been watching him with rather an anxious eye, young man, or you wouldn't be here. What What first set you thinking about

Craik Mansell? He felt it impossible to mention to this man the name of Imogene Dare in connection with that of the nephew of Mrs. Clem mens. He therefore waived the other's interrogation and remarked :

"My knowledge was rather the fruit of Byrd's breath away. But he could not surmise than fact. I did not believe in the which he had involuntarily drawn at the 1 conscientiously suspect. I fixed upon first impression he had received of her this unhappy man in Buffalo; how truly, your own suspicions, unfortunately, reveal."
"And I had to have my wits started by

> 'Yes. A sweet one, is n't she ?" "Tell me about it. What do you say to

tone, that was not without its severity, going home first and talking afterward?"

"you sent for me, and I am here."

"I suppose it would be wise," admitted

Mr. Byrd, looking down at his wet garments, " and yet I hate to leave this spot till I learn how you come to choose it as the

A stifled groan was the sole reply.

"I can understand why the restlessness old sticks that cumbered the earth, and of despair should drive you into seeking straightway setting a match to them, this interview. I have longed to see you, "See ! in t that pleasant? And drawing a this interview. I have longed to see you, too, if only to tell you that I wish heaven's comfortable looking tlask out of his pocket thunderbolt's had fallen upon us both on

" And now, go on ; let us have the thing

" Very good, sir," he eried; but, first, if A shrick like that of a lost spirit went up brought you to this hut to-day?" " I was on the look-out for clues. In my "I thought the vengeance of heaven had study of the situation, I decided that the fallen!" she gasped. And for a moment murderer of Mrs. Clemmens escaped, not not a sound was heard within or without the from the front, but from the back, of the

house. Taking the path I imagined him t

"I should have completed a chain of proof of which only this one link is lacking. I could have shown how Craik Mansell fled help you, and so I ask, in all sincerity, from this place on last Tuesday afternoon, making his way through the woods to the highway, and thence to the Quarry Station at Montieth, where he took the train which carried him back to Buffalo."

You could! show me how?" Mr. Byrd explained himself more defi-

Hickory at once rose. "I gness we can give you the link," he dryly remarked. "At all events, suppose you just step here and tell me what concluyou just step here and tell me what con sion you draw from the appearance of this

Mr. Byrd advanced and looked at a small

"I have not disturbed it," pursued the other, "It is just as it was when I found it."
"Looks like a pillow," declared Mr. Byrd, "You can almost detect the outline grarning of love spoke in her voice at last, of a man's recumbent form," he went on, there is but one thing to do. Expiate slowly, buning down to examine the floor more closely. "As for the boughs, they have been cut from the tree with a knife, innocent from unmerited asspicion, and trust to the mercy of God. It is the only advice I can give you. I knew no other road to peace. If I did—" She stopped, choked one or two short hairs of a dark brown by the terror of her ewa thoughts. "Craik," color, that were caught in the rough bark. "He did not even throw his pocket-handkerchief over the heap before lying

down," he observed.

new colleague to the table, he asked him what he saw there.

At first sight Mr. Byrd exclaimed: "Nothing," but in another moment he picked up an infinitesimal chip from between the rough logs that formed the top of this somewhat rustic piece of furniture, and turning it over in his hand, pronounced it to be a piece of wood from a lead pencil. "Here are several of them." remarked "Here are several of them," remarked Mr. Hickory, "and what is more, it is easy to tell just the color of the pencil from which they were cut. It was blue."

"That is so," assented Mr. Byrd.

"Quarrymen, charcoal-burners and the

like are not much in the habit of sharpening pencils," suggested Hickory.

"Is the pencil now to be found in the pocket of Mr. Mansell a blue one?"

"It is."

" Have you anything more to show me?" asked Mr. Byrd.
"Only this," responded the other, taking out of his pocket the torn-off corner of a " I found this blowing about newspaper. "I found this blowing about under the bushes out there," said he. "Look at it and tell me from what paper it

"I don't know," said Mr. Byrd, " none that I am acquainted with. "You don't read the Buffalo Courier?"

"A corner from the Buffalo Courier? I don't know, but I mean to find out. If it is, and the date proves to be correct, we won't have much trouble about the little "And, now, what did you learn in

Buffalo ?" inquired the persistent Hickory.
"Not much. I couldn't even learn where he was on that day, or where he had osten-sibly gone? If it had not been for the little "Ah, I had not time to go to that house,"

interjected the other, suggestively.

"I should have come home as wise as I went," continued Mr. Byrd. "She told me that on the day before Mr. Mansell returned, he wrote to her father from Monteith, and that settled my mind in regard to

"I didn't know I did it up so well," he cried. "I told the landlady you were a detective, or acted like one, and she was very ready to take the alarm. Then I took Messrs. Chamberlin and Harrison into my confidence, and having got from them all the information they could give me, told them there was evidently another man on the track of this Manseil, and warned them to keep silent till they heard from the prosecuting attorney in Sibley.

"You have not told me what you gathered in Buffalo," observed Mr. Byrd. "Much. First, that Mansell went from home on Monday, the day before the murder, for the purpose, as he said, of seeing a man in New York about his wonderful invention. Secondly, that he never went to New York, but came back the next even ing, bringing his model with him, and look ing terribly used up and worried. Thirdly that to get this invention before the pub had been his pet aim and effort for a whole year. That the money to do this was all that was lacking, no one believing in him sufficiently to advance him the five thousand dollars considered necessary to build the machine and get it in working order. Fourthlybut what is it you wish to say, sir ?' " Five thousand dollars is just the amount

Widow Clemmens is supposed to leave him," remarked Mr. Byrd.

"Precisely," was the short reply. "And fourthly?" suggested the former. " Fourthly, he was in the mill on Wednesday morning, where he went about his work as usual, until some one who knew his relation to Mrs, Clemmens looked up from the paper he was reading, and, in pure thoughtlessness, cried, "So they have killed your aunt for you, have they?" A barbarous jest, that caused everybody near him to start in indignation. He said the terrible news had made him ill, and indeed he looked sick enough, and continued to look sick enough for days. He had letters from Sibley, and an invitation to attend the in-quest and be present at the funeral services, but he refused to go. Some one, I don't remember who, says he went out of town the very Wednesday he first heard the news; but if so, he could not have been gone long, for he was at home on Wednesday night, sick in bed, and threatened, as I have said, with diphtheria. Fifthly-

"I am afraid of your criticisms," laughed the rough detective. "Fifthly is the result of my poking about among Mr. Mansell's traps. " Ah !" frowned the other, with a vivid

remembrance of that picture of Miss Dare, with its beauty blotted out by the ominous "You are too squeamish for a detective." the other declared, "timess you're kept for

The look Mr. Byrd gave him was eloquent. "Go on," said he : "let us hear what lies behind your fifthly." " Love," returned the man. " Locked in the drawer of this young gentleman's table, black ribbon. They were from Miss Dare, of course, and they revealed the fact that love, as well as ambition, had been a motive power in determining this Mansell to make

Leaning back, the now self-satisfied detective looked at Mr. Byrd.
"The name of Miss Dare," he went on, "brings me to the point from which we started. I haven't yet told you what old

Saily Perkins had to say to me." No," rejoined Mr. Byrd. "Well, the case against this young fellow wouldn't be worth very much without that old erone's testimony, I reckon; but with it

I gness we can get along."
"Let us hear," said Mr. Byrd. "The old woman is a wretch," Hickory suddenly broke out. "She seems to glo over the fact that a young and beautiful woman is in trouble"

"But her story," persisted Mr. Byrd, letting some of his secret irritation betray

"Well, her story was this : Monday after-

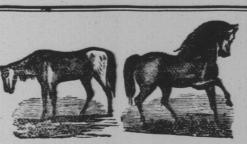
noon, the day before the murder, you know, she was up in these very woods hunting for "She suddenly heard voices. Being of a curious disposition, like myself, I suppose, she stopped, and seeing just before her a young gentleman and lady sitting on an old stump, crouched down in the shadow of a tree, with the harmless intent, no doubt, or amusing herself

with their conversation. The man whom

she did not know, and the woman whom she

immediately recognized as Miss Dare, were he spoke of selfishness and obstancy on the part of his aunt. 'I cannot bear it! To think that with just the advance of the very sum she proposes to give me some day, I could make her fortune and my own, and win you all in one breath ! And at that, it seems, they both rose, and she murnured a word or so which the old woman couldn't eatch, but which was evidently something to the effect that she wished she knew Mrs. Clemments; for Mansell-of course it was he-said, in almost the same breath, 'And if you did know her, what then?' A ques tion which elicited no reply at first, but which finally led her to say: which finally led her to say: 'Oh! I think that, possibly, I might be able to persuade her.' All this," the detective went on, "old Sally related with the greatest force; but in regard to what followed, she was not so clear. Probably they interrupted their conversation with some lovers' by-play, for they stood very near together,

ad he seemed to be earnestly pleading with er. 'Do take it,' old Sally hear! him by. 'I shall feel as if life held some outlook for me, if you will only gratify me in this respect. But she answered: No; it is of no use. I am as ambitious as you are, is of no use. I am as ambitious as you are, and fate is evidently against us,' and put his hand back when he endeavored to take hers, but finally yielded so far as to give it to him for a moment, though she immediately smatched it away again, crying: 'I cannot; you must wait till to-morrow.' And when he asked: 'Why to-morrow?' she answered: 'A night has been known to change the whole current of a person's affaira.' To which he replied: 'True,' and he looked thoughtful, very thoughtful,



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Having extended my business, the last move being to purchase from MR. JAMES LOVELL his entire stock and the good will of his business, who now retires, I am prepared to give all my old customers, and as many new ones as favors me with their patronage, satisfaction in all orders with which I man be entrusted.

My Stock of Harness, Collars, Whips, Trunks and Valises is large, well selected, guaranteed, and cheaper than any place in town. Hand 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 your orders at once and don't miss this opportunity. Repairing promptly done. Don't forget the place. Give me a call.

JAMES LITTLE.

Sign of the Mill Saw, South side Kent st.

Powder, Shot, Shells, Apple Parers, Plaster Paris, Curtain Poles, Carpet Sweepers, Mixed Paints, White Lead, 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.

FOR Cheap FURNITURE

GO TO

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

Undertakers and Cabinet Makers.

ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO. Builders' Interests Looked After

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

DRY KILN

Now in full 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

GREAT REDUCTION SALE

Corner Cambridge and Wellington Streets,

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 convinced call and see us. Next door to the Daly House, Kent Street.

S. J. PETTY.

N. B.—Please bear in mind all repairs in our line done as usual.