Retribution !



LEON VALASQUES! MY HUSBAND'S MUN-DEREN!

"For the past week," he proceeded, "I have been trying to find you. I have sough you at most hotels and examined the regisrat the American Exchange, but could not seears any trace of you.

"This afternoon I determined on in Julying in a little recreation and attended the Wild West Show. Just as I was coming away, the man whom we were each looking for though until recently I had no positive grounds for supposing that Julius Emerick and toon Volusques were identical) crossed my path, and, as I had proviously made up my mind that I would capture him if he ever came within sight of me, I at once

Then they fell to talking of the many neals sufforts which they had made to capturn the villain. "Now." said Mrs. Delaro "that I know that he is safe in the hands of the law, I feel that I can spend the closing days of my life in rost and place. You, Porcy, ' she said, "have been my true and devoted friendall through and will not leave mo now. To you we own every thing, and you are the only friend upon whom we can

that where is our dear old friend. Mr. Wileow? asked Forcy, who listened with surprise to these works

"Do you not know?" said Mrs. Delaro, opening her eves with astonishment. No," replied Forcy. "I stayed only short time in New York, and the people at

the house said he had accompanied you "Poor, dear old mrn," said Mrs. Delaro, The has long been laid to rest in the quiet graveyar tof his native town in New England." As she spoke these words Percy was stlent, and it was many minutes before he could control his voice to speak. When he did his words came choked and husky-"Would to God that he had lived to see this villain brought to justice! So my staunch old friend is gone from us!"

More than an hour elapsed before Armida and Mr. Blodger returned. When they did fetura Armida was in sorrowful mood, and said that she had seen Eugene. He had admitted bursting open the desk, but insisted that he did not want the money. What he

'What shall we do, mammat" she asked. "He must not go to prison. Think of the dis

Wa will consult a lawyer in the morning and see what we can do about it," responded her mother.

That night was the happest Mrs. Delaro had spent for many a year, and long and steadily did she talk with Porcy about all that had transpired during his long absence, while from Volasquez and his dupe languish ed in prison.

In due course the accused man was brought up for an examination. Mrs Delaro in a firm voice related the history of the murder and swore to the identity of the prisoner. So positive and straightforward did her evidence seem that it appeared Bardly necessary to call Porcy Lovel. Still he was placed in the witness box and gave an account of his adventure in South America. He also told about the final clew of the silvercharm which had satisfied him committed Vola-qu's to jail to await the

arrival of his extradition papers The same day Engone Breisy was brought up at another London police court and, despite the efforts of the lawyer employed to defend him, he was shot to jail for &

expecting news of him at Nice, where she at it grew tired of waiting and came to London. The first place she went to was While Armida glady welcomed the poor they told her the story of the last few days. "But Mr. Emerick is in Now York," she

said. "He told me he was going there, "Then be did it to mislead you," said Armida, "for he is now in jail awaiting removal to America to be tried on a charge

"What! my husband a murderer?" cried the poor woman.

"Why, you surely said he was not your imsband?" said Mrs. Delaro.
"But he is. He told me so, and he has got all my money," said the now distracted

Mrs. Delero was immediately struck with on idea. "Ah, he has deluded you into be-" she said.

"No, no!" cried Mrs. Bregy. "He is my husband, my Alphonse, and I must go and

To pacify the woman a carriage was procured and street a ken to be juil where

Leon Vetasquez aus confined. He was brought into the cage to see and she at once approached him-"Alphones, they say you are not my husband. But it is not true, is it?" "I am not your husband, and never have

"Then why did you say you were?" she

But she had to be carried out of the OHAPTER XXL "Tie not my will that evil be immortal." It is well for us that, while on this earth every thing good and beautiful is short-

lived, passing specific away, evil and wrong are also but a question of time, and have their end, "All things come to him who Will wait."

Leon Valacques's power of evil had aproad itself over a long and busy lifetime—had held full sway from the day he had entered his teams until his hair was turning gray. With the exception of a few years when he posed as an honest merchant, his active mind had always been bent on evil. He had aways been bent on evil.

the old Mosaio law-"A life for a life." And yet how poor a recompense. Robbed of her life happiness when it was just beginning to assert i self, all that the victim's received in return was the knowledge that retribution had finally overtaken

the one who had robbed her of her treasure. And, compared to Valasquez, what a fearful price had she paid to secure revenge. The best part of her life had been spent; wasted, in fact, in running to earth a monstrosity who had at last failen into her hands through sheer accident (as the greater part of the world would say), though there are those who would see in such an accident the wonlerful machination of an unrelenting Ruler, who has said: "Vengeance is mine,

Never until now had Velasquez reflected on the possible results of the repulsive acts of his life. His immunity from discovery had only tended to harden his soul and he had ever been prompted by one impulse onlygreed for wealth-which when acquired had never brought him any genuine pleasure. He had never once stopped to think of the price his victims paid to satisfy his own insatiate desires. He had been absorbed in eif and had lived a life in which none thers shared a part. But now that the hellish conceits of his debased mind could only spend themselves on four prison walls, he was forced to think.

Leon Velasquez, running riot as one of the mest active of the devil's emmissaries, had never paused to think of the exactness with which God's mills grind all, had never thought it worth his while to consider that those who escape the mills the longest are in the end ground more quickly and relentlessly. He was in the mills now and the great stones were beginning to revolve; so closely, so surely increasing the speed of their grinding until the grist should be fine as the

His nights grow restless, sleep almost forsook him, and the little snatches of napping which he did sometimes secure were only fitful slumbers disturbed by horrible dreams which brought to his mind in turn, like a moving panorama, the scenes of his devilish acts. Bold as he had been through life, he now shuddered under the shadow of the gallows, and so fearful was the mental torture that at times he wished that the end

might be speedy. When the bolts shot into their sockets across his prison door all hope fled, and he knew full well that he would, after all these years of liberty, meet the penalty of his greatest crime. From the hour of his arrest he had been moody, and entirely ceased to peak to those who approached him. He neither expressed a hope of escape nor murmured at his fate, Some imagined that the terrible visions of a just punishment were perhaps the cause of his silence, though others avowed that he was only meditating a bold and final plunge for liberty. Be that as

might, he persisted in a morose reticence While he lingered in prison Mrs. Delaro and her friends were taking a rest from the ntense excitement at a pretty little English watering place, trying in vain to forget for a time the final tragedy in which they must

take an important part. Mr. Blodger had been completely outdone by the scenes he had witnessed. He made a hurried determination to return to America and never again sassit at such exciting performances. He reseived so severe a nervous shock that all the poetry of his soul was crushed out, and he was compelled to postpone for an indefinite period ne writing of an ode to Father Thames, in which he had avowed his intention of putting a vast amount of rethus robbyl of another literary gam. He was true to his word, and a wee after Velasquez's incarceration Mr. Blod-

ger's little party of friends accompanied

him to Euston station and bade him "God speed" on his journey home. About five weeks later Mrs. Delaro. Armida and Percy returned to London to meet the American detectives, whohad arrived with the extradition papers It required but a short space of time to perfect the arrangements for Velasquez' removal to California soil, where the law required that he should take his trial for the crime of murder. Everyboly concerned ras anxious to start as soon as possible, and it was arranged that the prisoner should be taken by the same steamer as the others, and no one made any demur to this except Armida. When she heard the decision she said: "We must not travel on the same ship

ful will happen-he will be a veritable Jonah "What nonsense you talk, my child, Such absurd forebodings never enter my

with that man. I am sure something dread-

mind," said her mother. Here Percy proffered a suggestion. "If you ladies would prefer sailing on some other fessel, I will secure passage for you. For my part, I do not wish to leave the prisoner again, until I leave him in a felon's grave. I want to know all the time that he is safe. "Exactly my feelings in the matter," said

This seemed to settle the question, for Armida said: "Then, since your are determined, I suppose I must consider myself overruled.

Consequently, arrangements were comp eted and a few days later the party started for Liverpool

The ship on which their passage had been secured was the "Dunrobin Castle." It was an unpopular steamer and had been pur-posely selected to avoid publicity and gossip

on account of the prisoner. As they steamed down the Mersey and over the bar the day was one of the most enjoyable which could have been wished for. There was a delight ful breeze blowing from the sea, and the

temperature was agreeable.
With this kind of weather they were favored until they passed the Fastnet Point, when a deep fog settled on them. this in turn passed away by the evening of the next day, and they were once more steaming under sunny skies. But only for about twenty-four hours, at the end of which time they encountered a manner for days t gether. The old steam er which carried them was none too good a seaboat at the best of times, but now she acted in a most recent ric manner and seemed entirely at the mercy and will of the

Neither Mrs Delaro nor Percy had as yet felt alar ned, but Armida, who was, in the most favorable weather, only a poor sailor, experienced terrible torture and claimed her mother's attention all the time. What with the state of the weather and the eries and means which rose from the emigrants in the steerage, the "Dunrobin Castle" was any thing but the pleasantest place on the Atlantic.

For days together the raging storm con-tinued, and it was not until the slow old boat time—had held full sway from the day he had entered his teans until his hair was turning gray. With the exception of a few years when he posed as an honsel merchant, his active mind had always been bent on evil. He had always been bent on evil. He had always been bent on evil. He had always had robbed men of the hard-arred accumulations of years, and women of their virtue, had statued his hands in blood until murder came as nature down for thin as the filling of a butlock to be butlock; he had drawn better satures down for evil and made erime the study of his life. But the day of resultation was fast doing in upon him. The murder of Mario Deinro was soon to be ground, and before her ton days as sat that the tempest subsided. When it did there was a worse danger is store for them. They were on the Newfoundland banks in a fog, so thick that the officers on the bridge were entirely unsite to see the ship's nose as she plunged through the heavy swell left by the storm. The fog whistle's continuous roar only added to the general continuous roar only added to the general continuous roar only added to the general continuous roar only increased the draw heart in responding which is on the bridge were entirely unsite to see the ship's nose as she plunged through the heavy swell left by the storm. The fog whistle's continuous roar only added to the general continuous roar only added to the general continuous roar only increased the draw she the commodities when the responding which is of the control of the parameter was heard it only increased the draw she the commodities as a she plunged through the heavy swell left by the storm. The fog whistle's continuous roar only added to the general c

with the experience of a life-time. But at daybreak one morning a dull, heavy thud was felt through the vessel, and a second later shrieks and cries rent the air, which would have made the heart of any ner other than an old sea captain stand Then followed a few moments of suspense which was quickly changed to horror when the engineers ran up on deck shouting: "The ship is filling. To the

boats?' Then followed the rush of hurrying, scurrying humanity from the steerage, terror plainly graven on every face, while over and avove the noise and confusion rang out the resonant tones of the Captain's voice shouting orders to the boatswain. The force of habit appeared even on that score of danger as the sailors shouted: "Y'neave Ho," while they lowered the lifeboats from their davits. Louder than all these sounds and far above the general excitement reigning on the "Dunrobin Castle" could be heard the shrieking whistles of the steamer which had struck her, and which was roun ing to, in order to give all possible assistance in saving the lives of those on board the fast sinking

It was not long before the unknown steamer was aimost alongside, and then passengers-not an easy matter in a raging sea. The patience of the officers was tried to the utmost. Strong, rude men would try to push women and children aside in their wild efforts to be first to enter the lifeboats, only to be driven back by the ship's officers at the noses of their revolvers. Occasionally one more daring than the rest would thrust a woman aside and try to pass her, but with a blow from the butt end of his revolver, the captain would knock him senseless, with the promise of similar treatment to the next who should dare to make the attempt.

All this time the ship was rapidly filling and it became apparent beyond a peradventure that before many more minutes the "Dunrobin Castle' would sink forever into the depths of the ocean. It required several trips of the life-boats to transfer all the passengers, but this difficult task was finally accomplished. The last load was being taken and none but the officers were supposed to be on board, when suddenly the two detectives in charge of Velasquez came rushing up the companion ladder excitedly exclaiming: "We can not reach the prisoner! What shall we do?"

"That should have been thought of sooner," said the Captain. "Follow me!" he shouted. "We will rescue him if it is pos-

"Let him go," said one of the detectives. "He'll be hung anyhow." But the Captain knew that although the prisoner was accused, he was not yet found guilty and his brave heart would not permit him to leave even such a cur as Velasquez to a horrible death without an effort to rescue him.

Accompanied by one of the officers the big-hearted commander hurried down the steps on to the cabin deck, from whence he attempted to descend to the lower deck on which Valasquez was confined. But brave as the old Captain was, there was an obstacle in the way which even he was powerless to overcome. The water was up too high and the rescuers could go no further. Already the imprisoned man must be driven back to his bunk near the top of the room in which he was confined; the wretched prisoner could not pass out now alive, and certainly none could reach him. Doubtless he was a livejust alive-his life's span now to be meassured by moments. Now he could see how relentless the mills of retribution grind-so than even those who manipulate the machinery of the milis over forecas Almost Velasquez had paid to the uttermost the penalty of his crime committed long years before in the sunny Californian valley-

almost! The ship might go down at any moment now, and unless his would-be rescuers at once retraced their steps they must go down with it, so with regrets the Captain led the way to the deck. Sorrowfully be took his piace in the life-toat, and, as the sailors pulled away, he looked longingly at the old ship that had carried him through so many thousands of miles of fair and stormy weather. Before they reached the waiting steamer the "Dunroom Castie" settled on her beam ends and sank in old ocean with a mighty rush, taking with her, to a higher tribunal than that of man, Leon Valas-

It was a tragic death. In some sense it was too grand a death for so mean a manto exchange the ignominy of the gallows and the felon's grave in a prison yard for a burial beneath the rolling waves of the Atlantic, coffined in a noble ship. And yet it was a horrable end-a lonesome, solemn end. for the man who had lived in tumuit and excitement all his days to meet the Grim Monster and Great Avenger alone with his torturing memories of the past-to know, while the merciless flood closed over him,

that he died unmourned and unregretted, Perhaps it was a poor satisfaction to the widow of Mario Deiaro to know that her busband's murderer, the destroyer of her happiness, was never convicted of his crime -but when Leon Velasquez, one of the meanest villains who ever trod this earth, went into the unseen world to meet his

Maker, it surely was a powerful illustration of that infallible truth:

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, Yet they grind exceeding small; Though with patience stands He waiting With exactness grinds He all."

Not long ago a small wedding party passed down the carpeted steps of a church in New York City. The principals of that party were a handsome, sunburned man of forty years and a lovely woman many years younger. They seemed very happy—they were very happy. They were Percy Lovel and his wife—whom we have known so long as Armida Delaro,

On the same day there left, from one of the poorer French lodging-houses near Leicester Square, London, a funeral hearse and one mourner's carriage. In that hearse lay the body of Emilie Bregy, and in that carriage was a man who looked the picture of misery—his name was Eugene Bregy—a living example of "what might have been."



The late George Bidder, at the age of & could answer almost instantaneously how could answer almost instantaneously how many farthings there were in any sum under £868,424,121. Zer 1 Colburn was another lightning calculate: of the same generation. Once he was asked to name the square of 900,900, which he instantly stated to be 900,908,000,001. He multiplied this by 40, and the product by the same number, and the total result he then multiplied by 25. He could raise the figure 5 to the sixteenth power almost instantly and with perfect case. He once instantly named the factors of 941 and 268, and in five seconds calculated the case root of 413,908,345,677.

A RETIRED MONARCH.

THE PRESENT LIFE OF EX-QUEEN ISA-BELLA OF SPAIN.

Friendships-An Inkling into Her Ways-Fond of Dress but With Keen

Of the women who at one time occupied an envied position on the throne, none perhaps has been more severely judged at the time of her prosperity and made more completely responsible for her misfortunes than Queen Isabella of Spain. One of the "Rois en exil" of Paris, she was viewed at first with distrust and even contempt; then, when Spain was opened once more to the exile, some of the prejudices against her began to fade, and now, as she still spends a great deal of her time at the Palais de Castiile, the Parisians finally have adopted her, and her receptions, chiefly sumptuous dinner parties, are attended by the representatives of the highest French and Spanish aristoracy.

Without any pretension to the historical fame of a Catherine II. or an Elizabeth, without the halo of beauty and tragic death of a Mary Stuart, without the prestige of widowhood of the Regent Christina and Queen Emma, Isabella of Bourbon has a claim of no mean importance. She has borne her reverses with dignity, patience, gentleness and an atter absence of rancor; she was irresistibly attracted toward France as the cradle of her race, and during her exile she has won the hearts of the French by a certain passive quiet self-concentration which disarmed criticism and commanded respect.

Withal she has remained distinctly Spanish, alike in tastes, mind, habits, and an ardent love for the land over which she once ruled. She has behind her a long record of joys and sorrows. When a mere baby she lost her father, King Fertinand VII., and for supremacy in Spain deprived her of the support of her mother, the clever and energetic but ambitious and unpopular Queen Christina. Alone she had to pass through the troubled times of the long warfare between "Christinos" and "Carlists," and, nominally a sovereign, she was i. fact the toy and tool of political intriguers. Luckily for her, she was morally and physically brave, and possessed of considle preseuce of mind, which rendered her good service on many memorable occasions. When still quite a young girl was driving in the country in a little open trap drawn by two Andalusian cobs. Suddenly a man springing from the hedge threw himself upon the horses, shouting "Liberty! liberty:" in threatening accents The little Queen fixed upon him the undismayed glance of her blue eyes, and said coolly, "Some one must command: I command you to let me pass." The man lost countenance, fell back, lifted his hat, and let the carriage proceed on its way. Isabella's son inherited as mother's sang froid. Only a few weeks after an attempt against his life Alfonso XII. was seen following the procession of Shrove Tuesday on foot, bareheaded, without any escort, through the most populous streets of Madrid, between serried ranks of spectators, who could almost touch him as he passed,

It is only too certain that in the Queen's

youth, without guidance, advice, or support, married to a man much her inferior in intellect, encouraged in her waywardness by those whose interest it was to discredit her, she committed acts of im prudence, but they were chiefly errors of etiquette, of judgment, of appearances neglected and impulses too freely followed, never errors of neartlessness. She was always generous, charitable to prodigality, slow to take offence, quick to pardon and forget. The loss of her throne was a blow less severe then the disaffection of her people, in which she had never been able to believe; but both these wounds were as nothing compared to the crushing pain she experienced at the loss of her son; the death of Alfonso XII. is a life-long grief. She worshipped him as a baby, admired him as a youth, and respected him as a man and a king. She had the maternal instincts of ardent devotion; she gave her son all the advantages of a solid, sound, and thorough education, such as would best fit him for his future destinies; he was sent to study in England, France, and Austria; she selected his second wife for him, and the wisdom of her choice has been made apparent by the admirable way in which the Regent Christina governs Numerous instances are recorded of her unvarying tenderness and goodness of heart, both while she reigned and after her abdi-cation. The first time that she was compelled to affix the words of her royal signature, "Io la Reina," to a sentence much that the Cabinet Minister had to guide her unwilling fingers; they shook so they could hardly hold the pen. Later, when a messenger was sent to the Palais de Castille to bring her the news of her son's victory over the Carlists, after, the first moment of triumphant pride in the success, her eyes filled with tears and she murmured in broken tones: "Oh, those unhappy Carlists!" and then, answering the astonishment she read in the looks of those around her, she added: "They are all Span-

On one occasion the Duke de la Conquista, valued and faithful friend, being seriously ill she went to visit him in his room on the fourth floor of a tall house. She paused on the landing, begging that she should not be shown into his apartment till she had recovered her breath, "because," she said, "it might spoil his pleasure in seeing me if he thought it had tired me to come up so many stairs." In a thousand little unostentatious ways, by delicate attentions and tactful kindness, she has endeared herself to those around her and made herself beloved. She talks well, rapidly, sometimes wittily, always sincerely. She used to be fond of hunting and traveling, two characteristic tastes of the Bourbons, and in her journeys was chiefly delighted by majestic and wild scenery. In her frequent visits to Germany she contracted ties of cordial friendship with the late Empress Augusta Discimilar as the two women were, it is not less true that the aged. serious, and sad elder sovereign took a strong liking to the younger one with her half French, half Spanish vivacity and spontaneity. Her quick, unguarded repartees amused the Empress, who seemed at other times entirely given up to abstruse and mydieal philosophy; they have yet another bond in common, their womanly sympathy for every form of suffering and their earnest endeavors to relieve it.

In the spring of ever y year Queen Isabella goes to Manich to pay a visit to her daughter Princess Paz, who married Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria; she rejoices in the sights of an idellic couple equally engrossed by philan hropy which they practice in perfect unity of tastes and purpose. The Prince is a distinguished medical student, and in his broad benevolence personally assists and tends the sick and wounded.

Nowhere less than in Spain has royal-ty lost the outward prestige of rank, and the old forms of respect and

tionage are reverently honored by a visit from their sovereign. When Isabella first accepted the invitation of Napoleon III, to meet him at Biarrity, her reception seemed a revival of main val-splendor. She entered the cathedral or hay-onne under a dais; she was attended by a

rous cortege composed of near randees and dignitaries of Spain: lately behind her walked the Emper-Empress of the French; she was the onl. one wearing the national mantilla, and seeing her pass thus in her long black robes studded with steel, even compared with the radiant beauty of Eugenie, she stood the test so well, that the enthusiastic Spaniards exchanged congratulations, saying proudly: "She is the

Queen? Here and always a right royal one!" Isabella was fond of dress and has remained so, but she has a keen sense of what is befitting her rank and position, and has never offended by outrageous singularity or dis-play. Possessing the finest pearls in the world and parures of priceless diamonds, she arrays herself in all the wealth of her magnificent jewels only on special occasions and official ceremonies; at other times she is content to let them remain undisturbed in their cases and to appear becomingly, but less ostentatiously apparelled. Never handsome or even pretty, the rare sweetness of her smile lightens and animates the somewhat heavy and expressionless features. A critical Frenchman once said of her: "When the Queen speaks to you, you forget entirely that she is ugly, and afterward you do not remember her ugliness.

The receptions at the Palais de Castille are conducted according to the rules of Spanish ceremonial, and even in the midst of demoeratic Paris, shorn of all its past splendors and brilliancy, the ancient courtly traditions are preserved by the Queen and observed by her guests without demur or opposition, perhaps because the hostess is never remiss in that exquisite politeness and affability which seem only the more gracious, set off as they are by the stately frame which it is her sure not to overstep.-M. DE S., in New

THE GREATEST CATARACT.

A Labrador River Which Makes a Per-

pendicular Descent of 2,000 Feet. "The interior of Labrador," says an enter taining writer in Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine for February, "is undoubtedly the largest unexplored area on this continent. Up the Grand River, which empties into the Atlantic Ocean at Hamilton inlet, are the Grand falls, which, if everything is true about them that is reported, are the most stupendous falls in the world. They are only about 160 miles up the river, but only two white men have ever seen them. Mr. R. F. Holme, three years ago, went from England to visit the Grand Falls. He organized a little party to accompany him inland, and arrived within about 50 miles of the falls, when he was compelled to return on account of the failure of his provisions. The Labrador Indians say these falls are haunted, and they carefully avoid them, believing that they will die if they look upon them.

"The two white men who have seen them are Mr. Maclean, who, as he was ascending the river, in 1839, was stopped by the falls, and Mr. Kennedy, who over 30 years ago had charge of Hudson Bay post in Labrador. Mr. Holmes says the height of the falls is not certainly known, but, in some respects, there is little doubt that they are the greatest in the world. Though inner Labrador is so inadequately known, we are aware that it is a vast tableland whose limits are quite clearly defined. In the southeast the descent from the tableland is quite sudden, and almost immediately after leaving the plateau a level is reached that is very little above that of the sea. The Grand Falls are the place where the Grand River tumbles over the edge of this tableland and almost the whole of the great drop is effected in this one descent. Professor Hind gives the height of this plathat the region at the foot of the falls is only 200 feet above sea level, and that, therefore the waters of Grand River have a perpendicular descent of about 2,000 feet.

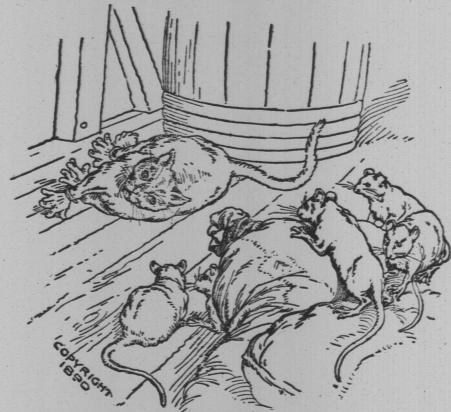
FLECTRIC BANQUET

Ben Franklin Presided, Skulls Made Speeches-Tasting Electricity. The Franklin Experimental Club is made up entirely of electricians. They gave their first annual banquet on Saturday night at Newark, N. J., and it was the wierdest thing of its kind ever known. The few people who were there, and who were not electricians, were treated to a series of surprises not always pleasant. In attempting to bite tempting viands they would stir up sheets of yellow, green, or scarlet, flame, and the fingers would tingle with the smarting blaze. At the head of the table presided a dummy figure of Ben Franklin, out of whose mouth at times would issue, by the aid of a concealed phonograph, wise sayings for which that gentleman was noted when alive. Of the table decorations of fruits and flowers, some were natural and others decidedly unnatural. All the cooking had been done by electricity. At the end of the first course there came a report; all the lights were out. and there appeared in the darkness two grinning skulls, with eyes like fire and mouths shooting flame. Out of the bodiless heads came graveyard tones, dismal and hair-raising messages. This effect was produced by a combination of phosphorus, phonograph, and strong battery to work the jaws. On the return of the lights, and as the dinner progressed, there came songs from Adeline Patti, booming of cannon, notes of a buzz saw, and speeches by celebrated men, all of them brief and all of them followed by the applause, which had also been recorded on the wax cylinders. Interspersed with these was the music from bands. On the centre of the table was a great globe of gold-fishes, lighted at times from the centre by beautifully colored lights.

Suddenly the gold and silver fish became transparent; all their anatomy was plainly discernible as they swam about in the crystal water. Each one of the fishes had inserted down its throat, by the finest of wires, a miniature electric light about the size of a big pea, and the effect produced was certainly wonder ful. Ben Franklin announced the toasts and called for the responses. The coffee was brewed on the table by electricity, and the cigar and cigarettes passed from one guest to another on a miniature toy railroad, the speed of which, as it passed from guest to guest, was related by the secretary of the club, who sat near the head of the table. The occurrences of the evening can be repeated at any time, even 100 years hence, because every speech or sound made during the evening was recorded in wax by automatic phonograph machines.-Cincinnati Enquir-

Use English.

Bryant's advice to a young contributor, than which the London Athenæum says "sounder on the same subject was never enned," is worth starting on a new round of usefulness. "I observe," wrote he, "that you have used several French expressions in you have used several French expressions in your letter. I think if you will study the English language that you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas you may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written I do not guage. Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word where a short one will do as well. Call a spade by its name and not a well-known instrument of manual labor; let a hame be a home and not a residenle; a place, not a locality, and so on of the rest. When a short word will do, you will always lose by a long one.



"THE CAT IN GLOVES

business man handicapped who up in sealed vials, hence always suffers from sick headache, bilious- fresh and reliable, which is not use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. and pasteboard boxes.

habits, there is nothing equal to only Liver Pill sold, by druggists, them as a gentle laxative to the under a positive guarantee from bowels, and as a regulator of the their makers, of their giving satisentire digestive system. No grip- faction in every case, or price ing, no pain, they are as gentle as paid for them (25 cents) will be Nature herself in their action. refunded.

do well to always keep a vial in good you get. their vest pocket, to ward off all attacks of indigestion.

ative; three or four as a cathartic. Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Being purely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the catches no mice," and so is the system, diet or occupation. Put ness and dyspepsia, unless he makes the case with pills put up in wood

For men or women of sedentary The "Pleasant Pellets" are the

Persons whose business gives They're the cheapest pill sold, them little physical exercise, will because you only pay for the

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how bad your case, or of how long standing, you can be cured. In curable cases are rare. It's worth \$500 to you, if you have one. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Remedy are looking for them. Thevill pay you that amount in eash, if they can't cure you. It's a plain square offer from a responsible ousiness house, and they mean it. It seems too one-sided, too much of a risk. It would be-with any Something is lost other medicine behind it. But in-

when you use Dr. Sage's Catarrh eurable cases are rare-with Dr. Remedy. It's Catarrh. No matter Sage's' Catarrh Remedy.

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