

# BEYOND RECALL.

## CHAPTER III.

### AN ESCAPE, A CAPTURE AND RELEASE.

Stupefied with sleep, bewildered by the sudden alarm, I did nothing. Hebe did worse. She blew out the lights upon the chimney piece. They had betrayed us. To extinguish them was the instinctive impulse of one who feared further discovery.

"Look out there!" cried the man from below. "They've put out the lights in the next room to you, sir."

Doors were opened hastily in the corridor; the short, imperative orders of men's voices were mingled with the terrified supplications of women's shriller tones.

The door handle was tried; then came a sharp rap, and a man called—

"Miss Thane! Miss Thane!"

My wife, clinging to my arm, gasped in reply, her voice scarcely audible—

"What is it?"

"Miss Thane! Miss Thane!" again, and then another voice, "Hebe? Hebe!"

And with that there was a violent thrust at the door that made the panels crack.

I stood like one paralysed; a vague consciousness that discovery was inevitable seemed to numb my faculties. But Hebe, more quick-witted—as women ever are in time of danger—ran to the door, and steadying her voice cried—

"What is it, papa?"

"Open your door. Burglars are in the house. A light has been seen in here."

"One moment," she answered, and then turning to me, in a quick whisper she implored me to hide.

What was the use of that? Their motive in entering the room was to search. Would the father have any corner of his daughter's room unexamined? At that moment there was a diversion.

"Hallo, there!" cried the voice outside; then in a higher key, "This way, Davis—here they are!"

Then there followed a confusion of sounds—the smashing of glass in the conservatory—a scuffle—sharp blows—muttered imprecations—the quick approach of steps upon the gravelled path—a howl of pain—then another crash of glass—and cries of "He's off!" "Stop him!" "Over the lawn!"

"After him!" mingled together, and the slamming back of the conservatory door—feet pattering over the grass and clattering down the path. Then the comparative silence, broken only by the distant call of men to men in a distant part of the grounds.

My senses came back to me, and with them decision and energy.

"Now is my time to escape," I whispered to Hebe.

I slipped to the window, drew aside the blind, and as swiftly and silently as I might lifted the sash. Outside it looked thicker and darker than ever. I could see nothing, but I knew that the verandah was not more than a yard below the window sill.

"Kit—Kit, what are you going to do?" whispered my wife in terror, hearing the movement of the sash, and coming to my side.

"It's all right. I can slip down from the verandah easily enough," I answered.

"Bang! bang!" at the door again, and old Thane's voice calling impatiently to his daughter to open.

"Shut the window after me," I said, hurriedly slipping out and dropping my feet down on to the iron verandah. "Open the door, and occupy your father's attention—but take off that dress first."

The window closed, my poor wife murmuring a prayer for me; and now with a view to dropping from the verandah at the further end, where I knew there was a flower bed on which my fall would be more noiseless than on the gravelled terrace, I began to creep along, crouching down and groping upon the wall for anything that might give me a hold, for I felt the sloping iron, wet and greasy with the fog, treacherously slipping under my india-rubbers. I got hold of a window sill. My eyes were again growing used to the fog, and I could now see the edge of the verandah, which at first had been invisible to me. Whose window was this? Was there a light in the room, and any danger of discovery here? I looked up. Good God! just above me was a man leaning upon the very sill I had my hand on, calmly regarding me. He must have seen me slip by the window from the next room, and must have heard me speak to Hebe. Without doubt it was that Major Cleveden of whom she had spoken. He must have concluded that I was Miss Thane's lover, for like a gallant gentleman he made no attempt to raise an alarm, knowing it would expose Hebe; but without a word suffered me to pass on close before his eyes.

I crept on a few yards and got hold of the next window sill; then another window was thrown up—on my wife's room. The major was still where I had seen him. I heard him say calmly—

"You have found nothing in Miss Thane's room, I hope?"

A voice from beyond replied, and it was Hebe's father—

"No. Hebe had left her light burning. On hearing the policeman's whistle she sprang up in alarm and upset the candlestick. That accounts for what was seen from outside. You have seen nothing?"

"Nothing," answered the major; then he added, in the same tranquil tone, to warn me and save my wife, I believe, "There's a light moving across the lawn; the police are coming back."

"I'll go and see if they've caught the rascals," said Mr. Thane; "there's little hope of that, though. It seems they've cleared all the silver from the dining-room; Horrook tells me."

I crept on more carefully than ever, reckoning that I could not be above a dozen feet or so from the end of the verandah, but I kept my eye across the lawn where I could see the light from a bullseye sweeping the shrubbery and gradually drawing near.

The verandah sloped at an angle which made advance difficult in the extreme; especially where the facade of the house offered no hold to the hand. Suddenly my foot slipped on the greasy surface. For a moment I thought I should pitch headlong down to the terrace. With a violent effort I regained my footing, but not without considerable noise. Mr. Thane coming on to the terrace at that instant was just in time to hear the squeaking of my india-rubbers on the wet iron, and the thump with which I came down on my hands and knees.

"Police!" he called; "there's one of them up here on the veranda!"

"We'll have him, sir," answered the man.

I heard the thud, thud, thud of his feet, and saw the ray of his lantern swinging from side to side as he ran across the lawn. There was no time for reflection. I threw myself on my chest, and the next moment I slid over the edge and came clattering to the ground with a length of gutter that broke away from the verandah edge under my weight. Before I could recover the use of my feet, the policeman had seized me by the collar, and was grinding his knuckles into the nape of my neck.

"We've got one on 'em anyhow," said he in a tone of triumph. "Let's have a look at you."

Then having thrust his bullseye full in my face, he added—

"Ah, I thought I should see you again, my joker! You're the young fellow I spotted on Richmond Hill."

A distant whistle and the faint sound of voices calling in another part of the grounds cut short further comment.

"Hallo, they've got another of them up there," cried he; "here, sir, you must take charge of this fellow while I run to my mate."

Old Thane, who had grappled on to my arm with a vigorous show of courage while there was little likelihood of my escaping from the constable's firm grip, now showed the white feather.

"Don't go away, constable—don't leave me alone with this desperate scoundrel," he cried; "I'm not equal to it. I can't be responsible for him."

"Very sorry, sir, but you'll have to be. I call upon you in the Queen's name. There's my mate's whistle again. It's my duty to leave him in your custody, in the Queen's name. He's safe enough now. Catch hold on him here, sir, and hold on tight."

With neat dexterity he had fished out a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and closed them with a snap upon my wrists, and now leaving me in the old gentleman's hands he bolted off to join the other constable.

I might have easily wrenched myself from the feeble hands that now held me. He was old and corpulent, and the tone of terror in which he called upon his servants to come to his assistance showed that a mere menace on my part would suffice to make him release me. But what chance of escape had I with my hands fettered? I should be retaken for a certainty by the police and the men from the house who were scouring the woods by which I must pass to get away; and the attempt at evasion would confirm the belief that I was one of the gang that had broken into the house. Perhaps it did not occur to me at the time, for I was bewildered by the rapid course of events; I have but a vague remembrance of my own sensations.

Mr. Thane, grasping my collar with both hands, continued to call for help, and curse the servants in between for having left the house. Presently I caught sight of a tall, spare, figure in the doorway of the hall, standing out against the light within.

"That you, Cleveden?" cried Mr. Thane, in a tone of profound satisfaction. "Come here and help me, there's a good fellow. That confounded constable's left me in charge of this burglar, and all the servants are out of the way, of course. It's a shameful thing to leave a ruffian of this sort on my hands. And, look here, you know I have only got my slippers on. I shall get another attack of rheumatic-gout to-morrow, as sure as fate. What on earth are we to do with the fellow? It's as much as I can do to hold him with both hands, and I've nothing on my back but this sleazy dressing gown. Feet wet through. This will be the death of me."

The major had come to my side.

"Leave him to me, he said, touching my arm coolly. "Is that tool house open?"

"Yes, Ah, capital idea. Clap him up there. There's a strong bolt outside, and no means of escape from within."

"Get me the lamp, will you?"

"Certainly," Mr. Thane went off with alacrity, and, returning with the lamp, now offered to show the way to the tool house, despite the damp.

"I can manage very well by myself. I see our visitor is handcuffed. Go in and see after Miss Thane. I am afraid the fright has upset her. A couple of the maids are in there, but they seem all to have lost their wits. Pray go."

The old gentleman seemed mightily pleased to have so good an excuse for getting out of his duty; he, however, warned the major to be careful with me, as I was a terribly rough customer to deal with. The light from the lamp lit up the major's face, and I saw the ends of his long moustache go up, and something like a smile crease his thin cheeks as he looked sidelong at me.

I went quietly enough into the tool house. The major set down the lamp on a chaff cutter, closed the door, and having flaked the dust off a billet of wood with his handkerchief seated himself and pulled out a cigar case. I sank down on a faggot beside the chaff cutter and dropped my head. The major struck a light and puffed at his cigar; there was no other sound. I found him regarding me curiously, his brows creased together.

"It has come to this," said I to myself, "I shall be sent to gaol for a burglar. There's no way out of it but by letting all the world know that a woman laid all her faith in my love and honor, and that I had not enough of either to keep her secret and save her from disgrace. No, I won't do that. I'll go to gaol. A little more degradation will not make much difference to my sum. I'll go away then—to America or New Zealand. It's part of my folly that I didn't go months ago. Hebe shall not hear of me till I'm in a position to claim her as my wife. I can get on there, putting my pride in my pocket and working steadily; and I will get on. Ay, this is a proper time for making good resolutions? If I had plucked up a bit of courage at first, instead of letting myself sink into torpor and despair, I should have spared Hebe an age of misery and got on the way to better things; and I'll mend though, please God, when I'm free again. I will lighten her burden if I can, and make up some day for the unhappiness I have brought upon her now. I will give a false name when I am taken before the magistrate; there will be less likelihood then of my being identified as the gaol bird when I can resume my own. Perhaps I may get off with a couple of years, seeing that I'm a 'first offender.' Anyhow, my punishment will be less than hers. Was ever woman so punished for marrying a man? The

wages of folly are harder than those of sin. Death is an easy escape; to live and suffer is the greater penalty. Poor wife! What are these fetters compared with hers—fettered for life to a thing like me? Hearts don't break, or surely hers could not beat on lovingly when the man she has regarded as a hero sinks to the supine brutal clod she found me to-night. Will she remember me as she last saw me—indifferent to her caress, yet rancorously jealous of those who valued her sweetness more—only ceasing to torment her gentle spirit with inuendo and reproach when my senses were dulled with over-feeding? No, she will remember me by something better. Oh, if I were free now! What then?

The devil was sick, the devil a saint would be; The devil grew well, the devil a saint was he.

No; better go to gaol. Yet it's hard—a young fellow of twenty—to go and herd with felons. If mother were living now to see me thus. I'm glad she is dead. I never thought to say that."

The polished steel of the handcuffs shimmered before my eyes; I think it was that turned my memories back to the old home. I fancied I saw in the shining bend of the fetters a reach of the river where as a lad I used to sit with my rod by a gap in the reeds, through which one saw the flat meadow on the other side all red with sorrel. Then my thoughts wandered to the long, low workshop behind our cottage, where I worked beside my father at the bench, making those famous oak presses for which he was famous all the country round. What a fine old fellow he was, my father! His work reflected his character—solid, and honest, and true. If I had been content to stick to the old craft as he did, I might have become a man like him. But would Hebe have loved and married me? No. She was carried away with admiration for my genius. Genius! I never had it. Just enough skill as a carver of toys to pass in that out-of-the-way place, and to make the simple folks wonder. I recalled the day that old Mr. Northcote, the rector, brought Hebe to look at a panel I had carved. I had never seen her close before that time. She seemed altogether beyond my world. The rector made some commonplace remark about application and talent bringing one fame; and Hebe said, looking at me with glowing enthusiasm, "Oh, yes; you will be great one of these days." And this is what I had sunk to! I could not dwell on these memories any longer. My brain swam with remorse and regret, and the knowledge that all was over, and nothing left to me of those glorious hopes. I shook myself to get free of these maddening reflections. A tear had run down my cheek; I brushed it away with my joined hands, and looked up at the major.

He may have been wondering whether this inert, spiritless, moody wretch in a frayed jacket, and corduroys shining at the knees with the rubbing of the bench and mess of an upholsterer's workshop, could really be the accepted lover of Hebe Thane. For such a thing as me had she sacrificed so much and run the risk of a degrading discovery? He met my eyes, and continued to regard me with the same look of a puzzled inquiry. Perhaps he sought to read through my eyes some better explanation of Hebe's infatuation than he could find elsewhere. He gave it up at length, as a thing past apprehension, raising his eyebrows as he looked at the ash of his cigar, and expelled a thin stream of smoke from his lips, with a return of that cynical smile I had before seen on his face. Who can account for taste in women, he might have been saying to himself?

We sat there, face to face, for five—ten minutes—I know not how long—in such silence that even the drawing of his cigar was audible. Suddenly he took the weed from his lips and turned his head, listening. We both heard a cautious step on the gravel outside. The latch was carefully raised. He rose, laying his hand on one of the tools piled in the corner near him, regarding the door with the calm self-possessed look of a brave soldier, and drawing the smoke perhaps a little quicker than before.

"Hebe!" I exclaimed, springing to my feet, as I caught sight of the pale face at the opening door.

The major threw down his cigar and stepped forward quickly—

"Miss Thane!"

"Oh, Major Cleveden!" cried she, in a broken voice, hardly audible for emotion; "do let me speak to you."

"Certainly," said the major; and he passed out, closing the door after him, and shutting off from my straining gaze the sight of that pale, terrified face; those large, deep eyes that looked beyond him to me in unspoken anxiety and tenderness.

I know now why she was there. She had learnt from her father where I was confined and who guarded me, and the secret she could not confide to him she had come here to disclose to the major—the friend whom she "could trust with her life"—in the belief that for her sake he would save me from disgrace. At that time I could only surmise her purpose; but the belief in her heroic generosity kindled a flame of gratitude from the spark of good feeling that still rested at the bottom of my heart.

I was not long left in doubt as to the major's reply to Hebe's appeal. He re-entered the tool-house with a quick, sharp step.

"Your wife has told me all," he said in a low tone. "Her happiness depends on your getting away. Do you think you can escape?"

"I will escape," I repeated, vehemently. "God knows she has suffered enough by loving me too well; but she shall suffer no more. I will not be retaken alive if I can get the use of my hands."

These words seemed to have a peculiar force for him. His fingers were upon my handcuffs, feeling for the spring that closed them. He paused an instant, looking in my face with his piercing eyes to read the extent of my meaning.

"Well," he said, "I would do the same for her, and since you are not guilty of that for which these fetters have been put upon you, I shall remove them, and take the responsibility upon myself."

These words had but a simple meaning for me then; but in recalling them I perceive their deeper significance.

As he spoke he found the spring and released my hands.

"One moment," said he; and, going out by the open door, he looked to the right and left, listening intently. Then he came back—

"The coast is clear. You know the place better than I do; but I must warn you that the first entrance is guarded. God speed you!"

## CHAPTER IV.

### A COMPANION IN ADVERSITY.

The fog had thickened or the moon had sunk; certainly it was more obscure now than it had been hitherto. But I knew the position of the tool-house well, and that by keeping the path along the shrubbery I should come ultimately through the garden to the paddock and so into the spinny. But, there, what was I to do? Without doubt the gap in the palings through which I had entered would be guarded, and the approach to it would be dangerous. My chance lay in feeling my way to the palings at some point between the wall and gap. But how could I succeed in crossing the wood without attracting attention by the snapping brittles under my feet. At every step I advanced I risked a constable or one of the many servants who were scouring the place. The advantage afforded by the darkness was pretty evenly balanced by the disadvantages. The path was perilous, yet I dared not leave it, for amongst the garden beds I might wander round and round in a circle until broad daylight. There was nothing for a guide but the gravel path. Happily my goliathes made my footsteps inaudible. I kept on with my hands outstretched, ready at the slightest touch to spring back. Now and then my toe striking against the box edging of the walk warned me that I was going from the straight line; but I had no other guide. The darkness seemed impenetrable. Nevertheless, when I had, as I thought, made a couple of hundred yards from my starting point, I detected a little glimmer of light on the ground at a little distance from my foot as it touched an edging. I stopped, wondering what it could be. Not a glowworm surely. I stooped down and bent forward; then I perceived clearly a chink of light, such as might be seen through the ill-closed door of a dark lantern. Had a constable set it down that he might advance with less risk of discovery. It seemed unlikely; yet I could not otherwise account for its being there. A lantern it was assuredly. A bold notion struck me. I know that it is more difficult to discern a man who flashes a light in your face than if he carried no light at all. If I took up the lantern and advanced boldly with it, I might find my way to the palings quickly enough; I might see danger before me and elsewhere by flashing it around me from time to time. No one would suspect a man carrying an open lantern of being an escaping burglar. If I encountered any one I could in a moment dash down the light and bolt, and be no worse off than if we had run against each other in the dark. I determined to possess myself of the lantern and hazard it, at any rate. I set my foot over the edge and leaned forward to take it; yet not without precaution, for it might be that the lantern had been cunningly laid there as a bait, and that as I stooped to take it the crafty trapper might pounce upon me.

As I took up the lantern the door swung open, and the light flashed full upon the back wall against which it was set, revealing the strands of a cord ladder and the whole mystery of the light being there. It was by this ladder that the burglars had got over the wall. They had set down the lantern as a guide to discover it when they returned from the house with their plunder. In their flight they had lost themselves, and had been unable to find it again in the darkness.

I closed the lantern instantly, and thrust it deep amongst the foliage on the ground. I had no need of that now; a better and surer means of escape had been provisionally offered. There was not a moment to spare. The flash of the lamp might have been seen. I fancied I heard a movement at no great distance. Impelled by fear I grasped the ropes high up, without waiting to get my foot in the stirrups, and began to pull myself up hand over hand, but not without noise. Some leaves yet hung on the fruit-tree trained against the wall; the leaves rustled and the twigs cracked under me. I felt the top of the wall against my knuckles, as it became certain that my fears were realised. A voice below whispered, loudly—

"Is that you, Hooky?"

I got my hands on the wall and abandoning the rope, scrambled up. There I paused an instant. The possibility of being followed by the man who called to "Hooky" presented itself: I resolved to pull up the ladder, and so take away the means of pursuit. But as I got hold of the rope I felt it clutched below. With a sharp wrench I dragged it free.

"What are you at, Hooky?" with a curse, muttered the voice below; then "Blime, you're not going to act dirty to a pal? By G—, if you don't drop it down to me, I'll blaze at you, if I bring the whole lot down on me and swing for it!"

I was not afraid of being hit, but I did fear someone on the other side of that wall being brought to the spot by the report of a pistol before I got clear off. The man below was obviously a burglar, and, after all, I had nothing to fear from him. I dropped the ladder.

I slipped down the outer side of the wall to some length, and then let go. There was a ditch below; my feet slipped upon the side, and I went in up to my knees in water. Before I had pulled myself out, the burglar came down with a splash beside me. We rubbed against one another. He laid hands on me savagely.

"I'm a good mind to drown you in this cursed ditch!" he growled. "What d'ye mean by going for to bring up the rope when I called to you, Hooky?"

"I'm not Hooky," said I.

"What!" he pulled out the lantern he had slipped in his pocket, and opening it upon my face muttered, "Blime, no more you ain't!"

"Let go, and shut up that thing," said I; "there's sure to be someone along this path. We've made noise enough to draw them on us, dropping in this ditch."

"Right you are," said he, shutting the lantern and slipping it back in his pocket. "Do you know any way out of this without goin' that path?"

"Yes—if I can manage to find it through this fog."

"Have a try at it, any way, mate. You're a good sort. Don't bear me no grudge for bein' a bit hard on you," he added, as we struck out together from the path. "I tell you, square, I thought you was Hooky."

There was grass under our feet; I knew that if we could only keep a tolerably straight line, we must come in time to the gates of Richmond Park. Before long the rising ground convinced me that we had not gone far astray.

My companion kept close to my side, and for some time kept silent, but as we advanced, and he grew more confident of es-

cape, he became garrulous and comanunicative.

"This is the blindest rum job I was ever on," said he. "Never knowed of a crib being cracked by two lads at one time before. I sorter made a straight shot at it when we came across them boots outside the green's, but Hooky he would have it wasn't nothin' else but a gardener left 'em there accidental. I was for turnin' it up on them grounds, but Hooky he would go on 'cause he'd got the straightest tip from the butler this afternoon as there was a dinner on, and the housekeeper what looks after the shincy was a bed with the mulle-grubs. We've been hanging about the crib ever since Monday week, waitin' for a bit of a fog and a likely chance, and then, blime, for to think that you should step in first. You ain't got no mate, are you?"

"No."

"Standin' in with the servants, hey? What we call the sneakin' line—no offence, matey. Every one must have a beginning, and I don't know no better way than standin' in with the servants—though it ain't respectable according to Hooky. But then, he is so confounded proud. I thought you was him—I did, upon my word—and I wasn't much undeceived by you pullin' up of the ropes, for I haven't got any faith in Hooky; and if it served him to do a pal a dirty action, he'd act dirty accordin'. Let's have a breathe, matey."

The grass was slippery, the hill steep, the ground tangled with brambles. I was not averse from resting awhile. I said nothing, but my companion was a chatty villain, and continued to speak of Hooky's faults and failings at some length, blaming his want of caution, foresight, and attention to friendly advice, which had resulted in their nearly getting caught, and spoiling a good game after wasting a week in preparing to play it.

"Never mind; Hooky ain't out of the wood yet, I know; and may be, for all his cleverness and upperhandness and sly takements, he'll get up for this job. Hillo! what's that? There, what did I tell you! That's the peelers, d'ye hear?"

I did hear a faint whistle in the distance, and as we stood holding our breath another whistle answered. Then came a moment's silence, followed by the flat crack of a pistol shot.

"That's Hooky!" said my companion. "He's done it. There's a stiff un to answer for now! Good-bye, Hooky—I don't stay in the same ring with you after this. I'm off to Birmingham, as an honest workman out of collar, this blessed day. Coming on, matey. We're a little to warm here."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### TWO YOUNG WOMEN KILLED.

#### Deplorable Results of a Runaway in the Gatineau Region.

An Ottawa despatch says:—Meagre details of a frightful double fatality at the village of Kazubazus, on the Gatineau, reached the city to-day. The accident occurred on Monday night about 8 o'clock, and as a result two young women were killed, one of them instantly. The victims were cousins, and were going to a dance with two male relatives and a little boy. Before reaching their destination, which was at the foot of a steep hill, the horses suddenly started on a mad gallop. The animals went at such a terrible pace they were soon lost control of by the driver. At the bottom of the incline there was a sharp curve and around this the horses swung against a fence, throwing all its occupants violently out. The wagon fell on the occupants. When removed it was discovered that one of the young ladies had been instantly killed. Her femle companion was unconscious from the effects of the concussion, and she lingered for 20 hours and breathed her last on Tuesday night. One of the men had his arm and leg broken. The young women were first cousins. One was the daughter of Mr. John Hogan, merchant, and a leading farmer of the place, and the other was the only daughter of a widow of the same name. The poor unfortunates were 22 and 25 years of age respectively.

### Rapid Building in Chicago.

The British consul at Chicago in his latest report gives an example of the extraordinary rapidity with which lofty buildings are erected there. The Ashland block, a construction of steel, stone and terra cotta, at the corner of Randolph and Clark streets, close to the city hall, seventeen stories in height, was built on an area of 140 feet by 80 feet, in midwinter, and work was continued, day and night, by relays of men, strong arc electric lights being used by night; artificial heat was furnished by ten salamander stoves to enable the builders and masons to work at that season of the year, and protection from cold winds was given by several hundred yards of thick canvas. The skeleton of steel for each floor was first erected, each column, girder and rafter being lifted and placed in position by steam power; these were riveted with red-hot rivets, and as the stories rose they were filled in with square blocks of terra-cotta and brick. On Dec. 6, last year, six floors were completed, and the steel skeleton for the next six stories was for the most part placed. On Dec. 19 ten floors were completed, and the steel shell for three more stories was in position. Thus the entire construction of four floors of a building 140 feet by 80 feet, divided into numerous rooms, was solidly built in thirteen days, or one floor in three and one-fourth days. About sixty iron and steel-workers, one hundred brick-masons and thirty-five terra-cotta setters were continually at work. The enormous quantity of iron and steel used in this new mode of construction, which was only first tried six years ago, has created quite a new industry, and the employes have already their organization under the term architectural iron-workers. Steel has now almost entirely taken the place of iron, of which the first few of these tall buildings were constructed. The foundations are tiers of steel rails embedded in concrete, the beams stretching ten feet or twelve feet under the street. This plan was found necessary on account of the nature of the soil, so as to bear the great imposed weight. These beams are made at the Illinois steel-works, or come from Pennsylvania. This new method of building is said to be lighter and stronger than the old system, and to be absolutely fire-proof. The greatest variation in the plumb-line from base to top of these tall buildings has been found not to exceed half an inch.—[Exchange.]

### Starting an evening paper and selling it to another evening paper for consolidation purposes, is an important industry in the West.