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Jones, had assigned to her particular use, and which was quaintly fitted up with some of the old-fashioned furniture from the cottage. One evening he came in quite elated.

"I am going, with your permission, Lizzie," he said, "to make a small addition to the furniture of your little parlor."

"Indeed, I am greatly obliged to you. Pray, what have you got for me? A screen, perhaps?"

"No. Better than that. Guess again."

"An ottoman?"

"No, indeed; you have too many ottomans already; I am always stumbling over them."

"Not a work-table?"

"No, nothing of the sort; but you shall see it at once. I hear the porter who was to bring it home ringing at the door."

And presently, sure enough, it was brought in—the old ebony writing-desk of Mrs. Evelyn, covered with dust and a little bruised, but safe and sound.

"I am so delighted!" said Lizzie.

"Now, tell me where you found it."

"I was passing along a narrow street in one of the suburbs, and, being attracted by the sight of a case of mathematical instruments lying open in the window of a second-hand furniture-store, and went to buy them; and, Lizzie, I got them at a great bargain. The case is silver-mounted, and the instruments are fine."

"Oh, never mind the instruments! Tell me about the desk."

"When I had made my purchases, I loitered a few minutes in the shop looking at the different articles of furniture, some of which was old and very curious."

"But the desk! the desk!"

"Presently I spied it out in a dark corner; and recognizing it, eagerly inquired the price. The rogue of a dealer saw I was determined to have it, and made me pay soundly for my prize. But I was determined to have it for your sake. How do you like your present?"

"I am delighted with it. Nothing you could have brought would have been half so acceptable. Come, let us rummage over all the pigeon-holes and drawers. You know we were never allowed by grandma to see the inside of it."

"It seems to be pretty well emptied," said Godfrey, pulling out one drawer after another: "nothing left but some scraps of waste paper. But here is a place in this corner where there is some room not accounted for. Here must be a secret drawer. I must find the spring."

He pulled out a drawer contiguous to the space, found a spring, pressed it, and out flew a drawer without any knob or handle to indicate its existence. In this drawer lay the long lost ivory box.

"There is that queer little box, I declare," said Lizzie. "Now let us see what is in it."

It was speedily opened and a brilliant flash of light dazzled their eyes, reflected from the numerous facets of an enormous diamond. It was immense. Neither of them had ever seen anything like it. It was not set. There was only the bare gem.

They took it out and held it up to the light, admiring the beams of light which it caused to flash round the room.

"I wonder what it is worth," said Godfrey.

"Who can tell?" said Lizzie. "See if there is no memorandum in the box."

"Yes, here is a piece of paper at the bottom of the box."

This being unfolded was found to contain the following memorandum in the hand-writing of Mr. Evelyn.

"This diamond was presented to me by the Nabob of Arcot, after I had cured him of a dangerous fever. Rom-di-dol-Day, who is a good judge of gems, says it is worth half a million rupees."

"I did not know that grandpapa was a doctor," said Lizzie.

"Yes, he studied medicine when he was young; but getting a clerkship in India, he gave up practice."

"How much is a rupee?"

"About half a dollar."

"Then we are rich. For the diamond is certainly ours. I always thought there was something queer about that little old ivory box."

**Mutual Astonishment.**

A pious old citizen of Carrollton went to the cars the other day to see his daughter off. Securing her a seat he passed out of the car and went around to the car window to say a parting word. While he was passing out, the daughter left the seat to speak to a friend, and at the same time a grim old maid took the seat and moved up to the window. Unaware of the important change he hurriedly put his head up to the window and said: "One more sweet kiss, pet."

In another instant the point of a cotton umbrella was thrust from the window, followed by the wrathful injunction, "Seat, you gray-headed wretch!" He scattered.

**Married in the Woods.**

Quite a romantic marriage took place the other day at Woodstock, a small town near Marietta. Miss Dolly Gresham was united in marriage to Will Dial by the Rev. Mr. Hawkins. The manner of the marriage ceremony was rather singular.

They ran away from their homes about 8 o'clock on Sunday evening to a neighboring church, summoned the pastor, who was then holding services, and there in the woods, by the brilliancy of the moon, the young couple pledged their marriage vows in the presence of six witnesses.

The young men were prepared to keep back the enraged father, who had threatened to prevent the marriage, and was then in close pursuit. The marriage was concluded without interruption.

**Attempt to Escape.**

BRAMPTON, Ont., June 19.—Rutledge, sentenced here by Judge Scott to four years in Kingston penitentiary for burglary, made a murderous attack upon Turnkey Taggart this morning, as that officer was going through the corridor. Rutledge struck him on the back of the head with a stick of firewood, which knocked the officer down and rendered him senseless for a few moments. Rutledge made an attempt to unlock the doors

and escape, but Taggart recovered and called for assistance. The governor of the gaol rushed down and soon overpowered the prisoner. The gaol surgeon, Dr. Heggie, dressed the ugly cut in Guard Taggart's head, which is not dangerous. Rutledge is a mere boy and comes from Streetsville. His parents are old and respectable residents of that village.

**A Serious Affray Between Young Men at Chatham.**

Chatham, June 20.—About half-past nine last night a fatal stabbing affray took place at the Agricultural grounds, south of the G. T. R. station. Two young men, Frank Barr and Thornton Taylor, with a couple of young women, were sitting on the steps by the sidewalk when Gus. Park and another young man named Yeomans came along. Park stopped and Barr assailed him in abusive language, ordering him to move on. Then, it is alleged, Park drew out a knife and Barr threw off his coat. The two girls clung to Barr to keep him from fighting, and Taylor took hold of Park and told him to go on and not heed Frank, for he was drunk. Taylor then turned round and went back to Barr to hold him when, just as he did so Park struck Barr over Taylor's shoulder. Barr ran a few paces and came back, saying: "I'm a dead boy; I'm cut." He staggered, and the rest ran to his assistance, the blood flowing in torrents from a ghastly wound over the left breast. Before he could be carried to his home near by he was dead. Park at once gave himself into custody.

Barr was the only support of a widowed mother. He was a painter, 22 years old, and a good workman, but quarrelsome when in liquor.

Park is only 19, and bears the reputation of being rather fast. His two brothers run a large foundry on William street, and he has also a brother to whom his erratic conduct has been a source of grief. The affair has caused intense excitement in town.

**The Green Midge Doing Much Damage to Grain in Indiana.**

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 20.—Complaints about the destruction of wheat by a strange insect are increasing. They come chiefly from the central and eastern parts of the state, but the ravages of the little bug have already spread to Northern Indiana, and the secretary of the State Board of Agriculture regards the reports as alarming. The insect is the "green midge," another species of which is the "red midge." The latter appeared in this region fifteen years ago and did great damage to growing wheat. The green midge has not been seen by farmers since 1865, when it almost entirely destroyed the wheat crop of Indiana and the neighboring states. Millions of them appear in a field settling upon the stalk, from which they draw the sap, causing the grain to shrivel before it is matured.

**Facts About Milk.**

Cream cannot rise through a great depth of milk. If milk is therefore desired to retain its cream for a time, it should be put into a deep narrow dish; and if it be desired to free it most completely of cream it should be poured into a broad, flat dish, not exceeding more than one inch in depth. The evolution of cream is facilitated by a rise, and retarded by a depression of temperature. In wet and cold weather the milk is less rich than in dry and warm; and on that account more cheese is obtained in cold than in warm, though not in thunder weather. The season has its effects—the milk in the spring is supposed to be best for calves, in summer it is best suited for cheese, and in autumn the butter keeping better than in summer. Cows less frequently milked than others give rich milk, and consequently much better. The morning's milk is much richer than the evening's. The last drawn milk of each milking, at all times and seasons, is richer than the first drawn, which is the poorest.

**Why Canada Detests the Clan.**

NEW YORK, June 21.—An Ottawa special to The World says: The Deputy Minister of Justice stated to The World correspondent to-day that if the authorities at Chicago are able to substantiate the charges made against Burke or convince the judge presiding at Winnipeg that there are just and reasonable grounds for demanding his extradition, an order will issue at once.

"Most assuredly," he said, "we will not delay the issuing of a warrant here a moment when the case comes before us. The American people are now beginning to realize the dangerous element they have among them in the Clan-na-Gael Society, the influence of which society defeated the Extradition Treaty in the United States Senate. The Dominion Government has evidence that this society a year or so ago had planned the destruction of the Parliament buildings here and the assassination of Lord Lansdowne, then Governor-General. We discovered the plot and frustrated their murderous designs, and it is hardly to be wondered that any member of the society against whom there are strong evidences of complicity in murder should expect much leniency from the executive at Ottawa. Every facility will be given to expedite matters and effect the surrender of Burke if there is the least evidence to warrant the belief that he was connected with the Cronin murder."

**A Tragedy.**

Yet another tragedy is reported to have taken place in the locked compartment of an English railway carriage. Miss Emily Lister, the head teacher of a school at Devizes, was travelling with a young man named Keeling who had been paying his addresses to her, but whom she did not like. Desiring to get him to leave Devizes, where he had been visiting during the Whitsuntide holidays, Miss Lister had offered to accompany him part of the way on his road back to Birmingham. Being engaged by her refusal to accept him as her lover, Keeling shot her twice as the train was going at full speed and then threw the body out of the window. He then shot

himself and jumped from the train. This thrilling scene was witnessed by a laborer working in a field alongside the railway. The unfortunate girl and her murderer were found dead on the track. Those who intend to visit England this summer and travel in English railway cars had better not read this paragraph.

**Fall of an Elevator.**

KINGSTON, June 21.—A very serious accident, which may result in the loss of several lives, occurred at Ganaoque last evening. In the wheel shop there is a large elevator, on which four men went up to get a load of spokes. The elevator was loaded, and on the way down the wire broke, and down came spokes, men and elevator fully three storeys. The men received an awful shock. D. J. Reid had his scalp laid open, while a boy named J. Johnston was hurt inwardly to such an extent that he may not recover. It is thought that his spine is broken. F. Black is also badly hurt, one of his legs being mangled and head cut. He is also internally hurt. A fourth, named Thomas Clark, was also severely hurt. His cuts and bruises are so numerous that he is thought to be fatally injured. The moans of the men while they were being extricated were terrible to hear. The accident has cast a gloom over the village.

**Positive Identification of Martin Burke.**

WINNIPEG, June 21.—Interest in the case of Burke, under arrest for the murder of Cronin, was intensified this afternoon by the mysterious movements of the authorities. Martinson, the expressman who had carted the furniture to the Carlson cottage, accompanied by another Chicago official arrived by the midday train and with all secrecy made arrangements for him to identify the suspect. Fifty-two persons gathered in the jail yard this evening, amongst them being citizens, several prisoners in ordinary clothing, and Burke. They were "told off" and Martinson, walking slowly up and down, looked at each man. Burke was stationed about the middle of the line, standing with his hands in his pockets and his eyes averted from Martinson. The latter directly recognized him, and took down Burke's number. It was stated by those acting for the Crown that they were perfectly satisfied with the identification and would need no further proof. The authorities still maintain profound secrecy and will say nothing at all. The identity of the official who arrived with Martinson is kept a secret, but it is understood he is one of the leading officials on the Chicago detective force. The chain appears complete which connects Burke with the Cronin murder, and it is expected there will be sufficient evidence here by Wednesday to warrant his extradition. Burke intends to fight against extradition to the very last and has secured able counsel, and it is said that his friends will liberally supply funds for his defence.

**Children's Luncheons on Excursions.**

I offer the experience of one family hoping it may be of use. Our children had not lived many years before we were convinced that grown people cannot judge of the young, so we resolved that they should never be denied food when they asked for it, and concluded that good brown bread was least likely to hurt them. I do not think we should allow a child to eat all the time, but we were never troubled in this way. When the children were young we had a large three-seated "carry-all," into which we used to pack and drive to woods or streams within ten miles, and spend as many hours as they were interested or happy. A can of milk, dry bread and fruit was the only lunch they ever had or wanted. Visitors who sometimes went with us used to think it unkind treatment, till they saw with what hearty appetites the bread was eaten, and realized how harmless bread crumbs are. One afternoon their father took two of them, about six and eight years of age, to another part of the country, and returning had to wait a few moments at the Broad Street station. The children complained of hunger and were taken into a restaurant, where the waiter vied with their father in offering tempting cakes. In vain nothing suited, till, somewhat out of patience, their father asked, "Well, what

do you want?" "A piece of bread," was the meek reply, and the waiter had a very disgusted look on his face as each child turned away with a half loaf of bread and a contented face. Even small children can be taught that eating in public is scarcely permissible, but plain bread, properly eaten, annoys others as little as anything can. Would it not be a good idea for grown people, too, to look upon their picnics and days of "outing" as opportunities to enjoy the country, to get exercise and fresh air and to be satisfied with bread?

**Beau Brummell.**

His grandfather was a confectioner, whose son got a government appointment and was able to send the Beau to Eton and Oxford. Of course the only profession he could enter was that man-millinery affair, the Tenth Hussars. So little did he know of the business of an officer that on parade he never could find his troop. Fortunately, there was a soldier in it who had a great blue nose, which served as his beacon and his guide. One day the soldier was absent, and Brummell late as usual, was looking out for him. The old colonel thundered, "Why don't you find your troop?" "Why, sir," said the imperturbable Brummell, "I am looking for my nose." At last he gave up the army. The regiment was ordered to Manchester, and he really had to draw the line at that. On one occasion Brummell thought, or pretended to think himself invited to somebody's country seat, and being given to understand after one night's lodging that he was in error, he told a friend in town, who asked him what sort of a place it was, that it was an "exceedingly good place for stopping one night in." Manchester seemed to him not to be good enough to stop even one night in.—The Gentlemen's Magazine.

**The Modern Idea.**

—Mrs. Younghusband—Oh, Charlie, the cook got angry this morning and left, bag and baggage. What are we going to do? Mr. Younghusband—Why, my love, I thought you attended a cooking school for seven months? Mrs. Younghusband—So I did, dear, but that was merely to learn cooking as an accomplishment.

"Can you shoot a revolver?" she asked in a whisper of the girl next to her on the car. "Yes; but don't you never never tell anybody." "Why?" "You know Annie Blank? Well, she learned to shoot a revolver, and it got out, and after that she didn't have one flirtation a month. I'm not going to tell anybody until after I'm married."

"How are you getting along?" asked a travelling man of an acquaintance who had gone on the stage. "Oh, I have met with a share of success. I played Hamlet for the first time." "Did you get through all right?" "Yes, except that I happened to stumble and fall into Ophelia's grave." "That must have been embarrassing." "It was; but I wouldn't have minded if the audience hadn't seemed so disappointed when I got out."



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