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The Weekly Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, FEB. 17, 1899.

PRIVATE HOOK, V. C. It was half-past three o'clock in the

less sky poured down his scorching rays, and Rorke's Drift lay baking in the heat of the African summer. Shade there was none, nor was there any breeze to sway the poplars; the grass was shrivelled and brown, the bented camp dazzling in its whiteness and the bare rocky ledges of Oscarsburg, seeming so near in that transparent atmosphere that one might almost distinguish the flies crawling on them, quivered in the palpitating air.

Private Henry Hook, (second battalion of H. M. 24th Foot) with his shirtsleeves rolled above his elbows, was out in the open making tea for the sick in hospital. Suddenly he heard the sound of hoofs, and, looking up, naw two horsemen approaching at sovered with sweat and foam, and their riders, one of whom was almost in rags, reeled like drunken men in the maddle. The horror of a great catastrophe, was written on faces grimy with dust and powder, for they were two out of the handful of survivors from the fatal field of Isandlana, where an hour before the first battalion of the 24th had been practically annihilated by the Zulus.

"Stand to your arms and defend yourselves as best you may; enemy is at our heels, and will be here directly !"

Such was the dreadful message which one of them delivered, while the other galloped on in order to warn the defenders of Helpmakaar some twelve miles off.

There were but eighty fighting men at Rorke's Drift, and thirty-six invalids in the hospital with a few attendants; of friendly natives there were two hundred who would probably show their friendliness by running away on the first chance. The commander, Major Spalding, had ridden ever to Helpmakaar early in the afternoon; the two chief officers remaining were Lieutenant Gonville Bromhead of the 24th, and Lieutenant Chard, R. E.; an urgent message was at once despatched to the latter, who was down by the river seeing to his ponts as upon him developed the defence, and, pending his arrival, the camp was struck, and the two waggons loaded with the sick men, ready to be driven off for greater safety to Helpmakaar.

Rorke's Drift is in Natal, but close

to Zululand, from which it is separated by the Buffalo River. It takes its name from one Rorke, a borderagent, who built a house for himself, and farmed the land. Afterwards the place was purchased by the Reverend Otto Witt, a clergyman of the Swedish Church, who established here a The farm itself, with its enclosed garden in front, stood upon a terrace some two or three acres in extent The ground was planted with standard grape-vines, orange, apricot, and other fruit trees, Cape poplars, large gum-trees, and luxuriant shrubs and bushes, so that one could not see far for vegetation. The dwelling-house which had been converted into a hospital, was about eighty feet long by sixty broad, and consisted of a ground floor only. The end walls were built of stone, the side walls of kiln-dried bricks, and the partition walls of others only communicated with each other; six of them were occupied by patients. Close to the house stood the church, a smaller building, which had been converted into a store, waggonhouse and stable, and, like the house, was thickly thatched with grass. Beyond them was a kraal, or inclosure for cattle. The whole place was quite unfortified, and open to attack; none

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men now so suddenly menaced. On second thoughts it was judged too hazardous to attempt to move the sick to Helpmakaar, as they would be almost certain to fall into the hands be the Zulus. The waggons therefore were unloaded and helped to eke out the line of defence, which consisted of bags of mealies (or maize) placed in such a way as to connect the hospital, store, and kraal by a complete rampart. The friendly Kaffirs were compelled at the point of the bayonet to bring the bags of mealies from the store and place them in position. The walls were loopholed, doors and windows blocked, ammunition served out, and the wwater-cart was filled and brought within the enclosure.

knew this better than the handful of

A hundred native troopers of Durnford's Horse now rode up, and an officer asked for instructions, Co'onel Durnford having been killed. The men were ordered to watch the enemy, hold them in check as long as possible, and, when that became inpracticable, to retire on the post and help in the

In about an hour, and before much could be done by way of fortifying the camp, the sound of distant firing announced the approach of the Zulus. With the first boom of the guns the two hundred friendly natives ran off, to a min, and the troopers o' Durnford's Horse, demoralized by the loss of their leader, and exhausted with a hard day's fighting, galloped off towards Helpmakaar, to the consternation of the little garrison. The defenders being thus diminished in numbers the line of defence was too long for them to hold; a row of biscuit boxes was therefore hastily thrown across to provide a second rampart, behind which they might retire if necessary. The Zulus advanced at first in three companies, about fifteen hundred men in each, under command of Cetewayo's brother, crossed the Buffa'o River, climbed some rising ground and, squatting on the grass, too's snuff and considered the situation. They were not long in deciding on their plan of attack, and were soon seen pouring round the Oscarsburg in a dense

of bullets as would have speedily put an end to the unequal contest their marksmen been skilful. At the end of the hospital furthest

ed by a Zulu bullet. Hook, who was now left by himself, had a Martini-Henry rifle with bay-

onet attached, and previous to the asng more than a hundred cartridges. He, and the two Williams, kept up a hundred Zulus had fallen. Suddenly, steady fire on the advancing Zulus about three o'clock, the attack ceased, through the loopholes in the walls. safety, and during an interval in the made the most of by strengthening the combat, Hook discovered to his con- defences. Two or three men climbed answer. sternation that the heat of his gun had on to the roof of the storehouse, and jammed a cartridge. The piece was began to strip it off to prevent it be-

cope with, and he had to retreat into to renew the desperate struggle.

of numbers, they drove the English to was safe. take refuge behind their second rampart, and, swarming over the first line | before had brought word to the Com- | they all there ?" of defence, broke into the hospital mander-in-chief that an attack in

"Quick!" said Hook to Williams. next room, while I defend the door- ently by the column of smoke rising grave and harmless as possible. way; it's our only chance!" A slen- from the burning hospital. If Rorke's "I beg your pardon, my lord." der chance indeed, as Hook knew full Drift had fallen, so probably had sacre, hurling their assegais, one of by four and twenty hours' forced ceal his features. which wounded Hook in the forehead. | march; it was destitute of provisions, life against time, fire and overwhelm- Lord Chelmsford was therefore dising odds. Fortunately Hook kept tracted with anxiety, knowing that he quite cool, and at each shot a savage stood in the greatest jeopardy. fell. Sometimes the foe came on so And now through their field-glasses here?" quickly that the man had no time to the officers saw some one on the roof "Yes, my lord," answered the footfire, and then the bayonet did good of the store waving the English flag. man. service. Seven men lay dead before | Was it only a ruse of the enemy? | The man's face had flushed uncomible for Hook to hold out?

At last the hole was made, and Williams managed to drag seven of the drag him through.

The room in which they now found themselves had only an outside door, and this had been securely blocked; presence of the Commander-in-Chief more-"Four, five, six,-four, five could they have got through it they and the assembled officers. would only have fallen into the hands of the burning house, and join the main body of the defenders. While he could stammer forth a few words wall on the further side of the room by which they all crawled into the next ward. This too had only an outer door, which had been blocked, and another hole had accordingly to be made before they could pass into the

On the opposite side of this room a small window was just discernible through the wreathing clouds of smoke, and by it they must escape, for they could not break through the wall, which was an end one, and built, as has been said, of stone. There were two doors to this apartment, and outside the one that led through the inner wall the Zulus could be seen brandishing their assegais as they came on to the attack. The sight of them, their horrid yells, the crackling of the blazing roof which threatened every instant to fall, the noise of the guns, the apparent hopelessness of their position, drove one of the patients, was somewhat light-headed with fever, mad; making a rush for the door, he was, after a fierce struggle, seized and hacked to pieces outside. His death gave the others time to clamber through the window, and drop to the ground; and the nine men were now so far safe that they were clear

of the burning hospital just as the ammunition was exhausted. They had, however, only exchanged one form of danger for another. Unknown to them, the English had been driven behind the second line of defence, the single row of buscuit boxes more than a hundred feet from the hospital. The intervening space was thick with smoke of the guns; it was swept by Zulu bullets from the heights of the Oscarsburg; corpses covered the ground; asseguis were f ying in all directions; yet only by trossing this field of death could precarious

shelter be reached-Hook managed to ho'st the brokenegged man on to his back. He was tall, and, powerless to help himself. along the ground. The slow progress was frightful. An assegai, hurled through the air, struck the man, but fortunately stuck harmlessly in his over-coat. Great beads of sweat gathered on Hook's brow; his veins stood neared the barricade; he was seen, ed into conversation. recognized, and helped inside, both rescuer and rescued unharmed by spear

or bullet. Faint and exhausted as Hook was, mass. As they advanced, in good he had to turn to immediately, and ously. order, the column of men opened and | fight shoulder to shoulder with his | "That's very nice," was the Bishop's threw out horns with the object of sorely pressed comrades for dear life. smiling remark. 1 Burrounding the place. The main Suddenly, there being no twilight in "I'm playing Diamonds. Look at body, with yells of savage exultation, this region, night fell, and the enemy them." charged the hospital at a run, thinking would have made short work of them | The Bishop looked. In the chubby to make short work of the English.

Most of those who had guns climbed the hospital, the roof of which had by this the heights of the Oscarsburg, whence, secure among the clefts of the rocks, they poured in such a continuous rain to make short work of them had not the flames from the burning pink hand extended to him he saw hospital, the roof of which had by this some half-dozen diamond-shaped pieces of glass. He did not examine them.

"I do not know," she said mildly. "I think—I think we should wait to know all the circumstances. It may they poured in such a continuous rain broke cover an easy target for the guns.

yet again and again the enemy came on, climbing over the bodies of their other smile. from the store four men were sta-tioned. Privates John Williams and and seizing the rifles pointed at them. make-believe at all, you'self?" Joseph Williams defended one of the Six times they got inside the first line wards, in which were four patients, of defence, and six times were driven and Privates Hook and Cole defended back by the bayonet, the little garrison I don't think I do." a small room which formed the back sallying out and harassing their reescape by the front of the house, and a frenzy, rushed fearlessly with devilish or a wobber ?" joined the main body of his comrades yells at the barricades. An attempt behind the barricade, where he was was made by them to fire the storeone of the first to fall mortally wound- house, and one fellow was shot as he was in the act of applying a lighted torch to the roof.

Thus the fight raged without ceasing for eleven hours. Marvellous to say, sault had distributed about his cloth- the defenders had lost only seventeen men, while between three and four and the enemy retired in apparent dis-But the work was too rapid for couragement. This short respite was

furnish a target for the enemy's gune; lect them, counting and recounting Meanwhile the two Williams had the men therefore descended one by them once and again. been hard pressed. Fourteen Zulus one, and the last to leave, be ore the The Bishop watched smilingly. Then had falled under their fire; but in one followed his comrades, cast a compre- his eye fell upon something which of the furious assaults the door of the hensive glance around. In that clear lay glittering in the silky hair of a room they were in (an outer door which atmosphere, as has been said one can rug near that on which he stood. There Joseph Williams with two patients was ' met his eyes made his heart beat fast, one of the "diamonds." dragged out and cut to pieces. While and his cheek flush with excitement. the other two patients, crawled into the low hills eastward, though still The curly head was bent low. men and two privates. Meanwhile the ing. The little garrison cheered lustily an impulse of mischief. Zu'us, who had advanced against the and turned again to the struggle with "One, two, three, four, five, six !"

Messengers from Isandiana the day fire to the thatched roof, which soon he had returned in hot haste to find One, two, three, four, five-And now commenced a struggle for and almost entirely of ammunition.

weapon from Hook's grasp; the barrel as they came within hail, a ringing ward. grew so heated with constant use that | British cheer resolved their doubts. "Have you been here long?" he it took the flesh off his blistered hand. | Soon the rest of the troop came up, Overhead, the blazing roof crackled and as the General rode around the fiercely as the flames gathered force, smoking ruins and battered defences, Martin. and the smoke mingled with the smoke | saw the heaps of dead Zulus, and Later on the same morning Private | four, five, six!" Hook was again busily engaged, this invalids through; the eighth, who had time in making coffee for his thirsty know?" Zulu mission. The big hill at the back a broken leg which had not long been comrades. He was in his shirt and set, still remained. Hook seized him trousers, his braces hanging down be- lord," he stammered. "He does no ment to his Scandinavian Majesty by the collar, and made a rush for the hind; and, as he had had no opportu- know?" opening. As he did so a Zulu bullet nity to wash, his face and hands were "The truth is, my lord," the mar lodged in the man's coat, and it was still black with smoke and powder. continued, eagerly-the truth is that only at the cost of breaking his leg a Suddenly he received a peremptory I-1've turned over a new leaf. Since second time that Hook managed to order to appear before the General, I left your service there has been nothand as there was no time to make him- ing-nothing at all wrong." self respectable, he obeyed with a quak-

> confusion that it was with difficutly you will not think it necessary to-to a serious danger; knowledge is the Nor did the matter end here; he was graciously. It was the case now. recommended for the Victoria Cross, together with his comrade Private John Williams. And so it came to pass that six months later, on August Brd, in the presence of his fellow-soldiers, Hook was thanked for his share in the gallant defence of the hospital; and on the very scene of the exploit-a rare occurrence-Sir Garnet Wolseley (as he then was) with his own hands pinned to his breast the bit of ribbon from which hung the most coveted of medals, bearing the simple inscription, "Private Henry Hook, January 22nd

and 23rd, 1879." The End.

Stalland's Diamond.

The Bishop of Hexminster is at the present time the most popular prelate in the United Kingdom. His benignity, his sympathy, and his ability to ed by ail his servants. He is, in fact, a model gentleman, a perfect bishop. H's popu arity has not always been few of those who rejo ce at the change of his many personal gifts. are aware that it dates from his last hung like a sack, his feet dragging closely connected with the brief, but side was Mrs. Digby, an elderly fady

Stalland's diamond.

"And what are you doing my dear?" he asked, after the first question had been answered. "I'm playing," said the child seri- so

The dead lay so thick as to form a kind I'm making believe they are. That's of rampart round the beleaguered place; just as good." "Indeed?" said the Bishop, with an-

"Yes, just as good. Do you ever Again the Bishop smiled. "I - I don't know," he replied kindly. "But

corner of the building field the death at the containing six patients. On the ap- always performed a war-dance, and mostly does. Or p'waps you like excuse. We must fact proach of the enemy Cole made his then, having worked themselves into best to be a sleeping beauty, or a king firmly. That is theft." "Well, no. I haven't tried any those," he replied, with increased

> "Why don't you, then?" said the lady of diamonds, persistently. "It's splendid to make believe you's a piwut. I often does it, and I go and get lots of things from ev'wywhere. Piwuts and wobbers do, 'cause Bertie said so.' "That's good fun," said the Bishop, "Do you put the things back after-

The dark curls shook merrily. "Sometimes I forget," was the whispered

"That's good fun, too," declared the Bishop, most immorally; and then now useless! Seizing his cleaning-rod ing fired; but they had not made much | there was a pause in the conversation. he rammed it down the barrel with the progress, when they happened to energy of despair, and succeeded in catch sight of the Zulus stealthily reforcing out the spent cartridge just in turning to the attack. They at once they were tossed carelessly from one the nick of time; however, the rush of gave the alarm, and the wearied sol- little hand to another. Then they were Zulus was too strong for one man to diers, standing on their arms, prepared all thrown up together, falling with a soft thud, thud, thud, upon the carpet. the next room,-the ward containing To remain on the roof was but to The pink hands promptly began to col-

It must have rolled to that distance this was going on, John Williams "Hurrah!" he shouted joyfully, "hur- after the last throw. The counting made a hole with his pick through the rab! The army of Lord Chelmsford was going on briskly. "One, two, inner wall of the room, and now, with is in sight!" And sure enough, over three, four, five, six. One, two, three.' the ward where Henry Hook was. This some miles distant, the English sol- moved softly until he was just within room therefore contained eight sick | diers could be plainly seen advanc- reach of the unnoticed prize. It was

fort of the hospital under cover of the new hope. But it was soon seen that The Bishop stooped with remarkable for their lives. The jaded horses were garden, were not idle, and, though repulsed with great loss, kept up a per- telligence, and, after some hesitation He was back in an instant, and had Mrs. Digby to the Bishop. "Sir Edsistent attack. At last, by sheer force they finally withdrew. Rorke's Drift only just resumed his old position, ward brought it from India. It was when the little face turned "Well," he asked innocently,

> "I'll count again," answered the through the front doors. Some set force had been made on the camp, and child. "But I think they's all here. began to blaze; others rushed towards | that the force left there had been prac- | The Bishop actually chuckled. His the ward in which the ten men were tically annihilated. From thence he chuckle was such an audible one that marched to Rorke's Drift full of the for a moment the counting was susgloomiest forebodings with regard to pended, and the counter listened sus-"Make a hole with your pick into the its fate-forebodings confirmed appar- piciously. He immediately looked as

> It was a footman, bearing a lamp. well! As he spoke the Zulus were Relpmakaar, leaving Natal, and in- The Bishop moved, and the man placed upon him. They advanced with fiend- deed South Africa, at the mercy of his burden in a recess. He kept his ish yells to complete the work of mas- the Zulus. His army was exhausted head bent, but could not entirely con-

something of shame in the movement. "You here?" said the Bishop in a tone of displeased surprise. "You

the fatal doorway, but still the Zulus | Colonel (now Sir Baker) Russeli, and | fortably, and the Bishop had entirely fearlessly pressed forward over the a troop of mounted infantry dashed lost his usually benign expression. bodies of their comrades. Seizing the forward in advance, and crossed the This Martin was a man who had been muzzle of the gun, even as its contents | Buffalo River warily, straining their | dismissed from his service three years were about to be discharged into their eyes and ears for some sign which ago for an act of dishonesty, and such naked bressts, they tried to wrest the | might allay their apprehensions. Then, a sudden meeting was decidedly awk-

quired at last. "Ten months, my ford," answered

The Bishop's next question was of of the gun. The ammunition was fast | heard the thrilling story of the seige, more delicate character. He took his disappearing, and still Williams work- he heartily thanked the brave hand- eyes from the man's face, and allowed ed hard with the pick. The sick men ful of defenders, and enthusiastically them to rest upon the curly locks of were powerless to help. Was it poss- acknowledged that it was the most the child at his feet. She was still gallant action he had ever heard of. counting steadily-"One, two, three, "Does your master-does Sir Edward

Martin shook his head. "No-no, m

"Hem ! said the Bishop again; and the child's murmur was heard once ing heart, and was ushered into the

BLX !" Lord Chelmsford began to question | "And I hope, my lord," concluded of the Zulus. The one thing to be him with regard to the defence of the Martin, fear and shame distinct in his done was to pass from room to room hospital, but he was so overcome with voice-"I hope that you will not-that

Hook, therefore, undertook the now in reply. However, the whole story had He paused, and waited anxiously. return." easier task of defending the hole in- been already told by the grateful brok- The B.shop's face had cleared, but it bricks dried in the sun. Some of the stead of the door, Williams wielded rooms were entered from the outside; the pick, and made a hole through the limit the pick, and made a hole through the first one with him and highly complimented him | ted that the severity of his views of | to come down stairs this evening. to his confusion that he hardly knew other men's failings frequently comwhether be stood on his head or heels. pelled him to do a gracious deed un- Mr. Dallis, gravely. "Very suspicious "Well, Martin," he said, with visible stiffness, "I am pleased to know that you have changed - that you have turned-and I trust that you will not 1879, before the assembled officers and fall again. Under the circumstances, of course, I shall not mention the past. Do your best to deserve my confidence That will do now-that will do." man humbly; and he silently left the

> "Thank you, my lord," said the footcompanion in pleasant contemplation is dismayed beyond measure by what of his own leniency. He was awak- he has heard. ened by a sudden question: "Is Martin a wobber, too? I never thought he was."

"My child!" cried the Bishop. "My dear child.!" "Well, that's nothing," said the child face. "That's nothing. Ev'wybody goes and plays wobber sometimes -

ev'wybody.

The bishop was startled by this shocking pronouncement, and not a little dismayed by the language in which it was uttered. The encounter with Martin had quite driven from his mind all thought of what had occurred previously, so that the child's meaning was lost to him, and he took put himself into another's place, invar- no heed of the peculiar look of iniably gain for him the warm regard telligence in her dancing eyes; and of his associates, while his kindness at that moment a rustling of skirts and consideration have made him ador- on the stairs, mingled with a murmur of voices interrupted their conversation. The little one gathered her belongings hastily together, and ran out so great. A year or two ago his sym- through the conservatory. He smiled pathies were not so warm as they are at her abrupt departure, and preparnow. His judgments of other men | ed to welcome the first-comer in that were more severe; he was apt to be easy manner which was one of the dogmatic on moral points. Yet very most familiar of his many personal

During dinner, he sat next to his visit to the Stallands, and that it is hostess, Lady Stalland. On his other mysterious, disappearance of Lady | who had secretly begged for the place, because "the dear Bishop's conversa-It was the evening of his arrival, and | tion was so improving." Lady Stalhe stood upon the hearth rug in the land was quiet and charming, but Mrs. drawing-room. A little girl was sit- Digby was neither, for she raked up ting upon the rug, almost at his feet. every debatable question she could out like cords; his breath came in brok- He had come down stairs after dress- think of, in order to obtain, for future en gasps; his legs tottered beneath | ing for dinner, to find her the only | quotation the Bishop's opinion upon it. him. One more supreme effort and he occupant iof the room, and had enter- One of her questions bore upon a notorious case of "misappropriation" in the morning papers.

"It is a shocking affair," said Mrs. Digby, with unction. "Don't you think | "Very shocking," answered the Bish-

op, without hesitation. "Very shock-Lady Stalland took up the matter on the other side. She was inclined to

"Oh," cried Mrs. Digby, greatly for-tified by the Bishop's opinion, "I think the dear Bishop is quite right. Hethe man-was using and keeping what did not belong to him. That is theft." She glanced at the Bishop for sup-

port. "Yes," he said, in that dogmatin manner, which was so soon to disappear "Don't you ever make-believe you's entirely. "Yes I think so, Mrs. Digby. corner of the building next to a ward treat. Before each attack the enemy | a piwut? That's what Cousin Bertie | Circumstances must not be pleaded in excuse. We must face these facts So the B shop settled the quest'on,

and Lady Stalland could say no more. It was then that Sir Edward addressed her from the other side. "My dear," he said, quietly, 'what is wrong with your bracelet?" Lady Stalland glanced at her arm.

Her face paled and a startled look came into her eyes. The bracelet she wore was a heavy one of chased gold, and formed the setting for a remarkably large and beautifu! diamond. But now the diamond was gone, and the socket in which it had rested was ugly in its emptiness. "It must have fallen out," said Sir

Edward. Lady Stalland instinctively pushed back her chair, and shook the folds of her dress. The conversation at the foot of the table ceased for no apparent reason, and a silence fell. In a moment the loss was known to all, and the silence was broken by a chorus of

"It may have been left up-stairs," said one voice, questioningly. Lady Stalland tried to recollect. 'No' she said. "It could not have fallen there, or I should have heard it. And I did not remove the bracelet while dressing. And now I remember, had been blocked) was burst open, and see a long distance, and the sight that was no mistaking the object. It was I thought I heard som thing fall while was sitting in the drawing-room this afternoon."

"Ah!" cried Sir Edward, Then it must be there now." "Yes," answered his wife. "And know exactly where it happened. will go and look myself." She rose, smiling, and left the table. In the few minutes of her absence, conversation flowed on in the new chan-

"Such a lovely stone," whispered part of the plunder of Delhi, and is valued at---

"How much ?" inquired the Bishop in surprise. "Ten thousand pounds," repeated Mrs. Digby, a little more distinctly. "Dear me," the Bishop murmured. "Dear me! It was not large, either, if

The lady sm'les. "Large for a diamond," she said, almost reprovingly. "But what is that footman looking at?" The Bishop raised his eyes, and found that Martin, from behind a chair, at the other side of the table, was gazing at him in a strange and peculiar manner. The look was averted instantly, and before he could "Martin!" said the Bishop sharply. even express his surprise at the in-The man looked up. There was cident, Lady Stalland had returned. There were signs of agitation in the very rustle of her skirts. Sir Edward's look was a question quickly answered. "I have not found it," she reported, nervous'y. 'It is rot where I thought and I have searched the whole floor."

Again a silence fell,-a silence of constraint and discom ort. The baronet, however, affected to treat the matter lightly, though his face belied his words. "It cannot be lost," he said, with

quickness. "There's no need for fear, -no need at all. Let us go on in, peace. We shall find it afterwards." Lady Stalland sat down, and the dinner proceded. Gradually the restraint passed away, though the conversation entirely failed to leave the channel intowhich it has been so suddenly thrown. mysterious recoveries, returning at

last to the present case. "It has slipped into some unsuspected corner, probably," suggested Commander Digby. "The danger is that it may have been, or may be, picked up by some one utterly ignorant of its nature and value."

"Both facts will soon be known," answered Sir Edward, abruptly, "even if they are not known already. But I believe that every member of the household does know them." A hard, clear voice spoke from the foot of the table, where Mr. Dallis, an

eminent member of the Bar, had been quietly attending to the duties before "In that case," he said, "we need not be troubled. Ignorance here would be

best security. The stone is certain to The Bishop was the next to speak.

"Very suspicious fact," interrupted fact."

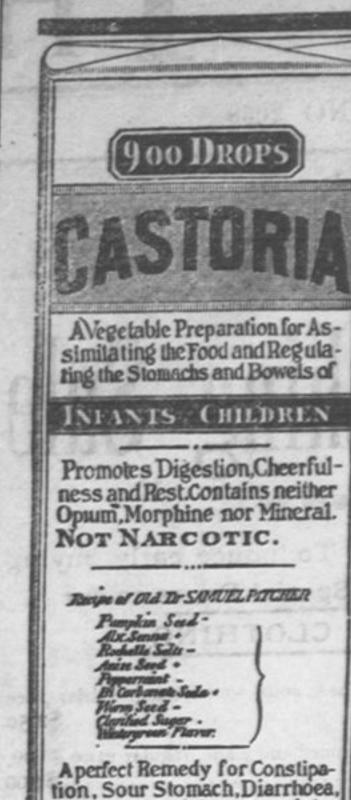
"And I certainly did not see anything of the diamond," concluded the Bishop, smilingly. "Therefore I must plead 'Not guilty." During the laughter which followed

the Bishop of Hexminster happened to catch sight of a face whose express on startled him considerably. It was Martin's face again, and the man's look was one of horror, amazement, and fear, -the look of a person who can For the time the Bishop forgot his scarcely credit his own hearing, yet The smile died away from the Bish-

op's face, as a dreadful suspicion occurred to him. He was not good at reading expressions, but he could not be mistaken this time. He took no further part in the talk, and there rising and looking directly into his was portentous gravity in his countenance when the gentlemen left their wine to join the ladies in an anxious search for the still missing diamond. It was Martin who stood at the door as they passed out. The Bishop gazed into the man's face searchingly. seriously, full of suspicion, yet full of doubt. Then he spoke in a low tone: "Follow me to the library." To be continued.





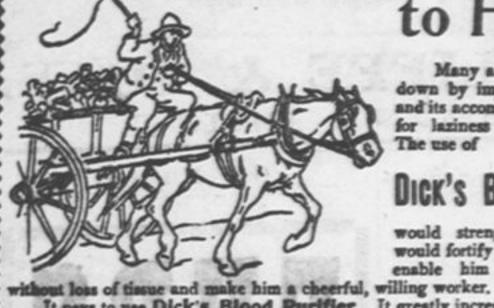


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