

MYED AND TRACKED.

PART I.—TRICKED.

Some years ago since an incident in my life which possibly proved itself to those who, like myself, are called for. One fat boy, young to some civil department, on the sly, he remembers well, at face, very placid, with rounded cheeks in expression, and in his voice or flashing fire, as the youth in pictures of battlefields, and they kept close to him all the time. I found myself looking into the depths of his placid eyes, which, I mistakeably, with "sight," he should to the rifle he grasped on his knee. Now and then he gave him a thought was the distance, when he passed as methodically as if on a parading side a s to see if the line coincided exactly with the figures, and taking it as coolly as ever, quietly delivery and returned to the ready position.

NORTH-WEST NOTES.

Hon. Mr. Aikins will not assume the duties of Lieut-Governor of Manitoba on the 2nd day of December.

It is the intention of the Government to issue licenses for the sale of liquor in Portage and Brandon. From the forms sent there are three applications, and Brandon twenty.

The C. P. R. South-western reached on Thursday evening, amid general cheering. It is proposed to devote Oct. 15 the last day of the coming county exhibit to a special celebration of the event.

New wheat at Brandon brings 75c., as 50c. Barley or buck-wheat have put in an appearance. A rough estimate of the grain available for shipment would place the figures about 100,000 bushels. The quality so far is very good.

On Monday last, the first sleeping car in connection with the C. P. R. passed. It was the Montreal, in charge of Mr. Bryant; and the Toronto, in charge of Mr. Burns, passed west on Tuesday, and the new one on Wednesday, in charge of Mr. Brown. These magnificent cars are the best made, and are fitted up with every comfort necessary to railway travel.

The Portage, Westbourne, & North West Railway have now in operation two regular mixed trains between Portage, Prairie and Gladstone. A distance of thirty miles. They have left the Portage for the construction of the balance of fifty miles of road necessary to the opening of their land grant, and before expiration of the time allotted, Dec. 1, 1922, will have complied with all the Government requirements. They have at present over 200 men at work, and are pushing things with characteristic North-West enterprise.

So it is Said.

An immense mastodon's remains have been found near Paris, Ky. Some negroes excavating for a railroad, two miles from town upon them ten feet below the surface of the earth. The first bone discovered was the tibia, which, on being measured, showed a diameter of seven inches. Following up this bone, they discovered the knee-joint, through the socket, was two inches in diameter. From the ankle to the tip of the shoulder blade—it being the hind leg—the bone was eight inches in length. The head was two inches wide—its being "feathered" on the sides. The jaw was twelve inches thick, and the teeth are preserved in good condition. The back bone was ten feet long, and forty feet from the head to the bones of the tail. The hind-quarters were exceedingly large, and measured eight feet twenty-three feet eight inches. The hip bone was ten and a quarter inches thick, the feet, on being weighed, proved each to be two or three pounds.

The Armored Train.

Regarding the "armored train" or "steam-engine" which has been doing good service in Egypt, a correspondent writes me to say "that idea of a last steam-engine being armed and going to the front," was practically demonstrated so far back as 1853, by the famous General Maurice Nash de Lacy (or de Saey) of London, who served under Suvaroff. A drawing of the war steam-engine was submitted to the English Government, with the usual result of such submission—"that to say, nothing came of it. In the following year just before the outbreak of the Crimean war, a drawing of the war steam-engine was forwarded to the Emperor Napoleon III. From the Imperial Cabinet a letter briefly thanking the inventor for his communication, and that was all. I have an indistinct recollection of some kind of war steam-engine having been used during the Civil War in America in 1862-3. (Extracted London News.)"

Physical Powers of the Austrian Emperor.

The Empress of Austria, even putting aside the fact that she is a grandmother, is a most marvellous woman, and has recently been through a more than usually severe course of training for the hunting season, which she will see in all probability spend in Hungary. During the time that her Majesty was at her summer residence at Ischl, in Upper Austria, she generally rose at 6 o'clock in the morning, and devoted a couple of hours to gymnastics and fencing; after which she took a morning tub, and a plain but hearty breakfast were supplemented by a walk of some miles, which lasted some hours.

Lately the Empress has actually been running for two hours a day; and to encourage her in the exertion, a pack of beautiful foot messengers have recently been sent to Godolle, which her Majesty intends hunting herself. The walking costume, in wet or cold weather, is a long waterproof Newmarket coat, brown straw hat, thick navy boots; in hot weather the long coat is changed for a hunting slip of skin stuff. At Godolle the Empress has a circus, in which she trains her own horses, and rides them a la Reza.—From the London World.

carried under my cloak, and he was satisfied when left the hotel silently, scarcely noticed by the servants busied about the entrance hall. Once out in the open air I seemed to breathe more freely; but my heart was too heavy for speaking, and we pursued our way in silence.

After a time we turned into an unfrequented part of the town and the lights became less brilliant and the streets more deserted. Suddenly the boy stopped and seemed uncertain as to which road he would take. He paused a moment; then turning to me he said—

"Madame, I fear I have missed my way a little; but my mother told me she would give some directions in her letter; will you give it to me that I may read myself?"

Without thinking I handed him his mother's letter; and standing beneath a neighboring lamp, he read over slowly the directions contained in the note; then, holding it still open in his hand, he resumed his walk, referring to it every now and then, as though still in doubt as to our whereabouts. There was a certain mysterious quiet about the neighborhood we were in that prayed upon my spirits—a certain silence I could not fathom, and my courage began to flag strangely as we continued our lonely road.

I experienced a sensation of intense relief, therefore, when my young guide stopped suddenly before a tall dark house in a quiet street, and I listened eagerly for an answer to his gentle tap at the closed door. A voice from within asked softly in French, "How fares it, my son?" and in English the boy answered, "Safely and fairly. Open the door." The door was then unbarred and opened without the least noise just wide enough to admit us, and we entered a hall lighted by a small lamp held by a tall woman poorly clad. The flickering flame of the lamp gave forth so dim a light that I could not distinguish her features, and she spoke in a voice scarcely above a whisper. I inquired eagerly for my brother, and begged her to conduct me to him at once. She shook her head sadly, and then said—

"Ah, Madame, your coming may do great things for him; you may be able to ease the poor mind that runs on nothing but money, money, day and night without ceasing." She barred the door by which we had entered, and then preceded me up a broken stair case, the boy following us with the feeble oil lamp. The house sounded hollow, and our footsteps echoed drearily as we went. Presently we stopped before the door of a room which I imagine to have been at the back of the house and the woman, entering first, beckoned me to follow her.

In one corner of a large almost empty apartment was a bed, shrouded by thick dark curtains, in the grate a low charcoal fire was burning. I made at once for the corner where the bed was, and was about to undraw the curtains when concealed from my view the poor boy I had come so mysteriously to visit. Suddenly from behind me a cloth was tied tightly over the whole of my face, a strange burning sense of suffocation overspread my senses, and I remember nothing more; all was silence, darkness, a hideous blank, until I awoke in my bedroom at the Hotel de L., with my head aching strangely and a benumbed sensation pervading my whole frame. My maid, an English doctor with whom I was slightly acquainted, and another who was a stranger to me, were anxiously watching for my return to consciousness. It was quite light and the sun was shining into the room. As one by one the events of the preceding night rose before my mind, I was utterly at a loss to imagine how I had been rescued from that horrible house and brought back to the hotel in safety.

The story was soon told. The night porter, coming on duty at one o'clock, had found me lying on the steps leading to the side door of the hotel, which opened into an unfrequented passage or street. Finding I was unconscious, he had summoned the day porter, who was waiting for him, to render assistance; and this man knowing me by sight, identified me as a lady staying at the hotel. He at once roused the house. My maid (who was waiting up for me, wondering at my prolonged absence) speedily procured the services of two medical men from the adjoining neighborhood, and they had since been using every method to restore me to consciousness, when I might perchance unfold the mystery of my strange return.

There was no trace of any violence having been used, nor any proof by which they could discover where I had been. The only thing they had found upon me, which was not my own, was a handkerchief tightly clasped in my hand, on which was embroidered my brother Richard's initials, and which I at once recognized as having been worked by me some years previously for my unhappy brother. The money had, of course, all been taken; also the rings, brooch and locket I had worn. My wedding ring was left, and the bag in which I had put the money was still hanging on my arm.

As soon as I was able I told the doctor all I could remember of the past night's experiences, and at the conclusion of the recital, they both advised me to put the matter to the hands of the police. I entreated that it might be done as privately as possible; my brother's name being so fixed up in the affair that outsiders would most probably be led to believe that he was an accomplice in the robbery, though in my own mind I felt certain that he was more sinned against than sinning.

The sergeant of police who waited on me showed great interest in my adventure, but I could plainly see that, notwithstanding all his civility, his suspicions pointed at once to my brother as chief agent in the case. I could swear to the signature being genuine. The handkerchief, too, I recognized. Alas! it really seemed only too certain that my brother had at all events been the companion of these people, and must have discussed our affairs freely with them, even if he were not more criminally concerned in the dark transaction.

The Parisian police made every effort to trace the offenders, but in vain; house after house was searched in the quarter to which I believed myself to have been taken, but no trace of the woman or child could be found. And so for a time the matter dropped.

PART II.—TRACKED.

Two years passed, and the night of my strange adventure was like a dream to me. We left France after my husband's return from abroad, and on his quitting the army

we took up our residence in London. I had meanwhile received several letters from my brother, written from the Cape, and in answer to one I wrote him in reference to the robbery, he replied with the most solemn assertions of his entire ignorance of the transaction. I believed him. My husband was silent on the subject, and I felt thankful that the Cape was so far off. We seldom referred to the circumstances before recorded, for I could not bear to recall the horrors of that evening in the dark, desolate house.

One morning, however, I was started by my husband crying suddenly, as he looked up from a letter he was reading— "I say, Madge, they think they have found a clew at last to your Parisian exploit; read that."

He passed me over an official looking letter, and I read what follows—

"BUREAU DE POLICE, PARIS.

"TO CAPTAIN BRANSCOMBE: "MONSIEUR—We believe we have in custody the boy who acted so prominent a part in the robbery committed on Madame your wife in January 1899. He is concerned in an affair which bears a close resemblance to the one in which your lady was the victim. Will she come herself and, if she can identify him, thus help to clear up the matter which has long puzzled us?"

(Signed) C."

The thought of proceeding in this case was at first very distasteful to me; but so much might be brought to light by making the effort that I resolved, by Ralph's advice, to face the disagreeable task; and accordingly we started for Paris that night.

I will not enter into the details of the case then under examination. Suffice to say it was a robbery committed on the wife of a Colonel Styles under circumstances closely resembling those of which I was made the dupe. In this instance, however, a boy had been seized on suspicion, and it was this same boy I was called on to identify. I had not much difficulty in the matter, although he had altered in the time that had elapsed since that memorable evening, there was still those remarkable eyes, with their long drooping lashes, and the pale delicate face, to bear witness to his identity; and without the least hesitation I declared him to be the same boy that had guided me to the house where I had been robbed on the evening of January 22nd, 1899.

The boy did not seem at all disconcerted at recognition, and even smiled in a slightly supercilious manner, as though he felt himself secure from any discovery resulting from any identification. The authorities had been unable, as yet to elicit any information from him, he baffled all their attempts at questioning him with a skill and cunning almost incredible in so young an offender. All at once I was surprised at an exclamation from my husband, who stood near me—

"Good heavens!" he said half audibly, "I believe I see through the whole plan; what a blockhead I was not to have thought of it before! But it was neatly planned and carried out, by Jove it was!"

He crossed the hall to where Colonel Styles was sitting, and after speaking to him in a low, hurried manner, he asked leave to call a witness, who he believed might throw some light on the matter in hand. Permission having been granted, he said, in a loud voice—

"The man calling himself Jules Feter, body servant to Colonel Styles, and now present in this hall, is requested to stand forward."

For the first time since our entrance the boy's face fell, and he looked perplexed and rather dismayed. There was a movement in the crowd, as though some one was trying to effect a departure from the door, but the attempt being promptly frustrated, I saw them lead into the witness box the French servant who had accompanied my husband abroad, and who had left his service on his return to England. After some time passed in making inquiries, and eliciting very little from the cautious man before us, he was searched, and many letters of his present employer's were found upon him; also a pocket-book which contained memoranda, proving a great deal against himself and his two accomplices—his wife and the boy in the dock before us. No one else seemed concerned in his fraudulent transactions.

On further search the whole system of his roguery was unfolded piece by piece. He would take service with gentlemen about to travel, imposing on their credulity with false references and gaining their confidence by his well trained demeanor and intelligent conversation. Once safely out of the country he would commence his various schemes, and with the aid of his clever wife and child, carry them out successfully. Nothing was ever forgotten that could lead to the desired end. No fraud was started until the details had been thoroughly mastered by his accomplices and the plan well matured. It was impossible to say how many people he had defrauded in different ways.

He had soon found out how matters stood between my husband and brother—partly from his own researches, and partly from a conversation he overheard between his master and a brother officer—and considering the situation a capital one for practicing his system upon, he had at once communicated with his wife, and unfolded his plans to her, sending her the signature abstracted from one of Richard's letters to act as a decoy; and also the handkerchief which Ralph happened to take among his own, to throw suspicion on my brother as being accessory to the robbery.

Before the examination concluded the sergeant, who had been so long on the look out for the perpetrators of the deed, asked my husband how he had recognized the boy as being the son of his former servant.

Ralph laughed slightly as he replied—"I believe I should have made the best detective of you all I had been on the spot. I thought I recalled the boy's features as being in some way familiar to me, but could not determine of whom he reminded me; however as he stooped to speak to the waiter the mystery was revealed in a moment by a strange stroke of luck."

"Turning to the boy who had lost all his courageous air and was looking crest-fallen and frightened, my husband bade him hold down his head. For the moment he refused, but on the order being peremptorily given he obeyed reluctantly.

From one side of the head to the other,

contrasting strangely with his thick dark curls, was a streak of white hair, about half an inch wide, which shone like silver in the sunlight; then bidding the elder man remove the cap he wore, he bade him also to stoop forward, which he did with a muttered exclamation; and there again we saw the same strange white band shine out on his 'loosely-cropped head."

No link seemed wanting to complete the chain of evidence against the offenders, and the elder was at length forced to admit the proofs were too strong for him to battle against. He begged that his wife—to whom he seemed really attached—might be treated leniently, as she was slowly but surely dying from cancer; and the woman was removed to a hospital, where she lingered but a short time. The father and son were fully committed for trial and duly found guilty. The sentences imposed upon them were of a severe nature, owing to the number of accusations brought against them.

I can only hope when their term of imprisonment has expired they may find people less easy to impose upon and better able to resist their machinations than was "the lady of Captain Ralph Branscomb," who fell so easy a prey to their duplicity and cunning on that memorable evening of January, 22nd, 1899.

The Spiral Stud.

We see that there is a new shirt stud invented which goes through the gilet hole in a shirt bosom in sections, and snaps together, leaving the under side smooth, so that there is no raw selvage to stick into a man's vital parts, the way there is in the old spiral stud, and we look forward to the happy future when we can buy a set of the new studs and give the old spiral studs to the poor, who have no feelings to be lacerated. We have thought for many years that the Government ought to call in the old spiral shirt studs and issue a new kind, with coupons that will go together with a snap; but nobody has seemed to think the Government ought to take the responsibility. The man who has invented the new stud should be placed on the pension roll with the man who invented the telegraph and the Indian rubber baby clothes.

For a hundred years the spiral shirt stud that screws in has held the stomach of a man in its grasp, and has made sore spots on him, when all should be sunshine and so forth. It is said that women share our joys and our sorrows. That may be so to a certain extent, and they may suffer some, but they don't know anything about the horrors of the spiral shirt stud. Many men go down to their graves, and never complain, who have had their lives made miserable by spiral shirt studs. No man can be cheerful, full of fun and frivolity, and keep a company in a roar of laughter, when he is constantly reminded that three golden cork screws are firmly but gently entering his body from three different places; and three different shows are getting in their work under one canvas and one price of admission.

It is asking too much to expect a man to be entertaining when three arteries wells are being sunk in his person at once. Woman do not mean to be cruel, and to cause unnecessary pain to man, but if they know how they send the quivering arrows to his very soul, in three places, they would be careful how they throw their heads on men's shirt-bosoms, and root around to find an easy place to lay. No doubt many of our readers have noticed that men shrink from them when they lay their little darling heads on his breast, and have thought the man was shocked at their actions. It is not that. It is the spiral shirt stud. Of course a man will stand a good deal, and not complain, under such circumstances; but if the woman in the case, or on the shirt bosom, rather, will look up into his fond eyes, she will find there, beside a look of satisfaction, and don't get-up-on-my-ac count expression, a far away, penetrating look, as though his soul was on fire, or he had been eating cucumbers.

Woman can have no idea of the sacrifice man makes in such cases, and they should not be surprised if he faints away. Other things in the world may cease, but the boring of the spiral stud never ceases. We have known a preacher to get a vacation for six months, with a trip abroad, because he looked sick, when all the world that ailed him was spiral shirt studs boring into him, though in this instance there was no female head acting as screw-driver to drive them in. He could preach a sermon on faith, and look sick, as the studs went into him, and the congregation would pity him, think it was his liver, and raise money enough to send him a lot over the world. Oh, the spiral stud has done much to demoralize the world, and it should be suppressed.

—Burlington Hawkeye.

A Heroic Priest.

On the 12th of July last, at Muskeg Lake Canada, G. Chappelline, Roman Catholic priest, missionary of that place, having no food in the mission, left with an Indian family in quest of ducks and geese around the lake. The father and five of the Indians sailed in the same canoe, and two other Indians in a second. It was blowing a gale, and the priest's boat upset. The other boat came to the rescue, and succeeded in picking up the mother of the family and one of the lit e girls. They hastened to put these ashore, and went back to save the others, but all had disappeared. The last seen of the priest he was swimming with a young girl on his back. The bodies of the three Indians were found shortly after, but that of the unfortunate priest had not been found up to last accounts.

Individuality of Newspapers.

Every newspaper man knows there is no other such delicate and sensitive commodity as news. There is nothing else that depends so largely for value upon the source whence it emanates. There is nothing which comes before the public on which the "label" is so carefully scrutinized. Newspapers have characters as various as the individuals who conduct and control them. It is just as true now as it was in the morning of the Christian era, that "men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles." The character of the news not only depends upon the label—the name of the journal in which it appears—but upon the character for truth and veracity of the persons who furnish it.—Trenton Gazette.

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

Five Minutes Select Reading.

Summary of Foreign, Domestic and War Items—Cecilia Fitzly, and Pointed.

DOMESTIC.

Mr. Senecal has sailed for France and is expected back by the middle of November.

The name of Mr. Ford Jones, ex-M. P. for South Leeds, is mentioned in connection with the vacant seat in the Senate.

The arrest will be made of Captain Filgate, Mr. Burgess, the Inspector, and the engineer Frechette, of the Richelieu.

The weather is against the sick, at Winnipeg, and a few more cases of typhoid fever are reported, but the virulence is abating.

The unfortunate young man Jas. Devlin, shot recently at Windsor, is said to be a son of ex-Mayor Devlin of Alymer, Quebec.

Farmers from the parishes in and beyond the mountains report that three inches of snow fell twenty miles north of Quebec a few days ago.

Suit has been taken by the St. Lawrence Navigation Company against Mr. Brush, founder, for \$29,500 for alleged failure to deliver two boilers.

Mr. Charles Fallon, of Montreal, who fasted 33 days lately, under the hallucination that there was a command from God for him to do so, is very slowly recovering.

Herbert Gagnon and Henri Herbert, boys 17 years old, who stole apples from an orchard at St. Vincent de Paul, were sentenced two years ago to four years imprisonment. After serving two years they were liberated.

GENERAL.

Sixteen representatives have arrived at Cologne to attend the bi-metallic conference.

The late cyclone did much damage at Vulvelata Ablo, Cuba. The tobacco crop suffered greatly.

A comet is visible at Cape Hayti at noon to the naked eye, notwithstanding its proximity to the sun.

Ingestre Hall, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury, near Stafford was burned down. The loss was £500,000.

Some disconcerted miners at Moncaules-Mines, near Macon, France, blew up the house of their foreman by dynamite.

It is persistently rumored at St. Petersburg that Count Tolsti, Minister of the Interior, and Bunge, Minister of Finance, will resign.

Negotiations between Chili and the Provincial President of Peru have failed, and it is probable Chili will treat with Pirola, ex-President.

The depression in the cotton trade has led to the posting of notices in the Lancashire mills of the abolition of the requiring a fortnight's notice to be given to the operatives.

UNITED STATES.

Valuable silver deposits have been discovered in the bed of a creek near Secor, Ill.

Secret service agents have arrested eighteen coin counterfeiters at Tipton, Indiana.

Dr. Norven Green was re-elected President of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

The tenth Congress of the Association for the Advancement of Women met at Portland, Me.

Walter Crust, part owner of three English agricultural newspapers, died at St. Luke's Hospital, New York.

The construction hands on the Northern Pacific Railway have struck for more wages and driven the Chinamen from the works.

At Lebanon, Pa., recently, about 8 o'clock George D. Rice, cashier Dime Savings Bank, was robbed of a satchel containing \$30,000 in bills.

A correspondent says:—"I learn that the Standard Oil Company, in popular parlance known as the 'Great Octopus,' has cleared \$80,000,000 by working the market."

A young Canadian, hailing from Mitchell, Ont., named Harry Blackwell, was found the other night in the office of the old Detroit Theatre Comique in a starving condition.

The annual report of the director of the mint will show that the coinage has been in smaller denominations, and the absorption of gold coin into circulation has notably increased.

At New Port, R. I., great excitement was caused by an attempt to lynch George H. Tew, a young man who while acting as spec officer made an unprovoked assault upon a boy with a club.

Aréiqupa recent advices state that there seems to be no reason to doubt that there has been adjusted in Chili a basis of agreement that will effect a strong cessation of hostilities. The preliminaries of peace were made by Calderon with the intervention of the United States Minister. Both will go to Bolivia to discuss the question there.

A Constantinople despatch says the moderate party has gained a victory over the fanatical party. Said Pasha made two conditions for his remaining in office, first, that each Minister be responsible for working of his own department; second, that the Austro-German alliance be abandoned, and a good understanding with England and France on the eastern question re-established.

LARGE YIELD OF WHEAT.—Mr. Matthew Hadwen, of lot 16, concession 7, Culross, whose farm adjoins the village of Teeswater, writes that he has this year raised and harvested off an 18-acre field after summer fallow the large quantity of 850 bushels of fall wheat. There was about eleven hundred stooks of twelve sheaves each, which took sixty-four wagon loads to draw in and two and a half days to thresh by a ten horse power. This gives a little over 46 bushels per acre. Mr. Hadwen says, "Let Manitoba beat that if it can."