## LOVE

THE MOST FASCINATING OCEAN ROMANCE SINCE THE DAYS OF COOPER AND MARYATT.

CHAPTER XXVII.

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THE ESCAPE OF MOCQUET AND MARIE FROM

The night was far advanced when, on the little plateau of the cliff which formed the "look-out" of old Joseph, there assembled Martin, Joseph, Gerald and Grace.

Their object was to rescue from the cabin of the Rift Captain Mocquet and his daughter, Marie.

Nothing but the superstitious fears of Dolan had prevented him going, long before got eyes. that, into his cabin, in which case it would have been next to impossible but that the French captain's daughter would have been

discovered. If no danger to Marie arose from that discovery, beyond the terror of being in the power of such a man, there can be no doubt but that Dolan would have looked upon her as another prisoner, whose ransom would | round the cavern. have been a long and a strong pull at Captain Mocquet's purse.

And now, in the silence of the night-a silence only broken by the sullen wash of the sea against the cliffs and the faint whistle of the wind as it mosned far away on the face of the deep-those four persons met and in whispers conversed together as | bolt. to the best mode of providing for the rescue of the captives.

"You, Martin," said Gerald-"you say what is to be done and I am sure we will all obey you."

"Why, look you here, Master Gerald," said Martin. "One thing is clear enough to see, and that is-that if Dolan has his way, you will be worse off than the Frenchman.

" Indeed ?' "Yes, Gerald. He intends to betray the whole lot of us. And what did he take you on the last cruise for, but to mix you up in the affair ?"

"It must be so!" "Oh, my poor Gerald," said Grace. "Come now, miss," said Joseph. "don't you be a taking on about it. We will see

you both out of this place. And I'm not sorry to leave it, too. "I have been thinking about that," said Martin.

"About what ?" "Leaving the place."

"Well, but you don't mean to say that you will stay, Martin, and let Dolan have all his own way?

"No, but there's some among the crew that I don't want to come to the bad, and if so be as Dolan means that they should fall into the hands of the Philistines, I should like to balk him, and my idea is just this; Let us get the Frenchman and his baby out of the Rift, and send them off with Gerald, here, and Miss Grace, and then let us speak to the crew."

"And tell them all?" "Ay! Tell them all. Let us come back and lay hold of Dolan and make him give up the money that he says he has hidden! hereaway, in chests, in the crevices of the upper cave, and let us all disperse this very night. Before daylight we may be, most of us, far enough away from here.'

"That will do." "Then it's agreed, Joseph?"

"Quite so."

"Now then, for the Rift It's Benjamin who is on watch on the deck and I don't seem to care whether he is knocked on the head or not, for a greater ruffian never stepped. Do you know, Joseph, I cannot get out of my head the cries of that man who was drowned in the sea-cave."

"Suffles?" "Yes. It was a fearful thing. Come on, now. My plan is, just to go on board and get Benjamin out of the way by fair means or foul and then row out into the bay with the Frenchman and his baby and get to the

cutting in the cliff." "You will call Marie Mocquet a baby," said Gerald. "Lord bless you, yes, I forgot you said

as it wasn't a baby. Well, it's no odds, is it? All's right; and now, come on." "Martin led the way and with noiseless steps the little party took their route toward that narrow opening in the cliff, with its rude stairs, that led down to the sea "cave, and at which Grace had first made her appearance on the occasion of the return of

the Rift. Not the slightest sound disturbed the repose of the sea-cave, but those natural ones which might be expected from the restless contact of the water with the sides of the Gerald!" cavern and the boats, and the cutter.

Those sounds consisted of a washing, lapping kind of motion and perhaps mingling now and then, with them was the slight | the Ritt. "Hoy! what's all that by the movement of the high and heavy sails that | lee-bow, eh?" closed up the second entrance to the cavern against them from without.

Rift and it shed a faint, rippling kind of your brains out." light on the water.

"Hush!" said Martin. "Do you hear

the deck watch, any of you?" "No," was the whispered reply from all.

"Then he is gone to sleep." "That's more than likely," said Joseph, "and if so, you know, Martin, you wouldn't kill him ?"

"No. I don't wan't to kill him I'll speak to him first, and tell him to be quiet He is a bad one, but I don't want to kill him. Now, come on."

Martin descended the steps-at the foot of them he had taken the precaution to move one of the boats of the Rift, and into that cuietly and slowly they glided. "Where is Dolan, now?" whispered Ger-

"In his own caboose, in the upper tavern, take it," said Martin. "He's fast asleep,

you may depend. Hush!" "What is it?" "Lord preserve us! What is that?" A huge, sucking, half-choking noise came

upon their ears, as if some huge fish was apping the edge of the water. They all istened attentively, and the sound ceased. "I don't half like that," said Joseph. "Hush! There it is again. It is there-

away, in that dark corner." "Pull to it," said Gerald.

"Nay! nay!"

what it is at once. Besides, we are on good errand now, you know."

"Pull away, then." It was with evident reluctance that Martin slowly pulled with Gerald toward, the deep and shadowy portion of the sea-cave from where the odd sounds came, but he was ashamed not to keep stroke with Gerald, so the boat soon reached within about twelve feet of the cavern wall, and then they plainly saw a something close to the wall. "Lord be good to us," said Martin. "It's

" A seal !" said Joseph. "Oh, no," replied Gerald, as he gave one more stroke with the oar and brought the boat close to the object. There, even by the very faint light that was there, they saw | see him. How are you Mr. Suffles? Betface and head of some human being and two | ter ?"

pants and the lips seemed to move, but no to say Benjamin and he said it."

sound issued from them.

Then a thin, weak voice, said:

"Suffles !" and the hands shook the ring- "Come, Marie-you will be saved, I think,

"He lives!" said Gerald. lives indeed; but how he got here, I can't and began her song of "Gerald-Marie make out. I'll get him into the boat. Come, Marie-Gerald !" Mr. Suffles, no harm is meant you, and if you keep quiet you may get away in safety, for I don't take upon myself to say that it tion on us all." was you who brought the Philistines down on us, when we were receiving the cargo." Mr. Suffles evidently heard these words,

but was by far too chilled and too terrified | way and called down to them : to reply to them, nor did he make the least motion to get into the boat. Then Martin took a vigorous hold of him

the other. "Come, let go the ringbolt and we will cant you into the boat in a moment." Mr. Suffies made no reply, but only glared

in the face of Martin, with a look of pitiable distress. " Let go." "He won't," said Joseph.

"Come-come. We won't harm you." Then in a faint whisper—a whisper hoarse and strange, Mr. Suffles spoke: "I cannot—I cannot. They won't move."

"What won't ?" "Fingers—fingers!"

Martin laid his hands on the fingers of Mr. Suffles, which clasped the ringbolt. and then shook hands with her. They had lost the power of motion, but stiffening there in their nervous clutch still held on to the cold iron It was with difficulty that Martin, finger by finger, aided them, so to speak, from the ringbolt, and then they lifted the wretched man into the boat. A shudder passed from head to foot of Mr. Suffles.

"Don't," he said faintly.

"Don't what?" "Kill me; I shall soon go."

"Be comforted," said Grace in her soft, gentle voice. "Be comforted; no one will harm you now. Take heart and be comfort-

Mr. Suffles did not reply, but they heard him sobbing. "Hush," said Gerald. "You will do us

harm and bring us into danger if you are not still." He was still in a moment and then he

said faintly: "I did not bring the Philistihes."

the chain links I don't know." "Cut—cut them—off," gasped Suffles. "Oh! you go and tell that to the mar-

ines; sailors won't believe it. Hush not another word, now."

The boat was close to the side of the Rift, and then Gerald whispered:

"Rest oars here. I think I can speak to Captain Mocquet, through the port, here, if I stand on the thwarts of the boat." "Ay, ay! so you can."

Martin and Joseph kept the boat close to the side of the Rift, and Gerald stood up, and looked into the cabin, through the little port, which he had passed through on two close to the side of the cavern. to rejoin Grace in the cave.

occasions—once to rescue Marie; and once All was dark in the cabin. "Captain Mocquet!" whispered Gerald.

"Captain Mocquet!" "Mon Dieu! "It is I, sir. Captain Mocquet, it is I,

"Ah? c'est le bon Gerald," said Marie.

"Hush! hush!" "Hoy!" roared a voice from the deck of

"All right," replied Martin, as he scrambas the night wind pressed at times heavily led on board. "A message from the captain to you, Benjamin; and in the first place, he A single lantern was at the bow of the says that if there's any noise he will blow

"Oh! indeed?" "Yes. He wants the Frenchman.

"Captain Mocquet?"

"Then he shan't go."

go, that's all. Not unless Dolan comes for him himself, I tell you."

"Well, but it's a very odd, thing, Benjamin, that Captain Dolan has been obligedto send for Mocquet." "Obliged ?"

"Yes." "How obliged? What do you mean by "Why, you know, Benjamin, it was you

that tied the chain-links so tightly about Suffles."

of the cabin of the Rift, because' says he, I ments. The whole town is he us, Martin. It is very much better to see quet's daughter's ghost, who is there, says manufacture and storage of of

"And so we have come for h mow-pothing idiot as to believe that and a ball story, you don't know your a and I shall give an alarm "Don't. If you do, Butter ghosts

come here and look over the ball "Benjamin !" said a faint, hollow at this moment, and over the larboard bow of the cutter, there, just appeared the

face of Suffles, with the hair all matted with

CHAPTER XXVIII. -FALLEN INTO THE all these protections I CLUTCHES OF THE FOR.

"Good-by," said Martin. "Where's he gone!" asked Joseph. "To the old un's locker, I fancy. I don'

arms holding by a ring bolt that was set | "Lord bless you, no, Martin, me and into the cliff, there being many such all Gerald is a holding of him up. He's dreadful limp-getting, but he ain't quite unsen-The eyes glared at the boat and its occu- sible, cos you see he knew you wanted him

They laid Mr. Suffles carefully down in "Good heavens!" said Joseph, "it's Mr. | the boat again, and then Gerald scrambled into the cabin by the port.

Mocquet embraced Gerald, and then "Poor wretch!" said Martain. "He Marie twined her arms around one of his.

are in danger. A word may bring destruc-

Mocquet spoke to Marie, and she was silent on the moment, only she clung the closer to Gerald. Martin closed the hatch-"Up-up at once, and let us be off.

funcied I heard something just now." "Come, oh, come, said Gerald. "Quick on one side of his coat collar and Joseph on | Captaid Mocquet."

"Oui! Oui! I have got him!" " Who !"

"One-two pistol." "Oh, yes! That is right, Come now. Another moment and they were on the deck of the Rift and then, by the faint reflection of the lantern at the bows of the

ship they could just all see each other like so many phantoms. Marie still clung to struck the rock. The hind part of the Gerald and would hardly leave him to let | coach was thrown forward and outward and her father help her over into the boat. Then the kingpin snapped assunder like a reed. for the first time she saw Grace. The French girl uttered an exclamation

of surprise and held her face toward Grace who, in her gentle, quiet way, kissed her "Eh bien," said Marie "et cet ami Ger-

ald, ou est-it?" Gerald dropped into the boat. He was kept on and the last to leave the Rift, and then he said:

"Ready !" Joseph and Martin took an oar each. Captain Mocquet put his right arm around Marie and spoke to her rapidly, in tones of great emotion. The boat was slowly and quietly pulled toward the mouth of the

cavern. "Hold !" said Gerald.

"They ceased rowing.

"Do you hear?" hear the dip of oars."

"So do I," said Joseph. "And coming this way, too. Look-

There was a crackling noise, and, then the faint flash of a light was visible for a moment. It was in the hands of a man in a boat. They saw the face. It was that "That's right," said Martin. "Then I'll of Dolan, and in the boat was a square look after you, though how you got clear of chest, which appeared to sink its after part into the water.

"Dolan !" whispered Joseph. "Dolan!" said Martin.

"He escapes with the treasure chest," said Joseph, "The villain !"

With the lantern place I upon the chest in front of him. in the boat—a small lantern that he had lit-Dolan rowed slowly and steadily toward the cutter. The boat in 180 feet." which was embarked the fortunes of those in whom we are interested, slowly, by a light touch on the surface of the water from the oars, was edged off into the deep shadow

They all kept their eyes fixed upon the face of Dolan, strange and almost spectral as it looked, by the dim light of the little

which seemed to fall upon him. yond their conjectures, but they saw him ity have been fulfilled there is every reason wanted, but did not want his liberty, as he and then, in the deep stillness of the night, they heard him whisper:

It is time!" All was still, as well it might be, on board | Bernard routes.

the Rift, and then Dolan spoke again : close."

circle in the most profound darkness.

(TO BE CONTINUED). Every one has a fair turn to be as great as he pleases.

the present day.

"Hold-what if I did? Hold you, now, flanked with bottles of champagne of all France is of the St. Gothard, this jeslousy I say. A fellow don't want to be put in blends and qualities. There is no light in arising from the fact, or the supposition, mind of little disagreeables in the middle of this labyrinth of streets, crossings, and that from a strategical point of view the St. turnings except what the spluttering can- Gothard gives more advantages to Germany "No, but I was going to tell you. Cap- dles afford. All is dark, dank, and damp, than to France. Whether this be true or tain Dolan was fast asleep, it appears, when with the temperature away down about not, it is beyond dispute that the route of somebody shook him, and when he opened zero. The largest champagne manufacturers the new Alpine tunnel will be determined in Epernay have underground cellars which in Paris, for from France must come the cover forty-five acres and contain five million subsidy requisite for the promoters to give required of it. "Yes, Suffles. : Dead, of course, and al bottles of wine. There is a whole street in practical effect to their scheme. By this She was a crank on the subject of music. damp and cold, and says he: Dolan, says Epernsy lined with fine chatener, the pro-ne, send for Captain Morquet, says he, out prietors of which possess similar establish-

se a scretch has arrived east. Mrs. Townsley is proposessing and about twenty-five
years old. Describing the marvellose insident, the details of which have not before
been printed, she mays: "At daybreak on So much for the Simples, which up to a that morning I was awakened at my hotel few weeks ago was favored by the Federal in Leadville and informed that the Aspen Government. Recently, however, a constage coach was waiting for me. It was bit-ference has been held at Paris, presided the cold and was snowing so densely that over by a well-known engineer, Monsieur salt water and a long piece of sea-weed trailing over one eye.

Benjamin made but one summersault right over the star-board bulwarks and fell plump my shoulders, my head covered by a fur by a west-known engineer, monsteur the driver had to pilot me to the coach. I had on a heavy double fold velvet dress, a ly in favor of the St. Benning would offer "greater strategic value to my shoulders, my head covered by a fur France." Almost simultaneously with this cap, and my face enveloped in a shawl, opinion a French military paper, La France allowing an aperture for my eyes. Despite Militaire, violently denounces the Simplon

on wheels. We were preceded by the has been publicly stated though upon Granite coach, which was on runners. The what authority it is difficult to say—that road over Elk Mountain is a natural one Prince Bismarck is trying to bring pressure that will ad nit of but a single coach passing. At the apex of the mountain the Granite favor of the Simplon. coach halted in a station blasted out of the rock, and allowed us to go ahead. Here the descent began. The road at this point runs at an incline of 45 °. The driver put on his lock-chain to the wheels, thus virtually converting them into runners. The vehicle, tenham. despite these precantions and by its own "Come, Captain Mocquet," he said. weight, went down at a frightful pace. We could barely keep our seats. We balanced ourselves as best we could. Running up from the track and through the box of the coach was a perpendicular bar of steel called the kingpin. I clung to this and managed age, is alleged to be the oldest printer in to keep myself right side up. Down the "Hush ! Oh ! hush," said Gerald. "We narrow path in the side of the mountain we went, with

THE HORSES IN A MAD GALLOP to keep the coach from running them down. We were rounding Independence Pass when suddenly the driver cried, "Jump, jump, for your -.. He never finished the sentence. He had been holding the coach as near the embankment as the narrow pass could permit. Ahead of him he saw a heavy boulder topple and fall down the mountain side and into the path. This caused him to make the cry of warning. The obstruction | the Indians on the Peace River are suffering was but twenty yards ahead of him, and it terribly and that there have been a great was beyond human power to stay the impetus the coach had gotten coming down the incline. I saw the driver leap. Inside we held on to the kingpin. Down we went, and in another instant the forward wheels The box with all in it went over the precipice on its side and through the window I fell out. Less fortunate than myself, the coach and my fellow-tourists lodged in a crevice on the side of the precipice, some 180 feet below the road. I was thrown out with such force that I cleared this crag and

DOWN THE FULL 400 FEET rocks and the driver and prospectors got | tion. out and climbed down to where I had lodged. Armed with shovels, they began to were recently released from the penitentiary dig me out, and it is curious to relate the have arrived at their homes. One of the one flesh wound I received was from the number, who spoke English, says that Big finally dug out, unconscious and to all ap- to remain quietly on their reserve. pearances dead. Restoratives were administered, and I was taken up and carried to the toll house at the head of the cliff. Here my hands and limbs were rubbed and my face slapped until my cheeks were raw. But all to no avail, I was black in the face, and there was no audible or visible respiration. I was left in the care of the toll-keeper and the Granite coach passengers, while the two drivers started for Aspen, thirteen miles distant, to summon surgical aid. One of the party returned at midnight with doctors. In the meantime I had revived and had, in company with the toll-keeper, gone down in a sleigh to the dinner station, three miles below, and was administering to the wounded and dying. All the rest had sustained frightful injuries in their fall of

## FRANCE AND GERMANY.

A New Railroad Tunnel Under the Alps to be Located for its Strategic Value.

tailed description of a scheme for piercing lantern in front of him, the only ray of the Simplon, and thereby fo ming a new and direct railway route from Paris to Milan. What he could want at the Rift was be- That this prediction would in all probabilmake way right to the side of the cutter, to believe had it not been for rival schemes, was well fed and quite comfortable in the each of which found a considerable number guard-room. of supporters. Of these schemes the ones "Benjamin! Benjamin! Hoy! Hi, there! | which attracted most notice, after the Simp-

"It is time, I say. Come now; I am ped out of sight, for the time at least, but man proceeded to ascend an almost perpenready. Come and help me, as we agreed." the St. Bernard and the Simplon still hold dicular ladder for the purpose of getting "Ah," whispered Martin, "I see now. their ground. In fact, up to a short time some feed for the sheep, and when about to Benjamin was to help him to escape. Keep ago, the Simplen might be said to have had step from the ladder to the scaffold he took They kept their boat quite close to the financiers was actually formed to raise the fell backwards, lighting on a pole and stake side of the cliff, but had they remained out necessary capital. Since then the St. Ber- which were driven in the ground, fracturing in the open water of the sea cave, it is very nard idea has been persistently forced upon both his shoulders and three ribs. He died doubtful if Dolan would have seen them, as public attention by its promoters, and opin-"Why, what do you mean, you lubber?" the little kind of hale of light that his lan- ion as to the respective merits of each scheme "Why, just this, Martin, that he shan't tern sent about left all beyond that limited may be said to be pretty equally balanced, though if anything inclining to the Simplon.

Upon France, and France alone, depends the decision as to which of the two projected tunnels shall be made. If it were a mere question of commercial utility and probable remunerative returns the St. Bernard could The handmaid of Scripture was a simple not hold a candle to the Simplon; but the thing compared with the tailor-made girl of real question is which route would be most Nickerson's mother is living with them, useful to France in case of a great European Epernay, Marre, is a vast subterranean | war in which France might find Italy arrayed "city of champagne." For miles and miles | against her? This will be better understood there are streets hewn out of solid chalk, by those who know how extremely jealous as compared with the St. Gothard, and as his foom is an octave higher in the nex "Why, it can't be anything that can hurt want to go there and say something to Moc- with these underground galleries for the this may be said to represent nearly three flat," she replied, in a planismine and any hours in time, it is a strong point in favor tone of voice.

route as "a German strategio line" (sic). WAS PRIGHTFULLY COLD.

The coach was drawn by six horses, and was to be halting between two opinions, and it to bear upon the Federal Government in

## LATE DOMINION NEWS.

There are complaints of gambling at Tot-

Brockville drainage and frontage by-laws

have been defeated. The Salvation Army in Winnipeg is over

ve hundred strong. Joseph Dupras, of Quebec, 87 years of

A young man was found at St. Thomas the other morning with his cheek frozen to a lamp post.

Recently a cow belonging to Mr. John O'Day, of Brooklin, reached home with a four-pronged fork sticking in its side. Arthur Pinel, the Toronto Postoffice clerk

convicted of stealing registered letters, was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. The Elmonton Bulletin announces that

number of deaths. It is estimated that during October and November 150 persons died of measles at Lesser Slave Lake, Whitefish and Sturgeon

Lake settlements in the Northwest. Archbishop Fabre, of Montreal, has issued another circular to the clergy of his diocese calling upon them to forbid their parishoners holding or taking part in political meetings on Sundays.

A cigar firm at St. John, N. B., offered a cane to the gentleman who in two months should smoke the greatest number of their cigars. The successful contestant smoked 245 weeds within the period named.

It is understood that the Government to the bed of the canon and into a bank of have decided to refuse permission to the snow, cutting my way into it as if it was Queen's Own Rifles, of Toronto, and the water, head first. The Granite coach just Royal Scots, of Montreal, to visit England to the rear of us pulled into a notch in the to take part in the Queen's Jubilee celebra-Big Bear and three fellow-prisoners who

blade of a shovel which ploughed a furrow Bear has determined to lead a peaceful life "Eyes and limbs!" said Martin. "I in my ankle when they reached me. I was in the future, and would counsel his tribe Great progress is being made in the development of the anthracite coal mines at Banff Hot Springs, N. W. T. A tunnel twelve feet wide and seven feet deep has been

driven 225 feet into the mountain, and about

one hundred men are kept at work night and day. A new town, appropriately named Anthracite, has been laid out at the mines. John Langan, 21 years of age, was accidentally shot dead by a revolver, in the hands of a comrade named Henry Patterson at St. John, N. B., last week. The ball entered his right eye and death followed almost instantly. Langan owned the revolver and handed it to Patterson to look at. Before handing it to him he warned him to be

careful, but the warning was unheeded.

The next instant it was discharged, and

Langan fell. An Indian was arrested recently for maiming an ox on one of the reserves. It turned out a day or two afterwards that they had the wrong man, although the description of the clothing worn by the prisoner exactly corre-Some time ago there was published a de- sponded with that which the real offender wore when he left the reserve. When the mistake was discovered and the prisoner offered his liberty he admitted that he was wearing the clothing of the man who was

The other morning a sad accident occurred to Mr. David Graham, one of Arran's lon, were the Mount Blanc and Great St. earliest settlers, and which resulted in his death. He and his son went out in the morn-The Mont Blanc tunnel scheme has drop- ing to attend to the stock, and the old gentlethe running all to itself, and a syndicate of a dizziness, to which he was subject, and a few hours afterward.

Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Nickerson, of Snag harbor, N. S., aged respectively 87 and 83, live with their only son, Mr. Theodore Nickerson, and across the street directly opposite lives his only son Mr. Charles Nickerson, who has an only son named Alderbert. This lad takes a meal daily with his grandfather and grandmother, great-grandfather and two great-grandmothers, as Mrs. Theodore aged 84. As the six sit around the table their united ages are 377, and the lad is only 12 years. Only a few yards from their door is his great-great-uncle, Mr. Nehemiah Nickerson, aged 83 years, living with his only son, who has an only daughter and an only child.

However well proved a friendship may appear, there are confidences which it should not bear and sacrifices which should not be

tates, and the ince 1776 has at of the Unit nmenced with s, and it now t the time had e now have as were in ort and press language Anglom rters of Par Canterbury

Brolingbee