Subscribers who do not receive their paper promptly will please notify us at once. Advertising rates on application.

MARKDALE STANDARD.

THURSDAY, JAN. 3, 1895.

Week's Commercial Summary.

The world's visible supply of wheat increased 3,600,000 bushels the past week.

There were 36 failures in the Dominion last week, four less than the previous week, and one less than same week last year.

The earnings of the Canadian Pacific for the second week of December are $360,000, an increase of $1,000 as compared with the corresponding week of last year.

The lumber traffic is dull, the indications of increased activity at the beginning of the season have not so far materialized. Many of our large firms report less cutting going on in the woods than last year, owing to the large stocks of lumber on hand.

The United States Postmaster-General reports a deficit of $9,243,935 in his department for the current year. He does not favor the taking over the telegraphs of the country by the Government, urging against it the enormous expense that would be entailed, and citing the fact that in England their operation involves a loss of $2,000,000 a year.

Wheat markets are dull, with very little trading. Cables weak. In the United States and Canada the stocks in store increased over 2,000,000 bushels last week, and the amount afloat in Europe increased 1,256,000 bushels. Manitoba hard wheat, however, is in good demand, selling at 75 cents west for No. 1 hard.

By mail received from Yokohama, information comes that all the tea houses in Japan have signed a circular stating that in consequence of enhanced cost of labor and tea-packing material, they find it necessary to increase firing charges 50 cents per picul, and should the war continue a still further increase may become necessary.

No very definite information regarding details of the suspension in St. John's, Nfld., can be obtained the arrival of a steamer here with mails, which may not be for a few days. So far all information received has been through telegraphic despatches. The Commercial and Union Banks of Newfoundland have suspended, but it is supposed that in the case of the latter at least the stoppage will be but temporary and that arrangements will be made to continue business.

At the sale of seal skins in London, Eng., last week, there were sold 128,470 Northwest Coast skins, 16,030 from Alaska, 27,300 from Copper Island, and 16,030 from the Lobos Islands. The condition of the skins which were offered was not first-class. The opening demand was directed exclusively to Northwest Coast skins, which declined 20 to 25 per cent., at which figures the competition was active. The collection of Alaska skins brought the usual prices. Copper Island and Lobos skins sold at a decline of 13 to 20 per cent.

A recent test at Schenectady, N.Y., according to the Electrical Age, showed that an electric locomotive can pull a steam locomotive—advantage of condition being all in favor of the latter—with ease and without apparent effort. The improvement since the World's Fair test have done this. Next in importance to the Baltimore and Ohio tunnel electric motor work, which is being pushed rapidly to completion, is the use of those electric motors on the Metropolitan Railroad of Chicago, which will soon be in operation. Many railroad managers are watching this test with a view to adoption. It is now expected that electric motors will be sold to locomotive builders as headlights are sold, which would enable any of the large builders to construct according to their own designs. Electric motors are being rapidly simplified to that end.

Here and There.

Law wears iron shoes, and doesn't care where it steps.

×××

The man who knows the world and is not a cynic is usually a fool.

×××

The people pay more for love than for any other necessary evil on earth.

×××

The trouble with most people's economy is that they don't save any money by it.

×××

An onyx seal ring, belonging to an ancient Athenian, was lately dug up near Athens.

×××

To a man who can pleasantly commune with his own thoughts solitude is the best company.

×××

The younger a woman is the more indignant she is when she hears of a bad husband.

×××

Loaves of bread charred to a mass of black coal have been taken from the Pompeiian ovens.

×××

Blacksmiths' tongs and pincers, together with hammers, have been unearthed at Pompeii.

×××

Scores of amulets, evidently worn to keep off evil spirits, have been found in the ruins of Nineveh.

×××

Times are so hard that many men are cutting their mustaches off so that they can smoke their cigars shorter.

×××

It takes most people we know until Wednesday night to become reconciled to beginning another week's work.

×××

At last the new Czar is married, and on the day before the wedding, so the telegraph informs us, he walked into a store and bought gloves.

×××

Julius Cæsar Burrows wants to be U.S. senator for Michigan. A man with such an illustrious name ought to get almost anything he wants.

×××

A citizen of Buffalo rolled a peanut a mile with a toothpick in that city in payment of an election wager. This comes under the head of peanut politics.

×××

An Episcopal clergyman in Davenport, Iowa, is greatly shocked to learn that he has performed the marriage ceremony for a divorced woman. But it's too late; he can't untie the knot.

×××

Gen. Booth, the grand commander of the Salvation Army, passed a pleasant and profitable week in Chicago. The general is a fine entertainer, and everybody hopes he will go there again soon.

×××

Elias Stiles, who blew up the Dawson, Neb., bank and got into jail at Fall City, has made his escape. But he left word that he would return—and blow up the jail. Elias is certainly a great blower.

×××

And now comes Mrs. Sarah Ulrich Kelly, of Honesdale, Pa., who announces herself as a candidate for Congress to fill a vacancy in that district. Mr. Kelly isn't saying a word.

Belief in Santa Claus.

"The belief in Santa Claus gave me years of unqualified satisfaction," says Mrs. Burton Harrison. "Whether it was actually swallows in the chimney top or flying squirrels gamboling upon our eaves, I believed sundry noises of the night to be the pawing of tiny chargers on the roof. When recently I asked a small person of six whether he still believed in Santa Claus, and he answered me in withering good English: 'I never believed it was Santa Claus; I always thought it was parents.' I felt quenched and dejected beyond reason."

What a Poet Thinks.

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." In this, I think, ought to be found the keynote and the chief charm and beauty of the time-honored custom of Christmas giving. Because on this day the greatest gift in the world's history became ours, we, in turn, should not only give cheerfully and freely, but as lavishly as our means will admit. More care should be taken in the bestowing than the selection of our gifts. Better give a cup of cold water and a kind word to the needy and deserving one on Christmas morning than gold and jewels to those who have plenty the whole year. Make some sacrifice, deny yourself something when making your Christmas offerings; for self-sacrifice alone constitutes true generosity. Yet out of this could be gathered enough material for an essay, which might be headed, "The Evil of Giving." To give because someone else gives, to attempt to outdo one's friend or neighbor during this holy season, has nothing to do with charity or the spirit of thankfulness. Under such conditions, the offerings become a vulgar show, a shallow mocking of a sacred mission. On the other hand, the good of giving comes when the heart is attune to the blessings of the season, when self is forgotten, and the gifts, no matter how small or insignificant, are bestowed cheerfully, heartily, and in such a spirit as befits the season which we commemorate.

A Christmas in Paris.

Opposite the church of St. Eustache is the great market of the Halles, which furnished the worst of the horrible mob of fishwomen, who, one hundred years ago, swarmed Versailles to tear the queen to pieces. On Christmas eve their lineal and commercial successors, the present "dames des Halles," raised among themselves a handsome subscription and furnished a great tree for the half-starved poor of that quarter. The lower branches were loaded with toys and good things for the children, the upper with legs of mutton, bottles of wine, warm clothes and all sorts of comforts from their well-stocked stalls; illuminated by candles and encircling bonfires. Around this tree was held a great reveillon—the best attended in all Paris, needless to say—which lasted from midnight until 4 o'clock Christmas day. The generous women who had prepared the tree did not go home at all, but opened their stalls, rubbed their eyes and made ready for business.

If You Should Die To-night.

Well, it would be your own fault if it was consumption that took you off, and you refused to take Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, which has been pronounced by scientists to be a positive cure for that dread disease. If you have any lung trouble, if you are threatened with consumption, lose not an hour in obtaining a supply of Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. It is the great blood maker, and blood is what is needed by the consumptive. Miller's Emulsion is the great nerve strengthener and blood maker, and cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, scrofula and all lung affections. In big bottles, 50c. and $1, at all drug stores.

If you feel languid and bilious try Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and you will find it one of the best preparations for such complaints. Mr. S. B. Maginn, Ethel, used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and cured a severe bilious headache which troubled him for a long time.

Our Australian Christmas.

A hot northerly wind, laden with sand and dust, had been blowing with great force for two days. The thermometer in the warmest part of the afternoon touched up to 120 in the shade, and even at night did not fall below 100. The small birds, finding but little shade in the straight leaved gum trees, came in under the covering of the wide verandas of the huts. The snakes were almost more dangerous at night than they were in the day. In fact, it was intensely hot weather. The sun rose on the Christmas morning without any appearance of a change.

The forenoon was spent in branding cattle in order that they might be released and watered, as detention in such heat much longer would probably cause some mortality. In the meantime the dinner was in progress. The lady of the establishment had roasted the wild ducks and teal, prepared the green peas—potatoes there were none—and boiled the plum pudding. At 3 o'clock we sat down in a long veranda to do our duty, notwithstanding the state of the weather, when we were not made cooler by having, in default of other beverage, to drink hot tea, which we sipped from large basins. The pudding was a great success, and was the more appreciated because the whole of the ingredients had been brought 300 miles in bullock waggons at a cost of $300 a ton, and had many risks of being stolen or lost on the road.

Sore Feet.

Mrs. E. J. Neill, New Armagh, P.Q., writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with burning aches and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil and resolved to try it, and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure."

Tragedy of Two Lives.

The life of Farmer Millsap's wife was over. "Obadiah," she said, in a feeble voice, as the end drew near, peacefully and painlessly, "you have been a good husband to me."

"I have tried to be, Lucindy," replied Farmer Millsap.

"You have laid yourself out to make things easy and comfortable-like for me!"

"I have always tried to do my share, Lucindy."

"Obadiah," she went on, "we've lived together fifty-five years, hain't we?"

"We have."

"And ever since we were married you've eat all the bread crusts, hain't you?"

"I won't deny it, Lucindy; I have."

"You've eat the crusts for fifty-five years so's I wouldn't have to eat them, hain't you, Obadiah?"

"I don't deny it, Lucindy."

"Obadiah," said Farmer Millsap's wife, after a pause, "it was very kind of you. And now you won't mind me telling you one thing, will you?"

"No; what is it, Lucindy?"

"Obadiah," and there was a world of self-abnegation in her voice, "I always was fond of crusts."

Chronic derangements of the stomach, liver and blood are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. These pills act specially on the deranged organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great secret of the popularity of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

Parents buy Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator because they know it is a safe medicine for their children and an effectual expeller of worms.

NEWSY CANADIAN ITEMS.

THE WEEK'S HAPPENING.

Interesting Items and Incidents, Important and Instructive, Gathered from the Various Provinces.

The shingle mills of Washago are closed.

The Stratford Y. M. C. A. has a glee club.

Another planing mill is being built in St. Mary's.

Stayner's Mechanics' Institute has evening classes.

Stratford has now an all-night electric service.

Ripley is talking about getting an electric light plant.

Another gas well has been discovered at Leamington.

An Ingersoll firm is shipping dried apples to Germany.

Whooping cough and scarlet fever prevail at Wyevale.

Belleville offers $500 for the conviction of its incendiary.

A large pork packing industry has been started in Hull.

The Windsor Turf Association cleared $6,500 this year.

Not much wheat is stored at the Fort William elevators.

Windsor will erect a contagious hospital at a cost of $1,092.

Robins and meadow larks were seen in Muskoka last week.

Galt wants a general town mail delivery system inaugurated.

A new opera house at West Selkirk has been formally indorsed.

Many new books have been added to Aurora's public library.

The G.T.R. declines to accept Stratford's offer of $9,000 for taxes.

Huron County Council has decided to build a house of refuge.

The Perth County Beekeepers' Association met in Stratford last week.

The Ottawa Exhibition Association has paid off half its indebtedness.

After January 1 pew rents will be abolished in Zion Tabernacle, Hamilton.

The Bell Telephone Company, Windsor, has moved into its new offices.

There has been but one case of diphtheria in Belleville for several months.

Windsor men object to the new railway between Petrolea and Chatham.

Thirteen Winnipeg hotelkeepers are to be summoned for violating the law.

The Ottawa Carnival Committee is $3,000 short of the necessary guarantee.

The Leamington Methodists are trying to get a pipe organ for their church.

Patrick Naylon, aged 100 years, was buried at Newmarket on Monday.

The new ward schools at Portage le Prairie have been formally opened.

The bank managers of Waterloo and Berlin have formed a Bankers' Association.

In November the Galt and Preston railway carried more than 11,000 passengers.

The dredging operations at the foot of Lake Huron will continue till Jan. 1.

Boats were sailing on Kempenfeldt Bay last week, and parties were fishing there.

A pack of wolves near Alemic Harbor treed a man and he had to shout for help.

The Town Clerk's offices at Brockville is "unfit for a human being," that official says.

The postal appliances exhibited by Canada at Milan took first prize against all Europe.

Mr. James Garrow, an old and esteemed resident of Oshawa, is dead, aged eighty years.

The Anglican Memorial Church, London, celebrated its 21st anniversary last Sunday.

A runaway team in Brantford ran into a telegraph post with such force at to break it.

Mr. Miller, of Belleville, last week shipped eight tons of poultry to the English market.

A Dungannon farmer realized 80 cents a bushel on wheat fed to hogs, which he sold.

This year buildings costing $141,300 have been erected in the prosperous town of Berlin.

Andrew Mann, the oldest Oddfellow in the Ottawa valley, died recently in the capital city.

A nurse in the Hamilton hospital was discharged the other night for sleeping while on duty.

The Government has conditionally accepted Orillia's offer of $10,000 for the Asylum Park.

The bachelors of Berlin and Waterloo had a grand assembly at the latter place last week.

The town council of Berlin has presented Mayor Hibner with an elegant gold-headed cane.

James A. Stuart, of the Stuart House, Sandwich, division court and town clerk, is dead.

Wm. J. Kennedy, Pattersburg, has been appointed principal of the Hyde Park school.

The Perry company offers to take a ten years' franchise of the Arnprior waterworks.

It is expected that a branch of the Bank of Hamilton will soon be opened in Little Current.

The Hamilton School Board will present 1,000 books as prizes to the public school children.

The South Waterloo Farmers' Institute will be in session at Hamburg and Galt in January.

Mr. Richard Bagnall, an old and well-known P. E. Islander, has just died, aged seventy-one years.

During the last four months the Stayner White Mills have ground over 40,000 bushels of grain.

It is said the Collingwood town councillors are about to vote themselves sessional allowances.

William Bamford was killed at Listowel Friday by a piece of board thrown from a circular saw.

Frank McKenna's house, barn, buildings and contents, Fellowfield, have been destroyed by fire.

The Stratford G. T. R. Hook and Ladder Company have taken first prize as the best in the system.

A young man in Winnipeg named Richardson shot a bullet through his cap and fell down on the sidewalk. He was astonished to find himself alive, as he had notified his friends that he was going to shoot himself. His aim was bad.

A farmer was fined $15 for selling a bag of potatoes on the Hamilton market that was under weight.

The total assessment of the Massey-Harris property, school and frontage tax at Woodstock is $35,000.

Mr. Arthur E. Ross, B. A., of Cobden, has been elected president of the Alma Mater Society of Queen's University.

A farmer has been summoned to appear before the police magistrate of Hamilton for selling a bag of unsound apples.

George Fraser, a widower, aged eighty-three, was married on Tuesday evening in Hamilton to Miss Bella Iredale, aged seventy.

Owing to the state of his health, Sir Charles Tupper will not accompany the remains of Sir John Thompson to Canada.

Mr. J. S. Bullick, secretary of the Montreal Hunt Club, shot himself fatally on Friday. Some of his friends claim that the shooting must have been accidental, while others believe it was suicide.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it, and see what an amount of pain is saved.

Condensation of Extracts.

A wise saying: "They sell most who advertise most."

A true advertisement is the echo of your conduct in the store.

It would take a snail exactly fourteen days five hours to travel a mile.

The only quadruped that lays eggs is the Ornithorhynchus, of Australia.

The wheat yield estimate is placed at 460,000,000 bushels for the season.

In Russia it was once the common belief that beardless men were soulless.

"Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into 203 dialects and languages.

No one can breathe at a greater height than seven miles from the surface of the earth.

In London, according to Hallay, there was no total eclipse of the sun between 1140 and 1715.

It is said that whales can remain under the surface of the ocean for an hour and a half.

Not until the close of the last century was torture of animals generally abolished in Europe.

The first strike on record was among flute players in the Temple of Jupiter in Rome, 300 B. C.

Among the head hunters of Borneo a man is not permitted to offer marriage to a woman of his tribe until he brings her the head of a man killed by himself.

In various times and places the pansy has been styled by the following epithets: Herb trinity (from its three colors), love-and-idle, kiss-me-ere-I-rise, jump-up-and-kiss-me and three-faces-under-a-cloud.

Orthodox Turks shave the head with the exception of a tuft on the crown, which is left to insure a tight grip to the angel of resurrection when he comes to pull them out of the grave on the day of judgment.

Worth Thinking About.

Bad laws are the worst sort of tyranny.

Ill strives one's will against a will more wise.

Hardness over of hardness is the mother.

The happiness of the wicked passes away like a torrent.

The most delightful pleasures cloy without variety.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

To men pressed by their wants all change is ever welcome.

In children's hopes and hearts and lives we find lost hope again.

Every virtue gives a man a degree of felicity in some kind.

Vivacity in youth is often mistaken for genius, and solidity for dullness.

Weaknesses, so-called, are nothing more nor less than vice in disguise.

To whom can riches give repute, or trust, content, or pleasure, but the good and just?

There is much money given to be laughed at, though the purchasers don't know it.

The Use of the Left Hand.

"Any man who desires to do so may easily become ambidexterous," remarked Pittsburg-Fleming. "All he has to do is to begin and systematically use his left instead of his right hand wherever it is possible." Young Fleming is an athlete and a clever boxer, and knows the importance of being able to use both hands with dexterity and force. "The ambidexterous man not only has the advantage over his opponent in sparring and all athletic sports, but he has a great advantage over others in games of skill, in almost any kind of business and is a better man all round. The one-handed man is a one-sided man. The muscles on the right side of the right-handed man become developed at the expense of the muscles of the other side; that shoulder becomes higher and the man grows lopsided. To avoid this ought to be the effort of every youth, for then the muscular habit is formed. The difficulty may be corrected in some degree, however, by systematically using the left, or weaker hand and arm. Keep your keys and things in your left hand pocket, reach for things with your left hand, pick up weights with your left. You will be astonished to see how rapidly your hitherto neglected member can be brought into active and useful service."

Trouble With English.

The attempts at translating "la belle langue" into English by the French have sometimes resulted in extraordinary productions. "Time is money" is often quoted in Paris newspapers. "High life" is put into "hig lif," and is so pronounced. Even Paul Bourget makes a slip now and again. But I have seen nothing funnier than the signboard of a modest shoemaker who addresses himself to a much-desired English clientele thus:

REPAIRS HUNG WITH STAGE-COACH.

This has been found to indicate: "Repairs executed with diligence."

Muscular Benefit From Sugar.

The experiments made by Dr. Vaughan and communicated by him to the Royal Society of England conclusively show that a liberal consumption of sugar insures the ability to do more work with less fatigue. The first step was to ascertain the value of sugar when taken alone in the production of muscular work. During a 24-hours' fast on one day water alone was drunk—on another 500 grams of sugar was taken in an equal quantity of water; it was found that the sugar not only prolonged the time before fatigue occurred, but caused an increase of 61 to 76 per cent. in the muscular work done. In the next place, the effect of sugar added to meals was investigated, and the muscle energy producing effect of sugar was found to be so great that 200 grams added to a small meal increased the total amount of work done from 6 to 30 per cent. Sugar—250 grams—was now added to a large mixed meal, and it was found not only to increase the amount of work done from 8 to 16 per cent., but increased the resistance against fatigue.

Not So Funny, After All.

The misfortunes of others are filled with irresistible humor in many cases, particularly in the more trifling acts of every day. To see a man sit on his own stiff hat is relished with keen enjoyment by every other man in sight. If another man finds that the crash has come in reality to his own headgear after laughing wildly at the supposed hard luck of his friend, then the situation is a thousand times funnier.

A young man with this human trait strongly developed swung down Yonge street at a sharp pace. He carried his mackintosh flung over his arm. At the crossing of King street there was a rattle of coin and a shower of nickels and dimes rained on the pavement from some unknown region. No one was more astonished than the young man, and he stopped with great interest and watched passers eye the scattered currency askance and then shyly, as if in fear of a trick. Finally all of the pieces had been picked up by small boys and other sensible pedestrians, and still there was no trace of the source. The curious young man enjoyed the incident and the study of human nature that it afforded, and had got about two blocks farther on his way when his face lengthened instantly as he exclaimed: "By Jove! that change fell out of my mackintosh pocket!"

The Yule Sheaf.

Christmas is observed with great enthusiasm in the snowy northland of Sweden. The celebration proper extends over four days, beginning on the 24th of the month. A beautiful custom is that of raising a large sheaf of grain on the top of a pole above the house for the wild birds to feast upon. It is said that no peasant will sit down to his Christmas dinner until the yule sheaf is lifted in place for the birds in the snow outside.

AN HOUR WITH UNCLE SAM.

HOW HE SPENDS THE DAY.

Neighborly Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Mirth Gathered From His Record Daily.

Washington, D.C., has 600 varieties of trees.

Someone has figured that it cost Yale $260 a day for football last year.

Yale has had a total of twenty-one graduates coaching football elevens this season.

A farmer in Mississippi killed his child the other day, because its crying fretted him.

Incense was burned for the first time in St. John's Episcopal church in Kingston, N.Y.

The next convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union will be held in Baltimore.

The State Commission of Fisheries distributed 80 per cent. more fish this year than last year.

The Tremont House in Boston is to be torn down and a large office building is to be put up on its site.

Claret is selling in California at eleven cents a gallon, which is cheaper than it is sold in France.

John Karel, of Chicago, has been appointed consul-general at St. Petersburg by President Cleveland.

The largest cliff dweller village ever discovered has been reported from the Bradshaw Mountains, Arizona.

A Fall River, Mass., woman named Sarah Scott broke her jaw bone the other day chewing on a piece of meat.

Philadelphia's City Hall tower will be 547 feet 4 inches high when the statue of William Penn shall have been put in place.

Andrew Carnegie has given to the Braddock free library a statue of Mercury by Gio, an Italian sculptor of the sixteenth century.

Yale College was named after Gov. Yale, who gave it in the early days about $4,000. No greater single gift came to it for a century.

At the municipal election recently held throughout Massachusetts the proposition to license saloons carried in the majority of the towns.

Last week 440,000 head of cattle were received at the Chicago yards, the heaviest receipts on record. The numbr of cars was 8,489.

It is reported that the University of Pennsylvania is about to adopt the dormitory system after having existed for 150 years without it.

The Yale corporation at its autumn meeting decided to discontinue the valedictory and salutatory orations of the commencement exercises.

Since January 1 the value of the merchandise imported at New York was $399,770,283, as against $504,050,404 for the first eleven months of 1893.

Father Ducey has written to Archbishop Corrigan asking under what rule he was forbidden to be present at the meetings of the Lexow Committee.

The King of Corea told a newspaper correspondent that he, the King, would be in a different position if he had a guard of a few American soldiers.

The Railway Conductors' Insurance Association has paid out in cash to widows and orphans over $1,000,000, and $150,000 to disabled conductors.

Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Grant have just purchased a five-acre tract of land in the Sweet Water Valley, California, on which they intend to build immediately.

Senator Hawley prophesied at the chamber of commerce dinner in New Haven that within thirty years the United States would have 147,000,000 population.

An effort is being made to save "Lowell's willows" near the Longfellow Park, in Cambridge. They are threatened with the ax but may be added to the park.

Claude Campbell was shaved and painted by his fellow students in the University of California because he sympathized with the Stanford University football team.

Dean Sudduth, of the University of Minnesota, is trying to teach a clergyman to sing by hypnotism, and he has already cured a mute and a stuttering boy by the same means.

O. V. B. Thompson, a Chicago lawyer, became engaged to seven women, using the same ring for each engagement. He has been found out and now none of the women will marry him.

The Board of Commissioners of Auburn Theological Seminary voted not to amend its charter so as to permit the Presbyterian General Assembly to control the financial affairs of the institution.

The estate left by Mr. T. Walters, of Baltimore, is estimated to be worth $10,000. With the exception of a few small bequests the property will be divided between his son and daughter.

The employes of the state homeopathic hospital at Middletown, N.Y., have begun an action against the State to collect wages for their services in excess of eight hours a day from June, 1889, to April, 1890.

The Rev. Prof. John A. Zahm, of the University of Notre Dame, Ind., whose bold, critical handling of the Old Testament narrative has attracted general attention, has just had a long and confidential audience with the Pope.

Through the efforts of the Municipal League of Boston the police of that city have been forbidden to give a ball after this year. It is charged that the police have been in the habit of using the ball tickets for blackmailing keepers of saloons and disorderly houses.

Bishop Thomas M. Clark, of Rhode Island, is to be honored on the approaching fortieth anniversary of his consecration by special religious services and a social reception. Rt. Rev. Dr. Clark is now more than eighty-two years old, for he was born in Newburyport July 4, 1812.

Benjamin F. Hunter, a New York colored man, will build several mills in Virginia and the Carolinas in which only black labor will be employed. All the cotton mills of the South are now operated exclusively by white help, who will not work in mills where negroes are employed.

The city of Tacoma, Wash., has charged C. C. Wright, of Philadelphia, with using $100,000 to bribe voters in the city to favor the purchase of the light and water plant which he owned. The city has paid $1,750,000 for the plant, which is said to be worth no more than $750,000.

CHRISTMAS TIM.

It was Christmas Eve in the country, away up in the Virginia mountains, and snowing hard. The wind blew the drifting flakes in great gusts till they eddied and swirled again, piled them up in lone fence corners where dry ragged mullein stalks bent over, and gray rabbits nestled snuggly, dropped them tenderly on the bosoms of quiet little streams, and dashed them in mighty fury against window panes, till the people inside drew closer to their warm fires and thanked their stars they had fires to draw close to.

Farmer Bailey was one of the fortunate ones, and he seemed to be enjoying his blessings to the full. Great hickory logs in full blaze crackled and sang in the fireplace and sent the flame roaring half way up the chimney. On one side of the hearth sat Mrs. Bailey, knitting placidly, while a little girl seven or eight years old, with big brown eyes and a shock of unmanageable dark hair, played with a great purring cat on the floor in front of the fire. The farmer himself, with chair tilted back, was picking a banjo with an expression of enjoyment that was undoubtedly genuine. The little house with its ruddy glow of firelight in the midst of the bitter storm seemed like a warm heart in a cold world.

"Well, for the land's sake!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Bailey, dropping her knitting, "what's that at the window?"

The farmer finished the tune, as all banjo players will, no matter what may happen, and then following with his gaze the direction of his wife's finger, was startled to see pressed close to one of the window-panes the face of a very small and very black negro boy. His eyes showed large and white against the dark background, and his whole expression was one of mute but earnest appeal.

Mr. Bailey hastened at once to the door, and, after some persuasion, succeeded in getting him into the house and near the fire. He then asked him what he wanted.

"I don't want nothin'," said the little darkey with a broad grin. He was very small and could not have been more than nine years old.

"Whar did you come from?" said the farmer.

"I dunno."

"Whar do you live?"

"I don't lives nowhar."

"Well, by thunder, whar are you goin', then? You know that, I reckon."

"I ain't goin' nowhar, but here," answered the little negro, with another grin, showing two rows of shining white teeth.

"Papa," cried the little girl Alice, coming forward and shaking back the hair from her eyes, "let him stay here, please. I was just wishin' for somebody to play with beside the cat, and I was goin' to ask Kris Kringle to-night if he wouldn't, please, sir, bring me somebody."

The visitor looked at his new-found champion with a grin that was beautiful to see. He had by this time seemingly taken it for granted that he was to stay, for he had taken a seat on a log near the fire, and appeared already perfectly at home.

It was finally decided that Jim, as he called himself, should stay at the Baileys, and Alice went to bed in a perfect glee, declaring that she was going to call him "Christmas Jim."

Some time after this I left the neighborhood and was absent more than a year. Everyone is glad to return to his native place, but I believe the pleasure is quickened when the home is situated in as beautiful a country as is mine. As I mounted the hill, at the foot of which lay the house and a few acres belonging to Farmer Bailey, there lay stretched before me a picture of rolling hills, white cottages and waving wheat fields, while away to the westward as far as the eye could reach ran the great Blue Ridge Mountains, ethereal, unsubstantial looking in the distance, and varying all day long from the lightest azure tints to dark purplish color. The view was magnificent, but what made me feel more than all this that I was home again was the sight of a humble figure coming up the dusty road.

It was an old negro, Adam Sims, whom I had known from childhood, and who lived at Bailey's place. I knew that here was an unfailing source of news and gossip of all kinds, and wishing to hear everything I called out to him

"How are you, Uncle Adam?"

"Howdy, Boss? Well, I declare! It is you, ain't it? How is you, honey? I s'pose you done marry now, ain't you?"

I had to deny it, and hastened to ask for the news.

"News? Well, Boss, dar ain't much gwine on 'round here now. Christmas Jim? Why ain't you done hearn about him? Dat's so. You been away. Well, I 'clar', I don't like to talk 'bout dat boy. I feel like crying ev'y time I look at him. You know him an' dat Miss Alice, dey was de bes' of frien's. Look like dey run together all de time, an' dar warn't no tree on dat place dat nigger wouldn't climb, or try to climb it, of she let on she want sump'n out of it. Ev'y thing he find dat boy would put on his pocket for dat little gal, and of I sent him arter de cows he'd come back with such a lot of truck as you nevver seed. One day he brought her one er dese here terrapins, an' I missed 'er for some time an' thought dey was keepin' mighty quiet, when I went 'roun' behind de house, an' bless gracious of dey didn't had dat pore ole terrapin hitched up to a little cart Jim had made for it, wid a hairpin bit an' one or her corncob doll babies settin' up dar drivin'.

"She cert'n'y did love dat boy. I been settin' out on de back porch when it was gettin' sorter late, an' she was gittin' ready to go to bed, an' I hear her in dar sayin' her prayers out loud to her ma. An' dar was one thing she nuvver did forgit to say, and dat was, 'O, Lord, take keer o' Christmas Jim, an' make him white.' And I'd look roun' sometimes and dar would be dat fool nigger settin' on de porch an' grinnin' from ear to ear.

"Dat boy could dance, too. dunno. whar he picked it up; you know we nuvver did know much 'bout him, no how. But sometimes Mars Bailey would git down his banjo an' start pickin' a jig, an' de way dat flat-footed nigger would cut de pigeon wing, an' clasp his hands an' grin, was a caution. An' Miss Alice, it look like it tickle her mos' to death.

"Well, de time move along till it come Chris'mas agin. Miss Alice she was carryin' on high 'bout Chris'mas Eve 'bout Kris Kringle, an' hangin' up her stockin' an' she say she know Old Kris was gwine make Jim white dis Chris'mas.

"Dey all sat up pretty late 'round de fire takin' 'bout dat last Chris'mas when that nigger come an' press his face 'g'inst de window-pane and skeered Missus Bailey so. An' Jim he sat dar an' grinned an' 'lowed he was gwine to come early nex' mornin' an' wake Miss Alice up an' kotch her Chris'mas gif'. An' she say no he warn't cause she gwine get up fust an' come down to my house whar Jim slep an kotch him fust. An' so we come on away, an' she went to bed axin' de Lord to make Jim white jist like she done ev'y night.

"Well, Boss, hit's a fac' dat gal did get up 'fore anybody know it an' put on her little blue cloak her ma done made her, an' wid her stockin' of Chris'mas things on in hand put out down ter my house to wake dat nigger.

"She had to cross Mechum's Brook to git to my house, you know, an' de brook was up high and had done washed de footbridge mos' away. She didn't know dat, dough, but started acrost jest as Jim come out de house on his way to kotch her Chris'mas gif'.

"'Oh, Jim, I got you!' she call out to him. 'Chris'mas gif', sir!' an' 'Jim, you ain' white a bit, is you?'

"She was walkin' out on de bridge all de time, an' as I come up from de spring I seen de bridge begin to give 'way, an den I knowed she was gone, 'cause de bridge was high an' de brook was rocky.

"I hearn her call out, 'Jim, come here! I'm scared!' An' den de whole thing gin away an' she went down.

"Well, sir, you know dat nigger nuvver had hearn her call for him widout he went, an' he didn't wait den, but jumped over de bank an' inter de river 'fore I could git ter him. Hit's the greatest wonder on de worl' it didn't kill him, but it didn't. No, sir; he got to her an' grabbed her an' de dress gin 'way, an' he grabbed her ag'in an' brought her out. But twarn't no use, Boss. She was done dead, an' her little blue cloak an' her little stockin' full of Chris'mas things on her arms.

"Well, sir, dat boy ain't nuvver been no 'count sence, an' I don't b'lieve he is on his right mind. I don't blame him, neither, 'cause I tell you, Boss, hit went hard wid all of us."

The simple old man stopped. His eyes were streaming with tears and mine were not dry. I bade him farewell shortly after, and, passing the house, looked out for "Christmas Jim." He was sitting on the porch, and when he saw me, some association connected with me, some memory of the old times must have struck him, for his face lit up with the old broad grin, and he made several shuffling steps as though to dance. But suddenly putting his hand by accident in his pocket, his whole demeanor changed. The awkward shuffling ceased, and as he sat down again in his customary dejected attitude, I saw that he held in his had a piece of faded blue cloth.

The earnings of the Grand Trunk railway for the week ending December 8 were $349,655, as compared with $344,655 the corresponding week last year, an increase of $7,870.

A PECULIAR MISTAKE.

They had quarreled. It was not the first disagreement that had occurred between them, but it the first real quarrel of their married lives. Each was angry, hurt and unreasonable and said things for which there was no excuse except the futile one that grown people will sometimes act like children. It all hinged by the mere suggestion by George Maynard that his entire family should be invited to eat their first Christmas dinner with them.

"Very well," said his wife, "if you ask your family, of course I must ask mine."

"I don't see any 'of course' about it. We cannot have all our relatives visit us at once," said George in a huff.

"But you seem to forget," said his wife, bridling, "that I am quite as fond of my father and mother as you are of yours. I should not care to sit down to dinner on the anniversary of our wedding with not a single relative of my own present."

"You seem to forget me, Alice."

"You're no relative," said Alice. "I want my own people."

"Well, my people shall be thy people, and my——"

"They shan't!" interrupted his wife angrily. "I didn't marry a tribe."

"And what about me? I didn't marry a whole family, did I?"

"I think you are horrid, George Maynard, and I'm just going home to spend my anniversary. And there won't be any d-i-n-n-e-r, so there!" and the young woman indulged in an undignified fit of weeping.

Nothing exasperates the average man like a woman's tears, when that woman happens to be his wife. If it were his sweetheart, he would melt at the first sign of the briny shower. If it were the housemaid, he would give her a dollar and tell her there were still as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. But when he has made the woman cry he has sworn to cherish, he goes straight out and bangs the door. This is what George Maynard did. He jammed his hat on his head, squared his shoulders, plunged his hands into his pockets and walked down the street whistling a devil-may-care tune.

"She'll have the old folks or she won't have me," he said between his teeth, and increased his pace to such an extent that he nearly sprinted over a baby in a cab propelled by its mother.

This called down such anathemas on his head that he was glad to escape with a profound apology, and then he began to draw a comparison between his Alice and other women, the result of which was that he wound up by saying as he reached his office:

"She's a darling and I'm a brute; she shall have her own way about her folks. What sort of a wife would she be, anyway, if she didn't love her own people better than any others in the world. I'd just like to know?"

And a small voice—where do these insinuating voices come from?—bade him remember that he was glad to get her on any terms, and would have cheerfully adopted the whole family—small brothers included—rather than have given her up.

"That woman who exchanged her farm land for city property has been here again," said his confidential clerk as Mr. Maynard entered his office that morning.

"Another woman?" he groaned, taking off his great coat; "what does she want now?"

"Oh, she is dissatisfied. Says we have not dealt fair with her, and wants an accounting of all moneys paid to our firm since she began to do business with us."

"Why, the woman must be crazy. It is we who have lost in the deal. Her ram-shackle old property is absolutely worthless for cow pasture. And we gave her valuable city lots in exchange, more's the pity."

"That's what I told her, and she became very abusive, and had just left the office when you came in. She's on the warpath, and no mistake."

"I'll settle that business once and forever," said Mr. Maynard, and, seating himself at his desk, he penned a rapid communication to the woman in the case:

MADAME—From this time forward I wish to have nothing more to do with you or your affairs in any shape or manner. All further communication must be held through my lawyer whose address I enclose.

Respectfully, GEORGE MAYNARD.

At this moment a telegram was handed to George. It was from his partner, who wished him to be in a neighboring city at 1 o'clock that day, where a very important case needed his attention. He looked at the clock. He had twenty minutes to reach the depot, get his ticket and catch the next train. He was often called out of town in this peremptory manner, and he was prepared at his office for such an emergency. As his clerk hurried some papers into a valise for him and ordered a hansom, he sat down and wrote a few lines to his wife:

DEAR OLD GIRL—We must not quarrel over our affairs. I feel shaky every time I think of this morning. Forgive me, dearest. Let us kiss and make up. Oh, by the way, I will not be home until Thursday. The Cross & Cross suit is on. Wire me if you need anything. Love and kisses. Your own GEORGE.

He sent his letter to Alice by a messenger and dropped the other in the mail-box, and went off quite light-hearted and happy, for he had hoped to win this case, and that meant more money for Alice.

Mrs. Maynard was very angry for some time after her husband left the house, and she cried and stormed by turns as she recalled each hateful word and expression of his, and tried to feel that she had been very badly used. But she was a healthy, active, sensible little woman, and soon natural reaction of feeling set in, and she loved her George again better than anyone else, and concluded to sacrifice her own feelings and invite his people to their anniversary dinner. So she wrote a dear little letter to his mother and invited every member of the family by name to dine with them on Christmas Day, and signed herself, "Your affectionate daughter, Alice."

Then she mailed the letter and felt happy in having done her duty. She had just sat down to plan out a menu for the coming dinner, when the house maid ushered in a messenger boy.

"Oh, dear, George has gone off to that horrid trial," she said to herself as she tore open the envelope and read the letter it contained. The girl looked at her curiously, for she sat white and rigid like a woman turned to stone.

"Is there any message?" asked the boy.

"None," said Alice, with white lips, and then she went upstairs like one in a dream, and sat down in her own room to think.

She could not make it seem true. That George, her George, should have left her forever after a paltry quarrel seemed an utter and vague impossibility. But was it a paltry quarrel? Had they not both said words that would better have been left unsaid? She clasped her poor little aching head and tried to think—think—think.

Of course, it is easy enough to guess what had happened. George, dear old stupid, had put the letter for the real estate widow in the envelope addressed to Alice, and the result is what we have seen.

But the poor girl had not yet reached the topmost pinnacle of despair. While she was still trying to collect her thoughts, several hours after the first blow had fallen, there came a second one. The housemaid appeared upon the scene with a second letter in her hand. It had been opened and was not addressed to her.

"There's a crazy woman downstairs," said the girl. "I cannot understand what she means. She is old and ugly, and she says Mr. Maynard is a wicked, designing man, and has trifled with her affections. You ought to see her, ma'am."

Then Alice read the letter, which should have been addressed to her, but no such thought enlightened her distracted mind. Nor did it add very much to her misery, either, for she was suffering all that was possible at the moment.

When things are at their worst they always begin to mend. At that moment a man's voice—a dear, welcome sound to one pair of ears—was heard downstairs. There was a brief altercation, and George Maynard mounted the stairs in about four jumps, rushed into the room and caught his wife in his arms.

"Sir!" she exclaimed, with a whole volume of indignation concentrated in one word.

"We're all right, darling," he exclaimed; "I've seen the old cat down stairs. It seems that I put your letter, sweetheart, into the envelope addressed to her, and vice versa. I suppose you got hers and didn't know what to make of it?"

Alice never came so near fainting in her life, but she braced up and listened to George's explanation about his missing the train and going back to the office to finish up some work before he went home. And soon they were both laughing heartily over the mistake which had so aroused the widow, who was given her own letter, and gotten rid of unceremoniously.

The dinner? Oh, that was the success of the season, as all holiday dinners should be. A few days before the event George wrote a letter to Alice's father and mother inviting them to be present, as it was their anniversary. He did not intend to let his wife outdo him in generosity, and it was a goodly company that sat down to the feast where turkeys and venison were flanked by small forests of celery and islands of cranberry sauce.

But there was something there besides the essence of things good to eat. George and Alice had both experienced the truth of the poet's verse:

"And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain."

They beamed with love and reconciliation, and on this principle of altruism they developed a warm atmosphere of holiday sunshine to which all present contributed.

As the realization of a danger past is a source of thankfulness, this spirit appropriate to the occasion filled the hearts of the young host and hostess, and never, even on their wedding day a year previous, had they been so entirely satisfactory to themselves and their friends as on this holiday occasion.

Glass Houses.

One of the promised novelties of the next great exposition will be a glass house. The building will have a skeleton frame of iron, on which will be fastened glass posts making a double wall. The roof will be of tinted glass, and cornices, foundation, doorstep and stairways will be of thick slabs of glass. Imitations of all sorts of building material will be possible in the new houses, and the tops of pillars and buildings will be stamped in arabesques and flowers. By improved methods, glass tubing and pipes are made that have a resistance equal to cast iron. When these pipes can be used for conveying water, we will be sure of a much better quality of this article than at present, as no peculiarities of soil can corrode them, and the water will acquire no unusual taste.

NINE OUT OF every ten asks for and gets E. B. Eddy's Matches. Experience tells them this: If you are the tenth and are open to conviction, try E. B. EDDY'S MATCHES.

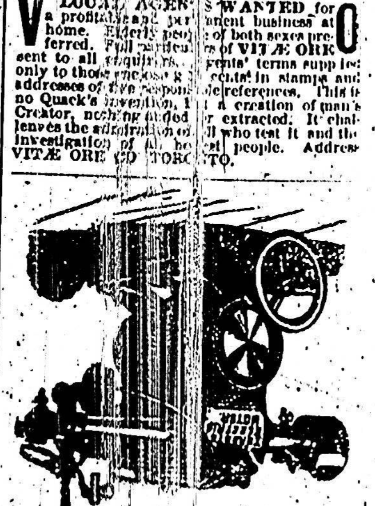
LAKEHURST SANITARIUM, OAKVILLE, ONT. For the treatment and cure of ALCOHOLISM, THE MORPHINE HABIT, TOBACCO HABIT, AND NERVOUS DISEASES.

The system employed at this institution is the famous Double Chloride of Gold System. Through its agency over 300 Slaves to the use of these poisons have been emancipated in the last fourteen years. Lakehurst Sanitarium is the oldest institution of its kind in Canada and has a well-earned reputation ... in this line of medicine. In the whole history there is not an instance of any after ill-effects from the treatment. Hundreds of happy homes in all parts of the Dominion are eloquent witness to the efficacy of a course of treatment with ... For terms and full information write THE SECRETARY, 28 Bank of Commerce Chambers, Toronto Ont.

THEATRICAL GOODS. Wigs, Moustaches, Paints, Makeup, Clogs and Song and Dance Shoes. ... tights supplied to order. Moustaches wire frames 35 cents. Send stamp for price list. Address CHAS. CHABIN, ... Richmond St. W., Toronto.

Educate for Business. It matters not whether you are going to work on the farm, in the workshop, or the merchant's or manufacturer's office, you need a thorough Business Education in order to succeed well. Write for the Announcement of the Northern Business College for full particulars. Address C. A. Fleming, Principal, Owen Sound, Ont.

LOCAL AGENTS WANTED for a profitable and permanent business at home. Elderly people of both sexes preferred. Full particulars of VITÆ ORE sent to all enquirers. Agents' terms supplied only to those enclosing 3 cents in stamps and addresses of two responsible references. This is no Quack's invention, but a creation of man's Creator, nothing added or extracted. It challenges the admiration of all who test it and the investigation of all honest people. Address VITÆ ORE CO., TORONTO.



ELECTRIC MOTORS from one-half Horse Power up to Eleven Horse Power. Write for prices, stating power required, voltage of current to be used and whether supplied by street car line or other wire. TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY, Toronto and Winnipeg.

A Woman's Crime.

BY AN EX-DETECTIVE.

Published by permission of the owners of the Copyright.

(CONTINUED.)

"Nice knife, too!" said she cheerfully. "Cut well I should think. Don't roll your eyes so, my man. You didn't think this of the Widow O'Neil, did you? There now, just give us that other hand, I must tie them behind you. There, that's done; that's better than any true love knot, sir. Now for the feet. There, now, Mr. Bradwardine, you are tied fine and fast. If Mrs. Harris should not come back, I don't know what would become of you. You can call, of course, but you know this is rather a dull locality; you didn't want to be where help could be easily summoned, and you must be satisfied with your own arrangements."

With these consoling remarks sounding in his ears, and with Lenore Armyn's eye and weapon turned upon him relentlessly, Mr. Bradwardine submitted to be bound hand and foot, the widow emphasizing every knot she tied with one of her cheerful comments.

"Now then, Miss Armyn," said the individual, "you and I will not intrude upon Mr. Bradwardine any longer. I have just a word for his ears, meanwhile you had better get your hat and be ready for departure;" then turning again to the bound and baffled man, "I suppose you wonder why I don't arrest you? Well, I will explain; there are others more interested in you than I am, and I leave you to them; you are sure to come to grief, and if you want to hasten proceedings against you, just try the dodge you did two days ago on B—— street. You need not trouble that woman about your wallet. If you really feel the need of it, ask me where it is. As for this lady, approach her again at your peril. And now, if you have no other business to transact with the aid of 'dear Mrs. O'Neil' she will bid you good day."

For answer Jason Bradwardine gnashed his teeth, and growled out a curse; and Lenore's rescuer turned toward her, never once looking toward the bound villain again.

"Miss Armyn," said the champion, "have you been at all injured by this brute?"

"No, sir," replied Lenore, ignoring the attire of her new friend; "I think, after all, the man was half afraid of me."

"Quite likely, he is certainly a pitiable coward; and yet—you had the poison at your lips, Miss Armyn."

She turned suddenly. "How do you know my name?" she asked.

"Just as I know his name—you do not wish to have me call you Mrs. ——"

She put up her hands suddenly. "No! No one shall call me that," she said, and suddenly became silent.

"We will take these," picking up Bradwardine's knife and the pistol which Lenore had laid down. "Are you ready now, Miss Armyn?"

"Yes, quite ready."

They went out and down the stairs in silence. At the door Lenore paused and turned toward her companion.

"Sir," she said, "you have saved my life to day, and, I thank you—words are feeble to express what I would say. I could have died thus in the presence of that man would have been inexpressibly terrible, although I do not think I fear death. Will you answer me just one question?"

"If I can, Miss Armyn."

"You are disguised as a woman, and I had have thought you a woman—I know better now. Are you not Mr. Bathurst, the detective?"

"Yes, Miss Armyn, I am Bathurst the detective, but I am anxious to serve you nevertheless," replied the disguised Neil.

"Thank you, and I must believe you," she replied, then she stood still, apparently thinking. "Am I to go with you?" she asked, suddenly.

"Yes, Miss Armyn, it will be best. I have something to say to you. I have a carriage two blocks away. You see, I was prepared for the emergency," with a short laugh. "Do you feel like walking to the carriage. Has this excitement unnerved you?"

"I feel—a little unnerved," replied Lenore, with a sudden droop of the eyelids. "The reaction I suppose. However, I can walk—to the carriage."

"Take my arm, Miss Armyn," said the detective, with genuine solicitude; "it has been a trying time for you."

"Yes," replied Lenore, quite faintly, and leaning heavily upon the proffered arm, "it is over now."

They reached the carriage, and Bathurst gave an order Lenore could not understand, then they took their seats and were driven rapidly away.

Lenore leaned back wearily. "I feel strangely," she said, in a low tone.

"I will get you a glass of wine, Miss Armyn," and he was about to stop the carriage.

"No! Please don't, Mr. Bathurst. I shall feel better presently."

"I will let in some cool air," said Neil, at the same time lowering the window nearest her.

"Thank you."

They whirled on, across a bridge, and from street to street, turning occasionally; they were now in the heart of the city, and were compelled by the press of vehicles, to move slowly. As Lenore leaned back, glancing from time to time listlessly out of the carriage window, they crossed a street which she recognized with a shudder. Then a sudden light came to her eyes. Again she lowered her lashes, and leaned wearily back. A moment after she caught, through the half-closed lids, the glow of green and red, and yellow color, and then she turned toward Neil Bathurst.

"I feel—ill!" she gasped faintly. And then she fell heavily forward.

In an instant he raised the drooping form and laid it gently back upon the cushions. Then he called to the driver, almost forgetting to assume his feminine accents.

"Stop at that drug store, opposite. Drive up close."

This was done, and before the driver could descend from his perch, Neil was out on the pavement.

"You need not get down," he said, not wishing to cause any unnecessary questioning. "I will be back in a moment." And with a lady-like shake of his drapery he entered the drug store. Very soon he returned, bearing in his hand a glass of rich, red wine—and followed by a clerk, who carried sal volatile and other restoratives. He put his foot upon the carriage step and glanced in; then started back with an exclamation of amazement and sudden anger. The carriage was empty.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—"I DON'T BELIEVE SHE DID IT."

Two hours later Francis Ferrars was sitting in the room that, by common consent, had become a rendezvous for the three detectives. He had left Fordham two hours before, engaged in a losing game of poker with that limb of the newspaper fraternity, Mr. George F——ham, who seemed equally at home with the cards or the quill, and had taken himself to these rooms, which Bathurst declared had now become common property, to reflect, and to take a second and more thorough review of the collection of Jason Bradwardine and all the memoranda collected by Joselyn and Bathurst, concerning this man, and the hunted Lenore Armyn. They had all been placed in his possession by the two detectives, and they were now spread over the table before him.

"It certainly looks dark," he muttered, after perusing the last scrap of Bathurst's, "and yet the girl comes of a brave, high souled race; I don't think that ... and if this girl has struck an enemy in the dark, she must be hard pushed ... I don't believe it. I can't ... her provocation was great. But, guilty of this crime, or innocent, she has some ...