000,000 and is the richest family in the world, but its individual members are no longer the richest individuals in the world.

Cayeay, a West India island, is inhabited exclusively by turtles, some of which grow to an enormous size. Attempts to establish human habitations on the island have always failed.

A statue of the great Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen, was unveiled on Sunday at the entrance to Central Park, New York. It was erected by the various Scandinavian societies in the city.

Lining Their Winter Duds.

Two newsboys sat on the stairs with a pile of newspapers on the steps above them. One had his coat off, and both were busy lining the inside of the tattered garment with folded papers. They handled their large needles clumsily, but after a time succeeded in lining the coat. The boy who owned the coat slipped it on, and turning up the collar remarked, "That'll keep the wind out."

Then the other boy took off his coat, and soon his summer jacket was made over into a winter reefer by lining it with newspapers.

A policeman watched the little tailors. "The kids caught the idea from the gripmen and hack drivers," he said. "You see, a newspaper ain't so warm itself, but it keeps the wind out and the newsboys suffer a great deal from the winds which come sliding down the sides of the high office buildings. They have seen hack drivers double up paper and slip it inside of their vests, and they caught on."

Newspaper blankets covered many of the poor fellows who slept in the corridors of the city hall last winter. The unemployed wanderers picked up as many papers as they could find, and with bits of string quilted the papers together. One paper quilt served as a mattress and the other as a covering.

A Good Example.

Sometimes one finds it—veneration. In one of the Yonge street cars recently an old gentleman got onto a crowded car. He was pretty tired and hung to one of the straps because he was incapable of standing up alone. There were several well-built men in the car, but they seemed unusually absorbed in the advertisements that fresco the topsides of the car. Finally a young girl of about twelve years got up and said:

"Won't you take my seat? I am more able to stand than you are."

The old man stared at her in amazement.

"Why, why!" he stammered; "I don't want to rob you of your seat."

"That doesn't make any difference," she said determinedly. "You look more tired than I feel. Take my seat; please

The old man sat down and the girl took hold of the car straps.

The young men in the car suddenly found something interesting in the floor, but none of them raised their eyes toward the young girl who had voluntarily surrendered her seat to one who needed it more than she did. At least three of them wore huge chrysanthemums on their coats. There is no reason why social manners in a parlor should differ from those in a street car.

A CALAMITY AVERTED.

AN ACCIDENT AT ST. MARY'S WITH ALMOST FATAL RESULTS.

The Victim Suffered for Months, During Which Time He Was Forced to Sit in a Chair—His Case Finally Pronounced Hopeless—How His Restoration Was Brought About.

(From the St. Mary's Argus.)

How different are the feelings that take possession of one as they read the particulars of some great railway or steamship disaster where scores of lives with whom [they] have no acquaintance have been lost, [and] reading the particulars of the runaway of a span of horses attached to a carriage from which one of our acquaintances [has been] thrown and killed. In the former case, although the loss of life had [illegible] is it terrible?" [illegible] has probably [illegible] after [illegible] could recount [illegible] of the runaway. [illegible] the particulars [illegible] but because [illegible] in the person restored [illegible] forgotten. But [illegible] can be submitted right at [illegible] a large number of our [illegible] we are sure, [illegible] conviction. [illegible] that over [illegible] Mr. Gideon Elliott, [illegible] St. Mary's, was teaming [illegible] a load and re[illegible] to his spine [illegible] to walk [illegible] down in [illegible] pain in his back, [illegible] night and day [illegible] the slightest [illegible] And with no prospect of help before him he began to feel life was a burden and he had no desire to live. Two physicians attended [illegible] after exhausting their powers [illegible] that if he had anything he wanted settled he had better attend to [illegible] the last doctor telling [illegible] cured. To an Argus [representative] Mr. Elliott gave the above [illegible] said that after having suffered [a great] deal of pain, and notwithstanding [being] told he was incurable, he was determined to try the Pink Pill treatment, [and purchased] a dozen boxes of the renowned Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale [People]. Inside of three weeks he began [to feel] the effects of the pills, and now [he] emphatically declares that they [made] him as well as he is to-day. [When] he started taking them he was not [able to] help himself in any way, but during [the] past fall he took up the potatoes [in the] garden, and can now do all the [work] around the house. This is a wonderful change in a man who spent [month]s in a chair unable to help himself [illegible] down, and who was told by [physic]ians that his case was hopeless, [and] it is another trophy added to the [illegible] victories of Dr. Williams' Pink [Pills] [illegible] disease.

[Dr.] Williams' Pink Pills contain all the [eleme]nts necessary to give new life and [richne]ss to the blood and restore shattered [ner]ves. They are an unfailing specific [fo]r such diseases as locomotor ataxia, [partial] paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, [ne]uralgia, rheumatism, nervous [headache], the after effects of la grippe, [palpita]tion of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated [humor]s in the blood, such as scrofula, [chronic] erysipelas, etc. They are also a [specific] for troubles peculiar to females, [such as] suppressions, irregularities and [all form]s of weakness. They build up [the bloo]d and restore the glow of health [to pale] and sallow cheeks. In men they [effect a] radical cure in all cases arising [from me]ntal worry, overwork or excesses [of whatever n]ature.

[Dr. W]illiams' Pink Pills are manufactured [b]y the Dr. Williams' Medicine [Compan]y, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, [N.] Y., and are sold only in boxes [bearing] their trade mark and wrapper, [printed i]n red ink, at 50 cents a box, or [six boxe]s for $2.50, and may be had of all [druggist]s, or direct by mail from Dr. [William]s' Medicine Company, from [either ad]dress.

[illegible]s to the teachings of agricultural [write]rs and lecturers, the farmers [lear]ned that the value of commercial [fertil]izers depends upon the analysis in the hands of a competent and [honest c]hemist. Now how long will it [take] to learn that the value of sta[illegible] should be judged in a similar [way] that either can be judged by a[n analysis] of the ingredients from which

[illegible]us barometer is used in Germany [and Swit]zerland. It is a jar of water, [a fro]g and a step-ladder in it. When [the frog c]omes out of the water and sits [on the ste]ps a rainstorm will soon occur.

A Woman's Crime.

BY AN EX-DETECTIVE.

Published by permission of the owners of the Copyright.

(CONTINUED.)

"Friday," she said; why to-day is Friday, and Mr. Charles Durand is about to arrive. The genius of my fate is certainly growing fickle. Let me see. I am no longer a prospective heiress; and Charles Durand supplants me. So be it! But—the race is only begun."

And Miss Durand turned away from the table and touched the bell. Then she gathered up her letters and put them carefully away; all but the letter from Nina Annin. This she rolled into a ball and flung it into the grate. It fell, not among the coals, however, but just short of the flame, finding lodgment among the ashes. In a moment her maid responded to her ring, and then Miss Durand said:

"Laura, go and ask Mrs. Richards if she is at leisure to come up here just now. And as soon as she leaves me do you come up and dress me for the morning."

Laura vanished, and in a few moments a soft rap sounded upon the door.

"Come," said Miss Durand, in a silvery, childlike tone, and promptly the door opened, and Mrs. Richards, the new duenna and housekeeper, glided in. Mrs. Richards was a handsome woman, despite her somewhat careworn look, and, strange as the fact may seem, notwithstanding her weeds and widow's cap, she looked wonderfully like the Ellen Richards who had been stabbed, in a certain disreputable house, some five months since.

"Be seated, Mrs. Richards," said Aura, looking up with a bright smile, as her visitor entered.

Mrs. Richards sank down in a low chair beside the grate, shivering as she did so.

"It is so chilly this morning; is not the wind dreary? and yet," bending nearer the grate," it hardly allows the fire to burn."

"I am not at all sensitive to the cold," replied Aura, pleasantly. "I asked you to come up at this early hour, Mrs. Richards, to tell you that we are to have a visitor. Did papa write you?"

"Only that his nephew was coming, Miss Durand; he referred me to you for orders."

"And you know I don't give orders," smiled Aura. "My cousin arrives today, and papa wishes him especially honored in this house; you and I must entertain him royally, Mrs. Richards. By the way, did not papa send a letter for Cousin Charles?"

"Yes." Mrs. Richards drew still nearer the fire and held up her hands to catch the warmth. In so doing her handkerchief dropped from her fingers and fell inside the grate. She snatched it up with a quick exclamation, and when she put it in her pocket the roll of crumpled paper was no longer among the ashes.

"Papa said that he sent such a letter, and that I had better deliver it. So if you will send it up by Laura——"

"I will bring it up," said Mrs. Richards, rising. "It is locked in my desk."

"And you will see that his rooms are in perfect order?"

"All the rooms are that," replied Mrs. Richards; and then she took her departure.

"Dress me in my most becoming negligé," said Aura, when her maid reappeared. "Take especial pains, Laura. Did Mrs. Richards send up a letter by you?"

"No, miss," replied Laura, letting down the soft masses of blonde hair. "Mrs. Richards is in the guest chambers."

"Well, she will bring it presently," said Aura.

But Mrs. Richards entirely forgot to bring the letter.

CHAPTER XL.—GREEK MEETS GREEK.

In due time Mr. Charles Durand arrived at his uncle's mansion, and was received by Aura with the most charming cordiality. He was installed in the best and most commodious suite of rooms, and Mrs. Richards went about her duties with an air of dignity, and a new sense of importance, as if she were ministering to the wants of angels, and was not unaware of the fact.

As for Charles Durand, himself, he took things very calmly and quietly—in fact, calm and quiet, seemed the normal condition of this fortunate young man. In appearance, he was not, as Aura remarked confidentially to herself, "much to speak of." He was a very pale young man, and a very languid young man. His hair was very light, and worn rather long; likewise it was parted in the middle. He wore a pair of straggling, light and long Dundreary whiskers, but his upper lip was smooth-shaven. He had the air of a student; and, as he informed Aura, was just out of college. His father, he said, had intended him for a lawyer—but he didn't know what he would do; should [illegible] the matter to a vote, when "Uncle James" came home. And then Aura had smiled strangely. The young man's admiration for Aura was unbounded. He seemed quite ready to fall down and become her slave.

It was the afternoon following that on which he had arrived at his uncle's door, and Mr. Durand and his fair "Cousin Aw-ra," as he rendered the pretty name, were seated by the library fire, cosily chatting. Rather, the lady sat and chatted; Mr. Charles Durand, who seemed quite ignorant of some of the proprieties, lounged and listened, and occasionally, almost yawned in the face of his fair entertainer. It was the afternoon mentioned by Miss Annin, in her note, as favorable for shopping, and from time to time Aura glanced at her watch, as if waiting the approach of some hour, or event. Presently the thing expected occurred; the footman entered the room and announced, "Miss Annin."

"Show her in," said Miss Durand, promptly. And in another moment Nina Annin, richly dressed, and smiling blandly entered the room.

Aura Durand arose to welcome her with well-feigned cordiality; and after one sharp glance of inquiry, not unmixed with derision, Miss Annin responded in kind. And then, "Miss Annin," was introduced to "my Cousin Charles"; and Cousin Charles arose to the occasion, and drawled out several original and interesting remarks about the weather, etc. After a little, Miss Annin turned to Aura.

"Ain't you going shopping with me, Aura, dear?" she asked, reproachfully; "I am sure your cousin will excuse you."

"Of course I will," responded Charles, good naturedly; "I wouldn't much mind going shopping myself, either."

"Would you really like to go, cousin?" asked Aura, with a little malicious twinkle of her eye. "Then in that case, I will go, of course."

"Then that is settled," said Nina Annin, composedly. "Mr. Durand, we are going to talk about dresses now."

The young man looked up in some alarm.

"Are you?" he said. "Well then, I will not be missed. Aura, I want to go and answer uncle James' letter. You have made me forget all about it, and he said; answer immediately." And Mr. Charles Durand arose slowly, stifled another yawn, and lounged out of the room.

"Good heavens! what manners;" ejaculated Nina Annin, looking after him. "Where did you pick him up, Aura?"

"I have not picked him up," retorted Miss Aura, with a marked change of tone. "He is papa's own nephew, and very wealthy."

"Oh! he's wealthy, is he? Well, he certainly needs some such redeeming qualification. But you should not so suddenly change your manner, my dear; suppose some one were to hear, from the next room, for instance?"

"Nobody can hear from the next room; the next room is locked."

Nevertheless she went over and flung wide the silken lined glass door between the two rooms, and then crossed to the outer door and tried it.

"Nobody ever goes in there," she said, coming back to the library. "It's papa's especial sanctum, and is always locked when he is away. Now, then," turning impatiently upon her visitor, "what do you want now. I am getting tired of this sort of thing."

"That's a pity—under the circumstances," retorted Miss Annin, serenely.

"Under the circumstances, it is," said Aura Durand, coming closer to Miss Annin. "The circumstances are a little in my favor at present."

"Are they?" with mocking incredulity.

"They are indeed. I think I shall convince you that you had better not presume too much upon our past relations."

"Really. Perhaps you will favor me with your first argument?" mocked Miss Annin.

Aura Durand leaned toward her and whispered something in her ear, something that made her start and turn pale. Only for a moment, however, then she rallied, and gazed at Aura with a strange fixed look.

"You see, Miss Annin, that you are a little, a very little, in my power," said Aura Durand, triumphantly.

"I see," retorted Nina Annin, slowly, "that you have put a halter about your own neck."

Then she put her hand into her pocket, took from it a little purse, drew from thence a piece of dark cloth and held it before the eyes of Aura Durand.

"Do you see that?" she asked, sternly, "and do you know where I found it and what it means?"

Aura gazed at the piece of cloth as if fascinated, and a hunted, baffled look came into her eyes.

"Don't waste your breath in bravado," continued Miss Annin, replacing the scrap in her little purse and the purse in her pocket. "I can bring other proofs to bear out this one. Don't let us have any more nonsense, and don't waste any more time; we are going shopping."

"I think you must be mad," said Aura Durand, turning away from her and speaking in a low but distinct tone. "You certainly don't know what you are doing."

"Bah!" retorted Nina Annin, sinking down upon a divan.

"Now then about the masquerade before that precious cousin of yours returns. By the way, how comes it that papa and mamma are gone?"

"They are gone on business of papa's," replied Aura, coldly. "I thought you were talking about the masquerade."

"So I will be presently. How is your friend, the detective?"

Aura looked up in surprise. "It seems you keep thoroughly posted in regard to my movements," she said.

"Certainly. Why not? Have you any designs upon Mr. Bathurst?"

"Designs?"

"Yes, matrimonial of course, not deadly ones."

"Mr. Bathurst is my very good friend; don't trouble yourself about him."

"I won't. Do you intend to marry him—if you can?"

"If I can!"

"Well, you know some men are obtuse—suppose he, too, should see some new face that was just as pretty as yours; men are fickle."

"You ought to know," dryly. "Why must you go to this masquerade?"

"I might say that was my affair, but I know you will sympathize with me when I tell you I want to follow George Fordham," replied Miss Annin, coolly.

"I thought so," rising. "If we must go out together, I will ring for the carriage and go and dress. We can talk of costumes after."

"Quite a change in Miss Aura," murmured Miss Annin when she was left alone. "I don't think we shall have so many airs in future."

At last Aura was equipped for her drive; Mr. Charles Durand came down announcing that his letter was just finished, and the three drove away in the Durand carriage, looking as high bred and harmonious a party as one could wish to see.

A little later Mrs. Richards tapped at the door of the room belonging to Miss Durand's maid, Laura. It was promptly opened, and the housekeeper, with one hand wrapped in a handkerchief and odorous of arnica, smiled down upon the weak little maid.

"Laura," she said, "I want you to do me a favor; I have got rheumatism in my hand to-day, I am subject to it, and I want to send a letter away by the evening mail; won't you just come down to my room and write it for me? I know you must be a neat little penman. Come down, and then we will have a nice cosy chat together."

Laura hesitated a little, but she was not proof against the flattery of Mrs. Richards and the prospects of a cosy supper with her superior, and the result was a natural one—she went down to Mrs. Richards' pleasant private sitting room and indited quite a long letter from that lady's dictation, addressed to a far distant city, and left it in the hands of the friendly housekeeper.

"You must come down and sit with me oftener, Laura," said Mrs. Richards, when later they sat at tea together. "I didn't know you were such delightful company; you are really too refined and dainty to be a mere lady's maid."

And Laura was immensely flattered, and mentally pronounced Mrs. Richards a very sensible woman.

Meantime Miss Annin and Aura drove from shop to shop, accompanied by the admiring and much impressed cousin Charles. As they were descending from the carriage in front of one of the State street dry goods palaces, three gentlemen came down the street together. Aura Durand nodded to one of these, but Nina Annin made a signal for him to approach. He dropped the arm of the taller of his two companions and stepped to the side of the lady, while Aura Durand and her cousin stood a little apart, waiting.

"See, Ferrars," said the taller of the two gentlemen who now waited for the third, "that girl who beckoned Fordham is the young lady of the 'Opal,' Miss Annin, and the other, one must be Miss Durand—by Jove!"

He broke off with this sudden exclamation, and stood staring at Aura Durand and her companion by turns. But Mr. Ferrars scarcely heeded him; he was gazing fixedly at Nina Annin.

"Jocelyn," he said at last, "who is that girl, and where does she live?"

"Which?" withdrawing his eyes from the unconscious face of Miss Durand.

"The dark one, Fordham's friend."

"Why, I told you it's the girl who owns those opals; and she is the one who lives at that house."

"Oh, is she?" said Ferrars, carelessly, and then he added, sotto voce, as Fordham turned toward them, "this grows complicated."

At last the shopping expedition was over, and the carriage rolled toward Mrs. Rogers' boarding house, where Miss Annin with her purchases desired to be set down. Suddenly Nina Annin uttered a sharp exclamation, and then, as suddenly, she subsided into silence, looking fixedly the while at Aura Durand, who, on her part, looked with profound surprise at the lady opposite her, and seemed utterly unconscious of any cause for this unexpected ejaculation, or of its meaning.

Miss Annin had put her hand to her pocket to find that her purse was gone.

CHAPTER XLI.—FOUND AT GENTLEMAN JEFF'S.

Francis Ferrars and Bob Jocelyn had met for the first time since the conference of the three detectives, on the day of Lenore's second escape from Neil Bathurst, not half an hour previous to the encounter with Miss Annin, Aura and "Cousin Charles" upon State street.

Their meeting was in this wise: Bob Jocelyn had been roping George Fordham for the past week, almost to the exclusion of everything else, and the English detective had been, for reasons best known to himself, haunting the genteel gambling houses for the same length of time. So it chanced that, on this afternoon, the three had met at a popular billiard hall; and Rob Jocelyn who had entered the place in company with Fordham, hastened to inform that gentleman that "yonder was a green English swell whom he," Bob, "had dropped to some time before and won money from"; and soon the three were on the most amicable terms. Fordham was beginning to believe in the gullibility and the tendency to rascality that Rob professed, and they decided to "take the Englishman in."

The three had sauntered out upon State street, where they had encountered the shopping party, and after this meeting they sauntered on, discussing their plans for the evening. It was finally decided that they should pass it together in some one of the many agreeable ways of passing time that are known to gentlemen of the sporting fraternity, and then Mr. Fordham said:

"And now, gentlemen, I must leave you for a while; a reporter is not his own man. I must be at the office for the next three hours, after that I will join you at the suggested place; in the meantime," with a wink at Rob "I leave you to take care of each other."

Rob returned the wink with interest, and shortly the two detectives found themselves alone

"Well, this is rich," began Jocelyn, forthwith; "so you are sporting, Ferrars?"

"Doing a little in that line," responded the Englishman. "I say, Jocelyn, you will have to make my excuse to that fellow and arrange for another meeting; I can't be with you to-night."

"Can't you?" said Rob, somewhat ruefully. "I say, you have not had the luck to find that Aladdin's lamp girl, have you?"

"I will tell you that to-morrow at this time," said Ferrars, "as you say, she is rather too much on the presto change order to allow a man to speak positively. I am going to try for her, as you Americans say, to-night."

"No! Well, you are on a slippery tack then. You must have a strong clue. How will you effect the capture?"

"By stratagem," said Ferrars, with a queer smile. "And now, like Mr. Fordham, I must leave you. I have hung on only waiting to get a word with you. At what hour can you be at the rooms to-morrow?"

"Any time before dark."

"Say three o'clock."

"Done."

"Any news from Bathurst?"

"Have not heard from him," said Bob, with a peculiar smile.

"Ah!" said Ferrars, smiling in turn. "Well, adieu, my friend."

"Bye, bye." And so they separated.

Francis Ferrars had conceived a sudden liking for the promenade around the block, where was located the drug store from before which Lenore Armyn had so mysteriously disappeared; at least he had been there every evening during the past week, and now, some three hours after he had separated from Jocelyn, he was there sauntering leisurely along, now on one side the street, now on the other, and now and then his eye was lifted, for a single instant, to a certain window.

At about nine o'clock he entered the afore-mentioned drug store, purchased some "brandy killers," and turned his face westward, crushing the seeds between his teeth as he went. Westward only so far as the corner, then north until he had reached the middle of the block; then he ascended some steps, pulled open a green leather-covered door, up half the length of a broad flight of stairs, and then he paused before a second door; a strong door, battered and scarred, and having a little sliding panel that could only be moved from within. Here he rang a bell, and presently an eye peeped through the small aperture, after which the door swung open and the English detective, bestowing a half tipsy nod upon the colored gentleman who admitted him passed on up the stairs.

"Is the fat man here yet?" asked Ferrars, speaking with an evident effort to keep his tongue from tripping.

"No, sir; not yet," replied the colored gentleman.

"Strange," commented the visitor. "Goin' to come soon—goin' to play wi' me."

"All right, sir," replied the servant, with a grin, and throwing open the door, the detective was ushered into the gaming saloon of Gentleman Jeff.

There were few players in the saloon at that early hour, and the proprietor himself had not yet appeared. Nearly every night of the past week the detective had been there, losing money, drinking freely, and playing the part of a "bloody Englishman," to perfection he had made the acquaintance of all the attaches of the place, and voted himself the fast friend of Gentleman Jeff.

He lounged about now, making remarks that were not particularly kind, and finally he threw himself down upon a divan at the lower end of the room, muttering something about "waiting for th' fat man," and here for some time he remained quiet, and to all appearances half asleep.

After a time Gentleman Jeff made his appearance, and some others dropped in. Whenever a new arrival entered the Englishman would rouse up, lift his head "to see if it were the fat man," and then subside again.

Near him was a door which opened into a sort of cloak or dressing room, and from this a door led into the long hall. The door of entrance to the saloon was situated at the head of the stairs, and the second flight began almost where the first left off; that is to say, opposite the entrance door.

The servant who admitted visitors, also officiated during the early hours of the evening, when the visitors came at rare intervals, as a drawer of corks. When not thus occupied, his station was in the hall without not far from the cloak room. Later, the servants, whose duty it was to serve wine and wait at supper, appeared; and then the usher confined his attentions to the constantly clanging bell.

Presently a party of gentlemen came in. They were evidently persons of some importance in the gambling world, for the master of the establishment summoned the dark servant and ordered him to open wine for them.

This was the opportunity for which the detective had waited. He arose and, unperceived, slipped into the dressing room. Then with perfect silence and burglarious rapidity he opened the door leading into the hall, stepped out, closed it behind him, stole like a cat along the hallway, swiftly and silently ascended the stairs, and then paused to look about him. A moment's survey seemed to suffice; then he moved up the hall, and paused before the door opening into Jeff's private apartments. There he paused, listened intently for a moment, and then producing from his pocket a pair of nippers, and inserting them in the lock he turned the key. In another moment he stood in the splendid private den of the refined gentleman.

Seated near a blazing fire, that shone out through the great isinglass windows of a polished stove, that looked like a miniature cathedral, were two women; one, an elderly woman, was busy with some needlework; the other, who was young and very beautiful, was reading.

Upon hearing the entrance of the intruder both women looked up inquiringly, and for the first time Francis Ferrars saw the beautiful face of the girl who had so bewildered and baffled three keen detectives.

It was Lenore Armyn.

CHAPTER XLII.—FOUND ONCE MORE.

Quickly, but with a cool composure quite irresistible, the English detective closed the door and advanced toward the two.

"Good evening, ladies," he said, with the air of one addressing some acquaintance in the drawing room of a mutual friend. "May I have the pleasure of a few words with you, Miss Armyn?"

Lenore had risen to her feet, but the respectful attitude and address of the intruder disarmed her in a measure. His face, too, was so frank and so earnest, the eyes gazing at her with the sad, wistful expression that was sometimes seen on the face of Francis Ferrars. She never once thought of denying her identity, and after a prolonged look, straight into the eyes of her visitor, she bowed a silent assent, and then waited for him to explain himself.

"Miss Armyn," he began, still in the same earnest, almost pleading tone, "I have entered your presence by stratagem, because I knew I could gain a hearing in no other way; but I have come as your friend, as a friend who can and will serve you if you will let him. If you will let me speak, and will listen to what I shall say, I pledge you my word—the word of a man of honor—that I will let your wishes guide me when I am done. If you bid me go away and leave you I will obey, and no word of mine will ever betray you. May I go on?"

With her eyes still fixed upon his face, Lenore resumed her seat, and, turning to the startled old lady, who was evidently gathering herself up for some desperate effort, she said:

"This—gentleman is here now, we may as well listen to him. It can make matters no worse; pray do not call your son until we hear what he has to say."

Then turning to the detective, she said, with a touch of scorn in her voice, "May I ask who does me this honor?"

He smiled that rare, half sad smile of his, and then his eyes looked more grave and more wistful than before.

"You will know that when you have heard my story," he said "May I sit, Miss Armyn?"

She bowed, and he drew forward a chair, and seated himself opposite her. Then he drew from his pocket a packet of letters, and, opening it, selected two or three, which he extended to Lenore. "Do you know who penned these?" he asked, almost reverently.

Lenore took the letters, and, glancing at the first one, uttered a low cry. They were the letters found in the wallet of Jason Bradwardine.

"Where did you get these?" she asked.

"They were taken from that prince of villains, Jason Bradwardine," he replied.

"Do you know him?"

"Yes!"

"And you speak as if you were no friend to him."

"You are right; I am his bitter enemy." Then he put in her hand two photographs.

"My mother's picture," said Lenore, gazing sorrowfully at the one. "Were these with her letters?"

"They were with the letters. Miss Armyn, do you know the other face?"

[TO BE CONTINUED]

MONKEY IN THE MAN.

Babies Show Signs of Descent or Ascent From a Simian Ancestry.

To see the monkey in the man you have only to study the faces, bodies and habits of babies. Such is the theme of an article contributed by Mr. S. S. Buckman to the new number of the Nineteenth Century. The actions of children are, indeed, he says, like "ancient monuments of prehistoric times." The human infant is an interesting object of scientific research; and even a cross baby should be camly contemplated by the philosophic mind. Here are a dozen of the numerous illustrations which Mr. Buckman gives to show how survivals of our simian ancestry may be found by any nursery philosopher:

1. Monkeys are snub-nosed (simian). So are babies.

2. Babies have pouch-like cheeks. To judge from ecclesiastical monuments, this characteristic is supposed to be specially angelic. It is really monkey-like. Baby cheeks are the vestage of cheek pouches, possessed for storing away food as in Cercopitheous, a monkey in which this habit of storing may be observed at the Zoological Gardens, if visitors feed it.

3. At the base of the vertebral column babies have a deep circular depression. This is the mark of the monkey's tail.

4. Babies (as Dr. Louis Robinson has shown), have superior arm power and very short legs. So have monkeys.

5. Babies in catching hold of anything don't use their thumbs, but clasp it between the fingers and palm. This is the action of monkeys in going from bough to bough.

6. A baby can move any of its toes independently, and it can move them one from another so as to make a V between any of them. As it grows older it loses this power and also the power of turning its ankle; but that it has such power over its muscles when young points to ancestors who used their feet more than their hands as organs for picking up small objects; and who relied on their arms and hands for supporting their bodies.

7. Babies go to sleep on their stomachs with their limbs curled up under them—a survival from our four footed ancestors.

8. Babies are rocked to sleep, an imitation of the swaying to and fro of the branches where our monkey ancestors lived. Even our nursery ditties ("Lullaby Baby on the Tree-top") point back to the arboreal age.

9. The stair-climbing instinct of babies (like the tree-climbing propensities of boys) points back to an aboreal age.

10. The fruit-stealing instinct is a survival from monkeydom.

11. Children are fond of picking at anything loose—because monkeys pick off the bark from trees in order to search for insects.

12. Children are very fond of rolling. This points to the time when our ancestors had hairy bodies tenanted by parasites, and allayed the irritation by rolling.

The Responsibility of Voters.

Our civilization is now in the throes of a monster struggle which threatens the very foundation of the government, and the danger of defeat lies in our being misled, cheated and deluded by apathy and insensibility, from which we must arouse with alacrity if our country is to be saved from anarchy and destruction. Nothing now can save the country from the desolating curse of alcoholic poisoning but a moral and political revolution, which must come soon. Patriotism, inspired by high and noble desires for our country's welfare, justly demands the vigorous policy of prohibition. The toleration and legal protection given to the malignant moral cancer of alcoholic poison show the Government's base betrayal of the people's interests; this is seen in the vile use made of the sovereign power delegated to the Government for the protection of life and health of its citizens. This power is now being ignominiously used and prostituted by the Government to encourage its worst enemies in destroying the virtue and property, even the very lives, of the people. Certainly, no moral turpitude or injury can equal this for enormity, and there is no treason so dangerous as this subserviency of the Government to the liquor traffic. It is worse than acquiescence in the crime and injury, or even being accessory to it; it is actual participation in the diabolical work of enticing people to their destruction.

And who but the voters are most responsible for this? This is, the all important question before the country, and it cannot be much longer ignored or evaded. Moral principles must be applied to the machinery of politics in government, and the people must be made to realize their own duplicity, as well as the treachery of the liquor fraternity. It is their votes that make the Government, therefore all the responsibility rests on the voters.

Retrogression.

A large company was gathered at the table d'hote as is usual in the modern romance.

The large lady had just troubled the bald gentleman for the vinegar.

"No," she was saying, "woman will not go backward."

"Except when she gets off a street car," observed the cynic, who had been hitherto silent.

The youth with the blonde mustache got choked with his soup, but said nothing.

The first meerschaum pipe was made and smoked by Karol Kowates, a shoemaker, in 1823, in Pesth, Hungary. It is still in a museum there.

THE FIRE WORSHIPPERS.

AROUND THE WORLD SERIES.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, continuing his series of "Round-the-World Sermons," through the press, chose to-day for his subject, "The Fire Worshippers," the text selected being Matt. 2: 1: "There came wise men from the East to Jerusalem."

These wise men were the Parsees, or the so-called Fire Worshippers, and I found their descendants in India last October. Their heathenism is more tolerable than any of the other false religions, and has more alleviations, and while in this "Round-the-World" series I have already shown you the worst forms of heathenism, to-day I show you the least offensive.

The prophet of the Parsees was Zoroaster, of Persia. He was poet, and philosopher, and reformer, as well as religionist. His disciples thrived at first in Persia, but under Mohammedan persecution they retreated to India, where I met them, and in addition to what I saw of them at their headquarters in Bombay, India, I had two weeks of association with one of the most learned and genial of their people on shipboard from Bombay to Brindisi.

The Bible of the Parsees, or fire worshippers, as they are inaccurately called, is the Zend-Avesta, a collection of the strangest books that ever came into my hands. There were originally twenty-one volumes, but Alexander the Great, in a drunken fit, set fire to a palace which contained some of them, and they went into ashes and forgetfulness. But there are more of their sacred volumes left than most people would have patience to read. There are many things in the religion of the Parsees that suggest Christianity, and some of its doctrines are in accord with our own religion. Zoroaster, who lived about 1400 years before Christ, was a good man, suffered persecution for his faith, and was assassinated while worshipping at the altar. He announced the theory, "He is best who is pure of heart," and that there are two great spirits in the world, Ormuzd, the good Spirit, and Ahriman, the bad spirit, and that all that do right are under the influence of Ormuzd, and all who do wrong are under Ahriman; that the Parsee must be born on the ground floor of the house, and must be buried from the ground floor: that the dying man must have prayers said over him and a sacred juice given him to drink; that the good at their decease go into eternal light, and the bad into eternal darkness: that having passed out of this life the soul lingers near the corpse three days in a Paradisaic state, enjoying more than all the nations of the earth put together could enjoy, or in a Pandemoniac state suffering more than all the nations of the earth could possibly suffer, but at the end of three days departing for its final destiny; and that there will be a resurrection of the body. They are more careful than any other people about their ablutions, and they wash and wash and wash. They pay great attention to physical health, and it is a rare thing to see a sick Parsee. They do not smoke tobacco, for they consider that a misuse of fire. At the close of mortal life the soul appears at the Bridge Chinvat, where an angel presides, and questions the soul about the thoughts, and words, and deeds of its earthly state. Nothing, however, is more intense in the Parsee faith than the theory that the dead body is impure. A devil is supposed to take possession of the dead body. All who touch it are unclean, and hence the strange style of obsequies. But here I must give three or four questions from one of the Parsee catechisms:

Question—Who is the most fortunate man in the world?

Answer—He who is the most innocent.

Question—Who is the most innocent man in the world?

Answer—He who walks in the path of God and shuns that of the devil.

Question—Which is the path of God, and which that of the devil?

Answer—Virtue is the path of God, and vice that of the devil.

Question—What constitutes virtue, and what vice?

Answer—Good thoughts, good words, and good deeds constitute virtue, and evil thoughts, evil words, and evil deeds constitute vice.

Question—What constitute good thoughts good words, and good deeds, and evil thoughts, evil words, and evil deeds?

Answer—Honesty, charity, and truthfulness constitute the former; and dishonesty, want of charity, and falsehood constitute the latter.

And now the better to show you these Parsees, I tell you of two things I saw within a short time in Bombay, India. It was an afternoon of contrast.

We started for Malabar Hill, on which the wealthy classes have their embowered homes, and the Parsees their strange Temple of the Dead. As we rode along the water's edge the sun was descending the sky, and a Disciple of Zoroaster, a Parsee, was in lovely posture and with reverential gaze looking into the sky. He would have been said to have been worshipping the sun, as all Parsees are said to worship the fire. But the intelligent Parsee does not worship the fire. He looks upon the sun as the emblem of warmth and light of the Creator. Looking at a blaze of light, whether on hearth or in the sky, he can more easily bring to mind the glory of God; at least, so the Parsees tell me. Indeed, they are the pleasantest heathen I have met. They treat their wives as equals, while the Hindoos and Buddhists treat them as cattle, although the cattle, and sheep, and swine are better off than most of the women of India.

This Parsee on the roadside on our way to Malabar Hill was the only one of that religion that I had ever seen engaged in worship. Who knows that beyond the light of the sun on which he gazes he may catch a glimpse of the God who is Light, and "in Whom there is no darkness at all?"

We passed on up through gates into the garden that surrounds the place where the Parsees dispose of their dead. This garden was given by Jamshidji Jijibhai, and is beautiful with flowers of all hue, and foliage of all styles of vein, and notch and stature. There is on all sides great opulence of fern and cypress. The garden is one hundred feet above the level of the sea. Not far from the entrance is a building where the mourners of the funeral procession go in to pray. A light is here kept burning year in and year out. We ascend the garden by some eight stone steps. The body of a deceased aged woman was being carried in toward the chief "Tower of Silence." There are five of these towers. Several of them have not been used for a long while. Four persons, whose business it is to do this, carry in the corpse. They are followed by two men with long beards. The Tower of Silence, to which they come, cost $150,000, and is twenty-five feet high and 276 feet around, and without a roof. The four carriers of the dead and the two bearded men come to the door of the Tower, enter and leave the dead. There are three rows of places for the dead—the outer row for the men, the middle row for the women, the inside row for the children. The lifeless bodies are left exposed as far down as the waist. As soon as the employes retire from the Tower of Silence the vultures, now one, now two, now many, swoop upon the lifeless form. These vultures fill the air with their discordant voices. We saw them in long rows on the top of the whitewashed wall of the Tower of Silence. In a few minutes they have taken the last particle of flesh from the bones. They had evidently seen other opportunities for them that day, and some flew away as though surfeited. They sometimes carry away with them parts of a body, and it is no unusual thing for the gentlemen in their country seats to have dropped into their dooryards a bone from the Tower of Silence.

In the centre of this tower is a well, into which the bones are thrown after they are bleached. The hot sun, and the rainy season, and charcoal, do their work of disintegration and disinfection, and then there are sluices that carry into the sea what remains of the dead. The wealthy people of Malabar Hill have made strenuous efforts to have these strange towers removed as a nuisance, but they remain, and will no doubt for ages remain.

I talked with a learned Parsee about these mortuary customs. He said, "I suppose you consider them very peculiar, but the fact is, we Parsees reverence the elements of nature, and cannot consent to defile them. We reverence the fire, and therefore will not ask it to burn our dead. We reverence the water, and do not ask it to submerge our dead. We reverence the earth, and will not ask it to bury our dead. And so we let the vultures take them away." He confirmed me in the theory that the Parsees act on the principle that the dead are unclean. No one must touch such a body. The carriers of this "Tomb of Silence" must not put their hands on the form of the departed. They wear gloves, lest somehow they should be contaminated. When the bones are to be removed from the sides of the tower and put in the well at the centre, they are touched carefully by tongs. Then these people beside have very decided theories about the democracy of the tomb. No such thing as caste among the dead. Philosopher and boor, the affluent and the destitute must go through the same "Tower of Silence," lie down side by side with other occupants, have their bodies dropped into the same abyss, and be carried out through the same canal, and float away on the same sea. No splendor of Necropolis. No sculpturing of mausoleum. No pomp of dome or obelisk. Zoroaster's teaching resulted in these "Towers of Silence." He wrote, "Naked you came into the world, and naked you must go out."

As I stood at the close of the day in this garden of Malabar Hill and heard the flap of the vultures' wings coming from their repast, the funeral custom of the Parsee seemed horrible beyond compare, and yet the dissolution of the human body by any mode is awful, and the beaks of these fowl are probably no more repulsive than the worms of the body devouring the sacred human form in cemeteries. Nothing but the Resurrection Day can undo the awful work of death, whether it now be put out of sight by cutting spade or flying wing.

Starting homeward, we soon were in the heart of the city, and saw a building all a-flash with lights and resounding with merry voices. It was a Parsee wedding, in a building erected especially for the marriage ceremony. We came to the door and proposed to go in, but at first were not permitted. They saw we were not Parsees, and that we were not even natives. So very politely they halted us on the door steps. The temple of nupitals was chiefly occupied by women, their ears, and necks, and hands a-flame with jewels, or imitations of jewels. By pantomime and gesture, as we had no use of their vocabulary, we told them we were strangers and curious to see by what process Parsees were married. Gradually we worked our way inside the door. The building and the surroundings were illumined by hundreds of candles in glasses and lanterns, in unique and grotesque holdings. Conversation ran high, and laughter bubbled over, and all was gay. Then there was a sound of an advancing band of music but the instruments for the most part were strange to our ears and eyes. Louder and louder were the outside voices, and the wind and stringed instruments, until the procession halted at the door of the temple and the bridegroom mounted the steps. Then the music ceased, and all the voices were still. The mother of the bridegroom, with a platter loaded with aromatics and articles of food, confronted her son and began to address him. Then she took from the platter a bottle of perfume and sprinkled his face with the redolance. All the while speaking in a droning tone, she took from the platter a handful of rice, throwing some of it on his head, spilling some of it on his shoulder, pouring some of it on his hands. She took from the platter a coconut and waved it about his head. She lifted a garland of flowers and threw it over his neck, and a bouquet of flowers and put it in his hand. Her part of the ceremony completed, the band resumed its music, and through another door the bridegroom was conducted into the centre of the building. The bride were in the room, but there was nothing to designate her. "Where is the bride?" I said, "where is the bride?" After a while she was made evident. The bride and groom was seated in chairs opposite each other. A white curtain was dropped between them so that they could not see each other. Then the attendants put their arms under this curtain, took a long rope of linen and wound it round the neck of the bride and the groom, in token that they were to be bound together for life. Then some silk strings were wound around the couple, now around this one, and now around that. Then the groom threw a handful of rice across the curtain on the head of the bride, and the bride responded by throwing a handful of rice across the curtain on the head of the groom. Thereupon the curtain dropped and the bride's chair was removed and put beside that of the groom. Then a priest of the Parsee religion arose and faced the couple. Before the priest was placed a platter of rice. He began to address the young man and woman. We could not hear a word, but we understood just as well as if we had heard. Ever and anon he punctuated his ceremony by a handful of rice, which he picked up from the platter and flung now toward the groom and now toward the bride. The sermon went on interminably. We wanted to hear the conclusion, but were told the ceremony would not go on for a long while; indeed, that it would not conclude until two o'clock in the morning, and this was only between seven and eight in the evening. There would be a recess after a while in the ceremony, but it would be taken up again in earnest at half-past twelve. We enjoyed what we had seen, but felt incapacitated for six more hours of wedding ceremony. Silently wishing the couple a happy life in each other's companionship, we pressed our way through the throng of congratulatory Parsees. All of them seemed bright and appreciative of the occasion. The streets outside joyously sympathized with the transactions inside.

We rode on toward our hotel wishing that marriage in all India might be as much honored as in the ceremony we had that evening witnessed at the Parsee wedding. The Hindoo women are not so married. They are simply cursed into the conjugal relation. Many of the girls are married at seven and ten years of age, and some of them are grandmothers at thirty. They can never go forth into the sunlight with their faces uncovered. They must stay at home. All styles of maltreatment are theirs. If they become Christians they become outcasts. A missionary told me in India of a Hindoo woman who became a Christian. She had nine children. Her husband was over seventy years of age. And yet at her Christian baptism he told her to go, and she went out, homeless. As long as woman is down, India will be down. No nation was ever elevated except through the elevation of woman. Parsee marriage is an improvement on Hindoo marriage; but Christian marriage is an improvement on Parsee marriage.

A fellow-traveller in India told me he had been writing to his home in England trying to get a law passed that no white woman could be legally married in India until she had been there six months. Admirable law would that be! If a white woman saw what married life with a Hindoo is she would never undertake it. Off with the thick and ugly veil from woman's face! Off with the crushing burdens from her shoulder! Nothing but the Gospel of Jesus Christ will ever make life in India what it ought to be.

But what an afternoon of contrast in Bombay we experienced! From the Temple of Silence to the Temple of Hilarity! From the vultures to the doves! From mourning to laughter! From gathering shadows to gleaming lights! From obsequies to wedding! But how much of all our lives is made up of such opposites. I have carried in the same pocket, and read from them in the same hour, the liturgy of the dead and the ceremony of espousals. And so the tear meets the smile, and the dove meets the vulture.

Thus I have set before you the best of all the religions of the heathen world, and I have done so in order that you might come to higher appreciation of the glorious religion which has put its benediction over us and over Christendom.

Compare the absurdities and mummeries of heathen marriages with the plain, "I will," of Christian marriage, the hands joined in pledge "till death do you part." Compare the doctrine that the dead may not be touched, with as tender, as sacred, as loving a kiss as is ever given, the last kiss of lips that never again will speak to us. Compare the narrow Bridge Chinvat, over which the departing Parsee soul must tremblingly cross, to the wide open gate of heaven through which the departing Christian soul may triumphantly enter. Compare the twenty-one books of the Zend-Avesta of the Parsee, which even the scholars of the earth despair of understanding, with our Bible, so much of it as is necessary for our salvation in language so plain that a "wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein." Compare the "Tower of Silence" with its vultures at Bombay with the "Greenwood of Brooklyn," with its sculptured angels of resurrection. And bow ourselves in thinking and prayer as you realize that if at the battles of Marathon and Salamis Persia had triumphed over Greece, instead of Greece triumphing over Persia, Parseeism, which was the national religion of Persia, might have covered the earth, and you and I, instead of sitting in the noonday light of our glorious Christianity, might have been groping in the depressing shadows of Parseeism, a religion as inferior to that which is our inspiration in life, and our hope in death, as Zoroaster, of Persia, was inferior to our radiant and superhuman Christ, to whom be honor, and glory, and dominion, and victory, and song, world without end. Amen.

A MONOLOGUE.

A PARTY of hunters were returning from a successful chase, cold and tired, but well pleased with the results of their sport, and now only anxious to cook their supper, and find a place in which to sleep. A big fire was soon blazing, and some venison cooked, after which the men stacked their guns and set the dogs to watch over them while they composed themselves to such tranquil slumber as comes to those who sleep in nature's balmy breast. Soon every man gave audible evidence of being in the land of dreams.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and it might have been the peculiar influence of the hollow planet which caused the men to have nightmare and the dogs to howl. Certain it was, that no sooner had all the hunters fallen into a deep, refreshing sleep than one [illegible] they were awakened by the long melancholy howl of a foxhound.

"Shoot that dog," cried the eldest of the party, raising himself on his elbow and brushing the hemlock branches from his face.

"It's Flora—she's had a bad dream," said his comrade, yawning. But it was evident that all the dogs had bad dreams, and were disturbed, so that the men could not sleep, and while some of them quieted the dogs two others strolled off in search of the excuse of their excitement, for they snuffed the air in a direction that indicated some special disturbing power. The men who started out walked till they came to a clearing on which a shanty stood. There was no light in the place—nothing to show that it was occupied—but some instinct led them toward it. The door was unfastened and they opened it with a push, when a strange sound reached them and startled them into an investigation—a weird, monotonous talking or chanting, like the voice of one praying. Cautiously feeling their way they entered the place. It consisted of two small rooms, and [illegible] the sound they found under a heap of rubbish in the further one a very sick old man, who was far past recognizing either friend or foe.

It was he who was talking, at times rapidly and incoherently—talking of his past life, which, whatever had been the cause that had reduced him to his present state, had evidently been a simple and sincere one.

The two men forgot their desire for sleep in the approaching shadow of death, and by turns kept the death watch, and with forethought for the living, wrote down the strange monologue which is here presented:

"It is cold. Winter has come again, and I am living and suffering yet. Why is not God merciful? Why does not death pass me, the wretched and forsaken one, and send him to the happy and prosperous, to whom life is a perfect dream of pleasure? Once I was happy too. It was long ago, when the days were too short for the joys that filled them, when sorrow and age seemed mockeries of the imagination, like the stories they tell children to frighten them into being good. Oh, how long it is since I climbed the tree to watch the light in Marie's window, and threw boyish kisses to her shadow on the curtain. And when I was her accepted lover, what joy to walk with her to church, to pass my rivals in her company, and to hear in the solemn pauses of music the banns of marriage cried between Ransom Ward and Marie Scott, and feel that everyone was looking at us, and would soon be wishing us joy! It is almost too much for the human heart to bear—such moments of delicious love, when our hearts palpitated with bliss and our hands clasped together like those of innocent children, conveyed to each the thrill of the other's delight. Has heaven any greater happiness than this?

"Hark! What is that? A dog howls in the cold moonlight; I have heard it often before, and it is said to presage misfortune; but that cannot be meant for me. It would indeed be strange if calamity had anything in reserve for such an outcast. I am old, and have neither food nor fire, nor can these be called clothes that are the rags of charity, worn when the burning sun of July warmed my feeble limbs. This roof is not mine, but even the dog howling yonder would not share it with me—he shuns the rat-infested haunt of tramps and outcasts. None are so wretched on this cold night as to seek entrance here. Ha! Who are you? What woman comes here to mock me in my wretchedness? Yes, a woman, young, beautiful—go! go! there is something in your face that reminds me of her—oh, God, I am going mad. Who speaks? Marie? Oh, no. She is dead—has been buried these many years in the little home graveyard with a white stone at her head on which I could only record half her virtues—it was too small. What? You say she is not dead? Ha, ha, you are pleased to jest with me. If you are Marie, tell me our child's name. 'Rosie?' You are right, but if you are Marie, why are not your dear arms about my neck, and your head on my bosom—that is how Marie died, and went from me whom she loved, to heaven, where they loved her.

"I must wait? I know now that you are Marie, but Marie glorified. I cannot tell how you came here, or why I am no longer cold or in pain, but, before I forget and my trouble of the head comes back, let me tell you of our child. I brought her up, Marie, as you directed—was father and mother to her, said the prayers and the litanies, and told her about you, and she grew up fair as a lily, but headstrong, and laughed at me about praying and prating, and I sent her away to school, and—she never came back. You know it? Who told you, Marie? Did you hear me whisper it through the flowers on your grave? What is that? She will come back? Oh, no, she is too happy in her new life. She chose between her old father and his poverty and the rich man and his wealth. I saw her, Marie. Listen, darling. I travelled far to the distant city where she lived, and went to her fine home and saw the rooms lighted for a gay feast, and she was there among beautiful women and splendid men; but I thought maybe she would be glad to see her old father, and I told the fine servant at the door who I was, and he went to her and she would not hear him. I heard her say, 'Close the door—you cannot talk to all the beggars and impostors who have a story to tell,' and she went off and joined the dancers. I felt something break in my breast, and my head has been queer since, for it was a great blow. I thought my little Rose loved me when she would always go to her first slumbers with her old father's arm for a pillow. If she had gone as you went, Marie, I could have borne it, but she sold her birthright for a mess of pottage.

"It is very cold again and Marie has gone. The dog howls and the moon shines clear in the blue sky like a sentinel eye, ever looking on the earth without emotion. I have slept and dreamed that Marie was here, and that I told her about Rose, and then she said with a divine smile that she knew! Is there hope, then, for the child that denied her old father? Why, the Savior of men was poor, and had not where to lay his head. That dog again. Is he old and alone, too, that he desecrates the night with his complaint? Listen! I hear the wheels of a carriage! What carriage could come here? Has Rose repented, and is she coming to me? I knew it. She loved her old father if he was poor—could there be a better reason for loving him? Perhaps Marie has told her that I was ill and alone.

"Oh, God, it is happiness that kills, and not misery. My head is turning round and round. Is it Rose who sits beside me, or Marie? It is Rose, and she has taken me to her grand home. How fine it all is—how rich the people must be who live here! Am I to stay, or is this a dream like the other? Marie! Then it is not Rose, and this is one of the many mansions we used to read about together, and—there—shall—be—no—night—there—and—they—need—no—candles—neither—light—of—the—sun. Why! it—is—heaven, Marie!"

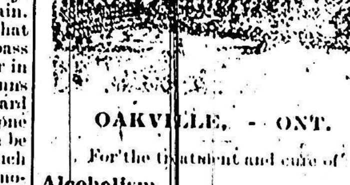
He died at daybreak, and the two strangers who had received his last confidences saw him quietly laid to rest under the shadow of the hemlocks. They never knew more of his history, and but for the strange instincts of their dogs, could not have given him the rites of even that woodland burial. And the secret of his poverty and the record of his life rest with him in his hillside grave. Perhaps Rose may see a brief account of his passing—or was she only the chimera of a flighty brain? Who knows!

Shorthand Thoroughly Taught: at The Northern Business College, Owen Sound, Ont., [illegible] Announcement free. C. A. FLEMING.

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.

JAP-A-NESE UNIQUE! A cute little box of real Japanese Tooth Powder (imported) will be sent by mail, free on receipt of fifteen cents stamps or silver. Makes teeth like pearls. Crown Med. Co., 43 Howard street, Toronto.

LAKEHURST SANITARIUM



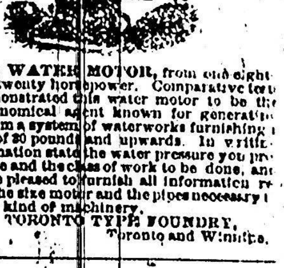
OAKVILLE, - ONT.

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 200,000 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 to maintain in this line of medicine. In its whole history there is not an instance of any after ill-effects from the treatment. Hundred of happy homes in all parts of the Dominion bear eloquent witness to the efficiency of a course of treatment with us. For terms and all information write THE SECRETARY, 28 Bank of Commerce Chambers, Toronto, Ont.

V 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 6 cents in stamps and addresses of five 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. O



KERR WATER MOTOR, from one-eighth to twenty horsepower. Comparative tests have demonstrated this water motor to be the most economical agent known for generating power from a system of waterworks furnishing a pressure of 30 pounds and upwards. In writing for information state the water pressure you propose to use and the class of work to be done, and we will be pleased to furnish all information regarding the size motor and the pipes necessary to drive any kind of machinery. TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY, Toronto and Winnipeg.

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 carline or otherwise. TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY, Toronto and Winnipeg.