A Dark Night's Work

By Paul Ingelow.

(CONTINUED.)

"Ah! I can conceive that, do you?"

"Yes. I suppose old Vernon's lawyer just chuckled over your discovery."

This was a glaring feeler—a hint to lead on his antagonist to reveal more than the schemer wished to know.

Blunt, straightforward, the honest and honorable Le Britta was no match for his adroit foe in the line of tactics the latter had resolved to adopt. Confident in his strength and the integrity of his position, he did not discern the trap into which Durand was leading him.

"The lawyer!" he repeated, vaguely.

"Yes."

"I have not shown it to the lawyer yet."

Ralph Durand's eyes glittered with a fierce, sinister triumph. That innocent admission raised his depressed hopes like magic.

"Nor the doctor, either, I suppose!" he ventured.

"Not the doctor, either."

"Why," continued the crafty schemer, leading his opponent on deftly, "I should have thought that the first thing to do after you discovered your vaunted clue to all my guilt and your own superb smartness"—here he sneered audibly, the more effectually to throw Le Britta off his guard and distract him from guessing his true intentions—"I should have thought that the first thing you did was to perfect your negative, print a score of copies, and send them to the judge, the lawyer, all your friends and my enemies!"

"No," spoke Le Britta bluntly. "I hastened here at once to see if I could not reason you into the right thing. There is time abundant to attend to all that."

"Is there?"

Ralph Durand half arose in the armchair. His shrinking helplessness slowly became the crouching attitude of a tiger, poising for a sudden spring.

"Yes, an abundance of time. But, we waste words!—

"And that picture, that half-developed negative, is all the chronicle you have of this alleged will?"

"Is it not enough?"

"It might get lost, disfigured, broken."

"I shall see to that."

"I have an offer to make you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes."

"What is it?" demanded Le Britta, suspiciously.

"I will buy it of you."

"You!"

"Yes. I offer you for that little piece of glass one thousand dollars cash. Come, be reasonable! You are concerning yourself in the welfare of people you scarcely know. Take the thousand dollars, deliver up the negative, and leave people to fight their own battles."

Jera Le Britta flushed scarlet.

"You insulting scoundrel!" he cried, with flashing eyes, his fists slowly closing and unclosing. "You deserve an honest man's best efforts at thrashing you. Enough! I will daily no longer with you. I take my evidence of your guilt to the courts of justice."

"No, you never will!"

The declaration was a ringing hiss. Quick as a flash, Ralph Durand sprang forward. He had but one idea in his mind—to reach the precious negative, secure and destroy it.

Upon it hinged all his hopes of fortune; he knew it, he realized it fully.

His move, sudden as it was, however, was intercepted by the guarded Le Britta.

The photographer divined his purpose. He met the fierce onward rush of the scoundrel ere he was half-way to the table; he seized him by the shoulders.

Ralph Durand was a powerful man, an adroit man, too, in tricks likely to baffle and beat an unwary foe.

The man however who had never weakened a splendid constitution with overindulgence in liquors and tobacco was fully a match for a rum-wrecked miserable poisoned adversary.

Seizing Durand by the shoulders he fairly flung him straight back into the arm-chair he had just left with a shock that made the craven's jaws come together like the springs of a steel trap.

There he sat a picture of baffled villainy, a huddled-up mass of breathless impotent humanity.

"You sit still if you are wise!" warned the photographer sternly. "Once more and for the last time, will you resign your trust as guardian of Gladys Vernon, go your way until the law finds you out for some new villainy, or shall I take that negative to a court of law and force you to do so?"

"Give me time to think!" pleaded the breathless, baffled Durand.

He sat scowling, trembling with rage, his eyes glaring balefully at the man who had beaten him back at every point.

Watching him wearily, Le Britta awaited his decision.

Suddenly Durand sprang to his feet; just near to hand was the fireplace, and lying across its fender was a short, heavy iron poker.

This he had seized, this he now waved above his head.

"Never! he fairly yelled. "If I give in at one point, you will bound me down in a dozen. Never, never! never!"

He poised the iron missile. Le Britta, supposing that he meditated a murderous assault upon himself, dodged, advanced, sought to get near enough to his nimble foe to disarm him.

The poker swayed aloft, cutting the air in a swooping circle until it whizzed like a nimble ball.

Then it left the hand of the rascal but not to descend on the head of his unarmed foe.

No, with a groan of alarm and startled dismay, too late Jera Le Britta comprehended the full sinister purpose of his foe.

The glass negative, not its possessor was the source of all Ralph Durand's interest then.

The whirling missile of iron swept clear past Le Britta's dodging head; it grazed the table straight as an arrow struck the tilted face-simile of Gideon Vernon's last will and testament.

Crash!

The next moment the precious glass negative was shattered into a thousand pieces!

CHAPTER XVII.—A NEW SURPRISE.

"You scoundrel!"

Fairly blinded with anger, the dismayed and routed Le Britta sprang forward to wreak summary vengeance on the sly, dissimulating rogue who had baffled his skill completely.

With a growth of anguish the photographer comprehended the terribly disastrous denouement of the scene that had begun with an augury of certain triumph.

Ralph Durand had sunk back into the arm-chair, with the gloating, exultant face of a fiend rampant and satisfied.

"Ha! ha!" he chuckled, jeeringly.

"who is master now, my smart picture peddler! Your work goes for nought!"

"Wretch!"

"Ay, me sir. I offered you one thousand dollars for your picture. I would not give one thousand cents just now! Gather up the fragments, my over-sanguine meddler! They will sell for old glass."

Le Britta was too overcome to speak. The helplessness of his position, the wild victory of his opponent, the useless mass of further discussion all occurred to his mind, as a glance at the glass-littered carpet showed the wreck and ruin wrought by the well-directed iron missile in the brawny hand of Ralph Durand.

He glared once at the scoundrel, whom he could have annihilated with a look. Then, turning, he slowly walked from the room and the house, uttering a single bitter, ominous, echoing word of warning:—

"Watch!"

Ralph Durand laughed mockingly and gleefully. He rubbed his hardened palms

A. RAWLSON.

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GE AUDIENCES.

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e a Successful Artiste
n Under the Strain—As
With a Telegraph Re-

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THE CURSE OF DRINK

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES AND LECTURES ON INTOXICATION.

A Temperance Sermon Delivered in the Tabernacle, Brooklyn, and Repeated in Many Other Places—Text: "Who Hath Woe? Who Hath Sorrow?"

Washington, Jan. 10. This discourse of Dr. Talmage is from a most unusual standpoint, an arguing all to reformation from habitual drinking and moderate drinking. The text was Proverbs xxiii. 29, "I was the song of the drunkards."

Who said that? Was it David or was it Christ? It was both. These Messianic Psalms are like a telescope. Pull the instrument to a certain range, and it shows you an object near by. Pull it to another range, and it will show you objects far away. David and Christ were both; each in his own time, the song of the drunkards. Holiness of doctrine and life always did excite wicked merriment. Although David had fully reformed and written a psalmody in which all subsequent ages have sobbed out their penitence, his enemies preferred to fetch up his old career and put into metre to measure sins long before forgiven. Christ, who committed no sin, was still more the subject of unholy song, because the better one is the more iniquity hates him. Of the best-being whose voice ever moved the air or whose foot ever touched the earth it might be said:—

The byword of the passing throng,
The rulers scoff, the drunkard's song.

The earth fitted up for the human race, in congratulation the morning stars sing a song. The Israelitish army safe on the bank of the Red sea and the Egyptians near under the returned water, raises sang a song. One of the most important parts of this great old book is Solomon's song. As the birth of our Lord the Virgin Mary and old Simeon and angelic prima donnas in hovering clouds sang a song. What enrichment has been given to the world's literature and enjoyment by the ballads, the canticles, the dirges, the ditties, the roundelays, the epics, the lyrics, the dithyrambs! But my text calls attention to a style of song that I think has never been discoursed upon. You sometimes hear this style of music when passing a saloon, or a residence in which dissipation is incendiant, or after you have retired at night you hear coming out of the street from those who, having tarried long at their cups, are on their way home—the ballad of the inebriate, the serenade of the alcoholized, or what my text calls the song of the drunkards.

For practical and saving and warning and Christian purposes I will announce to you the characteristics of that well-known cadence mentioned in my text. First I remark that the song of the drunkards is an old song. Much of the music of the world and of the church is old music. First came the music of percussion, the clapping cymbal, which was suggested by a hammer on an anvil, and then the sighing of the wind across the reeds suggested the flute, and then the strained sinews of the tortoise across its shell suggested the harp. But far back of that, and nearly back as far as the moral collapse of our first parentage is the song of the drunkards. That tune was sung at least 4,348 years ago, when, the deluge past, Noah came out of the ark, and, as geologists tell us, no fear of that Jora, but some one is there."

"Who?"

"The man whose strange discovery caused me to send that telegram."

"Ah!" exclaimed Le Britta, excitedly.

"You put me on nettles, Dick!"

"When I mentioned the Vernon case in my telegram," pursued the doctor, "I referred to you. Listen."

Briefly, Doctor Milton told the story of the injured tramp. He explained how he had come to take him from pity under his own roof, and dwelt particularly on the sufferer's ravings about being rich about his secrets, and about Hawthorne villa.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gold by the Yard.

The beating of the innumerable little square pieces of gold which are used to cover domes and signs, and so on, forms a distinct industry in the gold trade, which employs a large number of hands and requires no small amount of skill.

The long, low building in which the work is carried on is filled throughout the day with the sound of hammers. On every side little books containing tiny rolls of gold are to be seen, which although only measuring an inch and a half in length, are each worth about £1b. The gold is received in bars one-eighth of an inch in thickness, an inch in width, and weighing 240 pennyweights. This is rolled out into a ribbon thirty yards in length.

It is then given to the workmen in strips measuring seven yards, each of which is cut up into 180 pieces. These are now ready to be beaten out by hand. They are placed (protected by fine skins) in a tool known as the "clutch," and are thoroughly pounded out on a great granite block set in the ground in such a way that there is absolutely no vibratory movement. The process is repeated several times, the gold as it spreads being continuously subdivided until it is of the exact dimensions required.

The skins in which the gold is beaten are so delicate that they will tear as easily as paper, nevertheless they are of so fine a quality that they will withstand the continual hammering for several years. The gold, which is finally beaten down to 200,000th of an inch, is rubbed with "bringe" before being placed in the skins, in order that it shall not adhere to them.

Easy as this work of beating out the gold may seem, it is in reality an art of a very delicate description. The workmen must know to a nicety precisely how hard or gentle the blows of his hammer must be, and also the exact spot on which they should fall. Accordingly, a very superior class of men are employed in the business.—Pearson's Weekly.

PREPARATIONS MADE FOR DEATH.

A Desperate Case of Heart Disease Pronounced Absolutely Incurable Completely Cured by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

Nothing short of miraculous are some of the cures effected by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. This medicine makes no claim to do anything else, but relieve, save men and women whose cases have been declared by the ablest physicians of the land utterly incurable. "For fifteen years," says Mrs. John A. James, of Warton, Ont., I was more or less troubled with heart failure. My doctor declared I would be likely to drop off at any time. One year ago a crisis came, and I was completely confined to my bed; dropsy immediately set in, and my physician pronounced my case hopeless, and advised me to prepare to tell my family that my time had arrived. My husband, seeing Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart advertised, influenced me, as a last resort, to secure a bottle of this medicine. The first dose relieved me immediately, and before the bottle was completed the dropsy had left me, and I was able to go about and attend to my duties. I have completed my second bottle, and am entirely free from every trace of heart disease."

The Olympic Games.

The Olympic games were events of paramount interest among the Greeks and were connected in honor of Zeus, the father of gods. They were held every fifth year.

These two desirable qualifications, pleasant to the taste and at the same time effectual, are to be found in Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Children like it.

Drunkards and the Drunkard's Song.

The Topic: "The Song of the Drunkards."

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