## THE CENTENNIAL OF METHODISM.

### Grand Representative Gathering at Baltimore-Yesterday's Proceedings.

A last (Wednesday) night's Baltimore despatch says : The Centennial Conference of Methodism assembled this morning at Mount Versen Church, where a very large number of delegates were present and the church crowded to its utmost capacity. Bishop Andrews, Chairman of the General Executive Committee, called the Con ference to order and Bishop Grauberry was chosen presiding officer for the day. The Venerable Dr. Joseph Cummins read the Scripture lesson, and a centenary hymn, composed for the occasion by the Rev. Dr. S. K. Cox, was sung by the entire body of delegates, the audience uniung, Singing was followed by prayer, after which Bishop Andrews announced that the Bible from which the lesson had been read was once the property of John Wesley. Routine business was then proceeded with,

Bishop Foster delivered the sermon, in the course of which he said : "We are here not to celebrate a victory, but to gird our loins to devise wise and skilful methods to be strong, to meet the demagoguery of our age as our fathers met it in their days. Infidelity then stalked abroad unrebuked and Christendom seemed to be fading in 1784. The opening of 1884, our centenary, if not so dark, is dark enough. The condi-tions of home and society are being revolutionized : ancient, time-honored theories are being exploded ; sacred institutions are put to the strain of great tests. We are in the grip of a great combat for the final dominion of the world. The false and groundless will pass away. The fortrees of lies has kept the world in slavery. There will be conflict, but Zion will be left with no rent in her foundation-no breach in her walls. The progress will be slow, but it will be founded on eternal truth. The Church abides for ever. Individual Churches have no such promise. The only hope of any Church is the truth it possesses, and its ability to cast out the unsound it inherits. It was important that Calvinism went down. All its great truth could not float its error. The absolute permanency of any church is dependent in an absolutely true creed. Our creed will bear the test of the most intelligent criticisms." He spoke of platitudes in the pulpit, and said : "Toplatitudes in the pulpit, and said: "To-day there is a vast amount of endless and spiribless preaching. The greatest need is a revival of the pulpit in all Protestant-ism, and more than all in the Methodist Church." The Bishop made an appeal for temperance, after which the Hallelujah Chorus was sung, and the session closed with the benediction.

At the af ernoon sassion Rev. Dr. James Gardiner, of Princeton, Canada, presided. The Rzv. Dr. John Wiley, New Jersey, read an essay on the work of the Christian Conference. Rev. Henry B. Ridgway, D. D., Ill., read an essay on the "Personnel of the Christian Conference." To-night there were meetings in eleven churches, including four colored Methodists, at all of which the subject of missions was discussed, and the general feeling was that a deeper interest should: be taken in mission work and the spread of the Church in foreign lands.

### A TIGER AT LABGE

And Creates Great Havoc in a Hog Pen. A Dayton, O., despatch says: Batween 12 and 1 o'clock yesterday morning William Leshner, a farmer living five miles from this city, was awakened by hearing a great noise in his hog pen. He arose and, armed with a revolver, went forth to learn what was the cause. Arriving at the hog pen he discovered therein a large animal, which had killed one of his hogs, having torn its head nearly off. Leshner fired two shots at the strange animal, which turned upon him, when he made tracks for the house as rapidly as possible. Securing a shot gun he fired from his doorstep, when the animal returned to the hog pen and two more hogs. Leshner no more ammunition, and killed had no while moulding bullets the neighbors, who had been aroused by the noise made by the hogs, came to the rescue and the animal fied to the woods. As nearly as could be seen in the darkness it resembled a panther. An examination of its footmarks this morning showed conclusively that they were made by a member of the feline race. A large gang of men left this

# THE YORK HERALD.

RICHMOND HILL THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1884.

### VOL. XXVII.

STRANGELY SHOT.

TOM ON HIS TRAVELS.

Count and his money.

# An Ontario Man Seriously Shot in a Win-

nipeg Hotel-His Room Mate Might Have Got Into Trouble. The Winnipeg Free Press says : About 10 o'clock on Saturday night an unfortunate accident occurred in room 46 of the Brunswick Hotel, which may yet result fatally I'he victim was Wm. Rouat, a young man about 25 years of age, who has been work-ing all summer at Moose Jaw as head painter for the C. P. R. He arrived from he west in company with three other young men on Saturday afternoon, and registered at the Brunswick. At about half-past 9 he and one of minimum states, and on half-past 9 he and one of his friends, named In that position he was startled by the report of a pistol within a few fect of him, and immediately the lamp was extinguished. He at once summoned assistance, and several persons from the parlor near by rushed into the com with a hamp and discovered Rouat clinging to the bedpost with ord hand while the other was pressed over his right side, and blood oozed through his fingers and saturated his shirt. 'Medical aid was aimme-and his evenings are deviced for the solution of the military form that had bent like a flower before the sumachase with those of the military form that had bent like a flower before the gymnastium. His regular lessons are from the solution, but in accordance with those of the military form that had bent like a flower before the gymnastium. His regular lessons are from the solution to the attention of the solution of the solution of the source and his solution. The coarse, but not unkindly, lodging-bouse people bore her into the solution to the alternoons are spent in- walls while they prepared the dead man for sports—riding, swimming, fishing, fencing, and bis evenings are devoted to prepared; unconciousness lasted, when Laurel Vane and his evenings are devoted to preparing next day's lessons, reading and keeping 'a saturated his shirt. Medical aid was immediately summoned, when it was found that diary. He is an excellent scholar and lin-guist; enters into his studies with much a bullet had entered his right side between the fifth and sixth ribs, and, taking an upward direction, lodged beneath the spirit, and speaks fluently Russian, Danish, French, German and English. The Crown Princes of England and Germany may shoulder blade, near the spine. Blood flowed profusely from the wound, and some difficulty was experienced in check-ing the hemorrhage. The victim retained consciousness, and though suffering intense pain was able to tell how he received the study if they like at the universities, but the heir of Russia must be educated by private tutors. Last May, upon his 16th birthday, the day on which the Prince became of age, he renewed his oath of adherence to the orthodox Church, the

shot. He stated that it was purely accidental, and cleared his room-mate of all su-picion which the peculiar circumstances might have attached to him if the bullet had caused instant death. He said he was undressing himself, and was taking his revolver, a small 22 calibre one, out of his hip pocket, when it slipped from his hand and fell to the floor. The report followed instantly, and he felt a sharp twinge in his side. The weapon must have fallen with the butt downwards and the hammer exploded the cartridge against which it rested when it struck the floor. Late last night Reuat was still conscious, though very weak, and suffering a good deal of pain.

The doctors were not able to express an opinion as to the result of the wound, but pleases. strong hopes of his recovery are entertained. Rouat has been about thru, years in this country and has done well. He was The Remarkable Adventures of a French on his way to spend Christmas with his widowed mother, who lives in Tuckersmith Most people in this neighborhood have township, three miles from Seatorth, Out. heard or read of detective T. K. Wynn, of Niagara Falls, who has been instrumental He has brothers and sisters and s large number of friends in the county of Huron. who will deeply regret his misfortune. in the capture of hundreds of criminals

FELL OFF A TRAPEZE.

### startling Sensation in the Royal Muteum Theatre Last Night.

"Oh! Oh!" stricked fully five-hundred terrified voices last night in the Royal Museum Theatre as Orville, a trapeze performer, went flying headlong from his lofty aerial perch on the east side of the ceiling down at an angle and as swift as an arrow towards the floor on the west side of the hall. Great excitement ensued. Nearly all present rose to their feet with awe-stricken countenances, and amid the din stricken countenances, and amid the din and clatter could be heard on all sides such painful expressions as "ne's killed," "poor fellow." etc. The more courageous, to fellow," etc. The more courageous, to prevent any bustling general exit, commanded those on their feet to sit down. A short suspense followed, while Manager Cain, Director Sprague and a few others were standing around the prostrate actor. The impression entertained by nearly all that Orville had been either killed or badly wounded was, it was thought, in a measure verified when a small group were seen lift-ing the unfortunate fellow on to the stage as if he were a corpse and carrying him behind the wings. In a few seconds afterwards the audience were greatly surprised to see Orville walk out to the centre of the

### THE HEIR TO BUSSIA. THAT BEAUTIFUL RIVER. How the Crown Prince Has Been Trained for His Future Work.

Grand Duke Nicholas was born May 18, CHAPTER I. 1868, at Czarskoe Selo [Czar's village], an imperial summer palace, fifteen miles south All the clocks of the great, thronged city of St. Petersburg, says Edna Dean Proctor in "St. Nicholae." This spacious palace stands upon the Neva bank, over two hun-dred feet above the 'water, and is Surlanged out the hour of midnight from their hoarse, brazen throats simultaneously, and as the last tremulous echo died away on the air, a human soul that had wasted its glorounded by extensive ground so perfectly kept that you can hardly find even a dead leaf upon the lawns. Crown princes have rious talents, and squandered its heritage of so much to learn that they must begin early and lose no time. Until his ninth eternity. And in the same moment of time a young year the education of the Grand Duke was superintended by Madame De Flotow, one fair, innocent girl, the dead man's only

unconciousness lasted, when Laurel Vane struggled up to her feet to push back with little, trembling hands the cloud of golden hair from her white brow, and stare with great, frightened, sombre eyes out into the trange, unknown future. What terrible temptation, what love and

sorrow and bitter despair that future held in its keeping for her was yet mercifully hidden from her sight by the thick curtain of mystery that ever hides to morrow from

our ourious eyes. The daughter of a genius, who had beclouded his gifted brain with the fumes of strong drink, and who had only written ceremonies taking place in the chapel of the Wirter Palace at St. Petersburg. As his brilliant articles under the stress of heir to the Russian throne he accompanied compaision, and to keep the wolf from the the Emperor and Empress to their recent door, the girl realized that she was left meeting with the sovereigns of Germany and Austria. In person the Prince is slight and delicately formed, with fair complexion alone and penniless, with not a friend to pity or protect her. It came over her sud denly, and a great thrill of horror, that her and auburn hair, and he usually wears a sailor costume, which suits his slender day, before that sudden illness laid its chilly, fatal hand upor him-must be carfigure. 'He is a member of the Preobraensky (Transfiguration) Guard, the famous ried to the publishing house and the money regiment founded by Peter the Great, and received therefor before she could bury her by birth he is attaman (chief) of all the dead

Her dead! She could scarcely realize that her fond, though erring father, the profound scholar, the erratic genius who Coseacks of the empire. It is his privilege to wear the uniform of any regiment he

had loved his little girl even while he had unpardonably neglected her, was gone from her for evermore. With trembling footsteps she glided to the room where the people

having robed him for the grave, had left him slope in the solard majesty of death. A terrible shudder a ok her frame as she beheld that sheeted something lying in stiff, rigid outline upon the narrow bed. great and small attempting to cross the Half frightened, she drew back the snowy border. He is now on his way to Bogota, the capital of the United States of Colom-white features, to whose pallid grace death white features, to whose pallid grace death

the capital of the United States of Colom-bia in South America, in company with a Freech nobleman, Count Charles de Wris-breach nobleman, Count who is about 50, took sick and he was laid up two months. Just as he was about to leave his bed, his secretary, M. Pasquay, stole a couple of thousand dollars from him and nas not since been found. The Count then came to the Falls where he remained some time and took a run over to Toronto. compassion.

the interview with the stern editor. No had somewhere read. They seemed to fit thought came to her that her first meeting with that august personage would be in a darker, more fateful hour than this, Where the lamps quive So far in the river With many a light From the window and casement, From garret to basement, She stood with amazement, The smart serving man who opened the

M Teefy

WHOLE NO 1,380 NO. 29.

Houseless by night.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she moaned,

make a honest living now your pa's dead,' she said, with a coarse, significant chuckle.

She hustled the visitor across the thresh

To her amazement she saw the rather

The quick instinct of purity took alarm in Laurel's breast. She drew back coldly

"I needed a friend this morning, but you

young man had seated himself.

meanwhile, with the coolest self-possession, Laurel looked at him with her great, wist-

"Do you really mean what you say?" she inquired, a faint ring of hope in her

dejected voice. "Yes I infer that your father has left

do anything like that well enough for any

Ross Powell's gray eyes sparkled wick-edty. He kept the lids drooped over them, that Laurel might not see their evil gleam.

"Oh, yes, you could !" he exclaimed. "I

know some one who wants a little house-

did not seem to remember it then," she

as he offered her his smooth white hand.

door stared at our simply clad hercine a little superciliously. He could not recog nize a lady apart from a fine dress.

"I wish to see Mr. Gordon, please, Laurel said, with quiet dignity. "Mr. Gordon is out, mem," was the distremblingly. "It were a thousand times better, papa, if I had died with you." The room door opened suddenly and

appointing reply. "Where is he gone? When will he come without warning, and Mrs. Groves genius in a reckless, dissipated life, was launched out on the great, shoreless tide of back?" exclaimed Laurel in pitcous disap-"Here's a young man asking for you, Miss Vane, P'r'aps he'll tell you how to

pointment. "He's gone into the country, and he won't be back until to morrow night," was

old, and, closing the door, stumped loudly down the passage, but returned in a moment on tip toe, to play she eavesdropper. The room was all in darkness save for

the gaslight that streamed through the open window. Laurel turned quickly to light her little lamp, wondering who her

despairingly. "I'm sure I don't know, mem," said the man impudently, and making an impatient move to shut the door in her face. visitor might be. good looking and bold eyed clerk she had met at the publishing house that morning. "Good evening, Miss Vane," he said, insinuatingly. "I ventured to call, think-ing you might need a friend."

He might have done so with impunity, for Laurel, gazing before her with dazed. despairing gaze, was for the moment incapable of speech or action; but at that moment a door opened sharply on the side of the hall, a swith of silk sounded softly,

and a clear, sweet voice inquired : "Who is that asking for papa, Charles ?" Charles opened the door and fell back obsequiously. A lovely blue-eyed girl, richly dressed, came toward Laurel.

did not seem to remember it then," she said, soathingly. "I-ah-oh, I was taken by surprise, then. I had not my wits about me," he stammered, disconcerted. "Pray, pardon my forgetfulness. I have been thinking about you all day, and wishing I could help up. Have to us and Decrement "I am Mr. Gordon's daughter. Is your business important ?" she inquired with girlish curiosity. She thought she had never seen anything

so sweet and sad as the dark, wistful eyes Laurel flashed upward to meet her gaze. you. Here is my card. Pray, command "Oh, yes, yes, it is very important," she faltered, incoherently. Perhaps you could --that is, if you would--"

my services." Laurel took the bit of gilt-edged pasteboard, and read the name written on it in smooth copper-plate. It was Miss Gordon smiled a little at the trip-"Ross Powell."

The

one else

ful, dark eyes.

ping speech, but not unkindly. "Come in. I will do what I can," she said, and led Laurel past the discomfited

Charles into a lovely little auteroom, with flowers and books and pictures, that made

it a little feminine paradise. She pushed a little cushioned blue satin chair toward Laurel. "Sit down and tell me what you want of capa," she said gently ; and Laurel's impul-

you without means of support, and I wish to offer you a good situation," Mr. Powell replied, suavely, with a sparkle in by held with a supervised of the state of sive heart went out in a great flood of gra-titude to this beautiful stranger who looked and spoke so sweetly. She grasped the back of the chair tightly. Towell replied, suavely, with a sparkle in his bold grey eyes. The girl clasped her little hands impul-sively together. Hope and fear struggled together on her fair young face. "But I don't know how to do anything," she oried, ingenuously. "I have never heap to school like other side. The strug with both hands, and turned her dark, beseeching syes on Miss Gordon's face.

" I have brought Mr. Vaue's manuscript for the magazine," she added. "He - my papa—is dead," she added, with a rush of bitter tears, "and we are so poor I must have the money to pay for his funeral." been to school like other girls. I've always kept papa's rooms and mended his clothes, and made my own dresses, but I couldn't

Instantly Beatrix Gordon drew out her dainty pearl portemonaie. "You poor child!" she said, compassionately. "What is the price of the article?"

Laurel namedic, and Miss Gordon counted the money out into the little trembling hand, and received the manuscript. "I am sorry Mr. Vane is dead," she said. "He was a very gifted writer. Has he left you all alone, my poor girl?" with gentle

would claim her promise.

"All alone," Laurel echoed, drearily. Then suddenly she saught Miss Gordon's hand, and covered it with tears and kisses. "You have been so kind and so noble to

CHAPTER II.

side, and gazed deep into her beautiful, me, that I will do anything on earth for wondering dark eyes.

keeper just like you, to keep two beautiful rooms in order as you did for your father. Will you come, Laurel ?" "Who is the person ?" she inquired, flushing sensitively at his familiar utterance of hername. Ross Powell moved his chair to Laurel's

closes in, and the struggle is ended and the feast begins. There is a tearing of flesh-a low growl of satisfaction-and it is scarcely five minutes before the last wolf has van ished from sight, leaving only the stains of blood on the grass for the vultures to look down on.

each other. Come quickly, dear. Have no fear but that Clarice will guide you will guide you safely to me. Your friend, " "BEATRIX Gondon." "Will you come, Miss Vane ?" asked the

Pretty maid, intelligently. "Xes," Laurel answered, hopefully, and so went forth to her future. (To be continued.)

THE WOLVES' BANQUET.

Alone on the Bleak Prairie and a Victim of the Horribie Fiends.

St. Paul Globe : A gaunt, shambling wolf which has been making erratic circles on the prairie suddenly stops, lifts his nose high above the grass, and snuffs the air in every direction. Hark !

A long-drawn howl-a sound which rasps on your nerves and brings a chill. The honest growl of the tiger would be music in comparison. It has no honest echo, but you hear the r.r.r.r sneaking across the balf-mile of prairie to find evil company in the thickets beyond. The echo is hardly lost in the pines

before it is caught up and sent back from a dozen throats, and a moment after a pack of wolves break cover and race across the grass to join the lone animal which sent forth the rallying call.

Skulking-malignant-devilish! There are beasts which will look you square in the face. The wolf never does. Restless eyes-uneasy bodies-lolling tongues-yel ow fange!

There they go ! The pack head across the prairie to the south, sniffing at the summer breeze as they run, and at each long leap their eyes grow fiercer and clots of foam fly from their red mouths to blotch the velvet grass. It is a trail they are following, and the scent is fresh. Come on !

It is a strange sight which meets our eyes. Lying stiff and stark on the prairie, fingers clutching the grass and a look of agony on the face already turning purple under the hot sun, is the body of a hunter. Dead? No need to ask that when you have seen the terrible hole in his breast, and the blood which has welled out and soaked the grass and changed the color of the flowers. His rifle lies at his side—his pack at his head. No accident? Perhaps yes-per-haps no. There is one who could tell us if could but speak. "Here dog !"

Lying beside the dead—rising quickly up as we approach—is the hunter's friend and companion-a grand old dog. He looks straight into our eyes. If we have come to bury the dead with kind hands it is well. If we have come to rob the master, beware! There is courage and fidelity and determi-

nation Hush ! The dog wheels about and faces the north. A sound has reached his ease which sets his eyes aflame and raises every hair on his back. Yelp | yelp | yelp | It is the wolves—the pack which picked up the trail he had mide on the text to the north his he had made as he went to the north in

earch of water. They're twenty to one, and the scent of the dead adds to their fierceness and daring, but as they advance to within ten paces of the dog every wolf comes to a stop. Stand-with his fore paws on the breast of the corpse, the dog growls a warning at each and every one before him. He could run away and save his life, but the base idea hever comes to him. He will fight the whole pack—he will die defending his dead !

The wolves huddle together for a moment, as if in consultation, and then they break up and form a circle about their victims. The dog wheels slowly, growling his wrath and muttering his defiance. Even now he could break through and escape, but he will not. Of a sudden the leader of the pack dashes at him, but he returns to the oircle, whipped, bleeding, vengeful. His place is filled by three companions, and for a moment the corpse is hidden from view and the uproar is frightful.

Grand old dog l They have tasted of his blood, but he has sent them crawling back. Placing his paws again on the breast of the dead, he growls defiance to the last. It is over ! At a signal the whole oirole

There is great country in search of it. excitement in this city and suburbs.

LATER .- The +trange animal that created such havoc in Farmer Leshner's hog pen this morning, and roused the whole section round about his farm is a Bengal tiger that escaped from S. H. Barrett's circus, now in this city. The circus men have sent a cage to the vicinity with a gang of keep. The tiger is now confined in an outhouse on Leshner's farm.

### HORRIBLE STORY,

Grave Desecration Confessed by a Dving Mun-Resuscitation of the Corpse in the Dissecting-Room.

A Springfield (Mass.) despatch savs: A strange story comes from Egremont, among the Berkehire hills, and the town and surrounding villages are in a state of great excitement. The story runs that Estelle Newman, about 30 years old, died in Egremont in 1878, and was buritd in the town cemetery and was forgotten. The sensation comes from the dying testimony of H. Worth Wright, in Connecticut, who is said to have confessed to his brother that he, being a student in the Albany Medical College, was present at the funeral with other students, lay in wait near the cemetery till the burial was over and the graveyard deserted, and then helped to disinter the body and carry it in a sack to the medical college. They at once went to work on it in the dissecting room. While on the table the body showed signs of life and the woman alive on their hands the authori-ties of the college had her taken to an insane asylum in Scoharie County, New This is the last Wright is said to York have known of her whereabouts. The woman's grave will probably be opened to see what the story amounts to.

### All the Way from Chicago.

Jonas G. Lamson, an old Illinois farmer, whose home is a few miles outside of Chicago, passed through this city yesterday on his way to Washington. He has journeyed in a buggy since last May from Chicago to his old home in Lawrence, Mass., visiting most of the chief cities between here and Chicago, and many important towns in the New England States. His buggy is hauled by a shaggy, brown Canadian pony, 24 years old, and the whole "outfit," buggy, horse, harness and man, had a rather seedy, patched up appearance. He claims to have travelled already about 3,000 miles since leaving Chicago, and after he gets to Washington he may extend his trip as far The Southern journey South as Florida. may depend very much on the state of his exchequer, for yesterday he said, inci-dentally, that his "funds were getting a little low," as he had spent \$100 since set-

ting out from Chicago. Mr. Lamson went out West to settle 35 years ago, and this is his first visit to the East since that time. He says he finds a considerable change in places and methods since he left Lawrence. His wife and children are looking after the farm while he is away .- N. Y. Herald

WHEN the Queen bagan to go to Scotland, and to use Holyrood, en route to Balmoral a great piece of ground was cut off at Holy rood to make a private garden for her, and although she is at that palace on an average about forty-eight hours a year, this garden is sedulously kept from the public, who are grumbling,

stage as if nothing had happened to him. He spoke a few words, expressing his deep regret that the accident had occurred.--Ottawa Free Press.

# AMERICAN FOOD PRODUCTS.

### Average Prices of Cereals, Potatoes and middle of next month. Cotton,

A Washington despatch says: The Department of Agriculture reports that the average price of corn is 36½ cents, the high-est being in Florida, 80 cents, the lowest in Nebraska, 18 cents. The average farm price of wheat is 65 cents a bushel against 91 cents last December. The average for home grown wheat in New England exceeds a doilar, in New York 85 cents, Pennsylvania 86. The average value of oats 18 cents, against 33 last December. The present value is the lowest ever reported by the department. The lowest State average is 19 cents, in Nebraska; the highest, 60 in was resuscitated by the students. Finding | Florida. The plautation price of cotton averages 9 to 9 1-3 cents a pound. The average farm price of the entire crop of potatoes is 40 cents a bushel. The lowest s 25 cents, in Michigan. The average in New York is 39 cents.

### All For the Circus.

An Arkansas literary society recently discussed the question: "Resolved, that a circus is superior to a district school as a orvilizing agent.' The circus packed the convention from the start. Only one orator got up to speak for the district school. He was the teacher, and the president fined him twice and then made him sit down. The fines were for calling Pompayeye Pompayee and saying there were more schools in Boston than in Little Rock, and he was made to sit down for uttering atheistic sentiments when he that " Root, bog or die" was to be denied found in the Bible. To crown his disgrace, in summing up, the president referred to his remarks as indicating to what a low state of knowledge and morals the habit of at:ending district school would bring a man. He then decided the question in favor of the circus, collected the fines from the unhappy pedagogue, and the society went out and spent the mousy for bread.-

### Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

THE fortune left by the Duke of Buceleuch to his youngest son-\$200,000-represents just about two months of an income which the Duke had enjoyed over sixty years. That left to his daughter, who married Cameron of Loobiel, represents six weeks' income, and that to the other daughters one month's income.

A Frenchman who recently died directed in his will that the sum of \$5,000 should Blaine man has got the solt end of the be given to the "wounded in the next war contract. with Germany."

French cheese makers realize from \$150 to \$200 per annum on each cow they keep.

"Laurel-blossom," as he poetically called fully. value was out open in his room in one of the hotels, the American, and \$600 in gold "Laurelthe hotels, the American, and your in going in Laurer-mosson, as he potness, cold Then she hurried away to bury her double way stolen and a few valuable rings. This her, alone and penniless in the hard, cold little thinking in what way Beatrix Gordon also was lost, as the thief was not caught. world. But she, his daughter, had nothing He then returned to the Falls where, being but tears and love for him now when he lay He theu returned to the Falls where, being afraid of more robberies and extortions, before her dead.

he was advised by the manager of the In a few hours they would carry him be was advised by the manager of the law nours they would carry in a sew nours they would carry in Bank of British North America and another away, her beloved, forever out of her sight, influential Toronto gentleman to consult but even those last few hours she could the Police Magistrate at the Falls. He did so, and for a few days Detective Wynn was torior and poor to give herself these last the orphan sat alone in the deepening twidetailed to look after him. He made up his mind Tom would have to accompany They spent a few weeks in Chicago, St. Louis, Jackson, Tenn., and Jackson, Miss. New Orleans, awaiting a corpse in the bouse, they said, unfeelingly. steamer for Colon, by way of Havana. They will cross the Isthmus of Panama to

presented herself at the editor's desk with little rooms entered abruptly. She was a the small roll of manuscript clasped tightly soarse, hard-featured creature, devoid of Aspenwall and then take the steamer again Detective Wynn will not be back till the sympathy or sensibility. She looked coldly The clerk stared almost rudely at the at the

young face from which she put aside the shielding veil with one timid hand.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has sent to the Archdeacons of Canterbury and Maidstone the following prayer for the

" Very sorry, but the editor isn't in. You

O Almghty Lord God, King of all kings, and Governor of all things, that sittest in the throne judging right: We commend to Thy fatherly goodness the men who through perils of war are serving thus nation, beseeching Thee to take into Thine of ark eyes brimmed over with quick

own hand both them and the cause wherein tears. their country sends them. Be Thou their "He "He-he cannot come-he is dead !" she

daugers, to glorify Thee, who art the only poverty, "I must have the money to bury until I can find work. I will be sure to him !'

to the advancement of Thy kingdom, the clerk, a little startled out of his cool-uess; "and you are his daughter?" "Yes. I am Laurel Vane."

"The editor doesn't come down to his office till noon. He always examines arti-is you don't leave quietly I'll have your cles and pays for them himself. Very trunk h'isted out on the sidewalk in a jiffy, cles and pays for them himself.

sorry your father is dead -a fine writer so there !" when he chose to take up the pen. Can I do anything else for you, Miss Vaue?" went on the bold-eyed young man, rather Laurel sank down with a low moan of terpitying her sorrow and timidity, inasmuch | ror upon the floor.

s she was fair to look upon. "If you will give me the address I will go to Mr. Gordon's private residence. 1 more of the wide world outside her cheap must have money without delay," she lodging house than a baby. She had lived answered, faintly. He scribbled the address on a card for

her, and after bowing her out in his most little rooms with untaught skill, meagerly killing air, he went back to tell the printers that old Vane had drunk himself to death at last, and left a devilish pretty little daughter without a penny."

Laurel Vane !" he added.

for his brow than a penniless daughter if go to-morrow when she was turned out he had not been so fond of his glass," said into the streets, of which she felt so horribly the printers, grimly. And this was Louis Vane's epitaph. afraid, and which her father had seldom

scious that the finger of fate was pointing the glare of the gaslight Laurel saw wicked men and ribald women tramping

below that the huge of the most success Mr. Gordon was one of the most success ful editors and publishers of the day, and the streets. To morrow night she would be out on the horrible pavements among them, with nowhere to go, and not a friend

Skin grafting has been proposed as a like a palace to Laurel's unaccustomed would murder her, these wolves of the been thinking of you all day, and of your asterile cap.

"The person is myself," he replied, in low lover-like tones. "I have fallen in "I have fallen in love with you, my beautiful little Laurel, and I want you to come and be my little fairy housekeeper. I will love and cherish

you as the darling of my heart.' Laurel regarded him a moment in blank

"Come in," said Laurel, faintly, in silence. There was a look of genuine peranswer to the sharp rap at the door. The cheap, plain funeral was over, and plexity on her innocent face. She spoke at length in a low, doubtful

tone. "Are you asking me to be your wife, light in the shabby little room, now invested sir"? was her naive question.

He flushed and looked rather abashed, at the innocent question.

with a wife yet, but it would be about the same thing. I would worship you, my beautiful Laurel, and you should have fine dresses and jewels, visit the theatres and whom Mr. Vane had rented the two shabby

t the weeping girl. "The rent's due to day, Miss Vane," she your adoring slave-"

"Stop, Ross Powell !" said roughly. " Have you got the money

Laurel silently counted over the con-

He sprung from his seat, and moving to her side attempted to take her hand. She the woman's greedy, outstretched hand. "Is that so? Then of course you'll not tore it from him and struck him an ignobe wanting the rooms any longer. I will trouble you to move out early in the morn-

cheek burned. ing, so's I may rent them to somebody else," exclaimed Mrs. Groves. open so suddenly that Mrs. Groves was dis-closed in the act of listening, but Laurel

Laurel sprang to her feet in dismay, a paid no need to her as she shuffled away, terr:fied look on her fair young face. orestfallen, and for once ashamed "Ob, madam, I have nowhere to go-so heiself.

soon I" she cried out pleadingly. Perhaps The flashing eyes of the girl seemed to wither the villain where he stood gazing sullenly upon her, with the red mark of pay you !" "I can't depend on no such uncertain

suilenty upon her, with the red mark of that frantic blow upon his face. "Go, Rose Powell," she said, pointing a disdainful finger at him. "Go, and may the good God in heaven punish you doubly and trebly for this dastardly outrage on an upprotected girl!" prospects," declared Mrs. Groves, unfeel-ingly. "I've got to be pretty certain where my money's coming from before I rent my rooms. So out you go in the morning, and

He slunk across the threshold like the base, evil-hearted coward that he was, but With this emphatic threat the rude landout in the narrow passage he turned and looked back at her with a malevolent glare

lady banged herself out of the room, and on his crimson-marked face. "You have made an enemy, Laurel Vane," he hissed. "I would have given

"She was no coward, reader, this forlorn you love and protection, but you have chosen my hatred instead. I shall not little herome of ours, but she knew scarcely forget you. I shall always remember that blow in my face, and I ehall ha in one poor place or another with her erratic father all her life, keeping their poor ve my

revenge for it. Look well to your future, my beautiful fury !" Laurel slammed and locked the door in the face of the angry wretch, and fell upon the floor again, giving vent to her outraged

feelings in a storm of passionate tears. But it seemed as though she were not "With a name as pretty as her face— aurel Vane!" he added. "He might have had a prouder laurel r his brow than a penniless daughter if the brow than a penniless daughter if the true was the shead do, and where she should the streets of which she felt so horribly the streets of which she felt so horribly the streets of which she felt so horribly the streets of which she felt so horribly

A smart, pretty girl was her visitor this

time "I am Miss Gordon's maid," said the

newcomer, and she slipped a perfumed little envelope into Laurel's hand.

Laurel opened it and read, with bewildered eyes:

" My dear LITTLE LAUREL,-I wish to see you very much, but there is a reason why I cannot come to you, so I have sent my maid, Clarice, to bring you to me. I have

# NEIVELLE'S NONSENSE.

The Wily Deception he Practised Upon Miss Whitney.

A Detroit despatch says : The bigamist Newbold's last pretence, the details of which have just come to light, show him to be a most brazen fraud. He represented to Miss Whitney that he was an English Lobleman owning 75,000 acres in Eugland, with an income of \$100,000 per year. He "Why, no, my dear, not exactly," he answered, regaining his self-possession in a moment. I don't wish to saddle myself with two children. He accounted for his then present appearance and occupation by saying that several years ago an intimate friend of his committed treason. He and operas, live in beautiful rooms; while I. | his sisters being the only witnesses against him had fled, assumed their present dis-"Stop, Ross Powell !" She had stood like one turned to stone, gazing and listening for a moment; but now her young voice rang like a clarion through the room; "Stop, Ross Powell !" doned, and would at once assume his title and take possession of his estate. She said this explanation would secure her father white member. Her eyes blazed, her it would be better for them to go at once beek burned. She cro-sed to the door, and threw it in their Euglish mansion.

### Corsets Made of Rark.

The bayaderes of India, who possess the most perfect figures of any women of any country on earth, have a much more healthful and charming device than any Europeans. Their corsets are formed out of the bark of the Madagascar tree, on a principle which permits them even freedom of movement in breathing and any form of exercise. These are wonderful productions of ingenuity. The color resembles the skin to a remarkable degree, and the material is so fine that the most delicate touch will hardly distinguish it from human flesh. Once made these corsets are seldom removed, the bayaderes even sleeping in them. They thus preserve astonishingly beautiful figures to an advanced age, without pain or discomfort to themselves, while we, who boast ourselves intellectual and civilized, torture without beautifying ourselves.

### Human Life in Scotland.

In Scotland they regard, as in England, ef as a good deal worse than murder. A the High Coart of Justiciary in Edin-burgh Lord Young condemned a man to two months' imprisonment for having knocked his wife down and kicked her to such an extent that she almost immediately died from lesion of the brain. The next prisoner was convicted of having stolen a atter containing two half sovereign's and sixty stamps. His sentence was five years' penal servitude. The moral of this is, kill your wife, but never commit the far greater crime of stealing a postage stamp.— London Truth.

The clock in Trinity Church tower, New York city, is the heaviest in America. It takes two men over an hour to wind it up.

Three thousand horses die each week in London. Their carcases are purchased by a company which delivers meat for cate and dogs to many thousands of oustomera. There are 700,000 cats in the city.

# supported by his neglected talent, and with not an idea of how to earn her own living Mr. Vane had educated her after his own desultory fashion, but not in a practical

permitted her to traverse alone. While Laurel directed her faltering steps to the editor's up town residence, all uncon-looked out. Night had falten, and under

the

ionable avenues of the great city looked in all the wide, wicked city. Perhaps they like a palace to Laurel's unaccustomed would murder her, these wolves of the

"A little beauty, if only she weren't so to pay it?" pale and tear-stained," was his mental Laurel

Maidstone the following prayer for the safety of British soldiers and sailors now on their way to the seat of war, with an expression of his wish that it may be used in the magazine. Can I have the money for it now?' she asked, falteringly.

shurches in his diocese :

tower of strength, that, armed with Thy answered in uneven tones, "and," flushing son I" she cried out pleadingly. Perhaps defence, they may be protected through all orimson in a sensitive shame at her own you will let me keep the one little room

giver of all victory. Grant also that we may evermore use Thy mercy to Thy glory,

the honor of our Sovereign; seeking always the deliverance of the oppressed, and, sa much as lieth in us, the good of all man-kind; through our only Lord and Saviour,

Prayer for Soldiers and Sailors

Jesus Christ. Amen. Stimulating Newspaper Circulation. A novel way to increase the list of subscribers has just been adopted by a French contemporary-the Gaucois. The proprie-

tors of this journal, so we are told. undertake to pay a sum of 5,000 france at the decease of any subscriber who may meet with his death on a railway or tramway, or by being run over by a vehicle in the street. A proportionate sum is paid for injuries received. All that is necessary

to produce is the last receipt of subscription. The Gaulois also pays compensation to any purchaser of a single copy, or his heirs, should he be injured or killed on the day on which the paper is bought.--

European Mail.

A Bridgeport, Conn., man agreed to eat A Bringeport, Conn. man agreed to cast two crows if Blaine was not elected, pro-vided his opponent would shoot them. The viot rious Demoorat has now been ranging the country for six days, has expended \$5 worth of ammunition and \$126 worth of

time, ruined a suit of clothes, got the rheumatism, is so tired and lame he can't sleep nights and hasn't bagged a crow yet. The boys are beginning to think that

"Ab, dead? Very sorry, I'm sure," said