

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

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THE JOB DEPARTMENT is completely stocked with all the NEW TYPE, thus affording facilities for turning out First-class work.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Head Office, Toronto.
G. P. REID,
Manager.

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Paid Up . . . 1,000,000
Reserve Fund . . . 600,000

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I am prepared to fill orders for good shingles.

CHARTER SMITH, DUREHAM FOUNDRYMAN

Maida's Secret.....

By the Author of—
“A Gipsy's Daughter,”
“Another Man's Wife,”
“A Heart's Bitterness,”
Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—Guy Hartleigh leaves England to find his long lost cousin in San Francisco. Maida Carrington, an actress in that city, is pestered by genteel loafers amongst whom is Caryl Wilton who proposes and is rejected. She learns the story of her mother's betrayal by Sir Richard Hartleigh. Sir Richard's child, Constance, whom Guy is seeking, dies, and Maida impersonates her and is taken to Hartleigh Hall, where she becomes the idol of the household. A fête is given in her honor at Vyner Castle during which it is suggested that she take part in some amateur theatrical. Mildred Thorpe, an unemployed American girl in London is exhausted by her fruitless efforts to obtain work. After securing an engagement as country church organist she is about to faint when she is assisted by Caryl Wilton who is struck by her likeness to Maida Carrington. He visits the Duke of Belmore at whose seat the amateur actors are disconcerted by the loss of their Romeo. He is persuaded to act as substitute.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

When they had left the stage a scene of the wildest description followed. The audience, held in breathless suspense until they had done, broke out into cheers and cries and old Sir Richard fairly wept with the joy of what his daughter had done.

And after that first struggle with herself she thought no more of the consequences, but played with all her heart and soul. It was a wonderful performance which she and Caryl Wilton gave that titled audience. She forgot, in the abandon of the true artist, that the handsome face, the deep musical voice, belonged to the one who could ruin her at a word, to the man she had sent from her with outstretched hand and eyes from which blazed that most terrible of things—a pure woman's anger.

She forgot everything until it was all over. Then she remembered what she had done, and realized what it meant. She saw it in the look on the face of the man who had led her before the footlights to receive the meed of applause which she had earned. And she knew now at what a price she had earned it.

If he had had any doubts before he had none now. He knew for a certainty that Constance Hartleigh and Maida Carrington were the same person. He knew she was the person who had so scornfully spurned his suit in that far away time when she was Maida Carrington. She saw it in his face.

Well, he might know it. What then? Could he prove it? Would he prove it? Had he fixed upon a price for his silence?
He said nothing to her, she nothing to him. He took her hand and led her off the stage. They met Lord Algy in the wings. Almost as white as herself, Algy was the first to speak.

He had stood leaning against the scene, watching her, the tears running down his pale cheeks, his lips quivering, his hands clasped, all his artistic nature moved to its greatest depths.

Even now the words came with difficulty, and he contented himself with bending low over her outstretched hand and kissing it with the reverence of a devotee toward his saint. Guy stood apart and moodily watched her with a grave and wistful look.

How could he ever hope to possess the love of this peerless creature? It seemed to him now distance lay before him, a vast distance lay between them. There had once been a question of his marrying her, though she might not be his equal. Was not the question now, as to whether he was her equal?

A vast, wide-stretching gulf seemed to yawn between them. He alone said no word of praise, while the rest, in an eager clamor, exclaimed and apostrophized.

Suddenly, in a little pause, as Maida sat fanning herself, and gradually coming back into her usual calm self-possession, came a thin, clear voice—that of Lady Gladys.
“And only think, this is her first appearance!”

It was a little thing to disturb the harmony or bring color to the pale face, but it did. There was a moment's pause in the clamor, a pause as of doubt, and all eyes were fixed on the downcast eyes, hidden by the white lids and long lashes.

“The first time! Is it not marvelous?” repeated Lady Gladys, turning from one to another, but keeping her sharp eyes on Maida.

Slowly the dark head was raised, but before she could speak a word, a voice, low and deep, said slowly, and with a sort of cutting emphasis which made it seem to mean more than it said:
“I do not think there is anything marvelous in it. An actress is born. You know yourself, Lady Gladys, that all the studying in the world will not make an actress where nature has been niggardly. Miss Hartleigh is evidently a born actress. And then I think we are losing sight of one who deserves more credit than he is likely to get—I mean Lord Algy, whose management has had a great deal to do with Miss Hartleigh's success.”

“Thanks, old fellow; but suppose you take some credit. I am sure Miss Hartleigh will agree with me that the performance owes a great deal to you.”

“Oh, I am beyond the reach of flattery, Algy,” retorted Caryl to Lord Algy, who had just spoken. “But Miss Hartleigh's performance really was wonderful—wonderful—wonderful, but dangerous.”

“Dangerous?” repeated several.

Caryl was standing, leaning indolently on the back of a chair, and he stroked his mustache with his fingers as his eye sought Maida's. She looked at him.

“Yes, dangerous,” he repeated. “You see, such a character is a strain even upon one who has learned endurance from long professional experience; how much more severe must the strain be upon a young lady who has undergone no such training. If I might advise Miss Hartleigh, I would say, Do not repeat it.”

There was an instant murmur of disapproval at this, but he seemed not to hear it, so intent was he in studying the face which had been turned toward the floor as he proceeded. Presently she looked up and straight into his eyes.

She knew that he had meant that it would be dangerous for her to again run the risk of being discovered as he had discovered her. She forced a quiet smile to her lips, and slowly, almost painfully answered: “I think I understand, Mr. Wilton. It is very good advice.”

“And if I might add to what I have said,” he went on, with a peculiar smile hovering about his lips, “it would be that Miss Hartleigh is in need of a rest.”

Ah, what Maida would have given if she could have slipped away to where she could commune alone with her thoughts. But that was denied to her, and she put as good a face as she could upon it, and permitted Lord Algy to lead her to the drawing-room, all dressed as she was as Juliet.

CHAPTER XV.

It was apparent at once that Maida was the bright particular star of the evening, for no sooner did she make her appearance in the drawing-room than she was surrounded by a throng of admiring people, each eager to do homage to the genius which had held them enthralled. She knew that she looked upon her as something above them, and removed from them by a touch of the divine.

And what did she know of herself? What had the last hour brought to her consciousness? Was it not that she might at any moment be hurled from her high place? Was it not that that rested with the whim of a man whether or not she should continue to hold the high place she had usurped?

But was that all that troubled her? Was it only that she might lose the good things of the world to which she had so accustomed herself that it had begun to seem as if they actually did belong to her?

Or, now that there was a witness of her falsehood, did it come to her more strongly than ever before that she was, in plain words, an impostor? She had a right to the love and admiration of the old man who drew her to his side with such a tender touch of his trembling hand. But had she a right to the humility with which he looked at her, as if begging her pardon for the liberty of loving her?

But he was her father, she told herself with an inward agony, the greater that it was hidden by a smiling face. And she wanted her love. She had never realized before that she needed some love—some pure and disinterested love. She was not, as she had been, cold and hard. Her life had seemed to have been imperceptibly changing her. She was confronted by a great danger. And what was the danger?

She had thought from the very first of her habit that what she would most dread would be the loss of the opportunity to avenge her mother's wrongs, and that the shame of an exposure would sting her. But now that the danger was at hand, what was it she dreaded most?

The exposure? Yes, that was something—a great deal; but, after all, it was the tender love care to which she had so unconsciously accustomed herself. She loved the old man—loved him at a child might—a father who had done her no wrong. She had promised to wrong him in return, it is true, and she had shaped all her actions to that end; but, come weal or woe, she promised herself that she would henceforth take all the love he could give her, and requite it in such kind that he would never let her be taken from him. What if he should die? He did not look strong. She noticed it more now than before. He was not what he had been when she came to him. Suppose he should die and the exposure should come afterward?

Then it flashed through her mind that safety lay in marrying Guy—good, noble Guy. But there again would Caryl Wilton let her marry Guy? And yet she would not play with that true heart, for her own salvation. And why? Because down in her heart she knew she did not love him, and could not love him.

He was her chance of safety and she was noble and good, and she might have him for the winning. Then there was Caryl Wilton, who was her threatening ruin. She knew him by reputation to be a rascal, a man of the world, base and indifferent. She believed he would stop at nothing to compel her to be his. Well, and what was he feeling for him?

What was it, indeed? Guy left them to call the carriage, and Maida stood listening to the regrets of the duchess and of the guests that she should leave them so soon. And who was there in all the brilliant throng who said apter or more witty things than she? And who was there who hid the anguish that she died?

Maida left the brilliant assemblage with a smile upon her lips and threw herself back among the luxurious cushions of the carriage, with a prayer that she might soon be alone with her agony.



STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AT TORONTO.

The statue to be erected in Queen's Park in front of the Parliament building, at Toronto, Ont., will be a worthy memorial of Queen Victoria. It is by the Italian sculptor Raggi, who has long been one of the foremost exponents of his art in England; he has lived for many years. The statue will be of bronze, a replica of one in Hong Kong. Her Majesty gave the sculptor a number of sittings, and warmly praised the result. The panels in bronze set into the granite base will represent scenes in Her Majesty's life.

As if Guy comprehended her wish, he said he would go with the driver, and so she had with her only the old man who so devotedly loved her.

She had had a fear all the time that she remained at the castle that Caryl would return to the drawing-room, even though she heard him say that he was going to retire. But when he did not come, and she was actually going away, she felt a certain relief, as if the inevitable struggle had been postponed.

“If I could only think calmly,” she said to herself, “if I could think away by myself, I could face the danger and estimate it. I may see my way yet. He shall not frighten me by a look.”

She leaned forward as the carriage drove out of the grounds, for she struck on her fevered face. As she gazed out into the starry darkness she saw a tall figure standing under the gloom of a tree.

It was a man and he had his hands in his pockets and he was smoking. And there was that in the poise of the figure and the very air which told her that it was Caryl Wilton, who had not gone to bed. He was out there, and he was thinking of her.

Oh, Heaven! Was there no escape from him? She felt back in the carriage with a little gasp of terror, and buried her face in her hands.

“My darling, my darling, my precious one!” cried Sir Richard, in alarm. “Is it more than fatigue? Is it—”

“It is nothing, father,” she answered, feverishly. “It is nothing at all. Father, has it ever seemed to you that I was not grateful for the love you give me? Has it ever seemed as if I did not love you enough in return? Tell me, father, dear.”

There was a surprising pleading in her voice and manner, and the old man, who had never seen her so before, was frightened.

“No, my darling,” he answered, reassuredly: “you have loved me more than I have deserved, but not more than I would give my life to have.”

“But I do love you, father. And I need your love. I need it, father. You understand that, don't you? If I ever seemed not to—be responsible, you will forget it, will you not, and think of me as I am now—as your loving daughter?”

She said this in a whisper, but it was all distinct enough to the old man, who even in the midst of his alarm could not but rejoice to hear her speak so.

He leaned forward and took her two hands in his, saying, tremulously:
“If you did but know, my darling, how happy you make me, you would be happy yourself.”

“I am happy!” she cried, almost wildly. “Why—why should I not be happy? I am happy, father.”

“You are tired to-night, dear, and you must be careful. You must not indulge in too much of this excitement.”

“No, no. I won't. I won't,” she said, patting his hand with a pathetic tenderness. “I will not play again. It does excite me. But—but it does not matter for this once, for if I had not been a little excited I might not have told you how I love you. You see, I needed you to know it, and that is why I told you. Oh, let me cry!”

“Do not mind. It will do me good.”

She sank back and sobbed and laughed and sobbed in a moment in mild hysterics. It was the first time she had ever done such a thing, and it told her how great the strain on her nervous system had been.

alone with her thoughts, just as on that first night she had been alone with them.

“Now let me face the situation,” she said to herself. “I am calmer now. I almost betrayed myself to the dear old man, but I do not mind. He knows I love him and he will be the happier for it. I am happier for having told him. Now let me think of this other. Let me think of the peril. What have I to fear from this man? What does he know?”

“What does he know? He knows I am Maida Carrington. Yes, well, what of that? That does not tell him that I am not also Constance Hartleigh. How should he know that I did not use another name as an incognito? How should he? Then, suppose he should attempt to expose me, what would I say? I would say that I had acted as Maida Carrington. Who could prove that I was not Constance Hartleigh?”

“Yes, yes. That seems easy enough; but is it all? Oh, I am not so calm. I am not. Well, well, be calm, then—be calm. Think as if it was the case of somebody else. Well it is somebody else, then. Maida Carrington! Oh, Heaven! they will know that the real Constance never was an actress. They could prove that. Maida Carrington was not Constance, for they had detectives on the track of the real Constance. Yes, yes; but did we not go wherever they went—my mother and I—where the mother and she went? Then why could I not say that I was Constance all the time. The places in the book by which I learned to play my part do correspond wonderfully with our own movements.”

“Well, well. Oh, no. I could not deceive that man, with his awful penetration, with his cold, searching eyes looking at me. And his power over me. No, no, he has no power. I was weary with the struggle. He is not the stronger. I will show him again, as I did in San Francisco. I drove him from me then. I was wrong then. Ah, but just Heaven! I was innocent then. What shall I do—what shall I do?”

“Do? I will wait. I will be strong. I will die doing it, but he shall not drive me, he shall not. And will he wish to? Shall I give it up? Shall I tell the old man that I am his daughter, but not the one he thinks? Give up? And for what? Would he not spurn me? Would not Guy, who loves me so passionately, shrink from me as from a leper? Oh, Heaven! what shall I do? Heaven! I call on Heaven! What shall I do? I shall fight it out to the bitter end! Oh, why, why was it not I who lay there where my sister lay that dreadful night?”

“But I did not, and am here to fight the battle with the right all against me. Well, I will fight!”

She threw herself down on the bed, all dressed as she was, as if she would let the matter rest there. And with her head buried in her hands, she went to sleep, murmuring, with the last rays of consciousness:
“I know he loves me.”

To be Continued.

NO DOUBT OF IT.

The inmates of a Yorkshire asylum were engaged in sawing wood, and the attendant thought that one old fellow was not working as hard as he might.

The old man had turned his saw upside down, with the teeth in the air, and was working away with the back of the tool.

Here, I say, called out the attendant, what are you doing? You'll never saw wood in that fashion. Turn the saw over.

The old fellow stopped and looked at the attendant contemptuously.

Did you ever try a saw this way? he asked.

No, of course I haven't.

Then he'd try noise, mon, was the rejoinder. I hev, and this is 't easiest.

HIS OWN BURGLARIES.

A professional burglar in Berlin found a new and original way of adding to the ordinary profits of his profession. After each burglary he sent a full account of it to the daily newspapers, and for this he received payment in the usual way. But he tried his plan once too often. The editor became suspicious and gave information to the police, who soon found how this amateur reporter was able to beat all rivals in the way of early information.

SOME CLEVER BURGLARS.

CRIMINALS WHO CONFESSED BEFORE THE CRIME.

They Gave the Police Every Chance of Catching Them.

The student of criminology is being perpetually confronted by problems that open out such new vistas of the complexity of the human brain that any theory that he might have formed seems destined to be overturned.

It would seem, indeed, as if some men become criminals simply and solely through the motive of showing an amazed world to what limits the originality of their methods will carry them.

A few years ago the superintendent of police of a large manufacturing town in England received an unsigned letter, telling him that the writer was going to commit an act of high-way robbery in such a street at such an hour, and inviting the whole of the police force to witness the outrage.

The police-superintendent, used, as all such men are to receiving hoaxes without number, took no notice of the letter, neither did he communicate the contents of it to any of his subordinates.

Strange to relate, a crime such as was unfolded in the anonymous note took place at the very hour and in the street mentioned. A respectable city merchant was robbed of everything he possessed in the most flagrant manner. Neither was there any clue forthcoming as to the identity of the footpad.

A few weeks passed by, and again the superintendent received an anonymous note, telling him that a crime would be committed in such a street at such a time. This time the officer did not intend to be deceived.

He communicated the letter to his subordinates, and a strong posse of police was concealed in the neighborhood of the expected outrage.

But strange to relate no outrage occurred. This time the letter was really a hoax. The sequel came out a few hours later, when it was discovered that a house on the other side of the town had been broken into and plundered by a burglar or burglars, who were never captured, but who had left a note in the dining-room of the burgled house which read as follows: “Keep your men at work, Mr. Superintendent! I reckon we've diddled you this time!”

A crime that was curiously coldly premeditated, occurred in France some time ago, which proves that the perpetrator of it must have been possessed of no ordinary share of calm vindictiveness.

Two workmen were in love with the same girl. The rejected suitor for her hand was madly incensed against the successful lover. For days his hatred smouldered. At last it broke into a flame.

The two men were standing with some other workmen at the gates of their factory, when suddenly the rejected workman turned to his fellow workmen.

“Comrades,” he cried, “Julius Lemaitre has stolen from me Annette Duret. I am going to kill him.” Then he turned to Lemaitre, and without another word plunged a knife he had drawn from his breast into the unfortunate man's heart.

The murderer then walked calmly away to the police station before his horrified companions had had time to realize to the full what had been done and gave himself up to justice.

One of the most daring robberies of modern times, and one the perpetrator of which was never apprehended, occurred in Paris about six years ago.

A jeweller in the Rue Capucine received a letter which was signed “Le Capitaine X,” which said that this gossamer mysterious “captain” was going to commit a burglary in the shop.

IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.
The letter concluded by saying it was written to give the jeweller every chance.

The jeweller took the letter, and dismissed the letter from his mind. On the day when “Le Capitaine X” had said he would put in an appearance the jeweller remembered the existence of the letter, and determined to be on his guard.

About one o'clock two men came into the shop, as complete contrasts as could be imagined, the one tall and elegantly dressed, the other short and dirty to the last degree.

The swell was evidently annoyed at the presence of the loafer, and showed his annoyance.

Suddenly the disreputable intruder leapt on to a show-case and began breaking the glass. In a moment the shop-keeper remembered the letter he had received, and cried for help. The police rushed in and the loafer was secured, having been frustrated in his attempt to get the show-case open.

He was bundled off, and obtained a short sentence of imprisonment. Then the jeweller began to make enquiries for the handsome stranger who had entered the shop at the same time as the vagabond.

He was nowhere to be found neither were a number of valuable trinkets which had been in another show case. Then the jeweller tumbled to the plot. It was a put-up job. The loafer and the swell had been in league. The tramp had diverted attention while the swell filled his pockets. The loafer was taxed with this, but of course swore his innocence, and the missing jewels were never recovered.

EVOLUTION OF MAN.

Mrs. Grout: Husbands are so different from other men!
Mrs. Snapper: I know it. I said to John last evening, How the wind blows! and he grunted and said: Did you ever know the wind to do anything else?
Mrs. Grout: That's just it. Before you were married to him he probably would have had no end of nice things to say in reply.

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ECCENTRIC ROBBERIES.

Extraordinary Reasons for Committing Burglaries.

In July of 1898 a man broke into the castle of Count Lamberg, near Englebert, Germany, and totally dispersed the burglar's loot to the value of \$10,000 that was lying about, decamped with a volume of Heine, two water-color sketches, and a photograph of Countess Lamberg. Although an expert burglar he seems to have followed a career of crime more from a love of the work than from any desire of gain, even ingaged, as in the foregoing instance, preferring some trifle to an article of considerable value.

When arrested he confessed to having committed in the course of the year no fewer than 398 burglaries, more for the love of exercising his skill than for the sake of booty, which almost always consisted of some insignificant article. Indeed, to such an extent did he carry his contempt for the money that he would give up some trifle to an article of considerable value.

Another member of the fraternity who may be said to work for love of the gentle art of burglary is a stylish young Parisian, who, though possessed of a fine villa in the suburbs of the French capital and an income of \$2,500, has such a weakness for house-breaking that without hesitation he risks both liberty and reputation for the excitement that his nefarious pleasure affords. Not long since he fell into the hands of the police and was sentenced to a period of imprisonment.

Charles Peace, though not disdaining the more solid rewards of his profession, had an especial

FONDNESS FOR VIOLINS.

of which he owned a valuable collection that had been feloniously acquired. His prototype seems to have been one Kletl, an Austrian, who, at his death in the early thirties, was found to be in possession of some thirty violins—many of them of considerable value—the proceeds of the sale of which were expended in his own and other countries.

Ten years ago the house of a lady living in the neighborhood of Liverpool was broken into. The room had been ransacked, but a thorough investigation proved that nothing had been carried off save a culinary receipt. This pointed to a certain gourmet, an old acquaintance, who had repeatedly asked for and been refused this very recipe. The epicure ultimately confessed to the theft, was forgiven, and within the year married to the lady he had robbed.

Two years since, during a discussion in the billiard-room of a country house in England upon crime and criminals, a gentleman present boasted that he could emulate the exploits of the most expert of the house-breaking fraternity. The others pooh-poohed his assertion, and a wager resulting, he was required that night to enter a neighboring mansion and take therefrom a certain photograph that stood in the owner's bedroom. In the result he successfully accomplished his task and won the bet. The photograph was returned anonymously the following day.

Last autumn a merchant from Nantes, while visiting the Eiffel Tower, was robbed of his purse containing a large sum of money. This act affected his brain, and he promptly set about indemnifying himself for the loss by stealing every model of the tower on which he could lay his hands. He was at last arrested while in pursuit of his hobby in a shop on the Boulevard Voltaire, and on his rooms being searched no fewer than fifty models of the Eiffel Tower were found stowed away in boxes and cupboards.

HYPNOTISED THE HORSE.

Buyer: Look here, you! You