Tried to Swalper Clipping

IS CASE AWAY. Sept. 27.-Detec-McDonald, of the an important arthe capture on inracuse of a man of Robert C. Edrk. The Syracuse

ord that a man forth of dental al office in that t for him. ptured in a pawnet of disposing of n the way to the ras caught in the llow a newspaper ribes the digging Malden, Mass., of rested there for 15th. Edwards.

ted that he was

but of jail.

ound Guilty

WE IN COURT. 6.-Joseph Ern-

as been on trial en's Bench for charge of mure, a respectable whom he was afternoon dejury, and senmet to be hangjail on October hade a big fight off, on a plea of

ul scene in court announced. The sister and brothching his interand they had he worst would rder while tem-

fell in a swoon let, and the sisfrom the court announced that nounce sentence. asked if he had e did not reply placed the black and pronounced profound silence rt-room. When de fate, the conown, and had to t by the guards.

WILL ilis Wife With a

27.- This after-

Secretary Corffice of the prored the will of or probate. The of the will wing as my last hereby revoking e, Ida S. McKinmy real estate,

d the income of rty of which eath, during her e the following property, both pay my mother ousand dollars leath said sum Helen McKinm the property

eep my wife in I direct that e sold so as to for both porerty remains at t I give to my share and share s that my wife,

have all that mfort and pleamother shall be ver money she r old age com-

SETTLES.

ay Credits Pro-Hother.

the World cormt the compoankruptcy Court Eliester's debts ry was provid-

father-in-law. but by the owager Duchhe transaction a by Mr. Holpartner of the e brother, Fer-

e hopelessness r. Zimmerman ry money that nt to the rese agreement ke's creditors

less and the staying at ndsor, where to the young rly in October.

O HANG.

Sentenced to er 12th.

27.-E and J. ans who were der of Grocer ve Fitzgeraid be hanged on

Foreign Minke more vigoron for the supe incitement to

A few years ago Blue Ribbon Ceylor Jea was unknown, today it is a household word. Why?

The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

"What do they want? What urges, gathering courage from his siought I to do?" Gillian says, breath- lence. ing fast. "I have no one to advise George is silent because, in fact, he me, you see. I haven't many friends. is dumbfounded by the suspicion,

may, so terrified by a sense of its | him with shame and mortification at own ignorance and helplessness as his own absurd mistake. to have for the time forgotten every "Why do you couple Anne and me suggestion of the other womanly together in that manner?" he asks,

yourself be persuaded or coaxed or imagined!" he adds, sharply. coerced by nobody into act- "Why, are not you and Anneness lie in the way you are per- answer. good. At any rate, I can't advise "no, indeed! Who told you we you any further," he adds abrupt- were?" ly and agitatedly. "I feel I have! "Nobody," falters Gillian, burnin this matter; only you are so and dreadfully ashamed. hold my tongue."

"How am I over-trustful and gen- "So we are," answers George, erous?" Gillian says, honestly puz- cordially. "I have the greatest re- be spoiled!" she continues. "We are position and a gentle heart. But one zied. "Lady Damer said that, too. gard for and respect for Anne, and to have our luncheon at Ceimanech, And-why cannot you and Anne be she is as kind as a sister to me; and then, after a rest, we are to go | times." friends, if I wish it?"

your friend, with honor? I told you the long, green, crisp leaves. .

he has told her at the same time, Miss Deane.' to draw her hands away.

But George is feeling rather miserhe is enduring.

"I told you before that we couldn't | impulsive girl?" you see him !"

before her, looking down from his laugh, though his tones are bitter. height and strength on her slim girlishness, in her clinging white gown quickly, looking up at him for a moand short-cut locks of bright brown | ment. hair, and Gillian resolutely takes her

little, and biting her lips nervously. the smile fading instantly. "I have bye, again." wanted to tell you this since yester- But Gillian, keeping back her little day morning, and I was unwilling to hands in childish fashion, looks up intrude myself either into your soci- at him through the golden twilight cty or your confidence. I will say with shy, radiant eyes. good-bye to you now, and I will go; "What was your mistake?" and it is not likely you and I will persists gayly, with a glad tremor in refused my invitation to the picnic, meet often during your visit at her tones. "It couldn't be worse and kindly informed us we could use Mount Ossory. I never visit here, as than mine -now, could it? And Darragh Castle for our dance and ingly at the changing expression of ant deeds. I told you. I have no right to be here | if, now that neither of us are mis- supper in the evening as he "would | the face which is kept now a little now. The hostess never invites me, taken, and that I might make you not be at home.' Did any one ever averted, with eyes studiously bent on and the host is not master in his own a bona-fide offer of what I offered hear anything so exquisitely hospit-

such friends as I choose?" Gillian | too proud to ever accept it from me?" says, quickly, rather surprising George for the second and third time in a half whisper, his heart beating by an evidence of a latent will, and fast as hers, his face paling as hers courage, and resolution which ex- blushes, the fire of his blue eyes burnists somewhere in the girl's unformed | ing down into the liquid radiance of character. "Lady Damer is not than is due from a visitor to her

"But I may not class myself laugh amongst the friends who visit you, Miss Deane. I told you that before, his once more; "I should want much and you will soon see for yourself," more than your money before I ac-George says, smiling faintly. "Will cepted it!" you think of what I have said? It !

any way. ness, I am sure," she says, with a away through the darkling lanes arrived other guests, and after a quick, upward glance of her dark, and lonely woodlands from Mount fair and agreeable arrangement of sunlight. appealing eyes, "but you have made Ossory, as if he had been guilty of a seats, the cart of big laden hampers me very miserable. I shall not be crime, and had stabbed fair Gillian is driven off by two men servants, your friend so highly," she says in a we reached the house. I expected to dled horses are always kept ready able to feel I have one friend here." amongst the flowers, instead of and the picnic guests in barouches and low voice, sweet with gratitude, as see a masculine-looking woman, with in front of my office, not only for urges: "I will be your friend in dox, and to hide those tell-tale crimany way that lies in my power. son marks on the soft, warm little You may always command me, and arm. trust me to serve you if occasion should arise; more, I cannot do. I cannot attempt to befriend you or advise you."

"Can't you?" she asks, with a sigh of bitter disappointment, and her fingers begin anew to twist about the filmy green-white clema-

"Well, I can ask Anne, and Anne | twilight. can ask you," she says, falteringly, "when I want to be advised. Anne is so clever and sensible, and then, in that way, you and Anne can be friends with me. I meant we should be very good friends," she half-whispered with a pitiful little sml'e; "and Anne's harp. . when you told me you were poor, I thought I should like-if you wished riedly, starting up and keeping well up that long, narrow, loneiy road thought I should like if you wished in the shadow of the window curtains. leading to the village, to scarcely and ghastly bleached boulders like the exact time when I will return. If I City Journal notes that "Hon. J. B. quite my own in two years' time— He had to go away, he said, Mr. notice who it is that has spoken skeletons of giant corpses washed in am late, no matter what business Fugate, at Wellington. advertised in if it would be useful to you-and Damer. He said he could not wait to her. Anne! I said something to Anne about | and he went out-oh, some time ago." it yesterday, when we were having a long chat," Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat," Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat, "Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat," Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat, "Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat," Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat, "Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat," Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat, "Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat," Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat, "Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat," Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat, "Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat," Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat, "Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat," Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat, "Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat," Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat, "Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat," Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat, "Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat," Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat, "Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat," Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat, "Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat," Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat, "Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat," Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat, "Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat," Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat, "Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat," Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat, "Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat," Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat, "Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat," Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat, "Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat," Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat, "Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat," Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat, "Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat," Gillian says, timidly smil- long chat, "Gillian says, timid says, timi long chat," Gillian says, timidly smil- says, too incensed and disappointed watching her with a keen side sheer from the black depths beneath. cred that I do love her, and that ing, "and she was not displeased; she to care if even Gillian perceives his glance. thanked me, though she did not prom- thoughts. "George is a disgrace to glance.

Couldn't you advise me what I ought gathering certainty with each instant, that reveals to him all that The childish heart is so full of dis- has puzzled him, that overwhelms

hurriedly. "Anne would much rather "How can I be your friend?" he you didn't!" he adds, with a short asks, almost sternly, in his agita- laugh. "Anne's fortunes and mine are tion. "How can I advise you, except not bound up together in any way, to tell you to trust nobody-to let | whatever you have been told or have

ing contrary to your conscience lovers?" Gillian asks, staring at and your heart's desires. If-if him, and waiting with parted lips your wishes and desires and happi- and pausing heart auxiously for his

acted a sort of under-handed game ing crimson to the tips of her ears, young and innocent and friendless thought-I fancied-you were, from -pardon my saying so-so over- the first moment I met you," she trustful and generous, that I adds, meaningly, and looking at him thought it was less cowardly and resolutely despite her confusion. "I cruel to warn you than to simply was sure you were attached to each other."

"I quite agree with Lady Damer | more than friendship between us." In that assertion, and at all events," | "You are sure?" Gillian asks, in a dance in their barn, with Irish fidhe says, briefly-"you certainly do very low, clear, quiet voice, as she dlers and pipers, and show our little require a leaven of worldly prudence partly turns her face away, and cousin"-with her hand on Gillian's pleasantly. "This is your first atand hardness in your disposition. For stoops to smell the verbena, thrust- head again-"some of our rustic your second question, how can I be | ing her hot, soft cheeks in amongst | galeties."

"Quite sure!" George says curt-Gillian remembers something else ly, but laughing. "Well, good-bye, and the light in his blue eyes, as he | Gilian half turns around, keeping | with a shrug of his shoulders. told her that friendship between her hand which supports her head don't know how you're going to get them was impossible and she tries partly shielding her face-that and us all over the hills after our lunch. the flowers and leaves.

able and savage, and reckless, at his me?" she says, unsteadily, with a he adds, with a chuckle. "James own course of painful plain dealing, little quivering laugh. "Mad or ri- Damer is seventeen stone and I'm and as a natural consequence does | diculous, I am sure, I was mistaken, | fourteen odd. Think of us, my dear," not shrink from making the girl suf- so absurdly, it seems. I am very much he says to Gillian, "two fat old telfer a little of the pain and discomfort ashamed. I hope you don't mind or lows climbing a mountain to get a think me worse than a very silly, dinner, and then climbing another

be friends," he says, roughly. "You | "I think you a very generous and I'll be reckoned among the missin don't want me to keep on saying it? | warm-hearted girl, who has more if I'm not among the slain at your I suppose, though you are young and | money than she knows what to do | festivities." innocent, you are not such a little | with," George says, rather coldly. baa-lamb as not to know a wolf when | "I am very grateful for your think-There is a certain suggestiveness though it was all a mistake and a his liege lady's cold, keen eyes that in the sudden gleam of his eyes and far worse one than you have any he fairly winces. the smile around his lips, as he stands idea of," he says, bursting into a "How was that?" Gillian asks

"Ah-that I can't tell you," he hands away from him, trembling a says briefly. "It was a worse mistake than yours, Miss Deane. Now, "And now I must go, Miss Deane," if you will pardon my leaving you he says, drawing a long breath, and abruptly, I would rather go-good-

to Anne and you in my ridiculous "But, surely I may sometimes see | mistake, could you, or would you, be "I am afraid I should," George says

"I am afraid I should be covetous should give her any more obedience and greedy-Irishmen are, they say." lavin people, Bingham. Sir James and hole of a country village-with nothpeats, with her glad little trembling | things !"

"Yes," he says, with her hands in

And then he stoops his broad has been hard to say it, and I shoulders and his fair head, and kisses giveness if I have offended you in fair arm under the lisse pleatings, onetcy, and two of his daughters- able him to surpass me easily in any As we proceeded, he remarked: "You have meant nothing but kind- out of the room, out of the house, bays, and quickly following them | And then Gillian looks up at him "No, don't say that!" George leaving her to ponder over a para- wagonettes set off towards Slieve- is the radiance of the fair face de- a savage face and a harsh voice; but myself, but for all my courtiers and

> room-it having taken that worthy levels of the landscape, but which slowly. to take off one coat and put on an castle far to the right. other-she is hiding those tell-tale alone with the treasure of her new-

"Where on the face of the earth the slope behind very plainly. is George?" Mr Damer demands, af-

few minutes?"

CHAPTER XII.

"What do you think of the weather, Mr. Damer?" Lady Jeannette condescends to ask her wedded lord. "Think of the weather, my dear?" Mr. Damer answers with alacrity, being so honored. "Why-upon my honor-I don't know what to think. I'm afraid the fine weather has lasted a little too long."

"Gracious!" Lady Jeannette says, with a supercilious little grimace. "What am I to make of that oracular sentence? Bingham, what do you

"I think your picnic will have the floating clouds, Captain Lacy adusual fate of picnics, Aunt Jeannette," Captain Lacy says, coolly. "A delusively-fine beginning, ending in torrents of rain and incipient rheumatics. However, if we all take our to test the direction of her thoughts;

Punch, we shan't be disappointed." take."
"You bird of ill-omen," her ladyship "So I says, dropping her eye-glass, with which she has been surveying the like him.' appearance of air, earth and sky, it sighted. She finds it useful, and the eral minutes more in silence. play of her gold-rimmed glasses is capable of much, and rather pretty "more innings for George, because

and piquant in expressiveness. "And what does our pat think?" her ladyship continues with her sweetest smile, laying her long, bony, white hand, with its diamond rings, on Gillian's head.

"I think just what everybody else thinks," Gillian says, blushing uncomfortably, and trying to shrink away from the touch of Lady Damer's hand. These sugared words, and bland

smile, and absurdly caressing epithets, which are bestowed in unlimited measure on Gillian by her hostess, have only the result of possessing the girl of an ungrateful aversion to Lady Damer's voice, smile and touch; her influence, authority and presence.

"Think what I think, Miss Deane?" suaded to go, then so far well and "Lovers!" he exclaims, angrily, ity. "Ill carry your mackintosh and plainly; you are practicing a conwith my waterproof camp-sheet as word," he says, quietly. well I trust you and I at least will be comfortable at the picnic."

"You are two impertinent creatures!" Lady Damer says, with her offended tone. sharp laugh, showing her long, bluishwhite teeth.

Captain Lacy in one fashion or an-

but there is not an idea of anything up over the hill to Clenemal, to the Mahon's farm, and have tea and a

"Yes, faith, and have Mahon expectin' a reduction of ten per cent. on this half year's rent on strength of it!" Mr. Damer says eon, my lady. Speaking for my "What must you have thought of cousin James and myself, anyhow,"

to favor us with an improvement heads. of the programme since you disapprove?" she says, icily. "Oh, faith, no! I wash my hands | may.

of it altogether!" Mr. Damer says, ! rather shortly and resentfully. "You | "It always rains at Ceimanech, exrejected my programme altogether, cept on three days of the year, peo-

cooly. "It was your favorite, er and I came here to fish. Mr. George Archer, who overthrew | "Have you been often here?" Gilagreeable bluntness and frankness he | ened interest in eyes and voice. able and courteous as that!"

And Lady Jeannette laughs, very shrilly indeed.

hospitable and discourteous," she says, quietly. "Wasn't it?" Lady Damer says, laughing again. "Here come the Dun- low like him should be buried in a henpecked husband," said Col. Rimple

branches," Mr. Damer mutters, dis-

respectfully. " 'Pon my conscience, if | face now. I had four old-maid daughters, as poor melancholy mad!" Presently the "Dunlavin people"-as Lady Jeannette calls Sir James | "George is nearly as poor as I am,

twice, thrice over, and then dashes drive up in a wagonette and pair of career. na-Mor. They travel by a circuitous licately carmine, flushed, delicately I was introduced to a little, meek- personal attendants. A long time afterward, when the beautiful glens and rivers ly-Mr. Damer returns to the ing away to the left on the lower again, just shrugs his shoulders the library smoking, I remarked;

gentleman three-quarters of an hour leaves Darragh and its gray old Not so far, however, but as they marks still, with her happy tears, wind around the base of the mount- first, and on my honor, I believe his that I ever saw a gentler woman pecially a sovereign who is a solains they can see the little white blue eyes and broad shoulders will than your wife." found, glad, sweet hope in the happy walled cabins of the village and the win the stakes after all.! This pretty "No, sir. I have not misled you. Gen- well prepared for an emergency as gray castellated old barracks on little soft-hearted fool has fallen in the strongest hold. It is a soldier on the field of battle

"That is Darragh Castle, where ter a searching glance into every George Archer lives," Capt. Lacy corner of the room, up on the win- says to Gillian, as they drive past dow sill and into the recess behind the crossroads in the barouche.

eft alone with a pretty girl for a lian adds, with a sudden flush and mist, like the smoke of a giant cala scornful little smile.

It is horribly welrd, horribly enl-Lacy watches her intently for several minutes in silence, noticing dron-lke dimpling, rippling stealthily how those wistful eyes gaze down in its shadowy hollow, under the back at Darragh, until the pitchy-black precipice and the fancarriages draw up at the foot of tastic rising and falling clouds of the green slope where their mist. water, filling the air ever and anon when they are toiling up the with a weird, wailing, hissing cry. slopes amidst the moss-grown granthe rising wind rushes over the ite bowlders, sparkling with mica, crater-shaped hollow, and wails and moans as it tries to escape from and the furse and bracken, with the grand purple, heathery crags of the fastness of the precipitous Slieve-na-Mor above their heads, darkly defined against the dazzling blue of the sky and the snow-white

dresses Gillian again. "That George Archer could be discourteous or inhospitable I can scarcely believe," he says abruptly,

umbrellas, like the contented man in "there must have been some mis-"So I thought," Gillian says simply;

"but I know Lady Damar does not Captain Lacy has found his test so being one of her dainty affectations satisfactory that he strokes his to imply that she is very short- long, soft brown mustache for sev-"I thought so," he says mentally;

> men are!" "It is bad policy of any one to show dislike, even though they may not be able to avoid feeling it," he observes, sententiously.

Aunt Jeannette will display her

spite toward him! What fools wo-

"I hate policy!" Gillian says, curtly. Captain Lacy strokes his mustache again, and raises his eyebrows. "It is very needful, however," he says, calmly. "You yourself may be practicing policy at this moment Miss Deane."

"How so?" Gillian asks, rather sharply, but smiling. "You may be wishing me a hundred miles off and some one else in my place beside you, but you are too Captain Lacy says, with mock grav- kind and courteous to tell me so umbrella along with my own; and siderate policy toward me, in a

> "What reason have I given you to imagine that?" Gillian demands, angrily, blushing, and speaking in a cold,

"Very little reason-none at all, I might say," he replies, gently, and She is always "pairing" Gillian and his voice is as soft as a woman's, modulated and persuasive. "Your considerate policy is only from the "But it will be too bad if our day dictates of a naturally kind dislearns a thing intuitively some

Gillian is silent, vaguely understanding the gently-spoken reproach. "How do you like mountain climbyour last."

don't find it so very arduous an un- "It's a warming drink brewed by the is as easily located, and the dia-

emphatic shake of his head. "Do you eyes piously, and remarks with unc- floor. Once-in my salad days-I consee those snow white clouds all gath- tion, "May the blessing uv Hivven | fiscated a pair of such shoes, and as ering over that dark hollow to the rist on the howly min that brewed | they fit neatly kept them for my right ?" te have a dance. Troth, my lady, Gillian asks, with a little shoulder. adds, "And the devil take the blay- shoe. Why, it might have crippled "That is 'Ceimanech'-Lough Cei- guard that invinted the glass."

manech-'the path of the deer,'" he says, "and those clouds are coming And for this frolicsome speech down to empty themselves into Celm-Mr. Damer receives such a scathing anech. It's a favorite trick of theirs, ing so kindly of me in any case, flash of impatient contempt from Miss Deane. And as we wretched picnickers shall be seated on the shores of the lake, the clouds, of "Perhaps you will be good enough course, will empty themselves on our

"You are sure it will rain?" Gillian asks, with a little amused dis

"Sure!" he repeats, tragically. ple say. On those days I did not hap-"You are inaccurate, as usual, my pen to come, I suppose. It always dear Mr. Damer," her ladyship says, rained torrents when George Arch- children out of Lucknow or die wi'

your programme. With his usual lian asks, looking up with a quicksmiling, whilst he glances scrutiniz- North-pledging themselves to valithe mosses and scrubby heather at | ? her feet. "I've been here with him on] his geologic expeditions-right across the mountains indeed. There isn't a | + And Gillian looks up, with kindling | foot of this range out to Glenemal but George knows," he says, with | I amount of sound geologic knowledge and mineralogic knowledge as well. It is a great pity a clever fel- that excites my sympathy it is a

> in the absorbed, downcast, listening carelessly. "It is a great pity?" "It is, indeed," he assents cordially.

> with a swift light, and a smile like

"So much for my lady's schemes and plans!" he says to himself. "I knew

love with him, as sure as--" he says, suddenly, as they reach the type of henpecking women, for she countries, one can never be too ridge of the ascent, and Cilian sees at | isn't. Why, sir, if my wife were a | cautious or too well prepared." the foot of the precipitous green scold I would get mad and leave slope below a dark, crater-like hol- the house, but as it is I am dis-"Oh, yes, I know," she says, quiet- low, accessible only on one side where armed. "Oh, he is gone," Gillian says hur- ly, too wistfully intent on gazing the black, sullen, lapping water "When I leave home my wife al-

ward man" was "clamorous." Janet accordingly went to the "press," and placed on the table country refresh-

"It

ments, bread, milk, etc., and seating her visitors to fall on. They soon cleared the board, and the minister it was the miracle of the loaves and places to avoid fishes." "And have ye pondered the subject during the week, Janet ?" in them often.) "Deed I have; an' I'm thinkin' the noo that gin you and the elder had

sae mony baskets fu' !"

And through the mist above the

is awful, terrible!" Gillian

shuddering and growing

deadty pale. "It is a fearful place,

which I shall dream of at night!

a childlike motion of nervous ter-

"Everything else was so beauti-

ful-I was enjoying everything

but this place looks like an awful

yawning grave-it looks as if i

(To be continued.)

In a country parish in Scotland the

minister and the ruling elder went

ioner on a "catatecheesing," and the

walk being a long one their appetites

were pretty keen when they arrived.

Before commencing the serious busi-

ness they suggested that the "in-

o' the Tweed

were the portals of hell!"

Frae North

at a hotel for the purpose of having | ney. a drink, and he proposed to the car man that he should have one also. ing?" he says the next minute, The resolution having been carried tempt, isn't it? I hope that you tion took place: "What will you have, secret goods in any of those places won't decide to-day that it shall be Pat?" "Faith, what's yer anner and not expect him to find them air delicious and the view is splendid. fit of the poor." "Indade, sor! Oi'll the place of literature is a familiar, I never saw anything like it before." | take that same, too." The Chart- find. The plane often yields a fair "Miss Deane, 'the Ides of March' reuse was brought in liqueur glasses. harvest, and the shoes worn the have come, but they have not yet Pat, having emptied his glass and day before, left standing at right

The 93rd was drawn up in quarter-distance column on the extreme left of the line as Colin Campbell rode down to review his forces that November afternoon. It was in full Highland costume, with kilts and bonnets, and wind-blown plumes. Campbell's Celtic blood kindled when he reached the Highlanders. "Ninetythird!" he said, "you are my own lads; I rely on you to do the work." And a voice from the ranks in broadest Doric answered: "Ay, ay, Sir Colin, ye ken us and we ken you; we'll bring the women and ye in the attempt." And then from the steady ranks of the Highlanders there broke a shout, sudden and "Several times," he says, coldly ant men-the men of the hardy

WAS HENPECKED

"If there is a man in this world "Covetous and greedy?" she re- some of his daughters, poor, dear ing but a land agent's duties and to a New York Telegraph man. "Some salary to look forward to in life." | time ago my friend Amelton invited "I hope they're the younger There is no coldness or indifference me to go home with him. I promised, book, "The Life of Abdur Rehman, provided he would wait until I trans-"And he has no prospects of any- acted a certain piece of business. He James Damer has, I think I'd grow thing better?" she asks, very, very agreed reluctantly, saying that he promised his wife that he would be without delay in case of emergency. home at a certain hour. After I fintrust to your discretion and for her hand, kisses the soft little pinky Damer, the present owner of the bar- but his abilities which would en- ished my business I accompanied him.

"'Rumple, I am the worst henpecked | bread is changed every day. man in town. That's why I am in such

"You are very generous to praise | "I was very much disappointed when | within reach of my hand, and sad-

She Was Very Gentle. " 'Sıy, didn't you mislead me about

her gentleness that knocks me. Don't | though my country is, perhaps, more "There is Ceimanech, Miss Deane !" | think that the scold is the worst | peaceful and safe than many other

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that I am sometimes afraid people I wish we had not come here," she think I am abusing her,

HALL & RUCKEL Non York.

says, shivering again, and drawing A Despairing Flounce. back from the mountain ridge with "She has a way of sighing and turning over in bed with a kind of despairing flounce, and instead of asking me, as is her custom, if I have locked all the doors, she slides out of bed with a suppressed "Oh, me!" and goes on a tour of inspection. Every time she quiets down I try to convince her that she is wrong and that I do love her, but just as soon as I say a word she breaks out afresh, and turns over with another despairing flounce. Next morning she gets up before I awake. When I get up I find her at the breakfast table, with swollen eyes and an expression of such unutterable sadness that I feel like kicking myself. That is what I call the worst kind of henpecking, and don't misunderstand me when I say a man doesn't want more than over the muir to visit an old parishtwo such sieges a month."

> 4++4+++++++++++++++++++++++++ SECRETS OF A BURGLAR.

Chicago Record-Herald.

*************************** "It isn't up to me," said the reherself at a little distance, requested | tired burglar, "to tell where to hide your valuables so that you cannot remarked, "Now, Janet, we begin the have them stolen, but I can tell serious business. Do you remember you where not to hide them, and the text last Sunday, Janet ?" "Deed, save you lots of trouble in giving ay," replied Janet; "I mind it weel- | them up. Here is a list of hiding Grandfather's clock. (Burglars hide

In the mattresses. Under the carpets. (Easily located been there they wadna hae taen up in sneak shoes.)

In the rag basket or waste bas-A tourist in Ireland stopped his car In an unused grate or up a chim-In sofa pillows or furniture,

In the ice chest. "It certainly is not a compliment unanimously, the following conversa- to the ability of a professional to goin to take?" "Well, I shall have without half an effort. The scooped "Why?" Gillian asks, smiling. "I a Chartreuse." "And phwat's that?" out volume of Dickens or Thackeray dertaking as yet, and I think the monks, and they sell it for the bene- monds or roll of money which takes gone," Captain Lacy says, with an felt the comforting effect, raises his angles in the middle of a bedroom this drink." Then, raising the empty own use. One shoe always pinched "Yes. How awfully dark and sul- little glass with an expression of me, and one day I sat down and dug len that place looks! What is it? scornful indignation on his face, he a \$50 bill out of the toe of that

> "And one night I slept in the guest chamber of a gentleman who was out of town with his family. I never slept so badly-in an elegalt room and in a mattress filled with 40 pounds of white hair. I had horrible dreams, and in the morning there was a lump in my side as big as an apple. Now what do you think I had lain all night on a diamond sunburst that had given me all those bad dreams and nearly broke a rib. Such methods of hiding valuables are barbarous,"

The retired burglar looked thoughtful for a moment, then he said in a prophetic voice: "I may be wrong, but the time is coming when there will be a burglars' union, which will insure safety, for both the owner of valuables and deep and stern, the shout of vali- the man who lives by his wits and steals in the dark, in disguise, when his betters steal in the daytime, unmasked. If a man can sleep with his doors and windows open without fear of burglarious intruders by paying a moderate assessment on his superfluous luxuries, I believe it would be for the good of the Commonwealth. Some time I

I have had experience.

will draft a constitution and by-

laws from my viewpoint. You see.

Strenuous Life of the Amir. It is always best to be prepared for anything that might happen. This seems to be the creed of the Ameer of Afghanistan, for in his Amir of Afghanistan," he says: 'I am always as ready as a soldier on the march to a battle, in such a manner that I could start The pockets of my coats and trousers are always filled with loaded revolvers, and one or two loaves of bread for one day's food. This "Several guns and swords are al-

or the chair on which I am seated. route, which gives the best view of the shadowed under the deep eyes, dark mountains and distant glimpses of with the glad emotion of her heart. plaintive tone of voice. After supper, siderable number of gold coins And Captain Lacy, glancing at her when Amelton and I were sitting in should be sewn into the saddles of my horses when required for a journey, and on both sides of the saddles are two, revolvers. I think it is necessary in such a warlike counthat fellow had innings from the the henpecked business? I don't know try that the sovereign, and es-

ways lying by the side of my bed,

dier himself, should always be as

Advertising Pays.

As a further demonstration of the touches a border of granite pebbles, ways insists upon my appointing the effect of advertising the Kansas by those sullen waves. On all the has detained me, she cries and takes Friday's paper for a girl. That night "It was a pity he did not join us other sides it is hedged in by lofty, on and declares that I don't love his wife presented him with a ten-

And hovering over the sullen, inky I was detained by business that The reason some persons never se thanked me, though she old not promise to accept anything from me. Why.
Ise to accept anything from me. Why.
Ise to accept anything from me. Why.
Ise to accept anything from me. Why.
Is country. Whoever heard before hospitable into the bargain!" GilTou are prouder than Aone," she of an Irishman being afraid to be hospitable into the slimy cliffs are filmy wreaths of her hands and weeps so violently closely bandaged.