Newspaper Laws.

We call the special attention of Post masters and subscribers to the following synopsis of the newspaper laws:

1. If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arreages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether it be taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until payment is made.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the post office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not is responsible for the pay.

3. If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the published continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post office. This proceeds upon he ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

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The sultan of Turkey of late has been given quite a number of nicknames. The last to come to the surface is that of "Hamid the Hangman."

ASTBURY'S BARGAIN.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER III.

On leaving Cedar Cottage, Gilbert went straight on the pathways of the pleasant Dulwich meadows permitted to Champion Hill Station and took the first train to the City. A hansom conveyed him to the corner of Fenchurch street, and he completed his journey on foot. His destination was one of those massive blocks of buildings containing the offices of some of the most extensive London firms. He ascended a broad stone staircase, and on the first floor the broad swinging doors of Ellicott & Co's offices faced him. He did not enter by them, but passing down a corridor, halted at a small door on which the word 'Private' was printed in gold letters. A latchkey with which he was provided gained him immediate entrance to a small but high-ceilinged apartment. It was well lighted by a large window, having a double frame of glass to deaden the din of traffic in the street. A rich Turkey carpet and massive oak furniture proclaimed this to be the sanctorum of a person of some importance.

At the writing-table was a gentleman of thirty-five or so, who started to his feet on the opening of the door. He was tall, handsome, with trim mutton-chop whiskers, chin and upper lip cleanly shaved, and his head covered with bushy black hair. He wore the orthodox black cloth frock coat, and in every respect had the appearance consonant with his surroundings—that of a man of position and authority in a great commercial house. But when he saw who his visitor was, agitation displaced his dignity.

"I thought it was Mr. Ellicott," he said huskily. "I am glad you have got back before him.—What is your answer? Have you seen her?" In his eagerness for the desired information, he paid no heed to the whiteness of Gilbert's face or his physical exhaustion so plainly evinced by the manner in which he grasped the back of a chair for support the moment after putting down his bag and other things.

"Yes," he answered faintly; "I have seen her."

"That was lucky. How did you manage it?—for she told me that nothing would induce her to speak to you again until— But, good heavens, Astbury, you look as if you were going to faint. Sit down man. Here is a glass of water."

Gilbert took the water, but did not sit down. The draught seemed to revive him, for he spoke quietly and with more firmness than at first. "I suppose the hurry and excitement have upset my nerves a bit. I shall be all right presently. As you say, it was lucky I saw her—lucky for you."

"Then you have the answer I expected she would give?—What is your decision? Henry Dacon's lips were parched as he put the question; his eyes seemed to start with terror as he waited for the response. Strongly built man as he was, his whole frame shook with the intensity of his brief suspense. In the momentary pause before Gilbert spoke there was concentrated an age of misery and fear.

"My decision is what I promised it should be if she satisfied me that her happiness absolutely depended on you."

Dacon sprang forward and grasped Gilbert's hands, looking as if he could scarcely believe his ears. "Do you really mean this, Astbury?" he queried, joy and doubt contending in his mind. "Do you think you are strong enough to carry it out to the end?"

"I will try," was the calm and resolute reply. "The sacrifice is a terrible one—it seems too great for any man to make for another, however strong the bonds of friendsip between them may be."

"It is for her sake," was the calm and solemn answer.

"True, true; it is for her sake. Heaven known I accept it only because it is so. Had there been any other way to spare her—to make her happy, I would have done anything, rather than let you take this burden on your shoulders. There is no way out of it except this, and as you meant to go away at anyrate if she told you that—that'—He became more and more confused, and his face so flushed that a fit of some kind seemed imminent. He did not complete the sentence, but ran on in another groove. "It is hard for you—cursed hard. Will you not repent when you find yourself an exile and think of what you know will be said here about you? Will you not, by-and-by, begin to feel that the sacrifice is too great, and seek to undo everything?" He had spoken with nervous rapidity, as if striving to drown in words the promptings of his better nature. His impulse in the first gush of admiring gratitude had been to say: "No, Astbury: I will not allow you to do this thing even for her sake. I will bear the burden of my own folly—sin—madness—call it crime at once. You, however, shall not suffer fortune." But the weakness which had betrayed him into his present position proved stronger than his nobler instincts. Good and bad were so equally posed in his character, that temptation of any kind always weighed the balance down on the wrong side, although he suffered the acutest pangs of remorse afterwards.

His superficial impulses were always of a generous nature. Warm-hearted and fond of approbation, he delighted in doing a good turn for any one. Thus, when Gilbert first arrived in London, he cheerfully recognised his former schoolmate, and did everything in his power to promote the youth's prospects But when driven into a corner, Dacon so intensely dreaded being detected in a fault, that he could not help trying to escape from it no matter who might be the scape-goat. He was bitterly sensible of all that Gilbert Astbury must hazard and lose by the course determined upon. He devoutly wished there had been any other way out of the hole into which he had tumbled; but there was none save the one Gilbert offered him. He persuaded himself that if Hetty's future had been inalienably linked with Astbury's as it was with his own, he, too, could and would have made the same sacrifice for love's sake.

He tried hard to salve his uneasy mind with that reflection and with the constant iteration of the argument: "It is all for her sake. He wishes to make her happy. So do I. She has told him there is only one way of doing it, and he agrees. I, also, must agree." All the same, he was at the last moment miserably aware that he was doing a base thing, and was frightened by the idea that when Gilbert had got more time for reflection—more time to comprehend the degradation to which he subjected himself—he would recant and seek to restore his good name.

"I have given you my promise," said Gilbert with an earnestness that reached the degree of solemnity. "Keep your promise to me—make her life happy, and I shall not regret what I do this day."

"If it is in the power of the man she loves to do it, I will," was the fervent assurance given with full intention and determination to fulfil it.

"Then do not have any fear about me. But should you fail in your promise, I shall see what it may be in my power to do. Have you written the paper I require?"

"It is here," answered Dacon, drawing from his pocket a sealed envelope.

Gilbert opened it, and read the letter it contained. There was not the slightest change in his expression as he studied every word and weighed its purport, as if committing the whole to memory.

"Are you not satisfied?" asked Dacon, nervously. "Is it not plain enough?"

"Quite plain, and I am satisfied. This would be enough to convict any man, even if he attempted to deny his handwriting. There; take it back with the other papers. I wish your mind to be free from any haunting dread of the power this thing would give me over you. I wish you to be free to devote your whole life to her. Now, are you satisfied?"

Dacon grasped his hand again, and was for a moment unable to speak. "If I fail to keep my pledge," he said with bitter emphasis as soon as he had recovered control of his voice, "I shall deserve the worst fate that can befall a man in this world and the next. I ask no mercy."

"So be it," was the comment; and then abruptly: "Tell me what are the plans you said you would devise for my escape?"

"Everything is ready, and not a bit too soon." Dacon spoke promptly, for he was glad of any change of theme. Besides, he was intensely relieved by the calmness with which Gilbert appeared to view the present position and the future.

"Has Mr. Ellicott sent to Scotland Yard yet?" he queried as Dacon opened the door of a lavatory, on the walls of which hung several coats and hats.

"Not yet; but he has gone to see his lawyer, Ardwick, to tell him he may take action as soon as he thinks fit."

"Then the police may be at work now?"

"Not before my uncle returns. Here put on this overcoat—it is big enough to cover you without taking off your own. In the pockets you will find everything you require in the way of money, and the necessary letters and papers to enable you to act as the owner of the steamer Hercules, bound from Bristol to Rio Janeiro with a general cargo. She lies under orders to be ready to get up steam as soon as the owner boards her. You are the owner, and your name is Edward Harrison. The money you have there and the goods on board the vessel will give you a fair start in Brazil; and of course you will have whatever more you may require from me as soon as means of communication can be arranged."

"Your plans of escape are marvellously complete."

"They ought to be, for they were made for myself;" and even at that moment of peril, Dacon could not conceal a gleam of pitiful pride at this acknowledgment of his ingenuity; "so you can depend upon it they have been made as thoroughly safe as could be. The coat will do—wide enough and long enough to change your whole appearance."

"We will put it to the test," said Gilbert quietly. "But before we part, let this affair be thoroughly understood between us. Accident placed in my hands the proofs that you had involved yourself in extensive speculations; and that to cover your losses you had, without authority, endorsed bills in the name of the firm to the extent of about eighty-four thousand pounds. On making that discovery my duty was to inform Mr. Ellicott. I have not done so, and therefore have made myself in some measure a partner in the—transaction we will call it. You know I am not a partner in it, and had no suspicion of it until a few weeks ago. I told you, and you confessed, because you could not help yourself. I owe you something for your friendly help when I needed help so much. You reminded me of my debt, and told me that your exposure would blight Henrietta Silverton's life, and I now believe it would. Then to save her, so long as you are true to her I shall be as one dead. All this is clear between us two; and now we have only to arrange how I am to get on board the Hercules. There is no one," he added with bitterness, "I have to regret my death, for death it is. You have many who care for you; and so it is better that I should go than you."

"Don't speak that way, Astbury, or I shall cave in," said Dacon, trembling lest already Gilbert was repenting that he had undertaken the task of shielding him. "I at anyrate will miss you.—Come, shake hands, old fellow. I shall not forget my promise even for a moment."

"I hope so, for your sake and for hers.—What about the trains?" The question was asked with an abrupt assumption of devil-may-careness to hide the emotion his trembling lips betrayed.

Dacon looked at his watch, and then, to make quite sure of the time, stepped to the window to examine the dial of the church clock opposite. "By taking a hansom," he answered, "you will catch the afternoon train easily. Get on board at once sail at once, and then——"

He stopped, and there was such a look on his face that Gilbert was roused from the apathy which had taken possession of him.

"What is the matter?"

"My uncle is getting out of a four-wheeler below. Ardwick is following him, and next there is a stranger. I believe he is a detective. Ardwick has decided that no more time is to be lost."

"Then your plans are likely to fail at the first step."

"Not unless you want them to fail," rejoined Dacon in hurried and excited accents. "They will go into my uncle's room first, and then send for me. Here; go into the lavatory. After the clerk has come for me, we will know that the coast is clear, and you can get away by the private door."

Gilbert submitted to be hustled into the place of concealment. Dacon, with heart palpitating painfully, seated himself. His hands, trembled so that he was compelled to press them down firmly on the desk before him in order to keep them steady. He did not attempt to take up a paper, but pretended to be occupied in studying a foolscap sheet on which there was much writing, followed by many figures and red lines suggestive of an exercise in Euclid.

There was a tap at the door communicating with the general office, and, as he had anticipated, a clerk appeared in response to his ready "Come in."

"Mr. Ellicott desires to see yo immediately, sir."

"I shall be with him in an moment," answered Dacon, not looking up. "Has he brought Mr. Ardwick and the other gentleman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thank you."

As soon as the door closed, Dacon sprang to the hiding-place of Gilbert and released him. "Good-bye, Astbury. I am your debtor for life. If you should fail in your escape, trust to me. Good-bye again."

They clasped hands, and debtor and creditor parted—the one standing trembling on the threshold of discovery, the other passing calmly under the cloud of disgrace.

Gilbert walked quietly and unobserved down the broad staircase, out into the street. He hailed a passing hansom, and was driven to the railway station where he was to enter the train which would be his funeral car; for he was leaving behind all that a man values in this world—the woman he loved and the certainty of an honourable career. What did it matter how things might turn out for him now? His only prospect of joy was that of learning that Dacon proved true and made a good and faithful husband to Hetty. He carried with him to his exile the consciousness of innocence and the tender satisfaction of knowing he had done all it was in human nature to do to prove how much he loved. By-and-by, perhaps the memory of this would brighten his way.

As for Dacon, he stood for a few moments dazed, like one who has just heard the sentence of death pronounced upon him, and could not yet realise its full import. He would be safe if Astbury made good his escape—safe from all hint of shame or disgrace; safe from the contempt of the woman to whom he was devoted; safe from the scorn of that good, generous uncle, who trusted him and had done for him all that the most affectionate parent could have done for a son. He would still retain his position in their esteem; still hold up his head in the City as the future chief of the great house of Ellicott & Co., whose wealth and integrity were undoubted. That reflection roused, but could not console him; for there came with it the bitter knowledge that he had this day hung round his neck the heavy chains of eternal fear and remorse.

A clerk came with a second message, and Dacon tried to pull himself together in order to endure as calmly as he might the ordeal of the forthcoming interview with the head of the firm, the lawyer, and the detective.

(To Be Continued.)

THE CZAR'S IMPERIAL TRAIN.

The Finest Specimen of Car Building in Europe.

The imperial train of the Czar of Russia is one of the finest specimens of car building which Europe has ever been treated to the sight of. It was begun in 1892 at the Alexandrofsky works, which are located near St. Petersburg, and was completed in 1894. As the gage of Russan railways is different from that in other countries of the Continent, special trucks were built to admit of being used on railways outside of Russia, the change being quickly effected. The train has been used considerably since it was built, and this last journey of the Czar is probably the longest trip in which they have taken part. In Russia a train identical with this as to the exterior is used. The two trains are changed at various points on the road, so that it is impossible to tell in which train the sovereign travels. This is rendered necessary by the danger from Nihilists. The train is composed of eleven cars, and is 990 feet long, the largest car being reserved for the dining room and the saloon, which is beautifully decorated with rich brocade and contains a religious picture. The dining room is somewhat simpler, but the whole train is an example of the most rigorous attention to the smallest details. The service of the train is in the hands of twenty-six persons, under the charge of the chamberlain of the Czar. Special attendants are employed to care for the Czar's train. Compartments for sleeping are provided, so that the entire force can rest at some period of the day if long journeys are to be made. The car body is high above the rails, so that steps are let down when stops are made. The entire train is lighted by electricity generated by a special plant on one of the cars, the capacity of the system being two hundred lamps. The boiler to supply the lighting engines is in the same car and also serves to heat the train. Each car of the imperial service has also its own heating system. The cooking arrangements are perfect, a spacious gallery being provided. Most of the cars are corridor cars, so that it is impossible from the outside to tell where the Czar is at any one time. In case of a breakdown, a small shop stocked with tools is provided.

HE GREW SATIRICAL.

That's a splendid heating apparatus you put into my house last year, said the small, sarcastic man.

I—er—was afraid you didn't like it, judging from some of the things you said last winter.

It's good qualities didn't show off at all times. But when a cool spell like the present comes on we realize that it has great possibilities. If you could regulate it a little it would be all right.

I guess we can regulate it almost any way you want it.

That's good. I believe in always looking out for the future. And if you'll have somebody come up and regulate it so that it keeps the house as cold in July as it does in November, we'll burn fires in the grate all winter and never say a word.

GLADSTONE'S FIRST SPEECH.

Mr. Gladstone's maiden speech in the House of Commons was an unmistakable failure. He spoke so low that even those nearest failed to catch the drift of his words, and later on he had to rise on "a point of explanation," at the request of a speaker who complained of the want of clearness of the honorable member for Newark.

TRAINED CHAMELEONS.

What a Little Girl Accomplished With Two of the Reptiles.

Much has been written about the beauty, the stupidity and the viciousness of the lizard tribe, and I want to say a word about the intelligence of the chameleon, a little reptile belonging to the great lizard family, and in size the antipodes of the alligator, its big brother, writes a correspondent.

The incident I now relate came under my personal observation, and demonstrates that the chameleon is susceptible of education and can be ranked with animals classed much higher in the scale of intellectual development.

Miss Henrietta Keene, a little lady of 12 years, living in Philadelphia, was presented with two Florida chameleons, and she at once began instructing and educating her pets. By continued gentleness and kindness she won their confidence, and at her call they would raise their heads, listen and then come running quickly. Soon they responded to their names—Brinton and Baby—and nodded their little heads knowingly.

She then taught them to stand up on their hind legs and put their little forepaws together and stand in the attitude of prayer, looking solemn and closing their eyes; at a signal they would quickly prostrate themselves, roll over on their backs, and pretend to be dead, lying without motion, until told to rise and embrace, which they would do with every sign of joy and pleasure.

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WHEN EVERY OTHER HELPER HAS FAILED IT CURES

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In the matter of good health temporizing measures, while possibly successful for the moment, can never be lasting. Those in poor health soon know whether the remedy they are using is simply a passing incident in their experience, bracing them up for the day, or something that is getting at the seat of the disease and is surely and permanently restoring.

The eyes of the world are literally fixed on South American Nervine. They are not viewing it as a nine-days' wonder, but critical and experienced men have been studying this medicine for years, with the one result—they have found that its claim of perfect curative qualities cannot be gainsaid.

The great discoverer of this medicine was possessed of the knowledge that the seat of all disease is the nerve centres, situated at the base of the brain. In this belief he had the best scientists and medical men of the world occupying exactly the same premises. Indeed, the ordinary layman recognized this principle long ago. Everyone knows that let disease or injury affect this part of the human system and death is almost certain. Injure the spinal cord, which is the medium of these nerve centres, and paralysis is sure to follow.

Here is the first principle. The trouble with medical treatment generally, and with nearly all medicines, is that they aim simply to treat the organ that may be diseased. South American Nervine passes by the organs, and immediately applies its curative powers to the nerve centres, from which the organs of the body receive their supply of nerve fluid. The nerve centres healed, and of necessity the organ which has shown the outward evidence only of derangement is healed. Indigestion, nervousness, impoverished blood, liver complaint, all owe their origin to a derangement of the nerve centres. Thousands bear testimony that they have been cured of these troubles, even when they have become so desperate as to baffle the skill of the most eminent physicians, because South American Nervine has gone to headquarters and cured there.

The eyes of the world have not been disappointed in the inquiry into the success of South American Nervine. People marvel, it is true, at its wonderful medical qualities, but they know beyond all question that it does everything that is claimed for it. It stands alone as the one great certain curing remedy of the nineteenth century. Why should anyone suffer distress and sickness while this remedy is practically at their hands?

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