

A Voice From Home.

(Song of the First of P. P.'s wife, adapted from the New York Herald.)
Husband, dear husband, come home to me now...

THE VOICE OF THREE. A NOVEL.

Perhaps you are right, my love—you generally are right in the main; but my desire for vengeance against man De Trolch has been the breath of my nostrils, and behold I have achieved it. Man, if he only lives long enough, and has strength of will enough, can achieve anything...

Cardus. He asked Ernest and Jeremy about it again and again—how this man was killed, and that—did they die at once, and so on.
The subject was always distressing to Ernest, and one to which he rarely alluded...

He was there soon enough, and he slept very sound, with a red glow in his throat, from which the blood fell in heavy drops down, down to the ground.
They stood agape, and as they stood, from the courtyard outside there came a sound of galloping hoofs. They knew the sound of the galloping—it was that of Ernest's great black stallion!

all beautiful, it will be very strange if I don't manage to hold it there. She had her chance and she threw it away; now I have got mine, and I don't mean to throw it away either by this world or the next.
Ernest laughed a little. "I must say, my dear, it would be a very poor heaven if you were not there."

THE STORY OF A CRIME.

I was asked the other day how many cases I had known, in my long experience as a detective, of innocent people being convicted and punished for the crimes of others? My answer was: "Only one, and the case is well worth relating and reading."
I began my detective career in Canada, and in a locality where justice made swift work of evil-doers, I had been three years in the business, and had done some very fair work, when a very sensational case was put into my hands.

respectable career. His statement that Fritz was probably guilty so upset me that I kept my proofs in my pocket and gave the jury no hint. The inquest was adjourned until evening, and then returned at the house of a wealthy friend, present in charge of an officer. He had been arrested at a town thirty miles away, and attention had been first called to him by his attempt to commit suicide by drowning. When charged with the murder he did not deny it. When pressed to make a confession he uttered a groan of despair and replied: "Maybe I did, for I have been crazy for four or five days. Let me go and kill myself."

CURIOUS TOPICS.

WHEN an alarm clock is sounded in hotel, lodgers cannot be too quick in getting out, if a way is open. In a crowded theatre the danger of being trampled or crushed to death must be taken into consideration and a rival avoided. In either case a cool head will often save a scorched skin or something worse.
NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 10.—The popular grief is readily assuaged. Money comes much more reluctantly forth than sympathy does. What is everybody's business is nobody's. By having proposed a public monument to the dead must be quick to die, it must have a specific and comprehensive plan and must close all calls for money very early.