

In the police. I am not joking, Charley, but am in sober earnest. There is not one fellow out of fifty could have fitted the pieces of the puzzle together as you have done. Right or wrong as it may prove to be, it is so much like the real thing, that it does you credit. I will tell you who I am and all about my business. My name is Nickham. You have heard of Sergeant Nickham, I dare say."

"Heard of you! heard of you!" he repeated, with genuine admiration in his voice, and there really is something delightful in being a popular character. "I should think I had! Well, then you must be on the Upper Broughton 'treat business'."

"I am," I said, and an intelligent young fellow like you might easily be of great use to me. I may as well have you with me thoroughly, and then, if I draw the reward, you shall not be forgotten. This man will come as agreed, I suppose. But should you know him again, if he did not?"

"To a certainty," replied Charley. "I know his name as it is."

"You know his name!" I exclaimed again. "I had not expected to hear you say that. What is it?"

"Brake—Mr. Herbert Brake," said Charley.

This was coming to the point, and no mistake; but it was too good to be true.

"Did he give the name of his own accord?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! quite readily," replied the young fellow.

"And was he a quick-moving, bright-eyed, keen-looking little fellow?" I asked again; "very dark, with a carefully trimmed moustache?"

"Oh, no; not at all," he answered. I expected to hear as much.

"This was a thick-set man, of middle age. He had a big fleshy face, with small eyes, that never looked at you for two seconds together—at least, I never could fix them. He had a way of constantly grinning when he spoke; but he did not lack a good-tampered man, for all that."

Here was exactly Bill Jenkin's account of the stranger over again, and I had a curious feeling of being greatly surprised, and yet, at the same time, of having expected it. Once again, too, I seemed to have been dreaming of such a man. As the description could not in the least apply to the only Mr. Herbert Brake who was likely to be concerned in the business, I at once took a greater interest in Charley's account, and in the whole transaction, I may say, than I had previously done; for we looked like getting hold of something tangible at last.

Here, clearly, was a party watching me. I had not believed that at first; but I was certain of it now. This was evidently a party who knew a great deal about the matter; for while he was cunning enough not to drop the least hint as to what crime he was interested in, he was also cunning enough to let fall the name of the man already suspected of the Upper Broughton Street murder; a name which would be sure—he must have argued—to cast additional suspicion on the young fellow, if this visit to the spiritualist's ever got talked about.

It was not a bad idea; but in criminal matters, above everything else, to my thinking, all depends upon how any move is taken. Using to my having come across my new friend Charley so early, I was able already to decide for certain that young Brake could not be the criminal I was trying to discover; while, as this stranger was anxious to have the young man's name mixed up with the business, he or his friends had a good reason—perhaps the best of reasons—for wishing him to be suspected.

I told Charley I would like to have a night to think the matter over, cautioned him not to say a word to any one else; and then made an appointment to meet him at the Two Gridirons—a house I knew in his neighborhood—at one the next day, when I would let him know what I had decided upon. Of course, we had the whisky and saltz at parting.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The female of a pair of eagles which have been in captivity in Toledo, O., for six years, laid an egg on the 18th of March and another the day following. Then she began sitting on the eggs, and never left the nest until Tuesday last, when a pair of eaglets were found to have been hatched. They are strong and apparently healthy. Eagles rarely breed in captivity.



A SUMMER'S DAY.

BY JOHN IMRIE, TORONTO.

INTRODUCTION.

Spring showers have washed the winter snows away,
And Nature smiles at the approach of May.
Obed to the brightest green, and decked with flowers
Which speak of balmy winds and sunny hours;
When birds, and bees, and butterflies abound,
And flowers in rich profusion deck the ground—
Strewn here and there by Flora's wondrous hand—
And hope darts merrily o'er all the land,
Oh! then, 'tis surely Summer!

MORNING.

'Tis morn'g! for the rising sun
His daily journey hath begun;
Flooding the earth with glory bright,
Chasing away the gloom of night;
Closing the eye of every star
That twinkles in the heavens afar;
Paling the moon's soft, silvery light,
Till it recedes from mortal sight!

All hail! then ruler of the day,
Nature delights to own thy way;
At thy approach the smallest flower
On hill, or dale, or verdant bower,
Lifts up its head, though wet with dew,
And spreads its petals out to view,
To cheer the heart, and gladden the eyes,
A dainty morn'g melody!

At Sol's glad light the feathered throng
Makes woods resound with cheerful song,
And, full of grateful, glad surprise,
Flies out to meet thee in the skies.
The milkmaid sings a merry lay,
As through the fields of fragrant hay
She gaily trips to meet the cows,
Where welcome noise the echoes rouse.

Sweet morn'g hours!—first fruit of day—
None but the aloofest spurn away
Thy gifts of beauty, health and light,
And, slumbering, turn thee into night!
When glory gilds the eastern sky,
And Nature lifts her voice on high,
Why should'st thou man, with grateful heart,
Join in and take a noble part?

NOON.

The sun hath reached meridian's height,
And rebed the earth in glory bright;
Flora, arrayed in all her charms,
Looks up and smiles; with loving arms
Seeks to invite his presence near,
Like perfect love which hath no fear
And thinks no evil, though a shower
Should hide his face in noontide's hour.

Bright noon! when all around is life,
And hum, and stir, and busy strife;
Nature, in all her various forms,
Like angry waves in wintry storms,
Strives life with life for daily bread,
For all must live and all be fed,
Each eager to secure a prey,
Before noontide shall pass away!

The butterfly sweeps the hour,
And sips sweet nectar from the flower.
The humble bee doth homeward bring
Her treasures sweet on laden wing.
The cheerful sparrow on the ground,
A dainty mid-day meal hath found.
All nature knows the time of day,
Nor lets it idly pass away!

'Tis noon! and from the village school,
A joyous host, released from rule,
Rush out with hearts as light as air,
Without a sorrow or a care,
Not to improve the fleeting hour
Whether in sunshine or in shower,
For noon's short hour flies fast away,
When given to joyous mirth and play.

NIGHT.

The evening shades are falling fast,
Long shadows on the ground are cast,
The western sky is all aglow
With fiery glory settling low.
The hill-tops glance with changing hue,
A noble back ground to the view,
As mountain, river, lake, and plain,
Are bathed in glory once again!

Sweet evening hours! suggesting rest,
To weary toilers thou art blest!
See yon fair cottage at whose door
The children look for "Pa" once more,
And by the welcome they impart,
Bid all the cares of day depart;
Domestic joys are life's sweet flowers,
Full blooming in the evening hours!

As evening deepens into night,
A host of stars show purer light
Fair Luna comes upon the scene,
With halo of bright silvery sheen,
To woo the lover out to stroll
The shady walks with leafy fold,
And pour into the maiden's heart
The soulful words she loves.

At last the midnight hour
The stillness of the grave
On all around with potent
The day is past and all is well,
For Israel's God doth ever
His watchful eye o'er them
Till dawn's first light appear
With its fresh morning cheer.