THE WERERLY MADE TORONNO, TREDAY, SHETTERS S. 1880

(Centinued)

am rose and teak them from the In doing this their hands touched. s if they had shaken hands. The old where as if they had ahaken hands. The old astor's hand did not retreat quickly, as if intentinated by that contact; on the con-ary the two hands remained touching each ther for about a second. Mr. Grantham then ent to the drawer, and, stooping down, acod the bundle of letters in one corner, aking care to do so neatly. During this removy his back was turned to the burglar, the second secon

"It is easy to see you are not afraid," said a burghar, "I might have done for you now, when your back was turned." "I feel no apprehensions of your resorting personal violence with me," said Mr.

Why not? I came for the papers, and I as well tell you I must have them." The papers..."

The papers—" "That were left in the travelling-bag. "Balong to my friend—not to you. They of no use to you, I forced your door, and committing burglary, I know, but that in holody. Where are the papers ?" The meaker had raised his voice. It had here somewhat threatening. Mr. Grant-

"Why did you not come and ask for them open day, my friend ?" he said, calmly. It is bad to break in by the back-door a house when you may enter by the an front-door."

epan front-door." "I have told you. How could I know, that you would give up the papers, and not have me arrested ?" "So you resorted to burglary. Burglary is a great offence. Did you ever reflect why the law authorizes the killing of a burglar ? It is because the supposition is that the per-son committing that crime is ready to commit a greater one rather than be taken in the act-Lucas murder." son committing

a dominitiality data characterized to continit a greater one rather than be taken in the act—I mean marder."
"I have ne sort of intention of murdering yor, Mr. Grantham, but I intend to have the papers."
"No intention of committing murder? Perhaps not. But you come armed with murderous weapons."
"I have not used any—yet."
"You come to a peaceful house—the home of a minister of the gospel—and force the lock of a idor, or property left in his charge; and when he makes his appearance to discover who it is that has entered his quiet home, you draw a knife from your breast and brandiah it before him. That is a criminal act, friend. You are a man like myself—no worse, perhaps—in some things abetter man, it may be. Ack yourself if you have not committed a crime which you should be sorry for."
"I mossible," said Mr. Grantham.
"I have me the papers. It will be united to form you should out against me."
"I have me the papers. It will be united to form you if you stand out against me."
"I mossible for me to deliver them to more you if you stand out against me."
"It is impossible for me to deliver them to you, my friend."
"Where are they?" exclaimed the burglar, starting up; "what are they to you? You

to you, my friend." "Where are they ?" exclaimed the burglar, starting up; "what are they to you? You say it is not possible to give them up. Why not? You are not acting in bad faith : no fault can be found with you. They belong to "When are the parent"."

THE BANK-NOTES. The little family at Wye were as The little family at wye were assent the library after tea. The general was the last magazine, Mrs. Lascelles sat c to him, knitting a stocking, and Ann was absorbed in a letter which had ju

"It's all the mme Mr. Grantham, and

you're a trump, or my name's not R---" Fortunately catching himself, Mr. Ruggles sunk to silence and so departed.

XLIV.

ought in the mail-bag. Mr. Las and was the pic quil enjoyment. After some moments of silence Mrs. Las-celles said to Anna, "Who is your letter from, my dear?" "From Ellis, sunty," said the young lady,

"From Ellis, sunty," scid the young lady, quietly. "I hope he is well." "Very well, and he says he will soon be back. He sends his love." Miss Anna Gray then folded up her letter and put it in her pocket. Mrs. Lascelles continued to knit at her stocking, and said, "I am very fond of Ellis ; he is so very frank and sincere. I am afraid all young men are not. They do wrong, and then very naturally attempt to conceal what they have done, but seldom succeed in doing so." Mr. Lascelles moved slightly in his chair, as if his position was cramped, and he wished to change it. The general, absorbed in his paper, said, "I am a really coming to look for the moonshine people. I am afraid there will be trouble." "I do hope they will not fight, my dear."

been his ghost, but I rather think it was the man himself." Mr. Ruggles was growing sarcastic. "Mat the devil does all this mean?" exclaimed Mr. Lascelles, in great irritation and been showed with the second s

"Eight hundred ! You are crazy. Do you

With Mr. Grantham !"

The same."

be trouble." "I do hope they will not fight, my dear." "The moonshiners? I don't know. There we some very determined men among them, and many of them are old soldiers."

"I can't see my way to serve you further in any way, Mr. Lascelles," said Mr. Rug-gles; "and as I think I'll take the night train north, I'd be glad to arrange our little business matters."
"You mean your pay?" said Mr. Lascelles, addenly raising his head.
"Exactly, Mr. Lascelles. There was no special bargain as to what I was to haye if I couldn't lay my hands on your papers; but I've done my best, and nearly got my neck broken by that big fellow in the mountains-besides, I've committed burglary, which is insky-and all that is worth considerable."
"What do you suppose it is worth to me?" "You seem to know them." "Oh yes; I know a great many of them. I used to electioneer in Bohemia when I ran for Congress, and they all know me very well.

There are some new-comers, I am informed-a party of tramps—at the Crow's Nest house. The general made a slight pause, and the added, "The marshal told me about these people. "What do you suppose it is worth considerable." "What do you suppose it is worth to me?" "Well, not much, maybe—but I'm talking about myself. I think I've earned at least eight hundred of the thousand, to say the least "

"The marshal told me about these people, after his visit to them. He was much struck with them. One of them is an old man, ap-parently weak in his mind, and another a big powerful fellow, of foreign appearance. How they drifted here it is difficult to say. I should like to visit them." "Visit them, my dear ?" said Mrs Lascelles. "I hope you will not. That desperate class of people are often dangerous." "Dangerous? Do you think they would see anything in a plain old gentleman like myself to excite their suspicions or ill-will ?" said the general, with a smile. "A politican learns a great deal about human nature, my dear, and how to deal with it. If I were thrown with this big fellow, who is known as the Lefthander, I hear—no doubt a nickname —I am sure we should become good friends in half an hour." "I hope you will not be."

least."
"Eight hundred I You are gray. Do you suppose I am made of money?"
"You offered a cool thousand, and maybe more, if you got your documents."
"Well, where are they? I am no nearer getting hold of them than the day you cane. It was throwing away time to send for you. T thought you were a detective."
This greatly enraged Mr. Ruggles, and he could not suppress a frow.
"Well, if you are going to insult me, and refuse to pay me, after sending for me Mr. tascelles, you can !" he replied, angrily.
"What do you mean ?" said Mr Lascelles, which an ominous shutting down of his eyebrows; I"do you mean to hint that I am acting unfairly? Here's your money, and more than you deserve."
He took out his pocket-book and detached five one-hundred-dollar bank-notes from a bundle which it contained, and handed them to Mr. Ruggles, who took them, looked: at them one by one, folded them up, and placed them in his waist-coat pocket.
"What do you say?"
"I thought I was dealing with a gentlema..." Mr. Ruggles pussed after the word for an instant..." who would not beat down a poor fellow in this way."

-I am sure we should become good friends in half an hour." "I hope you will not be." "Well, I am not very sure that I should not like to see him. The marshal really ex-cited my curiosity. I have often been in-terested in listening to stories of adventure from nondescript characters—they show you life on the rough side, whch is different from the side seen by people of good society, as it is called. This Lefthander must have seen a good deal of life of all sorts. I think I'll go and visit my friends the moomshiners and talk with him, and induce him to tell me all about himself and his history." Mr. Lascelles, leaning back in his ohair, continued to smoke. The fire seemed to have finshed his face slightly—there was a red spot in each of his cheeks. During the whole of the next day Mr. Las-

red spot in each of his cheeks. During the whole of the next day Mr. Las-celles remained at home in an extremely moody condition of mind. In the evening he

had forged, or committed crimes which if but I stopped to talk with the owner of the and forged, or committed crimes which, if chown, would utterly destroy their position in society, perhaps asbject them to a criminal prosecution. Now, if such were the fact in the case of Mr. Lascelles, and if documentary ovidence on the subject were in existence, it was the bounden duty of honest men to ex-pose the whole affair, and not permit a young ady to marry a bigamist, a forger, or perhaps a murderer. "The same." "Are you triffing with me? You stopped o talk with Mr. Grantham?" "It looked like it. He came in and sat kown, and I took a seat too. It might have been his ghost, but I rather think it was the

Mr. Ruggles then looked again at the Left ander; but his face was as screne as before "You know what I mean," said Mr. Rug

"You know what I mean," said MI. Rug-les, coming to the point. "Yes, I know what you mean." "The papers in the travelling-bag." The Lefthander made no reply. "You think this is only another trick— his story about the quarrel and the cut with he whip"—exclaimed Mr. Ruggles, "and you re right to be on your guard; but I swear "s true."

The whip "-excilained Mr. Ruggles," and you are right to be on your guard; but I swear its rue."
"I rather think it is," the Lefthander said; "but I have nothing to say on the subject of the paper's you mention—at present."
He spoke moodily, and seemed to be reflecting from the same day Mr. Ruggles made another attempt to draw in out, but again failed; and as Gentleman you came in at the moment, the conversation onder, and he took his departure.
On the attensoon of the same day Mr. Ruggles made another attempt to draw intersected that leading from Wye to this of the same day Mr. Ruggles had just reached the point of crossing when he observed a horseman proaching from the direction of Wye. A side glance showed him that the horseman was the Lascelles passed at a gallop. He had widently not seen Mr. Ruggles. In a few yourd him that the conservation, the some showed him that the same direction. The was last of sight, and Mr. Ruggles had just reached the point of the same direction. The solid another interview with that gentleman, he observed a horseman sproaching from the direction of Wye. A side glance showed him that the horseman was Mr. Lascelles passed at a gallop. He had widently not seen Mr. Ruggles. In a few younds of Trianon. He dismounted, threw house. As he did so a figure flitted up the basincase, making him a coupottish sign accouption, who was the to view a moment afterward.
Mr. Lascelles knocked and the sable Cinds passed, with a polite grin on her features, who as head ache e sable. The solid a headache : and Mrs. Armstrong young made her appearance in the direction of the solid another inferring from a headache is and Mr. Armstrong wing made her appearance in the sable Cinds pay young made her appearance in the direction of the solid another with a polite grin on her features, the had a headache : and Mrs. Armstrong wing made her appearance in the direction of the solid another with the solid encourse is the the way work the how coupoint in the satteresourcool winte of

intended Miss Juliet's headache, hoped it would soon disappear, and made a low bow, after which he took his departure and rode away. As he turned his back on the house, his expression suddenly changed. "She had found out everything," he said, "and that headache has already loft the sweet Juliet, probably. Who could have told her?--the devil!" After this succinct but comprehensive ex-pression of his surprise and dissatisfaction, Mr. Lascelles node on rapidly, and about sun-set reached the spot where he was accustomed to meet Miss Bassick. He was sure he would find her there. As she flitted up the stair-case she had made him a peculiar sign, which signified that she was going to disappear from Trianon by the back staircase, go in search of

"As you did while I was conversing with Lascelles." Fullet smilled. It seemed impossible for her take any but the humorous view of what a had witnessed. Perhaps the term "oon-rsing" employed by Miss Bassick, sug-asted the retort that she and Mr. Lascellee asted the retort that she and Mr. Lascellee had been conversing in a very peculiar at-

titude. "I did not steal up. I was going home, and came out of the woods by mere accident. If you 'knew me better than you do, Miss Bassick, you would not accuse me of stealing up on people." "I know you well !" said Miss Bassick, yielding to anger; " and 'you need not at-tempt to deceive me, as you deceive other people !"

met fou mays been watching, and sending others to watch all my movements ! You have never liked me, and take this means of wreaking your spite and dialike on me !"
Juliet listened with a sort of wonder. Did Miss Bassick really believe what a he said? Could it be possible that, after their necessarily intimate association for years, she could honestly take any such view of her character ? Then her surprise yielded to slight indignation. (She was not exactly angry, but felt that her companion's words were an outrage. Still she remained calm, and replied.
"I have really no spite to wreak upon you, Miss Bassick. I am obliged to say—since you charge me with 'dialike'—that I do not particularly like you. I have tried to do so, but found it impossible, probably from want of congeniality in our characters, which really do seem utterly unlike. Shall I tell you just what I mean? You state your opinion of me fankly.—I will be frank with you also. I am afraid you are not a sincere person, and resort to indirect means to attain your ends. You seem very angry, but I cannot help that. It is better I should tell you all, as you say I am in the habit of deceiving people but cannot deceive you. I am not at all angry with you, and since you have lived with us have never yould grow fond of you.—I have told you why, It may be unfortunate, but I feel an actual aversion for insincere and indirect people."
"You may in a moment, if you fancy. I wish to say only one, word on another subject, you cause me of spying, and watching, and every dishonourable proceeding from jealousy of the preference of Mr. Laseelles for yourself !"

CHICAGO'S LAST INIQUITY A letter goes over one post route, a tele-gram over a route of many posts. An Abortionist and His Little Sen When you take no interest and lose your principal it is not good to be a loan. Caught at their Foul Trade.

HUMOROUS.

Mrs. Youngwoman wants to know "what is the best way to mark table linen." Leave the baby and a blackberry [pie alone at the table for three minutes.

"My dear," said a centimental maiden to her lover, "of what do these autumnal tints, this glowing baldric of the sky, this blazing garniture of the dying year, remind you?" "Pancakes,"he promptly answered. And then she realized, for the first time, that two

hearts did not beat as one,

nother Victim of Shame Dies in the Tor-threr's Hands-A Notorious Practitioner in the Tolis-He Attempts to Fix Suspicion on a Regular Practitioner.

on a Regular Practitioner. CHICAGO, III., Aug. 25.—At two o'clock this morning officers Davis and Derig while standing on the sidewalk in front of the en-trance to Nos. 25 and 27 West Madison street heard a strange rustling noise up in the hall. Officer Davis stepped up stairs and saw the notorious Dr. Charles C. Earle, the abor-tionist, recently from Joliette, where he served two terms for abortions. Dr. Earle had

HIS TOOLS IN HIS HAND, and was wiping up something from the floor in front of his door, room No. 10. As soon as he saw the officer he went into his room and shut and locked the door. Looking around the officer discovered a woman lying on the floer of the hall under the gaslight. He went up to her and found that she was dead. He called officer Derig, and the two de-manded admittance into the room. The doctor first refused, but being told that the door would be broken open he admitted them. A son of Dr. Earle, aged fourfeen, was found in the room with him, and began crying. Both were arrested and taken to Madison street station, where they now are. Officer Davis remained with the corpse until the arrival of Lieutenant Ward, and then at three o'clock in the morning proceeded to Coroner Mann's in the morning proceeded to Coroner Mann's house, when he notified that official, who at once proceeded to the place and made a sur-vey of the office and the surroundings. THE DEAD WOMAN

Yey of the office and the surroundings. THE DEAD WOMAN was young and evidently beautiful, about twenty years of age. She was attired in a brown checked suit, and wore a great deal of jewellery, including three rings on one hand, one a heavy gold one, another with an ame-thyst setting, and a third octagonal in shape and bearing the initials "E. A. C." No other clue to her identity has been found. The theory of the coroner is that the woman died while in the doctor's hands, that death took place last evening, and that after her death the doctor dressed the body and placed it in the hall to divert suspicion from himself and others. A post-mortem examination will be held and an inquest begun this evening. In an interview at the Madison street police station this morning, Dr. Earle said that the woman, whose name he did not know, had repeatedly asked him to commit an abortion upon her. He refused, but finally pretended to do so, and while so engaged the girl died. The cause of death he thought was heart disease. He did not give her chloroform, and did not see that she had if until he took the body, out in the hall, not knowing what to do with it. He protested that his son was innocent of any knowledge of the affair, and the statement of the boy was to the same effect. A woman called at Dr. Earle's office, sand being shown the rings immediately went into hysterics. She was from 28 West Lake street. journed." Gretzy went one day to consult a physician, who asked him, "How do you compose music ?" "As one makes verses and pictures, I read, say twenty times, the words which I wish to paint with sounds. It takes several days for my head to become warmed. Then I lose my appetite, my eyes are inflamed, my imagination is excited ; and so I write an opera in three or weeks." "Well, well, you must stop all that, or you will never be cured." "I know it," replied the musician ; " but which is the best way—to wear out, or to be bored to death ?"

Invite the sevening 1 It was an outrage to —"
"Be present at your private interview with Mr. Lascelles ?"
"I and he statement of the body out in the hall, not the hall, not think I am a policeman. If I had known that you and Mr. Lascelles were talking in the you and Mr. Lascelles were talking in

AND HOUSEHOL

ENSILAGE.

OST OF REEPING STOCK UPON ENSILAGE The following statement from a gentler whose estate joins "Winning Farm" will read with interest :----

" JOHN M. BAILEY, ESQ.

" Dear Sir-In accordance with my sug "Dear Sir—In accordance with my sug tions made on the occasion of the opening your silo, Dec. 3, I have used your ensilag manner as follows. My small herd of cows calved early in the spring, viz., in months of March and April. They are of ordinary New England stock, with no pre-sions to any pedigree. I sell no milk; my cows, such as they are, were selee more for their butter-making qualities t the any extra milking properties. T any extra milking properties. er-making, and with the commenceme old weather and the stoppage of 'fall

Going home from church, she remarked to her husband : "Did you notice that bald. headed man in front of us, and how young he looked ? I never saw any one so young before with a bald head." Then he shut her up by replying : "My dear, I was bald-headed before I was a year old." "Henry is so practical !" said Mrs. Young-wife. "When mother went into the country last year Henry sent all her things after her the very next day; he said she might want some of them, you know. And it's kind o' funny," she went on, "mether did want them, for she has never come back to live with us since. Wasn't it queer.

ter-making, and with the commencement old weather and the stoppage of 'fall fe had begun to shrink in milk. "Previous to the use of your ensilage, six cows had been fed two bushels of flat nips, with four quarts of bran to each daily, and what dry corn-fodder they we daily. The amount of milk given by them d was 30 quarts, from which 18 pounds of the wing the week. All but one cow tool the fodder at first kindly, and their app for it increased from day to day. There an increase of milk from 30 quarts to quarts daily. The cream was thicker richer colour, and of better quality than i their previons feeding. One sack of bre the value of 90 cents was all that the at during the week in addition to your silage, except a small amount of bog or a with us since. Wasn't it queer. He was a great bore, and was talking to a crowd about the coming local election. Said he, "Jones is a good man; he is capable, honest, fearless and conscientions. He will make the very kind of an officer we need here in Galveston. He once saved my life from drowning." "Do you really want to see Jones elected?" said a solemn-faced old man. "I do indeed. I'd do anything to see him elected." "Then never let anybody know he saved your life." The meeting then ad-journed."

silage, except a small amount of bog or dow hay of nominal value. "The account for this week would the fore be for the six cows :---54 bushels ensilage (1,620 lbs.) at \$.001.. 1 bag wheat shorts.....

"The cows should be credited with pounds of butter at 35 cents a pound, say 210 quarts of skim-milk at one cen quart, which I consider its value as feed the pigs.

22 pounds butter at \$.35 210 quarts skim-milk at .01.....

Cost of keeping Profit

"The flavour of the butter was excel and its colour a good yellow, equal to which sweet pasture gives. "In the above brief statement I have

find myself strictly to facts, and will r no comments, except to say that I am vinced that your method of preserving g fodder for use in winter time is a success.

will eventually be adopted in this part of

"HENRY B. JUDKIN

"HENRY B. JUDKIN Since receiving the above, Mr. Judkin forms me that his cows shrank so that gave but 20 quarts daily three days afte suming dry feed. This is about what they would have sh to by this time had the natural shrin not been arrested and an increase cause the one week's feed of envilore

country.

the one week's feed of ensilage. I have a Jersey helfer 20 months old w has doubled her yield of milk since I beg feed ensilage. I have one cow 13 years which came in Dec. 1, three weeks ago. is now giving 16 quarts daily upon 60 por of ensilage and four quarts of shorts. I

200 lbs. of hay for 100 sheep ... 120 lbs. of shorts for cattle, at \$18 per

Total cost of keeping 30 cattle and 100 sheep per day on hay and grain. \$7 Cost of keeping the above on ensilage as above

Daily balance in favour of ensilage ... \$ From my experience in feeding so consider ensilage to be worth one-half as as the best timothy hay. I would not, ever, exchange ensilage for hay and give tons for one. I believe that 40 to 75 to

tempt to deceive me, as you deceive other people !" Juliet's smiles disappeared, and her head rose hanghtily. But this had no effect upon Miss Bassick, who felt, probably, that she had destroyed the bridges behind her. "You followed me, to spy out my move-ments and listen !" she exclaimed. "You are jealous of the preference Mr. Lascelles has for me! You have been watching, and sending others to watch all my movements ! You have never liked me, and take this means of wreaking your spite and dislike on me !" HIS TOOLS IN HIS HAND,

wing me this evening 1 It was an outrage

iend. Where are the papers ?" Grantham slowly shook his head.

"It is sorrowful, very sorrowfull kiend, to see a fellow-creature act so sinfully. This is a very bad errand. Do you know what such things result in 7-The State-prison or the gallows. Is that reasonable—is it worth the risk? The sin is the main thing—the crime in the eyes of the law of man follows that. Come, friend, put up your knife. It is quite uscless, and offends my eyes." The burglar advanced straight upon him with the knife raised. "The inpers !" he exclaimed.

"The papers !" he exclaimed. "I have said it is impossible for me to de-liver the papers to you, my friend," said Mr. Frantham, quietly. "Why is it ?" "I delivered them to their

"Why is it?" "I delivered them to their owner more than a month ago." The burglar, who was close to Mr. Grant-ham, took a step backward, and the hand holding the knife fell at his side.

rolding the knife fell at his side. "To the owner—a month ago ?" "Somewhat more than a month, I believe," etarnied Mr. Grantham, tranquilly. "To the owner ?—the big man who brought the shild to your house that night ?" "The same, friend. He left the travelling-bag by accident, it seems. My old servant informed me that he came for it, but I was abaent. He came again, however, and of course I delivered it. I had not examined bis contents."

a contents." The burglar remained standing, without thering a word, for a full minute. He then xed his eyes upon Mr. Grantham, as though ming to read him through and through. Mr. Grantham smiled a little, and said,

"Do you doubt my statement? If you do, I enture to say that you are the only person a this parish who would do so." "No, I do not doubt what you say, at all,"

Ro, I do not donot what you say, at all," said the man, in a voice of vary great dis-appointment. "The papers are gone, I see that. There's no use for further talking. Good-night, Mr. Grantham." He want to the door and opened it. Mr Grantham rose, and, taking up his light, fol-lowed him.

"A cold night, friend," he said, listenir

e shrill whistle of the wind; "do yc how what has just come into my mind? I aght not to turn you out in such a night. There is a bed at your service." "A graff Jaugh indicated that the burglar pprecisted the humour of his host's sugges-

for him

"What do you mean ?" "I mean I would have search

No. I thank you, Mr. Grantham," he "I might hot feel at my case exactly reakfast to morrow inorning." Oh, do not be alarmed at that. I am an sort of person, and bear no malice."

Casy or not, yon are a brave man," said urglar, going toward the door in rear of

No." said Mr. Grantham, laying his hand

his arm. e man turned around and looked at him

"I thid not mean to arrest you," Mr. Grant-m said, with a smile. "You see, I wish to rget our discussion, and only meant to do a courtesy. I do not regard you as an imary burglar. You only came for a few pers—I have not asked you to explain how it inst the owner of them sent you, when he has an already. That is your business, not my m. Let it remain so friend and do not business, not my end, and do not Let it remain so, friend, and do not ray more houses. Go home, and go to , unless you will stay with me to night-are very welcome. When I touched you and to say, 'Do not go out by the back-.' Here is the front-door."

Mr. Grantham opened it and the burglas

night, friend," said Mr. Gr

"Good-mgnt, friend," saft Mr. Grantham, a friendly voice; "take care, or you will mable; it is extremely dark." "I will take care," said the burglar, turn-ground and looking into Mr. Grantham's a, lif up by the flaring candle, "and I and to take care of another thing, too." "Another thing, my friend ?"

mean, so help me Heaven !--you'lt le with that sort of swearing, Mr. -I never mean, I say to break into house again, if I live to be as old

my friend," said the paster,

moody condition of mind. In the evening he again retired at an early hour, and was in bed before ten. It was perhaps in consequence of this that he lay awake for a long time, as nothing less disposes to alumber than anticipating our habitual hour for retiring. Indeed, he did not go to aleep until near day, break—he was thinking about things. Mr. Hargles was probably at that moment exploring the recesses of Mr. Granthaurs seatcary. The laced, he was thinking about things. Mr. Hargles was probably at that moment exploring the recesses of Mr. Granthaurs seatcary. The laced, he did not go to aleep until near day, break—he was thinking about things. Mr. Hargles was probably at that moment exploring the recesses of Mr. Granthaurs seatcary. The tascelles slept for about an hour only. He then awoke, and, getting out of bed, went and looked at his watch by the glimmer of the expiring fire. This examination seemed to be satisfactory. He lit his lamp, proceeded to dress, and having put on his riding-boots, went quietly down-stairs. In the hall, which was dimly illumined by the first light of day, he put on his hat, and found his riding-who, which he preferred to spurs. He then left the house by the door in rear of the passage, which he unlocked for the purpose. He took every precaution in doing so, but the bolt grated, and the sound rung out like a trumpet in his ears in the profound silence. He stopped and listened. The house was os still that he could hear his own breathing. It was aparent that its immates were sound asleep, and Mr. Lascelles mentally laughed at himself for upposing that the sound, even if it had been heard, would have startled anybody. It would have been attributed at once to a server were stamping their feet and rattling their heard, would have the stables. These were yrabably aleeping, as horses will toward daybreak. Here and there they white, he rose from the rest, opened it with a key whith he took from his pocket, and, going in, saddled his favourite horse himself and led him out. Having first loo It was p

m. "If you mean that I promised you more on lie," he said, looking straight at Mr Rug es. "I thought you knew your business ad could be counted on. You are a mer reenhorn, and have your he ready—I doub you ever entered that house at all or mad-is search." he search." Mr. Ruggles could stand much in the way of business, but he could not stand the impu-tation on his professional character, and t have the term "lie" applied to his state ments. "You'd better not repeat that," he served, with a flash of the eye. "You are a liar!" responded Mr.

"You are a liar !" responded Mr. Las-celles, promptly. "And you're a fraud !" exclaimed Mr. Ruggles, yielding to rage. As he uttered the words Mr. Lascelles struck him in the face with his small whip— a sharp, telling lash, which left a long red mark on his cheek. Thereat Mr. Rugglest driven to fury, drew his bowie-knife; and was apparently about to do something dreadful.

driven to fury, drew his bowie-knife, and was apparently about to do something dreadful, when he suddenly changed his mind. Mr. Lascelles had put his hand under his coat be-hind and produced a small but dangerous-looking pistol of the Derringer pattern; which he cocked with the rapidity of long practice and placed upon Mr. Ruggles' breast. diffi This was evidently unpleasant to Mr. Rug-gles. He was in a rage, but not too much so to lose sight of his personal safety. He re-treated, moving his body quickly to one side. to get out of range of the muzzle of the Der-ringer.

to get out of range of the muzzle of the Der-ringer. Mr. Lascelles looked at him for a few sec-onds in silence. He then quietly uncocked his pistel and restored it to his pocket. "There's no fight in you," he said cobly. He took out his pocket-book, extracted an additional bank-note from it and tossed it to-ward Mr. Ruggles; after which he mounted his horse with great deliberation and rode off in the direction of Wye. He did not even turn his head. If he had done so he would have seen Mr. Ruggles restore the bowie-knife to his breast pocket and pick up the bank-note. Whatever course Mr. Rooney Ruggles meant scene, it was obvious that he con-sidered that business was business, and hun-

woods, he touched his horse with his whip and set out at a gallop. The object of this early ride was to meet Mr. Ruggles at sunrise, at a spot agreed upon some miles from Wye. The nearer rendezvons was unsafe. They might be seen, and Mr. Lascelles particularly desired not to be seen on this especial occasion. As he went on at a rapid gallop he soon reached the spot—a highly desirable locality, as it was a little dell hemmed in by woods— and there, with the first rays of sunrise illu-minating his figure, was Mr. Ruggles waiting for him. sidered that business was business, and hundred-dollar bank-notes were hundred-dollar bank-notes.

XLV

for him. Mr. Lascelles rode straight to him, and throwing himself from his horse, slipped the feins over the animal's head, and confronted IN THE TRIANON WOODS. It is a very imprudent thing to tread on people, however humble they may be, and very injudicious to strike them with riding-whips; they will probably strike back in some way, at some time or other. Mr. Rug-gles intended to strike back if he could, and, reflecting maturely upon the subject, thought he would be able to do so. He and Mr. Las-celles were not done with each other he said

he would be able to do so. He and Mr. Las-celles were not done with each other, he said to himself, with a malignant expression of countenance; and conscious of the possession of bank-notes, and a few days of leisure, he resolved to gratify, if possible, his personal feelings before his return to New York. He had been lodging at the cabin of a poor man in the vicinity of the railway station. He now moved to the Piedmont tavern, where he took a room, and on the next flay set out in his neat citizen's dress to call on the Left-hander.

in his neat citizen's dress to call on the Left-hander. They had a long conversation, in which Mr. Ruggles, giving way unintentionally to anger, related all that had occurred between himself and Mr. Lascelles, and made no secret of his intention to "get even with him." The trouble, he said, was to discover the means of doing so. It was true that Mr. Lascelles gambled frightfully at the residence of one of his friends in the neighbourhood, but very little could be made of that. There was something more promising in another direction, however—he was engaged to be married to a Miss Armstrong, who lived near Piedmont; and if there was any reason why such a mar-riage ought not to take place, it was the duty of honest people, who were aware of such reasons, to inform the young lady of them. Mr. Ruggles looked at the Lefthander. He was smoking, and made no reply. There might or might not be an obstacle to the gentleman's marriage, continued Mr. Rug-gles. Such obstacles often existed, and were vet discarded. You had only the such a su

The basic lines from his horse, slipped the throwing himsell from his horse, slipped the terms over the animal's head, and confronted Mr. Ruggles.
"You have the papers, I suppose ?" he said.
"No, I've not got them," said Mr. Ruggles, in a business-like tone.
Mr. Lascelles shut his eyebrows down, and closed the hand holding the bridle-rein so tightly that the nails dug into the palme.
"Why? explain it to me. Did you get into the house, or were you only boasting when you solve only on get into the house, or were you only boasting the bridle-rein so tightly that the nails dug into the palme.
"Why? explain it to me. Did you get into the house, or were you only boasting when you said you could do so without difficulty?"
"I don't remember any hoasting, Mr. Lascelles, "said Mr. Ruggles, in a cool tone.
"You boasted enough about it," said Mr. Kascelles, losing his temper and frowning, under the effect of his huge disappointment and early rising after a nearly sleeples night.
Mow, nothing irritates people like seeing people who are irritated. Expressions of face are contagious. You smile baok at the smiling face, and scowl at the scowler, or, at least, you feel disposed to do so. Thus the displeasure of Mr. Lascelles," said Mr. Ruggles, who was himself greatly disappointed.
"Mhat you like or dislike is a matter of indifference to me," said Mr. Lascelles, "and have no time or desire to be trifled with. What happened."
"This is what happened," responded Mr. Mascelles, "and have no time or desire to be trifled with.
"This is what happened," responded Mr. Boast and that. I told you so-I didn't boast about that. I told you so-I didn't boast about that form."

Nothing there." Searched it thoroughly ?--every drawer ! These questions came one by one, jerked, as it were, from Mr. Lascelles's lips, "No."

the gentleman's marriage, continued Mr. Rug-gles. Such obstacles often existed, and were yet disregarded. You had only to read the newspapers to see what a queer world we live in. Men who here irrepreachable reputations often married when they had wives living, or

Mr. Lascelles flushed suddenly. The pau after the word "gentleman" had produced disagreeable effect. In fact, it had enrage wers, and in all probability would not

Vye. It said a great deal for Miss Bas uality and reliability that he was not di ppointed. There alie was at the trysting lace with her little baskan full of red berrie place with her little baskstifull of red berries, and her handsome tave plowing with the roses of healthy extension, and perhaps of anticipation. Can we blame her? Is it not natural that the innocent heart of a maiden should throb at the approach of her dear one? She was exceedingly handsome as she stood leaning against the trunk of an oak; and it is not to be wondered at that Mr Lascelles, a few moments afterward, relieved the oak-tree of the trouble of sustaining her the oak-tree of the trouble of sustaining her 'The conversation which ensued was no particularly interesting: such conversation rarely are. There were reproaches, expla nations, blandishments, and so forh. It was a strictly private' interview, and therefor ought not to be made public. The denouemen alone is necessary to a comprehension of the narrative.

alone is necessary to a comprehension of the narrative. Mr. Lascelles was seated on a mossy work with his arm around Miss Bassick, and her head leaning on his shoulder, when Miss Juliet Armstrong came out of the woods, from behind some evergreens within about ten paces of them. This vexations incident oc-curred in the simplest manner. The young lady had really being suffering from a head-ache all day, but toward sunset had come quietly down-stairs and set out to take a walk, without the knowledge of her mother or Miss Bassick. Finding the evening mild, she had gone wandering through the woods, and was now returning home, when, un-fortunately, she stumbled upon the young people. No sooner had Juliet caught sight of them than she attempted to retreat undiscovered; but that was inversible.

or wye. He is a torger, and has one wire living !" Having placed this communication in an envelope, and directed it to "Miss Armstrong, Trianon, near Piedmont," he put on his hat and went and deposited it in the post-office; and halt an hour afterward old William came and bore it off with the rest of Mrs. Arm-No sooner had Juliet caught sight of them than she attempted to retreat undiscovered; but that was impossible. They had both looked round, and their glances met. Miss Bassick was so much startled that she re-mained motionless with the arm of Mr. Las-celles still around her, and a deep flush upon her face; then she suddenly retreated from and bore it off with the rest of Mrs. Arm-strong's letters to Trianon—the mail having arrived in the stage a short time before. Mr. Ruggles was lounging at the post-office when Mrs. Armstrong's mail was asked for. He saw his letter handed to the old servant.

saw his letter handed to the old servant. Then he sauntered back, with a smile on his him. As to Juliet, she was standing still, colour-ing a little and smiling. There was absolutely nothing to do but to accost them, and she lips, to the tavern.

ing a little and smiling. There was absolutely nothing to do but to accost them, and ahe said. "I have been walking—what a pleasant evening, Mr. Lascelles." "A ory pleasant," stammered Mr. Lascelles, who had risen. "And the woods are full of flowers, in spite of the lateness of the season. I have found a quantity of autumn primroses and this pretty little star of Bethelehem — have lyou ever noticed it?" She came forward quietly and held up her nosegay with a smile on her lips. "You admire flowers, Miss Bassick," she added, "and-you will find every possible variety if you will fook for them." Miss Bassick, who had risen to her feet, looked extremely stiff and haughty. Mr. Las-celles, to judge from the expression of his countenance, would have preferred being in some other place. "Yes, I am scarcely suffering at all now. I thought a walk would relieve it, and I sup-pose you were walking ont also, Miss Bassick? "Yes," said Miss Bassick, curtly, and knitting her handsome brows. At the same moment Mr. Lascelles's horse neighed, and Juliet looked at him admiringly. "What a beaffiful horse!" she said. "I really envy you your ride. I hope all are well at Wye."

what a beautiful norse !" she said. "I really envy you your ride. I hope all are well at Wys." "Thank you-very well; and as I promised to return to tes, I will now take my leave, ladies."

to return to tes, I will now take my leave, Indies." Mr. Lascelle's bowed low, and, mounting his horse, rode off: In all his life he had never felt a sensation of such relief. Miss Bassick and Miss Juliet stood facing each other — the face of the one a vivid crimson, the lips of the other smiling quietly. "Shall we return, Miss Bassick ?" "Yes, I am ready to return ?" Was it the voice of Miss Bassick, or some-body else's? The coo-coo had quite disap-peared—it was brief, abrupt, and metallic. They walked on together in silence for some of same abrupt tone,

moments. Then Miss Bassick said, in the same abrupt tone, "So you think it honourable to steal up and surprise people?" "To steal up!" said Juliet, composedly,

hat romantic spot this evening, I assure you (should have gone a mile out of the way to-woid interrupting yon." In spite of everything-of Miss Bassick's wrath insults imputations. Miss Juliet Arm. was an attractive girl of 19 years. It appears CLANDESTINE MEETINGS

In spite of everything—of Miss Bassick's wrath, insults, imputations—Miss Juliet Arm-strong was evidently unable to restrain her sense of humour. Suddenly she uttered a gay hugh, which chraged Miss Bassick's to the fast-degree. As they had entered the grounds, however, the interview came to an end, and the maidens separated without further words. Mr. Ruggles, lying concealed behind a thick clump of cedars on the side of the road op-posite the trysting-place had heard nothing that was said. But then he had witnessed everything, and his sharp glances left nothing in doubt. He had heard the report in Pied-mont that 'Mr. Lascelles was engaged to be married to Miss Armstrong, and the attitude of the gentleman and his companion, as they sat upon the rocks, clearly showed that the report was correct. The pinor circumstance that he mistook Miss Bassick for Miss Arm-strong was natural, but not important. Mr. Ruggles gazed at the romantic couple and smilel ; remained in his place of concealment until Mr. Lascelles and the ladies had disap-peared, and then, emerging in the dusk, went hack to Biedmont. CLANDESTINE MEETINGS with some young man whose identify seems to be unknown to her mother or the police. This young man gave her a gold watch, neck-hace and rings, and succeeded in running her. She visited Dr. Earle, and he demanded \$25 for producing the abortion. She gave him the watch as security, and the operation resulted in her death. Dr. Earle, it is sup-posed, intended to dispose of the body in some secret manner last night, but becoming frightened, and supposing he was discovered, he dragged the body out of his office to the door of a neighbouring physician in the same house to divert suspicion. The body was there found by the police. The doctor tried to throw the blame entirely on the girl, and affected to believe that her death was caused by heart disease, but the doctors who made the *post-mortem* testified at the inquest that the heart and lungs were in good condition, and that death was apparently caused by peritonitis, result-ing from attempted abortion. The coroner's jury held Dr. Earle for the crime without bail, to go before the Grand Jury. His son was discharged. The police are trying to find the young man who was the indirect cause of the girl's death. The remains will probably be interred at the expense of the Grand Army of the Republic, as Miss Carrol's father was a member of that order. Her family came from Wisconsin. with some young man whose identity seen to be unknown to her mother or the police until Mr. Lascelles and the ladies had disap-peared, and then, emerging in the dusk, went back to Piedmont. Having shut himself up in his room he pro-ceeded to write a note. This note was brief, but very much to the point. It contained these words : "MISS ARMSTEORG, —An unknown friend takes this means of putting you on your guard. Don't marry Mr. Douglas Lascelles, of Wye. He is a forger, and has one wife

order. Her family came from Wisconsin. THE PRISONER'S RECORD.

The PRISONER'S RECORD. Dr. Earle has an unenviable reputation as an abortionist. In 1874 he murdered a beau-tiful young girl named Rosella Jackson, from Manston, Wis., by the same means. He served a year in the penitentiary for that, and was afterwards prosecuted for procuring an abortion on Mary Morgan, but escaped unnishment.

CHICAGO, Aug. 29.—A special from Ocono-mowoc, Wis, gives something of the history of the girl Etta A. Carl, murdered by the abortionist Earl, as well as of her mother, now Mrs. Cure. The sentimental Chi-cago reporters, who have been gush-ing about the innocent and beau-tiful maiden, now s and aghast with horror. The despatch says a little girl lived with them in Oconomowoc, who was generally supposed to be the daughter of Etta; that Granville Kellar, who is known to have visited Etta as late as guring the

On the 22nd of last month a melancholy narriage ceremony was celebrated in the principal gaol of Madrid, Some days pre-Etta; that Granville Kellar, who is known to have visited Etta as late as during the Templar conclave at Chicago, also was a frequent visitor to her in Oconomowoc, sometimes remaining a week at a time, and that different men, at all hours, frequented the apartments of the mother and daughter. Their place had gained a very unsavoury reputation when they suddenly. left for Chicago, and were forgotten until the accounts of Ella's death brought them and their actions fresh to memory. It is expected an attempt will be made to-morrow to get Earl out of gool on a writ of habcas corpus. Earl and Cream, the two abortionists, are very inti-mate and fond of each other's society in the gool. The hour when the prisoners are allowed to leave their cells to exercise these two ommon criminals spend in close cover-sation. principal gaol of Madrid, Some days pre-viously a young man named Alvarez Oliva and his mistress, with whom he had lived for several years, were tried for murder by the criminal tribunal in the Palacio de Justiz,

The Fun of Being a Millionaire. Vanderbilt was sitting for his portrait

"Haven't you," asked M. Vanderbilt, " a

Let bound of the temporary of a pick of the temporary intermeter the temporary of the temporary intermeter the temporary of the temporary intermeter temporary of the temporary intermeter temporary intermeter temporary intermeter temporary intermeter temporary intermeter temporary intermeter on the temporary intermeter temporary intermeter on the temporary intermeter temporary of the temporary intermeter on the temporary intermeter temporary intermeter temporary intermeter temporary intermeter on the temporary intermeter temporary intermetery temporary intermeter temporary interm people so situated that their families are likely to derive substantial benefit from the sympathy and wonder excited by their per-formances; but in these cases credulity has usually been followed by scepticism, and this by a surveillance which has led to the detection of imposture.

refusal of the dress worn by Mrs. Billionaire, which made such a sensation." Miss Million — "The grapedrapery, with its vegatable mar-rows and paranipa, was certainly pleasing. By the way, the sudden introduction of the artichokes in the tunic was ineffective." Ma-dame Bellerobes— "Madame is right. I frankly, admit that the oncumber required toning down. We ought to have scattered a pint of pess over the gauze, and emphasized the buckles with kidney potatoes. Madame is pleased with kidney potatoes. Andame is pleased with kidney potatoes. As for the vegetables, you may rely upon them. They came fresh this morning from market." Mrs. Million—"It might be worse. The bouquets of carrots and Brussels sprouts are certainly sweet." sheep upon 45 bushels (about 1,350 pou of ensilage; and 80 cents' worth of sh and less than 50 pounds of hay daily. I not make the cost of corn ensilage to be than one will per pound, or \$2 per ton. It will therefore be seen that the ex of keeping 35 horned animals and 100 at "Winning Farm" is as follows :==== 1,250 lbs. of ensilage at \$.001

Total cost per day The cost of keeping the above stock hay and grain would be as follows :--20 pounds of hay to each animal (ten lings counted as five cows), making 30 h would require daily as follows :--600 lbs. of hay for cattle, at \$15 pe

bolquets of carrots and Brussels sprouts are certainly sweet." Franz von Suppe, composer of Fatinitzs and Boccacio, was somewhat disgusted with a re-cent experience of his in Vienna. One day he lunched in a restaurant, and when through asked how much he owed. "Nothing, sir," was the reply. "Nonsense ! How much is it?" "Not a farthing, sir. Can not take any money from you." "But why?" "Oh, for a reason, sir." "Is it possible that the man knows my work, and is an admirer of mine," thought the Fatinitza man. "But really, my man, I can not permit you to treat me to a lunch." "You must, sir." "Very well, then, here's a florin for drink money." "Thank yon, but I can not accept it." "Really, this is gratifying !" exclaimed Suppé. "Talk about fame ! So you won't permit me to pay or reward you ?" "De idedly not, sir." "Then here, take this order for a box st the opera to-night." "What? Then how did you know my piege?" "What piece?" "Fatinitza." "Never heard of it in my life. Is it funny!" "Is it funny ! In Heaven's name, man, do

Long Fasts.

which if properly ensilaged will be equ from 20 to 371 tons of hay. To receive fullest benefit, however, I think there sh be some nitrogenous food, such as oats, sh pea or bean meal, oil meal or animal mea with the ensilage. Judging from the appearance and the pings of my animals, I believe they are as high as young and breeding stock a is figh as young and breeding stock a "Never heard of it in my life. Is it funny!" "Is it funny ! In Heaven's name, man, do you mean to say you don't know me?" "Certainly, sir." "Then why do you re-fuse to accept payment !" "Because all is paid already. The house has been chartered a week by Holzman, who hopes that each of the gentlemen who enjoy his hogpitality will vote for his re-election. Here is his ballot, sir." Von Suppe has had a decided aversion to politics ever since.

There is another advantage : after th is cut and put into the silo-the last of gust or first of September—the land can be ploughed and sown with winter rye. summer, fall, and winter accumulation manure can be hanled out, and spread h cast upon the rye at any time after it is during the fall and winter months or spring. The rye will be in blossom and to cut between the 10th and 25th of May should be cut four-tenths of an inch long put into the silo in the same manner a

orn fodder. Land highly manured ought to giv tons of green rye for ensilage per acre. manure having been applied to the land ing the time it was occupied by the rye thing remains but to plough in the rye ble and drill in the corn. Thus 40 to 7.

oie and drill in the corn. Thus 40 to 7 of ensilage can be easily raised from on of good corn land. I roll my fodder-corn land as soo planted, harrow with a Thomas smoot harrow just as it is pricking through ground, and once every week or ten day tal it is about a foot high. Then, if the pear any weeds, I go through it once w norse-hoe.

ter any weeds, 1 go unough the sore-hoe. In conclusion, let me urge every fa who can, to build a silo. They will he build sheds to accommodate the stock will be able to keep. Silos and cheap of these are much cheaper than expensive ds are much ch eaper than exp

barns. No manure-cellars are needed. Ceme floors of the cattle-sheds (it costs less t plank floor), so as to save all the ma both solid and liquid ; bed them with 1 meadow hay, or any kind of hay. for matter

matter. Apply the manure as it is made, brow mon the rys fields. The land will contin frow richer, the crops of zye and corn-i heavier. The stock upon the farm y crease in number and value until agric will become the most profitable as well i noblest avocation which shall engage t tention of intelligent and refined manho

The foregoing was, it will be seen, we at intervals, from the time of openin allo until about the third day of Jar when I went to Virginia to visit my farm in Sussex county. A month had et ince I first began to feed the ensilage, was absent from "Winning Farm" ab

Although letters from my manager

chatting. "Hiven't you," asked M. Vanderbilt, "a preference, a particular affection, for some of your earlier pictures ?" "Yes," said Meissonier, "there is a pic-time that I really loved, but unhappily it is in in Gernany. It represented General Desaix in the middle of a plain, questioning some peasants. It was fine ; very fine. Petit sold it to a German, a Dresden man, long before the way, for 30,000 frances. I havedone every-thing to get that picture back to France, to ranson it from its captivity in Germany. Petit effered the owner as high as 100,000 frances he wouldn't sell. I never think of it without a real pang." "At 1" asid M. Vanderbilt. Then he be-gen taking of something else. "Me w days after Meissonier was to dine with M. Vanderbilt. He entered the salon, His Dreden picture, the Desaix, was there on an esel. "I bought it by telegraph for 160,000 frances, tranquilly explained M. Vanderbilt. "It was a simple enough matter, you see, to get this picture, "—Univers Hanse." President Hayes is credited by a new President Hayes is credited by a news-paper reporter of Reading, Pa., with having recently told the following anecdote '---'' I am not the great temperance man that people think me. For instance, during the war I carried good brandy with me all the time. I invented all by myself a very ingenious method of carrying it. Attached to my saddle was a pair of holsters. In one of them I carried one of my revolvers and the other I carried at my hip. I invented a can, or sort of canteen, to fit the other holster.

or sort of canteen, to fit the other holster, and it was a very clever thing. Well, every morning I filled that canteen; not a drop of it was left at night, but not a drop passed my lips-not a drop. I gave it to the poor, "famiahing meldier."

criminal tribunal in the Palacio de Justiz, and, having been proved guilty, were sen-tenced, the former to death by the garotte, the latter to ten years' imprisonment with hard labour. Shortly after their condemna-tion they craved permission of the authorities to be united in matrimony ere the dread sen-tence of the Jaw should be carried into effect, in order that their only child, a little girl five years old, should be legitimised. Their potition was granted, and the gaol chaplain, pronounced the blessing of the Church upon their union on the morning of the day ap-pointed for Alvarez's execution. Having duly exchanged rings and pronounced vows of mutual fidelity "till death should part them," they took an eternal and affecting leave of mutual fidelity " till death should part them." they took an eternal and affecting leave of one another, after which the bride was re-moved to the scene of her future punishmeut, and the bridegroom was conducted to the condemned cell, where, having confessed his sins and received absolution, he was pinioned and conveyed to the scaffold. A few minutes later he had ceased to live. Surely no grim-mer expisition of a capital offence has ever been suffered by the most atrocious of cri-minals than to be inexorably strangled on his wedding morning by the public executioner.

(To be Continued.)

Married and Then Hanged.

