

...I am sure that I assumed it... I am afraid that if Mrs. Wilson knew it, she would discharge me.

...If my suspicion who you really are is not correct, I will not; but if it is, then I can assure you that you will not care.

...Nettie was surprised. Then the officer did not mistrust that she was an outlaw's daughter.

...May I ask whom you think I am? "Let me take the lock," he said, without replying to Nettie's question.

...She handed it to him; he opened his hand, and she saw the picture out of the lock. He then returned it to her.

...Is not that your name? "No, it is not," said Grace Henson, from her father and mother.

...It is not, she said. "How did you know that the name was there? I thought I had seen the lock before."

...I have always been told that it is, she said. "Is your father's name Wallis?" asked the officer.

...No, it is not. "Did you ever hear of the name before?" "I have never heard of it."

...I have seen several times on some old letters in my father's possession. "The officer took from his pocket a photograph."

...Did you ever see that man? he asked, showing it to her. "Oh, yes," she cried, in dismay; "that is my father."

...You are certain, are you? "I am." "You say that your father's name is Wallis?"

...He must have changed it, then, for this picture is that of Charles Wallis. I think I begin to see through this mystery.

...The man whom you have always believed to be your father is Charles Wallis, although you may not have known him by that name.

...I knew him over seventeen years ago, at which time he vowed to be revenged on a lady who refused to marry him.

...Two years afterward he abducted her little girl, then about a year old.

...The mother became insane, while the husband left home with the determination of finding his child.

...Did he ever find her? asked Nettie, eagerly. "He has," was the reply.

...The husband, Charles Henson, by profession a detective, and at present living in this village; the babe's name is Grace Henson, now a little past six years, and she is in this very room.

...Overcome with this intelligence, the poor child fell fainting to the floor. The officer went to her, and lifting her up tenderly, laid her on the sofa.

...In a few moments she had recovered, and "Grace darling," said the detective, kissing her.

...Thank Heaven, I have found you at last! She placed her arms around his neck, and kissed him tenderly.

...Oh, father," she said, "I am so happy! And I need never go back to those wicked men."

...Who, Grace? "The outlaws, the Branded Brothers." "My God! child, have you been living with them?"

...The man whom I thought was my father is their captain. "Ah!" said the detective.

...Charles Wallis and Quarrillo are then the same person? "As they called him, Nettie, she turned to obey, knowing that it would be at her peril to disobey."

...She glanced out the window, and as someone at the foot of the ladder, she saw a man in a dark coat, and a woman in a light dress, who were looking at her.

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later was heavily ironed immediately and put into jail. Great was the excitement in H— when it became known that the "old man" was no other than Quarrillo, the famed outlaw chief.

A few weeks afterwards, there was a fierce fight between United States soldiers and the Branded Brothers, in which all of the latter were either killed or taken prisoners.

Quarrillo's trial came off in a short time. He was sentenced to be hanged, and met the fate he so well deserved. The outlaws that were tried in H— were also hanged.

Two years afterwards, Charles Henson was the happy recipient of the news that his wife had wholly recovered from her unfortunate malady, and again was the home of the detective made happy.

When Grace Henson became eighteen years of age, she and George Hymer were married.

The Electric Light. The electric light may now be looked on as settled. Our Michigan genius, Edison, has wrestled with the problem and if accounts of Eastern papers are to be believed, he has won the fight.

Here is how it is to be tested: First the Professor will light up all the houses in Menlo Park gratis, and from his laboratory watch the light's progress from night to night.

When all is in readiness for general introduction, central stations will probably be established throughout New York City, each station controlling a territory of perhaps a radius of half a mile.

In the central stations will be the magneto-electric generating machines run by engines. Wires will then be run in iron pipes under ground in the manner of gas pipes, connecting with dwellings, stores, theatres and other places to be lighted.

The gas fixtures at present used, instead of being removed, will be utilized to increase the light. In the place of the burner will be the invention, and meters will be used to register the quantity of electricity consumed.

Their form is not yet determined upon. The light is to be of the best white, fifteen candle power character. To light it a little spring is touched, and instantly the electricity does its work.

The amount of light can be regulated in the same way as can that from a gas fixture. The light gives out no heat. It is simply a pure white light, made dim or brilliant at the fancy of the person using it.

Very few have been permitted to see the instrument, as the patents are now pending. One who has seen it says the apparatus consisted of a small metal stand, placed on the table.

Surrounding the light was a small glass globe. Near by was a gas jet burning low. The illumination is such as would come from a brilliant gas jet surrounded with ground glass only.

The light was clearer and more brilliant. "Now I will extinguish it and light the gas," and you can see the difference," said Edison, and he touched the spring.

Instantly all was darkness. Then he turned on the gas. The difference in the light was quite perceptible, appearing in comparison tinted with yellow. In a moment, however, the eye had become accustomed to it, and the yellowish tint disappeared.

Then the professor turned on the electric light, giving the writer the opportunity of seeing both side by side. The electric light seemed much softer. A continuous view of it for three minutes did not pain the eye, whereas looking at the gas for the same length of time caused some little pain and confusion of sight.

The inventor next exhibited the light turned down low. It gave a mild illumination.

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To clear for our Fall Importation, A GENUINE REDUCTION OF 25 PER CENT.

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Remnants of BLACK DRESS GOODS, Remnants of COLOURED LUSTRES and DRESS GOODS.

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A LARGE & WELL-SORTED STOCK OF Clocks & Time-Pieces,

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No. 33 GRACE'S BLOCK, DOCK STREET.

I RESPECTFULLY call the attention of the public to my Large and Varied Assortment of WORSTED GOODS,

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The above will be made up in the most fashionable style and at shortest notice on the most reasonable terms. Also, a nice selection of Gent's Furnishing Goods.

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THE Subscriber will open his New Bowling Alleys, about the 24th May, in his New Building, Sydney street, adjoining St. Malachi's Hall.

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WHISKY. Just received of "Hibernian" BARRON GLENLIS, 100 cases Irish Whisky, 100 cases Scotch Whisky, 100 cases Old Irish Whisky, for sale low.

Brought to Justice, OR GRACE HENSON'S ABDUCTION.

BY FRANK A. MARSH.

(Continued.) CHAPTER VIII.

The village of H— was ablaze with excitement. George Hymer had brought the news that Quarrillo and his band were not more than twenty miles away. A company numbering over one hundred men was immediately raised to go in search of the outlaws.

Every able-bodied man in the place had joined this company; for the reward of ten thousand dollars, to be given to anyone capturing Quarrillo, alive or dead, was well worth trying for.

A dozen men who had enrolled themselves as members of the company, were standing on the corner of the two principal streets in H—

"Jim Lucas," spoke one of the crowd, "it's cussed queer to me that you should join us. Why, man, you couldn't tell Quarrillo from a ring-tailed zebra with that optic of your speckled nose."

"Now, see here, Tim Willinger," returned Jim, "I'll admit that I've only one eye, but it is as sharp as two common eyes can tell good whisky from tobacco by the looks of 'em just as quick as the next man."

"Well, boys," said another, in a sharp voice, "I ain't got no business bagging our name. Quarrillo is a mighty sharp chap, and if we catch him napping it will be because he's got through with the trouble of this infernal business."

"I'll tell you a heap," said Tim Willinger, addressing the man who had just spoken, "that if we come across Quarrillo he'll be a goner."

"That's just my 'pinion to a bar," said the other, "He'll be gone where none of us will find him."

"Do you want to let," said Tim, "that if we come across him, he won't be killed or captured?"

"What sort of a horse have you to bet?" "A dapple gray, bout fourteen hands high, with eight paces. Hope you ain't bagging him, Charles. I'm just aching to tend a hanging here."

"Can't do it, Tim, ain't got but one horse, and he's a star-line, good for the kind, but not the right kind. As for money, I ain't got a tairn's sight, only just enough for a little beer."

"There comes Captain Hymer," cried out one of the company, and George Hymer came up to the crowd.

"Time to get together, boys," he said, "I'll after nine o'clock," said Jim Lucas, "Where's the rest of the boys?" asked Jim Lucas.

"Down at Welsh's." They then moved away, and in a few minutes had joined the rest at Tom Welsh's tavern.

"Mr. Kenton, would you not like to join us?" inquired Hymer, of a tall, ministerial-looking gentleman, who sat next to him.

"Verily, my friend, it is not my nature to engage in war against my fellow-man."

"This is a just cause. Our property and families are in danger. It is our duty to free the country of these outlaws."

"Verily, my friend Hymer, they will be punished for their sins."

"But we can't wait for that," cried Jim Lucas. "The way of the transgressor is hard," said the ministerial-looking person, in a solemn tone.

"I'll go hard with the head-transgressor of those infernal outlaws if I get my claws on him," said Tim Willinger.

"My friends, I hope you will rid the country of such wicked men, for verily they stink about doing mischief in the land. I wish you good-day, gentlemen."

He then arose and left the room. Shortly afterwards he appeared at the front door, mounted on horseback. Handing one of the men a strip of paper, he dashed away.

"I wonder if that was Henry Ward Beecher," said one of the crowd.

"Silence!" cried out the man to whom the strip of paper had been handed. Listen to this. "I'll bet it's a religious tract," said Jim Lucas.

Silence being restored, the man read as follows: "You are a pack of ninnyms. Quarrillo, the outlaw chief, has just left you."