

extent even that he openly displayed to his friend a magnificent set of jewels which he told Master Troll he had just purchased of a Mayence dealer in precious stones, and had hopes of selling again at a fair profit to the wife of a distinguished patrician of Frankfort, to whom he intended to show them next morning, as he should only be back there late in the evening, having to walk all the way.

The glittering baubles in the Jew's hands attracted of course the attention of the other parties in the room, more particularly, it seemed, of the two travellers.

"Holy Virgin!" said the dark man in Spanish to his fair-faced companion; "just look at that, Carlos! What a sad pity that such splendid gems should be in the hands of an unbelieving Jew! Why they would make both of us rich, and I might go with you to your village, and you might afterwards come back with me to Spain, where we might purchase an estate with the money these things would bring."

"True, Manuel, my friend," replied the other in the same language laughing; "True for you. If one might only chance to meet you unbelieving Jew, as you call him, alone somewhere in a dark wood, and give him a gentle tap on the head with a persuader like mine there"—pointing to a fresh-cut bough of ash, rudely lopped and fashioned into a stick, which was lying across one of the knapsacks—"one might have the things for the mere taking."

Just then Master Ephraim Troll, who had lent a most attentive ear to the above interchange of sentiments anent the Jew and his sparkling baubles, was called to the other end of the room, where a guest wished to settle with him.

He was detained some time. When he came back to the table at which Lazarus Levi was seated, the two travellers had risen, and got ready to leave; they paid their score and took their departure.

When they were gone, Lazarus Levi rose also, to set out on his journey home; but mine host would not hear of it. He insisted upon their cracking another half bottle together in his own private snugery, to which he led the way, after instructing a drawer to replace him in the guest-room.

When they were comfortably seated there, Master Troll addressed his visitor;

"Friend Lazarus," he said, with great seriousness, "do you know that you have been most imprudent? What on earth could possess you to exhibit that set of precious stones in a public room? Those two chaps you saw seated at the next table spotted them at once; and if you only could have understood what they were saying about them and about you, you would feel the reverse of easy, I know. Though, to look at those men, one would hardly believe that either of them would be likely to commit a crime; but then, temptation is a sad thing. You know I have lived ten years in Spain, so I understand the language. Well, they were talking in Spanish; they clearly had no notion that anybody in the room could understand them. They had heard you say that you intended to walk back to Frankfort this afternoon. You know, about half way the road leads through a dense wood, where it is often very lonely. Now, from what I have overheard these chaps say to one another, I am afraid they may intend to lie in wait for you there, to strip you of your property. So I think the best you can do, friend Lazarus, is to stay here to-night, and go back to Frankfort to-morrow morning in Aaron Veit's trap."

Lazarus Levi was very much frightened by this information; but as he told the host, he must be back in Frankfort that night. For himself personally he had no great fear; all that these men were likely to do, after all, was to stop him; but then, he certainly would not much relish having his pockets full of valuables, to be stripped of them. So he proposed to leave his jewelry and his pocket-book, containing ten thousand florins in notes and even his purse with a few florins in small change, with his excellent and most trusty friend, Ephraim Troll, keeping absolutely nothing upon him but a knife and a lucky kreuzer (a German farthing). If he were stopped then, he need simply let his assailants search him, and they would soon permit him to continue his journey.

As no persuasion could induce the Jew to postpone his return to Frankfort till next day, Master Troll consented to take the whole of the valuable property in his safe keeping, and after another hour or so Lazarus Levi took his departure.

Late that night Baron Walter returned to his villa. If the valet who rushed out to receive his Master could have seen his face, he would have been frightened at the haggard scared-like look it wore.

"Sad news, gracious sir," said the valet, whilst helping the baron to dismount, "very sad news. The gracious sir had only left a few minutes when a messenger came to bring the shocking news that your gracious uncle had just expired."

"My uncle dead!" cried the baron, in a choked voice, "this morning! and the messenger here a few minutes after I was gone! O great God!" and he fell down in a fainting fit.

"How dearly the gracious Sir baron loved his poor uncle!" said the valet to himself, as he endeavored to raise the insensible body from the ground.

With the assistance of other servants the baron was got into the house and placed on a sofa. Cold water was sprinkled in his face, and smelling salts put to his nostrils. He revived;

he cast an intensely anxious and fearful look all around him; his face was deadly pale and looked shockingly distorted in the uncertain glare of the wax candles. "A few minutes! Only a few minutes! Dead! dead!" he muttered despairingly; then he shuddered and shivered as with an ague-fit. Gradually he calmed down a little and asked the servants for more detailed information.

They repeated to him that he had barely ridden off in the morning when a messenger had brought the sad news of his uncle's sudden death. The councillor had been struck down by a fit of apoplexy. His servants had at once despatched a messenger to announce the melancholy event to the nephew, and to request his presence at his late uncle's, now his own, house. He had in vain been sought for all day in every possible place and direction.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, the baron resolved to go that very night to his late uncle's mansion in the city. He accordingly set out upon horseback, attended by his valet. He found the household still up. The body of his uncle had already been laid out in the principal bedroom. The councillor's old confidential valet handed to the baron the keys of the private desk in his dead master's study. The baron had the wax candles lighted in the study, where after sending the servants away, he shut himself up for the night.

Next day at noon the Chevalier St. Hilaire presented himself at the baron's villa in company with a French officer, whom he had brought with him from Mayence, to act as his second in the proposed duel.

The baron, who looked deadly pale, and seemed to have suddenly grown twenty years older in a single night, received his visitors with stately distant politeness. He handed the Chevalier ten thousand florins in notes, receiving in exchange his own promise to pay. The baron's intended second having also arrived at the villa accompanied by a surgeon, the five gentlemen mounted their horses and rode off to beyond Sachsenhausen, where they soon found a convenient spot.

The baron's second, seeing how fearfully his principal seemed affected by his uncle's sudden death, would have taken upon himself to appeal to the chevalier's witness for a postponement of the duel to some other day—after the funeral—but the baron prevented him, sternly insisting upon fighting then and there. The chevalier, who, as the party insulted, claimed the choice of weapons, decided in favor of the small sword, as the baron's agitation must place the latter at a disadvantage in a sword encounter with a cool, collected, and skilful antagonist.

The preliminaries having been duly arranged and the ground measured off, the word "Allez!" was just going to be given, when the clatter of rapidly approaching horses' hoofs was heard, and an instant after three mounted gendarmes—a lieutenant and two brigadiers—came dashing on to the ground. The two brigadiers jumped from their horses, and at a sign from the lieutenant, threw themselves upon the Chevalier St. Hilaire, who stood rooted to the spot, bereft seemingly of all power of resistance.

"Baron Walter, and you, gentlemen put up your swords! This duel cannot take place!" shouted the lieutenant.

"Why not?" cried the baron, who seemed desperately bent upon fighting the chevalier. "Surely the prince cannot mean to cover me with ignominy by such ill-judged interference in this matter!" For he believed Charles Theodor had sent the gendarmes to stop the duel, of which he had most likely been informed by his (the baron's) second.

"Ay," replied the lieutenant, "simply because a man of honour cannot fight a detected cheat—one who uses jacked and prepared card, and clogged dice to rob the unwary—ay, worse even than that—a murderer!"

"A murderer!" stammered the baron through his ashy trembling lips. "Great God! a murderer!" Then he continued in a burst of agonised passion. "Oh, that I had but known this one day sooner! One day!—ay, a few minutes—and between that lies heaven or hell!"

"Of course, your money will be returned to you, Baron, as your murderous catiff has clearly robbed you of it," said the lieutenant who really believed somehow that the baron was bewailing the misfortune of not having known the true character of the chevalier in time to keep his money in his pocket.

"Oh, curse the money! the accursed money!" wailed the baron, half unconsciously.

"How completely the death of his uncle and this discovery seem to have unhinged him!" said the baron's second compassionately. "We had better return to Frankfort at once."

It was quite true. The Chevalier St. Hilaire had a short time before this, stabbed to the heart a colonel attached to the French Embassy at Berlin, who had detected him playing with clogged dice. The murdered man had been found, with a set of these firmly clenched in his right hand, and a torn-off coat-button in his left. The clue thus afforded had been sufficient to enable the police to trace the murderer to Frankfort; here a perquisition at his chambers in the hotel where he had taken up his residence had supplied damning proofs of his guilt. The result we have seen.

That very day all Frankfort was dreadfully agitated by the report of a cowardly murder perpetrated within a few miles of the gates of the city. The murdered body of old Lazarus Levi, the money-agent and diamond-broker, had been found in a wood about eight English miles from Frankfort; and the murderer, it was added, had

been taken quite near it, and almost red-handed. He was now lodged in the city gaol.

It appears he was one Karl Posselt of Höchst, a tailor by trade, who after some ten years wandering in foreign parts had just been on the point of reaching home on his return, when a sudden temptation had led him to commit the fearful crime of murder. Lazarus Levi had foolishly displayed a valuable set of diamonds at an inn in Mayence, in presence of the man Posselt and a companion of his, a Spaniard, who, however, had made his escape, and had not yet been captured. There could be no doubt but that the two must have waylaid the old man on the road through the wood, about half way between Mayence and Frankfort. The unhappy Jew had actually been warned of his danger by Ephraim Troll, the host of the Golden Lamb at Mayence, who had overheard the two plotting the assault upon their victim. But he had thought it would be sufficient to leave his valuables behind him. There could be no doubt, however, that the two ruffians enraged most likely by their disappointment, had killed the poor old man by a blow on the head with a cudgel. The latter had indeed been found quite near the spot of the murder, and where the one murderer had been taken whilst endeavoring to effect his escape. It had been amply proved already, by the evidence of Troll and several of his guests and servants, that the prisoner brought this cudgel with him to the inn, and had left with it. Besides Lazarus Levi's knife with the letters "L. L." engraved on the blade and the lucky kreuzer which the old Jew was known to have always in his pocket, had both been found upon the accused. So there could be no doubt of the wretch's guilt; yet the brazen-faced villain had the almost inconceivable hardihood to protest his innocence in the face of all these damning proofs of his guilt.

So it was generally reported among the good Frankforters; and for once there appeared really to be very little exaggeration in the popular rumour. The dead body of Lazarus Levi had been found by the gendarmes in the wood; a few yards from the road through it. Curiously enough, the attention of the gendarmes had been directed to the spot by seeing a man suddenly rush from the wood, and run across the road to the other side, where he had then been stopped on suspicion of having committed some offence or other. He had told the gendarmes, in fearful agitation, that the body of a man was lying there in the wood, and that he had been running across to a pond on the other side to get some water, with a view of trying to revive him. This desperate attempt at explaining his presence near the murdered man had not imposed, of course, upon the gendarmes, who had taken the suspected murderer at once into custody. The Jew's knife and lucky kreuzer had been found upon him.

When brought before the magistrates charged with the investigation of the crime committed, the man Posselt protested his entire innocence. He stated that he had been away from his native place, Höchst, some ten years, in which he had been wandering through France and Spain, working at his trade in the larger cities and towns. On the morning of the murder he had arrived at Mayence, on his way home. In Mayence he had come unexpectedly upon an old friend of his, a Spaniard, one Manuel Fordati, whom he had known a few years before at Seville, and who had told that he was then on his way back to Spain. They had entered the Golden Lamb inn to have something to eat and a bottle of wine together. He must admit the truth of Ephraim Troll's statement about the very foolish remark he (the accused) had made to his companion when the unhappy deceased had displayed his rich jewelry. But the landlord ought to have heard also that Manuel Fordati had reproved him (Posselt) there and then for his frivolity, and that he (the accused) had thereupon told his companion that he had only been joking, and that he would be the last man to think of committing a crime even for ten times the worth of Lazarus Levi's jewels. (Troll denied having heard the accused express himself to that effect; but he admitted that he had just then been called to the other end of the room.)

(To be continued.)

GOUGH AND HIS CIGARS.

John B. Gough, who has faced over eight thousand audiences, acknowledges that on one occasion, and one only, he encountered an embarrassment he could not overcome. It was his own fault, he says, and proved a sharp lesson he never forgot. In his own words:

I was engaged to address a large number of children in the afternoon, the meeting to be held on the lawn back of the Baptist church in Providence, R. I. In the forenoon a friend met me and said—

"I have some first-rate cigars. Will you have a few?"

"No, I thank you."

"Do take half-a-dozen."

"I have nowhere to put them."

"You can put half-a-dozen in your pocket."

I wore a cap in those days, and I put the cigars into it, and at the appointed time I went to the meeting. I ascended the platform, and faced an audience of more than two thousand children. As it was out of doors I kept my cap on for fear of taking cold, and I forgot all about the cigars. Toward the close of my speech I became more in earnest, and, after warning the boys against bad company, bad habits and the saloons, I said,

"Now, boys, let us give three rousing cheers for temperance and for cold water. Now, then, three cheers. Hurrah!"

And taking off my cap I waved it most vigorously, when away went the cigars right into the midst of the audience. The remaining cheers were very faint, and were nearly drowned in the laughter of the crowd. I was mortified and ashamed, and should have been relieved could I have sunk through the platform out of sight. My feelings were still more aggravated by a boy coming up to the steps of the platform with one of those dreadful cigars saying, "Here's one of your cigars, Mr. Gough."

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE interior of Windsor Castle will, it is believed, be shortly illuminated by the electric light.

STRAWBERRIES have put in an appearance in Covent Garden, but at the somewhat prohibitory price of twelve shillings a basket.

MRS. SARTORIN is even more beautiful in her womanly prime than she was as Nellie Grant, the star of the White House. Her portrait, by Millais, is to figure at the exhibition of the Royal Academy. It was painted some months ago, the artist having bestowed it as a Christmas gift on the husband of his fair sitter.

A LITTLE anecdote of Mr. Carlyle describes him as looking at Holman Hunt's picture of Christ in the temple. He admired the faces of the doctors of the law, but added: "I dislike all pictures of Christ; you will find that men never thought of painting Christ till they had begun to lose the impression of Him in their hearts."

A CORRESPONDENT, who describes himself as a young man about town, writes to the press grumbling at the height of fashion shown by ladies who promenade. The height he complains of is the height of the bottom of the dress from their boots; he says it is quite shocking, so much so that when ladies sit down in Kensington Gardens he is obliged to look another way or go down a different path.

THE Sunday society are much exercised because the Metropolitan Board of Works have prohibited the sale of programmes during the playing of the band in Finsbury park on Sundays. Is this not rather straining at the gnat and swallowing the camel. On a par with this is the decision of the Middlesex magistrates not to allow the performance of the "Messiah," or any other oratorios, on Good Friday in any building over which they have any jurisdiction.

THE precautions instituted some weeks ago have not been relaxed, and just now they are being carried out with increased watchfulness. At the House of Commons the search which takes place morning and evening throughout the whole of the premises is redoubled, and the police, whose numbers have been increased, keep a sharp eye on the movements of strangers. There is an uneasy conviction on the part of the authorities of the House that if evil-minded persons desired to create a sensation in London there is a building of more moment than the Mansion House, and equally accessible.

A CURIOUS accident took place in the discussion on the vote for the Army Estimates. In the Transvaal votes Mr. Timothy Sullivan had moved to reduce the vote by three hundred thousand pounds as a protest against the war. When the question was put, Mr. Sullivan, long accustomed to opposition, cried out, "No," whereupon the Chairman, with great presence of mind declared that the Noes had it, and Mr. Sullivan found himself in the position of having negatived his own amendment. However, he would have his division, and he took it on the main question. At first he was threatened with a fresh difficulty of having no co-teller; he was the only Irish member present, but the now unaccustomed ringing of the division bell brought in half a dozen of his compatriots, out of whom a teller was found. The division showed that there were only six men to protest against the vote.

A COLLAPSE OF VITAL ENERGY in lung disease is greatly accelerated by the loss of flesh, strength and appetite which invariably attends it. It is one of the chief recommendations of Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphite of Lime and Soda, that by reason of the blood-enriching and nourishing properties of the last named ingredients, it renews failing strength by compensating for losses already sustained, while a healing and soothing influence is at the same time exerted upon the inflamed membranous lining of the throat, lungs and bronchiae, by the Cod Liver Oil. Digestion is stimulated and appetite improved; the nervous system acquires tone and vigor, and the secretions undergo a healthy change when it is used. Purchasers should see that the bottles (sold at 50 cents and \$1.00) have the firm's name blown in them, and that the wrappers bear a fac simile of our signature. Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto.