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Wm. Somerville,

Night, like a moody artist, had taken her inky brush in hand and with one stroke darkened the moonlit face of the valley with the gigantic shadows of the Rockies. It was Christmas eve and outside the vast triangle of blackness which encircled the gabin there was a narrow strip of silver light—the road which constrip of silver light—the road which con-nected the valley with the world; inside there was no illumination, not even a candle in the window, only the fitful spark of Cattle King Boice's pipe, by which his motionless figure could be dis-cerned against the open doorway. He was half ssleep and dreaming, but even the faint stirring of some belated bird in search of its nest would rouse him into a position of alert wakefulness, and at the sound of footsteps on the hard, icy road a quarter of a mile away he pricked up his cars attentively, then rose, awkwardly stretched his big limbs and planted himself in the middle of the road to listen.

As the figures of two men, both busily talking, came into sight, he shouted a lusty "Hallo!" at them, and then bustled into the cabin with an air of animation and lit a kerosene lamp, which he sat with emphasis down on the table opposite the door. "Makin' myself at home in your dommycile, Brandreth, you see," he cheerfully chattered, as the two men strode in the door and threw themselves on the settee in an attitude of weariness Well, tell us about it; did you see him

"I saw him." said Carter, briefly

Brandreth here turned tail and ran.' "I should think so," said Brandreth, with a shudder. He was a little man, with a sensitive face, which even a long, silver-streaked moustache and scarcely saved from a suggestion of femin-inity. "I saw all I wanted to—that quivering, struggling wretch thrust face to face with the horror of eternity by fellow creatures as thirsty for his blood as ever he had been for that of his victim. And yet nobody hangs them. It's all a coil, this so called justice. We kill Peter to pay for killing Paul, who in turn probably preyed on some other weaker creature, just as it is in the animal world. I prefer to contemplate such inconsistencies at a distance."
"Curus how that feller got caught,

said Cattle King Boice reflectively. thought he'd covered up his tracks so nice and careful. And, for that matter, it's still more curus to think how these big, black crimes almost allus is found out; if not sooner, then later. Seems as if they caint be hid in the earth. The law lays mighty low and quiet, an' you think it's forgotten everything, when— whif' the handcuffs are grippin' your wrists, an' you are brought up in cour an' everything proved against you "Brandreth don't think so," said Car-

ter. "He was arguing with me as we came up the road and trying to convince me that by the eleverness of the criminal, or the stupidity of the law, or merely a fortuitous chain of circumstan ces, he could either cover up his crime, or hide himself if discovered as completely as though he had been caught up and translated—to what clime he doesn't

'Don't joke," said Brandreth. "It only proves that you don't know what you're talking of. Have you ever read anything of the history of crime? A little? Well, if you'd read more, you'd know that many of the darkest deeds ever committed were only revealed by a death-bed con-fession, made when the perpetrator was

The big miner, who owed his title to of his own volition, some innocent, vainglorious boasting of his, regarding vast possessions in the less far west whose loss had obliged him to seek his fortune in the shadow of the mountains, laughed sheepishly. "It's yourn," he said, passing it over. "A book of prayers, I believe; found it when I was rummaging 'round after the lamp."
"Let's see it," said Carter, reaching

"Oh, yes," said Brandreth, indiffer-ntly. "Found plenty of dust on it, I suppose; I've had the book since I was a boy and take it round with me as a sort seeing gaze which made it a relief when of mascot, but it's precious long since I he turned his face toward them and spoke

saw the inside of it. "I can go you one better than that," said the ex-cattle king. "I just give a look into it to pass the time away, an' blamed if I didn't find a text I thought pretty appropriate for the feller that's getting his deserts down there in the town-"Your damnation slumbereth

"But Brandreth says that's not true, Carter observed. "Tell us the story, old man, which you binted would prove your position." The only educated men in the camp, some similarity of taste and interest had drawn the two into a careless sort of intimacy, to which Cattle King Boice had been admitted on the strength of his good nature and all-round likeableness. He was the oldest resident of the camp, where Brandreth had drifted a year ago and Carter a few months later, and he had taken the two strangers under his paternal and powerful wing. Brandreth hesitated at the request made of him, but Boice clamorously seconded Carter, his child-like curiosity aroused.

"Tell us," he urged, "if it's a true story. I don't want none out of a book. I'd like to hear of a case where a man did a wicked thing an' wasn't found out somehow or another before he died."

Still Brandreth hesitated.
"I don't like to tell it exactly," he said, slowly, "for it isn't fair to the man to disclose his secret. I didn't say he was dead, Boice, or that his deed was wicked. I only said he successfully evaded the rengeance of the law. However, I've a great mind-boys, I will tell it, for it's a gruesome tale, and I'll feel something of a relief to my mind in sharing it. But you must let me tell it somewhat in story-book style, Caftle King, for that's the only way I can reel it off my mem-

He rose and walked to the door, inhaling the cool darkness of the night like a cordial, and smoothing his beard reflectively for several minutes before he re sumed his seat at the table, and began

"It was late one chilly autumin afternoon about fifteen—no, stop, it must be twenty years ago—that the young rector of a-little English church stepped out through the church yard gate, locked it, behind him and stood for a moment gazing wistfully off at the blue tops of the Cornish hills, among which the village This young clergyman-what shall I call him? Blake will do as well as anyname, for, of course, I wouldn't give you the real name—wasn't over and above popular with his parishioners, for be had high church notions which went

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home through the fields with his head bept, not one of them who passed him withheld a respectful and sympathetic greeting, for the hat which he carried in his hand bore a deep crape band, the emblem of a grief which was tearing out his heart. The mourning was for his cousin, a beautiful girl, with whom he had been brought up in brother and sister street.

sister style-"Which didn't prevent him from falling in love with her, I'll bet," interrupted Carter.

"Exactly. Your perspicacity does you credit, Carter. He did love her, and when she married a young physician—"
"Why, in the name of thunderin' thick

headedness didn't he marry her himself?" This second interpolation was Boice's.
"He couldn't. That was part of his High Church platform-the celibacy of the clergy. Till she was married, and to a man whom he believed to be only in love with her fortune, he never realized his true feelings toward her; and when she died, after a brief year of married life-well, we're none of us children; we've all loved women, and we know

"Poor Blake, poor fellow!" murmured Boice, the most soft-hearted of men who was ever stranded by mistake in a Rocky Brandreth continued:

When he reached home his house seper said: 'There was a stranger here looking for you. Did you meet him?' Blake shook his head for 'No,' and, after eating the most frugal of ascetic repasts he called the woman to him and told her that he was summoned to London on important business and would be back in a week. Then, after himself packing his small traveling bag he gave the key of the church into her charge and bade her good-bye. From that time he was never seen or heard of in the village

'Who killed him?" Boice's tone was we-struck as that of a child. "Was't

the stranger?"
"No," said Brandreth. He abruptly rose and laughed. They did not like his laugh. "I don't think I'll tell you any more of this tale. It isn't a pretty one, and as it stands it is dramatic enough, in

my opinion."
"Not in mine," said Carter. "Come we must have the remainder, since there is a remainder. You've no right to rouse our curiosity to only leave us-and your hero-in the lurch.

"An' you haven't proved your point yet," added the other man. "Concernin' the blame cross-eyedness of law an' jus tice, you know.

Thus urged, Brandreth drew a deep breath and went on: "Well, they never heard of him again. They wondered and peculated for a while and wrote to cotland Yard once, but he was as completely lost as though the side of one of the Cornish mountains had opened and swallowed him up, and in six months they had a new rector, and in a year the old one was practically forgotten. But the newcomer had scarcely been installed before he made a singular discovery. The church linen was all gone. Surplices, altar cloth, even the white napkins which are used in the communion service, all but a few pieces had been take from the cedar chest in the vestry room

where they had been kept. "This excited almost more wonderm beyond the reach of human justice. I could tell you a story—but, no, I won't.

Boice can read to us instead. What's young priest, for they all argued that's of his own volition, but an altar-cloth could not be spirited off without hands. Boice, since you're playing the host, hand me down the bottle out of the cup

> The cattle king obeyed with lumbering alacrity. Carter, who was abstemious be yond anyone's comprehension, shook his head, but the other two men drank deeply after which Brandreth sat silent for several moments, his eyes staring into the darkness outside the door. Both his companions had strong nerves, but there was something in that dull, heavy unseeing gaze which made it a relief when

> 'Well, murder will out! You think I'm too long-winded in coming to the point know, so I'll say at once what their next discovery was. It was horrible enough. I assure you, to make an excuse The sexton was called on for some roason to descend into the cobwebs and darkness of the church vault, which in the days when they didn't think such things wicked had been used as a wine cellar, but had for long years been empty and unvisited. There, prone on the floor, lay a white, stark thing—a man's body. Wrapped up like a mammy, in-I sup-

pose you can guess? The stolen linen," hazarded Carter. "Yes, the consecrated altar-cloths and apkins and, stoles, all wound tightly around the ghastly thing. His head had been beaten on the stones of the floor, which were spattered with blood, until the face was past recognition. But by the clothes which the mummy wrapping had partly preserved he was identified as the stranger who had been searching for the elergyman, Blake, on the day of his disppearance. In the skeleton hand some thing was convulsively grasped-a gold cuff button with the initial 'B' engraved on it and a shred of cloth still hanging

"That's all there is of the story, really, except that the man who did it—ses, Boice, you are quite right, it was the parson-had already changed his name his identity, his country so securely that the dogs of the law, with all their reputed keenness of scent, have never for his trail. So that years have passed by years in which all who were interested in mshing the search may have died, or ergotten, but he still lives, safe, hidden insuspected, in a community of blame

He had rison, and the spark of excite ment in his small, hazel eyes made then burning feet of lurid light. His wolce "Detectives have been plut on his track -aye, time and again-and gone back to Scotland Yard, haffled, empty-handed,

to the prize in question?"

Converse, "Brandreth, why did "Ah, that's what no one ever know save two, one dead, one living. What is it had been the murder of the woman he oved that Blake avenged? Would you

just, your merciful law have spared his

Messrs T. Milburn & Co.: I used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wile

Strawberry for my little boy for sum mer complaint and it cured him. He was so bad that he had convulsions and yould strain so that he ruptured him self, but as soon as I got the Extract MRS. ELIZA M. OVERHOLT, Fonthill, On

way above the heads of the plain peasant and cunning crime, the murder of an folk communion candles and embroiding innocent girl by a husband to whom she ered altar cloth and confession of sins, I was but the incumbrance he took with was but the incumbrance he took with her gold? Would the law have believed it was Roman to the parishtoners, and him and punished the murderer? There they understood it just enough to strong- was but one way and Blake took it. was there?'

ing fingers and gripped them fast as he poured out the words: "No one knew, though they might have guessed that Hugh Blake, the saint, the ascetic, the man of pure ideals, was not so suddenly turned into a beast of prey for nothing. A strange thing that, the conscience of a murderer. He had the cool hand, the steady nerve, the heart of iron, hunted peace and found none, with that heavy load of an unrevealed crime in his breast. And then," sinking his voice to a hoarse fessional; ah, yes, the confessional! He little knew to whom he was betraying himself; whose hands, inspired by a blind fury of avenging anger, one of the old Berserker rages of his barbaric ancestors, dragged him down the stone steps of the vault to a death too quick, too kind for such a foul creature! It would have been better, after all, to leave him with the stone in his breast to drag him down, down, year by year, to perdition of despair.

Carter came over and touched him. He had that wild, unseeing look in his eyes again, and started at the touch. "Brand-reth, how did you come to know of it?" "I? oh," indifferently, and with a quick return of his usual manner, "he told me. Another case of the conscience of Cain. Couldn't stand it till he had shared his secret with some one, I suppose. They say no murderer can." 'Another secret of the confessional?"

asked Carter. What do you mean?

"Oh, I just had a feeling that at some time in your varied career you, too, had worn the cassock and listened to peni-tents with your ear at a little door. That's all. Just as in my day I have figured as what do you imagine!

As he spoke he sprang quickly to the door, placed his back against it in the attitude which always means defla and turned and faced them with stern penetrating eyes. Brandreth shook as with the ague before his gaze, but it was the Cattle king who, with pale lips, whispered, "What?"
"That!"

With a rapid movement he tore oper his close coat and showed the sinister gleam of the detective's star. Great heavy drops of sweat stood out on his brow and more than one tremor passed over his slight wiry frame, but he spoke slowly, almost impassively: "Trapped, Hugh Brandreth! Yes, I saw the name in your prayer book. You thought your judg slumbered, did you? You thought the law had forgotten, the while it was watching you, living with you, sleeping and eating with you, only waiting for you to betray yourself into its hands as you have don

"Traitor!" Brandreth hissed it between his deadly white lips. "I was prepared,

though—"
He had drawn his revolver, but the other man's pistol was already pointed at

"I, too, was prepared," said Carter, grimly. "You remember, I carried it for you on the way home from the town to-night? I unloaded it then, when your back was turned. I am not a traitor. I am the representative of the law."

He held his pistol steadily pointed at the trembling man, while with the other hand he drew a pair of handcuffs from somewhere on his person. "Put them on "I couldn't lock him up in them things

'You know you will be held responsi-

ble for refusing to aid in the capture of a "I didn't know it but I don't care. I won't help to git away, but I'll be d-m forever before I'll help to trap him. There you have my intentions fair and square.

He sat down with a dogged look on his "If I move will you shoot?" asked the outlaw of his whilom friend, with

slight, shivering smile.
"No," said Carter. "I'm to bring you back alive, Hugh Brandreth, and not to help you escape—by any road. What! Stop him. Boice, in the name of the

A sound like the bursting of a bomb and a dense curtain of flame filled the cabin before the words were well out of his mouth. It was never clear who overturned the lamp-Boice stoutly protested that he had not done it-and that in his leap for liberty and the open window, Brandreth had dashed it to the floor. At the moment there was but one thoughtself preservation. The cattle king dragged Carter away from the flames and 'falling timbers, but the detective shook him off and attempted to re-enter the now roofless structure. A hot wind like a blast from the mouth of Geheuna and a barrier of tongues of fire beyond which no man might pass without risk of his life, beat him tack. Silently he turned and rejoined the cattle king, and silently they stood together and witnessed the swift destruction of the light frame building and all that it contained. Now and then thoughts of the now charred body which was hidden from their sight by the veil of flame sent a shudder through each, but to each there came another thought which took

part of the sting from the horror.
"There was only one way," whispered Boice to Carter, as the red wind of death wrapped the remnants of the cabin still closer in its embrace, and they shrank back further from its burning breath. "Yes," was the reply, "and Brandreth took it—thank God!"—Louise Beets Ed wards in Philaelphia Times.

The Trocha.

The word trocha is of such frequent ccurrence in despatches and news from Havana that it seems likely in time to become incorporated into the English speech. An explanation having been asked of the term, which is pronounced trotsha, with the accent on the first syllable, it may be stated that originally it denotes a footpath, pathway or some times a short cut. During the present Cuban unpleasantness its signification has been applied to a fortified high road. -New York Times.

The Miner Raised the Rid.

There's I nate was once playing on NaCl ay in the "Octoroon" at Kim Theater Royal, and had a come of the climax where he offers ga 000 for the girl at the slave ancilon The audience was worked to a high pitch of enthusiasm, and one of them to a grea deal beyond it. for he, swarthy gold miner that he was, leaped up in the pit and shouted: "By thunder, I'll go six!"

Cholly-What do you think dear boy? That beastly tailor sent me a bill to-day; and it is a weak until the but. Freddie-I guess he was sending early to avoid the rush.

"Mibet has a lot of sense." "How does she show it?" "She never per-mits herself to appear more intelli-gent than the man who is tilking to



their health. Trifling disorders of the di-gestion persistently neglected lead to im-purity of the blood, the tissues of the body are imperfectly nourished, and emacia-tion and debility follow. In the case of that dread disease, consumption, imperfect-ly nourished tissue is built up in the lungs, forming a suitable soil for the germs of that deadly disease. One-seventh of all the deaths each year are due to consumption. This fearful death rate could be easily avoided if the proper remedy was re-sorted to.

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merits. Druggists sell it.

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