Fashions.

Queen has been in Paris, and
said during her sojourn
every Saturday. I
y here) on the last co-
d it charming as re-
and beauty of the
tho my visit. The
d five, and lasted until
de Borral, the Eu-
nating, accompanied the
her Majesty invited a
ar her, and in their
ered her hand, with a
On Saturday last the
g dress and the colour
roses;" the skirt was
satiny chassel tunic at
ed with Chinese fringe,
; the bodice was a
h headdress, with red
de Borral wore a violet
shy's violet—and it was
ed with a network of black
edge; a netted casque
ylet bodice. Among the
noted belle, who wore a
is one of the novelties
made of straw, which
d bath exactly as forks
r bath when Rucie plate
Gold and silver tinsel,
mmon sight on hats this
Chiffonet by the same
with the golden bonnet
er and dark blue dress,
Mille. Rucie wore a
batiste were embroidered
straw-coloured silk. The
blue violets for a bouquet
guet of field flowers.
de Paris was run for on
de Boulogne; the attend-
d the heat overpowering.
ghout as remarkable as on
and yet they are infinitely
describe, not only on ac-
erious way they are made
problem how they are got
e materials of which they
so eccentric this season,
cross-bars, or striped with
ing a sort of silk, satin,
dashes of colour, and cu-
sickly blues and decayed
palest of pinks and dull
all blended in one fabric,
as gossamer-like in arti-
ness. Then the bows, or
loops, that decorate these
shoe two if not three only
with the frills on the shirts
ind the long tunics, they
or three shades of one
are always a combination,
on hot of tufts and crinkly
strands and tassels, and
ly bonnet. The days have
could virtue of a leader
ss was one colour and her
y now her dress is all col-
y cannot be stigmatised as
e accessories all harmonise
batiste toilettes worn at the
merous—pale pink, pale blue,
e with lace trimmings, em-
ilk lace, and, in some cases,
was used for the embroidery.
g little Princesses on the pub-
ntracted very much attention in
lettes of grey batiste trimmed
and Puissance embroidery—
blue batiste worked with rose-
They also wore large Dire-
made of pearl grey foulard,
ly carried up one side and
the other side of the redingote,
peacock-blue batiste dresses,
rectoire redingotes, were also
trimmings consisting of pale blue
with moss green and embroi-
pink rosebuds, being special
es which were a mixture of
hiard were likewise numerous,
ed look looking. The batiste
ed with kittings, and the fou-
was in Louis XVI. shades,
green, Sevres pink, crapaud
r, and vieil, or the colour of
ed and mixed with moss green
and bows of sky blue or sal-
Chiffonet. The combination
dash of yellow and a dash of
et no one tone predominating—
ffect of a tout.
Bébé bonnets and capotes were
Grand Prix, original and effec-
such as naturalisation in these
bonnets, were more affected.
a very long feather mounted
ot fell low at the back, the brim
d up with flowers; the latter
Chinese straw, and ornamented
d under the narrow curtain with
of flowers, fruit, and which
ed to call "bonnets," this year
ed at the side, being coarse
of black and white currants, with
and rose de Rut, were specially
ed stalks were also introduced
some of gillyflowers and olives,
ary variety was enormous.
There was great luxury and ex-
in parasols at the races. They
in silk, several yellow ones
ith ostrich feathers, some white
d with lace copied from old de-
ed in batiste to match the dress
even to the trimmings; one
ut the lace was replaced by the
er bouquet at the edge of the
king as though thrown there by
ed. The prettiest of these sun-
were ivory or tortoiseshell, and
hat are called parasols de fantaisie
ch lacred wood, or citron wood.
The new fans are of citron wood
ated, and are suspended from
and by a steel chain. When closed
like the small handle of a lady's
ter."
shoes are kid, to match the colour
s worn at the time, and they are
with flowers of the colour of the
ching; this renders a pair of shoes
ble with any toilette. Colonels
ver, be replaced by black kid, em-
with field flowers—a style of shoe
ed very much with any dress.
are now woven with stripes that
wise instead or horizontally, and
ently open on the instep, and
n other stockings the upper part of
d all open work, and the rest quite
ed.
ist M'Mahon was plainly
trimmed with red, but a
her wore one of Worth's
h may be taken as a type of
modes. The cut was
pink and pale blue stripes
and; the skirt was plaited
bodice in front only; at the
pans of sarcobier silk des-
dge of the skirt, and in front
ed to the waist in the form
blue silk on the bodice.
habit bore a resemblance more
successful was not stated to our informant,
but of this every intelligent farmer can
rings for himself. The New Jersey man
found it not only effectual against the potato-
but it helped to the crop as a fertilizer.
—*Connecticut Courant.*

A family in Buckland, Mass., are confident they have poisoned so much as to be very sick by eating the eggs of hens that had eaten potato beetles. The family eat of the eggs, boiled, at their family eat of the eggs, boiled, at three different times, and were seized with violent pains in the stomach and labored movement of the bowels, with a severe smarting and burning. The hens also have been similarly affected. Poison for potato bugs is in some cases proving a sort of two-edged sword. Farmers those who apply it almost as seriously as it does the bugs. Cases in which children have been poisoned by eating Paris green have been noticed from time to time. Last week a valuable horse died in West Springfield from eating such material, which had been poisoned for the bugs. Other instances of a somewhat similar character have been recorded and they all teach one lesson—that there is need of a great deal of care in the use of any dangerous preparation.—*New England Homestead.*

I was called upon for advice a short time ago in regard to a valuable young child, who was wasting away, and had given a large quantity of milk. The owner, thinking she ought to have a rest before she entered, attempted to dry her off some two months before she was to drop her calf. She was then giving about six quarts of milk per day. She took away her roots and grain, and began milking once a day. Had reduced the amount of milk one half, when her milk began to get rapy and thick, and the udder was swollen and painful. I advised washing it off well with blood-warm water and a dose of salts and saltpetre, and returning to the feeds of roots and sheaves, and feeding twice a day. For that cow, with the keeping and care she has had, it is more natural to continue the milk than to cease from it, and I believe more damage is done every year by trying to dry cows than any other mistake made in the management of dairy cows. Take a chicken of four or five days' old, and hold it up to a window where there are flies and it will immediately seize its prey with little twitterings of complacency; but if you tender it a wasp or a bee, at once its note becomes harsh, and expressive of disapprobation and a sense of danger. When a pullet is ready to lay, she intimates the event by a soft and easy note; of all the occurrences of their life, that of laying seems to be the most important, for, as soon as she has disburdened herself, than she rushes forth with a clamorous kind of joy, which the cock and the rest of his mistresses immediately adopt. The tumult is not confined to the family concerned, but echoes from yard to yard, and spreads to every homestead within hearing, till at last the whole village is in an uproar. As soon as a hen becomes a mother, her new relation demands a new language; she then runs about with a scuttling shout, and seems agitated, as if possessed. The father of the flock has also a considerable vocabulary; if he hears a hawk, he calls a favourite concubine to partake; and if a bird of prey passes over, he utters a warning voice he holds his family by wares. The gallant chanticleer has, at command, his amorous phrases, and his terms of endearment. But the scrawl by which he is best known is his crowing; by this he has been distinguished at all ages as the cock-crowing" clock or larum—as the watchman that proclaims the divisions of the night.—*White's Selborne.*

FARM AND OTHER NOTES.

W. F. Dodge, of Hopkinton, N. H., who has tried it, says a bath of strong brine is as good a wash for killing ticks on sheep, besides being cheaper and less injurious to the animal.—*Mirror and Farmer.*

Goats cannot fly, but they can come about as near to it as any other four-footed animals that we know of. We have seen them standing on the cap board of a tall plank fence gathering peaches from a tree.—*Mobile Register.*

A number of valuable cows belonging to a farmer in the parish of Durris have been seized with illness on account of pasturing in a field of new grass, which had been recently manured with nitrate of soda. Two of the cows have died.—*London News.*

The "decline of Brahma" will be productive of great benefit, if it forces upon our judges the point that colour is such a breed as the Brahma is comparatively a minor point, and that at any rate size and form are much more important.—*Poultry Gazette.*

Mansfield, Mass., jewellers are making jewellery of the curd which comes from the cheese factories. The curd is made very hot, colouring matter is introduced, and it is subjected to a heavy pressure, after which it appears as "American coral," jet or celluloid, as the case may be. It is made into all styles of jewellery.—*Kentucky Live Stock Record.*

I am glad that the authorities of Chicago have taken some steps against the peddling of fruit under their charge. The severest penalties only will prevent this. It is just as easy to have a box of berries alike all through as to have the nicest ones on top. So long as there is no difference in the prices of the doctored "boxes and good ones, there is no particular inducement, for one who is not naturally dishonest to be dishonest, to pay up a straight article. When it once comes to be understood that swindling packages are liable to confiscation, there will be a change.—*Chicago Tribune.*

My early potatoes were up from two to four inches high, and fearing a frost, I covered them lightly with straw, middling coarse. For fear of a severe frost I left the straw on. After three or four days, upon examination I found the potatoes had all appeared green as well under the straw as they would had they been uncovered. The growth of the stalks seemed to work the straw in and around, and close to the ground. Then I looked to see what the bugs were doing. To my surprise I found only a few, and these were very much thinner where the straw was put on. My neighbour across the street has any quantity of them. I would suggest that the straw be placed with the hand under the leaves, if the potatoes are three or four inches high, with a light covering—fine horse bedding is good. As the potatoes grow, you may continue the application.—*Chautauqua Farmer.*

A prominent citizen of Connecticut informs us that a number of his friends, who are persons largely engaged in farming in New Jersey, he received a hint about the use of the potato-bug which may be of great value:—"Take tobacco stems, or refuse tobacco, and steep, and to the decoction add a small quantity of lime water or lye from potash, and sprinkle the liquid upon the vines with a common sprinkler." The New Jersey farmer tried this liquid, by the advice of a chemist, with thorough success. And not only did it drive away the bugs, but destroys the eggs. The proper strength of the decoction or the amount of application he was not able to determine, but it was more successful was not stated to our informant, but of this every intelligent farmer can judge for himself. The New Jersey man found it not only effectual against the potato-bug, but beneficial to the crop as a fertilizer.—*Connecticut Courant.*

Gasdamus (pitur!
Gasdamus while you may!
While the fleet hour lightly passes,
Honest men and bonnie lasses,
Breathe unabashed breath to-day!

Gasdamus (pitur!
He is wise who knows to prize
Sunny noon and bonnie lassie,
Kindly cheer and brimming glasses,
Blooming cheeks and beaming eyes.

Gasdamus! Wouldst thou lightly
Fling the charm that saves the wine,
Sour not high to realms supernal,
Dive not down to dens infernal,
Look around with roving eyes!

Gasdamus! Strap not fat!
Possession wakes in broiden ways:
At thy foot the fair flower gather!
Brightest where it grows, the heather
Purpies all the Highland brae!

Gasdamus! Do not puzzle
Wisdom or whither! Who can know?
Here we are with hearing, seeing,
To make harvest of our being,
While the Summers come and go!

Gasdamus! Who wilt show us,
Quoth the Psalmist, any good!
Live and make no curious comment,
Firmly grasp the fruitful moment:
What thy grasp may hold is good.

Gasdamus! Use the present,
Is the present there is power;
Honest men and bonnie lassie,
Blooming cheeks and beaming glasses—
That's my gospel for to-hour!

J. STUART BLACKIE.

THAT DEAD LETTER.

(A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.)

CHAPTER I.—FIRE AND THIEF FROG.

Dinner-hour in the manufacturing town of Middlesex-upon-Irk; a hot summer's day, the sun glaring upon huge warehouses of dull red brick, narrow, irksome streets, the gilded minarets of our new town-hall—of which we Middletonians are justly proud. All this I can see from my office window, with a glimpse of the cocked hat of the bronze memorial to the late Prince Consort, who, in Field Marshal's uniform, is holding a review of the arts and sciences, on a rearing charger. We are an energetic and thriving community at Middleton, although you might not think it just now, when our streets are all deserted, and everybody is engaged in hard feeding. It is no fault of mine that I am not among the everybody, as my hungry engagement relates me at my post. I expect my Uncle Henry on business of importance, for which he has chosen the dinner-hour, when no one is about.

My allegiance to Uncle Henry are so great that his wishes are law to me, even when they involve the sacrifice of my dinner. He has been my guardian and my best friend. By his help I have been enabled to set up on my own accounts as a solicitor, and, through the influence, I hope eventually to be provided with a respectable practice. He is a thriving merchant of our rising town, and one of the best fellows in the world, enterprising and speculative—perhaps rather too much of the latter, I fear, for he is a firm believer in the adage that generally brings him out right in the end. He has no children of his own, but has another ward, a niece of his wife, one Kate Brown, between whom and myself, I may tell you, exists a mutual attachment of long standing. When my prospects brings in a sufficient income, Kate and I are to be married.

Altogether, in spite of the dusty, sultry air, the sleepy aspect of things, and the sense of something wanting, caused by the neglected call to dinner, I felt as happy as a sandboy, and could do the crop as a fertilizer.—*Connecticut Courant.*

A family in Buckland, Mass., are confident they have poisoned so much as to be very sick by eating the eggs of hens that had eaten potato beetles. The family eat of the eggs, boiled, at three different times, and were seized with violent pains in the stomach and labored movement of the bowels, with a severe smarting and burning. The hens also have been similarly affected. Poison for potato bugs is in some cases proving a sort of two-edged sword. Farmers those who apply it almost as seriously as it does the bugs. Cases in which children have been poisoned by eating Paris green have been noticed from time to time. Last week a valuable horse died in West Springfield from eating such material, which had been poisoned for the bugs. Other instances of a somewhat similar character have been recorded and they all teach one lesson—that there is need of a great deal of care in the use of any dangerous preparation.—*New England Homestead.*

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Bob lived in a rough little stone cottage, on the outskirts of the village of Howbent. Early as it was, he was already astir; I could see his shadow on the blind, as he moved to and fro in his board, busily at work, stitching away at a cowskin waistcoat, which I knew was destined for my use. A strange sensation of anxiety of the moment, I could not help a feeling of wonder at his employment, the cause of his apparel stood so much in need of his labour. The ground was too soft to give warning of my approach, but my shadow falling across the window made him look up suddenly. Catching my eye, a deadly pallor came over his face, the corners of his mouth drew down, and his chin began to twitch, he jumped off his board and came to the door. Bob stood on the threshold, leaning over with as the cover mistress, then his eyes glanced eagerly around as if he doubted whether I were not accompanied by a dozen of my men to cash and fix driver, waiting in the road, a hundred yards off. Reassured on this point, he cordially inquired my business. I asked him, eagerly, if he had kept the numbers of the Pot Office envelope, I found that the letter was stolen, all soiled and limp, as if they had been a long while in circulation. It gave me a great deal of trouble to make a list of them, for they were of all denominations, and some of the same pattern, and consecutive numbers. I finished the task after a while, and slipped the list into my pocket-folio. The notes I placed carefully within my safe, and locked them up. Bob wrapped up his parcelmeat in an old blue cotton handkerchief and hobbled off, casting many a regretful look behind at my safe, as if it had been a sacrophagus where his heart was enshrined. That safe, by the way, was presented from Uncle Henry, a capital one by a first-rate maker, and I was really pleased to have something valuable to put in it. Hitherto a simple cupboard would have answered my purpose just as well.

As soon as Bob was gone, Uncle Henry gave me instructions as to the disposal of the money. On no account was it to go through the bank. It must remain in my safe till the next morning, when I was to take it up to London myself, and retire certain acceptances then coming due, and get back the bills. My uncle was much pleased that I had managed the business so promptly, and gave me a check for £20 for my services. He was in excellent spirits now. Cotton had seemed a trifle harder at that day's market, and should it rise a little more, he would be able, he told me, to put back the £10,000 he had just borrowed, and clear as much more besides. In that case, he would settle a good part of the money on Kate, and we might get married as soon as we liked.

I went to bed that night in a happy frame of mind, proud of the confidence placed in me, with vague but pleasant dreams of future happiness, when I and Kate should be man and wife. But just as dawn I awoke in a horrible fright, perspiration breaking out all over me. I had dreamt that somebody had robbed the office, and in the moment of waking it flashed upon me that I had left the duplicate key of my safe hanging on the accustomed nail over the fire-place in my office. For there I had got into the habit of hanging it, as I had a trick of leaving my keys at home, and found that the duplicate key obviated the inconvenience of not being able to get at my things. In the excitement of the day I had forgotten about its existence.

I rose at once, although it was barely four o'clock, and walked down to my office at top speed. There everything seemed quiet and tranquil; the window grim and frowning, blinked down upon me in a reassuring way. After all, my score was uncalled for. There are hardly the remotest chance in the world of thieves getting into the place, and if they did, what would they do? Bob had the duplicate key? There was no use in alarming the neighbourhood by trying to wake up the locksmith. Everything was fine and sight, the street tranquilly sleeping in the early sunlight. I would wait till six o'clock, and the world was astir again, and then go and secure the duplicate key. I walked about the deserted town, refreshed myself at an early breakfast stall, and then, as the factory bells were all jangling out, and the streets were filling with operatives hurrying to work, I presented myself at the door of the building that held my office. The housekeeper nodded at me amicably. No catastrophe had happened in the night evidently. I ran up stairs three steps at a time, dashed into my office, and—everything was in *statu quo*—went into the inner for the key. It was hanging in its accustomed place. With a feeling of joyous self-gratulation, I proceeded in a leisurely way to open my safe, to assure myself of the safety of the deposit. Judge of my horror and dismay when I found that the notes were gone—clean gone.

CHAPTER II.—THE DEAD LETTER.

To the first stupefaction of despair at the loss of my uncle's money followed an eager desire to be doing something. I must go to the Police office at once; the notes must be stopped; I had the numbers, and what else was the list? In my portfolio; that too I had placed in the safe, and that was gone. Nothing else was touched, the loom silver I kept there was untouched.

The idea of my loss grew almost overpowered me. In addition to the loss of money, loss of reputation would follow. What a pretty sort of a tale I should have to tell, of a robbery in which the thieves had not left the slightest trace of their operations, where the objects stolen were those of which I had retained none of the particulars. Those who knew me would say I invented the story out of my authorised person having entered the office, and I should have to bear such a story myself told of any third person?

One opening for hope occurred to me. It was possible that Bob Hargreaves had kept the numbers of the notes he had handed over to me. Hewhewet was only an idiot, and might be there and back before the hours of business commenced, in ample time, too, to telegraph the numbers to the leading banks. After some difficulty I found a cab, and started to drive there. A miserable, anxious night I had.

Bob lived in a rough little stone cottage, on the outskirts of the village of Howbent. Early as it was, he was already astir; I could see his shadow on the blind, as he moved to and fro in his board, busily at work, stitching away at a cowskin waistcoat, which I knew was destined for my use. A strange sensation of anxiety of the moment, I could not help a feeling of wonder at his employment, the cause of his apparel stood so much in need of his labour. The ground was too soft to give warning of my approach, but my shadow falling across the window made him look up suddenly. Catching my eye, a deadly pallor came over his face, the corners of his mouth drew down, and his chin began to twitch, he jumped off his board and came to the door. Bob stood on the threshold, leaning over with as the cover mistress, then his eyes glanced eagerly around as if he doubted whether I were not accompanied by a dozen of my men to cash and fix driver, waiting in the road, a hundred yards off. Reassured on this point, he cordially inquired my business. I asked him, eagerly, if he had kept the numbers of the notes I had handed over to me. "Cut up rather rough with you, did Sam, did he? Sha. I've kept them safe enough." "Why, what's amiss; haven't you?" parried Robert with instinctive caution. Something in my manner suggested to him an equal caution. It struck me that Hargreaves might have some idea of the information if he thought that I was already possessed of it. "Oh, I have the numbers, I'm all right," I said, carelessly, "but I want to compare my list with yours." "What, you've gotten a list then," cried Robert, with a sudden gleam in his eyes. "I want more than notes have been stolen," I said, and then I told him the whole story of the robbery. Robert listened with a sarcastic, incredulous smile that was very provoking, and when I had ended he made a disagreeable remark to the effect that the natural attitude toward the story was that which the whole world would speedily assume. He was very advise, he said, to go home and frame a likelier tale than that. Some time, if your conscience is light, will not convince anybody. There's one loss to begin with; if they took any case with the numbers in it, how do you know it never was lost? I'm all right, of course," I replied, scarcely noticing the insinuation, for I was growing very much interested in Robert's speech; I was too broken-spirited. "But I must compare it with yours." "Well, I don't mind, then, Mr. Hargreaves." "Nay, I've gotten no numbers," he replied, sullenly; "I wish'd he had, for I'm sure they would be useful. I'd work over to gather 'em together, bit by bit and one by one, from the people who have them. I'm no scholar either, for that matter."

With that he slammed the door in my face, and left me standing in the road. There was no sign of the cowskin waistcoat as I passed the window, dejected and crestfallen. Bob was sitting at his board, with his left hand gazing at its point in a kind of sullen reverie. He was not long in coming for me, however, and, and I could not give it up without another trial. "I'm sure you could tell me something about the matter, if you chose," I cried to him through the window, "where you got them from, some of them." "Nay, I can't, I can't," said Bob from his board, "I swear my Bible oath I know nought more about thy notes, so go thy way."

There was nothing to be gained by wasting more time with Bob, so I came away homeward, still more wrecked than before. By the time we reached Middleton it was quite dark, and I left my uncle's office house, and, always early as his work, he was there before me. Hitherto I had been telling him was the worst part of the business, but he uttered not a word of reproach, and only quietly asked me what I had done in the matter. Still, as he paced up and down his room with a glooming brow, I felt that the matter was one that affected him bitterly. "Have you told the Police?" he asked at length. "Not yet," I replied. "I am now on the way: I have only seen Robert Hargreaves since." "Thank Heaven that you have!" he ejaculated fervently. "Do as make the best of it. Not a word to anybody of the loss, except Kate; you may trust her; I know she is a true loving soul."

My uncle was right, I could see, hard as it was, to place the best face on the matter, under these suspicious circumstances, at this especial juncture would be fatal to his credit. Rumour would magnify the loss and the difficulties. He would go to London at once and try to get the Bank of England, and telegraphed to Hargreaves to come over and see me, and next morning, at the appointed hour, I heard a tremendous thumping at the stairs, as if a heavy bedstead or something of the kind were being dragged up. Presently the door was cautiously held ajar, and a wizened face appeared in the opening.

Seeing that I was all alone, Bob—for he it was—whisked dexterously into the room, incumbered as he was by a crutch-handled stick in each hand, and two heavy wooden clogs on his feet. The amount of timber he carried accounted for the noise of his entrance. "Well, I'm here to oblige you, Master Turner; but if it's brass you want, you'll have in mind I'm a poor man."

"Then you are no good to me," I replied brusquely, "and you'd better go the way you came."

"Aye, but I can get a bit of money somehow, then known. Brass is a deuse thing a deal of Bob Hargreaves. But at this minute I'd take my Bible oath, I'm worth nothing but what I carry on my back."

According to appearance that was very certainly the case. Bob was dressed in clothes of a dirty snuff-brown colour; patched and mended, and that would have advantageously been exchanged for another pair of clogs. A greasy black cloth cap was on his head, and his only shirt was a flannel one, was a heavy cowskin waistcoat, strangely out of keeping with the sultry weather.

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I went to bed that night in a happy frame of mind, proud of the confidence placed in me, with vague but pleasant dreams of future happiness, when I and Kate should be man and wife. But just as dawn I awoke in a horrible fright, perspiration breaking out all over me. I had dreamt that somebody had robbed the office, and in the moment of waking it flashed upon me that I had left the duplicate key of my safe hanging on the accustomed nail over the fire-place in my office. For there I had got into the habit of hanging it, as I had a trick of leaving my keys at home, and found that the duplicate key obviated the inconvenience of not being able to get at my things. In the excitement of the day I had forgotten about its existence.

I rose at once, although it was barely four o'clock, and walked down to my office at top speed. There everything seemed quiet and tranquil; the window grim and frowning, blinked down upon me in a reassuring way. After all, my score was uncalled for. There are hardly the remotest chance in the world of thieves getting into the place, and if they did, what would they do? Bob had the duplicate key? There was no use in alarming the neighbourhood by trying to wake up the locksmith. Everything was fine and sight, the street tranquilly sleeping in the early sunlight. I would wait till six o'clock, and the world was astir again, and then go and secure the duplicate key. I walked about the deserted town, refreshed myself at an early breakfast stall, and then, as the factory bells were all jangling out, and the streets were filling with operatives hurrying to work, I presented myself at the door of the building that held my office. The housekeeper nodded at me amicably. No catastrophe had happened in the night evidently. I ran up stairs three steps at a time, dashed into my office, and—everything was in *statu quo*—went into the inner for the key. It was hanging in its accustomed place. With a feeling of joyous self-gratulation, I proceeded in a leisurely way to open my safe, to assure myself of the safety of the deposit. Judge of my horror and dismay when I found that the notes were gone—clean gone.

CHAPTER III.—THE THREE PIGEONS.

The shock occasioned by this second robbery was greatly increased by the circumstances in which it found me. In addition to the loss of money, loss of reputation would follow. What a pretty sort of tale I should have to tell, of a robbery in which the thieves had not left the slightest trace of their operations, where the objects stolen were those of which I had retained none of the particulars. Those who knew me would say I invented the story out of my authorised person having entered the office, and I should have to bear such a story myself told of any third person?

One opening for hope occurred to me. It was possible that Bob Hargreaves had kept the numbers of the notes he had handed over to me. Howbeit was only an idiot, and might be there and back before the hours of business commenced, in ample time, too, to telegraph the numbers to the leading banks. After some difficulty I found a cab, and started to drive there. A miserable, anxious night I had.

Bob lived in a rough little stone cottage, on the outskirts of the village of Howbent. Early as it was, he was already astir; I could see his shadow on the blind, as he moved to and fro in his board, busily at work, stitching away at a cowskin waistcoat, which I knew was destined for my use. A strange sensation of anxiety of the moment, I could not help a feeling of wonder at his employment, the cause of his apparel stood so much in need of his labour. The ground was too soft to give warning of my approach, but my shadow falling across the window made him look up suddenly. Catching my eye, a deadly pallor came over his face, the corners of his mouth drew down, and his chin began to twitch, he jumped off his board and came to the door. Bob stood on the threshold, leaning over with as the cover mistress, then his eyes glanced eagerly around as if he doubted whether I were not accompanied by a dozen of my men to cash and fix driver, waiting in the road, a hundred yards off. Reassured on this point, he cordially inquired my business. I asked him, eagerly, if he had kept the numbers of the notes I had handed over to me. "Cut up rather rough with you, did Sam, did he? Sha. I've kept them safe enough." "Why, what's amiss; haven't you?" parried Robert with instinctive caution. Something in my manner suggested to him an equal caution. It struck me that Hargreaves might have some idea of the information if he thought that I was already possessed of it. "Oh, I have the numbers, I'm all right," I said, carelessly, "but I want to compare my list with yours." "What, you've gotten a list then," cried Robert, with a sudden gleam in his eyes. "I want more than notes have been stolen," I said, and then I told him the whole story of the robbery. Robert listened with a sarcastic, incredulous smile that was very provoking, and when I had ended he made a disagreeable remark to the effect that the natural attitude toward the story was that which the whole world would speedily assume. He was very advise, he said, to go home and frame a likelier tale than that. Some time, if your conscience is light, will not convince anybody. There's one loss to begin with; if they took any case with the numbers in it, how do you know it never was lost? I'm all right, of course," I replied, scarcely noticing the insinuation, for I was growing very much interested in Robert's speech; I was too broken-spirited. "But I must compare it with yours." "Well, I don't mind, then, Mr. Hargreaves." "Nay, I've gotten no numbers," he replied, sullenly; "I wish'd he had, for I'm sure they would be useful. I'd work over to gather 'em together, bit by bit and one by one, from the people who have them. I'm no scholar either, for that matter."

With that he slammed the door in my face, and left me standing in the road. There was no sign of the cowskin waistcoat as I passed the window, dejected and crestfallen. Bob was sitting at his board, with his left hand gazing at its point in a kind of sullen reverie. He was not long in coming for me, however, and, and I could not give it up without another trial. "I'm sure you could tell me something about the matter, if you chose," I cried to him through the window, "where you got them from, some of them." "Nay, I can't, I can't," said Bob from his board, "I swear my Bible oath I know nought more about thy notes, so go thy way."

There was nothing to be gained by wasting more time with Bob, so I came away homeward, still more wrecked than before. By the time we reached Middleton it was quite dark, and I left my uncle's office house, and, always early as his work, he was there before me. Hitherto I had been telling him was the worst part of the business, but he uttered not a word of reproach, and only quietly asked me what I had done in the matter. Still, as he paced up and down his room with a glooming brow, I felt that the matter was one that affected him bitterly. "Have you told the Police?" he asked at length. "Not yet," I replied. "I am now on the way: I have only seen Robert Hargreaves since." "Thank Heaven that you have!" he ejaculated fervently. "Do as make the best of it. Not a word to anybody of the loss, except Kate; you may trust her; I know she is a true loving soul."

My uncle was right, I could see, hard as it was, to place the best face on the matter, under these suspicious circumstances, at this especial juncture would be fatal to his credit. Rumour would magnify the loss and the difficulties. He would go to London at once and try to get the Bank of England, and telegraphed to Hargreaves to come over and see me, and next morning, at the appointed hour, I heard a tremendous thumping at the stairs, as if a heavy bedstead or something of the kind were being dragged up. Presently the door was cautiously held ajar, and a wizened face appeared in the opening.

Seeing that I was all alone, Bob—for he it was—whisked dexterously into the room, incumbered as he was by a crutch-handled stick in each hand, and two heavy wooden clogs on his feet. The amount of timber he carried accounted for the noise of his entrance. "Well, I'm here to oblige you, Master Turner; but if it's brass you want, you'll have in mind I'm a poor man."

"Then you are no good to me," I replied brusquely, "and you'd better go the way you came."

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MARKHAM.

East York Conservative Picnic.

A Monster Gathering.

(FROM OUR OWN REPORTER.)

MARKHAM, June 27.—Another of those great demonstrations which for the last month have been held in various parts of the Province of Ontario, took place here today. The participators in the meeting were very numerous, fully five or six thousand people from all sections of the county of York being present. The village wore a gala appearance. Bunting was flying from every available flagstaff, and no less than five triumphal arches were erected on the main thoroughfare, one at the entrance to the railway station yard, and four lower down in the village. The arches were tastefully ornamented with evergreens, and bore inscriptions. The first one extended a "Welcome to Sir John Macdonald, Canada's greatest Statesman." Another one expressed the views of the Conservatives of the vicinity on the trade question in the words "Moderate Protection to Home Industries." On a third were raised aloft the