

TANGLED THREADS

The old servant retired at the entrance of her master. He sat down, and prepared to go through the interview with equanimity, though he heartily wished Mrs. Gass anywhere else. His house was desolate; infected also; he thought that visitors, for their own sake and his, had better keep away. They had not met since the death, and Mrs. Gass, though the least exacting woman in the world, took it a little unkindly that he had not been in, knowing that he passed her house several times in the day.

In subdued tones, Oliver Rane gave Mrs. Gass a summary of Bessy's illness and death. He had done all he could to keep her, he said; all he could. Saeley had come over once or twice, and knew that nothing more had remained in his power.

"But, doctor, I heard that on Friday you told people she was getting better and the danger was over," urged Mrs. Gass her tears flowing apace.

"And I thought it was so," he answered. "What I mistook for sleepiness from exhaustion, and what Saeley mistook for the same, must have been the exhaustion of approaching death. We are deceived thus sometimes."

"But, doctor, she never had more than a day's fever. Was that enough to cause death from exhaustion?"

"She had a day and a night of fever. And consider how intense it was; I never before saw anything like it. We must not always estimate the fatality of a fever by its duration, Mrs. Gass. The terrible suddenness of the blow has been worse to me than it could have been to any one else."

Yes, Mrs. Gass believed that, and warmly sympathized with him. She then expressed a wish to see the coffin. Would it be well for her to go? he asked. "On dear, yes," Mrs. Gass answered, "I was not afraid of anything." And the doctor took her up without further hesitation. There was little if any danger now, he observed, as I raised the sheet, when still hung there, to enable her to enter the coffin.

Everything was completed. Hepburn's men had been two and fro, and all was ended. The outer coffin was of oak, its lid bearing the inscription. Mrs. Gass's tears fairly gushed out as she read it.

"BESSY RANE."

AGED 31.

"But you have not put the date of the death, doctor!" cried Mrs. Gass, surprised at the omission.

"No! True. That's Thomas Hepburn's fault; I left it to him. The man is half-crazed just now, between grief for his brother and fear for himself. It will be put on the grave."

From Dr. Rane's Mrs. Gass went to Dailory Hall, knowing that madam was absent. Otherwise she would not have ventured there. And never was guest more welcome to its master. Poor Mr. North spoke out to her all his grief for Bessy without reservation.

But of all who felt this death, none were so affected by it as Jelly. She could not rest for the wild thoughts that tormented her day and night. The idea at first taken up kept floating through her head, and sometimes she could not get rid of it for hours; an idea that Mrs. Rane had been put into her coffin alive; that what she saw was Mrs. Rane herself, and not her spirit.

Yet Jelly knew that this could not be, and her imagination would turn to another wild improbability, though she dared not follow it; that the poor lady had not died a natural death. One night there came surging into Jelly's brain the suggestive case put by Timothy Wilks, that some men might be found who would put their wives out of the way for the sake of the fortune money.

Jelly tossed from side to side in her uneasy bed, and stared at the candle—first she no longer cared to sleep in the dark—and tried to get rid of the wicked notion. But she never got rid of it again; and when she rose in the morning, pale, and trembling, and weary, she believed that the dread mystery had solved itself to her, and would be found in this.

What ought she to do? Going about that day as one in a dream, the question continually presented itself to her. Jelly was at her wit's end with indecision; at night resolving to tell of the apparition, and of her suspicion of Dr. Rane; in the morning putting the thoughts from her, and call herself a fool for yielding to them. Dinah could not make out the candle—first she was so strange and silent, but privately supposed it might be the condition of Mr. Timothy Wilks. For that gentleman was confined to his bed with some attack connected with the liver.

Wednesday, the day of the funeral, drew on. It had been a little retarded to allow of the return of Richard North. News had been received of him the morning after Bessy's death; it may really be imagined what Richard's consternation and grief must have been to hear of his sister's death; whom he so recently left well, happy, and as likely to live as he himself.

The funeral was fixed for twelve o'clock. The funeral arrived the same morning at ten. He had been delayed twelve hours by the state of the sea, the Ostend boat not having been able to put out. Jelly, in her superstition, thought the elements had been conspiring to keep Richard North from following one to the grave who had not been sent to it by Heaven.

Long before twelve o'clock struck, groups had formed about the churchyard. The men, cut on strike and their wives, were there in full force, partly because it was a break to their monotonous idleness, partly out of respect to their master. The whole neighborhood sincerely regretted Bessy Rane, who had never made an enemy in her life.

In the church people of the better class assembled, all in mourning. Mrs. Gass was a few paces in an upright bonnet and crape gloves. Seeing Jelly come in looking very woe-begone, she hospitably opened the pew door to her. And this was close upon the arrival of the funeral.

The first to make his appearance was Thomas Hepburn in his official capacity; quite as woe-begone as Jelly, and far more sickly. The coffin, which Mrs. Gass had seen the other day, was placed on its stand; for the few last words of this world to be read over it. Dr. Rane, as white as a sheet; and Mr. North, looking like his son Richard's arm, comprised the followers. No strangers were invited; Dr. Rane thought, considering what Bessy had died of, that they might not care to be at all. People wondered whether Captain Diller had been bidden to it. If so, he certainly had not come.

It seemed only a few minutes before they were moving out of the church again. The grave had been dug in the corner of the churchyard, near to Edmund North's; and he, as may be remembered, lay next to his mother. Mrs. Gass and Jelly took their seats on a remote bench, equally removed from the ceremony and the crowd. The latter stood at respectful distance, not caring, from various considerations, to

approach too near. Not a word had the two women as yet spoken to each other. The bench they sat on was low, and overshadowed by the trees that bordered the narrow walks. Not ten paces in the churchyard were aware that any one sat there. Jelly was the first to break the silence.

"How white he looks!" It was rather abrupt, as Mrs. Gass thought. They could see the clergyman in his surplice through the intervening trees, and the others standing bare-headed around him.

"Do you mean the doctor, Jelly?"

"Yes," said Jelly, "I mean him."

"And enough to make him, poor bereft man, when the one nearest and dearest to him is suddenly cut off by fever," gravely rejoined Mrs. Gass. "In the midst of life we are in death."

Now, or never. Sitting there alone with Mrs. Gass, surrounded by these solemn influences, Jelly thought the hour and the opportunity had come. Bear with the secret musing, she could not; it would wear her to a skeleton, worry her into a fever perhaps; and she had said to herself several times that Mrs. Gass, with her plain common sense, would be the best person to confide in. Yes, she mentally repeated, now or never.

"Was it the fever that cut her off?" began Jelly, significantly.

"Was it the fever that cut her off?" echoed Mrs. Gass.

Jelly turned to the speaker, and plunged into her tale. Beginning, first of all, with the apparition she had certainly seen, and how it was—staying late at Ketter's, and Dinah's having left the blind undrawn—that she had come to see it. There she paused.

(To be Continued.)

Beyond Comparison. Are the good qualities possessed by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Above all it purifies the blood, strengthening the nerves; it regulates the digestive organs, invigorates the kidneys and liver, tones and builds up the entire system, cures Scrofula, Dyspepsia, Catarrh and Rheumatism. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache, &c. &c.

"How is your wife?" "Um, her head has been troubling her a good deal this year." "Sick headache?" "Not exactly. She keeps wanting a new hat every four weeks."

A Man Made Happy.—GENTLEMEN.—For five years I have been great sufferer with Dyspepsia; the pain in the pit of my stomach was almost unbearable and life only seemed a drag to me. When I would go to sleep I would have horrible dreams, and my life became very miserable, as there was no rest either day or night. But with the use of only two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, this unhappy state has all been changed and I am a well man. I can assure you, my case was a bad one, and I send you this that it may be the means of convincing others of the wonderful curative qualities possessed by this medicine, that is specially adapted for the cure of Dyspepsia. A lady customer of mine had the Dyspepsia very bad, she could scarcely eat anything, and was troubled with pains similar to those I suffered with; and she cured herself with two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. I wish you success with your medicine, as I am fully convinced that it will do all you claim for it.

Signed, MELVILLE B. MARSH, Aberdeen, P. Q. General Merchant.

Old Turkey.—Are you going to lay anything by this year? Young Turkey.—No; I shall be satisfied if I can only keep a head until after Christmas.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, pure and effective. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

"My dear," said Mr. Kiddle, "you are, to say the least, very hard to please." "Oh, I don't know about that," she replied. "I married you, you know."

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Get the Best. The public are too intelligent to purchase a worthless article a second time; on the contrary, they want the best. Physicians are virtually unanimous in saying Scott's Emulsion is the best form of cod liver oil.

"Is Jinks a poet?" "No; just hard times; couldn't raise enough money to have his hair cut."

Beyond Dispute. There is no better, safer or more pleasant cough remedy made than Hagar's Pectoral Balm. It cures Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles.

Emile Luce will again attempt to get into the French Academy. This amuses him, and, fortunately, keeps him from writing books.

Gibbons' Toothache Gum is easily applied, cures instantly and is sold by druggists for 15 cents.

Uncle—Is your little dog intelligent? Small Nephew—Well, he hasn't got so much sense in his head, but his tail seems to know a lot.

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote to pain, throat and lung remedy and general corrective, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It may be used without the slightest apprehension of any other salutary consequences. Coughs, rheumatism, earache, bruises, cuts and cures succumb to its action.

"Why do you not stop begging and try to get some work?" "Because I do not wish to give up a sure thing for an uncertain one."

It Never Fails. Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, sore throat and disease of the throat and lungs. Price 25 and 50 cents.

"Jim's done made his mark in the legislature." "That so?" "You bet; signed for his salary."

For Healthy Lungs. Millburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with Wild Cherry and Hypophosphites combines the curative powers of the pectoral remedies mentioned in the most perfect and palatable form. Price 50 cents and \$1 per bottle.

CABBAGED \$1,000,000.

English Investors in South Dakota Interests Fleeced by a Fellow-Countryman.

CHICAGO, Nov. 22.—A special to the Herald from Yankton, S. D., says: English capitalists who have been investing in South Dakota interests during the past few years have been investigating the validity of their holdings, and find in nearly every instance they have been swindled by Mr. J. V. L. Pierce, an Englishman, who has been living in London during the past three years. It is alleged Pierce has realized fully \$1,000,000 in five years through fraudulent and forged papers, school bonds, certificates, mythical township bonds, etc.

THREE TO ONE.

Mutiny on the High Seas.—The Indian Crew of a Sealer Seize the Vessel.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Nov. 22.—At the Westminster assizes yesterday six of the Indian crew of the sealing schooner C. D. Rand were found guilty of revolt and mutiny on the high seas.

Just outside of Bering Sea on last season's sealing cruise this crew took possession of the vessel and remained in command for nine days. The Indians outnumbered the white crew three to one. At length the captain took advantage of a favorable opportunity when there were only two of the Indians on deck, and drove them into the hold, where he kept them confined until the vessel reached Vancouver.

For the defense it was claimed that the captain supplied them with whisky, gave them no food, and was taking them to Copper Island instead of Bering Sea, as had been agreed upon, and the Indians fearing barbarous treatment at the hands of the Russians at Copper Island, were revolted. The defense, however, was broken down and the Indians convicted. Sentence will be pronounced tomorrow.

ARRESTED THE VICTIM.

Peculiar Outcome of the Highway Robbery Near Chatham.

CHATHAM, Ont., Nov. 22.—Chas. Benin, the farmer who was held up on the Raleigh Highway on the night of Sept. 22 by colored footpads and robbed of all his money, has been arrested on the charge of shooting Wm. Ellerbeck on the same night. The latter is the young farmer who was mysteriously shot by the driver of a team on the Raleigh road, whom he had asked for a ride. As a result of the shot, Ellerbeck lost his leg. According to the evidence after being robbed Benin returned to the city, armed himself and set off home, vowing vengeance on the next man that tried to stop him, and when young Benin approached he was shot.

BATTLE FOR A BODY.

One Undertaker Seriously Stands Another.

OTTAWA, Kan., Nov. 22.—Last night Charles Lathrop and his brother Hamilton attempted to force an entrance into the residence of Wm. Sherman. The latter shot and instantly killed Charles and seriously wounded his brother.

In a quarrel today between several undertakers for the possession of Charles' body Undertaker Sessions was dangerously stabbed by Undertaker Miller.

They Hope Its "Bill."

FORT WORTH, Texas, Nov. 22.—"Bill" Cook, the daring young leader of the gang which has been terrorizing the Indian Territory for the past five months, it is thought is one of the five men captured by the Texas rangers at Wichita Falls.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen.

WINNIPEG, Nov. 22.—Lord and Lady Aberdeen arrived here yesterday from the west, and were entertained in the evening at Government House. In the afternoon Lady Aberdeen addressed the Women's Council of Winnipeg. They proceeded east today.

Sanguinary Revolt in Honduras. New York, Nov. 22.—A Tegucigalpa, Honduras, dispatch says a mutiny broke out yesterday in the garrison at Copayula, in which the loyal Government troops lost nineteen killed and 28 wounded, the mutineers losing five and eleven wounded. The mutineers fled to Salvador.

Shaking Up the New York Judges. New York, Nov. 22.—District Attorney Fellows admitted this afternoon he had received a communication from J. V. Flower requesting him to show cause why he should not be removed from office.

A formal application for the removal of Police Justice Divver was made to Justice Daly in the Court of Common Pleas today.

Steamship Sunk to Save Her. New York, Nov. 22.—The New York and Texas Company's steamship Alamo, which arrived from Genoa yesterday afternoon, was sunk at pier 20, East River, this morning to extinguish a fire in the cotton in her hold. The police estimate the damage caused by the fire at \$10,000, but it is certain to exceed that sum.

Boiler Explosion in a Schoolhouse. Uxbridge, Mass., Nov. 22.—A boiler exploded at 10 o'clock this morning in the cellar of the Center School building under the floor of the primary department. This floor was completely torn up and desks and seats were broken in pieces. Thirty pupils were in the room and some were injured, but no one is reported as fatally hurt.

Windsor's "Jack, the Hagger," Re-arrested. WINDSOR, Nov. 22.—Wm. Marshall today finished his term of imprisonment for assaulting Miss Bertha Mitchell two months ago. He is Windsor's "Jack, the Hagger." As he was about to leave jail Jailer Sparks again arrested him on the charge of assaulting Miss Jessie Dickson. He was taken to Windsor Police Station this afternoon and remanded by the magistrate till Wednesday, when Miss Jessie Dickson will appear to give evidence.

Burglars in a Quebec Bank. BEDFORD, Que., Nov. 22.—A daring attempt was made by three burglars to blow open the safe of the Eastern Township Bank of Bedford this morning. Messrs. John and Wm. Morgan, uncle and father respectively of the manager of the bank, were awakened by the sound of an explosion in the bank, and the burglars, finding they were discovered, fled. They only succeeded in blowing off the combination lock and could not gain entrance to the vault.

Uncle Sam's New Loan. New York, Nov. 23.—It was stated on Wall street this afternoon that arrangements have been made in this city to subscribe \$30,000,000 of the new bonds. It was also said there is no doubt the whole issue will be taken without any further large withdrawals of gold from the treasury.

The agents in this city of the Bank of Montreal will receive \$900,000 gold from Canada this week and \$400,000 next week. It is understood that this gold is to pay for subscriptions to the Government loan.

Rheumatism is primarily caused by acidity of the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and cures the disease.

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"THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine."

Castoria destroys Worms.
Castoria allays Feverishness.
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Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

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Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."

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Wool for - - - 25c and 50c.
Buck for - - - 75c.
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Lined Kid for - - 75c and \$1.

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Leading Furnishers and Hatters.

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