MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

Knit-to-fit
REGISTERED & PATENTED

Combination Suits

Ladies delight in these perfect fitting undergarments. They are *knitted* all in one piece—not cut to fit—and have no clumsy seams to irritate the skin. The special weave at throat and around the waist (as illustrated) shows how the Knit-to-fit Suits prevent that uncomfortable "bunching."

Silk hand crochet around neck and down the front, cuffs and ankles.

All sizes—all weights—in all fabrics from silk to cotton. Write for illustrated catalogue if your dealer does not handle Knit-to-fit. 1

THE KNIT-TO-FIT MANUFACTURING CO.
323 Papineau Avenue, - - - Montreal.

THE WEAPONS OF MYSTERY

BY JOSEPH HOCKING.

Author of "All Men are Liars," "Fields of Fair Renown," etc., etc.

(Continued)

"Well, sur, after you left all of a hurry like, we had a big party in the house, and all the servants 'ad to 'elp; and no sooner did I git in that 'ere house than I beginned to put two and two together, and then I see a hindiwidual that I beginned to think wur mighty like that 'ere ghost."

"And what was that?"

"Why, that 'ere hancient wirgin, Miss Staggles."

"Ah, what then?"

"Well, I heard somebody tellin' her that 'ow you were gone to London, and I thought she looked mighty pleased. After dinner, I see her come out of the 'drawin'-room, and go away by herself, and I thought I'd watch. She went up to her room, yer honour, and I got in a convenient place for watchin' her when she comes out. She weren't a minit afore she wur out, Mr. Blake, a-carryin' somethin' in her hands. She looked curiously 'round, and then I see her make straight for your room. In a minit more she comes out, with 'nothin' in her hands. So then I says to myself, 'She's deposited some o' her combustible matter in Mr. Blake's room.'

"It was a bold and dangerous thing to do, yer honour, but I goes into your room and looks around. Everything seems right. Then I looks and sees that the drawer of the wardrobe ain't quite shut, so I takes a step forward and peeps in."

"And what did you see?"

"Why, I see the trappin's of that 'ere ghost. The shroud, knife, and all the rest on 't."

"Well, sur, I takes it to my shanty, and puts it in my own box, to show you at a convenient season,' as Moses said."

"Is that all?"

"Not quite. The next morning I see her a-airin' her sweet self on the lawn, so I goes up to 'er all familiar like, and I says 'Top o' the mornin', Miss Staggles.'

"'Who are you, man?' she says.

"'As nice a chap as you ever see,' I said, 'though I am marked wi' small-pox. But that ain't my fault, ma'am; it is owin' to the experimentin' o' a waxinatin' doctor.'

"'What do you want with me, man?' she said.

"'Why, ma'am,' I said, 'I'm young and simple, and I wur frightened wi' a ghost t'other night, and I thought as how you, bein' purty hancient, might assist me in findin' things out about it.'

"With that, sur, she looked oal strange, and I thinks I'm on the right track, and I says again, 'That 'ere ghost wur well got up, mum. I've played a ghost myself in a theatre, and I could never git up like you did the other night.'

"'Me get up as a ghost!' she screamed. 'Man, you are mad.'

"'Not so mad,' I says 'seein' as 'ow I see you carry that the ghost's wardrobe, and put it in Mr. Blake's room last night.'

"She went off without another word, yer honour, and the next thing I heard 'bout her was that she'd gone to London."

"And why did you not tell Mr. Temple?"

"Well, Mr. Blake, he didn't know anything 'bout her evenin' rambles wi' that 'ere hinfidel villain, and wasn't acquainted wi' the things that you and me hev talked about; besides I thought as 'ow you were the one that ought to know first of all."

I thought long over Simon's words, but could not understand them. Why should Miss Staggles pose as a ghost, even at the intigation of Voltaire? There could be nothing gained by it, and yet I am sure that it was not without meaning. Somehow it was connected with Voltaire's scheme; of that I am sure, but at the time my mind was too confused to see how.

So far, not one step had been taken to prove whether Kaffar was dead or alive, and although I knew nothing of a detective's business, I did not like taking any one into my confidence. I resolved to do all that was to be done myself.

In spite of everything, I spent a pleasant evening at Temple Hall. We talked and laughed gaily, especially as Tom was preparing for his wedding with Miss Edith Gray, and when I told Mrs. Temple how Tom had popped the question on the landing at midnight after the appearance of the famous hall ghost, the merriment knew no bounds.

It was after midnight when I retired to rest, but I could not sleep. I could not help thinking about this great problem of my life. How could I find Kaffar? How could I tell whether he were alive or dead? After tossing about a long time, I hit upon a plan of action, and then my mind had some little rest.

The next morning I bade good-bye to my friends and started for the station. When I arrived all was quiet. Not a single passenger was there, while the two porters were lolling lazily around, enjoying the warmth of the bright May sun.

I asked to see the station-master; he was not at the station. Then I made inquiries for the booking-clerk, who presently made his appearance. I found that there was a train leaving about midnight, which travelled northward, one that had been running some years.

"Were you at the booking-office on the day after New Year's Day?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk.

"Do you remember a man coming for a ticket that night who struck you as peculiar?"

"What kind of a man, sir?"

"A foreigner. Small, dark and wiry, speaking with an accent sounding like this," I said, trying to imitate Kaffar.

"No, sir, I don't remember such a person. There were only three passengers that night—I remember it very well, because my brother was here with me—and they were all Yorkshire."

"This midnight train is a stopping train?"

"Yes, sir. It stops at every station from Leeds."

"How far is the nearest station in the Leeds direction?"

"Seven miles, sir. The population is rather thin here, sir. It gets thicker the closer you get to Leeds."

"And how far the other way?"

"Only a matter of three miles northward, sir. There's a little village there, sir, has sprung up because of Lord ——'s mansion, sir, and the company has put up a station."

And how far is the next station beyond that?"

"A long way, sir. It's a junction where some go to catch the night express for Leeds. It must be eight miles further on. The train is now due, sir, that goes there."

"And it stops at the next station?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

I booked immediately for it, and in a few minutes arrived there. It was, if possible, more quiet than the one from which I had just come; a more dreary place one could not well see.

I soon found the man who had issued tickets on the night I have mentioned. Did he remember such a passenger as I described?

"Yes, sir, he said, "I do remember such a chap, partly because he was the only passenger and partly because he looked so strange. He looked as if he'd been fightin', and yet he was quite sober. He was a funny chap, sir, one as I shdn'n like much to do wi'."

"And where did he book for?"

"Dingledale Junction, sir."

"And he would be able to catch a train from there?"

"He would have to wait a quarter of an hour for the express to Leeds," replied the man.

"And how long will it be before there's another train to Dingledale Junction?" I asked anxiously.

"Three hours and a half, sir.

This was an awful blow to me. To wait all this time at that roadside station was weary work, especially as I could do nothing. I found, however, that I could hire a horse and trap that would take me there in about two hours. I therefore closed with this offer, and shortly after drove away, I felt sure I had made one step forward. Kaffar was alive. The blunt Yorkshireman's description of him tallied exactly with the real appearance of the Egyptian. Of course I was not sure, but this was strongly in favor—of his being alive. There was something tangible for which to work now, and my heart grew lighter.

Dingledale Junction proved to be rather a busy place. There were two platforms in the station, and a refreshment room. I found also that Mr. Smith was actually represented there, in the shape of a small boy, a dozen novels, and a few newspapers. This, however, did not augur so well for my inquiries. The officials here would not be so likely to notice any particular passenger. Still there was something in my favour. Kaffar would in any circumstances attract attention in a country place. His appearance was so remarkable, that any countryman would stop for a second look at him.

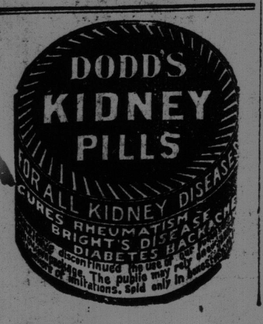
After a great many inquiries, I found that Kaffar, or a man strongly resembling him, had taken a ticket for Leeds. He had no luggage, and what made the porter in attendance remember him so vividly was the fact of his being angry when asked if he had any luggage to be labelled.

So far, then, my inquiries were successful; so far I might congratulate myself on making forward steps. And yet I was scarcely satisfied. It seemed too plain. Would Kaffar have allowed himself to be followed in such a way? I was not sure. On the one hand, he was very cunning, and, on the other, he knew but little of the means of detecting people in England.

(To be Continued.)

St. Stephen's church guild last evening enjoyed a musical programme. The following took part: Mrs. W. E. O. Jones and Miss Clytie Jones, piano duets; Miss Fairweather, solo; Miss Drake, piano solo; Mr. Brown, solo; Miss Roden, violin solo; Miss Gilchrist, piano solo; Miss Louise Nase, solo.

At a meeting of the N. B. Poultry Association last night progress was made in getting up the list of special prizes to be given in connection with the forthcoming exhibition. The executive hope to be able to complete the work tonight. Letters of inquiry are being received from outside poultry organizations by the officers of the association.



Fashion Hint for Times Readers

EVENING HOOD OF SATIN AND SWANSDOWN.

Coiffures are so perishable this season, with their loose waves, airy puffs and fillets of soft ribbon, that heavy headgear is out of the question for the theater, where nobody now thinks of sitting through the evening with the hat on. The loose theatre hoods of silk and satin are very easy to make for the shape will not matter much so long as the hood sets out well from the hair. This hood is of pale pink satin, cut with a little round crown at the back, and the sides are held out by "reeds" or strong milliners' wire running into the lining. The deep cape over the shoulders, as well as the hood, is edged with white swansdown—much in vogue just now as a trimming—and there is a muff to match, also trimmed with swansdown. The lining of the hood is made of tiny white Val. frills sewed to shirred pink chiffon.

REV. JOHN M. CARMICHAEL CONFESSES TO THE CHURCH MURDER AND KILLS HIMSELF

He Says His Victim Hypnotized Him and He Killed Him in Self Defence.

Carthage, Ill., Jan. 11.—Rev. John H. Carmichael, pastor of three Methodist churches in and near Adair (Mich.), confessed slayer of Gideon Browning, a neighbor, whom he slew with a hatchet and cremated last Tuesday night in Rattle Run church, committed suicide today in the toilet room of Miss Miranda Hughes' boarding house, by cutting his throat with a pocket knife.

The preacher left a letter to the sheriff of Adair (Mich.), giving details of the murder, dismembering and incineration of Browning, and attributed the act to self-defence and moral cowardice because of the hypnotic influence that Browning, an illiterate carpenter, held over him.

While the confession is rather long and on some points minute, it leaves many questions regarding the tragedy unsolved, admitting that the statements of the clergyman are true. Some portions of the letter tend to cause the impression that the confession is really the production of an unsound mind.

The preacher does not explain satisfactorily how he and Browning came to Rattle Run church or why both seemed bent on keeping their presence there secret, except to say that Browning wanted the minister to officiate at Browning's wedding that night. This account does not explain the fact that the clergyman evidently knew that Browning had one wife, if not two.

Nothing more than Rev. Mr. Carmichael's letter to the Michigan sheriff has thus far been discovered in Carthage tending to explain the mysterious tragedy. Carmichael died without regaining consciousness. He had prepared to leave Carthage this morning and went to the toilet room in the yard before starting for the railway station. There several hours later Miss Hughes discovered him bleeding and frozen. He had cut his throat, but the wound was not fatal except that long bleeding and the low temperature had sapped his life.

The suicide left a letter addressed to his wife in Adair (Mich.), but it has not been opened. He was unknown to anyone in Carthage and gave the name of John Elder.

A coroner's inquest was begun today, but little was done beyond viewing the body and reading the letter of confession. Some fresh developments may be forthcoming tomorrow, when the officers arrive from Michigan.

The confession of Rev. J. H. Carmichael, given out this afternoon, follows:

"Carthage, Ill., Jan. 11, '09.

"To Mr. Waggonstell,

"Port Huron, Mich.

"Honored Sir,—I write this letter to explain some things in connection with the Columbus church tragedy. I am guilty, only because I am a coward. The man had such a hypnotic influence over me that I felt that something must be done. I felt greatly ashamed that a man said to be short-minded should be able to compel me to yield to his will, but I said nothing about it.

"At first he said: 'It's all right Elder, don't be afraid.' Then he began to talk about how we two could get rich. Three times he came to the rear of my barn and talked to me through the manure hole; twice he was at the river when I went to water my stock, and each time I felt that he was doing something that he was proud of.

"Once, when I was going out to Columbus, he was on the pike near the Pink schoolhouse. When I overtook him, he asked me to ride. I could not refuse. He asked me if ever I had driven up the pike to Port Huron, to which I answered, 'No.' Then he said: 'Come, let's drive up;' I dissented but he kept on until he persuaded me to go. He got out and stood at the corner while I went to the barn with the rig. Then, after we had been at the restaurant, for which he paid, also for the horse, he gave me a half-dollar and said he wanted me to go across there and buy a small hatchet for his boy to play with. I began to tell him to go and do his own buying, when he set his eyes upon me in the queerest sort of a look, something like the look of a snake's eyes. Then I felt his influence tightening his grip on my mind, so I went, intending to go into the store and out the back way to get the horse and rush off for home.

"When I turned to close the door he stood looking upon me through the window, and I just bought the hatchet and came out again, but, by that time, he had disappeared, so I went to the barn, got my rig and started for home. When I made the turn on to Military street, he was at the corner to get in. He rode as far as South Park, where he got out to make the car. He took the hatchet with him and said nothing nor did I think anything at the time about the change.

"Once at the depot at Adair he came out of the house in his shirt sleeves and exercised me by compelling me to walk the rails. All the while I felt as small as a bantam chicken.

"When he arranged with me about his wedding he said he would go to Port Huron and meet me on the road between that place and the church. I thought he fully meant to get married when he engaged my services, but when we met on the road and he was alone, I began to feel uneasy, but he said it was all right, the others would come in a carriage. When we went into the church I wanted to light a lamp, to which he dissented, saying: 'No, Elder, no light unless they should come.' Presently, he said: 'Maybe you'd better have a little fire,' so I went out and passed wood to him through the window.

"When I had put in what I thought would be enough, he said: 'Now Elder the moon is shining right on the front door and if you go around there to come in, some one may see you. Just put up some wood here and come in at this window.' I brought a few sticks and laid them across each other from the top of which he helped me into the building. He let the window nearly down again and we kept looking out through the opening to see the others come down the state road.

"Presently he took a big hearty laugh and said: 'There ain't no use looking, for there ain't going to be no wedding.' He was sitting where the gleams of light shone on his face and his eyes were so brilliant that I was thrilled through and through with the queerest sort of feeling. I asked why then he had made the present arrangements, when he said: 'Well, Elder, I just wanted to have a little fun. You considered yourself an educated man and look down on a poor ignorant fellow like me. And I just thought I would show what I could do. I know'd if, I could handle you I could handle other men too, and make a big thing out of it.'

"Then he said: 'Now, if I say raise your hand, up she goes; see, that's no dream.' I felt my hand raise without no effort whatever on my part. Then he said: 'If I say let down your hand, down it goes,' and I felt it going down in a singular manner.

"By this time I was so alarmed that I was in a cold sweat. I then leaned over to see if anyone might be on the road, when he began to laugh again, and I saw that he was holding a weapon of some sort up his sleeve. Instantly I made a grab for it and got the hatchet from him and asked what he meant to do with it.

"He said: 'I'll show you,' and from his overcoat pocket drew out a knife in each hand. He came at me, striking with both hands, while I backed across the church, down the side aisle and across the front, but I did not dare to turn about to open the front door. Then I threw the hatchet and struck him and he fell. I then turned to open the door, when he grabbed my leg and threw me down where my hands came upon the hatchet. There was a desperate struggle in which I used the hatchet until he laid quiet and still.

"I cannot tell all that happened after that. I was wild to dispose of the body. I was in a horrible terror, so I began pulling off his garments that I might drag the body away somewhere and hide it. Then, when my eyes fell upon one of those knives I flew into a rage and began to cut it, when he woke up and grabbed me again. Then, for a while I used that hatchet until I was sure he was dead.

"Then I saw the fire was hot enough to make the stovepipe red nearly to the elbow, so I grabbed him by the feet and dragged him down there and cut him to pieces, putting in each part as it was dismembered. Then I began to put the garments into the front stove, when I remembered that it had a poor draft and the things might not burn.

"Then I saw that my clothing was torn and bloody while some of his were yet whole and I exchanged and then took all but a few of mine and piled them in along with the body.

"I then went up nearly to Turnbull station, where I turned my rig about and started it on the back track. My big coat hid my torn and bloody garments until I got to Chicago, where I purchased others. I am tired of trying to hide, though I have succeeded in eluding the detectives so far. If you get this while I am yet alive, come and get me. I shall not be far from Carthage, Ills.

"(Signed) J. H. CARMICHAEL."

(Continued on Page 6)

The small congregation of Jewish undergraduates at Cambridge university is about to celebrate the twentieth year of its foundation.

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is
Laxative Bromo Quinine
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days
E. W. Grove on every box. 25c

GIVE THE CHILDREN PLENTY OF FRUIT

It Helps to Keep Them Well

In a growing, active child the cells of which the body is composed are being worn out—and replaced—very rapidly. This dead tissue must be gotten rid of somehow, and the danger is that the eliminating organs—the bowels, kidneys and skin—may not do their work well enough. Then the blood becomes poisoned and the child does not thrive.

Nothing his such an invigorating effect on these organs as ripe fruit juices. Apple juice increases the action of the kidneys; other fruit juices stimulate the liver to secrete more bile, and bile produces easy and regular movements of the bowels; others stir up the glands of the skin to throw off more waste matter.

Nothing has such an invigorating effect a great deal of fruit must be eaten, and the excess of pulp and woody matter may upset the digestion. The better way is to give the children "Fruit-a-tives," which are tablets made of concentrated fruit juices with valuable tonics added.

"Fruit-a-tives" have the combined effect of the different fruit juices, helping all the eliminating organs to work properly, curing constipation, toning up the system, and keeping the children plump and rosy. 25c for a trial box. 50c for regular size—6 boxes for $2.50. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

C. P. R. PURCHASES THE WINNIPEG TRIBUNE

It Will Pass Into the Hands of Canada's Greatest Railway in a Few Days.

Winnipeg, Jan. 11.—The transfer of a city daily to C. P. R. interests is reported. The Tribune is the paper involved, and the deal has either been closed or will be within the next few days. The consideration is $47,000 for the Tribune plant. R. L. Richardson, the owner and manager, will retain the building and editorship of the Weekly Tribune, while the new management will increase and improve the plant with the intention of bringing out a morning as well as an evening edition. It will be an Associated Press paper, of which organization the C. P. R. holds the Canadian franchises.

ENJOYABLE "AT HOME"

Members of I. L. and B. Society Greeted Their Friends in Sutherland Hall Last Night.

A very enjoyable social time was spent in the I. L. & B. Society's rooms in the Sutherland building, Union street, last evening, when an at home was given by the younger members of the organization. Mrs. James Barry, Mrs. James McGivern and Mrs. John Daley were chaperones and the following programme of dances was carried out: Waltz, polka quadrille, waltz, two step, lancers, waltz, two step, quadrille, waltz, two step, polka quadrille, waltz, militaire, lancers, two step, waltz.

There were also four supper extras. The catering was ably looked after by Messrs. Wright and Fritch. John A. Barry was floor manager and his aids were Joseph Abbott, James McGivern, Jeremiah Wall, J. Daley and W. Harris.

"CAN I GET WELL?"

If Your Trouble comes from the Kidneys, or from Kidney Poisons in the Blood,

YES!

And if you have been ailing a long time don't lose your courage. It takes a little time—takes some constitutions longer than others. But Doan's Kidney Pills will gradually drain the poisons out of your system; the pain in your back will stop; the sediment in the urine will cease; there will be no rheumatic pains; you will feel freer and brighter, and when the last of the poisons have gone you will be well.

There is no way of getting the kidney poisons out of the system except through the kidneys, and no medicine so effective in taking them out as Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mr. W. Perkins, South Maitland, N.S., writes: "I feel it my duty to let you know of the great cure I have obtained by using Doan's Kidney Pills. For six months I could not obtain a good night's rest, had to get up four or five times to urinate, and the urine was very thick and red. I commenced using Doan's Kidney Pills and in a very short time I was right and fit again. I am very thankful to have found so speedy a cure."

Price 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

In ordering specify "Doan's."

NEW BRUNSWICK TO HAVE AN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

Truro, N. S., Jan. 11.—(Special)—The meeting at the Provincial Agricultural College, which was to have been addressed by Lieutenant-Governor Tweedie of New Brunswick and Lieutenant-Governor McKinnon of P. E. Island, has had to be cancelled, owing to pressure of other engagements on their part.

The commission appointed by the provincial government of New Brunswick, composed of Hon. Dr. Landry, minister of agriculture, and Messrs. Fisher and Hubbard, has been here for some days inspecting the work of the college, with a view of starting a similar institution in the sister province.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

A large and appreciative audience assembled in the new Y. M. C. A. building last evening to hear a reading of Dickens' Christmas Carol by Sydney Beckley. The receipts, which amounted to nearly $100, were for the building fund. Mr. Beckley read with much feeling and the entertainment was greatly enjoyed. At the close he received a cordial vote of thanks moved by F. A. Dykeman and seconded by G. A. Henderson. The reading was given under the auspices of the ladies' auxiliary.

FOR SALE

This Valuable Property

Situated in the best part of the progressive town of Moncton, including the good-will of the business.

Terms made to suit the purchaser.
Apply at once to
HENRY G. MARR
163 Union Street.

THE MOUTH OF THE GIFT HORSE

"Never look a gift horse in the mouth," is a wise old saw as aged as the hills. And most people have at one time or another demonstrated to their own satisfaction the truth of the saying. Especially if one be the giver of the gift is the axiom impressive, as one charitable matron in a Middle West city recently found out to her own disappointment. She had given so frequently to charity that she finally decided to confine her charitable ventures in future to cases over which she could exercise a personal supervision. The next day she determined to find and attend to all the trouble in the charitable line that came her way. It came.

Just as the breakfast things were being cleared away she saw through the curtained window a ragged, tattered tramp rounding the corner of the house into the backyard. Hastily instructing the maid not to send the tramp off if he asked for food, as had always been the custom in her household, she awaited developments. The maid returned in a moment with the information that the bedraggled individual had asked for a "hand-out."

THE FENCE DECORATOR.

The charitable matron hurried to the back door, where the hobo stood, the living embodiment of despair, and hard-luck. Immediately he opened up with a guaranteed hard-luck story and wound up with a request for money with which to buy food. After a most kindly sympathetic little speech of encouragement, the charitable matron told the fellow to wait a minute and she would give him something to eat. Accordingly, the maid appeared with a heaping platter of hot, golden-brown buckwheat cakes—the remains of the breakfast. The hobo's face fell. The matron was all aglow with the joy of a kind deed performed. The tramp took the platter, regarded it quizzically, a moment, turned and walked to the back gate in absolute silence.

Stopping there, in the same deadly silence, he calmly took the cakes, one by one, and deposited them in a line upon the pickets of the fence. Then he hurled the platter into the next yard.

"Thank you kindly, lady," he growled, "whenever I eats flapjacks I always uses butter and maple-juice, see!"

Shock number one for the charitable matron—the mouth of the gift horse had been looked into.

A Heaping Platter of Hot Cakes.

Later that day, on her way to market, the matron noticed a poverty-stricken, unkempt old man take a seat beside her on the street car. It was a cold day and the old man's hands were blue and shaking. Presently the conductor came for his fare. The poor old fellow fumbled first in one pocket and then in the other for a stray nickel.

HIS PARTING SHOT.

"I ain't got it," he wailed, pathetically, "I must 'a lost it." But he kept on searching in the tattered remnants of what at one time must have been pockets.

"Well," snorted the conductor, "you either pays your fare or you gits off. Get busy."

Just then two women across the aisle had settled the argument as to which one should pay the fare, and the conductor was so surprised at not having both of them thrust a dollar bill at him simultaneously that he forgot the old man long enough for the charitable matron to thrust a nickel into the old fellow's grimey hand.

"Come on!" the conductor snarled, turning again to the white-haired unfortunate, "cough up or git."

"I've lost it. I've lost it!" the old man wailed, still fumbling in his pockets.

The conductor rang the bell decisively.

"Hustle along quick!" he bawled.

The old fellow got up wearily and shambled along to the door.

The charitable matron had tried, six times in the last three seconds to remind the old fellow that he had her nickel, but her surprise had apparently rendered her speechless.

At the door the old man turned a second and chuckled:

"This is just where I meant to git off, Mr. Conductor, you ain't hurting me none!" And off he hopped as spry as you please.

Something happened just then to the controller and the car was halted long enough for the charitable matron to see the old man saunter joyfully into the saloon on the corner.

Shock No. 2.

MONEY FOR MEDICINE.

That afternoon she was compelled to see her washerwoman about a particularly delicate lace waist that she was "doing up." Being unable to reach her any other way, she finally waded through the mud and filth of the alley-way to the scrub-woman's ramshackle abode. The signs of poverty were pitable. There was nothing in the way of furniture nor any of the comforts of home. The old darky had been a faithful worker and the charitable matron's heart was touched. Moreover, the woman was ill in bed—such as it was—with a bad attack of rheumatism. The matron listened to her wailings for a little while and then departed, leaving her five dollars with which to buy medicine and other necessaries. Here, at least, would be one case, she felt certain, where her charity would be appreciated, and the gift horse such an acceptable one that it's mouth could be looked into.

The next week, however, the old washerwoman appeared on a Monday profuse in her expression of gratitude. Again and again she thanked the matron. Then, with her eyes aglow and her face wreathed in smiles, she proudly exhibited several tintypes of all the members of the family. The matron hadn't the heart to rebuke her. It took her several days to recover from the final shock.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

Help! Help!
Who is coming to the rescue?

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZLE.

Upper left corner down, between papers and lady.