

THE CAVE OF THE DEAD.

That August evening last year so well remembered in the Midland town of Standon, Mrs. Clark was late in starting for home. She had been spending the day with an old friend in the town, and it was between nine and ten before she said "good-bye" and set out on her solitary walk to Abbey Cottage.

As Mrs. Clark drew near her door the night was pitch dark and without a sound, save the ripple of the river which washed the rear wall of Abbey Cottage. The widow was pleased to see the light in her kitchen. No other habitation stood within half a mile, and she felt relieved to think of getting in out of this blind darkness and this weird silence.

Mr. Harding's light she could not see, for his sitting-room and studio, both in one, was at the back, directly over the deep Black Pool.

Mrs. Clark opened her door with a latch-key, and found old dead Jane dozing over the kitchen fire.

"Any one been here?" the mistress asked loudly in the servant's ear. She glanced at the door, but saw no one.

"Only young Mr. Wilson that's now with Mr. Harding."

"Young Mr. Wilson to see Mr. Harding?" she asked. "I don't know. I thought he had made it up. I thought they were sworn enemies over Nellie Reynolds. Hark! Here he is going, and there is no light in the passage. I'll show him out."

She hurried off with the lamp, and was just reaching the passage as Wilson came abreast the kitchen.

"Mrs. Clark," he cried in a voice of surprise and alarm; "I thought there was no one but the old servant in the place."

"And you took me for a ghost?" said she, smiling at his confusion and startled air.

"Ghost!" cried he, starting forward and looking over his shoulder with a glance of terror, which, however, the widow did not catch. "What nonsense you talk!" he said hastily, with a sickly smile.

"And how did you leave Mr. Harding? I have been waiting all day. I feel that I have been neglecting him."

"Oh! he's all right. Busy on some work for one of the illustrated papers. By the way, he turned me out, and said he hadn't a minute to spare, and wouldn't trouble you or the servant for anything to-night. Yes, he said he was in such a hurry that he'd fasten his door."

"And having rattled out this speech in a breathless, gasping manner, Wilson opened the door and darted away."

"What on earth is the matter with that young man?" thought the widow as she stood in the passage with the lamp in her hand. "He's all right enough usually; to-night he's as pale as death. Mr. Harding locking his door! And sending word that he is not to be disturbed! Mr. Harding is too polite not to come himself with such a message. I don't understand it all, and I don't like any of it, and I'll go see for myself."

She walked down to the end of the passage with the lamp in her hand, and knocked at the sitting-room door. There was no answer.

She knocked again, and more loudly. "Mr. Harding, it is I! May I come in?" She rattled the handle, turned it and pushed. The door moved inward, but she was not fastened on the inside! She opened it. The room was in darkness.

"The lamp is in darkness?" she said. "The lamp is in darkness?" she said. "The lamp is in darkness?" she said.

"There has been a fight," thought Mrs. Clark, and Wilson has flung him into the Black Pool! Mercy! she cried. "He is drowned—drowned in the Black Pool, which never gives up its dead!"

Between eight and nine o'clock that evening John Wilson had called on Tom Harding. Wilson was a large, powerful, red-faced, bluffing man of nine-and-twenty. Harding was of the middle height, slight, olive-complexioned, quiet in manner, and two years the junior of Wilson.

Up to a month ago they had been friends during Harding's summer visit to Standon, whether he came to paint some of the picturesque scenes on the river. In July they quarrelled about Nellie Reynolds, daughter of old Reynolds the bookseller, and the prettiest girl in the town.

"This is quite unexpected," said Harding coldly when Wilson walked into his room that evening.

you amateur dauber. I suppose you count on making enough to keep your pot boiling by hiring her out as a model to real artists?"

Harding grew deadly pale. He said slowly and quietly, "If I meet any artist who is in need of a model of a real gentleman I shall be glad to hand him your card, if you will supply me with one."

Lamp flutted, and crept to the window with stealthy tread. He lay down on the floor, and leaning his chest on the wall, held the light above his head. He heard nothing but the murmur of the stream, saw nothing but the gleam of the light on the water.

"Harding!" he called; "I say, Harding!" All was silence. The lamp shook loose in his grasp. It slipped from his hand and plunged into the water. Then all was dark.

He wriggled back into the room and sat on the floor benumbed with horror. After a while he muttered, "I came intending to give him a drubbing; but this is—murder!"

In time arose in him the supreme and last passion of life, the passion of self-preservation. He knew they could not hang him if they did not find the body, and he knew that the body of no one drowned in the Black Pool was ever recovered.

The hole was deep, with steep, rocky sides, and it was believed that there was leakage, which sucked down any substance which sank.

No sooner did this reflection arise to sustain him than he turned sick and cold with a new dread. There was a drought in all that part of the country. The river was three feet shallower than it had ever been before. Could the extraordinary loss of depth destroy the consuming power of the place, and would the awful thing be cast up by the waters to bear witness against him, to give him to the gallows?

With a groan he rose to his feet, fumbled about until he found the door, and went into the passage to find Mrs. Clark waiting to light him out.

That evening had been one of the happiest in Sam Harding's life. He had thrown down his palette and brushes at five o'clock, put on his boating-damels, got into his skiff, and drolled a mile up the river to where Mr. Reynolds' little garden sloped up from the water. Here he took Nellie aboard, and they spent a couple of enchanting hours, he pulling up stream and she pulling down; for she was as handy with sculls as he.

When the time came for his getting back to his work he said, "It's a pity I have to go soon. This is the loveliest evening I have ever been afloat, and this is the loveliest companion I ever was with anywhere—shore or afloat."

"That is such a pretty speech, you deserve some reward. Suppose I row you down to Abbey Point and land you there?"

"And walk home? Ah, that would never do; for when I saw you walking along the road, I thought you would give me a hair-pin to clear my pipe, or if you could tell me what o'clock it was, or if you had the most trifling kiss—next to no kiss at all—to spare."

"That would be serious," said she gravely as she rested a moment on her oars, "for hair-pins are expensive, and I do not wear a watch, and I have made up my mind from this moment to save up all the other things you speak of, for a rainy day."

He stopped forward, "Just one more, before you begin that richest of all banking accounts."

She laughed, raised her chin for a moment, and resumed her oars. After a little pause she said, "Well, here's a second programme. Suppose I now put you ashore at Abbey Point, pull back home alone, and drift down for you in the morning."

"Splendid! Only you must come very early, for I shall not be happy until I see my boat."

It was arranged that she was to be under his window at half-past seven.

It is now half-past seven, and Harding's skiff, with Nellie Reynolds in it, glides into the Black Pool. Over the bank he looks stand up sheer twenty or thirty feet out of the water.

She pulls in close under the window and calls softly, "Tom! Tom!" She is beginning to feel annoyed, angry at his want of punctuality.

She calls out "Tom! Tom!" again. She stands up in the boat. Why is his window broken? Why is he not here at the appointed time? She is beginning to feel afraid now.

She is still standing, and has made up her mind to wait no longer, when with a shriek of terror she falls sitting on the thwart, and covers her face with her hands.

Out of the water, within an oar's length of the boat, has risen the head of a man!

Is that man dead or alive? He asks her quaking heart. Does she know him, or is he a stranger?

son. He went abroad, and has remained abroad ever since.

FAMILY ODDITIES.

The Remarkable Family Gathering of the Smiths.

One of the most remarkable family gatherings ever held was that of, at particular branch of the great and widely spread Smiths. In the early days of the seventeenth century a certain Peter Smith left Holland and settled in New Jersey, where he prospered and became the ancestor of a flourishing colony of Smiths. Every year, for the last 250 years, his descendants have held at the old homestead, where the head of the family resides, an ever larger union.

On the last recorded occasion of this "meat" no fewer than 5,647 Smiths put in an appearance, every one of whom was a descendant of "Old Peter."

At ten o'clock in the morning the order was given for "every Smith to shake hands with every other Smith," and, considering the numbers, it may well be supposed that there was some pretty lively action until the process of salutation was over and done with. It took until one o'clock, and even then, no doubt, there were a good many of the possible combinations left over uncompleted, when the dinner-hour was sounded and the active party sat down to dinner at long tables set up in the apple-orchard. Everybody had to call his neighbor by his first name, seeing all possessed the same world-famous surname. The oldest Smith was ninety-six, and the youngest four months, and all, young and old, made a point of passing, through the old home and pausing for a moment by "Old Peter's" chair, still kept in its place by the corner of the great fireplace.

A very curious bit of family history is that told of the daughter of Sir Stephen Fox, grandfather of the famous Charles James Fox, involving the fact at first impossible statement that two sisters should die at a distance of 170 years from each other, neither of whom lived to an incredible age. Yet this statement contains no catch in figures, but is literally true of the ladies in question. Sir Stephen married first in 1654, and the following year a little girl was born, who died in the same year, 1655. He had other children, who grew up and married, but most of these unions proving childless, and Sir Stephen being unwilling that his great estate should pass out of his family, he married again, and his last daughter was born in 1727. She lived to the age of ninety-eight, and died in 1825, no fewer than 170 years after the death of her eldest sister. That a lady who may have seen Queen Victoria should have had a sister who might have been looked at by Oliver Cromwell, who is one of those curiosities of the register office which, though an actual fact, would seem far too marvellous for the boldest romancer to venture to make use of.

It is stated that, in Vienna, twins were once registered as having been born on different years. The first was born on 31st December, 1892, and the second on 1st January, 1893. A curious result is that, as they both happened to be boys, they will have to do their military service in two different years, as the one will be considered to have reached the age of twenty in 1912, and the other in 1913.

The migration of a Spanish gentleman who, having made his fortune in America, recently returned to Barcelona to spend the evening of his days in his native land, resembled nothing so much as the setting out of Jacob and all his family for Egypt, for this modern patriarch, aged ninety-three, had seven great-grandchildren, forty-two great-grandsons, thirty-four great-granddaughters, thirty-nine great-grandsons, three great-granddaughters, and seventy-two step sons and daughters, and the whole family, totalling 280 persons, took their departure for Barcelona to spend travelling in a steamer service to Cyprus for the great occasion, and commanded by one of the grandsons.

The total number of the descendants of a woman in Lewistown, Illinois, who has just celebrated her 105th birthday, is not exactly known, but so far the figures, which are taken to be approximately correct, certainly deserve a brief record. She has thirteen children, 102 grandchildren, 228 great-grandchildren, and twenty-six great-grandsons, making up the remarkable total of 369 descendants.

At a marriage in Elizabeth, New Jersey, recently, the friends of the bridegroom present included his father and mother, grandfather and grandmother, and great-grandfather and great-grandmother, while a little niece, daughter of the third lord, sister, represented the fifth generation.

An extraordinary chain of relationship was that of Harriet Viscountess Middleton, who recently died at the age of eighty-nine. She had been nearly related to no fewer than six Lords Middleton. She was grand-daughter of the third lord, daughter of the fourth, sister of the fifth, first cousin of the sixth, first cousin and wife of the seventh, and mother of the eighth and present holder of the title.

It would be difficult to beat the family complications of a case reported from Glamorganshire, when a married woman, the fourth wife of her husband, was stated to have been previously the widow of three married men, and has issue from each marriage. Result—in one house the children are of seven different parentages.

From Indianapolis there comes a story of a remarkable matrimonial career. A farmer and his wife were lovers in youth, were early married, but failing to agree, were divorced. After a few years they came together and were re-married. Again they were divorced, and re-married, and once again secured a divorce, to be once more re-married at New Albany, this time, they declared, finally and with fixed intent to separate no more. An American paper tells of a gentleman who has just been married for the sixth time. On this occasion he married against the woman he first married, just forty-one years from the

first wedding. Since his divorce from her he has been the husband of two Canadian and two Ohio women.

DOES ITS WORK IN SIX HOURS.

A Medicine That Will Relieve Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases in Six Hours Deserves Your Attention.

Those who suffer from kidney trouble suffer acutely. Where some kinds of sickness can be borne with fortitude, it is no easy matter to exercise this virtue when one is a sufferer from kidney trouble. Hope may sustain a person when a medicine is being used that doctors say will eventually effect a cure. But who wants to continue an agonizing course of treatment when a medicine like South American Kidney Cure is within the reach of everyone and that is so speedy as well as certain in its effects? This new remedy has been thoroughly tested by learned physicians, and stands to-day ahead of any medicine used for this purpose. It does not pretend to cure anything else, but it does cure kidney disease.

Phabetic Telephone Incident

It was a young lady who rung up. She wanted to communicate with the family physician, as her mother had been taken suddenly ill. After several attempts I formed the girl that I could raise the physician. "Never mind, now," came the reply in a voice choked with sobs, "she is dead." I will never forget the pain and sorrow there was in that young voice.

A New Hamburg Citizen Released From Four Months' Imprisonment.

Mr. John Koch, Hotel-keeper, New Hamburg, Ont., "I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism. The last attack commenced last October, and kept me in the house for four months, when two bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure completely cured me. Had I secured the remedy when I first contracted rheumatism it would have saved me months of pain and suffering."

If you suffer from rheumatism or neuralgia do not delay, but try South American Rheumatic Cure now. It will relieve in a few hours and cure radically in a few days.

Was it a Proposal?

"Well, Johnson, I'm sorry you are going to leave us, but you're very fortunate in having this money left you." (Calmly) "I suppose you'll be looking out for a wife?" Johnson (the putter): "Well, really, ma'am, I feel very much honored by what you propose, but I'm engaged to a young woman already."

Heart Disease of Five Years' Standing Absolutely Cured by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—The Great Life-Saving Remedy Gives Relief in 30 Minutes.

Thomas Pety, Esq., Aymer, Que.: "I have been troubled for about five years with severe heart complaint. At times the pain was so severe that I was unable to attend to business. The slightest exertion proved fatiguing and necessitated taking rest. I tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and obtained immediate relief. I have now taken four bottles of the remedy, and am entirely free from every symptom of heart disease. I hope this statement may induce others who are troubled as I was to give this most valuable remedy a trial."

MARRIED.

- Truro, April 10, by Rev. H. F. Adams, James A. Milne to Maggie Watson.
Andover, April 15, by Rev. Scotti Neale, David Womersley to Bertha Eades.
Berwick, April 4, by Rev. J. L. Read, John W. Robinson to Rose A. Parkes.
Berwick, April 15, by Rev. J. L. Read, John W. Robinson to Rose A. Parkes.
Campanella, April 15, by Rev. A. F. Carr, William Campbell to Mary A. Damann.
Sault Ste. Marie, N. B., April 15, by Rev. D. Fraser, Robert Smith to Lizzie A. Aiton.
Windsor, April 16, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Albert Money to Blanche Davis.
Kentville, April 17, by Rev. F. O. Weeks, Thomas L. Smith to Bessie E. Sanford.
Hebron, April 11, by Rev. P. H. Beal, Stephen G. Crosby to Lorena Grace Bell.
St. John, April 15, by Rev. George Bruce, D. D., Rev. L. G. MacNeil to Mary Grace Kennedy.
St. John, April 15, by Rev. J. Shanton, Byron E. Wood to Sarah daughter of Andrew Bradley.
Cambridge Mass., April 16, Ernest Blair, formerly of St. John, N. B., to Cassie Kate of Centerville.
Kingston, March 29, by Rev. W. Ryan, Norman J. Graves, to Alma J. daughter of Wallace J. Graves.
St. John, April 17, by Rev. L. G. MacNeil, A. F. of Woodstock, to Lizzie S. Read, of St. John.
Wicklow, N. B., April 10, Clarence Estey to Mary Wilson, April 5, by Rev. J. A. Mosher, Wm. Ayer, of Farrabro, to Hattie Armstrong, of Cape Breton.
Bale Verte, April 17, by Rev. W. B. Thomas, Walter F. Donell of Charlottetown, to Amy C. Thompson.
Margaretville, April 10, by Rev. J. L. Tagley, H. Barker, of St. John, to Mand Harris, of Bale Verte.
Woodstock, April 12, by Rev. G. F. Currie, Samuel Gibson of Wicklow, to Mrs. Mary A. Weaver of Blackville.
Blackville, N. B., April 9, by the Rev. G. G. Johnson, Herman Hovey of Ludlow, to Cora A. Weaver of Blackville.
Campanella, April 17, by Rev. Wm. A. Thompson, Mary Jane Court of Frenaupton, to John Wood of Bale Verte, N. B.
Auburn, N. B., April 8, by Rev. J. S. Coffin, James D. Jacques to Ermias E. daughter of the late Benjamin Palmer, of Auburn.
Dixie, April 11, by Rev. J. W. Frostwood, Samuel Edgar Wilson to Lucy Blanche, daughter of Capt. Wm. Ellis, of Point St Ignace.
St. John, April 15, by Rev. G. F. Currie, George Settemore, N. B., April 13, by Rev. G. F. Currie, Charles Wigams of Tracy Mills, to Isabel F. Leck of Carleton Co., N. B.
St. John, April 17, by Rev. Dr. M. D. D., George M. Robertson to Gertrude Alice young daughter of the late Shadrach Holly.
Oakland, April 4, by Rev. W. Scott Walker, Theodore A. Smith formerly of Halifax, to Adelle May Robertson formerly of Cape Breton.

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO CONGREGATIONALISM.

This Church Gave the World a Beecher—Hear Also What the Rev. S. Nichols, a Prominent Toronto Congregational Minister, Has to Say on an Important Subject.

Henry Ward Beecher believed man's religious faith was colored largely by the condition of his health. He has said from the pulpit that no man could hold right views on religion when his stomach was out of order. It is quite certain that no preacher can preach with effect if his head is stuffed up with cold, or if he is a sufferer from catarrh. It is not surprising, therefore, that we find the leading clergymen of Canada speaking so highly of Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder, for cold in the head or catarrh. They know the necessity better than anyone else of being relieved of this trouble. Rev. S. Nichols of Olivet Congregational Church, Toronto, is one who has used this medicine, and over his own signature has borne testimony to its beneficial character.

An short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. Sixty cents.

Sample free for two 3 cent stamps.

S. G. DETCHON, 44 Church St., Toronto.

BORN.

- Halifax, April 20, to the wife of A. N. Byrns, a son.
Lakerville, April, to the wife of Fred Wood, a son.
Mt. Denon, April 9, to the wife of J. Worden, a son.
Hillsboro, April 19, to the wife of Gilbert Josah, a son.
Harvey, N. B., April 12, to the wife of E. F. West, a son.
Hampton, April 23, to the wife of T. W. Barnes, a son.
Amnapolis, April 9, to the wife of Griffin O'Dell, a son.
Oxford, April 10, to the wife of Joseph Thornwaite, a son.
Halifax, April 14, to the wife of Charles H. Melvin, a son.
Halifax, April 14, to the wife of H. H. Hinkley, a son.
Mt. Denon, March 29, to the wife of Robert Stairs, a son.
St. John, April 19, to the wife of John F. Morrison, a son.
Carleton, April 17, to the wife of William J. Watson, a son.

Seasonable Goods!

Bicycles, Fishing Tackle, Dog Collars, Golf, Cricket, Tennis and Football Supplies. These are suitable for presents at all Seasons.

Send for descriptive catalogue and address to nearest dealer handling our goods.

The H. P. DAVIES Co., 81 Yonge St., Toronto.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED. Rising Sun Stove Polish. It does not contain any of the acids which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS.

- Sh. Burns, April 16, Mary, wife of John Schoultz.
St. John, April 13, Hannah, wife of Peter Brittain, 55.
Rockland Road, N. B., April 21, John F. Patterson, 55.
Gardiner's Creek, N. B., April 20, Wm. H. Benjamin, 51.
New Glasgow, April 5, W. P. son of Thomas Carrigan, 17.
Bear Point, April 13, Sarah J., wife of Isaac Stoddard, 45.
Milton, April 6, Melvin, son of John A. and Annie Cook, 5.
Harvey Bank, N. B., April 8, Frank, son of Judson Bishop, 15.
Truro, April 17, Isabella Hester, wife of Rev. J. D. MacLachlan.
Upper Stewiacke, April 18, Eliza, widow of the late Hugh G. Coe.
St. John, April 21, Denis, son of Ellen and the late Daniel Connolly.
Hillsboro, April 1, Chester, son of Manassah and Samuel Corkum, 4.
Old Gulf Road, N. B., April 5, Gertrude, daughter of D. C. Campbell, 11.
Arcadia, April 16, Mrs. Lydia E. Treary, wife of Thomas C. Treary, 75.
St. Martins, April 3, Ann B. Tins, widow of the late Jonathan Tins, 50.
St. John, April 10, Nellie, daughter of William and Margaret Maloney, 15.
Halifax, April 20, James J. eldest son of George and Frances Finlay, 22.
Upper Salem, April 10, Elizabeth Douglas, widow of Hugh Thompson, 92.
Fredericton, April 13, Lizzie, daughter of Samuel and Martha Beattie, 18.
Truro, April 19, Benjamin, only child of William B. and Robena Simons, 3.
Centerville, N. B., April 1, Whitford, son of M. and Mrs. Isaac Prior, 21.
Middle Stewiacke, April 16, Roy Rutherford, son of Edward Rutherford, 20.
Dartmouth, April 11, Margaret, daughter of Edward and Mary Goss, 15.
Woodstock, April 15, Lottie, only daughter of George and Mary Sutton, 15.
New York, April 10, John, wife of James T. Brown, formerly of St. John.
Moncton, April 11, John Richard McLaughlin, son of George and Lizzie McLaughlin, 15.
St. John, April 23, John L. second son of John L. and the late Glendella Bond, 16.
Greenwich, N. B., April 2, Mary Belyea, widow of the late Benjamin Belyea, 75.
Lake Umbagog, C. B., April 2, Mary, widow of the late Alexander McKinnon, 61.
Dartmouth, April 10, James Sparrow, only son of Walter and Sarah Creighton, 15.
St. John, April 12, Helen, daughter of Benjamin and Alice E. Knowles, 5 months.
Kingston, April 16, Thomas A. Faddock, son of the late Ellen and Thomas Faddock, 43.
Kemptown, April 12, John E., only child of Kenneth J. and Rosanna McLean, 15 months.
Portage Cove, April 15, by drowning, William Smith, leaving a wife and ten children.
Chatham, April 25, Mrs. E. Springate, of St. Stephen, widow of the late Edward Springate.
Dufferin Lodge Road, April 9, George L. J. son of George and Lillian G. Brown, 15.
Boston, April 11, Augusta, wife of Joseph F. Wells and daughter of the late Hon. Stephen Fulton, of Nova Scotia.
Torryburn, N. B., April 20, Lottie, eldest daughter of Theodore and the late J. H. Golden of London, England, 15.
Liverpool, April 9, Jane Maria, widow of the late Tyrrell Wilcox, and mother of Mrs. Charles Masters of this city.

WARNING \$100 Reward

We are informed that unscrupulous dealers are in the habit of selling plugs and pairs of plugs of inferior Tobacco, representing them to be the genuine "T. & B." in bronze.

OUR NEW PLUG "T. & B." COMBINATION 14c. 50c. 70c. & 90c. Prices.

is stamped with "T. & B." The Tag and in the same color as the larger size plug bearing "T. & B." in bronze.

A reward of One Hundred Dollars will be given to anyone for information leading to the conviction of any person or persons guilty of the above fraudulent practices, or for turning in our trade mark in any manner whatsoever.

The Geo. E. Tuckett & Son Co. Ltd. HAMILTON, ONT.

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An essay, describing a really genuine cure of deafness, fitting in the eye, no matter how severe, or long standing will be sent post free. Artificial Deafness and the application entirely responsible. Address:—

THOMAS KEMPE, 115 Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London.

CONSUMPTION.

Victorian Chamber, 115 Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London.

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