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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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BUSINESS NOTICE

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N. B., every THURSDAY morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

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Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season, are inserted at eight cents per line nonpareil for 1st insertion, and three cents per line for each continuation.

Yearly or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $4.00 an inch per year. The space, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement with the publisher.

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Westmorland, New Brunswick and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address

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Chatham, N.B., Sept. 24, 1898.

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Cast Steel, Bellows, Chain, Nuts, Bolts, Washers, Grindstones, Grindstone Fixtures.

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Cart and Waggon Axles, Cow Bells, Wire Screen Doors, Window Screens, Green Wove Wire, Barbed Wire Fencing, Counter Scales, Weigh Beams, Steelyards, Carpet Sweepers, Blasting Powder and Fuse, Sporting Powder, Guns, Revolvers. To arrive from Belgium 35 Single and Double Barrel Breach Loading Guns.

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Our Stock of General Hardware is complete in every branch and too numerous to mention.

All persons requiring goods in our line will save money by calling on us, as they will find our prices away down below the lowest, prov this by calling.

The COGGIN HARDWARE STORE, CHATHAM.

CURTAINS OF GOLD COINS.

Some El Dorados for the Enterprising Burglars.

Collectors of coins sometimes dispose of their treasures in peculiar ways, but the young American lady who recently appeared at a fancy dress ball as "Money" surely hit on a novel manner in which to show the gold and suver pieces that had taken her father years to accumulate. Her helmet was possibly the best part of her get-up. Golden dollars, scores of them, connected by cha'ns of gossamer fineness, with here and there a diamond or pearl, formed this unique headdress, which, despite its worth and beauty, must have proved rather weighty.

Foreign bank-notes of old date made a frill round the neck more interesting to prosaic people than the historic ruffles affected by Queen Elizabeth, and the silvery satin skirt was festooned with long strings of spade guineas and foreign silver pieces. The lady danced but little; she was literally weighted down with money. She obtained and deserved the first prize at the exhibition of fanciful dress.

A curtain in the window of an antique residence near Leeds, England, attracts the attention of all beholders. Few, however, recognize its value. Long strings of seed pearls and oriental beads form the foundation, hundreds of rare old coins and silver pieces give to the ornament an air of pantomimic extravagance, and tassels composed entirely of fourpenny bits impart finish to the unique creation. The many who pause to admire turn away with the idea that the coins are mere things of tinsel admirably manufactured to deceive the eye.

On account of its weight and material the curtain does not draw up on rollers. When circumstances necessitate its removal, it ascends stiff as a sheet of zinc into an upper room, where a strong fire-proof safe receives it.

By touching a secret button the curtain slowly descends to the required depth, a similar button raising it out of sight as the owner may desire. This marvellous curtain is valued by its owner at considerably over one thousand guineas, many of the coins thereon fastened being of exceptional value.

A London lady, who may be said to possess one of the finest collections of fourpenny pieces and foreign coins of similar size, has completely covered the top of an ordinary sized reading table with the tiny coins. The work was done under her own supervision, a strong mixture being employed to securely fasten the pieces. The spaces between the silver pieces are enamelled pale blue and cardinal, the whole forming a design of rare beauty, such as may not be seen elsewhere. It is almost impossible to disconnect the silver discs unless foul play be employed; therefore the lady's equanimity is not disturbed when she observes her guests lounging over the valuable table.

In the roof plate of an upper set of false teeth, worn by a well-known actress, is a golden coin, which on account of its value and for superstitious reasons the lady wishes to always have about her—hence its peculiar abiding place.

A YARN FROM THE YARD.

Just so! Your public—Monkhouse, the old detective, sat back with the pregnant chuckle that always riveted attention—your public knew about as much of that affair as the Rajah himself; and he went away blissfully unconscious that Scotland Yard had been holding its breath for a solid month. No, I shall give no name to the obscure restaurant, run by foreigners, where the beautiful scheme was brought to a head. Enough that one evening I was supposed to be dozing over my paper at one of the tables there. Yes; I was staring might and main at the gentleman for whose appearance I had waited a week—the man launched upon unsuspecting London by a set of fanatics who hoped to send a thrill shuddering from here right away to India.

I had no tangible proof yet. All the same I was ready to stake my hard-won reputation on the instinct that tingled through me at first sight of that wax-white, black-bearded face flashed on to a mirror from the doorway opposite. Entering, he sat down near the door, whispered for macaroni and coffee, and began rolling a cigarette with thin, nervous fingers, while—I knew— he was mentally photographing every detail in the room. And—er—yes, the furtive glance paused at myself. Good—splendid! He was fresh from the Continent, beyond a doubt; and I—well, it had taken me just one hour each day to "make up" as the foreigner who should have been there to meet him, but whom we had thoughtfully prevented from doing so.

The macaroni came. He just tasted it, shuddered, sipped at the coffee and began smoking hard. No attempt at a signal. The situation was exquisitely delicate. We didn't want London to send up a roar. The plot, and everyone concerned in it had to be traced home in strictest secrecy; a false move now, and the vile tentacle thrown out over sea by the Anarchist octopus might be instantly withdrawn. Luckily, the newspaper could tell nothing about the intercepted letter in cipher to Luigi Arboretti, the clever scoundrel who, handed across his own border a year ago, had found a refuge in London; the ferret-eyed correspondents could not—and never really did—discover that this latest plot of all aimed at stirring up a rebellion and hatred in India by murdering, on English soil, one of the most powerful provincial rulers—our distinguished visitor, His Highness, the Rajah Dhu Djaleen.

Minute after minute went by. I watched him breathlessly in the mirror there: he stared as steadily back. No life in his eyes yet; but—what was he up to? Twice he had held his cigarette at arm's length, stared fixedly at it, put the lighted end in his mouth, and blown a whiff of smoke in three directions. A sign? The letter had mentioned none. I had cigarettes—but I might make a fearful blunder that way. At my wit's end, I looked down at my newspaper again. Something like this stared up at me:—

"The Rajah Dhu Djaleen reached London late last night after his visit to Scotland. His Highness was said to be in the best health and spirits, and proceeded straight to his suite at the Cosmopolitan Hotel. It is understood that, although the Rajah has been received in conference in the highest quarters, his visit will remain a strictly informal one." Etc., etc.

In two seconds I snipped out the item with my thumb nail, held it up as if in a yawn, and then rolled it into a pellet. A backward flip, and the pellet lay near his feet. Would he bite? For another minute I held my breath; then—his cigarette dropped. When he picked it up the pellet was gone. Yes; it was a big bound my heart gave at the certainty that there sat the man selected to set an Indian province ablaze and put a big blot on Britain. For a time he never moved; then, almost before I knew it, he was seated opposite me, and had clutched and pocketed that paper with the dangerous elimination.

"Vous etes——" he breathed.

"Arboretti!" I gave him back, with an accent. "Keep to English here. I have been shadowed by Naples and Paris detectives—dared not give you the sign openly. Why so late?"

"Ah! I was followed; I know it. It took me the week to turn and twist and get to—where I am. I have carried twenty of the capsules, filled with nitro-glycerine, in the false crown of this hat the whole way.....You are not speaking. Is it for to-morrow?"

"No; er—say Thursday." It wanted a bit of saying, as his hot breath puffed on my face. I was bound to risk a feeler on my own account. "Why was it to be the rajah? They could not have chosen a worse place than England—London. If these people had but an idea, they would——"

"Then let it be to-morrow?" he caught my hand tightly. "But I say yes!—let it be over. It might mean madness for me; I have had the great struggle not to drown my senses in cognac. I am quite ready—I wait for nothing save your plan. There is the hotel: show me a way into it and it is done. For myself, I care nothing. To-morrow, yes! It is perhaps the last good blow we shall strike. I, Mareschi, one man, will blow up their Rajah—I alone!"

"Hush—keep calm," I whispered. "You are mistaken; I shall be with you; I am no more afraid than you. Then—to-morrow!" I had to say it, his eyes had flamed up so dangerously—and, of course, all our hopes were based upon what we might glean from this Mareschi. So far, we were all in the dark as to the names and number of the plotters on this side. "It is just the plan we must consider now—to get a way in, and keep it." I waited, on the chance that he might know something of the real Arboretti's scheme; but he only hung on my words with that mad, puzzling intentness. I was treading the edge of a deep pit. "It is not to be Thursday, and so my best and safest plan falls to the ground. On that day he attends a reception at an Embassy, and returns to the hotel in time for——" Another pause. No; it seemed fairly clear that the final arrangements had been entrusted to that deep Arboretti. "Well, here is our second and only alternative idea. Provided that the Rajah sleeps at his hotel to-morrow night, it cannot fail. To-morrow there will be cases of game, wine and other things carried in at the rear of the building. Mareschi, bend your head!"——and I whispered a clever notion that had been agreed upon days before, so designed that he and his confederates could be arrested quietly on the very scene of the contemplated crime.

"Yes, yes!" He simply nodded, and was on his feet again. "I care not so long as I succeed. You have all this ready? Then I meet you—where?"

Here was a staggerer! What could I answer offhand. Beyond the establishment of his own identity I had ferreted out absolutely nothing of value. Where was he staying, and with whom? A minute to think! I got it by calling for the bills—settled both; and led the way outside. I could simply risk another throw of the bait.

"It must not fail," I whispered. "Suppose I come back with you and talk it over with the others?"

"The others?" he stared, vaguely. "No, each may work for himself. I shall spend my night preparing the bombs, and—and"—with something near a choke— "writing to all those I left over there—little Nina and the others. I want to be alone. At eight o'clock I shall meet you just here, and you will have the cab ready."

He put a hand to his forehead and fairly walked away from me. Hurry back to the Yard with my report—or follow him on the chance of learning what we wanted before daylight? Follow him! He had struck along a quiet street leading farther west. Off I went. He was turning a corner. I hung back a second or so, took a run, peered round—and almost dashed my face into the wax-white one with the black beard. Something or other in his brain had made him halt and look back. Before he could properly realize, or shape any suspicion, I had spun him around, with an excited whisper:—

"That way—quick! We are seen. To-morrow night!"

And off I sprang in another direction. Phew! Another blunder like that, and I might scare him into prematurely attempting what he was here to carry out.

No, there was no real danger! When I left the Yard late that night every possible strand of the web had been drawn in, and His Highness was as safe here as he had ever been at home—and, perhaps, more so. It now only remained to arrest the plotters with all the proof possible, communicate with the Continental police, and deal with the organization in such a manner as—well, as would effectually turn the eyes of the extreme section away from Britain for many a year to come.

* * * *

The memorable day dawned; seven o'clock came round at last. By half-past, still as Arboretti, I had reached the rendezvous and stood waiting for Mareschi. A four-wheeler hovered close at hand. The driver was a detective, a plain-clothes inspector was boxed in under the seat in case of emergency, and two men were watching in readiness—one to carry the word and one to follow wherever we went. The mine was undermined in every direction.

Eight o'clock! There was Mareschi, rounding the corner. Puffing at his eternal cigarette, he walked firmly up, deadly calm—almost smiling.

"Good! But where is—it?" I whispered. "It" was always their word.

"Close by," he said, staring round. "Don't think I was afraid—I was only careful. We will step back for it, and return here for the cab. This way!"

That was unexpected, but it mattered nothing—might lead to something good. We should be closely followed in any case. Not another word passed between us, but as we went I managed to scribble on my linen cuff: "Have house searched moment we leave it." We were going towards Soho, as I expected; and barely ten minutes had elapsed when our man stopped, looked up and down and whispered: "Here it is!" I just had time to flick away the cuff as he turned his key. Next minute I was following him up a dark, narrow staircase.

How did it happen? He has pushed open some door; simultaneously he turned back, with a husky cry: "The police! Run—run!" There was no time to think; he was dashing for the staircase, he might get away even now. I just grasped the possibility in time to grip the man by the shoulder, and then——

A rush and a scuffle. I heard some one say, "Got them both," and found myself dragged bodily through the doorway. Kicking, shouting, I tried to keep my hold on Mareschi No use; in less than a minute I was overpowered. Two constables had my arms, and a third stood holding the door. A candle burned on the mantel-shelf; I could make out nothing else.

"You—you raw fools!" I gasped, ready to dance. "What are you doing? You've let him go. Mareschi! That's Mareschi, our man!"

"He's safe. We've got Arboretti, at any rate," the door-man says, coolly as you please. I never felt nearer choking. For the Yard to put these clumsy idiots on such a ticklish job, and without my knowing!

"Arboretti!" I got out. "Who posted you here? Let go, will you! I'm not Arboretti! I'm So-and-So, of the Yard, in charge of this business. You madmen!"

I burst away—to start back in cold horror, I admit. The man at the door dashed off his helmet, dragged away his tunic, and I saw—no policeman, but a swarthy foreigner, with teeth savagely bared. I reeled back against the wall. Heavens! was I dreaming? They were all three foreigners, and I had been gently walked into this incredible trap by the simplest—— Ah yes! The door half opened, and there stood our Mareschi, a sneer on his wax-white face that I could never describe.

"Out of your own mouth! I thought it—I knew, when you tried to follow me. You, Arboretti—you! you meant to die with the Rajah—with me. You shall! You shall live just long enough to know that we have a way of our own."

That was it. I'll own that the bare shock of the thing left me as nearly paralyzed as makes no difference. In a breath I had given the whole thing away, and Mareschi was gone—in all probability by a rear exit. I heard no door close; my man would hang outside in perplexed ignorance and—saints alive! it looked as if these determined scoundrels, in their extremity, had stumbled on a plan so subtle as to balk all the Yard's manoeuvres! More than that; did I man age to get away, I stood to risk becoming the laughing stock for life among those who knew of the plot. Thinking of that, and realizing what might be involved, I set my teeth and made a sudden rush for that door, only to stumble back before the steady barrel of a six-chambered Colt. My own—it had been whipped from my pocket in the struggle. I faced round—two pointed knives were between me and the window.

"You must stand there," said the door-man, deliberately; "you are minutes too late, he is well on his way. Failure or success tonight, you, at least, will never go as you came. We are sure of one blow—if not two."

They meant it! Hard as my brain worked in those first few minutes I could see no alternative for myself whatever might happen outside. Did my man suspect something and force the door down there, it was still one blow and a kick against two knives and a revolver.

It seemed we were simply waiting for a distant explosion and shouting that should tell—what it told. I was feeling faint under the awful strain.....By now Mareschi would have reached the hotel. That candle over there! It was burned half down. If—if it would only go out of a sudden! If only——

The inspiration came without my knowing it. My slouch hat lay near my feet; in a flash I had picked it up and flung it. Bash! The candle was knocked, no one knew where. Sudden darkness! Now for life—dear life!

A jabbered curse—a simultaneous rush. I recollect how every hair on my head sprang up like a red-hot wire as I took two stealthy strides to the right. A hand blundered out and gripped me; I struck back convulsively, and met a bristly chin. One man crashed down. They had no matches—or feared to leave the door. One more desperate side swoop I made, collided with a body, staggered away struck at the wall, and crippled my hand—and suddenly remembered something just as death seemed clutching me by the throat. My whistle! I always carried one.

It was out. One deafening, piercing signal thrilled through the house. I made a huge bound just avoiding their arms. I sprang from side to side, kicking, shouting, blowing the whistle, until the place seemed a very pandemonium. Now—now there was a thudding at the door below—now a crash, and shouts. One minute more could I keep up that mad maze, and I was safe, and had turned the trap for one into a trap for three.

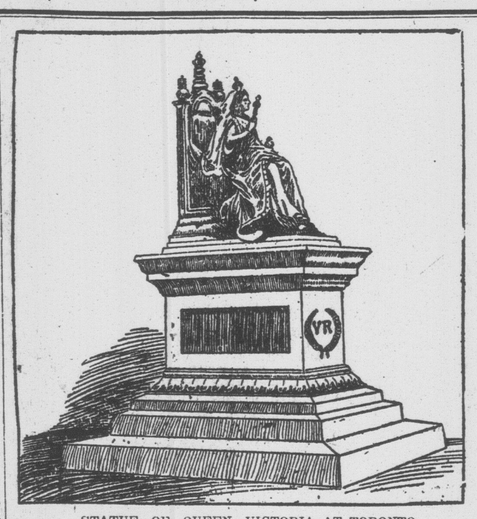
The door—the door; I heard it open. Another frantic rush, and I was struggling with the man who had held it. The pistol went off once, twice, flaring in the darkness, and then, with my very last effort, I dashed him sideways, and was out on the landing. A glare of lanterns; my man, with two constables, sprang past me. One of the scoundrels lay unconscious, another took flight, and the third was seized as he swung up the revolver again. Safe! I just waited to make sure, got my nerve, and went off like a man possessed.

I reached the Strand—that I had never thought to see again. Nothing had happened; people were bustling along as unconsciously as ever. A cab—the Cosmopolitan Hotel! Five minutes later, as it swung around the Piccadilly bend, I caught sight of my chief, just about to cross the road. I shouted to the driver, and leaned out to whisper one word.

"Halloa, where have you been?" he asked. "You're white enough! Got him? Yes, to be sure, twenty minutes ago, bomb and all, with just the papers on him we wanted. The man's mad; he made a clean rush for the front entrance. It was all over quietly in one minute. Meanwhile," with a chuckle, "the Rajah is not due in London for another two hours—change in the programmd that was not announced to the papers! There were only five in it, it seems. Arboretti and himself we've got, and the other three——"

"Are safe in the cells," I said.

And then, for the first time in my life, I dropped back into the cab and quietly fainted.



STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AT TORONTO.

The statue to be erected in Queen's Park in front of the Parliament building, at Toronto, Ont., will be a worthy memorial of Queen Victoria. It is by the Italian sculptor Raggi, who has long been one of the foremost exponents of his art in England where he has lived for many years. The statue will be of bronze, a replica of one in Hong Kong. Her Majesty gave the sculptor a number of sittings, and warmly praised the result. The panels in bronze set into the granite base will represent scenes in Her Majesty's life.

ECCENTRIC ROBBERS.

Extraordinary Reasons for Committing Burglaries.

In July of 1898 a man broke into the castle of Count Lamberg, near Engelsock, Germany, and totally disregarding jewellery to the value of $10,000 that was lying about, decamped with a volume of Heine, two water-color sketches, and a photograph of Countess Lamberg. Although an expert burglar he seems to have followed a career of crime more from a love of the work than from any desire of gain, often indeed, as in the foregoing instance, preferring some trifle to an article of considerable value.

When arrested he confessed to having committed in the course of the year no fewer than 398 burglaries, more for the love of exercising his skill than for the sake of booty, which almost always consisted of some insignificant article. Indeed, to such an extent did he carry his contempt for the more sordid side of his "art" that if at any time he abstracted jewellery he invariably disposed of it for next to nothing.

Another member of the fraternity who may be said to work for love of the gentle art of burgling is a stylish young Parisian, who, though possessed of a fine villa in the suburbs of the French capital and an income of $2,500, has such a weakness for house-breaking that without hesitation he risks both liberty and reputation for the excitement that his nefarious pleasure affords. Not long since he fell into the hands of the police and was sentenced to a period of imprisonment.

Charles Peace, though not disdaining the more solid rewards of his profession, had an especial

FONDNESS FOR VIOLINS,

of which he owned a valuable collection that had been feloniously acquired. His prototype seems to have been one Klett, an Austrian, who, at his death in the early thirties, was found to be in possession of some thirty violins—many of them of considerable value—the proceeds of depredations committed in his own and other countries.

Ten years ago the house of a lady living in the neighborhood of Liverpool was broken into. The rooms had been ransacked, but a thorough investigation proved that nothing had been carried off save a culinary recipe. This pointed to a certain gourmet, an old acquaintance, who had repeatedly asked for and been refused this very recipe. The epicure ultimately confessed to the theft, was forgiven, and within the year married to the lady he had robbed.

Two years since, during a discussion in the billiard-room of a country house in England upon crime and criminals, a gentleman present boasted that he could emulate the exploits of the most expert of the house-breaking fraternity. The others pooh-poohed his assertion, and, a wager resulting, he was required that night to enter a neighboring mansion and take therefrom a certain photograph that stood in the owner's bedroom. In the result he successfully accomplished his task and won the bet. The photograph was returned anonymously the following day.

Last autumn a merchant from Nantes, while visiting the Eiffel Tower, was robbed of his purse containing a large sum of money. This affected his brain, and he promptly set about indemnifying himself for the loss by stealing every model of the tower on which he could lay his hands. He was at last arrested while in pursuit of his hobby in a shop on the Boulevard Voltaire, and on his rooms being searched no fewer than fifty models of the Eiffel Tower were found stowed away in boxes and cupboards.

JUST A PEEP INTO MANY FOREIGN LANDS.

Little Facts Gathered From the Corners of This Big Earth.

The German Empire registers more than 1,000 weddings a day.

The life of an Australian nativ? rarely exceeds fifty years.

About one-sixteenth of the paper output of the world is converted into books.

The most ancient glass had exactly the same component parts as that of to-day.

Some of the Russian battleships are lined with asbestos, as a protection against fire.

It requires an average of over 20,000,000 pins per day to meet the needs of the British people.

The deserts of Arabia are specially remarkable for the pillars of sand which are raised by the whirlwinds.

A chameleon, when blindfolded, loses the power to change its hues, and the entire body remains of a uniform color.

British farmers and dairymen are to-day milking over 4,000,000 cows, and producing annually in their dairies £32,000,000 worth of milk, butter and cheese.

The bottom of the Pacific between Hawaii and California is said to be so level that a railway could be laid for 500 miles without grading anywhere.

Horses are becoming higher in price every year. Six years ago the horse market was more than supplied, and good horses could be had at half price. The demand for horses in the armies of the world is one of the reasons for the change.

Great quantities of dust collect on the decks of vessels at sea, no matter if they are swept twice or thrice a day. Most of it, too, is found on sailing vessels. The inference is that the sails act as dust collectors, arresting the particles which drift in the air.

Of one thousand men who marry, three hundred and eighty-two marry women younger than themselves, five hundred and nineteen women of about the same age, and only eighty-nine older women.

Canada House,
Corner Water and St. John Sts., Chatham.
LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM.
Every attention paid to THE COMFORT OF GUESTS.
Located in the business centre of the town. Stabling and Stable Attendance first-rate.
Wm. Johnston, Proprietor

The Factory
JOHN McDONALD & CO.
(Successors to George Cassady.)
Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings
—AND—
Builders' Furnishings generally.
Lumber Planed and Matched to order.
BAND AND SCROLL-SAWING!
Stock of Dimension and other Lumber constantly on hand.
East End Factory, Chatham, N. B.

Mark You!
We have the BEST Studio, BEST assistants and the largest and most varied EXPERIENCE, and use only the BEST materials and therefore produce the
Best Photographs.
Whether our patrons be RICH or POOR we aim to please every time.
—IF YOU WANT—
Picture Frames
Photographs or
Tintypes
Come and See Us.
Mersereau's Photo Rooms
Water Street, Chatham.

MACKENZIE'S
Quinine Wine
- and Iron
THE BEST TONIC AND
—BLOOD MAKER—
50c Bottles
We Guarantee it at
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WE DO
Job Printing
Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.
Printing For Saw Mills
IS A SPECIALTY
WE PRINT—
ON WOOD, LINEN, COTTON, OR PAPER WITH EQUAL FACILITY.
Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others,
Miramichi Advance Job Printing Office
CHATHAM, N. B.

A system of insurance against strikes prevails in Austria. Holders of policies are indemnified if strikes occur in their establishments, whether voluntary, forced, or sympathetic. The cost of a policy is three or four per cent. of the annual payroll. The indemnity is fifty per cent. of the wages paid for the week preceding the suspension of work.

One of the most curious plants in the world is what is known as the toothbrush plant of Jamaica. It is a species of creeper, and has nothing particularly striking about its appearance. By cutting pieces of it to a suitable length and fraying the ends, the natives convert it into a toothbrush; and a tooth-powder to accompany the use of the brush is also prepared by pulverizing the dead stems.

WHAT CAUSED THE ROW.

Hoot, hoot, hoot! rang through the house at 2 a.m.

Great Scott! What is that? and the head of the house sat up in bed and blinked at a gas lamp shining through the window.

John, stay where you are. I'll not let you go downstairs to be killed. Did you ever hear such a noise?

Mamma, what is it? came in an agitated whisper from the next room and then the daughter rushed wildly into the parental bedchamber.

Keep cool, now. Don't go into highstrikes. I'm going down to see what that is, and he unearthed an old muzzle-loading gun which had belonged to his grandfather and had been loaded for thirty years. I'll show 'em. Every man's house is his own castle——"

Hoot, hoot, hoot!

The father dropped the gun and it blew a whole corner off the chest of drawers. The daughter dived under the bed and the mother cried murder at the top of her voice.

Be quiet! ordered the veteran, as he reached for his artillery. Stay where you are. I'll fight my way to the front door and get the police. If they start shooting down there don't show a light. I know the house and they don't.

Hoot, hoot, hoot! just as the old gentleman reached the top of the stairs. He went down like a cartwheel, and made a hole in the floor as big as the bottom of a tub.

Did you hear my owl? shouted Willie, as he came running down from the third storey. Got him in the country yesterday, and hung him in the dining-room when I got home last night. Ain't he a beauty?

Poor Willie! He walks like a boy with inflammatory rheumatism, and the last he saw of his owl it was flying over the barn towards the next village.

The British 5in. howitzer is the heaviest gun used behind a team of horses. It weighs 48cwt. The ordinary field gun weighs 38cwt.

The Boer Mauser rifle and our Lee-Metford are the only rifles in use which are sighted up to 2,000 yds.

Out of 20 blind people 11 are men, 9 women.