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The Golden Fleece

by Julian Hawthorne.

She retired in her horse, as she spoke, and sat waiting for her companion with flashing eyes. The Indian, after a pause, made a sign to her to follow him. "It shall be as you say, then, Semtitzin, and upon your word be it! Hereforth, Miriam is no more, but do you be sure of the vengeance of the gods whose laws you have defied."

"Let the gods deal with me as they will," replied the Indian as he spoke. "A day of happiness is worth an age of punishment." Kamaiak made no answer, and the two rode on in silence.

It was midnight, and a bright star, nearly in the zenith, seemed to hang precisely above the summit of the great white pyramid of the mouth of the gorge.

"It was here that we stopped," observed Semtitzin. "We tied our horses among the ashberry round yonder point. Thence we went on foot. Follow me."

She struck her heels against her horse's sides, and went forward. The long ride and weary Indian had already betrayed symptoms of fatigue, but the young princess appeared as fresh when she started. Not once had she even taken a draught from her canteen; and yet she was closely clad, from head to foot, in the doublet and leggings of the Golden Fleece. One might have thought it had some magic virtue to preserve its wearer's vitality; and possibly, as is sometimes seen in France, the energy and concentration of the spirit reacted upon the body.

She turned the corner of the pyramid, but had not ridden far when an object lying in her path caused her to halt and spring from the saddle. Kamaiak also dismounted and came forward.

The dead body of a mustang lay on the ground, crushed beneath the weight of a fragment of rock, which had evidently fallen upon it from a height. He had apparently been dead for some hours. He was without either saddle or bridle.

"Do you know him?" demanded Semtitzin. "It is Diego," replied Kamaiak. "I know him by the white star on his muzzle. He was ridden by the Senor Freeman. They must have come before the earthquake. And there lies the saddle and bridle. But where is Senor Freeman?"

"He can be nowhere else than in this valley," said Semtitzin, confidently. "I know that I should find him here. Through all the centuries, and across all spaces, we were destined to meet. His horse was killed, but he has escaped. I shall save him. Could Miriam have done this? Is he not mine by right?"

"It is at least certain, princess," responded the old man rather dryly, "that had it not been for Miriam you would never have met the Senor Freeman at all."

"I thank her for so much; and some time, perhaps, I will reward her by permitting her to have a glimpse of me in person—or, at least, a minute. But not now, Kamaiak—not till I can ever find his way into this cave. Come, let us go forward. We will find the treasure, and I will give it to my lord and lover."

"Shall we bring the pack-horse with us?" asked the Indian.

"Yes, if he can find his way among these rocks. The earthquake has made changes here. See how the water runs in the spring. It has already made a stream down this valley. It shall guide us whither we are going."

Leaving their own horses, they advanced with the mule. But the trail, rough enough as it was, now well-nigh impassable. Masses of rock had fallen from the cliffs, fissures and crevasses had been formed in the floor of the gorge, from some of which steaming vapors exhaled from the earth, and forth streams of water. The darkness added to the difficulties of the way, for, although the sky was now clear, the gloom was deceptive, and things distant seemed near. Occasionally a heavy irregular sound would break the stillness, as some projection of a cliff became loosened and tumbled down the steep declivity.

Semtitzin, however, held on his way fearlessly and without hesitation, and the Indian, with the pack-horse, followed as best he might, now and then losing sight for a moment of the slight, girlish figure in front of him. At length she disappeared behind the jutting profile of a great promontory which formed a main angle of the gorge. When he came to the point, she was kneeling beside the prostrate form of a man, supporting his head upon her knee.

The face of the man, which was pale, the eyes were closed. A streak of blood, from a wound on the head, descended over the right side of the forehead.

"Is he dead?" the Indian asked.

"He is not dead," replied Semtitzin. "A flying stone has struck him; but his heart beats; he will be well again. I shall save some water from her canteen over my face, and beat her ear over her lips. 'He breathes,' she said. Stopping and kneeling behind his neck, she loosened the shirt at his throat and then stooped and kissed him. 'His life is yours, love,' she murmured. 'My life is yours.' This exclamation seemed to have some effect. The man stirred slightly, and emitted a sigh. Presently he muttered, 'I can—lick him—yet!'"

"He will live, princess," remarked Kamaiak. "But where is the treasure?"

"The curse of the gods is upon the spot! The air within is poisonous. It wrecks the limbs and stops the breath. No one can touch the treasure and live. Let us go!"

"The gods do not love those who fear," replied the princess, contemptuously. "The treasure is mine, and it may well be that no other hand may touch it. Fold that blanket, and lay it beneath the head. I will bring the jewels."

"Do not attempt it; it will be death!" exclaimed the old man.

"Shall a princess come to her lover empty-handed? Do you watch beside him while I go. Ah, if your Miriam were here, I would not fear to have him choose between us!"

With these words, Semtitzin stepped across the threshold of the cave, and vanished in its depths. The Indian, still dizzy and faint, knelt on the rock without, bowed down by sinister forebodings.

Several minutes passed. "She has perished!" muttered Kamaiak. "Freeman raised himself on one elbow, and gazed dizzily about him. 'What the deuce has happened?' he demanded, in a sluggish voice. 'Is that you, professor?'"

"Suddenly, a rending and rushing noise burst from the cave. Following it, Semtitzin appeared at the entrance, dragging a heavy metal box, which she grasped by a handle at one end. Immediately in her steps broke forth a great volume of water, boiling up as from a cauldron. It filled the cave, and poured like a cataract into the gorge. The foundations of the great deep seemed to be let loose."

Semtitzin lifted from her face the woollen mask, or visor, which she had closed, and entering the cave, she was putting from her, but neither her physical nor her mental faculties were abated. She spoke sharply and imperiously.

"Bring up the mule, and help me fasten the chest upon him. We must reach higher ground before the waters overtake us. And now—" She turned to Freeman, who by this time was sitting up and regarding her with astonishment.

"Miriam!" was all he could utter. She shook her head, and smiled. "I am she who loves you, and whom you love. I give you life, and fortune, and myself. But come; can you mount and ride?"

"I can't make this out," he said, struggling with her confusion, for his feet. "I have read fairy-tales, but this... Kamaiak, too?"

Semtitzin, meanwhile, brought him to the mule, and half mechanically he scrambled into the saddle, the chest being made fast to the crupper. Semtitzin seized the bridle, and started up the rear. The lower levels were already filling with water, which came pouring out through the archway in a full flood, seemingly inexhaustible.

"I see how it is," murmured Freeman, half to himself. "The earthquake—I remember! I got it! They came from the ranch to hunt me up. But where are the general and Professor Meschines? How long ago was it? And how came Miriam... Could the water have had anything to do with it?—Here, let me walk," he called out to her, "and you get up and ride."

(To be continued.)

HE HAD ANOTHER ENGAGEMENT.
A certain lord had a board up on some land belonging to him, with an inscription thereon to the effect that trespassers would be prosecuted. On taking a walk early one morn, he came across some newly-planted footpaths, which he followed up, and eventually overtook the trespasser, who turned out to be a navvy, whereupon the following conversation took place:

"My man, do you know you are trespassing on my land?" said the lord.

"Oh," said the navvy, "in this your land?"

"Yes," said the lord.

"My father left it me," said the navvy.

"And where did your father get it from?"

"My grandfather left it him."

"And where did your grandfather get it from?"

"Confound your impertinence," said the lord, "my ancestors got it."

"And where did they get it from?"

"My great-grandfather got it from."

HOW TO BE BUNCOED.

This Little Story Will Tell You All You Want to Know.

CORTLAND, May 26.—The examination of Wm. C. Keating, arrested last Saturday at Schenectady by Sheriff John Miller for luncheon George Fitts, a farmer of Monticello, out of \$6,000 on Sept. 25, 1891, began to-day.

Fitts was on the stand nearly the whole of the day. He claims to identify Keating. He said that on Sept. 25, 1891, a man drove to his house and said he was a nephew of Judge Boardman, a well-known banker of Ithaca. He wanted to buy a farm. Fitts started to show him his sister's farm, and on the way they met a man who said he had lost a pile of money, but would lend the game yet. He showed a roll of bills which he claimed contained \$40,000 and then produced a three-card monte outfit. All played, and both Boardman and Fitts won readily. Boardman finally secretly proposed that Fitts get more capital and then they could win a pile from the stranger, as he seemed to be in hard luck. Fitts came to Cortland, drew \$6,000 from the First National Bank and went back and met the stranger near Grove, in a lonely spot. The stranger showed money, which Boardman put into a tin box and then forced Fitts out of the buggy, after which the confederates drove away. Fitts was dazed by the experience, and said nothing about it for several days. Two months ago a stranger offered to give Fitts a clue to the swindler for \$300, but he would not pay it. The man finally told the alias of the swindler, which furnished a clue to Sheriff Miller.

H. E. Andrews, keeper of the Hotel Kinkaid, here, identified Keating as one of the two men who drove a horse and buggy to his hotel the day Farmer Fitts was lured. They left the outfit at the hotel with \$20 to pay for its return to Groton, where it was owned. The examination will be continued. Keating is the man who was arrested for assisting in the escape of O'Brien at Utica.

"THE NOBLEST STUDY."
Something About Man's Interior Which Everybody Ought to Know.

(Youth's Companion.)
The intestines consist of two principal parts, the small and the large. The small intestine extends, in a sort of a coil, from the stomach to the right side of the lower part of the abdomen. The large intestine, into which the other opens through a narrow neck, extends from this point to the upper part of the abdomen and then crosses over and descends on the left side. It is called the colon.

From the lowest part of the ascending colon projects a hollow, worm-shaped appendage, a few inches long, with a diameter about the size of a lead pencil. This is known as the vermiform appendix. Faecal matter, and occasionally a seed, may find a way into the appendix and cause it to be inflamed.

The inflammation is appendicitis. It tends to form an abscess, which breaks generally into the abdomen, but sometimes into the liver, the bladder, the chest or the veins. When it breaks into the abdomen it gives rise to that painful and dangerous disease—peritonitis.

Appendicitis is a more common disease than physicians were formerly aware of, for many cases that were formerly looked upon as colic are now known to have been appendicitis. It is of supreme importance that the disease should be recognized early, since the main hope of recovery lies in a surgical operation, and this must be performed early or not at all.

Without such an operation the pus becomes septic, or putrid, and fills the system with blood poison. This change the pus takes place by the third day. Yet many patients will not consent to an operation until the case becomes one of life and death, and not a few physicians even sympathize with them.

Dr. Agnew, of New York, saw a case one Monday, and urged an operation; but the attending physician and the family preferred to wait. On the following Friday, being asked to operate, Dr. Agnew refused. In another case, a consulting physician thought the patient would recover from this attack, but he had done from others. The consulting physician replied that without an operation the man would be dead within three hours. He died in half that time.

Pus is at first healthy. By its formation nature seeks to check or cure inflammation; but if the pus cannot find a free vent, it soon becomes septic, when no medicine offers any hope, and even a surgical operation is before the pus becomes septic—generally on the second or third day. An early removal of the appendix will generally save the patient.

Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.—(Douglas Jerrold.)

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STREET RAILWAY TIME-TABLE
DUNDAS STREET.—(34-Minute Time.)
First car leaves Egerton street for G. T. R. 6:50 a.m. First car leaves G. T. R. for Egerton street 7:10 a.m.

Last car leaves Egerton street per G. T. R. 10:42 p.m. Last car leaves G. T. R. for Egerton street 11:02 p.m.

SOUTH LONDON AND RICHMOND STREET.—(20-Minute Time.)
First car leaves stables 6:45 a.m., leaving G. T. R. for South London at 7 a.m. First car leaves South London for G. T. R. and Mount Hope at 7:15 a.m.

Second car leaves stables 6:45 a.m., leaving G. T. R. for Mount Hope at 7 a.m. First car leaves Mount Hope for G. T. R. and South London at 7:15 a.m.

Last car leaves Mount Hope for South London 9:45 p.m.; leaving G. T. R. for Mount Hope 10:00 p.m.; returning from Mount Hope 10:15 p.m. for G. T. R. and stables.

HAMILTON ROAD AND PALL MALL.—(25-Minute Time.)
First car from G. T. R. for Hamilton road and Adelaide street 7:05 a.m., leaving Hamilton road and Adelaide street for G. T. R. and Pall Mall 7:30 a.m.

First car from G. T. R. for Pall Mall and Adelaide streets 7:05 a.m., leaving Pall Mall and Adelaide streets for G. T. R. and Hamilton road and Adelaide street 7:25 a.m.

Last car leaves G. T. R. for Hamilton road and Adelaide street 9:50 p.m. Last car leaves Hamilton road and Adelaide street for G. T. R. and stables 10:05 p.m.

Last car leaves G. T. R. for Pall Mall and Adelaide streets 9:50 p.m. Last car leaves Pall Mall and Adelaide streets 10:10 p.m. for G. T. R. and stables.

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RAILWAY TIME TABLES

Corrected to May 15, 1892.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON TIME.

Canada Southern Division—Going East.

Leave	Arrive
North Shore Limited daily	8:30 p.m.
Niagara Falls and Buffalo	8:30 p.m.
Special (daily)	8:30 p.m.
American Express except	8:30 p.m.
Monday	8:30 a.m.
Atlantic Express daily	8:30 a.m.
New York and Boston Ex-	8:30 a.m.
press (daily)	8:30 a.m.
Mail except Sunday	8:30 a.m.
Accommodation (except Sunday)	8:30 a.m.

Canada Southern Division—Going West.

Leave	Arrive
North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 p.m.
Chicago Express daily	8:30 p.m.
Chicago Special (daily)	8:30 p.m.
Chicago L.V. Exp. daily	8:30 p.m.
American Express except	8:30 p.m.
Sunday	8:30 p.m.
Mail except Sunday	8:30 p.m.
Pacific Express daily	8:30 p.m.
Accommodation (except Sunday)	8:30 p.m.

Trains arrive in London at 8:25 a.m., 12:30 p.m. and 6:40 p.m.

(Note: No trains to or from London on Sundays.)

JOHN PATT, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 235 Richmond Street.

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

COLLECTED DEC. 7, 1891.

MAIN LINE—Going East.

Leave	Arrive
Limited Express (A)	8:30 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A)	8:30 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m.
St. Louis Express (A)	8:30 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m.
Mixed—No. 24 Freight (A)	8:30 a.m.
Freight Limited (A)	8:30 a.m.

MAIN LINE—Going West.

Leave	Arrive
Chicago Express (A)	8:30 a.m.
West End Mixed	8:30 a.m.
St. Louis Limited	8:30 a.m.
St. Louis Express (A)	8:30 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m.

Sarnia Branch.

Leave	Arrive
Limited Express (A)	8:30 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m.
Freight Limited (A)	8:30 a.m.

Sarnia Branch.

Leave	Arrive
Chicago Express (A)	8:30 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m.
Freight Limited (A)	8:30 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m.

London, Huron and Bruce.

Leave	Arrive
Express	8:30 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m.
Freight Limited (A)	8:30 a.m.

London and Port Stanley.

Leave	Arrive
Mail	8:30 a.m.
Accommodation	8:30 a.m.
Freight Limited (A)	8:30 a.m.
Mail	8:30 a.m.

St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

Leave	Arrive
Mixed—Mail	8:30 a.m.
Express	8:30 a.m.
Freight Limited (A)	8:30 a.m.
Express—Mixed	8:30 a.m.

Toronto Branch.

Leave	Arrive
Hamilton—Depart	8:30 a.m.
Hamilton—Arrive	8:30 a.m.
Hamilton—Depart	8:30 a.m.
Hamilton—Arrive	8:30 a.m.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Leave	Arrive
Depart	8:30 a.m.
Arrive	8:30 a.m.
Depart	8:30 a.m.
Arrive	8:30 a.m.

ERIE & ONTARIO RAILWAY.

Leave	Arrive
Depart	8:30 a.m.
Arrive	8:30 a.m.
Depart	8:30 a.m.
Arrive	8:30 a.m.

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