THE BAINT AND THE SINNER.

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aby sleeping scross her knee, a work her fingers were tolling at ad a pisiful task for such as abs-based as pisiful task for such as abs-pattered over the cabia floor, the balls of the Sabbath day rang swe the neighbors passed by the open door

he children played, and the haby slept. And the busy meedle went and came, Yhen, lo, on the threshold stone there stept A priestly figure and named her name; What shrift is this for the Sabbath day, When bells are calling, and far and near he people gather to praise and pray? Woman, why are you tolling here?"

Like one in a dream she answered low: "Wather, my days are workdays all: I know no Sabbath. I dare not go Where the beautiful bells ring out and call, For who would look to the meat and drink And tend the children and keep the place? I pray in silence and try to think, For God's love can listen and give me grace.

The rears passed on, and with fast and praye The good priest climbed to the gate of rest. And a tired woman-staod waiting there. Her work worn hands to her bosom pressed 'Oh, saint, thrice blessed, mount thou on high! He heard the welcoming angels say. And meekly; gently, she passed him by, Who had mended shoes on the Sabbath day --M. S. Briggs in Ladies' Home Journal.

A TEST OF LOVE.

"I hate her," cried Maysie, "yes, I do?" ohn laughed as the little fist clinched atil the palm was pink, and the brown yes flashed fire, and as he langhed May-

"I hate her so I can't sleep at night, "I hate her so I can't sleep at night, ad all because she is making a fool of on, John Stratton, the—the white faced itch." Now, that was a different matand all bec bitch." Now, that was a different mat-ritch." Now, that was a different mat-ar to what he had looked on as only a pretty ebullition of jealousy on the part of Maysie Brace most gratifying to his vanity, but to be told that another wo-man was simply making a fool of him was now his turn to feel the blood rush to his sunburnt cheek. "Miss Lawrence is a refined and cul-tured woman whose society I enjoy, and that the air of the room was oppressive to all it was so cold outside. But, hid-to all it was so cold outside. But, hid-to all it was so cold outside. But, hid-to his sunburnt to be told that another wo-man was now his turn to feel the blood rush to his sunburnt cheek. "Miss Lawrence is a refined and cul-tured woman whose society I enjoy, and to his seed anough to seem to enjoy

They went sway after that, and they is to bia smaller that, such they is conserved and they were at the second second to be a second second to be a second second to be and, with his server one, which are treated and or the second second to be and with the greatery too. A movement with his heart in his eyres. But all as the such the greater of one who has a second the second second to be and with the greatery too. A movement with the greatery too and they with the greatery of one who has a second too second to se

had once made bright the low, wide rooms and old fashioned garden. rooms and old fashioned garden. That night the judge's home was bril-liant with many lights, for Miss Law-rence had organized amateur theatricals to adven her time in Cloverdale, and the to server her time in Cloverdale, and the Me of the place was to assist in they. To John Stratten had been given a part with the beauty herself, and he was full of pride and pleasure with never a thought of the pathetic face that had looked into his that snowy evening. In the old farmhouse Maysie sat disconso-late, with her thoughts far away at that bright scene in which she had no share, picturing Miss Lawrence more beauti picturing Miss Lawrence more beauti-ful than ever, and in John's blue eyes that look of devotion that had stolen her

ful than ever, and in John's blue eyes that look of devotion that had stolen her own heart away. The old people nod-ded before the fire, and at last Maysie could stand it as longer, but throwing "on her long brown cloak with its close hood made her way to the hill on which stood the judge's mansion. Her only thought was to see for her-self what John wasdoing and to pierce her her heart with the sight of her rival's charms. So ahe never saw the figure that followed her, amazed to see her out in the cold night. On she went, and reaching the house took her place close to one of the long windows opening on to the snow covered lawn, there to press her small, pale face close to the glass and peer in at the busy figures who, the thestricals over, were dancing to the music of the band, the notes of which thest hie. Once she came near being de-to call it was so cold outside. But, hid-that the air of the room was oppressive for all it was so cold outside. But, hid-that the air of the room was oppressive for all it was so cold outside. But, hid-that the air of the room was oppressive for all it was so cold outside. But, hid-with its thorns. Maysie was unseen in with its thorns. Maysie was unseen in that the air of the room was oppressive for all it was so cold outside. But, hid-the day, so a familiar route his with its thorns. Maysie was was maying alond that the air of the room was oppressive for all it was so cold outside. But, hid-the day, on a familiar route his



FOUR GOOD STORIES.

OBSERVATION. "Gentlemen, you do not use your facult ties of observation," said an old professor, ward a gallipot containing a chemical of wardent," he continued, "I used my sense of taste," and with that he dipped his finger is mouth. "Taste it, gentlemen, taste it," said the scoutties." The gallipot was pushed toward the re-scouttes." The gallipot was pushed toward the re-scouttes." The gallipot was pushed toward the re-scouttes dipped their fingers into the con-coution, and with many a wry face sucked to abomination from their finger. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," said the pro-from faculties of observation, for had you you faculties of observation, for had you you would have seen that the finger which is mouth was not the finger which is mouth and was not the finger which is mouth was n

HOW HE TOLD. When Coleridge was staying among the Quantox hills, he was fond of riding over to Taunton whenever he could find a sober steed. One day on a familiar route his horse cast a shoe, and he stopped at a vil-lage to have it replaced. "What time is ti?" he asked the smith.

tion. "I'll tell 'ee present, sir," said the man. Then he lifted a hind foot of the horse, looked across it attentively and added, "Half past eleven." "How do you know?" asked Coleridge. "Do 'ee think as I've shoed horses all my life, and don't know by sign what o'clock it is?"



THE A

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chiefly with the desire of making conversa

-Life.

She was sweetly sleeping. A shapely head nestled in a soft pillow. Long, dark eye isshes hung limp upon delicately tinted checks. A finely chicled nose quivered as she breathed, and rich, beautiful lips were debating whether they should snore. Sawful came upon the scene, gazed in rapture apon the picture, then impulsively leaning forward he kissed his wife and shat tered that incipient snore. With a start, ahe jerked, opened her eye md flashed out:

THE VICTORIA WEEKLY COLONIST FRIDAY, MARCH 31 1893.

Youthful Anxiety.

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and mashed out: "You, you, you." Sawful softly answered, "Oh, dear dar-ling." She shot back: "None of your dear dar-ling business here. Can't you let a woman get a little rest?" So Samful ut

So Sawful let her rest. His ideal hus-bandship had gone to seed in waste places. —Arkansaw Traveler.

married, and some forks said ne was do mean, and that all he thought about was putting up a goodly share of this world's goods to his credit in order that he might make better provision for the commodimake better provision for the commodi-ties of the next. But then people will

It was therefore a matter of consid-erable speculation among his neighbors when the deacon was seen to stop occa-sionally at the Widow Martin's cottage, sionally at the Widow Martin's cottage, and many and varied were the conjec-tures about the outcome. The widow was plump, rosy checked and good na-tured, and her dear departed having left her more than two years before she was, as she believed herself, fully qualified to be considered among the eligibles of the little world in which she lived. She had heard (what woman does not?) of her

A main the bind was a first water of the second sec

"Dr. Smoothman." "Bow did yog, come to have that hare brained creature?" "Oh, my wile once asked him if he could tell why she always had cold feet, and he told her that they were so small that they was alone. There was no one to welcome him, no one to greet him at his home, our oww."—Buffalo News. <u>She Missed Willie.</u> On a very hot day a little negro girl named Badge was trying to drive some ob

nust take care of yourself in such terri-WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

"Yes, ma'am; it be chilly, that's a fact. I think I will move up a piece to First let me repeat my definition of an First let me repeat my definition of an

the fire." he fire." "How kind she is!" the deacon kept re-peating to himself as he edged nearer toward the blazing logs and at the same time drew closer to the rocker, where the

Life and the rippied pool, one haw obeying. Are stirred from center to the farthest shore -Waiter Storrs Bigelow. A YANKEE COURTING. If any one was better known than an-other for miles around the village of Conway, it was Descon Harding, the pil-lar of the Methodist church and the strictest selectman the New Hampshire village had ever known. He had never married, and some folks said he was too mean, and that all he thought about was goods to his credit in order that he might make better provision for the commodilearned useful employments, went into the noble world of work and earned their

"Do you recall what the parson preached about?" It must have been the heat from the burning logs that caused the widow's cheeks to blush so. She couldn't even look up from her sewing as she replied: "Well, come to think of it, deacon, it think it was about weddings and such things, but I ain't quite sure, for I didn't pay much attention, I'm afraid, to that part of the discourse." The chairs were getting very close. "That's it, that's it," cried the deacon, bringing his hands down upon his knees with a slap that startled the canary from his perch and set the widow's heart beat ing furiously. "That's it. And don't you?" The chairs touched now. The deacon was absent from the town meeting that evening. When the villagers assembled at

tator and member of the Kansas bar. Eloquent and logical beyond most, she is absolutely fearless, and this is the greatest quality of all in a moral warklyn end of the in the wh s. Probably in the whole course of singularly eventful life it has never se occurred to her to conceal one of convictions of right and justice be-use it might be unpopular and incur the wn of Mrs. Grundy. For this I glory le course of n Mary Lease. Mrs. Taylor of Little Washi Pa., has done something in oils, began by making a few modest an nts in the Pe ble: then sold th d made other inv m and sold the m. Mrs. Tay on by her She is able to support a husband. A stained glass window has been erected in Jevington church, England, to the memory of the late Duke of Devon-shire. It was painted by the women art students of Wimbledon, and the subustry. ect was the ascension of our Lord. Inst what connection the death of the old Duke of Devonshire had with the ascension of our Lord is perhaps clearer to the English mind than to that of an Imerican. American. Nearly 500 women are employed as station agents on the French railways, but they get only half as much pay as men. This is partly owing to the fact that comparatively few occupations are open to Frenchwomen, largely also to the fact that women cannot vote. Deny-ing women the right to vote and paying women less than men for the same work will both be looked upon as relics of bar-barism in 1993. Just watch and see if this is not so. this is not so. It is offensive in the extreme, this talk that every once in awhile appears in that every once in awhile appears in some newspaper about putting a tax on bachelors and using other means to lure young men into matrimony. If men do not want to marry, let them alone. Wom-en ought to hold their own womanhood and delicacy so high that they will be considered to confer a favor on men by senting to marry them. The success of the admirable state fairs of Wisconsin is in no small meas-ure due to the energy and organizing power of Miss Frances L. Fuller of Madion, assistant secretary of the state agricultural society. She has held her of-fice a number of years and makes out the annual report of the society, also reparing the premium lists. The first railway train over the World's fair grounds will be in charge of a pretty girl engineer, Miss Ida Hewitt, a regular locomotive engineer of Cairo, W. Va. ELEA ABCHARD CONNER.

From the The old-time

good home in t Governor. Cards are out the residence of day evening, A

THE

Mrs. A. C. Tr evening to atten Mrs. Frank but 20 years old infant child.

One of the em stables on Pando of an overcoat, a brella, which son loft. The thief

Re Mr. F. M. Rat new Provincial decided to remo-city, and has seen Five Sisters' bloo taken possession. To Recomm

To Reco The directors of special meeting on what are deemed the Hospital Act, Yates and Helm pare a petition to the views of the b

The Champ His Worship M. ball on Saturday Post, of New Yo "after Henry Ge ponent of single nounced is "Singl Death of C. N. Spotts of

C. N. Spotts, of some years a reside terday morning a will be interred at morrow. The decea fornia, 38 years of a ing widow and fami

Death of an Letters just receiv contain the sad new the 21st instant of native of Galway. If dent of this city. F dent of this city. F and Thomas Mahon, the Missee Fannie a

Five Fu

The greater portion World's Fair exhibit reached Chicago, wh Law was waiting to place. The remains could not be sent wh vailed, will go fo centire contribution makes then for full

nakes about five ful

Chief Husse

Chief Hassey Superintendent H force, the majority of police officers, leave Kitkatlab-Kamsquitz minion steamer Qu morning. Only one the way up—at Dep steame rooals—and bably be back within

Freeman At 57 King's ro Donald McRae, as Frazer (Comox), uni

The bride wore her attended by Miss A Charles Hutchison

ter partaking of ppy couple left on ur of the Sound

d wishes of

Must Fu

Mr. Justice Walk the case of the period of Dr. Hugh

andial Legislatu ars of the al shed by the per wise the action Messre, Dra efendant, Mess settioners.

sterday was the ersary of Mu

teran printer, and nion, No. 201, celet e same time reco-illity, experience terests of the craft te to the Interns nion, which meets i ir—cometime in Jur enjoyed asimilar di pronto Typographic mati convention.

lin, has been

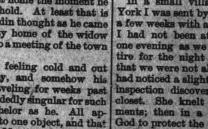
is Union.

Baylight On Sunday last som nuknown " entered th agent, Capt. H. G. L. with about \$25. The was effected through was opened with a house of Mr. P. J. Street, was also broke afternoon, while the and valuable jewelry entered through the tansacked nearly every earch. A number violality saw two loitering around the robbery, and according the men are evidently uspected of similar m

ed of similar n

Daylight

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me face and well knit figure. Lawrence had grown blase in th years that lay between her an Miss Lawr veral years that lay between ber and ar school days, and had struck most of the chords in men's hearts, but even he ided fancy was taken by John Strat m's admiring blue eyes and his genti-aference to her as a creature too far ner as a creature iso nty for everyday life, and she uself with an anxiety that more than a nd daint prised her more than any one else to ke him by her side. She had heard of Ma d with all the cruelty that lurks feminine breast had found new the affair in consequence.

vest in the affair in consequence. While John sat and talked and a mired in that warm parlor beside M Lawrence, poor Maysie walked alow home, finding the world a sad, sad pla and feeling for the first time in her sho bright life that death was not a terri bright life that death was not a terrib thing after all. With a pathetib honest she acknowledged that the woman the had stolen her lover was very fair at did not doubt her many charms to hol him by her side, and as she thought the pale golden locks of that rival an the violet eyes she felt that she hat ar own soft, brown hair and her eye that John had once said were like woo land pools. As she choked up at this r membrance a voice hailed her: "Wh Maysie, going to walk right over a fe going to walk right over a fan your way home? Well, I thin otter go with you or you will be ost if you are so oblivious of a like me." footer like m

footer like me." Maysie started guiltily with a cry. The seaker was Trueman Ellis, who won iped her ever since her babyhood rough tyrainy and discouragement o e part of his ladylove. She had as pited his devotion as she had other o e good things of life, without a though what it cost and today with at it cost, and today, with a pet foreign to her sweet nature, s for arm from the one in which i

placed it and cried: h, how you startled me! want company, thank and In, how you startled me! No, I t want company, thank you." Then ne saw his face fall her tender heart apted her to add: "I-I am not well, I think, and I would be poor ery well, I think, and I would be poor ompany for you, 'Trueman. Goodby." he young man stood still in the path there she left him, his own heart sore or the little creature who had been so right and gay, for he, too, had seen ow often John Stratton had gone to the adge's of late, and he knew why poor laysle was 'not very well, and would e poor company" for the first time in or life. But what could he do? So the asigh he stood and watched the lit-e figure in the brown cloak walk weari-on to the old farmhouse by the river, here she was the petted darking of the darly father and mother, who had only a laft of the crowd of little ones that r left of the growd of little ones th

"How dare you accuse that young lady of theft! Do you not know who this is? This is Miss Maysie Bruce, who is as in-capable of the act as an angel in heaven. And look. Is not that your cross caught in the lace of your bosom^R Miss Lawrence looked down and flush

ild not look at him, but, eman, let him lead her h

hiladelphia Times.

essor in Female Sem

Sweet Miss Pr

tve kind aligni

w the Case Stood. prisoner at the bar was char t and battern but was char g all over her face dis ewel from the torn place in hen stammered out an apology ng Maysie, but Trueman Ellis sed, but masing big out ce in the la d battery by his wife, an, but wiry and end s a strapping big fel lge frowned fiercely. So," said the court, aid no eed, but passing his arm about his j ittle love led her from the room. J tratton followed and would have ta er from him with tender words of cition, for in that moment he had for g your wife?" "Yes, yer honor," admitted th

"Well, you ought to be ashamed of you rition, for in that moment he had found out that he loved Maysie and that the clamour thrown over him by Miss Law-ence was but for an hour, but Trueman ternly put him aside, and Maysie, bury-ng her face in her true lover's breast, would not look at him, but, clinging to "I am, yer honor." "The very idea, sir, of a great, big fellow ke you whipping a little woman like that! The little woman flushed up, but kep till, with her eyes fixed on her husband ex

ectantly. "I didn't whip her, yer ho "I didn't whip her, yer honor." "Didn't whip her?" exclaimed the judge. "Don't lie to me, sir. You did whip her." Again the little woman turned her eyes on her husband. "Beg yer pardon, yer honor, but I didn't whip her. She licked me in about three minutes, and that's why I'm ashamed of myself, yer honor." The judge fairly gasped. "That's right, yer honor," put in the lit-tle woman. "Henry gets ugly sometimes, but he woma?"

Trueman, let him lead her home. Miss Lawrence found to her chagrin that she had lost her whilom lover and went home in a few days carrying a memory with her that did not fade soon. John sought Maysie the next day and pleaded with her to give him back the love he had slighted, but though she for-gave him readily enough, for her nature was too sweet to bear resentment, the recollection of his averted face in her hour of need was too fresh for her to ever restore him to his old place in her heart, and in the spring she married Trueman Ellis, who had won her that dreadful night.—Wills Lloyd Jackson in Philadelphia Times. at's right, yer honor," put in the lit man. "Henry gets ugly sometimes won't lie when I'm watching him." judge took a good long look at both m and dismissed the case.—Detroi

Wasted. Gallant Old Beau-Good morning, young ladies both! Where is the other? One of the Two-The other who, Mr.

Why New York Women Feel Weary. When an old lady like the Engl usen takes up the study of Hindoostan and masters it sufficiently to conve "The other of the "Three Graces," queen takes up the study of Hindoostanee and masters it sufficiently to converse with the reserved high caste princesses of the east, who object to the presence of the male interpreter during audience with their sovereign, and a heartbroken, middle aged woman like the empress of Austria acquires ancient and modern Greek to the extent of talking and writ-ing it fluently, it makes a New York woman a little weary to think she can't keep up her school French or find time to read the magazines.—New York Sun "La, Mr. Broomwell, our names tracel Mine's Katie, and hers is Mar -Chicago Tribune.

In Chicago. [•] Manager-Mr. Skylight, I see yon're late again this morning. Have you moved ont of town? Skylight-Yes, sir. Manager-How to the

Manager-How far? Skylight-The twenty-first story, sir.-Dhicago Inter Ocean. read the magazines.-New York Sun Bobby and the Pancak

"If I was our cook and could make as good pancakes as she does," said Bobbie "I'd get absentminded and est 'em all my self by mistake."—Harper's Bazar.

Envious Boy (on foot)—I know why that there thing is called a safety. Proud Boy (on bicycle)—Why? Envious Boy—'Cause any fool kin ride it without fallin off.—Good News.) Almost Here No more we'll view the sealskin cloal Nor will penwiper capes long grace Their angel forms, for winter's broke And new spring wraps will take th And new spring ways. And when each husband, in despair, Begins to wale around among Those mammoth hills, he'll tear his hair And wish spring never had been sprur And wish spring never had been sprur —Cloak Re

ain'

streperous calves out of a field. The own noticing her lack of success said, "W don't you cuss 'em, Badger" Badge sa "Mammy don't 'low me to cuss, but I win Willy was here." Willy is an older how "'s instruction her and to warm h ati Tribune, The Cause.

my office in the skyscrap

tion ridiculous. The widow heard the deacon's buckboard stop—in fact, she had seen him coming up the road—and there had been a hasty glance over the room, and just a peep in the looking glass on the mantel to see if everything was in order, long before the deacon's voice was heard on the frosty air and the wheels had ceased to revolve in front of the cottage. By the time he had blanketed and covered his horse and led Doctor-Your symptoms resemble gout, but I don't see why you s that. How do you pass you of the cottage. By the time he had blanketed and covered his horse and led him to the shed out of the cold blasts that swept down the hillsides and across the valley the widow had the door open Doctor (luminously)—Skyscraper build ing? Ah, ha! I knew it—too much high iving.—Chicago News-Record.

An Indelible Mug.

the valley the widow had the door open and was waiting for her visitor. "I just thought I'd stop a minute, Mrs. Martin, to warm up, for it's powerful cold out this afternoon," said the deacon, stamping his feet to shake the snow from his boots before entering. "Tm real glad to see you, deacon. Come right in and sit-down by the fire." In a few moments Descon Harding had removed his heavy coat and thick gloves and was comfortably seated on one side of the broad fireplace, while the widow was rocking herealf gently to and fro at the other. "Beg pardon, sir," observed the to ooking waiter suggestively, "gents at i able usually-er-remember me, sir." "I don't wonder," said the customer ially. "That mug of yours would be h o forget."

And he picked up his check and strolle isurely in the direction of the cashier.-Yonder.

Riveted to the Spo

Riveted to the Spot. Hasters-Why, Mr. Harlon, I thought you ere such a great dancer? And yet you've een standing here in one place for an hour. Cholly-Aw-yaas-but y' know that one one-aw-has dwopped a piece of ticky cawndy on the floor, and Pm-aw-wanding on the cawndy and cawn't get way.-Harper's Bazar. widow was rocking herself gently to fro at the other. As his good temper increased the con kept looking over at the wid What a nice, pleasant little woman was, to be sure, and she was pretty, --there was no mistake about that! sat there enjoying his novel sensat without speaking for a long time. So there was something the matter him this winter's even He way

Absentminded. Mr. Absentmind-It is pretty cold

here. Barber-Yes, sir, it is chilly this mornin Mr. Absentmind-If you have no obje don, Fil keep on my hat while you are on bing my hain-Texas Siftings. this winter's eve. He was

Her Object.

"Arabella, dear, I'm sorry to tell you that Freddy and Algernon didn't like the frock you wore last night." "Araminta, dearest, I don't dress to please the men, but to worry the girls."-Forget Me Not.

His Next Study. Uncle John-So you have been promoted to a higher grade? I suppose you'll have some hard studies next year? Nephew-Yessir. We'll have geology. That's all about rocks.-Exc

As a Measure of Def widow, but she didn't seem to notice the change and kept on sewing. "It's powerful cold today, Mrs. Mar-tin. There'll be a heavy frost tonight, I reckon," remarked the deacon, finding his speech at last. "Do tell, deacon," replied the widow, shuddering, "but don't you think you'll get chilled if you sit so far from the fire? Do draw up closer and get warm; you've got quite a way to go to town, and you Cholly-Great Scott, old fellow! What are you trying to raise a goatee for? Fweddy-Pve got tiahd of being chucked undah the chin by mothahly old ladies, bah Jove!-Chicago Tribune.

The One Exception "Do you enjoy good health?" "Of course. Did you ever in a who didn't enfor court in

"Yes, the doctors."-Qu

hed to stop just for a chat with to warm himself before going to idge, however, he has more time. He alks away from the cars as if he had no e meeting. That was all. If he had en told there was anything else on his ind, he would have thought the suggest on to hurry. Instead of fight for a first place on the stairways, on ridiculous. The widow heard the ers along as if he wanted to e cession. A Brooklyn philosoph counts for the phenomenon on the ground that everybody is inclined to be happy in his town and is too well content to arry.-New York Times.

t is strange that in the midst of plenty re should be any scarcity felt here are is really no need for it, for the s unlimited, only waiting to be hed to yield an abundant baryest. and is un scratched to yield an abundant harvest. The curse of this fair land is the unwill-

ngness of the people to leave the big lowns and go up into the bush and com-pel by work nature to bring forth her bountiful increase. Town life is the attraction here, and

Town life is the attraction here, and the people will have pleasure if they die. When prosperity prevails, people live as if its sun would never set. All seem to be aping the class above them. At one of Lady Hopetoun's receptions there pre-sented themselves 1,700 people. Many ledies met their code them. ladies met their cooks Cor. London News.

A Mighty Man. Topham, the prince of Eng en, had knots of muscles mpits are in the ordinary ald take a bar of iron 11 ameter and 5 feet long, place the midd of it over the back of his neck and the of it over the back of his neck and then force the ends forward until they met before his face. On one occasion he called upon a village blacksmith and made of him an everlasting enemy by picking up a number of horseshoes and snapping them in two as easily as if they had been pine sticks.—St. Louis Repub-lie

le Who Work While Asleep

Not content with doing their duty broughout the day and when they are roughout the day and when they are wake, there seem to be some people ho are not content unless they keep lemselves employed while they are leep. Not infrequently individuals sleep. Not infrequently individua ave projected and carried to a succes al issue projects which they were qui acapable of tackling when awakeoubt because they couldn't, even if they ished to, dream of doing them unless heep.-Boston Globe

London's Parks.

The open spaces in London, witho second the disused burial ground stend to 5,449 acres. Besides there a open spaces on its borders which bring ap the total of parks accessible to Loners to 22,000 acres.-Pall Mall Ga

City Peter The City Police con Oriental appearance yes to the presence of a la men who gathered to a deal out justice to thei The case of Chin Sing, and stealing a gold wa jinued. The charge tinued, but the larcen drawn, and a joint cha laid against Chin Sing defence will be heard otharged with running license, pleaded guil y, costs and was dismissed charged with a simil costs and was dismisse charged with a simil same method to get on Chen Sing paid \$5 for a fireworks exhibition against the statute the vided. Ah Loy, charg a pair of transers was

main of ter

him this winter's eve. He was usu-ally able to talk about something wher-ever he yeas, but now he couldn't say a word if his life depended on it, though he tried desperately several times to start a conversation. And the widow sat there apparently entirely unconscious, with her mind seemingly fixed upon some trifle she was sewing. Did she have an idea of what was pass-ing in her visitor's mind? Of course not. Women are such dear, innocent crea-tures, especially widows. The deacon

