BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE,

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.) The brother and sister were in fact very much excited; and this must be their excuse for the desperate deed they were about to do. After a long series of provocations, Nero had just robbed them of their dinner and defiantly eaten it before their eyes in the back-yard ; no wonder then that they were wrought up to wreak upon him the only vengeace in

their power. The dose, when ready, was placed on a piece of the broken plate, and left on the table where the meat had! been stolen. Nero's enormous appetite was well-known; and Hubert argued justly that, after a little taste of such steak as that, snatched and eaten with impunity, the monster would be sure to return for

The remainder of the steak was cook ed, and the brother and sister sat down to their cosey dinner in the adjoining

"Hubert," said Marion, "I'm almost afraid we have done wrong. I'm sure father will think so, and blame us, if anything happens to"--

'To the rats!" interposed Hubert, with a more callous conscience, enjoying his steak. "Just you keep still. Hark !"

There was a noise in the kitchen Marion started up with a little cry of alarm, and was going to open the door of communication which had been as carefully closed as the outer kitchen door had been carefully left open.

"Den't you go! sit down!" muttered "If anything happens, we don't want to see, nor know about it."

She could not eat; but he continued his repast with remarkable self-control, until it occurred to him that it was about time to surprise her with the dessert, which he had left behind the door in the

He returned laughing, basket in

"Is it gone?" asked Marion, faintly thinking only of the little ball covered with fresh meat on the kitchen-table.

"It's gone !" chuckled Hubert, excitedly. "The rats have been wonderfully

"It's dreadful !" Marion faltered, with a pallid smile.

"I'll make you forget all about that, said he, gayly, as he produced his pur-'You didn't think I would get it, but there, sis, is your water-melon.' "O Hubert! what a dear, good brother

you are ! I'm glad you got a cantaloupe for yourself. But did you expect I could eat such a great watermelon as this?" "You can eat what you want of it, and

keep the rest till you want some more. Or for our company this evening." He was about to cut it for her, but she stop-

"I couldn't touch it now," she said ; "with that - horrible thing - on . my

generous conduct did not seem to be half-appreciated. He couldn't see why she should be any more troubled in her mind than he was, about the unknown quantity in their little equation. He ate his cantaloupe discontentedly; and finally with a large piece in one hand and a knife in the other, strolled out of the house.

In a few minutes he came back, with a frightened face, and his knife left stick ing in the piece of melon just where he was cutting when he made a startling discovery.

"What is it?" Marion eagerly inquir-

quite forgot that he was not going to call might be the consequence of this step. any names. "Instead of trotting his When he came back, flushed and heatdown beside it-and there he is now !" "Dead ?" said Marion.

nail, if anybody knows how dead that givings. is !" replied Hubert.

Sure enough, when Marion went with her brother to look, there was Nero wagon was heard driving up to the stretched out in his last sleep by the gate. pump-trough at the corner of the barn. He would never again go prowling about. robbing the neighbors of their steak by could move to detain him, he started day, or of their sleep by night, howling hideously at his chain. He had stolen one boy's dinner too many; and the contents of the last piece of meat had ended his career.

Hubert, bravely. "Better this way than door where the brother and sister were ghting him with the axe."

fault," said Marion "But what will the ed visit. Cripseys say ?"

on our own account," he replied, looking dog, which their guilty imaginations furtively over towards the neighbors' fancied he must have heard of in some trouble for father.'

"Oh dear no! Cripsey is such a dread- Hubert had to summon all his resolution ful man !" exclaimed his sister. "Can't and sourage to face him with an anwe hide him, and wait till night, and swer. then drag him around into their yard . "What box " he said, pale, but with and leave him ;"

"I was thinking of that," Hubert looked very gloomy. "They'll suspect haint you ordered one to be called for?" as the first thing, though; and when they question us, what shall we say ?

"Tell the trouth, of course," said Marion, "We can't lie about it,"

"Then we may as well leave him here," said her brother. "But of course they will never believe that we didn't poison him on purpose; I don't see how we are going to get out of that."

"Can't we bury him in the garden she suggested.

"We shall have to wait till night do that; and the Cripseys may be around looking for him before that time. We must hide him somehow.

Looking for something to throw over the carcass, Hubert caught sight of some boxes in a corner of the barn. His father was the agent of a patent apple-parer, and the boxes were designed for packing and sending off the machines. He largest and exclaimed, jubilantly, "It's just the thing !"

"Why, what are you going to do?" asked Marion.

"Box him up!" he cried. "Catch hold here! We'll have him out of sight in a minute. Then let the Cripseys come; we'll put 'em off somehow without

They dragged the monstrous brute to the barn floor, placed the box beside help you.' him, and then putting forth their strength, half lifted, half tumbled him into it, upon a bed of straw. More straw was packed over and about him; and Hubert proceeded to adjust the cover while Marion ran for hammer and

"Don't you almost feel as if we had committed murder!" she whispered looking for the twentieth time to see if anybody was coming; while he began to drive the guilty nails.

"I feel as if we had killed a robber in the nails into the board which concealed

their victim. "But what are we going to do with Ho! ho!" him now we've got him boxed up?" she was anxious to know.

Hubert had not thought as far as that He stood with a nail in the fingers of one hand and the hammer in the other, and looked thoughtfully at the box.

"That's so !" he said. "If it was only cold weather, we might keep him until the storm had blown over. Though I'm not so sure of that; Cripsey might suspect the box."

"You can mark it," she said; "as if it was one father had left to be sent by express. Any sort of a name will do.' "You're bright as a dollar, Marion.

Think of a name while I am getting the marking ink."

Hubert ran off, and came back laughing with nervous glee. "We'll not only label him." he said.

"but we'll actually send him away! Why not? Where Cripsey never will hear from him, sure !" "Would you?" said Marion, with

looks trembling betwixt hope and doubt. will do. How's this! N. Peters, Esq., Hubert was sadly disappointed; his Loston, Mass. To be called for."

"That would be dreadfully funny, if it wasn't such a serious business!" she replied. "I'm almost afraid!

"What are you afraid of? We muat do something, and do it soon,! So hear goes!" And Hubert boldly began the marking. "I'll pay the express charge, so there'll be no fraud on the company. We can well afford to do that!'

"Yes, indeed,-if that will be the end of it !" said Marion:

Things were happening so fast that she had hardly time to think about them. The dog was boxed, the box addressed, and Hubert off with an order for the oxpressman to call for it, before "That dog! Nero!" In his dismay he she began seriously to consider what

carcass home, like any decent brute, what ed, but triumphant, and told her that does he do but go to our horse-trough the box would be sent for immediately Bay, and dumped there, if they're the to drink, I suppose-tumble himself and be on it's way to Boston in an hour, he was disappointed to find that in his Hubert. absence she had tangled her poor girlish "Dead as the deadest sort of a door- conscience in a web of doubts and mis- trace that box back to Cripsey and to us!

"It won't do at all?" she said, and was proceeding to explain why, when a do you?"

out of the house to meet it. Before she giving an additional clue. We're getting back again, stumbling on the threshold and almost falling into her arms.

"It's Cripsey!" he murmured. It was in fact Neighbor Cripsey himself, who drove in at the gate, and stop-"Anyhow, I'm glad he's dead," said ped his team exactly in front of the side quickly rallying from the confusion into "Oh yes! for after all, it's his own which they were thrown by his unexpect-

They had not the least douot but he "I don't know; and I wouldn't care had come to investigate the fate of his "But I don't want to make mysterious way; and when he demanded, in a loud voice, "Where's that box?"

"The box that's goin' by express; said the gruff teamster.

Hubert caught his breath, while the sweat began to start from every pore in 'I dare ask him and I will. Marion, hia akin. "By express-yes," he replied. "I

didn't know that was what you want-"It's just what I want," said Oripsey. They said you was in a hurry to have

it go by the next train, and as their eamster had all he could do, he got me to come for it. Sometimes he 'commodates me, and then ag'in I 'commodates

"Certainly," said Hubert, "I under stand. The box is right here."

And he lead the way to the barn, while Marion stood watching from the door, utterly bewildered and confounded at this strange turn the affair was taking. It was, of course, too late now sprang at the pile, hauled out one of the to explain to her brother why the box should not go.

Cripsey backed his wagon around towards the barn, jumped out, dropped down the endboard with its rattling chain and laid hold of the box.

"Good gosh !" said he, after giving it a hitch. "Seems to me it's purty hefty fer parin'-machines !"

"Is it?" replied Hubert, innocently as ossible, in his excitement. "Let me

"Ketch holt !" said Cripsey. "There's suthin' else inside there, sure's ye live !" "I should think there was!" exclaimed Hubert, as he lifted a corner of the box and helped to shove it into the wagon.

Then up went the endboard with th rattling chains; Cripsey mounted his seat, and Nero, conveyed by his own unsuspicious master, began his mysterious journey.

"I thought I should go into connip tions!" tittered Hubert, tumbling him self upon the kitchen floor, and giving self-defence!" And clack! clack! went way to his emotions. "I was so scart, and yet I wanted to laugh so! Purty hefty fer parin'-machines! I should say

"But, Hubert!" remonstrated his sister, "I'm afraid it will turn out to be no laughing matter."

"I don't see why," said Hubert, with ears in his eyes, and his hair tangled over them, sitting up on the threshold 'There he goes, carrying off his nuisance of a dog, to oblige us! Hurrying to catch the train ! He thought 'twas an immense joke when Nero stole our ham and buried it in our own garden. But it was nothing to this."

As soon as she could get Hubert to listen, Marion expressed Ler apprehensions. What was happening at this end of the dog's journey was amusing enough; but what would happen at the other

"It makes no difference to us what happens there," Hubert declared. He suddenly sobered, however. "I forgot one thing! I didn't pay the express! "Why didn't you?" said Marion, more and more disturbed.

"They said at the office they couldn't "It's just the thing!" he cried, dipwho came for it. And Cripsey came But I'll make it all right."

"You can't make it all right! Don't you see? What is going to become of that box with the dead dog in it?"

"I don't care what becomes of it." "I'm afraid you will care. That box s going to stand around the express office in Boston; no N. Peters calling for it, of ourse.

"Of course not !" he replied. "Then in a few days they'll begin to notice-a-you know what !"

"A smell! I should think so !" "They'll trace it to the-box," she said, hesitatingly.

"Most likely they will," he giggled. "Then what?" she asked.

"They'll investigate it; and when they find there's a dog inside, and no N. Peters oming to claim it, they'll just have it toted to the dumping-ground on Back sensible men I took them for," added

"No they won't!" she replied. "The'll Then what ?"

"You don't suppose they can do that,

"To be sure they can. They keep a record of every package. And now if "The expressman!" he said, starting you go and pay for the box, you will be ourselves into just an awful scrape, Hubert Warner, if you did but know it!'

"Why didn't you tell me bofore?" he demanded, now thoroughly alarm. Cripsey, at any rate.'

"I was just going to, when Cripsey came. I tried to make you understand then that the box ought not to go; but you were too excited to heed me.

"Just fancy that box coming back to us!" Hubert couldn't help laughing again, serious as the matter was getting. "Smelling loud enough to knock a little wit even into Cripsey's dull brain, if he should have the handling of it again! It story of Nero's mysterious disappear-"Smelling loud enough to knock a little will all come out in spite of us. What ance. can we do?"

"I've an idea," said Marion. good one, and it will help us out of this

fix ?' he exclaimed.

we only dared to ask him'-

'To have the box called for and disp ed of ? he struck in, catching at the idea. you're just spendid ?' 'I hate to do it,' she replied, blushin

very red. 'I don't see why ; he's an old beau yours, said Hubert.

'He never was much of a beau,' she declared. 'But if he were, that would be reason enough why I shouldn't wish to drag him into any such disagreeable

Hubert's headlong determination, and the extreme urgency of the case, overcame her scruples, and she sat down to him its contents. write a letter. She gave Rufus Swan a detailed, merry account of the way the box came to be sent, begging him to have it taken care of, and enclosing a bank think? It was gone !" note for expenses.

'If this sum is not sufficient,' she added, 'let me know and I will send more.

Hubert hastened to the post-office with the letter : after which there was nothing more for them to do but to keep their Hubert. secret and wait. They had a gay time with the friends

and slept soundly afterwards, for two fus got there. He and his teamster set such guilty young souls. The next morning Neighbor Cripsey

came slouching into the yard. They ers himself was going to break open the thought they knew his errand, and were box. To their surprise, he merely took a to let t go,' she continued, reading from

and handed it to Hubert at the door. 'The express comp'ny's receipt for which is vulgarly compared to the dropthat box, I forgot to hand it to ye las' ping of a hot potato.' night,' he said.

'Oh, thank you,' said Hubert. very sorry to have troubled you. No trouble, not much.' Cripsey was going off again, but he stopped, the way, ye hanit seen nothin' of my

dawg, have ye? 'Nero? Yes, I've seen him often lows in the Institute who are studying listened with a fluttering heart behind the door.

'How long since !' 'He was in here yesterday.'

Late in the afternoon Cripsey came round again. Seen anything o' that dawg vit?' he inquired.

'Not since yesterday, as I told you,' Hubert answered. 'Can't you find 'Nary hide nor hair! It's the curisest thing in natur! I'm afeard somebody's

made way with him,' said Cripsey. 'Oh! do you think so!' said Hubert sympathetically. 'I shouldn't suppose it would be as easy thing to make way with a bfg dog like Nero.

'You won't object to my taking a look around your place? remarked Crirsey, who had already been casting his eye into corners of the wood-shed.

'Of course not.' 'The curisest thing!' Cripsey went off muttering. And again Hubert and his remedial qualities.

ping his market-brush. "Any name the box. So I was going to pay the man What came next was a thunder bolt. Hubert brought it on the following especially one that is likely te morning from the post office, in the to their comfort and happiness. shape of a letter from Rufus Swan. He name Neviline—nerve pain cure—is a wrote that he had sent a man for the suggestion in itself, but a farther and box, but that the express company would not let him have it without a written order from N. Peters ; or N. Peters must viline is a most wonderful remedy, for it come for it himself.

'What are we going to do? said Ma-

'I know!' replied Hubert, 'Send him the receipt the company gave Cripsey. That will fetch it.'

He ran all the way to the post office, in order to get the receipt, with a hasty

That afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Warner came home; and were greatly amazed as well as amused, when Marion made: frank confession of what had occurred in

'What a couple of madcaps you are ! exclaimed the father, laughing in spite of himself, while he scalded his children well for their rash conduct. 'We shall never dare to leave you to take care of things again,'

'You're not sorry the dog is dead, are you?' said Marion.

He gave a significent shrug, and tried hard to conceal his satisfaction. What I'm afraid of is, that you've got us into a bad mess, not only with Cripsey, but with the express company.

I wish I had known nothing about it till it was all over; or till I had talked with 'We thought of that,' said Marion. But we were afraid he would mention the box we sent off, and if you knew nothing about that, you might call us

up and expose the whole affair.' 'Well! we'll hope for the best, said Mr. Warner. 'The dog is gonethat's one good thing !'

In the evening Cripsey came over; and

'You may be sure of one thing,' he replied. 'That dog never followed me. 'I'll give you ten dollars for it, if it's a We were never good enough friends for

'I'll give you ten dollars for it, if it's a good one, and it will help us out of this it's a k i' he exclaimed.

'So I kin' o' thought,' said Cripsey.

'And again, after no little talk, he wen!

'And we are so glad that he used your Bitters.'—A Lapy of Ut.cs, N. Y. Im

School of Technology,' she began. 'If off perplexed, and muttering, 'It's the onfoundedest, curisest thing!

Marion had to wait several days for another letter; the whole family anxious with her this time. At last it came, left by a neighbor in passing; and hearing her scream over it in her room, Hubert hestened to learn what new calamity had befallen.

'From Rufus!' he cried, seeing it in her hand. 'What's the news ?' "The strangest yet," she replied,

"The narrowest laughing hysterically. escape !' "How? what?" He snatched the letter. But he could not read writing

easily; and he was glad to have her tell "He got my letter with the receipt." she said. "and went himself with a team ster for the box. And what do you

'How could that happen ?' 'Why, you see, the clerks had looked in the Directory, and finding there was a Nathan Peters, dealer in leather, on

Pearl Street'-'Actually an N. Peters?' ejaculated

'Yes! they had notified him that a box was waiting for him, and he had who came to visit them in the evening, sent for it. It had just gone when Ruout on a chase after it, and reached the store on Peal Street just as Mr. N. Pet-

'Mr. N. Peters wasn't quite satisfied folded piece of paper from his pocket, the letter, 'until after he had opened it; then he gave it up with the alacrity

'I should suppose so !' said Hubert. 'But what's this ? 'The money, which Rufus has sent

back. 'What's that for ?' 'He says there will be no expenses for us to pay. He knows some young fel-

enough,' Hubert replied; while Marion anatomy, and who have been waiting an animal to dissect; they are only too glad to pay the slight cost, to have so fine a subject as we have sent them. To think, she added, laughing again, 'of Cripsey's dog being made useful in that

> way !' They hastened to inform their parents of the good news. They also, from time to time, imparted the diverting secret to a few intimate friends. But it never reached the ears of Cripsey; who, for months afterwards, would often look about him, when he had occasion to enter a neighbor's premises, and remark, wonderingly and regretfully, as he scratched his busy head,-

'It's the curisest thing in nater, whatever 'come o' that dawg !'

J. E. Kennedy, dispensing chemist, Cobourg, says that no blood purifier that he has ever handled has had such a large sale as Burdock Blood Bitters, and adds, 'in no case have I heard a customer say ought but words of highest praise for its

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No! 'She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years.'
'The doctors doing her no good' 'And at last was cured by this Hop

Bitters the papers say so much about. 'How thankful we should be for that

A Daughter's Misery. Eleven years our daughter suffered on bed of misery,

'From a complication of kidney, liver,
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'Under the care of the best physi-

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Father is Getting Well My daughters say: 'How much better father is since he

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served subcess,

I am gratefully yours,

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