

way that made them all feel uncomfortable, and ignored the guilty ones, if such were present.

Vaguely but learnedly he talked of clues and motives. When we last heard of him, detective like, he was still "working on the case," and is likely to remain so until some one comes along and tells him all about it, when the newspapers will bristle with paragraphs as to the remarkable skill and shrewdness of detective so and so, in unravelling the tangled web that for so long has veiled one of the most extraordinary murders of modern times.

Until the time arrives, all these

questions must remain unanswered, for it would be presumptuous in me to pretend to know more than the detective. I can only make public these facts within my own knowledge, and indicate lines on which I think the detective should proceed in his investigations. In the meantime, we must wait patiently for the revelation that will, no doubt, furnish Millageville and the country at large with one of the most startling sensations of the day, and when the dark and mysterious particulars shall be unearthed, I promise to give full information in respect to them to a waiting public.

TWO VALENTINES.

Trinity Convent.

Up past St. George's Square,
Under the Polar Bear,
Home of the good and fair,
Stands Trinity Convent.

High fences close around
All the enchanted ground;
Scarce to us comes a sound
From Trinity Convent.

Happy man in the moon,
Gaily rising, who soon
May unchallenged look down
At Trinity Convent.

All are up ere day can break,
Prayers read; breakfast take,
Then to their tasks betake
In Trinity Convent.

French music 'ologies,
Occupy all their days,
No sham apologies
In Trinity Convent.

To one fair and beautiful,
Most kind and dutiful,
Angels be bountiful
In Trinity Convent.

Norah, so debonnaire,
Bright her eyes, dark her hair,
None can with her compare
In Trinity Convent.

May no sad contagion,
No evil star rage on
My bonnie bird caged in
Dear Trinity Convent.

Janey.

Smiling, laughing, chatting,
With charming frill and ribbon decked,
Dark hair, in matchless chignon packed,
Knitting, hemming, sewing, tatting,
She sat, —and I with Janey.

Her lessons, ancient lore,
Apollo and the Muses Nine,
Orpheus and the dancing pine,
Heroes that fell, whom angels bore
To Jove, are known to Janey.

She'll tell you of Greek Isles,
Great Euboea, little Ios,
Andros, Varos, Samos, Delos,
Of wars, B. C. relate; and miles
Count up 'tween the old towns, will Janey.

Of Paris, son of Priam,
Lovely Helen, wondrous story;
Ah me! thro' love great Troy all gory
Its reign deny who may, I am
No doubter, taught by Janey.

Then of the stars we talk,
Orion and the Pleiades,
Aldebaran—the Hyades,
Arcturus—all in r Alliance walk
And smile at smiling Janey.

Thus ever s nile, dear lips,
Bright eyes and heart sincere; tho' far
I roam, tho' lost be every star,
And sue grow dark in strange eclipse;
Thy smile I'll see, dear Janey!

JAS. CLELAND HAMILTON.