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Fall importations of stylish goods for this season are complete. Every pains will be taken to please those who favor them with their orders, which will be made up in the most fashionable style, with the best quality of trimmings and workmanship.

384 Richmond St., London.

When the War Was Over

BY FREDERICK R. BURTON.

Author of "Her Wedding Interlude," "Josef Helmuth's Goetz," "A Pot of Gold," "The Strange Object of Thornton Wetmore," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.—"THE PRESIDENT."

So like a cat did the black man move that neither Mrs. Warren nor Elsie were aware of his presence until he was passing them on the way to the bed.

Elsie screamed, and Mrs. Warren sprang to her feet and tried to lay hold of Wang's arm.

He shook her off and grasped at Dutton's throat, seizing the scapular and wrenching it away. The hand broke and he turned with it in his hand as Mrs. Warren cried:

"Do not profane the dead! 'Tis the sign of his faith."

Dutton was not dead. The violence with which his head had been pulled forward aroused him.

His eyes opened and rested on Wang. It was but an instant. Mrs. Warren was even on the point of reaching to Wang's upraised hand to take the sacred emblem from him, when a terrific report shook the house and the black man tumbled backward, his scapular dropping from his hand with a sharp rap as it struck the floor.

Dutton with a supreme effort had summoned all his waning forces and shot Wang with the ancient pistol that Will had found for him.

Mr. Warren and Will had rushed from the gate the instant they heard Elsie scream. As they entered the spare room Dutton was sinking back upon the pillows, pointing feebly to the scapular and gasping:

"The President! 'Tis yours, Elsie!"

Mr. Warren's first thought was for the black man. He feared lest, being slightly wounded, he might yet commit irreparable mischief, but Wang's evil count was at an end. The charge of buckshot with which the pistol had been loaded had passed through his heart.

Mrs. Warren had gone to Dutton, whose head had fallen forward on his breast. She raised it tenderly, and Dutton's eyes were open, but there was no light of life in them.

Will had taken up Elsie and carried her past the tottering Granpa into the sitting room. She was hysterical, and it was well for her that she could sob her nerves to rest in his arms.

"It is the end, Nicholas," said Mrs. Warren, turning to her husband with a ghastly white face.

"Yes," he answered, "the end," and he sighed profoundly. He stooped over and picked up the scapular.

Mrs. Warren burst into tears at the sight of it.

"How shamefully thoughtless!" she sobbed. "I didn't remember today when the doctor said that there was no hope, to send for the priest. Poor Freeman! I ought to have been more considerate."

Mr. Warren had the scapular clenched tight in his fist.

"I don't believe," he whispered slowly, "that Dutton wanted a priest. I don't think so."

"Why, Nicholas, why?"

There was the sound of a horse galloping along the road. It stopped in front of the house.

"It's Dr. Nason," said Mr. Warren. "Perhaps he knows. We'll ask him."

Dr. Nason walked quickly into the room and stopped short at the tragic spectacle before him. Then without a word he knelt by Wang's head, a moment, went from him to the bed, and after a brief inspection said:

"There is nothing for me to do here, my friends. Mrs. Warren, why don't you go to your daughter?"

The daughter was not exactly in need of her mother's comfort at the moment, but it seemed to the doctor as if Mrs. Warren ought to find some outlet for her emotions in talking for the living rather than remaining in that greivous chamber of horrors.

"Is Dutton dead?" asked Granpa Kirk, who had dropped into a chair near the door.

"Yes, father," answered Mr. Warren, helping him to rise and leading him to the sitting room. Mrs. Warren and the doctor followed.

"Dr. Nason," asked Mrs. Warren, "is there anything that can be done for a Catholic after he's dead? Should we send for Father Reardon now?"

"The doctor smiled faintly.

"Dutton was not a Catholic," he said.

"Father Reardon told me something about it at the time your husband was in trouble. It was probably fortunate for Nick that Dutton was not of that faith, otherwise Father Reardon might have felt by the old by the obligations of his sacred calling to hold as an inviolable secret what Dutton told him on the day when we supposed he was making his confession. As it was, he went straight to Judge Drew with his information, and enough of it at all events to give the judge a better view of the situation than you yourselves had."

"Then," Dr. Nason told the secret of his life to Father Reardon, and the father told the secret," asked Mrs. Warren.

"Secret? No, not that I know of. He told how Wang and his partner attacked him, how Wang was innocent, and he told him a story about the diamonds. That was all, except that he begged the priest to do what he could to save Warren. The trouble

with Dutton was that, in his way, he was as diamond crazy as the others, and he wouldn't give away the hiding place of his jewels. That was the only secret, I guess, and that he kept to himself."

"But the sacred emblem, the scapular?" insisted Mrs. Warren, still in doubt.

"Didn't you hear him say, 'The President'?" asked Mr. Warren. Here's the emblem," and he held up the supposed scapular and began to pick it to pieces.

Mrs. Warren would have protested still, but before she could speak her husband had pulled away the cloth from a large diamond, one end of which had been experimentally cut. Its facets flashed and sparkled in the lamplight, and everybody exclaimed in astonishment.

"That's worth a big fortune!" said the doctor, bending over it; "and that's what he called it. Well, well!"

Elsie herself went to her father to look at it.

"That for me?" she exclaimed. "Why, I never could wear such a beautiful gem."

The doctor laughed quietly.

"I wouldn't advise you to do it," he said; "although I understand that the four men who claimed ownership in it are all where they couldn't give you any trouble about it. No, my dear, if you want a diamond, have the cutters give you a chip from it when they finish the stone, and then sell the 'President' and buy Granite—buy the whole county if you want to."

"Is it really so valuable?" asked Will.

"I wouldn't pretend to estimate it," replied the doctor, "but it's a big thing."

Mr. Warren handed the diamond to his daughter, but she drew back with a little shudder.

"Take it, my girl," he said. "I know the story of its discovery and disputed ownership. There may be dark points in connection with the tragedies of which we have been a part, but nothing is surer in the world than your right to that stone, and in your hands I have no doubt it will cease to be a source of evil."

So Elsie took the "President," wondering what she ought to do with it, and how she could find a purchaser for it. Will was very silent. The possibilities of his future stunned him.

The villagers began to stir about presently. Of course they stopped at Mr. Warren's and heard the news. By common consent no one in the household mentioned the "President" that night. The neighbors were well satisfied that the dangerous black man was dead, and that the strange crew of diamond hunters that had come into the peaceful wilderness had perished one by one at each other's hands, for it might be said that Golding's death was affected by Dutton, who incited the pursuit that ended in his steamer fouling a water-logged wreck off the Jersey coast. The body of Wang was taken away by some of the neighbors, while that of Dutton was left at Mrs. Warren's request.

A few days after the funeral Granpa Kirk, who had been moody and silent from the time of the tragedy, called to Will to come to him where he sat, free in the tree in the orchard.

Will went over, supposing that the old man wanted some trifling errand done.

"Billy," croaked the old man, with a queer smile, "I've been thinking a long time about something, and I've made up my mind that I'm a joke after all, and I'm going to tell you."

"Well, Granpa, what is it?" asked Will.

"It's about this man Dutton," chuckled the old gentleman. "I remember as well as if it was yesterday when he married my daughter Martha."

"What?" cried Will, aghast.

"Yes, he and Martha were lovers before the war, and I didn't think much of him. I was glad when he enlisted. But what do you think? On the very morning of the time he was to march away they were married. The fun of it was that it happened along just at the conclusion of the ceremony and took Martha home, while Dutton pranced off to his regiment, and we never saw him again. When the war was over, along came Nick Warren, a likely fellow, who'd been a soldier. Martha had been faithful to Dutton's memory, but 'twas years afterward, and finally she fell in love with Nick and married him."

"Will knew not what to say. A vague appreciation of Mrs. Warren's situation dawned upon him. The old man chuckled again.

"The best fun of it all was that 'twasn't a marriage at all," he continued. "The fellow who performed the ceremony was a fraud. He had no authority to tie the knot, but neither Dutton nor Martha knew it. They don't know it now, so I s'pose I'll have to tell 'em when Dutton gets well. I suppose Martha thinks she's married to two men at once. You see, I let her think she was married all through the war so's 'twould be a lesson to her, and when we heard Dutton was dead I didn't care to say anything about it. Guess I'll have to now, but 'toter night, when I found Dutton in the house and saw how they was keeping me in the dark, I just got my dander up and I played it on 'em. I pretended how shocked I was at seeing him, and I guess Martha was pretty scared for fear I'd tell. Guess she's suffered enough, and as soon as Dutton gets well enough to go, I'll tell her all about it."

Will, of course, promptly told Mr. Warren of Granpa's rambling story. The old soldier was profoundly affected. He questioned Granpa sharply about the supposed marriage, and he found that his memory was true to the slightest detail of 35 years ago, while it was so impaired by age now that he had forgotten the circumstances of Dutton's end the week before.

"We took the marriage seriously," said Mr. Warren to Will. "Fact is, I had promised Dutton when I supposed him dying on the battlefield to hunt up his sweetheart and take a message to her from him. I fell in love with her, and after a long courtship won her. When Dutton suddenly appeared as from the grave, I was so startled that without thinking I leveled my rifle at him. You can understand how we felt, and how it complicated all we did tried to do. Martha's thought, of course, was for Elsie. Well, we must investigate."

The investigation, quickly made, corroborated Granpa's story in every particular. Martha Kirk had never heard of Mrs. Dutton, though she had passed under that name for several years. Incidentally the investigation it was

learned that Dutton had started, after the war, to return north, and had been cast away in a shipwreck, rescued, in company with Golding, and carried to Australia. He may have felt then that he would dig a fortune from the gold mines before returning to his wife, or his affection may have cooled, no one knows.

The "President" is in New York, in the hands of a reputable firm of diamond dealers. Several hundred dollars were found in Dutton's handbag, which, by the terms of his will, belonged to Elsie. A part of it was used by Mr. Warren and Will in going to New York, where they offered the diamond for sale. The stone created a sensation, but no dealer would make an offer. It was simply worth too much. For a time it looked as if Elsie's fortune would be a white elephant on her hands, but there are prospects now that she will realize on it.

"Diamonds like this, don't you know," said the dealers, "can be bought only by a king or a people of the most extraordinary wealth. A dealer can't afford such a luxury. The one way to do is to leave it with somebody to be sold on commission. The dealer will then make a look for it. It is said, too, that one of the Rothschilds has seen it, and has quietly made an offer that will be accepted if the prince's purse doesn't prove to be too long."

(The End.)

HIS LORDSHIP ROBBED.

Viscount Curzon and Ohio Bill Get Into Trouble.

Chicago, Nov. 20.—Right Hon. Sir Richard William Curzon, Viscount Curzon, of the well-known English family of that name, complained to the police last night that he had been robbed of \$385, and asked for warrants for the arrest of the thieves.

The viscount, who is traveling under the name of Bloomfield, was robbed in an establishment at 327 State street, kept by a woman named Annie Bell.

Warrants were issued for the inmates of the place, and an effort will be made to get the viscount's money for him.

The police, however, have very little hope of securing the stolen funds. There was nothing sensational about the robbery, it being a plain case of "touch."

The viscount was traveling around the city in the company of a "levee" character, well known as Ohio Bill.

The viscount is about 27 years of age, and claims that he was a classmate of the Duke of Marlborough, who married Miss Vanderbilt recently. He also says that he is a cousin of the Curzon who became the husband of Miss Mary Leiter.

A BIG TURKEY FOR EACH.

Montreal, Que., Nov. 20.—The Herald's Cornwall correspondent says that Thomas Rawley, of St. Agnes de Dunede, Que., claims to have two turkeys, each two years old, weighing 115 1-2 pounds in the aggregate.

One is to be sent to President Cleveland for Thanksgiving Day, and the other to the Prince of Wales.

BROOKLYN BRIDGE TRAINS COLLIDE.

New York, Nov. 20.—During a dense fog which hung over the river yesterday a Brooklyn Bridge train ran into the one ahead of it. Thomas Cooper, a conductor on one of the trains, lost both feet and may die from the shock.

George Grannit, a student, was so badly injured that he died a few hours later.

The Longest Word.

The longest word in the English language is not "smiles," although there is a mile between its first and last letters (s-m-i-l-e-s).

One of the happiest words, however, is health; real, rugged, robust, rousing, red and hearty. There is neither beauty nor blessing like it. Yet thousands have lost it and it stays lost. This need not be. Myriads have regained their health by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

An invaluable remedy for consumption or lung scrofula, bronchitis, asthma, cough, heart disease, fever and ague, intermittent fever, dropsy and many other diseases.

When a slave was manumitted among the Romans a part of the ceremony was the presentation of a cap in token of liberty.

Angostura Bitters is a household word all over the world. For over 50 years it has advertised itself by its merits. It is now advertised to warn the public against counterfeiters. The genuine article is manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

Furs for making the felt of which hats are composed undergo 27 different operations or processes before the felt is finished.

A Great German's Prescription.

Diseased blood, constipation and kidney, liver and bowel troubles are cured by Karl's Clover Root Tea.

The cap of a Chinese mandarin sports a button at the top, which by its color and material indicates the rank of the wearer.

Consumption Can Be Cured.

By the use of Shiloh's Cure. This Great Cough Cure is the only known remedy for that terrible disease. For sale by W. T. Strong.

Seventy-two different styles of hats, caps and head coverings were adopted in the French army during the wars of Napoleon.

A Baby's Life Saved.

"My baby had croup and was saved by Shiloh's Cure," writes Mrs. J. B. Martin, of Huntsville, Tenn. For sale by W. T. Strong.

The old-fashioned beaver hat was made with a body of rabbits' fur, the outside nap being of beaver.

The standard weight of an English silk hat is four ounces.

A LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson Cameron, of Glasgow, Scotland, was confined to his bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for throat trouble with the best results. Acting on this advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half-bottle cured me. I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

Fifty-dollar Parlor Suites reduced to \$35. These are the best values ever offered in London. Come and see them. KEENE BROS., 127 King street, opposite Market House.

Stoves! stoves! stoves! Baseburners, cook stoves and parlor stoves at the Bed and Hair Mattress Cleaning Factory.

Dealers in general house furnishings. Live geese, feather pillows and hair mattresses made to order at JAMES F. HUNT'S, 593 Richmond street north. Telephone 997.

HOLMES' LATEST CLAIM.

Says Hatch Killed the Three Peitzel Children.

And That Minnie Williams Coaxed Him to Do so in Order to be Revenged on Holmes.

New York, Nov. 20.—H. H. Holmes has written from his Philadelphia prison to the New York World a circumstantial denial of his connection with the murder of Minnie and Nannie Williams and the three Peitzel children. He claims that Nannie Williams was killed by her sister Minnie, when she was in an insane frenzy, and that the Peitzel children were killed by Edward Hatch, the mysterious individual whom he has before blamed for the crime. Hatch had fallen in love with Minnie Williams, and in this he finds the motive for the destruction of the little ones. Miss Williams was in love with Holmes, and when Holmes said he was going to marry another woman, she swore to be revenged. Holmes claims that she induced Hatch to kill the children for the purpose of bringing the crime home to Holmes. Edward Hatch was first brought into the conspiracy to rob the insurance companies, Holmes says, in Indianapolis. Hatch impersonated Hiram S. Campbell there before a notary public. Hatch, he says, ingratiated himself into the affections of the children. Holmes claims that Hatch murdered Howard Peitzel in Indianapolis, while he was in Chicago, and tells of his doings while in Chicago to prove and ally.

Chicago, Nov. 20.—James McNeary, a street car conductor, who formerly worked for Peitzel, declares that he met Peitzel recently in Chicago and talked with him.

Robert Coett also claims to have seen Peitzel.

Life Currents.

It is presumption to say that any drug or medicine purifies the blood.

The maker of man has set certain organs of the body to perform this duty.

This is the sole and only purpose of the kidneys.

How important, then, that the kidneys should always remain in healthy working order.

If they do not so remain then you have the usual signs of kidney distress.

Headache, backache, dizziness, thirst, ravenous appetite, coated tongue, sleeplessness, shortness of breath.

Non-retention of urine, brick-dusty urine, cloudy urine or night-sweating.

These symptoms, any of them may start from a cold.

Any of them may end in a funeral at your expense.

The duty of the moment is to heed these warnings of blood poisoning.

Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail at any stage of kidney ailments.

The small beginnings of grave conditions will be quickly overcome by a few doses.

The settled disease, at any stage, is firmly opposed and gradually cured by a few boxes.

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure any kidney complaint, and do so at any stage.

A turban has been proved by actual practice to be the best possible head covering in hot countries. It is light, and while it excludes the direct rays of heat of the sun, permits free passage of air.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

Charles VII., on a triumphal entry into Rome, in 1443, wore a felt hat of French manufacture which had been presented to him by the Hatmakers' Union a few months before.

THERE IS NOT a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—a pulmonary of acknowledged efficacy. It cures soreness and lameness when applied externally, as well as swollen neck and crick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

A genuine Panama hat is so flexible that it may be compressed into small compass, and being released will resume its former shape.

A Prominent Lawyer Says: "I have eight children, every one in good health, not one of whom but has taken Scott's Emulsion, in which my wife has boundless confidence."

The first mention of a beaver hat is by Froissart in the twelfth century. It is supposed that this hat was made of the beaver fur.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Railway Time Tables.

CORRECTED Nov. 17, 1895.

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division.

MAIN LINE—GOING EAST.

Trains arrive at London from the west—4:02 a.m., 4:15 a.m., 12:17 p.m., 10:45 a.m., 4:35 p.m., 7:30 p.m., 11:30 p.m.

Trains leave London for the east—4:07 a.m., 4:20 a.m., 8:10 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 2:45 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 7:25 p.m.

MAIN LINE—GOING WEST.

Trains arrive at London from the west—2:23 a.m., 10:35 a.m., 11:12 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 6:35 p.m., 8:50 p.m.

Trains leave London for the west—7:00 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 2:25 p.m., 6:45 p.m., 7:30 p.m.

Sarnia Branch.

Trains arrive at London—4:02 a.m., 8:55 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 5:35 p.m., 7:50 p.m.

Trains leave London—2:30 a.m., 7:25 a.m., 11:00 a.m., 2:35 p.m., 6:55 p.m.

London, Huron and Bruce.

Arrive at London—9:45 a.m., 6:25 p.m.

Leave London—8:05 a.m., 4:30 p.m.

St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

Arrive at London—10:50 a.m., 2:05 p.m., 6:40 p.m., 9:15 p.m.

Leave London—7:25 a.m., 2:40 p.m., 6:55 p.m., 9:40 p.m.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

GOING EAST.

Trains arrive at London from the west—4:10 a.m., 4:25 p.m., 6:45 p.m.

Trains leave London for the east—4:15 a.m., 8:40 a.m., 4:35 p.m.

GOING WEST.

Trains arrive at London from the east—11:18 a.m., 8 p.m., 12:30 p.m.

Trains leave London for the west—11:25 a.m., 11:40 p.m., 7 a.m.

LONDON AND PORT STANLEY RY.

Trains leave London—6:25 a.m., 10:05 a.m., 2:30 p.m., and 7:15 p.m. The 10:05 and 7:15 trains run to St. Thomas only.

Trains arrive at London—8:45 a.m., 2:05 p.m., 6:45 p.m., 11:15 p.m.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Trains leave London—9:30 a.m., 2:45 p.m., 7:40 p.m. These trains connect with the main line trains at St. Thomas, east and west.

Trains arrive at London—7:55 a.m., 1:10 p.m., 6:45 p.m.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing.

It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children.

The world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms.

Castoria allays Feverishness.

Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd.

Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.

Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.

Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.

Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.

Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.