

Bare Foot," in honor of the foot that had saved it for them. Having agreed to dispose of the stone, they quarreled as to who should have possession of it pending realization. My uncle prevailed, but the quarrel separated the two, for they parted after having written "Her Bare Foot" on a piece of paper, tearing it into two parts, each taking one, and entering into a written agreement that the part should represent the interest of its possessor in the stone.

What became of the two thereafter, or why they never met, nor communicated with each other, the record did not disclose. What followed in the statement was in the nature of a will or charge that I, his nephew, named for him, should inherit his interest; that I should have the stone cut and, disposing of it, pay over one-half of the net proceeds to Atwood if alive, or if dead, then to his heirs, and declaring that the stone was in a secret recess of the small writing desk.

There was an anxious hour before the desk was found—a castaway in a lumber room—and further anxiety until the spring of the secret recess was discovered.

There it was, still in the rough, wrapped in faded yellow tissue paper, the largest ruby I ever saw or expect to see again. With the stone was a torn slip with the words:

"re Foot."  
I sent for Mr. Harbeck early that morning and told him of my discovery. He immediately suggested that Holmes having come across a similar paper among Mr. Atwood's documents, and finding that young Atwood had no knowledge of it, had determined to set up a claim for the half interest, and had

begun operations on me in the belief that I had inherited the stone.

This turned out to be the exact truth, and Harbeck, through the knowledge thus obtained, compelled Holmes to yield up the stolen papers. Mr. Atwood was so much pleased over the discovery of these papers, since they settle all doubts as to his interests in very valuable property, that he refused to take his share in the proceeds of the stone, saying that I was entitled to all for the services I had rendered in the restoration of his own property. At the time, neither of us knew the value of the stone.

"Her Bare Foot" has been cut in Amsterdam, and is certainly the largest ruby known outside of Ceylon—much, much the largest. Perhaps the sensation created in Europe last summer, by the Burgatarian Emperor's purchase of a ruby for a million francs, is recalled by this story. The ruby was "Her Bare Foot."

The veiled lady? Ah! Well, you see Miss Halliday had nothing whatever to do with the mystery. That was the great joke. She only happened—stumbled, as it were, into it, and at a time when it served to confuse and complicate it. She had a cousin who was a sculptor, and who wanted to model her foot. But her mother objected so strenuously, not so much to the sitting as to the man himself, that the daughter compromised matters by stealing away with an old servant and having photographs taken for the sculptor's use.

The best joke of all is that Miss Halliday has given herself to me in marriage, and though I have disposed of "Her Bare Foot," I am still the owner of her bare foot.



On the Assiniboine at Brandon, Man.—Ready for the Saw.

### THE JUDGMENT DAY.

The day of the Lord approacheth, the last great Judgment day  
When He before the Great White Throne the nations shall array,  
When all the world before His Son, its every knee shall bow,  
Say, sinner! Are you quite prepared to hear His summons now?

The saints in Heaven with joy will hear the last great trumpet sound,  
And all His loved ones on the earth are waiting to respond,  
But dreadful will its loud call speak to those who unprepared,  
Their lamps untrimmed, their loins ungart, are waiting not for God.

Already in the dim far East the glimmer of the light,  
The first grey streaks of glorious day appeareth from the night,  
And soon before our wondering eyes its glory shall unfold,  
And music from a thousand harps and instruments untold

Shall gladden all the hearts of those, who, trusting in the Lord,  
Have followed him through many paths, and truly loved His word,  
But oh, the anguish of the mind! the terror of the heart  
Of those who have rejected Him! who hear Him say, depart!

To-day if thou wilt hear His voice! the gracious message runs,  
Lo! I will make your heart rejoice! will heal you of your wounds,  
Will fill you with my blessed peace, will all your sorrows share,  
Will keep you all life's journey through, and to my presence bear,

Your spirit. When, life's troubles o'er, you close the weary eyes,  
Canst thou reject such wondrous love? refuse so great a prize?  
Turn now to Him! poor sorrowing one, throw off the weight of sin,  
Give Him your life, your love, your soul, and rest your all on Him.

We yield ourselves, O gracious God, we give our lives to Thee,  
Nothing we have, but Thou hast all, O make us truly free  
From all that would our peace destroy, that we at last may stand  
And join the Hallelujah song with that unnumbered band,

Who, when Thou com'st to judge the world, before Thy Throne shall fall,  
To Thee all majesty ascribe, and crown Thee Lord of all!

Winnipeg.

CHAS. D. POWELL.

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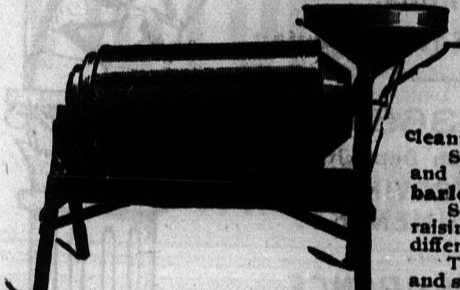
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