

when he was a boy, as he now dreaded to learn that his conduct had disappointed his affectionate and noble wife. And it would disappoint her bitterly, he knew. Mrs. Lawrence was exactly the woman who could echo the words—

'I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honor more.'

The climax of this dread of his was the fear that the 'Anyborough Weekly Chronicle' would reprint the list of shareholders in the 'Rara Avis Brewery Company;' at all events, those two particular names that were so intimately associated with the town. Already his vivid imagination, before he had read a word of the 'Daily News' to his wife, who was sitting with her work in her hand, all ready to listen to him, had formulated a paragraph in the local paper: 'Readers of the London papers will find that among the shareholders in the celebrated 'Rara Avis Brewery Company' appear two well-known local names, those of the Rev. Octavius Adair, our respected rector, and the Rev. Albert Lawrence, Superintendent Wesleyan minister of the Anyborough Circuit.'

The editor was not a teetotaler, and the tortured brain of Mr. Lawrence could well believe that he would not resist some such further paragraph as this: 'It must be gratifying to the manufacturers of pure beer, such as the 'Rara Avis Company' are pledged to produce, to find that the temperance sentiment in our locality recognizes in such a commodity a counteracting tendency to the drunkenness which unhappily prevails to so large an extent in some neighborhoods, as is manifested by the fact that two pronounced temperance men, leaders of religious thought in their respective spheres, have become holders of shares.'

He would see the editor of the 'Anyborough Weekly Chronicle;' he would request him, as a personal favor, if need be, to abstain from noticing the patent fact. For Mr. Adair's sake, as well as his own, he would do this.

'Well, dear.' The gentle, patient voice recalled him from his unwelcome thoughts.

'I beg your pardon, my love.'

'What is the matter, Albert?'

It was no wonder she asked him. His voice sounded strange and unnatural. He tried to read, but the letters of the words were confused, the whole page grew indistinct. He could not understand himself.

'I think I must be a little bilious, my dear,' he said, tremblingly, and then burst into tears.

Very naturally, Mrs. Lawrence grew thoroughly alarmed. Frank had not yet gone to his work, and in spite of Mr. Lawrence's feeble protest he was despatched to the doctor on his way. Mrs. Lawrence prepared some hot ginger drink, as a temporary remedy, and waited anxiously for the doctor. Her husband during her brief absence from the room folded up the paper with trembling hands, and put it in his pocket. 'Out of sight,' but very, very far from 'out of mind.' Then he lay back in his easy chair, almost too ill to think; but with a strange, vague sense that the twenty percent on his shares would scarcely pay the doctor, if he were really going to be laid by.

Dr. Austin looked kind and interested in the case at once; he was not a gloomy doctor, nor was he a facetious one. He gave his patients the pleasant sense that he would be sure to do his best for them, his attention and his tact being largely developed. He was a young man comparatively, about thirty, gentle in manner, but confident, as a

doctor must be, if his patients are to feel confidence in him.

'You have not been well lately, Mr. Lawrence. I have noticed you were looking very far from well,' he said, after his examination of his patient was over, and his leading questions asked. 'I am afraid you have worked when you had better have taken a rest.'

'Is your husband suffering from any mental strain, any special anxiety?' he asked Mrs. Lawrence, when they left the room together. 'Forgive me if I seem impertinent; there is no financial difficulty, I trust, nor any religious questionings?'

'I have no idea of any,' she answered, and then the old miserable suspicion was re-awakened, and she knew not what to think.

(To be continued.)

## Chinese Methods of Detecting Thieves.

(By Mrs. F. H. C. Dreyer, in 'China's Misdeeds'.)

On one occasion, when something was stolen from a house, the officials could not definitely fix upon the guilty party, but suspected several as possible offenders. The Mandarin had these all arraigned before him in the judgment hall and told them that he knew positively that the guilty party was amongst them: that, moreover, he had one infallible way of telling who it was, and was going to use it. He ordered all to be laid side by side on a mat on the floor, and covered over, just leaving their feet sticking out. Then with a loud voice, he ordered a man to get an axe and chop off the feet of the guilty individual. He continued giving various orders, all having reference to the feet chopping and intended to inspire fear into the guilty one. When all was supposed to be ready, he said, 'Now, when I say chop, you chop off the feet of the one who stole those things, then chop those,' and in flew the feet of a woman, who doubtless feeling that her sin had found her out, meant, nevertheless, to save her feet! The Mandarin had gained his end—all were let up. The innocent were set free, and the guilty punished. How this story reminds me of Solomon and the two women!

Another story is told of a Mandarin at T'ai-ping, thirty miles southwest of here. A poor man went to a pawnshop and in coming away, left a note on the counter. The note was pocketed by the shopkeeper, who denied having seen it when the man returned and asked for it. The poor man ran to the Magistrate's office, and beat the big drum, which is only done in desperation. The Mandarin was kind-hearted and gave him a hearing at once. He thereupon sent for the pawnshop keeper, and after a close examination, in which the shop-keeper absolutely denied knowing anything about the note, the Mandarin secretly sent one of the runners to the shop to say to the clerk in charge, 'Mr. So and So has sent me for the note which the man left on the counter. He is at the Magistrate's office, and the Mandarin will not set him free until it is produced.' The clerk, fearing lest by not giving the note he might bring his master into yet deeper difficulties, and not suspecting the Mandarin's scheme, handed over the note, which the runner took to the official, who brought consternation and dismay to the shop-keeper by showing it to him while he was yet stoutly maintaining his innocence. Doubtless it cost him a few more notes to gain his liberty. Let us hope that this experience made him at least a wiser, if not better man, and that he learned that honesty was, after all, the best policy.

Another interesting story is told of a case in Shen-si. A traveller had a considerable sum of silver stolen while stopping at an inn. The inn-keeper was brought before the local official, who found difficulty in dealing with him. Relating the case to a visiting Mandarin, the latter desired to look into it. Next day they sat in the judgment hall, and the prisoner was brought before them. After a preliminary examination, the visiting official ordered that the character for silver be written on the palm of the prisoner's hand, and admonished him to preserve it carefully, for it would not fare well with him if any part of the character was missing when he returned to settle the case. Then he ordered the prisoner to be carefully guarded, and all be allowed to rest until his return. He left to attend to some business in a neighboring city, and in due time returned to sit for this case once more. This time, he called the inn-keeper's wife, and after some preliminaries, asked her where they had secreted the money which they had stolen from the traveller. The woman protested that they had not taken it. 'Oh, but your husband says you have,' said the Mandarin. 'Let me ask him again, in your hearing.' Then he ordered that the prisoner be brought to the door leading into the judgment hall. The woman was kneeling before the 'bench,' and could not hear his voice quite distinctly. The Mandarin, addressing the prisoner, asked, 'You have that silver, have you not?' The poor man, thinking the officials meant the character 'silver,' which had been written on his palm, perhaps not even suspecting that his case was being tried at the time, and desiring to show that he had faithfully observed the Mandarin's injunctions in preserving the mysterious character which had been written on his hand, held forth his hand, and said, 'Yes, sir, I have it.' The official said, 'That will do,' and the prisoner was led away. Turning to the woman, he said, 'There you hear your husband says you have the silver, and how dare you affirm that you have it not? The fact is this, your husband has confessed the whole thing, and I want to hear your side of it, too, to see if it tallies with what he says. Out with it now.' The poor woman did not know what to do. She knew nothing of the character 'silver' written on her husband's hand, and could not understand how her husband could have been foolish enough to confess the theft. Yet since it was so, she felt she would only make matters worse by lying more about it. So very reluctantly, perhaps tearfully, she told it all. When the man had satisfied himself on all points, she was dismissed and her husband called forward. To his utter amazement, the circumstances of the theft were detailed to him for his corroboration, and he could not but admit its truth and sorrowfully submit to the recompense of his misdeed, which justice awarded. Someone has said, 'Truth and oil always come to the surface.' They often do, even here in China, though not invariably, by any means; but what queer means they have of bringing it about! The incidents show the stratagem some wily officials use in getting into the heart of a case, in a land where, in some respects, the people are void of conscience.

The juvenile part of the 'Messenger' is continued on page 11.

## Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscription extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.