

A HUNDRED DOLLARS

The two clerks employed by James Maltby, the jeweller of Royalton, were sitting over the register one raw and rainy spring morning, trying to amuse themselves in the absence of a customer. The door of the inner office opened suddenly, and a tall gentleman, with gray-tinged moustache and gold-rimmed glasses came out. Their employer being in feeble health, Harvey Chapin, his manager, and the two clerks, Walter Brooks and Dick Crane, stood in wholesome awe of him. "Mr. Maltby wishes to see you—both," said Mr. Chapin, rather gravely. The young men exchanged puzzled glances, and followed Mr. Chapin into the office. Mr. Maltby sat at the desk. His face was paler than usual, and his brows were contracted; he pushed back his white hair with nervous agitation as they entered. "An unpleasant business, young gentlemen," he began, abruptly; his eyes were fixed with peculiar sharpness on Walter Brooks. The young man, embarrassed by the sudden scrutiny, flushed slightly; and Mr. Maltby and his manager exchanged glances. "Briefly, then," the old gentleman went on, tapping the desk for emphasis, "Mr. Chapin has made the startling discovery that some of our most valuable jewelry is missing. That department is more especially under your charge, Brooks. Have you observed it?" He had not once removed his sharp gaze from him; and Walter, grown more and more confused beneath it, was conscious that his voice was not quite steady as he responded: "Everything was safe last night, sir; I could swear to it. Unless it has been taken since then."

"A hundred dollars!" Susy repeated breathlessly. "Oh, Walter, it would be enough!" She stopped timidly. "To help us to settle down," said Walter, putting it practically. "So it would, dear." And the thought was so cheering that he almost forgot his own happiness, as he chatted comfortably with his little fiancée as they trudged along through the rain. "I do hope you'll discover the thief and get the hundred dollars, Walter," she said, half laughing, as he left her at her door. "Think of the chairs and carpets it would buy!" It was the thought of the trustful look she gave him as she said it, from under her rubber hood, that kept him from going quite distracted that dreadful afternoon; or so he told himself. Mr. Chapin treated him with unchanged friendliness. When he came out of the office, once or twice, on some small errand, he spoke a cheerful word to him, and beamed down on him with encouraging kindness, to Dick Crane's unconcealed amazement. "You watch tonight, Brooks," said the manager, pleasantly, as he started off to supper. "Well, let us hope you'll get a clew—and the money!" Susy's very words! The young man felt a gleam of hope, in spite of himself, and a glow of gratitude toward the manager. It was ten o'clock that night when the last belated customer had dropped in, the porter had departed, and Walter was left alone. He turned the gas low and sat down near the heater. The room was growing cold. He dropped his head into his hands and tried to think of something cheerful—of Susy, of Mr. Chapin's kindness and sympathy, of the possibility of winning the hundred dollars. A footstep which had been coming down the street stopped just outside a key grated in the lock. Walter rose to his feet with startled haste took a step forward, and ran almost into the arms of Mr. Chapin himself. "Did I frighten you?" said the manager, rubbing his feet on the mat, patting the young man's shoulder, and laughing. "Well, no wonder. How dismal you are, to be sure!" he added, in a jolly way, glancing around the shadowy room. "I was feeling rather blue," Walter responded; he could have embraced his companion in his sudden relief. "But—how?" "How do I come to be here?" said Mr. Chapin, more seriously. "Well, I'll be frank with you, Brooks. If I had come according to the plan proposed by Mr. Maltby this morning, I should have come in quietly at the back door, taken up my stand behind that group of statuary and kept a sharp watch on your proceedings. "There, there!" as the young man turned a horrified face upon him: "remember that was his plan, not mine. You can judge of my faith in it from the result." He followed it out, with a genial laugh. Walter returned his smiling gaze with eloquent eyes. His many sensations—the shock of this disclosure, his powerless anger and his great feeling of thankfulness to the man before him—made it impossible for him to speak. "I don't pretend to be a character reader," Mr. Chapin continued: "but I do flatter myself that I know an honest man when I see one." The sight of the young man's emotion touched him. He took off his glasses and pressed his hand across his eyes. "See here, Brooks," he concluded, in a matter-of-fact tone, "we're making two fools of ourselves, and all about nothing. Where's the good in having friends if they don't stand by you? Get on your hat and go home! And don't be awake worrying about this business, either; it will come out straight enough, you mark my words! If oh, I'm all right; I'm going directly." And before Walter could utter a word of all that was in his heart he was hustled into his overcoat in a friendly way, and into the street. The rain had ceased; the sky was clear, and the moon was coming up. Walter stood for a moment hesitatingly; and then turned up the street—not in the direction of home, for he felt strangely uneasy. After all he was deserting his post. Should he not have resisted the manager's kind persuasions and remained? It was this feeling—an unreasonable one, he told himself—which caused him, when he turned back at last, to ignore the short cut he might have taken, and retrace his steps; he could take a look at the store, in passing, and satisfy himself that all was right. His thoughts, as he walked briskly along, were full of the strange events of the day. He almost ran into a late pedestrian or two, in his absorption. He was brought to himself by the knowledge that his rapid walk had brought him in front of the store; and that a dim light was still burning there. He pulled out his watch in twilight, and consulted it by the light of the moon. It was a quarter of twelve. No; it could not be Mr. Chapin. He must have gone long ago. He felt his heart beating fast and his color forsaking him as he laid a noiseless hand on the door, and pushed gently. It was not fastened. It opened silently, and he stepped cautiously inside. A tall form, startlingly spectral, and almost indistinguishable in the faint light, was bounding over a plate glass case at the end of the room; and Walter saw the gleam of gold, as the dainty rings and pins it contained were removed from their satin-lined cases. He watched motionlessly and breathlessly as the eager hands lifted the glittering things, seizing this and replacing that, and thrusting the selected articles into an inner pocket, with very unghost-like deftness. A sudden mingling crept over him. The man before him was tall and strong. If it should come to a hand-to-hand encounter— The man had finished. He had put the last shining trinket into his capacious pocket; he had closed the show-case softly; and he had lifted his hand to button his coat with a strangely familiar

motion which caused the young man's heart suddenly to stand still. He caught his breath with a gasp; he clutched the door weakly; it was with a great effort that he kept back an outcry of consternation. The face turned calmly toward him was the mild, complacent, bespectacled countenance of the manager. Walter's senses seemed deserting him. He stood gazing at the apparition from his shadowy corner with only half appreciation of what it all meant; his faculties seemed benumbed. Perhaps it was the flood of wrathful indignation which swept over him at the thought of the dupe he had been; perhaps it was the thought of Susy and the hundred dollars which roused him to the realization that something must be done. However that may be, the manager, coming slowly toward the door with a placid, musing expression, strongly resembling that which he usually assumed as he walked down the aisle at the close of the benediction—found himself seized in a pair of strong young arms and whirled through the open door of the inner office, heard the bolts slipped, and found himself alone with a period of deeply unpleasant meditation—that he had rather overdone the benevolent business. It was not without an effort that Mr. Maltby, sitting in that same office a few days later, dispatched the porter with a note for his dear clerk. He did not find it easy to own himself to be as late as amazingly in the wrong as the late events had proved him to be. He found it so distasteful, in fact, that he simplified matters by omitting all embarrassing details. "As Mr. Chapin will not—resume his duties," Mr. Brooks, he said, with a rather grim smile, "I have concluded to offer you my vacant position. You're young, to be sure, but I'll try you. Yes, yes—that'll do," as Walter attempted to speak. "And by the way, I believe the reward I offered goes to you." He pushed toward him a loosened leaf of his check-book, and resumed the morning paper in a way that proclaimed the interview at an end. All of which, gratifying as it was to the young man, was totally eclipsed by a word or two from little Susy Ford that evening: "Well, then—I sha'n't be half ready—but say the twenty-fifth!" EMMA A. OFFER. A Cure for Lumbago. That painful complaint can be quickly cured by the right remedy. Miss Mary Jane Gould, of Stony Creek, Ont., says: "I was troubled with lumbago, and could not get relief until I used Hagar's Yellow Oil, one bottle of which cured me entirely."

RELIGIOUS NOTES. Interesting Paragraphs Relating to Christian Work. At Cardiff united evangelistic meetings originating in the week of prayer have been crowned by seventy conversions, the reclaimed including two of three notorious unbelievers, disciples of Ingersoll. The Salvation Army workers in Toronto keep continually employed a police-court missionary, a lady who attends the police court every day, watching all the cases that come up, especially those in which fallen women are prosecuted, and then follows up the offenders. During the past year, the total number of Bibles issued by the National Bible Society of Scotland, has been 163,411, of Testaments 171,509, of portions 227,161—total 562,151. Germany has received the largest number of Bibles, and China the largest of portions. At Glasgow exhibition, 22,088 Scriptures were sold, and every foreign attendant, including Parsees, Buddhists and Mohammedans, thankfully accepted a gift of the Bible in their own tongue. Consumption Surely Cured. To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, Dr. T. A. STORM. 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. Exercise for Women. Women are not much given to physical exercise for its own sake. Until last year it has never been fashionable for them to affect rosy cheeks and strong muscles. And being creatures of habit like all the rest of the human race, this new fashion of developing the body as well as the intellect has not obtained very widely as yet, notwithstanding the strong common sense reason for it. In the winter season there is less inclination to take exercise than at any other time of the year, though there is surely greater necessity for it owing to the lack of outdoor sports. There is a tendency to stay near the fire with a needle and a novel—to crawl into a snug little hole like some of the lower animals and stay there until spring breezes blow. Much energy is allowed to go to waste. Muscles and lungs become weak and sensitive. Intellectual faculties are dulled. By spring time a nice stock of "malarial" sends the winter recluse to the doctor or the druggist for a tonic. In Brief, and to the Point. Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature. The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order. Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics. But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy. Remember—No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cents, evenly. Effect of Coffee on the Eyes. Mr. J. M. Haladay writes as follows in a recent number of the North American Review:—I am satisfied that defective vision and blindness will pretty soon be a prominent characteristic among American people. I make this assertion without having seen any statistics whatever on the subject of blindness. I found out long ago that a cup of coffee leaves a night-shade on the brain which continues longer than an eclipse of the sun. For some time past I have been consulting with different persons in Council Bluffs, who are suffering with failing sight, and in each instance I ascertained that the unfortunate person was and is a regular coffee-drinker. I had long noticed that the eyes of old coffee-drinkers had a dry and shrivelled appearance. The Safe Plan. When suffering from a troublesome cold, a hacking cough, hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis, or other forms of throat or lung troubles, it is to use Hagar's Pectoral Balsam to loosen the phlegm and soothe and heal the inflamed mucous surfaces. It cures where others fail. Rev. R. V. Thompson, B. A., B. D., and wife, formerly of Hensall, recently of British Columbia and Winnipeg, were on a visit to his brother, Mr. James Thompson, of Turnberry, last week. Mr. Thompson has been for several years connected with Knox College, Toronto, and is a man of marked ability, mature scholarship and genial disposition. A Wonderful Flesh Producer. This is the title given to Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil by many thousands who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food. Use it, and try your weight. Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all druggists, at 50c. and \$1. A bylaw will be submitted shortly to the ratepayers of Seaford, for the purpose of raising between \$6,000 and \$7,000 for the purpose of lighting the town with electricity and paving Main Street. Don't Speculate. Run no risk in buying medicine, but try the great Kidney and Liver regulator, made by Dr. Chase, of Chase's receipts. Try Chase's Liver Cure for all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Sold by James Wilcox, druggist.

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THE PO... Poor little Hono... At the close o... standing in... watching se... r-kown was... All paths fr... And but in he... case... Any other re... But poor little H... Had a face ju... And no flower... Was ever as p... And so thought... Stopped a mo... "Why, bless... have had... A very good d... "Yes, indeed,"... "I did for m... Had a hope of... Her sister, ha... Wid-oh, ma'am... it... The latter and... And they giv'... hin... And all of the... Fat... "We find... cellent for we... headache. F... from quinsy... and purifyin... cured." "Say, Honey... The story... England divid... learnedly argu... truth of the... Bible; piling... arguments, w... view of con... manner of liv... occupied rep... his congregat... enjoy—peria... by—the keen... preacher. On a pleas... note from... to his resid... preacher's de... question of... "What must... earnest, simp... trine of rep... God, through... followed by... recreation fo... burden roll... Lord. The preach... pride of the... question: "W... was in my... and misest... suffer from... such intenc... only to recei... flattering to... you ask me... nothing in y... a kindly que... old flower... ed town the... short distan... ago, and wh... a kindly pr... hand on my... know as L... the questio... satisfactory... And on its p... health. And... and misest... suffer from... No one reme... curative po... Bitters—the... and tonics... Miss Wil... some rema... Philadelphia... did say that... these mode... dress and d... front of her... ioned, simp... making ne... that with... play. Her... cate childr... French doll... needs dev... motherly, ... for boys as... too exclusi... the care of... them of the... their curio... um of the... plain why... She claims... not impart... but that in... strict is th... More... if you do... ture and m... maintain... we see a p... the purch... cured at th... have reme... Now if Jo... been tak... made it... have been... son's Toni... decidedly... ket for g... properties... 50 cents... Goode th... agent. It pays... the. Joo... Haifer, I... Bashill, ... ed 500 po... And all d... can be cu... tion as it... God Liv... their ful... Muer, M... N. S. say... ience I co... every... all drug...