Husband, dear husband, come home to me m sniffing the odor of spring;
've stayed long enough with the boys awa
there.

there,
You're much safer under my wing.
The old horse is pawing in the stall like m d,
The colt's in a terrible stew;
The small brindle heifer has got a white calf,
And the cattle are bawling for you.

Husband, dear husband, come home to me no I'd like to observe what you're at;
When will you get through with your bills at

resolves, And speeches by this one and that? our mileage is paid by the longest way round But take the short cut when you come. The voice of your Betsy is calling you, dear; It's nearly the time to make soap; And some of the women age saying, my love, I'm giving you quite too much rope. They say there is desperate firting up there With widows and maids not a few. I haven't been kissed since the morning you le But, Nicholas, how is it with you? Come home! Come home!

You hear me, you rascal? Come home THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

" Perhaps you are right, my love-you "Perhaps you are right, my love—you generally are right in the main; but my desire for vengeance upon that man De Talor has been the breath of my nostrils, and hehold! I have achieved it. Man, if he only lives long enough, and has strength of will enough, can achieve anything. But man fritters away his powers over a variety of objects; he is led astray in pursuit of the of objects; he is led astray in pursuit of the butterfly Pleasure, or the bubble Ambition, or the Destroying Angel Woman; and his purposes fall to the ground between a dozen stools. Most men, too, are not capable of a purpose. Men are weak creatures; and yet what a mighty seed lies hid in every human breast! Think, my children, what man might, nay, may become, when his weakness and follies have fallen from him, when his rudimentary virtues have been when his rudimentary virtues have been developed, and his capacities for physical and mental beauties brought to an undreamed-of perfection! Look at the wild flower and the flower of the hot house —it is nothing as compared to the possi-bilities inherent in man, even as we know him. Oh, it is a splendid dream! Will it ever be fulfilled, I wonder? Well, well—

'Whatever there is to know, That we shall know one day.' Come, let us turn; it will soon be time to dress for dinner. By-the-way, Dorothy, that reminds me, I don't quite like the way that your respected grandfather is going on. I told him that I had no more going on. I told him that I had no more deeds for him to copy, that I had done with deeds, and he went and got that confounded stick of his, and showed me that according to his own little calculations his time was up; and then he got his slate and wrote about my being the devil on it, but that I had no more power over him, and that he was bound for heaven. The other day, too, I caught him staring at me through the glass of the door with a very queer look

glass of the door with a very queer 100k in his eyes."

"Ah, Reginald, so you have noticed it. I quite agree with you; I don't at all like his goings-on. Do you know, I think that he had better be shut up."

"I don't like to, shut him up, Dorothy. However, here we are; we will talk about it to merrow."

tto-merrow."
Having led Ernest to his room, Dorothy

before beginning to dress herself, went to the office to see if her grandfather was still there. And there, sure enough, she found him, pacing up and down, muttering, and waving his long stick, out of which all the notches had now been cut. "What are you doing, grandfather?" she asked; "why haven't you gone to

dress?". He snatched up his slate and wrote

rapidy upon it:
"Time's up! Time's up! Time's up!
I've done with the devil and all his works.
I'm off to heaven on the big black horse to find Mary. Who are you? You look like Mary."
"Grandfather," said Dolly, quietly taking

the slate out of his hand, "what do you mean by writing such nonsense? Let me hear no more of it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Now, mind, I will have no more of it. Put away that stick, and go and wash your hands for dinner." The old man did as he was bid somewhat sulkily, Dorothy thought-but when he arrived at the dinner-table there was noth

arrived at the dinner-table there was nothing noticeable about his manner.

They dined at a quarter to seven, and dinner did not take them very long. When it was over, old Atterleigh drank some wine, and then, according to his habit, went and sat in the ancient ingle-nook which had presumably been built by the forgotten Dum for his comfort, on winter evenings. Dum for his comfort on winter evenings And on winter evenings, when there was a jolly wood-fire burning on the hearth, it was a pleasant spot enough; but to sit there in the dark on a lovely summer night was an act, well-worthy of old Atterleigh.

After dinner the conversation turned upon that fatal day when Alston's Horse was wiped out at Isandhlwana. It was a was wheel out at isandhiwana. It was a painful subject both to Ernest and Jeremy, but the former was gratifying his nucle's curiosity by explaining, to him how that last-dread struggle with the six Zulus came to determine itself in their favor.

"And how was it," asked Mr. Cardus,
"that you managed to get the better of
the fellow you rolled down the hill with?"
"Because the assegai broke, and, fortunately enough, the blade was left in my hand. Where is it, Doll (for Jeremy had brought it home with him)?"

Dorothy got up and reached the broken assegai, which had about eight inches of shaft, from its place over the mantel-

Now then, Jeremy, if you will be so good as to sprawl upon your back on the floor, I will just show my uncle what happened," Jeremy complied, not without grumbling about dirtying his dress

Oh, there! Well, excuse my taking the liberty of kneeling on your chest, and holloa out if the assegai goes into you. If we are going to have a performance at all, it may as well be a realistic one.—Now, uncle, you see when we finished rolling, which was just as this assegai snapped in two, as luck would have it I was uppermost, and managed to get my knee on my friend's left arm and to hold his right with my left. Then, before he could get loose, I drove this bit of spear through the side of his throat, just there, so that itcut the jugular vein, and he died shortly afterward—and now you know all about it."

Here Ernest rose and laid the spear upon the table, and Jeremy, entering into the spirit of the thing, began to die as artistic-ally as a regard for his dress-coat would allow. Just then Dorothy, looking up, saw her grandfather Atterleigh's distorted face the table, and Jeremy, entering into the spirit of the thing, began to die as artistically as a regard for his dress-coat would allow. Just then Dorothy, looking up, saw ther grandfather Atterleight's distorted face peering round the wall of the inglenook, where he was sitting in the dark, and looking at the scene of mimic slaughter with that same curious gaze that he had worn on several occasions lately. He withdrew his head at once.

"Get up, Jeremy!" said his sister, sharply, "and stop writhing about there like a great snake. Youlook as though you had been murdered; it is horrible!"

Jeremy arose laughing, and, having obtained Dolly's permission, they all lit their pipes, and, sitting there in the fading light, fell to talking about that sad scene of slaughter, which indeed appeared that night to have a strange fascination for Mr.

"Mental and through the ancient houser rath the same thouser at the scene of mimic slaughter with that the and looking up, saw the paneled walls, pulsing and throbbing and dying far away over the sea!

And then silence again, silence sleeping in the most heir beds, did every living soul beneath the roof, and rushed in the molhight.

They sprang from their beds, did every living soul beneath the roof, and rushed in the molhight.

They sprang from their beds, did every living soul beneath the roof, and rushed in the molhight.

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Cardus. He asked Ernest and Jeremy about it again and again—how this man was killed, and that?—did they die at once,

and so on.

The subject was always distressing to Ernest, and one to which he rarely alluded, full as it was for him of the most painful recollections, especially those connected with his dear friend Alston and his son.

Dorothy knew this, and knew too that Ernest would be down on his luck for at least a day after the conversation, which she didher best to stop. At last she succeeded, but the melancholy associations connected with the talk had apparently already done their work, for everybody lapsed into the most complete silence, and sat grouped together at the top end of the old oak-table as quiet as though they were cut in stone. Meanwhile, the twiligh deepened, and little gusts of wind arose and gently shook the old-fashioned window lattices, making a sound as though feeble hands were trying to throw them open The dull evening light crept from place to place, and threw great shadows about the room, glanced upon the armor on its paneles walls, and at last began to die away int darkness. The whole scene was cerie, and for some unknown reason it oppressed Dorothy. She wondered why everybody feel equal to breaking the silence; there wa

load upon her heart.

Just then a curious thing happened. A the reader may remember, the case containing the wounderful mummicd head, found by Eva Ceswick, had years before been placed by Jeremy upon a bracket at the end of the room. Round about this case hung various pieces of armor, and amo others, above it, suspended by a piece others, above it, suspended by a piece of string from a projecting hook, was a heavy iron gauntlet. For many years—twenty or more—it had hung from the hook, but now at last the string was worn through, and even as Dorothy was wondering at the silence, it gave. Down came the heavy iron hand with a crash, and, as it passed, it caught the latch of the long air-tight case, and jarred the door wide open.

Everybody in the room sprang to their

case, and parred the door wide open.
Exerybody in the room sprang to their feet, and, as they did so, a last ray from the setting sun struggled through one of the windows and rested upon the opened case, staining it, and all about it, the hue of sheed and filling the feet of the fe blood, and filling the fearful crystal eyer within with a lurid light. How they glowed and shone to be sure, after their long years if sleep!,—for the case had scarcely been ened for years—while their tremulou ance, now dull, now intense, according a he light played upon them, appeared to vander round and round the room, a hough in search of somebody or some

It was an awful sight that that ray o sunlight showed, as it played upon the trembling crystal orbs, the scornful, deathly features, and the matchless hair that streamed on either side. Together with the sudden break in the silence caused by the crashing fall of the gauntlet, it proved, as it had done many years before, altogether too much for the beholders' nerves. "What is that?" asked Ernest, with a

start, as the gauntlet fell.

Dorothy glanced up and gave a little cry
of horror. "Oh, that dreadful head! it is

ooking at us."

They all rose to their feet, and Dorothy seizing Ernest by one hand, and covering her eyes with the other, retreated, slowly followed by the others, toward the swing door. Soon they had reached the door. toor. Soon they had reached the door were through it, down the passage, and out in the peaceful stillness of the evening Then Jeremy spoke, and his language was more forcible than polite.

"Well, I am blowed!" he said, wiping

the cold perspiration from his forehead.

O Regnald, I do wish you would get the horrible thing out of the house; there as been nothing but misfortune ever since t has been here. I cannot bear it, I can not bear it!" said Dolly, hysterically. " Nonsense, you superstitious child!"

"Nonsense, you superstitious child!

nswered Mr. Cardus, who was now recover ing from his start. "The gauntlet knocked he door open, that was all. mied head : but, if you don' like it, I will send it to the British Museum

o-morrow."
Oh, please do, Reginald," answered On, please do, regimal, answered porothy, who appeared quite unhinged. So hurried had been the retreat from the sitting-room that everybody had forgotten "Hard-riding Atterleigh" sitting in the dark in the inglenook. But the bustle in the room had attracted him and already before they had left, he had projected his large head covered with the tangled gray locks and begun to stare about. Presently his eyes fell upon the crystal orbs, and then, to him, the orbs appeared to cease their wanderings and rest upon his eyes. For awhile the two heads stared at each other thus—the golden head without a body in the box, and the gray head that, thrust out as it was from the ingle-wall, seemed to have no body either. They stared and stared, till at last the golden head got the mastery of the gray head, and the old man crept from his corner, crept down the room till he was almost beneath the baleful eyes, and nodded, nodded, nodded at

hem.
And they too seemed to nod, nod, at him. Then he retreated backward as slowl as he had come, nodding all the while, til he came to where the broken assegia la upon the table, and taking it, thrust it up his sleeve. As he did so, the ray of light faded and the fiery eyes went out. It was as though the thick white lids and long eyelashes had dropped over them.

None of the other four returned to the sitting room that night.

sitting-room that night.

When he recovered from his fright, leremy went into his little room, the same in which he used to stuff birds as a boy, and busied himself with his farm accounts.
Mr. Cardus, Dorothy, and Ernest walked
about together in the balmy moonlight, for
yery shortly after the twilight had departed, the great harvest-moon came up and flooded the world with light. Mr. Cardus was in a talkative, excited mood that night. He talked about his affairs which he had now mally wound up, and about Mary Atterleigh, mentioning little tricks of manner and voice which were reproduced in Dorothy. He talked too about Ernest's and Dorothy's marriage, and said what a comfort it was to him. Finally

that he was tired and was going to bed.
"God bless you, my dears; sleep well! Good-night," he said. "We will settle about that new orchid-house to-morrow. Good-night, good-night."
Shortly afterward Dorothy and Ernest also went to bed, reaching their room by a back entrance, for they neither of them felt

o him. Finally, about 10 o'clock he said

nclined to come under the fire of the crystal yes again, and soon they were asleep in

eyes again, and soon they were asleep in each other's arms.

The minutes stole on one by one through the silence of the dead night, bearing their records with them to the archives of the past. Eleven o'clock came and fled away; midnight came too, and swept on bat-like wings across the world. Everywhere—on land, sky, and sea—there was silence, nothing but silence sleeping in the moonlight.

Hark! O heaven, what was that!

One fearful, heart-rending yell of agony, ringing all through the ancient house, rattling the casements, shaking the armer against

He was there sure enough, and he slept very sound, with a red gash in his throat, from which the blood fell in heavy drops

down, down to the ground.

They stood aghast, and as they stood, from the courtyard outside there came a sound of galloping hoofs. They knew the

sound of galloping hoofs. They knew the sound of the galloping—it was that of Ernest's great black stallion!

A mile or more away out on the marshes, just before you come to the well-known quicksands, which have, tradition says, swallowed so many unfortunates, and which shudder palpably at times and are unpleasant to look on, stands a lock-house, inhabited by one solitary man who has charge of the sluice. On this very night it is necessary for him to open his sluice-gate at a particular moment, and now he stands awaiting that prompitious time. He is an ancient narriner; his hands are in his pockets, his pipe in his mouth, his eyes are fixed upon the sca. We have met him before. Suddenly he hears the sound of a powerful horse galloping furiously. He turns, and his hair begins to rise upon his head, for this is what he sees in the bright moonlight:

mondlight:

Sast, fast toward him thunders a great coal-black horse, substing with mingled rage and terror, and on its bare back there sits, with a grip of iron, a man—an old man, for his gray locks stream out behind him, who waves above his head the fraguent of a snear.

in, who waves above his head the frag-nent of a spear.

On they come. Before them is the wide lairs; if they are mortal they will turn or dunge into it. No, the great black horse athers himself, and springs into the air.

By Heaven, he has cleared it! No horse ver took the leap before, or will again. On ever took the leap before, or will again. Or at a whirlwind speed toward the shudder-ing quicksand two hundred yards away! Splash! horse and man are in it, making the moist mass shake and tremble for twenty yards round. The bright moon-light shows it all. The horse shrieks in fear and agony, as only a horse can; the man on its back waves the spear. The horse vanishes, the man vanishes the spear glitters an instant longer in the

moonlight, and then vanishes too. They have all vanished forever.

They have all vanished, and again the perfect silence sleeps in the moonlight.

"But me," says the ancient one aloud, and shaking with a mortal dread, "but me, I have stood still and seed many a queer thing, but I never seed a thing like that!" and he turned and fled as fast as his old lees would carry him, forestful of Dutal lees would carry him. gs would carry him-forgetful of Dutch cheeses and of sluice-gates, forgetful of everything except that demon horse and

he spear clitters an instant longer in the

onlight, and then vanishes too. The

nan. Thus ended " Hard-riding Atterleigh's maddest gallop, and thus too ended the story of Mr. Cardus and his revenge. CHAPTER XLVI.

DOROTHY'S TRIUMPH. Many years passed before Eva Ployde carried thither. Alive she did not return, nor during all those years did she and

Ernest ever meet.

They buried her, in obedie: ce to her las eration upon generation of her ancigeneration upon generation of her ancient race, and the daisies grew above her head. Twice had they bloomed above her before Sir Ernest Kershaw stood by the spot, hallowed by the presence of what had held the spirit of the woman he had loved. He was a grizzled man of nearly fifty now, nor were streaks of grey wanting in Dorothy's hair, as they stood that summer evening by Eva's grave. Many things had happened to the pair since Mr. Cardus'.

happened to the pair since Mr. Cardus cragic death. They had had children— some they had lost, some remained—honest English lads and lasses, with their father's yes. They had enjoyed great wealth, and eyes. They had enjoyed great wealth, and spent it royally, giving with both hands to all who needed. They had drunk deep of the cup of this world's joys and sorrows. Ernest had gone into Parliament, and made something of a name there. Then impatient for the active life of earlier days, had aggented a high colonial appointment. had accepted a high colonial appointment r which, notwithstanding his blindness swealth and parliamentary reputation inputly fitted him. Now he had just

eminently fitted him. Now he had just returned from filling the governorship of one of the Australian colonies.

Many years had passed, many things had happened. And yet as he stood by that heap of turf, which he could not see, it ed but yesterday when-and he sighe

seemed but yesterday when—and he sighed.

"Not quite cured yet, Ernest?" said
Dorothy, interrogatively.

"Yes, Dorothy," he answered, with a
little sigh, "I think I am cured. At any
rate," he went on, as she took his hand to
lead him away from the grave, "I have
learned to accept the decrees of Providence
without murmuring. I have done with
dreams, and outlived possibles. Life reams, and outlived uid, it is true, have been a differen would, it is true, have been a different thing for me if poor Eva had not deserted me, for she poisoned its waters at the fount, and so they have always tasted rather bitter. But happiness is not the end and object of man's extistence, and if I could I do not think I would undo the past. Take me to the old flat tombstone, Dolly, near the door."

She led him to it, and he sat down.
"Ah," he went on, "how beautiful she was! was there ever woman like her, I wonder? And now her bones lie the her beauty is all gone, and there lives of her only the unending issues of what she did. I have only to think, Dolly, and I can see er as I saw her a score of times passi her as I saw her a score of times passing in and out of this church-door. Yes, I can see her, and the people round her, and the clothes she wore, and the smile in her beautiful dark eyes—for her eyes seemed to smile, you remember, Dolly. How I worshipped her too with all my heart and soul and strength, as though she were an angel I and that was my mistake, Dolly. She was only a warm of well worshipped. he was only a woman -a weak woman.

"You said just now that you were cured Ernest; one would hardly think it to hea Ernest; one would hardly think it to hear you talk," put in Dorothy, smilling.

"Yes, Doll, I am cured; you have cured me, my dear wife, for you have crept into my life and taken possession of it, so that there is little room for anybody else, and now, Dorothy, I dove you with all my heart."

She pressed his hand and smiled again for she knew that she had triumphed, and that he did love her, truly love her, and that his passion for Eva was a poor thing compared to what it had been twenty years compared to what it had been twenty years before—more indeed of a tender regret, not unmingled with a starry hope, than a passion at all. Dorothy was a clever little person, and understood something of Ernest and the human heart in general. She had thought long ago that she would win Ernest altogether to her in the end. By what tenderness, by what devotion and nobility of character she accomplished this, the reader who knows her can well imagine, but in the end-she did accomplish it, as she deserved to. The contrast between the conduct of the two women who had mainly influenced, his life was too marked for Ernest, a man of a just and reasonable Ernest, a man of a just and reasonable mind, to altogether ignore, and when once he came to comparisons the nutural results followed. And yet, though he learned to

love Dorothy so dearly, it cannot be said that he forgot Eva, because there are some-things that a man ean never forget, since they are a part of his inner life, and of these

all beautiful, it will be very strange if I don't manage to hold it there. She had her chance and she threw it away; now I ave got mine, and I don't mean to throw

t away either in this world or the next."

Ernest laughed a little. "I must say ny dear, it would be a very poor heaver f you were not there."

"I should think so indeed. Those whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder, or woman either. But what is the good of our stopping here to talk such stuff about things of which we really under-

stand nothing. Come, Ernest, Jeremy and the boys will be waiting for us." And so hand in hand they went on home-ward through the quiet twilight.

Old Clothes.

The old clothes of the great people of history, what an air of dignity they have even in their decay. Nelson's old uniform shot-torn and blood-stained; the hodden gray coat in the library at Abbotsford; what associations they suggest! In what limbo, I wonder, is that yeomanry uniform of Sir Walter's about which his friend

> ing presented to the Czar of all the Rus-sias, who had no idea as to who he was, that great potentate asked by the same vehicle. It was reported that Mr. Scott, with some interest, in what engagements he had taken part. He Will Grafton, the half idiot, had also taken bataille de replied with ready wit: "La bataille de Cross-causeway, et l'affaire de Tranent." The Czar, too polite, or too proud to show his ignorance of these battles, bowed with a grave courtesy, and said no more. - Cham

appeared. Being in the course of the even

ig presented to the Czar of all the Rus-

"Say, I was in a predicament the other evening," remarked a middle-aged professional man this morning; "and all because I wanted to turn school teacher; you see I was endeavoring to impress upon girl the difference between the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms; well, I was proceeding very nicely, as I thought, but I was treading on a pitfall. 'To what but I was treating on a pittall. To what kingdom does the orange belong? 'To the vegetable kingdom,' was the prompt answer. 'Now, to what kingdom does our hired girl belong?' 'To the vegetable kingdom.' 'Oh, no!' said I, 'that is not her answer was not nearly so innocent as it might appear."—Elmira Gazette

An old Siamese teacher, in trying to

master English, wrote a list of definitions, from which we select for the entertainment of our young readers the following: Wig: hypocrite hair. Flattery: a good kind of curse word. Whiskey: sin water. Gold: a very good thing. Blew: a wind verb. Kick: a foot verb. Bow: a salute verb. Hop: a frog yerb. Liar: a bad adjective of hoy. Modesty: a good adjective of they. of boy. Modesty: a good adjective of girl. Vine: a string tree. Cunning: a good word of philosophy man. Daughter: a girl-son. Bullet: a son of a gun. Sponge: water foam. Angel: God's boy. Large: an adjective of preacher. Preach: a missionary verb. Comfort: word of man adjective of preacher.

ive of lying man. Admonition: word of Bible.—Syracuse Christian Advocate. At Least He Thought So.

Mr. P. Danaviarr consults his dentist Exeruciating pain in your teeth, you y?" inquired the practitioner. Horrible! How often does it come on?

'Oh! a quarter of an hour at the very east."-Almanach Picttoresque.

He was a Philosopher. How ever do you manage to find what you want when you keep your things in such disorder?" asked a man of an editor whose manuscripts were lying around in

"Easy enough." replied the editor ".Whenever I want a certain article I just take the bottom of the pile." Unsatisfactory Progress.

Tommy came home from school and anded to his father the teacher's report on is progress during the month. "This is very unsatisfactory, Tom: you've a very small number of good marks I'm not at all pleased with it."

"I told the teacher you wouldn't be, but e wouldn't alter it." A Fair Exchange. Gentleman (at table in restaurant)xcuse me, sir, but you are drinking my Another Gentleman-Yes, sir; and you

vill excuse me, sir, but you are reading my Dakota Weather Indications. Reuben—I guess, Mirandy, we'll have a yelone afore mornin'.
Mirandy (inside) — What makes you think

Reuben—'Cause there goes Deacon Jones' barn over to the southard.—Harper's Weekly.

Improved His Opportunities. She-What a charming gentleman yo Mr. Sampson is, and such a fine Latin scholar! Is he a professional man?

Hc—No; Sampson clerks in a drug store.

The Maritime Provinces and New Eng and were visited on Saturday by the everest sterm of the season. Heavy gales revailed along the coast and the snow fell of a considerable depth. The railways are locked in New Brunswick. It is feared that the loss of life and property at sea was

Two thousand one hundred and twenty Two thousand one number and twenty-eight feet per second was the initial velocity of the 1,800-pound projectile fired twice with 1,000 pounds of powder from the new 100-ton gun intended for the British ship-Ben Bow. The gun survived. The greatest of American millers is W. D. Washburn, of Minneapolis. He hasone mill that turns out 5,000 barrels of flour a av, and is interested in others whose o is chormous. There is probably in living who is so largely interested in

ist he; sat in the waiting-room, as sweet a t could be, ould think that he had been a husban

nork of age, wer of rice fell from within upon the ope fage. agh, the jewelled clerk exclaimed, an brushed away the rice; i, bridal chamber number 4—we charge hir

ave proved a great success in Airdrie; Lan-ekshire, and it is stated that free educa-on will possibly be tried next year. The latest craze in St., Louis is decollete

THE STORY OF A CRIME.

I was asked the other day how many I was asked the other day now many cases I had known, in my long experience as a detective, of innocent people being convicted and punished for the crimes of others? My answer was: "Only one," and the case is well worth relating and

and the case is well worth relating and reading.

I began my detective career in Canada, and in a locality where justice made swift work of evil-doers. I had been three years in the business, and had done some very fair work, when a very sensational case was put into my hands. Three miles from the city of B——lived a retired merchant named Grafton. He had a fine mansion, elegant grounds and plenty of money, but hamed dratton. He had a line mansion, elegant grounds and plenty of money, but his wife was an insane patient in his own house, and the only child, a boy of 19, was half idiot. Grafton was a silent partner in fifths of his time at home. His wife was never seen, while the young man lived more like a wild animal than a human being, the greater part of his time being spent in the woods and fields, no matter what the of Sir Walter's about which his friend Pringle, of Whytband, used to tell so good a story? How they were in Paris together son after Waterloo. Paris was very gay and crowded, the Emperor Alexander I. and a number of fire-cating Russians being there. The two Scotchmen were asked to some ball given in honor of the Czar, where uniform was de rigeuer, and Scott was rather in difficulties, till he bethought him of his old yeomanry uniform, in which he appeared. Being in the course of the evenvery respectable widow in the city. The grl was allowed to go home every other Saturday and always rode in with Fritz, the coachman, as he went to market, ran home for an hour or two, and then returned

> laughed to scorn by the pretty Jennie and er companions.
>
> Now, then, in the afternoon of a certain Now, then, in the alternoon of a collection of July several weighty incidents occurred. Fritz received a letter with a foreign postmark, and was very much excited. He was seen running to the barn with the letter in his hand, and, ten mintes later, was heard shouting and storm ing to himself as if greatly enraged and excited. The servants said to each other

"shine" to her, but his attentions were

that he must have received bad news, but none of them went to investigate and console him.

It was Jennie's day to go home, but Grafton was indisposed. Fritz suddenly disappeared, and Will was not allowed to drive the horses. The girl, therefore, decided to set out on foot, and take her chances of getting a lift on the road. She left at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and was to retufn by noon next day. Saturday night it was discovered that Fritz had left kingdom.' Oh, no! said I, 'that is not left at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and was right.' 'Yes it is, pa; I heard you tell her she was a daisy, and they belong to the vegetable kingdom.' The very worst part the house and locality, not even asking for of it was,' said the fond parent, 'that the list was discovered that Fritz had left the house and locality, not even asking for his wages, while Will had set off on one of little thing looked so mischievous I knew his erratic excursions, having been seen by the cook to pack up some provisions.

Jennie did not return on Sunday or Mon-

day or Tuesday, and Grafton drove into town on Wednesday and sent a message to her house. She had not been home, and an investigation revealed the fact that none of her friends had seen her for two weeks It was a case of "mysterious disappear-ance," and I came into it having little doubt that it would turn out like the majority of such cases. However, when I had learned that the girl wassteady as well Grafton was very anxious in the matter, telling me to spare no expense, but when I began to question Will, the young man turned on his heel and walked off, as if deaf turned on his neel and walked off, as if deaf and dumb. I, however, had a chance to look over him for a couple of minutes, and I made a note of several things. A button had been torn off his coat with such force as to tear the cloth. He had two scratches on the right check and one on the right hand. One finger of the left hand was tied up in a rag, and the cook, who tied it up or him, told me that something had bitten

im severely.

It was a quarter of a mile from the hor to the highway, with a carriage road run-ning straight from the front door. The road was taken by any of the servants who were going to town on foot. By making a cut through a wood they saved at least half a mile in distance. The girl Jennie had been seen to take this path on that Saturday, and my search lay in that direction.
The woods covered about ten acres, and
were not underbrushed. The path was
well defined, and was a romantic walk for summer's day, the forest being

hares, squarrels and birds.
Half way through the woods the path traversed a dell about half an acrein extent. t was while crossing this that I got my rst clew. Several feet to the right of th nrst ciew. Several feet to the right of the path was Jennie's parasol, and as I picked it up I found that it had been badly broken. While it was closed, as she would be likely to carry it through the woods, four ribs were broken and the handle loosened, and were broken and the handle loosened, and I felt certain that she had used it as a weapon of defence. Fifty feet further on, and right of the path, I found her handbag. Across the dell, in the thick woods again I found a bow from her throat on a bush, and here the earth had been torn up and the bushes broken down to prove a struggle. It was one which must have lasted for some time and been fiercely contested, and I had no sooner looked over the ground than I knew that Jennie's dead body would be found somewhere in the woods. would be found somewhere in the woods. As to the locality, I soon found broken twigs—a bit of dress on a bush—heavy footprints in the rich soil, and other plain evidences of her being dragged or carried along through the undergrowth to a point twenty rols from the path. There in an twenty rods from the path. There, in an open space not more than twenty fee square, with a thicket on three sides, j found the body. Decomposition had set in of course, and the odor greeted my nostrils

of course, and the door greeted my nostrils before my eyes made the discovery.

That a murder had been committed there could be no doubt. The girl lay on her back, her feet drawn up, her clothing badly torn and in disorder, and while one hand clinched a stoutstick, the other had a dying clutch on a coat button—just a match for chose left on Will Grafton's coat. She had en choked to death, and was a horrible out and a look of agony on her bloated face. I examined the finger nails and found-blood and flesh under them, left there as she clawed the half-idiot's face and hand. On the ground was a tobacco-box, which afterward identified and boldly-claimed. fterward identified and boldly-claimed. A nurder had been committed, and I had dis overed the murderer; but I was not as enthusiastic over-it as you may have imagined. He was the son of a millionaire and the father would spend his last dollar to save him. Riches control public opinion, and, in some instances, the verdict of

After an examination lasting a quarter of an hour and having carefully gathered and preserved all possible proofs, I set out to bring the coroner and a jury. I had out to bring the coroner and a jury. I had Evidence enough to warrant me in arresting Will Grafton at once, but I felt that it would be safer to go slow and wait for the opinion of the jury. It was a matter of two hours before the officer and his jury arrived, and all had not viewed the body when Mr. Grafton and two or three others urrived in an excited state of mind and announced that Fritz, the coachman, had been captured, and had partially confessed to the deed. This news was, as you may imagine, a shock to me. I had not, in the first place, heard that the cachman was suspected, although he had gone off so hurriedly. Mr. Grafton had utterly refused in a low-neck dress or bust drap-mehow they all began to ask for e this winter, and lately, says the during our talk in the morning, but had years at they have been taken in no with some giddy companions to lead a less.

The company ask for a bonus of \$100.

respectable career. His statement that Fritz was probably guilty so upset me that Fritz was probably guilty so upset me that I kept my proofs in my pocket and gave the jury no hint. The inquest was adjourned until evening, and was then resumed at the house, while Tritz was present in charge of an officer. He had been arrested at a town thirty miles away, and attention had been first called to him by his attempt to commitsuicide by drowning. When harged with the murder he did not deny it. When pressed to make a

confession he uttered a groan of despair and replied:

"Maybe I did, for I have been crazy for

ng. When ha

four or five days. Let me go and kil myself." When searched a few shillings in mone and a pocket-knife and other articles were found on his person. He was free of wounds or bruises of any sort, and no buttons were missing from his garments. Before he was called to face the jury I began to grope for the cause of his flight. It could not be for the murder of the girl, for he was innocent. It must be on account of information received in that foreign letter. I went at once to his room in the barn, which no one had yet examined, and there I found the envelope intact, but the letter torn into twenty fragments and flung on the floor. I gathered up the pieces and pasted them together, and then had the clew to his actions. It was a letter from his mother in Germany, and it con-tained two pieces of important news. First, the mother, who was a widow, had been the mother, who was a widow, had been cobbed of her every dollar by investing in some wildcat speculation on the advice of riends, and, secondly, the girl whom Fritz expected to return home and marry in a year had been wedded to another. Fritz was made half crazy by the news,

and his sole desire seemed to be to get out of the neighborhood as fast as possible. The coroner, Mr. Grafton and myself held an interview with him in private. The oroner was an ignoramus, and he only too glad to surrender his official rivileges to Grafton, who eagerly accepted hem. It was plain from the start that he neant to catch poor Fritz in the toils. "How could you do such a horrible thing?" he asked, as we vere ready to

eed. "Tell us all about it." Fritz began weeping.
"Did you kill Jennie because efused to marry you? Yes, that was the eason. You lay in wait for her in the

woods."
Fritz kept up a sobbing and moaning.
"I am sorry for you, and will do all I can for you, but the law must take its course. Perhaps the jury will say that you were crazy, and that you should not be punished. I hope it will, for you are a good man, and I don't believe you knew what you were doing. Well, coroner, have you any doubts of the prisoner's guilt?"
"None, sir."

"None, sir."
"And you, Mr. ——?"
"I have very serious doubts," I replied.
"What? Haven't you been listening to he examination?"
"But he has admitted nothing."

"His actions bespeak his guilt as plain s day, and we shall now take him before the jury and press him until he admits the Before Fritz was taken into the roo

Before Fritz was taken into the room where the jury was sitting and many spectators were assembled, Grafton was permitted to interview him in private for half an hour. When questioned before the jury he said: I may be the one. I had a great trouble

come upon me, and I don't know what I did or where I went. If it was me I am On the strength of this the coroner's ury rendered a verdict that the girl annie ame to her death at the hands of Fritz, and he was taken off to jail and a warna worn out. I felt certain that Will Grafton had killed the girl, and I expected to exhibit my proofs before the jury, but when I saw Grafton take the matter into his hands I realized that he suspected and was prepared to defeat me. The son Will was prepared to detect me. The son Will was present during all the proceedings, and he wore the identical coat from which the button had been torn. Two of the servants informed me that he had worn the garment right along every day for six months. When I saw that the verdict of the coroner's jury was a foregone con-clusion, and that Fritz would be held, I determined to hold my hand until a proper time. In my report of the case to my superior I simply mentioned that Fritz had confessed and been placed under

arrest.
On the second day after Fritz had been ared the following written co I am now quite sure that I killed the girl. I got news in a letter which made ne lose my head, and I remember meeting ennie in the woods and thinking she was blame for all my troubles. I don't want o live, and I shall plead guilty and ask

hem to hang me.
Three days later, when I guessed tha the prisoner's despondency had vanished and that the thought of the gallows would nerve him up to begin a struggle for life, I paid him a visit. I had been doing some good work in his favor. "Fritz." I said, "you read your letter in

the barn, didn't you? "You tore it up after reading." "Yes; I remember."
"You were about to go for one of th

horses down in the pasture. When you left the barn you took a halter with you."
"I remember."
"You reached the lot, threw the halter into a fence-corner, and then started off by the old path leading to the cider-mill. When you passed the school-house you were bareheaded, and you had not been from home twenty minutes."

"I remember children shouting after me."

"Thememoer children shouting after me."
Thave followed you down that high way for twelve miles. Then you turned east by a red school-house, and I have traced you six miles further. I can show by the servants at the house that you were by the servants at the nouse that you were under their eyes when the girl left, and for an hour after. Then your letter came, and you ran to the barn to read it. Now, then, how could you have killed the girl?

"I don't know; but, if I didn't, who

Whose knife is this?" Is off his coat.

"Is off his coat."

I had all the proofs any lawyer would want to clear Fritz. I could prove that when he left the house he went to the barn, and from the barn he went in an opposite direction from the route the girl ook. I had twenty witnesses who met him here or there on the highway for a distance of eighteen miles. Before leaving the jail I convinced him of his innocence, and in a moment life seemed precious to and in a moment life seemed precious him, and he was ready to fight for his liberty. I left him to return to police headquarters, but had not traversed a square when a runaway horse struck me down, breaking an arm, three ribs, and fracturing my skull. For the next four weeks I was delirious off and on, and my head was just coming back to me when I heard that Fritz had been tried for the murder and found guilty. The new came to me through the cries of the news boys on the street, and I at once suffered relapse, and this time was on the threshol of death's door for many weeks. When came back to myself I was weak and help less, and my memory would not serve me.

It was one day when I felt a desire to sit
up, and when the details of the past came crowding into my brain, that I asked about Fritz. He had been hanged the day before

Steps are being taken to have tele phone communication with Harrisburg. TOPICS

WHEN an alarm d hotel, lodgers cannot be too quick in getting out, if a way is open. In a crowded theatre the danger of being trampled or crushed to death must be taken into consideration and a rush avoided. In either case a cool head will often save a scorched skin or something worse.

NEWARK Advertiser : "The popular grief s readily assuaged. Money comes much more reluctantly forth than sympathy does. What is everybody's business is nobody's. They who propose a public monument to the dead must be quick about it, must have a specific and comprehensive plan and must close all calls for money erv early.

THE houses in the olive-growing districts In the north of Italy have constructed be-eath them tanks in which the olive oil, he produce of the year's crop, is stored by he respective inhabitants. This peculiar feature has entailed upon the owners finan-cial ruin as the result of the late earth quakes, the whole of the store being spoilt by debris, etc.

M. Fremy has read a paper at the French

M. Freny has read a paper at the French Academy of Sciences describing the successful researches made by him, with M. Verneuil's assistance, for obtaining artificial rubies. By letting alumina dissolve in fluoride of calcium he obtained crystals of alumina—that is to say, perfect rubies, defying the closest scrutiny, and even higher in value than natural stones. They can be made of large size.

can be made of large size.

The Duke of Devonshire, now verging on 80, has resigned the chairmanship of the Barrow Hematite Steel Company and Barrow Shipbuilding Company. He is succeeded in these positions by his son, the Barrow Hematite Steel Company and Barrow Shipbuilding Company. He is succeeded in these positions by his son, the Marquis of Hartington, leader of the Liberal Unionists. The Marquis "owns" 100,000 acres of land in the counties of Cork and Waterford, Ireland, obtained by confiscation a couple of centuries ago. He is vehemently opposed to "the Plan of Campaign." paign.

class of the University of Maryland Faculty f Physic, Col. H. Kyd Douglas said these wise words: "A young physician's first prescription should be for himself—a wife— to be taken immediately. A young preacher ought to get along without a wife. A young lawyer may get along without one, but a young celibate doctor won't do. His marriage will certainly carry more weight than his medical diploma. Doctors must be sober and serious and there is nothing so likely to make them so early marriage.

QUITE a number of English saints have ust been added to the calendar. The Catholics of Scotland are resolved not to e outdone by their English co-religionists. and have, it is said, taken steps to obtain the canonization of the unfortunate Queen Mary. It is expected that the question will be settled one way or the other at Rome by Easter. In the event of the decision being favorable a Catholic church s to be crected at Linlithgow to the memory of the new saint. Scotland has ulready two royal saints—Saint Margaret and Saint David. Of the latter it was said

y some of his accessors on the throne, He was a sair con ct for the crown." One of the thoughtless things witnessed very day is that of the most fastidious ady taking a coin from her purse and hold-ng it between the lips until a glove is adisted or the conductor calls for his fare The ladies seem to forget that the small coin in daily circulation passes through a variety of hands, all the way from the soap-grease collector to the saloon. People with every form of even loathsome disease not only handle but carry them in their pockets, and there is not a doubt but dis-ease of a contagious character is often con-veyed by the contents of the pocketbook. The danger is not, perhaps, sufficient to call for fumigation, but it is enough to make careful people keep money from their mouths. The practice of wetting the finger from the mouth in counting paper money is altogether bad, not only because it is unclean, but because of actual danger fr noculation of disease

Why suffer a single moment when you an get immediate relief from all internal or external pains by the use of Polson's Newtling, the great pain cure. Nerviline has never been known to fail in a single case; it cannot fail, for it is a combination of the most powerful pain subduing reme dies known. Try a 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline. You will find Nerviline a sent to jail Grafton secured an interview with him on the excuse of providing him with a lawyer. In that interview he che. Buy and try. Large bottles 25 cents by druggists.

Virtuous Indignation "Shocking unprincipled lot, those 'bus conductors! One of them passed a bad sixpence on me a fortnight ago, confound him! I've not been able to get rid of it him! I've not yet!"—Punch.

The Russian Empire is composed of fifty governments and provinces. Whether times are good or bad and prices

of produce high or low, rheumatism is almost sure to come with advancing years. McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant is the most absolute cure known. Sold by druggists generally. Philadelphia Herald: "If the weather doesn't soon put on a little more caloric steam heaters will have to be introduced into the baseball grounds."

Important to All cho are willing to work for the reward of suc-ess. Hallett & Co. Portland, Maine, will mail out free, full particulars about work that either ex, young or old; can do, at a profit of from 5 to \$25 per day, and upwards, and live at ome, wherever they are located. All can do he work. Capital notzequired; Hallett & Co. ill start you. Grand success absolutely sure, write at once and see.

PROF. McGEE, of the Geological Survey, Prof. McGef, of the Geological Survey, in a recent lecture on the Charleston earthquake, said that displacement is now in progress at a rate so astonishingly rapid as to occasion surprise that earthquakes are not more frequent, and the cities of Pittsburg, Richmond, Fredericksburg, Washington, Baltimore, Port Deposit, Wilmington, Philadelphia, Trenton and New York have been located on the very line of displacement.



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