SHORT STORY OF THE DAY.

A Detectives Adventure.

"I am in a rather awkward position," said the visitor, slowly, "and I want you to extricate me. I am very confident of your ability to do so, because of the successful way you solved the Workingham mystery."

"If you will state your case I will give it my attention," replied Desmond, ignoring the compliment.

"Then you'll come with me to my house?" went on the other, who had given the name of Phillips. "All my documents are there, for, not counting upon a refusal, I did not bring them."

"What is the distance to your house?"

"Three miles or so. I have a cab outside."

The jehu evidently knew where to drive, fo no instructions were given him before the two entered the vehicle Phillips relapsed into silence, nor did he speak again until the cab drew up at the door of a large brick house, situated in a street that Desmond did not remember having seen before.

"Here we are," he said, ascending the steps and throwing open the door "Follow me." And Phillips led the way along a dimly-lit passage and entered a cosy room at the other end.

"Now that you have brought me this long distance you will kindly give me the facts of the case at once," said Desmond, sharply. "I may say frankly I do not like this secrecy."

"Your are safe in our hands," said the other. "There is no need to be afraid."

Desmond noticed the plural. "You are not alone, then?" he said, with a quick glance round the room.

"By no means. I have a few friends here." He touched a bell as he spoke, and four men entered the room. The detective was startled, but he did not show it.

Phillips burst into alaugh. "Draw your chair up to the table and take a cigar," said he.

The others all proceeded to make themselves comfortable, so the detective decided to do likewise; so far as he could see there was at present no cause for alarm.

"Now, sir," began Phillips, "I must tell you, first of all, that you are not required to solve any real case of mine. I and Mr. Smithson have made a bet regarding you. We were talking the other day about the Workingham affair, and as Isaid you had found the truth very cleverly, he remarked that circumstances were greatly in your favor. We have imagined a case and wish you to solve it. We shall tell you a story and act part of it. If you succeed in proving to our satisfaction who the murderer is—for the case is one of murder—you will receive thesum of £100. If you fail, you will receive £10 for your trouble. What have you to say?"

"I do notlike being made the subject of a bet," said Desmond.

"You must go in for it," put in Vernon. The almost pleading tone caused the detective to look more closely at his pale, thin features.

"Very well, then, I agree," said he, and his eyes still upon the other's face, he thought an expression of relief crossed it.

"Thank you," said Phillips. "We will start right away. It has been decided that I tell the first portion of the story. Last night Lovely there and I entered the house at 10 o'clock. I called Smithson up from his chemical laboratory in the basement, and Walters from his portion of the house, and we awaited the appearance of Vernon and Jackson. But as these two failed to come after ten minutes had passed we all went upstairs to Jackson's room. There a dreadful sight met our gaze. He was lying dead upon the floor, and close by was Vernon, just recovering consciousness.

"It was plain that Jackson had been murdered, and all things pointed to Vernon as the one who had done the dastardly deed. He had been stabbed by the latter's knife! We formed the idea that he himself had been knocked senseless by a blow upon the head, dealt by the dying man in a supreme final effort. We charged Vernon with the crime, and he denied it, but you shall hear his explanation from his own lips, Mr. Desmond."

"At 9 o'clock," began Vernon, trying to keep his voice steady, "I entered the house at the front and proceeded straight upstairs to Jackson's room, having to see him upon a purely private matter. There was no one about as I could see; indeed everything was so quiet when I opened the door that I thought Jackson himself must be out. But as I went inside a quick footstep sounded behind me. I was about to turn when I received a crushing blow upon the back of my head. I staggered forward, caught a glimpse of Jackson lying on the floor in a pool of blood, and then fell down senseless, to awake some time later and find myself accused by you gentlemen as his murderer. But I am innocent, I swear it!"

He made this declaration so earnestly as to call forth sarcastic comments from Smithson.

"Have you any thing more to say?" questioned Phillips. "Can you account for the fact that your knife caused Jackson's death?"

"I cannot. Until it was shown to me as the one used, I had not seen it for a week," replied Vernon with emphasis.

"That will do. Now, Mr. Desmond you have heard the main facts. Circumstantial evidence of the strongest kind is brought against Vernon. His story is a simple one. Can you prove his guilt more conclusively, or establish his innocence? You may ask any questions you please."

"Had Vernon any motive? Had Jackson ever quarreled with him, Smithson, or Walters?" said Desmond, after a moment's thought.

"He had quarreled both with me and with the accused," put in Smithson rather sullenly.

"Did you see Jackson last night?" said the detective, turning and looking at him.

"Me? Yes, out I left him well and hearty at about ten minutes to nine and proceeded down stairs to my laboratory. Jackson looked at his watch and gave me the time."

Walters can be left out of it, thought Desmond. "It rests between Smithson and Vernon."

"Have you any more questions to ask here? If not, you shall see the position in which we found the two men," said Phillips.

"I have no more questions at present," was the reply.

"All right. Vernon, you and Lovely go upstairs and get ready for the parts you have to play. You understand what to do. Knock when ready."

The men addressed arose and left the room, Vernon giving a backward glance that puzzled the detective.

"I think they will be ready for us shortly," said Phillips. "This sort of thing is rather nerve-shaking. Smithson looks realy ill!"

"Do you mean to accuse me of—" began Smithson.

"Of poor nerves?" put in Phillips, with a warning glance at the other. "Oh, no! You look white and troubled that is all!"

"He wants some of his own drugs," said Walters, with a forced laugh. "Come, come, don't get to words. Listen, Vernon is knocking. He is awaiting us."

Phillips put down his cigar and led the way upstairs, the others following. "This is the room," he said to Desmond "Lovely is in the position in which we supposedly found Jackson. Enter please."

The detective did so. He could not supress a start of surprise. There lying upon the carpet, was Lovely, attired in a brown check suit. His arms were outstretched; his face fixed as if in death. A small blood-stained knife and a heavy knobbed stick was by his side. The affair seemed to be too grim to be mere play.

"Vernon will show us how he entered into the room," said Phillips. "This may seem unnecessary, but it is his own wish. Perhaps he wants to do a bit of realistic acting. Ready Vernon?"

"I am!" The man first having turned the gas low, proceded to the door and closed it behind him. After a moment's wait he opened it again, and stepping inside, spoke as if to himself: "Evidently Jackson's out. I'll go down stairs and await his return. The business—"

He stopped suddenly and made as if to turn. To the watchers it was as if some invisible person had struck him an unseen blow. He uttered an exclamation, half of terror, as he staggered toward the center of the room with his hand pressed to his head. "My God!" he muttered, as he came to the body of the pseudo Jackson; then he fell down in a dead faint. He had gone too far with his acting. This latter was reality.

"He's overdone it," cried Phillips. "Fetch water. Here, Lovely, get up and help!"

In a very short time Vernon opened his eyes and glanced quickly round. The others had their attention elsewhere for a moment. "Bend down quick!" he whispered, just loud enough for the detective to hear. "Save me, for God's sake! Save me! It is—"

"Here you," shouted Lovely, running up with the brandy. "Pour it down his throat. Now help him on to the couch."

The whispered words of the prostrate Vernon had brought the detective to the conclusion that their was something behind all this; what at present he could not imagine. He saw that the best thing to do would be to proceed as if he suspected nothing. So with a jesting remark he proceeded.

"Where was the supposed Jackson stabbed?"

Lovely pointed out the place.

"But a stab there would not be fatal," said Desmond.

Phillips frowned sharply at him. "He bled to death," he said. "You will understand that a large quantity of blood would flow from such a wound."

"Certainly, certainly. I suppose I can examine the clothes?"

"There is absolutely nothing in any of the pockets. No clew is to be found there."

"Nothing whatever? This is the watch that Mr. Smithson referred, I supqose?"

"Yes, Jackson looked at that when he told me the time," replied Smithson.

"Very good." Desmond drew it out of Lovely's pocket and opened the case to look at the dial. His heart gave a sudden jump; only with difficulty did he restrain a feeling of triumph. But his face was unmoved as before when he went on with his enquiries.

"There is a dark corner here," he said entering the passage. "Anyone hiding in it would be unseen by a man ascending the stairs. You could have waited here Mr. Smithson."

"What the—of course, but I went straight down stairs after leaving Jackson. It must be plain that I could not be the one Vernon alleges—alleges, bear in mind—struck him."

"Quite plain, eh? Yet such a thing is as probable as the supposition that a dying man struck him with such force as to render him unconscious for nearly an hour. But I have seen all I require. Shall we go below again?"

Phillips agreed, and the five men went down stairs, Vernon having by this quite recovered. They seated themselves round the table again, and after a moment or two the question was put to Desmond whether he had formed his conclusions.

"Yes, to my own satisfaction, if not to yours," was the reply. "In the first place, Vernon is quite innocent. His story I believe to be true. Perhaps in a law court my evidence would be insufficient to convict, but I unhesitatingly declare Mr. Smithson to be the murderer!"

For a moment there was a strained silence in the room, to be broken by a loud oath from Smithson, whose face had suddenly become livid. "Your proofs?" he shouted, hoarsely.

"Yes, your proofs?" echoed the others eagerly.

"First, this shred of cloth which I found in that dark corner of the passage upstairs belongs, if I mistake not to the coat Mr. Smithson has on. That proves that he stood there against the wall, does it not? Secondly let me ask a question. Has any one of you been in Jackson's company of late between the hours of 8.30 and 9 o'clock? But, of course, as he only exists in the imagination, the question is—"

"No, no! I have been in his company about that time," put in Phillips quickly. "You see the real Jackson is Lovely," he added, in explanation.

"Have you seen him then do anything with his watch?"

"I have seen him take it out and open the front, but what he did I cannot say."

"Your watch, please, Mr. Lovely. Thank you. Now, observe the hands. Do you see anything peculiar? But, of course you know about it, don't you?"

"No! Why, the hands have caught one another. The watch has stopped about seventeen minutes to 9! And Smithson declared that Jackson told him the time from the watch later than that. That statement was untrue! You Smithson, must have been in the room when Vernon entered the house. You heard him ascending the stairs, and took Jackson's stick and hid in the passage with the rest, as Vernon has stated. * * * You are correct, Mr. Desmond. Allow me to congrat—"

Smithson sprang up with a cry of rage. "Curse you!" he shouted. "Curse you!" And before the unfortunate detective could do anything to defend himself the man lifted the chair high in the air and brought it down with a dull thud upon his skull, knocking him senseless to the floor. * * *

Desmond knew no more until he found himself in bed in his own home with a nurse sitting beside him.

"How long have I been here?" he asked weakly.

"You were brought in a cab early this morning. I and the doctor were sent on by a stranger. Do you feel better now?"

"I'm getting stronger every minute. What was the stranger like? Can you describe him?"

"Neither the doctor nor I saw him, as soon as you were better. Will you but here is a letter he left for you with instructions that you had to read it sit up?"

When the nurse had arranged the pillows he tore the envelope open. His head was aching badly, but in his anxiety to hear the truth about his adventure he forgot that. The first thing he pulled out was a £100 bank note; then came the following letter:

My Dear Friend:—I call you this because you saved my life. As you will no doubt guess, last night's affair had more reason for it than a mere bet; it was a matter of life and death. We are a peculiar society of American origin; more I cannot say for obvious reasons. The story we told and acted for you had actually occurred, only the real Jackson was not killed outright. He was lying unconscious in the house the whole of the time. It was absolutely necessary that we should know who had attacked him, so your aid was invoked. You proved that I who was accused with great reason I admit, am innocent, and found Smithson guilty, for after his assault upon you he confessed all. According to our rules he will not live long. I must warn you not to attempt to trace us. By the time you read this we shall have vanished. Again do I thank you. Believe me to be always your debtor.

JAMESTONE VERNON.

And this is all. Though Desmond has devoted days to the search of the street and the brick house, or to some of the men he saw therein, he has not succeeded. They have disappeared as utterly as if the earth had swallowed them up. Did the real Jackson recover from his wound? Did Smithson meet with the penalty hinted at in the letter? These are questions he may never have answered. But he will never forget that night's strange adventure, when he solved a mystery by the two hands of a watch catching in each other.

HER DARLING.

His hair is red and tangled, and he has a turned-up nose;
His voice is loud and strident, and it never gets repose;
His face is full of freckles, and his ears are shaped like fins.
And a large front tooth is missing, as you'll notice when he grins;
He is like a comic picture, from his toes up to his head—
But his mother calls him "darling" when she tucks him into bed.

It is he who marks the carpet with the print of muddy boots,
And rejoices in a door bell that is pulled out by the roots,
Who whistles in his fingers till he almost splits your ear,
And shocks the various callers with slang he chanced to hear.
He fills the house with tumult and the neighborhood with dread—
But his mother calls him "darling" when she tucks him into bed.

—Washington Star.

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P. E. ISLAND.

Ladies Orange Benevolent Lodge Instituted.

L. E. Prowse and a Large Staff Take Their Departure for Sydney —Recent Deaths and Marriages—General News.

CHARLOTTETOWN, Aug. 25.—Cecil Stewart, manager of the Merchants' Bank of P. E. Island at Alberton, has been transferred to Sydney. Before leaving, he was presented by the business men with a gold watch chain. A. E. McNeill, son of Dr. McNeill of Charlottetown, has been transferred from the Bank of Nova Scotia branch at Amherst, N. S., to Montreal.

An iron bridge 105 feet long has been put in for the P. E. I. R'y at Harper's, and another 107 feet long will be put in at Morell before the close of navigation.

James Burhoe, a native of Alexandra, P. E. I., who went to Westboro, Mass., in 1874, celebrated there August 12th, the 88th anniversary of his birth. He has many relatives in the lower provinces.

Morley Sellar has returned from Calgary, not relishing the life of a Northwest mounted policeman.

Mt. Stewart recently realized $300 by a picnic towards the improvement of the village sidewalks.

Thirty men are working on the construction of St. Marys church at Souris.

In June, 1899, W. F. Tidmarsh of Charlottetown lost $1,000 enclosed in a registered letter carried with the mails by s. s. St. Olaf, between Souris and Grand Entry, Magdalene Islands. This sum, together with some other amounts contained in the same bag, was refunded by the post office department a few days ago.

A number of the young men of South Melville and Green road intend going to Baie Chaleur shortly to work in mills there.

Ernest Poole, son of John S. Poole of Lower Cardigan, accidentally shot himself in the hand while handling a loaded revolver a few days ago.

A Ladies' Orange Benevolent lodge was organized at Milton a few evenings ago by Miss Cullum, grand worthy mistress of this order in Canada. The following officers were elected: Mrs. Fred Wise, W. M.; Bessie Dollar, W. D. M.; Rubie Moorside, W. Chap.; Blanche Coles, W. R. S.; Emily Coles, W. F. S.; Lenna Coles, W. T.; Sarah Curtis, W. D. of C.; Jennie Dollar and Estella Coles, worthy lecturers; Sophia Coles, W. I. G.; Will. Coles, W. O. G.

Recent deaths embraced the following: At Boston, Mass., Aug. 19, Donald McLeod, son of John McLeod of Orwell, leaving a widow, his parents, three brothers and three sisters, to mourn. Remains were interred on the island.—At Oakland, California, where he had resided for 25 years, John H. Stewart, youngest son of the late John Stewart of Brudenelle.—At Vernon River, this week, Mrs. William Jenkins, a member of the Cherry Valley Methodist church and an active W. C. T. U. worker.—At St. Catharines a few days ago, Mrs. John T. Inman, daughter of Alexander McFadgen. She was married in the United States about two years ago, but failing health setting in, husband and wife returned in July to P. E. Island.—Ethel Wellner, aged 18 years, died on Wednesday evening and on Thursday her aunt, Miss McDonald, who lives a few doors distant, also died. The remains of each were conveyed together today to the People's cemetery and buried at the same time. Great sympathy is felt for Mrs. Wellner, whose husband died several years ago.

The roll of recent marriages is a goodly one. It includes: On Wednesday morning, Rev. A. N. Simpson and Miss Ella Bagnall of New Glasgow. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Nettie, and the groom by Rev. Everett Stevenson.—On July 27th, Owen McLauchlin of Fairview and Millicent McRae of Rice Point. The wedding gifts constituted an elaborate array.—At Albany last week, of Jessie Cameron to Charles Crew. Rev. Mr. Wightman officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Crew have resided in Boston for some years.—At Summerside, on Tuesday, by Rev. J. G. McDonald, R. F. McDonald and Marguerite Campbell, daughter of Sylvanus Campbell, all of Souris. Mr. and Mrs. D. went to St. John on their wedding trip.—In St. Dunstan's Cathedral, on Tuesday morning, Miss Coady of Charlottetown and Archibald McKenna of Pictou, by Rev. D. Morrison, assisted by Rev. Dr. Doyle of Vernon River. The bride was attended by two little maids of honor.

Miss Barbarie and Miss Benedict of Richibucto, N. B., have been visiting Summerside. George Vanderstine and and C. J. McKenzie of Vernon River Bridge, who have been home on a visit, have left on return to Calgary, where they have resided for some time. Mrs. Corey and family, of Summerside, are spending a few weeks in New Brunswick previous to their permanent removal to Boston. J. D. Munn, formerly of Orwell, has arrived on a visit from Denver, Colorado. It is twenty-one years since he left this province. Rev. M. F. Richard of Rogersville, N. B., is visiting in this province. The reverend gentleman was at one time a student at St. Dunstan's College. Miss Emma Toombs of Moore & McLeod's dry goods store, is visiting her home in Moncton.

City council has decided to submit the question of civic ownership of the electric lighting plant to a vote of the ratepayers in February. It also voted to purchase a steam street roller and a rock crusher from the Waterous Engine Co. Chas. Hemans has been appointed chief of the fire department, vice Chief Large, deceased.

Revs. F. O. Norton of Brudenelle, and Herbert Martin of Montague, have been taking a Ph. D. course at Chicago University during the summer. Mr. Martin will shortly take up the position of professor of mathematics in the Normal College of Kentucky University.

L. E. Prowse, M. P. P., left this week for Sydney, accompanied by the following clerks from the Charlottetown establishment: Herbert Prowse, Christian McLean, Art. Calder, Ern Chappell, city; Arthur Stanley, Souris; Charles Livingstone, West River; Mr. Johnson, Brackley Point; Belle Matheson, Covehead; Miss Florrie Sellar, and Miss Smith, city. Mr. Prowes's new block in Sydney is now ready for occupancy. On the eve of his departure, Mr. Prowse was presented by Charlottetown's most prominent citizens with an address and a handsome gift in gold. Mr. Prowse commenced business in Charlottetown in 1881, with a capital of only $200. He now owns one of the largest blocks in the city and carries on an extensive business. Associated with him is his brother, B. C. Prowse, who will conduct the Charlottetown business.

MOUNT STEWART, Aug. 27.—A heavy lightning and thunder storm passed over the village yesterday evening.

Most people are expecting the general elections this fall. The outlook for the conservatives is bright. In Kings county, A. C. McDonald's election is conceded by many of the leading liberals. The liberal party is broken up into factions, each warring with the other, while the conservatives are united to a man.

In East Queens, Alexander Martin will have a walk over. In fact, it is doubtful if a man of any strength can be got to oppose him.

In West Queens, Sir Louis Davies is opposed by W. S. Stewart, a young lawyer of fine abilities, and it is conceded on all sides that the knight will have the fight of his life. In East Prince, Mr. Lefurgy, if he runs, will have an easy victory over the present liberal member, John H. Bell. In West Prince, Edward Hackett is again the choice of the conservatives, and is fully expected to win the riding.

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G	E	R	K	R	U	

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As soon as you have arranged what you suppose are the correct names, send them. A post card will do, and you will hear from us promptly by return mail. Those who have tried other contests and failed to secure anything, try this one. All can secure an award if they wish to try, without any expense whatever. N.Y. Supply Co., Box K, Orillia, Can.

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DEATH PAINLESS.

Suffering Is Never Too Great to Bear.

Physicians Say that All Persons Die Unconscious

To most men and most women the fear of a violent death is great, and the idea of the sufferings before it is horrible. The human imagination paints the most awful picture of the agony of the body after violence has been exerted upon it, and through the mind, the terror becomes an unbearable thing. Why the imagination should so paint horrors which do not in reality exist is strange; for it is true that human beings do not suffer any unbearable amount of agony, no matter what the cause of injury.

On Tuesday a Commercial reporter sat in company with two Bangor doctors, and the subject was discussed. One of them brought up the incident which Commercial readers will remember, of a woman who was burned almost to a crisp at Bryant's pond, and who to place her baby in a place of safety, crawled a quarter of a mile with it in her arms, and then died. The sufferings of this brave woman were not, they agreed, so great as might popularly be supposed. Burning is the most awful probably of all deaths, but the suffering of a person who is completely charred from head to foot is nothing. This seems a strange statement, but it is nevertheless so.

At a powdermill accident in a western town some years ago two men were so severely burned that there was no skin visible on either of them from head to foot. Their clothes had been so impregnated with powder dust that when they caught fire they were at once in flames. The town where medical aid could be first procured was two or three miles away and to reach it the men had to be carried on a flat car.

It was more than half an hour before they reached the town, and during the trip they both sat on the end of the car as they were, and talked as brightly and as keenly as they ever had in their lives. They appeared to feel nothing of their injuries and it is certain that they were in no pain. At the end of the ride both became unconscious and in ten minutes were dead. Probably neither of them suffered any pain after the first feeling of the fire.

These men, said the doctors, were suffering from shock and only that. If they had been suffering from their burns, the agony would have been unbearable and they would have become at once unconscious. The shock was so great that they died from it before they recoveed from its effects.

NO PAIN IS FELT.

It is a curious and no less a blessed thing that a person who has received a sufficient surgical shock never feels any pain. The mind for a time is brighter and clearer and more keen than ever, and it may be said that if the patient does not realize that he is to die, he enjoys that brief space of time intensely.

When the shock begins to go, the patient gradually commences to wander, until he becomes quite unconscious, and dies without ever knowing that he has been hurt.

DEATH ALWAYS PAINLESS.

Death itself is always painless. Providence has so ordained the order of things in this world, that the human body shall not suffer more than it can consciously bear, and when the point of agony is reached that becomes unbearable, consciousness ceases, and the suffering is at an end.

Of course the pain which may be experienced before that point is reached may be fearful in its length, but in its intensity it is never greater than the sufferer can bear. The unconscious mind can feel nothing and the writhings of a tortured body, however painful they may be to witness, are not mirrored in the feeling of the victim if the consciousness is gone.

DEATH IN DROWNING.

A drowning person dies of carbonic acid poisoning. The unconsciousness which follows a moment or two under water is merciful, and after five minutes during which the person is entirely without feeling, death comes. The agony of mind of one who knows he is dying and is afraid, is great, but the mere physical suffering is small.

In battle, soldiers have often been known to fight on for an hour or more after having received their death wounds, and then expire suddenly without pain. Soldiers who have been shot say that the only feeling is one of a heavy blow and a numbness of the part struck. The pain is nothing until afterwards. People wonder at the deeds men do on the field of battle wounded to death.

Men with arms shot off arise and walk from the field supporting a wounded companion with the sound arm. These men are in no pain at the time, and they are never clearer in their minds.

There are exceptions, of course, but this is the general rule. Probably most people have at one time or another been so badly hurt that they have fainted from pain. These people suffered then everything that they would have suffered had they been much more badly injured and died without regaining consciousness. The deadening of the mind to agony comes swiftly and mercifully; no human being ever is called upon to suffer more than his body is able to bear.

TO PREPARE MANUSCRIPT.

Write upon pages of a single size;
Cross your t's and neatly dot your i's.
On one side only let your lines be seen—
Both sides filled up announce a verdant green.
Correct—yes, correct—all that you write,
And let your ink be black, your paper white,
For spongy foolscap of a muddy blue
Betrays a mind of the same dismal hue.
Punctuate carefully, for on this score
Nothing proclaims a practiced writer more.
Then send it off, and, lest it merit lack,
Enclose a stamp with which to send it back;
But first pay all the postage on it, too,
For editors look blank on "six cents due,"
And murmur, as they run the effusion o'er,
"A shabby fellow and a wretched bore!"
Yet, ere it goes, take of it a copy clean—
Writers should own a copying machine;
Little they know the time that's spent and care
In hunting copy vanished—who knows where?
Bear this in mind, observe it to the end,
And you will make the editor your friend.

—Notes and Queries.

When pigs carry straws in their mouths, rain is at hand.