The Mystery of Killard.

PART II.—THE WHIMS OF PLUTUS.

CHAPTER I.

THE LOST MARY.

"Ah, yes; Ah, yes! It is a good while ago. Let me see; let me see. How long? Was it not the year I came to Clonmore?"

"Yes, sir; the very year. You may remember I was crossing over the bridge and found you standing here, and we had a talk about the matter, and you told me a lot of learned things about what water might do to the human mind."

"Did I?" in a tone indicating pleasure at the thought of finding his past learned self confirmed by history. It was not easy to see the features of either clearly, for it was a heavy summer night. Below the bridge of Clonmore the plain lay wrapt in a dim, warm mist; overhead the stars blazed in the moist air; and from the abutments of the bridge and the shores of the river rose a thin murmur of whispering, like hushed voices of children.

"And you may remember we walked home together, and saw Lane and the Fool and the next day we went over and you met David Lane and Tom, and I gave the dummy the paper I found on the road."

"Right, quite right! I remember it all." Yet still something in his voice seemed to indicate that he preferred to have it recollected for him. The memory of the philosopher had begun to fail. His voice was not querulous, but just a little uneasy, as though this weakness of memory, now familiar to him, hinted at a dark problem to be solved only in one way.

"You may recollect you could make nothing out of the dummy, and lose out of the fool."

"There I fear you are in error. We cannot conceive anything less than nothing; and I'm sure that, even though my faculties were not then as matured as they are now are, I could scarcely have fallen into the error of declaring one set of discoveries to be inferior to nothing."

With memory there seemed to have been weakened the easy confidence of years ago. Trouble now underlay his voice when he spoke so certainly of that visit to Killard, and he alluded to the maturing of his faculties rather as if he were protesting or praying against some mute doubter of his words than spontaneously uttering uncontrovertable matter.

"I don't say you said those words exactly."

"Ha!" with a tone of triumph and great relief. "I thought not. Nothing could induce me now to say anything so monstrously absurd and I do think even then—how long did you say it was?"

"It was this summer six years."

"Well, I do think I could not have used language so loosely even then."

The tone of triumph had increased, and, to judge by his voice, the old man's face must have been radiant when he uttered the emphatic now and even then.

"I ask your pardon sir, if I have done amiss. I had no harm in what I said. I thought that learning could do almost anything, and a simple man like me often talks of less than nothing; it looks only natural that one of your great knowledge could talk of it as well. I must have forgotten your words."

"Do no trouble yourself further about the matter, my dear Mr. Cahill, but allow me to set you right on one point; we can never forget anything. We may cease to revive a fact of long ago, but we cannot forget it. The fact is stored up somewhere in the mind."

"Ah, now?"

"Yes, stored up somewhere in the mind—"

He paused. His voice had grown low and tender as if he were sadly recalling something to his recollection. When he spoke again his accents trembled, and something bright like a star sparkled on either cheek in the faint silver light.

"Do you think I could ever forget I once had a daughter?"

"A daughter!" cried Cahill, in astonishment, turning towards his companion. "Why, I did not know you were ever married, Mr. Heywood."

"She wasn't exactly my own daughter, but the orphan of my only sister. When my sister died I took the child to live with me; that is now a long time ago—in my better days."

He sighed, and leaned against the parapet of the bridge.

Cahill drew near.

"Is she long dead?"

"Yes, a long, long while; years before I left Limerick. She was a most sweet and intelligent girl. When first she came to stay with me I found she knew not a word of any language but her own—I mean English; and I assure you in less than a year she had acquired a very respectable stock of Latin, German, French, together with the rudiments of natural philosophy, and she was about to enter on theology and metaphysics, when—when I lost her!"

He waited to steady his voice, which had become most unphilosophically shaken.

"I taught her no Greek, because, as it is with all children, she needed correction now and then, and when she did anything displeasing to me I always chid her in Greek. That put my conscience at rest, and never disturbed her guilty or smiles."

"And how did she die?"

There was a touch of human sympathy in Cahill's voice.

"The doctors killed her. She fell ill of a disease which it is necessary to particularize to you, as you have not read physic. I had made that particular disease a favorite study. In the pages of my 'Galen' you might have seen a thousand references respecting this complaint. Well, no sooner were the doctors in the house than they would not listen to my suggestion of treatment. I read a platter with my own hands I made it—and brought it to the room, but they forbade me to administer it; turned me from the place, and would not allow me to resenter. In a week my child was dead."

"Oh, the villains!"

"Yes, she lay stain with their strangled ways and upstart theories. When they came and told me she was dead, I struck at them with all my might—he raised his thin, weak arm and shook it feebly over the whispering river—but they, cowards as they were, never offered to strike me back, but held me until men were sent for, and these men remained with me night and day until—until—we buried her, my child!"

His voice had completely deserted him, and the tears slipped quickly one after another down his dimly visible cheek. Suddenly he waved his hand over the river, crying out in a choked voice:

"Why didn't they strike me back like men? They murdered my little Mary; why could they not do likewise with me?"

"And was her name Mary, Mr. Heywood?"

The dead child's name on the lips of another acted like a charm, and his anger died out of him.

"Yes, her name was Mary. I do not often speak of her, it disturbs—it disturbs my mind, and the mind of a philosopher should always be calm. She died when she was just twelve; she had chestnut-colored hair and bright blue eyes, and a forehead like a lily, and white teeth between red lips. I often look at children when I meet them, hoping to find some one like her, but not one of all I have seen resemble her in the least. She was sturdy and light of heart, mark you, and often grieved me with her wildness, so much that for a while I used to feel sorry that she did not know Greek."

"Poor child! I feel for you. And you never saw any little girl like her; and if you did you'd feel a bit as if she wasn't dead, only maybe gone away to live with some other relation."

"I do not think it would be just to my reason to allow myself to indulge in such a delusion, but there could be no harm in my looking at the child and believing I saw a portrait, an animated likeness."

"I know a child very like the one you speak of, both in her looks and ways."

"Ah!" sighed the old man, his interest gone.

"Maybe you wouldn't object to another drive to Killard with me, Mr. Heywood? I'm going over some day this week, and the air would do you good and clear your heart of its sorrow. Will you come?"

"Where did you say you were going?"

He had not been listening to Cahill's voice; the shrill murmur of the stream beneath had been harping to his fancy, and he was far from of the present, and listening to heart-echoes of the childish voice hushed forever.

"To Killard," answered Cahill.

"On the sea?"

"Yes."

"I have been there, have I not?"

"Oh, yes; many times! and once with me, you remember, six years ago."

"Of course I do. It was freezing bitterly."

"No, in summer—a hot day in summer."

"Ah, so it was. I am so deeply plunged in speculation sometimes, that matters of present or personal fact get cloudy." All visible feet must then have been very misty to his sight, for once more the tears were slowly toiling down his cheek.

"But, Mr. Heywood, won't you come with me to Killard some day this week?"

"Yes."

The old philosopher turned away, and drooping his chin upon his chest, walked slowly towards the town.

"If he only takes an interest in her it may be useful to me," mused Cahill as he refilled his pipe and sat upon the parapet to think. "And I'll risk the other thing, whatever may come of it," he mentally added, after long thought.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HEREDITARY TAINT.

During the six years John Lane had grown into a tall, long-limbed, awkward lad. He had learned to speak both Irish and English, but there was a peculiar rugged depth in his voice which sounded startling to strange ears. The words seemed propelled forcibly from a lower portion of the throat than ordinary, and often when he was excited they would rush in such a rapid torrent as to confuse one another. He had also a way of using words in unfamiliar contexts, so that often the simple fishermen were at a loss for his meaning. In action he was abrupt and decisive, rarely condescending to argue, and still more seldom altering his opinions.

The priest had taken a particular and lively interest in him, and when the boy could be spared from his duties in the boats Father Murtagh instructed him in the elements of education, teaching him to read and write and use figures. He found young Lane eager to learn, extraordinarily apt, and with a grasp of mind and power far beyond his years.

The priest had often said to Edward Martin: "John Lane is a man in thought. When the infliction was removed from his race there seems to have rushed in a wonderful mental force, governed by moments activity of intellect. My only fear is that the boy may not to the end be guided by justice under religion." To which Martin would reply quietly, "We must only hope for the best and do our best for him," and this simple Christian like a reproach for want of faithful Providence.

Among the fishermen John was retiring and unsociable. He rarely spoke beyond the requirements of business. None of the other lads of the village could call him companion; he gave confidence to no one. The people looked on him with fear, not unmingled with respect. They never took any familiarities with him, and he had never been known to laugh. In fair or foul weather he was always the same at sea, silent, attentive to the work in hand and full of expedients and resources in emergencies. He seemed to regard the ocean as a thing with so many means of destruction; in storms he was as cool and collected as in sunshine. He had often been caught in great gales when he hung in the balance, yet no man had ever seen him quail while others were unnerved by fear. This was not so much the result of nervous courage, as indifference. He would have been quite unappalled by the knowledge of approaching death, for he was somewhat of a fatalist, but in this fatalism lay implicit that it was equally designed he should offer all the powers of mind and body against attack or seeming danger. It was in a great measure owing to his self-possession and readiness that the fishermen looked on him with respect.

In the house he was different in many particulars. Speaking still very little, except when addressed, his manner was absent and distracted. Often, for hours, in seemed quite unconscious of his surroundings; and when roused he took some time to realize the nature of any demand made upon him.

Mrs. Martin's original repulsion had passed away, to be succeeded by a vague feeling of pity, mingled with awe. She still believed a shadow from his race hung over him, but she looked upon him now rather as the sport of evil destiny than a positive factor in evil itself. Towards her he was always gentle and submissive, showing more animation when she spoke than at any other time, and always displaying a willingness to do any little service she required.

Between him and Edward Martin the feeling was not so well defined. Martin treated him with the solemn kindness he showed to all, and the lad, although never murmuring against the word of Martin, often half revealed a spirit of revolt. Little Mary regarded him as the most wonderful being in all the world. She loved to sit by him, no matter how dark or silent he might be. She waited for his coming as the great event of the day; set his chair for him at the table, arranged his cup, plate, knife and fork, and treasured up all the good words she heard of him. But she was so unlike him, and she so plagued him with her wilful, passionate ways that she had roused a feeling very like hatred against her in his heart. He could scarcely endure her ceaseless questions, her endless prattle, her wild romping, and most of all he resented the easy familiarity with which she treated him. All others stood more or less aloof from him; but this child, though believing his like did not exist, pulled him about and played tricks with him, and made fun of his shyness, so that he often found it impossible to bear the house, and he went out. On more than one occasion she had so provoked him that he had seized her by the shoulders and shaken her till she cried.

To a close observer the most prominent characteristic of young Lane's social view would have appeared an absence of vulgarity. There was nothing common, or mean, or low about his dealings with those around him. His temper could not be relied on but there was no smallness about the boy. It may be that continually confronting nature in her simpler and sublimer form lift the mind above petty matters of social intercourse or detail; for certain, people who dwell by the sea are more straightforward and guileless than their brethren inland. They do not fill up so much time with idle talk; the waves are incessantly speaking, and there is an unobserved disinclination to break in upon the inarticulate soliloquy of the waves. Then again, these people by the waters have usually some interest in men who sail the sea. The risk to friend or relative, and the vast vague uncertainty beyond the meeting of sky and water at the horizon, set a grave, grand background to life, against which it is impossible to take a vivid an interest in trifles as in a town that magazines of trifles, or in a valley, where your neighbor's land seems to bounded years and compress it. But on the sea no outer skirting. No outline prevails. No social distraction visible when hoarse curses or prayers fling forth themselves to the madness and spare. No neighborly quarrels or trespass, to vindicate. Where goes there? Steer what way. You will. To be a sailor is to be a cosmopolitan. That sailor who is humanity blending the remotest nations of the world together. The best kind of all human works. It is composed of men from every nation, creed and moral code; all are bound in a universal brotherhood. Inhabitants of the grandest conditions, the country of which are oceans vaster than any spaces of land. Sailors are the people of an old world sunken beneath the waters, and they float over their submerged country, now and then visiting places of rich land where a race distinct from them dwells. Many sink down the blinding abysses, to their ancient homes, to die in a strange land among the bones of other dead their race.

For young Lane there were other influences than that of the proximate sea to shield him from illness. It is through our eyes we are guided chiefly, and through our ears delied. The visible good of God shines in His works, and invites the spirit to rejoice and worship. The aggregate evil of all time is stored up in words and enters by the ears. If man has to be trained into goodness, he has also to be educated into badness. No one man could invent all the evil of which an average man knows. It took generations of perverted effort to refine evil and give to the system we now possess. Man is by nature almost a brute; by education he is taught hypocrisy enough to conceal the natural violence of the brute in him; by Christianity he is informed that he must eradicate the brute altogether, cast out of his nature all selfish personality, live with others as though they were he, ever keeping his eyes lifted to the Supreme Fountain of all. In the blind and deaf savage you find a being little above the beast but having some faint ray of undefine aspiration. Open his eyes and set him among his fellows, and he cannot but feel the ray strengthening. Let him live his life thus, and he will be little worse than a beast with a dim ray. But open his ears and allow him to hear his fellows speak and pour all their lore into his mind, and you have a creature a little above a beast, with a dim ray and the accumulated evil knowledge of a thousand years revealed to his reason. Brutes are mere brutes, and build up wilfully no precedents of wrong. Brutes do not regard the fights of other brutes with pleasure. It must be men and women who sit on the benches of the Colosseum. The male hyæna does not fill-use the female; you must come to man before you can find the male striking his mate.

In his childhood, up to his tenth year, John Lane had heard Tom the Fool mutter words, but they had no more meaning for his ears than the curlew's call. When he did come to learn the meaning of sounds, his mind was fresh and untroubled with infantile values or ignoble associations of words, and he heard them used by Edward Martin, a man too calm and just and dignified to evince a meanness or vulgarism in his language.

Nor long was John Lane able to read than he became a devourer of all books he could lay his hands on. There were few, indeed, among the villagers, for Killard had no school, nor was there one nearer than Clonmore, and the people were almost wholly ignorant of letters. But Father Murtagh had a small stock, a few hundred volumes, and these he made free to the boy. The library of the priest consisted chiefly of theological works, but there were a few by profane authors both in the classic and English languages.

The boy ran quickly through the more accessible store, and then one evening, when he called at Father Murtagh's and discovered he had read all the English essays, histories, voyages and travels, poetry and science, said with something like timidity in his tones:

"Father Murtagh, can one see the pictures in Latin books without a guide?"

"My child, there are few classical books illustrated, and I have not a single one with anything more than maps."

"Oh, sir! I don't mean painted pictures, but the pictures in the words. When I read I do not see the books, but the pictures the men who wrote them books saw."

"The boy has imagination," thought the priest. "Heaven grant it lead him not wide of the fold or into sin!" And then aloud: "One could learn, but it is not easy. You have studied a little English grammar?"

"Yes. I read all the books I borrowed, and the grammar twice, as you recommended."

"Well, that may help. Do you wish to begin Latin?"

"If I could, without troubling you. I have no more books in English to read. I should like to see what those Latin men have to show."

Father Murtagh gave him a Latin grammar and instructions, and the boy left. It was winter, and he had almost all the long nights for study. In two weeks he had committed the little book to memory, and came to the priest to return it.

"Have you read it?" demanded the old man. "Do you feel discouraged?"

"I know it. I have put it all in rows in different places, and I can find what I want any moment."

"You have copied it out?" asked the priest, a little puzzled.

"No; not in ink. I always put what I read in certain places, and then I can come and see it whenever I like."

This made the matter no clearer to the priest, and he looked uneasily at the boy. To test him, he said, "And where did you put this?" pointing to the grammar.

"You told me I should to remember it nearly all. It is the hardest book I ever found to put away, for there are no pictures in it, and I had to make pictures for everything myself. It is, on account of this, scattered. I cannot tell you all; it would take you too long. Suppose I put anima into the Spirit of Tears, domus at home, spes over the altar, and amo—"

He paused awhile. Father Murtagh wondered if this were a premonitory symptom of insanity. He asked quietly, keeping an observant eye on the boy, "where did you put amo?"

"Beyond the horizon, in a land I read of."

"What land?"

"Australia."

The old man started.

"I have no book about Australia."

"No. I read about it in a newspaper—one Edward Martin gave to me to read aloud."

"And why do you put amo in Australia?"

"Because in the second skin of the earth there is gold."

"Gold!" cried the old man starting. "Gold!" he thought, in a wail of grief. "This boy, too, is infected. Gold go! somehow has been the ruin of his race. Gold! and so young!" Then calming his manner as much as he could, he said, "And do you love the idea of gold, John Lane?"

"Yes. Gold, from all I can gather out of the book you lent me, is what put sinews into the arms of men, and I should like gold. I shall go to Australia and find it as those diggers do."

"Ah, boy! gold is a curse to undo the world."

"It is no more than lead or iron."

"But it is in them."

"It makes men strong."

"Strong for evil, you thoughtless boy."

"What a man is, he is, whether strong or weak; and I would be strong."

"You will go to ruin if you long for gold."

"I shall be neither more nor less than I am, no matter what I get; and I shall get gold if I may; for I must feel power in my limbs."

"But remember your unhappy father," pleaded the old man in agony. "Some dark misfortune, wherein all think gold is concerned, robbed him of his hearing and the knowledge of God. Remember your father!"

"My father cast me off, and passes me when we meet as though I were an evil spirit. From the day I left the Island until now he has never touched my hand. You know I did all you wished, and send pleading messages to him by the Fool. I know nothing of what gold has been to him, or how he paid for the gun. See how he has lived. Did it strengthen him? He is dumb; I have speech. He is solitary; I shall go abroad. Is there any likeness?"

"My child, my child! My dear child, I tremble for you! This is like the working of some hereditary taint. Heaven grant you may never leave Killard."

The old man was quite overcome. The indomitable confidence, the bold, stern individuality, the weight of purpose, fixed and unalterable, manifested in the strange voice and resolute manner, almost cowed the nervous priest. He made up his mind to argue no longer with the lad, but to pray unceasingly against this lust of gold. With a copy of Cæsar's Commentaries" and a Latin-English dictionary, the boy returned home.

To be Continued.

A Humorous fact about Hood's Sarsaparilla—it expels bad humor and creates good humor. Be sure to get Hood's.

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

Good Women.

The honest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron are more serviceable to the than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband and children happy, who reclaims the one from vice and trains the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose sole occupation is to murder mankind with the shafts from the quivered eyes.

Dressing Well.

The art of dressing well is a gift of nature. The person who is ever well dressed, simply cannot help dressing well. It is not a question of cost at all, or of thought, particularly. Give to all the most expensive fabrics and the instance not of time, and they will appear awkward, ungraceful as if they had unfitted as a fitch.

On the other hand, the velvet dowdy that ever appeared may have lavished time and thought and money on a *toilet ensemble* that makes the beholder want to swear. The dressing well is not in the head, it is in the fingers. It is a knack they have, somehow, of getting things on in the right way, or slipping them deftly and securely into place, and making them stay there.

Who of us does not know some woman whose dainty way of wearing a cheap print gown and a make-shift hat has made her the prettiest picture in the world? And who has envied her that fine instinct in her fingers that taught her how to give in at the touch of genius to it all, that makes the difference between exquisitely dressed and ill-dressed?

Cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness, unaffected cheerfulness, is the that you must bring into company, if you wish to shine in conversation. Now we do not mean by this any of those outbreakings of loud mirth, nor what the world sometimes calls a "high flow of spirits," but a light and airy equanimity of temper, that never rises to boisterousness nor sinks to dullness, that moves gracefully from grave to gay, from seriousness to serene, and by mere manner gives proof of a feeling heart and generous mind. The high and boisterous flow of spirits, so often praised by the superficial world, that keeps up during a party or visit, and then sinks down to absolute inanity, is, on the other hand, a sure sign of a coarse and vulgar nature. Let women look to this matter; for, though rarely coarse and vulgar in their own nature, they may suffer from the coarseness of others, and should therefore set their pretty faces against it, however much they may pretend that it is redeemed by "the dear fellows" wild, rattling spirits.

A Useful Hint.

During the second, bleak February days, it is quite a knack to know how to keep warm. With the mercury in the sitting room at 65 degrees, if one is not comfortable, the temperature is not at fault. Either more exercise, more carbonaceous food, or more clothes are needed; possibly more pure air is needed, for bad air will strike a chill to the stoutest heart. When you feel cold, instead of increasing the fire, increase the heat in the blood, or more fully prevent its escape, by putting on garments that are non-conductors of heat; open the windows and let in more oxygen, and let out the poisonous products of respiration; or go into the open air and draw from unfailing reservoirs fresh supplies of heat and vigor. There are women who suffer from chillness most of the time from fall to spring, and who therefore live as much as they can in rooms heated to eighty and ninety degrees. They object to much underclothing, and make slight change in summer and winter body wear. Of course they are always having colds and illness of various kinds, which plenty of flannels would entirely prevent. Vigorous friction of the entire surface of the body before going to sleep and upon rising is undoubtedly an excellent thing to induce warmth. Starchy food, sugar, and fats—all articles containing carbon in abundance—are good foods for cold weather. Pastries and cake are in season now, if ever they ought to be in season. Candy in cold weather is grateful to the palate, and far less injurious than in warm weather. Instead of burning carbon in the stove, put it into the stomach, put on clothing till chillness ceases, exercise till the body is all in a glow, keep the air of the rooms fresh and pure, and the liabilities to sickness that make winter a season to be dreaded will be reduced.

THE KITCHEN.

A Dish for Lent.

Take a breakfast cupful of rice, pick it over well, and boil it till thoroughly done. Then have a fine, fresh, striped bass (rock), well cleaned, and boil it till well done, putting in the water a tablespoonful of white-wine vinegar and a teaspoonful of salt. (Do not throw the water in which it has been boiled away, as you can make with it a nice dish the next day, if you know how.) Take all the flesh from the bones; hash it up very fine, chopping up with it some parsley. Season moderately with black pepper and salt. Now beat up the whites and yolks of two eggs, and mix all thoroughly with the boiled rice and fish. Butter well a tin pan; place the mixture in it, and bake in a moderately hot oven for ten or fifteen minutes. Then turn out on a hot dish, and serve.

OLO.

Apple Bread.

The recipe for pain de pommes, or, in plain English, apple bread, is very simple, and is as follows: Peel, core and quarter a dozen or more of any well-flavored apples, put them into a saucepan and cover with sweet cider or with water, and boil them until they are soft and tender; drain off the liquid and pulp the fruit through a coarse hair sieve, sweeten to taste, and mix this pulp with twice its weight of ordinary bread dough; work well together, and make the whole into small loaves; set to rise, and then bake in a moderate oven.

Oysters.

Curried oysters are made by taking a dozen of a good size, fry a small minced onion in a teaspoonful of butter; stir in one teaspoonful of curry powder, add the oyster liquor and oysters, and as soon as all come to a boil thicken with a teaspoonful of flour wet with cream. Serve with rice in a separate dish.

For Scalloped oysters put the liquor in a saucepan with a tablespoonful of butter and one of cracker dust for every two dozen oysters add minced celery, celery salt, salt and pepper and simmer for five minutes; turn in the oysters, and as soon as they plump, add a gill of hot cream and the beaten yolk of one egg. Finish the seasoning with lemon juice to taste and serve in small, deep dishes.

"Four years ago," writes Col. David Wylie, Brockville, Ont., May, 1888: "I had a severe attack of rheumatism, I could not stand on my feet. The pain was excruciating. I was blistered and purged in true orthodox style, but all to no purpose. I was advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, which I did. I had my ankles well rubbed and then wrapped in flannel saturated with the remedy. In the morning I could walk without pain."

The Finding of a Horseshoe.

Sailors are, for the most part, careful to have a horse-shoe nailed to the mizzen-mast, or somewhere on the deck near 'midships, for the protection of the vessel.

The Chinese have their tombs built in the shape of the horse-shoe, which custom is very curious as it may be fairly regarded as a branch of superstition long prevalent among ourselves.

The principal gateway at Allahabad is thickly studded with horse-shoes of every size and make. There are hundreds of them nailed all over the great gates, doubtless the offering of many a wayfarer who has long since finished his earthly pilgrimage. The sacred gates of Somnath, in the fort at Agra, are similarly adorned. The practice reminds us of the old manorial rite at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, England, where every peer of the realm is bound, the first time he enters the town to present a horse-shoe to be nailed on the old portal, which is now high covered with these tributes. It is said that, in case any contumacious peer should refuse to pay this tax, the authorities have a right to stop his carriage and levy blackmail by unshoeing one of the horses. To avert so serious an annoyance, the tribute shoe is generally ready, some being of enormous size, and inscribed with the name of the donar.

Whether these Eastern horse-shoe were taxes or offerings cannot be told, but it certainly is very curious to observe how widespread is the superstition.

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Wholes, $4; Halves, $2; Quarters, $1;

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1 Capital Prize of	$60,000	is	$60,000
1 Capital Prize of	20,000	is	20,000
1 Capital Prize of	10,000	is	10,000
1 Grand Prize of	2,000	is	2,000
3 Prizes of	$1000	are	3,000
6 Prizes of	500	are	3,000
20 Prizes of	200	are	4,000
100 Prizes of	100	are	10,000
340 Prizes of	50	are	17,000
554 Prizes of	20	are	11,080

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