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zel, who was afterward the principal in the Philadelphia insurance swindle, and was also supposed to be the principal in the Potter's Field funeral. It is very likely that this visit of Holmes to Terre Haute was the direct result of some item which he had read about Pitezel's forgeries in the Chicago newspapers. At any rate, he evidently regarded Pitezel as a lucky find for insurance purposes.

Scheming With Pitezel.

After a brief conversation through the cell door, Holmes gave straw bail for Pitezel to the amount of $1800, and the two worthies proceeded to Chicago, where the scheme against the Williams property was fully developed. Pitezel had not been in Chicago long before Holmes made up his mind that the detectives were after the Terre Haute man. At any rate, according to his statement, he procured a trunk, bundled Pitezel into it, and sent him out of the city post haste. Pitezel was living with Holmes at the time.

CHAPTER IV.

It was early in February of 1893 that one Benton T. Lyman appeared in Fort Worth and placed on record a deed from a person named "Bond" for a piece of property in Rush-street. "Bond," who was doubtless Holmes, got the deed from Miss Minnie Williams. It was executed before a notary of the name of Holmes. As soon as that deed was authenticated, Lyman, who was no other than Pitezel, began to build a handsome three-story house on the property. Just as operations were beginning, O. C. Pratt (Holmes) appeared on the scene and was introduced by Lyman as superintendent of the work. A few weeks later Pratt left town with dozens of creditors searching for him. Next, Lyman sold some lots and disappeared with the proceeds, and for all that is known to the contrary the unfinished building is still there.

Holmes and Pitezel had bought up a great many horses and gave notes on the Fort Worth property. These they shipped to St. Louis, where for a while they tarried in prosperity with Pitezel's family. At this time Holmes had adopted his old name of Howard.

He turned a few minor "tricks" in St. Louis by way of keeping his hand in, and then went to Indianapolis. From Indianapolis he went to Franklin, Ind., where he met Miss Yoke, who had known him previously in Chicago as Mr. H. H. Holmes. His attentions became quite marked and he finally proposed marriage. When Miss Yoke asked him to explain his change of name he said that an uncle of the name of Howard had promised to make him his heir provided he changed his name. This was satisfactory to Miss Yoke, and on last January they were married.

Meeting With Hedgpeth.

The honeymoon was spent in Denver. While on this trip Holmes alleges that he made $27,000 on a "trick" he turned in Leadville. At any rate, he came back flush with money, and at once put himself in communication with Pitezel, who was living in St. Louis. Holmes seems to have a morbid longing for the interior of prisons. On his arrival from Texas months before he had paid a visit to the City Prison in St. Louis, where he had become acquainted with Hedgspeth, the Glendale train robber.

This act resulted in his undoing. At that interview Hedgspeth mentioned the name of Jeptha Howe as a young lawyer who would not stick at any scheme to make money. Holmes did not forget this. When he revisited St. Louis and took up the Philadelphia insurance swindle, hatched long previously with Pitezel, the first man he thought of was Howe, and arrangements were made with the lawyer looking to future developments.

This scheme was not the matter of a moment with Holmes. As early as October of that year he made application to the Fidelity Mutual Life Association for insurance under the name of H. H. Holmes. The application was granted. He gave a note to the agent for the first payment, but it was never redeemed. This was simply to give him a standing with the company and for the purpose of future identification. A month later he secured B. T. Pitezel as a member. Pitezel took out a policy for $10,000, and likewise gave a note. Nothing more was heard of the worthy couple until last August. Then the Fidelity Company received a telegraph money order for the payment of the premium. It purported to have come from St. Louis. It has since been ascertained that it came from Holmes in New York.

A common-looking man, who appeared somewhat pressed for funds, on August 18 rented the queer old house at No. 1316 Callowhill-street, Philadelphia, and paid 12 days' rent in advance, with a promise to lease the building for a year. He gave the name of B. F. Perry. He did not seem to have any especial business, but advertised agents' specialties. He also put advertisements in the papers proposing to sell patent rights. The man was B. F. Pitezel. In the minds of many these advertisements were nothing more or less than schemes to get himself known as B. F. Perry.

Dark Schemes

Mr. Perry had many callers. Was he not waiting until somebody called who could be palmed off as B. F. Pitezel? Was anybody put out of the way in the queer old Callowhill-street house? Marian Lampen, a student of the military school, was one of those who called upon "B. F. Perry." The latter asked a great many questions about where he lived, whether he was married or single and all about his relations. What were these questions for? If a man came to that lonely room a wanderer, and represented himself as alone in the world, it is easy to see how such a scheme could be carried out. But before a likely man turned up Holmes became weary of the delay and hit upon the expedient of killing the right man instead of securing a substitute. But of that more anon.

Among those who called upon Perry was Eugene Smith, a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, who sometimes did odd jobs of carpentering. This was on Sept. 3 last. He called on Monday in accordance with an understanding with Perry about putting up a counter. Perry was not in. At least he could get no reply to his repeated raps. On the following day he came again. He noticed that everything was just as he had left it on the preceding day. A coat was hanging on the same nail. The doors were open and the house apparently empty. He went upstairs. At the top of the landing he smelled a peculiar odor. It came from a small room on the right. He opened the door.

There lying flat on the floor was the body of "B. F. Perry." It was on its back. The right hand was on the chest, the left hand by the side. A corncob pipe filled with tobacco lay within reach. It had never been lighted. A bottle that had contained benzine was on the floor close by. It had been broken in two at the middle.

The face of the corpse was scorched on one side. So were the body and clothes. They were apparently benzine burns and merely superficial. They were just the things, however, that rendered identification all the more difficult.

The frightened Smith ran downstairs and out into the street, and informed the police. The police notified the coroner. The scheme of Holmes was working finely. A coroner's inquest was held. Dr. Mattern, the coroner's physician, in his report of the case said that the man had died from the inhalation of the flames of some poison unknown. Dr. Scotts who did the surgical work for Dr. Mattern, took a different view. He said there were no signs of burns in the thorax and lungs and that the cause of death was not clearly demonstrated. For 11 days the body rested in the receiving vault. The papers talked about "B. F. Parry," the dead man, and the mysterious death was fully exploited.

CHAPTER V.

Like all similar cases, it was simply a "news" item. There was apparently nothing behind it. From a newspaper standpoint it was a "clean death," and the excitement caused by the find was purely local.

All papers found on the body were taken possession of by the coroner. Several letters were found from which the names had been torn. On Sept. 12 the body was interred in the Potter's Field. On the day after the finding of the body Mrs. Pitezel, living in St. Louis with her five children, read about it in the papers. She has since confessed that she was a party with her husband and Holmes to the swindle, and that it was intended to palm off a dead body for Pitezel.

It was not until the 7th, however, that she made a move. On that day she had a talk with Mr. Beckert, in whose house she lived. He suggested the name of his attorney as a good man to present her case to the insurance company. Mr. Beckert was explicit in this; yet afterward, when Mrs. Pitezel was asked why she did not take advantage of the opportunity, she said that she "did not remember what Mr. Beckert said." Instead, she telegraphed to the company asking if the policy of B. F. Pitezel was in good standing. The company, not for a moment dreaming that B. F. Pitezel and "B. F. Perry" were supposed to be the same persons, answered that it was.

A request was then made through Jeptha D. Howe for blank proofs of loss. The insurance company very properly refused to furnish proofs of loss in the absence of proof that Perry was Pitezel. It was at this juncture that the company decided upon an investigation. They wrote to their Chicago manager and asked him to obtain a full description of Pitezel. He did so. Preparations were made for the exhumation of the body.

In the meantime Jeptha Howe was in correspondence with both the coroner and the company, and promised to come and identify the body. He apologized for the delay, on account of the illness of Mrs. Pitezel. Finally he came on with Alice, the second daughter, and one of those whose body was dug up in St. Vincent-street yesterday.

Right here it may be necessary to enumerate the children of Mrs. Pitezel. First, there is Dessie, who is about 16 years old; Alice, who was 14; Nellie, 11 (the two girls whose bodies were exhumed); Howard, 9, and a baby about 1 year old. Alice was far more dull than Dessie, and why she should have been selected for the ordeal is not known. She was not so bright as Dessie.

Howe came on armed with a letter of introduction from his law partner, Mr. McDonald, the former Assistant District Attorney of St. Louis, to Superintendent Linden, asking him to render any service he could to the attorney. On Mr. Howe's arrival the superintendent wrote a letter of introduction to Mr. Fouse, the president of the insurance company, and also one to Coroner Ashbridge, commending Howe to their consideration. This gave him a good standing.

While all this was going on the Chicago agent had gone to Williamette, where he had talked to Howard (Holmes) second wife about the case. She promptly wrote to her husband in Columbus, O., and the result was that in a few days the Philadlphia Insurance Company received a letter from Holmes, in which he said that he had received a letter from his wife informing him that the company wanted a description of Mr. Pitezel. Now, note the sharpness of the man. A thousand miles away, and the chief conspirator in the murder, he says: "If the company will pay my expenses to Chicago, I will come."

Holmes on the Scene.

He wrote again a few days later, saying that he had picked up a Philadelphia paper and found that the body was in Philadelphia and not in Chicago. He would go to Philadelphia and see the body. He came on and introduced himself. About this time Howe put in an appearance. He was told that a man named Holmes had identified the body. When asked if he knew Holmes, Howe said: "No, I have never met him to my knowledge. I have the identification and expect to gain all we claim. I am a young man and this is the first time I have had a life insurance case. Don't take advantage of me."

"What do you mean?" he was asked.

"I mean that I am very inexperienced. Of course, you with your 10 or 20 years' experience can make black seem white to me."

This remark is now regarded as extremely humorous by the officials of the company. On the morning of Sept. 22 a little procession set out for Potter's Field. There were the Deputy Coronr, the coroner's assistant, President Fouse and Agent Perry of the company, Jeptha Howe, Alice and the grave digger. The lonely sleeper—since known to be murdered—was disinterred. He was badly decomposed and had it not been for the marks of identification in the possession of the company nothing could have been done. These marks were: First—A wart on the back of the neck.

Second—A posterior development of the head, with a receding forehead.

Third—A broken nose.

Fourth—A blood bruise on the thumb.

Fifth—Very prominent teeth.

Sixth—A scar on the leg.

Holmes' Marvelous Nerve.

When the condition of the body was seen the young girl was led crying into the background, where she could not be harassed by the sight. Finally, after a superficial examination, the coroner's physician became ill and did not want to go any further. Here again the incomparable nerve of Holmes came to the rescue. The juncture was just that in which Lady Macbeth said, "Infirm of purpose; give me the dagger."

At this time Mr. Howe was crying. Holmes said: "Give me those gloves. I will settle this thing." Then he put on the gloves, pulled out a surgeon's knife and turned the body over on its back. There was $10,000 at stake, and he did not want to lose it on the last throw of the dice.

First he cut out the wart on the back of the neck and handed it to the coroner's deputy. Next he cut off the bruised thumb nail and the scar on the leg, and these awful things are now in the possession of the coroner. After this was done Holmes turned to President Fouse and said, "Now do you want the child to see the body?"

"I have not said yet whether I am satisfied or not," replied Mr. Fouse. Then it was agreed to cover up all the body but the teeth, and to let the child see it. The poor girl came forward, shaking all over. With a face as white as death she looked and said with a horrified gasp, "They look like papa's teeth."

The body was buried next day in the Mechanics' Cemetery, and on the following Monday the inquest was reopened. Holmes, Howe and the child Alice went before the Coroner's jury, and on the evidence there given the coroner was induced to change the name "B. F. Perry" to "B. T. Pitezel," and on this change the money was paid over on Sept. 24 to Jeptha Howe, as attorney for the widow. Thus the nicely-laid scheme went through with flying colors, and the conspirators were happy. The sequel was yet to come.

CHAPTER VI.

W. E. Gerry, a secret agent of the company, was prowling about St. Louis on other business about Oct. 18, when he was sent for by Chief of Police Harrigan, who showed him the following note which he had received:

MAJOR LAURENCE HARRIGAN, Chief of Police:

There has been a $10,000 swindle worked upon a Philadelphia life insurance company, and possibly a murder committed in working it. Seventy-five hundred dollars of the money has already been paid and $2500 is yet in the bank, owing to a squabble over the fee that Howe is wanting for his part in it. I can give some interesting information regarding it, and perhaps save the insurance company something if they are notified at once.

MARION C. HEDGSPETH.

City, Oct. 2, 1894.

Hedgspeth, the train robber, had written this letter, because, as he stated, Howe had promised him a portion of the money for putting the fee in his way.

At first the insurance company told Agent Gerry to pay no attention to the matter, believing that Hedgspeth was trying to further his own ends. Gerry disobeyed orders. He interviewed Hedgspeth and became convinced that he was telling the truth. He so reported, but again the company frowned upon it. After Gerry came home the company held a court of inquiry upon it, and upon Gerry's representations decided to take the matter up. Gerry was instructed to go ahead with it. He first convinced the company that Holmes and Howe were acquainted by the following facts which he had obtained:

When Alice came on with Howe from St. Louis to identify the supposed body of her father they found the cars so crowded that they were forced to occupy different seats. They were out two or three hundred miles from St. Louis when somebody tapped Alice on the shoulder. According to the letter written to her mother afterward, it was Mr. Howard (Holmes). This was too peculiar a coincidence for the company to swallow, and all the detective machinery of the company was put on the case.

After leaving Philadelphia, subsequently to the payment of the money, Mr. Howe had been preceded by Alice and Howard (Holmes), who went to Indianapolis, where the girl was left in the Stebbins' House. He then went on to St. Louis, where he reported to Mrs. Pitezel that everything was all right and that he had left Alice with a good friend. He wanted Howard and Nellie to join Alice.

On the evening that Howe arrived from Philadelphia he met Mrs. Pitezel at the depot, where she had come to see Nellie and the little boy off with Holmes. Howe paid Mrs. Pitezel $90 for the children's fare and expenses and $5 for herself.

Since then Mrs. Pitezel has not seen the children. When Alice was taken, in accordance with the arrangement with Mrs. Pitezel, to identify the "subject" as that of her father, she found that it actually was her father. Hence Holmes had to keep her separate from her mother for fear that she would tell her the fact, and the woman's suspicions that Holmes had killed him would be aroused.

A few days later Mrs. Pitezel went to the office of Howe and got no satisfaction. There was at this time a grand row going on between Howe and Holmes regarding the fee of the former. Howe told Mrs. Pitezel that the whole thing was a fraud and he washed his hands of it. All along Jeptha Howe has alleged that he is innocent of any conspiracy. Notwithstanding this he tried to induce her to sign a paper testifying to his innocence. Why was that necessary? She refused until a lawyer came in and told her it was all right. She then signed it.

During the row between the conspirators, Howe said to Holmes: "What are you going to do about it? I want $5000 for my fee, and if you don't pay it will send the money back."

Holmes Got Most.

Holmes thought the matter over and said: "Do you remember one night when we were talking at the corner of 11th and Banks-street, when you sat alongside what appeared to be a bookcase? You probably did not know that you were talking into a phonograph."

Howe though so much of this that he made an investigation, and then he came down somewhat in his demand. They divided and Holmes got the lion's share. A few days later the storm broke. Holmes heard that he was "wanted," and "lit out" quietly between two days, taking with him for safety's sake Mrs. Pitezel and Dessie. The detectives followed on his trail until they were absolutely tired out. They went to Detroit, Toronto, Prescott, Ogdensburg, Burlington and a dozen other places, before they were finally apprehended in Boston.

As has been stated when Holmes and Pitezel entered into the scheme to defraud the insurance company by insuring Pitezel's life and substituting a body, Mrs. Pitezel knew all about it. She had been taken into the confidence of her husband and Holmes and gave her consent to the suggestion to make the insurance company believe her husband was dead, to thus get possession of the $10,000 which was to be placed upon his life.

The plans carried as first laid up to the point of substitution. Here, the Philadelphia police say, Holmes broke faith and instead of procuring the body he murdered his confrere by chloroforming him to death.

Holmes requested that any letters she wished to send to them be handed to him and he would forward them. Playing the same game with the children, he thus managed to prevent any communication between them and their mother. After his arrest a small tin box was found among his effects and this contained every letter written by Mrs. Pitezel to her husband and her children, and by the children to her, between the time of the murder of her husband in Callow Hill-st., Philadelphia, and the fatal Oct. 25. In every epistle written by the mother she asks the children why they have not written to her in answer to her letters, and expresses the fond hope that she soon shall see them and papa. The letters of the children are full of childish love, simplicity and pathos. They have become lonely and homesick and tired of traveling from one city to another, with no papa, no mama, no Dessa and no dear little baby.

While at the Albion Hotel in this city they wrote the last letter their little hands ever penned, and in it they say "brother Howard is not with us now. We have not seen him since we left Detroit." They did not dream of his fate nor realize that they soon should be with him.

When Mrs. Pitezel came to Toronto on the morning of Oct. 19, she expected to meet her husband and children. She had followed Holmes over half the continent and was becoming weary of the suspense. Holmes knew he could not satisfy her queries much longer. If she once met the children and learned from their lips that they had not seen their father since they looked upon what they were confident was his corpse, the awful truth of her crime would at once manifest itself to her, she would open out on him, and his fate was sealed.

If mother and children met he must hang. Mother and children must not meet, though it meant the assassination of the entire family. His life was of more value to him than a million others, and the murder of the mother and five children was a small matter to his hellish nature when his own life hung in the balance. The boy had already been disposed of, and the girls, Alice and Nellie, must die.

Holmes left Toronto on Oct. 26, and was traced to Prescott, from there to Ogdensburg and afterwards to Burlington, Vt., where he rented a furnished house for Mrs. Pitezel and her baby, who had been sent there the very morning of the murder on the pretence that her husband had been sent ahead of her because the detectives were after him. It was at Battleford where Holmes put nitro-glycerine under the house in order to remove the remaining members of the family.

As soon as he was brought to Boston Holmes pleaded guilty to swindling the insurance company. The maximum penalty for this crime is only two years. He claimed that the body found, supposed to be that of Perry, was that of a "subject" obtained from a medical college. The Philadelphia authorities became suspicious from his alacrity in pleading guilty that the body was really that of Pitezel, and that Holmes had murdered him, and withheld sentence pending the result of the enquiries of Detective Geyer, who was detailed to follow the movements of Holmes after leaving Philadelphia with the Pitezel children. At Detroit he learned that Holmes had arrived there with the three Pitezel children, and that in the City of Straits the boy, Howard Pitezel, disappeared. Holmes had rented a house in Forest-avenue, which contained a furnace with a large fire-box. Holmes and the boy were seen to enter the house together, and Holmes was seen to leave it alone. The theory of Mr. Geyer is that the boy was killed and his body cremated in the furnace fire-box. In view of later developments this theory is probably correct.

Arrival in Toronto.

On the morning of Oct. 18 Holmes came to Toronto with his wife and registered at the Palmer House under the name of George Howell and wife, Columbus, Ohio. They stayed for the day only. The register of the Palmer House for Oct 21 contains this entry: "A. Howell and wife, Columbus, O." Mrs. Pitezel, with her daughter Dessa and baby, reached Toronto the same day as Holmes, alias Howell, arrived. She had been brought here on the pretence that she was at last to meet her husband and her three children. Holmes met her at the Union Station and sent her to the Union Hotel, where she registered under the name of Mrs. O. A. Adams, Columbus, Ohio.

In the meantime the girls, Alice and Nellie, had arrived. They were unaware of the presence in the city of their mother, to whom they had been writing pathetic letters, asking her to please come and see them, as they were so homesick and travel-weary. They were sent to the Albion Hotel, where they registered under the name of Canning, a name they had assumed in Indianapolis. While at the Albion Holmes took them out every day, returning in the evening.

As the days passed by and no definite word of her husband or her children being given her, Mrs. Pitezel, alias Adams, became anxious, and pressed Holmes for knowledge of their whereabouts. Fearing they would in some way become aware of the presence of one another so close at hand, and tired of his long chase around the continent, Holmes appears to have decided upon ultimate measures.

On the morning of Oct. 25 he called at the Albion and took the girls away with him. It now transpires that he took them to the house in St. Vincent-street, where he smothered them and buried them in the cellar, as described above.

Holmes will of course be extradited from Philadelphia to stand his trial for the murder of the children.

Notes.

Detective Geyer sat in the corridors of the Rossin House last evening, feeling highly elated over the successful conclusion of his long search and the justification of his theories on the matter. To a World reporter he said: "I cannot express too highly my appreciation of the assistance the newspapers of this city have rendered Detective Cuddy and I. If it was not for the interest taken in this case by The World and the wide publicity it gave it, the Pitezel children would never have been discovered. The World has given the best stories all the way through, and those cuts your paper published Saturday morning were excellent." The cuts were executd by the Central Press, and Detective Geyer said he had never seen more perfect cuts than those of Etta, Alice Pitezel and Holmes. The Philadelphia officer will remain here until the inquest, which has been called for 8 o'clock this evening by Coroner Johnson, has been concluded.

THE MURDERED CHILDREN.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

Here Is a Story Which Resembles the Pitezel Case.

A long time ago, there lived in the County of Norfolk in England, two little children, whose names were Willie and Jane. Their parents were very good and kind to them, and loved them dearly. They lived in a fine house, had plenty of servants to wait on them, and, in fact, had everything they could desire to make them happy.

When they were both quite young, Willie being only six and Jane four years old, their mamma was taken ill, and two days after their papa fell ill also. They had caught a dreadful fever which was raging at that time, and the doctors said there was no hope for them. It would not have grieved the parents to have died and left all their riches behind them, for they had been taught to love God before all things; but they were much grieved to leave behind them their two sweet helpless children. At last, one evening, the children were called to their parents' bedside to hear their last words, and to receive their dying blessing. It was a sad sight, and the children wept many tears, although the poor things could not know what a loss they were about to suffer. Their uncle, a brother of their mother's, was there, too. Their father's will was read, by which all his riches were left to the children; but in case they died first their uncle was then to have all. The good mother kissed her little ones, then took them by the hand, and said to her brother:

"Brother, take these dear little children. Be good to my poor boy, Willie, and to my darling Jane. They have no friends now but you. I leave them to God and to you. If you are kind to them, God will repay you; but if you neglect them, you may be sure that God will not fail to mark your neglect."

The uncle said, "My dear sister, I will take care of them as long as I live, and they shall be to me like my own children. If I do harm to these poor orphans, I pray that God may never prosper me or mine."

After these and speeches the parents kissed their dear children again, and as they pressed their cold lips to the warm rosy lips of their little ones, they said gently, "God bless our little Willie—God bless our darling Jane," and soon after God took them to Himself."

As soon as the remains of their dear parents were laid in the grave, their uncle took the children to his own home. For a while he was very kind to them, and did everything he could to please and amuse them. But he was a wicked man, and soon forgot all that he had said to his dying sister, for he thought now all their riches might be his, if the poor little ones were only dead. He soon found out two bad men, who would do anything for money, and he agreed with them to take the little orphans away into a lonely wood, and there to kill them, where no one could hear their cries. So this wicked uncle went home and told a lie to his wife, who loved the little ones, and said that a friend in London, who had lost his own children, wanted to take Willie and Jane to live with him, as he was so lonely. His wife, not knowing that this was a lie, agreed to let the children go, as she had some of her own, who needed all her care.

Next morning, a coach drove up to the door of their uncle's house, and the dear orphans, thinking they were going to London, kissed their aunt and uncle, and got into the coach with one of the bad men who had agreed with their uncle, while the other got up on the box to drive.

The man who rode inside the coach tried to amuse them with all sorts of prattle, for he had two little babes of his own about the same age. They chatted to him about London and all the pretty sights they were to see, and were so good that their pretty speeches melted his hard heart, and he began to repent that he had ever agreed to harm such sweet little darlings.

At last they came to the wood where the wicked deed was to be done, and the man who drove got down, and told the man Walter, who rode inside, that he had better get out, and let the children have a walk while the horses rested.

The children jumped gaily out, and Walter, taking a hand of each in his own, led them along a pretty path into the wood. There they played about, and picked the pretty flowers and the nice berries, and chased the gaudy butterflies, until they were tired, and all sat down on a mossy bank. Walter was seated, full of painful thoughts, when Roland, the other bad man, came up, and made him take the girl while he took the boy.

But Walter said, "Let us rather think what we are about to do, and do not act as he so wicked, but let us take the poor little ones home to some of our friends."

At this Roland got into a dreadful rage, and said that he would have his share of the money if Walter would not, and called him a coward to be afraid of a child. With that he tried to seize Willie, but Walter drew his sword and stood before the child, and the two men began to fight, while the two timid children clung to each other, not knowing what it meant. At last Roland was killed, and as he fell dead Walter turned to the children, and told them now that wicked man wanted to kill them. At this they cried, but Walter told them not to fear now, and he led them away further into the wood. The poor things began to feel very hungry and tired, but Walter had nothing to give them, and was much puzzled to know what to do with them. So they walked on and on till they saw a church spire and heard the bells, although they were still far away from them. Then Walter told them to rest while he went to get them some food, and he went off to the town, but never came back to the little darlings. They played about, and watched the fishes in the brook; they picked the pretty flowers, and ate the berries; but although they looked and looked, yet no Walter could be seen. Their clothes were torn by the thorns, and their faces were smeared with crying and with the berries, and surely no such lonely, sad little things were ever seen. They held fast to each other, for it began to grow dark and cold. They had no house to go to now, no nice warm bed to creep into, and no supper to eat, and they were so cold and tired and hungry. They heard the bells ringing far away, and as they used to do at home, they knelt down on the grass, and put their tiny hands together to pray to God; and God heard them, too, for He soon took them away from all wicked men, and brought them to their own dear mamma and papa again.

"Let us lie down under this bush," said little Jane, "for I am so tired."

"I am very tired, too," said poor Willie, "and so cold. We will lie down close together until Walter comes with the food."

So they lay down under the bush, and Jane put her arms round Willie, and the little orphans cried themselves to sleep.

The night was cold, and the wind was bleak, and their blood was so chilled with hunger that the little darlings died, and God took them as little angels up to heaven, away from all wicked things.

To show how God made these wicked men suffer for their crimes, nothing ever went well with their uncle after this. The thought of his crimes took such a hold on his mind that he could not rest in his bed. His barn were set on fire by lightning; his corn and all his goods were burnt; his lands became barren; his cattle died; and having sent his two sons abroad in a ship laden with goods of value, their ship went down, and they, with all their goods, were lost. When his wife heard this, she fell down dead at the awful news; and the uncle was soon after thrown into prison for some other wicked thing he had done.

About this time Walter was tried for a theft, and was sentenced to be hanged for it. Before his death, he told all about the wicked uncle and the poor little babes, and when the wicked uncle heard of it he died in the prison raving mad. From what the robber had said, those who had known the children went in crowds to search the woods, but could not find the little ones for a long time, for the robin redbreasts, out of pity, had covered them over with the dead leaves. When they did find them, the sweet babes were locked in each other's arms, just as they had laid themselves down to sleep.

THE PUBLIC should bear in mind that Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil has nothing in common with the impure deteriorating class of so-called medicinal oils. It is eminently pure and really efficacious—relieving pain and lameness, stiffness of the joints or muscles, and sores or hurts, besides being an excellent specific for rheumatism, coughs and bronchial complaints.

Easy, Cheap and Good.

are those light, comfortable Dongola low shoes which Blachfords', 83 to 89 King-street east, have just received. Gentlemen requiring an easy, inexpensive shoe for summer wear should try them.

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Preston, Ont., Nov. 26, 1894.

Bernard Lindman, Esq., Toronto.

Dear Sir,—It is now about three months ago since I first notiticed that a cure of my rupture was being effected by the use of one of your Wilkinson Trusses, and now I am fully convinced that the cure is both complete and effectual. I have on several occasions within the last few weeks taken long walks without truss or support of any kind, and have every confidence that my rupture, which, as you are aware, was of a very severe description, is now permanently healed, and I can assure you that I feel deeply thankful for the beneficial results. I have already recommended your appliances to several of my friends similarly affected.

Yours very sincerely,
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DIXON'S, 65 KING WEST, HAVE ALways bought and sold for cash, consequently their furnishings may be relied on as the best and cheapest in the market.

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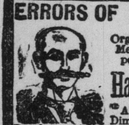

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