How Sacher spent that night and

## A Blue-Eyed Santa Claus

By A. M Belding, in the Merchant, Halifax

A keen wind swept the failing snow in slanting lines against the window through which a little boy in a patched jacket looked out upon the village street. It was the morning before Christmas. The boy's eyes, dark and wistful, saw nothing in particular, and his fingers drummed idly on the window-sill. Suddenly he turned to the woman who sat by the small stove, busily engaged in sewing. "Mamma, will Santa Claus bring

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"I don't know, Willie. I'm afraid he won't bring you very much this year. There are so many big houses and big chimneys that I'm afraid there won't be much left for you and

The boy's face drooped. He left the window and flung himself on a mat beside the stove. "I wish there wasn't any Santa

Claus!" he cried bitterly. "I'm't fret, dear," his mother said. checking the sigh that would have responded to his hopeless mood. "You will get something. And perhaps next year you'll get a lot of nice

"Santa Claus was good when papa was alive," said the boy. "One time he brought me a cap—and a framer—and a whistle—and a sword—and lots

For answer, the mother burst into tears. The boy looked up, and his mood changed in an instant. He sprang to her arms, and in his childsoothed and comforted the heart his words had wrung with an-

same morning, through the window of a house on the opposite side of the village street, a little girl looked out apon the falling snow. She was warmly dressed, and her sur-roundings were bright and cheerful. seside an open fire her mother sat, thoughtful seriousness. Her gaze was fixed on the poor little house opposite, and the face of a boy in the window. "Mamma!" she said suddenly, but without turning, "will Santa Claus bring a lot of nice things to Willie

"I'm afraid not, Mamie. But I suppose he will bring something."
"I wish I was Santa Claus," said the little girl. "I'd bring him a new

The mother looked intently for a moment at the small figure framed in the window. A quick, warm light glowed in her eyes, and her voice grew more tender.

"Mamie," she said, "would you like

Mamne," she said, "would you like to be little Willie's Santa Claus?"
The child turned with quick eagerness. "How could I, mamma?"
"You have money to spend. Buy something and give it to his mother for him tonight."

"It is all yours, dear."
"Could I spend it all? I have three

"Three dollars is a good deal for a little girl to spend all at once, Wouldn't you be sorry afterwards?" The child turned to the window again, and gazed thoughtfully through the falling snow at the little house across the street. For a long time she stood there, turning over many things in her mind. Very soat length she turned once more, went over to her mother, and threw

an arm around her neck. "Mamma, if you had no papa to buy things—if you had nobody but me—and we lived in a poor old house -and I had to wear old clothes-and be hungry sometimes-wouldn't you be glad if somebody was my

The mother listened to this very long and broken sentence, and some-thing made her eyes strangely misty to her own, and pressed a loving kiss on the warm cheek.

"You dear little woman," she said. Her voice was translous with an emotion at which the child greatly wondered. "I think you had better

And Mamie clapped her hands in glee. There was a very animated con-sultation, during which, it is to be feared, the baby, who stared with very wide eyes, was a good deal neglected. A little later a small figure,
warmly wrapped, might have been
seen to leave the house, run quickly
across the street, enter the little house
opposite, whisper something in the ear
of Mrs. Gray, flash a bewildering smile
upon little Wille, and then rush out again and away down the street, leaving a gleam of sunshine in the little room such as had not pierced its

walls for many a day. At his desk, away in the rear of his store, Affan Morton was going through some letters. Around the stove near the centre of the store a group of men ssly exchanging observations on the weather, the times, and the latest village news. Out of the storm a fleecy little figure presently swept into the store, flashed past the group of men, and with a joyous cry of "Papa! papa!" ran back to the man at the desk. He turned from

his letters at once. "Haloo! Fairy-What are you doing "I come to do some shopping," replied the little woman, with great gravity. "And I want bargains, too." In a moment she was nearled knee, pouring into his ear a tale to which he listened at first with an indulgent smile, and then with a grow-

ing interest. When she had finished he caught her chin in his hand, turned her face to his own, and looking down into the blue eyes, asked her: "Are you sure you want to do all this, Fairy? Sure you won't wish af-terwards that you hadn't done so

"I've got a new customer this mor-ning," he said laughingly to the group of men. "This little woman has turn-ed Santa Claus."

"What is it now, Mande?" asked one of the young men. "Whose stockire are you going to fill tonight?"

Mamie glanced tim'oly at the group, and a blush stole over her face

as her eyes fell again.
"She had found a little boy who wants some new clothes, and she is going to spend her Christmas money on him. I've got to put the goods in at cost, or less," said her father. "These women, especially little women, are great people for bargains." speaker's hand went into his pocket.

It came out with a half dollar. "Come, boys, ante-up." he said. "Nothing less than a dime, as much more as you like"

The big blue eyes under the warm hood looked up in wondering surprise, as one after another came and laid a piece of silver on the counter. "That's for you, Mamie," said the

young man. "Spend that, too. Only you must say a good word for us to Santa Claus tonight."
"Oh! Thank you—everybody," cried the bewildered and delighted child. "I can get a lot of things now .'Cause pape 'll have to throw in something, too."

"Fairly caught, old man," laughed one of the group; and Mr. Morton shook his head and laughed with the rest. The wise looks, the puzzled questions, the confidential suggestions, and above all the manifest pleasure of the little bargain-maker were vastly entertaining. But that was not the sole effect. Hearts were touched by a child's tenderness as by a benedic-

crooning softly to an infant in her arms. Framed in the window, the little girl's fair face and flaxen hair by a radiant vision of blue eyes and flaxen hair. The indulgent smile with the permitted himself to be carrently essed by fittle hands, and the quick interchange of fond looks between him and his wife indicated how finely wrought was the fibre of sympathy that bound together the members of the little family. After dinner, as they sat for a little by the cosy fire, he said

to Mrs. Morton: "It will hardly do to let Mamie have all the pleasure. I think I shall send Mrs. Gray a few little things from the store to help out their Christmas din-

"Do," urged his wife. "I'll take her something myself. I'm afraid I wouldn't have thought much about her —there are so many things to think about—if Mamle hadn't set the example. I know she needs help-and works hard. Christmas must seem very dull to her now-with only Willie to share it "

or him tonight."

The eager little face grew yet more serious, and Mamie returned her mother's fond look with one of earmother's fond look with look with look with look with lo

'Mamma! Mamma!" cried a childish voice from the next room. She turned with a smile to be led away and made the recipient of mysterious confidences, all of which had a direct relation to a benign personage known as Santa Claus.

When, on Christmas morning, Willie Gray found himself the possessor of a new coat, a cap and mittens, a picture book, besides toys and candles and fruits; when he had shown all these treasures to a little girl, whose big blue eyes regarded them with an am-azing interest; and when, still later, his mother, whom Santa Claus had also remembered, and he sat down to a dinner such as he had not seen since papa died, the glorious winter sunshine that made every snowflake on the trees a flashing crystal was not more brilliant than the lustre of his

And when, in the larger house opposite, little Mamie told of her morning visit, the wondering child found erself suddenly caught up and empraced with great fervor by two people, who realized, as they had never done before, the value of home comforts and loving sympathy, and a home circle unbroken by the hand of death.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL. There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer,
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the

There's a tumult of joy,
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet Boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Aye! the star rains its fire and the beauti For the manger of Bethlehem cradles

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And the serg from afar
Has swept o'er the world.
Every hearth is aflame, and the

And we coho the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
we shout to the lovely evangel they

YOU ARE A VICTIM

J. F. HOLLAND.

Medical Statistics Prove that Eighty Out of Every Hundred are Tainted With Catarrh.

Are you one of the eighty? Foul breath, pains over the eyes, dropping in the throat and headache denote it. Have you these symptems? Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder never disappoints in a cure.

"For years I was a victim of chronic catarrh. I had tried all kinds of cures, and this, Fairy? Sure you won't wish afterwards that you hadn't done so much?"

Mamie nodded two or three times very decidedly. "Yes, papa, I am He put her lightly down from his tresing and disgusting malady."

He put her lightly down from his

CHRISTMAS. (From "Dumb Animals.")
are the sounds of the Christma chimes In the land of the tvied towers, In this western world of ours !

Bright on the holly and mistletoe bough
The English firelight falls,
And bright are the wreathed evergreens now, That gladden our own home walls. They are ringing tonight through the Norway firs,
And across the Swedish fells,
And the Cuban palm-tree dreamily stir
To the sound of those Christmas bell

They ring where the Indian Ganges rolls Its flood through the rice-fields wide; They swell the far hymns of the Laps; The years come 1 ot back that have circled

With the past of the Eastern land, When He plucked the corn on the Sabb day
And healed the withered hand; But the bells shall join in a joycus chime For the One who walked the sea, And ring again for the better time Of the Christ that is to be!

CURIOUS CHRISTMAS BUX

(London Telegraph.) "Yes, my dear sir, it's the hardest nut I've ever had to crack, and the proof is that although three years have elapsed since then I've never yet got to the kernel, and have no hopes that I ever shall." These words were spoken by a mild-mannered, elderly man of about fifty-six to a sallow, bright-eyed, repulsive looking indi-vidual of middle height and middle age across a deal table in a smoky little room of the Golden Lamb beer house, in the ancient city of Rotten-They were just emptying the

third big jorum of light beer, and both had pungent cigars between their lips. "It beats the hieroglyphics hollow," answered the younger man with a sarcastic smile; "stil, even they were deciphered at last, and I cannot see why this 'insoluble mystery,' as you call the robbery, should not have been cleared up in three years. Rottenburg is not a modern Babylon, like Berlin, London or Paris. A person cannot cough or sneeze here without everybody else getting to know of it half an hour afterwards; and yet somebody actually broke open the strong box of the District Tax Office, which is guarded day and night by two soldiers, and although three years have gone by since then you have not the faintest idea who the robber is.

cannot understand it."
"That sounds all very well in theory," was the reply; "but if you had lived here, as I have, you would tell a different story. I know every man and woman in the place, and I give you my word there is nothing to go upon-absolutely nothing. Suspicion will not catch on anywhere. It's just like trying to tie a piece of paper round a glass ball with a thin silk thread. It's awfuly hard lines for me

ants of the town, and those of the much bigger city of Tubingen, which is only a couple of hours walk from it, are among the most law abiding and honest in all Wurtemburg. The seronest in all Wurtemburg. The vices of a detective were not wanted more than once in four or five years, and then only for outsiders. the present crime was neither very helnous, nor very grandiose. It was certainly very mysterious, and on that account attracted more than its natural share of attention. strong box in the district accountant's office had been opened, and 7,000 thalers abstracted. It was one of those old oaken boxes, heavily mounted with iron, which, even in this age of fireproof safes, are still occasionally to be met with in certain little provincial towns of Central Europe, which are out shadows of their mediaeval selves The money in the strong box consist. ed of script and bank notes, of which the latter only were missing, the thief having had a wholesome fear of meddling with papers which would have ultimately led to his identification. Detective Wallner was charged with

he investigation, and he had examined the box very carefully. The massive iron padlock was locked and in perfect order, but the screws had been removed from the hinges which held down the did. The circumstance that the lock was intact seemed to warrant the conclusion that the employes had no hand in the deed, while the fact that the patrol on duty from seven o'clock in the evening till the moment the robbery was discovered declared that no one had approached the premises during all that time, seemed to encourage the belief that mere cutsiders could not have effected the robbery. On the other hand, it was not absolutely impossible that a stranger should have entered the room the day before, and loosened the screws; and, having removed the bank notes, disappeared. That would account for the difficulty of finding the burglar; but what would account for the admission of a stranger to a room which only employes were in the habit of visiting, and always in two or

All the clerks and servants were examined and cross-examined one by one, beginning with Herr Sacher, the district accountant, and ending with the messenger boy who, on entering the room, had exclaimed, "Hello! the strong box has been broken open!" They all had the same story to tell, and they all told it calmly, straightforwardly, and without the slightest sign of fear or agitation. But then they were all well known to everybody as thoroughly honest and trustworthy persons. The accountant himself was far above reproach or suspicion. He had ben an army officer for many years, had rendered most important services to his regiment, and conducted himself with such credit generally that when he left the army and applied for the vacant post of district accountant, but was de-clared disqualified because he had not the money necessary to deposit as security, his regimental superiors sub-scribed the sum, and thus enabled him to obtain the situation. The employes declared that they had all

that time the strong box was locked and in order. The night watch came on duty at seven p. m., and affirmed that nobody had been near the premises until the clerks returned at nine a. m. on Wednesday, when the robbery was discovered. Doors and windows were all intact, and the house had not been broken into nor entered surreptitiously during the night. Detective Wallner scratched his head, shrugged his shoulders and uttered quite a number of expletives. Ant this was all that had been done in the matter for the space of three years. His companion, Herr Meissner, who discussed the topic with him at the Golden Lamb beer house, was also a detective; but of this fact Herr Walner had no knowledge. Meissner possessed more ambition than talents and more self-conceit than ambition, but he was a fairly clever man, for all that, and utterly unscrupulous. His experience of the methods of the famous detectives of Berlin, Paris and of the Vienna police that he had just department in Stuttgart. He had now come to Rottenburg under an assumed name, and ostensibly on private business, but in reality to try his hand at the "insoluble mystery" of

In what seemed a very casual manher then he gradually learned every. thing that was known in Rottenburg on the subject of the robbery; but it was not much. It was only when reading for the tenth or twelfth time the report drawn up by Walner that an idea occurred to him. The passage that suggested it contained the words: "The guard, which was stationed at the district accountant's office from seven p. m. until the following morning, declared that ets." But there must have ben soldiers on duty before seven p. m., and, if so, why were they not examined? Meisner obtained the names of

three years before. His first endeavor was to keep his intentions to himself, secrecy, according to Meissner and his

the day guard, and entered into conversation with one of the soldiers, who informed him that on Tuesday evening at six p. m. all the clerks and servants left together, but that the district accountant had returned shortly afterwards alone, and seemingly in a hurry, had entered the room where the strong box was kept, and, having remained there some minutes, came out with a bundle of accounts under his arm, which he had obvi-ously forgotten. "Ah, this is the Archimedean fulcrum with which I shall move this mystery into the upper resions of light," thought Meissner, and he went on with his private investigations. But he soon found that he had overrated the importance of his discovery. It was no new thing for the district accountant to return to the district accountant to return to the room where the strong box was kept, to hit upon a mystery that would have baffled Vidocq himself."

Now. Detective Wallner, the speaker, was not a Vidocq, and, living in the peaceful little city of Rottenburg had no need to be. The 7,000 inhabit.

> "Well, I will now go to work on the hypothesis that this knight without fear or reproach is a common criminal, and I shall see how far that will take me," thought Meissner, and he at once began to collect facts and opinions. But Sacher was unassailable. Not that he was a saint or a Pharisee. He made no pretensions to he anything but honest, and he was that to a degree. He lived simply, allowing himself no luxury, no extravagance, no needless expe resided with his wife, a lady considerably older than himself, and neither he nor she ever transgressed the rules of strict economy. Once a week he used to come together with his fellowemployes and some common friends in the Golden Lamb, where a considerable quantity of light beer was consumed and a game of cards in-dulged in; three of four times a year he and Frau Sacher entertained some friends at supper, and that was the sum total of their social pleasures. Frau Sacher, feeling herself grow older, became absurdly jealous of her hustand, and discouraged even the little social intercourse they enjoyed whenever a possible rival was, or seemed to be, involved, so that their visits to their neighbors were few and far between. Thus among their friends there used to be a family consisting of an elderly husband and very pretty wife, named Herrmann. Frau Sacher had always hated Frau Herrman from the very first, and every polite attention paid to that lady by the accountant, every courteous word he addressed to her, aroused her jealousy and indignation, and caused domestic troubles that fasted for weeks. Frau Herrmann had now been a widow for about ten months, and neither the accountant nor his wife ever visited her—that is to say, officially. But Meissner now heard vague rumors to the effect that Herr Sacher did visit the lady in private, unknown to his wife, generally in the evening on his way to the Golden Lamb, or when returning home from the office. Some said that if true it was right and proper for him to visit her, in-as much as he and her late husband had been bosom friends; others thought it did not look well, for widow Herrmann was young, pretty and in rather hard straits, and who

knew what these nocturnal visits might lead to? Meissner had the house watched and learned that Sacher did visit the young widow, and to judge by the attentions he paid her, was not quite as mindful of his plighted troth to his legitimate wife as he night be-He had also made the lady several presents, the last two of whishfur-tipped mantle and a very pretty hat—excited the envy of the entire female population of Rottenburg who, of course, had no suspicion where these articles had come from. But what did all this prove, ever if we suppose the worst? Simply that Sacher was a man, and, like most other men, was sensitive to femining charms; perhaps over-sensitive, and forgetful of some of his moral obligations. But not necessarily a criminal.

Meissner, however, did not take this

produce fire."

his o'ice, to say that the suggested alterations in the fur-tipped mantle second week in January. Ten days it was out of the question now. "There must be some mistake," said Vienna stood him in good stead, and it was owing to the recommendation ped mantle." "I beg pardon, Madam," exclaimed the youth, apologetically, been appointed head of the detective, and he turned to go. Frau Sacher called him back. What if her huswhich the sight of the Widow Herrmann's mantle had caused her, was secrecy, according to Meissner and his masters, being the chief condition of success, and his next to discover a clue.

Commant, Madam. On, then, there have been will it be brought home?" "It was delivered three weeks ago, Madam, but the lady says she wants some alterations made in Good God! What sort of a mantle was it?' The young man unctuously

by Widow Herrmann curing the past three weeks. "And my husband paid for that mentle?" "Oh, the bill was night ever since. As his wife I felt about the money that I have come, it is chly to —." "Who paid the b.ll, I ask?" "The district accountto?" "There were other articles pur- last God in His mercy gave chased at the same time, a hat and a strength of will to do what is right." blcuse, and the bill came to about seven pounds." "And these things were bought by my husband for that—that—that—lady?" "Yes, Madam, and now she wants alterations made;

hours later to see how things were going on. He asked for Herr Sacher, and was told he was at his office. "Oh, it's nothing of importance, Madam. Director Ewald of Stuttgart, hearing that I was coming to Rotten-burg, asked me to tell Herr Sacher that the lady in whom he takes an interest—his sister-in-law, if I mis-take not—has every chance of obtaining a very desirable post in Stutt-gart. He also asked me to find out whether the lady—" "What lady? Whose sister-in-law? I don't understand what you are talking about." "I am speaking of the lady about whom Herr Sacher wrote to Director. The court, however, atthe convinced of the woman's utter whom Herr Sacher wrote to Director. When all was over his wife asked. be my mistake. She lately lost her husband. Her name is Frau Herrmann." "Great heavens! The shame-less ruffian—I'll—," "Perhans and her feeling? You way, Leave being granted, ed boldly up, and grinning ly, hissed out, "Well, and her feeling? You less ruffian—I'll——." "Perhaps, Madam, you will allow me," began tless for pretty widows. Oh, you Meissner, in hopes of hearing some in-

criminating illusions to the lady's husband, but Frau Sacher slammed the door in his face. When Herr Sacher went home that evening Detective Meissnerr had his agent there, eaves-dropping, in expectation of a volcanic eruption. But hat Frau Sacher's indignation had boots. Detective Meissner introduced himself under his real name to Wallthat Frau Sacher's indignation had

Meissner did not lose heart of hope, but waited and watched. out alone. He and his wife had been invited to spend the evening with a family where there were five children, to say nothing of a dozen juvenile visitors and a Christmas tree. Frau Sacher had refused to go, and her lord and master sallied forth alone. He first paid a visit to the Widow Herrmann, with whom he remained about an hour, and then he went over | The Pope's Encyclical on the Subject Issued to watch the pleasure of the children at the Christmas tree, which in Southern Germany is usually lighted on Christmas Eye. The children, and there were nearly twenty present, were all assembled in another room, while the parents were arranging the presents on the table in lots, with the name of each child on a sheet of white paper. Then the Christmas the decisions taken seven years ago in Manitoba reliative to the Catholic schools, and points cut the rights the facing of Catholics according to the facing of Catholics. on Christmas Eve. The children, and white paper. Then the Christmas tree, which was groaning under the toys, gilt apples, and nuts and decorations, was lighted with wax tapers. When everything was at last quite ready a bell was rung, the door opened, and the impatient children rushed in, claping their hands, and giving vent to their delight in various shouts and ejeculations. Sacher seemed to enjoy this right intensely. seemed to enjoy this right intensely.

About a quarter of an hour later the toba, school legislation, but His Holied their presents, gathered round the tree and began to sing the pretty hymn, "Stille Nicht, heilige Nicht," which in the minds of all German children, is associated with Christ-mas trees, Christmas snows and Christmas boxes. When the last notes had just died away the door opened, and the servant entered and said that there was a person outside who wished very much to speak to Herr Sacher for a moment. Herr Sacher left the room, saying he would return at once. But he did not return at all. He ger to the police-station, where he was met by an official of the criminal department—one of his oldest and best friends-who told him that it was

was asked to accompany the messenwith the deepest regret he must arrest astounded. "Yes, I am unspeakably sorry; but I have to obey orders. If wards the I. C. R. route from Me I could do anything for you, for real, and ne adds there appeared to be friendship sake, I would. And you know it." "But tell me what I am of Halifax and St. John should be on arrested for." "I cannot. The ex- an equal footing as regards the inh

quitted the office together on Tues- view of the matter. He reasoned in After that you will be able to judge this way: "If the district accountant stole the money from the strong box, the only person in the secret is his wife. It would need a good deal of provocation to got the good deal of yourself how you stand. Good right." "But may I not send to my wife to say—" "My orders are that you are to communicate with you are to communicate with no one." provocation to get the proof from her. But nobody else can furnish it. And I must act on the supposition that he, and he only, is the criminal, until I find reasons for suspecting somebody else. It is unlikely that there was an accomplice, for the sum stolen is too

Christmas day no one knows; but on Dec. 26 he was brought before the examining magistrate, who formally charged him with having stolen the 7,000 thalers three years before. Sacher laughed outright and asked; "Is small to be divided among two, and this what I have been kept in prison the danger of detection would be much on Christmas day for?" "It is," greater if two were in the secret. I the reply. "Well, the person who is must strike these facts against each answerable for my wrongful imprisonother and see whether they will not ment will smart; that's all." He was then very closely examined as to all On December 22, therefore, a young his movements on the day of the robman called on Frau Sacher, at about bery, and when he denied that he had ten a. m., when her husband was at ever had an opportunity of unscrewing the hinges, the magistrate forced could not possibly be made before the room the day before the robbery was discovered, and had stayed there afago it would have been possible, but ter the clerks had gone to the other rooms. He was also led to contradict himself several times, but only in the merest trifles. When the examination was over the facts established would not have sufficed to warrant an English grand jury in bringing in a true bill. "You will not admit your guilt?" band, knowing the heart burnings asked the official. "Certainly not, and for the best of reasons. I am preparing a surprise for her at Christinas. "Who ordered the fur-tipped be confronted with your accuser, mantle?" she asked. "The district accountant, Madam." "Oh, then, that's made a sign that that person was to be brought in. The door opened and be brought in the door opened and sacher entered. The prisoner preparing a surprise for her at Christ- who caused my arrest?" it, and —." "What lady?" "Frau expression of fiendish hatred that her Herrmann." "Frau Herr—Herrmann?" contemptuous hand-gesture was su-

moved forward as if to embrace her, but she looked at him with such an perfluous. "You accuse your husband described the fur-tipped mantle worn three years ago of 7,000 thalers?" do. I alone knew his secret, which has weighed upon my mind day and receipted all right, Madam. It is not it my duty to screen him from justice, on within me nearly killed me, but at The prisoner hung his head. "De you still persist in denying your guilt?" asked the magistrate. am guilty, and I only regret that but before the second week in January we cannot undertake them."

"Very well, I will give my husband that on the day before the discovery hanging is not the penalty.' your message."

of the robbery he had remained in Melssner himself, having stuck on a the room after the other clerks had flowing false beard, came round two left in order to loosen the screws and make his work as light as possil When all had quitted the office o'clock he had hastily returned, removed the screws, abstracted 7,000 thalers, and putting a bundle of accounts under his arm, gone home, nodding to the two soldiers as he

The trial was not delayed; the only question being whether Frau Sacher, whose denunciation was obviously the put on her trial as an accessory after feeling? You won't have much in-clination now to buy fur-tipped manyears. Don't forget your lewful wife, darling, when thinking of your wi-

Sacher died before finishing his term of ten years. His wife was com-pelled by the people of Rottenburg to shake the dust of their city off her assumed the form of icy coldness and sarcasm, weapons to which her husband was well accustomed. This was a most unsatisfactory) ending. Still, Meissner did not lose heart of hope, but waited and watched.

On Christmas Eve Herr Sacher went years, whereas I cleared it up in less than three weeks. Brains, my dear fellow, brains are what a detective wants more than anything else. If you have brains all other things will come; and if you have none you had pest send in your resignation. that is what old Wallner did.

MANITOBA SCHOOLS.

ROME, Dec. 24.-The Pope's encyclical on the Mamitoba schools is published here this evening. After re-calling the religious history of Camada About a quarter of an hour later the children, having examined and admirness declares this to be indequate, claiming all their rights, thou must not refuse any partial repara-tion obtainable with the view to re-duce the perils of the education of vouth.

In conclusion, the Pope in the ency-clical says that in the event of these being unobtainable, Caltholics should provide their own schools and adopt. under the guilance of their bishops, a programme of study, recons with their religion and all literary and scientific progress.

HALIFAX AND WESTERN FREIGHT

Hugill of the Furness line is back from him. "Arrest me?" asked Sacher, Montreal. He says the merchants in the west are cordially disposed toamining magistrate reserves that for transportation of foreign freight. Mr. himself, and he will not be here till Hugill thinks that there is every indithe day after tomorrow, owing to this being Christmas Eve. Hope for the best during the next thirty-six hours.