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I possess"—here his blue eyes gleamed with the same metallic light I had before noticed—"is something more than conjuring; something more than a 'clever imposture.' You will see now."

As he spoke he stretched out his hand and took the parcel from my aunt, and as he did so I recognized with horror the morocco case which I knew contained the heirlooms.

"Who are these for?" he said, addressing Aunt Phoebe.

"For you," came from my aunt's lips, but her eyes were fixed and her voice seemed to come with difficulty.

"She is mad!" I exclaimed. "She does not know what she is saying!"

Selamowsky smiled.

"And who am I?" he continued.

"The professor Dimitri Selamowsky."

"And what is this?" indicating the morocco case.

"My diamonds."

"You make them a present to me?"

"Yes."

Selamowsky opened the case and took out the jewels. "A handsome present certainly!" he said, turning to me with a smile.

I was speechless. There was something so horrible in my dear Aunt Phoebe's set face and wide-open, stony eyes, something so weird in the dim room, with its one miserable lamp; something so mockingly fiendish in Selamowsky's glittering eyes as he stood with the diamonds flashing and tinkling in his hands, that, though I strove for utterance, I could not succeed in articulating a single word.

"Enough!" at last he said, replacing the diamonds in their case and closing it sharply—"the experiment is concluded," and so saying, he stepped up close to Aunt Phoebe and made two or three passes with his hands in front of her face. A quiver ran all over my aunt's figure. She swayed and would have fallen if I had not rushed forward and caught her in my arms.

She looked round at me with terror and bewilderment in every feature.

"Where am I, Elizabeth?" she stammered, and then looking round, she caught sight of Selamowsky. "What is the meaning of this?"

"Never mind, Aunt Phoebe," I said. "Come home, and I will tell you all about it."

Aunt Phoebe passed her hand over her eyes, and as she did so I glanced inquiringly from Selamowsky's face on the jewelry case in his hands. What was to be the end of it all? I had certainly heard my aunt distinctly give this man her diamonds as a present, but could a gift made under such circumstances hold good for a moment? He evidently saw the query in my face.

"You judge me even more hastily than did your aunt," he said. "She called me an imposter; you think me a rogue and a swindler. Here are your jewels, madam," he said, turning to Aunt Phoebe. "I am more than satisfied."

Customer:—"I've been to every place in town to get something to keep my necktie straight, but it's no use. What would you advise me to do?"

Clerk:—"Try a matrimonial agency."

**DO YOU** read "OUR SOCIETY."—If not you are in ignorance of this "A.L." and unaware that "Doughty's Voice Lozenges" are patronized by the leading Speakers and Singers of the day. Signor Tommaso Salvini says: "The other night when my voice would have otherwise failed I was able to accomplish my duty to the very last in 'Othello,' which I owe entirely to your Voice Lozenges." These Lozenges are sold at the

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**NIGHT CLERK ON THE PREMISES.**

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## LE BON MARCHE.

**The Ladies Column.**

**COOKERY.**

### BREAKFAST MENU.

Scrambled Eggs

Boiled Fresh Mackerel, Maitre d'Hotel

Mutton Hash a la Zingara.

Sweet Potatoes Soufflés.

Stewed Prunes. Peach Marmalade.

**SCRAMBLED EGGS.** Melt 3 ounces of butter in a saucepan, break into it 12 fresh eggs, season with a pinch of salt, and half a pinch of pepper, and a very little nutmeg. Mix thoroughly without stopping for three minutes, with the pan on a very hot stove. Turn into a warm tureen, add a little lemon juice, and serve very hot.

**BOILED FRESH MACKEREL, MAITRE D'HOTEL.** Pare and split 2 good sized mackerel through the back, remove the spine, score them slightly, and rub with one tablespoon of sweet oil; season with pepper and salt, and broil on a brisk fire for 10 minutes on the split side, and one minute on the skin side. Lay them on a dish and pour 1 gill of Maitre d'Hotel butter over them and serve with a few parsley greens and 6 slices of lemon.

**MUTTON HASH A LA ZINGARA.** Chop up 2 onions, and fry in a saucepan with one ounce of butter for 3 minutes, adding one and a half pounds of cooked hashed mutton, also one-fourth the quantity of hashed potatoes. Season with pepper, salt, and a very little nutmeg. Also put in 2 cut up, raw tomatoes, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and a crushed clove of garlic. Add 1 gill of Espagnole sauce, and 1 gill of good broth. Mix all together and cook 20 minutes, serve with chopped parsley sprinkled over the dish.

**SWEET POTATO SOUFFLÉE.** Peel 8 good mealy potatoes, and cut into even pieces a quarter of an inch in thickness, shaping them as oval as possible. Fry in moderate heated fat for 8 minutes, lift them out and lay on one side for a few moments—plunge into boiling hot fat and they will swell considerably—serve very hot on a folded napkin.

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