

THE STOLEN PAPER

It was the end of the winter season, or thereabouts, in the month of March, that a certain young man, who had been called to the bar of the University of Cambridge, and who had just received the degree of Bachelor of Laws, was sitting in his study, looking at a bundle of papers which he had just received from his father.

"It will be a close run," said one, who had entered his own name, "by way of form," as he expressed it; "but I think Macintyre will prove the man, after all." "A year ago I should have said so, too," replied another; "but he has not been so steady this season, and Morrison has a better chance now."

"Well, he is a lucky man whoever gets it. Two hundred and fifty a year for four years, a good time of it at Naples, Vienna, and Berlin, and, probably, a professorship when he comes back. I wish it were mine."

"You shut up, Sime," broke in another, with more directness of speech than elegance of expression; "with ten years more hard work you might think of it; but here's Macintyre himself coming."

The subject of their remarks passed the little group, each of which proceeded to rally him on his work, on his chance of success, or on his appearance, as an impulsive prompter. He took it all in genial fashion, though by no means so buoyant at heart as his manner indicated.

"And, then, I've half forgotten my Latin. They tell me he'll floor me in that. I wonder what possesses some of these old fogies on the Continent to lecture still in a dead language. But for that there would be no examination on it, and I should be safe to win, I believe."

And in a moment an idea struck him, when it carried out full fruition, would he felt certain, insure his success. Only the other evening before he had learnt, in the casual course of conversation, where it was and by whom the papers for the forthcoming examination were being printed.

"My father was talking about scholarship papers only the other day. I overheard him, as I was passing the drawing-room door, say something to Mr. Hutton, the registrar, about them."

"Your father? I didn't know that he took any part in the business of the firm; I understood he had retired years ago."

"Yes, so he did, but there are still some of the papers that he prints himself. What they are I don't know. I suppose they are too precious for the men to have in their hands. He has done them himself ever since I can remember."

And then the subject was dismissed for the moment more attractive than examination work. But the words thus likely dropped had left their impress on the young man's mind, and on their next meeting he returned to the subject. If his suspicions were correct, what papers would Wilson be so likely to retain the printing of as those of the various scholarship examinations?

"Couldn't you find out," he asked, "what the papers are your father takes the trouble to print himself?" "Impossible," he does them in his library where he has a small printing-press, but the sheets are kept locked up in his safe.

promise, the more so as she felt convinced that her father would be loyal to his trust. One thing she managed to make sure of. A little innocent question, innocuous in form as she could make it, and yet not sufficiently so to avoid exciting the old man's suspicions—satisfied her that she sought, and that on the morrow they would be called for by the registrar, who would take them away in a sealed parcel. Today the task she had undertaken must be performed, or it would be too late.

It was an easy matter to possess herself of the keys she required. They were together on one vine, library and safe, the only keys of which she never had any control. But then they were lying on the table, while, with his red silk handkerchief thrown over his head, her father indulged in his after-dinner nap, on this occasion, as luck would have it, a longer nap than usual.

She found the papers, some eight or nine little bundles, each in its special envelope, with its appropriate title printed on the back. Yes, there was the one she sought, marked "Latin Composition," but with a huge red seal intervening between her and its contents. The seal was her father's, and after being broken it was an easy matter to duplicate it; one impression is so like another when you can secure the same original for the second as has done duty for the first.

One copy was all her trembling fingers abstracted, and in another minute the envelope lay beside it, bearing no outward evidence of having been tampered with. It was dark ere she ventured out to meet her lover, with the special guarantee of his success and of her devotion.

"You are sure it can do no one any harm?" "Quite sure." "And that no one will ever find out?" "Utterly impossible. I will make one or two small mistakes on purpose so as to avert suspicion; but I tell you there is not the slightest chance of anything of the kind."

When she returned home she found her father had gone out. An hour later he returned, and dismissing his daughter for the night, proceeded to lock himself in the library. Morning was breaking ere he made his way upstairs to his room, while Kate, whom his wearied footsteps awakened, wondered what had detained him so long.

Still with the unconscious and unreasoning selfishness of young love, a selfishness founded, however, on altruism, she felt supremely happy, for was not her lover delighted with her, and what was even better, had he not told her so again and again only a few short hours before?

The first three days of the competition were big with fate to most of the competitors, the fate of being weighed in the balance and found wanting. Candidates are proud at such times to compare notes after each day's performance, and each one gets to know pretty well how the others are doing.

"Macintyre and Morrison in the first flight, and the rest nowhere," was the general verdict. It was also felt that the Latin paper would be decisive, and those of Macintyre's friends who knew that the other was strong in this subject, felt anxious as to the result. Not so with the object of their thoughts; he was surer of that than anything else, as indeed he had good reason to be.

Already he had the coveted prize in his grasp. He would not do the paper since errors, her friends perhaps it was prudently, said to himself, but as near to that as might be. Forewarned in such contests is, indeed forearmed.

The men were already in their places, and the papers being given out, when he entered the examination-room on the final morning. His papers were handed to him, the last corner of all that eager throng. He scarcely deigned to look at it, for were not its contents already known to him, and had he not its equivalent in Latin off by heart, to make assurance doubly sure? At last he looked at it, as one would cast his eye over a landscape every feature of which is familiar.

His eyes seemed to become glazed, and scarce could they see the words before them. And then a sickening feeling at heart told him how fatal was his error. The paper was entirely different from the one he had so sedulously prepared. He at length essayed the task that lay before him, he knew too well it was but labor in vain. And yet—and yet, without all this fruitless scheming, he felt that he might have succeeded after all.

The scholarship was awarded to Morrison. And thus Macintyre lost the prize, and Katie a lover whom perhaps she was better wiser to have never known. And what she had done, and after a conference with the examiners had, on the pretext that the paper had been mislaid, secured the substitution of another piece, which he stayed up all night to print, with the results already recorded.

REVERENCING HIS MOTHER. A Pretty Little Story Concerning Li Hung Chang. A Chinaman, be he king or coolie, is devoted to his father and mother. When either parent dies, custom ordains that the son shall resign all honors and employments to repair to the ancestral tomb, and mourn there for a long period.

Mr. John Russell Young relates how the Chinese premier, Li Hung Chang, was prevented from punctiliously observing the custom by an imperial decree.

his constant efforts. Li Hung Chang returned to Tim-tien, his home. When Mr. Young saw the premier's yacht anchored in the harbor of Choo-ho, he went on board to pay his respects. The premier looked like a starving beggar. He wore the coarsest raiment. His beard and forehead had not been shaved, and his queue hung down from a dotted mass of hair. Lines of sorrow streaked his face, and his hand were grimy.

The first man in the empire, noted for his carelessness in raiment and cleanliness of person, appeared as the meanest subject, that he might, by privation and penance, do reverence to his mother's memory, according to the creed of his ancestors. A few days later, when Mr. Young met Li at Tientsin the beggar's mien had vanished, and he was again the well-appointed nobleman.

CAN THE HEART BREAK? Physicians say Not, Yet the Imagination Plays Sad Pranks. Grief does not kill, and it is indeed very seldom that heavy sorrow causes death to any one when in a healthy condition. It is, however, very often the indirect cause of a death, either by bringing disease to a climax, or by rendering the sufferer more liable to its attack.

If a man is convinced that his grief is more than he can bear, those who have studied the matter agree that, through the force of his own imagination, the man will actually die from a "broken heart."

The great Napoleon was killed by an internal disease, but it is supposed that it would not have been fatal had not his spirits been so depressed through exile and defeat. William Pitt, the orator, is said to have died of a "broken heart," caused by his great grief at the failure of his cherished hopes and plans. And there have been many other such instances in the history of this country.

When plagues are raging in a town, statistics show that as many die from fright and imaginary causes as from the real epidemic, so great a hold has the fear of death on some people. If a man is condemned to be shot, he has often occurred that on the word "fire" he has dropped lifeless, although, through accident or design, no bullet has in reality left the gun.

There is a queer case on record concerning the daughter of a celebrated French novelist, who was deeply interested in one of her father's stories. It appeared in instalments, and the heroine was suffering from consumption as the girl brooded over the sad fate of the heroine, she, too, suddenly manifested the same symptoms. A physician recommended her father to restore the heroine to health, which he did a few chapters on, and at the same time as the girl in the novel recovered, so also did his too sentimental daughter.

ONCE IN SIX MONTHS NOT ENOUGH. TWICE a year at least it has got to be done. Every housekeeper knows it. Carpets must be taken up and beaten, floors scrubbed, paint washed, wall paper cleaned, holes and corners overhauled and purified, useless odds and ends turned over to the ragman or the dust man, and the house made clean, neat, and orderly for another six months. Good old custom! It defines the difference between the homes of civilized humans and the huts and the caves of savages.

But some parts of the house ought to be cleaned every day. Dirt is our worst enemy. Let us not allow him to have things all his own way for months. There is one house, anyhow, which must be kept clean all the time. The regular Spring and Autumn scouring isn't enough. The house may be rotted down and the tenant dead before that.

A famous physician says: "Intelligent men and women will go to all the trouble and expense of driving away dirt when it is where they can see or smell it, yet seem to have no idea that an enormous quantity of foul, rotten, and abominable matter exists within their bodies—the seeds of disease and premature death."

The doctor is quite right, but why don't people understand it? Because they have never been taught what "disease" really is. They think of it as something to "catch," a sort of mysterious thing which comes and goes like the wind in the tree tops. Yet disease—no matter what a lot of hard names the medical men call it by—is simply the effect of impurities that get inside of our bodies—dirt is the most wonderful and complicated house that was ever built.

Now, how does dirt get there? How can we clean it out? The questions right put to the point—both of them. Let us see. Lying on our table as we write are more than thirty letters, all on the same subject, and all saying the same thing. We pick up the first that comes to hand. It is from a woman, and we will tell you the substance of what she says. Away back in February, 1886, she was taken ill. Exactly what ailed her she couldn't tell. But that she felt weak, low, and miserable was certain. For one thing she had a hacking cough that shook and tired her and broke up her sleep.

Often, particularly in the morning, a sour, bitter stuff came up into her throat and mouth and half choked her. Her tongue was covered with fur, and her mouth tasted badly, a sickening taste that made her shudder and shiver with disgust as one would at a mouthful of mouldy, wormy biscuit. Even good food had no charms for her; everything had lost its relish. No sooner did she swallow a bit of bread or meat than it gave her a dreadful pain at the chest and sides, as though it had lodged in the wrong place. Then there was the phlegm that gathered all the while and compelled her to weary herself out with coughing and straining to get it up.

Well, needn't go much further into the details. Almost everybody who reads these lines has suffered the same way or knows others who have. The lady grew weaker, of course. What else could be expected? No nourishment, no strength, the law for us all—from kings to cool-beavers. A doctor gave her his opinion and his medicine. She tried the latter for two months, then stopped. What's the sense of going on taking drugs that make one feel no better? None, to be sure; it's a waste of time and money. And many the law for us all—from kings to cool-beavers. A doctor gave her his opinion and his medicine. She tried the latter for two months, then stopped. What's the sense of going on taking drugs that make one feel no better? None, to be sure; it's a waste of time and money. And many the law for us all—from kings to cool-beavers.

By this time our friend could barely walk about, and if help didn't come soon she wouldn't be able to do even that. Merciful Goodness! how many thousands of women there are in dear old England in precisely this pitiable shape! This blessed minute. Well, thank heaven, some of them hear the good news every day that dawn.

BEST FOR WASH DAY. SURPRISE SOAP. BEST FOR EVERY DAY.

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