

**W.C. BARRON**  
PRINCIPAL  
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC  
AND SCHOOL  
OF ELOCUTION  
340 DUNDAS ST. LONDON

## The Golden Fleece

By Julian Hawthorne.

But fortune proved rather more favorable than Freeman expected, or perhaps, than he deserved. Grace's attack was too intense, she stopped just inside the doorway, and said, in an imperious tone, "Come in, Mr. Freeman! I wish to speak to you."

"Thank you," he replied, resolving at once to widen the breach to the utmost extent possible, "I am otherwise engaged."

"Upon my word," observed the professor, with a chuckle, "you're no diplomatist, Harry! What are you two about here?"

"The remains of a violent Mexico are more interesting than some of her recent products," returned Freeman, who wished to quarrel with somebody, and had promptly decided that Don Miguel de Mendoza was the most available person. He bowed to the latter as he spoke.

"You—spoken to me?" said the senior, stepping forward with a polite grimace. "I do not quite comprehend you."

"I don't want to exert myself to converse with you of your own language, senior," interrupted Freeman in Spanish. "I was just remarking that the Spaniards seem to have degenerated greatly since they colonized Mexico."

"Senior!" exclaimed Don Miguel, stiffening and starting.

"Of course," added Freeman, smiling benevolently upon him, "if I judge incorrectly from such specimens of the modern Mexican as I happen to meet with."

"Don Miguel's sallow countenance turned greenish white. But before he could make reply, Miriam, who was seated in the room, and who had been listening to the conversation, stepped forward and said, "I am not at all surprised that you should be at the bottom of it, struck by the sun."

"You may consider yourself lucky, Harry, in making the acquaintance of a gentleman like Don Miguel de Mendoza, who exemplifies the unimpaired virtues of Cortez and Pizarro."

"For my part, I brought him here in the hope that he might be able to throw some light on the mystery of the unwelcome garment, which I see you've been examining. What do you say, Don Miguel?"

"Have these designs any significance beyond mere ornament?" Anything in the nature of hieroglyphics?"

"The senior was obliged to examine, and to enter into a discussion, though, of course, his ignorance of the subject in dispute was as deep as the depths of that abyss which no education, Miriam, who was not fond of Don Miguel, and who felt constrained to exceptional courtesy in view of Freeman's unwelcome attack upon him, stood between him and the professor, and Freeman and Grace were thus left to fight it out with each other."

But Grace had drawn her own conclusions from what had passed. Freeman had insulted Don Miguel. Wherefore? Obviously, it could only be because he thought that she was flirting with him. In other words, Freeman wasalous; and to be jealous is to love. Now, Grace was so constituted, that though she did not like to play second fiddle herself, yet she had no objection to monopolizing all the members of the male species who might happen to be given moment to be in sight."

"She had, consequently, already forgiven Freeman for his apparent unfaithfulness to her, by reason of his manifest jealousy of Don Miguel. He had, in fact, been jealous, and he was faithful; but she had decided that there should be, for the moment, a game of cross-purposes; and the terms of fate are invariable."

"I had no idea you were so savage," she said, softly.

"I'm not savage," replied Freeman. "I am only a man."

"Well, I don't know as I can blame you," said Grace, still more softly; "but I fancy he is referring to Miriam. I don't much like Spanish mixtures myself."

"One has to take what one can get," said Freeman, referring to Don Miguel.

"But it's all right now," rejoined Grace, meaning that Freeman and herself were reconciled after their quarrel.

"If you are satisfied, I am," observed Freeman, too indifferent to care what she meant.

"Only you mustn't take that poor young man too seriously," she went on; "these Mexicans are absurdly demonstrative, but they don't mean anything."

"He won't, if he values his skin," said Freeman, meaning that if Don Miguel attempted to interfere between himself and Miriam he would wring his neck.

"He won't, I promise you," said Grace, speaking with pleasure.

"I don't quite see how you can help it," returned Freeman.

"I should hope I could manage a creature like that," returned Grace, smiling.

"Well," said Freeman, after a pause—for Grace's seeming change of attitude puzzled him a little—"I'm glad you look at it that way. I don't wish to be meddled with; that's all."

"You shan't be," she whispered; and then, just when they were approaching the point where their eyes might have been opened, to come Grace's face broke up.

The general wore his riding-dress, and his bearing was animated, though he was covered with dust.

"I was wondering what had become of you all," he said, as the others gazed about him. "I have been taking a canter to the eastward. Kamsakan said this morning that one of the boys had brought news of a cloud-burst in that direction. I rode far enough to ascertain that there has really been something of the kind, and I think it affected the arroyo on the farther side of the little delta. Now, I don't know how that might be interesting to make up a little party of exploration to-morrow. Would you like to try it, Meschines?"

"I would suit me exactly," said the latter. "In fact, I had been intending to satisfy my curiosity by making some such expedition on my own account."

"Ah!" said the general, eying him with some intentness. "Well, we may be able to show you something more curious than you anticipate—and now, Senor de Mendoza,

there is only you left. May we count on your company into the desert?"

CHAPTER IV.

General Trednole's household went early to bed. As there was more accommodation in the old house than sufficed for its present occupants, and when Grace Parsons became one of the occupants, she was allotted two commodious apartments at the extremity of the left wing. They communicated, through long windows, with the veranda in front, and by means of doors with a passage, or hall, traversing the house from end to end. If, therefore, she happened to be asleep, she might issue forth into the garden, and wander about there without let or hindrance until she was ready to accept the wooing of the god of dreams; or, if supernatural terrors haunted her, she could in a few seconds transfer herself and her fears to Miriam's chamber, which occupied the same position in the right wing that hers did in the left.

The night, as is customary in that climate, where the atmosphere is pure and evaporation rapid, was cool and still. By ten o'clock there was no sound to indicate that any person was awake, though, to an acute ear, the rise and fall of regular breathing, or even an occasional snore, might have given evidence of slumber. At the back of the house, the Indian retainers and some somewhat disposed, perhaps, to small pilferings, in an amiable and loyal way, but incapable of anything serious or criminal. There were no locks on the doors, and most of them stood ajar. Tramps and burglars were unknown.

Miriam, having put on her night-dress, stood a few minutes at her window, gazing out on the soft darkness of the garden. All there was peacefulness and fragrance. The leaves of the plants hung motionless; the blossoms seemed to hush themselves to the enjoyment of their own sweetness. The sky was clear, but there was no moon. A beautiful planet, however, bright enough to cast a shadow, hung in the southwestern sky, and its mysterious light touched Miriam's face, and gave a dim rectangle of radiance on the white mantling that carpeted the floor of her room. It was the planet Venus—the star of love. Miriam thought it would be a pleasant place to live in. But one need not journey to Venus to find a world where love is the ruling passion. Circumstances over which she has no control may cause such a world to come into existence in a girl's heart.

She looked out at last, and got into bed, where she soon presented an image of perfect repose. Meanwhile, in a dark corner of the courtyard at the rear, a dark, pyramidal object abode without motion. It might have been taken for a heap of blankets piled up there. But if you examined it more narrowly you would have detected in it the vague outlines of a human figure, squatting on its haunches, with its head resting on its knees, and its arms clasped round them—somehow as figures sit in Egyptian hieroglyphics, or like Aztec mummies in the tomb. So still was it, it might itself have been a mummy. But ever and anon a blinking of the narrow eyes in the bronze countenance told that there was no mummy, but a living creature. In fact, it was none other than the aged and austere Kamsakan, who, for reasons best known to himself, chose to spend the hours usually devoted to rest in an attitude that no European or White American could have maintained with comfort longer than five minutes.

An hour—two hours—passed away. Then Kamsakan noiselessly arose, peered about him cautiously for a few moments, and passed out of the courtyard through the open gate. He turned to the left, and stealing beneath Miriam's windows, paused there for an instant and made certain gestures with his arms. Anon he continued his way to the garden, and was soon concealed by the thick shrubbery.

(To be Continued.)

**Poultry.**

Rev. T. S. Brooke, pastor Central Presbyterian Church, Clarksburg, W. Va., U. S. A., says: "I saturated a piece of bread, the size of the end of your thumb, with St. Jacobs Oil, and forced it down the throat of a chicken that was in the last stages of the disease. I repeated the dose immediately. The next day I repeated the dose and again on the fourth day. In less than a week it was as well as ever. Finding that all my chickens were affected, I shut them in the henhouse, giving them nothing to eat until 2 p.m. I then mixed up some corn meal dough, and poured into it strong St. Jacobs Oil to make it smell strong, and gave them nothing but that plenty of fresh water, they soon ate it all. I then turned them out. This I repeated every alternate day for a week. I saw no traces of cholera afterwards, but my flock was in a healthier and generally better condition than it had ever been." All raisers of poultry use it.

In the flutter of excitement the flight of time is unheeded.

Many shall court distinction for whom the wedding day will never be set.

Carter's Little Liver Pills must not be confounded with common Cathartic or Purgative Pills, as they are extremely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

He who would exert an influence must exercise judgment.

Only the quickening of conscience can hasten repentance.

A man's wife should always be the same, especially to her husband; but if she is nervous and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they will make her feel like a different person, "at least so they all say, and their husbands say so, too."

A kindly feeling cannot fail to touch the heart.

Never let your curiosity get the better of your discretion.

**A Cure for Constipation and Headache.**

Dr. Silas Lane, while in the Rocky Mountains discovered a root that, when combined with other herbs, makes a very certain cure for constipation. It is the form of dry roots and leaves, and is known as Lane's Family Medicine. It will cure sick headache in one night. For the blood, liver and kidneys, and for clearing up the complexion, it does wonders. Druggists sell it at 50 cents a package.

### DISGUISED AS A CALF.

**A Man Shoots at the Animal and Kills a Young Woman.**

Boise, Idaho, May 17.—Bill Dampman, a miner, operating on Sabe Creek, in Idaho county, missed a great deal of rich amalgam from his sluice boxes. He has one of the richest gold placers in the country, and he thought it strange that his clearings were so slim. He determined to keep watch for the thief, and night after night he slept near the sluice, but without avail. Several nights when the moon rode high he saw a calf nibbling the grass near the boxes, often reaching over the rim drinking the muddy water that trickled over the sluice, but he paid no attention to the animal. The day night when the calf appeared William, in sheer wantonness, fired a charge of buckshot at its flanks.

With a shrill cry of agony, the supposed animal rose upon its hind legs, and staggering a few paces, fell. William ran to where the calf was lying, and saw a human leg, with the feet wrapped in sacks, protruding from the animal's body. It only took him a second to realize that he had shot the amalgam thief who had been cleverly disguised as a calf. William hurried to the place, and to his surprise he discovered that the thief was a young woman. For over a year, disguised as a young man, she had been residing at a neighboring camp ranch. William sent 30 miles for a surgeon, but before the latter arrived the girl bled to death.

An autopsy revealed the fact that the girl would have soon become a mother. It was evident that some man in the camp knew her, and most likely it was he who engineered the sluice robbery, which must have netted thousands of dollars. The officers are looking for the man in the case, and a reward of \$500 has been offered for his capture. The dead girl was quite pretty. Her age was about 18.

**FOR SALE**

**THREE CARLOADS WHITING.**

**HOBBS HARDWARE COMPANY,**

**LONDON**

**OAK HALL**

**MEN'S FINE SUITS.**

An endless variety to choose from in the handsome new light shades at present low prices.

New Suits, new every way. Correct Suits, correct every way. You are not confined to a limited few—sort of sprinkling of new in a mass of old—but we give you hundreds of styles to select from in our big range from \$5 to \$15, and not one but the tailor'll ask you double to equal. Then there's a fit and easy elegance about our Suits that you can't get elsewhere, even for more money. This is the testimony of those that wear 'em--and their name is legion.

**OAK HALL, 150 Dundas St., London.**

**ALF. TAYLOR, Manager.**

**THE Lumber Cutting Machine**

**OF THE FUTURE.**

10 Band Mills sold in Canada in 1891 where one was sold in 1890. We predict an equal increase in 1892.

Our present orders indicate it, so place your orders early.

The Circular Saw 22 years ago was as much a novelty and as difficult to run as the Band Saw is to-day. With the experience gained in handling the Circular, knowledge of the Band Saw is much more readily acquired. Special improved tools also facilitate the work. We furnish an expert with each mill to instruct in the use of tools and work on saw.

The adjoining cut illustrates our NO. 1 BAND SAW MILL, capacity 10,000 to 20,000 feet in 10 hours. Our No. 2 mill is much heavier—capacity 20,000 to 40,000 feet per day.

**Waterous Engine Works Co.**

**BRANTFORD, CANADA.**

**LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.**

**SPANISH NERVE.** The great nerve and brain restorer. Issued with a written guarantee. Cures all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Fits and Neuritis, Hysteria, Irritability, Nervousness, Lassitude and all ailments of the nervous system. Cures all cases of loss of power of the generative organs in either sex. Restores the excessive use of tobacco, opium, stimulants, and all other lead to consumption and insanity. With every \$5.00 order we give a written guarantee in case of failure to cure, or if the patient is not satisfied, we will refund the money. Price \$1.00 a package, or 6 for \$5.00. By mail to any address. Ask your druggist for it, or if he offers you a substitute or imitation which pays him a larger profit, leave his dishonest store, and mail order to **A. A. BROWN & CO., Windsor, Ont., Agents for Can., Spanish Nerve Co., Madrid.**

For sale in London by C. McCallum.

**LONDON MANUFACTURING TRADE**

**WM. MALLOCH & CO., MACHINISTS**

**ELEVATORS.**

**PULLEYS, SHAFING, HANGERS AND SPECIAL MACHINERY**

Repairing a Specialty.

154 Fullerton Street, London

**CHAS. CHAPMAN**

Bookbinder, Account Book Manufacturer

**ARTISTS' MATERIALS**

NO. 81 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON, ONT

Telephone No. 510

**ADVERTISE IN THE ADVERTISER**

Everybody Reads THE ADVERTISER

WANT COLUMNS.

French Peas, French Beans, French Mushrooms, French Macedoines.

**FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO.,**

169 Dundas Street.

### ALWAYS TRUE.

**RHEUMATISM.**—Col. DAVID WYLLIE, Brockville, Ont., says: "I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankles. Could not stand; rubbed them with

**ST. JACOBS OIL.**

In the morning I walked without pain."

**NEURALGIA.**—Mrs. JAMES DONNER, 128 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "St. Jacobs Oil is the only remedy that relieved me of neuralgia, and it effectually cured me."

**IT IS THE BEST.**

**FOR SALE**

**THREE CARLOADS WHITING.**

**HOBBS HARDWARE COMPANY,**

**LONDON**

**OAK HALL**

**MEN'S FINE SUITS.**

An endless variety to choose from in the handsome new light shades at present low prices.

New Suits, new every way. Correct Suits, correct every way. You are not confined to a limited few—sort of sprinkling of new in a mass of old—but we give you hundreds of styles to select from in our big range from \$5 to \$15, and not one but the tailor'll ask you double to equal. Then there's a fit and easy elegance about our Suits that you can't get elsewhere, even for more money. This is the testimony of those that wear 'em--and their name is legion.

**OAK HALL, 150 Dundas St., London.**

**ALF. TAYLOR, Manager.**

**THE Lumber Cutting Machine**

**OF THE FUTURE.**

10 Band Mills sold in Canada in 1891 where one was sold in 1890. We predict an equal increase in 1892.

Our present orders indicate it, so place your orders early.

The Circular Saw 22 years ago was as much a novelty and as difficult to run as the Band Saw is to-day. With the experience gained in handling the Circular, knowledge of the Band Saw is much more readily acquired. Special improved tools also facilitate the work. We furnish an expert with each mill to instruct in the use of tools and work on saw.

The adjoining cut illustrates our NO. 1 BAND SAW MILL, capacity 10,000 to 20,000 feet in 10 hours. Our No. 2 mill is much heavier—capacity 20,000 to 40,000 feet per day.

**Waterous Engine Works Co.**

**BRANTFORD, CANADA.**

**LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.**

**SPANISH NERVE.** The great nerve and brain restorer. Issued with a written guarantee. Cures all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Fits and Neuritis, Hysteria, Irritability, Nervousness, Lassitude and all ailments of the nervous system. Cures all cases of loss of power of the generative organs in either sex. Restores the excessive use of tobacco, opium, stimulants, and all other lead to consumption and insanity. With every \$5.00 order we give a written guarantee in case of failure to cure, or if the patient is not satisfied, we will refund the money. Price \$1.00 a package, or 6 for \$5.00. By mail to any address. Ask your druggist for it, or if he offers you a substitute or imitation which pays him a larger profit, leave his dishonest store, and mail order to **A. A. BROWN & CO., Windsor, Ont., Agents for Can., Spanish Nerve Co., Madrid.**

For sale in London by C. McCallum.

**LONDON MANUFACTURING TRADE**

**WM. MALLOCH & CO., MACHINISTS**

**ELEVATORS.**

**PULLEYS, SHAFING, HANGERS AND SPECIAL MACHINERY**

Repairing a Specialty.

154 Fullerton Street, London

**CHAS. CHAPMAN**

Bookbinder, Account Book Manufacturer

**ARTISTS' MATERIALS**

NO. 81 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON, ONT

Telephone No. 510

**ADVERTISE IN THE ADVERTISER**

Everybody Reads THE ADVERTISER

WANT COLUMNS.

French Peas, French Beans, French Mushrooms, French Macedoines.

**FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO.,**

169 Dundas Street.

### RAILWAY TIME TABLES

Corrected to May 15, 1892.

**MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.**

**LONDON TIME.**

**Canada Southern Division—Going East.**

**North Shore Limited daily.**

**Chicago Express daily.**

**Atlantic Express daily.**

**Mail except Sundays.**

**Accommodation except Sundays.**

**Canada Southern Division—Going West.**

**North Shore Limited daily.**

**Chicago Express daily.**

**Atlantic Express daily.**

**Mail except Sundays.**

**Accommodation except Sundays.**

**Trains arrive in London at 8:05 a.m., 12:30 p.m. and 6:40 p.m.**

**(Note.—No trains to or from London on Sundays.)**

**JOHN PAUL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 205 Richmond Street.**

**GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division**

**Corrected Dec. 7, 1891.**

**MAIN LINE—Going East.**

**Limited Express (M.)**

**Atlantic Express (M.)**

**Accommodation (M.)**

**Eric Limited (M.)**

**Sarnia Branch.**

**Limited Express (M.)**

**Atlantic Express (M.)**

**Accommodation (M.)**

**Eric Limited (M.)**

**Sarnia Branch.**

**Chicago Express (M.)**

**Accommodation (M.)**

**Eric Limited (M.)**

**Trains arrive in London at 8:05 a.m., 12:30 p.m. and 6:40 p.m.**

**(Note.—No trains to or from London on Sundays.)**

**JOHN PAUL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 205 Richmond Street.**

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.**

**Going East.**

**Depart—**

**Woodstock—**

**Gall—**

**London—**

**Trains arrive from the east at 11:25 a.m., 7:50 p.m., 10:00 p.m.**

**Trains arrive from the west at 2:05 a.m., 4:10 p.m., 6:40 p.m.**

**THOS. R. PARK**