LI. MR. LASCELLES REFLECTS DEEPLY AND WRITE

NOTE. The parting between Miss Bassick and Mrs. Armstrong was not pathetic. Indeed, the performance was quite business-like, and not indicative of yearning affection on either side. Having informed Mrs. Armstrong, with some locates that she would be cled to have paid her what was due her, and to be sent to Miss Grundy's, where she proposed hereafter to reside, Miss Bassick proceeded to pack up her goods and chattels, and at the appointed hour descended, canary-bird cage

pointed hour descended, canary-bird cage in hand.

Mrs. Armstrong was in the drawing-room Mrs. Armstrong was in the drawing-room, and advanced politely to bow to her; but Miss Bassick probably regarded this interchange of civilities as a vain show, and not wishing, apparently, to be hypecritical without necessity, passed coolly by, not so much as turning her head, and, still clinging to her canary, got into the carriage, which drove

As to Mrs. Armstrong, she came out and looked after the vehicle when it disappeared. A heavenly smile illumined her visage, and sha drew a long breath.

"Thank heaven, she is gone !" said the ex-

As Miss Bassick had despatched a note to As Miss Bassick had despatched a note to Miss Grandy on the ovening before, all was ready for her, and the friends rushed into each other's arms and went through the kissing extensory. Then Miss Bassick sat down and wrote a little note on scented note-paper, which she addressed "Mr. Douglas Lascelles, at Wye," and requested Miss Grundy to mail. This commission Miss Grundy, in a highly delighted state of mind, fulfilled with her own hands; and all the way to the village ner own hands; and all the way to the village post-office she was reflecting with profound satisfaction that she would have a paying lodger, and would be initiated into all the

ecrets of Trianon.

As Miss Bassick had a quiet little chamber. of Miss Grundy's absence to indulge in that amusement, probably reflecting that on her friend's return it might be impossible.

The emergency demanded meditation, but swift decision, too. Mr. Lascelles was compared and she must make up her mind what to

ing, and she must make up her mind what to and she must make up her minu what we do before his arrival. The anonymous note had excited a very great fury in Miss Basssck. Could it be true? Seated in an easy-chair, and knitting her brows, she reflected deeply. It might be true. Mr. Lascelles was very young when he went to Europe—the world was full of mercenary adventuresses, ready to anap up young heirs—she must know before proceeding further. It would be a blunder to marry some one else's husband, as Mrs. Armstrong had very justly observed. If he had a wife in Europe, Mr. Lascelles would be unable to endow his new bride with all his wordly goods; and in the event of his death had position would be embarrassing, inasmuch as the would not be anybody's widow. It was true, this unlucky rumour, or it was not true. If it were not true, then all em-barrassment ended at once. If it were true

-what then? Miss Bassick's pretty eyebrows came close together. Having nomamma or other adviser the had to do her own thinking. There were marriages and marriages. Mr. Lascelles marriages and marriages. Mr. Lascelles might have been a minor, and the marriage void. The laws of different countries as to matrimony were conflicting. She might be giving herself a great deal of unnecessary

In the evening Mr. Lascelles made his oppearance, and Miss Bassick received him in

An hour afterward Miss Bassick's blushing face sought its place of refuge in Mr. Las-celles' waistcoat, and the momentary cloud of celies waistooat, and the momentary cloud of calumny had been dissipated into thin air. He had formed a temporary connection of a certain sort, he was sorry to say, with a person in Europe; but the matter had long lost its importance, and was nothing in law. He was well assured that no risk would ensue either to himself or Miss Bassick; and, if she adhared to her word they would be married. athleted to her word, they would be married in three days, in an adjoining village, and then go to Wye and announce the fact to

In this world it is not difficult to convince people who wish to be convinced. Miss Bassick asked nothing better, and subsided with niffs and blushes upon the waistcoat.

The waistcoat did not seem altogether quite as ardent to receive her as was its wont.
It did not repel her, but it did not smile and hold out its arms to her, to use a mixed figure. In fact, Mr. Lascelles seemed, so to

say, a little chilled. His sentiment toward Miss Bassick might be as pronounced as ever, but the situation of things began to impress hin, perhaps, as involving enormous risks. He was going to marry without the knowedge or consent of his family, and, beside He was uncomfortably silent and distruit.

bid he realize that the passing moments were to decide his whole future—that before him, a step in advance, the path he was following braiched in two different directions—that a good deal would depend upon which of the comes suddenly to every human being at some period of their lives; and it seemed to have one to Mr. Lascelles at the present moment. A vague instinct told him that danger was urking near him; and, with such imp

lurking near him; and, with such impressions occupying the mind, the very sweetest face becomes a bore.

Thus it happened that when Mr. Lascelles took leave of Miss Bassick it was rather cooling. Her quick eye noted the fact perfectly, and it filled her with sullen anger and uncainess. But then Miss Bassick was a very good actress. It was not necessary always to show one's real feelings. Her handsome face assumed an expression of sad sweetness, and the sighed gently; then the door closed, and Miss Bassick went to her chamber, flushing with anger. Luckily Miss Grundy, who with anger. Luckily Miss Grundy, who been seated on the steps attempting to

misconception.

Lascelles rode forward through th night toward Wye. He went along slowly, and was evidently buried in thought. He had lit a cigar, but it speedily went out, and ie was scarcely conscious of throwing

it was early when he reached home, and went at once to his chamber. Here he sat own and wrote:

"It is necessary for me to see you—for many reasons. Meet me at the bridge on the stage-road at sunset to-morrow evening. A simple 'yes' to the servant taking this will be anough."

he note and instructions where to find the Lefthander, and then went down-stairs. General Lascelles had just arrived from the

General Lascelles entered. For years no ous had seen the old statesman look so happy and all around him were speedily in possession of the cause of this happiness.

It was an affecting recital. This man, whose voice had thundered above crowds or inscended a fall to the content of the cause of the cause

whose voice had thundered above crowds or in senates, faltered now as he told the strange story of the discovery of his brother; and the honest eyes filled with tears in response to the tears in the eyes around him.

Mrs. Lascelles exhibited very deep feeling, and Anna cried quietly. This good family had but one thought—that God had given back to them those whom they loved; and it was decided that preparations should be the propagation. cided that preparations should at once be made at Wye to have Gentleman Joe and Harry come and live there for the remainder

cheerily, "is to know in advance what one can expect. I knew very well you would be ready to love and cherish my dear Joe. He must not leave us any more—nor Harry either, unless somebody takes him away from us."

"Who will do that, my dear?" Mrs. Lascelles said, in a puzzled tone.

"Well, I should not be very much surprised if the capture was effected by a Miss Frances Cary."

"Frances Cary!"

"My pet, you know, madam. She wished me to remain at Falling. Water to-night, but I was afraid that you might be jealous. I told her how improper it was to be so free and easy with a married man, but she only laughed—the customary reply of maidens to all arguments." cheerily, "is to know in advance what one

"But—"
"The possible capture of nephew Harry you mean. Well, it really is a very romantic story, and was told me by Joe. It seems Harry was a circus-boy, and drew Frances from under the feet of some horses; he also shot the panther, killed some time since, when he was about to spring at Frances. Romantic, you see—but what would the world be without romance? Then the poor fellow be without romance? Then the poor fellow was sick, and pity sways the feminine heart; so, to cut short my story, Harry has fallen in love with Frances, and as she blushed and

love with Frances, and as she blushed and tried to laugh when I recommended him to her good graces, perhaps she thinks she ought to reward him for all his heroism."

"I hope she will !" exclaimed Anna.

"I really don't know. Your dear sex are past finding out. It is your privilege to startle us by the unexpected. As an illustration, Ellis Grantham and Miss Juliet Armstrong—she is at Falling Water—are plainly engaged to be married. He came to see her, and I am informed they make no secret of it."

Mr. Lascelles had come in behind the general, and looked quickly at him.

"Ah, there you are Douglas! You hear

eral, and looked quickly at him.

"Ah, there you are Douglas! You hear what I say, and you have been distanced."

"I confess what you say is news to me," said Mr. Lascelles, moodily; "but nothing in this world is surprising, sir. I thought we were to have the bonour of an allignment. were to have the honour of an alliance with Mr. Grantham's family ourselves."

He glanced at Anna, but as that young lady only laughed, he said no more.

"You saw the moonshiners, I suppose

"Yes, all but the big Lefthander, as they Mr. Lascelles drew a long breath of relief and sat down. Then the incidents of the day continued to be discussed until a late hour. The family had not been so happy for a long time—the only moody member of it was the man sitting apart, with his brows knit, and his eyes on the floor, communing with his conscience, and goaded by it.

LIII A MAN OF THE BOHMERWALD.

Instead of attending the meeting of moon shiners at the house on the mountain, the Lefthander had taken Mouse by the hand on that morning and they had rambled away into the woods, which accounted for the fact that General Lascelles had not found them at

Crow's Nest, The Lefthander had resolved to leave moonshine fraternity. His motive for this was a double one. There would probably be trouble soon, and something might happen to him—that is, to Mouse. As to personal apprehension, that was something wholly alien to the character of the man. Fear was alien to the character of the man. Fear was a sentiment almost, if not quite unknown to him; but if he were arrested, it would be a terrible thing for the child, who had now become the sole thought of his life. She seemed to be dearer to him every day. He watched her with the long glance of the mother whose existence is bound up in her babe. The strength of this sentiment in the ponderous nature was phemomenal, but natural too. The athlete, with his huge musoles and rugged strength of body and mind, had his soft side, open to tender emotions, and the child touched him there; and the effect was wonderful. She had slowly acquired a strange influence over him, awakening in his rude nature all that was soft and pure. This had begun some time before. He had given up drink, which had once been his vice; now he meant to dissolve his connection with the meant to dissolve his connection with the moonshiners and their illicit business, which was a breach of the law, and therefore wrong What the Lefthander intended to do was to go away from Crow's Nest, and take his companions with him. They would form a httle troupe, and go about the country, or he would settle down quietly somewhere with Mouse. It was an attractive thought to him,

but strangely enough, whenever it occurred to him now, his face clouded over, and he fell into the deepest depression.

He had gone away into the woods with Mouse on this morning in a thoughtful mood, holding her hand in his own. A walk would do her good, he said; she was growing too white; and, indeed, Mouse was more aërial than ever. This did not arise from drudgery at her household duties, which sometimes pulls down people. There was no real drudg ery. A poor woman who lived in the hills behind Crow's Nest came every day to look after things and relieve the child. But something seemed to have made Mouse thinne and more delicate. When the Lefthande spoke of it she laughed, but this did not change things. "You are too white, Mignon,' he said; "You must go out more, and get

ome roses into your face again."

They went up the banks of the stream, a considerable distance above the Lover's Leap, and reaching a bluff covered with brown pine-tags, sat down upon them and looked out across the little valley. Bohemia was sleeping tranquilly in the mild Indian summer weather. Now and then the long tassels of the pines above them uttered a low sigh, which passed on as the wind passed and died away in the distance toward the south, in the direction of the Hogback. Lefthander, sitting with his hands clasped around his knees, looked thoughtfully at the

"It is better," he said, at length, uttered these words his face began to flush slowly, and his eyes half closed; a sudder moisture had come to them which resemble

"What is better, poppa?" said Mouse, who was looking down and listening to the laughter of the Falling Water, which came up like a joyous murmur from beneath them. "It is better that you should have some thing more like a home than you have now, he said; "and you shall have it."
"A better home? What do you

poppa? I'd like to know how I could have a better home."

"That will be easy," said the Lefthander; "and the time has come for it. You had a home once—there is another that you are going to soon."

Mouse listened with utter astonishment,

looking at his face; but he turned away from her.

"Listen, Mignon, To said, speaking in a voice so deep and tremulous that it penetrated to the child's heart. "It is not right for you to grow up in this way. It has been on my mind for a long time. I was never satisfied at the circus—do you remember that I steld at the circus—do you remember that I steld.

my mind for a long time. I was never satisfied at the circus—do you remember that I told you I was tired of it? I was not tired of it for myself. I like the rough life of the ring, and to rove around, and drink, and risk breaking my neck—that suited me; but it did not suit you."

"You mean you left the circus on my account, poppa. But it was best for you too. We are happier."

"Yes, we are happier." Yes, we are happier, my Mignon-a great deal happier. You are growing, and would be a young girl soon; it would not do for you to live in the midst of circus men and women,

en men will not do : some good woman ght to have charge of you—that would be tter. I can arrange that."

"Arrange what, poppa?"

came to America? There are a great many European people in this country. I can trace your mother's relatives and place you with them, Mignon. You would have a home

then."

"Oh no, no!" exclaimed Mouse, turning quickly and fixing her moist eyes upon him.

"A happy home, with womanly hands to do little things for you, and people to care for you. I could come and see you now and then—it might not be so often, but—"

Mouse threw her arms around his neck and burst into tears looking up at him. The huge breast on which she was leaning rose and fell.

"It would be better—" was all he could say.

say. "No, it would not be better!" the child ried, passionately. "It would make me so unhappy that I would die, without you! Go away from you? What ever made you think of such a thing, poppa? Don't say any more about it, for I am not going—you shall not leave me—how could I live without you, poppa? poppa?
She clung closely to him, sobbing and cry-

She clung closely to him, sobbing and crying as if her heart would break.

"But," he said, in a low voice, "you cannot go on living as you are living now, Mignon. You must be educated, and go to church, and have little girls to play with, my own poor little Mignon—my snow-drop!" He spoke with a exquisite softness and tenderness. "How can a father see 'his child growing up without the care children ought to have? There are bad fathers, perhaps, who do not think of their little ones much. God makes such people, as he makes monsters. But a good father—one that has a little girl—how can he let her run wild and not be cared for and happy? You have the right ta be cared for, Mignon—you are like your mother. I will find your relations, and then you will have a home. No doubt they are well-to-do, and you will have nice clothes to wear and good food, and, if you are sick, loving hands to do things for you. Think how it would be if you were sick here at Crow's Nest!"

But it was of no avail whatever. The eloquence of the Lefthander produced no impression. Mouse only clung closer to him

But it was of no avail whatever. The eloquence of the Lefthander produced no impression. Mouse only clung closer to him, exclaiming, "No, no I will never leave you—and you shall not leave me, poppa! How could I live without you?"

This was the end of the discussion. The Lefthander gave it up—either hopeless of bending the child's resolution or unable to control his emotion. She had never seen him so much moved. His face was flushed, and his eyes were wet. At last a single tear rolled down and fell on the child's face. It was probably one of a very few shed by the Lefthander during the whole of his life.

LIV. UNDER THE ICE.

All that evening, after his return to Crow's Nest the Lefthander was evidently revolving something in his mind, and did not utter a word. When the next day came he was still pondering, and his strong features betrayed an emotion which his companions had never witnessed before. Every movement indicated that a conflict was going on. After sitting down and smoking for some moments he would rise and walk to and fro, with his eyes fixed upon the ground: then he would he would rise and walk to and fro, with his eyes fixed upon the ground; then he would raise his head and look suddenly toward Mouse. At such moments his face filled with blood, and his expression was heart-breaking. About noon he put on his hat and walked down the hill. Having reached the road, he turned to the left, as if he meant to go toward Piedmont, and went some steps. Then he turned back and stood still for some moments. Then he wheeled around quickly moments. Then he wheeled around quickly and began walking rapidly in the direction which he had at first taken. As he did so, a mounted servant came over a knoll in front of him and drew rein, looking at him. It was and as he was a most intelligent negro, and the Lefthander's person had been described by his master, he delivered the note to him. The Lefthander took it and read it. He than

The Lefthander took it and read it. He than turned to the man and said "Yes," after which the servant rode away.

Toward the afternoon the Lefthander kissed Mouse, and said quietly that he was going to see Colonel Cary on some business. This was true? as, after following the road to the bridge for some distance, he turned into a path and reached the house of Falling Water. Mr. Cary was at home, and and the Lefthander spent an hour with him in the library. Then he came out again and went in the direction of the bridge, which he reached as the sun was sinking and throwing long shadows across the valley.

long shadows across the valley.

Mr. Lascelles was already at the rendezvous. He had dismounted, and was standing, with the bridle of his horse in his hand, upon the bridge. As the Lefthander approached slowly, with his long and firm tread, Mr. Lascelles looked at him with a certain wariness which indicated that he was on his guard, and expected that their interview would be a critical one. His face was a little pale—perhaps sallow would be the better word. In fact, Mr. Lascelles had not slept much, his affairs having reached a crisis which produced a tension of the nervous which produced a tension of the nervous system. He was, however, perfectly cool, as he was a person of strong will. He waited until the Lesthander had come to the spot where he was standing, and then said,

"I have been waiting for you, but, as you waited for me the last time, we are quits."

"We are quits."

"We are quits," repeated the Lefthander, in his customary tone of phlegm.
"I called to see you some time since, but you were not at home. We are here alone together at last, and can talk together. It is not necessary to use ceremony. I have come on business. What is the price of the napers?" You mean your letters to your wife and

the record of your marriage?" " Yes." "The papers are not for sale." Mr. Lascelles exhibited no indication of any motion whatever at these words. "That means that the price will be high," said. "It would save time if you would

state the amount." The Lefthander looked at him attentively. "Then you think I am bargaining," he said; "but I am not. I will not sell the

retaining his coolness, but knitting his brows slightly. "Men act from intelligible motives in this world; are you an exception? I offer to buy what is valueless to you. You are poor, and no doubt need money. It is an ex-change of what can be of no use to you for a sum of gold which will be of use to you. Why do you refuse? There is always a motive, as I have said in men's actions—what is

The Lefthander did not reply for stant; his face flushed slightly.
"Yes, I have a motive," he said, in a moment.
"You might guess at it, perhaps."

"I cannot imagine any."

"There are other motives besides love of money which affect people. There is a thing called hatred—have you thought of that?"

"Then you hate me, and think by keeping possession of these papers you will be able gratify your hatred?" Why not?" the Lefthander said, quietly. 'I have reason to hate you."

'What reason?" "Then you really do not know?" "Know what?" "That I loved Mignon."
Mr. Lascelles greeted this announcement with a look of astonishment that was plainly

unaffected. "You loved Mignon!"
"Yes—better than the young American
who married and deserted her." Mr. Lascelles did not speak for a moment; his face was growing sullen and threatening, but he evidently made a great effort to preserve his coolness.

"So you cared for her?" he said.

"It is not the word," returned the Lefthander, in his deep voice. "I loved her with my whole strength—my. brains and my heart You did not know that, you say—now you will begin to understand some things. I was sick, and she nursed me. I began to love her, and she would have married me but for one thing. A young American came to hunt in the mountain and made her acquaintance. He was richly dressed, and had a smooth tongue, which deceives women. Besides, he loved her. or thought that he did, for when "So you cared for her?" he said.

he found that she was a pure girl, and would not listen to his unworthy proposals, he married her."

Mr. Lascellen made no reply, but the dark and sullen expression of his face deepened.

"That was the first act of the play—the young American thought it was a comedy when it was a tragedy, or soon grew to be one. I am not speaking of the young man Karl Ottendorfer's feelings—you knew him, but gave no thought to him. He was wretched enough—but that is no matter; I am speaking of her. The young American soon grew weary of her, and found that he had business at Rome. Fortunately he had been absent for a short time before that, and had written to her."

Mr. Lascelles set his teeth together, but made no reply.

Mr. Lascelles set his teeth together, but made no reply.

"The letters were written while he still loved her, and were such as a husband writes to his wife. Afterward he did not write any letters—when he went away on the business which took him into Italy. In fact, he neither wrote a line to her nor saw her any more. He deserted her?"

Mr. Lascelles moved restlessly under the harsh words, as a horse moves under the spur, and growled,

"I did not mean—to—desert her. There would be no end reached now by blackening my name. Where are the letters, and how did they come in your possession?"

"They came into my possession in a natural manner. You deserted your wife—her parents died, and she had no other friend but myself. I watched over her day and night. I had long ceased to love her as a lover—she was a saint to me; and I have knelt at her bedside and kissed fer little feet when she was so white and weak that I thought the angels were coming for her."

He raised his head and looked up as he spoke, as though he saw the angels. The man of Behmerwald was suddenly revealed in him.

"White—and weak?" said Mr. Lascelles."

in him.

"White—and weak?" said Mr. Lascelles in a low voice, looking down at the water running under the bridge. He was leaning on the railing, and he turned half away.

"Women are white and weak in her situation. She had just given birth to her shild."

hild."
"To her child."
"To her child. For a month she grew weaker, and as white—as white as the snow-drops of the Bohmerwald. Then a day came at last when they called her—the angels—and she went." Mr. Lascelles started, turning his head

Mr. Lascelles started, turning his head quickly.

"She did not die!—she is not dead!"
Was it the voice of the cold man of the world that uttered these words? There was in his accent a quick anguish, as though some weapon had pierced him.

"She is not dead!" he repeated. "Mignon is not dead!" he repeated. "Mignon is not dead!"

"She died in my arms, and I followed her to the grave and saw her laid under the snow. The child was left. I took the child, and have been a good father to her. I promised her mother that I would be a good father; and I have kept my word to the woman I loved."

"Dead!" came, in a low, trembling voice "Dead!" came, in a low, trembling voice from his companion: "dead ! Mignon dead? Can that be?"

an that be?"
"She is dead—the flowers have grown out of her bosom for years. I took her child and left Bohemia and came to this country."
"Dead!" "Dead!"

The word constantly recurred in the same tone. The sound fell like the dull harsh blow of the clod on the coffin. In the silence which followed nothing was heard but the washing of the water against the trestle-work of the bridge. Once something like a groan issued from the pale lips of the man looking downint the water.

"I am security formy is not the word."

did not know she was dead—you would tell me—if breaking my heart would her back, it might break to

her back, it might break!"

The hard drust of other men's nature was heaving and drusting! Jet xo according to all of the was something hopeless.

"I loved her, "charasidgin as low, deep voice, in which there was something hopeless.

"Yes, I deserted her—and I was mad. I would give my life to see her face!"

The Lefthander drew a medallion from his breast. It was held by a chain.

"Here she is it" he said.

"Here she is!" he said.
Mr. Lascelles seized the medallion, and lrew it close to his face. As it was held by the chain it was necessary that he should come close to his enemy; but he seemed to have lost sight of him. He opened the medallion, and saw the picture of a young girl—a plain photograph—taken probably by some wandering artist in the Bohmerwald. The

wandering artist in the Bohmerwald. The face was full of an inexpressible modesty and sweetness. In every feature could be traced the likeness to Mouse.

Mr. Lascelles looked long at it, and his frame shook; his eyes filled with fiery tears, and from his lips escaped, in a long, hopeless groan, the single word,

"Mignon!" "Mignon!"
Suddenly the Lefthander closed the medal-lion and put it back in his breast. It might

lion and put it back in his breast. It might have been supposed that he was jealous. This sole remaining memorial of the woman whom he had loved was his property.

"I will not ask you to give me that picture," said Mr. Lascelles, in a trembling voice; "but I will give you all I possess for it."

"The world could not buy it from me!" said the Lefthander, coldly.

"I can understand that. I never knew you. I know you now. Where is my child?"

you. child?" The voice had altered suddenly. From the depths of an agony of despair this man caught, as it were, at this support to keep his heart from breaking, and his voice shook.

"She is living. You have seen her."

"Seen her?"

"She saw and talked with you at Crow's Nest when you came one day."

"That child—that is my child?"

"She is Mignon Lascelles, since you are her father!" I did not mean to tell you that;

but something might happen to me, and it is necessary for me to tell you." "Yes, yes."

"But leave her to me: I love her so that I cannot live without her. I meant to follow you and and kill you once—I hated you so; but I do not wish to kill you now, and will forgive you all you have ever done to me if you will give me Mignon."

"You have

You will not? You take her? You have

"You will not? You take her? You have the right to do that."
The Lefthander knit his black brows and groaned. Suddenly he said,
"Listen! There will be no trouble about the papers; they are in a bag at Mr. Cary's—all. You have only to go with me, and I will deliver them to you. All that I ask you in return is that you will give me Mignon."
"Give you my child? No!—I do not want the papers now. My child is all that is left of the woman Flove. I say love!—not loved! Yes, I deserted her, and thought I had forgotten her. Since she is dead I know better."
"Give me Mignon!"
The voice was beseeching. The giant had become a suppliant.

The voice was beseeching. The giant had become a suppliant.

"I cannot give you Mignon. I can offer you my hand and thank you for not killing me, as you had a right to do. Keep the letters and matriage record—I do not want them now. I will come to Crow's Nest to-merrow—not to night. I have business to night."

Before the Lefthander was aware of it Mr. Lascelles had gripped 'his hand, mounted his horse, and was galloping toward Piedmont.

To be Continued.

Can't Preach Good. No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a law suit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull; with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Wood of the condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Wood.

easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See "Truths" and "Proverbs," VEGETINE purifies the blood, renovates and nvigorates the whole system. Its medical properties are Alterative, Tonic, Solvent, and

Six poets who have passed three-score and ten .—Longfellow, Tennyson, Hugo, Whittier, Browning, and Holmes.

AN INDIAN MURDER.

Fatal Termination of a Pagan Dance Near Brantford.

THE SUSPECTED MURDERER ARRESTED.

then Orgles over Christian Whiskey—An Inquest Opened.

Brantford, Sept. 20.—Chief Wedge, of the Cayuga tribe of Indians, states that the body of Peter Silversmith, an Indian, and a member of the Onondaga tribe, was found this morning in a fence corner, a short distance from what is known as the Long House, situated about three miles on the south side of the Grand river below Middleport. From what can be learned a number of Pagan Indians gathered at the Long House yesterday afternoon and last night. Whiskey having flowed rather freely, they organized themselves in warlike style, and a dance was commenced, which was kept up until a rather late hour this morning. Silversmith was among the number, but who murdered him is yet unknown. He was found as above stated in a fence corner, his face being bruised and cut in a fearful manner and covered with blood. A log was placed across his neck, and every evidence of a struggle was plainly visible, pointing to a deliberate murder having been committed. Chief Wedge is an officer, and he is now engaged in working up the case with the assistance of other officers from this city. case with the

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

ONONDAGA, Ont., Sept. 20.—This morning about two o'clock, while a pagan dance at the Onondaga Long House was in progress, some parties discovered an Indian named Silversmith, with his throat cut and his hands badly gashed, in the woods about two hundred yards from the Long House. The ground round about for several feet was very much torn up and very bloody, appearing as if a terrible struggle had taken place. This morning Constable Williams succeeded in arresting, after a long chase through the cornfields, an Indian who had been in company with Silversmith during the night. His pants about the bottom had signs of blood upon them, although they had lately been washed. An inquest is being held by Coroner Kerr, of Brantford, in the absence of Dr. Dee, who is coroner for the reserve. ANOTHER ACCOUNT Dee, who is coroner for the reserve

WAS IT SUICIDE?

The Drowning of Mrs. Broxup in Toront Seaton village, a suburb of Toronto, is ex-Seaton village, a suburb or loronto, as a cited over the recent drowning of Mrs. Annie Broxup in the bay. The deceased, it was learned, was a sober, respectable woman, whose existence had been made miserable and unhappy by home dissensions and disords. She was last seen alive by her neighbours about seven o'clock on Saturday night. At that time she was in the

COMPANY OF HER HUSBAND. and both were proceeding in the direction of the city. At one of the village stores on her way, Mrs. Broxup left a basket to be replenished with the usual Saturday supply of groceries and meat. Her husband remained without while the order was being given, but after his wife made her appearance outside, he entered the store and said to the proprieter. "Give the old woman (meaning proprietor—" Give the old woman (meaning his mother) all the stuff she wants to-night." The order was thought at the time to be a strange one, and the storekeeper remarked the circumstance to his wife. Since the Broxups had been dealing with them—about three years—the groceries were invari selected and carried home by the deces and the grocer was naturally surprised at contemplated change, considering the that the basket for the purchases had I left by the younger Mrs. Broxup. A youngan living at Seaton village states tha

BROXUP AND HIS WIFE passing down Bay street towards the lake Another person, who was acquainted with the pair, a few days ago informed a county constable that he met Mrs. Broxup alone on Bay street shortly after eleven o'clock. On his accosting her, she made enquiries as to what boats were likely to arrive at the York street wharf, and was told that, the hour being advanced, the chances were there would be more arrivals. The conversation ended, Mrs. Broxup continued her walk in the direction of the Esplanade. Which of the stories is correct is a matter of conjecture. Th nother of Broxup informed the neighbours that her son returned home from the city about midnight on Saturday. The news of the drowning was first made known to the neighbours by their reading in Monday's paper of the finding of a body of a woman in the bay at the foot of York street. One of them visited the Morgue and identified the them visited the Morgue and identified the remains, and word was conveyed to Broxup, who on the collowing day had the body re-

Coroner Johnson, of Yorkville, and a jury opened an enquiry at the Deer Park hotel, Youge street, on Monday night into the cause

THE MOTHER OF THE PRISONER UNDER OATH Mrs. Ann Broxur, mother of the prisoner, was the first witness called. On being sworn, she said:—"I last saw the deceased alive on Saturday, Sept. 11th. It was about 8.30 o'clock on that night that she left my house, where she resided. She left to make some purchases of groceries, and was accompanied by my son, the prisoner. A more lovener couple than they were was not to be found. My son returned home in about half an hour afterwards, and told me to go and get the groceries. The deceased did not return with him, and he told me that he was going to look for her. As far as I can judge he again came home about 10.30, and asked if she had come home. I said "no; she has not." We both stopped at the gate looking for her, but she did not come. After waiting at the gate for about half an hour, and the deceased not putting in an appearance, my son and I went into the house together. He said, "Mother, I am tired, and will lie down for a moment; wake me up when Annie comes." I stopped up till one o'clock, and then went to bed, and left the lamp burning. My son was sleeping when I went to bed. The deceased did not return home that night. I saw my son frereturn home that night. I saw my son frequently on that particular night, and asleep, being much fatigued. He awoke about 8 o'clock in the morning, and that's all I have to say about it. I heard from Mrs.

Mack on the following evening that the de-ceased was drowned. The enquiry was continued on Tuesday. Several witnesses were examined. A FISHERMAN'S STRANGE STORY.

WILLIAM B. NOYES, fisherman, living on the Island, said that he saw the deceased at the Island, said that he saw the deceased at the corner of Bay and Wellington streets about 10.15 on Saturday night, the 11th. She enquired the time, and I informed her. I accompanied her from Bay street to York. She was crying a little, and said that the wanted to see a friend on a boat at the foot of York street. Deceased told me she had a bit of trouble. I left her at the corner of York and Wellington streets, and did not see her again until I saw her at the City Morgue. Before leaving her I offered to accompany her to the York street wharf, but she said she would sooner go alone.

To the Foreman—I never saw the deceased before. I volunteered to accompany her to York street, but she did not give me any more information. I asked her to have a glass of beer, but she declined. The last remark she made to me was that she was going to the boat to see a friend from whom she expected.

pected some money.

Here a woman dressed in black stepped forward to the railing and addressed the Coroner as follows:—"I beg your pardon, sir, but the witness told me in the room that he asked the deceased to go to the Island with him, which I don't think is proper."

"Yes, that's so," remarked the witness. "there's nothing wrong about that."
WITNESS (continued) to foreman-

happened to drop into the morgue with Charley Robertson on Tuesday, and there recognized the deceased. Mr. Watson was the only person I informed of the above occur-

rence. I was only ten or fifteen minutes in her company on Saturday night.

To the Coroner—The deceased did not appear to be all right—that is, she was sobbing and crying.

To a juror—The body I saw in the morgue on Tuesday was that of the woman I was the woman on Tuesday was that of the woman I spoke to on Saturday night.

The witness, in answer to questions put nim, said that he had one drink before he met the deceased, and three after leaving her and returning to the Island, all purchased at city hotels after prohibited hours. " TIRED OF LIFE." Mrs. DORCAS DOWDELL, in her evidence, said that the deceased had informed her a few days before her death that "she was tired of life, as she had a rough time of it." She had complained of her mother-in-law's conduct, but never spoke an ill word of her husband.

SIGNS OF A STRUGGLE ON THE WHARF. John Williams was told by Mr. Ackroyd JOHN WILLIAMS was told by Mr. Ackroyd about seven o'clock on Sunday morning that he found a hat on the pier near the Argonaut Club house. In company with a Grand Trunk employé, a search was made, and in a few minutes the body of a woman was brought to the surface. There was also a stocking, corresponding with the stocking she had on, found near the hat. There were marks on the platform of the Argonaut Club house as if a struggle had taken place. The marks in question were scratches on the boards as if made by the heel of a boot, and running out towards the water. My attention was first

towards the water. My attention was first drawn to them by Mr. Ackroyd. To a juror—The marks were about eighteen inches long, and inclining towards the water.

To the Coroner—The captain of the steamer Queen Victoria came out to view the body. He said in the presence of a number of people that he heard the screams of a woman on shore about eleven or twelve o'clock on Saturday night.

John Warson, County Constable, living at

Seaton village, remembered having a conversation on Tuesday with witness Noyes, part of which he corroborated.

Coroner Johnson at 10.30 said he would not call any more witnesses that night.

The FOREMAN said that the jury were of opinion that the prisoner should be

The COBONER said that the law would not allow of bail being taken until all the evidence was in. He was hurrying the case along, so as not to keep the prisoner too long in custody. If the jury was of the same opinion on Wednesday night, he would possibly grant bail. A request was preferred by the foreman and jury that all witnesses named by Noyes should be subpœnaed for the next sitting.

THE SYDNEY WILL CASE. History of the Gammell Suit—The Queer Story of the Alleged Bosom Friend of the Testator—A Will Put into the Market.

HALIFAX, Sept. 20 .- In the Gammell will

Halifax, Sept. 20.—In the Gammell will case at Sydney, McLellan in his examination stated that he was to get between six and seven thousand dollars if the will was proved. Thos. Bett, a witness examined to-day, swears that McLellan offered him \$5,000 if he would assist him in making a new will. The facts of the case, as published in the Herald, are that Wm. Gammell, a large trader in Cape Breton, who at one time represented Victoria county in the Provincial Parliament, retired from business in 1860 with a fortune of sixty or seventy thousand dollars. This money he or seventy thousand dollars. This money he loaned on mortgages and discounted notes. After fifty years of married life his wife ago he married a Miss Mary Lorrie, of Glasago he married a Miss Mary Lorrie, of Glasgow, G.B. She being a stranger, and being supposed to have married him for his money, soon became the object of the bitter enmity of the old man's relatives and friends. On the 4th of July he died, after a short illness, in the 79th year of his age. His will leaving all his property to his wife was proved, the estate being worth \$67,000. Mrs. Gammell, who is about forty years of age, went home to Scotland on a visit, and only returned to this country a few and only returned to this country a few weeks ago. One year after Mr. Gammell's death a young man named Thos. McLellan waited on the parties whose names are hereinafter mentioned, and informed them that Mr. Gammell's last will and testament was in his possession, demanding as the price of his producing the will twenty-five per cent. of the amount bequeathed to each person. The percentage was considered too high, and a prepercentage was considered too high, and a premium of 123 per cent. was finally agreed upon and McLellan received from the heirs a bond guaranteeing \$7.000. The will was produced and was found to be in McLellan's handwriting, purporting to be signed by Mr. Gammell. The signatures of Alex. Gordon, Thos. McLellan, and Donald Johnston were affixed as witnesses. When H. Moore and affixed as witnesses: Wm. H. Moore and Murray Dodd were named executors. Mc-Lellan's explanation of his having possession of this will is reported to be to the effect that previous to his death Mr. Gammell, of whom McLellan says he was an intimate friend, said to him that he had lost confidence in his wife and that he was convinced that she only wanted his mone; that he had at one time made a will leaving a portion of his property to his relatives and friends but that she had torn it np, and that he had made another will feaving the whole of his property to her, she promis-ing to make certain bequests to his relatives, friends, and the church; but that he, fearing she would not carry out his intention, wanted to leave his last will and testament with him (McLellan), to be produced one year after his death if she had not made the disposition of his property intended by him. Mrs. Gammell not having done so McLellan was prepared to produce that document on being guaranteed the percentage. This second will leaves the testator's property to the amount the residue to his wife, which would be two thousand dollars. Mrs. Gammell denies Mc-Lellan's story in toto, and says that although the value of the estate proved in the first will is under \$67,000, the estates would not, if disposed of, realise nearly that sum, and that quite a sum in the assets known to less was put in the estate to make it look large. If the estate was turned into cash to-morrow she says she does not believe \$50,000 would be realized. On the other hand the heirs say that Mr. Gammell was worth all the way up to \$300,000, and that Mrs. Gammell has the balance in cash in her possession or under her control between the sum her husband was really worth and the \$67,000 proved in the first will, and that the residue would be an immense fortune to her after all the bequests were paid. The story that Mr. Gammell's were paid. The story that Mr. Gammell's sudden death was the effect of poisoning was industriously and widely circulated to excite public feeling, and day after day was fixed for the body to be exhumed and examined, but this has not been done. In a letter in the North Sydney Herald, Mrs. Gammell invites the fullest and most searching investigation, possible, and search ing investigation possible, and says the sooner it is made the quicker she will be completely exonerated from the dreadful

crimes with which she has been so freely

A MADMAN'S VOYAGE. Two Hundred Miles in an Open Boat Without Oars. Without Cars.

Halifax, Sept. 18.—The schr. J. H. B.,
Captain A. Poirrieu, which arrived at Port
Hawkesbury on Wednesday last, landed an
insane man who had been picked up by Captain Miller, of the schr. Apolline, about forty
miles east of the Magdalen islands on Monday miles east of the Magdalen islands on Monday morning, the 6th inst. The "go-adrift" was in a boat without oars and was navigating her with a piece of plank. The boat was half full of water. The man said his name was Wm. McIsaac, and stated that he had left Cape George on the Friday afternoon previous. He was transferred from the Apolline to the J. H. B. He must have sailed, if his own story be true, about two hundred miles in an open boat. to the boat to see a friend from whom she ex

The Chaudière railway bridge over the Ottawa will probably be completed by the 1st of November.

A BAREFACED ROBBERY

Over \$7,000 Stolen from a Montreal Bank in Broad Daylight.

Phlegmatic Stranger Enters a Teller's Compartment and Walks Off With His Pile—\$23,000 Left Untouched.

MONTREAL, Sept. 20.—One of the most daring and barefaced robberies that has ever taken place in this city occurred to-day in the Bank of Montreal. Shortly before one o'clock Mr. Padden, who assumed the position this morning of a paying teller in the absence of a confrere, retired into an inner office for two or three minutes from his compartment, and left his box, containing thirty thousand dollars, unlocked. The office of the bank was at the time full of people transacting business, when a respectably. dressed man entered the vacant compartment by a side door, and taking up a roll of bills in by a side door, and taking up a roll of bills in his hand, came out and walked slowly out of the bank. A young clerk named McCulloch saw the man in Padden's place, but mistook him at the time for his fellow clerk. How. ever, on Mr. Padden entering, he discovered his mistake, and told him some one had been his mistake, and told him some one had been at his money in his absence. On hastily making up his cash, Padden discovered a deficiency of \$7,070, in ten, twenty, and one hundred dollar bills. The alarm was immediately given, and the clerks who were disengaged rushed out after the thief. Mc. Culloch, who noticed the scoundrel in the company of the company of the company of the countries of the company of the James street. Unfortunately, instead of ar-resting him, he went in search of a policeman, and in the meantime the thief escaped and and in the meantime the thief escaped and has not since been arrested. The detectived have little hopes of finding him this side of the line, although they have got a minute description of his appearance. The strangest part of the robbery is the fact that the thief left so much behind, when he might as easily have halved himself to thirty they are also the strangest that they are also the strangest that they are also the strangest that they are also they are the strangest that they are also they are the strangest that they are also they are the they are t have helped himself to thirty thousand as to seven thousand dollars. The matter has caused not a little excitement and a good deal of wonder here, more particularly the latter, as it was well known that a crowd of sharpers had arrived in the city since the opening of the Exhibition, and that vigilance would have to be exercised to prevent them from thieving. A neward of \$1,000 is offered for the arrest of the delinquent. Montreal, Sept. 21.—Up to midnight ne arrest had been made in connection with the Bank of Montreal robbery, although the whole

detective force has been employed in scouring the city for the thief.

THE PERTH INFANTICIDE. The Prisoner Sentenced to Three Years in the Penitentiary. PERTH, Sept. 21.—The girl Louise Ranger, charged with the wilful murder of her chil near this place last May, was found guilty at the assizes here to-day of manslaughter through criminal negligence, and sentenced by Judge Hagarty to three years in the

A MISSPENT LIFE.

The Story of a Titled Criminal—A Belgian Baron Who Found a Convict s Grave. New York, Sept. 17.—The Belgian consul here engaged the assistance of two detectives for several days past in endeavouring to establish the identification of a convict who died recently of consumption in the hospital on Blackwell's Island. The convict in said to have been Baron Hermann de Reiffen-berg, whose family reside in Brussels, and who are known throughout Europe for their wealth and high connections. The case was a woman known as Mrs. Ann de Laurie, wh the widow of the deceased baron. She is s fine-looking Irishwoman. She says the baron quarrelled with his family, and came to this country fifteen years ago well supplied with funds. He travelled throughout the country and then returned to New York. He ntarried her twelve years ago, when she was a domestic in the house where he stopped. The baron dropped his title and family name, and assumed the name of Louis de Laurie. He was very dissipated and spent all his money, and she was then compelled to support him and their son. He was arrested on June 11th for petty larceny, and gave the name of Harry Howard. He was sentenced to six months on Blackwell's Island, where he died three months afterwards

SHOOTING WITH INTENT.

James Fox, an ex-Convict, Attempts to Kill a Constable. James Fox, a second-hand dealer, doing business at No. 51 Queen street west, has been separated from his wife for some years owing to his ill-treatment of her. Upon one occasion he committed an assault upon her for which he was punished by two years' im-prisonment in the Penitentiary at Kingston. Since that time she has lived apart from him, and sustained herself and daughter out of the proceeds of a second-hand store, which she keeps at No. 144 York street. Recently Fox was convicted of having received stolen goods, and was committed to the Central Prison, from which he has been but a short time liberated. About six o'clock on Monday night he visited the house of his wife and commenced to ill-treat her. The screams attracted the attention of Constable Connell, who was on duty in York street, and he has tened to her assistance. To gain admittance he found it necessary to break open the door, and as he did so Fox drew a revolver and fired two shots. One passed unpleasantly close to Connell's ear and the other buried itself in the wall. Before Fox could discharge the weapon a third time Connell sprang upo him, and throwing him to the floor, hand cuffed him. He walked quietly to the station, and did not deny that he had intended to kill the constable. Before the prisoner was placed in the cells his little daughter entered the station and asked an officer to shoot him. It was decided to give him a trial first.

MYSTERIOUS SUICIDE.

An Unknown Man Drowns Himself in the St. Lawrence from a Stolen Boat. Kingston, Sept. 17.—A mysterious suicide is reported in the city dailies this evening by a correspondent. A boat, believed to be one stolen from Col. Strange, was found out in the river near the foot of Howe Island. A man had been seen a moment before rowing in it, and he no doubt threw himself out. In the best was found a het and cost. The the boat was found a hat and coat. The coat is a common light grey shooting jacket, with three pockets on the outside. Through the material runs a a pale purple thread. The maker's name is Jas. D. Anderson, Montreal. The hat is of straw, the edge bound with black ribbon, with a black band, and lined inblack ribbon, with a black band, and lined inside with leather, on which there is written in ink "E. G. —," the rest of the name being very dim, but looking like Regan of Ryman, or perhaps Hyman; and underneath, "Bothwell," or some such word. Except the letters "E. G." all is very dim. Where last seen, the unknown had on light grey pants, a white vest, and a black tie.

Kingston, Sept. 18.—A young man named E. G. Keegan, a student of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, who has been in the city for some time past for the purpose of attending his matriculation examination, sud-denly disappeared last Sunday evening. It was thought by friends here that he had gone some to visit his relatives at Belleville, so no enquiries were made until yesterday, when the news reached the city that a man had been seen either stepping or falling from a skiff a few miles below here on the river, and as a small boat belonging to Col. Strange of "B" battery had been taken on the night of Keegan's disappearance, suspicions were aroused, and on search being made, the skiff aroused, and on search being made, the skiff was found to be that taken from Col. Strange's boat house, and a cap and coat found in the skiff were identified as belonging to Keegan. To-day a party of resident students left with grappling irons for the place where he disappeared to try and recover the body. Keegan has been druking very hard lately, and as he had been in the horrors before his disappearance, it is supposed he committed suicida. THE PROVINCIAL

Some of the Exhibi scribed.

Ontario Fruit Growers' As Annual Meeting.

THE ENTRIES n nearly all classes of goods th made public through the columnate, are largely in excess of the the same classes last year, and although the buildings and groun than those of Ottawa—a of difficulty has been experience. room for all the articles sent still, with judicious management handling, exhibitors have been s nothing like grumbling has been only difficulty which has been with exhibitors so far has been their own making. Some prouncing their intention of put their articles in the sections, or gave the wrong or result was that when they ar ing with their exhibits they where to place them, and lor

interviews with Mr. Craig, the

with his assistant, had conseq gone through. The slight thus caused was, however, soon o matters again worked smoothly THE GROUNDS AND BUILD The grounds are now in excelle and are looking at their best. roads have been laid out and gravelled, a couple of old houses ner of Florence and Locke street removed, the main entrance has in the way of improvement, an seats have been supplied in vari the ground. In the horse ring stand has been erected, and two the display of cattle have been the main building a dais has in the centre of the ground fl through the formal ceremony o Exhibition. In the Horticultu penches have been lowered a few the exhibits may be seen to An entirely new building has b and at the north side of this and engine, which will supp placed. The engine is of 40 having been ordered on short built in the remarkably quick ; days. About 300 feet of shaft distributed throughout the hall, requirements of the machinists supplied. To the south-west chinery hall has been put up a shed for the display of reapers. In order that the supply of wabundant, the pipeage in connec

mains has been largely increas new horse boxes and sheep pen put up, an addition which was m MUSICAL INSTRUMENT The exhibit in this departm very large one, but some superio are shown. In many instance care has been paid to the clab cases of the pianos, and some

een exercised in the designs for the reed organs. C. L. Thomas, Hamilton pianos and two uprights. One is finished in black and gold, wl some pattern. The firm has be general excellence and for touch. They also show two touch. They also show two reed B. W. Kain & Co., of Woodst hibitors of reed organs, designariour and church use. They have truments in all. An improved is their new double coupler, which diploma at the Toronto Indust will couple either to the octave low, at the will of the performer

fashioned coupler was restricted octave above or below, but would alternately. The organs are of digns and styles.

J. & R. Kilgour, of Hamilton concert grand and an upright I manufacture of Weber & Co., Ne name. On the excellence of the it is unnecessary to enlarge, as recognized all over the world.

made squares are apparently w and good, sound, durable instru S. & H. Rainer, of Guelph pianos with their new cross-s This arrangement of the scale, it equalises the strain and distrib the metal frame, instead of con-

at two or three points. The have also a continuous ivory bri

It is believed, improves the tone,

it of the same quality through

In compliance with the desire

acturers, no prizes are offered for

TRON AND ITS MANUFACT

In iron, steel, and tinware ad large exhibits are made. One displays which the eye detects on building is James Warnod exhibition of edge tools, axes, tocks, quarrying tools, railway su bars, and heavy hammers. The whose factory and place of bus Galt, show in another building their carriage springs. The too first style of manufacture. In a exhibit is made. All these goo manufacture in Ontario to their preparation a large staff of ployed. Axe making is perhap most interesting operations in Co.'s works—not because it is in because it is simple. The large of the thickness and width of after being heated, introduced heavy machine, which in on shapes the axe and bores the exe and bores the ey heads when cold are the and sharpened to the pro In steel scythes, forks, the Whiting Manufacturing C the Cedar Dale Works, Oshaw and an admirable display. usual, an admirable display. ments are well known in Canad reputation beyond our borde Caleb Howard, of the Toronto makes a large exhibit. All cl from the smallest possible to necessary, are shown by Mr. Ho amiths' tools are made by S. Hamilton. Mr. M. Hamilton. Mr. Moore, for the any fair, shows specimens of his at the Provincial here, and at Exhibition at Montreal. The duces include squaring shears, folders, farmers, stakes is the first time tinsmiths' had a place on the provinci and the giving of them a place lent results. At Montreal received a first prize and a diplomen will, during the fair, use t show what can be done with the lately that the manufacture of in Canada has been made worth tariff having satisfactorily affec-smithing business, and having ex-erican tools. Other manufacture

referred to hereafter. Messrs. Roach & Durole, the ardware dealers, make in the cef the main building a fine show esides a general assortment, to ecial line of saws of the make letrich. Circular and other saw a great profusion and in all size olds. Rexford's axes, and generate tools accompany Messrs. Roactellent display. More specime of the circular and tools accompany Messrs. Roactellent display. this city. Six months into the business of me lamp chandeliers. To-