

will be paid to whosoever will give information leading to the recovery of the above ticket to X. care of—."

It need hardly be said that Mrs. Cooley had inserted the above advertisement in the desperate hope that she had dropped the ticket in the street. Saturday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday morning passed; each day she had called at the address she had given, in the hope that she might gain some information concerning the miserable piece of pasteboard, but without success.

Three courses remained open to her—to say nothing about the goblet to her husband, and to trust to its appearance on the table escaping his memory; to tell him all about it, and to make a final appeal to Messrs. Methuselah. She decided on trying the last course first, and accordingly she went to the shop of Messrs. Methuselah.

The young man recognized her and smiled just as he would have smiled at the reappearance of one of his habitual clients. "I've come again to ask you to let me have the goblet about which I spoke to you the other day, and the ticket for which I have lost."

"The ticket has been presented," replied the young man, "and the cove that presented it has been run in. He has been run in. He's at Bow street now, and the goblet with him."

"But how was that?" asked Mrs. Cooley, agitated so that she could hardly speak.

"Well, he wouldn't give his name, and he couldn't give a satisfactory account of his possession of the cup, so he was took off. I rather think they have an idea it has something to do with this 'ere burglary. But if you go to Bow street they'll let you see him."

"I thought you were going to communicate with me before you parted with the goblet?" said Mrs. Cooley.

"Ow could I? Here was the copper and there was the cove. The law's the law, and it ain't for us to go against it."

Off went Mrs. Cooley to Bow street, mediating as she went over the strange irony of fate which should lead her, the religiously and strictly brought up daughter of a clergyman, and the wife of a well-known barrister, to visit in the same day a pawn-broker's shop and a police station.

Arrived there, she stated her mission to the inspector.

"Well, mum," he said, "we're waiting here for the butler from Lord Penge's house to recognize this goblet as belonging to his master; but if you like to give me your name and address—"

Mrs. Cooley, after a moment's hesitation, wrote down her address. The inspector looked at it, smiled and said:

"It seems all right. But—here comes his lordship's butler. I won't keep you a minute, mum."

He went to a safe, brought out the goblet, and held it up for the inspection of a florid man who had entered.

"Is that one of your's?" he asked.

The butler, after carefully examining it, shook his head and went out.

"Now then, mum," said the inspector, producing a card, "perhaps you can tell me what you know about that gentleman?"

Mrs. Cooley glanced at the piece of pasteboard which the policeman handed to her and her head swam. It was Mr. Frank Cooley's card.

"My husband's card!" she exclaimed, "What is the meaning of this?"

"The meaning is that the gent who has just given that card presented the ticket for the goblet at Methuselah's. He declined to answer questions as to how he came by it, and he is now detained pending inquiries."

"Oh, let me speak to him, please!" cried Mrs. Cooley.

After a moment's reflection the inspector left the room and returned with Frank Cooley.

"Oh, Frank! Frank!" exclaimed the poor woman, throwing herself into her husband's arms. "This has been such a lesson to me! Such a humiliating lesson! Can you—will you forgive me?"

"Of course I do, my love," replied her husband. "And I do hope it is a lesson."

The goblets duly appeared on the dinner table when Jack Spiggot came the next day, and he very soon divined that affairs were about to take a turn for the better in the little household when Frank Cooley told him that they had decided not to have the fancy dress ball.

..... A True Ghost Story.

BY J. A. O., WINNIPEG.

Not far from the village of S——, in the township of Darlington, in the Province of Ontario, there lived some time ago a man named Manson, who was of a peculiar turn of mind. He was the tenant of a good farm and was considered by his neighbors a pretty good farmer. Being of a retiring disposition, he seldom mingled with the neighboring farmers, preferring rather to be alone. As a consequence he was very rarely favored with visitors, and when he was, his guests stay were of short duration. He lived thus for

some time, and, as he cared for nobody and nobody cared for him, he was seldom seen.

But one day the news was spread through the neighborhood that Mr. Manson had been found with his throat cut from ear to ear. People were astounded at the intelligence and were at a loss to know who could have done it, or how it happened. But afterwards it was clearly proven that he had committed suicide, the evidence at the inquest fully bearing out this conclusion. A large concourse of people attended the funeral, many out of curiosity, and the remains of Mr. Manson were laid at rest. The premises were then nailed up and were rarely entered after the occurrence, save by those who only out of mere curiosity looked in as they passed that way.

For some time after the sad affair things moved on in the even tenor of their way, until stories of ghosts and other yarns revived the subject. One wag who was evidently bound there should be something "to it" gathered up all the cats and kittens he could find in the district and shut them in the stable where Manson had taken his life. After a few days, when the pangs of hunger began to tell, the cats gave themselves up to wild abandonment and, as can be imagined, a perfect pandemonium reigned. Ghost stories now began to multiply by the dozen. The silent watches of the night were disturbed by the unearthly moanings and blood-curdling yells of the Manson ghost. Some even saw him as they passed by at night. It happened about this time that a venturesome young man, hearing that ghosts could be seen at Manson's stable, decided to investigate. With beating heart he approached the stable and with trembling hands opened the door, when, what to him seemed hundreds of cats came tumbling out in dire confusion. The young fellow was so frightened at this unexpected turn of affairs that he also fled in dire confusion, and never slackened his pace until he had reached the nearest neighbor's house, where he breathlessly related what he had seen and vowed that old Manscu, as he called him, had turned into cats.

.....
Young lady to Photographer—"I like the picture very well, except the mouth."

Photographer—"Why, Miss, I thought that was immense."

Young lady—"I'd thank you not to speak that way about my mouth."

Photographer, (aside)—"Well, I have put my foot in it."