### A Fellow-Feeling.

THE TIME IN A MAN'S LIFE WHEN HE MOST NEEDS SYMPATHY.

A man on whose face a woe-be-goneness of expression had marked a claim hastened from a noisy street to a quiet alley, and, despondently placing his hands on a wall, began to heave most distressingly. An old fellow who happened to see the heaver stepped into the alley, imitated the position of the unfortunate man and began to heave. They kept up an exchange of retching for sometime, when the original heaver, suspecting that the old fellow was not a gennine heaver, turned to him and said;

"What do you mean by mocking me, sir?"

"I'm not mockin' you."

"But you don't look like you are sick?"

"I ain't sick."

"Then why did you heave?"

"Wanted to help you."

"What!"

"I say I wanted to help you."

"Help me!" the man indignantly exclaimed.

"That's what I said."

"How in the duece can you help me? What benifit can I derive from your heaving?"

"Wal, none, accordin' ter the cold and practical idee of the world, but it shows sympathy. Tiar ain't no time in a man's life when he needs so much sympathy and gits so little as when he is gittin' over a spree. I think—"

The original heaver turned and heaved. His sympathetic assistant broke his sentence in two and "echoed the sentiment."

"Ah-hah-hah!" groaned the original.

"Ah-hah-hah!" echoed the sympathizer.

"I want yon to go on away now and let me alone," said the original.

"No, I cannot; I must stay and sympathize with you."

"But I don't want your sympathy."

"You must have it."

"I won't."

'You shall.'

'Bar-r-r-r!' retched the original.

'Bar-r-r-r!' echoed the sympathizer.

'I want you to go away now and leave me alone."

'No, sir, I will not leave you alone in your misery. Two weeks ago ter day I hil' onter a rail fence in Indiana, and reachin' away down in myself, and called hogs for more than half a hour. I had been full fur some time and was just gettin' over it. A man come ridin' along. He didn't say a word—did'nt even give me a kind look. How I did long for sympathy—how I did yearn for some man ter put his hands on the fence and call hogs with me! But no man came. After a while a dog come along, eat some grass, went up ter the fence and begun to reach down inter hisse'f, How my affections did go out to that brute! He may not 'a' knowed it, but he was doin' me a powerful service, an' I said right then and there that ef I ever cotched a man in the same fix I was in at that time I would help him. I was rushin' down for the depot for a train and get outen this here hub bub uv a town, and I jest erbout had time to make it, but I couldn't pass you by, mister.'

'Look here!' said the genuine heaver, 'I believe your ar a pretty good sert of a fellow.'

'I don't know about that, but I know when a man needs sympathy.'

'Let's shake hands.'

'All right.'

They shook hands then the genuine heaver said;

'Now, let's go somewhere and get a drink.'

'No, I am obleged tér you. A short time ago I was a sick and self-despisin' drunkard, but I am a man now. I have drunk enough licker ter float a raft, but I'm done. Tuther day I heard my little children's talkin' 'What sort of a place do you guess heaven is? the boy asked. I don't know,' replied the girl, 'but I think it is a place where little children's fathers don't get drunk. Then I said ter myse'f, 'little angels ef that is your idee of heaven I am goin' ter make one fur you right here on this earth.' And I am mister, Wall, goo-bye'—[Arkansas Traveler.

### What He Had Done to Him.

"What's the matter with you, Silai?" asked a justice of the Peace before whom an old negro had appeared.

"I wants a warrant fur de' rest an' 'viction o' Bradder Davey Smif."

"What has he done?'.

"Come a-dittin' me in my presence, dat's what he's done."

"What do you mean by hitting you in your presence?"

"Hit me in de countenance, sah; dat's what he done—hit me right here in de countenance (putting his hand to his face). Hit me away up in my presence."

"Why did he strike you?"

"I aiu't axed him dat, an' he ain't tole me."

"What cause did you give him?

"Who give him?

"You—what cause did you give him"

"Give him fur what?"

"For hitting you? Haven't you got any sense?"

"Wall, sah, I doan' know; sometimes I think I has an' sometimes I think I has't. He hit me all de same."

"Didn't he have any cause to hit you?"

"Doubled up his fist, he did, an gim me a spat right 'yerein de' expression o' de face."

"What had you done to him?'

"W'y, I hardly knows de man. He's a brudder in de church, dat's all I knows erbout him. Come er hitten' me yero whar I look; I doan' like it, sah; I ken tell you dat right now. Come er spilin' my face fur de funeral dat's comin' off dis ebenin'."

"What I want to know is what did you do to him?"

"How could I do anything ter him when bof my eyes done knocked inter one?"

"But what did you do before he hit you?

"I kicked de trifiin' scoundrel, dat's what I done, but of you ain't got no law in dis house I'll go summers else. Good day, sah."—[Arkansaw Traveler.

### Wouldn't Be Wooed.

An aged couple were before Justice O'Reilly, charged by the officer with acting in a disorderly manner on the street. Johanna Day, the woman, had a furrowed brow, scanty gray hair' and crows feet under her eyes. The man, Richard Gleason, was bald-headed, and boasted a very large bugle' which was ornamented with cherry ornaments, a proboscis which it would be dangerous to handle very roughly when blowing it.

The officer said he arrested them because there was no other way of getting rid of them.

'Well, Johanna?' said the Justice, who saw she would explode if she did not have vent.

'This old fellow,' she began, 'with a head as shinny as plate glass, and without a tooth in his head, wanted to marry me. He cast tender eyes at me, and said if I spoke to anybody on the street he would commit suicide. He protested his love so that I was blind, but he has opened my eyes. Why that face of his would be a disgrace to a canal boat for a figure head.'

'Why do you love you lost all love for Mr. Gleason? asked the court.

'Well, he gots drunk; he doesn't work; he sweeps out a gin-mill for his beer, and lives on the free lunch. He thought I was so deep in love with him that he could get the money that I've earned hard by scrubbing. His persecution has opened my eyes to that gin-blossem nose of his. He won't let me alone in the street.'

'Mr. Gleason doesn't look like a man that would jump off the High Bridge for love. Why do you annoy this woman?'

'I don't, your Honor; but she was infatuated with me, and I didn't think it any harm to tackle her for a quarter.'

'Get out both of you and keep off the street in your quarrels.'

'Didn't I tell you, you bald-headed sinner,' said Johanna to Richard, as they were leaving the court.

'You had better go somewhere else a courtin'.'

Mr. Gleason thought so, too, when he got outside of the court.

A Little Too Late.—Old Lady—I have determined to leave my fortune to the man who saved my life when I was a little girl.

Lawyer—Noble woman! All the world will rug with your praises. Who is the man?

"James Jameson, a poor carpenter. He lived—"

"Ah, yes, I remember him. He starved to death forty years ago."

### A Kentucky Suicide.

Andy Bolling was a bad citizen of Jackson County, and had killed half a dozen of his fellow citizens. One evening Bolling killed his seventh man in Clover Bottom. The next day a coroner's jury was impanneled to enquire into the affair. The testimony was that the deceased had called Bolling "a ——liar," and that Bolling immediately drew his pistol and fired, killing the man who had insulted him at the first shot.

The jury went out to deliberate, and after a short time returned the following verdict:

"We find that the deceased, Henry Jones, committed suicide."

The Coroner was amazed. "I shall not receive the verdict," he said. "The testimony was positive that Andy Bolling did the killing."

"Yes," replied the foreman, "and the testimony was equally positive and unequivocal that the deceased was of sound mind and in full possession of all his faculties just previous to his death, and that, while in this condition, he called Andy Bolling a —— liar. It stands to reason that if he had not meditated self destruction he would not have been so rash. He knew what the consequences would be, and he evidently wanted to die."

So the verdict of suicide stood.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Dirt and Cholera.

Persons who have visited the Philippine Islands are not surprised at the cable reports of the frightful ravages of cholera there. No one who walks about the streets of Manila wonders that cholera and other contagious diseases are so terribly destructive when once they get a foothold. In that city of 500,000 people the sanitary conditions are fearful to contemplate. During the rainy season, when much of the city is flooded, natives square themselves by catching water snakes in the streets. All the cities on these big islands, where 7,000,000 people live, are damp, mouldy, and dismal for six months in the year. This is the hottest period of the year there, and until the end of May the mercury in the thermometer will linger around 90°, while the humidity renders the heat unendurable. Such conditions as these make cholera in the crowded Philippines a far more terrible calamity than it could possibly be in this country.

One of the reasons why *Scott's Emulsion* has such a large sale is, because it is the best. Dr. W. H. Cameron, Halifax, N. S., says "I have prescribed *Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphophites*, for the past two years, and found it more agreeable to the stomach and have better results from its use than any other preparation of the kind I have ever used." Sold by all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00 and Thos. Eakins, Acadia Mines.

### A Tale of the Sea.

This was the tale that was told to me
By a battered and shattered son of the sea
Told to me and my messmate, Silas Green,
When I was a guileless young marine.

'Twas the good ship Gyascutus,
All in the China seas,
With the wind a-lee and the capstan free
To catch the summer breeze.

Says Captain Porgie on the deck,
To his mate in the mizzen hatch,
While the boatswain bold in the forward hold,
Was winding his larboard watch.

"Oh how does your good ship head to-night,
How heads our gallant craft?"
"Oh, she heads to the E. S. W. by N,
And the binnacle lies abaft!"

"Oh, what does the quadrant indicate
And how does the sextant stand?"
"Oh, the sextant's down to the freezing point,
And the quadrant's lost a hand!"

"Oh, if the quadrant has lost a hand,
And the sextant falls so low,
It's our body and bones to Davy Jones
This night are bound to go.

"Oh, fly aloft to the garboard strake!
And reef the spanker boom;
Bend a studding sail on the martingale
And give her weather room."

"O boatswain, down in for'ard hold,
What water do you find?"
"Four foot and a half by the royal gaft
And rather more behind."

"O sailors, collar your marlin spikes
And each belaying pin;
Come stir your stumps and spike your pumps,
Or more will be coming in!"

They stirred ther stumps and spiked their pumps,
They spliced the mizzen brace;
Aloft and alow they worked, but oh!
The water gained space.

They bored a hole above the keel,
To let the water out;
But strange to say, to their dismay,
The Water in did spout.

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship,
And he was a lubber brave;
I have several wives in various ports,
And my life I'd orter save.

Then up spoke the Captain of Marines,
Who dearly loved his grog;
I'ts awful to die, and it's worse to be dry,
And I move we pipe to grog.

Oh, then 'twas the noble second mate,
What filled them all with awe,
The second mate, as bad men hate,
And cruel skipper's jaw.

He took the anchor on his back
And leaped into the main;
Through foam and spray he clove his way,
And sunk and rose again!

Through foam and spray a league away
The anchor stout he bore;
Till safe at last he made it fast,
And warped the ship ashore!

'Taint much of a job to talk about
But it's a ticklish thing to see,
A suthin' to do, if I say it, too,
For that second mate was me.

Such was the tale that was told to me
By that modest and truthful son of the sea.
And I envy the life of a second mate
Though captains curse him and sailors hate.
For I ain't like some of the swabs I've seen
As wonld go and lie to a poor marine.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

[To be Contiuued.]

## A REIGN OF TERROR.

In the beginning of November, 186—, New York was startled by a terrible crime—the murder of an eccentric and solitary old lady. She was known to keep a large sum of money in her bedroom, and as every penny had disappeared, the motive was plain enough. As regards the criminal, a man had been seen leaving the house about midnight, and a description of him had been handed to the police, who, of course, were said to have a clue, though the public doubted. The papers being full of the tragedy, it formed the chief topic of conversation.

In Mrs. Yate's boarding-house we talked of very little else at dinner that evening. Those of us who had recently returned from down town and were therefore supposed to have heard the latest news, were simply inundated with questions. I should think the story must have been told at least a dozen times, for each had a different version, and insisted upon its accuracy. Mrs. Yate, a stout and gressy woman who sat at the head of the table and carved, giving to each according as she valued him, had often to pause in her task, so ghastly were the details that passed from mouth to mouth; and Miss Dunne, an elderly spinster with a long and red-tipped nose, announced her intentions of examining her room thoroughly before she went to bed. Tom Renny whispered to me that she would first look in her whisky bottle; a piece of scandal which I should set down here were it not for my determination to tell the whole truth.

In the midst of this discussion a cab stopped at the door, and shortly afterwards Mrs. Yate was summoned to receive a visitor; an incident that always gave rise to many conjectures. Presently we heard the noise of baggage being brought into the hall, from which we inferred that our circle had been increased by another boarder. Mrs. Yate was generally prepared for emergencies of this sort. Having a large house to fill, she was not very particular about references, but trusted more to her eyes and ears after she had safely caged her bird.

When she returned, smiling most graciously she announced the new arrival to be a Mr. Jackson. "Such a gentlemanly man, with plenty of money; a confirmed invalid; going to have his meals in his room at present. N. B.—All Mrs. Yate's boarders were aware at first, but their plumage soon took a different hue.

"What is Mr. Jackson like?" asked red-headed Miss Hatch. "Oh, do tell me! I'm simply dying to know."

"Well," replied Mrs. Yate, beaming over folded hands, "he is short and slight; his face is handsome, smooth-shaven, and wrinkled a little; his hair is light, turning gray; eyebrows arched like my friend General ——; he stoops rather, and has a bad cough, poor man; his manners are affable though nervous. I think that's all I noticed about him."

"Dear me, how interesting!" said Miss Hatch with enthusiasm. "And his baggage—"

"Though small in quantity is good in quality. Not like that matter's much," added Mrs. Yate complacently, "for he has paid me a month in advance."

"And his cough?" anxiously inquired old Mr. Pirrot.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid. You won't hear it." She turned towards me to say: "Mr. Jackson has taken the big room at the end of your passage, so—why goodness gracious, there's another cab stopping! Not another boarder surely."

As we sat listening there came such a sharp knock at the door that several ladies actually screamed, no doubt because their nerves had been unnerving by the accounts of the murder. Mrs. Yate was again summoned from the table and upon her return told us a Mr. Luscombe had taken the vacant room next Mr. Jackson's.

"Oh, how very odd," exclaimed Miss Hatch. "Luscombe is quite an aristocratic name. Is he nice?"

"He has paid me a week in advance, at any rate," replied Mrs. Yate, looking severely at poor old Mr. Parrot, who was, I fear, constdeably in her debt.

Dinner concluded she had led her troop from her room, while we others remained to smoke as was the custom of the establishment. A few minutes later we were joined by Mr. Luscombe, a wiry little man with sharp features, fair hair, black beard and keen, gray eyes, which seemed to include us all at one glance. The difference in color between his hair and beard gave him rather a peculiar appearance, and but for the latter he might have passed for a soldier. He introduced himself to the room generally, took a chair at the table, brought out a cigar-case, and made himself quite at home, talking freely of everything except himself, and especially of the recent murder, though he seemed to know less about it than we did.

"The fellow will never be caught," said Tom Renny, "for the police are only a set of noodles."

"That's your opinion, is it?" observed Mr. Luscombe with a smile.

"It is."

"Then, my dear sir, I don't agree with you. You young fellow are too impatient. You must give the police time."

"While he runs away! Perhaps dodges into another house to murder some one else! My advice to everybody is to look after themselves and I intend to set the example by buying a revolver."

"And shooting one of your friends!" added Mr. Luscombe, apparently absorbed in watching the smoke float up to the ceiling.

"Not at all," cried Tom, piqued at our laughter. "I am not such a fool as—as some people."

"It's not a question of folly, my good sir," said Mr. Luscombe, good-humoredly. "When the house is in darkness, it's not easy to distinguish between a friend and a foe, and a startled man with a revolver in his hand is apt to blaze away at the one in the hope of hitting the other. If you'll take my advice, and excuse a stranger for giving it, you'll leave revolvers alone."

"As to that I shall please myself," said Tom, walking towards the door. "Good night, Jack," he called out to me, "I'm going out."

I followed him into the hall in order to expostulate with him, for he had latterly developed an alarming fondness for billiards, a most expensive taste for a junior clerk in a broker's office. Belonging to a good but poor family, he told me he had to make his own way in the world, and this I felt was a very beginning. Though our acquaintance dated only from his arrival at Mrs. Yate's a few months before, I had taken a great liking to the tall, powerful, handsome young fellow, whose many excellent qualities were undeniable, and whose faults were chiefly those of youth. Always exceedingly headstrong, he laughed at the remonstrances which I now addressed to him, and playfully calling me an old grandmother, he left the house.

When we went up-stairs to join the ladies in the drawing-room, we found Miss Hatch performing lustily on the piano; Miss Dunne sitting in a supercilious attitude on the ottoman, and the remaining half-dozen talking spread the fire. At our entrance the scene changed, Mr. Luscombe immediately becoming the central object of the picture. Notwithstanding their thorough knowledge of the art of sympathy, they got less information out of him than out of new comers generally. They tempted him with pictures of places, photographs of celebrated people, and books marked at certain passages, which were of the nature of leading questions; but with provoking skill he slipped through all these fences without leaving a shred of evidence behind. One thing along was clear; he could talk better of current events than of the historical pass.

There was a good deal of excitement when we separated for the night. Mrs. Yate, whose late husband had been in the militia, thanked her stars that she had in her room a rifle and a bayonet. Miss Dunne organized parties to search for men concealed under beds with intent to commit murder and robbery; and finally there was a great locking of doors, followed by the silence of midnight.

As Tom Renny often paid a visit to my room before going to his own, I lay awake with the gas turned down but not out. My thoughts naturally reverted to the new arrival; for if the invalid recluse was interesting, so also was the reticent Mr. Luscombe. For many reasons I was inclined to think that the latter had risen from the ranks, and had not yet learnt to adapt himself to his altered circumstances. With regard to the former, the fact that he was to remain invisible invested him with an air of mystery. I had heard his cough very frequently while we were all on the move, and a very peculiar cough it seemed to be. But when all was quiet it ceased, so it did not apparently interfere with Mr. Jackson's sleep.

It must have been about half-an-hour later, when feeling sure that somebody was moving swiftly and steadily along the passage, I sat up in bed to listen. The sound died away, but was almost immediately followed by that of another footstep hurrying in the same direction. The second person stumbled over what I took to be my boots and with a half-muttered exclamation ran on again. Throwing back the bed-clothes, I sprang to the floor, rushed to the door and opened it, just in time to see, as I thought, a figure disappear in a room at the end of the passage. About the reality of the sounds there could be no doubt. Miss Dunne had already begun to scream, and a night-capped head appeared close by, but at the sight of me withdrew shrieking. In less time than it takes to write the words, the whole house was in commotion. Doors opened and slammed; terrified questions were hurled from room to room; white faces, lighted by candles held in trembling hands, peeped over the balustrades; and a group of figures in dressing-gowns gathered on the stairs.

"There's a man in the house," Miss Dunne was crying from the safety of her room. "There is—there is; I know there is, for I heard him. Oh, murder! Oh, thieves! Police! Oh, oh!"

"A man in the house!" repeated a voice at my elbow, I turned round and saw Mr. Luscombe, scantily clad, but quite cool and self-possessed. "Where is he?"

"Ah, where is he?" demanded old Mr. Parrot coming forward undauntedly with a poker. Having forgotten to remove his yellow night-cap, he looked a most absurd object.

And now a chorus of screams announced a new arrival, which turned out to be merely the appearance of Tom Renny. In order not to disturb anybody, he had left his boots in the hall, and came upstairs in his stockings, a needless precaution in this instance.

"What's the matter?" he asked, in surprise.

"That's just what we are trying to find out, Tom," I replied.

"I expect," said Mr. Luscombe, "it's only this gentleman's entrance that has alarmed the ladies."

"Nothing of the sort," cried Mrs. Yate from the top of a bureau. "The noise was made on this floor, and not in the hall. I tiest upon having the house searched from attic to basement. If you gentlemen are afraid to do it, I'll call in the police. Here, who'll take this?" She lowered a rifle with a bayonet on the end of it.

Mr. Luscombe, being the nearest, took it from her and led the way. Some of us went round the different rooms with him, the ladies following in a flock, all ready to scream and run at the slightest provocation. A more ridiculous scene I have never assisted at. The bayonet was poked under every bed in turn, but nobody was showered, a providential circumstance which I cannot account for.

"If I had had that revolver," said Tom Renny afterwards in my room, "I would soon have settled the fellow's hash."

"Whose hash, though? There were two of them beyond all doubt. Tom, I'm morally certain they went into either or both of the rooms at the end of the passage."

"Whew! Why, that man Luscombe is in one and an old invalid in the other."

"I know that."

Tom looked at me very queerly. I saw that two ideas had jumped together in his mind, as they had already done in mine. But after all they amounted to very little and led to nothing, so the occurrence was not actually mentioned by either of us.

Next morning I was one of the last to enter the breakfast room. There was no excited discussion going on as I had expected; on the contrary, a strange gloom pervaded the whole party, with the solitary exception of Mr. Luscombe, who was unconcernedly sipping his coffee. More than one lady started as the sound of my approach, and looked round in evident terror. The conversation was confined entirely to whispers.

"Good morning," I said, looking round in perplexity. "You all seem to be suffering from the effects of your fright last night, or has anything else happened?"

By way of answer Tom thrust into my hand a newspaper, and pointed to a paragraph on the last page. It was an advertisement emanating from the police, and offering $1,000 reward for such information as would lead to the capture of the murderer mentioned at the beginning of this narrative. And now for the sensational part of the affair; the description given by the police corresponded exactly with Mrs. Yate's description of Mr. Jackson! It was astonishing and merciful thing, commented Miss Hatch, that we had not found our throats cut this morning.

There had been rather a warm dispute as to what should be done. Mrs. Yate, backed by the whole of her sex there present, was for the instant delivery of the malefactor, the sham invalid, into the hands of justice. But Mr. Luscombe declared that such action based upon the mere shadow of a suspicion, would be cruel and unjust. And with him the men generally concurred.

"What about the clue the police were supposed to have?" I inquired.

"Oh, of course, it has come to nothing," replied Tom. "They arrested the wrong man yesterday and let him go again. Did you ever hear of such duffers? Mr. Luscombe, who defended them yesterday," added he, spitefully, "will perhaps defend them again."

"Mistakes occur in the best regulated families," said that gentleman, smiling, as he helped himself to the last egg, upon which Miss Hatch had evidently set her heart. "Do you never err, sir?"

"What a rude man!" said Miss Hatch in a loud whisper, and stared angrily at the empty dish.

The servant entered with a tray for the purpose of carrying up Mr. Jackson's breakfast.

"Don't let her go, Mrs. Yate," cried Miss Dunne, frantically waving a kinsey head at the girl. "If she enters that room she will never come out alive. His blood will be upon your head."

"You see how I shall be situated," said Mrs. Yate, looking frigidly at Mr. Luscombe, a swan no longer, "if I attempt to follow your advice."

"If you'll allow me, madam," said he, rising. "I'll take up the poor old gentleman's breakfast myself."

"What, and be murdered!" shrieked Miss Dunne.

Though Mr. Luscombe smiled his right hand instinctively moved towards his back, only to be withdrawn in haste. Slight as the gesture was, it attracted my notice and curiosity. He was leaning forward at the time with his back turned towards me, so I had every opportunity of observing his attentively; and I saw (see in his hip pocket a protuberance which seemed to be caused by the handle of a revolver. This, if correct, was certainly a strange discovery. Here was a man who had protested against another carrying a revolver, going about with one concealed on his own person. What on earth did it mean?

However, I had no time for conjecture. I had to be in the city at ten, and it was already half-past nine, so I hurried away to catch an omnibus. Tom Renny, who accompanied me, was very loth to leave the house. He, of course, was for acting on the spur of the moment, and, like Mrs. Yate, wanted to deliver summyster as boarder over to the police at once. Indeed, he was burning to make the capture single-handed.

On my return in the evening I found but little change in the situation, the sense of terror still continued. Had it not been for want of means a prevalent feature in our establishment—the house would have been deserted at any rate by the ladies, who kept up an incessant twittering, and walked groups facing the doors, with pale, rattling and other noisy instruments close at hand. No actual case of fainting occurred to my knowledge—to do that would have been to place one's self unreservedly at the murderer's disposal—but all carried salts-bottles and used them freely.

By repeatedly declaring his belief in Mr. Jackson's innocence, Mr. Luscombe did his utmost to bring down to a calmer frame of mind. No doubt, he said, there was some faint resemblance between the two descriptions, but what of that? He would guarantee to fetch half-a-dozen men out of the street to prove that they would apply quite as well. He was certain that Mr. Jackson was what he represented himself to be—a feeble invalid. But, talk as he might, his words had very little effect; his doubts, perhaps, had rather more. I was told that he had not been out of the house all day; he had taken up Mr. Jackson's meals, and had sat with him for some time. That he had done this without receiving any bodily injury was felt to be somewhat reassuring.

The conversation at dinner was most animated, our party being divided into two factions, one for calling in the police and the other for letting dishers drift. As for myself, I was far more suspicious of Mr. Luscombe than of the mysterious boarder upstairs.

"By the way, Tom," I said, when the ladies had retired, "have you bought the revolver you were speaking about yet?"

"Bother it, no. I haven't had a moment to myself all day. But when I go out this evening, I think I can borrow one."

"You need be in no hurry, then?" said Mr. Luscombe, cigar in hand.

"Your advice strikes me as being very singular," I interposed, watching him closely. "Unless I'm greatly mistaken, sir, you carry a revolver habitually."

His face was earthy as he turned in his chair to gaze at me. It was the first time he had shown the least sign of disconcerted. But quickly recovering, he burst out laughing and with commendable coolness, brought out from his hip pocket a huge bluish-nickel-plated revolver, with a long barrel.

"Two courses were open to me," he said, "either to require you to produce your evidence or to admit your accusation. I have chosen the latter; you see, I am—well, because it doesn't make a rap of difference."

"I call you a strange sort of person," broke out Tom indignantly.

"Perhaps I am. The impudent fellow actually winked at old Mr. Pirrot.

"You would have be defenceless just we should need you, but as to your shooting us, that is a horse of quite another color. If that your game, sir?"

"Well," was the calm response, "here is the hand of skilled workman—"


# ONE DOLLAR.

## PROCLAMATION

— TO AN —

## INTELLIGENT & DISCRIMINATING PUBLIC!

— TO —

## The Londonderry Arc-Light

NEWSPAPER

— AND —

JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,

ACADIA MINES, NOVA SCOTIA,

Is well supplied with Job Printing Material, of the LATEST STYLE. The stock has all been renewed, and we are now prepared to supply our patrons with:

HANDBILLS,
DODGERS,
PROGRAMMES,
CIRCULARS,
LETTER HEADINGS,
BILL HEADS
RECEIPTS
DRAFTS, ETC

**Prompt Attention**

Will be given to all orders entrusted to us. Orders from the neighboring towns will be thankfully received. We can guarantee that your work will be as good and cheap as any other.

Address all orders to

JOHN G. STUART,
Box 118, Acadia Mines, N. S.

IMPORTANT CLUB OFFER TO OUR READERS!

DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

*The only high class Illustrated Canadian Weekly, gives its readers the best of literature, accompanied by engravings of the highest order. The Press throughout the Dominion has declared it to be worthy of Canada and deserving universal support; but its best recommendation lies in its steadily* INCREASING CIRCULATION.

SUBSCRIPTION $4 A YEAR. 10 CENTS A NUMBER.

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS with Messrs. G. E. Desbarats & Son, Publishers, enable us to offer the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED with

THE LONDONDERRY ARC-LIGHT,

For 4.50 per year, payable in advance at this office.


CHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA