## FREED FROM THE LAW.

I was sitting in my little study reading, or, rather, glancing through an old diary which I used to keep with most commendable regularity, in the days when lite was not such a terrible rush as it has since become. The diary was old and almost rathered.

become. The diary was old and almost tattered.

There was one entry which startled me, and brought back with a rush the memory of a tragic incident which occurred very soon alter taking up the position of manager of the Westdale Bank.

The entry was as follows: "Miss Phillipson and her father deposited with me a box of jewels. Value, priceless. Put them in the strong room, and kept the gas burning day and night, with an electric bell connecting the box and my rooms."

That was all but it was enough to make the old story pass before my mind's eye once more.

the old story pass before my minds eye once more.

In a few words I will tell you the story as it happened.

One dark November morning I was going through the ledger, when a tall powerful-looking gentleman of middle age, and a young lady entered.

"Just a word or two in private, Mr. Wilson," said the gentleman whom I recognized as Mr. Phillipson of the Grange.

I left the counter and showed my visitors into a small private room at the back of the general office. Then for the first time I saw that Mr. Phillipson was carrying a bag, which appeared to be very heavy.

ing a bag, which appeared to be very heavy.

He at once began to unpack the bag with as much composure as a commercial traveller who was certain of a big order.

In a moment there was a sight before me to dazzle the eyes of any man. There were diamonds of enormous size and intense brilliancy; there were sapphires, throwing a bewitching light through the small room; there were rubies, pearls, emeralds; nay, the whole wealth of the Indies seemed to be displayed before me. And yet these stones were almost dull compared to the light which gleamed in the eyes of the lady.

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"These jewels now belong to my daughter, and I desire you to keep them in absolute safety for a time. Our whereabouts will be uncertain for some months, and it will be impossible for us to carry them about with us. Of course you realise the importance of keeping this interview a secret; and you will not give them up to anyone without a written authority from my daughter."

"I will give you an inventory of the jewels in cypher, readily understood by us but by no one else. I will never part with these precious stones until the cypher is handed to me."

"Yes, Mr. Wilson, that precaution seems to be the only one we need take. I may say that no one knows anything of these jewels, except a young gentleman who is a distant relative of mine. He is not, however, likely to give us any trouble in the matter, as he is a gentleman who can be implicitly relied upon."

"It you will accompany me I will show you the strong room, and explain to you the precautions which I will take for the purpose of obtaining absolute sccurity," I said.

Nothing happened for over a month.

the precautions which I will take for the purpose of obtaining absolute scurity," I said.

Nothing happened for over a month. Mr. Phillipson called at the bank occasionally, and had a short chat about nothing in particular. Nothing was ever said about the treasure which was quietly reposing in the cavernous-looking cellars below.
One day Mr. Phillipson rushed into the bank. His face was deathly pale. He was dreadfully agitated. I could see that something of great importance had happened.

"I have a story to tell you which will almost make your hair stand on end. One of the strangest things I ever heard of has been practised on me. There is a conspiracy to secure those precious stones. I am compelled to leave for India this evening. Keep your eye on them."

Just as my visitor was getting terribly excited over the narration of his thrilling story, the bell rang, and I was compelled to leave for a few moments.

The story which Mr. Phillipson told me was indeed a strange one. At a dinner party at a friend's house he had met a young gentleman who had taken his fancy so much that he had invited him to the Grange. After dinner one evening the stranger sought to mesmerise his host, but only succeeded in getting him partially under his influence. Whilst in this state the visitor put to Mr. Phillipson a series of cleverly devised questions relative to the place where the jewels were stored.

"Do not part with the jewels until you see the cypher," Mr. Phillipson said, in con-lusion.

"Trust me," I replied.

"Is the was a consummate trickster, evident. Then the was consummate trickster, evident. Then he was consummate trickster, evident. Then in the most composed manner possible he shook hands with me and left the building.

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To believe they are of value," I replied.

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"Do not part with the jewels until you see the cypher," Mr. Phillipson said, in conclusion.

"Trust me," I replied.
"By the way, I had almost forgotten to say that my nephew, Mr. Wilkinson, is staying at the Grange. You can trust him."

Three days af er the departure of Mr. Phillipson I received from Mr. Wilkinson an invitation to dine with him that evening at the Bull hotel. I must confess that was astonished when I received this neatly-written epistle. Why should he ask me to dine with him at all? Why ask me to dine with him at all? Why ask me to dine with him at all? Why ask me to dine with him at all? Why ask me to dine with him at all? Why ask me to dine with him at the Bull Hotel when he was staying at the Grange? It seemed singular. I had met Mr. Wilkinson only once, and that was a purely formal meeting. One morning, when Miss Philipson had a little business to transact with me, he accompanied her, and she went out of her way to introduce him to me. I still remember, with almost painful distinctness, that my first desire on seving his handsome face was to kick him rather than to shake bands with him and express the commonplace greetings usual on such occasions.

Mr. Wilkinson or or and locked the door of the private room in which we were sitting with our cigars and whisky.

I wondered why he did such an urusual thing.

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thing.
... hate to be interfered with when we "hate to be interfered with water and case and age on a pleasant conversation," he said in the most careless and casual way. "Are you a believer in mesmerism, or hypnotiem, so it has become the fashion to call it, Mr. Wilson?"

"Not 1," was my prompt] and off-hand

reply.

"I am going to give you proofs of the value of old Meemer's theories in a very practical manner, for I am going to meamerise vou before you leave this room to-

quote his own language, "In a workers wood."

"I'll be sure about it; I'll stick a pin into him," he said in a jocund tone.
I shuddered. The pain was horrible as he pushed a pin into my leg, but I did not cry out; I think I hardly moved.
He was satisfied.

"Where are Miss Phillipson's jewels?" he asked.
"In the strong room in the cellar beneath

"In my bedroom."

"How can the jewels be secured?"

"How can the jewels be secured?"

"By presenting a cypher now in the possession of Miss Phillipson."

Thus ended our conversation. He had gained the intormation be required; so had I. When I opened my eyes Mr. Wilkinson was laughing almost uproariously.

"Well, you are the strangest subject I ever operated upon. Why, my friend, you are an easier subject than Miss Phillipson."

This intimation came as a painful surprise to me. I was vexed to think that he had been exercising his undoubted power over her—the woman I loved.

I was not a bit astonished to see Mr. Wilkinson walk into the bank about noon on the following day.

"Oh, by the way, Miss Phillipson gave me this and asked me to bring a packet which she says you have been keeping for her," he said carelessly.

I opened the envelope which was addressed to me in a lady's hand—apparently Miss Phillipson's.

"Yes: all right." I said quietly.

I opened the envelope which was addressed to me in a lady's hand—apparently Miss Phillipson's.

"Yes; all right," I said quietly.
I stepped into the inner office, leaving Mr. Wikinson standing at the counter. Hastily I penciled a note to the detective office. "Send your most trusted officer round at once," and despatched one of the assistants with it.

Then I stepped into the strong room and returned with the box, into which, in the presence of Mr. Phillipson and his daughter, I had placed the precious stones. It was not a large box, but the weight was considerable.

As I handed it across the counter I said—

said—
 Miss Phillipson has a key for the box.
You can return the box any time conveni-

ent to you."

'Thank you. Are the contents of the box of any value?"

He was a consummate trickster, evident-

was a silence which could be tent in the two rooms.

"There!" he ejaculated with a sigh of relief, as he turned a kry at last.

The iron lid was raised, and then we heard a cry, an agonized cry, which is ringing through my heart yet.

"Great Heaven! nothing but coals, common coals. She said it was full of diamonds. Aye, they are diamonds, but black ones."

Mr. Anderson turned to me and whispered, "What does this mean?"

"It's all right, The precious stones are locked up in my safe in the bank. I knew

This statement was made in the most matter-of-lact tone of voice.

"All right; fire away," I said carelessly. "Sit in this chair, please," he said.
I took the chair, leeling determined in my own mind that I would not be mesmerised; but, at the same time, I would convince him that I was perfectly under his influence.

Then he commenced that peculiar process of passing and repassing his fingers before my lace. I was a stronger man than he, but in a tew moments I began to feel his powerful influence over me. I felt a sharp shock pass through my whole system, followed by hot flushings in all my extremities.

For a moment I felt that in this strange game of bluff he was going to be the victor. I pulled myself together sharply, but my eyes were terribly heavy, and I telt an irresistible desire to close them. Before tevry long he was satisfied that I was, to quote his own language, "in a workable mood."

"Ill be sure about it; I'll stick a pin

#### Hard To Recognize As Boh

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"Where are Miss Phillipson's jewels?" he asked.

"In the strong room in the cellar beneath the bank," I replied, atter some hesitation. "Where are the keys?"

"In my bedroom."

"How can the jewels be secured?"

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It was the general's youngest son, whom

It was the general's youngest son, whom he had thought sate at the Virginia military institute.

Sybil-How is it you were not at Brynmawr's reception?

Berkley—I stayed away on account of a personal matter.

aunt, a daughter.
chmond, C. B., Oct. 22, to the wife of Lemuel Delaney, a daughter.
r River, N, S., Nov. 1, to the wife of John A.
Delap, a daughter.

Karsdale, N. S., Nov 2, to the wife Covert, a daughter.

Corning, a caughter.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Nov. 8, to the wife of W. T.

Huggan, a daughter.

Port Lorne, N. S., Nov. 4, to the wife of James W.

Sabeans, a daughter.

Lower Granville, N. S., Nov. 4, to the wife of Frank Armstrong, a daughter. Port Maitland, N. S., Oct. 22, to the wife of Capt. Geo. M. Curry, a daughter.

# MARRIED.

Milltown. Nov. 8, Sydney Collins to Lalia B. Woodworth.

Parrsboro, by Rev. S. Gibbon, David Campbell to Eddabella Rector.

Halifax, Nov. 8, by Rev. N. LeMoine, John Clem.

Moncton, Oct. 30, by Rev. E. Bertram Hooper, Lee Tingley to Mary A. Mills. St. John, Nov. 8, by Rev. Henry Daniel, Robert Clarke to Alexandria Haggart.

John Wallace to Celia McLeod.
Anburn, N. R., Oct. 21, by Rev. William Brown, J.
Fred McNell to Jennie E. Ferry.
Newszatie, Nov. 6. bv Ber. W. Aikken, Thomas
Dempiesy to Mrs. Jane Sweeney.
Bayfield, N. B., Oct. 18, by Rev. C. W. Hamilton,
William Straight to Mary Fields.

and Manan, N. B., Oct. 28, by Rev. W. S.
Covett, Zyness Fleet to Adavilla Ellingwood.
dedford, Mass. Oct. 25, by Rev. Wm. Merrill,
Charles H. Dunn to Pheebe Martin, of Kentville,
N. S.

est B<sub>4</sub>y, C. B., Nov. 7, by Rev. J. D. McFariane assisted by Rev. John Calder, Daniel Calder to Mary C. McKay.

werband, N. B., Nov. 2, hy Rev. Gideon Swim, assisted by Rev. A. G. Lowney, Harry M. Hunter to Rhoda Jones. Per Tormentine, N. B., Oct. 25, by Rev. C. W., Hamilton, assisted by Rev. Mr. Vincent, E. Raworth to Texic Allen. Mill Village, N. S., Nov. 7, by Rev. W. F. Glender ning, assisted by Rev. T. F. Wooten, Charles A Holden to Eunice Phelan.

### DIED.

Berkley—I stayed away on account of a personal matter.

"May I ask what it was?"

"Well, they failed to send me an invitation."

BORN.

Bear River, to the wife of send Frank Fiper, a son. Richmond, Nov. 5, to the wife of larael Trask, a son.

Richmond, Nov. 5, to the wife of larael Trask, a son.

Moncton, Nov. 2, to the wife of H. S. Steeves, a daughter.

Wentworth, Nov. 4, to the wife of C. W. Swallow, a daughter.

Lower Argyle, Nov. 1, to the wife of J. J. Campbell, two daughters.

Freeport, N. S., Nov. 5, to the wife of W. P. Morrell, a daughter.

Freeport, N. S., Nov. 5, to the wife of W. P. Morrell, a daughter.

Freeport, N. S., Nov. 5, to the wife of Handley Bates, a son.

Annapolis R.yial, N. S. Nov. 12, Sarah, widow of the late John Kinnear, 83. Halliav, Nov. 7. Gertrude Carberine, daughter of John and Carberine, Gindiner, Broaklyn, N. S., Nov. 4, Wiltred Laurier, son of Godfrey and Selina McLetod, 2.

Antigonish, N.S., Nov. 6, Margaret, infant daughter of Mice and Catherine Wilnot Dartmouth, Nov. 9, Rose C., daughter of the late Margaret and Michael Devan, 16. dney, C. B. Nov. 3, Allan Vincent, son of John Jand Mary A. McDonald, 2 weeks. other hary A. N. S., Oct. 24, Louisa Elfred daughter of Stephen and Catherine Robar, 15 § w York, Nov. :, (stherise, widow of the Hon. Mischael Burks, and daughter of late Lawrence Dogle, of Hadfax, N. S.

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