PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1895.

A JAPANESE STORT.

an to an Au

WHO WAS THE THIEF? foor, and I remembered no more.

My brain was on fire. I felt choking as I walked away from the office. Dismissed as a thiel! I, the son of a man whose very name was still held ascred for his onor and integrity ; oh. [it was too much. For three years I had been in an office in

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gh, and prided myself I was get-Edinburgh, and prided myseir 1 was get-ting on fairly well. I did my work bonest-ly and faithfully, and all seemed going smoothly when Mr. Heron, my employer, took a strange uncontrollable dislike to me persuade myself I was mistaken, leasanter I tried to be the more I tried to 1 but the pl the bedside. stant he became

Things went on like this for ab nonths, till one day I was called into my rincipal's sanctum and dismissed. Of course, I demanded an immediate explana-tion. Mr. Heron sneered, and my blood began to boil. I felt as if I could have killed him as he said— "No heroics, if you please, Blair, but

thank your stars I am not to prosecute; for your widowed mother's sake I refrain, dut not another day do you stay here." "Mr. Heron," I began, as calmly as my undignation would permit me, "I demand to know what you dismiss me for ?"

"For theft," he answered curtly. "For

months it has been going on. Everything pointed to you as the culprit, but I was eve that the son of William loth to beli Blair could have fallen so low, but this day has proved it."

"In what way ?" I enquired, sarcastically. Mr. Heron's face flushed angrily—more at my tone than my words, I think.

"You have overreached yourself this time," he said. "The cheque you so cleverly forged my name to was suspected. As a rule one uses his cheque straightforward, and it would have answered your purpose better had you not clumsily supsed it would avert suspicion, and used the last in the book." In vain I protested-threatened-de-

manded a clear explanation. Mr. Heron | well till I know the meaning of this." simply ignored my request, and sternly pointed to the door.

my door again. Once your father be-friended me, and for the memory of that thing ?" I let you go free." Mr. Heron's stern face is the last thirg belp troubling myself. It you only knew-

I distinctly remember. I have a hazy recollection of putting on my coat and hat, walking through the inner office amongst the clerks, who eyed me curiously, and of walking the whole of Princess street. I could not realise what had happened; it sitting up in sheer amazement. came upon me with such a shock that I felt

dazed and stupid. Suddenly I thought of Murloch. Murdoch was a lawyer in Glasgow. We had been tast friends since the day we both en-the carriage, and here you are." tered the same office-raw country lads we were, too. From the very first we drew murdered ?" I enquired. The doctor star-

together. We shared the same rooms for ed. three years, then Murdoch left for Glasgow, and I remained with Mr. Heron. 1 resolved at once to go to Murdoch, tell him the whole story, and get his advice. Then I related the experiences of that awful journey to him. The doctor listened patiently till I had finished, then said gow, and I remained with Mr. lleron. 1 "My dear fellow, you have had a very I could not go home; my mother would

have broken her heart to know her only son severe attack ot brain fever-it must have www.suspected of being a thief. I turned been begun even then. There was cer-my steps to the Waverley Station and took tainly no murder. Miss Arneston was train for Glasgow, via Polmont. By this travelling from Edinburgh to Glasgow, time my head was aching, and I was thank-ful to lean back on the cushions and shut my eyes. My fellow-passengers were an self from the window. By a superhuman old lady, with a curious black bonnet- effort she pulled you back, and on arriving something like the ones worn by the Sis-ters of Mercy; an old, toreign-looking faint, she called a cab, and, like a sensible gentleman; a young mother with two children; and plain-looking, quietly-dressed girl, who was seated in the cor-tress of girl, brought you direct to her mother's house. "They knew nothing about you for abstracted his confidence and the object of

sieep if possible. But just as we emerged from the first tunnel I was roused from my lethargy by a curious change that had taken place. I could have sworn that when I entered the train at Edinburg the carriage contained but two children area that the carriage contained train at Edinburg the carriage contained but two children-now there were three. can explain the resc himself." I puzzled over the third child till my brain as the doctor rose ached. I rubbed my eyes, shut them, looked again, but no, there sat the third "I promised to telegraph whenever you bild grinning at me in an idiotic fashion. Suddenly the old lady with the black were well enough to see him. I did so this morning, and he arrived an hour ago, child grinning at me in an idiotic fashion. hood dived underneath her cloak and stealthily produced a long dagger. I started violently, and was about to say The doctor left the room, and in a few something, when. to my horror, we entered the second tunnel. I heard a muffled mother. groan, then a dull thud, and when once Mother burst into tears, and Mr. Heron seemed deeply moved. "John Blair," he said huskily, "I have more we emerged into davlight the old gentleman was gone. The old fiend in the ulack hood looked at me sardonically and smiled. An icy finger seemed laid on my heart-I could

the cord to alarm the guard. But I was in a very short time everything was in co dragged back and thrown violen'ly to the fusion. But his last act was the me fusion. But his last act was atrocious. Not only had he forged his father's name, but by cleverly laid plans

father's name, but by cleverly laid plans he fixed the blanse on me. By mans of scraps of paper purposely torn up in my room, a blotting-pad with his father's name many times there, and many other trivial mays, suspicion could hardly fail to rest on me. But John Heron's reckless life had had a and ending. Only the day after my dis-museal he had been out driving with a party of young fellows as wild and reckless as himself. The horse bolted—one young man vas killed on the spot, John living long enough to tell his tather of his cow ardly crime, and obtain his frogiveness. Mr. Heron finished his tale with bowed head and husky voice, and my heart ached for the old man in his trouble. At Y. M. C. A. hall, Rochester, on Su When I regained consciousness I was in a strange room. It was dusk, and overything had a dim-like look, but gradeverything mat a dim-interious, out grad-ually my eyes became accustomed to the semi-dirkness, and I saw a girl seated in an arm-chair, ganing into the fire. I had seen her before, but where I could not

"Where am I?" I asked her, as abe glanced across to the bed. As I spoke she started violently, and came across to

"You are with friends," she said, "but you must not speak, you will know all about it when you are a little better."

about it when you are a little better." "Have I been ill ?"I enquired. "Yes," she replied; "very ill, but you are now out of danger." Just then the door opened, and the doctor entered. "Well, young man," he said, grimly, "so we are to pull you through atter all." "Doctor," I begged eagerly, "tell me how all this happened. Where am I? Who brought me here?" "Just you let all these question rest for for the old man in his trouble. Nothing more was said, and in a few weeks I was back in the office. But some-he could take, it seemed to him, was a for the old man in his trouble.

"MISS 8. 8. 8. 8.

The Young Man Had "a Sweetheart's Name Upon Bis Arm."

Apropos of the song "A Sweetheart's Name Tattooed upon the Arm," which has been so much applauded by St. John audiences lately, the following anecdote is of interest : He was young and debonnair, and wore a pink shire and a well bred air, and was seen about the docks looking for an

ner opposite me. My head was throbbing frightfully, and I lay back in ending to in the papers about the mysterious dis-out of my arm."

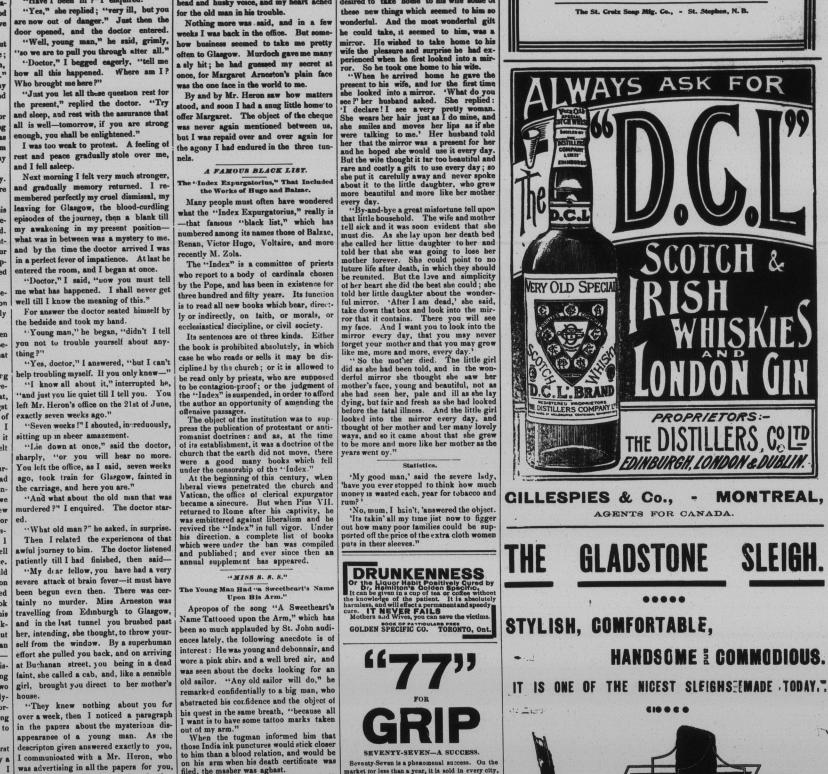


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ment appoint the games which sho As result than four many hav which gan ages. The children s ball for th for the gi It is imp low the en vote too li vous and business. enough an how to pla it is better should bro game than youth bori The race longer and If we teac it we enco preparing shutting the ments in t eration wi than the p PJEUDO The Athe

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not speak-I could not move. I looked wildly at the other passengers, and they seemed paralyzed with horror.

At the next station the young mother and fare children hurrised out; but the young girl opposite me seemed glued to her seat, and gaz d at me with terror in her face. about to open the door and go into another compartment when the train moved off, and we were alone once more with the

We ware fast approaching the last tun-nel, when the old women looked furtively at me, pointed to her dagger, then at the defenseless girl in the corner. But I could not see her butchered in that cold blooded way, and I stood up to wrest the dagger from the med woman. But just as the third tun-nel. I runhed to the window to feel for We were fast approaching the last tun-

"Mr. Heron," I repeated, in amszemen

minutes returned with Mr. Heron and my

A New Forest

John Blair," he said huskily. "I have come to beg your forgiveness. I shall explain shortly how it all happened, meantime it is enough to know that all is cleared up, and I shall strive to atone to you for what you have suffered."
I was about to speak, when the doctor coolly ordered me to hold my tongue and first and go to sleep.
I mended rapidly atter this. Mother and Miss Arneston nursed me, and in another week I was sitting at the fireside.
One atternoon Mr. Heron appeared.
Mother rose and left the room—evidently

Mother rose and left the room-The Child and the Man.

knowing he had come for a talk. Mr. Herch had a painful story to tell me. For a long time his only son had been liv-The Child and the man. Once upon a time it chanced that a child accosted a man, saying: "Papa, may we play in the street ?" The man replied and splate: "I abould asy not. To-day is Sunday." And the child came back at the man presently, and quoth: "But papa, we will call it a sacred con-cert."

cert." And the man said nothing, sin og to say.

on his srm when his death certificate was fied, the masher was aghast. What in the world am I going to do?" he said, in despair. "There's a heart and two arrows and a girl's initials on my arm, and I want to get them off. I've got to get trid of these letters anyway. The girl ran away last week with another fellow, and they're enjoying the honeym: on now. I' must get another girl, and I don't want to get prove heart of the tugman was touched. "I'll tell you what you've got to do," he exclaimed; ''you must find another girl to suit those initials." When last seen the tattoced man was in search of a damsel who would answer to the initials 'S. S. S." A New Forest.

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