

had been removed and their places supplied by thick square logs cut from the trunks of trees. These logs were cut closely fitted. I took them out one by one, and then came upon a close pile of brushwood. As I gradually cleared this away a large aperture disclosed itself wide enough for any man to pass through without trouble. My heart beat with the rap- ture of expected liberty; I clambered up the logs, and I was free!

What a relief! I was free to roam at will, to breathe the pure air, to feel the sun on my face, to feel the wind on my cheeks, to feel the earth under my feet. I was free to go where I pleased, to do as I pleased, to be as I pleased. I was free to be happy, to be content, to be at peace with myself and with the world.

CHAPTER V. The first thing I did was to pack all the treasures I had discovered. This work was easily accomplished. For the precious stones I used my own bag, one full of gold pieces, the other of jewels. The chest had been strongly made, and was not much injured by being forced open. I closed it as tightly as possible, and dragged it to a remote and dark corner of the vault, where I placed three heavy stones upon it, and fastened the padlock with such secret ceremony. It contained two twenty-franc pieces and some loose silver. Enough to buy a decent costume of some sort. But where could I buy the costume, and how? Must I wait till evening and sink out of this channel-house like the ghost of a wretched criminal? No! come what would, I made up my mind not to linger a moment longer in the vault. The women I met in the street exhibited themselves in every condition of rage, dirt, and misery; at the very worst I could only be taken for one of them. And whatever difficulties I might encounter, no matter, they would soon be over.

Satisfied that I had placed the brigand coffin in a safe position, I crossed the street and diamond neck. I intended this ornament as a gift for my wife. Then, once more climbing through the aperture, I closed it completely with the logs and brushwood as it were before, and examining it narrowly from the outside, I saw that it was utterly impossible to discern the smallest hint of any entrance to the subterranean passage, and I was completely reassured. Now, nothing more remained for me to do but to make the best of my way to the city, there to declare my identity, obtain food and clothes, and then to hasten with all possible speed to my own residence.

Standing on a little hillock, I looked about me to see which direction the wind took. The wind was blowing from the north, and I saw that I was in a safe position. I stepped on bravely. For some time I met no one, but at last I overtook a small cart laden with freshly-gathered grapes. The driver lay on his seat asleep; his pony was trotting and the grapes were rattling on the cart. I stepped on bravely. For some time I met no one, but at last I overtook a small cart laden with freshly-gathered grapes. The driver lay on his seat asleep; his pony was trotting and the grapes were rattling on the cart.

took no notice of me—in fact, I avoided them all as much as possible. On passing the suburbs I turned into the first street I saw that seemed likely to contain a few shops. It was close and foul-smelling, but I had not gone far down it when I came upon the sort of place I sought—a wretched tumble-down house, with a partly-broken window, through which a shabby array of old-fashioned furniture was to be dimly perceived, strung up for show in pieces of coarse twine. It was one of those dirty dens where swarms, returning from long voyages, frequently go to dispose of the various trifles they have picked up in foreign countries, so that among the foreign species of second-hand wear and apparel many quaint and curious objects were to be seen, such as shells, branches of rough coral, strings of beads, cups and dishes carved out of cocoanut, dried gourds, horns of animals, fans, stuffed parakeets, and old coins—while a grotesque wooden idol peered hideously from between the stretched-out portions of a pair of old nankin trousers, as though surveying the miscellaneous collection.

What did I not owe to the glorious Italian Fortune and freedom! I was free to roam at will, to breathe the pure air, to feel the sun on my face, to feel the wind on my cheeks, to feel the earth under my feet. I was free to go where I pleased, to do as I pleased, to be as I pleased. I was free to be happy, to be content, to be at peace with myself and with the world.

CHAPTER VI. I looked at me attentively from head to foot, and then broke into a loud chuckling laugh. "You look like a man who has been through a good deal of trouble," said I to myself. "You look like a man who has been through a good deal of trouble." I looked at me attentively from head to foot, and then broke into a loud chuckling laugh.

CHAPTER VII. I looked at me attentively from head to foot, and then broke into a loud chuckling laugh. "You look like a man who has been through a good deal of trouble," said I to myself. "You look like a man who has been through a good deal of trouble." I looked at me attentively from head to foot, and then broke into a loud chuckling laugh.

CHAPTER VIII. I looked at me attentively from head to foot, and then broke into a loud chuckling laugh. "You look like a man who has been through a good deal of trouble," said I to myself. "You look like a man who has been through a good deal of trouble." I looked at me attentively from head to foot, and then broke into a loud chuckling laugh.

THE OLD WILLOW TREE.

I love the woods arrayed in summer green, Or tinged with rarer Autumn's golden sheen; In pensive mood I gladly seek their shade, And ramble through each leafy glen and glade. But yet, how'er the forest may delight, The opening plain brings still a welcome sight. No dearer spot the landscape holds for me, Than St. Peter's churchyard and grassy lea, Where stands in solitude the old willow tree.

In bygone days, how often here I strayed, And lovingly thy giant form surveyed, Returning now from parts I long have ranged, I come again and find thee all unchanged. The truly woe that life is but a span, At least that portion which befalls to man; For but as yesterday it seems to me, When, living near, I cut my name with glee, Deep in thy rugged bark, dear old willow tree.

How still the air around this regal tree, Breathe the Church choir the charmed silence broke; And now, the devout and pious throng Go to and fro, to sing the evening vesper song, And praise God for His wondrous love; When dark'ning shades surround the cedar grove.

Oh! when the Fates send forth their dread decree, That bids the day no longer break for me, I dearly wish, for what cannot be, to place me near the old willow tree.

let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption. Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself. The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

What makes the old fellow so surly and grim, And behave so confoundedly mean? There's certainly something the matter with him— Is it stomach, or liver, or spleen? We've guessed it—his liver is sluggish and bad.

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SPHINX ECHOES.

8.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Tangle of thread in 7, 5, 6 fingers, Pucker on forehead fair; Patiently Nan of the total fingers, With such a mature little air.

9.—ALPHABETICAL ARITHMETIC. (A word of ten letters, meaning "lacking personality," is represented in the following division, in which the letters—according to their place in the word—are substituted for the figures 1 to 0. What is the word?)

M I L E ) P A R S O N I N N M I L E I N M R O I S N P M I S A R N I S N P M I M S W. A. M.

10.—A GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

What's the country that shivers? The country that weeps? The country each larder can boast? The country that's verdant? The country that's coined? The country preferred for a roast? What's the dangerous city? The pungent city? The city teetotallers would choose? The perfumed city? The rolling city? The city which could furnish the shoes? What's the city that roamed wild and free? The city that is part of a boat? The city preferred in the river or sea? The city that always can float? What's the peak that is not short? The mount without hair? The mount ever clear and serene? The peak that's a hat? The mount that some wear? The peak neither yellow nor green? What's the peevish lake? The growling lake? The lake never seen on a plain? The condiment lake? The timid lake? The lake often bound with a chin? What's the river for babies? The river that barks? The river as heavy as lead? The tranquil river? The scented river? The river that schoolboys dread? What's the fisherman's cape? The cheerful cape? The cape we approach with dismay? The cape never cloudy? The precious cape? The cape said, when you sail far away? What's the foolish isle? The frozen isle? The isle for the lowly and great? The quarrelsome isle? The arguing isle? The isle for a hermit's estate?

11.—A PANEL.

A 10x10 grid of letters forming a word puzzle.

Across—1. An authoritative example. 2. The ninth Mohammedan month. 3. Turned to ridicule. 4. Free from ambiguity. 5. A name by which Edinburgh is sometimes called. 6. One who determines a contest. 7. A scoffer. 8. A stream in Virginia. 9. Anterior. Diagonals—Down: A prognostic. Up: Going before. Corners—Consonants. Columns—1, consonants; 2, vowels; 3, consonants; 4, vowels; 5, consonants; 6, vowels; 7, consonants.

12.—THE TRAMP'S CHRISTMAS.

A tramp was begging from door to door, The wind blew hard, he could scarcely stand; And a kind old lady, pitying him, Pressed part of her gown into his hand.

13.—WORDS WITHIN WORDS.

- 1. A metal in a part of the eye. 2. Everything in a Spanish ship. 3. To make a mistake in great fear. 4. A part of the body in a nimble little fellow. 5. A piece of wood used by shoemakers in an adhesive sole. 6. A religious pamphlet in an operation in arithmetic. 7. The center of a wheel in dishonesty. 8. A sleets in a poultice of mustard seed. 9. A fruit in knotted. 10. A species of wine in a pedler of religious books and tracts. 11. A time of session in a mixture. 12. To finish in suspense.

14.—A SQUARE.

My first are places where we worship As a happy Christian band; And my second is an island town In the far West of England. My third you'll find is not put away In a state of preservation; And my fourth are sometimes called The muscles of rotation. My fifth's a nib that's made of cloth— 'Tis just the kind for Beuren; And my sixth's a name applied to each Of all that dwell in Huron. My seventh is my lady's name, To work and you will find; And my eighth is but a ray of light Which is always suds combined.

ANSWERS. 1. Ma-hog-sny. 2. Four and five are "nine," which becomes "wine" when V and V, or W, replace its head. 3. One cent, 700 transactions. D pays A one cent. The cent circulates among the four 100 cents, stopping with D, when A steps out, after 400 separate transactions. D now pays the cent to B. The cent circulates among the three 100 times, stopping with D, when B and C step out.

A SUPERINTENDENT'S DEATH.

MR. McFEE ACCIDENTALLY KILLED ON THE TRACK. SHERBROOKE, Dec. 15.—A terrible accident happened here this evening, resulting in the death of Mr. D. E. McFee, superintendent of the International Railway. He was a passenger from Montreal, which arrived here at 7:30 p.m. On the train drawing into the station, Mr. McFee disembarked, and went into the telegraph office, where he was detained for some time. On his return to take the train on to Lennoxville, where he resides, it was already in motion. In attempting to get on board he slipped and fell between the two last cars. The train was instantly brought to a stop and the unfortunate gentleman was picked up and carried into one of the waiting rooms. Medical assistance was at once telephoned for. Dr. Austin was soon on the spot and found that his ribs had been crushed in, probably by the car wheel, and that death must have been instantaneous. The occurrence was a terrible shock to Mr. McFee's many friends in this city and has cast a gloom over all social and business circles. He was highly esteemed for his excellent business qualities and personally very popular among all classes of the community, both here and at Lennoxville. He was for some sixteen or eighteen years connected with the International Railway as one of its first engineers on the preliminary surveys, and has been its superintendent since the railway first went into operation. It is said that the completion of the Canadian Pacific shortly after the war would probably have been named superintendent of the Atlantic Division. He was unmarried and was born in Huntington, Q., where relatives of his at present reside.

MOTHERS!

Castoria is recommended by physicians for children teething. It is a purely vegetable preparation, its ingredients are published around each bottle. It is pleasant to taste and absolutely harmless. It relieves constipation, regulates the bowels, quiets pain, cures diarrhoea and wind colic, allays feverishness, destroys worms, and prevents convulsions, soothes the child and gives it refreshing and natural sleep. Castoria is the children's panacea—the mother's friend. 35 doses, 35 cents.

KEEP IN GOOD HUMOR.

This injunction applies not only to the mental but to the physical welfare. Salt-rheum, erysipelas, and all obstinate humors of the blood are perfectly curable by Burdock Blood Bitters.

ELECTION IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

LEADER ADAMS AND HIS TORY FOLLOWERS MEET WITH ANOTHER DEFEAT. CHATHAM, N.B., Dec. 15.—The election yesterday at Northumberland to fill the vacancy caused by the appointment of Mr. Park, M.P., to be collector of customs at Newcastle, was another defeat for the Tories. The Dominion officials worked hard the polls for O'Brien, and the workers of the County Tory Association were distributed at the different polling places, but although the Liberals did not use their organization, while many of them voted for O'Brien on his assurance that he was an Independent, he was defeated, because it became manifest that Adams, the Tory leader in the county, was working for his election. Murray, who is the only Tory in the local Tory papers as a Tory, and Conservative were informed that he no longer belonged to their party. O'Brien being taken in his place. Murray's election, in fact, of the desperate effort made by the Tories to defeat him, while hundreds of Liberals did not go to the polls, shows the mass into which leader Adams has got his wing of the Dominion Government followers. He, himself, ran against Mitchell and lost by over seven hundred majority. Then he ran Morrissey in the Local Assembly, and was defeated. A little over a month ago he ran up a ticket in the parish for the Municipal Council, and Morrissey opposed it with an independent candidate, who was elected as the head of the poll. Yesterday was his last ditch, and he made his most desperate effort to defeat Morrissey, who was elected by thirty-six majority. Adams, however, was elected as the majority suffer, and the party grows more and more unpopular under his blunders.

DEATH OF FATHER RIORIAN.

OF CASTLE GARDEN (N.Y.) MISSION. New York, Dec. 15.—Shortly after 10 o'clock yesterday morning Father John Joseph Riorian died in St. Vincent's Hospital, of acute bronchitis brought on by a cold contracted while attending the funeral of Father Lewis at Clifton, Staten Island, two weeks ago. On Tuesday symptoms of his ailment became very threatening and was sent of his condition to Archbishop Corrigan, who immediately came to the hospital and administered to the dying priest the Pontifical Sacraments and the last sacraments of the Church. Several of his brother priests were present when this ceremony was being performed and up to the hour of death he was surrounded by them. At an early hour yesterday a decided improvement in his condition showed itself and strong hopes were entertained of his recovery. At five o'clock the change came and he sank rapidly until ten minutes past ten, when he passed away while surrounded by his mother, aunt, Father Huley of Fishkill, and a few Sisters of the hospital. He was conscious up to the time of his death, and the last words that he spoke were synonymous of his mission, "Take care of the smallest child." Father Riorian was thirty-six years old. He was a graduate of St. Francis Xavier College, in West Fifteenth street, and completed his studies in the American College at Rome. He was assistant rector in St. Bernard's Church, in West Fourteenth street, for some years. He was also one of the cantors in the Province of Canada of 1853 and was the only assistant pastor who had the privilege of being present in the deliberations of that body. In the fall of 1883 Father Riorian was appointed pastor of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, then newly established at Castle Garden. In April, 1887, the mission was made a church and a new parish created. A new church and mission building was also erected at No. 7 State Street.

ON THE PLATFORM.

Public speakers and singers are often troubled with sore throat and hoarseness and are liable to severe bronchial attacks which should be prevented and cured by the use of Huggard's Pectoral Balsam—the best throat and lung remedy in use.

It is said that Queen Victoria never accepts poetry unless it is enclosed in a rare casket or vase. That is a capital idea for some of our country newspapers.—Philadelphia Call.

Advertisement for GANANQUE CARRIAGE CO. featuring a carriage illustration and text: "This is a poor Out, but we have large variety of Beautiful, Strong One and Two Seated Sleighs; SPEEDERS, GLADSTONE, SOLD COMFORT, PORTLAND, BAILY, and LIGHT BOB-SLEIGHS, at the Very Lowest Prices. The Best Goods, Fully Warranted. R. J. LATIMER, 92 McGill Street, Montreal. 183-De3,7,10,15,17"