DETECTIVE STORIES.

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, it is too true, neighbor Harris, the Squire is gone. We must all com-to it, but this is dreadful!"

"Murdered in cold blood you say Brown?

"Such are the appearances." "And no clue to the murderer?" "Not the slightest."

This fragment of conversation I over heard as I came up to where my neigh-bors Brown and Harris were discussing the great local sensation of the village where we lived. Brown and Harris were farmers, whose

lands were only separated from each other by a small stream, not of sufficient importance to dignify with the name of river.

Laurieville was a small village and boasted of one lawyer from whom the place took its name-Seymour Laurie. He was an old, white-haired, stern-mannered gentleman, descended from the ancient Scottish heroes. He was an excellent lawyer, honest and reliable; and his advice was sought for by many far and near.

Squire Laurie had lost his wife, but remained to him two daughters and two sons; all dutiful and wellbehaved, save the younger son, Alfred, who often made his old father's heart ache with his wild life and very reckless habits. Some thought the Squire had been too strict with his boy, and others took another view of the subject.

One morning, by the dim rays of early daylight, Mr. Laurie, Sr., was discovered in the room which served as an office, study and library, lying prone on the floor, with numerous contusions about his face, and his skull fractured as by some heavy blunt instrument.

I was summoned at once, for though young (and it was many years after that that I entered my present position as police surgeon in New York), I was good practice in that region; but the ín old gentleman had long ceased to require a physician's skill when I arrived. The family were in deep distress.

said what I could to comfort them while waiting for the Coroner to arrive, walked over to the next house, which happened to be Mr. Brown's, and there heard the dialogue already given.

Mr. Brown was raking some hay from his mow for the cattle. I bade both gentlemen good morning, and they returned the salutation.

"This is a sad event that calls you to the farms this morning doctor," said Mr Harris.

"Sad and mysterious," I answered. "It is truly; and I, for one, cannot see the motive for the act," said Mr. Brown.

As he uttered these words something heavy fell from the rakefull of hay to the floor, with a dull leaden sound. It star-

tled us all, as little things will at such times, and we hastened to ascertain what in pretended astonishment. "Nothing much," muttered Hy un it could be. easily.

We were not less startled to find under the fallen hay a heavy triangular shaped lump of lead, such as is sometimes used on fishing lines, but larger and heavier, covered with red stains of blood, to which there clung long white hairs.

"It is the weapon with which squire was murdered!" I exclaimed.

"Impossible!" gasped poor Brown. "How could it have been found on my hay?

"Easily enough," I replied; "and the man who used it may be hidden there also."

pitchfork and ran up a lad

OUTWITTED.

"All right, Hy. I'll do as you wish.

I have a call to make on the Widow Grey, and after that I will come to your

Hy shuffled off toward his woodland

haunt, and I started my Rosinante into a trot toward Mrs. Grey's with something

"How is your rheumatism this morn-

"Thank you, doctor, it's only tolerable; but rheumatism isn't the worst thing

Her questions were anxious

Joseph must go with him to the tavern,

kind of fish we're goin' for, Jo. My boy

was not brought up to be so ill-man-

nered, and I don't want him to associate

Joseph merely answered in a respect

Laurie had given him some days before,

The garrulous old lady's conversation, which I had thought tiresome, was grow-

ing interesting. Could it be that here was a key which

might aid in unlocking an entrance to the

I obtained a minute description of he

Son's companion, who was called Joel Green; left Mrs. Grey some words of comfort and some medicine, and started

to keep my appointment with Hy Covell.

Leaving my horse a short distance from the house, I walked quietly to the door and entered without rapping.

He sat by the chimney fire smoking

and in one corner of the room a dark ob

engaged in conversation with Corvell.

All at once a deep groan came from

"Ah ! What have you here ?" I asked.

"There is no use, doctor; I'll die

to where the sufferer lay. "Oh, nothing, I hurt myself, and tried

to keep anybody from knowing it; but

Hy Govell helped me move the man into a better light, and there I beheld the person Mrs. Grey had described so min-

In a moment I comprehended the whole

story, and read the Laurieville mystery

ject lay on some buffalo robes.

not be restrained.

it's no use.

utely.

great mystery of Laurieville?

and that he had used it many times.

and I have not seen him since."

hour house.

new to reflect upon.

she grew more calm.

ing. Mrs. Grey?"

suppose?"

with such.

tell?

A DRAMA OF TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

A moan thrilled the heavy night air. The form of a woman stood out dimly against the blank beyond on the very against the blank beyond on the very verge of the river pier. Two white arms were finng on high. A wild face was up-turned to the ashen, pitiless heavens. White lips uttered something like a curse, which was heard by the dull-cared wind only.

people have to endure." "Very true. You have heard of the Three hundred bells, in as many quar-ters of the great city, changed 12 and the 300 iron tongues were still for an hour. terrible news about Squire Laurie, I A flash of a body in the inky waters smote on the midnight; the waters with a sudden shock, stirred squeaking ship and leviathanic pier with an ague-like Yes, doctor; it is dreadful! But who did it-what did it? Perhaps you can tremor. The woman's form on the dock hurried, as though much depended on my reply. I told her how little was known or was gone.

Mr. Banker Jeckyll was a sort of animated exclamation, always on the pointcould be surmised on the subject, and a kind of human interjection, always on the point of breaking out in exclamatory "My Joseph had been with some pretty wild fellows lately, and that has monosyllables. He talked in interject tions, acted interjectionally, did business in interjections. Mr. Detective Ferret was a tool of his-that is translated into given me considerable anxiety. Only last night he had a young man home with him, whose looks I did not like at lengthened prose the stenographic mem-oranda of interjections that formed the all, and they were at work with their fishing lines until late at night, and then dialect of his principal.

At 10 o'clock that evening Mr. Banker Jeckyll had sent for Mr. Detective Ferret on urgent business.

"Did you say they were talking of fishing lines?" I asked. "Yes, they had lines and sinkers, and "Miss Vancouver is at large!" interleather straps of all sizes. I happened to jected Jeckyll.

"Well!" rejoined Ferret, half in the way of asking a question, and half in the mention that one of the sinkers was too large and heavy, when this stranger manner of an exclamation. "The old woman don't know what

"Poor thing! I think she'll make away with herself," ventured Jeckyll, with an Americanism; "but you must get some clew to her whereabouts immediately. I should never forgive myself if she didnever. My own sister's daughter, you are aware, Mr. Ferret, and heiress of the ful manner, that the lead was one Al estate of my late brother-in-law, Mr. ancouver.

Mr. Jeckyll looked the impersonation of anxiety-was, for the moment, a great grief expressed in a single human inter-

jection, at least apparently. Mr. Ferret looked up at Mr. Jeckyll furtively, with a sort of diagonal inquisitiveness in his small, cunning eyes. Mr. Ferret, in the course of his professional experience, had never looked at anybody directly. His glances always seemed to fly off at a tangent from the side of his head.

"Well," repeated Ferret, still half interrogatively, and with an expression that said, or might have said, if Mr. Jeckyll had peered sharply into his face, 'I'd like to know exactly what you mean, Mr. Jeckyll."

I pretended not to notice the latter, but "A cool thousand, Ferret, if you bring news within six hours. I shall be up all night. I'm so worried, you know, about the sufferer, as if pent up nature could poor Ida," replied Banker Jeckyll, and the two understood each other thor-

oughly. Ida Vancouver was a young lady of 20. For three years she had been a prisoner in her room, under the care of her uncle and guardian, and his selected physician, you don't help me!" groaned a pitiful voice from the corner. "No use of what !" I asked, coming up

nurses and attendants. "It was a mental malady," Mr. Jeckyll said, and so said physicians and attendants. "Her poor mother used to have turns," went on Jeckyll, "but the late Mr. Vancouver always took great pains to conceal it." Then, too, Mr. Jeckyll was so consid-

erate-so sympathetic. "I can't have the heart to send her to

an asylum," he used to say in his grief- | and will kneel in the mud before the holy stricken way. "She's my own sister's daughter-the only relative I have in the world; and, if she is violent sometimes, so long as I have a dollar she shall be taken care of at home."

ner, begging her to be seated, takes to inner sanctum. 'Ladies card, sir. She's waiting for

an interview.' Mr. Hamilton glances at the name,

and a cadavorous pallor overspread the face with a sudden wave. The quick-ness with which he became disengaged is marvelous.

'I'll see her immediately,' gasps Mr. Hamilton, spasmodically, and the part-ner disappeared to escort the visitant to the inner office.

'Mr. Hamilton will see you at once. This way, madame,' and the two, three years separated, are face to face. The explanation that ensues is neither

complimentary to Mr. Hamilton's acumen nor to his vanity; but he bears it in consideration of the Vancouver \$2,000,000, and a Mrs. Hamilton whose anity is unquestionable.

Three hundred clocks in quarters of the city clang 10, Mr. Yeckyll walks up and down the Fifth avenue mansion, speculating as to whether poor Ida's body will be found. A carriage stops at the door, and a lady and gentleman alight, the gentleman rings and sends in his card.

"What in the deuce can the young popinjay want with me?" queries Banker leckyll, internally. "Admit Mr. Hamilthe worn out metaphor of "Hudibras." Banker Jeckyll smells the rat, but is not quite sure.

but with a certain tinge of sardonicism

apparent. Mrs. Hamilton lifts the heavy veil that covers the face that applied for lodging at the station-house the night before.

"It is I, dear uncle and guardy," mur murs the same musical voice that had so fascinated the lawyer-only the voice is a trifle less pathetic and has an undercurrent of sarcastic laughter in it.

Mr. Jeckyll's tongue is not equal even to an interjection at the moment.

"I knew how you'd grieve, guardy, dear, so I just dropped a cobble stone in the water, left my shawl to be picked up by Mr. Ferret, and crept away on my hands and knees. Still I had a hard night

of it guardy." staggered to a chair, and with a moan, sank down as if he had been wounded.

Banker Jeckyll was dead. Apoplexy, Dr. Quackenbush called it; the magnificent funeral came about, as intendedonly Banker Jeckyll was in the coffin. intead of Banker Jeckvll's niece. Stark and stiff Mr. Jeckyll looked the exclamation point incarnate even in death, and was buried at the expense of the two millions.

"Cleverly outwitted," muttered Ferret, of thousands of spectators. when he heard the news; "but my fifty thousand never'll come-never.'

Mayo Miracles.

Fuller reports of the "miracles" at Knock, county Mayo, Ireland, show them to be producing an excitement scarcely less than was created something less than ten years ago by similar occur-rences in France. The little village is difficult of access, not being on a railway, but it is, nevertheless, thronged with visitors, not only from distant parts of Ireland, but from England and Scotland as well. Some come hoping to see the marvels repeated, some to worship, place for that purpose for hours together,

A Jolly Old Bird.

Among the rare specimens of the ani-

mal creation collected at the Zoological Garden is a rose-crested cockatoo, now in the sixtieth year of her age. The average age of the cockatoo is from eighteen to twenty years, and, although the ven-erable Polly of the Zoo, has long since passed the bounds of existence allotted to her tribe, it may be truthfully said of her that her "eye is not dim, neither is her natural force abated."

Her age alone would render her a novelty; but, besides being a venerable relict of her species, she has been endowed with a mental faculty which completely contradicts the theory maintained by ornithologists, that birds have no memory. Polly was formerly owned by Mr. J. J. Springer, of Lancaster, in whose possession she had been for many years. From her youth she has been a precocions bird, and improved her mental faculties rapidly under the instruction of her kind and patient instructor. In fact, her proficiency in learning to talk was so rapid that it at last became a source of annoyance to Mr. Springer, who, being a literary gentleman, was fond of reading his manuscript aloud when pursuing it can it be caught. It is a simple senti-for corrections, and Polly, the constant ment, but not therefore less lasting or companion of his library, showed her ton," orders he, externally, and the gen-tleman enters with a lady on his arm. In interest in the article by repeating the Hume's as in all skeptical or material words as they fell from the lips of her 'pap," for such was the endearing title she applied to her master. A command ",Permit me to present Mrs. Hamilton. from her "pap" to "keep quiet" only re- in thoughts only dwindle and in feeling Mr. Jeckyll," smiles the visitor, blandly, sulted in an ear-bursting laugh and a are diluted and reduced, then beast perverse persistence in repeating the same misdemeanor as soon as the man of letters resumed his reading. A reciprocal affection sprang up between the master and his pet which time and absence cannot conquer. In the spring of 1876 Mr. Springer decided to go abroad. It was impossible for him to take his pet with him, and he was naturally averse to leaving it in the care of any one incompetent of providing for it properly. He finally decided to make a contribution of Polly to the Zoological Garden, knowing form. that, as it was necessary for him to be separated from her, that there she would

be in good hands. The entry in the books at the Zoo reads thus: "April 23, 1875, rose-crested With a quick gasp Banker Jeckyll cockatoo, presented by J. J. Springer, Lancaster, Pa.; known to be fifty-six years of age." Polly was assigned to her perch in the bird house on the left side of the building as one enters the door, and may be remembered as the pure white parrot sitting alone on its perch un-chained, while in near proximity to her are two colored parrots, occupying the same perch, and secured by a light chain. There Polly had sat for the last three years, being the observed and observer

Among the visitors to the Zoo a few days since was her former owner, who had been absent from the country over three years. Taking the Superintendent, Mr. Brown, with him, Mr. Springer proceeded to the bird house, confident that his pet had not forgotten him, and with this faith in her constancy, remarked to Mr. Brown, "I will show you that she has not forgotten me." On entering the bird house Mr. Springer took his station on the side of the building opposite to that occupied by Polly, where the bird could not see him, and then exclaimed, "Where is my Polly?" Immediately the bird recognized the

cited, walking back and forth on her touch, and only in imagination embrace perch, and replied by inquiring, "Where his image. It is a lower greeting when is ray nap?" ray p and others come to be cured of the most Then Mr. Springer went to his pet, various infirmities. Nor, it is said, are and the scene is described by those who they all disappointed. "Scores" of crutches have been left behind by those witnessed it as the reunion of a parent and a lost child. The affectionate creathem, and this is only a part of the re-ported cures, for the blind and deaf, for mustache, as she had been taught to do mustache, as she had been taught to do in the attempt to kiss him, rubbed her head against his cheek, then "kissed" him again and nestled close to her old friend as it she feared she might again lose him. Then Mr. Springer tested her memory regarding the tricks he had taught her, which she performed with as readiness as she did in other days. "Polly, I have lost my pocket-book, said her old friend, after having secreted it, and then "Polly" flew around in search of it, and, finding the lost article, returned with it in her bill, and having deposited it in her friend's hand expressed her joy in a hearty laugh. She whistled and danced and imitated the mewing of a kitten, the barking of a dog, the the chirping of a chicken, and whistled "Sweet Home." On Mr. Springer taking his leave of her she was almost frantic with grief, and it was only with difficulty that her keeper prevented her from following the master she loves so affectionately. With her present keeper Polly is on good terms, and is even fond of him, but is not as ready to give an exhibition of her acquirements at his bidding as that of her old master. She, however, consented to waltz yesterday at the request of her keeper, and to imitate calls and the barking of a dog. Beside this, the keeper would throw a bunch of keys a a few feet from him, and Polly hobbled off and returned them in her bill with evident pride and satisfaction. is fond of her keeper, She and kisses him when urged to do so; but, although she takes the liberty of bestowing her favors where she pleases, like the rest of her sex, she is extremely jealous of a like privilege being assumed by those whom she takes into her affections. If she detects the keeper with another bird in his hands she instantly sets up a scream enough to deafen one and hops to and fro on her perch in a delirium of frenzy. If the keeper puts the rival away and comes back to her she again shows the human nature that is in her by at once becoming sulky and refusing to have anything to say to him or to do with him. When vexed she is very cruel in her nature, and will, if possible, fasten her sharp bills on the thumb or finger of her tormentor and settle them to the bone. Then she is satisfied, and enjoys a hearty laugh over the writhings of her persecutor and the lesson she has taught. Another favorite sport with Polly is to reach down with her beak and relieve some small boy of his cap, throw it away, and then laugh at him. Although so far along in the journey of life, she shows no signs of decay, and may be a centenarian. "Ethel"-Yes, bark rhymes with lark, but there are other objections to your poem. You talk balmy zephyrs in the first verse, and have the child freeze to death in the third. Even poetic license must give way to the weather.

Truthfulness of Love.

Love is truth! It has no licentions Love is truth? It has no heations secrets but a lawful privacy, all intrusion on which is profane. As the bird hides her nest amongst the leaves of the thicket, not for deceit but to be true to her nature and her offspring, and would be false to herself and her author, if with foolish candor she exposed the beauty of foolish candor she exposed the beauty of her eggs to every prowling eye or care-less tread of the passing foot, so no frankness can impart to vulgar curiosity the truth of responsive breasts. Of all eaves-droppers and overhearers, he is basest who lurks, walks softly on tiptoe. basest who lurks, waks solity on tiple, and puts ear to the keyhole to catch the gentle confession or surprise the ingenious blush. There are scenes where kith and kin have no part to act, and from which churls and tattlers should be whipped. But all privilege of mutual converse apart has a solemnity which no gay throng is overshadowed by which no gay throng is overlandowed by. If it be preverted, a heavier respensi-bility is attached. But there is a love which avoids collisions and clears all obstacles, as a bird treads, without touching the bonghs in the wood. So interior and ideal 18 it, that not even by the wandering of the eye on its object can it be caught. It is a simple sentistrong. A sentiment or idea, in David istic philosophy, is but the ghost and remnant of a sensation. But were sensations in nature the real powers, which were mightier than men! Vulgar people have maintained that on sexual appetite rests the commonwealth. On the attraction betwixt man and woman is society based; but its refined is greater than its gross force, and its weight in like the gravitation of the globe. That is the most ardent and enduring love wherein is no aim at pleasure or posterity, but which survives all earthly contingencies and knows it can be out of the body and in any other or heavenly

The hen ruffling for her chickens ata hawk, and the walrus making herself a target for her young against the hunter's spear, disprove the selfish theory, as much as do men fighting for their homes and mothers sacrificing themselves for their offspring every day. Whoever loves would yield every drop of blood for the beloved, and would not take in pay a single tear. This fact, not any temple, tower, or snow-capped hill, a the glory of the world. My friend, I love you not for your own favor for aught you can give for my delectation. but for the very nature or quality you are. Nay, if you hate or despise meI should love you still, and you cannot repel the sentiment, for, as Goethe says,

"If I love you, what is that to you? Electricity travels by a sure iron path over land and under sea, but my heart knows a cable never broken, a wire that is in order and always works! Away with the notion that fondness is indispensible to nourish regard! Feeling may be in inverse ratio to demonstration How often, in this mystery of mutual communication, people are moved by what we suppress and withold! I love my country, but cannot embrace it with my arms, although sometimes a returning king has saluted, by laying down on its soil, or a poet, like Byron, sent it the farewell of a song. Christians voice of her former master, became ex- love their Lord, though they cannot some devotee. It is no vanity for a worshiper to love his God, though he cannot locate or metaphysically define him or prove the personality he adores.

der to the top of the hay. Mr. Brown and Mr. Harris joined me there in an instant; but after a thorough search in every nook and corner, no trace of anything further could be found.

The Coroner came at last, and an examination was had, which resulted in nothing but creating a suspicion-a dark dreadful suspicion-against the wayward son. Alfred.

I did not share in this belief, which was becoming quite general; for, although circumstances pointed ominously to the young man, it appeared to me he did not possess the depraved nature at-tributed to him.

Finding the leaden weight was another link in the testimony against the young man, for he had been seen with some thing of this kind in his possession recently, attached to a fishing line.

I was riding from the darkened home of my friend, slowly and sorrowfully, thinking of his sudden fate, and the dark cloud of suspicion that hovered over his son, when my horse stopped so suddenly that I was nearly thrown from my seat "Hallo, doctor! In a brown study,

ain't ye?

It was Hy Covell, who spoke from near my horse's head, where he had arisen like an apparition.

Hy was was one your ne'er-do-wells, whose chief end appeared to be to smoke vile tobacco, and drink villainous alcohol preparations, without regard to their Hy might be designated as chief loafer of Laurieville, and in that character was ever at home

Hy lived a kind of hermit's life, all by himself, in an old cabin in the woods; that is, when away from his favorite position in a warm corner of the Laurieville hotel bar room.

"What is it Hy? You quite startled I did not see any one before me. me. I said.

S'pose ye didn't, cause you wasn' lookin'," replied my interviewer, with a grim smile.

"Well, what do you want my man?" You haven't turned Hy-wayman, have you?

Hy Covell laughed, as though that was the best joke of the season; but he appeared disturbed about something, and uneasily changed his quid of tobacco from one check to the other, finally stammered out:

"Doctor, ye can keep a secret, I guess can't ve?

"Why, yes, if it's a harmless one." "Wall, I don't know so much about

that but there's a chap up in my cabin who is hurt-purty bad, too, I reckon, but he won't hear to my callin' anybody in to see him, and he says he will blow my brains out if I do. But I've done all I can for the critter, and don't want him to die on my hands; so I slipped out to call ye, as I seen ye comin' down the hill."

Well, what is your secret, Hy?"

"Why, I don't want him to know I cum out arter ye; but if he thought ye, just happened in like, to dun me or somethin, why maybe he would let ye examine him and see what the mat-

as from an open book

"Oh, this is Joel Green," I said care leasly. He looked up with a startled expres

sion, but said nothing. He had a low brow, black hair and a most wicked facial expression. "You were out fishing last night, with

young Grey," I continued. "No I wasn't," he snapped out.

Without paying any attention to the denial, I went on to say:

"You went from Mrs. Grey's house to the hotel; from there you went to Squire

But it is a lie every word of it, and I can prove it by Hy Covell. Can't I, Hy?' the divinity incaracter the divinity incaracter.

"Don't get me mixed into your vil-lainies. I don't know nothin' about ye, only as ye come early this mornin' a crip-ple, and I did what I could for ye."

The man groaned in anguish, and for a time forgot his physical agony.

He actually fainted from terror, and then I examined his condition, and found a dislocation at the hip joint and a fractured clavicle. He must have suffered intensely.

When he became conscious again I re duced the dislocation, with the aid of Hy, and gave the clavicle as much attention as was possible under the circumstances.

Evil-doers are always cowards when attacked by disease, and this case was not an exception.

"Am I much hurt, doctor? Is it dangerous, I mean?" he asked in a whining

I shook my head, and told him feared it was, and that he had better confess his crime at once, and atone for it as far as possible. "I didn't do it. I haven't done any

thing!" he hurriedly replied.

"You wish me to continue my story. I see," said 1. "Well, you went from the poor Squire's-where you expected to find a large sum of money, but was disappointed-to Mr. Brown's barn, where you left in the hay loft the leaden weight with which you struck the old man down, and that I have with me."

"Enough-enough, doctor. 1 am helpless, and can't suffer more than new, whatever they do to me. I fell from the hall loft and dragged myself here." The poor wretch dictated a confession

and I wrote it out.

Joel Green was never sentenced at an earthly tribunal, because he was, not long after his arrest, called to a higher judgment bar.

The excitement attending this capture and the clearing of Alfred Laurie's name was very great and quite gratifying

It appeared that the Widow Grey's son was not a party to the murder, although Green had been his companion for a few days,

"Everything," says a Western paper "has recently advanced in price accept liberty, which still remains an eternal vigilance, with a liberal reduction to the trade.

The neighbors gossiped: "How generous is Mr. Jeckvll -though there were those who whispered suspicions, and were scouted for doing so.

At 17 Ida Vancouver had become intimate with William Hamilton, a young specimen of legal anatomy. The stern guardian had forbidden Hamilton to enter the house, and from that date the young lady had been going mad. So ran Laurie's home, and -I can tell you the rest of the story if you wish to hear it." "Hold on! You are not a doctor, but a devil-a witch! Who told you that?

Mr. Hamilton was conceited-not any more than men usually are-but conceited enough, nevertheless, to believe that Miss Vancouver had gone mad on his account. It was so romantic to think so; and, for the sake of the romance, Mr. Hamilton was able to bear his loss with pathetic resignation. It was 1 o'clock at night when Ferret pulled the bell at the door of the Fifth avenue palace. Three hundred iron tongues in as many quarters of the city, had almost simultane ously clanged one, and the million mouthed metropolis was sound asleep 2,000,000 eyes, with here and there a pai of exceptions, were shut in slumber, and Mr. Ferret had not the slightest suspicion that Miss Vancouver's two blue eyes were among the exceptions.

Ferret was admitted with a shawl under his arm that Jeckyll identified. He had traced Miss Vancouver to the pier but had not been in time to prevent the accident Here he sent an optical dis-patch to Mr. Jeckyll, which questioned, 'Have I done right?' Mr. Jeckyll, by optical dispatch, answered 'Yes,' and the conversation went on, the latter dispensing the promised thousand.

The detective had seen Miss Vancou ver drop from the pier; had heard the plash; had picked up the first evidence of her identity. There was no doubt about the fact-Miss Vancouver was dead and might be carried any day to the morgue, having been cast up by the sea for identification. So reasoned Mr. Jeckyll, secretly resolving to keep an eye on the morgue, in instance of Miss Vancouver's body being picked up, to identify it, and impress the public with magnificant obsequies.

"The effect,' argued the banker, inter-nally-"the effect on the circle in which I move will be the trouble.

The banker carried out the resolution, but in vain. The opportunity for the magnificant funeral was never presented. At 12:30 a great lady entered one of the great Broadway catacombs, and stud-ied her way to the office of William Ham-

'With pleasure.'

The visitant scribbled her name on an ce card, which the gentlemanly part-

who declare they have no further need of instance, leave no record of their recovery. Moreover, these events have the sanction of the church. Archdeacon Cavanagh, who is described by so incredulous a person as the "own cor-respondent" of a daily newspaper as being too good to be a deceiver, and too keen to be easily deceived, is an uncompromising believer, and the Archbishop of Tuam, not being prepared to discredit large numbers of the faithful, who, though credulous beyond imagination, are yet entirely respectable, is investi-gating the subject. So that there is at least a chance that Roman Catholics. throughout the world may be forbidden to disbelieve, as in case of the apparition at Lourdes, which was accepted by the Pope. Of course, these facts, even if supplemented by any amount of additional evidence, will not convince people in general that these "miracles" ought to be spoken of without quotation marks, but they are, nevertheless, worthy of more attention than the sporadic cures of consumptive nuns, and paralytic women, which are occasionally attributed to divine interposition, even in this country. It will not do to reject the story, for parts of it are as well whole established as anything can be by human testimony. There can be no doubt, for instance, that on occasions several unimpeached witnesses, with no apparent motive to deceive, saw what they took to be miraculous lights, and amid them the images of St. Joseph, St. John, and the Virgin, besides a cross and a lamb, and all standing without visible support on the gable end of a chapel. The images were not flat, such as might appear in the field of a supposable magic lantern, but stood out from the wall like solid bodies. It is aside from the purpose to object that there was no reason for these visions appearing to these witnesses, at these special times, or to ask why the Saints appeared, as they are conventionally represented in statues which cannot be portraits. If they could appear at all, no one could doubt their ability to appear when and how they might choose. How came they there at all, is the question? Supernatural in-tervention is the least likely explanation. As to the wonderful cures, it is not necessary to point out that some are incomplete, and that others are not well established, for the books are full of cases in

which great excitement or the powers of imagination have done what was beyond the power of doctors.

"You do not mean to call that a yard, "You do not mean to call that a yard, do you?" said an indignanthouse hunter, looking at the little enclosure in the rear of "an elegant residence," which the broker was abowing him. "Why, there is not more than three feet of ground there." "Well," said the im-perturbable house agent, "three feet make a yard, do they not?" The Horse.

The horse is a quadruped with four legs, two behind and two betore. He has a tail that grows to the hind part of his body, that nature has furnished him with to drive away the flies. His head is situated on the other end opposite his tail, and is used principally to fasten a bridle on him by, and to put into a manger to eat oats with. Horses are very useful animals, and people couldn't very well get along without them, especially cabmen and omnibus drivers, who don't seem to be half grateful enough because they've got 'em. They are very convenient animals in the country, in sporting time, when they go very fast over the country roads when the sportsmen stick spurs in them, a species of

cruelty that I would not encourage. Horses are generally covered with red hair, though some are white and others are gray and black. Nobody ever saw a blue horse, which is considered very strange by eminent naturalists. The horse is a quiet and intelligent animal, and can sleep standing up, which is a very convenient gift, especially where there is a crowd and it is difficult to get a chance to lie down.

There is a great variety of horses -fast horses and slow horses, clothes horses, horse mackerel, saw horses, horse flics, horse chestnut, chestnut horse and horse radish. The clothes horse is a very quiet animal to have in a house," and is never known to kick, though very apt to make a row when it gets capsized. The same may be said of the saw horse, which will stand without lying. The horse fly is a vicious beast, and very annoying in the summer when a fellow is swimming-Horse mackerel I don't knew anything about, only that they swim in the water, and are a species of fish Horse chestnuts are prime to pelt the schoolmaster with, and horse radish is a mighty smart horse, especially with roast beef.

The horse is found in all countries, principally in the livery stables, where they may be hired by the mile, and are considered by them as can get the money a great luxury. In South America they grow wild, and the Indians catch them with nooses that they throw over the horses heads, which must be thought

by the horses a great nuisance.

"Was Mr. Hamilton in ?" "Mr. Hamilton was in, but engaged," ungrested the gentlemanly partner. "Would the Gentleman be so kind as to take a card to Mr. Hamilton ?'