WHAT THE BURDOCK WAS GOOD FOR

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zian ers,

"Good for nothing," the farmer said, As he made a sweep at the burdock's head; But then he throught it was best, no doubt, To ceme some day and root it out. So he lowcred his sythe and went his way, To see his corn, to gather his hey; To see his corn, to gather his hey; And the weed grew safe and strong and tall, Close by the side of the garden wall.

Close by the showe," cried the little toad, "Good for a home," cried the little toad, And he hopped up out of the durty road; He had just been having a dreadful fright— The boy who gave it was yot in sight. Here it was cool and dark and green. Here it was cool and dark and green. The toad was happy; "For." said he, "The burdock was plainly meant for me."

"Good for a crop." the splder thought. And to and fro with care he wrought. Till he fastened it well by an evergreen, and spin his cables fine between. "Twas a bestiftil bridge—a triamph of skill; The fast same round as idlers with The spider lorked in his corner dim; The more that came the better for him.

"Good for play," said a child perplexed to know what frolic was coming next: So she gathered the burst that all despised. And her city playmate was quite surprised To see what a beautiful basket or chair Could be made with a little time and care. They arranged their treasures around with pride. And played all day by the burdeck's side.

Nothing is lost in this world of ours; Nothing is lost in this world of ours; Boney comes from the idle il wwrs: The weed which we pass in utter scorn, May save a life by another morn. Woulders are it us at every turn. We must be slient and glady learn. No room for renklessniss and abuse, Since even a burdock has its use. -St. Nicholas.

A LESSON FROM A WOLF CHASE.

Rube Wexford ought to have been a happy fellow. He was certainly considered one on the day when Kate Wilde became his bride. He was the envy of every young man in the rude western hamlet where the ceremony took place, and many were the good wishes showered on the heads of the newly wedded pair for their future happiness and prosperity. Still there were those who not only insinuated but boasted that the help mate of her choice was unworthy of the woman he had won. Kate's father and mother were particularly opposed to the match and did all in their power to prevent it, but the girl, beside her unway ering love, possessed a determined will which, when once aroused, carried much before it. Rube Wexford was never accounted a strictly temperate map. Indeed, there had been times before his marriage when he was for days under the influence of liquor, and Kate had seen him in this state and therefore knew fully the extent of his weakness. But the woman loved the man, and within herself resolved that his reclamation should be her duty. That success must crown her efforts she little doubted.

Autumn drifted away, the crops had been gathered in, and all the indications pointed to an early and severe winter. Rube's sprees continued. No wind was too cold, no snow too deep to keep him from Washburn's, a not distant tavern. One evening in the latter part of December he took down his leggings and gun from the pegs where they hung and was preparing to go out. Kate went to him and said:

"Rube, you must not leave me to night. Give in to me this time and stay at home.'

"I am only going for a jaunt," he re plied, "I'll be back soon."

"No, you are going to Washburn's To night you will, you must gratify me. I am afraid to remain here alone.'

"Afraid?" he answered. Such a thing as fear was almost unknown to Kate Wilde.

She clasped her arms around his neck whispered into his ear, her cheeks flushing brightly, then sat down in the rocker and cried as if her heart would break. Rube stood the gun in a corner, threw aside the leggings and cried too. The next morning when the winter sun beamed upon the cabin, the little log shelter held three souls, instead of two. A wee stranger had come in the night, a bright-eyed baby girl. Her weak cry seemed to move all the better part of the husband's nature, and his wife looked on with a new born confidence in her face. After a week, when Kate was able to sit up, Rube went to relate the happy event to the grandparents. It was the first time he had visited them for some months. Yery early in the morning he started, and when the afternoon shadows began to lengthen Kate looked up eagerly for his return. It was near daybreak when he appeared, his hands and feet almost frozen, and his senses stupefied by liquor. The wife's new hopes were destined to be short-lived. Freshly made promises marked the morrow, but days went by only to see them unfulfilled. Now, there was a new torture. Rube had forsaken Washburn's, and made his visit to Pineville instead, where Kate's father and mother lived. It was almost more than the woman's nature could bear to know that her parents were the frequent witnesses of her husbands disgrace. This was a sort of thing which she could not and would not long brook. Little Kate, the baby, was a month old to a day when Rube made proparations one morning for a trip to Pineville. Kate looked on silently for a few moments, and then said:

never a work. He opened the door, and without looking back remarked:

"I'll be here by sunset." empty.'

The wife watched his form across the She was determined.

The day went by at a snail's pace, and the afternoon seemed never ending. Kate fondled she baby, listered to her crow and cry, and fed her a dozen times. Then she prepared supper, and sunset came when it was completed. But it brought no Rube. Another hour and still he was absent. So the moments passed until the clock struck 10. The baby was fast asleep. Kate rose from a chair at the cradle's side, a look of firm determination on her face, and opening the cabin door, peered across the clear-Not a soul was visible. She closed ing. the door, went to the chest, and took from it a pair of old-fashioned skates whose steel runners gleamed in the fire-

proceeded to wrap herself as warmly as possible. Then she bundled the baby in the same manner, lifted her tenderly in her arms, and with the skates slung over her shoulder, started across the clearing. After reaching the timber she left the beaten path and made for the river. It was coated heavily with'ice, and the strong winds had blown it almost entirely free from snow, leaving a nearly naked surface. Kate laid the baby down for a few moments while she fastened on her skates. Then she lifted her baby once more and started for Pine-

ville, 15 miles away. The moon shone brightly, she was a wonderfully rapid skater, and she knew no slightest suspicion of fear. Rube Wexford sat near the warm fire

which was surrounded by half a dozen men beside himself. He had been there the advice, and went to New York to befor hours listening to the anecdotes of bunters' lives, even adding to the general fund with some of his own experiences, but though his companions coaxed rison proposed to buy this line, and after and persuaded, they could not prevail upon him to taste liquor. This was agreed upon. Before the first payment something so entirely new that many a laugh and joke was had at his expense. He answered all persuasions to imbibe in the same way, saying only, "Not today, boys; not to day.

seat. He wanted to be home, wanted to property. Garrison did all he could to keep his promise, but he thought he get possession, but to no effect. One would wait awhile and start later, so morning he went to Vanderbilt's office that it would not look to Kate too much and, laying down the sum agreed upon as if he were giving in. So thinking, he as the first payment of the contract, went to a quiet corner by himself and asked Vanderbilt to take the money and had not been there long before he fell sign the contract. He refused to do so asleep. It was elven o'clock when he m rather harsh words. Garrison delib-awoke with a start, and said hurriedly: erately went to the door of the room, "What is it, Kate?"

to his senses, and a rough voice cried: "Rube, guess you have been dream-

ing! "Yes," he replied, foolishly; "I thought my wife was calling me. He glanced at the clock and said:

"Boys, I must go.' "Have something before you leave," was the general cry.

"No, no; not to-night."

Then he was gone. His conscience be after 2 It would o'clock SHOW.

and all. Kate worked away and said crying in terrified accents; as he dropped on his knees in the snow : "Kate! Kate! My God, save me!"

The woman was on the brink of the

"See that you are," was the reply. "If ice, when she made a sudden sweep to you come here late the house will be one side. Nearly the entire pack, unable to check their mad flight, plunged into the water, which carried them clearing and saw it disappear in the swiftly over the rocks, and Kate Wexheavy timber which circled the cabin. ford was flying toward the river bank, She turned to her household duties, but where she fell helpless in the snow, her had no heart for them. Well she knew baby in her arms, while Rube's rifle that Rube Wexford would break his last frightened the remainder of her purpromise, as he had broken others before suers. It was some time before she it. If so he must abide by the result, could answer her husband's voice. When

strength enabled her to do so, she arose feebly in the snow, her resolution to go to her father as strong as ever. Rube took her hand, knelt down and said :

"Kate, bear with me for the last time. As God is my judge, I shall never again taste liquor. This night has taught me taste liquor. a lesson which I cannot forget." Kate believed him and accepted his promise. Then they started for Pineville, Rube carrying the baby and more When they than half carrying his wife. arrived there Kate told her parents she had been dying to show them the baby, and taking advantage of the moonlight night, had made the journey on skates. Rube kept his vow, the roses bloomed again on Kate's cheeks, and to-day a happy family of boys and girls feel no touch of shame as they look up with light. She laid them ready for use and pride to their father.

## Vanderbilt and Garrison.

I learn that the long standing differences between the Vanderbilts and Garcisons have at last been settled. The story of this feud and its origin has never been told before in print. It commenced in 1849. That year captain, now called Commodore Garrison, went from the Mississuppi river to New York, having had a difficulty in 1848 which resulted in his killing his antagonist. The dead man had many friends, and William C. Ralston, his clerk, persuaded Garrison that his life would be constantly in dan-

ger if he stayed there and therefore he had better quit the Mississippi for good. Having quite a fortune, Garrison took gin anew. At that time Commodore Vanderbilt owned a line of sailing vessels from New York to San Francisco. Garsome negotiation a price and terms were was made, gold was discovered in California, and the line at once became enormously valuable, and Commodore Vanderbilt, though he had made a contract, fatly refused When sunset came he was still in his to conclude the sale and turn over the

locked it, and put the key in his pocket. A loud roar of laughter brought him He then drew a six inch derringer pis-o his senses, and a rough voice cried: tol, cocked it, and said: "Commodore Vanderbilt, it is now five minutes to eleven by the clock on your mantel. I will give you five minutes in which to sign that contract. If it is not signed when that clock strikes eleven, at its last stroke, by the God that made me, I will spatter your brains all over this floor! Tick, tick, went the clock. Garrison's

pistol, with its huge, yawning black muzzle about eighteen inches of Van

An Alarming Evil.

One of the saddest and most alarming

Why, with such an education as our

## LURED TO HIS DOOM.

It was a very singular, mysterious and

complicated case. In a bare room of an old house in the vicinity of London Bridge railway sta-tion a man was found dead, hanging by a small cord to a hook driven into the wall, his feet resting on the floor.

He was discovered some days after his death, and by reason of the strong smell sent forth from his decomposing body He was a stranger, who no one knew and why he should have come to that place to commit suicido was a mystery He was well dressed, had a gold watch in his pocket, to which was attached a heavy gold chain; he had a diamond ud in his shirt front, and a cluster ring of diamonds on one finger; he had also a pocketbook on his person containing over £200 in bank notes.

It was, therefore, evident that he had not committed suicide on account of poverty, nor been murdered for his money.

Was it suicide or was it murder?

There was no scrap of paper on his person to tell who the stranger was nor his motive for the murderous deed, if he did it.

The room, which was an upper story of an old building, the lower portion of which was occupied by a commission agent, contained no article of furniture. It had been rented about ten days previous to a rather venerable looking man who walked a little lame and wore gog gles, who said that he wanted it for an office for the sale of a patent that would soon become very popular with seagoing

people. When questioned about the patent he said he would not then explain it, but would have some things on hand for exhibition in the course of ten days or two weeks.

The dead man was not the one who had taken the room, however, and how and when he had got access to the apart ment no one knew.

There was an old fashioned fireplace in the room, and some paper ashes in this attracted the attention of a detective, who happened to be no other than my humble self.

In turning over these ashes I discovered two or three bits of paper not entirely consumed, and they had these words written on then, though now barely distinguishable:

found her and locked

meet you station G Now, after reading these disjointed sentences, I began to study and ponder them. Might this not be a portion of a mes

sage sent to the dead man, to lure him to the city for the purpose of putting him out of the way?

But for what motive?

Ah, that indeed I could not knowthat was something only to be found out after a serious investigation, in case one should be made.

1 examined the charred paper as well as I could, and reached the conclusion that what I had read was a part of a telegram which had been sent by somebody from London, and received by somebody at a distance, and that either the sender or receiver intended to destroy it.

Now, if the deceased had received it, it must have been sent to him by somebody, and that somebody intended to meet him, and probably did meet him. at the railway station.

Well, then, where was that somebody, and why had he allowed his correspondent smote him as he trudged through the derbilt's brain. He could not move, for to visit that out of the way room alone Garrison's eyes were as cold and hard and commit suicide without ever going

ness, but visited the nearest apothecary, as the man most likely to know the general facts about his neighbors.

"Would you be kind enough to answer a stranger in this city a few ques tions?" I said to the dispenser of medicines.

"Proceed," he replied, looking curiously at me.

"Do you know a gentleman by the name of Horace Grauger?"

"I do. "What is his business?"

"He is a broker."

"Is he reputed wealthy?"

"He is."

"Has he a family?"

"A wife and daughter." "About what age would you judge him to be?"

"About thirty-five."

"And his daughter?"

"About thirteen."

"Is Mr. Granger now at home?"

"I cannot say. I have not seen him for more than a week."

"Is his daughter at home?" "I think not. I think she is away a

boarding school." "Pardon me, sir, if I seem too inquis-itive," said I, "but I have a reason be yond mere curiosity for all the questions I ask, and sometime, if not just at this moment, you shall know all. Could you tell me if he is on good terms with his

wife?" "Ha!" he said with a start. "Is this some scandal for a law court to which I the site of each pair of scratches, and one may be called as a witness?"

"No, sir. On my honor, no use of your name shall be made in connection with any information you may give me." "Well, then," he answered, with a peculiar smile, "it is rumored-mind I say it i . only rumored-that he is jealous of a certain gentleman of whom he has no reason to be, and that he has all confilence in one who may yet turn out to be treacherous villian."

This was becoming very interesting to me.

"May I venture to ask the name of this second party?"

climax, the captain announced to the "Well, sir, as you are a stranger to me," replied the druggist, "I will not mention any name; but if you should mate beside him: this I am done with whisky." ever happen to have business with the him, and the captain presently continhead clerk of Horace Granger, it is my opinion you will be within a hundred ued: miles of the party." "Thank you," I said, feeling now pretty sure of my course.

After some further questions I left the apothecary and repaired to the office of Horace Granger, the street and number of which I had ascertained.

I found a tall, dark, muscular, sinister looking clerk, about thirty years of age, standing at his desk behind the counter. "Is Mr. Granger in?" I asked.

"No?" was the curt reply.

"Will he be in soon?"

"Don't know."

"Has he been in to-day?"

"Can't say." "Was he in yesterday?"

"Can't say."

"Will he ever be in again?" The man started, and looked at me

for the first time, in a quick searching "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Has he come back with his daughter?" Louestioned in turn.

He again started, came forward, and sharply scrutinized my person; but, as I fancied, with a guilty conscience.

"Who are you? What do you want here? And why these impertinent questions?" he demanded, in a fierce way. placing them in care of Dr. Jones, to be "Don't you know that Horace Granger

and forgotten by everybody not in any manner interested beyond the mere curiosity and scandal of the hour.

What part the wife had in the wicked plot I do not know.

I, o course, won the distinguished ap-proval of my chief for the part I had taken in the dark affair, and that proved of much importance to me in the future of my profession.

## The New Mode of Vaccination. The British Medical Association has

lately had under notice Dr. Moor's new

method of vaccination. His plan is to

make with a perfectly clean sharp lancet,

five or six single scarifications, holding

the lancet as a pen is held, resting se-

curely but gently on the arm of the per-

son operated on, which is held with the

left hand. Thus performed, the opera-

tion is said to occupy scarcely two sec-

onds, and when done lightly, but suffi-

ciently, does not waken a sleeping infant nor cause a child to cry, provided the at-

tention be diverted by gently stroking

the arm, or otherwise engaging the atten-

tion. The lymph from the arm of an-

other child, preserved in tubes or on

points, is then gently rubbed with the flat of the lancet or charged points across

the little wound, which may be made by

slight traction of the adjacent skin. 'The

result of this mede of operation is found

to be one or more, usually two, separate

vesicles or an oblong compound, one at

at the site of the single scratch, or more

if six were made in all, or if they were made longer than usual. It is neither

necessary nor desirable that the incisicns

Just in Time.

Any day in summer one may meet

around the ferry dock an old lake captain

who was once crossing Saginaw Bay in

his schooner with such a gale howling

after him that no one expected the craft

to reach harbor. As the gala reached its

"Mr. Thomas, if we come safe out of

The mate said it was the same with

"And I'll never utter another oath."

The mate agreed to also stop swearing,

and this warmed up the old man to

"And I solemnly deelare, Mr. Thomas, that I'll leave off chewing and smoking."

"There's another thing, captain,

"You might promise to leave off ly-

"Yes I-hold on-hold on! No, I'll

be hanged if I do! There's blue sky over

there and we've seen the worst of it! Git

those men on deck ready to put her about, and if you ever tell of this I'll pulverize you to a jelty!"

De Long and Melville's Cigars.

The San Francisco Examiner says:

Just before the departure of the Rodg-

ers in search of the Jeanettes number of

friends of De Long and Melville, among

them Major J. K. Duncan, of Vellejo, were with several of the Rodgers officers

in the Occidental hotel saloon, San Fran-

cisco. Major Duncan bought two boxes

of fine eigars, and placing his card in-

side each, directed one box to Lieut. De

Long and the other to Engineer Melville

shouted the mate after awhile.

"What's that?"

be made at all deep.

promise:

ing.

"Where are you going?"

"Only to Pineville."

"What for?"

"To see about some powder and stuff."

'That is untrue. You are going to spend the day with worthless companions, and you will come back studid with liquor. Rube, listen to me. I have stood all which it is possible for me to endure. I have prayed and entreated you to abandon a habit which has disgraced us both. My pleadings have brought nothing. I cannot and I will not have our child to grow up to know a father who is a drunkard. If you refuse to stay at home, I have said my last say. Go to Pineville if you insist on doing so, but if you are not here sober by sunset, I shall go with the baby to father's and in this house I will never set foot again.

"That's all talk," Rube answered in a rough joking and half seriors fashion. "Why, it's fifteen miles to Pinevile."

'No matter," was the firm rejoiner. "I will make the start if the child and I freeze to death by the way." "Look out for wolves," Rube laughed

again. "There have been half a dozen seen here lately. It has been a hard winter for them, and they're almost starved.

"Wolves or no wolves," muttered Kate, "I'll go.

Bube hung about the house uneasily for an hour or so, then silently rigged ing straight for the falls, the wolves alhimself out, leggings, buffalo coat, gun most on her heels, and the man's voice

when he reached home. One thing consoled him somewhat; he was sober. But would Kate be in the cabin when he returned? Of course, she must be, time. It was four minutes, three min-Nothing short of madness could tempt her to keep the rash vow she made in morning. So thought Rube. This was because he was incapable of estimating the great suffering which he had caused his wife. On, on he went until through the stillness of the night was borne to his ears the sound of falling waters. It Vanderbilt's capitulation caused much proceeded from a spot which marked the half way between Pineville and his own home, and was caused by the river saw he had been wrong," was all the retumbling down a deep descent of 15 or ply he ever made. The episode of the 20 feet of rugged rocks. His road at pistol and the dramatic incident attendthis point lay close to the river bank, and ing the signature Garrison never spoke of. soon he was in full view of the cascade. Twenty years after it occurred, Commo-As he passed it he noticed with a sort of dore Vanderbilt himself told the story. shudder how cold and dark the water For years everything Vanderbilt could looked as it tumbled down. For thirty do was done to thwart the stout old feet above the falls there was no ice. It commodore who had compelled him to broke off abruptly, and the current rushed from beneath with terrible vedo what he had promised. But Garrison throve wonderfully in California. locity. Beyond in the moonlight glia-He made the house of Garrison, Fitz & tened an unbroken surface of clear ice Ralston a power on the Pacific slope, for fully half a mile before there was a His old partners are dead and he is bend in the river's bank. The sight was fighting disease with an indomitable an old one to Rube, and he paid little courage. Garrison has lived years and heed to it, but he stalked silently on years longer than his family could have still thinking of Kate, and wondering if hoped for. The loss of his eldest son a the cabin would be tenantless. Suddenfew months ago greatly shocked him, ly he stood stock still and listened. and in his last days he has forgiven all Many an ear would have heard nothing his enemies, and, as I hear, there is but the sound of rushing waters. Rube's peace between him and his great rival's family at last. - Washington Herald. acute and practichd ear detected something more and he felt instinctively for his amunition and looked at the priming of his rifle. Then from a distance came the sound again-a peculiar cry,followed by another and another, until they endevils among us is the want of parental ed in a chorus of unearthly yells. Rube discipline, and the lawless spirit remuttered to himself one word-wolvessulting from it among the youth of our

and strained his eyes in the direction of land. the curve to the river's edge. The cry American children generally govern proceedid from that direction and grew their parents. When they get beyond the period of infancy they almost become louder and louder every instant. Before he could determine upon young gentlemen and ladies. Boys and a plan of action there shot from girls are generally, to a very slight exthe bend in the river what looked to him tent, under the oversight of their par like a womail carrying a bundle and ents. Not unfrequently they are sent skating for dear life. She strained every into the streets that the mother may not nerve and never once cried out. Next be troubled with then, and such boys came a wolf, followed rapidly by others, very quickly acquire all the accomplish which swelled the pack by the dozen, all ments which belong to young men of the ravenous, yelling and gaining closely on period. The girls walk the streets artheir prey. Rube raised his rifle, fired and began to load as he never loaded be rayed in the fashions of the day, and read the illustrated papers, and before fore. The cries came nearer and neaver. they enter upon womanhood often have Great God! the wolves were upon the their minds corrupted with false views woman! It seemed as if no earthly hope of life, and imaginations excited by could save her, when, quick as an images ruinons to mind and heart. arrow from a bow, she swerved to one side, the maddened brutes slid forward young people generally obtain, need one on their hind legs, and she had gained a be suprised at the dissipation of our few steps. Again she flew onward, and again she tried the ruse of swerving aside, the man on the bank in the meantime firing rapidly, and picking off wolf by wolf. A fresh danger arose. The woman evidently did not see the abrupt break in the ice above the falls, and the dark, swift current which lay beyond. Perhaps she was too frightened to hear upon the minds of their children?

the rushing waters. On she went, makpassed the rubicuad

near him afterward? as those of Atropis, the pitiless fate. And why should the man come to such motion would be certain death within

a place and kill himself? the instant, with no one near to keep And could he have found the room without a guide, and got access to it unutes then only two minutes before he known to any one, if he were not the man who had rented it in the first place? But then it was certain that he was not took the paper, signed it, blotted it, and that man, unless he was in disguise handed it to Garrison. As the latter when he hired it; and why had he gone took it the clock struck the first stroke to all that trouble merely to hang him of 11. Garrison unlocked the door and self, when he could have done it quite went away. That afternoon the news of

as effectually in ten thousand better wonder. Garrison was asked how it had places? No; look on it-reason as I might-I happened. "Oh, I suppose the old man could not bring myself to believe that the stranger hanging in that bare room had put the rope around his own neck.

I told the coroner of my belief; but whether he coincided with me or not, it is certain his jury did not, for they brought in a verdict of suicide.

The body was placed in the mortuary for recognition, and I requested that it should be kept there as long as possible for I had a desire to see what I could do in working up the case.

I started out with the bits of paper, I had discovered, to see if I could find at any telegraph office any message recently sent off, embodying the words I had transcribed in their consecutive order

I was soon fortunate in getting pos session of what I believed to be the original message. It was addressed to Horace Granger

187 --- street, Manchester, and read as follows-the words found among the paper ashes I enclose in brackets:

I have [found her and locked] her up in a [private room]. Come on and use a parent's authority. Take the last day train, and I will [meet you] at London Bridge [station.]

Judging from this, it was a case of runaway daughter, whom "G." had followed and captured in London, and whom the anxious father had come on to see and probably take back with him. As the dead man appeared to be not far from five-and-thirty years of age, it was natural to suppose that no daughter of his could be beyond her teens.

A school girl, perhaps, who had played

truant and run away. But, then, if she had been caught and locked up, it was not reasonable to suppose it had been in that bare room, in a mercantile building that contained no other lodgers.

And then again, if the father had come on and found her, what had become of her, and of "G.," who had sent the message, and why had the father remained behind to hang himself?

Or had the girl, assisted by "G., murdered her father?

In any event the affair was one of great mystery, and on privately reporting my discoveries to my chief, I received the welcome order to work it out to the end. To do this properly I immediately

gant mansion in the suburbs, which led me to believe the owner was a person of means.

said I, fixing a s dead? fellow that made him quail.

"Dead!" he exclaimed in well assume 1 amazment and horror. "Good heavens! How? When? Where?"

"How?-by hanging; when?-six days ago; where?-London," I answered, categorically.

"You take away my breath !" he almost gasped. "What is your name?" I queried.

"George Grenham."

"Ab, yes-the 'G. !" " I thought,

"You knew Mr. Granger went to London nearly a week ago to find his daughter?" I proceeded.

I saw the man turn pale and shudder as he answered in a mumbling, confused way:

"I believe-he did-go-somewhere." "But his daughter was not in London, you know?"

I said this at a venture, for I fancied I had divined the whole plot.

"Why, how did you know that?-that is-I mean---"

"Never mind," I interrupted. "Hi daughter was not there, but you were." "Man!" and his eyes fairly glared.

"You have been there before, in the disguise of an old man," I went on; 'you had engaged a room in a commer cial house to exhibit a patent; you went on again, and telegraphed to your employer that his daughter was found and locked up and to come on the last train, and you would meet him at London Bridge station. You did meet him; it was in the night; you took him to the room you had previously engaged; you fell upon him; you garroted him; you hung him up to the wall; you burned the telegram, and then you hastened back here to play the role of innocence."

I went through with my accusations so rapidly, giving the villain no time for consideration, or even interruption-I plied one fact upon another so quickly and surely, that I seemed to the guilty wretch to be an evewitness relating what I had seen; and I brought the whole damning scene so vividly to his mind's eye that, with a face distorted with horror and covered with the sweat of mental agony, he staggered back, then sank down, and half groaned and half shrieked out:

"Good heavens, have mercy!

Well, I had my clew; but before I could make much use of it the murderous scoundrel blow out his own brains.

It turned out that, in settling the estate of the murdered broker, that his murderer had been his confidential man creatures without being seen, since every of business and trusted friend; that the latter had systemmatically robbed his employer of many thousands of pounds; tures were compelled to wear gold-bowed that he had been too intimate with his wife, while poisoning the husband's mind against a true friend; and that, not satisfied with all this, he had concocted the hellish plot of murder, which I have

I did not ring, enter and state my busi- | public at large, and was soon hushed up | man's courage."

Jeannette people delivered in case were found. After the burning of the Rodgers it was found that both boxes of cigars had been saved. When the men ran out of tobacco in the native villages, it was suggested to smoke the cigars, but Dr. Jones insisted that they should be saved and they were brought back on the Corwin. Major Duncan back on the Corwin. Major Duncan now intends to forward both boxes with a brief history of their travels to Engincer Melville, determined that after traveling so far and waiting so long for him he shall at last enjoy them.

When the Horn Blew.

The following story of one of the poor children sent into the country by the New York City Fresh Air Fund is told by the Plattsburg Telegram: "One of the little girls was quartered with a kind family in Morrisonville. The little one met one of her companions the day after she arrived, and in giving an account of her experience, said: 'The first thing when we got there the horn blew and we had breakfast, lots of good things to eat. Then we went out to play, and before long the horn blew again and we had a nice dinner. We went out again after dinner, and in a little while the horn blew again and we had supper. After supper we went out to play again, and pretty soon the horn blew again. went in and the lady said it was eight o'clock and time to go to bed; but before we went she gave us a bowl of splendid bread and milk. Whea I went up stairs I was just as sleepy as I could be, and wanted to go to to bed right away, but I told them if that horn blew again to be sure and wake me up." "

Lots of Eyes.

Some of the lower orders of creation are not satisfied with two eyes only, but have them by the thousands. What have them by the thousands. What seems to be an eye on each side of the head of the fly very large, is a compound eye having four thousand facets or eyes, each one of which is a perfect eye not moveable like ours. This is like a pepper box, the small eyes correspondng with the holes in the cover. The fly has also three in the front of the head, in all making 8000 eyes just for one small creature! But, there are other creatures still richer in sight. The house fly has 8000, the butterfly has 34,-000, the dragon-fly 48,000, the heetle 40,-000. It is not strange, therefore, that it is not easy to approach any of these one of these eyes is pointing in a differglasses for each eye, what an enormous sum of money would be necessary to buy the supply.

There have been many definitions of a thus revealed. Of course, the affair made quito a sen-sation in certain circles at the time, but was kept as much as possible from the public at large and most being combining a woman's tenderness with a

young men, and the fast habits of some of our young women? The evil seeds that are being sown every day in our streets must be expected to take root and in due time spring up and bear deadly

fruit. Has not the time come for parents went to Manchester. to watch more closely the impressions, The address took me to a large, elefor time and eternity, being daily made

A wag says of a toper: "His nose has