A JUSTIFIABLE +>CRIME. +

M.D man, I want your ad-

tites or so

"It's rather a curious affair," he began, diffidently. "It happened last night. I wanted to go to Bayswater to see my old nurse, who lives there. I took the bus at Oxford Circus. As I dare say, you remember it was a masty night, wet and foggy, and the vehicle was soon full; in fact, by the fime we reached Westbourne Grove there was only room for another. Here we picked up our last passenger. She was a young lady."

"And of course you contrived that she should sit by you." I said.

"You would have done the same yourself," Debenham reforted, "Any man would, for she had the sweetest face. It's haunted me all night-it has, really. I dare say she was about 18, or perhaps 20-not more. She had brown eyes, very brown eyes-you know, the kind that seem to speak almost-and they were shaded by long lashes. She had brown bair, too-the kind of hair that twists itself into a lot of little curls-natural curls, you know. I wonder why all girls don't wear their hair that way. Then her mouth-her mouth-

"Never mind the mouth," I interposed, hastily, seeing that he was about to indulge in an extravagant flood of rhapsody. "It was an ideal mouth, I haven't a doubt."

"She sat down next to me," he went on. "There wasn't much room, and she thanked me when I moved. She had the sweetest voice,"

Well, there's nothing curious about that. I believe you said-

'I'm coming to it if you'll only give me time," he returned, in an aggrieved tone, "You've no patience. It was when the conductor came round for fares. Then she felt for her purse; she found it was missing. At first she thought she must have dropped it, and I searched the floor and under the seat. However, it wasn't there. Poor girl! I never saw any one so distressed in my life. It seemed she had \$5 in it. and it was evidently quite a fortune to her. Well, I paid her fare for her, and we got out together."

"I don't think you need tell me any more," I said dryly.

Debenham stared. "Why not?"

"Because I know the rest."

"Yes, I do. You lent her the £5, or course. My dear fellow, you've been 'had.' "

"I didn't do anything of the kind!" Debenham retorted hotly. "She wouldn't let me. That's what I came to ask your advice about. I thought that as you were a lawyer you might be able to suggest something, but I wish I'd I said, as he took his hat. never mentioned it to you.

Of course I hastened to soothe his ruffled plumes, and in a little while he went on with his tale. It appeared that he had seen her home, and that he had learned her name. It was Charnley-Kate Charnley. She was a dressmaker, and lived with her sister.

11.

"And you want to help them, eh?" 1 said, after a time.

"Yes, but it'll be a difficult matter. They're clergyman's daughters, and very proud. I don't see what I can do. It's awfully riling, you know, Kennion, to have a pile of money and not be able to do a little good with it once in a way. It's a shame that this girl should have to slave at a sewing machine all day while a great strong beggar like me lounges around killing

time." "I suppose you want to refund this

"Yes; I can't do more, but I don't even see how I can do that,"

"Well, you might order a gown of

some sort from them." "Don't be an ass; men don't buy

gowns." "You could say it was for your sis-

"But I haven't got a sister, and if I had she'd never let me choose her gowns for her; besides, she'd have to be fitted on and all that, you know."

I was obliged to admit the force of these arguments, and a fresh period of silence intervened. Debenham had risen, and was pacing the floor in a state of perplexity.

'How would it be If I inclosed the money in an envelope and sent it anonymously?" he said at length. "You might do that, certainly," I re-

plied, after a little consideration, "But she'd be sure to know who sent

"Well, that doesn't matter, as you are

not likely to see her again." Debenham stopped and turned his

eyes full upon me.

"What's that? Not see her again? But I must see her again I-I feel that

my fate is-er-linked with that girl, Kennlon.

"Oh, very well; then that squashes the idea entirely, unless- Look here, slience that had lasted some ten min- why not assume the character of the thief yourself, and send her a letter saying you have repented and return the money?

"But I don't want her to think that I'm a bad lot."

"Well, she needn't know that you sent it. You can pretend to be an ordinary pickpocket.

"So I can. I never thought of that. By Jove, it's a grand idea! Where's the pen and ink? What shall I say? Give us a lift, old chap. You're a dab hand at this sort of thing."

I took up my pen, and, after a little thought, dashed off the following let-

Dere miss: This is from me, the bloke wet tuk yer purse I sens the muny bak bekause yer father was once very kind ter me when I wos down on mi luck, an I nons yer needs it a sight more than I does, yer humble servant, "BILL NOKES."

"How will that do?" I said, as I ossed it across the table.

"Splendidly-splendidly!" he cried, as he ran his eyes over it. "It's worthy of



I SEARCHED THE FLOOR AND UNDER THE SEAT."

Bill Sikes himself. I'll send it off this very minute." And he thrust it in an envelope with a £5 note.

"You'll let me know how it answers?"

And then, with good-night, he went flying down the stairs to catch the post.

III.

The following morning it happened that a matter of business took me in the vicinity of Debenham's chambers, and, having half an hour to spare, I determined to call and see if he had heard anything in connection with his plot.

As I was about to enter his sitting room, however, I heard the sound of voices, and a hasty glance showed me that he was engaged. A young lady was standing by the table, facing Debenham, who looked as guilty as any schoolboy caught in an orchard.

"I got it back this morning," the girl was saying. "A man who is employed on the railway picked it up as he was on his way to work."

"I-I am very glad," Debenham murmured, nervously. "He must have been an honest fellow,"

"Yes," she said. "But the strange part of it is that by this morning's post there came a letter from a-a thief, inclosing a £5 note. You can read it if you like."

And she handed him the precious missive I had concocted. He read it in feigued astonishment.

"I never neard of such a curious thing," he murmured. "It's positivelyisn't it, you know?" Of course, this childlike attempt at

deception didn't deceive the girl. "Mr. Debenham," she said, "you wrote this letter-you sent this note."

"I? Really, Miss-"Oh, yes, you did. It's no use denying it. No one else knew of our loss." There was a pause. Debenham stood looking very red and foolish.

"Come, you'd better confess," she sald, at length. He rumpled his hair in a reckless

fashion. "It seems impossible for a fellow to do a good action in this world," he cried. "He's sure to be found out."

"Then you did send it?" "Ye-es. You see, you wouldn't let me

help you, and so so it struck me that it would be a capital idea to pretend that I was a thief" (the humbug! his idea, indeed). "I never thought for a moment that you'd see your purse again, and if you hadn't done so, my little dodge would never have come to light."

"No, I don't think it would," she answered; "for that was a most realistic letter you wrote."

Debenham groated.

"You can't think what an effort it ost me," he said.

What an effort, indeed!

"I do hope you will let me keep it as a memento?" "Yes-if you will promise to forgive

"Oh, there is nothing to forgive! It

was very good of you." that Debenham had some reason for

his extravagant praise. "And you will not think the worse of me for-for trying to deceive you?" he have supposed that he was a prisoner suing for his life.

"Oh, I think better of you!" she cried. I shall never forget your kindness," And as she gave him her hand she

blushed in a ridiculous fashion. Then Debenham made an ass of himself. Instead of simply shaking hands and saying good morning, he held her fingers and said nothing, but just stared at her in a moonstruck kind of way that was quite idiotic, and she drooped her head like a little silly and went the color of a peony; then-But at this point I could stand it no longer, and I quietly withdrew.

Of course I was not in the least astoulshed when Debenham rushed into my chambers the same afternoon and, with a good deal of stammering, confessed that he was engaged. He seemed amazed when I betrayed no surprise; but I didn't tell him that I had been a witness of his folly.

I was presented to the future Mrs. Debenham and her sister a few days later. When Debenhain asked me what I thought of her, I told him she was one of the nicest girls I had ever met; but, as a matter of fact, she is much inferior to her sister, who, I don't mind admitting, indeed, that she is the nicest girl I have ever met, and I shouldn't wonder

But there, that's "another story."-Answers.

BERNHARDT AT THE BEGINNING. Old Pen Picture of the Divine Sarah

by Octave Feuillet. Just thirty years ago Octave Feuillet. in a letter to his wife, drew the following pen picture of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, then at the beginning of her career:

"A queer girl, Indeed, is Sarah. It is the first time in my long career that I be of good quality. At the death of have met with a genuine actress, a the owner some years later, the herd comedienne of the eighteenth century, was presented to Queen Victoria and elegant, eccentric, insolent, and bold.

"Contrary to the liabit of all other actresses, she comes to the rehearsals in full dress, or, at least, in a tollet arranged after her own fashion. She niways wears velvet-a velvet dress. a velvet hat, a scarf of black lace over her shoulders, and a little ruffed collar. In this way, with her hair like that of a poodle dog, and with some fresh flowers in her hand, she repeats her part with care and somber gravity, and occasionally with attitude a la Rachel. At the close of the act she prances about like a ballet girl, skips upon one foot, and then sits down at way to make good times if you have the plane to accompany herself while anything really good to offer, and the singing a queer negro air. She has a way to use newspaper advertising is very sweet voice. Then she gets up and begins to walk about with long play. strides, like a clown, laughing in everybody's face, and chewing chocolate candy, with which she always has her pockets filled. At times she takes out a little case, in which there was a small brush, which she rubs over her lips to give them a ruby color, after which she laughs, shows her white teeth, and recommences to munch her chocolates,

"Nothing could be more amusing than to see Croizette and herself, after a rehearsal, running out, followed by their mothers. They start off like frightened hares, with their heads up and Rabage hats thrown back upon their enormous blond wigs. Swinging their little umbrellas, they walk and laugh loud enough to make people turn round and stare at them. At last they go into Chiboust's confectionery shop and there stuff themselves with cakes.'

A New Musical Instrument.

A new musical instrument is the pro- Item. duct of the inventive skill of Carl Brown of Columbus, Ohio, who is also the inventor of improvements to the guitar. The new instrument consists of a sort of zither and an ordinary mouth harp in combination. The qualgreatly improved and the musician is his harp solo.

"Clean as a Whistle."

The origin of the saying, "as clean as a whistle," is ascribed to the "whistle tankard" of olden times, in which the whistle came into play when the tankard was emptied or "cleared out" to

THE CASHMERE GOAT.

Animal that Produces the Material of Which Costly Shawla Are Made.

Several beautiful varieties of the goat are found in different parts of the East, and one of these, shown in the present Illustration, is the famous goat of Cashmere. This animal, which is found in great numbers in the magnificent valley of Cashmere, has a delicate head, with semi-pendulous ears, which are both long and wide. The listr varies in length, and is course and of different colors, according to the habyldnel. The horns are very erect, and sometimes slightly spiral, inclining inward and to such an extent in some cases as to cross. The cost is composed of two materials; but it is the under cont that partakes of the nature of wood and is valued as an article of commerce. This. of her face, and I was forced to admit undergrowth, which is of a uniform grayish white rint whatever the color of the lair may be, is beautifully seft. and silky, and of a fuffy description. resembling down. It makes its appearwent on. Really, he was getting post- saice in the autumn, and continues to tively absurd; from his voice one would grow until the following spring, when, if not removed, it falls off naturally; Its collection then commences, occupy ing from eight to ten days. The animal undergoes during that time a process of combing by which all the wood and a portion of the hair, which of necessity comes with it, is removed. The latter is afterward carefully separated, when the fleece in a good specimen weighs about half a pound. This is the material of which the far famed and costly shawls are made, which at one time had such a demand that, it is stated, e16,000 fooms were kept in constant work at Cashmere in their manufacture." Those goats having a short. ment head, very long, thin cars, a delicate skin, small homes, and a long heavy coat, are for this purpose deened the best. There are several varieties possessing this valuable quality, but those of Cashmere, Thibet and Mongolia are the most esteemed. About the year 1816 a small herd of Cashmere gents was introduced into France with a



THE CARRIERE GOAT.

view to neclimatize and breed them for the sake of their wool, but the enter prise falled. A few were purchosed and taken to England by Mr. C. T. Tower, who, by careful treatment, so far succeeded with them, that in course of time he had a shawl undefrom their fleece, which turned out to placed in Windsor Park.



Newspaper advertising is the best with generous space and proper dis-

The men who have made and are making fortunes in advertising are satisfied if the ad. tells the story in a plain, convincing way. They are satisfied if it sells goods. They don't care whether it is new or old.-Betes,

Put a signal light of your business in the best paper of its kind. Keep the light trimmed and supply it with the oll of facts and experience. Then its rays will penetrate into many an unlooked-for field of trade and bring business results that have been little anticipated.-Hide and Leather.

No door is thick enough to keep out the newspaper and its advertising; no chamber is too remote, or too quiet, for the favorite family paper; no surveillance is so strict but the newspaper is admitted; and it brings its message of wars and rumors of wars, of elections, accidents, marriages, births and deaths -and advertisements.-Lynn (Mass.)

There are no advertisers so fully posted upon the "science of advertising" as the prominent patent medicine men. They fully understand how to do it in all its phases. They can teach the local advertiser many things about ity of the tone of the mouth harp is advertising which were "never dreamed of in their philosophy." The patent enabled to play an accompaniment to medicine man does not waste any money. He uses it judiciously. When he ceases to make money he ceases to advertise in the paper which he has been patronizing. He's no fool. He believes in keeping his name before the public, but he does this judiciously. It is safe for the local advertiser to watch announce to the waiter that more liquor art; they can learn some good lessons. these men who are experienced in the Abilene (Kan.) Chronicle.

De Castro's Duch. Corporal Joseph H. De Cara listed when 16 years old. At G burg he was already a veteral, Pickett made his great charge ut men in blue and the men in Phy mixed up in a tangle before the lines, Corporal de Castro, via color-bearer of the Nineteenth & closetts, engaged in a dud will color-bearer in gray. The two clubbed the staves of their fag went at it hammer and torget other man was larger, but be to was young and agile, and finding ed a blow on his adversary's but wrenched away the flog. It up colors of the Nineteenth Virginia, Y. World.

Golf was a popular game in less in 1457. By an elect of Jan. issued in 1471, the momes of ph football were problemed in they try; that monarch opposed by edict by engaging in the former himself, and was considered an

Medals of valor have been ness on 100 Greek women who sem nurses in the war with Turkey, 7 woom't anything to do but a the women, for the non furnish excuse for such attention.

A scientist of note has discr that the smell of flowers is lajur the voice. He declares that as operatic singers of his acquaining the loss of their voices to their in for certain aweet smelling flower,

PERIODS OF PAIN

Menstruction, the balance whell woman wlife, is also the bane of Sence to many because it meansate great suffering.

While no woman is entirely free periodical pain, it does not seems been na-

ture's plan that women otherwise healthy should suffer AU SUSTEELS Lydia E. Pink-Lam's Vegetable Compound is the most thorough female regulator known to medical sci-

ence. It relieves the condition that quees so much discomfort and plat struction of its terrors. Howing

DEAR MRS PINKHAM-HOW OR thank you enough for what you done for me? When I wrote to p was suffering untold pull at its menstruction, was nervous being nehe all the time, no appetits that feeling, and did not care for and I have taken three bottles of less Pinicham's Vegetable Composts of Blood Purifier, tern boxes of B Pills, and to-day I am awell perm would like to have those with know that I am one of the mint have been cured of female coupl by your wonderful medicipe anish - MISS JENNIE R MILES, LOD R

If you are auffering in this way # as Miss Miles did to Mrs. Finish Lynn, Mass , for the advice what offers free of charge to all worst

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