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**Baptist**—Services Sunday, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school 9:30 a. m.; the young people's society 8:15 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m. Covenant meeting first Sat. each month 2:00 p. m.

**Methodist**—Services every Sabbath 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school 9:30 a. m.; Prayer meeting 7:30 p. m. Thursday, S. E. McMillen, Pastor.

**Catholic**—Services every Sabbath 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school 9:30 a. m.; Prayer meeting 7:30 p. m. Sunday, P. C. C. Sunday 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday, 7:30 p. m. E. E. Thompson, Pastor.

**Christian**—Services every Sabbath 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school 9:30 a. m.; Prayer meeting at 6:30 p. m. H. A. DeWitt, Pastor.

**St. James Catholic**—First St., between 6th and 7th. Sunday school 2:30 p. m. Vespers 7:30. Services once a month.

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**SECRET ORDERS.**

**Knights of the Ku Klux Klan**—No. 12, O. E. K. E. Meets at 8:00 p. m. on the 1st and 3rd Mondays of each month. Visiting members cordially invited.

**MRS. H. L. HEATH, W. M.**

**CURTES POST No. 9**—Meets the second and fourth Saturdays of each month in Union hall at 7:30 p. m. on the 1st and 3rd Mondays of each month. All members of the order are cordially invited to attend.

**B. F. CLINE, Commander.**

**J. A. PUGHMAN, Adj.**

**W. C. T. U.**—Meets on every Friday in Wright's hall at 3 o'clock p. m.

**L. L. A. 133 p. m.**

**Mrs. A. J. WHITMORE, Pres.**

**CLARA G. FOSCO, Sec'y.**

**THE DEACON'S DISAPPEARANCE**

By WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

dean, important of the cause of change in their manner, had been put to bed. The servant whom we saw as we passed the kitchen and at the bedside, kneeling and head, as if he mourned the death of a kind master, and no neighbors dared to intrude where they could carry no comfort—a species of kindness this in the people of Scotland, which results from a duty they get small credit for from those who judge from a rude speech and homely if not coarse manners.

We sat down quietly and gravely, a clear enough indication to her that we brought no hopeful intelligence, nor had we sat many minutes when we came to understand what was the direction of the current of her thoughts. They had been all running toward the conclusion that Angus Macgillivray was in some way connected with the mysterious affair.

"Have you inquired," she asked as she cast her eye over us, "if Angus has been at home yesterday? I could have my marriage ring's eye, and no more than that should be. Will you answer?" she continued in a waiting tone. "Is he in Edinburgh? When was he seen? Can anybody tell?"

I looked to Girvan, for I could not answer without falsehood, and he understood me.

"I have made no inquiry, Margaret," said he, "nor did I think it necessary to go there—No suspicion seems to be natural. Besides are you not taking on too heavily? This is only the second day."

The second day! she burst forth.

"And Deacon Macgillivray has seen his wife or his father nor sent a letter or a message to tell where he is. The second day!" she continued in the same waiting strain. "When was it that he was half an hour behind his dinner?"

And then came a fit of hysterical sobbing, which we had no means of alleviating. While I looked at her, and of course pitied her, I could not help thinking how completely her suspicion was confirmed by the information I had got, and which I dared not communicate to her. There was enough of sorrow for the hour. And as we saw we left her to her kind of consolation, and the heart seeks for itself, and sometimes the more readily and successfully if it is left to itself and to him who is master of the heart and the issues thereof.

Next forenoon I repaired to Girvan's, as arranged before us, in order that together we might make a more thorough search to the effect at least of ascertaining whether the missing man had been seen, and when and where, during the forenoon of his disappearance. On going along I found that the affair had spread, inasmuch as indeed that the question, "What has become of Deacon Macgillivray?" belonged now to the public. There was only one solitary strain of news. It appeared that a person of the name of Peter McGlashan, a laborer, who resided in the Corvate, and whom we saw and interrogated, had been the involuntary cause of some of the trouble, but all that could be extracted from him amounted to this, that he had seen Deacon Macgillivray that forenoon hurrying up the High street, and that, having come to a room, he had not about 10 minutes later, Angus Macgillivray coming up the bow, the top of which he doubled as if he were going down the High street. One or two others spoke to having seen the brothers respectively on the same night.

It was with minds very ill prepared for a meeting with the deacons that we betook ourselves about 8 o'clock in the evening to Borthwick's Close. We found the house of deacons, with the shadows increased in the darkness of these hours, and all appearances betokening utter hopelessness. The hours passed without any better reckoning than the depressing silence in the street and the gathering gloom of the un-

stuffed candle till it might be about 11, when a slight knock was heard at the door.

Mrs. Macgillivray started, and we were not less surprised—nay, I have no doubt that all of us had some notion that the visitor might be no other than the deacon himself. The door was opened by the servant; we listened to the step on the passage—tramp—tramp—like one well known that Girvan ejaculated with a kind of spasm. "It is the deacon!" The words were uttered. We started up, and even Mrs. Macgillivray sat upright gazing at the door. It opened, and before us stood one of the town officers with the red neck on his blue coat.

"Here is a bit of paper," said he, "which was brought up to the office about an hour ago."

And Girvan, taking it out of his hand, fixed his eyes upon it as if he were charmed. Yet he did not seem to comprehend what he was reading, for although I asked him what it contained he could not utter a word. Mrs. Macgillivray's eye was fixed upon him, and I myself sat with open mouth wondering what it all meant.

"Can you read?" said the officer.

"Read," added I impatiently.

And the same words tumbled on the lips of the deacons.

"O, it came at length, and the effect was certainly proportioned to the cause. I took the paper out of his hand and

glancing over it, I found it to be an account for shins, due by Girvan to Angus Macgillivray, daily discharged.

"What of this?" said I, utterly at a loss to know the meaning of it all.

"Examine the handwriting of the two papers," said he.

I did so and immediately ejaculated, "Why, that blood-stained scrap is written by Angus Macgillivray."

"No doubt of it," said Girvan. "I knew it the moment I saw it, but I wanted to make sure work."

"So you can be so sure," replied I, "that what conclusion do you draw from it?"

"I am afraid to mention it," was the reply.

"But I'm so," cried the deacon in a wild way. "It is just as I thought, she continued as she moved her arms as if to enable her to utter the words, "Angus Macgillivray has murdered my husband."

"That hardly should be published at his own handwriting," I rejoined.

"Because the awful man glories in his revenge," she cried again hysterically.

"That hardly squares with human nature," said Girvan. To this I assented, adding that "Angus was not so mad as not only to write his own condemnation, but give the officers of the law a direction to go in pursuit of him."

With all these qualifications it was impossible to get rid of the direct effect of the words of the paper clearly enough indicating that the deacon had been killed by some one, whether Angus or not. The officer himself seemed to have no doubt, and, as for Mrs. Macgillivray, her former conclusion was only rendered more certain, and the calmness into which she quickly relapsed appeared to be the consequence of resignation to the will of God.

Meanwhile the officer had intimated that the paper was to be preserved and taken up to the office in the morning, with any explanation that could be given of it. He then went away, and late as the hour was we resolved upon seeking out McPherson to ascertain from his own mouth the true circumstances connected with the finding of the extraordinary paper. We accordingly

went to the Corvate, and having found the man, who was on the eve of going to bed, proceeded with our examination. He adhered strictly to what he had stated in the bailies' office, nor had he any more to communicate, but we derived thus much from our visit that the deacon had been shot to death, and was not far from the depth of his grave. "The news has been long of coming," said she; "I will believe it when Angus proves himself to be innocent of a brother's blood."

"But you forget, sister," said the officer, "that I have nothing to expect from coming here and telling you a lie. I am here for your comfort; to satisfy you that, whatever has become of your husband, he has received no injury from the hands of men."

"That looks like reason," said I, "and I think I now see some light breaking through all this darkness."

"What?" ejaculated Mrs. Macgillivray. "There is no light to me except the light of heaven. No earthly light will ever show me 'gain the living face of Duncan Macgillivray. He is dead—dead!"

"And I may say the same of my husband," said the brother's wife. "I have no right to say as that one killed the other, or that the other one?"

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I took the paper out of his hand, read for myself the following words, displayed in lines in this manner:

Deacon Macgillivray,  
Borthwick's Close, Edinburgh.  
Killed on the 18th.

The paper was much crumpled, as if it had met with rough usage, and what added to the effect of the dreadful words, it was beset with blood, so much an extent that some of the letters were scarcely legible. I would willingly have kept it from the eyes of the deaconess, but she held out her hand tremblingly to get possession of it, and it was too late to attempt concealment. She read it at a glance, and as if it had been on fire, threw it from her, unable to utter a word. "Stays alive," said Girvan as he rose and took his hat. "I will be back in 10 minutes." He hurriedly left the room. And I, taking up the paper, began to question the officer as to the person who left it at the bailies' office. He ascertained that his name was Hugh McPherson, a cobbler who resided in the Corvate, and that his account of the manner of obtaining it was that he found it among straw on the street right opposite the coach office in the High street, from which the coach goes to the city, and which he started twice a week. It was further stated by McPherson that his opinion was that the paper had fallen from the coach, along with the straw among which it was found. Before I had time to form any opinion as to the real purport and meaning of this shabby scrap Girvan came again hurriedly into the room, breathing hard, as if he had been running—an effect no doubt due more to his excitement than to his bodily exertion. Laying down his hat, he resumed his seat, and putting his hand into his pocket he drew out another paper something like his account.

"Look at that," said he as he handed it to me.

Glancing over it, I found it to be an account for shins, due by Girvan to Angus Macgillivray, daily discharged.

"What of this?" said I, utterly at a loss to know the meaning of it all.

"Examine the handwriting of the two papers," said he.

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confirmed by the manner as well as the honest character of the woman, was, I think, believed by all us excepting the deaconess, who had been so completely wedded to the old theory of the murder by Angus that it seemed as impossible to move her from this conviction as it would be to raise her out of the great depth of her grave. "The news has been long of coming," said she; "I will believe it when Angus proves himself to be innocent of a brother's blood."

"But you forget, sister," said the officer, "that I have nothing to expect from coming here and telling you a lie. I am here for your comfort; to satisfy you that, whatever has become of your husband, he has received no injury from the hands of men."

"That looks like reason," said I, "and I think I now see some light breaking through all this darkness."

"What?" ejaculated Mrs. Macgillivray. "There is no light to me except the light of heaven. No earthly light will ever show me 'gain the living face of Duncan Macgillivray. He is dead—dead!"

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ing thereof, or to any person who would give information tending to show where the person of Deacon Macgillivray, deceased, could be found, whether dead or alive. Nor did the fiscal limit his official duties by this proclamation; for about 2 o'clock he commenced a recognition of all parties who knew anything regarding the affair, among whom were the deaconess (who was, in consequence of her weakness, taken to the office in a sedan chair), Mrs. Angus Macgillivray, McPherson, Girvan, myself and the individuals who had seen the missing man on the day of their disappearance.

But nothing came out of the bill or the recognitions tending toward any