The Kootenay Star.

VOL. IV. REVELSTOKE, B. C., DECEMBER 10, 1892. No. 26.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that at the next session of the Legislature of British Columbia application will be made for an Act to incorporate a company for the purpose of constructing, operating and maintaining a line of railway, standard or narrow gauge, the motive power being either steam or electric, commencing at Lardeau City, situate at the head of the North East Arm of Upper Arrow Lake, thence through Lardeau Pass to some point on the North West shore of Lake Kootenay, with power to extend to Nelson, and with power to construct, equip, maintain and operate a branch from the said proposed line from said Lardeau City in a northerly direction along the course of the Incomappleux River, or Fish Creek, to some point or points near the headwaters of the same, with power to build, maintain and operate branch lines from any point or points on the main line or branch lines to any adjacent mine or mines, and with power to build wharves and docks, and erect and maintain telegraph and telephone lines and all necessary works, buildings, pipes, poles, wires, appliances or conveniences necessary or proper for the generating and transmitting of electricity or power within the area above described.

Dated this 14th day of November, A.D. 1892.

McPHILLIPS, WOOTTON & BARNARD,
Solicitors for the Applicants.

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SEASONED LUMBER ALWAYS KEPT IN STOCK.

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Station: REVELSTOKE.

THE
MADDEN HOUSE,
HUGH MADDEN, Prop'r.

Beautifully situated on the Lake shore at the entrance to the best and shortest road to the Slocan mines and New Denver. The best fishing and hunting in the district, with grand boating and sketching facilities for tourists and artists.

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Best brands of wines, liquors and cigars.

The accommodations of the Hotel are of the best.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

REVELSTOKE TIME TABLE.

Atlantic Express, arrives 10.10 daily.
Pacific " " 16.52 "

Cheapest, most reliable and safe route to Montreal, Toronto, St. Paul, Chicago, New York and Boston. Rates $5 to $10 lower than any other route.

Specially fitted Colonist Cars, in charge of a Porter, for the accommodation of Passengers holding second class tickets. Passengers booked to and from all European points at Lowest Rates.

Low Freight Rates. Quick despatch. Merchants will save money by having their freight routed via he C. P. R.

Full and reliable information given by applying to D. E. BROWN, Asst. Gen'l Freight Ag't, V'ncouver. or to I. T. BREWSTER, Ag't C. P. R. Depot, Revelstoke.

Ripans Tabules cure bad breath.
Ripans Tabules cure biliousness.
Ripans Tabules: for sour stomach.

Humane Congress of all Nations at the Chicago Exposition.

The following letter has been sent to us for publication by Mr. G. T. Angell, editor of "Our Dumb Animals," and president of the American Humane Education Society, Massachusetts S.P.C.A., and the American Band of Mercy, of Boston, Mass.:—

"I have been and am now writing to influential gentlemen in different parts of our country to urge them to aid in establishing at the Exposition a Humane Congress of all Nations, and invite the humane of all nations to attend that Congress, its object being to discuss and ascertain the best plans of humanely educating all civilized nations, not only for the prevention of national and international wars, and the conflicts between capital and labor, but also for the best prevention of every form of cruelty, both to our own and the lower races that depend upon our care. Such a Congress, if properly directed, may attract the attention of the governments and people of all nations, and result in consequences to the world's progress in civilization as important as the discovery of this western continent by Columbus four hundred years ago."

HULL BROS.
REVELSTOKE.
BUTCHERS
AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
BEEF, PORK, Etc.

Stockholm House
JOHN STONE, PROP.

The Dining-room is furnished with the best the market affords.

The bar is supplied with a choice stock of wines, liquors and cigars.

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COLUMBIA HOUSE,
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The largest and most central Hotel in the city; good accommodation; everything new; table well supplied; bar and billiard room attached; fire proof safe.

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FREE 'BUS AT ALL TRAINS

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First-class Temperance House.

BOARD AND LODGING $5 PER WEEK.
MEALS, 25c. BEDS 25c.

This hotel is situated convenient to the station, is comfortably furnished, and affords first class accommodation.

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CHEAPEST & QUICKEST ROUTE TO THE OLD COUNTRY.

Proposed Sailings from Halifax.

SARDINIAN	Allan Line	Dec. 10
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LABRADOR	Dominion Line	Dec. 3
VANCOUVER	"	Dec. 17
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From New York.

TEUTONIC	White Star	Nov. 30
BRITANNIC	"	Dec. 7
MAJESTIC	"	Dec. 14

Cabin $40, $45, $50, $60, $70, $80 upwards.

Intermediate, $25; Steerage, $20.

Passengers ticketed through to all points in Great Britain and Ireland, and at specially low rates to all parts of the European continent.

Prepaid passages arranged from all points.

Apply to nearest steamship or railway agent; to

I. T. Brewster,
AGENT, REVELSTOKE;
or to ROBERT KERR, General Passenger Agent, Winnipeg.

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE

Myrtle Navy

IS MARKED

T. & B.

In Bronze Letters.

NONE OTHER IS GENUINE.

LOCAL NEWS.

The new Methodist church at Armstrong will be opened to-morrow.

Mr. Hugh Madden, of Nakusp, is building a hotel at Bear Lake City.

Mr. H. A. Massey has donated the sum of $20,000 to the Wesleyan College, Winnipeg.

Mr. F. McCarty has just obtained a horse from Kamloops which has won several racing prizes in that town.

Skating was enjoyed on the Columbia River by several of our young people on Thursday. There are two or three acres of good ice covering the still water below the bridge.

The New Westminster Commonwealth is fast becoming a first class journal not only for agricultural and horticultural matters, but for its lucid and interesting articles on the most absorbing topics of the province, notably the questions of roads and mining.

The Revelstoke Orchestral Band had its first practice on Tuesday night in Peterson's Hall. The instrumentalists are—Organ and piano, Mr. J. F. Ahlin; cornet, Mr. H. N. Coursier; clarinet, Mr. Ribbach; violins, Messrs. T. Steed and W. M Brown. Two more instruments are required—a 'cello and bass viol.

ON TRIAL FOR 90 DAYS.

The finest, completest and latest line of Electrical appliances in the world. They have never failed to cure. We are so positive of it that we will back our belief and send you any Electrical Appliance now in the market and you can try it for **Three Months.** Largest list of testimonials on earth. Send for book and journal Free. **W. T. Baer & Co., Windsor, Ont.**

The Winnipeg Western World is devoting considerable space to British Columbia in its columns, and especially the East and West Kootenay mining districts. Published in a first class illustrated journal like the Western World these articles will be of inestimable value to our district, and we tender our hearty thanks to Mr. Acton Burrows, the editor. There could not be a better publication for our people to send home to their friends than the Western World.

Two strangers arrived in town last Monday from Illecillewaet, and are now located in a house at the west end. They are a couple of young bears—one black and the other cinnamon—belonging to Mr. Andrew Parks, who will probably take them east. The mother was shot by Ben Green and a companion at Illecillewaet and the cubs captured. They about the size of a spaniel dog, and are comical little fellows. As the mother was a black bear it is supposed the father must be a cinnamon.

A FORTUNE IN A PUZZLE.

The above is a picture of our greatest African explorer, and in it can be traced the forms of two wild animals. Any one can readily see the face of the explorer, but it is difficult to distinguish the two animals.

The proprietors of **STANLEY'S PRIZE MEDICINES** will give an elegant **UPRIGHT PIANO,** valued at **$500,** to the *first* person who can make out the elephant and giraffe; to the *second* person will be given **$100 IN GOLD;** to the *third* an elegant **GOLD WATCH;** to the *fourth* a handsome **CLOCK;** to the *fifth* a **SILVER WATER PITCHER,** and to the next *fifty* **$5 in GOLD.** Every competitor must cut out the above picture and outline with a lead pencil the forms of the two animals, and enclose same with **15** U. S. two-cent stamps or **10** three-cent Canadian stamps for one sample bottle of the following prize remedies: "STANLEY'S PRIZE RHEUMATIC CURE," "STANLEY'S PRIZE CURE FOR CHRONIC and ULCERATED SORE THROAT," "STANLEY'S PRIZE CURE FOR DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA and CHOLERA-MORBUS," or "STANLEY'S PRIZE CURE FOR CATARRH." Select any one of the above remedies or as many as you desire, by enclosing 50c. for each one.

Address **THE STANLEY MEDICINE CO., 308 Brush St., Detroit, Mich.**

The person whose envelope is postmarked first will be awarded the first prize, and the others in order of merit. To the person sending the *last* correct answer will be given an elegant **GOLD WATCH;** to the *next* to the *last* a handsome **SILVER WATCH;** to the *second* to the *last* a handsome **CLOCK;** to the *third* to the *last* **$10 IN GOLD;** and to the next *ten* to the *last* **$5 IN COLD.** We shall **ALSO GIVE AWAY 100 EXTRA PREMIUMS** (should there be so many sending in correct answers). The names of the leading prize winners will be published in the U. S. and Canada. The object in making the foregoing extraordinary offer is to place our Medicines in the hands of the many sufferers. This **GREAT AND ONLY POSITIVE RHEUMATIC CURE** has cost the proprietors an enormous amount of money, the ingredients of which are imported from Africa, where they are secured with great difficulty and expense. It is purely herbaceous, and put up in two compounds, one to be used externally and the other internally. Our OTHER REMEDIES are equally valuable. As to the reliability of our Company, we refer you to any leading wholesale druggist in Detroit, and will also furnish you with the names and addresses of parties who have been entirely cured by this most wonderful Medicine.

All prizes will be awarded strictly in order of merit and with perfect satisfaction. No charge is made for premiums in any way, they are absolutely given away to introduce and advertise our *Medicines*, which we are bound to do regardless of expense. Medicine is sent by mail post paid and duty free. When you answer the picture puzzle, please mention this paper. Address

Stanley Prize Medicine Co. Head Office, 308 Brush St. DETROIT, MICH.
Branch Office, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

BIRTHS.

CHAPMAN. — December 2nd, at Revelstoke, the wife of Mr. Hy. Chapman, of a daughter.

McMAHON. — December 6th, at Revelstoke Station, the wife of Mr. Jas. McMahon, of a son.

LOCAL NEWS.

Honey, from Ontario, the purest obtainable, on sale at C. B. Hume & Co.'s.

Don't forget the tea meeting and concert in the Methodist church on Monday, the 26th inst.

C. B. Hume & Co. are showing a fine selection of Christmas Goods. Drop in and have a look at them.

Mr. J. P. Sutherland left town on Saturday on a two weeks' visit to Nanaimo, previous to going home to Truro, N.S.

Mr. W. Cowan, late of the Hotel Victoria, left Revelstoke last week for Goderich, Ontario, where he will spend the winter.

Rev. Mr. Ladner will preach tomorrow in the Methodist Church, morning at 10.30, evening at 7.30. All are cordially invited.

H. N. Coursier has just got in his stock of Christmas Goods, which include many novelties and articles of elegant design, suitable for gifts.

It it stated that the Rockefellers have secured the Great Northern ledge of galena in the Lardeau—one of the largest ledges ever discovered, having 30 feet of solid ore.

Steve White, engineer on the yard locomotive, who left here last summer for the C.P.R. yard at Vancouver, is back in town, and will probably remain here all winter.

Christmas Presents and New Year's Gifts in endless variety at Bourne Bros'. Everything new, and many novelties. Largest stock in the Interior to choose from.

Service will be held by the Rev. T. Paton in the Presbyterian church to-morrow evening at 7.30. Sabbath School at 2.30. Prayer meeting at Mr. Paton's house on Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.

For useful as well as ornamental Christmas Presents go to R. Howson's, who has just received from Toronto a large consignment of rattan chairs, bookshelves, work and other baskets, and miscellaneous knick-knacks.

The Quadrille Club's fortnightly dance took place on Thursday night in Bourne's Hall, and, as usual, was very enjoyable. One feature of the event is very gratifying—the ladies still attend in goodly numbers, and if they will continue to take the same amount of interest in it a successful season is assured.

It is stated that Mr. Samuel Greer is to be released from the penitentiary, the official pardon being expected from Ottawa daily. Mr. Greer has a son working at Revelstoke Station, who on reading the notice was greatly pleased. Most people think Mr. Greer has been hardly dealt with.

Mrs. Jane Abel, 88 years of age last April, who died at Clanwilliam on Wednesday, was buried in Revelstoke cemetery yesterday morning, the funeral leaving the station soon after the arrival of the western train. Rev. C. Ladner conducted the service, and Mr. R. Howson was the undertaker. Deceased was a native of Yorkshire, England, and came to Canada in 1847.

When Mr. Haskins stated at Vancouver that the Revelstoke smelter would probably be started for the purpose of smelting ores from the Abbott and other claims on the Haskins ledge he had a belief that the C.P.R. intended assuming control. But it is denied, on the highest authority in C. P. R. circles in this province, that the company ever had any such intention. It is stated that the Smelter Company would be willing to lease the smelter on reasonable terms.

By a simple system of registered numbers Messrs. Tuckett & Son can tell which of their workmen manipulated any particular plug of their Myrtle Navy tobacco, if the caddy which contained it is known. Should any imperfection be found in any plug, therefore, they can at once single out the workman—from among their 400 hands—who is responsible for it. This system works so thoroughly that the complaints do not average one for every 200,000 plugs turned out.

Mr. Hamilton, of Vancouver, representing the William Hamilton Manufacturing Co., of Peterboro, Ont., was at the sawmill on Tuesday and obtained the contract for repairing the machinery damaged in the recent fire. It was all shipped to Peterboro on Wednesday, and is expected to arrive back in a month or six weeks. The mill will be in full working order by the 1st of March. Meanwhile all the hands (forty) are employed logging near the mouth of the Illecillewaet.

There will be a meeting in the Library on Monday evening at eight o'clock, at which all the citizens are requested to attend. The chemical engine ordered in Toronto is completed, and some arrangement must be made for housing it on arrival. The election of a captain in place of Mr. Sutherland will also be brought forward. At nine o'clock the members of the Snowshoe and Toboggan Club will hold a meeting in the same room for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing season and other business.

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 28th, a grand fancy dress ball will take place in Bourne's Hall, and promises to eclipse anything in that line ever yet held in the town. Everything will be free—admission, refreshments, etc., the only condition being that each and all come in costume and masked. Expensive costumes are not necessary. At a certain hour each will unmask, and great amusement is anticipated. A capital committee has the affair in hand, composed of Messrs. I. T. Brewster, E. J. Bourne, Morgan David, James Little, Guy Barber, and Dr. McLean. Next week we hope to be able to give some further particulars.

The str. Lytton has not put in an appearance for over two weeks, and it is hardly likely that she will return until spring. She came up the river last week to within 12 miles of Revelstoke, but seeing ice ahead Captain Gore turned round and went back to Robson. Six men on board, who were passengers from Nakusp, got into a small boat and worked their way several miles further up, eventually abandoning the boat about six miles down. They came the rest of the way on foot, with the snow three feet deep, and after some hours of tough walking they arrived here on Saturday, with the exception of one of their number who had been left behind in a rude shelter on account of sickness, but before any help could be sent to his relief he turned up all right and smiling.

Mrs. Moxley, of Hall's Landing, who has been staying with Mrs. C. H. Temple for the past two weeks, returned home on Tuesday morning. When Mr. Moxley found that the steamer had ceased running he went to Nakusp (a distance of 40 miles) in a rowboat and obtained the use of a large canoe. Returning to the landing, he had a couple of hours' rest, and then he and Mr. Hall started for Revelstoke in the canoe. Hauling it over the ice where necessary, it took them a long time to come up. But Mr. Moxley was determined not to be deprived of his wife's company all the winter, which probably would have been the case had the weather been severe enough to close the river. They arrived up on Sunday night and started for home Tuesday morning, with Mrs. Moxley as a passenger. They say the ice was not sufficient to bar the progress of a steamer except in one or two places, where a few sticks of dynamite could have been used with good effect. It is to be hoped the railway to the N.E. Arm will be in operation next winter.

Marriage of Mr. H. D. Hume.

Mr. Horace D. Hume, of Salmon Arm, and Miss May Connacher, of Vancouver, have the distinction of being the first couple married in the new Zion Church, Vancouver. The ceremony took place last Tuesday morning in the presence of a large number of the bride's friends and acquaintances, she having been a general favorite. The Rev. J. M. McLeod officiated. Mr. C. B. Hume, of Revelstoke, was groomsman, and Miss Maggie Connacher acted as bridesmaid. The bride wore a cream corded silk, with lace veil and orange blossoms, and looked most charming. The church was decorated with tastefully arranged flowers, and the bride carried a beautiful bouquet of chrysanthemums. Miss C. Fraser played the "Wedding March." After the wedding breakfast at the residence of the bride's parents the happy couple left for Victoria, whence they will visit Seattle, Tacoma and San Francisco, returning about the 1st of January. Mr. and Mrs. Hume will reside at Salmon Arm, where they have a new house just completed by Mr. Howson, builder, Revelstoke.

The Saturday Blade

Is the greatest newspaper wonder of the age. It is four years old and has a circulation of over a quarter million copies a week. The latest sensations and the most marvellous events are written up in the best style and fully illustrated. Subscriptions received at $2 per year, $1 for six months or 50 cents for three months. Special inducements to clubs. Send for free specimen copies. Boys everywhere are making big money selling the BLADE on the streets. Write for particulars. Address the publisher, W. D. Boyce, 113, 115 and 117 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

Ripans Tabules cure dizziness.

AN INTRICATE CASE.

A TRUE HISTORY OF A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

CHAPTER V.

THE TRAGEDY OF PONDICHERRY LODGE.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when we reached this final stage of our night's adventures. We had left the damp fog of the great city behind us, and the night was fairly fine. A warm wind blew from the westward, and heavy clouds moved slowly across the sky, with half a moon peeping occasionally through the rifts. It was clear enough to see for some distance, but Thaddeus Sholto took down one of the side-lamps from the carriage to give us a better light upon our way.

Pondicherry Lodge stood in its own grounds, and was girt round with a very high stone wall topped with broken glass. A single narrow iron-clamped door formed the only means of entrance. On this our guide knocked with a peculiar postman-like rat-tat.

"Who is there?" cried a gruff voice from within.

"It is I, McMurdo. You surely know my knock by this time."

There was a grumbling sound and a clanking and jarring of keys. The door swung heavily back, and a short, deep-chested man stood in the opening, with the yellow light of the lantern shining upon his protruded face and twinkling distrustful eyes.

"That you, Mr. Thaddeus? But who are the others? I had no orders about them from the master."

"No, McMurdo? You surprise me! I told my brother last night that I should bring some friends."

"He hain't been out o' his room to-day, Mr. Thaddeus, and I have no orders. You know very well that I must stick to regulations. I can let you in, but your friends they must stop where they are."

This was an unexpected obstacle. Thaddeus Sholto looked about him in a perplexed and helpless manner. "This is too bad of you, McMurdo!" he said. "If I guarantee them, that is enough for you. There is the young lady, too. She cannot wait on the the public road at this hour."

"Very sorry, Mr. Thaddeus," said the porter, inexorably. "Folk may be friends o' yours, and yet no friends o' the master's. He pays me well to do my duty, and my duty I'll do. I don't know none o' your friends."

"Oh, yes, you do, McMurdo," cried Sherlock Holmes, genially. "I don't think you have forgotten me. Don't you remember the amateur who fought three rounds with you at Alison's rooms on the n ght of your benefit four years back?"

"Not Mr. Sherlock Holmes!" roared the prize-fighter. "God's truth! how could I have mistook you? If instead o' standin' there so quiet you had just stepped up and given me that cross-hit of yours under the jaw, I'd ha' known you without a question. Ah, you're one that has wasted your gifts, you have! You might have aimed high, if you had joined the fancy."

"You see, Watson, if all else fails me I have still one of the scientific professions open to me," said Holmes, laughing. "Our friend won't keep us out in the cold now, I am sure."

"In you come, sir, in you come,—you and your friends," he answered. "Very sorry, Mr. Thaddeus, but orders are very strict. Had to be certain of your friends before I let them in."

Inside, a gravel path wound through desolate grounds to a huge clump of a house, square and prosaic, all plunged in shadow save where a moonlit stroke on one corner and glimmered in a garret window. The vast size of the building, with its gloom and its deathly silence, struck a chill to the heart. Even Thaddeus Sholto seemed ill at ease, and the lantern quivered and rattled in his hand.

"I cannot understand it," he said. "There must be some mistake. I distinctly told Bartholomew that we would be here, and yet there is no light in his window. I do not know what to make of it."

"Does he always guard the premises in this way?" asked Holmes.

"Yes; he has followed my father's custom. He was the favorite son, you know, and I sometimes think that my father may have told him more than he ever told me. That is Bartholomew's window up there where the moonshine strikes. It is quite bright, but there is no light from within, I think."

"None," said Holmes. "But I see the glint of a light in that little window beside the door."

"Ah, that is the housekeeper's room. That is where old Mrs. Bernstone sits. She can tell us all about it. But perhaps you would not mind waiting here for a minute or two, for if we all go in together and she has had no word of our coming she may be alarmed. But! hush! what is that?"

He held up the lantern, and his hand shook until the circles of light flickered and wavered all around us. Miss Morstan seized my wrist, and we all stood with thumping hearts, straining our ears. From the great black house there sounded through the silent night the saddest and most pitiful of sounds,—the shrill, broken whimpering of a frightened woman.

"It is Mrs. Bernstone," said Sholto. "She is the only woman in the house. Wait here. I shall be back in a moment." He hurried for the door, and knocked in his peculiar way. We could see a tall old woman admit him, and sway with pleasure at the very sight of him.

"Oh, Mr. Thaddeus, sir, I am so glad you have come! I am so glad you have come, Mr. Thaddeus, sir!" We heard her reiterated rejoicings until the door was closed and her voice died away into a muffled monotone.

Our guide had left us the lantern. Holmes swung it slowly round, and peered keenly at the house, and at the great rubbish-heaps which cumbered the grounds. Miss Morstan and I stood together, and her hand was in mine. A wondrous subtle thing is love, for here were we two who had never seen each other before that day, between whom no word or even look of affection had ever passed, and yet now in an hour of trouble our hands instinctively sought for each other. I have marvelled at it since, but at the time it seemed the most natural thing that I should go out to her so, and, as she has often told me, there was in her also the instinct to turn to me for comfort and protection. So we stood hand in hand, like two children, and there was peace in our hearts for all the dark things that surrounded us.

"What a strange place!" she said looking round.

"It looks as though all the moles in England had been let loose in it. I have seen something of the sort on the side of a hill near Ballarat, where the prospectors had been at work."

"And from the same cause," said Holmes. "These are the traces of the treasure-seekers. You must remember that they were six years looking for it. No wonder that the grounds look like a gravel-pit."

At that moment the door of the house burst open, and Thaddens Sholto came running out, with his hands thrown forward and terror in his eyes.

"There is something amiss with Bartholomew!" he cried. "I am frightened! My nerves cannot stand it." He was, indeed, half blubbering with fear, and his twitching feeble face peeping out from the great Astrakhan collar had the helpless appealing expression of a terrified child.

"Come into the house," said Holmes, in his crisp, firm way.

"Yes, do!" pleaded Thaddeus Sholto. "I really do not feel equal to giving directions."

We all followed him into the housekeeper's room, which stood upon the left-hand side of the passage. The old woman was pacing up and down with a scared look and restless picking fingers, but the sight of Miss Morstan appeared to have a soothing effect upon her.

"God bless your sweet, calm face!" she cried, with an hysterial sob. "It does me good to see you. Oh, but I have been sorely tried this day!"

Our companion patted her thin, work-worn hand, and murmured some few words of kindly womanly comfort which brought the color back into the other's bloodless cheeks.

"Master has locked himself in and will not answer me," she explained. "All day I have waited to hear from him, for he often likes to be alone; but an hour ago I feared that something was amiss, so I went up and peeped through the key-hole. You must go up, Mr. Thaddeus,—you must go up and look for yourself. I have seen Mr. Bartholomew Sholto in joy and in sorrow for ten long years, but I never saw him with such a face on him as that."

Sherlock Holmes took the lamp and led the way, for Thaddeus Sholto's teeth were chattering in his head. So shaken was he that I had to pass my hand under his arm as we went up the stairs, for his knees were trembling under him. Twice as we ascended Holmes whipped his lens out of his pocket and carefully examined marks which appeared to me to be mere shapeless smudges of dust upon the cocoa-nut matting which served as a stair-carpet. He walked slowly from step to step, holding the lamp low, and shooting keen glances to right and left. Miss Morstan had remained behind with the frightened housekeeper.

The third flight of stairs ended in a straight passage of some length, with a great picture in Indian tapestry upon the right of it and three doors upon the left. Holmes advanced along it in the same slow and methodical way, while we kept close at his heels, with our long black shadows streaming backward down the corridor. The third door was that which we were seeking. Holmes knocked without receiving any answer, and then tried to turn the handle and force it open. It was locked on the inside, however, and by a broad and powerful bolt, as we could see when we set our lamp up against it. The key being turned, however, the hole was not entirely closed. Sherlock Holmes bent down to it, and instantly rose again with a sharp intaking of the breath.

"There is something devilish in this, Watson," said he, more moved than I had ever before seen him. "What do you make of it?"

I stooped to the hole, and recoiled in horror. Moonlight was streaming into the room, and it was bright with a vague and shifty radiance. Looking straight at me, and suspended, as it were, in the air, for all beneath was in shadow, there hung a face,—the very face of our companion Thaddeus. There was the same high shining head, the same circular bristle of red hair, the same bloodless countenance. The features were set, however, in a horrible smile, a fixed and unnatural grin, which in that still and moonlit room was more jarring to the nerves than any scowl or contortion. So like was the face to that of our little friend that I looked round at him to make sure that he was indeed with us. Then I recalled to mind that he had mentioned to us that his brother and he were twins.

"This is terrible!" I said to Holmes. "What is to be done?"

"The door must come down," he answered, and, springing against it, he put his weight upon the lock. It creaked and groaned, but did not yield. Together we flung ourselves upon it once more, and this time it gave way with a sudden snap, and we found ourselves within Bartholomew Sholto's chamber.

It appeared to have been fitted up as a chemical laboratory. A double line of glass-stoppered bottles was drawn up upon the wall opposite the door, and the table was littered over with Bunsen burners, test-tubes, and retorts. In the corners stood carboys of acid in wicker baskets. One of these appeared to leak or to have been broken, for a stream of dark-colored liquid had trickled out from it, and the air was heavy with a peculiarly pungent, tar-like odor. A set of steps stood at one side of the room, in the midst of a litter of lath and plaster, and above them there was an opening in the ceiling large enough for a man to pass through. At the foot of the steps a long coil of rope was thrown carelessly together.

By the table, in a wooden arm-chair, the master of the house was seated all in a heap, with his head sunk upon his left shoulder, and that ghastly, inscrutable smile upon his face. He was stiff and cold, and had clearly been dead many hours. It seemed to me that not only his features but all his limbs were twisted and turned in the most fantastic fashion. By his hand upon the table there lay a peculiar instrument,—a brown, close-grained stick, with a stone head like a hammer, rudely lashed on with coarse twine. Beside it was a torn sheet of note-paper glanced at it, and then handed it to me.

"You see," he said, with a significant raising of the eyebrows.

In the light of the lantern I read, with a thrill of horror, "The sign of the four."

"In God's name, what does it all mean?" I asked.

"It means murder," said he, stooping over the dead man. "Ah, I expected it. Look here!" He pointed to what looked like a long, dark thorn stuck in the skin just above the ear.

"It looks like a thorn," said I.

"It is a thorn. You may pick it out. But be careful, for it is poisoned."

I took it up between my finger and thumb. It came away from the skin so readily that hardly any mark was left behind. One tiny speck of blood showed where the puncture had been.

"This is all an insoluble mystery to me," said I. "It grows darker instead of clearer."

"On the contrary," he answered, "clears every instant. I only require a few missing links to have an entirely connected case."

We had almost forgotten our companion's presence since we entered the chamber. He was still standing in the door-way, the very picture of terror, wringing his hands and moaning to himself. Suddenly, however, he broke out into a sharp, querulous cry.

"The treasure is gone!" he said. "They have robbed him of the treasure! There is the hole through which we lowered it. I helped him to do it! I was the last person who saw him! I left him here last night, and I heard him lock the door as I came down-stairs."

"What time was that?"

"It was ten o'clock. And now he is dead, and the police will be called in, and I shall be suspected of having had a hand in it. Oh, yes, I am sure I shall. But you don't think so, gentlemen? Surely you don't think that it was I? Is it likely that I would have brought you here if it were I? Oh, dear! oh, dear! I know that I shall go mad!" He jerked his arms and stamped his feet in a kind of convulsive frenzy.

"You have no reason for fear, Mr. Sholto," said Holmes, kindly, putting his hand upon his shoulder. "Take my advice, and drive down to the station to report the matter to the police. Offer to assist them in every way. We shall wait here until your return."

The little man obeyed in a half-stupefied fashion, and we heard him stumbling down the stairs in the dark.

CHAPTER VI.

SHERLOCK HOLMES GIVES A DEMONSTRATION

"Now, Watson," said Holmes, rubbing his hands, "we have half an hour to ourselves Let us make good use of it. My case is, as I have told you, almost complete; but we must not err on the side of over-confidence. Simple as the case seems now, there may be something deeper underlying it."

"Simple!" I ejaculated.

"Surely," said he, with something of the air of a clinical professor expounding to his class. "Just sit in the corner there, that your foot-prints may not complicate matters. Now to work! In the first place, how did these folk come, and how did they go? The door has not been opened since last night. How of the window?" He carried the lamp across to it, muttering his observations aloud the while, but addressing them to himself rather than to me. "Window is snibbed on the inner side. Framework is solid. No hinges at the side. Let us open it. No water-pipe near. Roof quite out of reach. Yet a man has mounted by the window. It rained a little last night. Here is the print of a foot in mould upon the sill. And here is a circular muddy mark, and here again upon the floor, and here again by the table. See here, Watson! This is really a very pretty demonstration."

I looked at the round, well-defined muddy discs. "This is not a footmark," said I.

"It is something much more valuable to us. It is the impression of a wooden stump. You see on the sill is the boot-mark, a heavy boot with a broad metal heel, and beside it is the mark of the timber-toe."

"It is the wooden-legged man."

"Quite so. But there has been some one else—a very able and efficient ally. Could you scale that wall, doctor?"

I looked out of the open window. The moon still shone brightly on that angle of the house. We were a good sixty feet from the ground, and, look were I would, I could see no foothold, nor as much as a crevice in the brick-work.

"It is absolutely impossible," I answered.

"Without aid it is so. But suppose you had a friend up here who lowered you this good stout rope which I see in the corner, securing one end of it to this great hook in the wall. Then, I think, if you were an active man, you might swarm up, wooden leg and all. You would depart, of course, in the same fashion, and your ally would draw up the rope, untie it from the hook, shut the window, snib it on the inside, and get away in the way that he originally came. As a minor point it may be noted," he continued, fingering the rope, "that our wooden-legged friend, though a fair climber, was not a professional sailor. His hands were far from horny. My lens discloses more than one blood-mark, especially towards the end of the rope, from which I gather that he slipped down with such velocity that he took the skin off his hand."

"This is all very well," said I, "but the thing becomes more unintelligible than ever. How about this mysterious ally? How came he into this room?"

"Yes, the ally!" repeated Holmes, pensively. "There are features of interest about this ally. He lifts the case from the regions of commonplace. I fancy this ally breaks fresh ground in the annals of crime in this country,—though parrallel cases suggest themselves from India, and, if my memory serves me, from Senegambia."

"How came he, then?" I reiterated. "The door is locked, the window is inaccessible. Was it through the chimney?"

"The grate is much too small," he answered. "I had already considered that possibility."

"How then?" I persisted.

"You will not apply my precept," he said, shaking his head. "How often have I said to you when you have eliminated the impossible whatever remains, *however improbable*, must be the truth? We know that he did not come through the door, the window, or the chimney. We also know that he could not have been concealed in the room, as there is no concealment possible. Whence then did he come?"

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"Of course he did. He must have done so. If you will have the kindness to hold the lamp for me, we shall now extend our researches to the room above,—the secret room in which the treasure was found."

He mounted the steps, and, seizing a rafter with either hand, he swung himself up into the garret. Then, lying on his face, he reached down for the lamp and held it, while I followed him.

The chamber in which we found ourselves was about ten feet one way and six the other. The floor was formed by the rafters, with thin lath-and-plaster between, so that in walking one had to step from beam to beam. The roof ran up to an apex, and was evidently the inner shell of the true roof of the house; There was no furniture of any sort, and the accumulated dust of years lay thick upon the floor.

"Here you are, you see," said Sherlock Holmes, putting his hand against the sloping wall. "This is a trap-door which leads out on to the roof. I can press it back, and here is the roof itself, sloping at a gentle angle. This, then, is the way by which Number One entered. Let us see if we can find some other traces of his individuality.

He held down the lamp to the floor, and as he did so I saw for the second time that night a startled, surprised look come over his face. For myself, as I followed his gaze my skin was cold under my clothes. The floor was covered thickly with the prints of a naked foot,—clear, well defined, perfectly formed, but scarce half the size of those of an ordinary man.

"Holmes," I said, in a whisper, "a child has done this horrid thing."

He had recovered his self-possession in an instant. "I was staggered for the moment," he said, "but the thing is quite natural. My memory failed me, or I should have been able to foretell it. There is nothing more to be learned here. Let us go down."

"What is your theory, then, as to those footmarks?" I asked, eagerly, when we had regained the lower room once more.

"My dear Watson, try a little analysis yourself," said he with a touch of impatience.

"You know my methods. Apply them, and it will be instructive to compare results."

"I cannot conceive anything which will cover the facts," I answered.

"It will be clear enough to you soon," he said, in an off-hand way. "I think that there is nothing else of importance here, but I will look." He whipped out his lens and a tape measure, and hurried about the room on his knees, measuring, comparing, examining, with his long thin nose only a few inches from the planks, and his beady eyes gleaming and deep-set like those of a bird. So swift, silent, and furtive were his movements, like those of a trained blood-hound picking out a scent, that I could not but think what a terrible criminal he would have made had he turned his energy and sagacity against the law, instead of exerting them in its defence. As he hunted about, he kept muttering to himself, and finally he broke out into a loud crow of delight.

"We are certainly in luck," said he. "We ought to have very little trouble now. Number One has had the misfortune to tread in the creasote. You can see the outline of the edge of his small foot here at the side of this evil-smelling mess. The carboy has been cracked, you see, and the stuff has leaked out."

"What then!" I asked.

"Why, we have got him, that's all," said he. "I know a dog that would follow that scent to the world's end. If a pack can track a trailed herring across a shire, how far can a specially-trained hound follow so pungent a smell as this? It sounds like a sum in the rule of three. The answer should give us the——But halloo! here are the accredited representatives of the law."

Heavy steps and the clamor of loud voices were audible from below, and the hall door shut with a loud crash.

"Before they come," said Holmes, "just put your hand here on this poor fellow's arm, and here on his leg. What do you feel?"

"The muscles are as hard as a board," I answered.

"Quite so. They are in a state of extreme contraction, far exceeding the usual rigor mortis. Coupled with this distortion of the face, this Hippocratic smile, or 'risus sardonicus,' as the old writers called it, what conclusion would it suggest to your mind?"

"Death from some powerful vegetable alkaloid," I answered,—"some strychnine-like substance which would produce tetanus."

"That was the idea which occurred to me the instant I saw the drawn muscles of the face. On getting into the room I at once looked for the means by which the poison had entered the system. As you saw, I discovered a thorn which had been driven or shot with no great force into the scalp. You observe that the part struck was that which would be turned towards the hole in the ceiling if the man were erect in his chair. Now examine this thorn."

I took it up gingerly and held it in the light of the lantern. It was long, sharp, and black, with a glazed look near the point as though some gummy substance had dried upon it. The blunt end had been trimmed and rounded off with a knife.

"Is that an English thorn?" he asked.

"No, it certainly is not."

"With all these data you should be able to draw some just inference. But here are the regulars: so the auxiliary forces may beat a retreat."

As he spoke, the steps which had been coming nearer sounded loudly on the passage and a very stout, portly man in a gray suit strode heavily into the room. He was red-faced, burly and plethoric, with a pair of very small twinkling eyes which looked keenly out from between swollen and puffy pouches. He was closely followed by an inspector in uniform, and by the still palpitating Thaddeus Sholto.

"Here's a business!" he cried, in a muffled, husky voice. "Here's a pretty business! But who are all these? Why, the house seems to be as full as a rabbit-warren!"

"I think you must recollect me, Mr. Athelney Jones," said Holmes, quietly.

"Why, course I do!" he wheezed. "It's Mr. Sherlock Holmes, the theorist. Remember you! I'll never forget how you lectured us all on causes and inferences and effects in the Bishopgate jewel case. It's true you set us on the right track; but you'll own now that it was more by good luck than good guidance."

"It was a piece of very simple reasoning."

"Oh, come, now, come! Never be ashamed to own up. But what is all this? here,—no room for theories. How lucky that I happened to be out at Norwood over another case! I was at the station when the message arrived. What d' you think the man died of?"

"Oh, this is hardly a case for me to theorize over," said Holmes, dryly.

"No, no. Still, we can't deny that you hit the nail on the head sometimes. Dear me! Door locked, I understand. Jewels worth half a million missing. How was the window?"

"Fastened; but there are steps on the sill."

"Well, well, if it was fastened the steps could have nothing to do with the matter. That's common sense. Man might have died in a fit; but then the jewels are missing. Ha! I have a theory. These flashes come upon me at times.—Just step outside, sergeant, and you, Mr. Sholto. Your friend can remain.—What do you think of this, Holmes? Sholto was, on his own confession, with his brother last night. The brother died in a fit, on which Sholto walked off with the treasure. How's that?"

"On which the dead man very considerately got up and locked the door on the inside."

"Hum! There's a flaw there. Let us apply common sense to the matter. This Thaddeus Sholto was with his brother; there was a quarrel; so much we know. The brother is dead and the jewels are gone. So much also we know. No one saw the brother from the time Thaddeus left him. His bed had not been slept in. Thaddeus is evidently in a most disturbed state of mind. His appearance is—well, not attractive. You see that I am weaving my web round Thaddeus. The net begins to close upon him."

"You are no quite in possession of the facts yet," said Holmes. "This splinter of wood, which I have every reason to believe to be poisoned, was in the man's scalp where you still see the mark; this card inscribed as you see it, was on the table; and beside it lay this rather curious stone headed instrument. How does all that fit into your theory?"

[TO BE CONTIUED.]

Brain Waves.

I am living at the headquarters of a sub-division on railway construction, at the very outskirts of civilization, about twenty miles from the nearest station. About ten days ago I went in to the station for a few days. On my way in I met a young police officer, whom I knew slightly, on his way out to take up a post in the jungle beyond my headquarters. We had a short chat. I mentioned, casually, that I should return "on Monday." This was on Friday. In the station I heard incidentally that the same officer was ill at a small village between where I met him and my headquarters, and was coming in again. To this I attached no great importance. When leaving the station to return, about midday on Monday, I was seized, when a short distance out, with a strong feeling that some one was wanting me and that something was wrong. So strong was it, I almost turned back, for I had left my wife in the station in not the best state of health. However, I put the apprehension by, thinking that it was nervousness, and that I was a little "run down" with the hot weather. When I got about twelve miles out I fell in with a camp of some fellow-engineers returning from survey from a different direction, and was asked by them to remain over night. Again I had the feeling that I ought not to stay; but, as I knew of no reason why I should not remain I put the feeling by and stayed the night. Next morning I heard that during the night the police officer had been carried through in a dhooly, and that he died just as he got in.

Now, the inference may seem to some people to be born of a diseased imagination; but I have little doubt that the poor fellow, who was lying at his last gasp, was thinking—in an excited and feverish way, perhaps—of myself, and his last hopes of seeing a European, and that he had a strong desire for me to come to him; that the thought wave was strong enough to reach me, and that had my brain been attuned to receive it properly and interpret it, I should have gone on to him. The theory is in no way vitiated by the fact that the feeling was transitory, and that the poor fellow's passing the camp in the night did not affect me. By that time he was probably not in a condition to emanate thought waves, nor did he know that I was there.—[The National Review.

The Fair Attorney.

Alas! the world has gone awry
  Since Cousin Lillian entered college,
For she has grown so learned, I
  Oft tremble at her wondrous knowledge.
Whene'er I dare to woo her now
  She frowns that I should so annoy her,
And then proclaims, with lofty brow,
  Her mission is to be a lawyer.

Life glides no more on golden wings,
  A sunny waif from El Dorado:
I've learned how true the poet sings,
  That coming sorrow casts its shadow.
When tutti-frutti lost its spell,
  I felt some hidden grief impended;
When she declined a caramel
  I knew my rosy dream had ended.

She paints no more on china plaques,
  With tints that would have crazed Murillo,
Strange bir is that never plumed their backs
  When Father Noah braved the billow.
Her fancy limns, with brighter brush,
  The splendid triumphs that await her,
When, in the court, a breathless hush
  Gives homage to the queen debater.

'Tis sad to meet such crushing noes
  From eyes as blue as Scottish heather;
'Tis sad a maid with cheeks of rose
  Should have her heart bound up in leather
'Tis sad to keep one's passion pent,
  Though Palia's arms the fair environ;
But worse to have her quoting Kent
  When one is fondly breathing Byron.

When Lillian's licensed at the law
  Her fame, be sure, will live forever;
No barrister will pick a flaw
  In logic so extremely clever.
The sheriff will forget his nap
  To feast upon the lovely vision,
And then the judge will set his cap
  At her and dream of love Elysian.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

They say that Love is blind, they do.
  The figure is not carried
A bit too far, when once we think
  Of people whom we often meet
Whom other folks have married.

The value of murderers' relics to such places as Mme. Tussaud's is considerable. Clothes and things belonging to the lately condemned murderer Neill were refused by that show on account of the very high price asked, but the kitchen in which Deeming of Australia did his murders brought nearly $3,000.

ONE NIGHT'S HORROR.

BY F. B. HILL.

Isn't this too bad, now! Here am I, Jack Marlin, chief engineer of the good ship *Seville*—an ocean steamer plying between Liverpool and New York—dressing for my wedding, which is to take place in a few hours, to have a note brought to me, telling me of the sudden and dangerous illness of my assistant engineer and tried friend, Tom Ruggles.

Whatever is done must be done quickly. I must go immediately and see him.

A few minutes' rapid walking brought me to his little home. I was soon beside the sick-bed of my friend. He did not even recognise me, and my heart sank. A doctor had been summoned, and after examining Tom said it would simply be impossible for him to go out with his vessel to-morrow.

As I gripped the honest hand of my comrade and saw no look of recognition in the fever-lit eyes, as his head rolled from side to side, my heart swelled and I turned away with a sob, and my soul sent up an earnest prayer that we might yet take many a voyage together.

But no time was to be lost.

I hurried to the home of Captain Mooring and informed him of what had happened. He heard the sad news with genuine regret, for Tom was a general favorite.

"You know how sorry I am to hear this, Jack," said the captain, "but as it can't be helped, why, it's lucky it can be mended. Only a few hours ago a very likely looking fellow came to me and asked me if I had a place on board I could give him, at the same time showing me some excellent papers. I told him no, and he then said he was willing to work his way as a common seaman, or in any way I said. He seemed very anxious to ship with me. I'll send for him right away, and tell him to get ready to go with us to-morrow. But it's getting close on to your splicing time, Jack, and I see you are getting nervous—and who wouldn't? Go ahead, my hearty, and don't forget to tell Miss Kitty to save a kiss for me. I'll follow you as soon as I send this message.

And the bluff, big-hearted old fellow gave me a slap on my back and a shove towards the door.

I went back to my lodgings, put the last splicing in my rigging, and was at my sweetheart's house in good time. I won't try to describe my darling to you. I'll only say she was one of the fairest and sweetest girls in the kingdom. She was rather small, and her movements were as quick and graceful as a fairy's. We had been sweethearts for years and now at last we were to be married, and Kitty was going aboard the Seville to-morrow, to take her bridal trip to New York.

The guests have arrived, the ceremony is performed the breakfast is partaken of, and Kitty—mine now forever—and I lead off the dance. At last the guests are all gone, and Kitty and I are left alone. She has gone into the next room for a moment, and I sit as one in a happy, blissful dream, when suddenly she utters a shriek. With a bound I am at the door, where Kitty meets me and throws herself trembling into my arms.

"What is the matter, my darling?" I ask tenderly, holding her close.

"O Jack!" she whispered, clinging to me, "I saw him again just now, standing at the window, and he gave me that terrible look!"

"Who?" I asked.

"Gaspard Saronne," she replied.

With a smothered exclamation I placed Kitty on a sofa and rushed out to find and punish the man who had frightened her, but he had vanished. I had never seen this man, but Kitty had told me of him. He was a French seaman who had come to Liverpool during my last voyage had seen Kitty and fallen desperately in love with her, annoying her a great deal with his persistent and ardent attentions, until finally, to get rid of him, she told him of her approaching marriage. In a moment, she said, his manner changed entirely, and he gave her a look which made her heart almost stop beating, and, catching her by the wrist he bent his head and hissed in her ear:

"I swear to you that you shall never marry another. Remember that!"

The next moment he turned away and was gone, and when, a few days later, Kitty heard that his vessel had left Liverpool, she hoped she had seen the last of him. And here he had come like an evil spirit to mar the happiness of her wedding night. I soothed her like a child, and after awhile she seemed almost to have forgotten her fright.

II.

I was on board the *Seville* early the next morning and saw that everything was all right and running smoothly below. My new assistant had not yet put in his appearance when I went on shore again to get Kitty. As we came on board she grasped my arm with painful force, and looking down into her face I saw that it was very pale, and she pointed nervously across the vessel and whispered:

"There he is now, Jack; there he is!"

"Who?" I asked.

"Gaspard Saronne," she faltered.

I looked quickly in the direction she pointed, and saw, leaning against the rail of the vessel, apparently looking out across the water, a striking-looking man—tall, dark, and handsome. He was as fine a specimen of physical manhood as I had even seen, as he stood there with his arms folded across his breast, apparently taking no heed of anything passing around.

"I will take you to your room and come back and find out what he is doing here, sweetheart," I said.

As I came on deck again I met Captain Mooring, who said to me:

"Here, Jack, I was just looking for you to introduce you to your new assistant," and leading the way to where the motionless figure stood said: "Mr. Saronne, this is my chief engineer, Mr. Marlin. I hope you two gentlemen will pull together nicely."

Was it because of what Kitty had told me that I felt such a repugnance to this man; that as I shook his hand I felt as though I had caught hold of a serpent; that as I looked into his dark eyes I felt as one might feel who look sinto some dark, foul pool which has connected with it the story of a crime? No; I felt as though this had nothing to do with it. But I mastered my feelings and gave no sign. It was too late now, and I would make the most of it, After all, it might be only prejudice.

We went together to the engine-room, and I soon discovered that he understood his duties thoroughly. He strove to make himself agreeable, and when I went back to Kitty I was almost ashamed of my first feelings. I attempted to reassure her, but she seemed ill at ease, and again and again expressed her regret that Saronne should have been taken on board with us.

All went well with us, however, and the following night, about ten o'clock, I went down to make my rounds of the engine-room. Saronne accompanied me, and when we had made the rounds of the upper rooms he suggested that we go down into the lower. We accordingly went. Leading the way to the far end of the dark room with a lantern, he paused and asked me if I did not think a certain piston was running rather heavily. I listened, and told him I thought it did, and asked him for the lantern, that I might examine it. It was near the floor, and I had to stoop to see it. I found it needed oiling badly and said so, at the same time asking where Bill Stone was. I glanced up into the face of my companion as I asked the question, and the blood thrilled to my heart in a tide. He was bending over me and the look in his eyes was like that of a basilisk. Never before had I seen such a look on a human face, and I pray I never may again. I strove to rise, but his hands were at my throat, and, as he bore me to the floor, he hissed:

"Bill Stone and the others have been drinking to the health and happiness of you and your bride, and I put something in their grog that will make them sleep until they and all the rest of you wake up in another country!"

As he spoke, he laughed a wild, blood-curdling laugh, and his fingers seemed to bury themselves in my flesh. In vain I struggled with superhuman strength. He was more than a match for me on equal terms, and he had taken me at a disadvantage. I struck him in the face again and again, but his fingers only tightened their clap, and, with that fiendish, maniacal laugh ringing in my ears, I lost consciousness.

I was restored by having water dashed in my face. On opening my eyes and looking around I found myself lying in almost the same spot where I lay before. I was bound hand and foot and gagged, and there, standing in front of me, with a diabolical look of triumph on his face holding a bucket in his hand, was Gaspard Saronne.

"Excuse me for reviving you so rudely," he said, with a mock bow, "but I did not want you to lose count of what was passing; I knew you would enjoy it. And now I'll proceed to show you what my programme is. I have so arranged that gradually the boiler will be emptied, about which time cold water will pour in, a slight explosion will follow, and the sides of the vessel will be blown out like the sides of an old tub, and every soul on board except Kitty and myself will sink to the bottom. I'm rather sorry that Kitty made it necessary for me to do this," he went on, holding his head on one side and looking at me with a leer, "but I warned her against marrying you, and Gaspard Saronne is always as good as his word. I have drugged the stokers and several others who might have given me trouble, and now the way is clear. It will be a grand sight to see this ship blow up, and Kitty and I will enjoy it from our boat several miles off. And now I'll put you in closer quarters. I only wanted to give you the pleasure of hearing what I intended to do."

And taking hold of my feet he dragged me to one side of the room, opened the door of the lumber closet, where tools, oil-cans, &c., were kept, and threw me in.

III.

As the madman closed the door, and the horror of it all rushed upon me, I fainted. How long I remained so I do not know. When I regained consciousness I tried to sit up. I managed to get upon my knees, and prayed as I never prayed before.

In my agony I raised my hands above my head, and as I did so they struck against a piece of revolving shafting which extended into the closet, and came in contact with a strong iron pully attached to it and which connected with the machinery outside.

My knuckle struck against the edge of this little wheel and was slightly cut.

Like a flash from heaven, it came to me that this was my means of deliverance, not only for myself—that seemed almost a small matter now—but for my darling and the scores of souls on board. My wrists were tightly bound with a small, strong cord, which was already beginning to cut into the flesh. I pressed this cord, steadily and firmly against the rapidly revolving wheel. In a few moments so much heat was generated by the friction that I was compelled to remove it.

Again and again I pressed the cord to the edge of the wheel, and after what appeared to me to be hours, but which was really only a few minutes, the cord snapped with the strain I put upon it, and my hands were free. I quickly removed the gag from my mouth, and with my penknife cut the chords which bound my ankles and rose to my feet. Holding my little knife in one hand I groped in the dark until I found a hammer, and and then felt for the latch of the door. Finding it, I lifted it pushed the door.

It was locked—secured with a stock lock on my side. This I struck off with several heavy blows of the hammer, dashed the door open and stood again in the engine-room, fully expecting the madman to spring upon me as I did so.

But he was gone.

Only the throbbing of the great machinery kept time to the throbbing of my heart. My knees trembled as I hurried to the spot where Gaspard had shown me his devil-suggested arrangement for the destruction of the vessel. Already I heard that peculiar sound made by the gauge cock, which told of danger. My hand trembled so I could scarcely do what was necessary to save the ship, and when it was done I staggered to a seat and fell in it almost fainting. But in a moment I recovered, and rushed towards the stairway leading to the deck. Even now I might be too late. The maniac might have murdered Kitty or left the vessel with her.

As I mounted the last step on to the deck I saw a dark form passing rapidly towards the bow of the boat.

The moon was shining, partly obscured by clouds, but I could see that it was the form of a man with some burden in his arms. As my eyes became more accustomed to the light I saw that it was the figure of a woman he was carrying, and I felt that it was Saronne with Kitty in his arms, preparing to leave the vessel. With a wild cry I rushed towards him. He had just reached the foremast when my cry reached him. He turned, saw me coming, wheeled quickly, and with the apparently lifeless form of Kitty on one arm, mounted the ladder, and was at the cross-tree before I reached the foot of the mast.

Mad with rage and fear for Kitty I began to mount the ladder, when suddenly it fell upon me to the deck. Springing to my feet I looked up and saw the madman flourish-a gleaming knife in his hand, with which he had severed the ropes, and laughing that wild, mad laugh.

Several persons had been roused by my cry, and soon a circle had formed about the foot of the mast. Among the first was Captain Mooring, whom I told in as few words as possible all that had passed. I was almost wild with fear. Kitty had not spoken a word and had shown no signs of life. Had the fiend murdered her?

"Kitty!" I cried. "Kitty, my darling, speak to me!"

As though my frantic appeal had roused her, she stirred and moaned, and then, as consciousness returned, she stretched her arms towards me and begged me to save her. I rushed to the mast and throwing my arms about it, attempted to climb up, when Saronne said:

"If any man attempts to come up here I will plunge this knife in her heart!"

I staggered back with a groan.

"Captain!" I cried, wildly, "save my darling for me. Save her!"

"We will save her, Jack," he said soothingly. "Never fear."

The madman laughed again.

"Is any one in this company a good enough shot to shoot that fellow without fear of striking Mrs. Marlin?" asked the captain, turning to those about him.

There was no reply, and I shrank from the idea with a shudder. The minutes dragged heavily on, as various suggestions were offered. After that first appeal to me Kitty had remained very quiet, and only when the moon shone out brightly from behind clouds, I could see her looking at me with a world of love in her sweet eyes.

Finally Saronne grew weary of one position, and in order to move, loosened his hold of Kitty. That was the moment she had been praying for. With one quick movement she caught a rope and was gliding towards the deck. Saronne turned, saw what had happened, and with a terrible cry severed the rope with one powerful sweep of the knife. But too late. I had seen it all and was standing under my darling. She was almost within reach when he cut the rope, and as she fell I caught her safely in my arms. Then I heard some one yell.

"Look out, he's coming!"

I looked up and saw that Saronne had caught another rope, and, with the knife between his teeth, was rapidly nearing the deck. To put Kitty behind me and catch up the hammer which had fallen was the work of an instant. But even as I drew back to strike him, the report of a pistol sounded, and Saronne struck the deck on his feet, bounded like a ball and fell at full length, the blood spouting from his breast. He strove to rise, as he fixed on me one of his terrible looks, but fell back and died without a groan.

We afterwards learned that Saronne had been for several years an inmate of a lunatic asylum in France, but had been pronounced cured and been released.

When we returned to Liverpool, my old friend, Tom Ruggles, was the first man to step on board, and since then we have taken many a voyage together.

Years have passed since that awful night, and Kitty and I are approaching our last haven, but she never hears it mentioned without shuddering. She had retired and was asleep when the madman came into our cabin and chloroformed her and carried her out, and my voice, as I spoke to her, was the first sound she had heard. And she carries yet scars in the palm of her hand from which the skin was torn as she came down the rope.

A Human Were-Wolf.

London Truth publishes the following pen picture of the court where Neill was convicted:

A dim, dingy, cockpit-looking hall, dear Lady Betty, with a raised bench running along one end, an ample dock and an overhanging gallery at the other, and progressive pens to the left. Opposite to these and beneath the only windows through which struggles the light of day an antiquated jury box, containing 12 men, the very image of the waxworks in Mme. Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors.

In the well, rows of long tables covered with briefs and rows of low forms covered with lawyers. The atmosphere stifling. In the dock a human were-wolf, tall square-built, with a bald, angular-cast skull, low forehead, a squint partially concealed by gold-rimmed glasses, and incessantly grinding his under jaw as he stares through the windows at the prison walls opposite. There is nothing startling about the man. He conveys a general impression of vulgar profligacy and disease, combined with the outward indications of middle class respectability. I could pick out a dozen others like him in the Strand at any hour of the day.

To the extreme right of the bench, the judge—a cold deliberate, experienced man of the world, arrayed in a theatrical scarlet robe, a little gray crimped wig, and projected by a high strip of scarlet cushion at the back. Along the platform to the left of him a row of aldermen, fat, thin, short and tall, looking supremely grotesque in their tawdry costumes of silk, fur and frippery. Also two or three sporting peers, a flaneur, and a commission agent. Around on every side a dense mob of half-stifled spectators. Women, members of the Bayswater Hysterical Brigade, who mistake morbid interest for intelligence, with broad felt hats, wavy feathers, heavy features and solid brocades. Idle men, attracted by idle curiosity to witness two men fight for a fellow-man's life! Outside in the immediate approaches petty officials cadging for gratuities and granting admission to the court for shillings and half crowns!

This is Her Majesty's Central Criminal Court; the period, the close of the nineteenth century; and the occasion, the trial for murder of Thomas Neill Cream.

The protected cruiser Blenheim, sister to the Blake, has developed 21,411 horse-power under forced draught, and a speed of 21.6 knots. This makes the Blenheim the fastest cruiser afloat with the exception of the Brilliant, which showed on her trials 22.5 knots.

An Irishman has written a strong article in favor of cremation, and says that cremation has one great advantage; it will prevent "dead" people from being buried alive

HEALTH.

Feeding Infants.

To the extent that mothers are unnatural, unmotherly, recreant to their important trust, refusing to nurse their babies, will they die with the *cholera infantum*. If the mortality among the young of the brute creation should but half equal that of our babes, those particularly interested would be likely to petition congress for an investigation of the causes of such fearful waste of life.

While "milk for babes" is an acknowledged principle, the present disregard of this principle is spreading desolation over the land, causing many, many mothers' hearts to mourn in bitter anguish; yet the cause of such mortality is very easily traced. To feed these babes with the same food which is proper for the adult laborer, is foolish in the extreme, and sure to produce premature death, at least in the average cases.

Useful Science.

Scientific research has contributed much, not only to the saving of human life, but to the accumulation of wealth and the diffusion of comfort.

Millions of francs are saved annually to the French nation by the admirable investigations conducted in the interest of her wine industries by M. Pasteur. There was a time when the wines of France were liable to turn bitter or sour. No one could tell whether the wine of a given year would turn out good or bad. Ruin threatened the whole grape-growing district of France.

Pasteur discovered that the wine would be ruined whenever he could find in it certain micro-organisms which destroyed the wine by producing a certain kind of fermentation. He next discovered that they could be destroyed by heating to a temperature not at all harmful to the wine itself. By this simple process the grape-growers have since avoided the degeneration of their product.

The silk-producers of France and Italy also owe to Pasteur their prosperity. The silk-worms became afflicted with a parasite which killed them before they had spun their silk. Through unceasing study, combined with a remarkable insight, Pasteur discovered just at what stage of the life of the silk worm the parasite might be destroyed.

A recent interesting instance of what science can do against apparantly overwhelming odds occurred in the plains of Thessaly. The crops of that district of Greece were threatented with entire destruction by swarms of field mice, Every effort at destroying them proved inefficient, and finally Pasteur was appealed to. He referred his correspondent to Leoffler whose recent researches among disease microbes have made him famous, and the Athenian government finally invited Leoffler to Athens, where, after some experimentation, he determined upon a line of procedure.

Pieces of bread were prepared, each of which contained numbers of a certain micro-organism known to be extremely deadly to mice, producing in them a disease much like typhoid fever. The same microbes, if eaten by man or by domestic animals, are absolutely harmless. This bait was placed freely within reach of the wild mice, and at the same time other mice inoculated with the bacilli were turned loose, that their dead bodies might be eaten by the others.

In this way the disease was quickly distributed. Nine days after the baiting the mice had entirely ceased to show themselves, and further injury to the crops was averted Other districts were subsequently treated by the same method, and reported similar results.

The Uses of Food.

An intellegent man feeds his horse, if valuable, with regularity, care and system, selecting wholesome and nourishing food, treating him as if an intelligent and mortal being. He feeds himself differently, selecting what a vitiated appetite clamors for, eats as he pleases, when he pleases, as often as he pleases, as much as pleases, as if a brute, not subject to any physical organic law, in consequence of which he is the victim of fearful diseases, has a life of physical suffering, while his valuable and intelligent horse remains in a natural condition, free from the diseases of man. Which is the higher order of creation?

Intoxicants.

To the philanthropists, the greatest evil which ever threatened the stability of a free government, degraded, depressed the standard of morality, imbruting man, dehumanizing mortal beings, is the use of ardent spirits. They produce no possible good, but they harm, and that continually. As poisons they produce poisonous effects, and only such, for whatever purpose they may be used. It is a matter of no possible importance whether they are called medicine or grog, the poisonous element being still retained. Governor Lewis Cass, of Michigan, says: "I stand here this hour a living witness of the utter worthlessness of all intoxicating liquors, having never tasted of any of them in my long life; and I have endured my share of labor and fatigue, both in peace and war." The ancient Roman soldiers, who conquered the world, and bore a weight which would crush a modern soldier, drank only water and vinegar. A Dutch ship with sixty men, well supplied with provisions and liquors, attempted to pass the winter in Hudson's bay, losing fifty-eight men, while and English ship of twenty-two men, without liquors passed the same winter in the same place with a loss of but one man. Dr. Abbott, of England who spent some years in the West Indies, says that in that extreme climate, with a vertical sun, experience has proved that the slaves who wholly abstain from all alcoholic liquors are more healthy and live longer and perform more labor than those who use it. Science, experience and observation teach us that alcohol contains nothing to afford health, strength and endurance—simply stimulating, wasting, exhausting the vital forces, to be succeeded by weakness and inactivity—nothing to protect us from the vicissitudes of our changeful climates nothing in any respect to improve our physical condition, and, if possible less to satisfy the mental and moral impulses.

Some attention has been attracted to a statement in Dublin that a claim is likely to be made by an eloquent and popular canon in the Church of Ireland to a dormant Scottish Earldom, and to a baronial title dating back to the reign of Charles I.

ONCE A POWERFUL NATION.

The Important Past of the Now Pitiful and Timorous Mashonas.

Mr. Theodore Bent has made some surprising discoveries with regard to the inhabitants of Mashonaland. Eight years ago Montagu Kerr described these natives as a very timid people living among the rocks and crannies of the hills, where they kept a constant outlook for the approach of the dreaded Matabeles. Their enemies for many years had kept them in a state of terror. Mr. Bend says that in spite of their timid nature, he believed when he saw them last year that their race had seen better days, as they retained traces of a higher civilization in their skill in smelting iron, their carvings, and musical instruments. They called themselves the Makalanga, a name which did not signify much to the explorer until he returned to civilization, when he began to read the works of early Portuguese travellers.

In the book written three hundred years ago by Dos Santos, who was a far more careful and accurate writer on Africa than most of his contemporaries, Mr. Bent was astonished to find this statement referring to the region of Mashonaland:

"All these Kaffirs they call Mocarangas, because all talk the Mocaranga language. The Monomatapa and all his vassals are Mocarangas, a name which they have because they live in the land of the Mocaranga, which is the best and most polished of all the Kaffir languages I have seen."

Here we have the same name as Makalanga by substituting, as the Portuguese always did, r for l. Other conclusive testimony with regard to the identity of the two peoples has been discovered by Mr. Bent, and it may be regarded as established that the timid Makalangas of to-day are the descendants of the once powerful organization known in the sixteenth century as the empire of Monomatapa, a powerful Kaffir organization like the Matabeles of to-day, which fell to pieces on account of internal dissensions, and finally became a prey to the Zulu hordes. The descriptions which Dos Santos gives of the Makalangas of Monomatapa correspond exactly with the habits and customs of the present inhabitants. He tells of the annual sacrifice of the spirits of their ancestors, the intercessors for them between God and man, the beer drinking, the iron smelting, the Mashonaland piano, the weekly day of rest during the ploughing season, and other customs which identify them with the people of to-day.

Mr. Bent has also been able to avail himself of the writings of Arabian historians who lived 1,000 years ago, whose descriptions of the manners and customs of the people living in this region connect them with the present race. Hence it seems very clear that the country now called Mashonaland has been inhabited for at least 1,000 years by the ancestors of the present barbarous race, a race which at one time had power and some degree of civilization, due probably to its intercourse with foreign traders; but it has again fallen into a condition of barbarism.

During the ploughing season every sixth day is called God's Day, when the people abstain from work. The day is invariably devoted by the men to drinking beer and lying idle on the rocks. The Mashona piano consists of more than twenty iron notes fixed to a scale on a square piece of wood and played on a calabash to bring out the sound. The natives are a musical race, and easily pick up tunes to play on this instrument.

The anthropologist evidently has an inviting field for research in the study of the Makalanga, whose language is as yet little known. The natives are very reserved with regard to their customs and religious observances.

SCIENTIFIC DEVELOPMENTS.

A New York inventor claims to have discovered a process for making rubber resist acids.

There are 175,000 incandescent lamps used in Paris. They require a horse power of 17,500.

New rubber mats are made with patterns on both sides, so that they can be employed either way.

The soldering of aluminum is said to be easily and cheaply effected by sprinkling the surfaces to be joined with chloride of silver and melting down.

Two ocean-going torpedo boats have been ordered by the French Government. They are to be over 130 feet long, and are to obtain the speed of 23½ knots.

Milan is to be supplied with electric lights by the utilization of the water power of the Villoresi Canal, at its fall at Tessin. It is estimated that 30,000 horse power can be developed at this point.

Spurgeon's Tabernacle in London is fitted up with electric bells to ring in all parts of the house. Strangers are kept standing until five minutes before the service, when all the bells are rung simultaneously and a grand rush is made for seats.

It has been found that the average life of a ship built in the United States is 18 years, in France 20, in Holland 22, in Germany 25, in England 26, in Italy 27, and in Norway 30. The average death rate of the world's shipping is 4 per cent. and the berth rate is 5 per cent.

Experiments were recently made at Toulon, France, for illuminating the bottom of the sea with electric lamps. The apparatus imployed was sunk in six fathoms and it illuminated the bottom to a radius of 100 feet. It is thought that the lamp will be of the greatest value for reconnoitering for concealed torpedoes.

An important discovery of a method of preventing the sulphating of lead plates in storage batteries has been made by an English investigator. It has been found that when a strip of lead was placed in contact with peroside of lead the active material could be changed without ill effects following, but when the active material was discharged a slight coating of sulphate was always formed, which in time stopped the action. To remedy his trouble, the inventor of the new process coats the lead strips with a thin layer of gilt and the result is that no sulphating occurs either in the charging or discharging action. The inventor claims in addition to the discovery of the principle of gilding the lead that he has also found a practical method of applying the gold.

The knowledge drawn from experience is of quite another kind from that which flows from speculation or discourse.

The Kootenay Star

SATURDAY, DEC. 10, 1892.

Railway Development of West Kootenay.

The Miner continues to publish the ridiculous balderdash under the above heading, written with the intention of booming Nelson for first place as the "natural railroad centre and distributing point for West Kootenay," and thereby inducing the Government to waste public money in a futile attempt to make it so. Situated as Nelson is, away down in one corner of the Kootenay country and not far from the boundary line, the Miner is possessed of no small amount of gall to put forward a claim for the trade of the whole district. But the statements contained in the article are so absurd, especially its geographical ignorance, that we deem it our duty to notice the effusion. Published in the Miner we do not think it will have much effect for good or evil. But the trouble is this: We know the Government's partiality for spending money in Nelson, and it does not take a very long stretch of the imagination to believe that these articles are being written in the interests of some "friends" of the Government, so as to give that august body an excuse for making another lavish expenditure of public money there. Says the Miner: "Where is West Kootenay's natural railroad centre and distributing point? NELSON!" What rot. Again: "But although the inhabitants of West Kootenay may require nothing to increase their confidence (in Nelson), there are outsiders," etc. This is good. Why, the inhabitants of West Kootenay require nothing to increase their distrust, dislike and detestation of Nelson and its methods, and the Miner itself is simply nauseous to them. The Miner says: "All the mineral yet found in West Kootenay has been discovered on streams tributary to either Kootenay or Slocan Lakes." Has it? We think not. What of Illecillewaet, Big Bend, Fish Creek, and the North Lardeau and Trout Lake districts, where the greatest finds have been made? Surely the Miner's knowledge of the geography of the district is somewhat hazy. If it will persist in publishing such distorted and inaccurate statements it should not be surprised if it becomes a laughing-stock. Further on it goes into ecstasy over the great and glorious future awaiting Nelson. It does not look very promising in that hamlet just now, however, if the statement published in the Miner a few weeks ago is true—that both banks refused to discount notes signed by some of its most prominent citizens. But should the rosy days predicted by our erudite contemporary ever come to pass no one who has any knowledge of the present state of affairs will believe that the Miner will be there to participate in it.

As showing the unscrupulous and roundabout methods the Miner takes to belittle Revelstoke we give a sample which appeared in its issue of Nov. 26th: "No meat in New Denver, no butter, no tobacco. * * * Supplies will be packed in (from Nelson) via Slocan River." Now the Miner knows New Denver is supplied from Revelstoke, and has taken this ingenious way of stating that it would be better served from Nelson, via the Slocan River route. But the whole thing is a falsehood. During the last three trips of the Lytton one Revelstoke firm alone (Messrs. Bourne Bros.) dispatched to New Denver no less than 75 tons of merchandise, mostly groceries and provisions, including 14,000 lbs. of meat (ham and bacon); 1,600 lbs. of tobacco, and large quantities of butter. Sixteen hundred pounds of tobacco ought to be enough for the wants of a young town like New Denver for several months. Probably some store belonging to a Nelson man ran out of stock, and rather than buy goods brought from Revelstoke the author of the Miner's false news preferred to await the arrival of supplies from the "central point of West Kootenay"—Nelson—via the Slocan River.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR.]

The Editor cannot be responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents.

Christmas Excursions.

SIR,—I see the Canadian Pacific is advertising excursions from the Northwest and Manitoba to Ontario and Quebec during the approaching festive season. Why don't that company extend the privilege to B. C.? There are hundred of young men in this province who would like to spend Christmas amongst their kindred in the east, but the prohibitive price of a return ticket puts a stop to any such desire being carried out. From any part of Manitoba to any part of Ontario and Quebec and return, good for 90 days, the fare is $40. From British Columbia to Quebec and return the figure is nearly $120. I was told before I left Ontario that the working man who went to British Columbia would have to stop there, as it took quite a small fortune to buy a railway ticket for the eastern provinces. This seems to be about the truth of it. What's to hinder the C.P.R. giving us a $50 excursion to Ontario and back? They have to run the Atlantic Express every day, and it might just as well carry excursionists as go through half empty as it does now. Probably the fear is that many wouldn't come back.—Yours truly, ONTARIAN.

November 29th, 1882.

Close of Navigation on the Columbia.

Capt. Sanderson took the Marion down river Tuesday morning to see if he could make a passage through the ice, as there is a good deal of merchandise and lumber awaiting shipment to points below. Nothing was heard of the steamer until last night, when Messrs. D. A. Lamey, Gus Sanderson, Sandy McCrae, Ole Strandburg and Frank Mitchell arrived up from Lardeau City, on the North East Arm, having walked a great part of the distance. They met with the Marion about seven miles down, where there was a jam of about 300 yards of frozen snow and ice. Failing to get through, the Marion turned back, taking the Lardeau City men on board, but after coming up about three miles she broke one of her wheel chains. They then got out a hawser and commenced towing, the men walking on the ice which reached out from the shore. Whilst engaged in towing Mr. Lamey made a big hole in the ice, and would have gone under but for the timely assistance of Frank Mitchell and Gus Sanderson. He was fished out, and in a few minutes became a mass of walking ice. As the weather is now hardening and the thermometer 10 degrees below freezing, there is little hope of any further communication by water with the lower country this winter. Mr. Mitchell is going to the coast, the others to Illecillewaet—returning to the Lardeau if possible.

Christmas Tree.

The Presbyterian Sabbath School will have a Christmas Tree in the Schoolroom on Saturday evening, the 24th inst. (Christmas Eve), commencing at 7.30. After an entertainment of vocal and instrumental music the gifts will be distributed by "Santa Claus," who will remember every child in the town. Every person present will receive something from the tree, and each will have a chance of winning the "Queen of the Evening." Any and every gift to this end will be acceptable. All friends desiring to make use of the tree will please send their gifts to Mr. Wells, Post-office, or to Mr. Paton, with the name of the person it is intended for written on it. The admission will be 50 cents. Should there be any profit it will be devoted to the school library funds.

The Chicago Ledger

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