The Weekly News.

NO. 283 CUMBERLAND, B C. [Formerly Union] TUESDAY APRIL 19th., 1898 $2.00 PER ANNUM.

UNION MEAT MARKET

For the choicest meats we are head quarters. If you have not tried our noted sausages, bologna and head cheese, you should do so at once. Fresh vegetables, eggs and butter, salmon bellies, Mackerel, etc.

SHIPPING SUPPLIES

SIMON LEISER

NEW GOODS, NEW GOODS.

JUST arrived from Great Britain,
A huge consignment of Dry Goods,
And will be opened out this week.

Towels, Men's and Boys Sweaters, Dress Goods, Silks, Ribbons, Hosiery, Gloves, Ties, Flannellettes, Underwear, Blouses, Handkerchiefs, Collars; Etc., Etc., Etc.

SEE NEXT WEEKS' AD

GUS HAUCK.

WE HAVE

a New and Full Stock of School Supplies, and Stationery.

TAKE Sarsaparilla for a good Spring Tonic. It cures that tired feeling.

—o—

☞ Open Sundays from 10 to 11 a. m.

After having La Grippe try a bottle of Beef Iron Wine. The best Strengthening Tonic

—o—

☞ Open Sundays from 3 to 5 p. m.

NOTHING BUT THE BEST AND PUREST DRUGS FOR DISPENSING.

Syrup of Douglas Pine the latest cure for Coughs and Colds. Scott's Emulsion, Linseed and Turpentine.

Peacey & Co.

GIDEON HICKS. ARTHUR WHEELER.

GIDEON HICKS & CO.,

P.O. Box 233 Victoria, B. C.

Dealers in New and Second-hand Pianos and Organs.

BERLIN (Berlin, Ont.,) MASON & RISH (Toronto, Ont.,) BUSH & GEOTS (Chicago, Ill.)

All kinds of Sheet Music kept in stock.

Orders promptly attended to.

TUNING and REPAIRING.

Cumberland representative Rev. Wm. Hicks.

LATEST BY WIRE.

SPANISH NEWS.

Madrid, April 14.—The Queen says she prefers the horrors of war to tarnishing the prestige of the army or impairment of the rights of the crown.

New York, April 15.—The second Spanish torpedo flotilla expected daily by the officers of the torpedo boats, is now in port at Cape Verde Island.

NANAIMO NEWS.

T. Hopkins, a pioneer of this city, was killed in an explosion at Baker City to-day

Steamer Carralton left here this evening, crowded with passengers for the north.

ANOTHER MAN GONE WRONG.

Kamloops, April 16—City Clerk, J. McIver, has been arrested on a charge of defaulting the city and provincial government out of considerable money.

INTERVENTION.

Washington, April 14.—The resolution of foreign affairs committee, calling upon the president to intervene at once to stop the war in Cuba, passed the House shortly after 6 o'clock by a vote of 324 ayes to 20 nays. This practically means that war will be declared within next 48 hours.

NOTE.—It does not mean intervention or war unless Spain renews hostilities at expiration of the armistice.—ED.

MORE WAR VESSELS.

Washington, April 15.—The Navy Department has bought the big trans-Atlantic liners St. Paul and St. Louis.

CUBAN POSTAL SERVICE.

New York, April 15.—The U. S. authorities have closed the postal service to Cuba for the present.

MAINE DISASTER

Chicago, Ill. April 15—Chas. A. Crandal, alias Escado, who acting under Capt Gen. Weyler, planted the mines and torpedoes in Havana, was run to earth in Chicago last night He was in custody of three U. S. secret service men, who were taking him to Washington, where he is expected to testify. He was run down by a Cuban spy.

WHARF NOTES

The Pakshan arrived from the north' stopping here to coal on the 13th. She reports the rivers opening up—40 days earlier than last year—and that numbers are coming out over the passes from Dawson. Among the passengers was R. A. Ellis of Montana. He had $30,000 in gold dust. Others had some dust.

The same day the Islander passed down with 200 passengers. She did not appear much the worse for being run into by the Williamette while lying at anchor in Juneau harbor. Fifty-four persons had been taken out of the snow avalanche 150 more still burried—some never to be recovered. One man in digging for his outfit dug out 4 bodies.—There are 4000 people trying to get through on the Trail The snow has left and sleighs are useless On the Stickine river the ice is breaking up. Wrangel is being eaten up with sharks and gamblers. Two men from Dawson came down on the Islander—had little or no gold; things quiet there.

The Ning Chow called here on Tuesday on her way to Wrangel and northern points.

ROBERT GRANT'S LETTER

Dawson City, Mar. 3d 1896

Dear Jack: My health is good; weigh 10 lbs more than when I left home.

The place is very rough; but good enough for a young man, who if he has luck may make a strike. The winter is right cold and not by any means short; and the food is largely bacon and beans, and very poor bread. Gold here in some places is something you can hardly believe. I was up Hunker Creek the other day to see Harry McGregor. I passed a claim and saw them hoist in one bucket $300 worth of dust There were six pans to the bucket which would go $50 the pan. A man could lift from 100 to 150 buckes per day. I did not strike it so good, though my chances in the property on Bear Creek are turning out fairly well; can sell for more than double what I paid for it; may sell before long. I have taken out some very good gold this winter.

The boys who left Union are all kicking yet; some of them are not well. A lot of them have the scurvy, H. McGregor among them. I took him fresh meat and eatables—about the only cure for it. Heard from him yesterday. He is able to be at work again. Neil McFadyen worked with me all winter and is well; and so is Joe Grieve. Remember me to all the boys, and my friends. I will be home before long.

Truly yours,

R. Grant

A STRAIGHT TIP

To those who want to buy the BEST GOODS

—o— FOR THE LEAST MONEY. —o—

We have now the CHOICEST STOCK of HIGH CLASS GROCERIES Suitable for Family Trade. Our Hams, Bacon, CANNOT be beat. Always a Large stock of Fresh Eggs on hand.

Dry Goods.

We have a nice assortment of Spring Dress Goods, Flannelettes, Ginghams, Prints, Etc. for which we beg your inspection.

McPHEE & MOORE.

CITY COUNCIL.

The City Council met last Tuesday evening. All present but Alds. Carthew, and Westwood.

Minutes of previous meeting read and adopted.

BILLS.

Granger for labor $1.50; Stokes working on ditch $7.85; Clerk postage, etc., $1.55; Whitney for March rent $8.00; News for publishing Dog Tax by-law $7.00; J. L. McKinnon work on street crossing $13.65.

These accounts were referred to Finance Committee and ordered paid if found correct.

REPORTS.

Board of Works, recommending bill of A. Armstrong for $12.50 be paid. So ordered.

That crossing at corner of 3d street and Dunsmuir, and sidewalk on Second street were complete.

TENDERS.

Tenders for tending street lamps were opened as follows: Leonard Piket $15.00 per month; Geo. Bish 40 cents per night. Tender of Bish accepted.

MISCLENANIOUS.

Ald. Calnan was added to committee to interview the Fire Comdany.

It was decided the Council should interview Supt. Little, with reference to a park.

The clerk was instructed to write to the Hon. J. W. Turner, requesting that the Sanitary Engineer detailed to visit interior cities re sewers, be also requested to visit Cumberland.

Ald. Westwood entered and took his seat.

BY-LAWS.

The Public Morals by-law passed its third reading.

Sunday Observance by-law passed its third reading.

INCORPORATION ACCOUNTS.

Finance Committee reported favorably: Registra General $25.00; Dr. Lawrence, cash paid out $27.50; L. P. Eckstien $230.

Adjourned.

A sitting of the County Court of Nanaimo will be held in the Court House, Cumberland, on Wednesday April 27th, at 3 o'clock p. m.

W. B. ANDERSON,
Deputy Registra.

Cumberland, B.C,
April 15, 1898.

MINSTREL TROUPE.

H. M. S. Sparrow Hawk will give an unique and original entertainment at Cumberland Hall on Wednesday evening April 20th, in aid of the Hospital. Tickets 50 cents.

UNION SHIPPING.

Apr. 11.—Vancouver &scow, 213 tons Lois, 216 tons coal.
13 Pakshan, 241 tons coal.
Quadra, 73 tons coal.
City of Nanaimo, 24 tons coal
15 Ning Chow, 362 tons "
Lois & scow 165 tons coal and 24 tons of coke.
Lorne, 35 tons coal.
16 Hong Kong, 190 tons coal
Bk Carrolton, 2400 tons, Alaska
Wolcott, 10 "
19 Wellington, 2650 tons coal
San Mateo due Wednesday.

SKAGWAY LETTER.

Skagway, April 4, 1898.

Editor News: As promised I write you briefly my impressions. There is nothing but mud here; I leave this afternoon up the Trail, shall hire a freighter to take me about 12 miles. Claude [his son] I hear is all right but I shall get to him as soon as possible.

We had a tiresome voyage, and did not arrive here until Monday April 4th, at 10 a.m. At Wrangel the passengers dropped about $3.000 during the stop. I saw several Union people—Carthew, Hugh Stewart, Harrigan, Lambert, Nighingale, McLaughlin. Here in Skagway I met a few I knew. Owen Grant is running a pack train. I saw Alex. Grant going up the Skagway trail. Skagway although up to a horse's middle in mud is lively; gambling and bad women in the majority. Wasn't able to see Soapy Smith.

As regards sickness, they say there have been only 29 deaths since last fall, but it is hard to get at the truth.

The latest news about the Dyea snow slide disaster is they have identified 67 bodies. Probably it will reach 100, and turn the people on the Skagway trail. Weather is warm. Time may be will make a good town of the place. Outfits can be bought almost as cheap as in Vancouver. It takes lots of money and red tape to get your outfits through—as much as to buy it.

Yours truly,

M. F. KELLY.

MRS. MASTERS OF NANAIMO

The Fashionable Milliner.

Formerly well and favorably known here as Mrs. Harrien, will visit Cumberland Thursday next after pay-day, this month.

She will bring with her an assortment of millinery, consisting of Children's Headwear, Ladies' Sailor and Walking Hats, and a nice lot of Trimmed Bonnets and Hats, both for Ladies and Children.

Mrs. Masters will also take orders for Trimmed Millinery, which she will trim after her return and for ard by next boat. She will only be here on the Thursday mentioned, and ladies will do well to keep posted as to pay-day, and give her a call, and thus save the expense of making a trip out of the district for what can on this occasion be as well obtained at home.

The Diamond Coterie

BY LAWRENCE C. LYNCH.

(CONTINUED.)

If her own honor were threatened she could not have been more troubled and full of fear; for in rebellion, in self-contempt, in a fierce burst of rage against the heart she could not control, Constance Wardour, heiress and queen absolute, was forced to confess to that heart that Clifford Heath's happiness was her happiness too.

Having been forced to recognize this fact, against her wish and will, Constance came to a better understanding with herself, and she confessed to herself, with cheeks aflame at the recollection, that her petulant outbreak, and shameful accusation against Doctor Heath, was but the mutinous struggle of the head against the heart's acknowledged master. Too late came this self confession. Sybil Lamotte's letter had never been found; the mystery surrounding its disappearance, remained a mystery; and, how could she recall her accusation, while the circumstances under which it was made remained unchanged? Realizing that she owed him reparation, she was yet powerless to make it.

"It would be equivalent to a confession, that I could not be happy without his friendship," she said, hotly. "And he would not accept an apology while his innocence remained unproven. Let me suffer the consequences of my own folly; I deserve it; but," setting her white teeth resolutely, "no harm shall come to him that I can avert; and, I am not the weakest of women."

Oh, the perversity of women. Who can comprehend it? Who analyze the mysterious creatures?

When there was against Clifford Heath only a breath of suspicion, a few whispered words from his own lips, that might mean nothing of importance, when calmly reconsidered; a missing letter, with the contents of which he was familiar, and which, therefore, could be of little value to him, and it was enough. He stood before her accused, and went out from her presence wronged, insulted, splendid as King Arthur in his helpless indignation.

Now the detective's strong chain of evidence, John Burrill's strange insinuations, and still stranger conduct, his words when he spoke, his reticence when he kept silent, all were arrayed against him, with telling effect, and in spite of them all, Constance Wardour angrily assured herself, and fully believed, that Clifford Heath was a wronged, and innocent man. She did not reason herself into this belief; and it was absurd, of course. She arrived at her conclusions, as all loving women do, through her feelings, and her instinct. A woman seldom reasons, but in many cases her ready intuition is worth more than all man's wisdom. Her delicate instinct strikes directly at the truth, when man's reason gropes in the darkness.

Constance went out very little during these troubled days, and for this there were several reasons. John Burrill's obstrusiveness was at its height, and he fairly haunted the vicinity of Wardour; and since the advent of Mr. Belknap, Constance had an uneasy feeling that she was in some way, under surveillance. Nelly, who was argus-eyed, and always in armor on behalf of her mistress, had, on one or two occasions, spied a lurker about the premises; and Constance was resolved to give Mr. Belknap as little trouble, on her account, as possible. She had not visited Sybil for some days, for, although she had informed the detective that she desired to consult Mr. Lamotte, she had no such intentions; and, since the day when she had promised Mr. Lamotte to retain the detective for another week, she had avoided meeting him, and being forced to resume the conversation.

To know herself under the watchful eye of one detective, while anxiously expecting the advent of another, and to be aware that the presence of the one must not be made known to the other, afforded her a new and strange sensation; not altogether an unpleasant one either, for Constance was no coward, and had a decided taste for adventure.

She realized, too, the absurdity of being thus shadowed, in her own house, by her own hired agent.

"I should go down to posterity as the first woman who ever hired a spy to watch herself," she mused with a little laugh. "I begin to think that I am an absurd creature, throughout."

Two days passed, and Constance endured them, although the hours crept slowly. On the third, her anxiety was almost beyond control.

If Bathurst should fail her! If her letter had not found him! If he were absent from the city! Oh, what a chance was here for disaster. Mr. Belknap would soon be in the field, and Ray's time had almost expired.

"Oh," she said, anxiously, "if he disappoints me, what shall I do. I must trust Ray, and will he be strong enough to battle with this danger?"

While she mused thus, growing wild with anxiety, a half-grown boy, bearing on his head a small tray of delicate ivory carvings, was applying for admittance at the servants' entrance. He was shabbily dressed, but possessed a fine, intelligent face, and bore himself with cool confidence.

"I have brought the carving for Miss Wardour," he said, briskly. "Can I see her, please?"

Nelly hesitated.

"She expects me," said the boy, quickly; "and, as I am a little late, I would like to show her the wares and be off, for I've more to sell in the village. Just tell her it's the chap she's looking for."

Constance stared in surprise when Nelly delivered this message.

"The chap I am looking for," she repeated slowly; then, with a sudden brightening of her whole face, she added: "Oh, to be sure? I had almost forgotten. Send him here, at once, Nelly."

"I hope you will excuse me," began the boy, apologetically; then, as Nelly closed the door, he dropped his voice, and said, "I come from Mr. Bathurst;" and, taking off his cap, he produced from thence a letter, which he put in her hand.

"I'm to wait for the answer," he said, and took up his position beside his wares.

Constance opened the letter, with a hand trembling with eagerness. It ran:—

"Miss Wardour—By all means keep the secret of the diamonds, and trust all to me. I think it best not to come to you, as Belknap keeps a constant watch upon your movements; dismiss him as soon as you like. Have no fears regarding Heath, I have his enemies well roped; be assured that I shall be on hand when needed, and when you see me expect to have the question of the diamond robbery forever set at rest. If you have anything to say, send verbal instructions by boy; he is to be trusted. Yours sincerely,

"NEIL J. BATHURST."

Constance heaved a sigh of relief, as she finished the perusal of this note, and after a moment's reflection, she said:—

"Tell Mr. Bathurst that I will obey his instructions, and that Mr. Belknap will be dismissed from my service today."

"Yes, madam. Now if you will please to select some of these things for the sake of appearance."

"Of course. You are very thoughtful. Are you a young detective too?"

The boy looked up with a gleam of pride in his eyes.

"I have been in Mr. Bathurst's service two years, madam."

"Oh, then I have no fears as to your discretion; so I will ask you a question, knowing that you are wise enough to refuse me an answer if I am asking too much."

The boy smiled, and stood attentive.

"May I ask if Mr Bathurst is really now in W—, and when he arrived?"

The boy laughed an odd laugh, and full of mischief.

"Mr. Bathurst is here," he said. "I can't tell just when he did arrive."

"Then you did not come together?"

"We! Oh, no, indeed!" laughing again. "Mr. Bathurst is too smart for that."

Constance smiled with a returning feeling of ease and restfulness.

"Ah, I see I can trust Mr. Bathurst—and you, and lest I ask the wrong question if I continue, I will not ask another one; tell Mr. Bathurst I rely on him to straighten all the tangles; and that I like his messenger almost as much as his message."

"My but ain't she a rum young lady," mused the boy, as he trudged away from Wardour Place with his lightened tray of ivories, "and handsome! jingo! if I was Mr. Bathurst I'd work for her, just to see her smile, and no pay; but Lord, he don't care, he don't; he'll work just as hard for any old crone; he's another rum one."

"Ah, what a relief," breathed Constance, reading for the third time Bathurst's reassuring note. "I begin to feel like myself once more. Now I am ready for you, Mr. private detective Belknap."

And, truly, Constance was herself once more. Poor Mrs. Aliston, sitting aloof, and abandoned during the days of her niece's perturbation of mind, was the first to receive the benefit of the returning sunshine. Constance, for reasons which any woman can guess, had kept her anxiety, concerning Doctor Heath, a profound secret from this good lady; and she, watching the signs of the times, made no comments, but speculated profoundly—and, wide of the mark.

"You should have gone with me to drive, yesterday, Con.," said Mrs. Aliston to Constance, who was sitting in her aunt's room, half an hour after the departure of her small messenger, was endeavoring to atone for her neglect of the past few days by chatting cheerily upon every subject but the one which was of deepest interest to herself.

"You should have been with me and seen Sybil Lamotte."

"Sybil! Did you call there?"

"Oh, no. I can't get on with Mrs. Lamotte well enough to brave such a call alone; she is too stately and non-committal for me."

"You don't understand her, auntie; but Sybil, did you speak with her?"

"Yes, we met just over the bridge, and Sybil stopped the carriage to ask after you; I think she is anxious to see you."

"Poor Sybil," said Constance, contritely, "I have neglected her of late; but we will drive there to-morrow; to-day I don't feel just like going out. Does Sybil look well, auntie?"

Mrs. Aliston leaned forward and lifted a plump forefinger to give emphasis to her words.

"Con., Sybil is dying or going mad, I can't tell which.'"

"Auntie! why?"

But Mrs. Aliston went on rapidly. "I never saw such a change; two weeks ago, one week ago, even the last time she came here, Sybil seemed nerved to bear her trouble, she carried herself well and seemed firm as a rock."

"Outwardly."

"Outwardly of course, one couldn't feel much secret pride, compelled to live under the same roof with that low man she has married; but Sybil is not calm outwardly now, she has lost all that brilliant color."

"So much the better, it was the outward token of a mental excitement that would soon drive her mad; Sybil should never have attempted to brave criticism, and bear her shame so publicly. Every time she has allowed that man to appear beside her in the streets of W—, has shortened her life as surely as slow poison could do it.

"Well! mark my word, she won't undergo the ordeal much longer; her eyes have lost their steady light and luster, and have a wild, frightened, expectant look impossible to describe; when a horse came suddenly up behind us, she started and almost screamed with fright, and I could see her hands tremble and her lips quiver for minutes after; hands, they are mere claws! and she is growing more shadowy every day.

"Auntie, hush! you have made me as nervous as you picture Sybil. I shall not rest until I see her.

"There is a gentleman to see you, Miss Constance, said Nelly, from the doorway, which position she had gained unnoticed by the two ladies.

Constance gave a nervous start, and then arose hastily.

"Who is it, Nelly?" she asked, merely for appearance sake, for she fully expected to see Mr. Belknap.

"He didn't give his name, Miss, but said he come by appointment. It's the same gentleman as called a few days ago."

"Oh! then he won't detain me long," said the young lady, a resolute look coming into her eyes. "Auntie, I'll be with you again in a very few moments."

"He won't be very graciously received," was Mrs. Aliston's mental comment. "I know that gleam of the eye, and what it means."

But Mrs. Aliston was mistaken for once.

"Oh, Mr. Belknap," Constance said, sweeping into his presence with her proudest air, and smiling upon him her sweetest smile. "I am glad you have come."

"Promptness is our first lesson in my profession," replied he, with an affable smile.

"Yes! and have you learned anything new since Monday?"

"Nothing of importance. The party under suspicion has been entertaining a friend, and has been out very little."

"Oh!"

"One thing occurred on Monday last, not long after I had left you, which I can't help looking on with suspicion."

"Indeed! and may I hear it?"

"I think so. Without stopping to explain my modes of taking observations, I will give the bare fact. On Monday afternoon, while Doctor Heath was alone in his office, a boy, carrying on his head a tray of carvings, stopped at the foot of the stairs, set down his tray, ran up the flight like a young cat, and just as quietly, and slipped a note underneath the office door."

"Really!" in real surprise, and some disturbance of mind. "And you know nothing more about the note?"

"Nothing; but I shall soon I trust."

"Then you intend following up this case, Mr. Belknap?"

He looked up with a start of astonishment.

"Is not that your intention?"

"Decidedly not."

"But—have you consulted with Mr. Lamotte?"

"I have consulted with no one, sir. I thought over the matter once more, and decided to let my own mind guide my actions."

"But Mr. Lamotte thinks the case should be pushed."

"Mr. Lamotte is my neighbor, not my guardian. He is good enough to advise me sometimes; I think he would scarcely presume to dictate."

"Ah! then I am to consider myself no longer in your service?"

She bowed her head.

"After I have cancelled my indebtedness to you," she said, serenely.

With a look of vexation that he could not hide, the private detective drew from his pocket a memorandum book, and from thence a slip of paper, which he handed to Constance.

"This is my statement," he said.

She ran her eye over the itemized account, smiling a little as she did so. Then, rising swiftly, she said:—

"Excuse me for one moment."

He bowed silently, and she went out, returning soon with a bank cheque, which she placed in his hands, saying:—

"So ends the case of the Wardour diamonds. I shall not take it up again."

"What! do you really mean that?"

"I really do."

The detective opened his lips, as if about to remonstrate, then closed them suddenly, and moved toward the door.

"Do you still cling to your intention of notifying the town authorities, and setting them upon Doctor Heath?" she asked.

He turned toward her, with a peculiar smile upon his face. "You have offered a reward for your jewels, I believe?"

"You mistake, I have offered a reward for the apprehension of the thief or thieves."

"And—as you have withdrawn the case, shall you withdraw your reward also?"

"By no means."

"Then—if I bring you both the jewels and the thieves my reward should be doubled?"

A queer gleam shot from her eyes, as she answered, without hesitation:—

"And so I shall. Place my robbers in the county jail, and put my diamonds in my hands, and you shall receive a double reward."

"Then, for the present, I shall keep my clews in my own hands; Miss Wardour, I wish you good morning." And the private detective stalked from the room with the air of a man who was overflowing with desirable information.

"That's a queer woman," mused Mr. Belknap, as he turned his face away from Wardour. "I can't make her out. If it were not altogether too fishy, I should say she had a suspicion concerning those diamonds. I intend to look a little closer into the doings of Miss Wardour; and, blow hot, or blow cold, I'm bound to have my reward, if not by this, why by that."

With this enigmatical reflection, he looked up to behold, sitting by the roadside, a tramp of sinister aspect, who turned his head indolently as the detective approached, and then applied himself closer to a luncheon of broken victuals, eating like a man famished. Mr. Belknap, who, on this occasion, had visited Wardour on foot, came quite close upon the man, and then halted suddenly, putting his hand in his pocket, as if with charitable intent; instantly the tramp dropped his fragment of bread, and sprang to his feet, with outstretched hands, as if greedy for the expected bounty. He was a dirty, ragged fellow, undersized, but strong and sinewy, with an ugly scarred face, and a boorish gait and manner. As the private detective withdrew his hand from his pocket and tendered the tramp a small coin, a passer-by, had there been such, would have called the scene a tableaux of alms-giving; but what the detective said was:—

"Well, Roake, here you are; are you ready for business?"

And the tramp replied: "You bet, if it's a solid racket."

"Then follow me, at a distance, until we reach a place where we can talk things over." And Mr. Belknap moved on, never once glancing back.

The tramp once more seated himself beside the fence, and resumed his occupation. When the last scrap of the food was devoured, he arose, and, taking up a rough stick that served as a cane, he followed the receding form of the private detective.

At sunset, Ray Vandyck presented himself punctually for further instructions, at Wardour.

"You are released, Ray," said Constance, coming to meet him, with a bright face and a warm hand-clasp. "You are free to follow your own devices; Doctor Heath has a better guardian than either you or I."

"Cool, upon my word," said Ray, with a grimace. "So I am discharged without references?"

"Even so, and you must be content without an explanation, too, for the present. My tongue is still tied."

"Worse and worse, Conny; can't I even know who has supplanted me?"

"It's a great secret, and must be carefully guarded, but, I believe I will confide that much to you, as it does not conflict with any promises."

"Well! I listen."

"Doctor Heath is protected by an able detective. His name I must not communicate."

Ray Vandyck opened wide his handsome eyes, and gave vent to a long, low whistle.

"Conny, you are too deep for me," he said; "I am all at sea; I will drop the subject, as it is working severely upon my curiosity."

For a few moments they sat in silence, Constance thinking how much she regretted not asking Mr. Bathurst to make himself known to this loyal friend, who must now be kept in ignorance, however worthy he might be of all confidence, and Ray, thinking of something that caused his face to sadden, and his eyes to darken with inward pain. Presently he drew a little nearer his hostess, and asked, in a low, sorrowful tone:—

"Conny, have you seen her lately?"

"Not for a week or more, Ray."

"I saw her yesterday."

"And she," anxiously; "did she see you, Ray?"

"No, thank God! she was driving with her mother, and, Con.," his voice broke and he turned his face away; "I wish you would go to her."

"Why, Ray?"

"Because—oh, you should have seen her face. She is suffering horribly; she is dying by inches."

CHAPTER XXIII.

At early morn on the next day, Jasper Lamotte and his son, Frank, were seated together in the dining-room of Mapleton.

Jasper Lamotte was hurriedly eating a bountiful and appetizing lunch, and washing it down with plenty of light claret; and Frank was seated near the table, smoking a strong cigar, and giving an attentive ear to the words of his sire.

"That is the first time we have got the lead on Burrill," said the elder Lamotte, "and in some way it must be made to count. Drunk or sober, heretofore, he has looked after his interests too closely to serve ours."

"The devil's got into Burrill," replied Frank, bending forward to knock the ashes from his black cigar; "and into the rest of the family too, I should say; Evan has been bad enough any time within the memory of man, but look at him now. Why, he has not been sober for ten days."

"Well, he is sober this morning."

"Really, have you seen him?"

"Yes. I went to his room to ask him some quesitons about Burrill. I found him white as a cloth, and quite as limp; he had overdone himself at his last carouse; is as sick as a dog, and on the verge of delirium tremens if a man ever was. He won't get out of his bed for a few days, if I am a judge; the room was full of medical perfumes, and his mother was trying to induce him to drink some hot coffee."

"And Burrill?"

"He knew nothing of him, and recommended me to look after my own vermin."

"He's a sharp tongued cur," said Frank, with a short laugh.

"Next, I went to Sybil's rooms; she was sitting over a roasting fire, wrapped in a shawl, and shivering from head to foot; she almost shrieked at the mention of Burrill's name; Sybil looks bad, very bad. When we get these other matters safely settled, we must do something for the girl."

"And that means—"

"That we must master Burrill. We will soon be in a position to do it, I hope."

"I hope so," gloomily.

"We must be, or be ruined. You will settle this business with Constance, at once, to-day'?"

"Yes—I suppose so."

"You suppose! man, you talk as if you were leading a forlorn hope. Do you expect a refusal?"

"I don't know what to expect," flinging away his cigar, angrily, "I can't understand Constance? I wish that cursed Heath were safely out of my path."

"Can't you trust him to Belknap?"

"There we are again! what is that confounded detective doing? He has been here five days, or nearly that; four days ago, Constance asked three days to consider upon the case. What did that mean? Belknap should have been here with his report long ago. Why don't he come?"

"That I can't tell you; he has his own way of doing things; his absence does not alter the fact, that I must use this opportunity for getting to the city; and you must press this business with Constance, and bring it to a settlement. I don't think there is much doubt as to her answer."

"Well, I wish I could feel as sanguine, that's all."

At this moment there came the sound of wheels on the gravel outside, and glancing toward the window, Frank sprang up exclaiming:—

"There's Belknap, and not a minute to lose. I'll go meet him," and he hurried out, wearing a look of relief, mingled with expectancy.

In a moment he returned, closely followed by the smiling detective.

"Quick, Belknap," said Frank, closing the door, carefully, "give us the important points. The carriage will be here in a short time, to take the old man to town, and he must be on time, for trains won't wait."

"True," said Mr. Belknap, seating himself near the table. "I should have reported to you last evening, but thought it best to remain about town, and let myself be seen by the hotel loungers; people in a place like this, are curious about a man who keeps too much to himself, and one must always conciliate suspicion."

"True," from Mr. Lamotte.

"I saw Miss Wardour yesterday, gentlemen; she entirely withdraws the case."

"What! entirely?" asked Frank.

"Entirely; she asked for my account, paid it, and dismissed me, saying, that she should not resume the search, but should double the reward."

"Double the reward!" repeated Frank.

"Yes, provided both the diamonds and the thieves were found."

A moment's silence and then the elder Lamotte emptied his glass and set it down, saying as he did so:—

"Well, but the point is not yet reached. Did you explain the necessity you were under if the case left your hands?"

"I did. She was suprised, of course, and incredulous, but she made no remarks, and seemed not at all discomposed at the danger menacing Doctor Heath. After we had settled our business, she asked me if I should now drop the case and let the authorities work it out, or if I would continue to work independent of her."

"And you said what?" asked Frank.

"I said that circumstances must decide that."

"And she was not disturbed about Heath?"

"Evidently not; she was as cool as myself."

Frank drew a long breath of relief.

"And now, Mr. Lamotte," said the private detective, "what is the next move?"

"Perfect quiet for the next two or three days; like Miss Wardour, we will take time to consider. I am going to the big city to-day, Mr. Belknap, if you need any funds before I return, call on Frank. I shall be back in two days, and then we will decide upon our next move. Is that the carriage, Frank?"

It was the carriage, and almost before Mr. Belknap could realize it or gather together his scattered forces, Mr. Lamotte had shaken hands with him, nodded to Frank, donned his hat, gathered up his traveling coat, cane, and gloves, and was on his way to the carriage, followed by a servant, who carried his traveling bag.

As may be seen, Mr. Belknap had made his "reports" according to his own lights, as for instance, giving his first interview with Constance in brief, on the same day it took place, merely stating that Miss Wardour requested time to consider; and reserving all that portion concerning Doctor Heath, until to-day, when he gave that too, in brief, and with many "mental reservations."

Mr. Belknap was a little bit nonplussed at this sudden journey of Jasper Lamotte's; he did not like to be so widely separated from his patron, even for a few days, and especially now; but it was too late to make an amendment to this state of affairs, so he contented himself with a cigar and Frank's society. Not finding the latter of the best, and being able to enjoy the former anywhere, he soon took his leave, and drove back to his hotel, the best in W—, where he went straight to his room, ordered up a hot brandy, complained of a slight indisposition, and spent the remainder of the day and the entire evening in and about the hotel, lounging, smoking, reading, chatting and always visible.

Meantime, Mr. Lamotte, arriving ten minutes early at the W— depot, sauntered out among the people swarming about, and waiting the arrival of the fast express.

There was always a bustle about the W— depot at this hour of the day, and Mr. Lamotte nodded graciously here and there, and stopped to extend a patronizing hand to a chosen and honored few. Presently he came face to face with a man who, with hands in his pockets, was watching the unloading of a belated dray.

"How do you do, Brooks," said he, glancing at the hands and face that were a little cleaner than usual, and at the pretence of a toilet that made the awkwardness of the fellow unusually apparent. "You seem taking a holiday. Are you bound to leave us?"

"That's what I am, sir," said the man, touching his hat. "Work's too scarce for me, sir, and bad company's too plenty. I've said I would go a dozen times, sir; and now I'm off."

"I am sorry we could not keep you on at the mills, Brooks; but—you know who was to blame."

"Oh it was me, sir; I don't deny that. It's hard for me to keep away from the liquor. But look here, Mr. Lamotte, sir: If you ever see me again, you'll see me sober."

Mr. Lamotte uttered a skeptical laugh and turned away. The train was there, and it bore cityward the gentlemanly Mr. Lamotte, and the half-inebriated loafer, Brooks.

CHAPTER XXIV.

All that day, or what remained of it after his father's departure, and the almost simultaneous withdrawal of the private detective, Frank Lamotte passed in an uneasy reverie. He had much at stake; and now that the crisis of his fortunes was so near at hand, he began to review his ground, and every word, look, and tone of Constance Wardour, as he recalled them, one by one, was to him a fresh puzzle.

Six months ago, Frank Lamotte would have scoffed at the suggestion of a refusal even from the proud Constance. Now, somehow, he had lost his self-confidence. Again and again he imagined the words

that he would say, and the words he hoped, that she would answer. Then, as he forced himself to face the possibility of defeat, the veins upon his temples swelled out, his teeth clenched, and one of those "atttacks," to which he was subject, and against which Doctor Heath had warned him, seemed imminent. Again and again he gazed, with proud satisfaction, upon his reflected image, in the full length drawing-room mirror, and turned away, vowing himself a fitting mate for any woman. Again and again, when the image of his own physical perfections had ceased to dazzle his vision, his heart sank within him, and a dismal foreboding put his courage to flight.

"Confound it all," muttered he, as he wandered aimlessly from one deserted room to another: "the very house seems under a spell. Sybil, sitting like a recluse in her own rooms, growing pale, and wild-eyed, and spectre-like, every day. Evan, in his room, sick with drink, and verging on the D. T. Mother, gliding like a stately ghost from one to the other, or closeted in her own room; she has not been down stairs to-day. Burrill, the devil knows where he is, and what took him out so unusually early this morning. He's been cutting it worse than ever for the past week; the fellow, seemingly, can't find company low enough for him, in one stage of his drunkenness, nor high enough for him in another. It's fortunate for us that liquor has at last relaxed his vigilance; the old man has taken a leading trick by the means. Curse the brute! Why won't he die in a drunken frenzy, or from over-feeding, but he won't!" Thus soliloquizing, he lighted a cigar and went out into the grounds. "I'll try the effect of a little sunshine," he muttered; "for the house feels like a sarcophagus; one would think the family pride was about to receive its last blow, and the family doom about to fall."

So, restless and self-tormented, Frank Lamotte passed the long afternoon, in the double solitude of a man deserted, alike by his friends and his peace of mind.

"We make our own ghosts," said somebody once. Frank Lamotte's phantoms had begun to manifest themselves, having grown into things of strength, and become endowed with the power to torture; thanks to the atmosphere into which he had plunged himself and them.

Late in the afternoon, John Burrill came home, but Frank avoided him, not caring to answer any questions at that time.

Burrill seemed to care little for this, or anything; he was in a wonderfully jubilant mood. He rambled through the tenantless rooms, whistling shrilly, and with his hands in his pockets. He commanded the servants like a Baron of old. He drank wine in the library, and smoked a cigar in the drawing room, and when these pleasures palled upon him, he ascended the stairs, and went straight to the room occupied by Evan.

For some time past, Jasper Lamotte had made an effort to break the bond of good fellowship, that, much to the surprise of all the family, had sprung up sbetween the wild young fellow, and the coarser and equally or worse besotted elder one. How even reckless Evan Lamotte could find pleasure in such society, was a mystery to all who knew the two. But so it was, and Jasper Lamotte's interdict was not strong enough to sever the intimacy. John Burrill responded to his exhortations with a burst of defiance, or a volley of oaths; and, Evan received all comments upon his choice of a companion, with a sardonic smile, or a wild mocking laugh.

They had not been much together for the past few days, owing to the indisposition which had kept Evan away from their favorite haunts, but had not kept him away from his favorite beverage.

As Burrill entered his room, Evan received him with a shout of welcome, and for more than an hour they were closeted there, some times conversing in low, guarded tones, and sometimes bursting into roars of laughter, that penetrated even through the shut doors of Sybil's rooms, causing her to start nervously, and shiver as with a chill.

A little before sunset the carriage from Wardour deposited Constance and Mrs. Aliston at the door of this home of little harmony, and even Constance noted the unusual stillness, and whispered to her aunt, as they waited in the drawing room the appearance of Mrs. Lamotte:—

"Bah! I sniff the ogre here, auntie. 'The trail of the serpent' is over the entire house."

'I sniff the dead odor of a vile cigar," retorted Mrs. Aliston. "As for the ogre—if he won't appear in person, I'll try and survive the rest."

"I am very glad you have come, Constance," said Mrs. Lamotte, entering at this moment. "We are so dull here, and Sybil has wished much to see you." And then she extended a courteous but more stately greeting to Mrs. Aliston.

"It grieves me to hear that Sybil is not so well, dear Mrs. Lamotte. Does she employ a physician?" asked Constance, presently.

"She will not have a physician called, much to my regret. The very suggestion make her wildly nervous."

"And—she keeps her room too much. I think Frank told me."

"Yes, recently. But, Constance, go up to her; Mrs. Aliston and I will entertain each other for awhile, and then we will join you. Sybil heard you announced, and will expect you."

Thus commanded, Constance lost no time in making her way, unattended, to Sybil's room.

In the upper hall she met Frank, who started, and flushed at sight of her, and then hurried forward, with extended hand.

"Constance," he exclaimed, eagerly, "how glad I am to see you.,"

"I'm such an uncommon sight!" she laughed, too much absorbed with thoughts of Sybil, to notice the extra warmth of his greeting, or a certain change of manner, that was a mingling of boldness, bashfulness, humility and coxcombery.

"How do you do, Frank?"

"Well in body, Constance—"

"Oh! then we can easily regulate your mind. I'm going to see Sybil, and I don't want your company; so adieu, Frank."

"One moment, please. I want to—I must see you, this evening. Shall you remain with us?"

"No. Aunt Honor is below; we go home, soon."

"Then—may I call, this evening, Constance?"

"What a question! as if you did not call whenever the spirit moved you so to do; come, if you like, child; I shall have no better company, I am afraid," and on she swept, and had vanished within his sister's room, before Frank could decide whether to be chagrined, or delighted, at so readily given, carelessly worded, a consent.

The start, the nervous tremor, the terrified ejaculations, with which Sybil greeted, even this expected and welcome guest, all told how some deadly foe was surely undermining her life and reason. And Constance noted, with a sinking heart, the dark circles around the eyes that were growing hollow, and heavy, and full of a strange, wild expectancy; the pale cheeks, thinner than ever, and the woful weariness of the entire face.

Greeting her tenderly, and making no comments on her changed appearance, Constance chatted for a time on indifferent subjects, and noted closely, as a loving friend will, the face and manner of her listener. Sybil sat like one in a trance, rather a nightmare, her eyes roving from her visitor's face to the door, and back again, and this constantly repeated; her whole attitude and manner, that of one listening, rather for some sound, or alarm, from afar, than to the words of the friend beside her.

At last, Constance finding commonplace about exhautsed, said:—

"Congratulate me, child! I have thrown off a burden from my shoulders; I have brought my diamond investigations to a close."

"Ah! diamonds!" Sybil almost started from her chair, and the exclamation came sharply from lips white and trembling.

"Yes, my lost diamonds, you know; I have dismissed Mr. Belknap."

"Belknap!" an unmistakable look of horror crossed her face. "Dismissed him; oh, I wish I could!"

Sorely at a loss, yet thinking it best not to seem surprised at what she believed to be the efforts of a wandering mind to grasp and master the subject under discussion, Constance talked on, answering questions and making observations, without allowing Sybil to see the surprise and sorrow that filled her heart; and, not until many days later did she recall her friend's wild words, to see how much of method there might be in this seeming madness.

"Mr. Belknap was conducting the search for the diamonds, you know, Sybil?"

Sybil seemed making an effort to collect her scattered senses.

"Yes, yes, Conny, go on," she whispered.

"I have paid him off and am done with him; that's about all, dear."

"Conny," in a half whisper, "is he gone?"

"I don't know about that; he said something about remaining here for a time."

"Oh!" ejaculated Sybil, and then, under her breath, "My God!"

Constance shuddered as she looked upon the shivering figure before her, the wavering eyes, the hands clenching and unclenching themselves; she found conversation difficult, and began to wonder how she could avoid subjects that brought painful thoughts or suggestions. But suddenly a change came over Sybil; sitting erect, she looked fixedly at her friend, and asked:—

"Conny, has he tormented you of late?"

"He! Sybil; you mean—"

"I mean my curse! has he dared to annoy you? He has sworn that he will be accepted and recognized as your friend."

Constance laughed a short, sarcastic laugh.

"Be at rest, Sybil; he never will."

"No;" with a strange dropping of her voice. "He never will!"

Again she seemed struggling to recover herself, and to recall some thought; then she looked up and asked abruptly:—

"Conny, have you promised to marry my—Frank Lamotte?"

"No, Sybil."

"Then—promise, promise me, Constance, as if I were on my dying bed, that you never will."

"Why, Sybil, dear?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gypsy Christmas Lore.

They call the cross trushull—a trace of their Hindustani belief in Siva and his trident.

English gypsies call the cross trin bongo drum (three crossroads), or a sort of finger post.

Christmas, or the Great day, is Boro Divvus.

On this day they burn an ashwood fire. They believe that Christ was born like the Romanies out in the fields and brought up by ash fire.

The ivy and holly and pine never told where Christ hid, and so they remain green all winter.

But the ash and the oak told where he was hiding, and so they die during the winter.

The Saviour went round like a Rom riding on an ass and begged his bread like a gypsy.

He asked a mule if he might ride on her, but she would not, so she was cursed never to be a mother of children.

The ass carried him, so is marked with a cross, and all asses are the special property of gypsies.—Selected.

The average duration of life in England is 28 years.

An Easy Throw.

"If, as you say, the Chicago girl has such large feet, how is it she marries so readily?"

"Well, I fancy no man ever throws himself at her feet in vain."

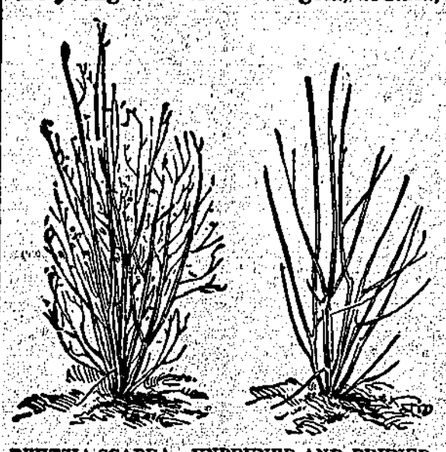
At that the boarders were put in rare good humor. There was such laughter and confusion, under cover of which latter the landlady hurriedly passed a few things a second time.—Detroit Journal.

FRUIT AND FLOWERS

PRUNING OF SHRUBS.

Mistakes Made In Winter Pruning — A Proper System Described.

In the winter season much of the pruning of flowering shrubs is performed, and usually the operation takes with it all the flower buds that should clothe the plant with a mass of bloom during the spring and early summer. This is because gardeners do not consider the flowering habits of the various shrubs with which they have to deal. As explained in a manual recently issued by Thomas Meehan & Sons, Germantown, Pa., to prune away in winter the young wood from a weigela, deutzia,



DEUTZIA SCABRA—UNPRUNED AND PRUNED.

mock orange, lilac or bush honeysuckle takes with it all the bloom of the following spring. This is usually the case, however, when indiscriminate pruning is practiced.

The authority quoted says: There are very few shrubs that may be severely cut in winter. The hardy hydrangea, althæa and some smaller shrubs, like the hypericum, form their flower buds on the young growth made in the summer of the same year they bloom, but nearly all other shrubs make their flower buds on the young growth made the season previous to their expanding.

The proper system of pruning is one that will induce an abundance of young wood, and this can only be accomplished by the trimming out of much of the 2-year-old growth—that which has already flowered—cutting out the old shoots close to the ground so that the new growth will push out from the root of the plant. If the bush makes too strong and rank a growth, a moderate amount of pruning in winter will not lessen the bloom to any extent, especially as the extreme ends of the young wood do not flower.

Summer pruning of flowering shrubs is practiced by some gardeners with success, after the plants have done blooming, but in this case it must be done with great care, as the cutting away of much wood when in full leaf tends to weaken the plant, while the object to be gained is to foster a strong and vigorous growth. It is an excellent time, however, for a moderate pruning.

Roses For Winter Blooming.

Teas and hybrid teas, such as are ordinarily forced commercially, require a temperature in the vicinity of 60 degrees at night. Catherine Mermet, the Bride, Bridesmaid and Papa Gontier prefer a little lower temperature than some of the others, and 55 to 60 degrees at night will suit them best. Even 50 degrees will not cause a check. Perle des Jardins, though often grown in with the above varieties, does best at from 60 to 63 degrees. La France thrives with little change from 62 degrees at night. Meteor requires a much higher temperature than any other rose grown for forcing, preferring 68 to 70 degrees at night. American Beauty does best where the temperature does not fall below 58 or rise above 63 degrees.

When a crimson rose is required in a general rosehouse, where such varieties as Bride, Bridesmaid, Perle des Jardins, etc., are grown together, Souvenir de Wootton should be selected. While night temperature is taken as a basis for consideration, with sun heat the warmth increases rapidly during the day, this giving the opportunity for abundant air. Of course it is not expected that, even with free ventilation, the temperature will be kept down to the night standard during daytime. The ventilators are both opened and closed very gradually, nothing being more likely to produce mildew on roses than an abrupt change of temperature, says Rural New Yorker, authority for the foregoing.

Tree Protection.

The bulletin issued from the Missouri station concerning the spraying of peach and plum trees with whitewash as a protection against winter killing has brought out the views of well known horticulturists. J. L. Budd, Iowa, writing to Rural New Yorker, says:

I have practiced for many years the washing of the stems and main branches of fruit trees with limewater colored with flowers of sulphur. I have little doubt that it lessens the tendency to blight and sun scald of apple trees by lessening the absorption of the sun's rays, and in winter, if kept on, it prevents the gnawing of rabbits. We have not tried the spraying to retard the opening of the fruit buds, but can readily believe it worthy of trial not only on peach trees, but the Japan plums and other trees that bloom early. It is quite as easy to believe as that it will prevent sun scald of the stem.

MATS FOR HOTBEDS.

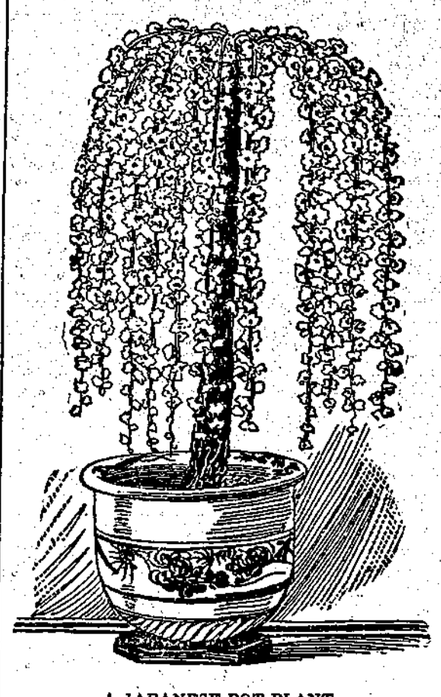
A Substitute For Straw Mats—Mats Used by Violet Growers.

Attention is called in American Gardening to a substitute for straw mats so generally used in protecting hotbeds and cold frames. The mats in question are made of ordinary canvas and excelsior. In making the mats the canvas is laid on a table and a layer of excelsior 1¼ to 2 inches thick is spread upon it. A covering of canvas is then placed on top of the excelsior, and the whole is quilted with strong thread, in blocks about 4 inches square. The edges are of course firmly secured, and the mat is then ready for use. Ordinarily, they should be made to cover two 3 by 6 sash, and have projecting ends of about 8 inches—that is, the mats, when finished, should be about 7½ feet long and 6 feet wide. The projecting ends are important, as they keep the cold from the sides of the bed and offer a place for laying a scantling or board to hold the mats down. Mats made as described are said to last as long as straw and to be warmer and more easily handled. The canvas costs about 10 cents a yard and the excelsior 2 cents a pound. At these prices the cost of a mat covering two sash would be about 65 or 70 cents. Doubtless the protection cloth used by seedsmen would answer excellently for the mats. This cloth is prepared to withstand water, and for this reason it would last longer than ordinary canvas.

Another form of mat extensively used by violet growers in Virginia is made of burlap and straw. These are also described in the journal quoted: The mats are made of 12 ounce burlap, 45 inches wide, costing about 6 cents a yard. The straw between the tackings of the mat is about two inches thick, but at the part where the tackings are made it is only about half an inch thick, as the string is pulled tight and tied in a square knot to prevent all danger of its getting loose. A woman can make about 15 mats a day, making the total cost about 35 cents each. The burlap mats are not very durable and are a constant source of expense. By the end of one season the straw has worked up to such an extent that the mat will not be warm enough for another winter. The burlap usually lasts but two seasons with the rough use it receives. With care the mats should last two seasons without making over, and the burlap might perhaps be made to go through three or even four winters with good attention. Altogether it is believed that the excelsior mats would prove more durable and satisfactory.

Dwarfed Deciduous Trees.

Readers are doubtless familiar with the illustrations of the dwarfed conifers



A JAPANESE POT PLANT.

of which the Japanese are so fond. Less is known of their dwarfed deciduous trees, an illustration of which appears here.

It is a weeping double flowered cherry, in which the Japanese specially delight, and which they grow in great numbers for the decoration of their gardens, often grafting them to assume curious and abnormal forms, and cherishing them year after year among the most precious of their household belongings.

Floral Brevities.

Thunbergia is recommended as a window plant by one who has tried it.

The single petunia is a good blooming plant for the window garden in winter.

Clematis paniculata is the queen among climbers.

Plumbago larpentæ proves to be quite hardy around Chicago with ordinary winter covering.

The first chrysanthemum flowers to appear in the New York market this season were Marquis de Montmort, a pink Japanese variety having a rather flat flower.

For most flowering plants the windows opening to the south are preferable to those with a western outlook.

Each year about £10,000 is expended in sprinkling the streets of London with sand to prevent the horses from slipping.

CHRISTMAS LEGENDS.

Christ Child Flowers That Came Into Existence at His Birth.

Many flowers are believed to have sprung into existence the night on which the Christ child was born.

In France there is a pretty legend of the rose colored S-ain-foin. When the babe was lying in his manger, this plant was among the grass and herbs which composed his bed, but suddenly it opened its pretty blossom and formed a wreath for his head.

The black hellebore, or Christmas rose, is also called Christ's herb because "it flowereth about the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ."

In Sicily the children put pennyroyal in their cots on Christmas eve because it always flowers at the exact time of Christ's birth.

In the east the rose of Jericho is said to blossom at Christmas, close at Good Friday, or the crucifixion, and open again on Easter, or the resurrection morn.

The peasantry in Spain believe that rosemary brings happiness with its perfumee on Christmas eve because the Blessed Virgin hung the little frock of Jesus to dry upon the rosemary bushes.

The variegated thistle known as Our Lady's thistle was so called because of the Virgin's milk which dropped on it when nursing Jesus. Its healing qualities are attributed to this.

The snowdrop, or "fair" flower, of February blooms in memory of the time when the Virgin presented Jesus in the temple.

The pretty little wayside flower known as "Lady's Bedstrand" was so called because Mary made the manger bed of it.

The sycamore attains its great vitality and verdure because, the Mohammedans say, it is the tree of Joseph and Mary and sheltered them in their flight into Egypt.

The Star of Bethlehem was so called because of its resemblance to the star which guided the Magi.

The rose of Jericho is also called Mary's rose. It sprung up wherever the Blessed Virgin's feet touched the earth on her way to Egypt.

The juniper, which is sacred among the Celtic peoples, received its wonderful powers because when Herod's soldiers pursued the holy family the juniper opened her branches and covered them from sight.

Another legend tells that the cross was made from juniper wood.

The pine, hazel, fig, date, palm and rosemary are all attributed with virtue as the shelters of the holy family.

When they passed through the forest, all the trees bowed in reverence; only the aspen remained erect and arrogant. So the Holy Child pronounced a curse, and "at the sound of his voice the aspen began to tremble through all her leaves and has not ceased to tremble to this day."

There came not a breath of wind through the trees.
Then why did the aspens shiver?

Another version is:

Once, as our Saviour walked with men below,
His path of mercy through a forest lay,
And mark how all the drooping branches show
What homage best a silent tree may pay.
Only the aspen stood erect and free,
Scorning to join the voiceless worship pure.
But see! He cast one look upon the tree.
Struck to the heart, she trembles evermore.

An old legend tells that by the fountain where Mary washed the swaddling clothes of the Holy Child beautiful flowers and bushes sprang up.

In Italy the lupine is said to be cursed by the Virgin because when she carried the Holy Bambino through a field they rustled so loudly she feared that robbers were following her to kill the Holy Child.

Another version tells that they all withered and fell flat, and when she found out her mistake she blessed them, they grew erect and bore tenfold better produce than before.

The brooms and chickpeas rustled and crackled so loud that they brought Herod's soldiers near, and Mary cursed them.

A Spanish legend tells that the holy family came to an orange tree guarded by an eagle. The Virgin begged an orange for the Holy Child. The eagle miraculously fell asleep and the Virgin plucked three oranges—one for Jesus, one for Joseph and one for herself.

A Roumanian story is something the same, but of apples. The Christ Child is restless and will not sleep. The Virgin gives him her apple; then he throws his own upward and it becomes the moon, the other and it becomes the sun. Then the Virgin knew that he was Lord of heaven and earth.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Christmas In France.

Christmas begins at midnight on Chrismas eve, when every one goes to midnight mass in the churches. This lasts for an hour. Then we go home and have a fine dinner or supper, to which our friends and relations are invited. Black sausage and champagne always figure prominently at this feast, and it is kept up till an early hour in the morning. We always put our shoes by the chimney corner Christmas eve in the hope that the little Noel would come and fill them. The grown people receive no presents and send no Christmas cards or letters. It is only the children who have gifts. The night before Christmas the shops are ablaze with lights; the restaurants keep open all night and are decorated with greens and have Christmas trees in their windows. In the Bon Marche there is a huge tree every Christmas, loaded with presents for the poor children. In the Latin quarter every one is up all night Christmas eve, ands all sorts of fun and jokes prevail. Every one goes to church Christmas morning and on the altar of each church is a creche representing the Holy Child, his mother and Joseph. The scenery of the Holy Land is in the background. Christmas dinners in France are very like the English dinners—turkeys, partridges, roast beef and plenty of champagne and bordeaux.—Exchange.

Christmas Trees In England.

Christmas trees were unknown in England until the reign of Queen Victoria. After the present Prince of Wales had become 3 or 4 years old Prince Albert ornamented a Christmas tree for the amusement of the infant prince. The idea pleased the people, and as Christmas trees were every year made a feature of the court celebration the fashion soon spread among the English.—Exchange.

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Nanaimo Merchants
Carry the Largest Stocks, are thoroughly acquainted with the requirements, and the Lowest Prices Prevail.

Miners' Licenses and Custom Clearances
OBTAINABLE HERE.

STEAMERS SAILED FROM NANAIMO.

ISLANDER	March 4th.
PACKSHAN	" 8 "
DANUBE	" 9 "
NING CHOW	" 12 "

DATES FOR TEES, THISTLE AND OTHER STEAMERS LATER.

NANAIMO OUTFITS
Have been found the best that have gone over the passes.

Passenger List.

Per City of Nanaimo, April 13th:

D. Izett, D. McKinzie, A. Atchison, John Nash, T. Snow, P. Dunne, D. Martin, Appleby, C. Meyer, L. Meyer, B. Atchison, Edwards, Moffat, Miss Gameer, A. Dona, F. Dallas and wife, Mrs. Potter, J. Farm, F. Richardson, Frank Richardson, G. Richardson, J. Hele, J. Anderson, Mr. MacKenzie and wife, H. Gowan, McKay, Richardson, Mrs. Watson, Miss Barnes, Garner, G. Beadnell.

FOR SALE.—Story and a half 8 roomed house, full size lot, every convenience. Fine location—a bargain. Enquire at NEWS OFFICE.

LOCALS.

We apologize and ask the indulgence of our subscribers for this and last week's issues. The editor is yet suffering from effects of recent illness, also Mr. Ralph Cummings is alone in the composing room. Hope next issue to have more help and will endeavor to give our patrons as good a paper as lies in our power.

The examination for high school will take place at Courtenay on the 26th inst.

Rev. J. X. Willemar is about again after a severe attack of la grippe.

Cuba is 750 miles long with an average width of 50 miles.

Harry Hamburger has returned to Wellington from the north for supplies.

FOR SALE.—Two nearly new counters Enquire at the NEWS OFFICE.

The U. S. Consul, G. W. Clinton, was confined to his house with la grippe yesterday.

Mr. Gordon Murdock has placed a handsome new sign over his "Cumberland Stable."

The band appeared on the streets Saturday evening furnishing some very acceptable music.

FOR SALE—Cumberland residental property on favorable terms by D. B. & L. Association.

H. C. Lucas, the Comox baker is kept busy turning out bread for the navy. He bakes 1000 lbs. at once.

ESTRAY.—A yowe sheep and lamb on my premises. Owner will please call, prove property and pay damages.—Dave Roy.

There will be a foot ball game at Recreation Grounds, Wednesday afternoon between H.M.S. Sparrow Hawk team and the local team, at 5 o'clock.

Do you sleep well nights? If not try a package of the delicious Revalenta food to be had at Peacey & Co.'s. Some gentlemen here have tried it and found it very effective.

The committee on the Fruit and Flower Festival met at the NEWS office on Saturday. The date for the Festival was fixed for August 3d, and 4th, and a committee appointed to propare a list of objects for which prizes will be offered.

THE NEWS owes it to Miss Cathcart to state that her absence alluded to in our issue of the 12th, was to attend the Teachers' Convention. As we always aim to be fair, are pleased to give this information, for the young lady's benefit.

—JUST OPENED out a splendid line in Boys Blouse Suits in Navy, Brown, and Drab, made of good durable Scotch Tweed, From $1.25 to $2.50 a suit at GUS. HAUCK'S.

The annual meeting of the Union and Comox District Hospital took place Saturday evening at the old Court House. Jas. Abrams was elected President, M. Whitney, Vice-President, Robert Lawrence, Treasurer, J. B. Bennett, Secretary, C. H. Tarbell, J. B. McLean, Jas. Reid, L. W. Hall, and Lewis Mounce, directors.

Alexander Pierie who was sent up to the next court of competent jurisdiction from Mayor Bate's court Nanaimo, a few days ago, elected to be tried by Speedy Trial on the charge of stealing a photographing outfit, the property of John Uren, Wellington. It appears Mr. Uren loaned the prisoner a complete outfit to compete against Mr. Kelley at Union, and Pierie promised to return it in three weeks. This he failed to do on account of jumping his board bill at the Waverly hotel. The articles, except a lens, which he pawned to Mr. Kelley for $3 were left in the hotel. Last Friday the judge sentenced the prisoner to three months in the common jail at hard labor.—Wellington Enterprise.

NOTICE

In the Supreme Court of British Columbia

In the matter of the Estate of Richard Titus T. Anderton, deceased, intestate.

All persons indebted to or having any claims against this estate are required to pay the amount of their indebtedness and send particulars of their claims to the administrator, Mr. William Anderton, Comox B. C. on or before the 10th day of May 1898

L. P. Eckstein,
Solicitor for the Administrater.

GO TO
Fred Kimple
The only First Class Tonsorial Artist in the City.

When you may wish an easy shave
As good as barbers ever gave,
Just call at my Shaving Parlor
At morn, eve. or busy noon
I cut and dress the hair with grace
To suit the contour of the face,
The room is neat and towels clean
Scissors sharp and razors keen.
And everything I think you'll find
To suit the taste and please the mind:
And all that art and skill can do,
If you just call I'll do for you.

FRED KIMPEL.

Do you know that we can print you just as neat a business card as you can get in any other printing office in the Province, and just as cheap too? Bear in mind, we print meal tickets also? In fact we can do anything in the line of job printing Give us a trial.

BLACK DIAMOND NURSERY.
Comox Road, Nanaimo, B. C.
Fuit trees of all descriptions. Ornamental trees, Shrubs, and Roses.

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HUTCHERSON & PERRY.

PIANOS for SALE
EACH A BARGAIN

NORDHEIMER Piano, Cabinet Grand, 7⅓ Octaves, handsome case, fine tone, durable. Slightly used. Net price CASH $275.00.

DOMINION Piano, medium size 7 Octaves. Sweet tone and durable. Net price CASH $190.00.

Address, GEO. H. SUCKLING,
734 Pender St., Vancouver.

For Ornamental Trees
Shrubs, Roses, Greenhouse and Bedding Plants, Cut Flowers, GO TO—

J. P. Davis.
Cumberland, B. C.
Ornamental Designs a Specialty

FOR Rent.—Fine apartments for living rooms in Willards brick block. Enquire of owner on the premises.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE NEWS, SUBSCSIPTION A YEAR $$$$$$$$

NEW SPRING STOCK.

We have without doubt the finest STOCK of DRY GOODS

to hand and to arrive ever shown north of Victoria. We have so far:

200 Men's Suits, 100 Boys' Suits, 100 pairs Pants, Men's Hat and Caps, Ladies' and Children's Straw Hats, Ladies' Blouses, Ladies' Whitewear, Lace Curtains, Curtain Muslins, Lawns, Nainsooks, Men's, Women's, and Children's Shoes.

—15 cases of English and Scotch Goods. Consisting of Dress Goods, Trimmings, Silks, Prints, Flannelettes, Linens, Quilts, Fray Cloths, Sideboard Covers, and all the newest lines in fancy Dry Goods to be had. We want to show and sell you these goods, and it will be to your advantage to see them.

SIMON LEISER.