

"My dispatches will be sent you at the old place, and in the old cipher. You do your part faithfully, which I know you will, as your life depends on it; and to prove to you that I am your friend, and wish you no ill, I will deposit \$3,000 to your credit in the Highlan! bank, and mail the certificate to your address. Or, if you succeed in the plan you have for keeping Patter-son in New York until after the wed-ding, you can return here, and I will pay you the money in person. You know you can trust me. With that sum you and she can go into some mining camp beyond the Rocky Moun-tains, and, safe from discovery, you can both spend the rest of your days in

atoning for your sins."
Groundwig could not conceal the motion of his feelings during the ime Charles was giving him these inintelligence so unexpectedly imparted

He was ready for the encounter. He had so great a personal interest in its success that Charles had no fears but the outcome would be all that both could desire.

CHAPTER XIX. I FORGOT, I FORGOT.

Never was disguise more complete. An associate of a lifetime would not know Silas Groundwig as he sat in the know Silas Groundwig as he sat in the office of the steamship company on the serival of the city of Bome. Two trusty villains were with him. Will they succeed in their hellish scheme? Groundwig is long-headed, adroit, and cunning. His plans are not maturied. His must act on circumstances as they present themselves, and there is no danger, but he will act quickly and resent to any means to accomplish his resort to any means to accomplish his

The tugs are coming to the dock with the steamer's passengers.

Louis Patterson is one of the first to

He hurriedly calls a cab, gives direc-tions about his baggage, has a mo-ment's conversation with the cabman about a matter which must be private, for he asks his question in a whisper, is driven to the postoffice, inquires at the general delivery for letters, there are none, he turns pale, looks anxiously about as if to find somebody who will make an explanation, almost totters to a Broadway, alights, goes in, and, after a brief conversation with the proprie all along grasped tightly, and exposes to view a rich collection of precious Ones, which he desires to dispose of. Oroundwig is near by, sees the dissy, steps out upon the walk, calls a man, has a few words with him in a low voice, nods his head toward Louis inside the store, the officer eners, and, putting his hand on Louis houlder, makes him his prisoner.

The valuables are taken possession of the officer, and Louis is marched to the station house, and the next morning is brought before a magistrate for

Groundwig and his assistant villains having been held in custody as wit-

Groundwig giving the assumed name Robert Newcomb, swore that took passage on the City of e, from Liverpool to New , on its last trip, and when two days out from the American we his state-room was entered and diamonds and other precious nes the prisoner had offered for sale terday were stolen that the prisoner was a passenger on the same trip and knew the witness had the diaonds in his possession: that upon dis-vering his loss he suspected the risoner, but was unable to obtain croof that would warrant his arrest; that he continued to watch the sus-pected party and called the ship's desolved party and called the snips de-tective to his assistance: that the two followed the prisoner from the steam-ship to the postoffice, and then to the jeweler's, where the property was taken out of a satchel by the prisoner and was being disjosed of to the jew-

on the arrest was made. "Mr. Newcomb, do you recognize this om you on board the city of Rome?"

"I do, your honor," answered Mr.

The detective was sworn and corthe detective was sworn and corrested Newcomb's evidence in
y particular. The jeweler tesd to the property exposed in
t as the same offered to him for
by the prisoner. The officer
to be arrested the prisoner while
the very act of selling the goods.
This seems to be a very clear case,"
the magistrate. "Please stand up.
this year name?"

Patterson, if your honor, was the answer given in such it voice and with such a manife, that the magistrate, the id spectators began to look raipeit in the dock with more has they usually take in such

ther, have you any witness

must talk to others, ast to me, I will not listen. You have deceived me once, I tell you. You will never deceive me again. Black-he ted imposter! Expect to soften my eart by representing yourself to be sother, and he one of the noblest and surest young men that ever lived. harles Manning, you and I left the ead body of Louis Patterson on that distant shore.

"When I sailed on the Sober Fritz you sailed with me. Together we left start home, of the shipwreck, landing

you sailed with me. Together we left the dead with his God. Were you not completely lost to every feeling that makes a friend respect the memory of his dead comrade and messmate, you would sooner call upon these walls to fall and crush your life out of you, than to claim for some vile margues to be fall and crush your me out.

to claim for some vile purpose to be
that saint in Heaven."

"Captain Bodfish, as God is my judge,

and as I expect to answer some day to Him for every act of my life. I swear to you, and if I swear falsely. I call upon that God to strike me dead here at your feet, that I am Louis Patter-

"Young man, your story is altogether

await the action of the grand jury. If you have friends who will aid you, the bail bond will be put

These diamonds are worth more

than that sum. Are they not good so

curity for my appearance when wanted?" asked the prisoner.

"Young man, are you crazy? Are not those diamonds the property of Mr. Newcomb, and not yours?" responded

"I forgot, I forgot," said the pris-

And the officer marched Louis Pat-

terson to ail. It was no time to mor-alize on the wickedness of men. It

was no time to conjecture why neither his mother nor Mary had written him, as he had requested in his cable dis-

Things were too serious, and the

present required the perfect control and command of all faculties. Some-

body was plotting and he was the vic-tim. It might be the continuation of

the old conspiracy, or this one might stand alone by itself.

Something must be done and done

quickly. How and what was the puzzling question. His first thought was to send for some person who knew him. He ran over in his own mind

Look in the directory. Yes, the name of Bolfish is there, and so are several of the same name, and which

is the one Louis wants. That informa-

tion he cannot give. Will the jailer send a messenger

Louis' wishes were gratified.

from his cell in the captain's present

"You gave me your sacred word when we parted in Boston, that would

am Louis Patterson!"

CHARLES MANNING VS. LOUIS PATTER

who, as luck would have it, had just

the justice.

No matter.

oner

"Don't I beg of you, call me by that name again. Turn away if you will, leaving me here to the fate that is so mysteriously enveloping me, but don't teil me I am an imposter. I say to you, Captain Bodfish, I am the man that was left for dead in that cabin by the sea. I was poisoned, but by whom I do not know. I was restored to life by the physician's daughter, who gave me the antidote, and would you but listen, I would tell you all about my travels before the Sohar Fritz care the follows: fore the Sober Fritz come the follow-ing year, and rescued you and Charles

"I do not wish to hear you. Don't I know that you and Louis Patterson were inseperable and don't I know that you can tell his story as well as he could tell it himself were he to be raised from the dead? You have the same smooth tongue that captivated the crew on the Sober Fritz, but you must not expect to accept the same smooth. must not expect to again charm me

with your cunning palaver.
"Now that you talk of poisoning, let have caught myself suspecting you of poisoning young Patterson, and I am now more than half inclined to that opinion that the diamonds and other wels he had laid away so carefully to bring home to his mother and his affi-anced, were stolen from him by you, and you have just now summoned up courage enough to offer them for sale." "Captain Bodfish, a thought strikes

me. Now do listen for one moment to what I have to say. You think Louis Patterson's jewels were stolen from him by Charles Manning. In that suspicion you do Charles a great wrong. I know nothing about the evidence you may have to base the suspicion that he poisoned Louis Patterson, but—"
"No more, I will not listen to such

him. He ran over in his own mind who of his acquaintances might be in New York. He could not call to mind a single person in that great city that knew him or he knew. But stay.

There is Captain Bodfish, of the ill-fated "Lucky Star." He could corroborate a good part of the story he had told the magistrate. How to find him was the question. He asked the guard if he knew Captain Boifish.

No. he did not know him, but if Louis wanted him to come to the jail, and would give the street and number where he resided or did business, he should be sent for at once. Louis knew neither. trash," said Captain Bodfish.
"Captain Bodfish, one question before you go. Do you remember one day examining those rough diamonds and admiring two of them that were so much alike no one could tell the differ-

much alike no one could tell the differ-ence?" asked Louis Patterson.
"I do," the Captain answered.
"May I asked another question?"
asked Louis Patterson, and the young man looked pitcously and imploringly into the Captain's face.
"Yes."

"Did Louis Patterson insist on you accepting one of these stones as a gift from him?" "He did." answered Captain Bodfish. "Can I ask still another question?

inquired Patterson.
"Yes, yes; go one; what more?"
"After Louis insisted for some time among the shipping and find out who owned the "Lucky Star" that was that you should accept one of the sister-in-law—who had always a ready stones, and you persisted in refusing it, excuse for her little social short-om-

did you finally consent to take it?"
"I did, and have it now in its rough state," said Captain Bodfish, "in my "If the owner is ascertained, ask him for the address of the Captain Bodnecktie, and I presume you have it fish who was master of that ship when mate which would only be additional evidence that you stole Louis Patterit was wrecked. If he can be found, bring him to jail, and he will soon clear up this crime." son's diamonds, and as far as the conversation had at that time is concerne what could be more natural than for Louis Patterson to tell it all to you?" messenger was sent as directed. It was not many hours before Captain Bodfish,

TO BE CONTINUED.

returned from a sea voyage, was admitted to the jail, and Louis was taken Christine Nilsson's Husband. Her husband, the Count de Casa Louis was overjoyed to seen his old friend, and rushing up to him in the Miranda, is a handsome man, something over 60 years of age, but look. most cordial manner, sought to grasp him by the hand, but the captain ing fully fifteen years younger, writes Lucy Hamilton Hooper in the Ladies' turned saide, and coldly refused to ac-cept the proffered recognition.

Louis was dumbfounded. His feel-Home Journal. He is a member and the head of an old Spanish family, and is an accomplished man of the ings were hurt to the quick.

What: My old comrade in danger and distress, in suffering and disaster on sea and land, refuse a friendly shake world, speaking French fluently, and possessing brilliant conversational powers. He is very proud of his celof the hand, when God knows if ever man wanted a friend in need, I want ebrated and charming wite, although inclined to object sometimes to her "Charles Manning," reptied the cap-tain," I wish to have nothing to do with you. You deceived me once. Government position in Spain, so is often forced to absent himself from home. By a former marriage he is I loan you money to reach your friends, you would return it in a week. From that day to this, I never heard the father of a young daughter, Donna Rosita, who is the constant companion and cherished darling of her beautiful step-mother.

a word from you.
"I do not know what crime you are charged with, but I warrant you it is stealing, because the mate of the Sober Flowers for the Invalid. When choosing flowers to send to an invalid select those that have a Fritzt old me he suspected you of pilfer-ing from him while on board that ship.
"It is enough for me to know that very delicate perfume, and that are enough for me to know that a man who was my mess-mate in encoun-tering dangers and hardships of a fear-ful shipwreck, violated his word of honor, and refused to redeem a pledge to repay the small amount of money I loaned him. as suggestive of life and health as possible. White flowers, although most beautiful, lend neither color or brightness to the sick-room, and to a mind weakened by sickness are apt to be suggestive of death, while those 'I suspect you. too, of a great crime, but as it is only suspicion, I will not name it. You must seek other assistof a bright crimson or a deep yellow will almost always please and gratify name it. You must seek other assistance to aid you, for I will not give you even enough to pay a night's lodging, though I judge that paying for your lodging is the least of your trouble tonight. the flowers ask your florist to send long-stemmed ones, they arrange so much more prettily than those that are cut with short stems. - Ludles "Good-bye, Charles Manning."
"Captain Bodfish, hold for a moment, for heaven's sake, don't turn away without a chance for me to say a word! I am not Charles Manning, I Home Journal

Undressing Made Easy. A gentleman who, near the close of the last century, accompanied Baron Von Swieten on a visit to the old Duke of Sachsen-Hildburghausen re-lates the following in his memoirs: 'The Duke regularly goes to bed every night at 8 o'clock. When leaving the sitting-room to proceed to his rather distant sleeping apartment, he ather distant sleeping spartment, he as a number of his valets posted all ng the line of route. One of them takes possession of his wig, the second divests him of his cost, and so on, until, by the time he has reached the goal, he is ready to slip into hed without more ado."—Tagliche hund-

THE FOOL WITH THE GUN.

There are many foods that corry this world, that of and foods whe young.
Foods with fortunes, and it is without,
Foods with fortunes, and it is without,
Foods who ingge and for who shout.
Foods who mage and for who shout.
And to I all theek and conge;
Foods who regards man, foods there eads.
Foods who regards man, foods the reads.
Foods with and a a foods with fade.
Foods with came as foods with fade.
Foods who write Theosophist books.
Foods who prophers read said Tophets
fitgger foods who believe in Maha mas a d spooks;
Foods who prophers read said Tophets
fitgger foods who believe if prophers.
Foods who prophers read foods the quack;
In fact, there are all sorts of foods in the pact
F old fat, thin, abort and fall;
But of all sorts of foods, the Food with a Gun
Who points it at some one—of course "in fundant foods all around till chance murder is don
Le the worsest fool of them all!

WON BACK.

The remembrance of this, Eda. will never pass from my mind. certain affection for you, I think, shall always feel; but benceforth my love for you has lost all respect and trust "

and anger! The fruit of the artfullynuttured suspicion and jealousy of year! When I aul Brittan married the penniless Eda Morpeth, there had been secret anger and coldly-uttered congratulations in the stately house of his father, whe e he took his bride to spend the first year of her marriage. His mother and his sister Laura had nothing in common with his wife. They were haughty. keen-sighted, cool women of the world; she, a little, gentle, loving, clinging child, utterly simple, with but little tact, and an absolute incapacity to believe that every one didn't mean precisely what they said. A more unfortunate combination of qualities could hardly have entered the cold shadow of Brittan Hall. She never saw her little v olations of etiquette, and her soft, childish speeches were seized and held up to the light for her husband's inspection and meditation by her merciless relatives-inlaw.

She felt, she could not see, the cruel sarcasm, the cold condemnation hidden under the smooth speech and smile She shrank away, dismayed and grieved, when her timid overwere rejected; she knew that in a hundred ways she annoyed and irritated her proud and arbitrary husband, but never knew how to better the matter. She burned with secret indignation at the daily injustice done her, yet never knew how to vindicate herself in her husband's eyes or assert her rights.

The only one of the family who showed her kindness was Dick Leaforth, her husband's cousin, a gay young Lieutenant. who came there to spend some weeks with his Aunt Brittan. Dick thought her the very prettiest little golden-haired, blueeyed woman that he had ever seen in his life; and presently discovering her, condition of moral serfdom, with s secret curse on feminine brutality and her husband's stup dity, donned her colors and fought her battles for her. He it was who parried the sharp thrusts of her mother and ings and a pleasure of some kind to propose when he saw her dropping

and de ected. Liking the frank, kind-hearted fellow with all her heart, she saw nothing of the storm that was darkening above her; she never saw the significant look or heard the tone with which her hus and was informed that "Eda was somewhere with Dick. as usual." When he was ordered off in service he wrote her frequently-the merriest, kindest letters in the world. She wished to show them to Paul, but he declined to look at

Didn't he like her to write to Dick?

He had nothing to say on the sub ect; she must be her own judge in a case of the kind.

The little woman was puzzled and unhappy, but she continued to write to Dick. When he again came back her joy was extreme and she never distaste for publicity and estentation dreamed of trying to hide it. All of every kind. He holds a prominent her old animation and giee came back; she romped with Dick like a little child; and Paul seeing her one day pelting him with flowers, felt the long-smouldering tealousy of his heart leap up into a flery flame of resentment and froze the very soul within her y the words with which this story commences

"Henceforth he had lost for her ail trust and respect!" The words rang in her ears day and night. Continually she saw his cold, stern face as he turned away from the kiss she would have given him and heard his measured, freezing tones.

What sort of affection could that be which was roubed of trust and repect? Childish as she was Eda's whole heart rebelled against the very thought of such a love.

She examined her past life over and over again; she sought in vain for faults to justify so harsh a sentence. If she had not loved l'aul as woman seldom love, then and there his dominion had ended and his injustice had erected a barrier between them that he could have never rossed; but she had given her hus band her whole heart and soul: loved him absolutely; could find nothing pleasant without him: could imagine nothing desirable in life bereft of this love; so she set herself to win him back. She was shut out entirely and designedly from his confidence, even in the most tridling matter. Paul sat continually with his mother and sister in solemn conclave, to which she was not admitted: the very servants knew more than she of family matters and do-mestic details. If Paul was troubled

and criticism; her feetings and inclination never consulted even in f 'm and she bore it all patiently.) y after day she tried a thousand keys of endearment and lo-ing fore-thought in the locked and barred doors of Paul's heart; she did her best t te rave, prudent and belpful she t led to rid herself of her childish mannerism; in short, she did wonders. She made a careless, butterfly a woman, a tender, dignified, yet gentle matron; she studied zealously that certain deficiencies in accomplishments might not longer mortily and annoy Paul, she gave herself, heart and soul, to her special abomination-housewifery-and succeeled wonderfully, but after two years of patient trying she had not yet heard of everybody, of the vigorous home what she most desired from her hus opposition and of not a few secret band's lips-a recantation of his barsh determination.

Yet let no one be too severe on Paul. He intended to be just. He had honestly believed himself for months a much aggrieved man. His natural lealously, irritated by the persistent malice of his mother and sister, had obscured his mental vision. He tancied himself not a little heroic in thus visiting the follies of his littie wife. He really loved Eda, and it cost him some pain and trouble to adhere to his resolution. That very fact only convinced him that he was exhibiting a species of Roman firmpess-Spartan fortitude. He saw and mar.ed Eda's efforts at improvements and their success. Secretly he was a little pleased, and it never once occurred that all solace was denied to her and that her very untiring patience only proved how keenly

To be made a sort of New York grand lama, to have incense burned tefore you, and to feel that for one little, blue-eved fool all the malesty of Jove lies in your word, is, I suppose, ra her an agreeable sensation— I say "suppose," for Heaven knows I know nothing of it experimentally all this wife worship and spaniel-like devotion doubtless convinced Paul that in some way he really was vastly superior to his pretty little idolater, and that it was not a little condescending in him to be worshiped at all. And so matters might have gone tures at reconcil ation and affection on, ad infinitum, if they had not fired on Sumter.

dismay: she even attempted arguments, but was sternly cut short in the very midst by mother and sisterin-law, whose heroism and fortitude, of course, showed all the more advantageously by comparison with Eda's sobs and entreaties.

Only one faint gleam of comfort could she find in all this darkness "ile will take back those cruel words," she said to herself. that he is leaving me, perhaps forever, he will not leave them behind him to poison all my thoughts of him The five-inch cannon will be smooth and embitter all my lopely hours!"

arms about him. "Paul, stop! Before you go unsay

what you said two years ago." "What reason have I for so doing?" was all his reply. And with a cool kiss he left her.

The disappointment was bitter; so great that it actually swallowed up her grief at parting. When she watched for letters it was with the hope that, away from unfriendly influences, he had at last relented and written to tell her so; but he wrote nothing except "that he was well, camp duties were arduous and an engagement was expected." Into the far-longer letters addressed to his sister and mother she was seldom or never allowed a glance.

At last came the news of the longawaited battle. Eda's first thought was of humiliation for the defeat; her second, of terror for her husband's safety. For three days she suffered all the horrors of uncertainty-all the agonies of hope long deferred. He was missing; had been seen wounded and fighting bravely: was thought to be dead. At last came the truth,

He was badly wounded and a prisoner. Mrs. Brittan read the letter containing the hews aloud at the break-fast table. Eda heard it, pale and rigid, without comment or question. Going up later in the day to her daughter-in-law's room, Mrs Brictan saw signs of jacking. Open drawers, disordered closets, and Eda kneeling before a trunk, with determination written on every pallid feature.

"What is all this" asked Mrs. Brittan. "And where are you going? I should consider this a singular time for visiting, were I in your place. While your hystand lies wounded and a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, common decency should, I think, keep you home. Eda's eye kindled.

"Common decency teaches me that wife's place in by the sick-bed of her husband. I am going to him." Mrs. Brittan fairly screamed

'Eda Brittan, are you mad? Have you lost your wits utterly?" Do you consider this a proof

· But what will he do with you there—a helpless baby, always an en-cumbrance, and he lying helpless? How can be take care of you?"
"I will take care of him. Helpless as I may be, I can at least smooth

his pillow for him." 'It is not to be thought of," said Mrs. Brittan, decidedly. "You must go alone-everything is unsettled; for a woman of your age and g ddy appearance, it would be improdent, improper, indecorous, unsafe. People would talk: Paul himself would be angry. Just shut up your trunk, and put back your things. You must not put back your things. You must not

-1 wan."

od willer "You will! You say you will to me" You will act contrary to my au-

"les, if you advise me to stay here," answered Eda, rising, and facing her incensed mother-in-law. Ever since my marriage, I have been a moral bond-slave A free woman by right I have patiently submitted my neck to the toke and a grievous one it has been for me. But Mrs. Brittan. I have ser ed out my time. I am now my own mistress. My duty as a wife calls me and I shall obey it. I shall go."

And she did go, spite of the power doubts and fears acknowledged only to her-elf. Impelled by love, the little woman

who had, on ordinary occasions about as much courage as a mouse, never faltered o turned back till she stood by husband's bedside under a hostile

I aul, groaning and helples, forgot all about justice, dignity, superiority and resentment

"lear child-dear little Eda, bow shall I ever repay you?" he asked. And with fast-beating heart, I'da stooped and whispered: and then with panting breath and feeble voice, the proud man humbly said the words longed so much to hear, and her she long and apparently hopeless dream was accomplished. She had won bim back .- New York Sunday Mercury

A Rawhide Cannon.

A Syracuse man named La Tulin. has invented a cannon known as the La Tulip rawhide gun, of which great things are expected. One of the guns, made by its inventor, was tested at Unondaga Valley, on Tuesday. It weighs in the neighborhood of 400 pounds, while the cannon of the same calibre in use by the army we ghs nearly 1,500. Its peculiarity lies in its lightness and the easy manner in which it can be transported. Across the breech it measures about fourteen inches, and tapers to about six at the muzzle. A forged steel cone forming the barrel runs to the full length, and isonly three-quarters of an inch in thickness. Then comes layer after layer of the finest raw-Faul was the first to go. He ds- layer after layer of the finest raw-cussed pros and cons with his mother hide, compressed until it has the and sister; when a conclusion was ar- strength of steel. In fact, its tonghrived at he briefly stated it to his wife ness and staying powers are said to and ordered her to superintend his exceed steel. The rawhide is put en packing. Eda could not repress her in strips coiled around and around, and is several inches in thickness. On top of this lie two coils of steel wire wound to its strongest tension and then filed smooth. The cap placed at the breech can be eastly removed for inspection of the raw-hide filling. The tests were pronounced successful, and further trials will be had. A five-inch bore will be constructed as soon as possible, "Now and when mounted upon a mevable carriage it will then demonstrate whether it can be used effectively. bore and used to discharge dynamite So see waited and watched, and cartridges, a trial of which will be the day for parting came, and the made. Frederick La Tulip, she in-hour and at last the minute: and still ventor, has been a worker of rawhide Paul had not spoken. Eda flung her for twelve years and is conversant with it in every detail - Lome Daily SentineL

Perpetual Motion.

The United States offers no money reward to the inventor or discoverer of perpetual motion, and, so far as we know, no foreign government offers any. Every few weeks application for a patent for a new discovery of perpetual motion is made at the Patent Office, but no patent has yet been granted. The Patent Office authorities have the right to require a model of an invention when the de scription isn't very clear; and they always tell inventors of perpetual motion to send along a model. But no model has ever been sent; so no patent has ever been granted. subject of perpetual motion at first was studied by learned men, but of late years only ignorant persons have tried to discover that motion. Two large volumes have been published describing the attempts to obtain perpetual motion, all of which attempts have been proved failures by the 'brutal test of each machine standing still." Scientific persons have long understood that perpetual motion is an impossibility; but persons who have not studied mechanics still struggle with the problem. though there is no longer any reward to urge them, as in past times we think there was.

Buying Their Own Diamonds. The De Beers mines employ 3,000

whites, and from 1 .. 000 to 20,000 of the natives as laborers. The natives, Mr. McGregor said, will steal diamonds and no way has been discovered to prevent theft. Under the law the native laborers are kept in inclosures called compounds They sell the diamonds which they steal at a few shillings per carat. They are purchased, although the natives are gnorant of the fact, by agents of the De Beers Company and returned to the company. Within the last two years, Mr. McGregor said, the company has paid in this way \$3,500,000 for diamonds which had been stolen by the natives. Mr. McGregor said it was expected that the dry diggings would be worked out in two years, but they have been worked since 1871. and there are no indications of a bottom being found. To prevent the soil from caving in, shafts 1,000 feet have teen sunk, and the mining is done in chambers similar to those of American coal mines.

A Unique Penholder.

The superstitious young woman owns a unique penhoider. At the top of the handle there sits a rabbit's left hind foot mounted in aft-ver. It is supposed to have come from a graveyard at midnight. She regards it as her masses.