

French or Dutch?"

of their recovery."

returned

address, madame, will be-

of this mysterious affair.

ure of a detective?"

respecting Waite."

away that year.

"It is wiser not, nor is it necessary; you

"No!" sharply. "I thought I told you I

ploying any one except those rusty crea-

tures, the regular police. Pray be silent

Here Mrs. Ruthven's servant brought

everal letters on a salver. She opened

and glanced at some, closing them up

"Do you remember an English engi-

eer, a Mr. Colville, who was employed

"Well, the pretty wife died when their

baby was born, and every one was very

little girl. He went home, and I lost

sight of him; now he applies to me for

"I hope you are not going to throw

"No, I am not quite so impulsive. I

he has to tell. And now I am going to

treat you without ceremony, and send you

"Then, if you come here at two or half

"A thousand thanks. I shall be here

When he was gone Mrs. Ruthven re-

opened one of her notes and read: "You

are really too hard in your refusal to see

vering," she murmured, interrupting her

seif-"I beg you will permit me to enter

your enchanted and enchanting presence

this evening, as I am tempted to believe

I might find some trace of your lost jewels

among the Jew dealers in Amsterdam. A

yesterday of an old Father Abraham.

marvels of brilliancy and beauty in his

stores, and is by no means particular as

to the sources from which he collects

them. Now I propose to visit the patri-

talk with you first. If I may come, let me

have a word in reply. I do not propose to

Mrs. Ruthven's face changed more than

once as she read this. It softened, and

then she flushed, while her eyes gleamed

"I cannot see him to-night; that is out

of the question, and he shall not go with-

out seeing me. Where has he been? I wonder if he has been at Evesleigh, riding

with Nora L'Estrange? I will write to

her; I shall ask him." She seized her pen

"Not this evening, dear Mr. Marsden.

I am engaged; but come to luncheon with me to-morrow at one. I have much to say

"CLIFFORD MARSDEN"

arch myself, but should like to have

be long away, after my plans are

angrily.

and wrote rapidly:

who lives in an obscure lane, yet has

"He has not been so very perse

away, as I want to write some letters.

Are you disengaged to morrow?"

Yes, quite disengaged."

look at the Twickenham villa.

on the railway, near Umballa? A better

sort of man, who had a very pretty wife?

again carefully, then she said, with

'Certainly, if you wish it."

"I suppose Marsden is in town.

you.

"Not in the least."

with Mrs. Ruthven's maid?"

Ruthven's maid in my life."

"What was your impression?"

"Have you any idea of their value?"

"No; that is, I am of course aware they

"I thought you must have known, be-

awhile at Folkestone; it would be easy

to see you there if you want to consult

me, and London is too intolerable. Mean-

time address to the care of my solicitors.

You are hardly fit to deal with such gent-

Waite bowed again and retired.

CHAPTER VII.

Lady Dorrington was exceedingly anx fous that both Mrs. Ruthven and her brother should visit her at the shooting lodge which Lord Dorrington rented in Scotland. She feared the effect of her heavy loss on the wenithy whow a many and she was anxious that her brother told you of the robbery?"

Should not lose his chance. She could not "Lord Dorrington. No! I now remember to the could not be a superficient told you of the robbery?" understand why Clifford did not strike ber he only said Mrs. Ruthven was faint. home and win the prize. The keen, It was Mr. Marsden himself who told worldly woman had a very soft spot in her heart for her brother who so often in the shrubbery. angered her. To see him and the family estate free from debt would fulfill ber heart's desire, and she thought Mrs. Ruthven a charming little woman, well fitted to be lady of the manor. Lady Dorrington's geese were apt to become swanlike in proportion to their utility. "As to her having a dash of the tar brush it is I do not think I have ever heard." nonzense," she would say to those detractors who urged this objection. "Both her father and mother were Europeans; some faraway grandfather was an Indian prince-that is no disadvantage in air of unconscious simplicity.

But no amount of pressing could induce Mrs. Ruthven to quit the murky metropolis. She had heard of a charming villa on the river at Twickenham, and she was anxious to purchase it. This, and her dread of the northern climate, compelled her to refuse her dear Lady Dorrington.

Marsden, having called twice without having been admitted, had not again presented himself, yet Mrs. Ruthven did not find time hang heavily on her hands. She went more than once to see her man of business respecting the purchase she wished to make, for she was keenly interested in financial matters and eager to get the full worth of her money, and she had a long and exceedingly confidential interview with Wnite after his return from Evesleigh.

At the end of a fortnight from the date of the robbery Shirley announced his return, after, he said, having seen his sister start for the Riviera, for Mrs. Ruthven had really been out when he called.

It was a dull but dry morning and Mrs. Ruthven was sitting in a low chair beside the fire, talking to Waite, who had been reading over some memoranda to

"I think I have formed a distinct plan now," he said, after a pause, "by which I hope at least to unravel the plot. I must dog the suspected culprit by day and

"It will be costly, madame." "I cannot help that; only find out the

'You must." she returned.

There was another pause.
"You are not an Englishman?" said always were," said Shirley, looking at always were," said Shirley, looking at her earnestly, distrustfully. "You wound her earnestly, distrustfully. "You wound Mrs. Ruthven suddenly.

er was English. "And your father?"

"A Pole. I resided both in Germany and France in my youth, and am able to Shirley resumed after a moment of the state of t uneful. Does he know you have secured this trens-'I expect Captain Shirley here imme-

We must deal cautiously with him," Mrs. Ruthven resumed. very shrewd and suspicious, and will, I know, disapprove of my applying to you without his interposition

"Then he should not have run off to Ostend when he might have been wanted," said Waite grimly. "Time in such matters is valuable, as I dare say he knows, and we have lost a good deal.

"Now, Mr. Waite, after you and Captain Shirley have seen each other, should like to test your power of dis-

guising yourself." 'I am ready to submit to any test you choose, madame. "Good. I shall arrange for Captain

Shirley to call upon me to-morrow, and you shall appear in a different character. Will you venture so much?"

"It might answer another purpose also." she resumed, thoughtfully. "At all events, you must appear to go abroad."

help to keep his daughter at school." That might answer, though there are away your money without inquiry into enough hiding places in London to shelter most rogues, and the less a secret is the case?" said Shirley. fenced with precautions the safer it often shall tell him to call and let me hear all

Here Mrs. Ruthven's courier brought her a card. "Oh! Captain Shirley. Yes, I will se-

him. Be with me here at seven this evening," she said, low and hurriedly. "I Il give you some important directions. Waite bowed as "Captain Shirley" was past, I will drive you down to have a announced. So you really have come back? I

thought you had deserted me," said Mrs. punctually." Ruthren, with languid graciousness, as she stretched out her hand.

"My absence was, you may be sure, un-avoidable," he returned, with a quick inquisitive glance at the detective.

"This," said Mrs. Ruthven, "is the celebrated Mr. Waite." His brows knit them-"Oh, indeed!" selves for a moment. "Then you have found him for yourself."

"I have. When in doubt, play a trump, friend of mine, an artist, was telling me and my trump has always been self-

"No one can help themselves better. And what have you done?"

"As yet but very little. Eh, Mr. Waite?" It is a difficult case, very. I have. however, formed some idea."

Indeed!" cried Shirley, eagerly. "And Not to be talked about et present. I

shall only say that my suspicious point you shall make them for me if you will, to a foreigner, whom I shall have to fol. "Yours devotedly. Perhaps, sir, you would be so good as to tell me what you remember of the ball-I mean the night Mrs. Ruthven's rubies were stolen?"

Oh! my recollections are of little use. I was not dancing, but finding the heat oppressive, I went outside, and, seeing one of the servants, asked him to bring me a case of cigarettes from the smokroom, which were remarkably good. So I missed being of any use at the first discovery of the outrage.

"Pray, was this servant one who waited on you?"
"No, he was a sort of under-butler." 'Was he English?'

wasting your time in a fruitless attempt to recover my lost jewels.

"CELIA RUTHVEN."

Mara len, however, had not been down to Evesleigh and Nora L'Estrange. He had found occupation in London, and time had not hung heavily on his hands. Mrs. Ruthven's invitation was far from acceptable; he was eager to start on his voyage of discovery, but he felt it would be more prudent to necept.

"I must keep her in good humor for some time longer," he thought, as he penned a pleasantly worded reply. is a vindictive little animal, and I must be clear of this trusteeship before I can venture to show my hand. What a rich harvest I deserve for my patience and "Have you any idea if this man was diplomacy! Shall I reap it? Yes, it's worth trying for."

Mrs. Ruthven was unusually particular "Or if he were in any way connected about ordering luncheon, though at ne time was she indifferent as to what she "How the devil should I know?" cried Shirley, angrily. "I never spoke to Mrs. ate and drank, and as to what she put on. A very becoming costume of dark-blue plush and cashmere, made her fairly con "Of course not, of course not," said tent with herself, while her thick, shining, the detective, soothingly. "Pray, who auburn-gold hair was crowned by a dain

ty little lace cap, with pale-blue ribbons Marsden was delightfully punctual, and, in his admirably out frock cont, with It was Mr. Marselen himself who told me, and I assisted in the search he made bred face and beautiful soft, sleepy blue in the standard of the search he made eyes, looked so hundsome and distinguished that Mrs. Ruthven thought a woman "Oh, it was and is that the jewels are might be excused for making a fool of herirreparably lost. I fear there is no chance self about bim.

"And how are you, dear Mrs. Ruthven after these long days? What sin did I commit that you fortid me your presare very valuable, but their exact worth ence?" exclaimed Marsden, holding her hand tenderly, a moment longer than was quite conventional, and looking into her cause they were so much talked about

when I was married, and you were in the "Forbid you my presence?" she repeat regiment," said Mrs. Ruthven, with an ed, laughing. "Once when you called I. was really out, and once I was really "Well, I do not remember if I did," he engaged!"

"Do you mean that is the beggarly as "I have trespassed too long on your count of all my attempts to see you? time," said Waite, bowing deferentially. Why, I was here four, five, six times, at "If nothing fresh turns up I shall start | leastfor the continent to-morrow, and your

"Then they omitted to tell me! Do not let us quarrel about the exact number, "Oh, I am not sure. I think of staying Mr. Marsden! tell me some Evesleigh news. How are your charming relatives

"I really do not know. I have never heard of them, and I had intended to hunt Blankshire this winter." "He does not strike me as anything "You must not allow yourself to grow

very wonderful!" said Shirley, changing morbid; I shall regret the loss of my pret-his place to one nearer hers, "and I had ty rubles more than ever! Come, lancheon his place to one nearer hers, "and I had hoped to have spoken to him first myself. is ready in the next room." While the servants were in the room ry. I had hoped you had confidence in they talked of ordinary subjects, but Mrs

Ruthven soon managed to get rid of them, "My dear Shirley, this is nonsense," and resisting the temptation of listening she interrupted, coolly. "Time was too to Marsden's charming voice and flattervaluable to be wasted, waiting while you ing speeches, she took the direction of the were running after your sister! As to conversation into her own hands. confidence," looking straight into his eyes, "you ought to know me by this time! I give my full confidence to no money soon," and proceeded to tell him

time. I give my full confidence to no money soon," and proceeded to tell him one; we can be useful to each other, but of the opportunity which offered of pursentimental nonsense would neutralize chasing the desirable villa at Twickenall that. Now I am resolved, in this mat- ham; after enlarging on its merits, she ter of the rubles, to have nothing to do continued: with any one but Waite. When I have "I alway "I always wished for a place of that

anything of importance to tell and choose to tell it to you I will. You may be offended with me or not, as you like. I am lay out some of that money which is lying disciplined woman, who, through the ready to remain your friend, but I in no | idle in the Three-per-Cent, so you must way fear you as an enemy. I will spare come back in time to pay it. nothing and no one to get to the bottom She looked up suddenly with a smile

and a keen giance, and Marsden met it "You are an extraordinary woman, you with his usual lazy, good-humored expres-"Very well," he said, "the cash shall be me in every way, yet I cannot break with

ready when and where you will. What are you going to give for this new toy "Thirty-three thousand five hundred." (To be continued.)

Infantile Convu sions.

Infantile convulsions are traceable to a great variety of causes, most of which lose their influence as the -hild indid not wish any one to know I was emcreases in years. Among them may be mentioned intestinal irritation-whether from improper food, constipation or worms-flatulence and griping, teething, fright and cold

As may be seen from the character of the causes, convulsions in the young child are often only transitory in their effects, and pass off without involving any part of the system in disease, although this is by no means always the

It is also apparent that many cases "I cannot say I do. I was a good deal of convulsions arise from a neglect of simple hygienic laws, and are amenable to correspondingly simple treatmuch concerned. I was godmother to the | ment.

One of the first things to be done in a case of convulsions is to alleviate the bed, where they fell asleep in each per, but at a glance of intelligence irritation of the nervous system, which other's arms to be awakened presently from his wife, he managed to maintain is almost always the cause of the trou- by their mother's kisses. ble. This is best done by immersing the child in a bath of warm water. Flack did not waken the children. She had said when she handed him the which may be made slightly stimulating, if required, by the addition of a teaspoonful or two of mustard.

that the child does not get chilled, and it critically. when taken from the bath he is to be wrapped in blankets immediately, no of the loaf to indicate that it was in any otherwise they would have heard somematter what the season of the year, and put to bed. He will generally fall at once into a quiet slumber.

When the cause of the convulsions is ascertained, we should lose no time in beginning treatment against it.

If the bowels are constipated, they should be relieved by proper medicine, and the diet so regulated that danger from this source will be lessened in the future.

Teath that are pressing upon the gums sufficiently hard to cause them to turn blue should be helped along with the lance. Nothing can be more efficacious than

the warm bath in breaking up a cold or in soothing the nerves of a frightened child In children of peculiarly nervous

temperament great care is sometimes necessary to ascertain the cause of the convulsions; a very slight irritation often starts a train of events which, unless we are fortunate enough to check it, may imperil the child with serious organic disorder.-Youth's Com-

Wide Experience. "Have you had much experience as

"Ol hev, ma'am. Ol had seventeen places lasht year, ma'am."-Harper's Bazar

The devil is proud of a grumbler, no matter whether he belongs to church and showed its teeth. to you, and by no means approve your or not.



## THE PRICE OF FREEDOM

personal sorrow:

ginny-Do'n cry, do'n cry! I'm goin' back teh ole Virginny, Good-bye! Good-bye!

I love its hills of vellow cohn. I long tew hear the moonshine horn, In ole Virginny I was bohn,

Good-bye! Good-bye!" "Me go, too, mammy," lisped one of

slik of that "yellow cohn" of which the yet. mother had just sung. "An' pappy?" urged the older child, who was playing with remnants of the

dough. "We're goin', right suah we are," said the mother, breaking off from another stanza of "Ole Virginny," "but I 'low

pap is goin' tew-ain't him?" Then began a scene that was enacted It is so nice for fetes and pretty daily in that little cabin-a scene inrecherche parties. Besides, I may as well stigated by the yearning love of an un-



BETWEEN THE SHERIFF AND HIS

COMPANION. medium of tears, prayers and altercations, kept the memory of an unworthy father alive in the hearts of his children The little ones cried for him, then fought over him, and when they reached a hair-pulling stage the mother looked on delighted, until she deemed they had punished each other enough. Then she sorted them out, shook them

When her bread was baked, Martina model as to length and size that all the tit. Jim." housewives of the Missouri valley We must, of course, exercise due care baked out of the oven and examined tion of bread and broke it in two. It

face, which Martina had varnished with | \$20 gold piece. a spoonful of sugar and water, and she gave a sigh of content as he set it out on the window ledge to cool.

nothin' more nor usual," she said to herself as she prepared to go out.

Her preparations were very simple. She hastily tied on a clean callco apron. and hung a man's wide-brimmed straw hat on her handsome head. She was picturesque in her youth and strength with her brown, sunburnt hair tumbled about her bold, honest face. Her cheeks glowed with exercise and the heat of the day, and there bung about her that indefinable something that is the religion of the woman who loves. "Jim, pore feller, will be plumb tired waitin'," she said as she picked up the

loaf and wrapped it in a ragged towel. "That there dep. air a sneak, but I low he kin be bought-fer gold. If Jim writ somethin on it, then I'm a sucker!" hed his Derringer he'd be out afore reckon." She left the door wide open, but as

whistle, and a black and yellow hound came hurrying in from a field. "Here, Tige-watch!" she said, and

As Martina hurried away she stopped

WOMAN was sing- | of a mustang that hung a shaggy head ing as she worked over and whimled.

kneading a round, "Ye'll go to-night, Jinny, suah," said shining mass of the woman, laying her large, loving dough with her hand on the brute's forehead. "Don't strong brown fret, ole gal, that there colt air all rite, hands, and at the an' mebbe yer'll see him soon."

same time keeping. The doors of the county jail stood a watchful eye on a open to the four winds of heaven, but pair of bables play- there was one padlocked cell in the ing on the floor, board shanty, scarcely fit to pen a Her voice had the sheep in, but good enough to pen a melodious intona- horse-thief in, and it held Jim Flack. tion of the south. The sheriff and his deputy were playalso its musical drawl, and she log poker, and Jim was watching them sang in that pathetic minor through his barred window, when Markey that seems to suggest a tina walked in, and strangely enough, the criminal looked like a respectable "I'm goin' home teh ole Vir- man, and the officers of the law like criminals, by the same theory that a visitor at the State Insane Asylum exploited, when he remarked to the superintendent:

"Anybody would know those people were crazy. They have such vicious faces and low foreheads." "Those," answered the superlaten-

dent, "are members of my own family; the children-a babe with hair like the we have not reached the insane wards

Martina walked into the jail and with one loving glance and a "howdy" to her husband, threw the loaf of bread on the table between the sheriff and his companion, without a word of apology.

The sheriff drew a formidable knife from the back of his leather belt, and with two sharp motions of the blade cut the loaf into three pieces.

"Nary file nor shootin' fron ther' Never left a dull spot on the blaid. Mis' Flack, yer a prime good baker. Give-

Jim his loaf, dep." Martina turned her back on the two men, and like a flash her eyes telegraphed something to Jim, but his keen, handsome face gave no sign of interest. The deputy had his eye on him, and Jim wasn't going to give any-

thing away. The husband and wife were allowed to speak together with the deputy and sheriff both watching and listening.

"How's th' kids?" asked the prisoner. "Peart." Martina's eyes filled with tears, and her voice choked up. Even desperadoes have moments of delicacy. but the sheriff and his deputy had

none. "Don't whimper, little woman," said

the sheriff, bluntly; "there's as good fish in the sea as was ever caught.' "You'll spoil your pretty eyes, Mis'

Flack," said the leering deputy. Jim Flack doubled his brawny fist, and there was murder in his heart as he heard the men chaffing his wife True, he had stolen horses, but that was his only crime, and it had come about through his being cheated in a trade and he had sworn to get even. But he would not have kicked an enemy when he was down, and his reverence for women and children was inborn. He on her own account, and put them to had hard work now to control his tem-

"Eat the middle of th' lonf fust." she took the long loaf-made on the same bread, "it air slack-baked, ez yer likes

a sullen silence.

When she was gone Jim took the secwas well the sheriff and his companion There was nothing in the appearance had become involved in a quarrel, way different from other loaves-no thing fall from the prisoner's hand and hummock in its smooth, burnished sur | roll heavily on the floor. It was a

"She hev sold poor Jinny's colt," thought Jim, as he picked up the money; "It hey been baked in the bread "I 'low it air all rite, of the sheriff or an' it means a bribe-yes, it do-but that dep. don' git ter probin' it filist, whether for the sheriff or dep.-or-hold 'Tain't heavy nor-nor suspicious nor on-mebbe both. Hello! Ef she ain't



JIM PLACE'S DEATH.

There were some crooked white letthis. Thar-them chillun ain't a-going ters on the gold piece, written with a ter mak' no fuss till I get back, I greased stick after a method known to those who are likely to need such writing-dust a few words which, decipher she stepped out she gave one long, loud; ed by Jim meant this:

"Bribe-Dep.-Walnut Hill-Jennyter-night."

He understood. Martina had sold the the dog curied itself on the door sill colt, as she had promised to do, and he was to use the money to buy his way out. He was not sure of the sheriff, a moment at a paling to pat the nose | who he believed had a personal spite

against him, but he knew the deputy would sell his soul for \$20, had it be of commercial value-he had felt the grateful lingle of many a bribe in his, unclean paim. So Jim began with the deputy and bad no trouble in making a compact.

That night covered by a revolver in the hand of the official, Jim walked out a free man. He dfd not intend to run, and he did mean to pay the price of his freedom, but he had conveyed the idea. that he was to receive the money at the place where the mustang was tied awaiting him. He had no confidence in the man who was helping him, but he was determined he would not return alive to jail in case there was an attempt to confiscate the money without giving him his freedom.

Jinny was there tied to a tree. There was no sign of Martina, and for this Jim was thankful. It was better that she should return to the children, after bringing the mustang there for him. He commended her good sense, and vowed in his heart he would live a straight life thereafter, for her sake,

The night was dark and starless, and a melancholy wind went wailing about the hill, and the trees waved and bent as it passed among them, in a monologue of nature's own chanting. Jim Flack shivered in the warm evening air, as one does who steps, unconsciously, on the spot that is to be his own grave.

He had placed his hand on Jinny's bridle when the deputy collared him. "Divvy up, man, or I'll save you from

a banging." After all it was not the deputy who fired the one quick shot that sent Jim Flack reeling into the dust. It was the sheriff, who had silently tracked the two men to their rendezvous, and now put up his gun and said:

"See of the hall-breaker is dead and done for."

"He's dead enough," said the denuty, turning him over, and shaking with "Then we'll bury him like a soldier,

where he fell. Much too good a lot for sech carrion as he." They dug a shallow grave and laid him in it. The gold piece was made

tributary to the law-the sheriff took When their work was finished the

deputy waited for orders. "Take the mustang and ride for your life-the further you go the safer you will be; and don't come back till I send

for you." The deputy never came back. Martina lives in her little home, and walts for news of Jim. Her beautiful eyes have a strained look, from gazing long and eagerly after every horseman or foot passenger in sight on the far. straight road that leads nowhere and everywhere. Her hair is faded almost to a yellow tint from the burning sun, and Jim's children have acquired her habit of standing in the doorway, and from under a shielding arm, watching, watching. There is always one of them on the watch for "pappy." What a welcome would be his if he ever

came! The sheriff could tell them the truth -but he dare not. He has blocked his own game.-Utlea Globe

"Christ Hath Risen."

All at once is heard in the distance the clear boom of the cannon announce ing the hour of midnight. The Russian priest, standing on the steps of the altar, swings his censer, and announces in tones which penetrate to the furthest corners of the edifice, "Christos voskres," (Christ hath risen,) and the people answer him with one voice: istine voskres," (In truth, He hath risen). The woman standing nearest the priest lights her taper at the consecrated one presented to her by him: her neighbor in turn receives the light from her; and so on, till in a minute, as it were, the chapel was illuminated with a hundred lights.

Fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, friends and relations, embraced one another, kissing three times on the forehead and either cheek and exchanging the Easter greeting. The whole congregation, then passing before the priest, did the same with him, and high mass now followed .- Chamber's Journal.

The Charm in Scotch.

I wonder if persons who can write Scotch are sufficiently aware of the great literary advantage they have over writers who are not born to that ability. It is no credit to them that they can do it. It is a gift of nature dropped in their lap. I never heard of any one who learned by artificial means to write Scotch. Scotch writers do it, and no one else. It has long been obvious that the proportion of good writers to the whole Scotch population was exceedingly large; but I do not remember that it has ever been pointed out how much easier it is for a Scotchman to be a good writer than another because of his innate command of the Scotch tongue.

There are such delightful words in that language: words that sing on the printed page wherever their employer happens to drop them in words that rustle; words that skirl, and words that clash and thump. - Scribner's Magazine.

New Species of Ape.

The Zoological Gardens at Berlin have just received from the Dutch East Indies an ape utterly unlike anything of the kind ever seen before in Europe. It is of the orang-outning species, and of a bright, flaring red, with bare neck and a remarkable booked nose. The inhabitants of Sumatra are said to regard it with superstitions reverence, It is alleged that these abes can swell their larynxes to an enormous extent, urtering loud sounds which cannot be described in words,

An abnormally thick skull and a very large brain were found to be Rubinstein's peculiarities, as developed in the post-mortem examination.

It is always impolite to say that wom en or butter are old.