

DISASTROUS CLOUD BURST

Glass-House Lake, N. Y., Is Made a Raging River.

Horses Washed Into the Valleys Below and Storm Drowned—The Worst Storm Ever Witnessed in That Section.

THEO. N. Y., Aug. 28.—There was a cloudburst in the mountains near Sand Lake about 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon and the damage resulting was the heaviest that has ever visited this vicinity from such a cause. The heavy rain fall of the past two days has swollen the mountain streams that enter into Glass-house lake, into torrents. The lake rose rapidly but no fears were entertained until the cloudburst occurred. Then the heavens seemed to open up and the rain came down in sheets of water. Nothing like it had ever been experienced, and for several hours the storm did not abate a particle but seemed rather to increase. Glass-house lake rose with startling rapidity, and soon the inhabitants began to feel really uneasy. In a very little while the water commenced to creep up towards the Glass-house hotel, which was filled with guests. Consternation seized them all and it was feared that the hotel would be pulled from its foundation. It was not long before the first story had to be abandoned and the inmates congregated on the upper floors, where from the windows and doors the alarming rise of water was watched with fear and trembling. The water soon flooded the first floor and reached as high as the top of the barn. An effort was made to reach the stable, where several horses and other stock were confined, but the water was too deep and too swift. The winnowing of the four horses were heard through the storm and noise. The barn was soon lifted from its foundation and carried away. All of the horses perished in the flood and their bodies were carried down the stream. On went the flood toward Sitter's Corners, about three-fourths of a mile away, sweeping before it bridges and buildings and carrying terror to the hearts of the farmers, who felt that their labor of the year would be swept away. The house of Ezra Knowles was nearly carried away. The water filled the cellar and first floor. The blacksmith shop of Lewis Adams suffered similarly and several horses were drowned. Mr. Knowles' house was afterwards completely submerged and the family had a narrow escape from being drowned. They left just before the fury of the flood advanced upon them and escaped to higher ground. Mr. Knowles' house is situated on the bank of the lake. The water rose to a depth of three feet in his barn.

At Sitter's Corners all the bridges were washed away as though they had been made of straw. When the flood reached the general store of John Huntley, situated across the street from Crapes' hotel, the entire building was lifted from its foundation and swept on with the stream. Everything in the store was flooded and the big wooden structure toppled over on its side and floated away, distributing its contents along the path of the flood. A barn in the rear of Huntley's store was inundated and two horses were drowned. The water rushed on towards Averill park and spread out over the flats until between the Baptist and Presbyterian churches it extended over the prolific crops nearly a mile wide. Water poured through the Beverick hosiery mill owned by A. B. Knowles. The goods were completely ruined. The volume of water that was released by the breaking of the dam was of mammoth proportions and carried destruction in its path. Everything went before it and the country for miles around was flooded. The water was too rapid for the circumspect current of the Wynantskill and instead of following in the bed it spread over the surrounding farm lands. The Wynantskill creek, which flows from Glass-house lake, runs along the Wynantskill road from Albion as far as the village of Wynantskill, a distance of about 200 yards, and is ordinarily about twenty feet wide and from a foot to three feet deep. This little stream had swollen to gigantic proportions rising over its banks and flooding the fields along its course for a quarter of a mile on each side forming one unbroken sheet of water, a mile long and a half mile wide, covering crops and flooding orchards, barnyards and cellars. At the village of Wynantskill great excitement prevails and the residents had all collected at the bridge watching the mad torrent, as it rose so rapidly that the rise was discernible in ten minutes, and about 9:30 the water had reached the level of the road and was soon pouring down the street a foot deep. Stroppe's road house and the house on the south side of the street were flooded and a barn back of the blacksmith shop was partially demolished. Whether any one has been drowned by the deluge cannot be determined, although several are missing.

That a flood of such seriousness as this could occur and no lives be lost seems almost impossible. It is expected that when communication is restored there will be reports of missing persons. The damage is probably \$100,000. The cutting away of the mountain forests is largely responsible for this and similar floods.

A telephone dispatch from the county house at 1:30 p. m. said the creek was rising and part of Smart's paper mill had been carried away. It is reported that Reilly's dam at Albion has been carried away. The railroad bridge at the foot of Bavaria street, this city, was carried away by the flood.

The storm at 9:30 o'clock alarmed the residents of Poastenskill and William McChesney, W. A. Castle, Robert Morrison and Garrett Eves and his wife attempted to cross the Poastenskill bridge just as the structure was swept

from its fastenings. McChesney was drowned and Mr. and Mrs. Eves were rescued and Castle, who is an old man, was found at daylight hanging to a clump of shrubbery half a mile from the bridge. McChesney's body was found one mile from Poastenskill this morning. He was 21 years of age. Old man Castle was exhausted when rescued and cut off from contact with the floating wreckage.

The Hoosic river caught the force of the cloudburst and the Lebanon Springs railroad is washed out from the yard of the company at Petersburgh to Berlin, directly east. Where the railroad tracks should be between Petersburgh Junction and the village of Petersburgh, the Hoosic river is running like a mill race and the tracks are in many places washed away. All the railroad bridges in Berlin and Petersburgh are gone and several houses in the latter village are partially turned over.

The wire and communication is cut off, but it is thought the shirt factory at Petersburgh is wrecked, as the river is filled with debris of that character. It is thought now that at least a week will elapse before the Lebanon Springs road can resume operations. In the meantime they opened on Monday camp meeting which is attended at the Fitchburg road or are taken up to Chatham by the Boston and Albany. The camp meeting ground is elevated and no damage threatened the tent dwellers last night.

THE FUGITIVE MARSH.

The Bank President Said to Be Pleasantly Located in Spanish Honduras.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 31.—Reliable information has reached this city that Gideon W. Marsh, the defaulting and absconding wrecker of the Keystone bank, of which he was president, and for whose arrest Samuel Wanamaker, brother of the postmaster-general, and who is one of his bondsmen, has offered a large reward, has found a haven of refuge at Taguailapa, in Spanish Honduras. This is a little Spanish town of 40,000 inhabitants, but little known, and very difficult to reach by the outside world. It is towards the western end of Spanish Honduras and is nearer the Pacific ocean than the Caribbean sea. There is no railroad running to the place, and it takes six days to reach it by horses or mules over a rugged country. One of Marsh's relatives admits that he has funds enough to keep himself comfortable in the Spanish town for some time to come. There is no extradition treaty with that portion of the universe, and unless Marsh could be decoyed to the coast, and this is very unlikely, he is safe from American justice.

CORBETT TALKS FIGHT.

He Says He Is Ready to Meet Mitchell or Slavin When They Are Ready.

BOSTON, Aug. 31.—James Corbett, the pugilist who arrived here last night, said to a United Press reporter: "Mitchell's acceptance of my challenge looks genuine and is a welcome feature of this fighting debate. I am ready to fight him as soon as he is ready and at any place he may select. There is nothing in my theatrical engagements to prevent an early meeting. They were made with the express provision that a fight with Slavin or Mitchell, the latter preferred, would not be interfered with. I shall give him no chance to back out of the acceptance when he arrives. As for preferences in the matter I would select the Granite club, Hoboken, or the Olympic club of New Orleans, if the choice were left to me. The fight ought to and probably will come off at the club offering the biggest purse."

Corbett was very emphatic in his denial of the current reports of his differences with Sullivan. Corbett says after Mitchell has got away with Slavin or himself it is time enough for him to talk of fighting Sullivan. "If Mitchell and I meet," he said, "it will be no sprint race. I myself, an enough of a sprinter to catch a man in a prize ring."

THE UNION PACIFIC DEAL.

Important Developments Expected at the Meeting Tomorrow.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—Important developments in the affairs of the Union Pacific railroad are expected this week. A meeting of the recently appointed financing committee, of which J. Pierpont Morgan is the head, will be held tomorrow in this city. As the story goes now, President Dillon will soon be succeeded by a man identified with the Vanderbilt interests and General Manager S. H. Clark, Mr. Gould's first lieutenant, will also retire to make room for a Vanderbilt man. Should these things come to pass the St. Paul and Rock Island roads would come into very close and friendly relations with the great Vanderbilt system, which would then far surpass in extent any other railroad system on earth. It is not yet known here how Gould views these prospective changes in Union Pacific.

THE SULTAN APOLOGIZES.

He Opens the Dardanelles to Russian Vessels, and Makes Big Promises.

LONDON, Aug. 31.—A Constantinople correspondent of the Standard says: "The sultan has yielded to all Russia's demands respecting the Dardanelles, which henceforth will be open to Russian vessels when closed to others. The sultan has abjectly apologized for the recent detention of a Russian vessel. He has dismissed the officers responsible therefor and has promised an indemnity forthwith."

Rioters at Valparaiso.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—The World's Valparaiso special says: "At sundown a riotous mob of laborers, occupied with nothing better than mischief, united with a rabble of deserters from the government and soon fired and looted many buildings on the outer edges of the city belonging to Balmaceda's partisans. Fourteen fires raged all night long, but are now under control. Two million dollars worth of property was destroyed by the incendiary mob. The city rang all last night with rifle reports, and this morning the bodies of about 200 rioters and pillagers littered the streets. American, British, French and German marines form strong guards at the foreign residences. A volunteer civic guard, composed of members of the foreign colony, has been enrolled and order is now fully restored. The marines and guards are still on duty."

Balmaceda Gives It Up.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31.—The following telegram was received at the state department this morning: "Valparaiso, Aug. 30, 9:30 p. m.—To Blaine; Washington: Balmaceda has turned over the government to Baguedano and fled. Canto goes to Santiago tonight to assume control until the arrival of Junta from Iquique. Good order here. (Signed) McCREARY, Consul."

A Healthy Showing.

BOSTON, Aug. 31.—The July statement of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, including controlled roads, shows the gross earnings to be \$2,761,494, an increase of \$40,095 net earnings after operating expenses and one-twelfth of annual charges estimated for 1891, \$330,467, an increase of \$333,307.

Trains Collide.

GENEVA, Aug. 31.—A dispatch from Zurich says that an express train which was entering the railway station at that place dashed into the train which was being switched to permit of its passing. Four cars of the train which was being switched were wrecked and many passengers were injured. So far as known, however, no one was killed outright.

PRIDE, PASSION & CUPIDITY

Or the Fortunes of a Hunted Heiress.

A Tale of Factory Life in New England, By Major MacNamara, Author of "Hannibal, the Bondman," "The Soldier and the Savage," Etc., Etc.

She resided in a beautiful cottage house just outside the limits of the city. Phillip Blake had engaged a handsome suite of rooms on the "second flat," and there a few days after his marriage he had installed himself and wife; though, when he introduced Barbara as Mrs. Blake, an odd smile passed over the features of the coarse looking landlady, and a shadow of the same seemed to linger for a moment about the lips of this unprincipled man.

Barbara was a little surprised upon taking possession of the apartments not to find the servants assembled to welcome their master and his new made bride—for Phillip had spoken of the luxuries by which she was to be surrounded, with such unctious and apparent sincerity, that the romantic factory girl had builded a castle in Spain of such gorgeous proportions, that a handsome suite of rooms on the "second flat," seemed for the moment a frightful coming down.

The loving "palaver" of Mr. Blake, however, soon restored Barbara's good humor, for he assured her that this was only for a time—in a little while she would be surrounded by such luxuries and pleasures as she never contemplated in her wildest dreams.

All this pleased Barbara, she could find a score of reasons why a rich young man like her husband—how fondly the poor young girl dwelt on the name in her early days—should desire to hide his wife away from the knowledge of his rich relatives, though Phillip Blake, if he was pressed to give a reason, would have been greatly puzzled, without downright lying, to give a single one!

Here, in the seclusion of these apartments, for the first few days, the time passed deliciously indeed. Blake was constantly at home—he read to her and sang to her, for there was a piano in the room, and Blake was an excellent performer, and in a variety of ways, the time was made to pass with a swift and dreamy pleasure that seemed to poor Barbara to have a touch of Heaven in it.

Phillip Blake was greatly surprised when he learned that the girl whom he imagined he inveigled into his infamous trap did not understand a single musical note, and could not even play an ordinary air on the piano—for he had promised himself much pleasure from the tuneful fingers of his victim.

Barbara felt keenly his disappointment, though she said nothing. She felt her first sharp pain when she entered her own parlor, and beheld the piano standing in all its glossy beauty wide open, like the mouth of a young robin, waiting for the finger food that would fill the whole house with melody.

The blood surged over her face and for the first time in her life, she asked herself if she were fitted for the cultured sphere on which she had entered with such thoughtless precipitation.

The reader may think this a very foolish cause for pain—but the same feeling and longing for equality would have animated the heart of any true woman, in such circumstances, or I am a failure in my judgment of the human heart.

I have said that Barbara greatly enjoyed the first few days of their wedded life. Then her husband was always with her. This state of things soon ceased, however. Blake would be away late into the night, and even to early morning; then he would come to his apartments sullen with liquor—fresh from some vile debauch, with red face and flaming eyes, and cruel words and curses on his lips.

He would throw himself on the sofa, and sleep away the effects of his low degrading pastimes, while poor Barbara would sit beside him, looking upon his distorted countenance, and thinking how terribly she had mistaken the nature of the degraded being before her.

Sometimes he would come home with great piles of bank notes, and cast them at her feet upon the floor—and Barbara would be amazed at the wealth she saw—at these times the man would be pleasant, in jovial good humor, and would fondle and caress her to his heart's content; and, if I must write it, to Barbara's infinite disgust; for she was not yet used to the foul smell of a drunkard's breath, or the rough caresses of a human bear.

Sometimes he would come home at night, mad with excitement and drinking—then he would have no bank notes to toss at her feet; nought then for her but cruel words. Barbara would retire to her room and leave him alone—when he would drop upon the sofa, and fall asleep—then she would creep out in the silence and fix a pillow beneath his head, unloosen his cravat, relieve him of his boots, with a kind and gentle hand—and meet him the next morning with a winning tenderness which seemed to say, "You try me hard, but are forgiven Phillip."

The next terrible pain she experienced was in the cold looks of her landlady, who waited upon her with a surly independence and hauteur of demeanor that surprised her. The landlady did not positively insult her, but treated her in that supercilious manner which betokened an infinite lack of respect for her lodger.

Barbara complained of this one day to her husband, but he only laughed, saying—

"Oh, she's a sour old creature; let her alone. We won't be here long, you may depend."

"Nevertheless she spoke to the landlady that morning as he was going out, and finished what he was saying, with the words:—

"Bates, you are altogether too quick in your conclusions. Just rule that tongue of yours, or I will find a way to make you," and went away.

We have touched upon these little matters at this length, as they furnish important links of connection in all that follows.

CHAPTER XX.

IN WHICH MR. OSBORN APPEARS ANXIOUSLY SEARCHING FOR A SISTER AND A NIECE, AND SAM BURR FINDS A CLIENT.

The cotton factories were in a mess of trouble, when John Sanborn one morning was summoned to the manager's office, to leave his other duties in the mill, and attend to the shipping of a large invoice of goods via the Boston and Maine Railroad.

The engineers had "struck," and the trains were running with perfect irregularity, and great crowds were assembled about the depots—"lookers on in Venice"—and adding to the confusion which seemed to reign supreme.

Sanborn was checking immense bales of goods, and running hither and thither to see that they were properly assorted for shipment, when a train rushed into the depot and delivered a great number of passengers, who rushed pell-mell on to the platform and sought to make their way through the crowd of natives whom curiosity had assembled.

One old gentleman upon leaving a car seemed likely to be hurt by the people rushing to and fro around him, and doubtless would have been, had not young Sanborn helped him from the midst of the crowd and assisted him to a better footing and an easier standing-place.

The old man, without stopping to thank him, drew from his pocket a great red bandanna, and wiping the perspiration from his brow, he said in an excited tone of voice:—

"Well, if this ain't the—the d—!—I railroad concern I ever traveled on!"

"Why, Mr. Osborn?" exclaimed Sanborn, "What brings you to this town? I'd as soon expect to see—"

"John, Sanborn! Well, John, this is an unexpected pleasure. I'd a been trampled to death by them fellows if you had not hauled me out of that crowd," and the old gentleman industriously rubbed his face and looked anxiously about for something he didn't seem to see.

"Why, what's become of my—"

"My valises! I had it in my—"

"You've got it in your hand, Mr. Osborn," cried John, laughing, "and the old gentleman looked down in some surprise, and then with a hearty roar—a roar that nearly filled the depot, exclaimed:—

"So I have, so I have! but I tell you John, that tumble nearly upset me—I hardly know what I'm about."

"It's some time since you have been down our way, sir; I suppose you have come to help the road up by a heavy shipment of goods, Mr. Osborn?"

"No, I didn't, John, and I wouldn't help the road if I could; I don't like the way it's carrying on. But come, let's get out of here—are you busy?"

"I will be through in one moment—and then I will be with you."

Sanborn having finished his business returned to where Mr. Osborn was standing, and signified his willingness to be of service.

"Well, the first thing I want, John, is a good hotel—lead the way to that, and we will talk as we go long. How's the mill doing? Business good, eh?"

"It's fair, and that's about as much as can be said—though the times are dull all over the country, I hear."

"Oh, no John, the times are good enough—it's the people my boy, the people, they want too much for their money," saying which, Mr. Osborn looked into his companion's face with a shrewd smile full of humor.

"Well, we are the people, and for my part, as a little fraction of the great whole I want all I can get for my money, and I am sure that you do."

"So I do John, and so do all of us, and some of us want a great deal more than we ought to have. But I'm not down here on a money-making business this time—it will be dollars out I reckon, instead."

"That's not usual with you, Mr. Osborn," replied John Sanborn, dryly.

"You're right! I never do a losing business, if I *did* I wouldn't be able to trouble the assessors as much as I do."

The train had now arrived at the Franklin House, where Mr. Osborn registered, after which he invited the young man to accompany him to his room, from where he ordered liquid refreshments, saying "I want to talk with you John, about business too—but private business—John I've retired!"

The old gentleman announced this fact as if he expected to greatly startle his young companion.

But John was not moved in the least—He said simply:—

"You are rich enough to have retired years ago, Mr. Osborn; but the Mill will lose a good customer."

"Never mind the Mill now, John," said the old gentleman, sipping his glass of iced punch, "I'm here on a bit of business that's entirely out of my line, and I want a bit of advice about it. Just light that cigar, and I'll tell ye what it is."

"You see John," said the old gentleman, settling himself back in his chair, "I'm searching for a 'next of kin,' as the lawyers say. I'm looking after a sister born and bred in New Hampshire. She married a second time, and with her husband moved down to this place. The husband's name was Bendon, or some such thing—I can't find out what, but he was a carpenter, and on coming here got work in one of the mills. His wife, my sister, died here, leaving one child, a girl, that much I have learned—now I want to find that girl! She has worked in the Mills and is probably working there now. You see John, I haven't been to Hampshire till the other day for years, and have lost track of my sister and her little girl. Of course my sister is dead, I know that for parties in New Hampshire had letters informing them of that fact, which letters I have. Now John, I am an old fellow, and can't live forever, and have no living creature to leave the few dollars I've got, except this little girl. I've given up business now, and am going to settle down in my old age, and I must find that girl—John I must have a little woman round the house—something to love you know, and if she is anything like her mother she's sure to make my old days happy."

"There, John, is the whole business in a nutshell—that's what brought me here—You know I ain't much acquainted in this town, and I want your advice and assistance. Now what had I better do?" and Mr. Osborn pulled the bell and ordered more punch. For he declared, that he belonged to the old school "you know," and didn't give a snap of his fingers for all the prohibitory laws in creation.

"I hardly know how to advise you in a matter of that kind—it's rather a delicate subject. It appears to me Mr. Osborn, that you should be first sure of the name, then call at the Mills and ascertain whether such a man as Bendon, if that was his name, ever worked there, or if there is a girl of that name employed there—then of course the rest will be easy."

"Well, that's just where I am bothered. I don't know that that is the girl's name—the name isn't mentioned in the letters—I have got nothing mentioned and moved down here, and that she died here. Her little daughter is the only relation I have got in the world, and I don't intend to leave my money to build hospitals and asylums for broken down pea-nut vendors—not by a long chalk—I must find the little girl and make her happy, and myself too for that matter. Why John, I can make that gal one of the richest ladies in the land, and no mistake!" Here the good old fellow slapped John on the back with a great deal of unctious and rubbed his hands together repeatedly, "I must find that gal or I won't be happy, I assure ye."

"I have suggested the only way that I can think of Mr. Osborn, and if we thought it over forever, we could not find a surer method of getting at what we want. But

after all it strikes me that the most business like way of going about it would be to place the whole matter in the hands of a lawyer, and by George, I know just the very man!" cried John with the faintest touch of excitement.

"I never thought of that," said Mr. Osborn reflectively. "Yes, that is the proper way. Who is the man you refer to?"

"Sam Burr! One of the smartest young lawyers in town. He has just leisure enough to give the matter his whole attention!" John's eyes twinkled as he dwelt on the word while, and the old gentleman caught his humor, for he said dryly:—

"Yes—these young lawyers generally have leisure enough to give their whole attention to cases—but never mind that John, your recommendation is enough for me. When can we see him?"

"I will be here to-morrow at ten, and then we will call upon him. Now, Mr. Osborn I must leave you—for I have to report at the Mill."

When John left the Franklin he hurried immediately to Sam Burr's office, where he found that young gentleman with his heels up as usual and smoking his meerschaum.

"Sam, I have got a case for you!" he exclaimed upon entering the office.

"A case, eh," said Sam, dryly. "What kind of a case is it—to marry another Mill gal, eh?"

"Not a bit of it. Something entirely different. There's millions in it, my boy!" and Sanborn told him the story of Mr. Osborn.

"That sounds good—that looks like legitimate business John—when I become Attorney General, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you had the honor of bringing me my first case—when will the venerable Osborn call—for I must fumigate the office and be prepared for him?"

"At ten to-morrow—so au revoir!"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE YOUNG LAWYER THINKS HE MAKES A GREAT DISCOVERY.

Punctually John Sanborn called upon his friend Osborn at the Franklin House the next morning, finding that gentleman in the reading room engaged in a political discussion with one of the guests of the house.

Mr. Osborn was quite excitedly defending some question of politics relating to administration, and declaring that the country would inevitably go to—a climate far hotter than any to be found on our present maps, when Mr. Sanborn entered.

"Hello, John! Just listen to what this man is saying about sending troops down south; why, he's got no more idea of the present situation than an Alaska seal!"

With that remark the old gentleman picked up his cane, and shaking hands with his opponent in high good humor, prepared to accompany his young friend to the office of Sam Burr.

When they arrived there Sam Burr was not to be found. But a large paper on the door announced:—

"At the Superior Court—Back at ten."

"I suppose we will have to wait, John; eh?"

"Yes, but he will be back in a moment—it's about ten now." Sanborn saw immediately through the thin assumption of business intended to be indicated by the important announcement on the door, and he knew Sam was somewhere in the immediate vicinity, and gazing even at that very moment upon his aged prey, who sat rapping his stick impatiently on the floor.

"I guess your young friend has got business, John; that's a pretty high court, ain't it—the Superior?"

"Yes, Sir; the next in legal importance to the Supreme."

"This office is quite a new one, judging by this oil cloth, your desk, and the fixins," queried Mr. Osborn peeping around curiously.

"Yes, Mr. Burr is quite young in practice, but a very excellent lawyer I assure you. Why," continued John getting quite warm in praise of his friend, "he had a case of mine, the other day, which resulted in a marriage, a case of great importance, and by Jove, do you know Sam won it as easy as falling off a log!"

"Tumbling over a log is an easy operation, John, isn't it?" quizzed the old man, still tapping his stick on the floor.

"Well, I do not know, Mr. Osborn, I never tried it myself, though I hear it's quite simple in performance."

"But sometimes quite uncomfortable in results—I know a man who broke a leg falling off a log—"

"Ah, broke in John, with a light laugh, "perhaps he didn't fall easy enough."

"Oh, there was no trouble in falling—it was in stopping he received his damage—"

"Good morning, gentlemen!" interrupted a cheery voice coming suddenly into the office like a small whirlwind—with two great bundles of legal papers tied with red tape, which Sam Burr deposited on his desk, with an air of extreme importance, turning at the same moment to consult a great legal tome which he took down from one of the shelves.

He looked savagely at this big book for a few seconds; tapped his forehead once or twice very profoundly and then muttered audibly: "Just as I thought, Wiggins versus Higgins, an action in tort, decided for the plaintiff. The Judge was wrong of course."

Sam closed the book, returned it carefully to the shelf, and then as if a world of clients were waiting outside the door, to his visitors—"Now gentlemen I'm at your service. What can I do for you?"

It was as much as Sam Burr could do to preserve his dignity, for he beheld John looking at him with an expression of blank amazement—John had begun to believe that it was square business, which had been taking up his friend's time, and that he was not in such awful need of clients as he apprehended; but one glance into the merry, impatient eyes of the young lawyer brought him to himself, so turning from the window where he was standing, he proceeded to introduce Mr. Osborn.

This ceremony being concluded, the lawyer and his client proceeded to an investigation of the matter in which the latter was so deeply interested.

John, whose duties called him away, took his leave and left the two men together.

Without any circumlocution Mr. Osborn went into the merits of the case, stating substantially all that the reader has learned from Sanborn regarding the matter of finding the missing child of his dead sister.

The young lawyer paid the deepest attention to the story that Mr. Osborn related, making a note now and then of some point with which he seemed more particularly impressed.

When he had concluded, Sam asked a few questions which led to very important results.

"Can you tell me about what time your sister removed from New Hampshire down here?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The world has 325 electric railroads