AVENGED AT LAST: or, a World-Wide Chase.

We will get to business at once. I have man ready to go to New York and I ow he will act fair and square and wide with us when the time comes. all about you you can easily do it, and we must have the writing to carry the thing through." These were the words which Eugene's answer elicited. Re listened attentively and asked:

"Well, what do you propose to do?" "The first step will have to be taken by you." said Emerick, "but I will make a suggestion. The man who is to personate Percy Lovel is an expert penman and can easily learn to sign his name like the Englishman, but you must get the copy; and the best means last!" I know will be this: you had better maintain your pleasant relations with the Delaros and tell Armida that you made a great mistake which need not sever your friendship. You will then be speedily reinstated in your former position with the family. Then some afternoon-the sooner the better-try and persuade that fat old Blodger, whom you say is with them, to take Armida and his fat boy to the exhibition, or anywhere out of the way, and you can stay to keep Mrs. Delaro company. If you do not make an opporbunity during that time to get one of that Englishman's letters you are not quite as active and smart as I think you

"Yes," replied Eugene. "That appears to be a feasible plan, and the least we can do is to give it a trial."

So they parted on this understanding, little thinking under what auspices their next meeting would take place.

CHAPTER XX.

When Eugene next called on Armida he did as his father had suggested. He told her that he had made a great mistake and asked her permission to remain on friendly terms so that he might continue to improve himself under her buition and guidance.

Armida gladly consented and he was ence more welcomed to the Delaro cir-

He did not again see his father for several days, and was therefore unable to report, but fortune favored his plans and one afternoon when Eugene was feigning hard study with Armida, Mr. Blodger came bouncing into the room and announced that he was going to see the matinee performance at the Wild West show and invited them all to accompany him. Armida at once accepted the invitation and so did her mother, but Engene made the excuse that his head

"All the more reason why you should go," said Blodger. "It will drive your headache away."

Still Eugene would not be persuaded and Armida put it down to sulkiness. The excursion was, not to be spoiled, however, by his refusal. Mrs. Defaro

suggested that he should stay at home and "keep house," as she playfully termed it. This was exactly what Eugeno wanted, and nothing could have suited him better. So he readily consented, and the party went out leaving him to act as he pleased.

Mr. Blodger was in his element. He took the little party through the American Exhibition; pointed out those things in which he was especially interested, and finally they reached the Wild West show and entered a private box which Mr. Blodger had already enraged. The performance, so familiar to most Americans, commenced. Every thing went along pleasantly, and everybody was delighted, until the show came to a close. After it was over the originator of it, Hon. Buffalo Bill, held one of his celebrated receptions, while the visitors interested themselves in examining the tents of the Indians, the bucking bronchos and all the paraphernalia of the Wild West.

At last when every thing had been seen Mr. Blodger and his party turned to go. As they did so a disturbance suddenly took place near where they stood and two men could be seen struggling on the ground. The one seemed many years younger than the other and he was evidently holding on to the older man with an embrace which he intended should be lasting. With true English instinct the crowd gathered around the two men to see the fight, but when they noticed the disparity in age they murmured: "Shame! Shame!" Still nobody tried to part them until a burly policeman pushed his way through the crowd and endeavored to part the combatants.

With the help of a bystander he raised the struggling men to their feet, but still the younger man held on and would not loosen his hold.

"I will not let him go," he cried. The people thought him crazy. At first it seemed to be only a drunken squabble, but the onlookers soon noticed that each of the men were well dressed and then they knew that something more serious than a momentary quarrol must be the cause of the disturbance. The younger man who cried out so loudly was thished and hot; his cheeks and neck were red as fast flowing blood could make them; but the elder man was pallid with the sickly hue of death.

This was only the commencement of the trouble, however. The crowd had a delectable treat in store for them. Mrs. Delaro was about to retreat from the spot when she heard and recognized a voice she knew well. She at once turned and raising her vail looked toward where the burly policeman stood holding his two prisoners. There she beheld a sight which made her heart lean for joy. Without a word to her companions she ran towards the policeman and elbowing her way through the erowd grasped the young man's arm

and cried out: "Percy Lovel! You alive? In Heaven's name, what is the matter?"

Percy turned his eyes towards her and in the same moment gave the man he held a powerful twist which brought and shouted: "Do you recognize him?" Did she? Ab, this was the supreme | you know."

moment of years of anxiety and pentup hatred. Throwing her arms back with a tragic air, she exclaimed in joyful accents: "Leon Velasquez! My

meet at last!" If the words had been magic they sould not have had a quicker or stronger influence on the policeman. He was instantly awakened to the seriousness of the situation and in less time than it the sooner you get that handwriting takes to write it he had manacled the better. If you have any smartness accused man, and was bearing him off towards one of the offices, telling Mrs. Delaro and Percy to follow him.

Mr. Blodger, Armida, and Stephen Blodger, Jr., had immediately followed Mrs. Delaro to ascertain what the extraordinary movement on her part meant, and as Mrs. Delaro followed the policeman, Armida drew near to her and excitedly asked: "Mother, dear, what does all this mean?"

"It means, my child, that we have run him to earth at last-oh, at last, at

"Whom do you mean?" "Hush child-the man who murdered your dear, dear father many years ago, the man whom he trnsted, Leon Valasquez."

Armida had almost forgotten that her father had been murdered, but this was no time for explanations, and Armida did not ask for one, but she did ask: "Who is that man walking on the left of the policeman, mother?"

"Percy Lovel, my dear, whom we have so long mourned as dead."

Then, without any regard to appearances, the impetuous girl rushed after Percy, and shook his hands with a heartiness that gave both him and her mother great pleasure, but which would



LRON VALASQUEZ! MY HUSBAND'S MUB-DERER!"

have smothered Eugene's hopes forever had he witnessed the deep genuineness of her welcome.

A moment later the policeman took his prisoner into the office, and Mrs. Delare and her party followed. During all the time the prisoner did not utter a word. He was allowed to sit down. and when once he raised his blanched. terror-stricken face, Armida immediately recognized it.

"Mother, that is Mr. Emerick; there must be some mistake."

"No mistake, my child. I know Leon Velasquez's face too well to ever for-

Meantime, cabs had been ordered, and the prisoner, accompanied by two policemen, entered one, while the others were occupied by the rest of the party, and they drove away from the immense crowd, which had gathered to the police station. The charge was entered, and Mrs. Delaro and Percy were instructed to appear next day and give their evidence against the prisoner.

The entire pasty then returned to the hotel together. Mr. Blodger, who was considerably mystified and wished to hear the whole story, decided to accompany the party, and of course he had to take his heavy-weight son along with him.

When they were once more seated in one of the elegant suite of rooms which Mrs. Delaro occupied, Armida was the first to speak-"Where is Mr. Bregy? Did he not

say he would wait until we returned?" "Probably he felt too unwell to remain and went to his hotel," said her mother, but no sooner had she uttered the words than her maid came into the room erying and sobbing: "Oh, Mrs. Delaro, they have taken Mr. Bregy to the police station, and there has been terrible trouble here."

"Taken Mr. Bregy to the police station-why what do you mean?" asked Mrs. Delaro.

As well as she could, in her excited state, the girl related how one of the porters, in passing the door which was slightly ajar, had seen Mr. Bregy standing over Miss Armida's writing desk trying to open it. The man watched him until he had opened it and when Mr. Bregy had his hat on ready to leave he rushed in and seized him. The porter naturally felt justified in placing him under arrest as he caught him with a bundle of Bank of England notes in

his fingers. "Surely, there must be some herrible mistake about it all," said Armida.

"There is no mistake at all, miss." and the garrulous girl. "for they have locked him up at the police station, and he will be taken before the magistrate in the morning."

Still Armida could not believe it, and was determined to go and see Eugene; but as she could not go alone, she accepted Mr. Blodger's offer to accompany

While she was away on this errand Percy Lovel told Mrs. Delaro his story, from the time he had left New York for South America up to the encounter at the Wild West Show.

"For the past week," he proceeded. "I have been trying to find you. I have sought you at most hotels and examined the register at the American Exchange. but could not secure any trace of you

"This afternoon I determined on indulging in a little recreation and attended the Wild West Show. Just as I was coming away, the man whom we were each looking for (though until recently I had no positive grounds for supposing that Julius Emerick and Leon Velasquez were identical) crossed my path, and, as I had previously made up my mind that I would capture his face in contact with Mrs. Delaro's, him if he ever came within sight of me, I at once grasped him. The rest

Then they fell to talking of the many

useless efforts which they had made to capture the villain. "Now," said Mrs. Delaro, "that I know that he is safe in the hands of the law, I feel that I can busband's murderer! Thank Heaven, we spend the closing days of my life in rest and peace. You, Percy," she said, "have been my true and devoted friend all through and will not leave me now. To you we owe every thing, and you are the only friend upon whom we can rely in future.'

"But where is our dear old friend, Mr. Wilcox?" asked Percy, who listened with surprise to these words.

"Do you not know?" said Mrs. Delaro, opening her eyes with astonishment. "No," replied Percy. "I stayed only a short time in New York, and the people at the house said he had accompanied you."

"Poor, dear old man," said Mrs. Delaro, "he has long been laid to rest in the quiet graveyard of his native town in New England." As she spoke these words Percy was silent, and it was many minutes before he could control his voice to speak. When he did his words came choked and husky-"Would to God that he had lived to see this villain brought to justice! So my staunch old friend is gone from us!"

More than an hour elapsed before Armida and Mr. Blodger returned. When they did return Armida was in sorrowful mood, and said that she had seen Eugene. He had admitted bursting open the desk, but insisted that he did not want the money. What he did desire he would not tell.

"What shall we do, mamma?" she asked. "He must not go to prison. Think of the disgrace."

"We will consult a lawyer in the morning and see what we can do about it," responded her mother.

That night was the happiest Mrs. Delare had spent for many a year, and long and steadily did she talk with Percy



"I AM NOT YOUR HUSBAND AND NEVER HAVE BEEN."

about all that had transpired during his long absence, while Leon Velasquez and his dupe languished in prison.

In due course the accused man was brought up for an examination. Mrs. Delaro in a firm voice related the history of the murder and swore to the identity of the prisoner. So positive and straightforward did her evidence seem that it appeared hardly necessary to call Percy Lovel. Still he was placed in the witness box and gave an account of his adventure in South America. He also told about the final clew of the silver-charm which had satisfied him as to the identity of the prisoner, and in a few moments the presiding magistrate committed Velasquez to jail to await the arrival of his extradition papers.

The same day Eugene Bregy was brought up at another London police court and, despite the efforts of the lawyer employed to defend him, he was sent to jail for a short time.

All this time his anxious mother was expecting news of him at Nice, where she at last grew tired of waiting and came to London. The first place she went to was the address which Armida had given her. While Armida gladly welcomed the poor woman, it was with a sorrowful heart that they told her the story of the last few days. "But Mr. Emerick is in New York," she said. 'He told me he was going there."

"Then he did it to mislead you," said Armida, "for he is now in jail awaiting removal to America to be tried on a

charge of murder." "What! my husband a murderer?" oried the poor woman. "Why, you surely said he was not

your husband?" said Mrs. Delaro. "But he is. He told me so, and he has got all my money." said the now distracted woman.

Mrs. Delaro was immediately struck with an idea. "Ah, he has deluded you into believing it in order to rob you of your fortune," she said.

"No, no!" cried Mrs. Bregy. "He is my husband, my Alphonse, and I must go and see him. To pacify the woman a carriage was

procured and she was taken to the jail where Leon Velasquez was confined. He was brought into the cage to see er and she at once approached him-

Alphonse, they say you are not my usband. But it is not true, is it?" "I am not your husband, and never have been," he said. In almost indisc

"Then why did you say you were?" she said.

"I wanted your money." was the cool nejoinder. He was his end was near and he merciful, et the poor woman's mind at rest. Bu she had to be carried out of the room in a swoon.

CHAPTER XXL

"Tis not my will that evil be immor-'tal." It is well for us that, while on this earth every thing good and beautiful is short-lived, passing speedily away. evil and wrong are also but a question of time, and have their end. "All things come to him who will wait."

Leon Velasquez's power of evil had spread itself over a long and busy lifetime-had held full sway from the day he had entered his teens until his hair was turning gray. With the exception of the few years when he posed as an honest merchant, his active mind had always been bent on evil. He had caused the innocent to suffer for the guilty; had robbed men of the hardearned accumulations of years, and

hands in blood until murder came as natural to him as the killing of a bullock to a butcher; he had drawn better natures down to evil and made crime the study of his life. But the day of retribution was fast closing in upon him. The murder of Mario Delaro was soon to be avenged, and before long he would realize the awful justice of the old Mosaic law-"A life for a life." And yet how poor a recompense. Robbed of her life happiness when it was just beginning to assert itself, all that the victim's widow received in return was the knowledge that retribution had finally overtaken the one who had robbed her of her treasure.

And, compared to Valasquez, what a fearful price had she paid to secure revenge. The best part of her life had been spent: wasted, in fact, in running to earth a monstrosity who had at last fallen into her hands through sheer accident (as the greater part of the world would say), though there are those who would see in such an accident the wonderful machination of an unrelenting Ruler, who has said: "Vengeance is mine.

Never until now had Velasquez reflected on the possible results of the repulsive acts of his life. His immunity from discovery had only tended to harden his soul and he had ever been prompted by one impulse only-greed for wealth-which when acquired had never brought him any genuine pleasure. He had never once stopped to think of the price his victims paid to satisfy his own insatiate desires. He had been absorbed in self and had lived a life in which none others shared a part. But now that the hellish conceits of his debased mind could only spend themselves on four prison walls, he was forced to think

Leon Velasquez, running riot as one of the most active of the devil's emmissaries, had never paused to think of the exactness with which God's mills grind all, had never thought it worth his while to consider that those who escape the mills the longest are in the end ground more quickly and relentlessly. He was in the mills now and the great stones were beginning to revolve; so closely, so surely increasing the speed of their revolutions every moment, never to cease grinding until the grist should be fine as the finest powder.

His nights grew restless, sleep almost forsook him, and the little snatches of napping which he did sometimes secure were only fitful slumbers disturbed by horrible dreams which brought to his mind in turn, like a moving panorama, the scenes of his devilish acts. Bold as he had been through life, he now shuddered under the shadow of the gallows, and so fearful was the mental torture that at times he wished that the end might be speedy.

When the bolts shot into their sockets across his prison door all hope fied, and he knew full well that he would, after all these years of liberty, meet the penalty of his greatest crime. From the hour of his arrest he had been moody. and entirely ceased to speak to those who approached him. He seither expressed a hope of escape nor murmured at his fate. Some imagined that the terrible visions of a just punishment were perhaps the cause of his silence, though others avowed that he was only meditating a bold and final plunge for liberty. Be that as it might, he persisted in a morose reticence.

While he lingered in prison Mrs. Delaro and her friends were taking a rest from the intense excitement at a pretty little English watering place, trying in vain to forget for a time the final tragedy in which they must take an import-

ant part. Mr. Blodger had been completely outdone by the scenes he had witnessed. He made a hurried determination to return to America and never again assist at such exciting performances. He received so severe a nervous shock that all the poetry of his soul was crushed out, and he was compelled to postpone for an indefinite period the writing of an ode to Father Thames, in which he had avowed his intention of putting a vast amount of research, labor and thought. The world was thus robbed of another literary gem.

He was true to his word, and a week after Velasquez's incarceration Mr. Blodger's little party of friends accompanied him to Euston station and bade him "God speed" on his journey home. About five weeks later Mrs. Delaro.

Armida and Percy returned to London to meet the American detectives, who bad arrived with the extradition papers. It required but a short space of time to perfect the arrangements for Velasquez's removal to California soil, where the law required that he should take his trial for the crime of murder. Everybody concerned was anxious to start as soon as possible, and it was arranged that the prisoner should be taken by the same steamer as the others, and no one made any demur to this except Armida. When she heard the decision she said: "We must not travel on the same ship with that man. I am sure something dreadful will happen-he will be a vecitable Jonah."

"What nonsense you talk, my child. Such absurd forebodings never enter my mind," said ber mother.

Here Percy proffered a suggestion. "If you ladies would prefer sailing on some other vessel, I will segure passage for you. For my part, I do not wish to retribution grind-so surely-so surelyleave the prisoner again, until I leave him is a felon's grave. I want to know all the time that he is safe."

said Mrs. Delaro. This seemed to settle the question, for Armida said: "Then, since you are determined, I suppose I must consider almost! myself overguled.

"Exactly my feelings in the matter,"

Consequently: arrangements were completed and a few days later the party started for Liverpool.

The ship on which their passage had been secured was the "Dunrobia Castle." It was an unpopular steamer and had been purposely selected to avoid publicity and gossip on account of the prisoner. As they steamed down the Mersey and ever the bar the day was one of the most enjoyable which could have been wished for. There was a delightwomen of their virtue; had strined his ful breeze blowing from the sea. and the taking with her, to a higher tribuna!

temperature was agreeable.

With this kind of weather they were favored until they passed the Fastnet Point, when a deep tog settled on them. This in turn passed away by the evening of the next day, and they were once more steaming under sunny skies. But only for about twenty-four hours, at the end of which time they encountered a storm and were tossed about in a violent manner for days together. The old steamer which carried them was none too good a seaboat at the best of times, but now she acted in a most eccentric manner and seemed entirely at the mercy and will of the waves.

Neither Mrs. Delaro nor Percy had as yet fel alarmed, but Armida, who was, in the most favorable weather, only a poor sailor, experienced terrible torture and claimed her mother's attention all the time. What with the state of the weather and the cries and moans which rose from the emigrants in the steerage, the "Dunrobin Castle" was any thing but the pleasantest place on the Atlan-

For days together the raging storm

continued, and it was not until the slow old boat had been ten days at sea that the tempest subsided. When it did there was a worse danger in store for them. They were on the Newfoundland banks in a fog, so thick that the officers on the bridge were entirely unable to see the ship's nose as she plunged through the heavy swell left by the storm. The fog-whistle's continuous roar only added to the general confusion which reigned on board, and when the responding whistle of a passing steamer was heard it only increased the dread and apprehension of the passengers. After about thirty-six hours of this commotion the people quieted down and many seemed to have become as much accustomed to it as old seadogs with the experience of a life-time. But at daybreak one morning a dull, heavy thud was felt through the vessel, and a second later shricks and cries rent the air, which would have made the heart of any listener other than an old sea captain stand still. Then followed a few moments of suspense which was quickly changed to horror when the engineers ran up en deck shouting: "The ship is filling. To the boats!" Then followed the rush of hurrying. scurrying humanity from the steerage, terror plainly graven on every face, while over and above the noise and confusion rang out the resonant tones of the Captain's voice shouting orders to the boatswain. The force of habit appeared even on that scene of danger as the sailors shouted: "Y'heave Ho." while they lowered the life-boats from their davits. Louder than all these sounds and far above the general excitement reigning on the "Dunrobin Castle" could be heard the shricking whistles of the steamer which had struck her, and which was rounding to, n order to give all possible assistance in saving the lives of those on board the

fast sinking boat It was not long before the unknown steamer was almost alongside, and then commenced the work of transferring the passengers-not an easy matter in a raging sea. The patience of the officers was tried to the ptmost. Strong. rude men would try to push women and children aside in their wild efforts to be first to enter the life-boats, only to be driven back by the ship's officers at the noses of their revolvers. Occasionally one more daring than the rest would thrust a woman askle and try to pass her, but with a blow from the butt end of his revolver, the captain would knock him senseless, with the promise of similar treatment to the next who should dare to make the attempt.

All this time the ship was rapidly filling and it became apparent beyond a peradventure that before many more minutes the "Dunrobin Castle" would sink forever into the depths of the ocean. It required esveral trips of the life-boats to transfer all the passengers. but this difficult task was finally accomplished. The last load was being taken and none but the officers were supposed to be on board, when suddenly the two detectives in charge of Velasquez came rushing up the companion ladder excitedly exclaiming: "We can not reach the prisoner! What shall we do?"

"That should have been thought of sooner," said the Captain. "Follow me!" he shouted. "We will rescue him if it is possible."

"Let him go," said one of the detectives. "He'll be hung anyhow." But the Captain knew that although the prisoner was accused, he was not yet found guilty and his brave heart would not permit him to leave even such a cur as Velasquez to a herrible death without an effort to rescue him

Accompanied by one of the officers the big-hearted commander burried down the steps on to the cabin deck. from whence he attempted to descend to the lower deck on which Valasques was confined. But brave as the old Captain was, there was an obstacle in to overcome. The water was up too high and the rescuers could go no forther. A!ready the imprisoned man must be driven back to his bank near the top of the room in which he was confined: the wretched prisoner could not pass out now alive, and certainly none could reach him. Doubtless he was alive-just alive-his life's span now to be measured by moments. Now he could see how relentlessly the mills of so surely-ave, and so quickly, so much more quickly sometimes than even those who manipulate the machinery of the mills can foresee. Almost Velasquez had paid to the uttermost the penalty of his crime committed long years before in the sunny Californian valley-

The ship might go down at any moment now, and unless his would-be rescuers at once retraced their steps they might go down with it, so with regrets the Captain led the way to the deck. Sorrowfully he took his place in the life-boat, and, as the sailors pulled away, he looked longingly at the old ship that had exerted him through so many thousands of miles of fair and stormy weather. Before they reached Castle" settled on her beam ends and sank in old oceas with a mighty rush,

man that of man, Leon Valasquez. It was a tragic death. In some sense ft was too grand a death for so mean, a man-to exchange the ignominy of the gallows and the felon's grave in a prison yard for a burial beneath the rolling waves of the Atlantic, coffined in a noble ship. And yet it was a horrible end-a lonesome, solemn end, for the man who had lived in tumult and excitement all his days to meet the Grim Monster and Great Avenger alone with his torturing memories of the past-te know, while the merciless flood closed over him, that he died unmourned and

unregretted. Perhaps it was a poor satisfaction to the widow of Mario Delaro to know that her husband's murderer, the destroyer of her happiness, was never convicted of his crime-but when Leon Velasquez. one of the meanest villains who ever trod this earth, went into the unseen world to meet his Maker, it surely was a powerful illustration of that infallible

Though the mills of God grind slowly. Yet they grind exceeding small; Though with patience stands He waiting. With exactness grinds He all."

Not long ago a small wedding party passed down the carpeted steps of a church in New York City. The principals of that party were a handsome, sunburned man of forty years and a lovely woman many years younger. They seemed very happy-they were very happy. They were Percy Lovel and his wife-whom we have known so long as Armida Delaro.

On the same day there left, from one of the poorer French lodging-houses near Leicester Square, London, a funeral hearse and one mourner's carriage. In that hearse lay the body of Emilie Bregy, and in the carriage was a man who looked the picture of misery-his name was Eugene Bregy-a living example of "what might have been.



LINCULN'S SCHOOL DATS. How Little Abe Acquired a Knewledge

of Reading and Writing. Little Abe was first sent to school when he was about seven years of age. His father had never received any "book learnin'," as education was termed among such people, and it was with difficulty that he could write his own name. One day, about four weeks after Abe had been sent to school, his father asked the teacher: "How's Abe getting along?" The teacher replied that he was doing well; he wouldn't ask to have a better boy. He had only one lesson book, an old spelling-book. During the school hours he was attentive to his task, and at night he would study over the lesson he had been engaged upon during the day; the highest ambition of his life at this time was to learn to read. He believed if he could only read as well as his mother, Who read the Bible aloud to the family every dely the whole world of knowledge v opened to him, and in this conjecture he was about right. As the old Baptist minister told him one day: "When you can read, you've got something that nobody can get away from you.'

but three books in the family-the Bible, a catechism and the spelling-book which Abe Lincoln studied. He had not been long in Indiana before he had read the "Pilgrim's Progress," his father borrowing it from a friend who lived twenty miles away. He was very tond of reading "Æsop's Fables," a copy of which came in his way. A young man taught him to write. As writing-paper of any kind was very scarce and expensive, Abe used to practice his writing exercises with bits of chalk or a burnt stick on slabs and trunks of trees. Sometimes he would trace out his name with a sharp stick on the bare ground. When, finally, he was able to write letters, he was called to do the correspondence of many of his neighbors, for very few grown persons in that region could write even a simple letter.

In the Kentucky home there were

As Abe Liucoln grew older he became a great reader and read all the books he could borrow. Once he borrowed of his school-teacher a Life of Washington. His mother happened to put it on a certain shelf, and, the rain coming through the roof, the book was badly damaged. Abe took it back to the school-master and arranged to purchase it of him, paying for it by three days' hard work in the corn-field; and he was entirely satisfied with the bargain at that. At the age of eighteen his library consisted of the Life of Franklin, Plutarch's Lives, the Bible, the spelling-book. Æsop's Pables, Pilgrim's Progress, and the lives of Washington and Henry Clay. A boy might have a much larger private library than this, but he could scarcely find an equal number of books better calculated to impart wholsome lessons as to correct living and right thinking. -George J. Manson, in Harper's Young

Mrs. S. C. Dean, of South Bend, talked the Presbyterian Landes. Missionary Society, at 3 o'clock this af ternoon, at the residence of Mrs. H. J.

Istac fell on Levi's nock vesterday and they both did weep with sore bitterness "Escow" Est grinned alm st audibly when hey gave consent to appeal from the commissioners' decision:

Charley Beardsle met with a painful accident 1 st week. While cutting word his attentio w s attracted by a noise behind him; he looked around while he brought the ax down, striking his right leg, cutting a sash about an meh long the waiting steamer the "Dunrobin It h ppened at the farm; he was brouhome and a doctor called to sew cut, and he is doing nicely .- W Water Republican.