

# Man's Triumphs.

He picks the pearls that stud the deep...  
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep...  
And mocks his own Creator's skill...

# TRACKED.

## PART FIRST.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### MR. PONTIFEX'S WIFE.

The next morning, Mr. Pontifex, before going to "business," took a stroll into the High Street, Islington, as far as a certain pawn-broker's shop, into which he dived. He familiarly saluted the young man behind the counter, with whom he was evidently on terms of intimacy.

"Just look out this, and I'll pay you the interest," he said, throwing a pawn ticket upon the counter. The shopman examined the card and shook his head.

"This has been out of date some time, Mr. Jones," he said. "I don't know whether it isn't sold." "Sold! Nonsense, Frank!" answered Mr. Pontifex. "You would not sell up the things of an old and esteemed customer like me. I should never be happy again if I thought that article was sold. It is a family jewel; has been in our family for upwards of a hundred years; was presented to an ancestor of mine by the unfortunate Charles Edward, just before the battle of Culloden."

The shopman looked about in the drawers, and at last found the missing article. "Only just in time," he said. "It would have gone down to Debenham's to-morrow. Well, there's no mistake about it,—it's a beauty; and whether Edward Culloden or anybody else gave it to you, I don't suppose you'd care to part with it."

"I dare say your governor would like to get it, though," answered Pontifex, "considering the sum he lent upon it." "I say, Mr. Jones, I thought you said it was more than a hundred years old! Why, there's Dent's name on the case."

"Oh, yes; it has had a new case several times," answered Pontifex, coolly. The subject of this conversation was a small but magnificent gold watch, on the back of which were the initials "E. B." set in rubies and emeralds.

Having paid the interest, and received in exchange a new ticket, Mr. Pontifex bade "Frank" good morning, and passed out of the shop. "Glad it was in time to save it," he muttered. "Shouldn't like to lose it for such a paltry sum. Wish I could sell the duplicate; I must look out for a customer."

Mr. Pontifex's next proceeding was to mount to the top of a City omnibus, upon which he proceeded as far as the Middlesex end of London Bridge. Then alighting, he struck into Lower Thames Street, and then proceeded into the delightful neighborhood of Wapping.

His destination was an ill-favored house in an ill-favored street that ran down towards one of the docks. A coarse-looking, exceedingly dirty woman was standing at the door with a baby in her arms, who eyed Mr. Pontifex with a scowling and suspicious expression for even that threadbare respectable visitor in that locality.

"I wish to see Mr. Johnson," he said. "I think she lives here." The woman hesitated. Suddenly a light seemed to break in upon her. "Oh, you're her husband, I've been told," she said, looking at him with a better light in her eyes. "You'd better get into the kitchen,—you'll find her there; there's only Mr. Bilge there, and he'll go off if you've got any private matters to talk on."

Mr. Pontifex passed along the excessively dirty passage into a dilapidated and dirty kitchen with a bed in one corner, which, with three stools and a three-legged table, formed the only furniture. Seated beside the fireplace, smoking a short black pipe, was our old acquaintance, Jack Bilge. Seated at the table was the woman whom we have twice seen dogging Mr. Pontifex's steps. A bottle and glass were before her, and the place smelt strongly of rum.

"Have you brought me any money?" was the woman's eager question as she looked behind the fisherman.

"What you ask for?" "Send for a drop of gin. I feel that all this morning that I can scarcely hold my head up," she said.

"You have answered already, I see," he answered, throwing down a shilling. Without waiting to reply, she seized upon the coin, and calling to a barefooted, ragged boy who was standing at the door, gave it to him with the bottle and a whispered instruction.

"Only a little drop out of a quart of rum that old Bilge sent for," she said, returning. "Who is this Bilge, or whatever his name is?" "Only one of the lodgers. What you ain't jealous, are you, Ned?" she cried with a leer.

"Jealous!" he echoed, contemptuously. "There was a time when such an idea would not have seemed ridiculous," she answered, with an angry flash upon her face; "and if I am so disgusting as you make out now, who made me so?"

"This!" he said, pointing to the bottle which the ragged boy brought in at that moment. "And who drove me to it?" she cried, gulping down a wine-glass full of the gin. "Was I like this when you first knew me? I could have had my pick out of a hundred better men than you."

"It was in an accursed hour we first met," he answered gloomily. "For me to return, drinking off another glass of the liquor. 'I was a lady when you married me—what am I now?'

"You wanted no driving to drink," he said, bitterly; "you went to it willingly enough before you ever saw me. The love of it has only increased."

"Yes, with your ill-usage." "I never ill-used you; it was not that, but some vile secret you have upon your conscience, that you have been trying to drown through all these years."

"What secret? I've no secret—what do you mean?" she cried, with a frightful look, and putting down the glass unsteady that she was raising to her lips.

"That is the best known to your conscience," he replied, sternly. "But I have not come here to discuss old grievances. I have brought you the sovereign you asked me for. It was quite by accident that I was able to do so."

"Thank you, Ned—thank you!" she cried, eagerly snatching up the piece of gold; "it will keep a roof over my head. I shall have to give it all to my landlady; she'll turn me out else. Will you have a glass of anything before you go?"

Mr. Pontifex refused the proffered hospitality, and prepared to depart. "You'll come and see me again soon, won't you, Ned, dear? It's very lonely for a poor creature, with nobody to speak to all day long—it's no wonder I'm glad to fly to this. Her speech was growing thick and indistinct, and her eyes were heavy and glazed."

Pontifex promised that he would pay her another visit at the first opportunity. "And you'll bring a trifle with you, just to pay my rent, won't you? What I've got won't keep me in victuals."

"Why do you live in this neighborhood?" he asked. "Well the old place is natural to me; it puts me in mind of my girlhood's days—when I was innocent and happy; before I was married—"

over remarkable likenesses, without there being any meaning in the circumstance. I wonder who this Charles is! There is certainly a mystery about him! I wish I was not leaving the neighborhood, I should certainly endeavor to make a few discoveries in that quarter; but I cannot remain at Gripley's now that woman has discovered my whereabouts. I should never be certain of a day's rest from her drunken persecutions.

By the bye, I heard Mrs. Gripley say that young Charles was living somewhere in the neighborhood of Herewas Hill. I will endeavor to find out his whereabouts."

Mr. Pontifex's cogitations were cut short by his arrival at his lodgings. At the door he met the servant going out. "Mr. Kaufman is just come back," she said.

"Oh, indeed!" he answered. He did not go down-stairs, however, to welcome his fellow-lodger, but quietly ascended to his bedroom, gathered together his meagre and dilapidated wardrobe, made it up into a neat parcel with a sheet of brown-paper that he took from his pocket, and quietly left the house.

Mrs. Gripley's lodgings knew him no more. Five minutes afterwards Charles arrived, summoned by Mrs. Gripley's message. What a marvelous effect the loss of five minutes may work upon a man's destiny! Had Charles arrived five minutes earlier, what troubles and heartaches might have been spared him!

There were great rejoicings that day at No. 9, Grayson Terrace. The gloomy house looked almost cheerful. Helen's son had come home from Eton for the holidays. No cheap, meagre dinner that day, but the table spread with luxuries, and Mr. Blakey once more rejoiced in an excellent meal, a bottle of good wine, and a choice cigar.

Let us now return to our hero, and see in what manner that same day was spent by him.

CHAPTER XVI. UNTO THE END OF THE FIRST STAGE. Upon seeing Charles enter the kitchen, Mr. Kaufman saluted him, and inquired whether he had quite recovered from his accident.

"Thank you, quite," he answered, hastily; then added, in changed tones, "Mr. Kaufman, can I speak to you for a few moments?" "Certainly," replied the German, with a surprised look at the young man's pale face and agitated voice.

Mrs. Gripley took the hint, and left the kitchen, closing the door behind her. Taking out his pocket-book with trembling fingers, Charles drew forth the stud, and showing it upon the palm of his hand, asked, "Do you know this?"

"It is one of the studs I gave into Mrs. Gripley's care—how did you come by it?" exclaimed Kaufman, angrily, and making movements as though he would snatch at it.

But Charles resisted it firmly, and answered quietly, with his eyes fixed upon him, "It is not one of those two; this is the third, the missing one of the set."

Mr. Kaufman had by this time perfectly recovered his self-possession, and replied, "Possibly it may be so. I am not in a position to contradict you but what of it?" "I must know how those two came into your possession," answered Charles, determinedly.

A smile of amused contempt came into Mr. Kaufman's face, as he replied, "Your request is impertinent, young man! You forget yourself!" "The business I have in hand does not stand upon ceremony, Mr. Ernest Wieland?"

At that name the German cast a searching glance upon his questioner. "You see I know you!" added Charles quickly. "I see you do not know Ernest Wieland," he replied, quietly. "I know that you are he."

man, perhaps we shall be able to come to an understanding." "Only, for goodness' sake, do keep your tempers, gentlemen, and talk quietly, or I shall have a mob about the doors," said Mrs. Gripley, as she reluctantly left the kitchen, and shut the door.

The went no further, however, than the foot of the stairs, where, if they spoke only moderately low, she could hear every word.

"Mr. Charles," began the German, gravely, "you are excited; so was I, just now; the consequence is, we have talked a great deal without knowing what we were talking about. If you will calmly explain to me your interest in the questions you have asked, and exactly what you wish to know, I may be able to satisfy you."

"These words, and the cool, reasoning tone in which they were uttered, had the desired effect upon the youth's fervor.

"If I am, indeed, mistaken, and have spoken rudely, Mr. Kaufman, I ask your pardon," he said; "but that stud, and an old glove, is the only evidence I have against one who was the murderer of my mother, perhaps."

"But you do not suspect Ernest Wieland of such a crime?" said Kaufman, in a softened tone. "Are you here?"

"I give you my solemn assurance that I am not; and I am ready to take the same solemn vow that Ernest Wieland is not capable of such a crime. He, the noblest, the best of men! Ah! mein Gott!"

"Will you, then, tell me how you obtained those studs? Stay, Mr. Kaufman; do not be afraid to answer. I know that you and many others of your compatriots are political exiles; that your lives are mysteries; that you are desirous of living unknown."

I have heard as much from my friend and employer, Mr. Lewson, whom, I think, you also know." "Mr. Lewson is your friend—your employer?" cried Kaufman. "One moment—let me think." He paused, then said, suddenly, "Show him your stud, and ask the questions you have asked of me. He may be able to throw more light upon the subject than I."

"He—Mr. Lewson!" exclaimed Charles, in great astonishment. "Charles, are not deceiving me to gain time for escape?" "I promise not to leave this house until you return and give me permission. Call in Mrs. Gripley—you will find her just outside, I know—and let her witness the bargain."

Charles fixed his eyes upon the German's face, and it did not blush before the scrutiny. "I will take your word, Mr. Kaufman," he said, "for I believe you are speaking the truth."

Three minutes afterwards he was hurrying homewards. He asked Mrs. Wilkins, who admitted him, if Mr. Lewson was still in the library. She answered that he was. Instead of going there at once, he went up-stairs to his own room, and sat down for some seconds. A strange feeling had come over him within the last few moments, that made him shrink from the approaching interview. His anger was gone, and in its place was a sickening dread. But there must be no delay. Yes, not Mr. Kaufman waiting to be freed from his parole. He bathed his hot face in cold water, descended the stairs, and knocked at the library door.

"I was growing dull. From the dining-room came a low, soft wail of music. Blanche was playing the melancholy strains of Bellini's 'Tut e Sciolto' (All is Lost). Never, throughout the whole of his future life, could he hear that music without a shudder, without all the dead memories of that night rising up before him.

"Come in," Mr. Lewson. And he entered. "Ah, Charles, he cried, cheerfully; "I am glad you are come back. I want you to finish this passage from Plutarch before supper-time. I think we can get on a little longer without lighting the lamp."

"Before I commence writing, Mr. Lewson, I wish to ask you a question," said Charles, in a faltering tone. "Have you ever seen anything like this before?" And he handed him the stud.

# A Letter with a Curious History.

Mr. John Furry, Special Mail Agent, has just received a letter, for proper disposal by him, which has a very curious history. It was written by a well known Nebraska man, four years ago, to a dealer in counterfeit money in an eastern city. The writer inclosed five dollars to pay for \$100 of crooked stuff, which he says he can easily shove off—\$5 at a time—on the Indians, to whom he is selling whisky.

He directs the crooked stuff to be sent to him through the mails in three different parcels, so as not to excite suspicion, and he adds that he will patronize the dealer to the extent of several thousand dollars in the bogus currency. This letter never reached its destination. It got into a crack in a mail-car, and remained there till the other day, when it was found by a workman engaged in repairing the car at the shops in Chicago. It was handed over to the proper authorities, who forwarded it to Special Mail Agent Furry, who will send it to the writer with some sound advice.

The man is said to be an individual who, if accused of such an intent, would shoot in a second; he will, therefore, no doubt, be surprised to receive his self-accusing letter.—Omaha Bee.

# A New Disease Among the Hogs.

A correspondent at Monroe, Butler County, Ohio, writes of a new disease that has broken out among the hogs, which is proving more disastrous than the cholera. It is thus described: "This season spring pigs have been taken off by what is called the sore mouth (serofolous). It affects their entire system, and by the time they die they are a complete rotten mass from the tip of their mouth to that of their tail, especially their internal organs, which are literally rotten, partly destroyed by ulceration, and can at any point be ruptured or broken down upon the slightest pressure. Many of our farmers, and we are, let our other peculiarities and products be what they may—the centre of the hogdom of this season all their spring pigs; others have lost from one-fifth to four-fifths, and some, who until within a few days have lost none, are now hauling them out from two to four and ten per cent, and by an estimate made of losses in this area it will be dated amount to some 3,000 to 4,000 pigs, and from 300 to 500 old hogs, and no present promise of relief from this scourge.

TOMATO CATSUP.—To one peck of ripe tomatoes, put one teaspoonful of salt. Cut the tomatoes in small pieces over night. Lay them down in an earthen vessel or china bowl. Sprinkle the salt well through them. In the morning put them in a preserving kettle, and boil them two hours. Take it off, and strain them through a fine sieve or net; then return the juice to the kettle, and boil it half away. Flavor to your taste with powdered cayenne pepper, allspice, and cloves. Do not add the spices until about half an hour before it is done. When cool, bottle it, corking with new corks. Seald the corks before inserting them. After you have filled the bottles, pour into the top of each one a teaspoonful of sweet-oil. It will keep better in consequence. Always shake the bottle well before using the catsup.

THE EARTH-TREATMENT FOR ULCERS.—The dry earth treatment for ulcers is found successful. Large, sloughy ulcers, after being washed, are covered with a thick layer of earth, over which wet paper is placed as support, and the whole neatly bandaged. In a few days the ulcers begin to clear, and when the surfaces look healthy and granulating, a dressing made as follows is used: A piece of muslin the size of the ulcer is immersed in carbolic oil, in the proportion of one part of acid to ten parts of coconut oil; with this the sore is covered, and over it dry earth is placed, and then moistened earth and a bandage. In a short time the healing process manifests itself satisfactorily, while all odor is entirely removed.

For apple fritters, pare four good sized apples, leave whole and cut out as much of the core as you can without breaking the apple and cut in thin round slices, cutting out the core as you go along; when the apples are out make a batter not too thin but so it will run from your spoon easily, by the following: Two or three eggs, one-half cup of milk and flour enough to make the batter as above stated; then put your sliced apples in the batter, always taking a tablespoonful of batter with a round slice of apple, and fry in hot fat to a nice brown; then put sugar and cinnamon over the top of each one; you will find them good if made right; they are nicer when eaten warm.

A MAN entered a smoking car on the Vermont Central a few days ago, and in an earnest and sympathetic tone said: "A lady in the next coach has fainted away. Has any gentleman here any liquor?" Twenty-eight men in that car immediately rose to their feet, each with a vial in his hand. The man accepted one of them, raised it to his lips, took a swig, and returned the flask, remarking: "That lady's distress so unnerved me that I needed a stimulant."

"O, no, you don't spend money, but I spend it all!" said Mrs. Swipes to her husband; "if that's so, where do you get money to play pedro, and come home to the bosom of your family stone-blind drunk? Don't deny it, Swipes, for you know somebody blacked your eye-glasses the other day, and you was so drunk you thought it was midnight, and came home with a lantern in your hand in middle of the day!"

Wild Alaskan wheat is being propagated in Oregon, where it grows luxuriantly and produces very superior grain.

MILK.—One peck of tomatoes, half a dozen onions chopped fine, two tablespoons of allspice, two ounces of celery seed, a quarter of a pound of salt, or more if liked, one pound of brown sugar, and one quart of strong vinegar. The proportions used in this recipe are particularly recommended and it may be relied upon as being generally admired when brought upon the table.

A Georgia editor, defending his recollection of a certain conversation between two gentlemen, asks: "What are your ears for?" We can't see what this has to do with the conversation, but at the same time we are free to say that his ears seem to be fashioned for keeping the flies off during the day, and for covering up during the night.

To SWEETEN BUTTER.—By adding two and a half drachms of carbonate of soda to three pounds of either fresh or salt butter, possessing disagreeable flavor, renders it perfectly sweet. Soda produces the result when added to other culinary greases, as dripping lard, &c.

The Terre Haute Evening Mail, an independent paper, expresses the opinion that General Harrison will carry Indiana by 20,000 majority.

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