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HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

To Clean Ostrich Feathers.

The best way to clean ostrich feathers is to dissolve four ounces of pure white soap in four pints of hot water. Beat the water into a foam and dip in the feathers, one at a time. Rub gently with the hands under water. Dip instantly into clean hot water and shake in the sun.

Fresh Air in the Room.

To establish a current of air is the indispensable thing in ventilation. To do this lower the window several inches from the top and raise it the same distance from the bottom. A direct fan-like movement of air that will quickly drive out foul odors is the marked sign of a good system. To get direct draught of air from the lower part of the window, place a board six inches wide across the opening. The air will then pass up between the board and the window. It is well, in case there are infants or sick persons in the room and it is necessary to shield them from direct draught, to partly close the lower opening of the window with pillows or cushions.—New York Journal.

To Exterminate Roaches.

It is one so unfortunate as to live in a locality where these pests are liable to develop, the greatest watchfulness and care are necessary. Do not keep garbage, particles of wet food or wet clothes about the kitchen, closets or cellar. It is particularly important that no garbage should be left in the kitchen overnight, and that the sink should be left clean and empty. Should these pests be discovered use roach powder, which will not drive them away, but will exterminate them. To get rid of bed-bugs prepare the following wash: Put into a quart bottle half an ounce of corrosive sublimate, half an ounce of powdered camphor, half a pint of wood alcohol and half a pint of turpentine. Apply this with a brush. The bottle should be plainly marked and labeled "Poison."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Fruits Replace Flowers.

Very pretty is the new fashion of fruit dinners, which replace purely flower dinners during the warm season. It is a mixture which at once delights the heart and opens the appetite, for it is to be noted that nothing gives an appetite like a clean, graceful and well laid table. Fruits, then, replace flowers as decorations for the table, and for this purpose are used, not fruit bought by the pound, but fruit on its branches. These branches are entwined in the hanging lamps, forming a sort of cradle whence hang fresh currants, shining cherries, plums with the bloom on them, golden apricots, etc. On the table, in little flat dishes shaped like leaves, are arranged cherries, currants and other fruit in season. These cut glass dishes are made in a very practical form, with a second compartment in which are placed powdered sugar and a little spoon. There may be four or six of them, of fairly large size, or else little ones may be chosen, in which case there should be one to each guest. New and ingenious ideas for laying the table are being continually introduced. Thus beside the plates are placed small crescent shaped plates for salt, and sometimes delicate little silver knives and forks, used only for this purpose—as in the case of fish knives—are added.—The Mode Française.

A Few Simple Remedies.

Things which one should have ready at hand in case of need are, first and foremost, essence of cinnamon. When exposed in a sick room it will kill the bacilli which are floating around. A decoction of cinnamon is recommended as a drink to be taken freely in localities where malaria or fevers prevail, for cinnamon has the power to destroy all infectious microbes. Peppermint is an old friend, but not on this account to be snubbed. Nothing is better for a bee sting than the application of a drop of peppermint. In case one is near the premises or apartments where there is disinfecting, the simplest yet effective mode of fumigating is to drop a little sulphur on a hot stove or on a few hot coals carried through the rooms. In this way the spread of the disease may be stopped. A disinfectant to use in different parts of the house, which will sweeten the whole place, may be made for ten cents or less. Take one pound of common copperas and eight ounces of crude carbonic acid and dissolve in one gallon of water. Use frequently. A little carbolic acid added to the water in which burns, bruises and cuts are washed greatly lessens the soreness. After applying iodine to the skin, if it smart too intensely to be borne, it is well to know that it can be washed off with ammonia.

Recipes.

Potato and Pepper Salad—Boil four potatoes until tender; the potatoes should be peeled; cut a green pepper in half; remove the seeds and chop it fine; pour over a quarter of a cupful of vinegar, in which is added one-half of a teaspoonful of sugar and two tablespoonful of water; then pour over all two tablespoonful of oil or melted butter. Rice Blocks—To one cup of rice add three cups boiling water, one teaspoon salt, and boil till soft and water evaporated. Spread on shallow pan in layers of one and one-half inches thick. When cold cut in square blocks, dip in egg and cracker crumbs and fry in deep fat. Do this in the morning and just before serving put the blocks in oven a few moments, sprinkle lightly with grated lemon rind and pile on a pretty plate.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

Great Road Projected.

The good roads movement in Connecticut has developed a gigantic scheme. It is to construct an avenue one hundred feet wide the entire length of the State, from east to west. This avenue is to be laid out in four roadways, two for carriages, horses and horseless, and two for bicycles. The avenue is to be built in a line as nearly straight as possible, and it will be put through with the idea of avoiding the cities of the State. The right of way would thus be easier to obtain. By avoiding the cities it is not meant that the avenue would not be constructed within two or three miles of a city's limits. The route of the proposed roadway is from a point a short distance north of Greenwich to one in the northeastern part of the State. In constructing it grades are to be eliminated as far as possible. This scheme has been approved by a large number of the members of the State Legislature, who are greatly interested in the good roads movement. These legislators have had engineers estimate the cost of such a road. The engineers place the cost at \$10,000,000. Their plan calls for four separate bridges over the Connecticut River, one for each division of the road. The driveways are to be macadam and the wheelways of broken stone. The men who have framed this gigantic scheme propose to present their plans to the next Legislature. Their idea is to fence in the road and make it a toll road. If the State will not take up the scheme the men who have framed the plan propose to ask for a charter and form a syndicate. It is said that a similar plan has been mapped out in Massachusetts for continuing the road to Boston and thus connecting New York and Boston by one grand highway. It has been proposed to use the old Boston post road from the New York State line into New York.

The Whole Scheme is One of the Results of Horseless Carriages.

The whole scheme is one of the results of horseless carriages. The men who worked out the idea believe that the horseless carriage will require such a road. The scheme by some is regarded as chimerical, but many good roads advocates believe that some day this great roadway will become a reality. In a paper on good roads, read recently before the Alabama Industrial and Scientific Society, Mr. H. Harding says: "Any soil composed of clay, mixed with sand or gravel, can be rolled to a good surface that, with wide tires, can be maintained. Pure clay should be given a coating of sand or sandy material, for though it might give a good wheel track, the horse track would be tramped into mud in wet weather, unless given some protective coating. A sand-bed should be given a top dressing of clay and then rolled. If, in any case, the clay cannot be conveniently applied, the road should not be ditched. It should rather be depressed to retain moisture, for moist sand offers a firmer bed to a wheel than dry sand." All the suggestions offered are good, but the last one is calculated to provoke some bitter reflections and regrets in the minds of most of the country road supervisors in this part of the country. They have been carefully ditching and draining the sandy roads all these years.

Drainage Sandy Roads.

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Road Improvement in Virginia.

Prince Edward County, Virginia, has decided that wood roads are no longer advisable, and will build the first rock road in this section of the State this summer—a road of seven miles, connecting Farmville, one of the largest tobacco markets in the State, with Hampden Sidney College, one of the four oldest colleges in America. It has been decided that this road shall be the pioneer in the construction of a system of roads that will embrace the whole county and that shall be built in the very near future. There will be some handsome and over-looked, and the topography of the county is such that no farm will be more than two miles from a good road when the system is completed.

Don't Use Narrow Tires.

The roads of this country, generally speaking, are certainly very bad, and the chief reason is the use of narrow tires, which cannot be too strongly condemned. They cut and grind the road as well as plow and upheave it. Wide tires, on the contrary, are a benefit rather than an injury to the roads, as they act as rollers and help keep the road smooth and with a hard surface. Some farmers claim that the wide tires increase the draft required to move the load, but if wide tires were used this objection would be overruled, as the draft upon horses in moving a load is regulated to a very large extent by the number of ruts and mud caused by the narrow tires.

As Low as Narrow Tires.

The road will hold full many a rut. Motor-carriages and mud would agree with a cent. A good road is to be chosen rather than great distances. During dry weather is the time to prepare the roads for wet weather. Fix the road when it should be fixed. Don't wait until it must be fixed. Bear in mind how the roads were last spring and fix them before another spring comes. Newton W. has lowered the Michigan one-mile road wagon record from 2.23 to 2.21 flat. He was hit with a 300-pound rubber-tired wagon.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

LACE IS FASHIONABLE.

Its Vogue Suggests a Means of Livelihood For Some Women.

Lace is so fashionable this year, so much more so than it has been, that everybody ought to know how to look after it, and the care required is by no means so easy a task as might be supposed. To begin with, the look of age adds greatly to its beauty, but beyond a certain point lace can look too yellow, and also can look not only old, but dirty, and care must be taken to avoid this. Lace should be put away in soft blue tissue-paper. It is thought that blue tissue-paper keeps it from turning, and the most valuable lace is always laid away in blue paper. The lavish use of lace has suggested a means of livelihood for some gentlewomen who have learned the art of lace-mending, and they are now making an income by repairing and cleaning laces. In the first place, valuable lace cannot be entrusted to any one. The woman who has to clean lace, and also how to make lace, for again and again a stitch or two will be dropped or broken, and the pattern must be made perfect. This can only be done by the use of skillful fingers. And cleaning of lace is a long process, and even the lace barbes and the lace bows now commonly worn have to go through a long performance before they are made possible. An old-fashioned receipt for cleaning lace (a very good one, too) comes from England. The directions read that a good lather of soap should be made, in which the lace should be put and left to stand for a short time; then put the lace into a second water and allow it to stand, and so on, until all traces of the soap are removed and the water is absolutely clear once more. The lace is then taken and pressed between the hands—never rubbed or squeezed. After this it is put in flannel, and the flannel squeezed together hard with the palms of the hand. The lace is then stretched on another flannel cloth and put to dry in the sun, great care being taken that the edges are all pulled out, so that each little loop shows to its best advantage. It is easily seen that such a process will take a long time, but all these efforts are well worth while, for the lace looks like new if it is thoroughly well done. Laces should not be left to lie loose in a drawer among ribbons and the hundred and one odds and ends, but every woman, and every child too, should have a box where all her bits of lace should be placed. There should be several layers of blue tissue-paper, in which the lace should be carefully rolled. There should be, too, some delicate sachet-powder put into the box; if possible, a bit of the scented flannel that the Parisian dressmakers use so much. This flannel, as is well known, retains its perfume longer than anything else, but it is so very expensive that it is beyond the reach of most people, so it is well to have a sachet that can be renewed. For this purpose nothing is better than equal parts of heliotrope or violet with orris root. This can be put in a sachet-bag underneath two or three layers of tissue-paper, so that no foreign substance shall come near the lace itself. Lace should never be put away folded, but should be rolled on rolls of blue tissue-paper.—Harper's Bazar.

The Handkerchief Dress.

The handkerchief gown, for which some dressmakers prophesied a season of popularity, has not made much of a head as yet, for the reason that four-fifths of the dresses are composed of such ethereal fabrics that anything with even a hint of solidity about it looks heavy and ungraceful. Nevertheless these pretty bordered squares are worn by many smartly dressed women. Purple-mauve, with borders of sulphur or saffron, subdued by faint checks of gray and black, is a smart combination. The tunic is especially pretty with a handkerchief dress, whether the points are in front and back or at the sides. In dark blue, bordered with pale blue, it is very effective. Langour Not Romantic.

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One by one old poetic idols are being shattered by the utilitarian and practical fin-de-siècle woman doctor. The latest iconoclast is responsible for the asseveration that what is so poetical in poetry and the old novels about the whiteness of the skin means something not so poetical. It is, she says, to the languor of the muscular tissues throughout the body, and the slowness and languor that was so often characterized as a charming feminine attribute is associated with indigestion, and is therefore thoroughly unromantic. Fashion's Fads and Fancies.

Narrow Black Velvet Ribbon is Used to Trim Colored Pique Gowns.

Braids finished with a short fringe are among the new dress trappings. Gray kid shoes with stockings to match are worn with light gowns in place of the white ones so long popular. This season steel and silver bid fair to take in a great measure the place of the gold and colored adornment so much in vogue of late. It is said by those who know that gray is the result of the black and white craze. Everything white is veiled or trimmed with black lace, and vice versa. Clifton ties have stayed longer and been a stronger hold than many prophesied. As a finishing touch on the costume, these fluffy scraps, with their elaborate ends, are invaluable. The taffeta silk coat and skirt, tailor made, is a very stylish costume for general usefulness, and when worn with a white chiffon or lace vest, a sailor knot of lace, and lace falling over the hands, the effect is charming. White is the invariable combination, notwithstanding that gray will combine with any and every color. Mousse de soie, lace, chiffon, appliques of silk and satin, lace braid, white cord and narrow ribbon are all used separately and together as the style requires. Lace is still so prodigally used on countless other materials that it is an agreeable variety to see it omitted, and a rising novelty is the automobile of black satin, powdered with crimson sparks and drawn at the neck in a four-in-hand knot and at the bust in a sailor's knot. Then its two long ends are secured in the wearer's belt.

The College Woman in Her Home.

Another means by which a woman's success and happiness are secured at home is in making herself felt as the mistress of the household, writes Katharine Reich, of "The College-Bred Woman in Her Home." "She must be the one to arrange hours of work, and not the servants. She must be the one to regulate the habits of the children, and not they themselves. It is for her to set the standard of the home life. Her position requires firmness, and every member of the family should recognize and yield to her authority in her own domain. Let her assume with courage and dignity the authority which belongs to her, so that everyone shall feel she is equal to it, while at the same time she welcomes counsel and suggestion from others. There are many women who are too ignorant or indifferent to guide their homes successfully, and women too weak to meet the responsibility, women who are in terror of their servants, or slaves to the whims of children or husbands. It is not so that happy homes are made. Just as a man directs the work of his subordinates and keeps the control of all his business in his own hands, so the woman who has a home to guide must be ready to assume and control the affairs of her household. Observation and experience go to show that the yearning and responsibility, and also added comforts to the woman at home, she finds her restlessness growing less and her satisfaction growing deeper. The college reeders to its proper place as the academy of life, and the wife and mother realizes that heart and mind are filled to the utmost. Her great anxiety becomes rather to use all the opportunities open to her than to wish for others. She finds herself absorbed in her work without the feeling that she has been thwarted in her most serious ambitions."

One Day's Fighting in Thirty.

With an army in the field hardly one day in thirty is given to fighting. The other twenty-nine days of waiting must be lived through in order that everything may be in readiness for the one day of work. It is not the one day of fighting which turns the hair of an officer gray, but the twenty-nine days of anxiety for his men, the supply of their food and clothing and the maintenance of health and good spirits among them. Men do not fight well in battle on empty stomachs, and yet the ordinary soldier rarely takes care of the provisions which are issued to him for forced marches. He eats them all at once or throws them away on account of their weight, and at the end of a long day's march he is hungry, with nothing to appease his hunger. Then comes the trouble. He does not reason. He grumbles and expects to be supplied with more. A Friend in Need.

A Stranger, walking along a country road, met an Irishman, who was holding a ram by the horns, and the following conversation took place:

"Will you hold this ram," said the Irishman, "while I climb over and open the gate from the other side?" "Certainly," said the obliging stranger, as he seized the ram by the horns. "Thanks," said the Irishman, when he got to the other side, "the vicious brute attacked me about an hour ago, and we have struggled ever since. As long as you stand before him holding his horns, he can't hurt you. Farewell. I hope you will be as lucky in getting away as I have been."

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at death's door, led to it. Ho, Thomas! Thomas, I say!"

"Yes, sir, I am here." "My carriage at once. Ah, Elinor, dear, I hoped to leave the house without attracting your attention. Another blow, a terrible blow, has befallen my family." "Dear, dear Stephen!" The widow's face was very pale as she cast one arm about the banker's form. "Lawrence Terry was assaulted on the street last night. A dirk blade was buried in his bosom. He lies at home apparently near death." "Not—dead, Stephen! Not dead?" "No, dear, not dead. His physicians hope to save his life. My daughter's daughter diverted the blade aimed at his heart. Thank God, the dear girls are not at home." "Not dead?" "Bless you, no, dear. But Robert, my boy—my boy is in a felon's cell, charged with the murder." "Impossible!" exclaimed the widow, trembling in every limb. "He was found lying partly on the body with the dirk hilt yet clutched in his hand. The blade was yet in the bosom of Terry." "A dirk! My God!" and the madam dropped limp into a chair. "The boy was unconscious—drunk—he was used by Terry's assailant to shield his own neck from the batter. Some wine for Mrs. Kellogg, Julia. Earl! Earl! Ah, here you are. Write a notice, 'This Bank Closed for the Day,' and post it on the door of the Great Western." "Your carriage is at the gate," observed the officer. "Yes, well, will go." "Where's the dirk?" asked the widow. "To my boy! Terry has attention." The banker kissed the white lips of his intended, and hurriedly left the house, followed by the officer. "Of all the egregious blunders that ever occurred!" That wretch—"Mother!" "Oh, I thought you were also gone, Earl!" "What is all this about?" "Why, Lawrence Terry was found on the street last night with a dirk blade buried in his side. The Great Western was found drunk by his side with one hand clutching the hilt of the dirk. He is locked up in the station charged with having committed the crime. That is all I know about it." "Well, that is the strangest thing I ever heard of," remarked Earl. "Why, it is incomprehensible. Some one aside from Robert sheathed that dirk in Terry's bosom." "Oh, you can't tell," said the widow. "He was drunk." "Will Terry die, mother?" "How should I know, Earl? If he does you will become cashier of the bank." "And Robert?" "Robert? Oh, well, he may be hung. But Terry is not dead yet." "Do you believe Robert to have been his assailant?" "Who else could have been? He was apprehended under the conditions as I have stated. You were surely in the house and asleep. Come, drink a cup of coffee and hurry away. Return and inform me of what you learn." (To be continued.)

A Young Inventor.

The power loom was the invention of a farmer's boy, who had never seen or heard of such a thing. He fashioned one with his pen-knife, and when he got it all done he showed it with great enthusiasm to his father, who at once kicked it all to pieces, saying he would have no boy about him who would spend his time on such foolish things. The boy was sent to a blacksmith to learn a trade, and his master took a lively interest in him. He made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up and showed it to his master. The blacksmith saw he had no common boy as an apprentice and that the invention was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy. It worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the loom, and the boy received half the profit. In about a year the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he should visit him and bring with him a wealthy gentleman who was the inventor of the celebrated power loom. You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when his son was presented to him as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces the previous year.

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PLAYING THE PENALTY



CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

It was a difficult task to keep Robert on the fact until the sidewalk was reached. The exertion of descending the stairs rendered him more limp than ever; but now the little breeze stirring fanned his hot face and he perceptibly straightened up, though his mind was in a chaos and he knew nothing of where he was. At this moment a young man rapidly approached from the south. "Why, Bob! Bob!" he exclaimed. "I never saw you in this condition before. I will never do for you to go home. Come. Mother and sister have retired. You shall accompany me." "I—I don't know you. I—I'm—hic—all right." "Don't know me! Why, Bob, I am Lawrence Terry. I am just from a meeting of the bank directors. It is nearly twelve o'clock; there are hardly any people on the street—come." "He is pretty full," said the man who was yet sustaining him. "Pray where did you encounter him, sir?" "Oh, he was up stairs trying his luck. I was afraid he would fall and helped him down." "Come, Robert!" And Terry clasped his other arm. "G'way from me. I don't know you." "Best to humor him, Mr. Terry. I will help you to a hotel with him. Perhaps you may then get him home."

CHAPTER XIX.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 21st, Inspector Hunt rang the doorbell at the Kellogg residence. Julia, the house maid, answered the summons. "Show me into the library, Julia," said the official, "and inform Mr. Kellogg that Inspector Hunt must see him at once." "He is already in bed, sir," said Julia as she led the way. "Oh, you, inspector? You are here early. You bring news?" "Very sad news," the inspector said, as he crossed the door and dropped into a chair. "Very sad news, and I deeply regret that I am the bearer of it."

"Speak it out, inspector!"

"Has the bank burned down?" "No, sir, the bank was not burned down. It was safe. At five minutes to twelve last night, Lawrence Terry, the cashier of your bank, was found in an alley between Monroe and Madison streets with a dirk blade buried in his bosom." "Heavens! This is, indeed, terrible news that you bring me. He was dead?" "No, he lay in the alley unconscious when found, and was taken home as quickly as possible, accompanied by Dr. Keys of our medical staff. I supposed he would die before reaching home, but he spoke freely. I am just from his bedside." "Then he yet lives?" "He does, and his physicians hope to pull him through. A dagger-pointed in his breast pocket diverted the course of the blade. His ribs were pierced, but it was a close call. He nearly died to death. He is now conscious, but prohibited from speaking."

"Poor boy, I must go to him at once!"

My daughter's portrait saved his life. He was doubtless on his way home from a meeting of our board of directors. It was nearly twelve when we adjourned. Was the wretch captured who attempted his life?" "He is a prisoner in the station." "Hb, I am glad to hear that. I was not aware that the young man had an enemy. Oh, it was probably another robbery case. Where did you capture the fiend?" "He was found lying partly on the body of his victim. His hand yet clutched the hilt of the bloody blade that was buried in Terry's bosom." "Horrible! Too horrible! Let me summon my carriage and notify Robert and Earl." And the banker arose to his feet. "Not yet," said the officer, who was now perspiring freely and dreaded to speak further. "Wait. Your son is not in the house." "Ah, is he already at Terry's side? I know not that he had left the house." "He was not at home last night." "Oh, that accounts for it. He had not returned when the crime was committed, and hearing of it, repaired there at once. I am very glad, but—"

"I have a hard task before me,"

thought the inspector; "but I cannot delay." "Remember," he said, "Terry will recover; there has been no murder done." "Who did you recognize the murderer?" "The intent to do murder was there." "Oh, Lord!" thought the officer. "I wish I had deputed some one of my men to do this business." "I—you know," informed you that the man who attempted the life of the cashier was found drunk, partly lying on his victim's body, with the dirk hilt clasped in his hand." "Yes; the wretch!" "He was unconscious as well as Terry. Dead drunk. Had he recognized him, probably. He yet lies, or did an hour ago, in a drunken stupor at the station. He may be unconscious that he has committed a crime. In fact, I am certain he is."

"He should swing for it. Even if Terry lives, he should get twenty years."

"This young man—" "Young man! Assasin, you mean. Well?" "Mr. Kellogg, I would rather be kicked out of your house than go further. But—but—the young man whose hand clasped the dirk hilt and who lay unconscious on the form of your cashier was—" "Who did you recognize him? Speak, man, speak! I cannot understand your delay. Name the assasin of Lawrence Terry." "God help you, I will! Robert Kellogg—your son!"

"With a groan of anguish the stricken father sank again in his chair."

"No, no, it is impossible! Unsay those words, Hunt, if you are a man!" "Would to God I could, sir; but they are too true." "Cried the old man, springing to his feet. "They are false! My boy an assasin—a murderer! Never! There is some terrible mystery here!" "But, my dear sir, we—" "Hb, I doubt not, Hunt, that it now appears so. The circumstances convinced you; but there are no assasins in my family. I never knew the boy to get drunk before. Rejoicing over the improved condition of his sister, who has been