



CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)
He returned to the depot whence he had come, and the very next train carried him back to New York city.

He thought of the exchange of over-alls which he had made with his traveling acquaintance, and muttered:
"By Jupiter! I left the keys and the wax impressions in my coat pocket. I hope they will not be the means of getting the young fellow with whom I exchanged coats into trouble."

When Stuart Harland averted his eyes from the railway train the officer who was on the watch when the stranger whom we have followed, leaped upon the platform, were still at their post.

Harland had not taken five steps, when a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder, and as the light of the policeman's lantern was reflected full in his face, the officer said, in a stern voice, as he grasped the young man's arm:
"You are my prisoner! I arrest you on the charge of being a fugitive from justice!"

These two police officers were watching for Stuart Harland, for to them Police Sergeant Smith had wired their man's description, and when they stopped the man who had taken Harland's overcoat, they were on the alert for the latter.

Stuart Harland's surprise was unbounded, and he was indignant, as well. "What is the meaning of this outrage? There is certainly some mistake!" he exclaimed.

In a few words the police officers acquainted him with the fact of John Oakburn's murder, of which Sergeant Smith's dispatch had informed them. "One of the officers added:
"My instructions are simply to arrest you and return you to New York City at once."

CHAPTER VIII.

The faces of the audience, who had listened to Pratt's evidence, betrayed the impression which it had made. Stuart was regarded in such a manner that he was sure Pratt was believed by the majority.

True, none of the stolen money had been found in Stuart Harland's possession, but this could not be regarded as an evidence of his innocence, since he had ample time to secrete the proceeds of the robbery.

There was little further evidence to be obtained from the coroner's inquest, which rendered a verdict without leaving their seats that "John Oakburn came to his death at the hands of some person, whose positive identity was unknown, but that the evidence was such as to fasten a strong suspicion upon Stuart Harland."

Thereupon, the coroner directed that Stuart be held a prisoner to await further developments. Stuart retained his composure admirably, as he was contented to let the coroner's jury, and heard the order which condemn'd him to detention in prison.

The officers were about to conduct the unfortunate young man from the office, when Jason Garrison came forward and grasped his hand in a warm greeting.
"You will tell Edna that I am falsely accused," said Stuart.

Yes, yes, she will never doubt you, answered the broker.

his knowledge of Marlon's secret visit to the office never entered his mind. "Who can be the guilty one?" Stuart asked himself, and immediately there was no clue to guide his suspicions, by some mental process which he could scarcely have explained himself, his thoughts reverted to Levi Kregde, the janitor.

Perhaps the vague suspicions of this man, who entered his mind in the night, were prompted by an opinion which he had recently formed that Levi Kregde was a spy and a sneak.

Stuart had twice caught the fellow with his ear at the key-hole of Jason Garrison's private office, when confidential transactions were being placed there.

The second time Stuart's anger gained the ascendancy, and he kicked Kregde out of the office.

The young man had not forgotten that Kregde had flashed upon him a look of ferocious hate as he slunk away without hesitating for a moment.

The fellow had not uttered a word, but Stuart had read murder in the fierce burning light of his eyes, and from that moment he knew that the seemingly inoffensive and servile cripple was a dangerous man.

The thought now occurred to Stuart that it might have been the fellow's purpose in listening at key-holes and in spying about the office to obtain knowledge which would enable him to commit a robbery when there was money in the safe.

So deeply impressed did Stuart become with the idea that Kregde was concerned in the murder that he determined to mention the matter to Mr. Garrison, the elegant old gentleman, whose hands were clenched, his lips compressed themselves into a rigid line, and his beautiful, luminous dark eyes blazed with a dangerous light.

Despite this evidence of his more than passing interest in the proceedings before the coroner's jury, he was, as we have stated, an entire stranger to all present.

Children's Column

Did you ever make mud pies,
Wonderful in shape and size,
Full of pebbles raisins sweet
From your pantry in the street?

Did you ever have to cry,
When a team came whirling by,
And before you could say 'ho,'
Carved your pies and ate them too?

How you tolled from road to pump,
Making dust-loung, bump by bump!
How you 'patted' till you found
Every pie exactly round!

Then you set your dollsies nine
In a long and festive line,
And, beginning with Louise,
Made them cut a pie apiece!

What a sight they were indeed,
After such distressing greed!
Yet they had a washed-out look,
When contrasted with the cook!

—New England Homestead.

A BOMB LOADED WITH MEN.

A new bomb has been invented that is an extremely curious affair. It is called a Pioneer bomb, and is made to be fired from a cannon like an ordinary cannonball.

The idea of the invention, explains the Great Round World, is to fire soldiers into the enemy's camp. The bomb opens the moment it touches the ground, the men spring out, and begin to fight the enemies within reach.

A shower of these bombs would very seriously inconvenience an enemy, if it is to be supposed, for they would not quite know what to make of such a astounding cannonball.

The bomb is so arranged that there is no sudden jar or shock to the men inside. It is covered with a number of rubber tubes filled with air, like the bicycle tires.

They just walk into a field well stocked with succulent grain, and they thrive, as happy a lot of bright eyed young rogues as you wish to see.

THE MERRY LITTLE GOPHERS.
They are a saucy set of fellows, Western plains mops that through the hearty Manitoba farmer for their winter food.

FOR FARM AND GAUDEN.
MINERAL MANURES FOR POTATOES.
Potash is the mineral that is most needed for the potato crop.

EFFECT OF DEBORNING.
Of a lot of twenty yearling and two-year old steers now being fed at the Oklahoma experiment station, eleven were deborned in November, the others having been deborned previously.

ANATOMY OF THE HORSE'S FOOT.
Dr. R. H. S. Haidekoper, professor of veterinary jurisprudence, American Veterinary college of New York, gave the second of his series of interesting lectures on the exterior of the horse at the American Horse Exchange recently.

THE TALKING STALLION.
The talking stallion, says a writer in the London Spectator, is a clever and amusing bird, and is easily reared and taught.

The doctor took special pains to demonstrate how the upper or horny wall of the foot—the hoof—grew downwards from the exterior, an enlarged circular band or ridge which crowns the living parts and underlies that portion of the foot known as the coronet.

The hoof or horny envelope of the foot was shown in sections, and then built up, the lecturer fitting in the frog between the bars, then the crescent-shaped sole, and on top of the frog the planar cushion or fleshy frog which takes the jar when sudden pressure is applied to the phalanges or bones of the foot.

A contracted hoof that had been allowed to dry was shown in contrast to its mate that had been kept in a moist and therefore naturally healthy condition, and the lecturer demonstrated how weight applied to the former would bring about disease, while in the latter, which gave sufficient room for the internal cushion to perform its functions, no such troubles could occur.

Dr. Haidekoper then showed how solid rubber soles attached to shoes stopped all ventilation and were positively injurious to horses' feet, and brought his lecture to a close by illustrating how he had obviated all trouble from slippery pavements by inserting small elongated rubber blocks in the shoes themselves, shoes taken from his own horses and very much worn, still retaining a sufficient quantity of the rubber to keep the wearer from slipping and also acting as a cushion.

It is estimated that there are 1,300,000 Irish people in Australia.