

By P. M. HALE.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

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AFTER APPROPRIATION.

One Woman's Answer. He kissed her lovely downcast eyes. Her bonnie brown locks falling low—

FLINT JACKSON.

Farmington's Diary of a Detective. Farnham hopes to get famous, or at least famous in that huge portion of the world where English ale is drunk...

thoroughly, but cautiously, and to come to nothing so long as their eyes appeared a chance of fixing Jackson with the guilt of receiving the plunder.

from his cavernous eyes toward Henry Rogers when he thought himself unobserved, just after satisfying a fresh claim on his purse? Much practice in reading the faces and deportment of such men made it pretty clear to me that Jackson's course of action respecting the young man and his money was not very decided upon in his own mind; that he was still perplexed and irresolute; and hence the apparent contradiction in his words and acts.

He was greatly disturbed, and walked for two or three hours about the quiet neighborhood of Farnham, revolving a hundred fragments of schemes for bringing the truth to light, without arriving at any feasible conclusion.

He was sitting on a bench; but after a few words of pretended apology, he slipped off to do as requested. He was not long gone. "She's all in a twitter at the thoughts of it," he said; "and must have pen, ink and paper without a moment's delay, bless her soul!"

He shrank or screamed was repeated, and he was several moments speechless with consternation. A ray of hope gleamed suddenly in his flaming eyes.

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