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BY JOHN R. BARRETT.

The brandy, however, soon put new life into him, and putting on a bold face, he hastened to the house of mourning in which he ought to be the chief mourner.

How desolate it seemed as he drew near. The chilling blast was singing a weird song, that sounded to Clarence's ears like a requiem, as he approached the stately building, that had recently been the scene of a cruel crime, and in which the millionaire steel king, Philip Carson, now lay cold in death.

Clarence entered the mansion by a rear door, and was so impressed by the oppressive silence that he could almost hear the beating of his own heart. He desired to see his cousin Zelda, and learn from her, if possible, the particulars of his uncle's death, so that he might be fully acquainted with the tragic details and in a position to speak of the sad story intelligently to any one who might converse with him on the subject. And so he moved about quietly and noiselessly until he caught a glimpse of Zelda entering her late father's study.

It was the room in which the tragedy had occurred, and Zelda's visits there were not many, but she had promised to meet the detective, Isaac Sawyer, there at a certain hour, and she wanted to be ahead of time, so that she would not have to be called when he came. Sawyer had been importuning her for a private interview for some time, and she had put him off on one pretext or another until now; but he insisted at length, that although her grief was sacred, and such as ought not to be disturbed or invaded for outside affairs, the interests of justice were equally sacred, and it was absolutely necessary to obtain her story without further delay.

How Zelda feared and hated this interview! She looked upon it as a great ordeal which she would give almost anything to shun, but from which, she was firmly but gently told, there was no getting away.

Clarence saw his cousin entering the study, and lost no time in following her. Zelda had left the door partly open when she entered, and crossed the room almost to the opposite side, where she saw her face reflected in a mirror. Presently she saw another face there, and her own turned white with fear. At first she thought it must be a delusion. She felt that her cousin Clarence was far away, and this must be some strange conjuration of her throbbing brain. But the spell was soon broken, as she heard her name called, and, turning about, stood face to face with her suspected cousin.

"Zelda!"

"Clarence!"

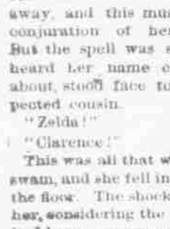
This was all that was said. Her brain swam, and she fell in a dead faint upon the floor. The shock was too much for her, considering the fearful thought that had been uppermost in her mind concerning this same cousin, whose guilt Tom Eckert had threatened to prove if Zelda presisted in her refusal to become his wife. Clarence was appalled by the thrilling effect which his appearance in that room had upon Zelda, and he scarcely knew what to do. He was bending over her in dismay, when he heard footsteps at the door, and looking up, saw Tom Eckert and Isaac Sawyer, the insurance man, standing there.

"I believe my cousin has fainted," said Clarence, adding, "Mr. Eckert, you know the house; I wish you would call some of the ladies to her assistance."

Eckert obeyed, and in a short time Zelda was taken to her room, where with proper attention, she soon regained consciousness; but her promised interview with Detective Sawyer had to be put off to another time, and the return of her cousin Clarence had given her fresh cause for fear and anxiety.

CHAPTER XVII.

ZELDA AND CLARENCE CARSON.



CLARENCE CARSON'S presence in Grimsby was most unwelcome to three persons. Edith Edwards, over whose life the shadow of a hateful marriage hung like a pall, had hoped that he was gone far away, never to return; and his fair cousin Zelda, who dreaded the awful thought suggested by Tom Eckert that he was concerned in the terrible tragedy and robbery which deprived her of a dear father, was pained to see him back again, because she feared the horrible disgrace that would result from his arrest for such a crime. But Eckert, himself, who might be expected to rejoice secretly over Clarence's return, since it would give him an opportunity to drive a harder bargain than ever in his wooing of the fair Zelda, was even less pleased than either of the other two that Philip Carson's nephew had returned to Grimsby and threatened to remain there.

As soon as Zelda regained sufficient strength to see him, she sent for her cousin to her room, for the purpose of letting him know the more than painful rumors that had reached her ears, and begging him to leave the place at once for some foreign land, before a deeper sorrow than a father's death should fall upon the family in the arrest and punishment of their Cousin Clarence for this great crime. She felt that such an interview would be most painful to her, and possibly to her cousin, of whose guilt she was not certain; but she could not bear to put it off, lest Eckert might carry out his threat, and cause Clarence's arrest.

When Clarence visited Zelda he found her in tears, and his heart was deeply touched. He took his chair beside her, and was silent for a few minutes. In the meantime Zelda was at a loss how to broach the awful subject to him. There was a feeling of pity and of loathing against him in her heart. She was sobbing violently. He took her hand in his caressingly, and in a low voice bade her calm her great sorrow; but she plucked it from him as if there was a plague in his touch. She felt that it was cruel to treat her cousin thus, but how else could she treat the man who was supposed to be the slayer of her dear father?

He looked at her in wonder. He thought it possible that she had lost or was losing her reason, but in this he was mistaken.

"You have sent for me, Zelda," he began. "Is there any particular matter about which you want to see me?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "it is a matter of life and death. I have sent for you, Clarence, to warn you, to beg that you will leave this place at once."

"I leave this place! Why, Zelda, what madness is this? Why should I leave this place?"

"Oh, don't ask me, Clarence! Don't ask me. It wrings my heart to think of it. You know as well as I do—alas! much better—the reason why you should go away and avoid the great disgrace that must follow our present grief if you stay."

Clarence was perplexed by her tone and manner. He thought it possible that she had heard of his marriage with Edith Edwards, and regarded that as a disgrace, because the Carson family was always proud, yet he did not know and he said:

"Zelda, you speak riddles. What great disgrace can you refer to? I am responsible for my own conduct, and shall not involve my relatives in anything I do."

Zelda looked at him in amazement. If he was really guilty of the great crime alleged against him by Tom Eckert, he was certainly very cool about it—cooler than he supposed it possible for any man to be under such a blistering shadow of sin and shame.

"You do not seem to understand, Clarence," she said. "Can it be possible that your conscience, your heart, your soul, does not speak to you and tell you what I mean?"

"Upon my soul, Zelda, I do not understand you!"

Then her spirit shrank no longer from the ordeal, and she confronted him with flashing eyes and blanched cheeks.

"You do not understand me!" she said in a mocking tone. "You do not understand me, Clarence. Great heavens, cousin—if such I may call you still—does not the spirit of my dead father whisper aught of my meaning to your guilty heart? *Was it not your hand that struck him down*, for the sake of the miserable money you wanted to pay your great gambling debt with? Oh! if you were anyone else but my own cousin and old playfellow, I would take delight in strangling you myself for the precious life you took; but you *are* my cousin, and I don't want to see you die an ignominious death, such as you surely shall if you stay here. Then, for Heaven's sake, go away: go at once and save yourself and us from the foul blot that will fall on the family name, which has been stainless till now!"

Clarence rose trembling to his feet.

"My God, Zelda!" he cried, "can it be that you or any one else suspects me of the monstrous crime of taking my own uncle's life? Who dares to hint such black infamy against me? Were you not a woman, and my own cousin, I would kill you for daring to hint so fearful a calumny. Tell me the name of my accuser, that I may confront him now, and clear myself of this great stain."

Clarence was quivering with passion and excitement.

"Ah, I see now," he continued, "why you fainted at sight of me when I entered the study. Well, if you had this horrible thought in your mind, I can scarcely blame you; but, Zelda, why should you believe this fearful story against *me*, even if an angel from heaven should come down and become my accuser? I loved your father as dearly as if he were my own."

"And, Clarence, do you can you deny this terrible charge?" she asked eagerly, a new light beaming in her eyes.

"As heaven is my witness, Zelda, I am innocent of this great crime!" he exclaimed.

"Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven for that!" she cried fervently, with uplifted eyes. "You have lifted a great load from my heart. But they will arrest you, Clarence. They will connect your name with the deed, and show that the money with which you paid your gambling debt at Dick Dawson's was covered with blood. How will you be able to explain this? Besides, we saw you leave the study."

"The money with which I paid the debt you speak of, was taken by me out of the cash-box which stood on the desk in the study. I knew it was there, and I came to get it. I knew your father was preparing to pay the men, and that I could put my hand on the amount I wanted. I found the room in darkness. I groped my way to the cash-box, and grasping all the bills I could hold, I hastily left the place and ran away. That was when you saw me leave the study. I heard my name called, but I could not return. That is the truth, as Heaven is my witness, and during that visit I did not meet or see your father. I had been drinking, and did wrong, but did not commit the horrible crime you speak of."

"When we entered his study we found him unconscious on the floor, with the murderous marks of violence upon him, and what other inference could we draw but that you were his assailant? It looks bad against you, Clarence, and it will look bad if you are arrested and pushed for this crime, notwithstanding your explanation and denial," answered Zelda.

"I will admit that it looks bad, Zelda, but I never saw the matter in that light before. Still I cannot go away and let this terrible stigma stand against my name. I must hold my ground, and devote myself, as soon as the funeral takes place, to the work of running down the real murderer."

"And if you stay they will surely arrest you," said Zelda, "as all the circumstances connected with your conduct that night are known to the authorities already. Why not go away, and thus avoid the disgrace of arrest? In a short time the real murderer may be brought to light."

"Do you believe me innocent, Zelda?" he asked suddenly interrupting her.

"I do," she said. "I do believe you innocent, but how will you be able to satisfy the authorities in regard to your conduct that night? You were seen running away from the room in which the tragedy took place, and a few minutes later turned up at a gambling room with the money which doubtless proved the great motive for the crime. Oh, Clarence, think! Think well of all you did that night! Was your head clear? Can you remember everything that happened when you took the money? Was there no resistance? Did anybody stand between you and the amount you wanted to pay that unholy gambling debt, out of which you were undoubtedly cheated?"

"Nobody interfered; there was no resistance. Not a voice nor a hand was raised against me, and I did not strike a blow. Under these circumstances, Zelda, hadn't I better stand my ground, and remain right here in Grimsby? An innocent man need have nothing to fear. I will admit that I took the money, but that is all. Were I guilty of any greater crime, I would not return."

Zelda scarcely knew what to think. Her cousin had already convinced her that he was innocent, but in view of the suspicious circumstances connected with the case, could he possibly convince anybody else of this fact?

In her opinion it would be almost impossible for him to do so, and in any event the disgrace of his arrest would undoubtedly follow in case he remained in Grimsby. She was, therefore, firmly of the belief that, in view of the network of circumstantial evidence that could be woven about him, in connection with the blood-stained money, his precipitate flight from the study, just before the wounded man was discovered, and many other matters that pointed with almost unerring precision to him as the criminal, it would be prudent for him to quit the scene for a time, at least until the authorities could run down the real murderer. She told Clarence this, but he would not listen to it for a moment, because he held that his disappearance at that juncture would be construed as positive proof of his guilt.

"You have not yet told me who is my accuser, or who told you the story about that gambling debt," said Clarence. "I would like to know who it is that takes so much interest in my affairs."

Zelda hesitated a moment.

"You might as well tell me," he added. "We may be able to trace up his interest in this matter. Probably he is not entirely unselfish. There is no reason why you should not give me his name."

"I have no reason to disguise it," she replied. "It is Tom Eckert."

"And why is he so deeply interested in this affair? Do you know what led him to center his suspicions on me? Are you aware, or do you suspect any motive on his part?"

"I know of one thing that might possibly make him active in trying to fix the crime on you, and then magnifying the disgrace of the arrest in my mind. He told me if I should consent to become his wife he would not pr[ess] your arrest, but that if I refus[ed] would place all the informati[on] possessed in the hands of his authorities, and it was sufficient to hang you."

"And what did you tell him?"

"I told him I would never become his wife, and defied him to do his worst. I thought then that you were beyond his reach, but now——"

"Say no more, Zelda. I am beyond his reach even here, and I defy the scoundrel. He wanted you for a wife, eh? The miserable coward, to propose himself for a husband at such a time and on such terms! I'm glad you rejected him, and I have a good notion to hammer the conceit out of him on sight, the first time we meet."

"Don't do that; it would make matters worse," said Zelda. "Besides, there's a detective here now, and I think he is in the confidence of Eckert already. His name is Isaac Sawyer, and he is passing himself off as an insurance agent."

"I've seen the animal. It has gimlet eyes, and they have already been directed against me; but, Zelda, I tell you they have no terrors for me. I am guiltless of this great crime, thank Heaven! I know I have been a bad, wild boy, but hand or tongue was never raised by me against my poor uncle, and I'll face the world on this issue against Eckert and all the rest."

For the first time since his meeting with Zelda, Clarence was moved to tears, and burying his face in his hands, he wept bitterly.

"Is it not painful enough to lose so good a friend in such a fearful manner," he sobbed, "without being suspected of such a horrible crime?"

Zelda felt more and more convinced of his innocence as she witnessed his grief, and the thought of his possible arrest now was even more distressing to her than it would be did she deem him guilty of the crime.

"May Heaven pity us in this dark hour!" she said, earnestly, "and give us light for our guidance. Come, let us join our friends. Be true to yourself, and sober, and whatever fate befalls, you can count on a cousin's love and devotion, at all times, as long as I know you are innocent of this crime."

They left the room together, hand in hand. She did not shrink from him now. Whatever the world might think, she was convinced of the truth of Clarence's story, and if Eckert should ever approach her again with any of his sneaking suggestions of marriage, in consideration of his silence, she would boldly tell him to do his worst, as her cousin was no criminal. This thought lightened the great load that had lain on Zelda's heart ever since the fateful night when she found her father lying in fatally wounded on the floor of his study.

As they turned slowly into the hallway after descending the stairs from Zelda's room, they were suddenly confronted by Detective Sawyer and Chief of Police Ward.

"I beg your pardon," said the chief of police, addressing Clarence, "but if you will kindly excuse yourself to your cousin, there is a little business matter about which we desire to see you."

"I have no business, gentleman," rejoined Clarence, "that my cousin may not hear or witness."

Something told Clarence that this was no ordinary business transaction, but he resolved on maintaining his equilibrium as well as possible. Zelda, too, realized that a crisis of some sort was at hand, and she resolved to meet it bravely, whatever it might be.

"In this case, Mr. Carson," said the chief, still speaking in a pleasant voice "we would prefer to see you alone."

"Zelda will excuse me," he said, and she left them to ether.

"The fact is," said the chief, after Zelda was gone, "we have an unpleasant duty to perform. Information has been lodged against you on the charge of murder, and we shall be under the painful necessity of taking you into custody."

Clarence never winced. His interview so recently held with Zelda had prepared him for this ordeal, and he simply asked, in a clear, firm voice:

"Who is my accuser?"

"That you shall learn in good time," said the chief. "I trust you will accompany us quietly and obviate the necessity of a scene."

"Certainly, gentleman," said Clarence, "certainly; but I should like very much to see my cousin Zelda alone, and quietly break this matter to her. She is so distressed that a shock might prove serious. I will return in a few minutes."

The request seemed so reasonable that neither Sawyer nor the chief interposed any objection. They wished to do their duty with as little friction as possible in the house of mourning, and they agreed to wait for Clarence until such time as he could tell Zelda of his arrest.

When Clarence entered the room where Zelda sat awaiting him, he found the light turned low and the window leading out on the porch half open.

"You are arrested," she said, "but don't be taken into custody for this crime. See! there's the window; fly for life, and you will be out of their reach before they realize that you are gone."

"But I can prove my innocence. Why should I go?"

"To escape the disgrace of arrest, imprisonment, and trial for so black a crime. It is enough for me to know that you are innocent. I will move heaven and earth, and never rest until I find out the guilty man, and then you can come back with no stain on your name. Now, in Heaven's name, go! I suspected they were after you, and have provided money. Here it is; don't lose a moment," and as she spoke she placed a large roll of bills in his hand.

"Heaven bless you!" he said; "I believe you are right. Were it any other crime but this I'd face the consequences; but it is fearful to think of being arrested, even in the wrong, for such a fearful deed. I'll go, and trust to Heaven and you for a speedy return with a stainless name."

Zelda turned out the light, and as she did so her fugitive cousin fled through the open window and was gone. In a few minutes the light was turned on again, and twenty minutes later, when the police chief and the detective knocked at Zelda's door to inquire for their prisoner, they were amazed and chagrined to find that he was not there.

"Miss Carson, what does this mean?" asked the chief, in a severe tone of voice.

"It means that he is not guilty, and that I could not suffer the disgrace of his arrest while the real culprit is at large," said Zelda.

The chief and detective looked at each other, but said nothing. They felt that they had been outwitted by a woman, and that there was no help for it, and then they hastened from the place, determined to capture the runaway, if the electric wires could aid them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE SLOPE.

told you it was not yet time to make an arrest," said Detective Sawyer to Chief of Police Ward, after they left the Carson mansion. "In a case of this kind there is much to be done, and it is best not to be in a hurry. Never arrest the wrong man. As soon as you begin to arrest people you put every man on his guard."

"It's all the fault of that fellow Eckert. He insisted on having Carson arrested without delay, and said his guilt was beyond question," said the chief of police.

"And yet he knew nothing more than we do," replied the detective. "It looks as strong circumstantial evidence, I admit, but it is not, after all, proof positive of the young man's guilt. I have seen more suspicious circumstance come to naught in a good many cases before now."

"But you will admit that the young man's running away is against him?"

"Not a bit of it. Can't you see that he acted in that matter entirely on the advice of his proud cousin? He would rather stay and prove his innocence—of that I am certain—but she would not have it so, because she could not endure the disgrace of his arrest for such a crime. Didn't she say so? She uttered the truth when she spoke those words, and what's more she believes in his innocence. So far as I am concerned, I am almost convinced that the work of ferreting out Philip Carson's murderer has yet to be done."

"I cannot quite agree with you," said the chief of police; "at any rate the facts are so strong against Clarence Carson that I would like to see him have a chance to prove himself clear of this fearful crime before the court, and so I shall send telegrams out after him."

The two men sauntered leisurely along the street leading from the telegraph office, until they came within a short distance of the home of Noel Edwards which was one of the particular points concerning which Detective Sawyer had made a special entry in his diary. He thought it might yet prove an important piece of testimony in the great case which he expected to work out successfully without the assistance of the Grimsby police.

"That little house is the home of Noel Edwards, of whom you heard me speak," said Sawyer to Chief of Police Ward, pointing in the direction of the dwelling indicated. "By the way, I think I have some business there now, and you will please excuse me if I say 'good evening,'" added the detective, who saw a small boy whom he wanted to talk with going that way.

"Sam, I want to see you," he said, seeing that it was his little friend Sam Sharp, the newsboy.

"I hain't got time, Mr. Sawyer," said the little fellow, whose suspicious movements at once struck the keen-eyed detective as being somewhat strange. "I'll see you s'mother time," he added.

"But I want to see you now, Sam," said the detective, taking him by the arm. "I have something very important to say to you, and I want a good deal of your time and attention, but I'll pay you well for it." Noticing that the boy had something in his right hand which he tried to conceal, Sawyer added, "By the way, Sam, what's this you are trying to hide in that way?"

"It's nothin' at all; sir, only a little bit of a note from a gentleman to a lady. I guess it's a secret, but he didn't say so. He only paid me well for carryin' it to her."

"Would you mind letting me look at it, Sam?" said the detective.

"Ah, that wouldn't be fair, sir," and the boy clutched the paper tighter.

"Oh, yes, it would be fair enough, Sam. I have an idea that it's a note for a girl I like very well myself, and I want to see what it is."

"That's why you shouldn't see it," said Sam.

"Very well, then; you need not bring me any more newspapers. I'll get them from some other boy," retorted the detective, as a clinching argument.

To be boycotted by so good a customer was more than Sam Sharp could endure, and he compromised with his conscience by saying to himself that the writer of the note had said nothing to him about secrecy, and that, therefore, there was no harm in letting this inquisitive insurance agent take a sly glance at it. So he said:

"Well, there it is sir; be quick and read it, and let me give it to her."

The note was hastily scrawled on a piece of paper, folded carelessly, and said:

"DEAR EDITH: Should anyone question you about the night at Dawson's, say nothing. I have met with great and unexpected trouble, and am compelled to leave Grimsby in a hurry to avoid disgrace. I can say to you, however, that upon my life I am innocent of the grave and terrible charge alleged against me, and in Heaven's good time I'll come back to prove it. You shall hear from me again. "CLARENCE."

"And who gave you this, my little man?" said the detective, after reading the note.

"The party what wrote it, sir," replied the boy.

"Where is he now?"

Sam looked at his questioner closely and said:

"I ain't no detective. He stopped on the street in a big hurry and gave me the bit of paper. 'Sam,' says he, 'give this to Edith Edwards, and here's a half a dollar for you!' Then he run off. That's a good bit ago, because I had to do a few errands for myself since then."

"What'll you take to let me deliver the message?" said the detective.

"Well, I couldn't do it, nohow."

"Why, nobody will be any the wiser. I have a harmless object in view, and this will give me the opportunity I seek. Here's half a dollar, Sam," he said, placing a silver piece in the boy's hand, and adding: "Now you may wait here until I come back, because I want to talk to you on important business."

Sawyer's breezy and apparently candid manner won the boy's confidence completely. Sam had known him for several days, because he delivered the leading New York daily newspapers at his insurance office, and whenever the opportunity afforded, they had many a chat together. Without being aware of the fact, the newsboy had given the detective many an important hint.

"All right, sir," Sam replied. "I'll wait, provided you don't be long."

Mr. Isaac Sawyer then hastened forward with the note. Sam felt slightly guilty for letting him do so, but he had made the bargain almost before he was aware of it, and he realized that there was no use now in any regrets. All he could do was to make sure the note was delivered, and this he did.

Sawyer's knock at the door of Noel Edwards' house was answered by Edith.

The detective saluted her very politely and presented the missive, saying:

"A gentleman, who seemed to be in a hurry, handed me this note at the corner and requested that I should deliver it to Miss Edith Edwards. She lives here, I presume."

"Yes, I am the person," said Edith, somewhat mystified that this fine-looking and well-dressed young man should play messenger-boy.

His keen eye watched the color come and go in her fine face as she scanned the hastily written message, and he knew that it contained a world of meaning for her, although he was somewhat surprised to see that she was not more deeply affected.

His mental comment was: "She either does not love him, or has more than a woman's control of her emotions."

Then speaking aloud, he said: "I beg your pardon, Miss Edwards, is there any answer?"

"None. I thought you said the gentleman was in a hurry. Where could you take an answer?"

"Excuse me; I had forgotten," the detective replied. He had been studying Edith's face so eagerly that his accustomed shrewdness deserted him, and he felt really embarrassed. His only way out of it was to bid Edith "good evening," and get away as speedily as possible. This he did, but just as he was about to go, he was surprised to find himself face to face with Zelda Carson, who stood at the door, and who, in an unguarded moment, had pulled aside the heavy cloak by which her features were hidden as she came along the street.

If Sawyer was surprised at seeing Zelda at Noel Edward's house, she was even more so to find him in such an unexpected place, and for the moment the power of speech deserted her. She would gladly have turned back, but that his eyes were upon her, and there was a nameless fascination in them, to those who knew what Mr. Sawyer's business was, that prevented dissimulation.

"Good evening, Miss Carson," he said, bowing low and manifesting a disposition to enter into a conversation, but her cold reply and freezing manner notified him at once that she desired nothing further to say to him, and the astonished detective, taking the hint, hastened off to rejoin Sam Sharp.

"Sam, you said a few minutes ago that you are no detective. How would you like to be one?" said Sawyer, as he returned to the boy.

"First-rate," replied Sam, "so it was a good, brave detective, and no sneak. When I say a sneak, I mean those fellows as plays detectives on married men, and trots around saloon doors to see how many glasses of beer dry-goods clerks drinks of an evenin', and that sort of thing. Now I'd like to be a detective what would keep an eye on great robbers, and bring burglars, and murderers, and such fellows to time."

"Well, I can help you to a piece of amateur detective work right in your line," said Sawyer, "if you'll agree to take hold."

"What's the game?" asked Sam.

"It's to help in unraveling the Carson mystery."

"I wouldn't mind takin' a hand," said Sam, "but I ain't had any experience in the detective line."

"You never will until you begin, my boy," said Sawyer, as they walked along slowly.

"Mr. Sawyer, are you a detective?" asked the boy, abruptly.

"I don't mind telling you, now, that I am," said Sawyer; "but, Sam, you must not breathe a word of this matter to any one. Henceforth you shall act as my office boy, and be my first assistant. Now that we are out together, I wish you would show me where you said, the other day, you saw Tom Eckert coming out of the mine, the morning of Mr. Carson's murder."

Sam stopped short and looked steadily at his companion for a moment, as if he discovered some new meaning in what he had hitherto regarded as a commonplace though somewhat strange incident.

"It is all right, my boy," said Sawyer; "just come along and show me the place. We can pass by it carelessly, without exciting suspicion."

"It's only about three blocks away," said Sam. "Let's hasten up, and we will be there in a jiffy."

Sam Sharp led the way across a number of vacant lots, then down a somewhat steep declivity, until he came directly in front of a low and rather dismal-looking tunnel.

"That's the slope, sir, that leads into the Grimsby mine, but the mine's been idle since the explosion at the mill, and it was here I saw Tom Eckert coming out that morning. Hush! step aside. Here's some one!"

As the boy spoke he pulled his companion into the shadow of the slope, where they crouched low beside one of the stout abutments.

[To be Continued.]

The End of The World.

According to Cardinal Nicolas de Cusa, this should have occurred in 1704. He demonstrates it thus: The deluge happened in the thirty-fourth jubilee of fifty years from the creation (A. M. 1700) and therefore the end of the world should occur on the thirty fourth year of the Christian era, or A. D. 1704. The four grace years are added to compensate for the blunder of chronologists respecting the first year of grace.

The most popular dates for the end of the world, or what is practically the same thing, the millennium, are the following: 1757, Swedenborg; 1836, Johann Albrecht Bengel; 1843, Wm. Miller, of America; 1866, Dr. John Cumming; 1881, Mother Shipton. It was very generally believed in France, Germany, etc., that the end of the world would happen in the thousandth year after Christ; therefore much of the land remained uncultivated, and a general famine ensued. Luckily it was not agreed whether the thousand years should date from the birth or death of Christ, or the desolation would have been much greater. Many charters begin with these words: "As the world is now drawing to its close." Another hypothesis is this: As one day with God equals 1,000 years (Psalm xc, 4) and God labored in creation six days, therefore the world is to labor 6,000 years and then to rest. According to this theory the end of the world ought to occur A. M. 6,000, or A. D. 1996 (supposing the world to have been created 4004 years before the birth of Christ). This hypothesis, which is widely accepted, is quite safe for another century at least.

The Other Way.

During a wordy war which occurred between two hackmen in front of the City Hall, the other day, one of them observed:

"You may get back there if you don't look out."

"Back where?"

"State prison."

"Was I ever in state prison?"

"I've heard you were sent there in 1870 for stealing an overcoat."

"Oh! you have! Well, let me show you how sadly you have been fooled. Here is the case as published and pasted into my memorandum book. You can see that I was sent to the insane asylum for *not* stealing a whole suit of clothes left in my hack by a man so drunk he couldn't remember the circumstance."

Horses in Spectacles.

In a paper on near sightedness read before the New York County Medical Society, Dr. W. F. Mittendorf told of a fine horse in Berlin that became intractable, and on examination proved to be suffering from myopia. The owner had a pair of spectacles made for it, and it became as tractable as ever. American students, Dr. Mittendorf said, are not so subject to near-sightedness as German students. Sedentary occupations and want of exercise develop myopia, and women, therefore, are liklier than men to contract it. It generally sets in in childhood; rarely appears after twenty-one years of age. Blindness often follows neglect of it. Glasses should be worn early in life to prevent its progress. They should be rather weak than strong, and a slight blue tint is desirable.

Practical Education.

A novel branch of learning has been introduced into the higher grades of the public schools of New Haven. It consists of a bulletin board, upon which is pasted each day clippings of important home and foreign news, taken from the newspapers. Special attention is given to matters brought up in connection with the study of history and geography. The pupils take a great interest in the "bulletin" and vie with one another in bringing the greatest number of items which are suitable to be pasted.