CHAIRMAN ELLIOTT CALLS PRIMARIES FOR FEB. 25

Republican Committeemen to Be Chosen Next Thursday Meet Two Days Later.

CANDIDATES ARE PLEASED

Date Suits Both Metzger and Smith—Opinion on Boundaries.

Republican primaries for the election of precinct committeemen will be held in this county on Thursday, Feb. 25. The polls will be open between 4 and 8 o'clock in the evening. County Chairman C. N. Elliott issued the call last night.

The precinct committeemen elected at this primary will meet Saturday, Feb. 27, in the Criminal Court room to effect the county organization by the election of a chairman, vice chairman, secretary and treasurer. The candidates for county chairman are Sheriff Robert Metzger and H. B. Smith, former county auditor.

The primaries will be held under the old ward and precinct boundaries, so far as the city of Indianapolis is concerned. The question as to whether the old or new boundaries should be followed was submitted by County Chairman Elliott to Attorneys Edward Daniels, Linn D. Hay and William P. Herod. Their unanimous opinion was that the old boundaries, as established by the County Commissioners, should be followed.

Chairman Elliott has opened headquarters in Room 301 in the Lemcke building and will direct the primaries with the assistance of Secretary Harry E. Negley. Mr. Elliott will name the election officers in the various precincts, in accordance with the provisions of the law. He will announce the voting places and the names of the inspectors in the Journal of Feb. 24.

BOTH CANDIDATES SATISFIED.

The candidates for county chairman have both expressed satisfaction at the date selected for the primaries. Mr. Smith said yesterday that he would be ready at any time and that Feb. 25 would suit him as well as any other date. Mr. Metzger has his organization and campaign well in hand and also states that he is ready for the issue. The friends of both candidates are confident of carrying the day. Mr. Metzger, who is known as one of the shrewdest political managers in the county, has worked early and late for several weeks in perfecting his organization and has his forces in excellent shape. Mr. Smith has been equally industrious.

The following is the official call issued by County Chairman C. N. Elliott:

"Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 17, 1904.

"To the Republican voters of Marion county, State of Indiana:

"Primaries for the election of precinct committeemen will be held in the voting precincts of the several wards of the city of Indianapolis and the several townships in Marion county outside of said city on Thursday, the 25th day of February, 1904.

"The polls shall be open for the election of such precinct committeemen between the hours of 4 and 8 o'clock p. m. Primaries will be held according to the precinct boundaries established by the County Commissioners for the general election in 1902.

"The Republican board of primary election commissioners of said county will meet at the Criminal Court room, courthouse, Indianapolis, on Thursday, Feb. 25, at 9 o'clock p. m. to hear and determine all contests.

"The precinct committeemen so elected will meet on Saturday, Feb. 27, 1904, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Criminal Court room in said city to elect a chairman, vice chairman, secretary and treasurer, and to determine the manner in which party candidates shall be nominated.

"The places of holding primaries and names of inspectors will be published in the Indianapolis Journal of Feb. 24, and such corrections and changes as may be necessary will be published in the Indianapolis Journal of Feb. 25.

"CHARLES N. ELLIOTT,
"Chairman Marion county Republican committee.

"HARRY E. NEGLEY,
"Secretary."

ATTORNEYS SUBMIT OPINION.

The opinion submitted by Attorneys Daniels, Hay and Herod on the question as to the ward and precinct boundaries, is as follows:

"Hon. Charles N. Elliott, Indianapolis, Ind.:

"We have had submitted to us by you a question as to whether the coming election of precinct committeemen shall be held under the precinct boundaries established by the Board of County Commissioners of Marion county or under those fixed and established by the Common Council of the city of Indianapolis. We have given the question careful consideration, and are of the opinion that the precinct boundaries as established by the Board of County Commissioners are to govern in the coming election of precinct committeemen.

"By an act of the Legislature, approved March 6, 1891, it is made the duty of County Commissioners of each county in the State, at their first session after the taking effect of the act, to divide the townships into election precincts and establish the boundaries of the same, and by an act of the Legislature, approved March 6, 1891, the Board of Commissioners of any county may change the boundaries of any precinct within such county, or divide any precinct into two or more precincts, or consolidate two or more precincts into one.

"This law seems to give the County Commissioners the exclusive power of making divisions of counties into precincts for election purposes, and while the law providing for the election of city officers places in the Common Council of the city the right to establish election precincts, it must, in our opinion, be necessarily held that the Common Council has the power to district the city for city election purposes only.

"The precinct committeemen to be elected are to compose the county committee and this committee is recognized as the adjunct to all elections of county, State and national officers. No city officers are to be elected, and it is clear to us that only County Commissioners have the power to establish precinct boundaries for such election, and that in the coming election of precinct committeemen the boundaries as last established by the County Commissioners make the precincts from which precinct committeemen are to be elected.

"Very truly yours,
"EDWARD DANIELS,
"LINN D. HAY,
"WILLIAM PIRTLE HERROD."

CORONER INVESTIGATES A MYSTERIOUS DEATH

Poison Theory Strengthened by Discovery of Candy in Girl's Room.

Did Lizzie McGill, who died suddenly early Tuesday morning at 520 East Court street, commit suicide, or was she murdered by poison given in small doses at different times during the past three weeks?

This is the question Coroner Tutewiler endeavored to solve yesterday without success. He had the body of the girl taken to his undertaking establishment and a post-mortem examination will be made this afternoon.

It is generally believed the girl died from the effect of arsenic.

Coroner Tutewiler found some pieces of candy in her room. Early Tuesday evening the girl complained of illness and went to her room. She was found very sick and an effort was made to get a physician from the Dispensary. For some reason, the woman who hurried for the doctor says, the physicians at the Dispensary refused to answer the call.

A second call was made on the Dispensary when it was seen the girl was dying, but a physician did not arrive until over an hour after her death. Coroner Tutewiler was not notified of the death until late yesterday morning and he began an investigation.

To Award Engine Contract.

Contract for a new fire engine will probably be awarded to the American Fire Engine Company at the next meeting of the Board of Public Safety. The Cincinnati Company and the Nott Fire Engine Company, of Minneapolis, are also bidders. The old engine in use at Haughville will be turned in as part payment, with $4,250 cash. The new engine will be placed in one of the down town stations.

INDIANAPOLIS ARTIST MAKES FIRST EXHIBIT

Themes from His Native State Chosen by E. R. Sickler for Paintings.

NATURE STUDIES SHOWN

An interesting exhibit, hung this week in the Lieber gallery, is that of Mr. E. R. Sickler, a local artist, who has a studio in the Central Trust building. This is Mr. Sickler's first exhibit, but his collection of canvases is well worth viewing. One of the most notable among them is "A Morning Mystery," a picture which was shown in the Flower Mission exhibit of Indiana art at Tomlinson Hall last spring, and which then elicited much favorable comment. The canvas is a study of Lake Michigan. The white-capped waves of translucent green melt into the mist above, through which the sunlight gleams faintly. When the picture was shown last year the only unfavorable comment it aroused was in regard to the pier which ran from the foreground out into the lake—an unnecessary detail. Mr. Sickler has altered his picture, and the pier has been painted out, with improvement to the composition.

With the exception of the Lake Michigan canvas most of the studies are of Indiana scenery, and in addition there are a number of portraits and still life studies. Two of the canvases show the same subject under differing lights. "In Evening Dress—Green's Forks" is a peaceful study of fields and trees, quiet under the gathering evening light, which is relieved only by a faint glow of color in the sky. "In Gala Dress—Green's Forks" shows the same fields sparkling with sunshine and light.

"The River Drive," a smaller painting, is one of the best bits of composition in the exhibit. The road winding between the arching trees is that between Lafayette and the historic battleground of Tippecanoe, and the effect of sunshine and shade on the foliage and road is admirable. "Water for the Mills," a poetic study of the prosaic canal, within city limits; "A Hoosier Farm," exhibited in Chicago and at the Omaha exposition; "On the Wabash," and "A Passing Storm" are small, but noteworthy for their fine color and good treatment.

The most important of Mr. Sickler's figure studies, "The Spirit of the Grotto," is exceedingly good in its flesh tints and attractive in drawing. The still-life studies are all interesting and well managed. The exhibit will continue until the end of the week.

FORMER NEWSPAPER MAN WITH SAVAGE COMPANY

Frank Payne, Once in Charge of Indianapolis Press, Heralds Big Production.

Frank Payne, business manager of Henry W. Savage's Castle Square Opera Company, was in Indianapolis last evening on his way from Buffalo, where the company is now playing, to Louisville, where it opens week after next. Mr. Payne was formerly an Indianapolis newspaper man, connected with the Journal and afterward managing editor of the Indianapolis Press. Going from this city to New York, he has been successful as one of Mr. Savage's corps of advance men and managers.

"The production of "Othello," which we will give in this city the week of March 21," said Mr. Payne last evening, "is practically Shakspeare set to Verdi music, and is therefore interesting to the student of the drama as well as to the musician. We carry the largest special train used by any theatrical company in the country, a train of fourteen cars. I can safely promise the most brilliant production that Indianapolis has seen in many years.

"Mr. Savage has two Indianapolis newspaper men with this production, F. Percy Weadon, who was formerly with the Journal, and myself. Mr. Weadon is manager with the show.

"Newspapers in this city have changed greatly since I knew them. There are only a few men on each paper that were there when I was in the city."

POLICEMAN IN DISGUISE CAPTURES A FUGITIVE

By a shrewd bit of detective work yesterday, Patrolman Rankin captured Todlove Williams, who is a negro, charged with stealing meat from Porter's meat market, on Indiana avenue. He has eluded the police for some time.

Rankin learned yesterday evening that his man was in the house at Capitol avenue and Indiana avenue. Knowing that Williams would make a fight for liberty if he saw the officer, Rankin went to the house of a friend near by, procured a long overcoat and a fur hat. With his uniform completely covered, the officer entered the saloon and captured him man without trouble.

Services for Deaf Mutes.

The Rev. Austin W. Mann, of Cleveland, founder of the Western work of the Episcopal Church among deaf mutes, will hold services at St. Alban's Mission in the chapel of Christ Church, Monument Place, on Sunday, Feb. 21, at 10:30 a. m. and 3 p. m. The holy communion will be administered at morning service. Readers of this notice who have deaf-mute neighbors, will do a great kindness by calling their attention to it. Since 1872 the Rev. Mr. Mann has been engaged in the labor of building up "silent missions" in the large cities west of the Alleghenies. After his graduation from the Indiana institution, in 1858, he taught for several years at the Michigan institution, from which he resigned to enter into missionary work.

Engineer and Fireman Killed.

EASTON, Pa., Feb. 17.—Two Pennsylvania coal trains collided to-day at Washington Crossing, N. J. Engineer Charles Herbert and Fireman William Worman, both of Phillipsburg, N. J., were killed.

NO LAUNDRY FOR UNIONIST WHO THREATENS BOYCOTT

Fear of Unwashed Shirts Brings About the Surrender of Labor Leader.

VICTORY FOR EMPLOYERS

Major Taylor, proprietor of the Excelsior laundry, has the distinction of having generated the first real passage at arms between the Indianapolis Employers' Association and a member of organized labor. And it is said Mr. Taylor considers that he has won a signal victory.

D. F. Kennedy, a prominent advocate of union labor, is said to have had a grievance against one of the laundries of the city and declared his intention of having the laundry placed on the unfair list. When the news reached the managers of the laundry they appealed to the Employers' Association, which named Mr. Taylor—he being the laundrymen's representative of the employers—to take some action in the controversy.

Mr. Taylor called in to see Mr. Kennedy one evening and after a remark about the unusually cold winter told the labor champion that he could place the laundry on the unfair list, but if he did, every laundry in the city would declare a boycott against Mr. Kennedy. Mr. Kennedy, it is said, considered the quandary in which such estranged relations would place him, and thereupon replied that he would not push his own boycott.

POETRY MICROBE BUSY IN CITY HALL

Officials Send Correspondence with "Poetic" Letter from One Board to Another.

If an epidemic of poetry that has broken out in this city gives indications of spreading farther than it already has it is probable that the city Board of Health will be asked to adopt stringest measures to check it.

A letter, purporting to be a poem, was recently received by the Board of Public Works, signed by "A Standholder." It consisted of some thirty lines of verse reciting the woes of standholders in East Market, and praying the board to grant them longer hours on market days. The writer stated that he had adopted the "poetry" style of communication in order to attract the board's attention.

As all market matters are under the direction of the Board of Public Safety, the Works Board directed Clerk William R. Williams to send the communication to the latter board. He did so, accompanying it with a note that ran like this:

To cheer and not to sadden,
The B. P. W. greets Tom Madden.
And feels, when such lines have read this verse,
You'll swear you never have read worse.

Chairman Madden, of the Safety Board, has not yet essayed an answer to Williams's poeticus.

FIREMAN KILLED IN B. & O. FREIGHT WRECK

Train Ran Down Grade, Jumped Curve and Rolled Over Precipice Into Cheat River.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 17.—The Times-Star special from Grafton, W. Va., says that a freight train on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad became unmanageable at Terra Alta to-day and ran down the seventeen-mile grade until it reached a curve, where the train left the track and was thrown over a precipice into Cheat river. Fireman Francis Eagen, of Cumberland, was killed. Engineer Porter Kinney, of Cumberland, jumped and had a leg broken.

OFFICERS ELECTED BY SCOTTISH RITE MASONS

The annual election of officers of the Adoniram Grand Lodge of Perfection, A. A. Scottish Rite, took place last night, resulting as follows: Chalmers Brown, T. P. G. M.; Alexander W. Thomson, deputy grand master; E. M. Campbell, grand senior warden; James W. Lilly, junior grand warden; Charles F. Meyer, grand treasurer; Francis T. Holliday, grand secretary; William W. Thornton, grand orator; Edwin D. Moore, grand hospitaler; John F. Milner, grand master of ceremonies; Thomas D. Lynn, grand captain of the guard; Frank Wilson, grand sentinel; Henry Adams, trustee, three years.

Roscoe O. Hawkins was elected a trustee for two years to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Judge Byron K. Elliot.

Committee Will Meet Again.

Arrangements for the local celebration of St. Patrick's day were not perfected at last evening's meeting of the A. O. H. St. Patrick's day committee, at the Occidental, and the meeting adjourned to meet again at 2:30 o'clock next Sunday afternoon. Two members of the committee, James H. Deery and Jeremiah Costello, were kept from last evening's meeting by illness.

Light Companies Pay Assessments.

The Home Heating and Lighting Company made its semi-annual payment to the controller's office yesterday, 5 per cent. of its gross income, amounting to $2,557. The like fee of the Indianapolis Light and Power Company, paid in January, was $11,001. The Merchants' Heat and Light Company pays the fee annually at the close of its fiscal year, May 31.

Luncheon to Be Repeated.

By request the board of managers of the Girls' Industrial School will again serve luncheon from 11 to 2 o'clock to-day in Tomlinson Hall. The luncheon was so well patronized yesterday that a request was made that it be repeated to-day.

EDWIN DROOD MYSTERY CONTEST

One Hundred Dollars in Cash Prizes Will Be Paid to Journal Readers

The Journal offers $100 in prizes for the best solution of the mystery left unsolved by the death of the great English novelist, Charles Dickens.

The last work of Mr. Dickens was a story entitled "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." The great tale teller had woven a tangled skein of mystery around the tragic disappearance of an unfortunate young man of wealth. The novel promised to be one of the greatest of Dickens's works. But before he had completed the book death overtook the author, and no man knows what the end was to have been.

Monday, Feb. 8, the Journal began the publication as a serial story "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." Every man and woman, boy and girl in Indiana may enter the competition for the solution prizes. The terms of the contest are such as to make the competition an entirely open one and one in which THE READER OF LIMITED EDUCATION HAS AN EQUAL CHANCE OF SUCCESS WITH THE STUDENT OR THE MAN OF LETTERS.

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST.

First—Six cash prizes will be given, as follows: First, $50.00; second, $25.00; third, $10.00; fourth, fifth and sixth, $5.00.

Second—At the conclusion of the contest the prize-winning contributions will be published, with a number of the better solutions which will have received honorable mention.

Third—The contributions must not exceed five hundreds words.

FOURTH—SPELLING, GRAMMAR AND LITERARY STYLE WILL NOT BE CONSIDERED BY THE JUDGES. The contributions will receive consideration only as solutions of the mystery. The most plausible and convincing manner of ending Mr. Dickens's unfinished story will be chosen and the manner of the telling will not be considered important.

Fifth—Contributions must be written on one side of the paper only and addressed to the "Contest Editor of the Journal," Indianapolis.

Sixth—No contribution will be received before the conclusion of the publication of the story in the Journal. All contributions must be received within one week after the conclusion of the story.

Seventh—The contributions will be filed by the contest editor and will be submitted by him, without comment or change, to the judges of the contest, who will pass upon them and announce their decision. Checks will be mailed to the winners upon the day the awards are announced.

JUDGES OF THE CONTEST.

The following gentlemen have been selected to pass upon the contributions and make the awards:

William Pinkerton, of Chicago, head of the famous Pinkerton Detective Agency.

Capt. J. E. Kinney, chief of the Indianapolis detective department.

The Hon. Fremont Alford, judge of the Criminal Court of Marion county.

An installment of the story will appear each day until the completion of the story.

There will be no coupons, subscription receipts, or other requirements. The contest is open to everybody.

Study the contest conditions and try for a cash prize.

The Mystery of Edwin Drood

By Charles Dickens

[CONTINUED FROM YESTERDAY.]

Edwin took the easy chair in the corner; and the fog he had brought in with him, and the fog he took off with his greatcoat and neck shawl, was speedily licked up by the eager fire.

"I look," said Edwin smiling, "as if I had come to stop."

"By-the-bye,' cried Mr. Grewgious; "excuse my interrupting you; do stop. The fog may clear in an hour or two. We can have dinner in from just across Holborn. You had better take your cayenne pepper here than outside; pray stop and dine."

"You are very kind," said Edwin, glancing about him as though attracted by the notion of a new and relishing sort of gypsy party.

"Not at all," said Mr. Grewgious; "you are very kind to join issue with a bachelor in chambers, and take potluck. And I'll ask," said Mr. Grewgious, dropping his voice, and speaking with a twinkling eye, as if inspired with a bright thought; "I'll ask Bazzard. He mightn't like it else—Bazzard!"

Bazzard reappeared.

"Dine presently with Mr. Drood and me."

"If I am ordered to dine, of course, I will, sir," was the gloomy answer.

"Save the man!" cried Mr. Grewgious. "You're not ordered; you're invited."

"Thank you, sir," said Bazzard; "in that case I don't care if I do."

"That's arranged. And perhaps you wouldn't mind," said Mr. Grewgious, "stepping over to the hotel in Furnival's, and asking them to send in materials for laying the cloth. For dinner we'll have a tureen of the hottest and strongest soup available, and we'll have the best made dish that can be recommended, and we'll have a joint (such as a haunch of mutton), and we'll have a goose, or a turkey, or any little stuffed thing of that sort that may happen to be in the bill of fare—in short, we'll have whatever there is on hand."

These liberal directions Mr. Grewgious issued with his usual air of reading an inventory, or repeating a lesson, or doing anything else by rote. Bazzard, after drawing out the round table, withdrew to execute them.

"It was a little delicate, you see," said Mr. Grewgious, in a lower tone, after his clerk's departure, "about employing him in the foraging or commissariat department. Because he mightn't like it."

"He seems to have his own way, sir," remarked Edwin.

"His own way?" returned Mr. Grewgious. "Oh, dear, no! Poor fellow, you quite mistake him. If he had his own way, he wouldn't be here."

"I wonder where he would be!" Edwin thought. But he only thought it, because Mr. Grewgious came and stood himself with his back to the other corner of the fire, and his shoulder-blades against the chimney-piece, and collected his skirts for easy conversation.

"I take it, without having the gift of prophecy, that you have done me the favor of looking in to mention that you are going down yonder—where, I can tell you, you are expected—and to offer to execute any little commission from me to my charming ward, and perhaps to sharpen me up a bit in any proceeding? Eh, Mr. Edwin?"

"I called, sir, before going down, as an act of attention."

"Of attention!" said Mr. Grewgious. "Ah! of course, not of impatience?"

"Impatience, sir?"

Mr. Grewgious had meant to be arch—not that he should carry the object degree expressed that meaning—and had brought himself into scarcely supportable proximity with the fire, as if to burn the fullest effect of his archness into himself, as other subtle impressions are burnt into hard metals. But his archness suddenly flying before the composed face and manner of his visitor, and only the fire remaining, he started and rubbed himself.

"I have lately been down yonder," said Mr. Grewgious, rearranging his skirts; "and that was what I referred to, when I said I could tell you you are expected."

"Indeed, sir! Yes; I knew that Pussy was looking out for me."

"Do you keep a cat down there?" asked Mr. Grewgious.

Edwin colored a little as he explained: "I call Rosa Pussy."

"Oh, really," said Mr. Grewgious, smoothing down his head; "that's very affable."

Edwin glanced at his face, uncertain whether or no he seriously objected to the appellation. But Edwin might as well have glanced at the face of a clock.

"A pet name, sir," he explained again.

"Umps," said Mr. Grewgious, with a nod. But with such an extraordinary compromise between an unqualified assent and a qualified dissent, that his visitor was much disconcerted.

"Did Pussa—" Edwin began by way of recovering himself.

"Pussa? repeated Mr. Grewgious.

"I was going to say Pussy, and changed my mind;—did she tell you anything about the Landlesses?"

"No," said Mr. Grewgious. "What is the Landlesses? An estate? A villa? A farm?"

"A brother and sister. The sister is at the Nuns' House, and has become a great friend of P—"

"Pussa's," Mr. Grewgious struck in, with a fixed face.

"She is a strikingly handsome girl, sir, and I thought she might have been described to you, or presented to you perhaps?"

"Neither," said Mr. Grewgious. "But here is Bazzard."

Bazzard returned, accompanied by two waiters—an immovable waiter and a flying waiter; and the three brought in with them as much fog as gave a new roar to the fire. The flying waiter, who had brought everything on his shoulders, laid the cloth with amazing rapidity and dexterity; while the unmovable waiter, who had brought nothing, found fault with him. The flying waiter then highly polished all the glasses he had brought, and the immovable waiter looked through them. The flying waiter then flew across Holburn for the soup, and flew back again, and then took another flight for the made dish and flew back again, and then took another flight for the joint and poultry, and flew back again, and between whiles took supplementary flights for a great variety of articles, as it was discovered from time to time that the immovable waiter had forgotten them all. But let the flying waiter cleave the air as he might, he was always reproached on his return by the immovable waiter for bringing fog with him, and being out of breath. At the conclusion of the repast, by which time the flying waiter was severely blown, the immovable waiter gathered up the table-cloth under his arm with a grand air, and having sternly (not to say with indignation) looked on at the flying waiter while he set the clean glasses round, directed a valedictory glance towards Mr. Grewgious, conveying: "Let it be clearly understood between us that the reward is mine, and that Nil is the claim of this slave," and pushed the flying waiter before him out of the room.

It was like a highly finished miniature-painting representing My Lords of the Circumlocution Department, Commandership-in-Chief of any sort, Government. It was quite an edifying little picture to be hung on the line in the National Gallery.

As the fog had been the proximate cause of this sumptuous repast, so the fog served for its general sauce. To hear the out-door clerks sneezing, wheezing, and beating their feet on the gravel was a zest far surpassing Doctor Kitchener's. To bid, with a shiver, the unfortunate flying waiter shut the door before he had opened it, was a condiment of a profounder flavor than parsley. And to let it be noticed, parenthetically, that the leg of this young man, in its application to the door, evinced the finest sense of touch: always preceding himself and tray (with something of an angling air about it), by some seconds; and always lingering after he and the tray had disappeared, like Macbeth's leg when accompanying him off the stage with reluctance to the assassination of Duncan.

The host had gone below to the cellar, and had brought up bottles of ruby, straw-colored, and golden drinks, which had ripened long ago in lands where no fogs are, and had since lain slumbering in the shade. Sparkling and tingling as so long a nap they pushed at their corks to help the corkscrew (like prisoners helping rioters to force the gates), and danced out gally. If P. J. T. in seventeen-forty-seven, or in any other year of his period, drank such wines—then, for a certainty, P. J. T. was Pretty Jolly Too.

Externally, Mr. Grewgious showed no signs of being mellowed by these glowing vintages. Instead of his drinking them, they might have been poured over him in his high-dried snuff form, and run to waste, for any lights and shades they caused to flicker over his face. Neither was his manner influenced. But, in his wooden way, he had observant eyes for Edwin; and when at the end of dinner he motioned Edwin back to his own easy-chair by the fireside corner, and Edwin sank luxuriously into it after very brief remonstrance, Mr. Grewgious, as he turned his seat round towards the fire, smoothed his head and face, might have been seen looking at his visitor between his smoothing fingers.

"Bazzard!" said Mr. Grewgious, suddenly turning to him.

"I follow you, sir," returned Bazzard; who had done his work of consuming meat and drink in a workmanlike manner, though mostly in speechlessness.

"I drink to you, Bazzard; Mr. Edwin, success to Mr. Bazzard!"

"Success to Mr. Bazzard!" echoed Edwin, with a totally unfounded appearance of enthusiasm, and with the unspoken addition: "What in, I wonder!"

"And May!" pursued Mr. Grewgious—"I am not at liberty to definite—May!—my conversational powers are so very limited that I know I shall not come well out of this—May!—it ought to be put imaginatively, but I have no imagination—May!—the thorn of anxiety is as nearly the mark as I am likely to get—May it come out at last!"

Mr. Bazzard, with a frowning smile at the fire, put a hand into his tangled locks, as if the thorn of anxiety were there; then into his waistcoat, as if it were there; then into his pockets, as if it were there. In all these movements he was closely followed by the eyes of Edwin, as if that young gentleman expected to see the thorn in action. It was not produced, however, and Mr. Bazzard merely said: "I follow you, sir, and thank you."

"I am going," said Mr. Grewgious, jingling his glass on the table with one hand, and bending aside under cover of the other, to whisper to Edwin, "to drink to my ward. But I put Bazzard first. He mightn't like it else."

This was said with a mysterious wink; or what would have been a wink if, in Mr. Grewgious's hands, it could have been quick enough. So Edwin winked responsively, without the least idea what he meant by doing so.

"And now," said Mr. Grewgious, "I devote a bumper to the fair and fascinating Miss Rosa. Bazzard, the fair and fascinating Miss Rosa!"

"I follow you, sir," said Bazzard, "and I pledge you!"

"And so do I!" said Edwin.

"Lord bless me!" cried Mr. Grewgious, breaking the blank silence which of course ensued; though why these pauses should come upon us when we have performed any small social rite, not directly inducive to self-examination or mental despondency, who can tell? "I am a particularly Angular man, and yet I fancy (if I may use the word, not having a proper fancy) that I could draw a picture of a rue lover's state of mind, to-night."

"Let us fellow you, sir," said Bazzard, "and have the picture."

"Mr. Edwin will correct it where it is wrong," resumed Mr. Grewgious, "and will throw in a few touches from the life. I dare say it is wrong in many particulars, and wants many touches from life, for I was born a Chip, and have neither soft sympathies nor soft experiences. Well, I hazard the guess that the true lover's mind is completely permeated by the beloved object of his affections. I hazard the guess that her dear name is precious to him, cannot be heard repeated without emotion, and is preserved sacred. If he has any distinguishing appellation of fondness for her, it is reserved for her, and is not for common ears. A name that it would be a privilege to call her by, being alone with her own bright self, it would be a liberty, a coldness, an insensibility, almost a breach of good faith, to flount elsewhere."

It was wonderful to see Mr. Grewgious sitting bolt upright, with his hands on his knees, continuously chopping this discourse out of himself: much as a charity boy with a very good memory might get his catechism said: and evincing no correspondent emotion whatever, unless in a certain occasional little tingling perceptible at the end of his nose.

"My picture," Mr. Grewgious proceeded, "goes on to represent (under correction from you, Mr. Edwin) the true lover as ever impatient to be in the presence or vicinity of the beloved object of his affections; as caring very little for his ease in any other society; and as constantly seeking that. If I was to say seeking that, as a bird seeks its nest, I should make an ass of myself, because that would trench upon what I understand to be poetry; and I am so far from trenching upon poetry at any time, that I never, to my knowledge, get within ten thousand miles of it. And I am besides totally unacquainted with the habits of birds, except the birds of Staple Inn, who seek their nests on ledges, and in gutter-pipes and chimney-pots, not constructed for them by the beneficent hand of Nature. I beg, therefore, to be understood as foregoing the bird's nest. But my picture does represent the true lover as having no existence separable from that of the beloved object of his affections, and as living at once a doubled life and a halved life. And if I do not clearly express what I mean by that, it is either for the reason that having no conversational powers, I cannot express what I mean, or that having no meaning, I do not mean what I fail to express. Which, to the best of my belief, is not the case."

Edwin had turned red and turned white, as certain points of this picture came into the light. He now sat looking at the fire, and bit his lip.

"The speculations of an Angular man," resumed Mr. Grewgious, still sitting and speaking exactly as before, "are probably erroneous on so globular a topic. But I figure to myself (subject as before, to Mr. Edwin's correction) that there can be no coolness, no lassitude, no doubt, no difference, no half fire and half smoke state of mind, in a real lover. Pray am I at all near the mark in my picture?"

As abrupt in his conclusion as in his commencement and progress, he jerked this inquiry at Edwin, and stopped when one might have supposed him in the middle of his oration.

"I should say, sir," stammered Edwin, "as you refer the question to me—"

"Yes," said Mr. Grewgious, "I refer it to you, as an authority."

"I should say, then, sir," Edwin went on embarrassed, "that the picture you have drawn is generally correct; but I submit that perhaps you may be rather hard upon the unlucky lover."

"Likely so," assented Mr. Grewgious, "likely so. I am a hard man in the grain."

"He may not show," said Edwin, "all he feels; or he may not—"

There he stopped so long, to find the rest of his sentence, that Mr. Grewgious rendered his difficulty a thousand times the greater by unexpectedly striking in with:—

"No, to be sure; he may not!"

After that, they all sat silent; the silence of Mr. Bazzard being occasionally broken by:

"His responsibility is very great, though," said Mr. Grewgious at length, with his eyes on the fire.

Edwin nodded assent, with his eyes on the fire.

"And let him be sure that he trifles with no one," said Mr. Grewgious; "neither with himself, nor with any other."

Edwin bit his lip again, and still sat looking at the fire.

"He must not make a plaything of a treasure. Woe betide him if he does! Let him take that well to heart," said Mr. Grewgious.

Though he said these things in short sentences, much as the suppositious charity boy just now referred to might have repeated a verse or two from the Book of Proverbs, there was something dreamy (for so literal a man) in the way in which he now shook his right forefinger at the live coals in the grate, and again fell silent.

But not for long. As he sat upright and stiff in his chair, he suddenly rapped his knees, like the carved image of some queer Joss or other coming out of its reverie, and said: "We must finish this bottle, Mr. Edwin. Let me help you. I'll help Bazzard too, though he is asleep. He mightn't like it else."

He helped them both, and helped himself, and drained his glass, and stood it bottom upward on the table, as though he had just caught a bluebottle in it.

"And now, Mr. Edwin," he proceeded, wiping his mouth and hands upon his handkerchief, "to a little piece of business. You received from me the other day, a certified copy of Miss Rosa's father's will. You knew its contents before you received it from me as a matter of business. I should have sent it to Mr. Jasper, but for Miss Rosa's wishing it to come straight to you, in preference. You received it?"

"Quite safely, sir."

"You should have acknowledged its receipt," said Mr. Grewgious; "business being business all the world over. However, you did not."

"I meant to have acknowledged it when I first came in this evening, sir."

"Not a business-like acknowledgment," returned Mr. Grewgious; "however, let that pass. Now, in that document you have observed a few words of kindly allusion to its being left to me to discharge a little trust confided to me in conversation, at such time as I in my discretion may think best."

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Edwin, it came into my mind just now, when I was looking at the fire, that I could, in my discretion, acquit myself of that trust at no better time than the present. Favor me with your attention, half a minute."

He took a bunch of keys from his pocket, singled out by the candle-light the key he wanted, and then, with a candle in his hand, went to a bureau or escritoire, unlocked it, touched the spring of a little secret drawer, and took from it an ordinary ring-case made for a ring. With this in his hand, he returned to his chair. As he held it up for the young man to see, his hand trembled.

"Mr. Edwin, this rose of diamonds and rubies, delicately set in gold, was a ring belonging to Miss Rosa's mother. It was removed from her dead hand, in my presence, with such distracted grief as I hope it may never be my lot to contemplate again. Hard man as I am, I am not hard enough for that. See how bright these atones shine!" opening the case. "And yet the eyes that were so much brighter, and that so often looked upon them with a light and a proud heart, have been ashes among ashes, and dust among dust, some years! If I had any imagination (which it is needless to say I have not), I might imagine that the lasting beauty of these stones was almost cruel."

He closed the case again as he spoke.

"This ring was given to the young lady who was drowned so early in her beautiful and happy career by her husband, when they first plighted their faith to one another. It was he who removed it from her unconscious hand, and it was he who, when his death drew very near, placed it in mine. The trust in which I received it was that, you and Miss Rosa growing to maturity and womanhood, and your betrothal prospering and coming to maturity, I should give it to you to place upon her finger. Failing those desired results, it was to remain in my possession."

Some trouble was in the young man's face, and some indecision was in the action of his hand, as Mr. Grewgious, looking steadfastly at him, gave him the ring.

"Your placing it on her finger," said Mr. Grewgious, "will be the solemn seal upon your strict fidelity to the living and the dead. You are going to her, to make the last irrevocable preparations for your marriage. Take it with you."

The young man took the little case, and placed it in his breast.

"If anything should be amiss, if anything should be even slightly wrong, between you; if you should have any secret consciousness that you are committing yourself to this step for no higher reason than because you have long been accustomed to look forward to it; then," said Mr. Grewgious, "I charge you once more, by the living and by the dead, to bring that ring back to me!"

Here Bazzard awoke himself by his own snoring; and, as is usual in such cases, sat apoplectically staring at vacancy, as defying vacancy to accuse him of having been asleep.

"Bazzard!" said Mr. Grewgious, harder than ever.

"I follow you, sir," said Bazzard, "and I have been following you."

"In discharge of a trust, I have handed Mr. Edwin Drood a ring of diamonds and rubies. You see?"

Edwin reproduced the little case, and opened it; and Bazzard looked into it.

"I follow you both, sir," returned Bazzard, "and I witness the transaction."

Evidently anxious to get away and be alone, Edwin Drood now resumed his outer clothing, muttering something about time and appointments. The fog was reported no clearer (by the flying waiter, who alighted from a speculative flight in the coffee interest), but he went out into it, and Bazzard, after his manner, "followed" him.

Mr. Grewgious, left alone, walked softly and slowly to and fro, for an hour and more. He was restless to-night, and seemed dispirited.

"I hope I have done right," he said. "The appeal to him seemed necessary. It was hard to lose the ring, and yet it must have gone from me very soon."

He closed the empty little drawer with a sigh and shut and locked the escritoire, and came back to the solitary fireside.

"Her ring," he went on. "Will it come back to me? My mind hangs about her ring very uneasily to-night. But that is explainable. I have had it so long, and I have prized it so much! I wonder—"

He was in a wondering mood as well as a restless; for though he checked himself at that point, and took another walk, he resumed his wondering when he sat down again.

"I wonder (for the ten-thousandth time, and what a weak fool I, for what can it signify now!) whether he confided the charge of their orphan child to me, because he knew—Good God, how like her mother she has become!

"I wonder whether he ever so much as suspected that some one doted on her, at a hopeless, speechless distance, when he struck in and won her. I wonder whether it ever crept into his mind who that unfortunate some one was!

[To Be Continued To-morrow.]

THE SUNDAY JOURNAL'S PRIZE WINNERS

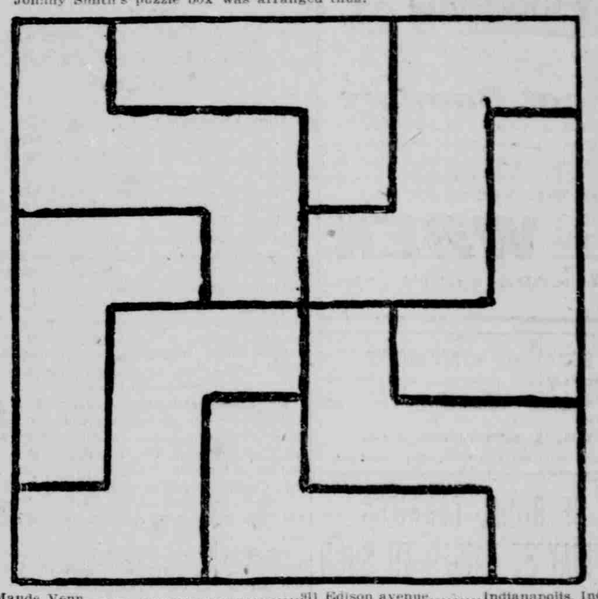
Following are the winners of the prizes offered for the best solution of the puzzles in the Sunday Journal's Color Magazine Supplement Jan. 24:

Winners Will Always Be Announced the Third Week After Appearance of Puzzles

From week to week the Journal has announced that five cash prizes of $1 each would be awarded each week to the five people who solved both puzzles in the best, clearest, neatest and most concise way and that a puzzle book would be awarded to all others sending in correct answers to one or both puzzles. There were so many correct replies received to the puzzle appearing on the 24th inst. that it was impossible to pick out five for the cash prizes. The Puzzle Editor therefore awarded dollar prizes to each of the first ten in the following list. Checks have been mailed from this office. To each of the others a puzzle book has been mailed from New York city.

HOBOKEN was the name of the hidden city.

Johnny Smith's puzzle box was arranged thus:



Maude Venn	911 Edison avenue	Indianapolis, Ind.
Mildred Aufderheide	503 South New Jersey	Indianapolis, Ind.
Sarah E. Wallace	663 East Pratt	Indianapolis, Ind.
Irma Bachman	1201 Union	Indianapolis, Ind.
H. A. Newsom		Carthage, Ind.
Dorothy Lee	179 South Home avenue	Franklin, Ind.
Jeannette Taggart	Route No. 1	Olinville, Ind.
Donald G. Mitchell	739 East Washington	Martinsville, Ind.
Louise Lewis		Pendleton, Ind.
Blanche Needham	561 South Vine	Seymour, Ind.
L. Welsh	1627 Brown	Anderson, Ind.
Clarence Evans	2210 Walnut	Anderson, Ind.
Miss Ella Marie Lilly	416 West Twelfth	Anderson, Ind.
Mrs. W. R. Brown	25 West Fourth	Anderson, Ind.
Miss Nelle Francis Craufell	1611 Jefferson	Anderson, Ind.
Clarence Flynn		Bloomfield, Ind.
Nell C. Boruff	1521 West Fourteenth	Bedford, Ind.
Master John O'Conner	Tenth and Hutchins	Columbus, Ind.
E. V. Whelan	P. O. Box 190	Cambridge City, Ind.
C. A. Hargrave	