PITTSBURG.

SATURDAY, JANUARY

26, 1889,

A SERIES OF SHORT STORIES

informing me that whilst I was free to come

and go, there would be no engagement, nothing that could bind Laura, until I brought the news that I had obtained a

annual sum not less than that which ac-

She would wait, so she said, till we were both staid, elderly people, if necessary; and she ratified her promise with "the first kiss of love." And so the time slipped by until

The Christmas dinner was eaten, and the

The Christmas dinner was eaten, and the guests at the table had retired (for a children's party was in progress in honour of Mr. Webber's birthday), he and I were left alone chatting "over the walnuts and wine," when the bright and happy face of my darling appeared in the doorway. By a preconcerted arrangement she came to join us while I opened out to her father a little secret I had breathed in her ears a few hours before, and which promised to bring us very near to the fruition of our hopes.

near to the fruition of our hopes.
"Well, pussy, what do you want?" said
Mr. Webber, as Laura came and seated herself on a vacant chair by my side.

"She has come to hear what I have to say to you, sir," I replied, speaking for her. Mr. Webber darted a quick glance of in-quiry, as if he more than suspected what was

"We are thinking of marriage at Easter if

we have your permission," I said.
"At Easter!" exclaimed Mr. Webber

"That is very soon. But what about the conditions? You remember them?"

"I think I do," was my reply. "They were a permanent engagement, and a salary of not less than £250."

Mr. Webber, who with nervous fingers was engaged in peeling a wainut.

"They are complied with," I remarked triumphantly. "The editor of the Argus sent for me yesterday, and after complimenting me on my work informed me that there was a vacancy on the staff which he was

was a vacancy on the staff, which he was pleased to offer me."

"And the salary?" queried Mr. Webber.

"Four hundred a year, sir. It is only a

"Four hundred," said Mr. Webber, mus-ingly. "Come that begins to look like busi-

"But that is not all," I cried, enthusias-tically, as I saw how well he was behaving. And then I then went on to expatiate on the advantages of the post that had been so unexpectedly offered me, pointing out that it would not interfere to any material ex-tent with my present purposes.

tent with my present pursuits, and pleading hard that with so promising a future open-ing out there was no reason to interpose any

delay to the consummation of our happi-ness. Laura, who had been sitting with her

hand in mine, gave me a little pressure of

But Laura's answer need not be recorded.

Before the interview closed Mr. Webber had given his consent; and Laura, after

throwing her beautiful white arms round her father's neck and kissing him fondly,

waved an adieu to me and sped from the room to join the bright-faced youngsters

who were gathered round an enormous

But Mr. Webber and I lingered for some

time longer, in which he entered into more

minute detail than upon a former occasion

into the share he was prepared to take in our settlement. On this it is unnecessary to

detain the reader further than to say that

after Mr. Webber had concluded his ex-

planation, he sat for some time thoughtful

and silent. Presently he spoke.
"I don't see how it is to be done," he

said, "and yet I should like to give Laura

something substantial on her marriage—a really good serviceable piece of plate for instance—that would outlast her time and

serve to remind her of her father when I am

gone. Not that she will need such a re-minder," he added, "but her home will not be furnished to my liking unless it contains

ome visible and abiding memorial of my

love for her and my appreciation of the place she has filled in our hearts and

Then Mr. Webber broached to me a pro-

"If I were to set to work to write up my

xperiences while I was at the Universal,

would you undertake to put them into lit-

erary shape and procure their publication?

I was struck with the proposal, and we proceeded to talk it over.

Mr. Webber reminded me how long and

varied his experiences had been at the Uni-versal, and what strange histories had come

under his notice in his capacity as general

said, "that the benevolent objects promoted by insurances have amply justified the ex-istence of the companies in countless num-

ber of instances, but one shudders to recall

what awful crimes have been committed for

what await crimes have been committed for no assignable reason whatever than was to be found in the greed that the premature payment of a life policy could satisfy. In Palmer's case, for instance, it was strongly

suspected that there were many other deaths that might have been laid at his door than

the murder of John Parsons Cook. There

was the fact, at all events, that in several

instances he had effected, or caused to be effected, insurances on lives which came to

which some elever, but unscrupulous, scoundrel is not devising fraudulent measures of

which the insurance companies are the vic-

ims," I remarked.
"Indeed that is so," replied Mr. Webber.

"No week, you say; but you might have said no day. Such cases were so frequent with us that I was compelled at last to urge my directors to include a private inquiry

agency with our own detectives as part of

asked, receiving this information with sur-

orise. "Plenty of it. Think of what our fire

losses might amount to if we did not take precautions to protect ourselves against in-

cendiary frauds. Why, Doggett, the head of this department, has saved us in that one

point alone, in a single year, far more than his services have cost the office." "But cases of incendiarism have scarcely

the romantic interest attaching to them to interest the public," I remarked, anxious to draw Mr. Webber on the character of his

proposed reminiscences.

"Some of them have," he replied. "But I am not thinking of cases of that kind, though we might find room for one or two in

the unlikely event of us running short of

more interesting matter."
"Do you see that ring?" he said presently,

"And could you find work for them?" I

'I su pose there is no week passes by in

a remarkably rapid end soon afterward.

"There can be no doubt," he

he suddenly asked.

posal that had been slowly simmering in his

Christmas tree in the schoolroom.

junior's place."

"You have stated them exactly," said

crued from my inheritance, and which I

By J. MARSDEN SUTCLIFFE,

[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

THE ROMANCE OF AN INSURANCE OFFICE.

BEING PASSAGES IN THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. AUGUSTUS WILLIAM WEBBER. Formerly General Manager to the Universal Insurance Company.

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BEFORE THE CURTAIN. It would not be fair to the reader to ask him to attach any credence to the true histories I am about to relate, without informing him how I became acquainted with the facts to which his indulgent attention is invited, and the circumstances under which these veracious records are sent forth to meet the public eye. As the necessary explanations are associated with the happiest events in my life-with which all happy and intending Benedicts will surely sympathize-and, as the only person who has a shadow of claim to impose an interdict, has strictly enjoined upon me to avoid any appearance of concealment about the matter, there can be no reason why I should not take the reader into my confidence without further circumlocution.

Mr. Augustus William Webber was for many years the Secretary and General Manager to the Universal Insurance Company, which, all the world knows, has its head quarters in a palatial block of buildings in the city, with imposing branches in the leading cities of the empire, not to speak of

lands more remote. The Universal, as its name was no doubt meant to imply, undertook to effect insurances on every known and conceivable risk, simply adjusting its terms in particular instances to meet special contingencies that appeared to call for a deviation from the fixed tariff. The office only confined its operations within the limits defined by the two terminal points that mark man's pilgrimage, to wit, the cradle and the grave. So all-embracing was the scale on which its business was conducted that a city was was once heard to remark that the only risk that the Universal had ever refused to entertain was an insurance against fire in the next world. On that point-so the wit remarked -the directors cheerily adopted the agnos-tic philosophy and declined to plunge into

the unknown.

It will be inferred, therefore, from this bon mot, that the company, which owed so much of its prosperity to the skill and inde-fatigable labor of Mr. Webber, transacted its business on a scale that may be appro-priately described as both varied and immense. It was not surprising, then, that when Mr. Webber arrived within sight of his sixty-fifth birthday the strain of his tremendous responsibilities became too great for his strength, and that after long resistfor his strength, and that after long resist-ing the advice of his physician he decided to "strike his flag," and spend the evening of his days in occupations less laborious. His retirement took place soon after my

acquaintance with the family commenced. The directors showed their appreciation of his services by voting him a pension equiv-alent to one-half of his former salary. In the event of his death the pension was to be continued to his widow.

There were some of Mr. Webber's friends who contended that the directors might have behaved more handsomely in the matter of his retiring allowance, though the person chiefly interested has never been heard to complain that his treatment fell short of his own expectations. But stress was laid on Webber's long and splendid services, and his no less long and expensive family It was an open secret among his intimates that Mr. Webber's nest-egg was of very small dimensions. Some even went so far as to say that when the nest came to be exdispositions came to be revealed, that the

egg would be minus altogether.

The actual size of Mr. Webber's nest-egg was made known to me, under circumstances that call for emplicit mention, since they led to the publication of the narratives that are to follow

It happened in this way. I had a long interview with him at his residence, Myrtle Lawn, Streatham, one blisstul and evermemorable July evening. It was the even-ing when, with considerable trepidation, I asked him to ratity the attachment which had grown up between his eldest daughter, Laura, and myself. I had been introduced to Laura some

months before by my friend, Rex Barclay, who shared with me a top story set of chambers in Lincoln's Inn, and who described her to me as "an awfully jolly girl," but "without a tocher." This information was something of a surprise to me when later on I came to know the good style in which the Webbers lived, until I remembered what a little way a large income will go when there is a large family to be reared, and especially when there are seven sons, whose ambition leads them to spurn a desk at the Universal, and fixes itself on the choice of profession whose secrets are only to be learnt on payment of a heavy premium.

Laura's portionless lot did not, however,

damp the arder of my incipient passion, but rather added fuel to the flame. In this respect her position was not wholly unlike my own. Not that I was actually The favorite nephew of a bachelor uncle, I had succeeded to all that he had to bequeath—a little capital which, se-curely invested, brought me in an income of This was more than sufficient for my wants while I was waiting for the briefs to come in, but a ludicrous sum to think of marrying upon. But I had found means to be busy while waiting, until some solicitor, gifted with more than common penetration, should discover the stores of legal learning that were hidden away beneath my horse hair wig. The time not spent in haunting the law courts was employed in contributing light, fugitive pieces to the magazines, which, when they paid at all, paid abominably. Still, it was something. I fared better with the newspapers. One or two articles offered to the Daily Argus were accepted and handsomely remunerated. Better still this led to occasional invitations from the editor to write for him on subjects suggested for a novice—so well that, growing wearied in waiting for briefs that never came, and becoming more fascinated with the new work, which left few idle hours at my disposal, I finally turned my back on the law and laid in a larger stock of foolscap than before, with such good success that I soon telt justified in broaching my hopes to Mr.

Mr. Webber received me with great kindness, and, without staying to hear all I had to say, he cleared the ground at once, by his own candid avowal that though he might give me his daughter he could give me nothing with her, and very little, if anything, hereafter. Having made a clean breast of his own position, Mr. Webber procommended the prudence of my proposal to settle the whole of my uncle's bequest on Laura, but drew in his horns when he learned the whole extent of my income and

the sources whence it was derived It was plain to be seen that Mr. Webber plain to be seen that Mr. Webber removing from his fingers a ring containing tink much of literature as a profession. He frankly told me that he was ring is associated with one of the most ronot so much dissatisfied with the income I mantic disappearances that I can rememwas making as with its precarious character. ber, and one that baffled Scotland Yard for not so much dissatisfied with the income I was making as with its precarious character. He insisted upon the importance of a appointment that held the promise of permanence and certainty about it. In the long run he brought the interview to a close by

Constate (which will find a place in these

needless to add I fell in with Mr. Webber's proposal, and engaged, when he had com-pleted his reminiscences, to assist in prepar-ing them for publication, with what result

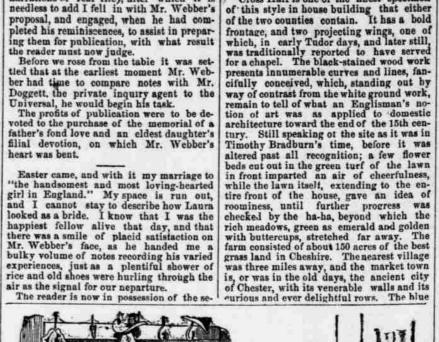
narrations of real life), after which it is

Before we rose from the table it was settled that at the earliest moment Mr. Webber had time to compare notes with Mr. Doggett, the private inquiry agent to the Universal, he would begin his task.

The profits of publication were to be devoted to the purchase of the magnitude of the profits of the magnitude of the profits of the magnitude of the purchase of the magnitude of the magn

Easter came, and with it my marriage to "the handsomest and most loving-hearted girl in England." My space is run out, and I cannot stay to describe how Laura looked as a bride. I know that I was the happiest fellow alive that day, and that there was a smile of placid satisfaction on Mr. Webber's face, as he handed me a bulky volume of notes recording his varied experiences, just as a plentiful shower of rice and old shoes were hurling through the air as the signal for our neparture. fixed appointment that would bring in an air as the signal for our neparture.

The reader is now in possession of the se-Mr. Webber's contingent assent did not trouble us young lovers. Laura gave me her promise, which was quite unconditional.



Cross Hall is one of the finest specimen



cret which vouches for the accuracy of the histories now to be related. The explana-tion has been a long one, but it has not been too long if it has enlisted the sympathies of the reader in behalf of Mr. Webber and the I have only to add that I received the MS. in such a condition that I judged the less it was tampered with the better.

was tampered with the better.

"Tell the public exactly how you became possessed of the narratives," was Mr. Webber's parting charge to me as Laura and I drove away from Myrtle Lawn, to start the journey of life together. And then he humorously added, "It may save me and my prospective sons-in-law some trouble, if the three eligible young men who may chance to come this way on your errand know exactly the dimensions of their future father-in-law's nest-egg." father-in-law's nest-egg."

I have endeavored to carry out Mr.

Webber's instructions to the lette

NO. 1.

THE CROSS HALL TRAGEDY. Mr. Timothy Bradburn, the owner of Cross Hall, whose tragical death created a remarkable sensation in the North of England many years ago, belonged to a race that is fast disappearing, if indeed it would not be correct to use the past tense and deapproval.

"What have you to say, pussy?" said
Mr. Webber, beaming with fatherly affection of old England before the age of steam came in and turned the older order of things topsy-turvy-the class of small freeholders who farmed their own land; whose wives and daughters were not ashamed to be seen jogging to market behind old Dobbin, the mare, taking with them the produce of dairy and poultry yard, and employing their wits when they arrived at their destinations in obtaining the best terms they could: while the male folk gave themselves up to the rearing and cultivation of stock, and boasted that they could mow a swathe of grass with the best

They were a sturdy, independent race. with no nonsense about them, honestly contemptuous of what they ridiculed under the name of "fine notions," and not a bit ashamed of the bridge that carried them over the rough places of life to the El Dorado of genteel competence. In truth, they had no need to be ashamed of the re-sults of their skilful husbandry. What wonderful cheeses and delicious-looking rolls of amber butter, with the sweet aroma of cheese room and dairy still upon them What a store of eggs and fatted poultry and well-fed pork! What geese at Michaelmas, and turkeys of excellent weight and incomparable flavor at Christmas those market carts used to contain! The mere sight was enough to tickle the palate of a jaded epi-

The wives and daughters of these small freeholders looked as if they throve on the appetizing dainties they carried to market. The women were always buxom, and sometimes handsome even. The lasses were comely and roguish, with complexions like milk-and-roses, firm and ample busts, arms plump and shapely, come to perfection as only arms can by constant use and healthy fairing-arms that would have cast into the shade the spindle limbs of a professional society beauty. If Thomas gave Mary a sly pinch as he overtook her at their tryst ing place under the hawthorn tree, it was to one that Mary would scream, but she would not have to roll up her sleeves and show how "black and blue" was the impression that Tom's mischievous fingers had made. The flesh was too wholesome and firm for that! If hard work rendered their hands a trifle too large for beauty, their hearts were kind, and their manners simple

and homely.

It was of such a race that Timothy Bradburn was born. There had been Bradburns at Cross Hall time out of mind. A sun dial on the smoothly-shaven lawn in front of the old house bore the initials P. B. and the date 1486. Mr. Bradburn used to say that the initials referred to the founder of the family of the Cheshire Bradburns, who came to that country from Northumberland after the battle of Bosworth Field had closed the long feud between the houses of York and Laucaster. The date was assumed to refer to the erection of the house, a supposition that appeared to be borne out, no only by the appearance of the ancient and picturesque dwelling which had been the home of successive generations of dead-and-gone Bradburns through the centuries that had elipsed since Peter Bradburn migrated into Cheshire, but was further attested to by a carved beam within, which bore the same initials and date—1486.

Cross Hall was one of those old houses

tractive feature on any landscape. Such tractive feature on any landscape. Such houses were common in "merrie Eugland" once. It was in such a structure that Shakespeare was born. But the ax of the destroyer has been laid at the root of many of these old roof trees, and they have nearly disappeared, along with the race to whom they gave shelter through life's "strange, eventful history." Many fine specimens of this antique order of architecture are, however, to be found in parts of Lancashire and Cheshire; in the latter county more so nowadays perhaps than in the former; for Cheshire, of all northern counties, with the exception of Westmoreland and Cumberexception of Westmoreland and Cumber-land, is least violently divorced from an historical past, and has contrived best to preserve its pastoral character and its old-world ways.

hills of the Cambrian range closed in the prospect on one side. So much for Cross Hall.

Now for its inmates. When this story opens the establishment of Mr. Timothy Bradburn was reduced to four persons— Timothy himself, Nancy Baddeley, a niece by marriage; Selina Gubbins, his housekeeper, and Frank Trestrail, about whom more heremarriage; Selina Gubbins, his housekeeper, and Frank Trestrail, about whom more hereafter. Timothy Bradburn was a widower of 65. He had married young in his father's life time, the daughter of a Cheshire yeoman, versed in the mysteries of cheese and butter-making; and as his mother was dead, and his father well stricken in years, he took his bride home with him to Cross Hall. After 12 months of almost idylic bliss Timothy Bradburn's dream of happiness came to an end. He carelessly left his loaded gun reared against the clock in the kitchen, and his young wife took up the weapon to restore it to its place. It so happened that the trigger caught in her apronstring, and in trying to disentangle it the gun went off inflicting a serious wound. There was enough knowledge of amateur surgery at Cross Hall to arrest the bleeding; but the shock to the system brought on a premature confinement, and Mrs. Bradburn died in giving birth to her first child.

giving birth to her first child.

For months afterward, Timothy Brad-For months afterward, Timothy Brad-burn was like a man demented, and, like Rachael, "refused to be comforted." He not only attributed the accident to his own carelessness in leaving the loaded weapon about, but in the bitterness of his remorse, he accused himself of the guilt of the dou-ble murder of his wife, and the child whose coming had been looked forward to with much loving anticipation by the presty much loving anticipation by the newly wedded pair. Time, "the great healer," modified Timothy's grief and assuaged the bitterness of his self-accusations. But from his wife's death he grew unsociable and selfcontained

Cross Hall farm had invariably been left to the eldest son; and when Timothy's father died, he adhered to the custom of his ancestors. But Timothy acquired not only the old homestead but the bulk of hi father's wealth, to the exclusion of his father's wealth, to the exclusion of his younger brother, George, who had led a wild, racketty youth, and who was barely mentioned in the will. When George heard the will read, after his father's funeral, he was in high dudgeon. He stormed and raved, declaring that his father had never done an unjust action in his life, and would not have done so in his will, "if he had not been put, up to it," and studies. he had not been put up to it," and ended by calling heaven to witness, in fearful oaths, that he would be revenged on the brother who had supplanted him. An angry scene of altercation between the two brothers was put an end to by Timothy commanding George to quit Cross Hall immediately, and never to darken the doors again. George took his brother at his word. He packed up his few belongings, quitted Cross Hall the same night, took a situation as farm-bailiff on a neighboring estate, and, having mar-ried a daughter of the soil, cherished a vio-lent hatred against Timothy to the day of his death.

Late in life, Timothy married again-s woman nearly his own age, who did not long survive her marriage. Her life at Cross Hall was such a brief one that it would probably have dropeed out of recol-lection if she had not left behind her a niece-the daughter of her dead sister-Nancy Baddelev, a smart, saucy, handsome lass of 20 at the date of this story. Selina Gubbins, who served Timothy Bradburn in the double capacity of house

keeper and maid-of-all-work, was a some what hard-featured, high-cheeked woman o 50, who needs no introduction. It may just be mentioned that she had lived in Mr. Bradburn's service all her life, and that he brother, John Gubbins, resided in the boson of his family in a cottage a couple of hun-dred yards away, and was a valued farm-

helper. About Frank Trestrail something more must be said, inasmuch as he plays an influential part in the story. Who Frank fluential part in the story. Trestrail was, where he came from, or what was his true errand at Cross Hall, no one knew. He turned up at the farm unex-pectedly, in the midst of hay harvest, in the summer before Mr. Bradburn met with his death, and found the owner of Cross Hall laid up with an attack of gout, and very positive "that everything was going to wreck and ruin" in his absence. Trestrail offered his services to act as overlooker temporarily while Timothy was laid aside and after 'putting him through his facings'
—so the old man termed his snarling interrogatories—Mr. Bradburn engaged him and finding Trestrail thoroughly efficient, he ended by asking him to remain when th hay harvest was over. Since which time Trestrail had staved on.

It was curious that Trestrail never vol-unteered any information about himself, although his appearance and manners proclaimed him greatly superior to his pos as farm manager. He was not subjected to any idle questions. He was not a compan-ionable man, and Nancy Baddeley, after making one or two attempts to penetrate the outer crust, troubled her dainty head about him no more. "He minds his business, and that's enough for me; I can mind my own, and so there's an end on't," Timothy heard to say, in reply to an inquisitive neighbor who ventured to remonstrate with him on the unwisdom of giving house room to a man of whose antecedents nothing

was known. Mr. Bradburn kept little company at Cross Hall. A neighboring farmer would occasionally drop in, for a pipe and a glass and a chat about stock and market prices; but that was a rare event. For though Timothy, who was near-fisted, never failed to show himself neighborly when these demands were made upon his hospitality, there was something in his manner that

A more constant visitor to Cross Hall was William Bradburn, his nephew, a finely-built specimen of the yoeman type, who had succeeded, on his father's death, to his father's post of farm bailiff, and who lived with his

forbade the liberty being taken too fre-

mother a mile away.

Timothy had never condescended to notice

his nephew's existence, until he met the young man by the side of his father's grave.

Mr. Bradburn had not been invited to attend his brother's funeral, but he dispensed with this formality, and attended notwithstanding. He even went so far toward hundred his brother as to speak kindly to burying the hatchet as to speak kindly to the widow, and to ask the young fellow to look in upon him at Cross Hall, promising him that he would always find a knife and fork waiting for him there. William Bradburn hesitated and then

went. When once he had broken the ice he went often, until his uncle wondered at the frequency of his visits. The magnet that drew William Bradburn to Cross Hall was the bright eyes of Nancy Baddeley, eyes as "black as sloes," like Tony Lumpkin's sweetheart's, and as brilliant as stars in a frosty sky.

Nancy was a well-made girl, with slightly irregular features which the rich carnation that dyed her softly rounded face redeemed that dyed her softly rounded face redeemed from plainness. The dairy was her empire, and there she reigned a little queen. No one who saw her there, moving about among her milk-pails, standing good three inches higher in her pattens, with a short, gay-colored petticoat revealing a particularly trim ankle, and her dimpled arms bared above the elbow, with a shawl fastened across her shoulders only half concealing a bosom whiter than the milk in the dairy, and her dainty head rising like a capital above the slender column of a faultless throat, could have remained unaffected by Nancy's charms, and her fresh, Hebe-like heauty. It was only after a close analysis Nancy's charms, and her fresh, Hebe-like beauty. It was only after a close analysis that discovery was made that the cherry-ripeness of Nancy's lips would have gained if her mouth had not been so large and so characteristically weak, or that her face would have been really beautiful in spite of this defect, if her nose had been less fleshy, and the nostrils more delicately cut. But Nancy's face, in spite of these drawbacks, was really pretty, and had, what often serves better than merely flawless outlaces, the charm of ever varying expression, so that these defects passed unnoticed except by the critical eye of the connoisseur in female beauty.

by the critical eye of the connoisseur in female beauty.

In William Bradburn's eyes Nancy was
simply perfection. When Mr. Bradburn
saw that William was "making up to his
wife's niece," he changed in his demeanor
to his nephew. William was carpeted before his uncle in the old oak parlor, and
sharply told that if he were "coming after"
Nancy under the idea that she would inherit any portion of his uncle's wealth he
was laboring under a mistake, and had better abandon the project at once. Timothy
declared that he had other views of disposing of Cross Hall, and his money. John
Barnes would be his heir, conditional upon
taking the name of Bradburn. Barnes was
Timothy's nephew by his marriage with his taking the name of Bradburn. Barnes was Timothy's nephew by his marriage with his first wife, whose sad death had left such an abiding impression on Timothy's memory and character, and he had been chosen by the old man to be his heir because of some resemblance he fancied he saw in personal appearance and disposition to the bride of his youth. There was, no doubt, some idea of atonement to the dead wife was at work in his mind, in thus selecting her kinsman for his heir. for his heir.

But to proceed, Mr. Bradburn gave Will-iam to understand plainly that he would have no love-philandering at Cross Hall; and as a further dissuasive from courtship. he informed his nephew that if he would renounce his pretensions to Nancy, he would find him the money to strek a farm and set him going. Beyond this point, he inti-mated that he did not intend to go; and the offer must be considered to be withdrawn if

with Nancy."
Timothy's interposition in William Brad-burn's love affairs came too late. Whatever views he may have entertained in respect to Nancy's future, Mr. Bradburn had not communicated them to Nancy herself; and Nancy never presumed on her relation to him as the niece of the second Mrs. Brad-burn, nor did she suppose that she was any-thing more to him than any other of the hired helpers on the farm. She had her own room, and occasionally he made her little presents; but that was all. She had not been taught to call him uppels. She not been taught to call him uncle. She spoke of him as Mr. Bradburn, or, more commonly, called him the master. He boarded and lodged her, and paid her wages in return for her services, and there the

matter ended. matter ended.

When Nancy heard that Mr. Bradburn had interdicted their courtship she stole out secretly to meet her lover. Their meetings were not less frequent than before, the only difference being that they met in quiet country lanes and shady woods, where they enjoyed more freedom in telling out their mutual feelings and exchanging caresses than would have been possible at Cross Hall with Timothy Bradburn keeping watch out of the grim penthouse that overshadowed his deeply set eyes.

Matters were in this position one morning late in the October following the summer that had seen Frank Trestrail become domiciled at Cross Hall, when John Gubbins arrived at the farm to commence his day's work by milking the cows. Honest John was astonished to find the back door fastened, no lights twinkling in the window, and no sign of an awakened or awakening household, such as customarily greeted him. He knocked at the door for a long time before he could make any impression on the sleeping inmates. At last, when he had continued knocking until his wrist ached with the exercise, he heard sounds of someone moving within, and then of heavy footsteps descending the great heavy staircase. Slowly the ponderous bars were shot back and Frank Trestrail appeared on the thres-hold, apparelled only in his shirt, trousers

and shoes.

Trestrail looked heavy with sleep; but what startled John Gubbins most was to see marks of blood on Trestrail's shirt.

Trestrail looked confused when his attention was drawn to the blood-stains on his looked to be seen linen, and professed himself at a loss to account for their presence. The men con-tinued conversing in the kitchen until Se-lina appeared. Then Trestrail left the lina appeared. Then Trestrail left the kitchen to finish dressing, and John Gub-bins, taking his milk-pails, departed to his milking with a satirical observation on the strength of Master's ale and the quantity that must have been drunk the night before to make them all sleep so soundly. Gubbins had nearly completed milking when Trestrail rushed across the farmyard, and with blanched face and agitated manner bade John saddle the mare and go for the police and doctor, telling him that Mr. Bradburn was lying in a pool of blood in

After Gubbins left to execute this order Trestrail sat in the kitchen shivering before the fire and buried in moody thought. He was recalled to consciousness by Selina, who was weeping, remarking through her

"It's strange that Nancy is not down yet. She's not one to lie abed."
"You had better go and call her," Trestrail suggested.
"Happen she's murdered, too," said
Selina, her already white face catching a
more sickly hue at the force of this new

train of thought.
"Who should murder an innocent young girl like Nancy?" Trestrail answered.
"Well, if it comes to that," said Selina,
speaking sharply, "who should murder an
old man like our master?"

"We had better leave that to the police to nd out." Trestrail rejoined. "As for find out," Trestrail rejoined. "As for Nancy there has no harm come to her. She has overslept herself like the rest of us, and you had better go and call her before the

"I'm aleared," Selina replied. "Nonsense! What is there to be afraid of? Nancy is all right, I tell you," said Trestrail, growing angry at the woman's

"Perhaps she is, and perhaps she isn't," selina remarked in a more determined tone than ever; "but whether she is or she isn't, I've seen enough upstairs to last me for my liletime, and I won't go up 'em again till the police come." And Selina kept her word.

word.

It was 9 o'clock before the police arrived, for the sergeant lived in the village three miles away, and though Williams, the sergeant, accompanied by a youthful constable, named Doggett, who had recently joined the force, hurried as fast as their legs would carry them to Cross Hall immediately after John Gubbins brought his message, there were no short outs and they had to walk all John Gubbins brought his message, there were no short cuts, and they had to walk all the way to the farm. When the police arrived, Selina consented to go upstairs and arouse Nancy, whom she found wrapped in a sound slumber, and had some difficulty in waking. When Nancy was wide awake, and had begun to dress, Selina told her that her master was lying murdered in his bed. For a moment or two Nancy seemed unable to comprehend the terrible news, and then throwing a shawl round her shoulders, she went just as she was without completing throwing a shawl round her shoulders, she went just as she was, without completing dressing, to Mr. Bradburn's room, and catching sight of the horrible object lying on the bed, and the police standing there with Frank Trestrail, she gave a piercing scream and fell down in a dead swoon. She was taken back to her room by Selina and Trestrail, and after a long administration of vinegar and hurnt feathers. ministration of vinegar and burnt feathers Selina contrived to bring her round. But

Selina contrived to bring her round. But as soon as she recovered consciousness, Nancy went off into high hysterics, and fit followed upon fit, until she was put back to bed again, thoroughly exhausted.

Meanwhile the police had concluded their examination of the room in which Mr. Bradburn had met his death.

The motive of the crime was apparent. A small safe that stood near the bed had been opened and the whole contents abstracted. The old man had evidently been roused from sleep by the presence of the thieves, and a heavy blow with some blunt instrument on the head had quickly settled him. A gloss of untasted brandy and water was standing on a table near his bed. An attempt had been made, apparently with a standing on a table near his bed. An at-tempt had been made, apparently with a crowbar, to detach the safe from the wall, with a view of carrying it off bodily. Ser-geant Williams surmised that it was with this crowbar the blow had been delivered which had killed the old man, and that after the deed had been committed there had been a change of plan, and instead of carrying off the safe, the murderers had searched the old man's pockets for his keys, and hav-ing found them had adopted the simpler plan of emptying the safe and carrying off

Near the open safe, and lying on the floor, the attention of the police was attracted by something bright and shining, and, picking it up and going to the window to examine it, Sergeant Williams exclaimed in a voice betraying great surprise, "Why,

Alss! that diamond suggested a false clew and lead to the death of an innocent man on the gallows. But we are antici-

pating.

The police having completed their examination of the bedroom, and the doctor having arrived and certified to death having taken place for some hours, an investigation of the premises was begun. Sergeant Williams sought in vain for any sign of a family contained having been made into Williams sought in vain for any sign of a forcible entrance having been made into the house until he went around to the front. Then he discovered that the hall door, though stoutly made of oak, had not proved strong enough to resist the combined attack of ax and crowbar. But what puzzled Sergeant Williams most—and he was an intelligent and shrewd officer—was to unriddle the mystery how an entrance so was an intelligent and shrewd officer—was
to unriddle the mystery how an entrance so
forcible, and accompanied by the noise that
was inevitable in breaking down the door,
had failed to arouse the inmates. At that
moment he cast a glance of keen inquiry at
Trestrail, and noticed for the first time a
slight smear, as if of blood, on the sleeve of
Trestrail's shirt.
"What is this?" he asked, eyeing the man
keenly, "and how came it there? Look at
it; it is blood!"
"If do not know how it came there." Tres-

"I do not know how it came there," Tres-trail replied; "it has puzzled me greatly; and look here," he added, unbuttoning his waistcoat, and removing the scarf he wore round his neck, which disclosed to view several blood stains on the front of his shirt,

what do you think of that?" exclaimed Williams. "Why, I think if you cannot give me an explanation—and a good one, too—how those stains came there, it will be my duty to arrest you for the murder of Mr.

"I can give you no explanation," Trestrail answered, moodily, "further than that those stains were not there when I went to bed last, and were not there to my knowledge this morning until John Gubbins drew my attention to them when he knocked us up. Whether you like to believe it or not, that is the simple truth, and I stand on my innocence and court the fullest inquiry."

"Ah! they all do that," the Sergeant answered, dryly; and then, after a pause in which he appeared to be turning matters over in his mind, Williams continued, "I will thank you to show me your room, Mr. Trestrail.

Trestrail led the way upstairs, closely followed at his heels by the two officers. It was dark when he dressed himself, but Frank Trestrail was accustomed to dress in the dark on those cold mornings in early winter. But it was a bright frosty mornin and the sun was shining, when Trestrail, followed now by the two police officers, again entered his room. At the first glance round the room, the sharp eye of the Sergeant detected fresh evidence of the suspicion that was beginning to assume definite shape in his mind. Going to the washing stand, attracted by what he saw there, Will-iams discovered that the murderer of Mr. Bradburn had washed his blood-stained hands in the hand basio, leaving clear evi-dence of his guilt in the water. Williams examined Trestrail's hands. He had done no work that morning. They were clean. In this, the Sergeant saw an additional confirmation of his growing suspicions toward

"Take off that waistcoat," the officer said Trestrail obeyed, and Williams, carrying the garment to the window, searched for further blood stains, but the closest scrutiny failed to reveal any further incriminating sign. An examination of the pockets, how-ever, threw what Williams called "an im-portant light on the case." He drew forth from one of the pockets four diamonds, simi-lar to the one that had been found on the lar to the one that had been found on the floor of Mr. Bradburn's room. The officer took possession of the diamonds, and then glancing sharply at Trestrail, who gazed upon these multiplying signs of his guilt with white face, he placed his hand on his shoulder and said: "Francis Trestrail, I arrest you for the murder of Timothy Brad hurn, your master, committed some time burn, your master, committed some time last night or early this morning. You are not obliged to say anything, but whatever you do say will be taken down in writing, and may be used in evidence against you. Have you anything to say?"

"Nothing! I am innocent," was the firm reply, as Trestrail made an effort to collect

"You say you are innocent?"

"Put the snaps on, Doggett," said Will-iams, in a peremptory tone, taking out his notebook to write down the prisoner's state-

"I will go with you quietly. There is no a sharp tone of pain, as Doggett moved to obey his chiet's command.
"Put the snaps on," Williams replied, in

more authoritative voice than before We cannot stand upon punctilio in cases of this sort.'

Trestrail held out his hands to Doggett, with a hot flush of indignation on his face and brow, and Doggett complied with his instructions.

"Take your prisoner downstairs, and tell Selina that her brother must get his horse into the cart at once to go to Chester."

As Doggett led his prisoner downstairs, Trestrail asked, "Will you do me a good turn, if you can?" "I will if it is consistent with my duty,"

Doggett replied.
"I am innocent of you poor old man's murder. Will you do your best to prove

my innocence?"
"I will do my best, but it will be hard

"You swear that?" "I do.

"Promise me, that even if they hang me for this, you will never rest until you have proved my innocence to the world."
"I promise."
"Then thank God there is one person who

believes that I am not guilty of this crime. You do believe me innocent?" Trestrill added after a pause as they reached the

"I do most firmly. You haven't the look of a guilty man, and you haven't conducted yourself like one."

But Doggett was a young, and inexperienced officer; and was unversed in the dark ways of crime. He had his experience to

gather yet.
Williams remained behind in Trestrail's bedroom, but without discovering any further evidence tending to implicate him in the dreadful Cross Hall tragedy. He continued his examination of the premises, but there were no signs of footsteps, owing, bett there were no signs of footsteps, owing, perhaps, to the hard frost. Having completed his investigations, so far as he thought necessary, he took his seat in the cart with the prisoner, after giving Doggett instructions that he was to allow no one to

enter the apartments upstairs.

And so, sitting between John Gubbins, who acted as driver, and Sergeant Williams, Frank Trestrail was driven away from Cross Hall, and late that day entered Chester with "gyves upon his wrist." (To be continued.)

OPIUM EATING IN INDIA.

Its Use as a Stimulant Almost Universal-How it is Prepared.

Times of India.] In the hot weather there is much heat apoplexy even among the natives. They seem to need a stimulant or narcotic as a febrifuge, just as those on the coast do, and opium is undoubtedly a febrifuge. In the fens in Lincolnshire it is used daily as such by the peasantry. The Deccan, with its bracing climate, appears to be the only part of the Presidency in which both opium-eating and the habit of drinking alcohol are almost entirely absent. The Mahrattas are a more energetic race, it is true; but that also may be the effect of climate. In almost any village of Guzerat, if not in all you may see among the Hindoos the listless, apathetic manner and dull, sleepy eye of the

apathetic manner and dull, sleepy eye or the opium-eater. Anywhere there it is only necessary to ask for a little Kasumba to be offered it on all sides.

The mode of making that drink is not pleasant to see. A little crude opium is produced and placed on a small ball of raw cotton. The maker holds this in the palm of his hand and pours a little water on it. of his hand, and pours a little water on it. He kneads the opium into the wet cotton and goes on pouring water till the cotton is saturated with brown fluid. He then squeezes it out as from a sponge into the palm of his hand, and you are invited to sit on the ground while he pours the dirty stuff into your mouth, from a still dirtier

hand. The opium eater is alway dirty. These people ask but little food. Opium eaters have no appetite. They will work just as they are compelled to do in order to procure their drug. Ask them why their fields are uncultivated or half-tilled, and they say, "Look at the labor we should have to undertake." They listlessly drag one foot after another, silent and half asleep. In one village the reply given to an inquirer who asked if the people were well off, was, "How could we be when opium is so dear?" walked through the country. More than half the outlawry of the province is due to opium smuggling. Where the cultivators have managed to keep to a certain extent free from the opium fiend they are invaria-

SUPERSTITION AND MURDER. What the Bellef in Thleves' Candles Resulted in-History of the Crime.

London Globe. ] A remarkable trial has just concluded in the Government of Kursk, in Southern Russia, with the conviction of four peasants for the murder of a girl of 11, they being sentenced to penal servitude for terms varying from 8 to 20 years each. It was shown that the culprits believed in the strange superstition that candles made from human fat, made them invisible. In order to obtain this necessary material, they first attempted to murder a boy in a forest; next they tried to kill an old peasant, and afterward a Russian clergyman, whom they met in a field. In all these cases they were unsuccessful, being disturbed before they could accom-

plish their purpose.

On the 15th of October last, however, they came across a young girl, Lukeria Cherkashina, in a louely spot, and at once proceeded to strangle and mutiliate her. Out of the fat from this child's body they made candles, with the help of whose supposed protecting rays they attempted a robbery. They were, however, caught and put in prison, where they confessed everything. It was stated in court that the superstition of "thieves' candles" is widespread in Russia, which confirms Dr. Bloch's statement that it still exists among the thieves of nearly all nations.

THE NOMENCLATURE OF THE WAITER. Some of the Queer Things Called for in & Restaurant.

"Two hot devils, and one in the black!" shouted a waiter in a Vine street restaurant last night, startling a clerical looking old gentleman wearing a white tie, and causing him to look over his shoulder furtively to see if any of Beelzebub's Lieutenants could be thus materialized at the command of a waiter, brought forth at a high temperature and in a garb of black. Devils usually come in red, in pantomimes at least, and one "in the black" was an innovation to the clerical looking gentleman. The "devils" which the waiter ordered was deviled crabs, and when he shouted "one in the black" he didn't refer to devils, but to coffee without cream. The nomenclature of the waiter is a queer one. "Devils" are deviled crabs; "stack o' sinkers" is the playful way in which buckwheat cakes are ordered;" "pig in the mud" is the sugges-ive name for a ham sandwich with mustard; "white wings, sunny side up," is the senti-mental order of the waiter when he wants eggs fried on one side alone; "Bostons" is the rather appropriate name for beans, and "my stery brown" is corn beef hash.

RESPECT FOR FRANKLIN.

A New York Man Who Always Raises His Hat When the Name is Mentioned. New York Sun1

As one of the Sixth avenue elevated trains was approaching a downtown station a day or two ago, the brakeman, opening the door, called out, "Franklin street." An door, called out, "Frankin street." An old man of courtly appearance, who had been deeply engaged in reading a newspaper, thereupon raised his hat. He kept his head uncovered until the train had moved away from the station, when he replaced his hat and resumed his reading. "I have heard of that old man from several of the trainment of the station." of the trainmen," said the guard, "but I have never before happened to see him. He is not crazy; oh, no, but he always raises his hat when the Franklin street station is called out, in token, I suppose, of his respect for the old printer and philoso-pher whose name indicates the street."