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**SOCIETIES.**  
**FIDELITY LODGE, NO. 29, A. F. & A. M.**  
 The regular communications of this lodge are held in Masonic Hall, Austin, Minnesota, on the first and third Wednesday evenings of each month.  
 C. L. WEST, W. M.  
 L. G. BASFORD, Secretary.

**MCINTYRE POST, G. A. R.,**  
 Meets on the First and Third Saturday of each month, at 7:30 p. m., at Grand Army Hall.  
 J. N. OWENS, Com.  
 E. C. DORR, Adj.  
 CHARLES MILLER, Quartermaster.

**ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, NO. 14.**  
 The stated convocations of this Chapter are held in Masonic Hall, Austin, Minnesota, on the second and fourth Friday evenings of each month.  
 EUGENE WOOD, M. E. H. P.  
 D. Z. ROBINSON, Secretary.

**ST. BERNARD COMMANDERY, K. T. NO. 18**  
 Meets first Monday evening of each month at Masonic Hall.  
 EUGENE WOOD, E. C.  
 G. L. CASE, Recorder.

**I. O. O. F.**  
 The regular meetings of Austin Lodge, No. 20, are held in their hall every Tuesday evening. Odd Fellows from other jurisdictions, whose business may lead them to Austin, are cordially invited to visit us.  
 O. L. GIBBONS, N. G.  
 J. F. FAIRBANKS, Secretary.

**I. O. G. T.,**  
**AUSTIN LODGE NO. 107, I. O. G. T.,**  
 Meets every Monday evening in Odd Fellows' Hall, corner Main and Mill streets. Strangers stopping in city belonging to this order are cordially invited.  
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 I wish to inform the people of Austin that I have located here permanently. Any one wishing the work in house decorating, will find that I am prepared to do that work.  
**G. W. JOHNSON.**

**BECAUSE OF THEE.**  
 My life has grown so dear to me  
 Because of thee!  
 My maiden with the eyes demure,  
 And quiet mouth and forehead pure,  
 Joy makes a summer in my heart  
 Because thou art!  
 The very winds melodious be  
 Because of thee!  
 The rose is sweeter for thy sake,  
 The waves in softer music break,  
 On brighter wing the swallows dart  
 Because thou art!  
 My sky is swept of shadows free  
 Because of thee!  
 Sorrow and care have lost their sting,  
 The blossoms glow, the linnets sing,  
 All things in my delight have part  
 Because thou art!

**THE BASILISK.**  
 A STORY OF TO-DAY.  
 CHAPTER XX.  
 The blow had been meant for me! I stood within a few feet of my intending murderer. On the floor, a dark mass in the darkness, lay the body which Plowitz took for me! Close to the murderer stood his intended victim. He would have murdered the blind man—the blind man was the only witness of his crime.

The only witness? Nay, what do I hear? The rustle of a dress, the sound of a voice that sounds strangely out of place in this atmosphere of sudden horror.  
 "Oh, what have you done—what have you done?"  
 The voice of Mary Fortescue, low, but full of anguish and despair.  
 "Go back, Miss Fortescue," said Plowitz, in that curt tone which is not discourteous when used to women in times of great emergency. "A burglar has broken into the house. I have secured him."  
 "A burglar!"  
 There was nothing but incredulity and anguish in the tone—none of the fear which Plowitz read in it.  
 "Do not be alarmed," he said, I have secured him. Hardy and I will take him down to the lodge and send for a constable.

"But you have hurt him—you have killed him!" she moaned.  
 "Nonsense!" he replied, losing all pretence of snivility; "nonsense—he is stunned. Go to your room. He is reviving!" and he stood over the figure, as if to secure the prisoner. Then he suddenly started back wildly. "My God!" he panted hoarsely. "I have killed Hardy!"  
 "You have killed him!" echoed Mary in a voice in which horror and joy seemed to my ear to be strangely blended.  
 "Nonsense!" he repeated more harshly than before.  
 He stepped over the prostrate form, and advanced a few steps up the passage towards where Mary was standing, while love and dread had been fighting in her breast, until she learnt that her worst fears, at any rate, were without foundation.

"Miss Fortescue you must forget this scene." His words were nothing but a formula appropriate to any trying occasion. The way in which they were uttered made them a fierce command—a deadly menace. "You must forget this scene. You must go into your room. You must remain there until you receive word that you may come out. Shall I conduct you to your chamber?"  
 The nearer approach of the doctor was enough to give effect to his commands. Mary hastily retreated, and, with great relief, I heard her lock her door.

Plowitz returned—this episode took but a few seconds—to the body of Hardy, and, taking a match-box from his pocket, struck a light, for, with the closing of Mary Fortescue's door, the gloom was again deep. There was no gas, but a pair of candles stood in sconces on the passage wall. He lit these, and then anxiously but carefully examined his victim.  
 "Dead beyond question," he said. "Plowitz never needs to strike a second blow. Poor devil! what sent you into my way like this? Had you been fooling me about this fellow Coplestone? Ah, it were bitter fooling for thee if thou wert!"  
 "Poor devil!" he went on in a different tone; "what a splendid stroke that would have been for Coplestone! Scarcely a tell-tale drop of blood to be seen. But, friend Hardy, though it is a neat piece of work, I must not keep the evidence of my skill too long on view."

He stood upright, looking about him in thought, and then took a step towards the door of the room in which I was concealed.  
 "This would do for the present," he muttered, "for the key is in the door; and if I take it with me, no one could enter."  
 I felt that I was in for either a life-and-death struggle with a detected and armed murderer, or for a long vigil in the dark with the corpse of the murdered man. I decided instinctively and immediately for the former. I determined to attack him while enumbered with the body, and endeavor to possess myself of his dagger. Beyond that, distinct intentions had not time to go, but I felt that the possession of the dagger would be in itself inspiration as to the proper course. But while I began to prepare myself for the moment of action, Plowitz suddenly ceased his ghastly task of dragging the helpless heavy form along the floor.  
 "Fool that I am!" he exclaimed.  
 "The secret stairs."

Surely he could not mean to take the corpse out on to the main staircase into the full light of the hall? Although in that sequestered and uncanny house it

would have done him but little harm if he had. But no! The stairs of which he spoke were a new revelation to me. He raised with some difficulty a portion of the flooring, and began to descend, dragging Hardy along with two or three vehement pulls till his head and shoulders were well over the opening; and one more vigorous effort, and the form began to disappear also. There was something horribly weird in seeing the body jerked by invisible hands, and being drawn head foremost down the cavity. And after it had disappeared I could hear the bumping of the heavy heels down the stair; but I did not wait for Plowitz to finish his unhallowed journey. I stole from my hiding-place. Keeping well out of the candle-light that my shadow might not be thrown anywhere within his sight, I reached round to the trap-door, which rested with the slightest possible slope against the wall. A violent shake might bring it down. The jarring of the stairs under the tread of the murderer and the heavy body of his victim might do it. So to cover my retreat, and, it might be, to horrify one whom I believed to be subject to superstitious terrors, I brought the trap down on the cavity with a thud, and in a minute, before Plowitz could have recovered himself sufficiently to get well up the dark and encumbered staircase had pulled the lever, and stood out in the quiet, well-lighted hall. No one was visible, and I hastily reached my room, a prey to emotions which it is simply impossible to describe. I could not give way to my feelings of repugnance to Plowitz. I had now, in a terrible manner truly, a hold over at least one member of this nefarious household.

Mr. Beaufoy came in looking very grave and absent. Plowitz, except for a slight pallor, showed no signs of any emotion, and during dinner he conversed with much freedom and gaiety with Miss Beaufoy.  
 At dead of night, I heard as I watched, sleepless and anxious, soft footsteps on the stairs. I stole to the top and watched. Mr. Beaufoy and Plowitz, with lanterns in their hands, disappeared by the secret stair. After a long absence, they returned, and by the bright moonlight I saw that they were pale, haggard, weary, and stained with earth and chalk. They had been burying Hardy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]  
**He Didn't Go Tobogganing.**  
 Detroit Free Press: "What is this toboggan business that we read so much about in the papers?" he asked in a Grand River avenue store the other day as he and his wife stood warming their hands at the stove.  
 "Why, a toboggan is a high platform with an icy slide running down it."  
 "Yes."  
 "You get up there with your sled, take a pretty girl on for partner, and down you go like greased lightning."  
 Girls are willing, are they?"  
 "O, yes."  
 "Lots of 'em around?"  
 "Dozens of 'em."  
 "Any toboggan nigh here?"  
 "Now that's enough!" said the wife as she turned on him. "If there was twenty toboggans between here and the city-hall you'd go right along and sell them butter and eggs and then jog home with me without a slide!"  
 "Yes, I reckon I'd have to," remarked the old man with an awful sigh, and then he changed the subject to brown sugar and baking-powder.

**The Mother-in-Law in New Britain.**  
 Mr. H. Hastings Romilly (the Deputy Commissioner for the Western Pacific) read a paper on the islands of the New Britain group at the last meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. Speaking of the marriage customs of the natives, he said there was one curious bond of sympathy between the New Britain natives and their civilized brethren. A man was for bidden under any circumstances to speak to his mother-in-law, and he must even avoid her if possible. He must walk miles out of his way so as not to cross her path, and if he meet her unawares he must hide his face. The most sacred oath in vogue among the natives was when a man invoked upon himself for a breach of sacred pledge, the terrible fate of having to shake hands with mother-in-law.

**A Great Victory**  
**A Terrible Case of Scrofula Cured by**  
**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
 "In the winter of 1879 I was attacked with Scrofula in one of the most aggravating forms. At one time I had no less than thirteen large abscesses over and around my neck and throat, continually exuding an offensive mass of bloody matter disgusting to behold, and almost intolerable to endure. It is impossible to fully describe my sufferings, as the case was complicated with Chronic Catarrh. After three years of misery, having been treated by three physicians, I was worse than ever. Finally, on the recommendation of W. J. Huntley, druggist of Lockport, I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. And now, after having taken twelve bottles, within the last twelve months the scrofulous eruptions have entirely ceased, and the abscesses have all disappeared, except the unsightly scars, which are daily becoming smaller by degrees, and beautifully less. I do not know what it may have done for others, but I do know that in my case, Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved an effective specific indeed. As an evidence of my gratitude I send these facts unsolicited, and I am ready to verify the authenticity of this cure, by personal correspondence with any one who doubts it." CHARLES A. ROBERTS, East Wilson, N. Y.  
 This statement is confirmed by W. J. Huntley, druggist, of Lockport, N. Y., who calls the cure a great victory for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Send for book giving statements of many cures.

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 KILLS PAIN!  
 "The Greatest Cure on Earth for Pain." Will relieve more quickly than any other known remedy. Rheumatism, Sprains, Swellings, Stiff Neck, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Lumbago, Flatulency, Stomach, Frost-bites, Headache, Quinsy, Bone Throat, Sore Throat, Wounds, Hemorrhoids, Toothache, Sprains, etc. Price, 25¢. Sold by all druggists. Caution—The genuine is contained in the best quality registered Trade-Mark, and our signature is prominent thereon. Sole Proprietors, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

**DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP**  
 For the cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, 25 cents.

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