The Democratic Advocate.

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S. KANN, SONS & CO'S.

SWEEP-AWAY SALE

OF

Spring and Summer Dress Goods.

Beginning Monday morning, we'll start a sweep away sale of Spring and Summer Dress Goods that'll be remembered here for many a day. The broken weather has left us with an enormous stock on our hands. We've received instructions from headquarters in Baltimore to sell the goods at any price. So we're going to do it, and we're going to do it in earnest. Such a sale of new seasonable goods has never been seen in this section. Such surprisingly low prices have never been seen anywhere. Just to show you:

We sweep away a lot of French Pattern Satteens at 12½c. Extra fine Satteens, in all the new shades, at only 25c. Extraordinary values.

We'll sweep away a lot of SURAH SILKS in all shades at 80c. We captured these at the recent auction sale in New York. They're wonderful bargains.

We'll sweep away every single yard of our 50c and 60c FANCY CLOTHS at the never-heard-of price of 39c.

We'll throw in with these a lot of TRICOT CLOTH, yard wide, in a variety of shade and colors, at the same price, 39c. How's that?

We'll sweep off 300 DRESS PATTERNS, in fast colors, at next to nothing prices. LAWNS 3½c per yard, and FINE CALICOES 5c. We dare any house to buy them at the price.

EXTRA HEAVY MUSLIN, a yard wide, going at 5c, and a lot of DRESS GINGHAMS going for almost a song.

To sweep away everything is our object. We don't stop to figure out what the goods cost; we only want to know what will make them move—what'll make people jump at them. For instance:

We find a lot of 35c Cashmeres in all the new shades, and we cut them to 25c. They'd sell at 35c—they'll sell faster at a quarter. That's the point.

And so with everything within the four walls of our store. They must go, and go now, while the season is at its height. No use waiting till the sun turns down hill. We'll make hay while it shines. You can get anything you want for almost anything you may give. EMBROIDERIES in Cambric and Swiss fearfully reduced.

FLOUNCES—a very large and superior assortment will go in the flood. Ladies' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR must take a walk, and Gent's Furnishings must keep them company. Nothing will be spared. CARPETS, MATTINGS, OIL CLOTHS, PARASOLS, FANS, everything—everything included in this surprising sweep away sale. Get ready to get here as early as possible. Should your friends miss seeing this advertisement you will do them a kindness by mentioning it to them. We expect to see the biggest rush we've ever had, and we expect to give bigger bargains than we've ever given.

S. KANN, SONS & CO.,
Low Price Makers,
11 E. Main Street, near Railroad,
june 9 Westminster, Md.

SHARRER BROS.,

Clothiers & Merchant Tailors.

Wantz Building,

Main Street, Near Depot,

WESTMINSTER, MD.

ARE PREPARED FOR

THE SPRING TRADE,

☞ And show a Larger and more Varied stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods than any other house in the county

STYLES AND PRICES

Will Astonish You.

☞ SHARRER BROS., ☜
mar 17

FOR SALE.

111 Acres prime limestone land near Windsor, 7 miles from Westminster; fine buildings all in good condition; a very desirable farm; price $12,000—half cash, balance on 5 years time.

Farm of 55¾ acres, 4½ miles from Westminster, 2½ miles from Patapsco Station, W. M. R. R. Buildings fair. Price $2,500.

Choice little farm of 55½ acres, half mile from Westminster; good soil; brick house; large barn; all in good condition; price $11,000.

Nice little home; 8 acres; prime land; 4 miles west from Westminster; brick house; bank barn; more land if desired; price $2,800.

Plaster and bone mill on W. Md. Railroad; buildings new; best of machinery; 14 acres of land; good water power; a splendid opening to engage in a profitable and growing business; terms easy; price $3,000.

2250 acres prime timber land on Cheat river, West Virginia. Heavy original growth of poplar, red oak, ash, walnut, cherry, &c.; land valuable for grazing purposes after timber is off; price $7 per acre.

Machine shops at New Windsor, Md.; all the necessary buildings for the manufacture and repair of machinery. This property will be sold; a bargain at easy payments; price $4,500.

8 or 6 acres of woodland, near public road from Westminster to Mt. Airy, 4 miles southeast from New Windsor. Price $350.

A small home, 4 acres, on road from Westminster to New Windsor, ½ mile from former place; good house, good stabling, good water, extra fine fruit, &c. Price $1250.

Fine brick house on John street, 9 rooms, conveniently arranged, all in first class condition. Quite a bargain at $2600.

300 acres near Finksburg, Md.; 6 miles from Westminster, 1 mile from Railroad Station; land in fair condition; 100 acres in timber; stone house, bank barn; will be divided if desired; $50 per acre.

32 acres prime land, half a mile from Westminster; large bank barn, fine orchard, splendid building site for house; price $6,000.

Large brick hotel in Westminster, on Main street, near Railroad Depot; price $14,000.

Farm 45 acres, 1½ miles from Westminster; land good; buildings good; orchard choice fruit; price $80 per acre.

Farm 73 acres, 8 miles from Westminster, 2 miles from Hampstead, nearest R. R. Station, good house and barn; 53 acres cleared land in good condition; $35 per acre.

Nice Little Home, one mile from Westminster; 60 acres of prime land, good brick house; price, $8,500.

Twenty acres good land, good buildings, near Westminster, $3,800.

One hundred acres, best quality of land, 2½ miles from Westminster; buildings only fair, good water, &c.; price, $8,500.

Brick house and lot in Westminster; $1,200.

Double brick house and lot in Westminster; $2,500.

Also, some fine pasture lots, ranging from 2 to 6 acres, adjoining Westminster.

For particulars call on or address
sep 3,tf E. LYNCH, Westminster, Md.

MAGISTRATE'S OFFICE.

I take this method of informing my friends and the public that I have opened an office for the transaction of the

DUTIES OF A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

in the Haines & Co. Building, next door to the store, nearly opposite the First National Bank, and respectfully solicit patronage. I shall also continue

THE BUSINESS OF FIRE INSURANCE

upon very liberal terms, being agent for the Royal of Liverpool, North America of Philadelphia, and Ætna of Hartford, Conn.

GEO. W. MATTHEWS, J. P.,
may8 tf Westminster, Md.

FEED! FEED! FEED!

Corn Flour, Corn Chop, Chicken Feed and Good Mixed Chop as low as the lowest. Will deliver free of charge to customers in town.
WM. A. SHRIVER,
jul23tf Telephone con. Avondale, Mill.

A NEW Depot in Westminster.

A gentleman stopped in No. 46 W. Main street, and asked what is your name, sir? Gladhill. What will you paper a room 12 feet square and 7 feet high for, in good paper? $2.75, sir. What will you paper it in good gilt for? $4.25. Is that so? Yes, sir. Why, I can have my whole house papered for about $12 or $15, can't I? Yes, sir. Say, did you paper the rooms of S. Kann, Sons & Co. and F. D. Miller & Co.? Yes, sir; they were the first jobs I ever did. Is that so? they are good enough for me. Yes, and I will put my work against any other paper hanger in the state. I guess you will if they are your first jobs. What do you put Embossed Paper on the wall for? 50c apiece. What! is that so? 50c apiece. What is your cheapest paper? 15c and 20c. I guess that is brown back? No, sir, we don't keep that; if you want it I can get it for you, and put it on the wall for 10c a piece, but it has seven yards in a piece; all of my paper has 8 yards in it. Do you want any brown back? No, sir; the paper you have is good and cheap enough for me. Well, I must say that you have the prettiest paterns of paper I ever saw. Well, I must go. I am glad I came in here. I am sure that I saved at least 25 per cent. by coming to see you. I will tell my neighbors about you, and when we get you in our neighborhood we will keep you all spring. There! well, good bye. Good by. Oh, by the way my wife told me to see about Curtains. Where can I get them made to fit my windows. Right here. Where can I get Picture Frames made. Right here. Is that so. What all do you keep? I keep Accordeons, Albums, Pictures, Frames, and everything that can be found in a first class 99c Store. Well, what don't you keep? Railroads and trains. Ha, ha! Well, good bye. Good bye. I am much obliged for your order. mar10

THE LARGEST VARIETY

AND FINEST LIQUORS

IN CARROLL COUNTY

IS AT

A. C. STRASBURGER'S

Next door to Derr's Store,

Westminster, Md.

I name in part—12 grades of Whiskies, including the well-known

WELTY WHISKY,

10 grades of Brandies—Apple, Peach, Ginger and Blackberry Brandy; Holland and Domestic Gins, White and Red N. E. Rum, Kimmel Port, Sherry, Catawba, Claret and Rhein Wines; imported and Domestic.

CHAMPAGNE, BASS ALE

and Bibbert's Brown Stout; Raspberry, Ginger and Lemon Syrup.

I Guarantee the Purity of our Liquors

and the quality of our goods, and will use every endeavor to give entire satisfaction in regard to price.

I also have a large stock of

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

All I ask—examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. may 6 1882-tf

NEW FIRM AND NEW GOODS.

Having purchased a portion of the stock of B. G. Blanchard, and added a

LARGE LOT of NEW GOODS

We ask your attention to the

BEST FAMILY GROCERIES

That can be procured in the wholesale markets, and which will be sold at a small profit. Everything needed in the House Furnishing line will be found on our shelves.

☞ Fresh Crackers, Cakes, &c., ☜

Received weekly. We intend to supply the people of this city and vicinity with the finest

LINE OF GROCERIES

Ever sold here, and an examination of the stock will convince the most skeptical. A fine assortment of

SILVER-:-PLATED-:-WARE

And Table Cutlery. China, Glass, Crockery, Wooden and Willow Ware, from the best to the lower grades. Also Hoes, Rakes, Shovels, Forks and other Hardware.

Flour by the Barrel or Sack,

Of the best makes. B. F. Shriver & Co's. well known brands of

Canned Fruits & Vegetables.

One of our clerks will await on the citizens for orders, which will be delivered in the city free of charge.

HULL BROS.,
No. 2 Pennsylvania Avenue,
Westminster, Md.,
ap7 tf B. G. Blanchard's old stand.

OH, MY!

☞ WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SPRING STOCK OF WALL PAPERS AND WINDOW SHADES

Are to be seen at 45 E. Main Street. Who runs the place? Why

HALLER & MATTHEWS,

And they are the

ONLY PAPER HANGERS

In Westminster. Who says so? Why, the people who are judges of good work. The largest stock ever seen in Westminster.

☞ THE WINDOW SHADES

Department is perfect. They make them to fit your windows. No false measurements are given, and you only pay for what you get. We make very fine Picture Frames for a little money.

UPHOLSTERING and BELL HANGING, CARPETS MADE AND LAID.

Give them an early call, as business will be pushing soon.

ALL ORDERS, BY MAIL OR OTHERWISE, PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

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45 East Main St., opposite Catholic Church,
mar3 tf Westminster, Md.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

☞ *Country Orders filled Promptly for*

MISCELLANEOUS,
SCHOOL, LAW AND
MEDICAL BOOKS,

WRITING DESKS, POCKET BOOKS.

GOLD PENS AND PENCILS,
Work Boxes, Fine Stationery.

BLANK BOOKS.

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MADE TO ORDER.

WM. J. C. DULANY & CO.,

332 and 334 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.
apr 26

MACHINERY REPAIR SHOP.

JOHN A. SHOWER,

WESTMINSTER, MD.,

Is prepared to Repair all kinds of Machinery. Special Machinery made to order. Castings and Repairs for Machinery built at the old Union Works, and by E. Wagoner, can be furnished at short notice. All work will be guaranteed. apr 14,y

WILLIAM MOORE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. Office adjoining Farmers and Mechanics' Bank, in the room formerly occupied by Peter B. Mikesell, Esq. jan28

Select Poetry.

TIME AND DEATH.

BY WALTER G. CORNELL.

Time lays his heavy hands upon all things,
And bears them all to death and to decay;
Unceasingly he toils, as day by day
The pall of ruin, over all, he flings,
And everything beneath his power he brings.
Fair nature does he keep beneath his sway;
He seems to hold, as spirits fade away
That fate which falls alike to serfs and kings.

Oh! time, turn backward in thy rapid flight
And view the ruin thou hast cast around;
Behold! the man that gloried in his might,
Among the good and great no more is found;
The hero great sinks low beneath thy blight,
Though with undying fame his name is crowned.

How dreadful pale, how silent and how cold;
How awe inspiring do the dead not seem:
How peaceful is their rest; how sweet the dream,
Which in enchantment seems their minds to hold.
Alas! they do not dream, since the celestial fold
Is joined by them whose Father good did deem
It wise to draw them from the world's false gleam
And take their spirits from the earthen mould,

How direful is not the monster grim,
That stalks abroad, his victims to devour;
Seizing the one, whose star of life shines dim;
Stopping to pluck the sweetest wayside flower,
Setting his seal upon the brow of him
Who withers and dies in an untimely hour.

Select Story.

A KNOT CUT.

From All the Year Round.

CHAPTER I.

A woman stood for a moment on the landing looking down at the crowd which the two policemen at the head of the staircase were driving back. Men, women, and even children, were surging up the narrow staircase, inspired by a morbid curiosity to try and get a glimpse of that attic door, which shut in the dreadful spectacle of murder.

A man lay in that room stabbed through the heart. It was the ghastly stream of his blood, spilled by his brother man, trickling sluggishly beneath the doorway, which had first drawn attention to his end.

Hoarse voices speculated as to the cause and time of the crime. The police were besieged with questions which they could not answer, though they put on a wise, impenetrable, superior kind of air, as if they could say much on the subject if they only cared to do so.

The door of the house had stood open most of that day, for there were workmen about it doing repairs after the dilatory, happy-go-lucky fashion in which poor people's houses are generally treated. The murderer must have come and gone with the people who were coming and going all day long in that over-crowded tenement.

The winter day was short. The dusk of a November evening set in soon, and the fog and the drizzling rain had made the twilight darker. He had probably come as the afternoon was closing in; one of the many children in the house had heard the murdered man singing in his room at his dinner hour. Public indignation was all the greater because the man had been a universal favorite.

The woman standing on the landing heard all this discussed. She had heard it discussed by the crowd outside, standing staring up at the house as if its dreadful secret were writted on its walls. She had heard every possible theory as to the murderer and his motive suggested as she forced her way up the staircase! everybody, who recognized her as "the young woman who lived in the next attic" to that occupied by the dead man, called out to her what had happened.

She had been away all day at her work, and only learned the news on her return. The police let her pass when she told them that she lived up there. She stopped on the landing and looked down at the excited upturned faces. One man, one of the foremost in the crowd—slightly-built, quiet-faced young man, dressed like a respectable workman—who had not added any theory to all those eagerly propounded about him, but had stood with his hands in his pockets apathetically staring at the guarded door, looked up with a curious, sudden swiftness as she looked down.

As it happened her eyes, with a suppressed, expectant watchfulness of vision, taking in the whole of those upturned faces, were resting really on his. Perhaps it was rather her other senses which were conveying to her mind the consciousness of that eager, vengeance-excited crowd of men and women, and she only saw, in reality, that one pale, quiet face. For, as their eyes met, a sudden shock like that of an electric current flowing from him to her set her quivering with a fear and a repulsion, and she suddenly cared nothing for the rest of that crowd. They might have been puppets in some mimic show. They were nothing. It was only this one man with that strange, terrible keenness of vision against whom she had to guard.

She turned and went into her room, shutting the door upon her.

"Who is that?" asked the workman of the policemen.

"Janet Malone, sempstress."

CHAPTER II.

It was three weeks after the murder. Life in 108 Treverton street had gone back into its usual routine. The murder was still a mystery, but the dead man had been buried. The police no longer haunted the street. Even the murdered man's room had a new lodger. The young workman whom Janet Malone had noticed had taken the room. As yet, few in the house had seen him; and still fewer had exchanged any words with him. People looked rather askance at him for taking such a lodging, at least so soon after the tragedy. But he showed himself rather taciturn and reserved to his new neighbors, and quite indifferent to their opinions. His work was irregular, or else he was lazy, for he went in and out in a desultory fashion; sometimes spending the whole day in his room, and only going out late in the evening, returning when all the respectable occupants of the house were in bed. On other days he would go out early and be away all day. If anybody in that house had not been too much engaged in solving the problem of existence to notice it they might have discovered that his restless, indifferent air was but a cloak to the most intense watchfulness. When he was alone that listlessness would fall from him, and every moment would betray an alert decision which boded ill for the person who had been deceived by his appearance of languor, and his eyes would brighten into that keenness of vision which had so terrified Janet Mahone.

She had not met him again. She did not even know that he had taken the room next to hers. She made the discovery one day, about ten days after he had been in the house. She recognized him at once. Indeed, his face, with its quiet, vigilant power, had haunted her since the day of the murder.

The workmen had left their work in the house half finished. One of the repairs to which they had had to attend was the chimney in her room. Some days, according to the wind, the smoke, instead of going up, poured down into the room in a manner almost intolerable. She had made endless complaints to the agent of the landlord, but nothing had been done, and now the workmen had once more gone away without rectifying the chimney. This evening, when she came home from her work and lighted her fire, the smoke was worse than ever. Half suffocated, she flung open her door and stepped out into the landing. At the same moment—so close upon it that it almost seemed as if the opening of her door had been the signal for him to open his—the young workman appeared in his doorway. Janet recognized him through the wreaths of smoke rolling up between them. She shrank back under the shock of his unexpected presence.

"Is your room on fire?" he asked. "What a smoke!"

"No." She had recovered herself. "It is my chimney."

She laughed, but shivered at the same moment as if with cold." He knew that it was not physical cold that had made her shudder, but he glanced up at the open trap-door overhead. It was left open to allow the smoke from her room to escape. Through it could be seen the broken roof, from which the rain was dropping to the landing where they stood.

His face blackened.

"It's infamous! The house isn't fit for a dog."

"The landlord apparently thinks it is fit for human beings," she said bitterly. And then in a kinder tone, "I am afraid you find that open trap-door disagreeable. But I am obliged to have it open or we should be suffocated with the smoke."

"Oh! I don't mind. But you—you must have been perished these last bitter days."

She made an impatient movement.

"One gets used to everything."

"Philosophy." He laughed, wondering again as he had so often wondered during the past fortnight when he had secretly watched her comings and goings and listened to her voice, how it happened that a woman of such refinement should be living in her position. He had been educated in a different position himself and knew that these rough work-people about her were not of her order. "Let me come in and look at your chimney," he added. "I am a Jack of all trades."

She hesitated a second, then without speaking led the way into her room. He followed. The room was full of smoke, and just as they entered a violent gust of wind brought down an avalanche of soot and rubbish on the fire, extinguishing the feeble flames which were already almost succumbing to adverse circumstances. With a dismayed cry they both rushed to the fireplace. He insisted upon clearing up the place for her, and they grew quite sociable as they laughed and talked over the catastrophe in her exquisitely clean and neat room.

When some sort of order was re-established he would take no denial to his request that she should come in and have a cup of tea by his fire. She yielded at last. She was cold and tired, and had come home from her work with all of a woman's longing for a cup of tea. The boiling of her own kettle looked hopeless, and he had been very kind. Yet it cost her a terrible effort to cross the threshold of that room. Though he talked away cheerfully, and did not seem to look at her, he saw the faint shuddering hesitation in the doorway. He put her a chair near the fire, and making his tea poured her out a cup and cut her some bread and butter. She sat leaning back in her chair watching him. It was long since she had been waited on like this. It took her back to old days when—

She relentlessly drove back the thought. She was a workingwoman now. He sat at the table drinking his own tea and talking sensibly and pleasantly upon various topics; but he was gradually leading up to one.

"Yes, one might really think poverty a crime, it takes a man into such strange places. For instance, my coming to this room. It is not pleasant, exactly, but the landlord has taken off a little of the rent owing to a recent event, and dead men don't trouble the living. And you too—you have not felt it necessary to change your room?"

"As you say, poor people cannot always follow their fancies."

"You are sensible. Why should you go to the expense and bother of moving? The dead man is at peace. So apparently is his murderer! I wonder what the police are about."

"The police, like a good many other people, may make a wrong start to begin with; and each step naturally only leads them further from their goal."

"You mean that they may base their conclusions on an error," he said, abstractedly.

"The first thing is, doubtless, to find out the right motive for the crime," he went on. In the case of this Patrick O'Connor it was certainly not robbery; was probably personal revenge."

"Probably, as the murderer took nothing."

"Or there are such things as secret societies; for this man, from all accounts, could scarcely have had a personal enemy. He may have failed the society he belonged to, and was, therefore, marked out for vengeance."

She answered him quietly, her manner being perfectly self-possessed. But he saw by her eyes that he was torturing her. They were the windows of her soul, which was rebelling, fluttering, crying out against his merciless treatment. He had seen enough—for the present—and he let her go. He turned the conversation. She talked a few moments more and then rose.

He rose, too, and, as he bade her good-bye, a sudden discovery he made fell on him like a shock. She was a beautiful woman. Up to this moment he had seen in her only a tired, haggard faced woman with heavy eyes and pale lips.

Now, though she was outwardly so quiet, her cheeks and lips were tinged with a crimson of intense excitement, and her eyes were brilliant with that same suppressed pain and fear. The manhood in him was suddenly stirred to its foundations by her beautiful, suffering womanhood.

"I was right," he said, as he stood alone staring into his fire. "She knows all about it. It was a wise thing coming here. She has some motive, too, for staying in the house, that motive may guide me to the plans of the murderer."

Nothing showed more clearly how powerfully she had moved him than the fact that his previous suspicion that she had been an accomplice in the deed had completely vanished. The murder had only been known to her after it was done; of that he was now certain. She must be shielding some one through affection or fear. She, too, might be a member of that secret society to which he had already found out the murdered man had belonged.

CHAPTER III.

That evening began an acquaintance which continued. Janet tried hard at first to break it off, but she yielded at last to the gentle but irresistible persistence he brought to bear on her. There were moments when she became conscious of this quiet but relentless will which had mastered her own in this simple matter of acquaintanceship, and then she was filled with fear and rebelled against it, only to succumb again to the charm she really found in his society.

These moments of anger and revolt became rarer as the days went on. After all it was pleasant to have a companion to whom she could talk to as an equal. For he, too, she was certain, came from a different class to that surrounding him. He was educated, clever, refined; but as she kept her past to herself so did he his, and they were both contented to take the present as it was.

He had fallen into a way of almost daily meeting her as she came home from her work, and not a day passed without their exchanging greetings and seeing each other for at least a few moments, either in the house or streets.

Her old fear of him vanished, and day by day some subtle sympathy, to be felt but not expressed, drew them closer to each other. It was such a relief to her loneliness. How lonely she had been during the last few years she did not know until she felt what this companion was to her now. It was such a relief to that gnawing, horrible fear of anticipation which had haunted her solitude ever since the day of the murder. Every moment might bring to her what she dreaded, with such dreadful, shrinking repulsion. She was terrified at being alone.

The simple, pleasant, frank friendship between her and Mark Grey was a very heaven of refuge and peace from her own unrestful loneliness and that thing which she dreaded. But it was coming near her, very near, and as she walked and talked with this man she little knew that it was he who, in another life to the one he showed to her, was ruthlessly driving it on.

She had once asked him what his work was, but he had evaded her question. He had a curious and growing dislike now to meet her eyes after he had deceived her in an answer. She thought he worked too hard, for he seemed as she talked to him one afternoon about a month after she had known him to have grown paler and thinner, while at moments his face had an harassed look. She made some remark about it. He answered her in a constrained and rather cold manner. For the next three days she saw nothing of him. He did not even sleep in the house. It was at the end of these three days that she discovered by the loneliness caused by his absence how pleasant their companionship had been. She came home that third evening feeling the old weary listlessness and indifference of life; but as she turned the handle of her door all that was swept away in the great and shuddering horror that fell upon her. That which she had dreaded had come. Her door was locked on the inside. She never fastened it since the day of the murder, on the morning of which she had accidentally left it unlocked. Since then she had always left it unfastened, so that the room might be a refuge in case some miserable hunted fugitive from justice might fly there. There had been no pity in her action. Pity was turned into hate and lay cold at her heart as the murdered love which had once been between her and that fugitive. It was a mere sense of moral obligation. She was bound to this fugitive by hated fetters, but she was bound, and she was compelled to help him.

"It is I," she breathed rather than spoke.

The door was opened, and she faced a tall, powerfully-built man, whose face and figure were so terribly worn by hunger, need, desperation, exhaustion, that for a second she scarcely recognized him, and stood gazing at him. He pulled her into the room with a fierce, hunted look in his eyes, and closed and locked the door again.

"Why have you come here?" she gasped in a low, hoarse voice "When—"

He laughed a harsh, sinister laugh.

"So you found out that I had been there! Well, he was a traitor!"

"Oh, the wickedness of it! He was an honest, happy, hard-working man; his only crime that he had once been one of yours."

"Look here!" with a savage, cruel threatening in his eyes. "Don't talk of what you don't understand! Get me food and let me rest. I have been hunted down like a wild beast since that day. The police, curse them, have been on my track ever since. I could not get out of the country. I have gone without food, shelter, warmth. But I have given them the slip. They will hardly think I have doubled back here. How did you know that I was here that day?"

"When I came home I found that I had left my door unfastened, and when I came in I saw the red marks of fingers on the box where my money was kept. The money was gone. Only you knew the secret of the lock; besides, I knew you had a personal grudge against ——',

"Curse you! He was a traitor! Give me something to eat. I have starved for two days."

She prepared a meal for him, and he sat down and ate it wolfishly. She could not even pity him for the awful hunger he must have felt to eat like that. She began to be afraid of the hate in her heart. She felt sick with it. To see him sitting there in her room, which she had kept unpolluted from his presence for three years, filled her with a desperate, wild loathing and rage. She could not look at him, speak to him.

By and by, when the food, and warmth, and rest had strengthened him a little, and he could think of other things beside his own desperate hunted self, he looked at her, and something maliciously amused, and yet cruel and angry, leaped into his eyes.

"You aren't pleased to see me," he said, with a laugh. "It isn't dutiful," and he flung out his arm as she passed him and caught her to him.

"How dare you!" She had wrenched herself free and caught up a knife from the table at the same moment. "If you touch me—speak to me—I will stab you to the heart."

He was cowed by the splendor of her passion, her anger, and he fell back sullen, enraged; but, remembering that he was for the moment in her power, he cursed her under his breath, and then flung himself down on the bed to sleep.

She could scarcely breathe in the same atmosphere as he did, and yet she did not dare leave the room. Suppose Mark Grey came and found him there.

The quick, light footsteps she knew so well came running up the staircase outside her room. Before her tortured brain could think what she must do they stopped at her door. There was a quick, eager tapping on it. She sprang to her feet and ran to it, opened it, and passed out on to the landing, closing it swiftly behind her.

Mark Grey stood there waiting for her. Some powerful feeling stirring him touched her, and she knew before he had spoken that this was not the Mark Grey she had hitherto known. But she had no time to wonder what the change was. He caught her hands in his. She felt them burning her.

"It seems so long since I have seen you, Janet, May I call you Janet—?"

"Hush!" she whispered in a sharp voice that pierced her own ears, "you must not speak so loudly. My husband is in there asleep—"

"Your husband!" His burning hands went suddenly cold as death, and their chill struck to her heart. "Your husband, Janet?"

"Yes. Her husband!" The door of the room was flung open, and Joseph Malone stood in the light falling from the room to the dark landing, his eyes ablaze with jealousy and fury.

"So this is why you would not kiss me! You—"

"Hush! Joseph! Oh, hush!" She pressed her hand against his lips to check the foul words upon them. "Go back, unless you wish to kill me."

But he stood for a second like a man turned suddenly to stone. The light from the room fell full on the white, set face of the other man, and as the mist of fury cleared from Malone's eyes he saw that face plainly for the first time. He drew back instinctively into the room and she followed swiftly shutting the door between them and Mark Grey.

"Why did you risk so much by showing—?" she began, and then stopped, terrified by the look on his face.

"You vile traitor!" he hissed, "to sell me to the police. Don't pretend you don't understand, or I will choke the lie in your throat. That is Jermyn, the detective, who has been hunting me down like a bloodhound. But I will—"

He pulled out a revolver from his breast. But, with a cry, she sprang between him and the door.

"He shall not touch you! You are my husband! And——"

She was out of the room before she had finished her sentence. She heard steps a little heavy and uncertain descending the staircase, and she ran down to overtake them.

CHAPTER IV.

Mark Jermyn had no distinct consciousness of going out of the house into the street. He had come to see her that night because the love which had grown up in his heart for her had overmastered him at last. Three days before he had been on the verge of betraying himself. But he had conquered. He must succeed first in the task set him to do, of hunting down not only a murderer, but a traitor.

Some other thought, too, governed him. He knew that she had some interest in the man he was bringing to justice—not the interest of love. He, with wonderful keenness of perception, both natural and trained, had discovered that this murderer was an abhorrence to her. But still she shielded him. And a sense of honor and delicacy intensely strong, in spite of the profession he followed, forbade his trying to win her love till he could first show himself in his natural colors. He had remembered that another day or two must bring his task to an end. The net, which not only caught this red-handed fugitive from justice, but a gang of evil confederates, was closing in on them. This very night his plans were to be put into execution. It would be a proceeding of no little peril; and he had come to have one last look at her in case——

And now when he had thought his quarry secure in a totally different quarter of London, he found him in the very house where—— All the mortification of his baffled plans—and it would have been cruel enough at another time—was swallowed up in the greater passions rending his heart. This man—this murderer—round whose neck he had with such matchless skill and patience been twisting a halter—was her husband! And he had not even known that any man had called her wife! He stood outside gazing across the street, his eyes dark and burning with suffering, jealousy, bitterness.

Why had she not told him.

"Mark!" She stood by his side. For the first time she used his Christian name. The name by which she had hitherto called him was not his, and she could not use his other, which showed him to be the dead man's avenger. He did not stir nor speak, and she laid her hand on his arm. "Mark," she said again, "I never told you because I was so ashamed that such a man had called me wife. We were married seven years ago. I was a girl then—only eighteen—foolish, ignorant, romantic. I met him in America; he was over there posing as a martyr for his country—Ireland. He was eloquent, enthusiastic about the bitter wrongs of his country and people, and I believed him." Her voice broke into a more passionate note, but she quelled it. "I believed that he was a brave patriot, who had given his all for his country and was being shamefully persecuted by its oppressors. I married him, and found him to be a liar—rapacious, revengeful, cruel. Instead of having given up all for his country, he was growing rich out of the poor and ignorant who trusted him. I learned to hate, despise and fear him. After a time I left him, and have lived as you know how. And now to add to his crimes he has committed this last most dreadful one of all—and still I come to you to plead for his life, though he has been the anguish of mine."

She knew the man to whom she was pleading; some desperate, dumb fear of herself guided her to the knowledge. If she could plead for that miserable wretch he could crush his own feelings and listen. It was no time for love; yet she knew that he loved her as she loved him. But between them this unspoken love lay like a naked sword, commanding their faith and purity. And she could see but one way to obey that command—to spare the man who kept their lives apart. He understood her. But his mind refused to submit because of another element warring in it.

There was love! If he let this man escape, he lost his love. Fear! For if he laid his hand on this man, might it not be a treacherous revenge for the love he was loosing? But amid this tumult of heart-voices another spoke, and it grew louder and clearer. Duty! If he let this man go he was a traitor himself. He had had his orders. Till to-night he had obeyed such orders as an honorable man should. Yet if he obeyed to-night, would she not turn from him as a coward who had sacrificed this rival for the sake of his love? She could not see this duty. She was arguing desperately against their love to save their honor. But there was this other call——

And then suddenly all fear of her misunderstanding him vanished. The clouds of stormy passion cleared from his brain. He had always made duty a plain path to his feet. And now in this moment of his supreme ordeal the simple rectitude of his life saved him.

"Janet," he said quietly, though his voice was fainter for the storm that had shaken him, "I cannot do what you ask."

She fell back against the railing, clasping it with her hand to steady herself. All hesitation gone now, he ran up the steps leading to the house door. It was ajar as she had left it. Though the scene might have taken an age if measured by the passion of it, it had in reality passed in a few seconds. But now that he was acting again, every second lost seemed precious as an hour. What if his quarry had escaped? He ran up-stairs with swift, light feet, drawing his revolver as he went. The man was powerfully built and desperate. If he had met any men on his way up stairs he would have told them to guard the door and the windows in case; but only a woman came out of one of the rooms as he passed, and he had no time to stay and seek help. He must grapple with the murderer alone. His only fear now was that he had escaped by the back of the house.

Oh! Why had he lost even those few seconds? He reached the landing—there was no sound from the closed door of Janet's room.

He tried the handle. It was locked on the inside, for, bending swiftly to look, he saw the key showing the dark against the light in the room.

With a mighty effort he flung himself with his whole force against the door. The frail lock gave way, and bursting open the door, Jermyn sprang into the room. To see that Joseph Malone had escaped! The room was as he had always seen it, when in passing, he had caught a glimpse into its purity of neatness and cleanness. The only disorders were the remains of that supper left on the table and the disarranged coverlet, upon which the murderer had flung himself mud-stained, weary, sullen, and full of hate of the woman who had done her best to save him. And he lay now across her hearth, beyond the reach of justice as of human help, done to death by his own desperate despairing hand. This was his last way of escape from the halter already closing round his neck. Patrick O'Connor was avenged, and a problem of love and life solved.

Hardships of the Stay-at-Homes.

From the Hartford Post.

We were speaking of pensions on Memorial Day and what was due the maimed and broken down men who engaged in the service of their country in peril, taking our place in the field and saving the nation by their devotion to its cause, when Spurger, who was whittling a stick as he drank in what was said, put in a word. "Yes," said he, "their devotion was commendable, and such as need a pension should have more than they get to help on a wooden leg or fill a vacant sleeve. I'd go for it every time; but there were many crippled by the war that no one seems to take any notice of and not a claim been put in on their behalf—who didn't go to the front, but manfully staid at home and bore all the vicissitudes and troubles that befell them with heroic fortitude, bearing taxes that broke them down in finances and spirits—paying $14 for a barrel of flour, tea $1.25 per pound, butter 50 cents, beef 50, sugar three pounds for $1, and cotton 60 cents per yard, out of a salary of $12 or $15 per week, with even fat pork and molasses at the top of the ladder. I tell you these were the terrors of war as hard to be met as Minie bullets and cannon balls, and every one who suffered, worth less than $10,000, should, in my opinion, be pensioned. All saw that he was funning, but so far as duty was concerned those who staid at home and patiently met incumbent obligations deserved consideration if not pension.

Colonel Ochiltree Tells a Bandana Story.

Col. Thomas Ochiltree is seen at the entrance of the Hoffman House with a suspiciously red handkerchief in his hands, which he vigorously protests in not a "bandanar." He tells this story: "When Thurman was in the Senate one of his fellow members was Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia, the father-in-law of S. B. Elkins. An important debate came on in which Thurman took a leading part, in the midst of it Davis went to sleep with his head on his arm on his desk. Thurman stopped to blow his nose, and it is one of the personal peculiarities that on such occasions he literally wakes the dead. On this occasion he awoke Davis, who in early life was a Baltimore and Ohio brakeman, and who, as he opened his eyes, caught sight of Thurman's red bandana waving in the air. In his half-dazed condition he coupled the sound and the bandana into a railroad signal, and grabbing his desk he attempted to twist it around like an oldfashioned brake before he remembered where he was, and began to laugh at his delusion."

When Canned Goods were Unknown

What did the world do before somebody learned how to can all sorts of provisions, flesh, fish, fowl, everything animal or vegetable that man eats or drinks? If the art had been learned a century ago, what misery and want, what disease and famine it would have prevented. Now sailors do not need to die of scurvy, nor miners grow gaunt for want of vegetable food, nor soldiers sicken from excess of hard tack, nor travelers and explorers perish for want of their accustomed food. This simple matter of canning food so that it may be kept fresh for a year in any climate and be purchased cheaply has made possible many an enterprise which but for that would have been impossible. Wherever mines are found canned goods are indispensable. The world has grown larger by means of it, and healthier and wealthier and wiser. And yet but a few years ago such a thing would have been thought impossible.

A Hint to the Housewife.

Stewed apples, pears and plums are favorite articles of diet. For breakfast or luncheon, in the dining room or in the nursery, there are few table dishes more wholesome and more delicious than well stewed fruit served up with cream or custard. There are many persons, however, who cannot eat it on account either of the acidity of the fruit or the excess of sugar necessary to make it palatable. Sugar does not, of course, counteract acidity; it only disguises it, and its use in large quantities is calculated to retard digestion. The housewife may, therefore, be grateful for the reminder that a pinch—a very small pinch—of bicarbonate of soda, sprinkled over the fruit previously to cooking, will save sugar, and will render the dish at once more palatable and more wholesome.—*British Medical Journal.*

The bayonet is said to have derived its name from the fact that it was first made at Bayonne, and its origin illustrates the proverb "Necessity is the mother of invention." A Basque regiment was hard pressed by the enemy on a mountain ridge near Bayonne. One of the soldiers suggested that, as their ammunition was exhausted, they should fix their long knives into the barrels of their muskets. The suggestion was acted upon. The first bayonet charge was made, and the victory of the Basques led to the manufacture of the weapon at Bayonne and its adoption into the armies of Europe.

Rev. B. C. Henry states that the fan palm of China grows only in the San Ui district, some twenty miles long by ten miles wide. The trees do not yield leaves suitable for fans until six years old. Some trees are said to be over 100 years old, but the tallest measures only about twelve feet. From April to November the leaves are cut monthly, from one to three being taken from each plant. From 10,000 to 20,000 people are employed.