For upward of fifteen years the corper of Bronsen and George streets waoccupied by a two-story building uses as a wholesale inquot store. The name of "Martin Swift" was on the sign over the door, but of the thousands w.o. daily passed the place not one in a thousand ever saw his face or had any idea what manner of man he was.

There are certain buildings which re pel you, just as there are certain people. This building as one of the sore it was diagy, unclean and out a place among its betters. As a newspaper man I pased it twice a day for time years and never caught sight of the propristor. True, the door stood open in summer, as do the doors of other business houses, but Mr. Swift was not to be seen. In the right hand window was a pyramid of jugs and demijonns, in the left a pyramid of brandy kegs and bottles. So far as I could observe, nothing was ever coanged, nothing ever clean d or dusted. One could look through the open door and see rows of barrels which doubtless contained spirits, but it was a dark and gloomy interior.

I am free to say that this building, with its unseen and unknown propristor, abnoyed me, and yet I rather wel comed the annovance. I called it my myster, and I pas ed many an hour wondering who Martin Swift was, where he came from, what about his family, his age, what he looked like and so forth. Why didn't I go and see for myself? Well, very many times I was on the point of entering the store and solving the mysters, but somehow 1 al ways recreated at the last moment. Call it whimsical, but that's the way it was with me. Take it in your own case. There are certain streets and +uildings you object to. There are shops and stores within a few doors of your house which you pass by to go to other shops and stores no better. You have an aver-Bio , but cannot give a reasonable excuse for it.

I repeat, nine years passed away, and 1 never entered the store or saw the proprietor. Then one day I made a sudden res ive, I would walk right into the place and see and speak with Martin Swift. This was in November, and the doors were shut. I got up from if I had legitimate business. There was men had been arrested on suspicion. of the store, and on each side were rows of kegs and barrels. Near the rear end the stove was an old desk, with papers scattered over the top. Five feet away a flight of stairs led to the second story.

A DENTIST'S QUEER CLUE golden crown or cap for a human tooth. It had been made to slip over a tooth and be kept in place by cement. It could not have belonged to the old man, but did it belong to the woman who had called? Such things are sometimes lost, but it would be strange enough if she lost that crown there. As near as 1 could figure, she had simply taken the box and walked out and downstairs as soon as satisfied that he was dead. She had not entered the bedroom. She had gone no further than the table.

I was investigating for at least an hour before I was ready to go. The stove burned soft coal. The fire was all out, but the iron was not yet cold. The body of the old man was cold and rigid, and I might figure that he had been dead since 9 or 10 o'clock of the night before. He did no cooking up there, and it was for me to find out where he boarded. I i ad three cheap restau- abode in the lungs and begin a developrants in mind, and within an hour I had learned that he had taken his ! meals in one of them for the past five years; yes, he was there at supper time the evening before at 6.15. He always there at 7.12 or 7.15, and the woman the hour of the killing.

into the street in broad daylight, and slight and seemingly insignificant puncno one gave me a second glance. As ture wounds are more likely to produce Martin Swift had been my mystery in this disease than are open lesions that life, so I meant he should be in death. otherwise are for more serious. The wonder was that so he one hal not discovered the murder long before 1 did. Indeed, as I may tell you, I had not been gone fifteen minutes when a customer entered to pay a bill, made an investigation, and the alarm went out that Martin Swift had been murdered. I don't say that it was an easy case for the detectives to work, but they certainly missed nearly all the "signs" I have spoken of. I obliterated nothing. The position of the two chairs and the marks of the box on the table signified nothing to them. They found no footprints in the dust. The finding of the \$500 in the box satisfied them that the murderer had become alarmed and fled before securing any booty. The murderer must be a man, of course. Before and Chambertia, with spurts an i gurgicar and waiked into the liquor store as 9 o'clock that evening three different tations of the commoner maxtures, acaisle ten feet while down the center When I entered and left the store in broad daylight no one came forward to say they had seen me. It was regarded almost certain to be tapped by the was the stove, but it was cold. Close to as a plain, straight case. Some one suspected the old man had money upstairs, with thim and then shot him dead. of economy in distriction. The vineinvented some excuse to get up there Doesn't it occur to you that it would grower gets little for his product, the have been more natural to kill him profits being consumed by the middledown in the store, where he would not men, who take tribute from it at every have been on his guard, and that in leaving a man would have locked the door and taken the key to prevent discovery as long as possible ? A woman wouldn't have thought of it, but a man reaching out here and there for remewould, especially one who must have dies. Wine at the press is now sold at plotted and planned for days. Five ar- Sc. a quart; last year the production was rests were made by the police, all the suspects set at liberty after a few days, and in the course of a fortnight it was an "old" case. There was no cue to carry away the overplus free. Such an work on, and in a month the affair was abounding harvest is rare, but it comes out of sight. dropped the case. The clue was in that send, as they will doub less be useful in bit of gold. They might not have found all times to the normal movements and it at all, or in finding it may not have regard d it as I did. The first thing was to take the crown or cap to a dentist. He looked it over and then said : "This was made for an upper front tooth. It was made for a woman, of course, and I should say she was young and had a The dentist is a first-class one, whoever he is pose rank as first-class? I mean those patronized by wealthy people. Not even ten. The murderess must be welito do to patronize a first-class dentist. As one photographer will recognize another photographer's work, so will a dentist. When I had visited six dental offices, I was sure the crown was not made in the city. In a week I had the names of the leading dentists in Boston and Philadeiphia. In two weeks my letters to them had been answered, I only got a crumb of information. A Boston dentist said he believed the work to Pittsburg. 1 wrote to Pittsburg, but, receiving no answer, made a trip to that city to find that my man had located in Buffalo. I walked into his office one day and asked : "Did the young woman for whom you made this crown ever advertise for it ? "By George " he exclaimed as he looked at the shell of gold, "but 1 thought 1 put that on to stay I" He recognized it at once as his own handiwork, told me the name of the young lady, gave me her street and number in Boston, and two hours later I was following up my clue. Thirty hours later I sat talking to the young lady herself. The lost crown had been replaced, but by a new dentist whose mame I did not get with my list. She had no idea where or when she had lost the old crown. She had no idea of my errand till I told her where 1 found it. Then shelturned as white as death, came near falling to the floor, and it was five minutes before she got strength to say : "Yes, I shot him. He was my step father. He married my mother when I brero. was but 5 years old, and because she It is estimated that one of the largest would not put me away from her and stones in the pyramids weighs fully surrender her property to him he beat her and shut her up. I have the scars of wounds he inflicted on me. My mother's only brot er was a defaulter in a bank. He ran away and died in a foreign land. There was no scandal, because mother paid up his default, but Simon, Ga, the remains of a warrior Martin Swift had letters and made over eight feet long were excavated rethreats, and for iwelve years he has levied cently. lackmail on us. My mother is old and passes for a widow, but she was legal- Anniston, Ala., in 1890, measured 34 ly bound to that old wretch. I went inches in circumference just above the there to plead with him. He took down ears. the box containing the letters and gloated over them. Instead of having pity on curiosities attributed to Missouri. They us, he vowed that the blackmail must be increased. I had gone armed to protect creek in Ray county. myself, for he was cowardly enough to strike a woman It came to me all at once to shoot him, and he was dead before I realized what I ad done. Yes, I am his murderer. Call the police?"

LOCKJAW BACILLUS.

Lurking Everywhere, but Thriving Only in the Absence of Oxygen.

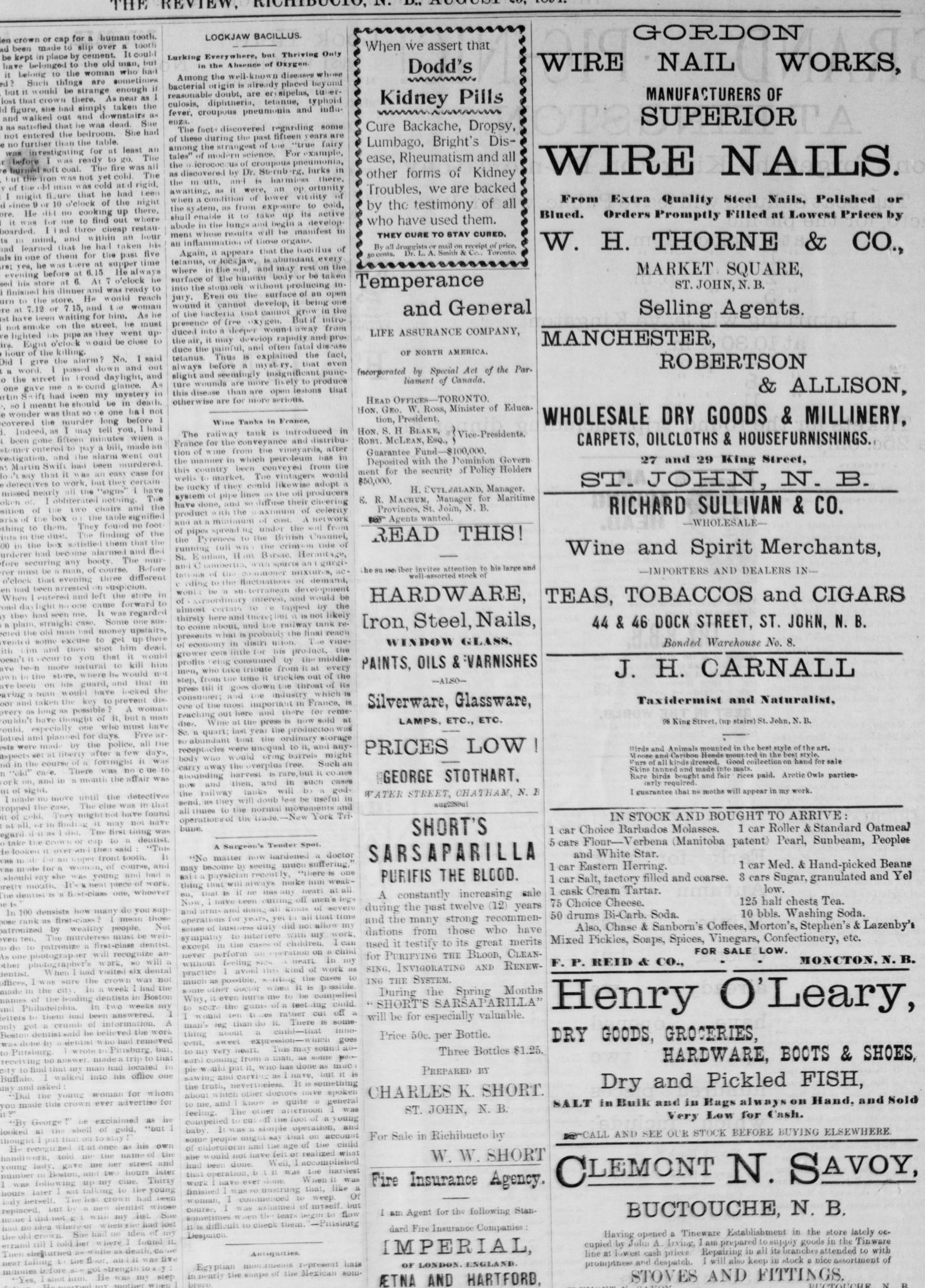
Among the well-known diseases whose bacterial origin is already placed beyond reasonable doubt, are erssipelas, tunerculosis, diphtheria, tetanue, typhoid fever, croupous pneumonia and influenza.

The facts discovered regarding some of these during the past fifteen years are among the strangest of the "true fairy tales" of modern science. For example, the micrococcus of croupous pneumonia, as discovered by Dr. Sternberg, lurks in the mouth, and is harmless there, awaiting, as it were, an op ortunity when a condition of lower vitality of the system, as from exposure to cold, shall enable it to take up its active ment whose results will be manifest in an inflammation of those organs.

Again, it appears that the bacillus of tetanus, or locajaw, is abundant everywhere in the soil, and may rest on the closed his store at 6. At 7 o'clock he surface of the human body or be taken had finished his dinner and was ready to into the stomach without producing inreturn to the store. He would reach jury. Even on the surface of an open wound it cannot develop, it being one must have been waiting for him. As he of the bacteria that cannot grow in the did not smoke on the street, he must presence of free oxygen. But if introhave lighted his pipe as they went up- duced into a deeper wound away from stairs. Eight o'clock would be close to the air, it may develop rapidly and produce the painful, and often fatal disease Did I give the alarm? No. I said tetanus. Thus is explained the fact, not a word. I passed down and out always before a mystry, that even

Wine Tanks in France,

France for the conveyance and distribution of wine from the vineyards, after the manner in which petroleum has in this country been conveyed from the wells to market. The vintagers would be lucky if they could likewise adopt a system of pipe lines as the oil producers have done, and so diffuse their cheering product with the maximum of celerity and at a minimum of cost. A network of pipes spreading under the soil from the Pyrenees to the British Channel, running full with the crimson tide of St. Emilion, Hatt Barsac, Hermitage, would be a susterranean development of extraordinary interest, and would be thirsty here and there; but it is not likely to come about, and the railway tank represents what is probably the final reach step, from the time it trickles out of the press till it goes down the throat of its consumer; and the industry which is one of the most important in France, is so abundant that the ordinary storage receptacles were unequal to it, and anybody who would oring barrels might now and then, and in such cases I made no move until the detectives the railway tanks will be a godoperations of the trade.-New York Tribune. A Surgeon's Tender Spot. "No matter how hardened a doctor may become by seeing much suffering," said a physician recently, "there is one pretty mouth. It's a neat piece of work. thing that will always make him weaken, that is if he has any heart at all. Now, I have been cutting off men's legs operations for years, yet in all that time sense of business duty did not allow my sympathy to interfere with my work, never perform an operation on a child much as possible, southing the cases to some other doctor when it is possible. Wny, it even hurts me to be compelled to score the gums of a teetaing child. I would ten ti des ratuer cut off a man's leg than do it. There is something about a child-that innowas done by a dentist who had removed cent, sweet expression-which goes to my very heart. This may sound absurd coming from a man, as some people would pat it, who has done as much sawing and carving as I have, but it is the truth, nevertheless. It is something about which other doctors nave spoken to me, and I know is quite a general feeling. The other atternoon 1 was compelled to cut off the foot of a young baby. It was a simple operation, and some people might say that on account For Sale in Richibucto by of chlorolorm and the age of the child she would not have felt or realized what had been done. Weil, I accomplished that operation, b t it was the hardest work linave ever done. When it was finished 1 was so unstrung that, like a woman, I commenced to weep. Of course, I was ashamed of myself, but sometimes when the tears begin to flow it is difficult to check them."-Pittsburg Despatch.



I found the second story divided off by a plank partition. The west half was devoted to empty bottles and cases, while the east half, which looked down



SECOND GLANCE TOLD ME THE MAN HAD BEEN MURDERED.

on t e street, was divided into two rooms-a sitting-room and a bedroom. Each room had a window. The door of the sitting-room was open, and on the floor lay the dead body of Martin Swift. There was a gas jet burning at full head, and I could see plainly. A second glance told me that the man had been murdered. It would have been the right thing in me to rush downstairs and out and give the alarm at once, but I did not do so. I leaned against the door casing and carefully took note of everything.

Yes, Martin S vift was an old manold and gray and wrinkled, as I had pictured him. Some of his front teeth were gone, and on the floor beside him lay a pair of steel bowed spectacles. The room was not only plainly furnished, but the dust and cobwebs and general sloventy look proved that he was not of tidy habus. I could see the bed in the other room, and took notice that it had not been slept in the night before. I took out my notebook and carefully jetted down the position of the buly-i e position of two chairs at an old table in the center of the roo n, a pipe lying on the floor beside a stove yet warm and a dozen other things.

Mr. Swift had had a visitor the night before, and that visitor had murdered him and left the store by the only entrance and exit. That was why I found the front door und cked. Who was the visitor? I knew the sex before I entered tie room. The carpet was old and had not been swept for weeks. In the dust on its surface was the print of woman's snoes-a No. 2 shoe. She had found the old man in the store below and come up with him. The two had sat down facing each other beside the table. When I i spected the table 1 discovered in the dust on its surface a square representing the bottom of a box The tox was not to te found. The two

Antiquities.

Egyptian monuments represent hats in nearly the shape of the Mexican som-

CLEMONT N. SAVOY, OF HARTFORD, CONN.

had sat down to overhaul the conta of a box of papers. In front of the woman's chair were the imprints of her leet again.

The old man had been kille I by a bullet through the hear. On the hearth of the stove was a little heap of topacco ushes. As they sat talking he was smoking. Having finished his pipe, he reached out his right hand and knocked out the ashes. That brought his left side to her, and as she fired he pitched out of his chair, and his pipe rolled away. One leg had drawn up and one hand clinched, but he had died almost instantly. I wandered about the sitting ro m and into his bedroom, but nothing seemed to have been disturced. On a shelf in the bedroom was a tin box containing over \$500 in cash. By the light of a match I saw that it had not been moved. His trunk had not been opened. and hanging from a nall was his gold watch. His murderer had not come for

money. Had anything been left behind which could be made u-e of as a clue to unravel this mysterious murder. The coair in which the woman sat was an old-fashioned spint bottom. Clinging to the splints I found a few threads of good day?" tilue dress goods. That only corroborated the fo Aprints, however. I got down on hands and knees and crept back and forth across the floor, and under the store I made a singular d scovery. 1 ed, but some killings are simple retribu-fourd what I first took for some sort of those Plenty of men deserve killing for toy, but which I soon figured out was a deeds we know not of.

"This is the only clue," I said as I laid the golden shell in her hand.

"Well, I don't deny it was mine." "Put it circlully away, My work is finished-good day."

"But-but."----

"Nice Winter weather we are having-

That is all. I have lost the number of the house-the name of the family. I might find the street again, but for what reason? Murder should be punished, but some killings are simple retribu-

eighty-eight tons.

The "rock cork" mentioned by Pliny and other ancient writers is thought to have been asbestos.

In an old Indian burying-ground in St.

A prehistoric human skull found at

Petrified horse tracks are among the are said to be found in the bottom of a

Officials of the Smithsonian institute have discovered evidences which lead them to believe that the mound-tuilders, were the progenitors of the modern Indians.

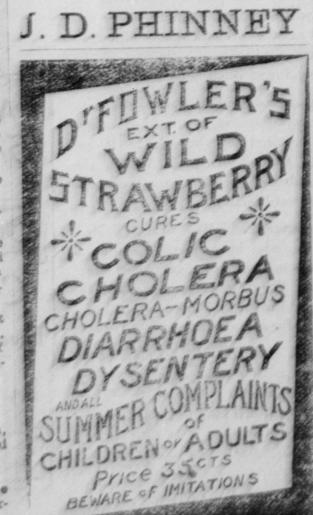
Pliny says that bricks and tiles so light as to swim in water were made in Italy. Spain and Greece. The peculiar art of this manufacture was recently discovered by an Italian gentleman.

A Possible Folution,

Robbie (at the museum)-Mamma, that little dwarf was never washed right, was he?

Mamma-Wiry, dear?

Robbie-Well, isn't that what made him shrink so awfully ?-- Chicago Inter-Ocean.



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