

TOM PURDOE'S CASE.

The concert being over, Mr. Thurlies hailed a passing hansom in Piccadilly, and he and his wife drove homewards. Mr. Thurlies had not been in the best of humours all day, and he lost no opportunity of reminding his wife that his ill-temper was entirely due to that ne'er-do-well nephew of hers, Tom Purdoo.

"The unbounded impudence of the fellow!" said Mr. Thurlies. "After all I said when I made him that last loan, he writes, as bold as brass, telling me he will call this evening about a person's matter." "I know what that means—more cash wanted. I should have liked to have seen his face when he did call, and after he'd read the note I left for him."

"Poor Tom?" murmured his wife pityingly.

"Bah! I've settled with him now. I've forbidden him the house and told him to take himself and his begging appeals elsewhere."

Mr. Thurlies's growls and grumbling did not cease till his villa in Kensington was reached. Here, his rancour was for a time eclipsed by the disagreeable surprise that awaited him.

A crowd had congregated round the lamp near his gate; the door of the house was wide open and several policemen were stationed at the entrance.

"What's this about—what's this?" cried Mr. Thurlies, entering breathlessly.

"Well, sir," said one of the officers, "it looks precious like robbery. Sergeant Williams has just been round upstairs, and he says the wardrobe in one of the rooms has been broken open."

Mr. Thurlies waited to hear no more. He bounded up the stairs as quickly as his short, portly body would allow him to bound, and burst into his own bedroom. A sergeant of police, already there, had apparently just completed his examination of the apartment. At the further end of it, between the windows, was the war robe, the doors of which hung loosely on their hinges. They had evidently been wrenched open, as also had the strong box they usually concealed.

With blanched visage, Mr. Thurlies rushed across the floor, and peered into the gaping iron box.

"Gone—gone!" he moaned. "All my wife's jewels—eight hundred pounds—all gone!" Turning round, he shouted wildly, "Who did it? Who is the scoundrel that committed this theft?"

"All we know at present," replied Sergeant Williams, "is that the constable on the beat was stopped by the page-boy, who had been to post some letters and who could not get into the house. The parlor-maid said she would let him in when he returned; the other servants, I believe, had received permission to go to a birthday party of Mr. Watson's coachman. Well, they knocked and rang till they were tired. Then they began to think there must be something amiss, and they forced the door open. When they got into the hall they found the servant bound to the banisters, gagged and helpless."

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mr. Thurlies, impatiently. "Then Lucy, the parlor-maid, must know everything about it. Where is she?"

"She's downstairs, sir, in the kitchen." Mr. Thurlies impatiently bounced down below and into the kitchen, where Lucy stood white and trembling before her mistress.

"What's this I hear?" cried Mr. Thurlies.

"Oh, sir," said Lucy, sobbing. "You know I was left alone in the house, when a cab drove up to the door. I opened it and let in the gentleman as you said would call for the letter you'd left. I gives 'im the letter an' 'e reads it. Then, afore I knew what 'e was about, 'e claps one 'and over my mouth an' seized my throat with the other. I was so frightened, sir, that I fainted dead away, an' I don't remember no more till I came to, and there I was fastened to the stairrail."

"Why didn't you call for assistance then?"

"He'd tied an'kerchief over my mouth, an' I couldn't cry out, nor 'elp myself, nor nothing."

"So this," exclaimed the old man, turning sneeringly to his wife—"so this is the handiwork of your worthy nephew, madam. Poor Tom, indeed—ugh!"

The main facts of the robbery, as here narrated, I gleaned from the next morning's paper, before I entered upon my duties at Scotland Yard. On the afternoon of that day, Superintendent Beaver sent for me.

"You've perhaps heard, Hamilton, of this theft at Kensington?" he said. "No doubt exists, unfortunately, as to who is the culprit. The servant girl's statement would have put the matter outside the pale of conjecture even if young Purdoo had not thought it best to make himself scarce."

"Then he is missing?" I interposed.

"Yes, he left his lodgings last night and hasn't been seen since. Here is a photograph of the young gentleman I want you to trace."

Superintendent Beaver was giving me instructions as to my quest, when Sergeant Williams, of the West Brompton station, entered the room. He was closely followed by a short, red-faced man, in a light-brown dust-coat, from the pocket of which hung a cabman's badge.

"Stay a moment, Hamilton," said the superintendent; and to the sergeant he added, "You come about the Kensington robbery, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "This man called at the station an hour ago. He said he had read the account in the morning paper, and he came forward to state that he was the cabman who had driven the gentleman to Mr. Thurlies's house."

"That may simplify matters," said Superintendent Beaver, addressing the cabby. "Did the gentleman tell you to wait for him?"

"Yessir; I waited praps twenty minutes outside the 'ouse afore he came out."

"You heard no noise inside, I suppose—no sound of struggling, no shrieks?"

"Not a whisper, sir. He came out an' jumped into the cab an' tells me to drive straight to Waterloo."

"Had he any luggage?"

"A small portmanteau, sir. That was all."

"Ah, evidently premeditated, then. He was prepared for flight."

I lost no time in instituting inquiries at Waterloo. Fortunately the booking-clerk distinctly remembered the person whose photograph I showed him. The gentleman, he said, had taken a ticket for Southampton, and returned for fresh

orders to Scotland Yard. In a few hours we received a reply. Mr. Thomas Purdoo had engaged a birth on board the Mercury, which sailed that morning, at two o'clock, for New York.

"Then he's caught in a trap," said Superintendent Beaver. "We have only to wait patiently till he is arrested by the American authorities."

In due time we had a cablegram from New York to the effect that Thomas Purdoo was in safe custody in that city. His extradition was applied for, and I was sent to bring him back to London for his trial. After an eventful passage I returned to England with young Purdoo in my charge.

His own version of the affair, I must admit, was plausible enough; indeed, I caught myself mentally debating, more than once, the possibility of his guiltlessness.

According to his account, he had called at Kensington that night to wish his relatives "good-bye" prior to his departure for America.

His precipitancy was the result of an interview he had had with the parents of Miss Rowsell, the young lady whom he had asked to become his wife. As his name, in certain circles was held in bad odour, they had objected to an engagement between him and their daughter, but they expressed the hope that, if he should prove himself capable of retrieving his clouded character, that objection might be brushed aside. To effect this end, Tom Purdoo felt that he must break entirely with his boon companions, and conscious of Miss Rowsell's steadfast love, he had determined to accept the appointment long held out to him by Messrs. Boulton of Chicago, returning to claim his bride as soon as his term of probation had expired.

"As regards your visit to your uncle's house," I said. Surely the reading of his letter would not detain you twenty minutes, the time the cabman said you kept him waiting."

"Neither did it. I couldn't leave England without informing them of my intention in some way, so I asked the servant for a sheet of note-paper. She took quite a quarter of an hour in finding it."

"Was the maid present when you wrote the note?" I asked.

"No; I told her I would let myself out. I left the paper folded in two, on the hall table."

Most certainly the letter he mentioned had never been forthcoming; possibly, it really existed anywhere outside his imagination, it had been blown away by the draught from the door when he left, and so lost. To most minds the fact that the stolen valuables were not now in his possession would have been sufficient evidence of his innocence, but I knew from experience that an intelligent thief always has ways and means of his own for disposing of his ill-gotten wares. What possible object could the parlor-maid have had in tramping up a charge like that against the nephew of her employer? Moreover, she couldn't have gagged and found herself in the position in which she was bound, and there had not been another soul in the house.

To me, the whole affair was most puzzling and unsatisfactory. During the railway journey from Liverpool to London I racked my brain for a probable solution of the enigma. The manner in which the whole truth came to light was subsequently made known to me, and I here proceed to set it forth as it actually occurred.

On the following day, a rough-looking man, clad in a greasy frock-coat and well-worn tweed trousers, knocked at the tradesman's entrance to Mr. Thurlies's house and asked to see Miss Belcher.

"Miss Belcher!" repeated the housemaid, who opened the door. "Oh! yes, you mean Lucy I'll call her."

Lucy, now prim and spruce as ever, soon put in an appearance. Prompted by curiosity the housemaid lingered in the passage, well within earshot. She was presently joined by the cook.

"I've want me?" said Lucy. "What is it? I've no time for dawdling."

"Well, I brought yer a message fro' Joe Holliday. Yer knows 'im, I s'pose?"

As Holliday happened to be Lucy's sweetheart, she did not seek to deny the acquaintance. At the mention of his name, the cook and housemaid drew a few steps nearer.

"An' what's he want sendin' messages for?" said Lucy. "Can't he bring 'em 'isselt?"

"That's just where it is. He didn't like to bring this one. Fact is, 'e's made it up agin wi' Mary, at Captain Swift's."

"What?" Lucy shrieked the words. "What's that you say?"

"There, don't take on like that, my dear. That's exactly why it was 'e didn't come 'isselt. He said you'd be as mad as a wild cat—I mean, he said yer was allays a bit 'asty, as—"

"An' he wants to throw me over, does 'e?" Lucy interrupted, her eyes flashing with rage.

"If you'll be so good as to give me the presents 'e's give you, I'm to take 'em back."

"I won't part with one of 'em—not one. I'll burn 'em, tell 'im that."

"There, there, do calm yerselt, my dear. Mary ain't half so nice as you, an' I wonder at Joe's taste—though they do say she's saved a bit o' money—"

"Yes, that's it," cried Lucy, beside herself. "It's that 'e's after 'e'd do anything or money, 'e would. To forsake me for a pasty faced thing like her! Oh, I can't bear to think of the insult. An' he called me a wild cat, did 'e? Oh, I'll be evens with 'im; I'll ruin 'im. Just you ask 'im who stole master's jewels? Just ask 'im that."

"Yer'd best be keertful, miss, wi' what yer say."

"I don't care who 'ears it, nor what it costs me. I'll be evens with 'im if I go to prison for it. Everybody can listen as likes, an' I say agin as 'e done it—im, Joe Holliday!"

"Don't talk like that; yer'll rue it."

"I don't care as long as he rues it an' all. It was 'im as planned it all, when he 'eard as young Mr. Purdoo was a comin' that evenin'."

Mr. Purdoo 'd no sooner gone nor I let Joe in the 'ouse, an' he broke into the wardrobe, an' then I let 'im tie me up, like a fool, afore 'e went away. Now I knows it wasn't me as 'e was after all along, but only—"

"Thank you, miss. That's all I want to know. You will observe that there are other witnesses of your disclosure."

The man pulled off the bushy beard that almost hid his face, and revealed—myself.

The idea had come upon me in a flash, as

I sat that morning ruminating over the knotty points of the case. It was a desperate ruse, which, played off upon any less jealously disposed person than Lucy, might have resulted in a deplorable fiasco. As it chanced, however, it had worked to a marvel.

In less than an hour's time, both Holliday and his guilty coadjutor were in custody. At Holliday's lodgings the greater part of the stolen jewels were found intact.

Tom Purdoo did not go to America, after all. His "period of probation" was passed—and passed creditably—in London.

A TOO DEVOTED HUSBAND

"Yes," said Mrs. Cameron, "I like him well enough, I suppose."

Mrs. Cameron was just nineteen, a bride of six months, and a lovely hazel-eyed, brunette. She had everything that heart could desire, and, consequently, wasn't exactly pleased with anything.

Mrs. Cameron liked pink, and Mr. Cameron had furnished her boudoir in rose-colour and silver. She was partial to flowers, and her husband had given a standing order to a florist to keep her wants supplied. She was fond of birds, and three or four gilded cages swung from the ceiling, each one thrilling with delicious melody. In fact, Mrs. Cameron had everything she wanted, and as previously intimated, was far from satisfied.

"Like him well enough!" repeated Anna Clarke, who, having graduated from school thought that a young wife, who had wedded the man she loved, ought to be extremely happy. "Oh, Mina! how could you speak!"

"Well, I can't help it," said Mrs. Cameron, letting her head fall languidly back on the rose satin puffs, of the low easy-chair on which she sat. "One gets tired of cake and champagne all the time. Sometimes I think I should be happier if Clarence didn't worship me quite so devotedly."

"Oh, Mina!"

"It's a bore, you know," said the young wife, confidentially. "It would be a relief if he would find fault occasionally. He's too good! Now, Sophia Markan is actually afraid of her husband—a great, handsome six-footer of a fellow, with a lovely black silk beard like an Italian brigand. Oh, it must be charming to be a little afraid of one's husband!"

"Now, Armina," cried the astounded Miss Clarke, "what nonsense you are talking!"

"I daresay it may seem so to you, child," said Mrs. Cameron, patronizingly. "But if ever you get married—"

"Of course I shall," said pretty Anna, who had not the slightest idea of being an old maid.

"Well, when you are about to get married, don't marry a man that is 'sugar and spice and all that's nice'; it's much too insipid!"

"You'd recommend, on the contrary, 'snaps and snails and puppy-dogs' tails,' eh?" laughed Anna, also quoting the nursery rhymes.

"Not exactly that; but one does get tired of perpetual honey and sunshine," said unrepentant Armina, as she reached out her hand for her embroidery. "And now, you know, you promised to tell me all about Ruth Albright's tressouree."

As it happened, Mrs. Cameron's elegant parlours were separated from her boudoir by portieres.

Mr. Cameron, reading his paper, sat on the other side of the draperies, and heard this conversation as a eavesdropper, in spite of himself. His cheeks burned; he bit his lips, and the blood rushed in little tingling, needle-like particles through his whole frame.

So Mina was getting tired of him! Well, after all, it was better to thoroughly comprehend the whole state of the case. He was too amiable, was he? Mr. Cameron rose, flung aside the crumpled newspaper, and walked once or twice the length of the rooms.

"I'll see that the fault is corrected," he said to himself, with a grim smile.

And he went off to business without the usual "good-bye kiss" in which he generally indulged.

Mrs. Cameron went out shopping in the afternoon, and was detained a little, but it did not worry her in the least.

"Clarence doesn't mind," said she, and so she spent an extra half-hour in deciding whether she should have tan or pearl grey for her new kid gloves, and whether she looked better in a hat trimmed with sweetbrier or simple field daisies.

"I'm a little late I'm afraid," she said, as she entered the dining-room, where Mr. C. was pacing up and down like the proverbial "caged lion" of romance.

"Late, madam! I should say you were!" retorted her husband, in a tone which fairly made Mrs. Cameron start. "It's half past six, it's a second! But I suppose you think my time is of no value!"

"Clarence!"

"I've borne this long enough," went on the indignant husband. "And I give you fair notice that I shall bear it no longer. Jane!" to the girl, "bring in the dinner at once, and to-morrow let it be served at six, punctually, whether your mistress is here or not!"

"Yes, sir," said Jane, and she disappeared, grinning into the kitchen.

Mrs. Cameron sat down, crimson to the very roots of her hair.

"Clarence," she said, with difficulty controlling her voice, "is it necessary to thus insult me before the servants?"

"Yes, madam, it is. If a wife doesn't comprehend her duty, it is high time she should be made to do so. I'll trouble you for a cup of coffee."

Mrs. Cameron was mortified, stunned—dazed. She was entirely unused to this style of domestic reproof. Almost before the dessert—with which Mr. C. found plenty of fault, intimating that it would be better if his wife remained at home to attend to household matters a little more, instead of gadding abroad the whole time—the door bell sounded.

"It's dear mamma and Aunt Lizzie come to spend the evening," said Mina, jumping up.

"Confound 'em all!" roared Mr. Cameron, smiting the table with his fist, "can't I have a quiet evening once in a while?"

"I—I told them you would take us all to the theatre to-night," hesitated Mina, the colour coming and going chauntelutly on her face.

"In-deed! May I ask, madam, who authorized you to make that statement?" crisply queried her husband. "Am I a mere puppet in your hands, and am I supposed to have no will or desire of my own?"

EAGAR'S
PHOSPHOLEINE.

A PERFECT
Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil
WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.

So pleasant to taste that patients want to drink it like cream. This Emulsion SEPARATES IN TWO LAYERS, like cream rising on milk, and readily reunites on shaking

Beware of IMITATIONS which do NOT SEPARATE!

50 cts. per Bottle.
AT ALL DRUGGISTS.
AT THE TOP.

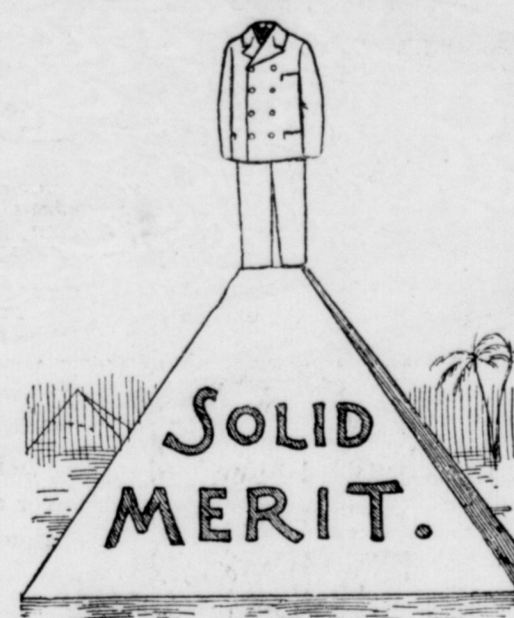
Our Clothing stands far above the common level. Its foundation is SOLID MERIT. Like the Pyramid, it stands the wear and tear of the weather and hard usage. It's all new; no old stock in our stores. You can rely on that. We have a few Ulsters, Remnants, marked down to

\$6.00.

They're warm and will stand hard usage. We have better ones than that sold for \$9.00 (worth more) we're selling now at

\$7.50.

Guaranteed to give 100 cents in wear



for every dollar you pay for them. You get the best of it when you trade with

R. W. LEETCH,

NEW ROYAL CLOTHING HOUSE,

47 King St. and Opp. Golden Ball Corner,

St. John, N. B.

"But you will go, won't you, Clarence?" faltered poor Mina.

"No, madam, I will not," said Mr. Cameron, rising and looking round for his hat. "I propose to spend the evening quietly at my club."

And he bolted out of the room, nearly falling over his mother-in-law in the passage, and muttering to himself:—

"By Jove! if I'd stayed another minute those tears would have conquered me. Poor little Mina!"

It was past twelve before he returned. Never, in all the experience of their married life, had he been so late before.

"Sitting up, eh?" said he, savagely. "Now, Mrs. Cameron, I mean to put an end, once for all, to this sort of thing."

"I was so anxious about you, Clarence," pleaded poor Mina.

"Anxious!" sneeringly repeated he. "Do you suppose John Markan allows his wife to sit up for him?"

"Oh, Clarence, I wouldn't have you like John Markan for the world!" exclaimed Mina, bursting into tears.

"Wouldn't you?" said he, the faintest suspicion of a smile glimmering under the ends of his moustache. "Now, I thought it would be charming to be a little afraid of one's husband, and you know 'sugar and spice and all that's nice' grows insipid."

Mrs. Cameron sprang to her feet.

"Did you hear what I said this morning?" "I did, Mrs. Cameron, and I thought I would shape my conduct to suit your taste."

"Don't do it any more, Clara," she said, with a quivering lip, and her bright eyes lifted wistfully to his face. "I don't like it. It isn't nice to be afraid of one's husband."

"Just as you please," said her husband, laughing. "I only wanted to adapt myself to your wishes, Mina."

"But I was such a goose!" cried Mina. "Dear Clara, I have cried my eyes out to-night, trying to make out what could possibly have changed you so. And you were only making believe all the time?"

"Only making believe," he acknowledged. And then they kissed and made friends after the orthodox fashion, and their honeymoon began over again for the second time. But Armina made no more complaints about Mr. Cameron being a "too devoted husband."

PENNY OUT OF THE SLOT.

The Process is Reversed so that the Public Can Earn Money.

The last application of the penny-in-the-slot principle is characterized by common sense, ingenuity, and utility. Hitherto the public has fed the automatic machine with coppers in return for value. In the latest plan the process has been reversed. The public will receive pennies instead of giving them. The idea is this. To the person who turns a crank a hundred times the machine yields up one penny. The crank is connected inside with a dynamo, and the hundred revolutions of the handle manufacture and store a quantity of electrical energy, which is to be eventually retailed by the owners of the machine for the purpose of producing illumination. The plan appears to be feasible enough, and it would certainly, in districts where unemployed labor abounded, be productive of considerable good. No man need go in want of a meal who can apply himself to the electrical automatic machine. And the invention might be capable of wide application. Why should not every household be provided with one? Every member of the family might, in the name of exercise, give the handle so many hundred turns a day—sufficient, if that were possible, to provide electricity enough for the purpose of lighting.

The turning of the crank might supersede dumb-bell practice in the morning, and during the summer months it might be possible to store enough electrical energy to tide over the winter. From the point of view of the man in the street it would be interesting to know what income he could make in a week by a reasonable expenditure of effort. Even if only a hundred revolutions could be performed in five minutes, the operator would be working at

the rate of a shilling an hour—a scale of remuneration much in excess of that paid in some industries involving quite as much physical exertion.—Electricity.

Because He Was a Liar.

A man named Andrews was brought before Gen. Butler in New Orleans. "You are charged," said Butler, "with having exhibited a breastpin in the Louisiana Club, claiming that it was made of the thighbone of a Yankee killed in the Chickasaw. Did you exhibit such a breastpin?"

"Yes, sir, I was wearing it."

"Did you say it was made from the thighbone of a Yankee?" "Yes, but that was not true, General."

"Then you added lying to your other accomplishments in trying to disgrace the honor of your country. I sentence you to hard labor on the island for two years."

She Knew How to Wash It

A young lady who had never learned the art of cooking, being desirous of impressing her husband with her knowledge and diligence, managed to have the kitchen door ajar on the day after their return from the bridal tour, and just as her lord came in from the office, exclaimed loudly—

"Hurry up, Eliza, do! Haven't you washed the lettuce yet? Here, give it to me. Where's the soap?"

RAILWAYS.

Intercolonial Railway.

After Oct. 17, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 7:00; for Halifax, 8:30; for Sussex, 10:30; for Point du Chene, Quebec and Montreal, 10:55.

Will arrive at St. John from Sussex, 8:25; from Quebec and Montreal (Monday excepted), 10:25; from Point du Chene, 10:25; from Halifax, 9:00; from Halifax, 2:30.

HOTELS.

BELMONT HOUSE,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day. J. SIMS, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

HOTEL DUFFERIN,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.

BARKER HOUSE,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Most beautifully situated in the centre of the city, large, light, cheerful Sample Rooms, and a first-class Livery and Hack stable in connection with the house. Coaches are in attendance upon arrival of all trains. F. B. COLEMAN, Proprietor.

CONNORS HOTEL,

CONNORS STATION, MADAWASKA, N. B.

JOHN H. MCINERNEY, Proprietor.

Opened in January. Handsomest, most spacious and complete house in Northern New Brunswick.