THAT FIVE THOUSAND.

Robert Mellidew sat in his comfortable snuggery toasting his feet before a roaring fire, and taking occasional sips from a glass of steaming whiskey punch. Outside the rain was pouring steadily down, while the wintry wind howled mournfully round the house, breaking out into occasional gusts that shook the doors and rattled the window-panes as if it were some boisterous giant striving to force an entrance.

A portly man was Robert Mellidew, with a round, capacious person, and people whispered, a no less capacious banking account. Beer was his beneficent fairy, and "Mellidew's Ales" had been for years a source of intense gratification to hundreds of Mr. Mellidew's fellow-creatures.

As he was sitting, on the particular night already described, ruminating upon the delights of life, and feeling at peace with the world in general, he heard the door of his sitting room quietly opened, and then as softly closed again.

"Who the deuce are you?" exclaimed Mr. Mellidew, starting to his feet when he saw, instead of the servant he expected, a stranger, whose dripping garments betokened a lengthy acquaintance with the weather without.

"What, Bob, forgotten me so soon?" replied the visitor, in a voice rather the worse for wear.

Robert Mellidew stood confronting the intruder with an air of stupefaction.

"Come! I see you recognize me," proceeded the other, coming forward and seating himself by the fire. "What's this, whiskey?"

He poured himself out a glassful and leisurely swallowed its contents, smacking his lips as he did so. Mr. Mellidew waited until the operation was quite concluded; then he began—

"If you will tell me your name and business, we shall be able to conclude this—ah interview more speedily."

The other stared for a moment; then, shaking his head solemnly, said: "Oh, Bob, Bob! Have you forgotten your own brother? What I want is that bit of money you swindled me out of when the old man pegged out. He left ten thousand to be equally divided between us, and you took the lot because I was away."

"And how did you find out that precious news?" sneered Mr. Mellidew.

"Sucky Bates, old lawyer Penteagle's clerk, told me I met him in the bush."

"A fine witness that," laughed Mr. Mellidew, with a sneer—"a wretch who forged cheques and ran away with his master's cash-box."

"Never mind what he ran away with. The question before the meeting is, Are you going to give me that £5,000?"

"No. Most decidedly not!"

"By heaven! but you shall, though," and the visitor stood up, his eyes flaming angrily, as he levelled a revolver at his brother's head. "Promise to pay, or I'll shoot you like a——"

He got no further. With a sudden movement Robert sprang at the shovel lying in the fender, and, before the visitor's shaky fingers could draw the trigger, he had felled him to the floor.

There was a moment's breathless pause as Robert bent hurridly over his prostrate visitor and began nervously to unbotton his coat. Then he rose to his feet and stood gazing wildly around him, with grey, terrified face. The man was dead. Do what he would, he could not perceive the slightest token of returning animation.

Hastily thrusting the body beneath the couch, Robert sank once more into his easy-chair and, pressing his hands to his throbbing temples, tried to think. Then, unable any longer to bear the company of that horrible thing beneath the couch, he turned down the lamp, and, snatching up his hat, went out into the murky night, double-locking the door behind him and pocketing the key.

Mile after mile he strode along muddy bye-paths and sequestered lanes, unheeling the wind and rain, and hearing accusing voices in every creaking bough and falling leaf, until, at length, he hit upon a plan by which he hoped that awful purple face might be hidden from his sight for ever.

About a quarter of a mile from his house was an old disused gravel-pit, a desolate, dreary hole half-filled with slimy, stagnant water. He would take the body there and throw it in, and then, when it was found, people would think some poor tramp had wondered thither to meet an untimely end.

He returned to his house just as the church clock was striking one, and, having ascertained that the servants were all in bed, he entered his room, and turned up the lamp. Then he crept up to the couch to get the body, so that he might carry it away.

It was gone!

As he stood there striving to unravel the mystery of the disappearance (for he had found the window and door both securely fastened just as he had left them), his eye was attracted by a little screw of paper lying upon the table in close proximity to the whisky bottle. He took it up and straightened it out with trembling fingers.

"To R. M.,—You are in my power. Entering your room—for what purpose it matters not—I saw there in the body of a murdered man. Beware!—THE UNKNOWN."

A lucky man was Robert Mellidew—such at any rate was the general opinion—born evidently with a golden spoon in his mouth, and fed with it ever since. Not only had he made a fortune, become an M. P., and a prospective cabinet minister, but he was on the point of marrying Mrs. Mullinor, the prettiest and wealthiest widow in London. "Lucky beggar!" was the usual ejaculation when his name was mentioned, and no one even dreamt that for four weary years he had awakened every morning with the horrible dread haunting him that before nightfall he might be the inmate of a felon's cell.

At length the blow so long dreaded, fell.

One night, as he was walking home from the house of commons, a slip of paper was thrust into his hands by a man, who immediately disappeared down a side street.

The words it contained were few but ominous:

"Mr. Mellidew, M. P.,—I am the unknown. You murdered a man on November 21st., 187—and left him under your couch. I found him there and buried him. Unless you send £500 by tomorrow morning, addressed to A. Z., Post Office, Langton, I will 'blow the gaff.' Don't try to find out my address on your peril."

Of course he sent the money; and equally of course, the usual result ensued. The demands were renewed again and again, and continued until the drains on his resources became so frequent and exhausting that he saw nothing but ruin staring him in the face.

He felt almost inclined to give the thing up altogether and confess the whole matter to the police, but he determined to try an appeal to his tormentor first, and his determination resulted in the following brief note.

"You must do your worst. I am cleaned out dry.—R. M."

He took A. Z.'s latest note from his pocket, intending to burn it; then suddenly bethinking himself that he had promised to call on his affianced, he threw it on the table and proceeded to write a short apology to her, for he felt in no mood for lovemaking just then. He had hardly completed this when a brother M. P. was announced, who detained him some few minutes in conversation. When his visitor had left he returned to the table and, hurriedly inserting the note in an envelope, he depatched it to Mrs. Mullinor by one of the servants.

Next morning he received a peremptory request from Mrs. Mullinor's brother that he would present himself at that lady's house at once; and he lost no time in obeying, wondering all the while, however, what the summons might mean. He soon reached the house, and was entering somewhat jauntily into the drawing-room when he stopped short with a glance of surprise.

Mrs. Mullinor, her face covered with her handkerchief, with which she was vainly endeavoring to stifle her sobs, was seated between Lady Dundow, her sister, and Colonel Puppington, her brother, both of whom were looking very stern and dignified.

Robert advanced towards the window.

"My dear Maria——" he was beginning, when the colonel interrupted him in a severe tone with—

"Be seated, Mr. Mellidew."

Robert sank into a chair, very much astonished, while the colonel took a letter from his pocket, and, clearing his throat with a sonorous preliminary "hem," asked, in freezing tones—

"Can you explain this, sir?"

Robert mechanically extended his hand for the packet and opened it, but when he observed its contents a great change came over him. His face turned ghastly white, and his knees began to tremble as if they were stricken with a sudden ague.

By some hideous mistake the note from A. Z. had been inserted in the envelope addressed to Mrs. Mullinor.

"I—I—this is a jest—a—a——" he was beginning when the colonel interrupted him once more, thundering—

"That we shall soon see, sir. As the only male relative of my sister, I feel bound to protect her interests, and I have sent for the fellow to come here!

Robert Mellidew started from his seat and looked wildly round as if meditating an escape; then observing for the first time that a tall footman, armed with a thick stick, was standing just outside the partially open door, he sank once more into his chair.

"At eleven precisely he will be here," continued the colonel, and at that very moment, as in response to his words, the little gilt clock on the mantlepiece began to strike the hour with painful deliberation. To Robert Mellidew it seemed as if every stroke rang through his brain like a pistol shot. Then came a knock at the door and another tall footman entered the room.

"What now, Fadsby?" demanded the colonel shortly.

"An indiwidual is sittin' in the 'orl demandin' an interview with you, sir. 'Ee ses 'ee is 'ere by appintment, and calls hiself Hayzed, sir, Mr. Hayzed."

"Ah! Show his up here," said the colonel quickly, while Robert cast a furtive glance round the little group of stony faces and then once more subsided, with a long, shuddering breath and face as pale as that of the little alabaster image in the corner. He saw himself dishonored, the inmate of a prison cell, perhaps to a murderer's doom.

In a few moments the door was again opened, and a smartly-dressed individual, with a red beard, who was announced by the footman as "Mr. Hayzed," entered the room. Robert Mellidew did not stir, but kept his eyes fixed moodily and persistently upon the ground.

"You, sir, are the person calling himself A. Z., I believe?" said the colonel.

"I believe so too," was the reply.

No sooner did Robert Mellidew hear the tones of the visitor's voice than he sprang from his seat and faced him, with a countenance in which terror and amazement struggled for the mastery. Then, throwing himself into his chair, he burst into heavy hysterical sobs.

"Ah, Bob," said the visitor, in a tone of the utmost unconcern, as he regarded the other with a queer smile, you'd better have paid me that £5,000 at first. You'd have saved yourself a deal of trouble, and me no end of postage stamps."

"Will you kindly explain the meaning of all this? interposed the colonel fiercely.

"With the greatest pleasure," responded the visitor. This gentleman and me had a bit of a rumpus and he gave me one on the head with a fire shovel. He thought he'd killed me, but he hadn't. I revived while he was out, and hid myself in an ottoman, making my escape when he had gone to bed overcome with remorse and wondering, I suppose, where the deuce I'd got to I wanted to frighten him, so I left a bit of a note on the table and then skedaddled. Some time back, when ready cash was uncommonly short, it struck me that I might bleed Bob, which I did. As a matter of fact, he's quite innocent, and I made up for the blow by getting enough out of him for the rest of my life."

The visitor paused, smiled benignly round the company, then turned and walked towards the door.

"You'd better have paid me that five thousand at the time, Bob," were his last words as he disappeared down the broad, oaken staircase.

Colonal Puppington and Lady Dundow regarded one another for a moment, somewhat at a loss how to proceed. Mrs. Mullinor, however, quickly settled the matter for them. Kneeling down by Robert's side she put her arms round his neck, and pressed her cheek against his.

"I didn't believe it at the time, Bob—not a word of it," she whispered as he drew her closer to him.

Colonel Puppington and Lady Dundow decided to go out for a walk.

Somewhat Skeptical.

He—I don't like the man. He called me an ass once. What do you think of that? She—I think his politeness does not compare with his knowledge of natural history.

Trotter—I hear that Grace Willoughby is engaged to a real live lord. Barlow—Well, they claim that he's alive, but I have seen him several times, and I'm rather skeptical.

OBJECTION OVERRULED.

Paul Otway and Evelyn Bryant had become engaged.

Paul dreamed of future bliss, but in the morning Evelyn was invisible and her maiden aunt played the part of an ogress. "Never mind, I'll talk with Evelyn after dinner," said Paul to himself.

But Evelyn, as if to frustrate the intention, at dinner, rose, almost the first to withdraw.

Paul was beforehand with her, however. He sprang up to open the door, and as she passed through it he followed her.

"Evelyn, what does all this mean?"

"Oh, Paul," she sobbed, shrinking into the dark angle of the hallway, "I am so miserable! We must not see each other anymore, and——"

"But why? What has happened?"

"I will tell you what has happened, Mr. Otway," said Aunt Eliza, grimly, coming up behind them, "if you will be so good as to let go of my niece's hand."

And Evelyn escaped up stairs, leaving Paul to tete-a-tete with his fossil aunt.

"We have met with a great loss," said AuntEliza. "Evelyn had always fancied herself the heiress to her father's extensive estates in Virginia. Now by a cruel and unexpected lawsuit as we learn from a letter received this morning, we are thrown out of our property, and find ourselves penniless."

"Lawsuit!" repeated Paul.

"The judge has decided that the Silver Hill estates should have belonged to some one else these twenty years," sobbed Aunt Eliza, "and there is ever so much accumulation of rents to be paid over, and we are very poor. So there is an end of your boy and girl preferences, Mr. Otway."

"Why can't I marry Evelyn just the same?"

"Why!" repeated the spinster. "Because you have nothing to live on."

Paul was somewhat staggered by this remarkably plain and lucid statement of affairs.

"I don't think I have got much money," said Paul, dubiously, "but I can earn plenty, I suppose."

Miss Eliza shook her head incredulously.

"But you'll let me see Evelyn about it?" pleaded Paul, and so, three minutes afterward, Evelyn came down, her eyes drenched and her pretty cheeks crimsoned.

"Don't be discouraged, darling," coaxed Paul, with a radiant face, "I've got a splendid idea—two of 'em! First, I'll thrash the fellow that has cheated your property away from you——"

"Paul!" interrupted Evelyn, "we have no right to doubt the justice of the decision.

"I'll thrash the rascal all the same," persisted Paul, "and then I'll have old Freyburn sue him to get it back again; that's the first idea."

"Rather impracticable," said Evelyn, smiling in spite of her distress.

"Mr. Otway, sah."

Paul turned abruptly on the colored waiter at his side.

"Gentleman in the parlor, sah, inquirin' arter Mr. Otway."

"Oh, hang the gentleman in the parlor!"

"Go, Paul, go," pleaded Evelyn, and Paul reluctantly obeyed, waiting, however, until the servant had vanished to steal a goodbye kiss from Evelyn's lovely crimson cheek.

"Why, hallo, Freyburn, this is never you!"

The little old lawyer was walking up and down the floor, with his hands behind him, as Paul Otway entered. He smiled.

"I have come up poste haste, Mr. Paul, to congratulate you."

"Congratulate me! Why, how on earth did you hear of it? We were only engaged last night."

"What are you talking about?"

"Evelyn."

"And I am talking of an entirely different subject, if you will only do me the favor to listen."

"Then fire away," composedly returned Paul.

"I am here to congratulate you upon the successful termination of the suit at law which has placed you in the possession of the magnificent Silver Hill estates."

"Silver Hill!" shouted Paul. "You don't say I am the rascal that has defrauded Evelyn Bryant out of her property!"

The lawyer stared.

"Miss Bryant was certainly the name of——"

"Then its all right!" halloed Paul, throwing the lawyer's hat into the air and catch-it on his boot. "Its all the same—Evelyn and I are one. If you'll just wait a minute until I go up and bring Evelyn down"——

And Paul darted out of the room like one demented.

When the pretty, timid young thing came into the room Mr. Freyburn thought he had never seen anything sweeter or more winning.

"I might have spared myself the trouble of this long lawsuit had I foreseen this." he said, with a courteous bow to the young lady.

"But look here, Mr. Freyburn," said Paul, "I want the whole estate settled right back on Evelyn."

"And, Mr. Freyburn, I want you to understand that I won't take it," interposed Evelyn.

"My dear young lady," said the lawyer, "you don't reflect that if you take Mr. Otway, you must necessarily take his money too."

"She won't object to accepting it in that way," said Paul.

He was right. Evelyn did not object.

The Willow-Pattern Plate.

Comparatively few people know that this design embodies an old Chinese tradition. The story is said to be as follows: In the mansion pictured on the right-hand side of the plate dwelt a mandarin, with his only daugnter Li-chi. The latter fell in love with Chang, her father's former secretary, who lived in the island home shown at the top of the pattern (left-hand side.) One day the mandarin heard them exchanging vows under the orange tree (in the background,) and forbade their union. The lovers, however, eloped, and hid for a time in the gardener's cottage (at the end of the bridge opposite the willow tree,) whence they eventually escaped in a boat to Chang's island home. The mandarin pursued them with a whip, and would have killed them but for the intervention of the gods, who changed them into a pair of turtle doves (the birds shown in the picture.) The design is called the Willow-Pattern, not only because it represents a story of unfortunate love, but also because the lovers' flight occurred "when the willow begins to shed its leaves."

EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE.

A PERFECT

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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.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

will be given away, as below, on the first day of March, at our New Royal Clothing Store, opposite Golden Ball Corner:

1 Man's Fine Black Suit,	$15.00	1 Gladstone Bag,	3.50	1 Dress Shirt,	1.25
1 do Tweed Suit,	10.00	1 Club Bag,	2.50	1 do do	1.00
1 pair Men's Pants	3.50	1 do do	1.75	1 pair Cuff Buttons	1.00
1 do do do	2.50	1 Silk Handkerchief,	1.00	1 Tie,	0.50
1 do do do	1.50	1 do do	0.75	1 do	0.50
1 Man's Light Overcoat,	8.50	1 pair Suspenders,	0.75	1 do	0.35
1 Youth's Suit,	8 50	1 do do	0.50	1 do	0.25
1 Boy's Knicker Suit (3 pieces)	6.00	1 half dozen Collars,	1.00	1 do	0.25
1 do do do 2 do	5.00	1 Hat,	2.00	1 do	0.25
1 Child's Kilt do 2 do	3.50	1 do	1.50	1 Tam O'Shanter, (Girls)	0.40
1 do Sailor do 2 do	2.50	1 Cap,	0.50	1 do do do	0.40
1 Silk Umbrella,	3.00	1 pair Gloves,	1.25	1 School Bag,	0.35
1 Trunk,	3.50	1 do Hose,	0.40	1 do do	0.35
1 do	2.50	1 do do	0.25		$100.00

If you want a chance (time is short) send in your name at once to above store.

R. W. LEETCH,

NEW ROYAL CLOTHING STORES, - - - - - - - St. John, N. B.

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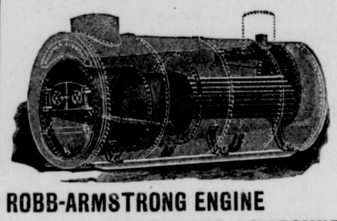

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NOTICE.

THE CONSOLIDATED ELECTRIC COMPANY, (Limited) will apply to the Legislature of New Brunswick at its next session for the passing of an Act empowering the Company to acquire by purchase or expropriation land for the purpose of providing a Public Park in connection with the Company's Railway and to extend its electric railway to such park, (said Act to provide that the plan of such proposed park and railway extension thereto be approved of by the Common Council of the City of St. John;) and also empowering the Company to execute a mortgage on the property and franchises of the Company to and amount not exceeding $75,000, for a term of not exceeding twenty years and bearing a rate of interest not exceeding six per cent per annum, in order to complete its electrical equipment and for other purposes and also to issue scrip or debentures to be secured by such mortgage.

Dated at the City of St. John, the 9th. day of February, A. D., 1893.

JOHN F. ZEBLEY, President.

STEAMERS.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO., Ltd.

Proposed Sailing for March.

UNTIL further notice the Steamer Bridgewater of this line will leave St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday morning at 7. local time, for Digby and Annapolis; sailing from Annapolis upon arrival of the Morning Express from Halifax, calling at Digby and due at St. John at 7 p. m.

International S. S. Co.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Two Trips a Week for Boston.

Commencing February 6th, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday and Thursday morning at 7.25 standard.

Returning, will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m and Portland at 5 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

Freight received daily up to 5. p. m.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

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

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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.
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WE have much pleasure in calling the attention of Travellers and Tourist to the fact that the QUEEN has established a reputation for furnishing the best and cleanest bedrooms, and the best table and attention of any hotel in the maritime provinces, if not in all Canada. The QUEEN contains 130 rooms, and is fitted with all modern improvements, including bath-rooms and w. c's on every floor.

The parlors attract a great deal of attention, as nothing superior in that line is to be seen in Canada The cuisine has been made a specialty from the first and amply justifies its reputation. One visit wil satisfy any one as to the superiority of this Hotel.

A. B. SHERATON, MANAGER.

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RAILWAYS.

Intercolonial Railway.

1892—WINTER ARRANGEMENT—1893.

On and after Monday, the 17th day of Oct., 1892, the Trains of this Railway will run daily--Sunday excepted--as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax	13.30
Express for Sussex	16.30
Through Express for Point du Chene, Quebec, Montreal and Chicago	16.55.

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock.

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 19.40 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex	8.25
Express from Chicago, Montreal, Quebec, (Monday excepted)	10.25
Express from Point du Chene and Moncton	10.25
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	19.00
Express from Halifax and Sydney	22.30

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

WE ARE NOW RUNNING THE FOLLOWING LINES OF OUR UNRIVALLED

Tourist Sleeping Cars

West, from Windsor street Station, MONTREAL, as follows:

Every Tuesday at 9 p. m.

—TO—

DETROIT AND CHICAGO.

Every Wednesday at 8.15 p.m.

—TO—

Seattle, Wash.

and points on the

Pacific Cost.

Every Saturday at 11.45 a. m.

Via the "SOO LINE" to

Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Holders of Second-Class Passage Tickets to or through these points, will be accommodated in these Cars, on payment of a small additional charge per berth. Particulars of ticket agents.

D. McNICOLL, Gen'l Pass. Agent, MONTREAL.
C. E. McPHERSON, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Ag't. ST. JOHN, N. B.

WESTERN COUNTIES R.Y.

Winter Arrangement.

On and after Thursday, Jan. 5th, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p. m; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12.00 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 5.25 p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.25 p. m. 4.55 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth 12.50 p. m.

CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Monticello for St. John every Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evenings; and from Boston every Wednesday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

Yarmouth, N. S. J. BRIGNELL, General Superintendent.