

## FREED FROM THE LAW.

I was sitting in my little study reading, or, rather, glancing through an old diary which I used to keep with most commendable regularity, in the days when life was not such a terrible rush as it has since become. The diary was old and almost tattered.

There was one entry which startled me, and brought back with a rush the memory of a tragic incident which occurred very soon after taking up the position of manager of the Westdale Bank.

The entry was as follows: "Miss Phillipson and her father deposited with me a box of jewels. Value, priceless. Put them in the strong room, and kept the gas burning day and night, with an electric bell connecting the box and my rooms."

That was all but it was enough to make the old story pass before my mind's eye once more.

In a few words I will tell you the story as it happened.

One dark November morning I was going through the ledger, when a tall, powerful-looking gentleman of middle age, and a young lady entered.

"Just a word or two in private, Mr. Wilson," said the gentleman whom I recognized as Mr. Phillipson of the Grange.

I left the counter and showed my visitors into a small private room at the back of the general office. Then for the first time I saw Mr. Phillipson was carrying a bag, which appeared to be very heavy.

He at once began to unpack the bag with as much composure as a commercial traveller who was certain of a big order. In a moment there was a sight before me to dazzle the eyes of any man. There were diamonds of enormous size and intense brilliancy; there were sapphires, throwing a bewitching light through the small room; there were rubies, pearls, emeralds; nay, the whole wealth of the Indies seemed to be displayed before me. And yet these stones were almost dull compared to the light which gleamed in the eyes of the lady.

"These jewels now belong to my daughter, and I desire you to keep them in absolute safety for a time. Our whereabouts will be uncertain for some months, and it will be impossible for us to carry them about with us. Of course you realize the importance of keeping this interview a secret; and you will not give them up to anyone without a written authority from my daughter."

"I will give you an inventory of the jewels in cypher, readily understood by us but by no one else. I will never part with these precious stones until the cypher is handed to me."

"Yes, Mr. Wilson, that precaution seems to be the only one we need take. I may say that no one knows anything of these jewels, except a young gentleman who is a distant relative of mine. He is not, however, likely to give us any trouble in the matter, as he is a gentleman who can be implicitly relied upon."

"If you will accompany me I will show you the strong room, and explain to you the precautions which I will take for the purpose of obtaining absolute security," I said.

Nothing happened for over a month. Mr. Phillipson called at the bank occasionally, and had a short chat about nothing in particular. Nothing was ever said about the treasure which was quietly reposing in the cavernous-looking cellars below.

One day Mr. Phillipson rushed into the bank. His face was deathly pale. He was dreadfully agitated. I could see that something of great importance had happened.

"I have a story to tell you which will almost make your hair stand on end. One of the strangest things I ever heard of has been practised on me. There is a conspiracy to secure those precious stones. I am compelled to leave for India this evening. Keep your eye on them."

Just as my visitor was getting terribly excited over the narration of his thrilling story, the bell rang, and I was compelled to leave for a few moments.

The story which Mr. Phillipson told me was indeed a strange one. At a dinner party at a friend's house he had met a young gentleman who had taken his fancy so much that he had invited him to the Grange. After dinner one evening the stranger sought to mesmerise his host, but only succeeded in getting him partially under his influence. Whilst in this state the visitor put to Mr. Phillipson a series of cleverly devised questions relative to the place where the jewels were stored.

"Do not part with the jewels until you see the cypher," Mr. Phillipson said, in conclusion.

"Trust me," I replied.

"By the way, I had almost forgotten to say that my nephew, Mr. Wilkinson, is staying at the Grange. You can trust him."

Three days after the departure of Mr. Phillipson I received from Mr. Wilkinson an invitation to dine with him that evening at the Bull hotel. I must confess that I was astonished when I received this neatly-written epistle. Why should he ask me to dine with him at all? Why ask me to dine with him at the Bull Hotel when he was staying at the Grange? It seemed singular. I had met Mr. Wilkinson only once, and that was a purely formal meeting. One morning, when Miss Phillipson had a little business to transact with me, he accompanied her, and she went out of her way to introduce him to me. I still remember, with almost painful distinctness, that my first desire on seeing his handsome face was to kick him rather than to shake hands with him and express the commonplace greetings usual on such occasions.

Mr. Wilkinson proved a charming host—up to a certain point in out entertainment. When the remains of the dinner were removed Mr. Wilkinson rose and locked the door of the private room in which we were sitting with our cigars and whisky.

I wondered why he did such an unusual thing.

"I hate to be interfered with when we are engaged in a pleasant conversation," he said in the most careless and casual way. "Are you a believer in mesmerism, or hypnotism, as it has become the fashion to call it, Mr. Wilson?"

"Not I," was my prompt and off-hand reply.

"I am going to give you proofs of the value of old Mesmer's theories in a very practical manner, for I am going to mesmerise you before you leave this room to-night."

This statement was made in the most matter-of-fact tone of voice.

"All right; fire away," I said carelessly.

"Sit in this chair, please," he said. I took the chair, feeling determined in my own mind that I would not be mesmerised; but, at the same time, I would convince him that I was perfectly under his influence.

Then he commenced that peculiar process of passing and repassing his fingers before my face. I was a stronger man than he, but in a few moments I began to feel his powerful influence over me. I felt a sharp shock pass through my whole system, followed by hot flushings in all my extremities.

For a moment I felt that in this strange game of bluff he was going to be the victor. I pulled myself together sharply, but my eyes were terribly heavy, and I felt an irresistible desire to close them. Before very long he was satisfied that I was, to quote his own language, "in a workable mood."

"I'll be sure about it; I'll stick a pin into him," he said in a jocond tone. I shuddered. The pain was horrible as he pushed a pin into my leg, but I did not cry out; I think I hardly moved.

He was satisfied.

"Where are Miss Phillipson's jewels?" he asked.

"In the strong room in the cellar beneath the bank," I replied, after some hesitation.

"Where are the keys?"

"In my bedroom."

"How can the jewels be secured?"

"By presenting a cypher now in the possession of Miss Phillipson."

Thus ended our conversation. He had gained the information he required; so had I. When I opened my eyes Mr. Wilkinson was laughing almost uproariously.

"Well, you are the strangest subject I ever operated upon. Why, my friend, you are an easier subject than Miss Phillipson."

This intimation came as a painful surprise to me. I was vexed to think that he had been exercising his undoubted power over her—the woman I loved.

I was not a bit astonished to see Mr. Wilkinson walk into the bank about noon on the following day.

"Oh, by the way, Miss Phillipson gave me this and asked me to bring a packet which she says you have been keeping for her," he said carelessly.

I opened the envelope which was addressed to me in a lady's hand—apparently Miss Phillipson's.

"Yes; all right," I said quietly.

I stepped into the inner office, leaving Mr. Wilkinson standing at the counter. Hastily I pencilled a note to the detective office.

"Send your most trusted officer round at once," and despatched one of the assistants with it.

I then stepped into the strong room and returned with the box, into which, in the presence of Mr. Phillipson and his daughter, I had placed the precious stones. It was not a large box, but the weight was considerable.

As I handed it across the counter I said—

"Miss Phillipson has a key for the box. You can return the box any time convenient to you."

"Thank you. Are the contents of the box of any value?"

He was a consummate trickster, evidently.

"I believe they are of value," I replied.

Then in the most composed manner possible he shook hands with me and left the building.

Five minutes later the detective arrived. In a few words I told him the story, and said that in all probability the thief would be found on the next train for London, which left in about forty minutes. We left the bank together. A hansom was passing and the detective hailed it.

"To the Grange, and sharp," he said quickly. Then turning to me he said, "Just mount this rig-out and leave the matter to me."

We pulled down the blinds of the cab, and in a few minutes we appeared as two persons, as neatly and respectively clad as any person who ever entered a pulpit.

The detective, Mr. Anderson, asked Miss Phillipson one question only—"Have you given the cypher to anyone?" "No, certainly not," was the reply. Then she went to the safe where she kept it locked, but, of course, it was not there. Mr. Wilkinson had mesmerised her with a vengeance.

Then we rushed off to the station to catch the London train, and as our Jehu dashed along people opened their eyes, as though astonished to find two persons in a hurry.

The London train was at the platform when we reached the station, and as we paced about for a minute or two we tried to find our prey. But there were no signs of him—he ran into the station just as the train was pulling out.

Reaching Euston, Mr. Wilkinson took a hansom.

"Follow that cab," said the detective to the driver. "Follow it at a respectable distance, but follow it. You understand?" and he tipped him a wink which had a world of meaning.

At the Grange the cab pulled up. We followed into the hall.

"We must have the bedroom next the one you have given to that gentleman," said the detective in an authoritative tone of voice.

"It is empty; it is at your service," replied the manager of the hotel, who was in the hall as we entered.

The two rooms had evidently been one large room at one time. They were divided by a thin plaster partition. It was as thin as a threepenny bit, as the detective remarked. There was a paper over the laths, and Mr. Anderson quietly put his pen-knife into it. Through the narrow opening thus made we could get a limited view of the occupant of the next room. We soon saw a tragedy. Convulsively he began to put key after key into the lock of the box. One after another failed to open it. There was a silence which could be felt in the two rooms.

"There!" he ejaculated with a sigh of relief, as he turned a key at last.

The iron lid was raised, and then we heard a cry, an agonized cry, which is ringing through my heart yet.

"Great Heaven! nothing but coals, common coals. She said it was full of diamonds. Aye, they are diamonds, but black ones."

Mr. Anderson turned to me and whispered, "What does this mean?"

"It's all right. The precious stones are locked up in my safe in the bank. I knew

about this before we started. You'll have to arrest him."

"Of course."

We stepped into Mr. Wilkinson's room without the ceremony of knocking.

He was still upon his knees staring into the box full of coals. There was a bag-gard lock upon his handsome face.

"Hullo," he said, with a desperate attempt to appear gay and buoyant. "Have you come to preach me a double-barrelled sermon?"

"No; but to arrest you on the charge of obtaining that box by false pretences," said the detective, sternly.

Mr. Wilkinson's lip quivered.

"All right; the box is useless."

Suddenly he turned round on his heel, whipped a revolver from some place of concealment, and fired two shots at us. They missed their aim, and the third he fired at his own head, and in a moment the fine, handsome fellow was nothing but a heap of bleeding clay. It was a terrible scene.

Hard To Recognize As Bob.

At Antietam, just after the artillery had been sharply engaged, the Rockford (Virginia) battery was standing awaiting orders. General Lee rode by and stopped a moment. A dirty-faced driver of about seventeen said to him: "General, are you going to put us in again?"

"Think of such a question from such a source, addressed to the general of the army, especially when that general's name was Lee!"

"Yes, my boy," the stately officer kindly answered, "I have to put you in again. But what is your name?" Your face seems familiar to me somehow."

"I don't wonder you didn't know me, sir, I'm so dirty," laughed the lad, "but I'm Bob."

It was the general's youngest son, whom he had thought safe at the Virginia military institute.

Purely Personal.

Sybil—How is it you were not at Brynmawr's reception?

Berkley—I stayed away on account of a personal matter.

"May I ask what it was?"

"Will you promise to keep a secret?"

"Well, they failed to send me an invitation."

BORN.

Bear River, to the wife of Frank Piper, a son.

Richmond, Nov. 5, to the wife of Israel Trask, a daughter.

Halifax, Nov. 9, to the wife of W. J. Pollock, twin sons.

Moncton, Nov. 2, to the wife of H. S. Steeves, a daughter.

Wentworth, Nov. 4, to the wife of C. W. Swallow, a daughter.

Lower Argyle, Nov. 1, to the wife of J. F. Harding, a daughter.

Truro, Nov. 5, to the wife of J. J. Campbell, two daughters.

Freepoint, N. S., Nov. 6, to the wife of W. P. Morrell, a daughter.

Freepoint, N. S., Nov. 5, to the wife of Handley Bates, a son.

Lake George, Nov. 6, to the wife of David Whitehouse, a daughter.

Annapolis, N. S., Oct. 27, to the wife of Albert Bishop, a son.

New Glasgow, Nov. 10, to the wife of Barclay Fraser, a son.

Summerside, P. E. I., Nov. 3, to the wife of James Sinclair, a daughter.

Richmond, C. B., Oct. 28, to the wife of Alvin W. Bethune, a son.

Dartmouth, Nov. 5, to the wife of William Pierce, Jr., a daughter.

Hillsboro, N. S., Oct. 22, to the wife of Charles A. Longacre, a son.

Lunenburg, Nov. 3, to the wife of Capt. Arthur Anderson, a son.

Prospect, N. S., Nov. 7, to the wife of George Delahunt, a daughter.

Richmond, C. B., Oct. 22, to the wife of Lemuel DeLaney, a daughter.

Bear River, N. S., Nov. 1, to the wife of John A. Delap, a daughter.

Karsdale, N. S., Nov. 2, to the wife of Wallace Covey, a daughter.

Bayer River, N. S., Nov. 4, to the wife of Frederick Corning, a daughter.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Nov. 8, to the wife of W. T. Huggan, a daughter.

Port Lorne, N. S., Nov. 4, to the wife of James W. Sabers, a daughter.

Grand Manan, N. B., Oct. 27, to the wife of David S. Gaskill, a daughter.

Dartmouth, Nov. 7, to the wife of Chief Constable Burbridge, a daughter.

Lower Argyle, N. S., Nov. 4, to the wife of Frank Armstrong, a daughter.

Port Greenville, N. S., Nov. 6, to the wife of Herbert W. Elderkin, a daughter.

Port Maitland, N. S., Oct. 22, to the wife of Capt. Geo. M. Curry, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Milton, Nov. 8, Sydney Collins to Laila B. Woodworth.

Parrishboro, by Rev. S. Gibson, David Campbell to Laila B. Woodworth.

Halifax, Nov. 8, by Rev. N. LeMoine, John Clements to Lucy Parsons.

Windsor, Nov. 7, by Rev. E. Kennedy, Frank C. Lynch to Lillie Curtin.

Parrishboro, Nov. 8, by Rev. S. Gibson, Augustus Clarke Bates to Elizabeth Silver.

New Glasgow, Oct. 25, by Rev. A. Bowman, Alexander Dunbar to Grace Thompson.

Grand Manan, N. B., Oct. 28, by Rev. W. S. Covert, Allan W. Green to Minnie Stanley.

Jordan Falls, Oct. 31, by Rev. Rural Dean Johnston, Reuben Misenauer to Mary Smith.

St. John, Nov. 13, by Rev. G. W. McDonald, Edward Wright to Frances Dibble.

Windsor, Nov. 7, by Rev. M. McKeown, Capt. Clement Barkhouse to Adeline Saunders.

Kedribro, N. S., Oct. 25, by Rev. P. M. Holden, Seward Stevens to Teresa Power.

Lunenburg, Oct. 31, by Rev. G. L. Rankin, Arthur R. Rodenhizer to Lottie B. Smeltzer.

St. Andrews, Nov. 9, by Rev. Alexander Gunn, Frank P. Barnard to Lucy Armstrong.

Liverpool, Nov. 3, by Rev. A. W. M. Harley, Spencer Harrington to Annie M. Smith.

Upper Cape, N. B., Oct. 24, by Rev. C. W. Hamilton, William W. Irving to Etta L. Allen.

Fredericton, Nov. 1, by Rev. Willard McDonald, Weeden W. Wetmore to Annie J. Jarvis.

Greenvale, N. S., Nov. 4, by Rev. D. Henderson, Archibald Fraser to Mary A. McDonald.

St. Andrews, Oct. 25, by Rev. Archibald Gunn, Joseph H. Doherty to Lottie L. McCrum.

Thornburn, N. S., Nov. 4, by Rev. Dr. McLeod, Alexander Campbell to Sarah J. Marshall.

Grand Manan, N. B., Oct. 28, by Rev. W. S. Covert, Zyness Fleet to Adavilla Ellingwood.

Medford, Mass., Oct. 25, by Rev. Wm. Merrill, Charles H. Dunn to Phoebe Martin, of Kentville, N. S.

Little Bras d'Or, C. B., Nov. 7, by Rev. M. A. McPherson, Edward J. Phelan to Sophia Richards.

Somerville, Mass., Oct. 26, by Rev. E. J. McKenna, Willard H. Harrington to Minnie Doane, of Yarmouth, N. S.

Lord's Cove, N. B., Nov. 6, by Rev. W. R. Pepper, Capt. Leonard R. Armstrong to Mildred Beatrice Barker.

Sandford, N. S., Nov. 3, by Rev. H. H. Cozman, assisted by Rev. G. B. Trafton, John Rodney to Ada Wymann.

West Bay, C. B., Nov. 7, by Rev. J. D. McFarlane, assisted by Rev. John Calder, Daniel Calder to Mary C. McKay.

Williamstown, N. B., Nov. 1, by Rev. Henry Penna, assisted by Rev. Edward Bell, Thomas Yeo to Mary E. Horford.

Riverbank, N. B., Nov. 2, by Rev. Gideon Swin, assisted by Rev. A. G. Downey, Harry M. Hunter to Rhonda Jones.

Cape Tormentine, N. B., Oct. 25, by Rev. C. W. Hamilton, assisted by Rev. Mr. Vincent, E. Raworth to Lexie Allen.

Mill Village, N. S., Nov. 7, by Rev. W. F. Glendenning, assisted by Rev. T. F. Wooten, Charles A. Holden to Eunice Phelan.

Halifax, Nov. 10, Annie Paul, 40.

Halifax, Nov. 5, John C. Haws, 65.

St. Stephen, Nov. 4, J. W. Kelly, 89.

Andover, Oct. 27, Thomas Taylor, 76.

Liverpool, Nov. 7, John A. Fraser, 24.

Kingston, Oct. 31, Sarah E. Braman, 56.

Truro, Nov. 5, wife of William McLean.

Fredericton, Oct. 29, David Dunlap, 51.

Canaan, N. S., Nov. 1, Robert Burns, 70.

Dipper Harbor, Nov. 11, Robert Burns, 68.

Dartmouth, Nov. 9, Charles W. Young, 29.

Sydney, C. B., Oct. 25, Allan McDonald, 91.

Clarendon Station, N. B., John Johnson, 68.

Fredericton, Nov. 7, Alexander P. Miller, 56.

Milton, N. B., Oct. 25, Charles McDonald, 64.

Halifax, Nov. 7, John Alexander Gerrard, 30.

Woodstock, Oct. 26, Mrs. Benjamin Johnson, 89.

St. John, Nov. 11, Ellen, wife of Joseph Trimble.

Milton, N. S., Nov. 10, Mrs. Harriet E. Lovitt, 49.

St. John, Nov. 9, Margaret, wife of David Dickson, 64.

St. John, Nov. 9, Mrs. Sarah Stickney, of Hampton, 79.

St. Andrews, Oct. 27, Eliza, wife of Edward Frye, 62.

Southampton, N. S., Nov. 4, widow of late John Grant, 63.

Halifax, Nov. 3, Beatrice, wife of Sergt. Benjamin Lodge.

Halifax, Nov. 5, of heart disease, Philip W. Leaverman, 65.

Truro, Nov. 8, Ethel, daughter of W. C. and E. F. Truro, N. S., 60.

Toronto, Nov. 3, Mary Ann Goulding, of Halifax, N. S., 60.

Antigonish, Nov. 6, Ann, widow of late Donald Gillis, 73.

Plymouth, Nov. 29, Annie, daughter of Walter Wash, 18.

## WENT TO BANFF HOT SPRINGS.

Returned Home Racked With Pain—Lost 43 Pounds—A Wonderful Restoration.



A patient spirit is one of the most important elements in the character of a human being. Many occasions will occur when patience will be the only virtue which will command success. While we would strongly urge the practice of patience in the labors of every-day life, it would be madness and folly to inculcate its practice when suffering from rheumatism or any of the many troubles that arise from a disordered condition of the nervous system. Patience exercised when suffering from disease, is not a virtue; it is a heinous crime. When the first symptoms of disease are felt we should be up and doing, to rid ourselves of danger and death.

When surrounded in a house by fire we make haste to escape from destruction; in like manner should every sufferer endeavor to free himself or herself from the awful fire of disease.

We implore you to free yourselves at once from those death-fires which result from a diseased condition of the great nervous system. These death fires may be in the form of rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, dyspepsia, liver or kidney troubles.