THAT HATBOX.

Very nearly a quarter of a century ago I was on terms of considerable intimacy with an officer of the English police, who at this hour fills a position of high trust at Scotland Yard. When at last he gained his heart's desire and was promoted to London, I was the only person in whom he confided the fact that the audacious capture which secured his promotion was due

to chance. In the year 1871, and long before and after, a manufacturing jeweler, in a large way of business, kept shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, on the right hand side as you go westward. The commoner kind of work was done at Birmingham; the better and more valuable kind of jewelry was the product of skilled hands employed in a small workshop in Clerkenwell. The private clientele of the house was small, but the business transacted with "the trade" was probably as large as any in London. Only one commercial traveller was engaged, a Jewish gentleman. He had been seventeen years in the same serwice, and his employer's trust in him was absolute. He drew a liberal commission kept his own little family in solid comfort at his Brixton home, was a pillar of his syragogue, a pearl among commercial travellers, and deservedly respected. I never saw this gentleman, but I can draw his portrait, and before I close this story I will tell you why. He had large eyes, which shone out of a sort of velvety dull softness. His lips were shapely, but redder and fuller than is common with men of western type. He wore his hair cut short, and his beard was trimmed Vandyke fashion. The notable thing about him was that hair, eyebrows and beard were of a deep ruddy auburn, a color handsome in itself, but a little startling and bizarre in a man of his complexion.

In the year 1870, while the sergeant and I, unwittingly of this gentleman's existence, forgers, the commercial traveller had submitted a scheme to his employer. He had employed his taste and leisure in the preparation of a number of designs for trooches, bracelets, rings, tiaras, necklets and pendants, and he had designed and stroke of lnck! Oh! What a stroke of twenty thousand sterling pounds, and his proposal was that the real tray to be manufactured from his designs should be kept in the show case at St. Paul's churchyard got out and ordered a glass of milk and while he should carry round with him a soda at the refreshment bar. Before it was tray of paste and pinchback in illustration

of style and color. became a fashion, and the clever little He-

The traveller made four journeys a year, covering the three kingdoms on each expedition. He had started on the third round since the completion of the two trays, when the jeweler by a chance examination of his treasure discovered that he was in possession of the imitations, and that his Brixton with a note of explanation, and the special messenger came back to say that the gentleman had gone to Birmingham, and the jaweler went to his home in the suburbs quite contented and at ease. But when no answer came from Birmingham, when telegraphic inquiry elicited the fact that the traveller had not been to his customary hotel, when further inquiry proved that he had not been heard of at Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, when his whereabouts, then things began to grow uncomfortable and suspicion began to peer. Not at all in the direction of the dapper little Jewish gentleman. Seventeen years of unstained fidelity were not to be rewarded so. But it became clear that some mischief had befallen him-there are hundreds of people in the world who would do murder for the fittieth part of such a booty as he carried. His employer went mournfully to the police and offered a reward for the missing man's discovery. The poor fellow had fallen ill, had tumbled into some ing of the trays was the earliest sign, had been robbed, drugged, spirited away, mur-

The police accepted this view of the case with courteous incredu'ity, and planned and labored on their own lines. They net-worked the country through the telegraph; they woke up every port in Great Britain, and had every passenger list examined; they haunted wayside stations and shadowed the great termini; they sent the news tingling to every country in Europe and the United States.

Then, as his own lucky star ordained, the sergeant was sent to London on protessional affairs. He called at Scotland Yard to pay a visit of respect to an old provincial superior of his own. The late provincial superior was affable, to the extent of a glass of whisky and a cigar; and at their parting, he confided to the sergeant's charge a packet of handbills, which set forth a portrait of the missing gentleman, a full description of his person and an inventory of the lost jewels. The sergeant kept one of these for his own private reading, packed the rest in his handbag, and having finished his business by noon on the day following, strolled down to Euston station in time for the 2 o'clock

The day was warm and heavy, the ser- can't pay it just now. We'll pay it as geant had been seeing "life" in the capi- soon astal at the expense of his nightly rest, and asleep. At Chalk Farm he was dimly could say thank you. aware that somebody got into the carriage, and then he slept again. He was half way to Rugby before he awoke. His fellow passenger was seated in the opposite corner at the far end of the compartment, and the sergeant surveyed him uninterestedly through scarce open eyelids. It was a Jewish gentleman of a neat and dapper aspect, with coal black hair, eyebrows and Ladies' Home Journal. She had found to carry out the scheme was made until the digestion. If therefore your doctor orders

hat box which was bestowed in the light luggage netting overhead, and at such find it spirited away.

"Now," said the sergeant in telling me the story, "its a carious thing, but this is what set me thinking. When I was a kid, you can. and right on to when I left home, my old mother never let me go to bed without reading a chapter out of the Bible at me. I hadn't thought of the words for the best part of fifteen years, but when that chap had looked at that hat box maybe a dozen times they came into my head as plain as if a person had spoke 'em in my ear. 'Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also.' 'And what have you got there, my friend?' I says to myself; 'I wonder. By and by the sergeant had something else to wonder at. The Jewish gentleman drew off a well-fitting glove of tan colored dogskin and began to finger his cheeks and chin with a very delicate carefulness. His tace took a cast of anxiety, and he drew from his breast pocket a small morocco case which contained a comb and a mirror. He combed his mustache and scrutinized it with extraordinary care. He combed the hair on his torehead and temples, and scrutinized that with extraordinary care. Then he combed his thick black eyebrows and peered at them into the mirror as closely as if he had been examining them through a microscope. Next he examined his chin minutely and seemed dissatisfied. And, occupied earnestly as he was in these singular details, the dapper Jewish gentleman never forgot the hat box for much more than half a minute at a time.

It occurred to the sergeant to cross to the other end of the compartment for a better view of the landscape on that side. He ventured to remark that it was a pretty country and that the young wheat was looking well. Then he sauntered back to his own corner and made believe to doze again. At that nearer view he had seen were hanging on the skirts of Russian what he had fully expected to see-an auburn rim on cheek and chin, ramely, and a touch of auburn at the roots of the carefully penciled eyelashes, certain eviddrawn with beautiful delicacy a case in luck! And here's my step at last." And which to display them. He estimated the yet he had no authority to act, and to cost of the preparation of this tray at about arrest a man on such a mere suspicion, and without authority, was a dangerous thing to do. The sergeant knew not what to do.

They came to Rugby, and the gentleman | by it. served he bolted back to the train and secured his hat box. "Now, is he going Both trays were made. The real thing to slip off here?" asked the sergeant; "and went into the show case, and the bogus | if he is, what's my game?" The gentlearticle went on tour. The new designs man went back to the carrirge, however, in due season, and the sergeant followed brew gentleman made so good a thing of At Birmingham they both alighted, and his liberal commission that he was more the gentleman went to the Queen's hotel. than paid for all his trouble. His employer | He chartered a bed room there and carried was, of course, eminently satisfied on his his hat box upstairs with his own hands, own account, but by and by disaster crept | a porter following with a portmanteau. In half an hour he came down again, passed into Stevenson Square and on into New

The sergeant went to the manager. A Jewish gentleman with a black mustache had taken such and such a number? Yes. "That," said the sergeant, producing his hand bill, is the man." The manager servant had, by some queer blunder, walked stared and then laughed. No, he knew off with the real thing. It was a little sur- that man. He was a red haired fellow prising, but it excited no suspicion. The with a red beard and mustache. "Shaved eweler sent a special messenger down to and dyed," said the sergeant. "Begad," said the manager, "I believe you're right."
"You know me?" says the sergeant. "Yes," says the manager, naming him. "Very well, I take all the responsibility of this move. That man has the stolen jewels in his hat box. Let me into his room and we'll soon see."

"It was a common lock to the hat box," said the sergeant concluding his story in great excitement. "I begged a hairpin trom a chambermaid—one of them thick, after four or five days his wife, for the first | strong hair pins, and the trick was done in time since his marriage, was ignorant of a minute. There was the violet-velvet lining of the jewel case all torn out loose and rooled into a bundle, and inside it was the whole twenty thousand pound's worth. And while we were staring at each other, like a pair of stick pins, back comes his nibs, sees me a kneeling over the hat box, whips out a revolver, and knocks a hole clean through two sides of my new silk hat and ruins it. Twelve and six it cost me, and brand new out of Hyam's shop only the week afore. The manager knocks his arm up, and the next shot goes into the ceiling. It was nip and tuck then for a aberration of the mind of which the chang- minute, but we got him down, and I had 'em on his wrists in a jiffy. Seven years he got at the Old Bailey, and pretty cheap at that. Five hundred pounds reward is a good deal to a poor man like me, but a persons come to be known in the shops London chance is more, and that slice o'

"That's his nibs' portrait; that there big colored photograph over the mantle shelf. His missis sold up the little house at Brixton and I bought that at the sale for a reminder of him. - David Christie Murray.

What the Doctor Did.

"You'd better ask the doctor for his bill next time he comes," said a poor, sick minister to his wife. "I don't know when we can pay it, I'm sure. He's made a good many visits, but I hope he won't have to come many times more."

The old doctor was a grim looking person, who said as little as possible, and spoke in the gruffest of tones; but he had kept his eyes, and was not half as unfeeling as he appeared.

At his next visit the minister's wife followed him out of the sick room and timidly

preferred her request. "Your bill?" said the doctor, glancing round the kitchen, then down at his boots. "Yes, sir," said the woman. "Mr. Ames wanted me to ask you for it, though we

"Well, here it is," said the doctor. And ensconcing himself at one corner of a he took out his pocket-book and handed second class smoking compartment, five the astonished woman a ten-dollar greenminutes before the train's departure he fell back, and was out-of-doors before she

Rules for Sunshiny Girls.

When she was quite a little girl she wrote them out one New Year's day on a clear white slate and hung it on her dressing-case where it could always be seen, mustache, and cheeks and chin clean them in an old book. John Wesley had summer of 1884, when about twenty blue you abroad for your health, tell him you shaven. He smoked a cigar and read a laid these rules out for his life, and though fox cubs were caught. They were taken will first try Mother Seigel's Curative railway novel, but every now and then he sie felt she might never keep them all, she in a steamer to Unalaska and thence in a Syrup.

And when she made that resolve half the battle was fought, Written out in rather moments he would screw himself round and a shaky hand were these rules: "Do all look upward, as if he had half feared to the good you can; by all the means you can; in all the ways you can; in all the places you can; at all the times you can, to all the prople you can; as long as ever

READY-MADE SHOES.

Many Sizes Nowadays but Poor Shapes and Heels for Women and Children.

Silling ready-made shoes is a very different thing now from what it used to be, when many thousands who now buy them had their foot wear made to orde.r & Sizes in ready-made shoes have been greatly multiplied. Not only do men's shoes [run up to No. 13 in length, but they vary in width from AA, the narrowest, to EE, the widest. A salesman must know all about sizes and be able to make a pretty good guess at what a customer needs, but must as well know what makes of shoes run wide or long for their numbers.

Before all these niceties of shading were invented, the matter of fitting ready-made shoes to a customer's feet was a very simple one. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that there was no such thing as a fit in ready-made shoes save for persons of normal and average feet. The long, slender toot was not provided for, and neither was the short, thick foot. The numbers of men's shoes most called for now are 7, 71/2, and 8, with the width A, B, and C. In women's shoes the numbers in length most in demand are 3, 31/2, 4, 41/2, and 5, with the widths A and B. But the unusual sizes above and below these are provided in large 'numbers. There are many calls for 13 at the large concerns, where unusual sizes are provided. It is difficult in small concerns to get anything above 101/2. The difference in price for size is little or nothing, save that what are "called "misses' shoes," which run pretty high, are for some reason sold cheaper than women's shoes of like size. Some women know this and profit

Women have from time immemorial been abominably ill shod, and most of them are so still. The makers of ready-made shoes unhesitatingly cater to fashion, and it is shoe with a low heel and a roomy toe. Nine women out of ten have wretchedly abused feet, and the condition of their walking shoes at the end of six weeks use is such that their brothers and husbands would not for a moment think of wearing them. Working women stand or walk all day long on French heels, partly though vanity, partly because better shaped shoes have to be made to order at a comparativehigh price. Children's shoes, save in rare instances, are still made in defiance of hygiene and are responsible for half the pains of learning to walk. Doctors are recommending that infants be brought up barefoot. The price of infant's shoes made to order is prohibitive to the poor. Every sort of shoe that professes to be hygienic has a high price put upon it because of the name. Women have of recent years learned some wisdom in the matter of foot wear from the fact that shoes for wear in athletic sports are made in sensible and comfortable shapes. These shoes which have to be roomy to be endurable, have brought about a slight reaction against the vanity of wearing shoes too

short and too narrow for the feet. The man or woman of normal and average feet is always welcome in the readyusually be fitted in less than ten minutes. It would hardly be possible to carry on business were there not comparatively few feet of abnormal size or shape, for a man or woman with such feet consumes from half an hour to an hour of a salesman's time, and often goes away with-

The man that wears say 111/2 AA is a most unwelcome visitor at any shoe shop, though in all the large concerns salesmen manfully struggle to fit such customers. On very busy days the man or woman of abnormal feet meets with an early intimation that their is no fit to be had. Such and to be dodged by the salesmen .- N. Y.

FOX RAISING IN ALASKA.

Hopeful of Realizing Large Profits From the Sale of Many Pelts.

Fox farming in Alaska, which has assumed immense proportions, was originated by a Pittsburgher. In 1879 George Ward. man was travelling about the coast in the steamer Rush. He saw a valuable | black fox skin sold for \$200, and conceived the notion that farming the fox would be profitable. He got Preach Taylor, Thomas F. Morgan, and James C. Redpath interested and a company was formed. The fgentlemen are agents of the Alaska Commercial

Company at St. George. Morgan suggested as a place for the experiment the Semedies group of seventy rocky islets, sixty miles west of Kodiak, helped me in one week, and by continuing which produced nothing but sea birds and with it I got stronger and stronger, and sea lions and are uninhabited. At the seal am now in tair good health. This, after islands of the Pribyloff group the Alaska Commercial Company catch from 1,000 to 1.6000 blue foxes every winter. The black foxes are scarce, while the blue fox

is not nearly so valuable. During the winter of 1880 arrangements were made with an agent at Kodiak to get some black fox cubs. He secured half a dozen, and while he was away on business the natives killed the cubs by kindness and

seemed to awake to a sudden interest in a | tried to live up to them as far as possible | chartered schooner, with a quantity of seal meat, to the Semedies Islanis, where they were released.

The Islands are inaccessible except in calm weather, which helped the enterprise, as it kept poachers and Indians from catching the stock. At first it was difficult to get any right on the land. The Treasury Department, however, addressed a letter to revenue steamers and the Provisional Government of Alaska, to give their protection to the fox farmers under the law protecting squatters, and the company has not been molested in its enterprise.

The foxes eat eggs and catch birds in the summer. They are also adepts at killing sea lions, which serve them for food. They are very intelligent. They take the eggs in summer and hide them in the thick moss, which is like mattresses, and leave them until they get hungry in winter and can find nothing else to eat. If they hid the eggs in the dirt they would be unable to scratch the frozen ground away from them in winter, hence the wisdom displayed in covering them with moss. The foxes have been watched during the months of July and August on the cliffs searching for eggs, and have been tracked to their hiding places.

The blue fox pelt is valued at \$15 and as seals become scarcer it becomes more valuable. All attempts to catch black foxes have proved failures, as they are so scarce. Natives are hired to live on the island and watch the foxes. The latter are trapped in certain seasons, killed, and skinned. The carcasses are valueless, as the Indians, who will eat almost anything, will not touch the fox meat. The number has multiplied from twenty cubs to about 5,000 foxes, and they have been trapped every season since they were large enough to be of value. Mr. Wardman sold his interest to Byron Andrews of Washington. The company is in a fair way to make large tortunes from fox farming.

ORDERS AND ARROWS.

When the captain of a ship orders so ne hands aloft to furl the main royal the men jump to obey, as a matter of course. A sailor can climb up on a yard without having a shilling ashore or a renny in his pocket. In fact, Jack seldom signs articles until he has used up both cash and

But when a doctor-who i sa sort of captain when one is laid up in the drydock of illness-orders a patient to go abroad for the benefit of his health it is quite another thing. A trip and sojourn away from home is an expensive prescription, and most of us can't afford it. If the doctor says it is a choice between that and the grav yard we shall have to settle on the gravevard; it is handy by, and easy to difficult for us men to find a ready-made get to. But are we really so hard pushed? that is, as often as the doctors say we are? Let's turn the matter over in our minds for

Here is a case that is pat to the purpose. It concerns Mr. Arthur Whiddon Melhuish of 3 Regent's Terrace, Polsloe Road Exeter; and for the details we are indebted to a letter written by him dated March 7th, 1893. He mentions that, in obedience to the orders of his doctors, he went to Cannes, in the South of France, in November, 1890, and spent the winter there. He also spent the following winter at the same place He felt the better for the change; we will tell you why presently. But he obtained no radical benefit, which also we

will explain later on. It appears that this gentleman had been weak and ailing nearly all his life; not exactly ill, not wholly well-a condition that calls for constant caution. In March, 1890, he had a severe attack of inflammaation of the lungs.

Now I want the reader to honour me

with his best attention, as I must say in a few words what ought properly to take many. Shoot an arrow into the air-as straight up as you can. You can't tell where it will fall. It may fall on a neighbour's head, on your own, or on a child's, or on the pavement. Everybody's blood contains more or less poisonous elements. made shoe shops, because such persons can | These are arrows, but unlike your wooden arrow they always strike on the weakest spot, or spots in the body. If they hit the muscles and joints we call it rheumatism and gout; if they hit the liver we call it liver complaint or billiousness; if they hit the kidneys we call it Bright's disease; it they hit the nerves we call it nervous pro out buying. There must be small profit in stration, epilepsy, or any of fifty other selling ready-made shoes to such people. call it bronchitis. &c.; if they hit the air cells we call it inflammation of the lungs, or by-and-by, consumption. And inasmuch as these poisoned arrows pass through the delicate meshes of the lungs a thousand times every day it would be odd if they didn't hit them-wouldn't it?

Now, wait a bit: It follows that all the various so-called diseases above named are not diseases at all in and of themselves, but merely symptoms of one only diseasenamely, that disease which produces the poison! Good. We will get on to the

end of the story. After the attack of lung inflummation Mr. Melhuish suffered from loss of appetite, pain in the chest, sides, and stomach, and dangerous constipation. He could eat only liquid tood and had to take to his bed. For weeks he was so feeble that he could not rise in bed. He consulted one physician after another, obtaining no more than temporary relief from medicine. Then he was ordered abroad as we have

His letter concludes in these words: Whilst at Cannes I consulted a doctor, who said my ailment was weak digestion, and that I need not trouble about my lungs. But I never gained any real ground until November, 1891 when I began to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. They my relatives thought I never should recover. (Signed) Arthur Whiddon Mel-

To sum up: This gentleman's real ailment was indigestion and dyspepsia, from which the blood poison comes that causes nearly all disorders and pains. The air ot Southern France helped him temporarily, because it is milder then ours; it did not remove the poison. By care and the use of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup he would have done better at home, as the result

So we see that it isn't the climate that

UST TAKE THE CAKE

of SURPRISE SOAP

and use it, or have it used on wash day without boiling or scalding the clothes.

Mark how white and clean it makes them. How little lard work there is about the wash. How white

and smooth it leaves the hands

70U'LL ALWAYS

The Shoes that Slaters' Build.

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