SELECT STORY

THE MISSING WILL

BY HUGH CONWAY,

AUTHOR OF "CALLED BACK," "DARK DAYS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

Ten years have passed by. It is now the middle of August, and Parliament has some days been prorogued. The member for Blacktown has gone down to his country-seat to spend a few weeks in absolute quiet and enjoyment of home; for although public life sadly interferes with domestic virtues, he is a home-loving man. He is still young; has plenty of confidence in himself, and is content to wait his time; trusting that when his chance does come, he may know how to use it. Yes, Cuthbert Wrey, the member for Blacktown, is not only an ambitious man, but, so far as he has gone, a successful one.

He has been in Parliament about seven years. He could scarcely believe the truth, when he found his first attempt successful. No one knows exactly how candidates are brought forward and matters managed; but if a man chooses to drop a hint to the proper people that he is willing, at his own charge, to lead a forlorn hope, it is not so very long before he is allowed to do so.

Upon leaving the Church and taking possession of Mrs. Blatchford's wealth, Cuthbert's one aim had been the Senate. He devoted to this the three years' income which had accumulated whilst he considered the inheritance in abeyance. Of course he had to wait his chance, on his party for the future. It was a by-election, and, hopeless as it seemed, was to be contested on principle. He went down to try his best. Several chances favored him. The principal man in the place, his opponent's chief supporter, turning sulky over some trifling social piece of legislation. not only kept Achilles-like to his tent, but gave his dependents free license to vote as they chose. The Government, again, had selected as a candidate a man who was so clever that they wanted his assistance, but who had, nevertheless, made himself so unpopular, that he had been already rejected by two constituencies. They thought that Blacktown was a safe seat, so sent him down there. Perhaps the free and independent electors resented this, perhaps the man with great local influence did more than abstain from voting—any way, Cuthbert was returned by a deecnt majority, and walked up to the table of the House amid frantic Opposition cheers, as the harbniger of the returning flood of power. At the general election, which followed in about two years, he was returned by an overwhelming majority. He had made himself known and popular, and more than that, the sulky man had now thrown his lot in with Cuthbert's party, and, like all renegades, was a bitter foe to his former faith.

We need not follow his parliamentary career. Of course he was still in the second rank; but his name began to be heard in the months of men. He had kept himself before the public. His speeches were listened to, and, what is more, reported at length. He had made one or two hits, and people knew that when his party were in power he would fill one of the lesser offices. More than this he had no right to expect—at present.

Cuthbert has changed somewhat since we first saw him. Although in many ways the past years have improved him, he shows traces of hard work. His hair is sprinkled with gray, and there are lines of thought on his broad forehead; but he looks stalwart and strong enough to face any amount of toil and fatigue, whether bodily or mental. An erect, strongly built man, with a powerful but pleasing face, and possessing the knack of winning, not only the confidence and trust of one or two persons. but that of large audiences. Indeed, he is looked upon as one of the safest and best men of his party to address a large gathering of people. He speaks well and easily; his logic is simple and goes straight to the point; he possesses a commanding presence, and, moreover, argues as from honest conviction. He is now forty-one—quite young, in a political point of view; and if Cuthbert Wrey, whilst smoking his morning cigar under the shade of his favorite tree, sees in the immediate future very pleasant probabilities, who can wonder?

In spite of Mrs. Blatchford's wealth, she had possessed no residence save Barnes' Folly. Cuthbert had not made it his home; although to this day it remained his property and unproductive as ever. He had purchased a small estate in the west of England; and that, except when Parliament was sitting, was his home. It was little more than a comfortable country-house with well-kept gardens and a small park. He had no wish to set up as a county magnate. His honors were to be won amid the bustling strife of cities; but he loved his home and those who filled it.

He sat lazily skimming yesterday's paper. Being some distance from a post-town, letters only reached him once a day. As the newspaper gave no account of the debates, his interest in it was but languid. The weather was so fine that he felt little inclination for work, although he knew that a pile of letters awaited him indoors. He looked the picture of placid content as he sat in the shade of the large sycamore tree. Few would have imagined that idle gentleman in a soft slouch-hat and old shootingcoat, whose thoughts seemed centred on the excellent cigar he was smoking, to be a rising legislator, who hoped, some day, to take an important part in the government of his country. When Cuthbert settled down to rest, he did so as he did everything else—throughly; he rested mentally and physically. A clump of arbutus hid the house from him, so there was nothing to disturb his even frame of mind. So comfortable he felt, that he resolved to postpone his correspondence until the evening—to sit and simply enjoy the sunshine and shade as long as he could.

Then, with the sound of merry laughter, four children ran round the arbutus bushes. They came in single file, headed by a sturdy boy of nine, and whipped in by a toddling female thing of three. They invaded and clambered on Cuthbert, treating him as an equal, with a happy ignorance of the important position he occupied in the world. In breathless delight they informed him they had "runned away."

Then a tall and beautiful lady appeared, shaking her head with mock severity at the culprits. "You rascals!" she said, "coming out and disturbing your father like this. Shall I send them in, Cuthbert?"

"Let them stay," he answered pleasantly. "We don't see too much of each other in the course of the year. Public life and domestic duties don't walk hand in hand."

His wife leaned over and kiss him.

"How delightful," he continued, "this perfect rest and quite! No dismal speeches to listen to; no questions to ask the right honorable gentleman; no bores airing grievances. The very birds following our landable August custom, and lapsing into silence. Here I am safe even from constituents, deputations, and petitions. I could almost wish it might last forever."

"Yet how you will be longing for work before the recess is over!" said Mrs. Wrey, almost sadly.

"That, my dear, is man's perverse nature. Anyway, I enjoy myself now, if only in the perfect immunity from interruption and bother. I wish you would burn all my letters—unopened—for the next week."

How strangely a chance word brings up old memories! The remark he made about burning unopened letters sent his thoughts back a dozen years. Even now his face grew grave as he remembered how nearly he had yielded to the temptations of a certain night.

Just then a servant appeared and informed him that a "person" wished to see him.

"A person! What sort of a person? Man or woman?"

"A man, sir."

"You told him I was not to be seen by any one on business?"

"Yes, sir. But he said he had travelled from Bristol expressly to see you on a private matter, and hoped you would spare him a minute."

Cuthbert's first impulse was to send that person about his business; but the old priestly habit of being at every one's disposal still lingered about him; so, disengaging himself from the children, he tossed the end of his cigar away, and walked across the lawn to the house.

The servant had used the term "persons" with propriety. The visitor seemed to merit rather more than the definition "man;" but no servant knowing his duties would have announced him as a gentleman. As thick-set, strong, weather-beaten fellow, with the look of a sailor about him—a sailor dressed in unconventional shore clothes. His age might have been about the same as Cuthbert's, although exposure to wind and weather made him look some years his senior. He was waiting in the library, and, as the master of the house entered, he rose, making an uneasy sort of salutation. Cuthbert bade him reseat himself.

"Now what can I do for you?" he said.

The man looked uncomfortable, and waited a few moments before he spoke.

"I am speaking to C. Wrey, Esq., M. P.?" he asked, evidently thinking the magic letters should be attached in conversation.

"Wants something, of course," thought Cuthbert, as he owned to his name and honors.

"C. Wrey, Esq., M. P.," continued the person. "That's the name, sure enough. I wrote it down at once."

"Well, go on, my man. Let me hear what you have to say."

"It's like this, sir, you see. I came down from London to Bristol by express. They don't put third-class on express, so I had to get in with my betters." ["Railway grievance," thought Cuthbert.] "Well, sir, there were two or three gentlemen there talking politics; they talked a deal about you, sir."

Cuthbert was not overwhelmed at hearing of this tribute to his fame, His visitor went on. "'Extraordinary clever fellow,' says one. 'A conceited chap,' says another—begging your pardon, sir. I didn't pay much heed, as I don't know much about politics. Never had a vote to sell. But, by and bye, one of 'em says: 'Used to be a parson, starving on a hundred a year.' 'Very rich now,' says another. 'How did he get his money?' 'Old woman named Blatchford left him ten thousand a year, lucky fellow!' says another. Then I got interested, Mr. Wrey."

Cuthbert also was growing interested. An absurd thought crossed his mind; to be dispelled as he looked more attentively at the speaker.

"Well, go on," he said.

"Would you mind telling me, sir," asked the man respectfully, "if that Mrs. Blatchford ever had a son named Ralph? Blatchford isn't a common name, you see."

It was some years since Cuthbert had been troubled by a claimant to the name of Blatchford, but he had not forgotten how to deal with them.

"Now look here, my man," he said sharply; "don't beat about the bush. If you are going to assert that you are Ralph Blatchford, who has been kept away all these years by unavoidable circumstances, says so at once, and I shall know how to treat you."

The man looked at him in open-mouthed astonishment. He laughed aloud, then said:

"Lord love ye, sir! I'm not Ralph Blatchford. Bad chap as I've been in my time, I'd be sorry to have been such a one as him. But, bad as he was, Ralph Blatchford always looked what I don't, a gentleman. He's been dead and buried these fourteen years."

Cuthbert had felt convinced of this for many years; but he was not sorry to have clear proofs of his death.

"When did he die?" he asked. "How did he die? I have been trying to ascertain his fate. What proofs have you of his death?"

The man gave a sort of chuckle.

"I don't know about proofs, sir; but when you've seen a fellow with a ounce bullet making a hole in his lungs big enough to shove your two fingers into, I guess you don't want much more proof, or burial certificate either."

"Very well. If you saw him die, tell me all about it."

"'Tisn't much to tell, sir. I was down at San Francisco fourteen years ago this autumn. Know 'Frisco, Mr. Wrey?"

Cuthbert shook his head.

"Ought to know 'Frisco, sir. *The* grandest city in the world, but chock full of villany. Somehow, all the scum of the universe turns up in 'Frisco. Suppose that's how I got there," he added, rather sadly. "Well, sir, one night I went into a drinking and gambling shop, and sitting down there, I saw Ralph Blatchford. I'd known him elsewhere, you see. Up I went to him and held out my hand. 'Why, Mr. Blatchford,' I said—for Dandy Ralph was always above me in manner. He scowled. 'My name ain't Blatchford,' he said. 'All right,' I said. 'Let your d—d name be what you like, it don't matter to me.' Then I walked away; but I couldn't help keeping an eye on him. He sat down with some men and played cards. He seemed to be winning. They were playing euchre. Know euchre, Mr. Wrey?"

Cuthbert's education in this direction had been neglected. He again shook his head.

The speaker continued, slowly and meditatively, as though endeavoring to solve a mental problem as he proceeded:

"Now this is what puzzles me about Ralph Blatchford. He must have been a fool—although we always thought him a smart clever chap—to go and play a stale, wornout trick on men like that. He must have been down-right desperate, or fancied they would never expect him to insult their intelligence with such a poor affair. Anyway, he *must* have been a fool."

"Did he cheat?" asked Cuthbert.

"They all do, when they can," answered the man simply. "They all do, when they can," answered the man simply. "But he was clumsy at it. There was a flare up! Out came the shooting-irons. I sat down as low as I could in my chair—always do that, sir, when you see a derringer drawn—and when I looked up in two seconds, Ralph Blatchford was a dying man."

"What a place!" said Cuthbert, with a shudder.

"Well, it is a nasty, sudden-death sort of a place; but not so bad as you guess. If that card hadn't been found on him, the man who shot would have been strung up, and his kicking all over, in less than ten minutes. But the card was there, sure enough, so no one could say anything."

"What a death!" said Cuthbert, as his thoughts went back, and he heard the last words of affection and forgiveness spoken by Honoria Blatchford to the one whom she believed, in the delirium of the moment, to be her penitent son—her son, who months before, had been shot down, a common cheat, in a gambling house—"what an end!"

But all doubts were now dispelled. He turned to his visitor.

"I am much obliged to you," he said, "for your information. What became of him, has always been a mystery till now. You must allow me to remunerate you for your trouble, and I dare say you will like some refreshment. I will order it to be sent to you."

His visitor had not quite finished his tale.

"Thank you kindly, sir," he said. "I don't want any money; but I should like a bite and a sup. But, Mr. Wrey, there's something else I want to say."

"Speak on. What is it?"

"They carried him into the back-room, sir; and I thought the poor chap would like to see a face he knew, so I went to him. He knew me well enough then. I sat with him till it was all over. Just before he died, he turns to me. 'Dick,' he says, gasping—'Dick, I've been a devil, and I'm dying like a dog. I've got a wife and a boy somewhere in England; find them out, and take them to my mother. She'll be good to them for my sake, although I don't deserve it.' Those were Ralph Blatchford's last words, sir."

Like one who dreams a dreadful dream, Cuthbert heard these words. After all these years, his fool's paradise had tumbled to pieces. A wife, a son! The very contingency provided for by the dead woman. He stared for some moments at the speaker without the power of utterance. He knew human nature too well to doubt that the man was telling the simple truth. A wife and son! waiting perhaps, to claim what they could of the property which had been his so long.

The bearer of these evil tidings looked at him so inquisitively, that he nerved himself to make further inquiries; but when he spoke his voice was so changed that it seemed to the listener like the voice of another man.

"How is it," he asked—"how is it I only here of this now—fourteen years after his death?"

His informant looked uncomfortable, as if the pressing of questions would be unpleasant.

"I was bound for Australia, next day," he said; "so I put the matter by until I could earn some money and get back to England. But I lost all I made as soon as I got it, for years and years. It was only last year I had a streak of luck, and followed it up. I haven't been in England two months. Besides," he added, rather defiantly, "Ralph Blatchford was no particular friend of mine; I couldn't go hunting about England for a woman and a boy. I did see an advertisement once in a Sydney paper about him."

"Why not have answered it?"

"I was up in the Bush; but I made shift to write a letter; I sent it by a mate to the nearest post-town. He was never heard of again. Got killed, or lost in the Bush, I suppose."

"Then you know nothing about his wife and child?"

"Nothing whatever, sir. I'd almost forgotten about the whole affair. Only, when I heard that talk about Mrs. Blatchford's money, her son's last words came back to me, and I felt conscience-struck like, and made up my mind to come and repeat them to you. That's all I've got to say sir."

Cuthbert mused for a while. How came it that the widow had never applied to the old lady for assistance? Why had she taken no notice of the advertisements addressed to her late husband? Either she was dead, or was in ignorance of her husband's true name and station in life; most likely the latter.

"What did he pass under, when you saw him last?" he asked.

His visitor scratched his head.

"Ah, there you have me, sir; I've been trying to remember it all the way down. I know I did hear it at the time. Wilson or Johnson, or some commonish name like that; but for the life of me, I don't know which."

"How can I find out?"

"Only way I can think of is to get some one in 'Frisco to go to 'Daley's Bar'—it's still running, I know—and ask if any one remembers a man who was shot there September 12th, fourteen years ago. To be sure, there must have been a good many shot about that time, but some one may be able to spot the right one."

"Thank you. I will do so. Your name is?"

"Richard Dunn's my name. Ruay, Bristol will find me. I'm trying to do something as a stevedore. I've a bit of money, and want to stay in England, if I can."

Cuthbert rang the bell, and told the servant to minister to Mr. Dunn's wants; then, bidding him good-morning. left the house by a side entrance, and, unseen by wife or children, departed on a solitary walk through the neighboring lanes, in order to think the matter over without interruption.

It was the worst intelligence he could have received; even worse, he thought, than that of the existence of Ralph Blatchford. Despite the lapse of years, the restrictions were to him binding as before. Yet to be called upon to surrender all to a woman and child who might be living in the lowest rank of life, perhaps in crime, seemed preposterous. Besides, now he would have to surrender more than wealth; he must give up ambition, realized ambition, with it. Would he have the strength to conquer this time? He feared not. But that question must be postponed for the present. However he acted eventually, whether true to his own idea of truth, whether he could bring himself to compound with his conscience, one thing was clear—Ralph Blatchford's widow and child must be found. Another day should not pass without steps being taken to insure this. When found, and the necessity of action stared him in the face, he would decide what to do. Having resolved this, he returned to the house.

Although he was now old enough to have learned the way to control emotion, Mrs. Wrey saw that something was amiss with him. When dinner was over and the day had closed, she sat beside him and looked into his face anxiously.

"Cuthbert, dear, something is worrying you. Is it a public or a private affair? I can at least share the last."

He drew her close to him. Should he tell her? It was better not. Why should she be anxious by thinking of a calamity which might never arrive? She knew something of the moral obligation which over-rode his legal title to his inheritance—that should Ralph Blatchford appear, a great sacrifice must be made; but all danger of that seemed dispelled years and years ago.

"Do I seem worried?" he said pleasantly. "If so, I am ashamed of myself, as it is only a question of money. I may lose some soon."

His manner reassured her.

"Is that all?" she said. "I feared it was something worse than that."

He kissed her upturned face, and could not refrain from saying:

"If I lose everything in the world, you would be the same to me, Marion?"

His wife took both his hands and gazed earnestly into his eyes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

An ocean steamer had just made fast to her pier. The enormous gang plank was speedily hauled into position, one end was swung aloft by heavy block and tackle and in a jiffy was securely fastened to the gangway of the steamer's side.

A TRANSFORMATION.

"All ashore!" came the cry from one of the ship's officers. Quietly a young woman left the group on the pier and sauntered over to a pile of boxes, from which point of vantage she could see every one descending the gang plank. Presently a corpulent woman, with a thin face, wearing a big plush cloak and carrying several parcels in her hands, stepped down the plank in a gingerly fashion and went over to one side to have her goods and chattels examined. The pleasant faced young woman followed, and gazed around her in a stupid way, as if uncertain as to what particular thing she wanted. An inspectress came up at this moment, took the corpulent woman's certificate of declaration and examined her luggage. It was over quickly and nothing dutiable was found.

"May I go now?" asked the woman in the plush sacque, with a slight trace of anxiety in her voice.

"Yes, after I put my X on your parcels."

"Excuse me, madam," said the quiet young woman, who had intently watched the new arrival for some time, "I would like you to follow me."

The stout woman turned and angrily asked the reason.

"Because I am an inspectress here and I want to examine your person."

The woman started to expostulate, but a glance, into the determined face before her told her it was useless. She saw that she was cornered, and without more ado quietly followed her captor. When she appeared again she was not nearly as stout as before and her plush saque hung upon her frail form in loose folds. She had a crestfallen air and she had completely lost her nerve. I saw the inspectress shortly after the business of the day had been finished, and she laughed merrily over the recent arrival's discomfiture.

A LITTLE EXPERIMENT.

"Was she a smuggler?" I asked.

"She tried to be, but failed."

"How did you discover her intention?"

"She had a very thin face and a big bust and she was two anxious to get away."

"What did you find on examination?"

"A double corset lined with rings and jewelry. Here's the corset," and she displayed a bulky structure of linen and whalebone.

THE JESTER'S VOWS.

I will wear easier shoes than I did last year.

If I find that I have to wear spectacles, I will.

I will not read one-half the advertisements in the Sunday papers.

I will think less about money and reach out after more of it.

I will remember only the good things in the sermon.

I will try to do without the things which I really do not need and can't get, and give the money to the Missionary Union.

I will not envy the poor their possessions.

If I have time, I will get up at the ringing of the rising bell.

Under any circumstances, I will always arise before breakfast.

I will not believe anything I read in the newspapers until I see it contradicted the following day.

When I find I cannot do as I please, I will do as I have to.

I will (try to) answer all my letters.

I will give up lying, even though I have to sell my trout-rod and dog.

I will endeavor to take more interest in baseball.

I will follow the advice of some eminent clergymen and go the theatre oftener, in order to counteract the evil influences of the prayer-meeting.

I will not endorse for any one except members in good standing of the Astor and Vanderbilt families, and I'll even then be a little particular as to which members and for how much.

I'll not be foolishly timid or reticent about asking other people to endorse for me; that's altogether quite a different thing entirely.

If any man offers to disuss Civil Service reform, infant baptism or Browning with me, and nobody is around, and the place is lonely, and the hour is late, and I think I can do it, I will maul him so that he can't think of anything but court plaster and arnica for three weeks.

As much as lieth in me, I will live peaceably with the choir, the finance committee, the pew committee and the trustees.

MR. STEVENSON'S ARRIVAL.

Among the passengers on the the steamship Germanic which arrived in New York on Saturday was David Stevenson, father of Mrs. Burchell, whose husband is under arrest for murdering Frederick C. Benwell at Princeton, Ont. Mr. Stevenson, who is District Traffic Manager of the London & Northwestern Railway Company, was accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. West Jones and C. W. C. Hutton, late High Sheriff, of London. Mr. Stevenson was met at the dock by C. A. Barratone, General Agent of the London & Northwestern Railway Company in the United States and Canada. When asked what he would do towards the defence of his son-in-law, Mr. Stevenson said he came to this country solely to look after the interests of his daughter. Now that his daughter was parctically free, he did not see why he should remain long in this country. However, if his daughter had to remain until the trial of Burchell came off, he would see that her interests were properly looked after. He intended taking her back to England as soon as he could. Mr. Stevenson said his daughter was deceived by Burchell with regard to the farm at Woodstock, and that she knew no more about it than did either Benwell or Pelly. Mr. Stevenson added that he was opposed to the marriage of his daughter to Burchell. He had looked up the latter's record as a young man at college, and was greatly shocked when his daughter ran away with him. Mr. Stevenson will leave to-morrow for Canada.

WHY HE CAN SMILE.

An editorial in the Sauk Rapids, Minn., Sentinel says: We apologize for mistake made in all former issues and say they were inexcusable, as all an editor has to do is to hunt news, and clean the rollers and set type, and clean the floor, and pen short items, and fold papers, and write wrappers, and make the paste, and mail the papers, and talk to visitors, and distribute type, and carry water, and saw wood, and read the proofs, and correct the mistakes, and hunt the shears to write editorials, and dodge the bills, and dun delinquents and take cussing from the whole force, and tell our subscribers we need money.

We say that we've no business to make mistakes while attending to these little matters, and getting our living on gopher tail soup flavored with imagination, and wearing old shoes and no collar, and a patch on our pants, obliged to turn a smiling countenance to the man who tells our paper isn't worth one dollar, anyhow and that he could make a better one with his eyes shut.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Prof. Loisette's Memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

He (of Montreal)—Do you believe in the annexation of Canada to the United States?

She (of New York. coyly)—Do you mean nationally or individually?

He—My darling?

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP and take no other kind.

"I would like a Chinese boat for my collection of curiosities. Where could I get one, Mr. Romer?"

"At the junk shop, madam."

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SCALDED TO DEATH.

Word has been received in London, Ont., from Wardsville of a shocking occurrence whereby the wife of Hiram Crandell, a farmer, was the innocent cause of the death of their only child, a bright little girl of 4 years. Some other children were playing hide-and-seek around the premises and placed little Ella Crandell in an empty churn, putting the cover on in order to secret her. The mother came to scald out the churn, and poured a kettle full of hot water through the hole in the lid. A piercing shriek from the little one told Mrs. Crandell what had been done, and she ran raving from the house. The child's face and body were terribly scalded, and it lived but a minute after being lifted out. The mother is distracted, at times calling for the child, and believing her experience to have been an ugly dream. The case is a sad one, and the bereaved parents have much sympathy extended to them.

TALKING AGAINST TIME.

A Winnipeg despatch to a Chicago paper says:—The Legislature had a remarkable session on Tuesday night, lasting from 8 p. m., until 9 a. m. yesterday. Within that time Martin, a Frenchman, spoke for nine and a half hours on the Education Bill. Martin wished to annoy the government by taking two or three days to deliver his speech, but the House made him talk until he was so exhausted that he finally had to give up the floor. The Speaker would not allow him to support his body on the desk, and he had to stand up like a schoolboy the whole time. Several members of the House brought bedding into the hall and went to sleep. When lunch was brought in Martin ate his sandwich and drank his wine while talking, the Speaker having threatened to cancel his right to the floor if he remain silent longer than three minutes. Martin took his punishment with good grace, but made fierce statements in French when called to order for not speaking to the question.

A PECULIAR DISEASE.

Joseph Steele, 36 years of age, died at the City Hospital in Baltimore recently of a peculiar disease, from which he had suffered for about six weeks. The primary cause of death, as stated in the certificate, was an obstruction to the superior vena cava and the secondary failure of respiration. The superior vena cava is the vein by which the blood from the upper extremities is returned to the heart, and in consequence of its obstruction, which might have been caused by an enlarged gland pressing upon it, the upper portion of the man's body was enormously swollen.

While his arms and chest were those of a giant, his legs were shriveled and as small as those of a dwarf. It was impossible for him to lie down, and he would often sleep while standing up. He could sleep in this manner only for a short time, when he would lose his balance and fall to the floor. The doctors at the Johns Hopkins hospital and the City Hospital failed to make a diagnosis of the case, and they were not permitted to make a post-mortem examination. Steele was a Pennsylvanian and was in Baltimore about two years. He was a molder by trade, but for some time previous to his illness was employed as a conductor by one of the street car companies.

2,000 YEARS BEHIND THE TIMES.

To the east of and adjoining the colony farm La Logia lies a Mayo Indian settlement, Mayocoba, where live on a tract of perhaps 2,000 acres some 300 descendants of the branch of the Aztecs called Mayos, now intermixed with a considerable percentage of Spanish blood. Most of the land is uncleared, a few acres being all the land required for cultivation by the natives, and being all they can till with the ancient means and methods employed by them.

Those people are quiet, docile, honest, unlearned, and, though more industrious than the northern Indians, are by no means enterprising. Their needs are few, their surroundings the most primitive. Their carts, their cooking utensils, their ploughs, their ox yokes, their contrivances for spinning and weaving, their water jars—every thing about them is as in the time of Christ. The native civilization here is like Palestine's 2,000 years ago.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

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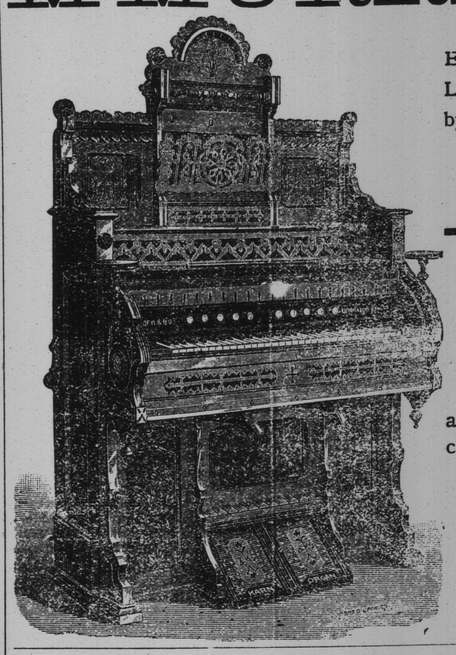

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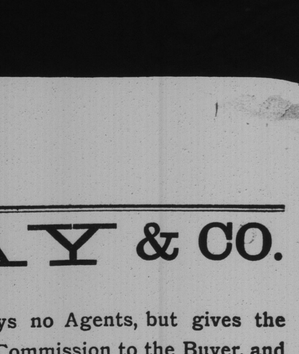

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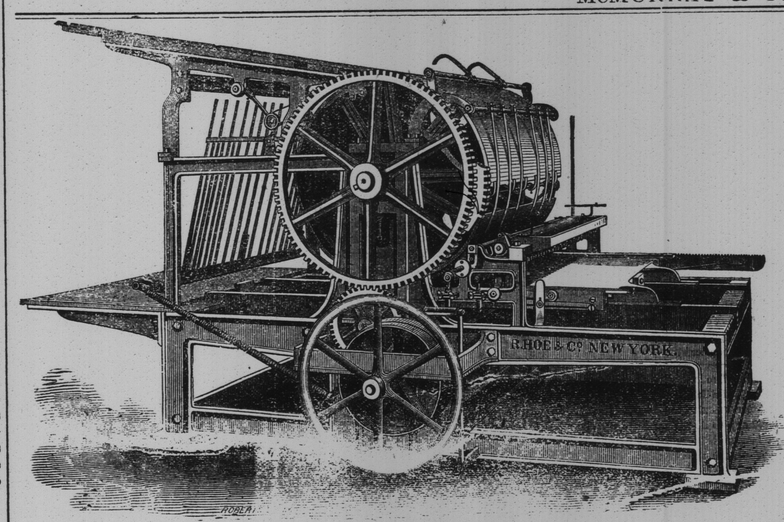

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