ENQURER

issued semi-weekly.

L. M. GRIST & SONS, Publishers.

A Samily Rewspayer: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural, and Commencial Interests of the South.

TERMS---\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1899.

GLASS DAGGER.

By WETHERLEY CHESNEY.

From the very first he had evinced a

liking for Lady Florence, but though he

could not have played his cards better,

he asked the duke for permission to do

so-permission that was peremptorily

refused by that personage, who on that

particular occasion came as near to los-

ing his temper as ever he did in his life.

Durant was no longer asked to Glen-

more, and Lady Florence's freedom was

Then she vanished, absolutely and

"And what about Durant?" I asked

"Oh, Durant! He staid his lease out.

from our ken. Some say he returned to

"Have you any theory of your own

The rector hesitated, and then said:

"Well, to tell you the truth, I have,

but it seems so unsupported by evidence

that it is nothing but a theory, and

seemingly a farfetched one, yet I have

never been able to shake off my belief

"There you have me. I can't say. I

have not the slightest tangible evidence

vinced in my own mind that if Mr.

you a great deal more about that mys-

I was somewhat disconcerted to hear

this. I had traced one person, only to

find that another was indispensable, and

the search for the second was probably

beset with the greater difficulties of the

With this rather discouraging infor-

mation I returned to town. I made it

my first business to engage a private de-

rance we were in as to his present where-

gain any information likely to be use-

ful on the fast approaching day of the

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. KEIGHLEY GATES SPEAKS OF DURANT.

Something, however, had to be done,

In my despair I went again through

George at the police court trial and ran

time I tried to find some flaw in the

be adduced. Suddenly a thought struck

surely he might be of use to us. I had

and that at once.

"In what way?"

tery than we now know."

about Lady Florence's disappearance?'

henceforward distinctly curtailed.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS. In order that new readers of THE EN-QUIRER may begin with the following in- himself to greater advantage than when stallment of this story, and understand it just the same as though they had read it all from the beginning, we here give a synopsis of that portion of it which has already here published. already been published:

Commander Duncan Brett, R. N., having been accepted by Mabel Fenton, on is way home finds her brother George ate self mortification on her account. I his way home finds her brother George bending over the dead body of a woman. In her hand is the broken off hilt of a glass dagger—a curio which has hung in George's room—the blade buried in the woman's heart. A man, Fitzgerald, endeavors to take possession of the woman's jewelry. Brett interferes, whereupon the man denounces him to the police as the murderer, and he is marched to the station. Brett proves his innocence and is discharged. George Fenton endeavors to escape, but after a long flight is a last arrested, charged with the murder of Harriet Staples, a woman to whom he has long been known to be attached. Mabel Fenton has faith in her brother's innocence. been known to be attached. Mabel Fenton has faith in her brother's innocence. She tells Brett that if George is guilty she will never marry him, being the sister of a murderer. Mr. Keighley Gates is heard talking about the glass dagger. Brett resolves to establish George's innocence. George describes the murder of Harriet Staples as he witnessed it. She refused to marry him. He turned from her, heard her fall and saw a man running away, the her fall and saw a man running away, the dagger being in her breast. Brett gets Harriet Staples' photograph and discovers that it is the likeness of Lady Florence Mostyn, daughter of the Duke of Lundy.

It is not certain that Durant proposed to Lady Florence, but it is certain that

CHAPTER VII.

AT THE DUKE OF LUNDY'S. I never paid away £50 in my life with greater pleasure than I did to Mr. Rogers. I was overjoyed at the success of my plan, and I felt that now, at any rate, we had advanced one step toward the solution of the awful mystery.

The announcement of the identity of and she had never been heard of again the murdered Harriet Staples with the by her family or her friends until her missing daughter of the Duke of Lundy identification as the victim of the South increased a thousandfold the interest of Audley street murder. the public, for the case was now transplanted to aristocratic regions and surmy friend. rounded with a halo of romance, and when it was further known that the He seemed much cut up at Lady Flordiscovery was the result of the missing letter competition the excitement was ence's disappearance and went out very little afterward. I did hear he rendered still more universal.

For the moment I was puzzled to took to drinking heavily. He went know how it was I had not acticed the away at the beginning of March. I rephotograph of Lady Florence Mostyn in member the date particularly, for the the albums at Scotland Yard; for I distinctly remembered seeing her mention. just before, and Durant's own place ed. I returned there to make inquiries, was broken into as well." gether impossible photograph over her left the district? No wonder nothing had come from my search. The officials to whom Australia and others that he went to I pointed this out were considerably interested, and the Duke of Lundy was the bad. Anyway, he was never seen written to on the subject. He replied again in our country." that the photograph in the album was not the one he had sent when his daughter disappeared and was one, in fact, that he never remembered to have seen before. So here was a further mystery, and the eventual solution of it turned out to be of great consequence to us in our quest.

in it. My idea is that Durant was in It was now of the greatest moment some way implicated in her disappearto learn something more of the history of the unfortunate lady about whose life so much terrible mystery had hung. and I hastened to put myself into communication with the Duke of Lundy. for my suspicion, but I am firmly con-

His grace was a very peculiar mana man one instinctively felt it impossible to like, and yet a person whom it Arthur Durant is alive he could tell would be equally impossible not to respect. He was a patrician to the back bone-faultlessly courteous, but icily cold. The death of his daughter must have affected him terribly, but he presented an untroubled demeanor to the world, for had she not been dead to him for years? I had one short interview with him, in which he expressed regret at his inability to furnish me with any details of her life that would be of service to me. She had left his roof without a word of warning, and he was absolutely ignorant of her life from that day.

It was evident I should have to look to other quarters for assistance, and for once in a way Dame Fortune favored

I found out that Henry Wray, an old schoolfellow of mine, was the rector of Lamford - the parish in which the dnke's seat of Glenmore was situatedand to him I at once went. He had known Lady Florence Mostyn for some did not know which way to move next. years previous to her disappearance, and he told me all he thought would be of use to me The girl-for she was only 20 when she left her father's roofwas of a happy disposition, and she was a general favorite. She was equally at home in parish work, in the hunting field and in the ballroom. She was accomplished and she was distinctly handsome. As might be well imagined, she had many suitors, but she turned a deaf ear to all until a certain Mr. Arthur Durant made his appearance, and on this man, in many respects the least suitable of her admirers, she did not look askance

There was some mystery about this Durant. He was a colonial, had made his money in a store—he did not conceal that-and he had returned to spend it. Had he been a rich Lancashire cotton man, or an ironmaster of native growth, it might have been difficult for him to have obtained the entree to the circle in which Lady Florence Mostyn moved. But to the rich American or colonial most things are possible. He had hired a hunting box for the season, and, thanks to his splendid horseflesh, his own presentable appearance, unstinted liberality and genial disposition, he was soon moving on equal terms with the men he met in the field. He did not seem to care for society, and this made his social to whose casual talk at the Hotel Metro- was apparently hopeless to expect that afternoon's work, for I felt sure that advancement all the easier. He was soon invited everywhere. Some invitations he accepted and some he refused, and among the former were those of the | He was a great traveler, I remembered.

help us, and I could not afford to disre- it now."

the Metropole, and as soon as I obtained | care. this information I went there in quest shown up to his room.

As Mr. Gates was not a permanent resident there I was somewhat struck | wandering life." with the luxurious way in which his sitting room was furnished. There was determined to find out something about a total absence of the usual hotel furni-ture, and in its place was a variety of "Yon say you k articles that bespoke the catholic taste Mr. Gates? of the owner. There were easy chairs and lounges, covered with eastern rugs and silks and curtains of soft Indian texture. On the walls was a display of curious and fantastic weapons-Damascus swords, Moorish daggers and a genuine Andrea Ferrara. There were a few etchings, and on the mantelpiece a number of photographs, while on varions cabinets was arranged a goodly show of Bohemian and Viennese glass. My eyes took all this in as I entered, but my chief attention was, of course, centered in Mr. Gates himself. He was a thin, wiry man of middle height, and one's first impression of him was of an eyerough and tumble life he had led was glass and a row of yellow jagged teeth.

A second later one noted that he had a pair of keen, piercing eyes and thinvery thin—lips. For the rest he was square jawed and elean shaven. His hair was becoming scanty over his brow, and his nose was slightly colored.

Mr. Gates was writing when the waiter announced me. The keen eyes looked inquiringly-I had almost said distrustfully-at me.

The waiter had bungled my name, so I hastened to explain who I was.

"My name is Brett-Duncan Brett. You may possibly remember my name in connection with poor Fenton's case." "Yes, Captain Brett," he said slowly. 'I remember your name. Pray take a chair. This one, I think, is passably comfortable. Will you have a cigarette? completely, leaving no trace behind, I can recommend these. I import them

myself from Alexandria.

Mr. Gates carefully closed up his writing case and seated himself negligently in an easy chair opposite me. "And how is George bearing up?" he went on. "It is a terrible position for him to be placed in That unlucky speech of mine has caused me endless regret. But how could I know what

was go ng to occur?" "Oh, quite so. I don't see that any blame attaches to you, Mr. Gates. In the very worst case you only accelerated events, as George's arrest would inevitably have followed. He is bearing up as well as we could expect, but, of course, he feels his position acutely, and at the "And what happened to him after he present moment things look very black "Can't say. He disappeared entirely

"If I can be of the slightest use, you may be certain of my services," he replied. "But I am afraid I don't see in what way I shall be able to assist you."

"Well, I will tell you, Mr. Gates. You see we are firmly convinced of George's innocence, but perhaps I ought first to tell you I am engaged to his sister, which will account for the interest I am taking in the case."

"I believe I heard that," Gates replied.

"Very well. We are, as I was saying, firmly convinced of our friend's innocence, although the facts look very black. A few days ago I should have said the defense was hopeless, but since the identification of the murdered woman as the Duke of Lundy's daughterof which, of course, you have heard-I think there is a glimmer of daylight for

"Well, Captain Brett, I am listening," said Gates, as I made a pause.

"I will be absolutely frank with you, Mr. Gates," I continued, "for I think you may be able to help us, since you have traveled a great deal and have conequently rubbed up against innumer able people in all quarters of the globe We are at present trying to trace Lady Florence Mostyn's life from the day she tective to trace Mr. Arthur Durant, but left her father's house, and it has been from the little knowledge we had of suggested that one individual in particuthat gentleman, and the absolute ignolar might shed a light on her mysterious disappearance, if we could only find abouts, I had little hope that we should

him. "And who may he be?" "A certain Arthur Durant. Do you

happen to know him, sir?" Mr. Keighley Gates deftly ejected half a dozen rings of cigarette smoke I was now at a complete standstill in and then looked at me with a curious

my investigations, and in sober truth I smile on his lips. "Well, yes, I do," he replied. one time I knew him intimately, but I have not seen him for the last two or three years. Still I get an occasional

the evidence that was, brought against letter from him." I was overjoyed at this news. What over the witnesses who would appear a lucky inspiration it was that had for the crown, and for the hundredth prompted me to look up Mr. Gates! "Have you had a letter recently?" I

chain of damning evidence that would inquired. "The last one would be about-let the walls, and as I walked toward the me see"-and Mr. Gates pondered for door made some remark about them. a moment or two. "Yes, about four Gates seemed pleased to show his curios

> "And where was he then?" was just moving on to Salt Lake City he tried to close it and he had left it and from there he intended going to Frisco."

erves me.

"Then at this moment San Francisco might be a likely spot to make inquiries

"It certainly might be, but if you the utter impossibility of following his likely spot to find him in.

This news considerably depressed me. So much seemed to depend upon this

pole suspicion had fallen upon George, he could be found in time. "What would you advise us to do,

heard of the man, but had not met him. Mr. Gates?"

him, or, at any rate, be able to give us will put us on his track at once. I think tograph in Mr. Keighley Gates' drawer some clew in our search. There was just I have his last epistle by me still. If so, the odd chance that he might be able to the address will be useful. I'll look for

Gates unlocked a drawer and looked It appeared that Mr. Gates lived at through some letters filed with extreme

"I'm afraid I destroyed it," he said, of him. As luck had it, Mr. Gates was at length. "I now remember what I in the hotel when I called, and I was kept it for, and as soon as the purpose was fulfilled I burned it. I never keep old letters; it would not fit in with my

This was disheartening. However, I

"You say you knew him intimately,

"Yes, I did-that is, if living for three months on end with him gives me the right to do so. I first met Arthur Durant in the Alleghany mountains in North Carolina. He had gone up there to inspect some mica mines, and I was there to look at some gem deposits. We both foregathered at a little three roomed wooden house, which was more drinking shanty than hotel, and as the mica and gems were in adjacent strata we did much of our work together. It was a longish job, because the stuff we were after was undoubtedly there, and what we had to decide was whether the quantities would pay for working, and so three months of daily intercourse had passed before we could arrive at our decision. You can get to know a man very well in that time.

"Then I saw nothing of him until I ran up against him in the Strand about three years ago. He seemed to be in clover at that time. He told me he had spending it. He had just taken a hunt- of the farms, and were discounted ing box in a sporting county, and he without any knowledge or consent of asked me to stay with him. I intended the penitentiary management. The doing so, but never found the time. I saw him again after he had given it up. He talked of traveling, but had no definite plans. Then I heard from him full assurances that Neal would make in Matabeleland and South Africa generally. He writes to me three or four | had done so. times in the twelvemonth, and the last letter I had from him was, as I said, from Denver, about four months ago." "When he was in the country, Mr.

Lady Florence Mostyn, and, I believe, asked the Duke of Lundy for his daughter's hand. The duke refused it, and peared. From your knowledge of the man, do you think it probable that Durant was concerned in that? Do you think he persuaded the lady to run away with him, in fact?"

Mr. Gates lay back in his chair and reflected a few minutes before replying. Then he said slowly:

"It is a difficult thing to be certain of any man's conduct where a woman is and come a croppe appeared. I wouldn't stake my life on any man's line of action then, but my firm belief is that if Durant could not have got the lady straight and aboveboard he would have left her. He is not the man to do anything dirty or underhand. No. sir," and Gates rose and stood over me, looking me straight in the face, "no, sir. Arthur Durant is not a man of that sort. He is straight as a die, and I would trust him as I trust myself.'

"He certainly has a very good friend in you, Mr. Gates," I remarked, for Gates' defense of his absent friend had somewhat surprised me. I had certainly not given him credit of being capable of so much chivalrous feeling for anybody.

Gates did not reply, but went on: "And Durant could hardly be the man you want, since he left the country so soon after the lady's disappearance He must have been an ardent lover, whoever persuaded her to take the step, and would scarcely have tired of her so 800n."

"There is certainly something in that," I remarked.

"But there would be no harm done in trying to find where Durant is," continued Mr. Gates. "I have friends both quiries or give you letters of introduction to them if you prefer to do so your-

"You are extremely kind," I replied, "and I cannot thank you enough for your offer and the information you have given me. If you would be good enough to write to your friends yourself on the matter, I shall be much indebted to you. I simply want to be put in communication with Mr. Durant."

"I understand perfectly," said Mr. Gates, "and I will write by the next mail and ask for a cable if Durant is found."

I thanked him warmly for his good offices and rose to go. And now notice on what trivial things our lives are made to hinge. I had been rather struck by some of the weapons displayed on months ago, as near as my memory and gave me some interesting particulars about them. I was standing by the drawer which Gates had opened to find "He wrote from Denver, and said he Durant's letter. It had jammed when half open. In the corner nearest me I happened to notice a photograph on the top of some papers. It struck my eye quite casually, and somehow it awakened recollections in my mind. I glanced at it again while my host was talking and showing the weapons. It was the picknew Arthur Durant you would know ture of a woman, and I was certain I had seen it before, but for the life of movements by any known or unknown | me I could not remember when or method. As he mentioned Frisco, I where, and all the time I was talking should think New York or Florida a and listening to Gates my mind was groping for a clew, but I could not find

At last I bade my host adjen and left me. This man, Keighley Gates, owing man, and yet from Gates' account it him. I was very well satisfied with my Durant would be able to help us and wishful to do so, since he had undoubtedly been in love with Lady Florence. Might he not have run up against Du- Lake City and Frisco, but don't build | ing my way out of the hotel. I had just orandum, but the amounts were not ticular case, and yet they have not the who takes care, doesn't take a wife."

had attracted my attention.

I had seen that photograph before, and it was then in the Scotland Yard album, over the name of Lady Florence Mostyn!

What did this meau? Who could this other woman be?

Who had put her photograph in the Scotland Yard album? And for what purpose had it been done? There was something very mysterious

TO BE CONTINUED.

Miscellaneous Reading.

PENITENTIARY INVESTIGATION.

uperintendent Neal Admits Shortage to the Amount of Over \$10,000. the Greenville News.

The penitentiary investigation, on Thursday, developed material evi-dence. J. Belton Watson swore that with the penitentiary for 30 convicts. W. A. Neal for the restoration of his \$2,000 installments, with interest. Neal and Watson had a private con-

ract that the convicts were to be paid for and used entirely by Neal. The state has not received any pay whatever for convicts under '96, '97 and '98, although the '96 and '97 accounts are credited as being paid. counted by the endorsement of W. A. Neal, superintendent. The notes were made his pile and was then engaged in made by the two Ragsdales, foremen

> notes average \$2,000 each. The '98 account is open. Watson says he made the labor contract with the settlements and believed that he

In 1896 Neal being sick, Watson \$2,595.99. sold the crop, and after taking out his Gates, he paid marked attentions to go to settle the convict hire. It was never so used.

There is a good deal on these lines. J. J. Fretwell sent a receipt for \$350 soon afterward Lady Florence disap- for oats, paid last April, which money the penitentiary has not received.

Contractor Fowler showed a draft for \$500 made on him by Neal, which was paid, and the penitentiary has received none of this.

W. Q. Hammond paid his account for \$856 by a ten day draft, which was

Hammond's \$800 and Fowler's \$500 were deposited on the same day. concerned, Captain Brett. I have known Eight hundred and twelve dollars of men who had always been the very soul this was credited to the two accounts against him. I hope that if you can help of honor throw up all their traditions at the penitentiary and \$539 to Colonel us at all in the defense you will do so." personal account.

At the afternoon session Colonel Neal said that when he left Anderson he owed Watson \$6,000 on installments and tried to pay it back. Ragsdale, the farm foreman, became dissatisfied and the contract by which he again assumed charge of the farm was to pacify Ragsdale. He, Neal, said that he owed the penitentiary for the three years' convict labor. He said that he had made Watson 10 payments or about \$6,000 on the \$14,000 debt, and that the only reason he had not paid anything on the convict account was This feeling may or may not be warthat the farm had not made it; but that he was still liable to Watson for the convict here, and Watson to the

state under his contract. The Ragsdales whose notes were discounted with his endorsement as superintendent, to pay the accounts on he penitentiary books, had no responsibility. The \$1,400 receipt, he said, was for money he paid out in Anderson for farm expenses and he mildly intimated that he did not know how it was signed W. A. Neal, superintend-

ent, but he did not deny it. Before taking a recess the one other tem touched upon was the Fowler draft for \$500 which was paid in 1895. in Salt Lake City and in Frisco, and He said that he received this money can either write to them to make in- and had placed it to his personal account and used it for expenses. He had periodical settlements with the penitentiary as to these items of expeuse, traveling and otherwise; but that he had had no settlement since are as follows, are quite significant: this payment was made, therefore, there was no record or credit of this on the penitentiary books.

FRIDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

Mr. Burriss's statement was substanially correct as to the amount the that menaces the safety of your citiwitness owed to the state. He proposed to settle it with the board in December last but he was sick. He I do not instruct you at this time to gotten. proposed to settle it and to pay every make any investigation into that matsingle nickel and not call on his bondsmen for a cent. Mr. Burriss's statement was con-

scientious and correct. The state will will also be paid." Colonel Neal said he didn't turn over

the settlement.

uary, 1896, amounting \$161. As to might lead to the unraveling of the room. why he did not account for the \$1,000, mystery. he said that was because he hoped to at that time to do so. He kept a mem-investigation of the facts of any par-says that Franklin is wrong—"that he

state would have lost if his bondsmen no one is supposed to know what the could not pay. Again, in answer to developments from the investigation Mr. Patton, he said that he now are, nor what the result is. And it thought that his conduct was not right might be that the secrecy which is obfrom an ethical standpoint.

on March 2, 1896, he signed a contract thing to do with the note. He en- the contingent fund, which is provided On the same day he contracted with fit the penitentiary. He would not kind through the medium of reward plantation for \$14,000, to be paid for false. He simply did not remember state. It would be better that a part

Referring to 20 cows bought from truth to light than that it should be of-Ragsdale for \$500, he said that Rags- fered as a reward to some irresponsible dale had hought them all over the person who might or might not by county. Possibly two cows came from their investigations succeed in bringing his own farm. The cows were bought to light the perpetrators of this affair. to supply the institution with milk. They were really paid with notes dis- More cows were bought from Ragsdale. that a transaction of that kind could The Neal plantation got a profit of be enacted in the midst of this comabout \$2 a head.

claims developed against Colonel Neal of the most prominent streets in your

were as follows: 1. Money collected on labor contract many people apparently awake and Cooley and Fowler, December 19th, passing back and forth and yet re-1895, \$500.

2. Money collected from W. Q. Hammond, November 25, 1895, \$500. used by Neal on his farms in 1897,

annual payment got a receipt from labor used by Neal on his place in be impressed upon you that it should Neal for \$1,465 which was supposed to 1896, \$2,012.47.

used by Neal, \$2,800.
6. W. W. Russell's note, endorsed by Neal as superintendent, and for which the bank holds the state liable.

7. To balance of \$1,352.22 collected of Cooley & Fowler and J. A. Hammond, February 24, 1897, deposited to personal credit of Colonel Neal and reported for credit, \$539.95.

8. Cash received of J. J. Fretwell for oats and not accounted for, \$387.11. 9. Check given by Colonel Neal to balance Watson's account for 1897 and still unpaid and carried as cash, \$172.

Total, \$10,107.56. The convict contract is between that he has receipts and that he settled but one darning needle in that county for '96 and '97 and the penitentiary distant. books show payments on the face. The banks hold the notes.

CHARLESTON MURDER MYSTERY.

Powers of the Grand Jury Are Compared With Those of the Coroner's Jury.

There is a feeling on the part of the public that the investigation of the Pinckney murder mystery has not been as thorough as it might have been. ranted; but there seems to be at the which give rise for such a belief. Judge Klugh evidently thinks that there is a possibility of such a thing. He has not said so : but the idea is suggested as having been the possible occasion of some remarks that he made to the befallen Mrs. Dickson soon spread, and Charleston grand jury last Friday. on the following morning a dozen wo-Of course, if the coroner's jury has not done its duty, there is no guarantee that the grand jury will either. If there are behind the mystery influences that are powerful enough to the coroner's jury, then the members of the grand jury may be expected to been their area of the highway, and at length one little keep their eyes closed also. Of course, it is not at all certain that the coroner's jury has not done its full duty, and what Judge Klugh has said is not to be taken as a reflection on that body His honor's remarks, however, which "You are doubtless aware of the ca-

tastrophe that lately occurred in your city just upon the eve of the opening of this court-one which seems to be A number of witnesses were examin- veiled in mystery, one unfortunately ed in the penitentiary investigation to- of a long series of incidents of that day. Colonel Neal was re-examined. character that seems hardly possible Referring to the collection of \$500 for the efforts put forth to arrive at the from Hammond in 1895, he said that he truth. That matter is still under inkept the money and did not turn it vestigation in the proper tribune, to mirth-provoking story, or a bright over to the penitentiary. Mr. Fowler which the law in the first instance piece of gossip, over which we can also paid \$500, which he deposited to submits it. Yet the course of that his own account when the settlement investigation followed from day to day shows that there is prevailing in this community a degree of lawlessness zens. "Now, Mr. Foreman and gentlemen,

ter; but only mention it as an illustration of the powers and duties of a A receipt was produced for traveling either by committee or as a whole, passed along, desirable social coinage, expenses from August, 1895, to Jan-should make such investigation as to the next visitor who comes to the

NO. 21. rant in his wanderings? Even if he had any hopes in that direction. I ought to gained the pavement outside when sud-not met him he might have heard of have a letter from him soon, and that denly it flashed across me why the pho-tiary. In reply to Mr. Patton he said that ducted behind closed doors, and until if he had died, in the meantime, the you have completed an investigation served in investigations by a grand jury About three or four hundred dollars would lead to a disclosing of facts by a year was his ordinary traveling ex- persons who are in possession of facts -and there must be somebody that Referring to a payment of \$500 by knows something about that matter-Cooley and Fowler, of which the penitentiary got \$256, he said he had got \$244. On the same day \$856.16 was collected from Hammond. Of this comes necessary for the grand jury to he kept \$300, and turned the rest over take any action in that matter, I comto the penitentiary. He used it for mend the affair to your most careful his private purposes. In Mr. Watson's inquiry and searching investigation. papers's there was a note for \$800 en- It has been said through the public dorsed by Colonel Neal as superinten- prints that there is no fund for the dent. Mr. Watson said it was made employment of other assistance than by him to pay Mr. Brazeale. Colonel that afforded by the city police depart-Neal said that he did not remember ment in this investigation. There is about this; but his signature was to a fund which possibly this grand jury the note. He could not remember might be able to reach upon a proper whether the penitentiary ever had any- presentation of the matter, and that is dosed notes as superintendent to bene- for the investigation of matters of that say that Mr. Watson's statement was offered by the chief executive of the whether it was a personal matter or of that fund be used, if it can be used, to unravel the affair and bring the

> "It is an appalling state of things munity at one of the most public Up to Friday afternoon, the specific points in the city, at a corner of one city, and at a time when there were so main enveloped in the mystery

> which it appears to be enveloped. "I have felt it to be my duty to men-3. B. B. Ragsdale's note for labor tion this to the grand jury, that if there should be a failure to arrive at a satisfactory solution of the affair by 4. C. W. Ragsdale's similar note for the coroner's jury, then that it should 5. Convict hire for 1898 for labor of that kind along with all other matters of public welfare to the people of your community."

FIFTY MILES FROM A NEEDLE.

The idea of the loss of a darning needle becoming a public calamity seems to be strange to us of the present generation, for it is difficult for us to realize the privations of the pioneers who first went to Canada, the straits to which they were at times reduced from lack of articles now as common as water and air, and the preposterous

value they often set upon them. According to the story of an aged resident of Fitzroy, Ontario, he well remembers the time when there was

One day a Mrs. Dickson, who chanced to have temporary pos of the darning needle, and had it carefully stuck in her apron in a holder, set off for the mill with a bag of grain laid on the back of a horse. The good lady had a rough road to travel, and

unfortunately lost the darning needle.

This was a public calamity in Fitz-

roy. Nearly 20 housewives depended upon that darning needle for repairing socks and for other coarse mending. It passed from one log house to anoththan Perth, a matter of 50 miles away. Tidings of the disaster which had men, some of them accompanied by their children, and some of them by their husbands, turned out to search

three miles of the forest path. It seemed a hopeless task, but keen

girl espied it. A great shout was raised, and the good news was carried along the line of searchers. The party returned home, and the rejoicings in newly settled Fitzroy that day were great.

THE TONIC OF A HEARTY LAUGH.

In their convalescence invalids of our well-to-do middle class are apt to be overloaded with gifts of flowers, or dainty dishes to tempt the capricious appetite, or magazines when they are able to read, or the last new novel. A more cheerful contribution to carry to a sick room is a good anecdote, a chuckle again and again. The welcome visitor is he who has some cheery message to bring, some tale to recite which must be punctuated with laughter. The aroma lasts after the flowers have faded, and even after the terrapin has been discussed and for-

Do not forget that a good laugh is a tonic to the invalid depressed by the astonishing "sequelæ" of grip. A bit grand jury. In case that mystery is of humorous gossip or a piquant saycleared up by the tribune which now ing is a contribution of real value to be protected and shan't loose a nickle. has it under investigations, then the the sick room. Help the invalid, de-"I haven't got the money," he said; grand jury will not have that duty pressed by the contemplation of the but with the assistance of my friends to perform; but in case the result of necessary but tiresome paraphernalia it will all be paid. The Russell note their investigation should leave the of the sick room (hot-water bags, medmatter as it now appears to be, envel- icine phials, douches and atomizers) oped in mystery, and they acknowl to escape from the atmosphere in the \$1,000 received from Fowler and edge that their powers have not avail- which he has suffered solitary confine-Hammond because he didn't know but ed to ascertain the truth, then it would ment. Make him laugh, and then that the penitentiary was due him. It be eminently proper, and within the mindful that there is no reserve of was true he had used some of it per- scope and sphere of your sworn duties, strength depart at once before you exsonally; but he intended to fix it in that this grand jury should take some haust him, leaving behind the echo of notice of this affair and that you, delighted mirth, and a tale that can be

"The coroner's jury have limited "He that takes a wife takes be able to return it; but was not able powers; they have wide powers in the care," says Franklin; but Brown