

saying. That last piece of evidence is very important."

"It's the simple truth, sir, and that's all. Miss Mayter herself, Miss Ellen, and Mr. Forbes' friends who came to see him, will be sure to recognize the knife, sir, for it's an odd-looking instrument, and once seen it could not easily be forgotten."

His clerk testified that at the time of his death, he, Forbes, could have had no scrip at his chambers; or indeed, as far as he knew, any valuable papers whatever. On the very day of his murder, he had bought Consols to the amount of £1,500 money.

"As to scrip or shares belonging to his clients, and remaining in his hands either for sale or transfer, it is well known that Mr. Forbes never kept these papers even at his City offices, but that they were sent up to our bankers' every day at a quarter to four, and redeemed next morning at ten. This was always my business, and I know that the banker was paid for this accommodation."

Meanwhile, Margaret Mayter was a prey to the most violent grief. In a moment she had been cast from the height of happiness to the depth of despair—into a condition of horror, from which there was no escape. She had returned to town, after a long absence, eager to see the man who was to give her his name and support for life; and in a moment, without warning, without any intimation of her coming wretchedness, she found death of the most ghastly character in his home (so soon to be hers)—crime brooding dark and shadowy upon the hearth.

Was this crime, notwithstanding the mystery which surrounded it, to be analyzed, and the murderer hunted to the scaffold?

We must now draw the reader's attention to a letter, which, although at first sight may not appear to have anything to do with this history, has a place in it. It is written upon common paper, and in a mean, scratching hand. It ran thus:—

"MY LORD:—I owe all to you—to you who, in recognition of certain services rendered to your family many years since, watched over my infancy, and ordered that I should be brought up in a first-class school. Assuredly for all these benefits I owed to you in return the most implicit obedience, and to have bowed to your decision as to my future. Had I done so, no doubt by this time I should have been a respectable curate, possessed of a small living in which my life would have drifted pleasantly away."

"But no—I had a vocation. I was possessed by an unconquerable desire to become a detective—a yearning to be with the police in all their mysteries. It is in vain I fancy a more attractive career—I can find none to please me like this."

"But I beg you to believe my lord, that I have joined my present fellow-workers from no mean or contemptible feeling, but with a full determination to be of use to my country and my fellow-countrymen. The main inducement was the perpetual pleasure this profession would afford me of working out secrets."

"But you may ask me, my lord, 'Why this long letter?' 'You may say, 'You have never written to me without asking for something; how is it possible you can now want anything further, when you write in so satisfied a style?'"

"I suspect a man of murder. As I write, I begin to perspire, my hand shakes, my ears tingle, and I can hear my heart beat."

"The case is a splendid one—splendid and you must have heard of it, my lord, by the name it has already got—'The Taggart's Inn Mystery.'"

"What! he knows the murderer?" I hear you cry, my lord. No; I do not know him, but this mystery is absorbing my life; fills me with a sort of passion; and something seems to tell me that I, and I only, will bring this assassin to the scaffold—this mysterious assassin, of whom no one, so far, has any knowledge."

"And you, my lord, you can open up to me this chance. Two words from you, and I should be again put upon active duty. An hour, and I should be at work. A few days, weeks, months, or years, and I would hunt the murderer down, as surely as there is a sun above us."

"Will you grant me this my lord? I beg that you will! Pray remember that it is not only a question of punishing an assassin, but also of avenging a woman. If you knew her, my lord, you would yourself be interested in her. She is the most candid, charming, and beautiful of women. And I dared to suspect her—her! I shall never forgive myself for the vile supposition until I can say, 'Here is Graham Forbes's murderer.—Do with him as you will.' I pray you, my lord, to pardon me this very long letter, and to continue to me your kind protection. I am my lord, 'Your obedient servant, 'PAUL WEBBER.'"

CHAPTER III. THE HUNT CONTINUED.

As we have said, in 1866 attention was so much drawn to the state of the public affairs of the country, that not sufficient heed was paid by the press to this strange mystery in Taggart's Inn.

One morning, before even the burial had taken place, it was announced that Margaret Mayter had committed suicide. The same evening this horrible news was contradicted, but, at the same time, replaced by the statement that the mur-

derer had been discovered, and had confessed his crime. This statement was contradicted next day, but not before the information had been added that he would be tried at the approaching assizes.

However, all the reports settled at last into a statement to the effect that the police had discovered nothing—that they hoped soon to be on the track of the assassin, but that the case was involved in so many contradictions as to take it quite out of the category of common murders. The chief points of the embarrassment of the police were these—that there appeared no motive for the crime, and that the blow had been struck by a weapon which positively belonged to the deceased, and was in his possession up to the very hour of his death.

Evidently the assassin had not come armed, or he would have used the weapon he had brought with him. On the other hand, how came he possessed of the knife by which the terrible deed was effected? There was no trace of this. The weapon with which the deed was accomplished was there, but it offered not the least clue to the assassin's identity, simply because it had never belonged to him. All the proof of his act was the wound itself which prohibited the thought of suicide, and the discovery of the crimsoned knife itself, found under a chair.

Not a trace could the police find, albeit they tried hard to make such a discovery as would appear of little value to an ordinary man, but of immense importance to such a man as Paul Webber. In the mystery of Taggart's Inn there was not the faintest sign of any solid evidence against the murderer, and the police were cast back utterly and wholly upon surmise; in other words, the police could do nothing but "guess."

And here is some analysis of the way in which the police guessed.—Continued next week.

David Swing, in the Alliance, tells how a bride reformed her profane husband. She invited her bridesmaids, four in number, to a quiet dinner. As they knew of the profane habits of the groom and also knew of his good qualities—that he was a man worth saving—they entered gladly into the proposed comedy. The plan was that all of these beautiful women should use profane words at the table, as the hot coffee or slow servants might afford opportunity. It was a bold plan, but it is said to have cured the wicked husband; for when his elegant wife applied a profane term to the biscuit, and a fair guest made a like remark of the coffee, and still another applied a profane expletive to the movements of a servant; the husband absolutely cried with remorse that he had ever himself used such an outrageous form of speech. Professor Swing thinks that "while such a cure cannot be justified, because it might kill the ladies, without curing the masculine offender, yet the story itself may serve to show that man as an animal that swears is a mournful curiosity."

An Anti-Revolutionary Reminiscence.

Not long ago I walked through St. Paul's churchyard and gazed with increased interest on Beverly Robinson's grave. He was the builder of the Robinson house, where Andre and Arnold held their last meeting, and I may add that this house is not only still in existence, but is also occupied. The history of the Robinsons is very peculiar, and shows how men may be influenced by circumstances. There were two brothers, John and Beverly, and both were friends of Washington. Beverly left Virginia early in life and came to this city. He was an elegant and attractive young man, and he married Miss Phillipse, an heiress of vast wealth. This made him a Tory. John remained in Virginia and became a patriot.—Washington came to this city on public business shortly after Braddock's defeat, and was Beverly Robinson's guest. He there met Mary Phillipse (Mrs. Robinson's sister), and it is said that he offered her his hand. Had it been accepted he would also have become an extensive landholder, and under the strong Government influence which then prevailed in New York, he, too might have become a Tory. Men are in no small degree the creatures of circumstances.—We should feel thankful that Mary Phillipse declined the proposal to leave a gay city and live on a plantation. It may have been the turning point in Washington's destiny.—Utica Herald.

Habit.

Habit is a cable. We weave the thread of it every day, and at length we cannot break it. The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt, until they are too strong to be broken. To one who murmured because he rebuked him for a small matter, Plato replied: "Custom is no small matter. A custom or habit of life does frequently alter the natural inclination for good or evil." After a series of years winding up a watch at a certain hour, it becomes so much of a routine as to be done in utter unconsciousness; meanwhile the mind and body are engaged in something else.

SUNDAY READING.

Wheel-Barrow Religion.

Richard Baxter said a good thing when he said of some who lived in his day, that they had a "wheel-barrow religion." They "went when they were shoved." It would be hard to find a better name for the religion of many who live now. Many people are like wheel-barrow, and no Paddy plodding up and down a steep incline has harder and more weary work than those whose duty it is to push them. As often as not they are quite empty. They take what is put into them, whether it be good or worthless. Whatever knowledge or feeling of duty they have is proof of some one else's work. They are easily upset and emptied, and they have no power or will to get up again. They move as long as a firm hand grasps them and keeps them going. As soon as they are left to themselves they stop, and are helpless and useless until they are lifted. When they move, it is up and down, backwards and forwards, never getting further, or showing any life of their own.

We do not blame a wheel-barrow for being what it was made to be, or for not showing the nature of a man. But it is quite to be bad that reasonable, responsible creatures would show no more will or character than a wheel-barrow. A human being ought not only to hear truth, but so to lay hold of it and make it his own that it may be a new power to him. He ought to seek God's light and learn motive for right doing, so as to be able to watch for his way, and take it, and go on in it. He ought to know the worth of God's grace and how to gain it, so as to need no urging to use the means rightly, that he may grow in it and be strong.

No wonder many a preacher loses heart, and feels that his work is not guiding living souls, but trundling wheel-barrow. He wants to teach those who have never learned, or to rouse those who have not wakened out of the sleep of sin; but he forced to spend his time on those who know all he has taught and roused over and over again. He finds them tumbled into the mire of some sin, emptied of all they had gained, and helpless to get up. Or he finds them standing idle, waiting like dead things, ready to be pushed by a servant of God or an agent of Satan.

Truth Will Never Die.

The stars will grow dim, the sun will pale his glory, but truth will be ever young. Integrity, uprightness, honesty, love, goodness, then, are all imperishable. No grave can even entomb these immortal principles. They have been in prison, but they have been freer than before. Those who have enshrined them in their hearts have been burned at the stake, but out of their ashes other witnesses have arisen. No sea can drown, no storm can wreck, no abyss can swallow up the everlasting truth.—You cannot kill goodness, and integrity, and righteousness. The way that is consistent with these must be a way everlasting.

Penalty of Wrong Doing.

The lines of suffering on almost every human countenance have been deepened, if not traced there, by unfaithfulness to conscience, by departures from duty. To do wrong is the surest way to bring suffering; no wrong deed ever failed to bring it. Those sins which are followed by no palpable pain are yet terribly avenged, even in this life. They abridge our capacity of happiness, impair our relish for innocent pleasure, and increase our sensibility to suffering. They spoil us of the armor of a pure conscience and of trust in God, without which we are naked amid hosts of foes, and are vulnerable by all the changes of life.—Thus, to do wrong is to inflict the surest injury on our own peace. No enemy can do us equal harm with what we do ourselves whenever or however we violate any moral or religious obligation.

"How do you know the truth of your religion?" Said an inquirer to a humble but faithful, disciple. "Just as I know the sun shines," said the other: "because I see its light and feel its heat." And so there are thousands and tens of thousands who know from their own experience the truth of Christianity because they have felt in their own hearts and lives its transforming and comforting and sustaining power.

How many modest Christians there are! So modest that they do not consider themselves worth, to speak a word for Christ. Bushnell calls them "unnatural" Christians, and says:—"If they were placed in heaven itself, they wouldn't sing the first month.—They would be too modest to thank God for his mercy."

Do not peddle your doubts to every body. The man who speaks his positive convictions is worth a hundred men who are always proclaiming their doubts and unbelief. We all have doubts enough of our own, and do not need to be burdened with yours.

OUR PUZZLE DRAWER.

CONDUCTED BY PENN LYNN.

Original contributions are solicited from all, for this department. All contributions, answers, and all matter intended for this department must be addressed to T. W. SIMPSON, JR., Cheltenham, Pa.

VOL. I. NO. 8.

Answers to Puzzles in Vol. I. No. 1.

Answer to No. 1.—Flambeau.

Answer to No. 2.

BORACHIO
ONEROUS
RELATE
ARABS
COTS
HUE
IS
O

Answer to No. 3.

Moline, mollen.
Tarin, train.
Serin, rinse.
Bos, sob.
Ratel, alter.

Ans. to No. 4.

D A D
A D O
P A R

Ans. to No. 5.—Jack Boots.

Ans. to No. 6.

W
W A
W A P
W A P P
W A P P E
W A P P E R

Ans. to No. 7.—Snow Shoe.

NEW PUZZLES.

1. Numerical.

Fellidly
The 1 to 3 I'll enjoin
6, 4, 5, 's a coin.
Total, be then, every day,
For 'tis happy, glad or gay.
Newburg, N. Y. "BEECH NUT."

2. Half Square.

1. A plant,
2. To confess,
3. A recreant,
4. Oats,
5. Protest,
6. An inclosure,
7. A prefix,
8. A letter.
West Meriden, Conn. "GRAHAM."

3. Logograph.

When taken whole, a "sap" you find in me;
Behold, transpose, a "blister" you will see;
Behold again, and "lodged" I then will be;
Behold, curtail, an "animal," is plain;
Curtail once more, and "any" will remain.
Philadelphia, Pa. "FROGOTTY."

4. Half Square.

1. A department of Mexico,
2. An expedition up from the coast,
3. Tables,
4. An injurer,
5. A cape of Greece,
6. A ridge of sand and gravel,
7. A village in France,
8. A month,
9. A letter.
Lebanon Church, Va. "O. C. O. LA."

5. Charade.

First is the writer of this charade,
Last, don't you miss it, 'twas easily made.
Total's a triumphant shout,
Search carefully and find it out.
Newburg, N. Y. "BEECH NUT."

6. Half Square.

1. A Chinese officer,
2. Transfers,
3. A number,
4. Acts,
5. Insects,
6. A poet,
7. Exists,
8. A letter.
Aurora, Ill. "NED HAZEL."

Answers in two weeks.

Prizes.

For the first complete list: THE TIMES six months. For the next best list: THE TIMES three months. For the next best list: The "Snow Flake" three months.

Chat.

"X. L. N. T."—Notice the above prize. We will send the winner's name. A large lot of "cons" would be very acceptable from you.
"NED HAZEL":—We have a corner of "Our Drawer" reserved for you. Would like it to be occupied as soon as possible.
"BEECH NUT":—That was a splendid batch. More.
"O. C. O. LA.":—The above is the last one we have on hand of yours. Please take the hint.
"FROGOTTY":—Chat to "O. C. O. LA." also applies to you.

Notes.

"Graham," one of whose puzzles we insert this week, is dead. The whole mystic fraternity mourns the loss of him. He was one of the best posers in the ranks.
Passing away, passing away,
One by one we are passing away.
This is the third puzzle, that death has taken from us in a very short time.
It is likely a National Association will soon be started. We do hope this one will prove a success.
The Mystic Times is very late. When will we have a Puzzle Journal that will always be issued regularly?

Shrewdness and Ability.

Hop Bitters so freely advertised in all the papers, secular and religious, are having a large sale, and are supplanting all other medicines. There is no denying the virtue of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of these Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability in compounding a Bitters, whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation.—Examiner and Chronicle. 49 22

Domestic rule is founded upon truth and love. If it has not both of these it is nothing better than a despotism.

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GROCERIES!

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IS TO CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK.

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Newport, Perry County, Pa.

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IRON,

NAILS,

HORSE and MULE SHOES,

STEEL,

IRON AXLES,

SPRINGS,

SPOKES,

HUBS,

FELLOES,

SHAFTS,

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FISH, SALT, SUGARS, SYRUPS, TEAS, SPECIES,

TOBACCO, CIGARS, and SMITH COAL.

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MIXED PAINTS,

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The best is the CHEAPEST.

And a large variety of goods not mentioned, all of which were bought at the Lowest Cash Prices, and he offers the same to his Patrons at the Very Lowest Prices for Cash or approved trade. His motto—Low prices, and Fair dealings to all. Go and see him.

Respectfully,

S. M. SHULER,

Liverpool, Perry Co. Pa.

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HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS

Will cure or prevent Disease.

No Horse will die of Colic, Bore or Lung Fever, if Foutz's Powders are used in time.

Foutz's Powders will cure and prevent Hoop GROWLS.

Foutz's Powders will prevent GAZES IN FOWLS.

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Foutz's Powders will cure or prevent almost every DISEASE to which Horses and Cattle are subject.

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Sold everywhere.

DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor, BALTIMORE, Md.

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Advertisement for Foutz's Horse and Cattle Powders, including an illustration of a horse and a cow. The text describes the benefits of the powder for various ailments in horses and cattle, such as colic, lung fever, and milk production. It also mentions that the powder is sold everywhere and is a product of David E. Foutz, Proprietor, Baltimore, Md.

December 7, 1880—4t

A Large Farm for Sale.

A GOOD FARM OF ABOUT THREE HUNDRED ACRES more or less, in Perry County, Pa., heavily set with Pine, White Oak, and Rock Oak Timber, together with choice fruits. Mountain water conveyed in pipes to the door of the dwelling.

For further particulars call at this office. August 10, 1880. 11