## Immitthurg dis Clomide.

SALVGEL MotTzR, ELiur

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| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  |  | GOD KNOWS THE BEST |  |  | for an artist. There was a merrv twinkle around his eye that would have taude you langh, if the deter mined aspect of the rest of his sea tures hadn't held yon in check. He |  |
|  | $\mathrm{D}^{\text {entist, }}$ emattsbukg. mo. |  | S., slamming the door after her leaving ber worthy lord and master |  |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { "Youn are the mat who robbed me, } \\ & \text { I eee my mistake now. The curveed } \\ & \text { cap miseled ne. You did hit cleverly, } \\ & \text { sir, but yon'te canght now. I sidid } \end{aligned}$ |
|  |  | And sun and stars forevermore have The flings which our weak judgments here have spurnedThe things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet- |  |  |  |  |
| Ass;ciate Judges.-Hon. John T. Vinson and Hon. John A. Lynch |  |  | perfect picture of helpless absurdity. George was a terror to everybody |  |  | sir, but yon'te canght now. I sain Id see you safe within the dock yet, |
|  |  |  | he met. He could tyrannize over his own superiors in the law courts. All men who had dealings |  | eyes. They were made for fun. No matter how firmly the lips compress | and I will." <br> "Didrit I tell your lordship be did't know who robbers him." |
|  |  |  |  |  | ed on his forehend, the eyes refusen point blank to join the general hu- | 'Yes, I do, but too well ; I know |
|  |  | s stars shine most in deeper tints of blue: | with him felt uneasy in his presence as if they feared the withering sar casin of his tongue. But there was |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | were right, And how what love most truse. | casin of his tongue. But there was one person on this planet who was not one jot afraid of the lawser, and |  | ine errosestabout anything. Georgg | hian lordship," "as the gentleman ongatged for the d flence Las said yon may retire, gentleuien of the jury, to |
|  |  |  | that person was his wife "Something must be done," suid e to himeelf, with a strong emphas |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | web was thickening round him. Nothing short of some unbeard of coup de main can save him. Hewas in a delemman. Would old Was in a dylemma. Would | may retire, gentleuren of the jury, to consider your verdict. I will not |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | How, when we called, He heeded not Becanse <br> Because $H$ is wisdom to the end ooml | "What in the name of all that's wonderful can be done? " |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | and there discussing the circumstances. How the wealihy old Jacob | Grimes recognize hiim at the trial. | Brown was discluarged. |
|  |  |  | After that exclammation came a long and, to juilge from his counten | a Grimes had been robbed whou about six miles from town last night, with | one never failing remedy to quiet |  |
|  |  | Su God, perhaps, is keeping from us nowLife's swicutest things, because itseemeth good. | ance, painful chais of thonght. At lant he started up excitedly. <br> "Yes. By H-n, I will do it." | eight or ten hundred pounds in | the troubled miad, " and he pulled out a cigar, lit it, and, rocked him - | large and increasing practioe. One morting aftier Browne trial old Jacob Grimes found a little blue bag containing five hundred pounds is goid inside his Lall door, it having |
|  |  |  | he opened a private burean, and took ont a beautiful amokirg cal with a gold hend nser ren | papers had leading articles on it. Placalds were posted on ever avail | hands locked behind his neeck andthe eyes twinkling merrily; up toward the ceiling. |  |
|  |  | , |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | If George continues long in this posture Brown has a good chance. | hand. Not one farthing of it was touched. Aye, the bage even was never oreeted. Geurge was oury |
|  |  |  | lis hend, survered himsell in the | G George Somervilles thonghts were | George is brouding. | never opeed. Geerge was siry from the moment after the act being |
|  |  |  |  | through the streets listening to theexaggerated arcounts of Lis littleadventure. "How lucky no one | is assize day in the town of | done. Mis. Sommerville never knew any ihing a aont it. Reader, forgive him if youl can . As he himeelt and |
| Charch of the Incarnation, (Ref'd) |  | Oh, do not blame the loving Father so, But 'vear your sorrow with becoming grace. | remembrance of the frirt time he deined the oup. It wasan unmean |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | baw that eap with me or those whiskers," he muttered "Not even my wite No human eve ever rested | topic of the hour is the trial of | him if you can. As he himself said "Those cursed whiskers and that zunking can in my bureau first sug |
|  |  |  |  |  | judge having taken his seat on the | gested the wicked thought." <br> How of the sight of means to do ill deedsMakes ill deeds done $\qquad$ |
|  |  |  | an index to the thonghts, some qualim of conscience had already | wife. No human eye ever rested on them since the night Harry Weldon |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | threw them into ing offive ufter the theatricals at Jacikon'ts. Harty | Grimes stepped into the withess box. |  |
|  |  |  |  | Weldon is now at the Antipodes, and it is not likely anyone will re- |  | Reeside, in the dys when congress. men went lumbering over the dis. tant Sintes in stagecoaches. At the annual adjonrnment of Congresa |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | We could interpret all this duubt and strife, <br> Aud for each mysiery conld flnd a key. | nuknown to his wife, muttering to Limsel!: | that ninering $\log _{1} 1$ mintrapyclept, circumstantial evidence. | must have kuown that he was to | friends of the two houses over his stage-lines rfter the following fash- |
|  |  |  | "How Jucky I thought of it in tine. In an Lour it would he too late. |  | of which our readers know already. The diver corrolorated all this, |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | We must not tear the close blut leaves Time will reveal the calyxes of gold. | over comes of it." Crossing, a few fields he got ufoon the highway, and In less lhan anh hour five or six miles fiom town. Itere be pansed lreath | . | It was evident that the case was dead againat Browr.e The fact of |  |
|  |  |  |  | (e) | the eup was dumagiug. All eyes were turned towards him. He was |  |
|  |  |  |  | of all wns gleat when Farmer Brown's son was murched in custods |  |  |
|  |  | Time will reveal the calyxes of gold. <br> 解 pationt forl we reach the lmud, |  |  | visibly excited. Every one who saw bim felt that a new ferture was |  |
|  |  |  |  | willing to believe him guilty. Be sides the money had not been found | to be introduced into the case. <br> "You say, sir, you were robbed on | piece of chalk from his procket, would <br> dash off in brilliant white upon the <br> black ground a peoulur bierogly |
|  |  |  |  |  | six |  |
|  |  |  | w pretty far advanced in the ming. Orijects could not be dis. | on him. But old Grimee positively asserted that lie was tho man who |  | back gromnd a peculiar bierogly phic, i:apossible to counterfeit, and hand it back to the owner with th agents along the route." |
|  |  | H SFORY OR H GHLWHY HM. merNEY. |  | robved him. The cap be wore was a very remarkable one. It was now in the bands of the authorities,- | "How much money had y ou?" <br> "A thous ind pounds." <br> "How much was taken?", <br> "Five hundred." |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | George Sommervile was a poor, |  | richly got up smoking cup with a golld batd. |  | Fergot to Pull His Moon In. |
|  |  |  | inch yon are a dead man," and the six chambler gienmed befure his eyes. | We find George Sommerville sit. | "-five hundred in each?" <br> Yes." | plead for their want of reverence in such cases as a boy named Tom, six |
|  |  | enuved ty nity lock of legat atility, On the contraty, few attorneys could |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | The driver took in the situation It a glance. He saw the futility of | office brooding over the crime he had committed. |  | ornitig,a weste re seen both orbs at the same time, |
|  |  |  | resisthg. He saw the eleep till be be fore him. He Hew the deadly wea- |  | "Stop now, please, You've an. |  |
|  |  |  |  | Fanny yffirf alogether, by jove," |  |  |
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| Emmith Iodge No. 47, I. O. M. |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  | to deal with each other. You are tick, and I'm poor, very pror. Youn |  |  |  |
| ding |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | you refuse to deliver. Quick quick $\\|$ before straggers upeet my |  | looking juntily lowards the witness chair Moving nearer to old Grimes | dang |
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| Union Building Asociatio |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  | the place, found it with him. Hence |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  | Is she sees fit and when she comes |
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