THE CRIME OF THE

BROKERS OFFICE.

It was undoubtedly something which he regarded as most important which in-duced him to undertake a secret mid-night journey, as we have gathered from

Stuart was startled.
At this hour he thought there could be no one in the office unless burglars had clandestinely entered, and with bated breath he listened in profound

recting his employer's property if it was indangered. Stuart took a step in the direction of the office door.

arrection of the office door.

At that precise moment it was opened.

With the utmost celerity Stuart recoiled against the wall where the shadows were dense and black as a blade of
light flashed through the gloom from
the open door.

and and a paper and something with a polished surface from which the light was reflected cutched in the other, glided steathily out of the office.

"Marion Oakburn," said Harland, mentally, for the young girl was John Oakburn's daughter, and he experienced a feeling of the greatest relief as he recognized her.

The girl ching to the door as thoug

The girl cing to the door as though about to fail to the floor, while her breath came in frightened gasps, but with what seemed like a despirate effort is turned the key in the lock, and then, casting a furthe glance about her, she fled.

Along the dark hall she flitted and

side of the bed he listened for a moment.

No sound broke the absolute quietude of the night within the dwelling.

From without the sighing wind watted to his ears the unaccountable noise of the streets of the streets of a great city which are never hushed to silence the lifelong night.

"Strange, this. Could I have been dreaming? Well, it matters not. I am awake in time: that is the important point." the young man reflected.

Then he began to place a few things na light traveling-bag, and as he did she quite unconsciously gave expression to the thoughts which were in his mind.

"I must not miss the 1 o'clock train or all is lost. The discovery will not be made until to-morrow. Perhaps there is yet time. Cit, what ronsummate scoundrels those men Pratt and Weeks are, and yet they are beyond the pale of the law. It cannot reach them," he said.

He was a handsome, noble-looking young man, this Stuart Harland, one upon whom nature had set the stamp of a true gentleman, and his fine, honest eyes, which met yours frankly, inspired you with confidence at the very first glance.

In the office they would tell you that Stuart Harland was inclined to be rather! At the time of the startling occurrences which are to be herein recorded, the office of Jason Garrison, a broker of New York, was situated in a rather unpretending structure on Wall street.

The broker rented the entire building bit he sublet the second and third stories, occupying on y the first story for muchess purposes.

stories, occupying on y the lifes sary for bu-iness purposes.

The building was very old and its in-ternal arrangement was rather obsolete, for to enter the broker's office you first passed into a hall which extended through the building, and thence through a side door. From the hall just inside the street door a flight of stairs led upward.

ward.

At the rearend of the passage a secon l flight, much more narrow than the
first, also reached the second story,
while at their foot a door opened upon

while at their root a good opened upon an alley in the rear.

At this data it chanced that the third story over the broker's office was unoc-cupied, but the second story was ten-anted as it hag been for many years by John Oakburn, the o'd cashier, who had been employed by Jason Garris in since he first, began business in Wall street

John Oakburn was a man sixty odd "John" Oakburn wa' a man sixty-odd years of age and a widower, but he was not childless. One daughter, Marion by hame, remained to cheer and brighten his home with the sunlight of her presence, and the aged cashier's little family consisted only or himsef, his daughter and Judith Kredge, a female domestic of uncertain age, who was the sister of the office janitor.

The second-floor flat was much too agacious for the needs of the cashier's family, and furnished apartments were cons quently let to such of Mr. Garrison's clerks as desired them, provided always they were approved by the old cashier.

always they were approved by the old-cashier.

On the night of the 23d of March, 18—, but one of John Oakburn's furnished at artments was occupied. The rom was directly over the main office, and its tenant was Stuart Harland, one of the broker's clorks.

The street door was a massive one, as was also the door of the office proper. At night both were always securely locked and botted. The keys of the office as well as the street door were always in the possession of John Oakburn, who was impicitly trusted by the Droker' facetry was:

For twenty years John Oakburn had been celebrated for his rigid integrity-and unvarying, scrupulous honesty, and

been celebrated for his rigid integrity, and unwarying, scrupulous honesty, and "on the street," where one desired to vouch in the most positive terms for the character of another, he would say, "lie is as honest as oid John Oakburn." Perhaps no man more perfectly descreed the title which he had won, which was far more honorable than any patent of nobility—the title "an honest man."

On day at noon a few days previous to the night of which we are about to write, while John Oakburn was alone in the office, having here detained by some

write, whi's Join Oakburn was alone in the office, having been detained by some important account, an incident ecentred which will serve to illustrate the man's character perfectly.

Mr. Pratt, of the firm of Pratt & Weeks, entered and approached the old cashier in a cunning way in order to sound him with a view to inducing him to become a director of one of those "soap bubble" stock companies which are originated every year inflate them selves with the mensy of the unwary and collapse when such a consummation will result to the profit of the "promoters" without bringing themselves within the reach of the law's arms.

John Oakburn listmed to the specious arguments of the smooth-tongued bandit of Wall street in passive silence, wholly unmoved by the temptation of sudden wealth held out to him as a gilftering bait.

When Pratt enceinded, John Oakburn turned his back upon him, saying in a scathing tone:

"Ne more of this I value my honor, sir!"

And yet you are a poor man." re-torted Pratt with a covert sneer in his voice.

voice.
"In gold, yes; but not in princple."
"Your sentiments are quite romantic and poetical, but this less practical ago of money values."
"True: but were I to listen to you I should become as poor in character as I am in poetet"
"Our schome would be a secret. No one would ever know it."
"I should know it. No. sir, your

one would ever know it "No. sir, your scheme is villatinous. Seek your confederate elsewhere;"

Such was the man the story of whose fate we place before our readers.

It was the night of the 2: d March.

18—
Stuart Har and, the young clerk who occupied the apartment directly over the broker's office in John Oakburn's flat, had fallen asleep on his bed withmer when the bed with the leaped up, wide awake, and overlayer.

Suddenly he leaped up, wide awake, and excaimed:
"What! Have I overslept!" and glancing at an aisrm clock set to ring at one o'Effek, he added, "no, the clock has not struck; it is now only twenty minutes of one."

Stuart Harland rubbed his eyes and

Anong the dark nail she litted and gained the rear stairs, up which she darted as though she fantled she was pursued by invisible dangers.

"Ah," thought. Harland, smiling, "shu is timid; the darkness and the slience of the night frightened her, and yet I fan-House projected.

"What awakened me? Certainly it what awakened me? Lettainly it was some hunusual sound. I have a conded recollection of hearing a loud to." he thought, and seated upon the

\*This is murder and robbery, too. I think. See, the safe is open \*A she spoke she pointed to a large safe in the side of the office, the door of which stood wide open.

With an effort which cost all the will power of which she was capable, Marlon regained her strength and sprang to her father s side. With the lamp in her hand she knelt beside him and scanned his livid fato-a

father's side. With the lamp in her hand she knelt beside him and scanned his livid face.

If there had been a hope in her saind that tile vital principle was not yet extinct, it was crushed as she gazed—uponher beloved parent's features, for she saw-that he was indeed dead.

Poor father: Poor father's wailed Marion in heart-broken tones, and bitter tears streamed down her cheeks am fell upon the livid face where the 'dread white shadow rested.

Judith Kredge stood watching the bereaved girl, and there was a strange exultant expression in her venomous eyes.

"They have killed my father to rob the safe," said Marion, presently, and the sound of het voice seemed to arouse Judith Kredge, for she cried:

"Yes, and we must not delay. The slarm must be given."
"Run to the door and call the police. You may be heard; and call Mr. Harland." said Marion.

"Yes, yes. To think that your father should be murdered here in his office and we could not help him," answered the woman. And, muttering to herself in an excited way, she ran to the street door and threw it open.

The next moment her shrift, harsh voice rang out upon the night.

"Help! Police! Murder:" she shrieked It was a cry which, heard at the dead of night, might well startle 'and thril the stoutest heart.

Thice Jud in "redge uttered this terrible cry, and then she saw a police officer hurrying down the street toward her. Waiting not for his arrival, she darted up the starts to Stau: thariand's room, and knorked loudly on the door, at the same time screaming:

"Awake! Awake! Mr. Oskburn is killed—murdered!"

and knocked loudly on the door, at the same time screaming:

"Awake! Awake! Mr. Oskburn is killed—murdered!"
Of course she received no answer, and she tried the door, which opened readily, and entered the apartment in which it chanced Stuart Harland had left the gas burning fainty.

Indith Kredge cave utterance to a

cycs, which mer yours frankly, inspired you with confidence at the very first glance.

In the office they would tell you that Stuart Harland was inclined to be rather careless and inattentive to business, but they would add that he was the best fellow in the world, unless you happened to question Levi Kredge, the janitor.

It was no secret that Stuart Harland was engaged to his employer's daughter, Miss Edna, and if you were to ask how it came about that Jason Garrison had consented to the suit of a young man who was 'only a clerk,' and to whom the dutles of 'a broker's office were not the most agreeable, and who had exhibited but little aptitude for the business, anyone at "Garrison's," as the office was designated on the street, would have said:

"The young man has great expectations. Therein is the secret. At the death of a certain aunt, a maiden lady of rather more than mature age, he will inherit a fortune."

This was quite true, though Stuart never counted in the least on dead men's shoes, and Edna Garrison loved him without a mercenery thought, no matter what may have been the 'ecret sentiment of her father.

Having hastily thrust the few articles into his traveling bag which he desired to take with him, Stuart Harland quitted the partment. chanced Stuart Harland had left the gas burning fainty.

Judith Kredge cave utterance to a surprised exclanation as she saw that the room was untenanted, and with an expression of bank amazement on her features she flow to a closet in which she knew Stuart Harland kept his valise. And threw it open Suddenly a look of intelligence and unning supplemented the expression of perplexity which her features had momentarily assumed, and she ran down stairs and gained the office again.

"Mr. Harland has gone, and taken his valise with hin" she cried.

Marion seemed thunderstruck. She had risen, and, starting forward, exclaimed:

exclaimed:
"Gone! Mr. Harland gone!"
"Yes. he has ted!"
"It cannot be!" gasped Marion.
"It is true."

"No, no. That he is not in his room does not imply that he has fled."
"But he recired as usual. My room is next to his, and I heard him moving about but a few minutes before you called me."
"Marion sprang to Judith's side and

called me."

Marion. sprang. In ...Indith's side. and. clutched her aria.

"Do not tell that I beg, I implore you do not tell a living soil that you heard Staart Hariand in his room a few moments before we discovered my father. If you do you will direct a dreadful suspicion to an innocent man," she said in intense, thrilling tones.

Before Judith Kredge could answer, the door opened and the policeman who had heard the ry, entered the ohee.

"What's this! A man killed!" exclaimed the policeman, and while Marlen hurriedly explained how she had discovered her father, he proceeded to examine the dead.

night journey, as we have gathered from his muterings. There was no light in the hall without Stuart's room at this hour, and the passage and the starts leading, down to the street door were enveloped in gloom.

"I do not wish to disturb any one. In fact, I desire that no one should know of my departure," said Stuart to himself as he silently descended the stairs in the darkness.

At the foot he paused suddenly, for he thought he heard a noise from the office, and it sounded to him like a half-stifled groan.

"Ah, shot through the Eack of his head: Burglar's work, no doubt," con-tinued the officer, glancing at the open

bated breath he listened in profound silence. for an instant.

There was no repetition of the starming sound, but a thrill trembled through this nerves as he thought:

"John Cakburn may have left the money—he drew from the bank—just before closing hours in the safe in the onlice." "If turn in the darin and we stadied have help here in no time." he added; and running to the street door he began to rap with h s club to call an officer from the next beat

from the next beat In a noment or so the policeman he was calling arrived, and his co-laborer sent him to telephone the alarm to headquarters while he returned to the office.

In a few moments a sergeant of police and several officers of the precinct, with Mr. Parton, of the detective-service-of the city, serviced.

Marion and Judith Kredge had re-

the city, arrives.

Nation and Judith Kredge had remained in the office.

The detective and the police at once began to make the usual investigation.

First, the body of the victim of the crime was examined, and the nature of the wound which occasioned death was then covered, and the sergeant ordered that the body be not disturbed until the inquest.

After this the room was carefully ex-

Arier this the room was carefully examined, and every detail of its appearance minutely observed.

The contents of the large safe, the door of which was open, were strewn about as though some one had hurriedly searched fit; but the lock had not been forced, although it was one of those intricate combinations devised to balle burgars.

Oakburn's daughter, and he experienced a feeling of the greatest relief as he recognized her.

"Her father must have sent her for for some paper, I suppose, as unseasonable as is the hour, for the old man cometimes spends had the night at office work in his own apartment," thought Harland.

"Luckily she has not seen me, and if all goes well I shall have returned to my groom by daybreak, and no one will be the wiser." he continued.

The beautiful features of the cashier's daughter were lived with a dread-The beautiful features of the cash-fer's daughter were Jied with a dread-ful pallor. Her eyes were disated with an expression of unatterable horror and she trembled from head to foot. Silently she closed the door and pro-ceeded to insert the great key whi h Strurt knew so well into the lock, but ther hand tembled so that metal rat-tied against meta' and the sound seemed startlingly loud in the midst of the pro-found silence. burgars.

The key of the safe was in the lock, and as Marion stated that it was the one her father always carried, Mr. Parton "Probably the old gentleman had be

"Probably the old gentleman had him-self opened the safe when he was sur-prised by the assassin."
"I do not agree with you, sir," said the police sergeant stilly. "It is my impres-sion that this safe was opened by some one besides John Oakburn who knew the

cied she possessed most torce of charac-ter. Indeed we clerks in the office have often said among ourselves/ that beauti-ful, sad-eyed Marrin (Takbura was com-

are made."

But now that there was no reason for further delay Harland unboiled and uncoked the street door and passed out. Then softly closing the door he locked it by means of a night-key, and casting a glance up and down the street which seemed just at this time to be deserted, at least in this immediate neighborhood, he walked swiftly away.

The night was coul and Harland wore a spring overcoat which he buttoned closely, as a stiff night breeze swept up from the water and struck him chillingly.

from the water and street ingly.

He was aware that he had barely time to reach the Grand Central Depot in time to catch a certain train on which he wished to leave the city, and he delayed the way.

to catch a certain train on which as delayed not on the way.

Meanwhile a quarter of an hour elapsed and all was silence and darkness in the house which Stuar Harland had just left. But presently the stillness was broken by the sound of an opening door, and Marion Oakburn emerged from her sleeping-room, gliding forth stealthly. In her hand she carried the lamp as before, but the paper and the metallic something from which the light had glistened when Harland saw her was no longer in her possession.

For a moment she stood motionless as a statue and listened, while we note how extremely beautiful she is.

Marion Oakburn possessed a form above the average height of women, which might have been the ideal of a Grecian sculptor, and her rare brunette loveliness was unsurpassed. Here was the dark and radiant beauty of krypt's queen, but Cleopatra did not rival her, and Marion's eyes sparkled with the light of a pure heart and a nobe nature.

ture.
But there was an expression of sad-But there was an expression of sauness upon her perfect features—a look of melancholy that was pitiful, and it led one to think that serrow had entered her young life; that in the heart of the beautiful gir! there was some blighting gref. And yet Marlon was ever cheerful, as though sustained by sorrow's pale stai—hope.

Marlon Oakburn was twenty-fourears of age, and therefore in the full

sorrow's pale stal—hope.

Marion Oakburn was twenty-fouryears of age, and therefore in the full
bloom and perfect development of a
gorious womanhood.

As she stood at the door of her bedchamber listening, she detected no
breach of the silence, and so she glided
along the passage to the back stairs
noiselessly and gained the lower hai.
There she passed directly to the office
door, which she unlocked, and, removing the key, she proceeded to the street
entrance.

ing the key, she proceeded to the street entrance.

There she discovered that the bolts were drawn, and that only the night-latch secured it.

Marion seemed started at this, and she reeled back against the wall, where she stood for a moment trembling slightly, but with her brows contracted, as though in deep thought.

If she was mentally debating some question, she arrived at a conclusion almost instantly, for with a hand that no longer trembled she unlocked the street door.

door.

Then leaving the entrance to the office unguarded by bot to rbar. Marion again retraced her steps to the rear states, which she ascended. Half way up she clutched the handrall in a convulsive way and paused for a moment to listen. for she fancied she heard footsteps in the hall shows. She did not hear the sound for she fancied she heard footsteps in the hall above. She did not hear the sound again, and believing she was deceived by her imagination she continued up the stairs.

Could her eyes have penetrated the darkn'ss as she paused upon the stairs she would have seen the dark, cruel face. I built before the formule deposition.

of Judith Kredge, the female domestic, peering down at her from the passage

occupied by Judith Kredge Marion knocked, and a moment subse-

quently the woman who had just played the part of a spy, opened the door. She was clad in a loose, dark wrapper, which she seemed to have hastily donned.

donned.

"What is it, Miss Marion? You are not ill, i hope?" she said, feigning surprise and solicitude.

"No: I am not ill, but I cannot sleep. Father has not come home. I have vainly listened for his footsteps on the stairs at night. What can keep him out so late. Oh, I fear some misfortune has betallen him."

so late. Oh, I fear some misfortune has setallen him."
"Grhaps he has returned and entered the office as he sometimes does, after business hours. Do you not remember lue once fell asleep there and Feïnalned almost all night before he awake? Shall we go down and see?"
"Yes, yes: why did I not think of that before, I wonder, Judith."
The woman's eyes gleamed intelligently, but she made no answer.
She accompanied Marion down the front stairs.
They reached the office door and opened it.
Marion entered first lamp in hand, and Judith Kredge came also behind her.
They had scarcely crossed the threshold when they recoiled and Marion uttered a cry of horror.
A terrible sight must their oyes.
"My father has been murdered!" gasped Mar on in an awful voice.

"My father has been murdered!" gasped Mar on in an awful voi. e.

CHAPTER II.

Marion and her companion, Judith Kredge, saw John Oakburn prone upon the floor beside a small writing table which had been overturned. He had lalten face downward and blood had trickled down the side of his neck and formed a little pool upon the white floor beside his head.

For a moment, Marion seemed about to For a moment, Marion seemed about to

beside his head.

For a moment Marion seemed about to
For a moment with Kredge
dumb with borror, while her blood seemed turning to ice in her veins, and she
experienced a paintul contraction of the
heart.

Judith Kredge was more composed,
but there was terror in the expression of
the woman's hard, immobile features,
and a tremor in her harsh, shrill voice,
as she said: 3.5 👍

The murdered mancintend and overturned it as he cell the clock stopped. I have there wenty

"The lik yet on the pen cepted as proof that the victorian was engaged in writing the was killed. Let us see if the cover what he wrete?" continued the detective

tective
He then examined the papers on the
table, but he could find none that had
been recently written
Paxton shook his head as if he was not

pean recently written.
Patton-shook his head as if he was not fully satisfied.
The office was divided into two compartments, and having now concluded their investigation of the outer office, the police and the detective entered the interior roon.
This apartment was the clerk's room, and it was provided with the usual desks, and other necessary, office fixtures. There was also a small safe in the interior office which was found to be locked.

Marion and Judith Kredge had followed the investigators into the interior office, and when the latter turned their attention to the small safe, Marion said:
"I hat is my\_father's private safe"
"I congratulate you, then; for its contents are probably secure," said the detective.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Seamtess Boats.

There is a growing demand for the seamless boat, which seems to be able to stand any amount of rough work. This boat is pressed out of an ingot of steel and shaped by hydraulic power, and it fulfills all the requirements of an ordinary boat in a remarkably ingenious manner. It is claimed for these boats that they will last twice as long as wooden ones, that there is less dauger of their capsizing, and that they are less liable to be affected by changes of climate (The method by which the seamless boat is constructed is a larger application of the method which has long been used in this country for manufacturing cooking utensils and other articles of small dimensions. Seamless Boats

DUNRAVEN'S STATEMENT.

DUNRAVEN'S STATEMENT.

It May Not Be Given Out Before Wednesday Next.

New York, Sept. 16.—The New York York Anch club headquarters at 67 Madison avenue are deserted to-day and no information can be had there as to when "Lord Dunraven's epistle to the Americans," as it has been dubbed, would be made public. None of the regata committee are in town, and it was said by the clerks at the club house that the letter would not be made public until Wednesday. In the micantime it was announced that Lord Dunraven had cabled the letter abroad where it was printed. Yachtsmen generally seem think that America has seen the last of his lordsing as a cup challenger.

DEATH OF COL WALKLEY. ought in the Civil War and Did

Fought in the Civil War and Did Good Service.

Westfield, Mass., Sept. 16.—Col. Lucius B. Watkley, aged 73, died yesterday of blood poisoning after a long illness. In 1861 he organized a company of volunteers and was mustered into service as captain of company K, Tenth regiment, Massachusetts volunteers. His company was attached to a regiment in the Army of the Potomac, and later, with Gen. Nct lellan, he took part in the siege of Yorktown and the battles of Williamsburg. Fair Oaks, Charles City, Cross Roads and Malvern Hill.

VIGILANT FOR SALE.

Mr. Gould Decides To Dispose of the Champton of '93.

New York, Sept. 16.—George Gould has decided that Vigilant, the 'champion stopy author of '93, is to large for him, and he will offer the boat for sale. He has set \$53,000 as the amount he will let her go for, and says he believes that is very cheap as the racgr is in good shape, faster than she was in '93 and has ever so many extra spars and sails. She would make a first class schooner yacht. Mould prefers a boat like the Niagars, owned by his brother Howard.

To Easy Matters at Home.

To Easy Matters at Home

To Easy Matters at Home.

London, Sept. 16.—Lord Dunraves
yesterday cabled to Mr. Grant, secretary
of the Royal Yacht squadron, his correspondence with New York Yacht
club on the events in connection
with the contents for the America Cup,
at the same time expressing a desire
that the correspondence be published in
England. It was printed this morning
and is merely a reiteration of his first
complaint.

TOWED INTO PORT. Steamer Bridgeton After Drifting

for Two Weeks Meets Assistance.

for Two Weeks Meets Assistance.

Colon, Sept. 18.—The steamer Louisl'
anian has arrived here towing thesteamship Bridgeton of Boston, which was
bound from Kingston, Jamaios, for Cayenne. She was taken in tow by the
Louisianian flying signals of distress. Her propeller was disabled, her
rudder gone and her stores were sahortShe had been drifting for two weeks
Her, crew were on board.

Shot and Killed While Hunting Greenfeld, Mass, Sept. 16.—Cecil I Allen of Montague, aged 21 years, we accidentally and fatally shot by Leconomic Memory and Company of the tridges in the woods near Montague

Work for 1,500 Men.

Chicago, Sept. 10.—The Caltrast Furnace of south Chicago will "blow in" to day, after having remained fals sizes to autumn of 1892. Between 1,300 at 3,000 men will be provided with employment.

Aleri Starts for Grayagail. Colon, Sept. 18.—The United State cruiser Alert has gone to Guayaquil.

p make a speedy trip, as a rival ad the week before lowered the r-eld by our company. On the ay out, just about dusk, the co an overboard' rang through the formation that several of the pa is had heard a splash, followe teous appeals of 'Help, help— I' The engines were stopped steamer put about, a close ing kept meanwhile for the dr nrted on our journey under the bat the poor fellow had gone to britom. The inquiry that follow red puzzling. No one was miss nd we came to the conclusion the ownway had committed suicide. "The next day, however, an exploon came. We had a ventriloquis pard in the person of a very soung man, who was too tickled to es success of the joke to keep the ret.

rt. Three years ago we were

d caused a serious delay and m noyance I notified him that I ande an official entry of the circ ance on my log, and the loss of the attain him until a sufficient guara-und be given that he would app court to reply to a demand for fit restitution. I talked of \$50, ing about the penalty under the animent mail contract and it is no say he spent the balance of yage on tenter hooks. He distanted before we docked, leaving ggage behind."—San Francisco P

Home-Thrust.

t is said that the saying, "Much n done\_with\_a\_Scotchman\_if\_he ght young," which has passed i distorical witticism, was first spoi Doctor Johnson in reference ord Mausfield. An amusing little deut is said to have given rise to

Lord Mansfield, having received lucation entirely in England, alwansidered himself on Englishman, l fact that he was born in Scotla as once referred to with great effective as once referred to with great effective as the time. Laving falled in his mips to extort money from a Jean thim back by force to Tetuan. occo, from whence he had come The Jew afterward we England, and sucd the governor i

and Mansfield, who was th Murray, was counsel for the go In the course of his defence t

the jury, he said: I'rue, the Jew was banished: b we? Why, to the place of his ne? Where is the curelty, where the injustice of banis in man to his own country?

Nowell, counsel for the Jew.

"Since my learned friend thin lightly of the matter, I ask him oose the case his own; would he lill banished to his native land?"
he court rang with peals of lang in which Murray himself joine

a right good will.

The New York Is Steady.

New York, of the American lingth not the fastest, has the best of the fastest of of igh not the fastest, has the bested for regularity of any of the ntic fleet. Her average time ha varied for years, and she can betted almost on the minute everage. She has crossed the Atlantie times than any other steamer of age, and has been more regula e times than any other steamer of age, and has been more regular at it. The New York made four trips westward, in 1893, with an age time of 6 days 24 hours and 4 to 1895, which are time of 6 days 24 hours and 4 to 1895. Her sailing distance was les. In 1893 she made thirtees stbound, with an average of hours and 30 minutes, which just one minute faster than her thound time that year. In 1894 she fore, in crossing the ocean fifty times in both directions, at all is of the year, her widest varia-

is a Fact

for two years was only 1 hour 21 minutes.—London Engineer.

of cures, the largest sales in the od's Sarsaparilla

is the Only ue Blood Purifier ently in the public eye today. \$1;

: Be sure to get Hood's d's Pills act harmoniensly with Hood's Barsaparilla,

