



The Patriot and Herald.

THURSDAY, FEB. 21, 1884.

Entered at the Postoffice at Marion Va., as Second-class matter.

An Ocean Chase.

BY A DETECTIVE.

'Aha! Burleigh, here's a job for you—one that's got game in it, and a long chase, perhaps.'

It was the chief of the Scotland Yard detective force who spoke, as he stepped into the private office.

READING.—Charles Barton, the infant heir of Beenhams lodge, was stolen from the lodge, last night, it is suspected, by the nurse, in whose charge she is placed.

'Where is Beenhams lodge?' I inquired, as soon I had glanced at the dispatch.

'Near Reading,' 'The nurse will come to London with the child.'

'That is not so certain. This is doubtless a scheme to remove the heir to the Beenhams estate by some person or persons who are itching to obtain possession after Sir Edward Portage's death.'

'Then you think they will not run the hazard of bringing the child here?' 'Certainly not.'

'With a flash my mind was made up. I started out of the office and in a few minutes was in a team that was bearing me at a rapid rate toward Reading.'

Upon my arrival I secured a private conveyance, and, after a drive of a few miles, was landed at the entrance of the lodge. I was met by a gentleman, who received me with much warmth and without agitation when I informed him that I had been placed on the case.

'The object of my hasty visit is to glean some of the facts in the case and to follow up any intelligent clew, if there be any. Was this your child that was stolen, Sir Edward?'

'Bless you, no! I am a bachelor—never was married. Charles Barton was the child of my sister. I am his uncle, and by will have made him the lineal male heir to the Beenhams estates.'

'Have you any other relatives, Sir Edward?' 'Yes; another sister, a spinster, Miss Applebee Lowage, lives with me, and has been my housekeeper for many years. She has also managed much of my business affairs of late, as I feel the weight of years increasing upon me.'

'Who was the nurse, and what was her name?'

As I arose to depart, an elderly lady of the genuine spinster type walked gravely into the room and glanced furtively at me as she advanced.

'This is Mr.—Mr.—' 'Burleigh,' I interjected, 'to help the old man's memory.'

'He's a detective sent down from London to discover our poor lost child, and he wants to get all the information he can. Sister, give him all the information you can. You know what Miss Percy wore and what clothing the child had on.'

'I presume, Sir Edward, you can do that,' she replied, rather tartly, and seeming to shrink from having anything to communicate.

Without wishing to force the matter, and making an apology for haste I took my departure, and I was soon back in London. I went at once to my room, and picking up a good-sized gripsack, threw in some of my clothing, with the expectation that I might be required to make a long journey. Going out into the street, I ordered a cab and was driven to the Inman line of steamers, where I ascertained the City of Richmond was expected to leave Liverpool early the next morning.

'You have your passenger list, I presume?' I inquired of the clerk. 'Certainly.'

'Will you please allow me to look at it?' 'With pleasure.'

I glanced along the list of names, but could not see the one for which I was searching. I handed the paper back and was about turning away, when the thought occurred to me that it would do no harm to question the official a little further.

'Do you sell the London passage tickets?' 'Yes, sir—somewhat sharply. 'Do you recollect selling a ticket to a tall lady with blue eyes, blonde hair, and attired in a dark costume?'

'Very distinctly. I was attracted by her beauty. She's a lovely woman.' 'And she purchased a ticket?' 'Two tickets.'

'Two tickets?' I ejaculated with some surprise, which drew the attention of the clerk. For once I had been thrown off my guard.

'And she had a child with her—in her arms?' 'I saw no child. I took her to be a young lady who might not object to a good husband?'

'Strange?' 'No, I don't think so. She never was a mother.'

'Perhaps not; but then—' 'Then what?' 'She might have some one else's child, you know; and I hastened out of the office and went to the railroad station, where I had the good fortune to catch the night express for Liverpool. So sure was I that I had got upon the trail of the child abductor, that I felt annoyed at every little delay along the route. My mind was in a glow of excitement. The game was big, but shy and cunning. Nothing less than the bird in the hand would make me feel any certainty of success. I must reach Liverpool before the City of Richmond took her departure. If not, the pursuit would be longer, and might end in failure even then. When half the journey had been made, and the train was whirling through the darkness at a tremendous speed, there was a sudden stoppage that foreboded no good. We came to a dead stop. One of the drivers of the engine had broken down. The situation was interesting and rather exasperating to me. Some of the passengers slept on, oblivious to their surroundings. Not so with me. I fretted and chafed with disappointment.

Two hours wore on. When at length the injury had been repaired, and the train started on its course, I had the satisfaction of knowing that I could not reach Liverpool before the steamer sailed. I resolved to take the chances, and so I curled myself up within my own thoughts. Just as I had feared, the steamer has sailed upon my arrival in Liverpool.

My next thought was to cable to New York, giving a description of the woman and child, and have the former arrested. This would bring others into the case. I wanted the honor and reward myself. Beside, after careful reflection, I thought I might be on the wrong scent. The

personal description seemed to tally. The two tickets, no babe in the woman's charge, and other circumstances led me to think that, after all, I might be mistaken.

The thought of defeat drove me to devising every scheme for pursuit. A new idea popped into my head. I rushed to the office of the Union line. 'When does your first steamer sail?' I inquired of the clerk.

'To-morrow afternoon.' 'What's her name?' 'The 'Alaska.' 'The 'Alaska,' eh?' 'Yes.' 'She's a quickone?' 'Fastest vessel afloat.'

'Do you think she can reach New York before the Inman's 'City of Richmond,' which sailed this morning?' 'I should think so—will probably distance her by a day.'

'That would make a difference of over two days.' 'What of that, barring accidents?' Thrusting my hand into my pocket, I said: 'I want a cabin passage to New York.'

'Your name sir?' 'James Burleigh, an American detective, anxious to cross the ditch and get back home.'

With a somewhat boisterous spirit I went to a hotel and waited for the hour of the 'Alaska's' departure. I felt that I was still in the race, but my competitor having such a start, while I was left practically at the post, I was not so confident of winning, after all.

Anyway, I was glad to sail for the land of my birth. The novelty of having been sent to England and the Continent in quest of some noted criminals who were wanted in the States had worn away, and I longed to see my friends once more.

Nothing of special note occurred during the passage across. The noble vessel seemed as fleet as the wind. Day by day I studied with eagerness the log of the vessel to learn our rate of speed. Good fortune favored us with fair weather and sea.

Upon our arrival at quarantine we learned that the 'City of Richmond' had not yet reached port—in fact, was not expected till the next day. I came up to the city, engaged my rooms at the hotel, and made what preparations were needed for the execution of my plans.

Lest the steamer might arrive at night, I stayed that night at Staten Island, to be near at hand. The precaution was unnecessary, as she did not arrive till the next day.

Accompanied by the health officers and others, I was soon on board, and walked through the saloon cabin with the nonchalant air of a person who had no other business than to hum a tune or twirl a cane. There was the usual bustle for disembarking. My eye could not catch the object of my search. Perhaps she was in her state-room. I would wait and see.

The vessel was rounding into her pier, but still no person who could by any stretch of the imagination be said to resemble the one I wanted. I rambled backward and forward, and then ascended to the aft of the steamer. There stood a tall, shapely woman, with her back turned toward me. She was twirling her sunshade and seemed absorbed in gazing at the many sights that commanded her view.

I ventured to approach the rail. My presence attracted her attention; she turned her face toward me, there were momentary mutual glances. What a handsome face! What a charming figure! Stepping nearer, I ventured, in the most polite manner, to speak: 'Glad to get back from your foreign tour, I presume, Miss—'

'Benson is my name.' 'Miss Benson, I took you to be an American lady. I am an American, returning, after a long absence, to my native land.'

If she were Miss Jane Percy, where could the child be? If she had a companion, male or female, where was that mysterious personage? I must not be foiled at this stage of the game. Once on land and swallowed up in the maelstrom of the masses, the child-stealer and the child might soon lose their identity, I must act quickly.

Confronting the fair woman, I said, in a stern voice: 'Your name is not Benson. You are Miss Jane Percy, the abductor of the nephew of Sir Edward Portage, of Beenhams, England. I am a detective. You are my prisoner.'

The woman stood transfixed. Her form trembled—her cheeks blanched at this sudden encounter. Although capable of calm self-possession, she was thrown off her guard. Woman-like, her emotions overcame her, and she fell at my feet.

'Where is the child?' She hesitated, and falteringly moaned: 'In the steerage.' She conducted me there, when my eyes fell upon the heir of Beenhams lodge, cowering in the arms of a fat Irish nurse.

I saw that my beautiful prisoner was comfortably provided for till the sailing of the next steamer, and had the pleasure of placing the young heir in the arms of old Sir Edward. The spinster sister, stung at the action of her brother in making the line of the Burtons, instead of the Applebees, the successors of his large estates, had concocted this plot to abduct the child.

True to his promise, Sir Edward bestowed upon me such a handsome reward, that with ordinary caution, the wolf need never howl at my door.

The Girl that Everybody Likes. She is not beautiful—oh, no! Nobody thinks of calling her that. Not one of a dozen can tell her eyes are black or blue. If you should ask them to describe her, they would only say: "She is just right," and there it would end. She is a merry-hearted, fun-loving, bewitching maiden, without a spark of envy or malice in her whole composition. She enjoys herself and wants everybody else to do the same. She has always a kind word and a pleasant smile for the oldest man or woman; in fact, I can think of nothing she resembles more than a sunbeam, which brightens everything it comes in contact with.

All pay her marked attention, from rich Mr. Watts, who lives in a mansion on the hill, to negro Sam, the sweep. All look after her with admiring eyes and say to themselves: "She is just the right sort of a girl!" The young men of the town vie with one another as to who shall show her the most attention; but she never delights in hurting their feelings, or saying spiteful things behind their backs. She was always willing to join in their little plans, and to assist them in any way. They go to her with their love affairs, and she manages adroitly to see Willie or Peter, and drop a good word for Ida or Jennie, until their little difficulties are all patched up, and everything goes on smoothly again—thanks to her. Old ladies say she is "delightful." The sly witch—she knows how to manage them. She listens patiently to complaints of rheumatism or neuralgia, and then sympathizes with them so heartily that they are more than half cured. But she cannot always be with us. A young man comes from a neighboring town, after a time and marries her. The villagers crowd around to tell him what a prize he has won, but he seems to know it pretty well without any telling, to judge from his face. So she leaves us; and it is not long before we hear from that place. She is there the woman that everybody likes.—Christian Advocate.

S. O. Fisher, GUNMAKER, AND DEALER IN GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, AND SPORTING GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

1030 MAIN STREET, LYNCHBURG, VA.

Fishing tackle, fishing reels from 50 cents to \$15 each; jotted fish poles from 75 cents to \$25 each; bass and trout flies; hooks on gut and grimp, all styles of fishing lines and floats, all sorts of fish netting; from minnow netting to hauling seines, gill netting and cork—In fact, a full stock of everything in the fishing line. oct. 1st-16

STREET & SMITH'S New York Weekly

SPECIMEN COPY SENT FREE.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY Is undoubtedly the BEST LITERARY PAPER. It is universally appreciated, as its immense circulation affords incontestible proof.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY is in every sense an entertaining Family Paper, and in each household where a copy is taken every member of the family reads it, and the contents are discussed and criticized while the readers are scattered around the cheerful fireside.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY contains the Best Stories, the Finest Poems, the most interesting variety of matter, and is therefore popularly conceded to be THE BEST STORY AND SKETCH PAPER.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY regularly presents, in the "Ladies' Work-Box," plain and sensible suggestions regarding the management of the household, and the care of the family.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY is constantly presenting the works of New Contributors, and now is the time to subscribe for the NEW YORK WEEKLY.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY will be sent to any address in the United States (postage free) 3 months for 75 cents; 4 months \$1; 6 months \$1.50; 1 year \$3.

Any person who sends us \$20 at one time for single copies is entitled to a fifth copy free. Getters up of clubs can get the best price. Single copies at 25 cents each. All letters should be addressed to STREET & SMITH, P. O. box 2734 31 Rose St. New York.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR. ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY. GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE. "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST."

\$2.00 A YEAR FOR SINGLE COPY; \$1.00 A YEAR IN CLUBS OF 10. Now is the Time to Raise Clubs for the Coming Year.

We are determined to get a very large list of new subscribers, and in order to do so we have reduced the price of our paper to the lowest ever known in its history.

Think of it! 10 copies of THE POST one year, with one extra for sending the Club, making 11 copies, for \$10.00. As to THE POST, there are few in this country, or any other country, who are not familiar with it. Established in 1821, it is the oldest paper of its kind in America, and for more than half a century it has been recognized as the leading literary and family journal in the United States.

A record of over sixty years of continuous publication proves its worth and popularity. THE POST has never missed an issue. Its fiction is of the highest order—the best original stories, sketches and narratives of the day. It is a paper of the highest character, and is read by the highest literary and family papers. It gives more for the money, and of a better class, than any other publication in the world.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Lock Box, Philadelphia Pa. Office, 726 Sanson Street.

JOSEPH M. BLAIR, Grocer. No. 826 Main Street, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

AYER'S PILLS.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels, and liver. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS act directly upon these organs, and are especially designed to cure the diseases caused by their derangement, including Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Headache, Dysentery, and a host of other ailments, for all of which they are a safe, prompt, and pleasant remedy.

A Sufferer from Headache writes: "AYER'S PILLS are invaluable to me, and are my constant companion. I have been afflicted with Headache for many years, and the only thing that has ever relieved me is your Pills. One dose will quickly move my bowels and free my head from pain. They are the most effective and the easiest to take I have ever found. It is a pleasure to me to break in their praise, and I always do so when occasion offers."

THE REV. FRANCIS B. HAYES, writing from Atlanta, Ga., says: "For some years past I have been subject to constipation, and have taken many different medicines of various kinds, I suffered increasing inconvenience, until some months ago I began taking AYER'S PILLS. They have entirely corrected the constipation, and have vastly improved my general health."

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS correct irregularities of the bowels, stimulate the appetite, and induce a healthy and thorough action of the bowels, and give tone and vigor to the whole physical economy.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

YOUNG, OLD, AND MIDDLE-AGED. All experience the wonderful beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Children with Sore Eyes, Sore Throat, or any soreful or syphilitic taint, may be made healthy and strong by its use.

P. J. GREGORY, MANUFACTURER OF FASHIONABLE SHOES AND FINDINGS.

Boots and Shoes, AND DEALER IN SHOE FINDINGS.

I have at a heavy cost fitted up my Shop to make all kinds of work in my line to suit all—and you can be accommodated just by calling. But if you don't want to call—you can go to somebody else where they only have a horse and a pullin' stalk to work with. They'll do your work for you, and that is when your boots and shoes begin to hurt your feet, you will call and have them stretched on my machine, so that they will be easy on your feet.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY ever discovered as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

Please allow me to speak in the highest terms of Kendall's Spavin Cure for what it has done for my son. In fact it cured him of a bone affection about the knee that he had the kind of two of the best M. DeLain or City. D. VAN VRANKEN, Sclenectady, New York. Supt. of S. & Y. D., Greentriber, W. Va.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.—The Spavin Cure manufactured by Dr. R. J. Kendall Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt., is having great success. There is abundant competition among specifiers of this kind, but the ingredients of this have really wonderful properties.

Price \$1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$5. All druggists have it, or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, Dr. B. J. Kendall & Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt. Send for illustrated circular.

WANTED RELIABLE AGENTS to sell our popular BOOKS and PAPERS in every section of the country. Address: H. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1033 Main St., Richmond, Va.

NORFOLK & WESTERN R. R. FIVE TABLE IN EFFECT JAN. 3rd, 1884.

Table with columns: Time—Eastern Standard, No. 1, No. 2. Rows include Lv Norfolk, Lv Suffolk, Ar Petersburg, Lv Petersburg, Lv Liberty, Ar Lynchburg, Lv Lynchburg, Ar Roanoke, Ar Big Spring, Lv Charlottesville, Lv Marion, Lv Abingdon, Arrive Bristol.

CONNECTIONS: Leave Norfolk 8.30 a. m. and 2.16 p. m.; Arrive Richmond 12.46 and 1.10 p. m.; Leave Richmond via R & P R 7.20 p. m. and 9.25 p. m.; Arrive Norfolk 12.20 p. m. and 9.30 p. m.; Leave Richmond via R & A R 9.25 a. m.; Arrive Lynchburg 3.50 p. m.; Connecting with No. 3, with all points South and West; Leave Richmond via R & D R 10.55 a. m.; Arrive Burkeville 1.10 p. m.; Arrive Lynchburg 3.55 p. m.; Connecting with Train No. 3 for all points South and West.

Table with columns: Time—Eastern Standard, No. 2, No. 4. Rows include Leave Bristol, Lv Abingdon, Lv Marion, Lv Wytheville, Lv Charlottesville, Lv Big Spring, Lv Lynchburg, Ar Petersburg, Ar Suffolk, Arrive Norfolk.

CONNECTIONS: No. 2 has Sleeper Macon, Ga., to Baltimore without change via Roanoke and Western Maryland R. R.; No. 4 has Sleeper Chattanooga to New York without change via S. W. R. and Harrisburg; At Lynchburg No. 1 only connects with V. R. R. to Washington and the East. Train leaves Lynchburg 1.53 p. m. daily; At ALEXANDRIA No. 4 only connects with R & A R for Richmond, leaving Lynchburg 2.50 p. m., arriving Richmond 9.00 p. m. daily except Sunday; At BURKEVILLE No. 4 connects only with R & D R arriving Richmond 7.55 p. m. daily.

New River Division. Eastward [EXCEPT SUNDAY] Westward. 6.05pm arr. Central, lve 7.55am; 6.00pm lve. New River, lve 7.48am; 5.02pm lve. Stateville, lve 8.44am; 4.35pm lve. Rippledale, lve 9.07am; 4.15pm lve. Wenhon, lve 9.30am; 4.05pm lve. Narrows, lve 9.41am; 3.51pm lve. Adair, lve 9.52am; 3.19pm lve. Oakvale, lve 10.25am; 1.50pm lve. Pocahontas, arr 11.58am.

Richmond and Alleghany RAILROAD. SCHEDULE IN EFFECT Nov. 18th, 1883.

Table with columns: WEST BOUND, Mail, Accom, Express. Rows include Lv Richmond, Ar Scottsville, Lv Lynchburg, Ar Lexington, Ar Lexington, Ar Ft. Forge.

Trains marked * daily except Sunday; trains marked † daily. Sleeping car attached to trains No. 9 and 10 between Richmond and Lynchburg and Lexington.

Sleeper between Baltimore and Lynchburg via Balt. & Ohio R. R. making close connection at Harpers Ferry to and from Pittsburgh and the West, also all points North and East.

At Clifton Forge with C & O R R for the Southwest, Northwest and West. At Lynchburg with Norfolk & Western for all points South, Southeast and Southwest. Va. Mill Railroad for the North and South. At Richmond with Associated Railways for all points in the South, and R. F. & P. R. for all points North.

For other information, Ad. Va. G. P. A. R. MACMURDO, G. P. A., Richmond, Va.

EMPIRE TRUSSING. MANUFACTURED AT HAGERSTOWN, Md. THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Farm Work. PLOWING.—If the fall and winter plowing of stiff soils or heavy turf has not been done, do so now if the land is in order. Never plow the land when too wet.

PLASTER.—Many experienced farmers contend that during this month on still moist days, is the best time to sow plaster on young clover, at the rate of two bushels per acre. Sow one bushel of plaster, mixed with three of refuse salt, on every acre of the young grain crops.

OATS.—If the weather and ground permit, prepare the land well and sow oats. The sooner this crop is sown the greater the chance for fine yield.

FENCING.—Do all the fencing circumstances will allow, and see that what is done, is well done. Worm-fences should have the ends of the bottom logs rest on stones or blocks of wood to keep them from becoming imbedded in the soil, and thereby avoiding rapid decay and settling of the fence.

STOCK.—Continue attention and care to stock of all kinds, especially to ewes that are lambing, and all such animals as may be bringing forth their young.

BEEF CATTLE.—Press forward their fattening; keep them clean and dry and pauder to their appetites, until they are ready for the butcher, then sell as soon as you have a good offer.

Such work as may not have been done in January, do now, so as to never let your work drive you.

VEGETABLE GARDEN.—Gardening in connection with the farm must be simple in its methods or it cannot be undertaken at all. Recognizing this, we advise fertilizing the whole surface versus scattering in hill or drill. Stable manure should be spread evenly before plowing, and fertilizers before harrowing. Adopt and persist in flat culture with everything, except perhaps Celery. Sow and plant everything in rows—nothing whatever broadcast. To facilitate this a good marker is indispensable.

This is a heavy rake-like implement for marking seed drills. When used the line is stretched tightly and the marker drawn alongside. If only one is used it should be made thus: Procure a piece of yellow pine 6 feet 10 inches long and otherwise 4 by 2 1/2 inches. The teeth should be of hard wood 2 inches by 1 inch thick, mortised into the headpiece and projecting 9 inches. Let there be seven teeth on one side, each a foot apart and four on the other at double the distance, by running the two outside teeth and two others clear through. Two handles are inserted at two feet from either end and braced by a cross piece at some distance from the head. One stroke of the marker across the garden will make seven rows just the proper depth for sowing small seeds like Carrots or Onions, and it is but the work of a few minutes to sow the seeds and cover up with the feet, whereas those who have not this implement must stretch the line seven times and besides make each drill with the hoe. By all means, then have a marker made now that with a dipper, one or two steel rakes and a good line are all the tools needed outside the regular farming implements. A wheel hoe is useful provided the land is clear of stones. Plants of Tomatoes, Peppers, Cabbage, Lettuce, &c., cannot be had early without a hot bed. Our space will not permit us to touch on that subject, and besides it is believed the majority of farmers would prefer to buy a few plants rather than bestow the watchful care required for their production. There is nothing to be gained by planting this month, but be well prepared for the busy months to come. Plow, if the ground is in good condition, but do not harrow until ready to proceed with the work of getting in crops.

Household Hints and Recipes. A slightly damp cloth rubbed over a dusty carpet brightens it wonderfully and gathers all the dust. This is an excellent way to cleanse the floor of an invalid's room, where noise and dust are objectionable.

One of the wisest precautions to take when you are baking is to have the oven perfectly clean, and yet it is one that is often neglected, and many an otherwise faultless dish has been spoiled by the sifting of ashes from the upper grate in the oven.

To make steamed brown bread take a quart of Indian meal, a pint of rye meal, a quart of milk, a pint of molasses, a tablespoonful of soda, a little salt. Mix well; steam for four hours. Eat while hot. If any is left over it is nice thinly sliced and warmed in a hot oven.

THE CENTURY PROGRAMME FOR 1883-84. The programme of the fourteenth year of this magazine, and the third under the new name, is if anything more interesting and popular than ever. With every season THE CENTURY shows a decided gain in circulation. The new volume begins with November, and, when possible, subscriptions should begin with that issue. The following are some of the features of the coming year:

A New Novel by Geo. W. Cable, author of "Old Creole Days," etc., entitled "Dr. Sevier," a story of New Orleans life, the same being the eye of the late civil war.

"Life in the Thirteen Colonies," by Edward Eggleston, separate illustrated papers on subjects connected with the early history of this country.

Three Stories by Henry James, of varying lengths, to appear during the year.

The New Astronomy, technical articles, by Prof. S. P. Langley, describing the most interesting of recent discoveries in the sun and stars.

A Novelle by H. H. Boyesen, author of "Gunnar" etc. A vivid and sparkling story.

The New Era in American Architecture, a series of papers descriptive of the best works of American architects in Public Building, City and Country Houses, etc.—to be profusely illustrated.

A Novelle by Robert Grant, author of "Concessions of a Frivolous Girl," etc. entitled "An Average Man,"—a story of New York.

The Bread-Winners, one of the most remarkable novels of the day, to be completed in January.

"Christianity and Wealth," with other essays, by the author of "The Christian League of Connecticut," etc. on the application of Christian morals to the present phases of modern life.