

tract her. A few bright ornaments and flowering plants were added to the dingy room, and it was his chief delight to pour his earnings into her lap every evening when he returned from the streets, but all his efforts were unavailing: a deep gloom had settled upon the poor girl, and she fell into a dull melancholy.

The old gentleman paused a few moments to collect his thoughts, and through the open window came the savage ending of the song sung by the little street minstrel that afternoon. Resuming his narrative the old man said, "One evening, when Henrique was playing on the streets, Standish came to the house to ascertain why the miserable pittance, which he used to send Felisa, had been returned to him of late. She informed Standish that Henrique had found her, and was earning enough money with his violin to maintain them both, and that she would not accept his alms any longer. She had not seen her lover for several weeks, and as he sat there, well-groomed, insolent, and careless, and with the air of superiority that comes of success, her old fondness for him stirred once more, and she made a final appeal to him to redeem his promises. Had Standish not been engrossed in scornful contemplation of the woman kneeling before him with clasped hands and streaming eyes, he might have seen in the mirror in front of him the visage of an angry man standing in the doorway behind him. Henrique had returned just in time to witness the end of the scene, and to hear Standish say 'Don't be a fool, Felisa.' The next instant the attorney was torn from his chair; he was a heavy, powerful man, but his strength availed nothing against the fury of his assailant. By the time the police arrived on the scene he had been beaten into insensibility. No charge was brought against Henrique, and no mention was made of the incident in the San Francisco papers, for the reason that Standish was a man of many resources, and of much influence with the newspapers.

"Felisa never saw Standish again. Her love had turned into the hate and fury

of a "woman scorned," and she was at great pains to impress upon Henrique that Standish was the author of all their troubles. It would have gone ill with him if Henrique had met him in those days, but the corporation he served sent him to Washington on important business that required the attention of a skilled lobbyist. So well did he acquit himself, and so necessary had he become to his employers, that they gave him a permanent position in Washington to look after their interests, and he has never been in California since then until last week, when he arrived in this city to attend to some important business that he alone was considered fit to conduct.

"When Felisa's baby was about eighteen months old, the poor girl, unable to bear the wretchedness of her life any longer, committed suicide. A few hours before her death she gave solemn charge to Henrique concerning her babe, and made him vow to kill Standish."

Once more through the window was heard the child's song. A shudder seemed to pass through Sumner Carey, and he glanced apprehensively behind him.

The old gentleman resumed his narrative: "The day after Felisa's funeral, Henrique appeared with an axe in his belt, and since then he has never laid it aside. His only aim in life is to fulfil the promises made to his sister. How well he has taken care of his little niece, Lucia, you all witnessed to-day; that he will slay his sister's betrayer is as certain as the fact that Mr Sumner Carey is at this moment under the spell of an overpowering dread."

"You lie, curse you!" shouted Carey, now livid with fear, and springing to his feet he clutched the bottle in front of him; whilst he was in the very act of throwing it at the old man, there was a yell of savage laughter near him, that stayed his hand, and struck a horror into the faces of all those who heard it.

Carey turned just in time to see Henrique leap in at the window behind him; he hurled the bottle at the intruder, but his aim was marred by fear, and his missile flew wide of its mark.

Before he could draw his pistol, Henrique—shouting "Felisa, Felisa!"—was upon him, and with one swift stroke of his axe he clove his skull to the shin.

"You have doubtless guessed," said the old man soon after in the smoking-room to some of his fellow-guests, "you have doubtless guessed that Sumner Carey was the Standish of my narrative. He was a cruel unscrupulous scoundrel, and I am glad that I witnessed Henrique's fulfilment of the last promise made to his sister."

Napoleon's "M" and Richard Wagner's "13."

Coincidence is, of course, the basis of superstition. So many coincidences are noted from time to time that it would not be remarkable if the list of common superstitions increased yearly. Consider, for example, the great part that the letter M played in the career of Napoleon I. The letter seems to have been both lucky and unlucky for him. It has been pointed out that his first great battle was Marengo, and that his decline began with Moscow.

Marboe was the first to recognise the genius of Napoleon at the Ecole Militaire. Melas opened to him the way to Italy. Mortier was one of his first generals. Moreau betrayed him, and Murat was the first martyr to his cause. Marie Louise partook of his highest destinies. Metternich conquered him on the field of diplomacy.

Six marshals—Massena, Mortier, Marmont, Macdonald, Murat, Mouton—and twenty-six of his generals of divisions had names beginning with the letter M. Murat, Duke of Bassano, was the counsellor in whom he placed the greatest confidence. He gained the battles of Moscow, Montmirail and Montereau. Then came the assault on Montmaitre. Milan was the first enemies' capital, and Moscow the last in which he entered.

He lost Egypt through the blunders of Menou, and employed Miollis to make Pius VII. prisoner. Malet conspired

against him, afterward Marmont. His Ministers were Maret, Montalivet, and Mollien. His first chamberlain was Montesquieu.

Napoleon's most unlikely letter was W, with which two ominous words begin—Wellington, Waterloo.

As the letter M was connected with Napoleon's life, so the figure 13 was connected with Richard Wagner's, though generally in a more fortunate sense.

Wagner was born in 1813, the numerals of which, added together, are equal to thirteen, and he received a name, the letters of which when added to those of his family name are also equal to thirteen. Moreover, he finished "Tannhauser" on April 13, 1860, and it was performed for the first time on March 13, 1861. Twenty-two years later he died, and again the mystical number was dominant, for he passed away on February 13, 1883.

Small boy.—Little pool,
Oh, joy.—no school,
Felt wet.—bad cold,
Home got.—another scold,
Boy sick.—nearly dead,
Cure quick.—doctor said,
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