

dles or light cigarettes. That is my argument."

"How do you propose to prove it?" asked our host.

"Very easy indeed. Let us 'will' he to find a thief amongst us."

There was a general flutter of dissent.

"I don't feel easy in my conscience," laughed Mrs. Fane. "Childish peccadilloes in reference to illegal sweets and unauthorized pots of jam rise up against me and convict me."

"And some of us have stolen hearts," I murmured, with a quick side glance.

"Then let it be a murderer. I suppose none of us can object to that on personal grounds," rejoined the disbeliever so testily that, without further demur, the proposition was agreed to by some of us with unconcealed ill-humor, by all unwillingly, for it is always more interesting to have our senses titillated by the idea that we are in the presence of some mysterious power than to witness a dead failure.

Everyone was airing different opinions or relating past experiences, and there was quite a Babel of sound, when a voice peremptorily requested silence, and at the same moment Mrs. Jerome stepped forward and stood in the centre of the room. She would not allow her eyes to be bandaged. She simply closed them, apparently giving herself up to the firm clasp of the man who was to assist her, and who, I afterwards learned, was her husband. So slim and frail she looked that it seemed, without the support of his strong hands around her throat she must have fallen, for her face was as white as death, and she was trembling so violently that even the most careless was impressed, seeing that she at least believed in her own power. She was in a long white gown of picturesque, but not the most fashionable make, unrelieved by any color; and her hair of a reddish flaxen, was almost straight, but so wiry in texture that it stood like an aureole around her brow, when, with a harassed gesture, she passed her fingers through it as though perplexed and at a loss how to act. Was she waiting for the inspiration that could not possibly come? For the first time it struck me that we were treating her unfairly and with scant courtesy, she being so evidently in earnest and so anxious to succeed. Yet her husband had not objected to her being put to the test. He appeared to have full confidence in the outcome, and her eventual triumph over those who had doubted the sincerity of her profession.

By merest chance, at that moment my glance lighted on Mr. Greyle, the man who had so interested me at dinner. His face was turned away from me, but his attitude struck me as strange in the extreme, although familiar. I was sure I had seen him standing so before; as now, seeming to shrink from observation, his fingers tightly clenched as they hung closely to his sides, his head thrown back as if in forced defiance of some danger.

Suddenly I remembered how and where we had met. It was three years ago, up here, in the rainy season, when Simla gaities had come to a standstill for a few short days on account of the tragic death of a young and very beautiful girl. She had fallen over a

steep place while walking round Jakko. Either the earth, loosened by the heavy rain, had given way beneath her feet, or she had incautiously leant over to see something on the hillside. It was not discovered how the accident befel, but this young man, who was known to have been desperately in love with her, was the first to pass and discover what had happened. The shock had almost turned his brain, and for a long time he had lived in retirement, avoiding all notice, and able to bear no reference to the affair. It was at that time that I had seen him, and this had accounted for his gravity and suppressed excitability, for it takes time to heal a wound like this, nor do the nerves easily recover from such a strain. I was thinking this when, as I watched, I saw him start and press one hand convulsively to his heart, while his face, now shown to me in profile, became ashen grey in hue. At the same time I heard the soft frou-frou of a trailing skirt, and, turning involuntary, saw that Mrs. Jerome was moving with swift unfaltering steps, towards him, her lips parted in suspense, her slender neck bent forward so that her husband had to stretch out his arms not to lose touch of it as, with an expression of disappointment on his face, he followed.

She put out one hand gropingly, and in another moment would have come in contact with Mr. Greyle's body, as, apparently fascinated, he made a forward movement, but as suddenly shrank back horror struck and gasping for breath like a hunted animal at bay. Some women screamed, and in the confusion that ensued the caustic remark of the man who had been the cause of this apparent fiasco was allowed to pass unnoticed; though a feeling was becoming general that such an experiment should never have been permitted; and no one noticed the dazed thwarted look of Mrs. Jerome as she turned to her husband and listened to his hurried explanation.

The attention of everyone was riveted on the young politician, as, pale still, but with restored composure, he excused himself for having caused such a commotion, attributing his nervousness to weak health and over fatigue during the day.

"Poor fellow, he does look wretchedly ill," said Mrs. Fane, who had been awed into silence for the last few minutes. "They say he has never been the same since that poor girl was killed, three years ago. He was devoted to her, and she was secretly engaged to somebody else; indeed, treated him rather badly, so the story goes. It is foolish for him to come up here season after season as he does; it only keeps the old wound open, and really I don't understand him caring to come. It is a sort of morbid impulse, I suppose."

I was silent.

In my own mind I was wondering whether no one else was chafing at this abrupt and altogether impotent conclusion; whether no one else was haunted by the suspicion that this man had been prime mover in that forgotten tragedy, though, perhaps, not with deliberately murderous intent. Had we by chance stumbled on a means by which crime might be infallibly detected? If so, the secret of the

fascination this place had possessed for him was explained; and Nemesis, in the shape of Mrs. Jerome, had this night walked in among us to avenge a hapless victim.—*London World*.

THE PRODUCE MARKET.

The following produce report is taken from the last issue of the Salt Lake Price Current:

Farmers throughout the section of country report the grain crops in excellent condition, and the prospect for fruit is such that we anticipate a large export instead of import trade this summer. The railroads report a large increase in tonnage, both in and out of the Territory, while the demand for grain is such that shippers cannot fill their orders. All lines are so brisk that no idle help remains on the street.

OFFERINGS.

Wheat—Wheat is still in good demand for import and home trade. Prices have stiffened during the past week and the millers report the article hard to obtain. Offerings are made from \$1.25 to \$1.30, track at Salt Lake.

Corn—A slight decline has occurred on this article in the Eastern markets. But very little importing is being done at present. Some few cars have arrived during the past week. Offerings are made for whole corn, track Utah points, car lots, at \$1.80, and cracked corn at \$1.85, with mixed feed at \$1.95 to \$2.00.

Oats—This article still continues scarce. Eastern shippers are making offerings plentiful in this market at \$2.25 per cwt., car lots, while a few Utah offerings are being made from \$2.25 to \$2.35.

Hay—The demand for hay has eased up in the Eastern markets on account of the slight advance in prices and also on account of inferior articles being shipped from the Territory, and in many cases a large amount was refused. There is no demand at present except for home trade, offerings for which were made last week at \$8 per ton for alfalfa. Mixed hay from \$9 to \$14 per ton, timothy \$12 to \$13, car lots, track city.

Eggs—The supply still continues light and not yet equal to the demand, consequently the prices still remain firm. On account of the warm weather all eggs require to be candled and guaranteed. Offerings are made from \$5 to \$5.25 per case for Utah eggs and from \$4.50 to \$4.75 for eastern.

Butter—The best grades, all grass fed, still arrive from California, and the market is fairly well stocked. Eastern shippers are beginning to send goods into the market to compete with California, while local shippers begin to have extra super on hand, which is bound to make a decline in prices, as every indication points to the market being overstocked. California best is selling at 25c per pound, eastern at 21 to 25 per pound, and Utah from 20 to 22½. Dairy 16 to 20 and off color at 10 to 15 per pound.

Potatoes—The demand for exportation of this article has entirely stopped, with no market at present except for home trade. Extra handling and assorting has now to be attended to, as buyers will not accept of them in any other way. California potatoes are coming in car lots and can be laid down from 90c. to \$1.00.

Fruit—A heavy decline has occurred on fruits, strawberries declining as low as \$1.75 per case and cherries at \$1.60 to \$1.75 per case, although the market rallied today to \$2.90 and \$2.25, which was obtained. Offerings on strawberries for Monday are made at \$2.00, cherries at \$1.75 per case. Oranges from \$2.50 to \$4.50 per case.