

THE AWAKENING OF SILAS MARSTON.

Among all who knew him, Silas Marston bore the character of a stern, hard man. But a stranger might have read his nature in his face—in the cold, grey eyes, thin, closely-compressed lips, and severe aspect.

His neighbors in Bardsley said he never smiled. Certainly, he smiled very seldom and laughed even less frequently. No frivolity of any kind had he ever allowed to creep into his life. His nature did not require relaxation. Music, dancing, play-going, cricket, football, golf, skittles, he scorned them all. Life was too serious for such follies.

In one characteristic he took the greatest pride. Never in his recollection had he willingly broken his word. Perfectly straightforward in all his dealings, scrupulously honest, he had marked out for himself a line of conduct from which he never diverged, and he expected his family to walk along the same rigid chalk-mark with steps as unflinching as his own.

The severe home discipline galled his only son terribly. When a lad is forbidden any amusement more exciting than an occasional lecture at the assembly rooms, it would be strange if he did not rebel. Tom Marston revolted, and the consequences were serious.

He visited the theater. Some busy-body saw him and told his father. Silas Marston did not storm, desperately angry though he was. That was not his way.

"Theaters are catchpits," he said. "If you go again I will turn you out of doors."

Tom knew—none better—that his father would most assuredly do as he said, and for nearly twelve months he avoided the banned building on Bardsley Green. But one morning a comrade jeered at him and dared him to go. That night he broke Silas Marston's law for the second time, and again he was found out. On his return his father met him at the door.

"You have been to the theater," he said, in the calm, cold, equable voice which he habitually used, whether angry or pleased. "What money have you?"

In fear and trembling, Tom produced his purse and counted its contents with nervous fingers.

"Seven-shillings-and-ninety, father," he faltered. Silas Marston placed two sovereigns in the boy's shaking hand.

"Take these and go," he said. "I disown you."

He opened the door. Next morning the motherless boy was in the street—without a home.

If Silas Marston were in any way disturbed by his son's absence, he gave no outward sign of it. He went to his business just as regularly as before, and was as constant in his attendance at church. To all inquiries which were many, his answer was the same:

"He disobeyed me, and I sent him away."

What had become of the lad he did not know. He had kept his word, and the satisfaction thus derived was strong enough to silence his conscience—at least, so it appeared.

Seven months had passed. It was the last day of the Leeds Winter assizes. Silas Marston had been summoned on the jury. The last case on the calendar was one of forgery. The clerk called out the name of "Joseph Taylor," and the jailer brought up his prisoner, a lad of seventeen, poorly clad, and apparently half-starved. He trembled as he stepped to the front of the dock, and his face, as he glanced furtively about, was deathly pale.

Suddenly, as his gaze rested on the jury box, he staggered, clutched at the dock railings and clung convulsively, while his face alternately paled and crimsoned. So he remained, with his eyes cast down.

Had a curious spectator been watching Silas Marston closely he might have seen that juryman's cold eyes dilate, and his mouth part slightly, while an ashen pallor overspread his features. But those signs of agitation were only momentary. Recovering himself in an instant, Silas folded his arms and, leaning back, stared at the boy with stony eyes that revealed no interest whatever. Doubtless it was a great victory.

Counsel for the prosecution opened the case against the wretched lad. The accused, he said, had been in the employment of Messrs. Clifford and Rice as errand boy; it was also his duty to sweep up the counting-house. A forged check for £75, in favor of Mr. Darley, with whom the firm had dealings, had been presented at Clifford and Rice's bankers and cashed. When it was discovered that several forms were missing from a check book, suspicion fell upon the prisoner, who had access to the drawer where the book was kept, and had been seen in the company of a notorious criminal—not in custody. He was accused and searched, when three blank forms, next in sequence to that which had been cashed, were found upon him. The body of the check had not been filled up by the accused, nor did he present it, but he was charged with forging Messrs. Clifford and Rice's signature and the endorsement, both of which were excellent imitations and must have been copied from genuine signatures.

The boy was asked to plead. He stammered something unintelligible and burst into tears. The gentleman who had been requested by the court to defend him rose hastily and pleaded "not guilty" on his behalf.

Silas Marston frowned.

"It's waste of time," he muttered to his neighbor on the left, the foreman of the jury.

"I think it is," rejoined the gentleman, "but let the boy have a chance."

Counsel for the prosecution called witnesses after witnesses, whose evidence made it abundantly clear that the accused was guilty, but that he had been the dupe of an older criminal, who had escaped with the plunder.

Counsel for the defense, finding himself unable to controvert the evidence, appealed to the court.

"I understand," he said, "that the prisoner was sent away from home only a few months ago to sink or swim. He had disobeyed his father,

a man of considerable means, who turned him out of doors. I do not envy that man's feelings when he learns the consequences of his unattractive conduct, and I maintain, gentlemen of the jury, that it is he who should be standing in the dock and not his son."

Silas Marston cast down his eyes.

"The prisoner," continued the learned gentleman, "when on the brink of starvation fell in with a man, whose name has been mentioned, and who may yet have to answer for his share in this crime. For motives of his own this man took pity on him and fed him. It was he who induced him to apply to the prosecutors for the situation of errand boy under an alias, and it was in obedience to his command that the accused obtained the blank checks and letters bearing the necessary signatures. The prisoner could not refuse; his gratitude forbade."

"That the boy's nature is honorable and scrupulous I have proof. His father turned him out of doors to starve, yet I have failed to persuade him to reveal that stony-hearted father's name and address. He has refused to bring disgrace upon his natural parent by revealing his own name to his counsel. I have nothing more to add, gentlemen, except to ask you to take into account all the circumstances of this case. If the accused's father—the real criminal—could be called as a witness it would relieve my feelings to examine him."

He sat down. The judge summed up in a sentence, and turned to the jury, as if expecting an immediate verdict of "guilty."

It was not forthcoming. Whispers passed to and fro in the jury box. Silas Marston took no part in the discussion. He had written his verdict on a slip of paper and handed it to the foreman. It was "guilty." Having done his duty, he had apparently no further interest in the matter.

"Well, gentlemen?" exclaimed the judge in some surprise.

"We can't agree," said the foreman.

"Then you had better retire," was the curt rejoinder.

The jury at once filed out of the box and followed an official to the room set apart for them.

"Come, Mr. Maydue," said the foreman, addressing an elderly gentleman of benevolent appearance, "you are the only dissident. We can add a rider recommending the boy to mercy, but on the evidence, we must find him guilty."

"Certainly," added Silas Marston, in his most severe tone. "The prisoner has broken the law, and he must suffer the penalty. He ought to consider himself fortunate that he is living at the end of the nineteenth century. It is not so long since the penalty for forgery was death."

Mr. Maydue turned upon him in great indignation.

"For shame, sir! I thank God that those horrible days are past. And you, sir, ought to thank your maker for giving you a different father to the brute who brought this poor boy into the world. I say he ought not to be made responsible, and I refuse to convict him. Gentlemen," he went on, addressing the jury generally, for Silas Marston avoided his gaze, "I ask you to acquit the prisoner in mercy to the miserable wretch who turned him adrift, for if you do not, nothing will save that man from condemnation when he stands before the Great Judge on the last day." Pausing, he laid his hand on Silas Marston's shoulder, and, again addressing him, said: "Are you a father?"

"Yes," faltered the wretched man. He was not prepared for Mr. Maydue's sudden attack, and the armor of cold self-righteousness and self-approval in which he had so long encased himself was anything but proof.

"I find it hard to believe you," Mr. Maydue rejoined. "But if you really have a child, picture it in the prisoner's and let your heart incline to mercy."

Silas Marston sat down and covered his face with his hands. He was beginning to awake.

"Friends," Mr. Maydue resumed, turning to his fellow-jurymen, "I ask you to find this boy not guilty. Let him have another chance. He is more merciful than his miserable father. Let that wretch answer for his neglect and cruelty himself. Do not let us do anything that will constrain us to stand beside him when he is called to account. Temper justice with mercy, and let the boy go."

"You plead well, sir," said the foreman of the jury, "but I am of Mr. Marston's opinion. The boy is guilty, and it is our duty to find him so. Mercy is the judge's prerogative. The most we can do is to recommend it. Are you ill, sir?"

The question was addressed to Silas Marston. He lifted his head. His mouth and eyelids were twitching—he could not answer. At last he was awake.

"Mr. Marston is ill," the foreman went on. "Come! Let us settle this matter and go home. Now, Mr. Maydue, eleven of us are in favor of a conviction."

"No, no," interrupted Mr. Marston, in great agitation.

"What! Has he won you over?"

"Yes. God help and forgive me! I am the boy's father. All Mr. Maydue has said is true. I drove him away from home. I failed in my duty. Let him go, I implore you!"

The tears were streaming down Silas Marston's face now. His stubborn will was broken. Mr. Maydue broke the long silence which followed that amazing appeal.

"What is the verdict to be?" he asked.

"Not guilty," answered the foreman, in a husky voice.

Five minutes afterward Tom Marston was free. The judge discharged him without comment. He had long ceased to be surprised at the vagaries of jurymen. It is almost needless to add that the newly-awakened father took his son home.

A Good Thing. Lord Walsley, the British commander-in-chief, in a public address, recently said that he could not help thinking it was a good thing for the school children of the United States to be brought up in the conviction that they belonged to the greatest nation in the world, and must be ready to fight for it, and he added that he would like to see every child in an English school taught to admire and love his country and the constitution under which he lived, so that he could be prepared to maintain that constitution against all comers.

WAS QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

A Drummer's Story of Chicago Passengers in the Old Coach Days.

One of the most eccentric and entertaining of the traveling men who come to Chicago is Frank Scribner, of New York. "Scrib," as he is called by everybody, is an importer of musical instruments and he can play on everything from a Jew's harp to a brass drum. Yesterday Scribner entertained the writer for half an hour in his headquarters. Two rooms were filled from wall to wall with samples of every instrument and "Scrib" could play on all of them excepting the accordion. To that he declined to plead guilty. Jerking up two Jew's harps Scribner put them to his mouth and played a tune on them both at once. But the French harp, or harmonica, is his great instrument. On an 8-cent harp, called the brass band, with the assistance of a glass tumbler, he gave an imitation of a whole orchestra that was wonderful. One of Scribner's many admirers sent him the following tribute:

A cord of wood when burning
Will warm cold feet or hands,
But nothing can warm the feelings.
Like a chord on Scrib's brass bands.

"Yes, I have been coming to Chicago a good many years," said Scribner. "An uncle of mine used to come here when there were no railroads and people had to come on the stage coach. He used to tell me about his first trip here. When he arrived at the place, wherever it was, where the stage started for Chicago, he found the agent just selling tickets. 'First, second and third class tickets for the Chicago coach,' shouted the agent. Some purchase first, some second, and some third class tickets. My uncle bought his ticket and clambered into the stage. He failed to see any difference in the accommodations for the different classes. The third-class passengers had just as good seats as the first or second class ticket holders. However, when the coach approached the horrible roads near Chicago the difference between the various classes developed. Every time the coach sank in the mud to the hubs and stuck fast the driver would lean down and yell, 'Second and third class passengers get out, second-class walk, third-class push like!'—Chicago Chronicle.

THE WILDCAT'S PAW.

A Plensing Little Story Straight From Montana. What is by long odds the best hunting story of the season comes from St. Regis and the section foreman, Ned Thompson, who looks after the Snake track at that place, is the hero. It is probably the first case of its kind on record, and establishes a precedent in the killing of widents.

Last Thursday morning as Thompson and his gang of Scandinavians were punning the bandcar along the track, on the way to their work, which that day was along the clay bluff's east of St. Regis, they were startled by the angry snarl of a wildcat ahead of them. They slowed up the car as they rounded the bluff, and a strange sight greeted their eyes. The morning was bitterly cold, and a fringe of ice bordered the banks of the St. Regis river, which rushed along just below the track. Broken ice and a wet trail up the bank showed that the cat had swam through the icy stream and explained his present predicament. For he certainly was in the gravest predicament in which ever a wildcat found himself. He was fastened firmly to one of the steel rails by one forefoot.

The supposition is that the cat had come through the river and leaped up the track embankment. His last jump brought one of his wet forefeet upon the rail, and it froze to the steel. There he was, held as fast as in the jaws of a trap. The ground showed that he had struggled to free himself, but his efforts had been in vain.

A blow from a crowbar cracked his skull and the victim of cold water was dead. It required a strong pull to detach the frozen foot from the rail, and when it did come, patches of skin still adhered to the steel.—Aurora Standard.

Dried Olives for Food.

Manager J. A. Flicher, of the California Board of Trade, has received a communication of rare interest from Southern California regarding the raising of olives for drying purposes. If dried olives possess all the qualities claimed by their advocate, a new industry may be developed in this state and economical persons be furnished with a food product palatable and highly nutritious which will cost not more than 5c a day. W. S. Manning, of Ballard, Santa Barbara county, has sent a sample of the dried fruit for the inspection of the board of trade. He contends that no product on earth contains as much of the elements of nutrition necessary for the sustenance of the body as a ripe olive. The dried fruit will of course contain all these qualities, and all that is necessary to render it pleasant to the taste is soaking and salting it. The oil of the olive is equal to meat, and the pulp is as good as bread.—San Francisco Call.

New Woman in Georgia.

She saw a street car about a block and a half away and made up her mind to catch it, and she did, 'gosh!' She made a plunge for it, and whistled for the conductor to stop the concern. The conductor didn't think she would ever reach the car, and consequently did not stop. But that woman was one of the up-to-daters, and she had different notions from those of the conductor. She ran like a rabbit, and it wasn't long before she had planted her tiny feet upon the step of the retreating car. I felt disposed to applaud her for this feat, but about that time she reached up and pulled up the cord and stopped the car herself. The conductor and motorman looked up in astonishment. "I simply want to wait for my dog to catch up," she replied to their inquisitive glances. Now, all I have to say is this—that if that woman is a new woman, we need more of them to run this country. We need them particularly in the corn fields.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Ones Who Suffer.

"One has to undergo a great deal to secure a musical education," remarked the young woman who hopes some day to be a prima-donna.

"But one's neighbors have to undergo a great deal more," suggested the young man from the next flat.—Chicago Post.

Judges of the Olympian Games.

Universal peace during the month of the games was proclaimed by heralds in every part of Hellas, and the slightest breaking of the sacred truce was thought sacrilege, which delinquent and monk alike were bound to punish. The judges of the games, or "Hellenodote," ranging from nine to twelve in number at different times, were elected by the Eleians. All who wished to be judges were required to show not only that they had never committed a crime, public or private, but that they were stainless in moral character. Not unfrequently even men of distinction were excluded by this severe test during the golden age of Hellenic honor. "The Olympian Games," by G. T. Ferris, in April St. Nicholas.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

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Wards Off Charity Hunters.

A well known judge has invented rather a neat reply to the letters of busybodies soliciting subscriptions for useless societies. He fills the first page of the note paper with these words, written in a bold hand: Dear sir, in reply to your letter, I have much pleasure in subscribing—here the secretary joyfully turns the page to find the conclusion of the sentence on the following leaf—"myself, your obedient servant, John So-and-so."—St. James Budget.

Cool's Cough Balm.

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

She Told Them.

M. de Strop—Mary, remember, I am at home to none except Mr. Vere Brownkins this afternoon.

Mary (half an hour later)—I've told four gentlemen callers that you were at home to none except Mr. Vere Brownkins, ma'am, and they left very mad indeed.—Judge.

Pho's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds.—Mrs. C. Holt, 459 8th Ave., Denver, Col., Nov. 8, '95.

An Instance.

"Moral courage," said the teacher, "is the courage that makes a boy do what he thinks is right, regardless of the jeers of his companions."

"Then," said Willie, "if a feller has candy and eats it all himself, and ain't afraid of the other fellers callin' him stingy, is that moral courage?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Well and Happy When She Had Enough.

We once knew a woman, an inmate of a county infirmary, who obtained the pipeage of 106 years, who had always been an inveterate user of tobacco, which owing to her poverty was a luxury not easily obtained. To economize in its use, she first chewed the plug and dried the quids, from which she made a tea and drank of it freely, then the residue was carefully redried for consumption in her T. D. pipe. The old lady proudly affirmed that she had never been ill.—Cleveland Medical Gazette.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Hard Fate.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," said the dime museum orator, leaving his audience over to the next playfellow, "is the armless wonder, Signor Bagstock, who was not only born without arms, but is also deaf and dumb. The great grief of his life, ladies and gentlemen, is that he can neither say anything nor can he saw wood."—Chicago Tribune.

ITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer.

There are fifty-one anarchist papers published in England and America.

There are twenty creeks in the country with the name of the Tiler.

Speaker Reed denies the report that he studied for the ministry.

Nearly every citizen of a town believes that he "made" it.

IOWA PATENT OFFICE REPORT.

DES MOINES, April 3.—Patents have been allowed to Iowa inventors as follows: To H. Mendenhall and F. B. Davis, of Audubon, for important improvements relating to a feed trough for animals, for which patent No. 339,915 was issued to the said Mendenhall April 13, 1886. To J. W. Terman, of New Sharon, for a composition for purifying and preserving butter, sweet milk, etc., and destroying bacteria or other micro-organisms therein. Rancid butter treated therewith and sterilized thereby is said to be as good and sweet as fresh butter. Valuable information about obtaining, valuing and selling patents sent free to any address. Printed copies of the drawings and specifications of any United States patent sent upon receipt of 25 cents. Our practice is not restricted to Iowa and inventors in other states can have our services on same terms as the Hawkeyes.

THOMAS G. AND J. RALPH ORWIG, Solicitors of Patents.

Probably Has Not Occurred to Him.

"If the British lion," chuckled the American eagle, "is hurrying to discover the south pole so he can wrap his tail around it and take possession, let him go ahead. The revolution of the earth on its axis will give his tail the hardest twist it has ever had yet."—Chicago Tribune.

The Plug—Easter Number.

Will be ready the early part of April. Everything in it will be new and original. It will contain articles by Capt. Ches. King, U. S. A., ex-troop, Gen. W. Peck of Wisconsin, and other well known writers. An entertaining number, well illustrated. Send ten (10) cents to Gen. H. Hoarford, publisher, 415 Old Colony building, Chicago, Ill., for a copy.

A Prince Albert coat often covers a multitude of patches.

If you think anyone is wise, it is because you don't know him very well.

When Traveling.

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver, and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches, and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cent and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only.

Trade in Bananas.

Few persons are aware of the extent to which the banana has become popularized in the United States. According to the statistics there were imported 16,720,127 bunches of bananas in 1895, of which number 928,336 bunches came to Baltimore, 1,637,802 to Boston, 2,499,618 to Mobile, 5,088,119 to New Orleans, 4,548,572 to New York and 2,026,780 to Philadelphia. The Baltimore, Boston and Philadelphia supply was from Jamaica. New Orleans and Mobile got their supply largely from Central America, while New York got hers from all sources. The people find in the banana a cheap and wholesome article of food, which is valuable at seasons when few fruits are to be had.

Just how it does it is not the question.

It is enough to know that the Hindostani takes out the pains, and a very pleasing relief it is, in, as druggists.

Lovely.

"Oh, yes," continued the girl of the prehistoric period, "we had birds twenty feet high in those days."

"Dear me," exclaimed the fin de siècle person, "what lovely hats you must have had! Well, well!"—Detroit Tribune.

I have tried Parker's Ginger Tonic and believe in it, says a mother and so will you say when familiar with its revitalizing properties.

The queen of Roumania fairly reels in literature.

Half Fare Excursions via the Wabash.

The short line to St. Louis, and quick route East or South. April 21st and May 5th. Excursions to all points South at one fare for the round trip with \$2.00 added.

National Republican Convention at St. Louis.

JULY 24, National Educational Association at Buffalo.

JULY 24th, Christian Endeavor Convention at Washington.

JULY 25th, National People and Silver Convention at St. Louis.

For rates, time tables and further information, call at the Wabash ticket office, 1415 Farnam St., Paxton Hotel block, or write GEO. N. CLAYTON, N. W. Pass. Agt., Omaha, Neb.

A lie must beatched with another or it will soon rain through.

Millard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to address, H. C. AKIN, 611 E. 15th St., Omaha, Neb.

An Imprudent But Gushing Woman.

Young women who take books at the circulating library are imprudent to scan their pages as blotters. They are doing wrong also, for it is against the rules. A copy of "Lord Ormond and His Aminta," which has been in use in a Philadelphia library, held in front of a mirror revealed the inscription, "I send you my heart with a kiss." All women finish their letters with that phrase, which cannot therefore betray anybody; but, in this case, the signature was there.

The Back, the Thumbscrew and the Boot were old-fashioned instruments of torture long since abandoned, but there is a torturer who still continues to agonize the joints, muscles and nerves of many of us. The Rheumatism, the Invertebrate Spine, the Stomach Distress, which likewise grades into neuralgia, indigestion, malacia, bowel stomach and nerve complaints.

There are two great crimes; murder and slander.

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10¢ worth Other tobaccos 3 1/3 oz.
You Gain 2 2/15 oz.

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