

GUILTY OR INNOCENT? By AMY BRAZIER.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.) CHAPTER VIII.

The doctor, in answer to his unspoken appeal, goes with him to the hall. Are they going to arrest me? George whispers hoarsely, looking nervously at the doctor.

There was no shame in the eyes of George Bouverie. A kind of proud light leaps into them for a moment; then he puts his mother gently into the doctor's arms, saying softly: "Whatever happens, believe I am innocent." Then he turns to the sergeant. "Now, then, I am ready to go with you."

Mr. Bouverie does not see the crowning act of disgrace as her son walks out of his own home a prisoner into the goodly light of the setting sun. She has fainted, and lies back with closed eyes, unconscious of the young golden head, that, for the first time in his life, George bows with shame.

He gets up on the car, with white lips and a stony face. His eyes are fixed and show no wavering. And, before night falls, all Portraven stands at its doors discussing the bank robbery and the arrest of Mr. Bouverie; while the cashier lies in his lodgings, and turns his face to the wall, a limp heap of shuddering humanity.

IT IS GOING AGAINST HIM, AND YET HE IS INNOCENT.

Dr. Carter is trembling visibly. "Let me take you away, Mrs. Bouverie. My dear lady, be guided by me. I'll let you know the instant it is over."

But she shakes her head, her poor, sad eyes seeing only the figure in the dock, the man with the handsome, miserable face, that gets paler and more desperate as the case goes on. He glances at his mother once, with a world of sorrowful pity in his gaze, and his self-control deserts him for a moment.

The judge is summing up, and every sentence, every clear-cutting word tells against the prisoner. It is a scathing speech, in which the jury are entreated to lay aside any thoughts of the prisoner's position, of his youth, only to remember that a hideous crime has been committed; and he begs them to do their duty fearlessly, conscientiously before God, and faithfully between the Crown and the prisoner at the bar.

Sebastian Saville draws a long breath as the judge sits down. George Bouverie is as good as condemned; there is not a chance of an acquittal now. The jury file out of the box. (To be continued.)

ALLEGED REASONS. Why Widows Make the Best Wives and Are in Demand.

Widows are popular in the marriage market. Father Philip McEnvoy of South Bethlehem, Penn., who has recently been making some original investigations into the question of marriage, reports that what strikes him most forcibly is "the extraordinary demand for widows."

So the warm spring days go by, with the world flooded with sunshine, and every field and tree in its new dress of vivid green, everything bright and beautiful; only the stern, unhappy face of the man awaiting trial, while mother prays to Him who pities this sorrowful sighing of the prisoners, taking her trouble to the foot of the cross and laying it there. Oh, the shame, the misery, and the pity of it all!

And the day dawns for the trial of the bank robbery. Dr. Carter makes one more desperate effort. Mrs. Bouverie, who is not strong enough to stand this, I promise to send you word every half-hour as the case goes on. Besides, it would only distress poor George to see you."

"Dr. Carter, you mean well, but I must go. I will be very brave," Mrs. Bouverie says, looking at the doctor's kindly face with eyes that are dim with tears and want of sleep. "I will kill her, poor soul!" Dr. Carter says, frowning at the courtroom. It is an exciting case. The couple retained for George is the depth of despair. He cannot see the chance of an acquittal unless some wonderful evidence turns up, which is not likely, at the eleventh hour.

STILL ANOTHER WAR.

JOHN BULL FIGHTING "WILD MEN OF BORNEO."

Rebillion Natives Driven From Stronghold to Stronghold and the End Is Near—Rare Courage of the Islanders—Is Near the Philippines.

While public attention so far as British military activities are concerned, has been centered on the South African struggle, England has been having serious trouble with a people other than the Boers and at present is carrying on a bloody war in Borneo. Owing to the poor facilities for carrying news, little has been made known as yet as to the origin of the war, but it is known that Britain is conducting an active campaign which ends not otherwise than in the early crushing of the revolution.

The government at Washington may well shake hands with the British over kindred troubles in the same neighborhood. Borneo is a next-door neighbor of ours in the far east, being situated immediately and only a short distance southwest of the Philippine Islands. It is in direct line between Australia and Asia, and is a little nearer the latter. Borneo is one of the largest islands in the world, but from the standpoint of production has been of little importance. It seems a rebellion was organized last year under a chief named Mat Lalleh and before the British bestirred themselves, a serious rebellion was begun. Much of the earlier part of the war was confined to jungle fighting. Here the natives had a tremendous advantage on account of long familiarity with the few paths through the tangled brush and their remarkable agility in sliding through what is apparently impenetrable masses of bamboo and undergrowth. So long as the rebels clung to this style of warfare the British made little headway in the jungle.

A Javanese boy named Leyman, who was a servant of one of the resident British officials, dashed through the hole in the stockade and with a big can of oil in one hand and a flaming torch in the other ran toward the fort buildings. The rebels, yelling and howling, turned their heaviest fire on the boy. The soldiers, who were now pouring through the openings in the bamboo fence, soon drew most of the fire from the lad. Undaunted by the bullets whistling about his head Leyman dashed from building to building, and soon half a dozen of them were in flames. The rebels brought into play a small brass cannon, which at the third shot exploded. With the explosion the rebels abandoned the fort to the enemy. A number of them were captured, however, and the remainder who had escaped the bullets, darted into underground tunnels and escaped. At last, the rebel forces had to retire to their only fort, which occupied a commanding position, and here they withstood the British for ten days. On one occasion a dare-devil patriot appeared on the fort wall and shouted defiance at the enemy. A rifle cracked and a ball passed through both legs of the patriot. The man fell outside the walls and no sooner struck the ground than he scrambled face to the enemy, tore open his shirt, exposing his naked breast. A half score of rifles rang out and six or seven bullets entered the spot the poor rebel bared for them.

Eventually the rebel chief was killed, the fort had to be abandoned and now the Borneo revolutionists, the few who are left, are fugitives in the jungles. Very soon it is expected they will be run to earth and the revolution will be at an end.

Ammonia Gas. Ammonia gas is obtained from its salts by acting on these with slaked lime or solutions of potash or soda, and is freed from water by passing over quicklime or solid potash, and is finally collected over mercury. It is a colorless gas, of a pungent smell and alkaline taste and reaction. It is remarkably soluble in water, one volume dissolving nearly 700 of the gas. Such a solution constitutes the Liq. Ammon. Fort. of the pharmacopoeia, and when diluted is the liquid ammonia used for household purposes.

Quite Proper, You Know. You are quite out of the track if you haven't a wee gold or silver elephant dangling about your person. The masculine fob carries one of these jeweled toys, and from the long gold chain depends another. Elephants have the right of way this season—perhaps in honor of the circus, maybe because they are really such jolly ornaments. Their heads are used for cuff stands and for hat pins, and the amount of good luck they bring to the fashionable wearer is said to be boundless. My!

Healthy Tramps. There is no particularly serious feature about the fact that the growth of gold has increased tramps in the country—Philadelphia Times.

HAVE STAGE AMBITIONS.

Amusing Letters of Application From Job Hunters.

Managers of theatrical companies receive all sorts of queer applications. The Dramatic Mirror prints some of these, with pertinent comments. Says the Mirror: Manager George Dupree of "O'Hooligan's Wedding," sends this impressive communication, received by him from Pittston, Pa.: "Sir—I saw your ad where you want to hear from good people. I am a song and dance man and ragtime singer with sketch and don't take a back seat to any one Buck and Wing dancer that ever threw down sand and I can certainly set fire to the sand. If you can use me, answer with ticket." This, it seems, must be the outpouring of a young man who has been told that the right thing for one to do is to assert one's self. Some one has sent in the following letter, which would seem to indicate the existence of an extraordinary person out in Kansas: "Dear sir—I am now the Band imitator or the man that swallowed a Brass Band. I am a Freak. I am the only man that does any work like I do. I give a imitation of a full Brass Band—can be heard plainly. If always make a hit and get hand. I can use me please write me at—Kan. (permanent). I also do vocal work using high tenor." Every one has met many freaks in his time, but few that have come out unreservedly and admitted that they were such. It might be expedient for some "uniformed band and orchestra" manager to communicate with the phenomenon, who should work for less than they are paying to a number of musicians, all of whose places he could fill. Frank Halleran advertised in Kansas City for a few amateurs to assist in chorus work. He has turned in this picturesque reply to his advertisement: "dere Ser. I was reading the star tonight about minstrelsy and Amateurs. I am one of those I mean Amateurs. I am one of twenty 2 year Old come the 5 of March and My folks all say I would be a good minstrel and if you think so write me a Letter and I will join your company. I sing good and can say lots of funny jokes to make the people laugh and could play the drum in Your band with practice because I could play some tunes On the Piano and I would like to be in the band I am a Stranger in the City but will be better none when I am here longer because I was in lots of shows before I will now say Good By."

SENATOR ELKINS

And How His Warm Friendship for Blaine Began.

One of the warmest political friends of the late James G. Blaine was Stephen B. Elkins, senator from West Virginia. Their friendship began this way: Early in the seventies, when Mr. Elkins was a territorial delegate to Congress from New Mexico, privileged to speak, but not to vote, he wanted to make a speech upon a subject dear to the hearts of his constituents. Mr. Blaine was Speaker of the House and Mr. Elkins was a new man and, being unknown, was without influence. He determined to be heard, nevertheless, and planned to meet the Speaker privately. As luck would have it, one night while Elkins was dining in Welker's restaurant Mr. Blaine walked in and took a seat near him. Waiving all formality, the young member introduced himself and laid his case plainly before the Speaker. "All right," said Mr. Blaine, when he had ended. "As soon as you get your speech ready I'll recognize you and you shall be heard." And heard he was. The speech was in a small way Mr. Elkins' political beginning, but it was of even more importance to Mr. Blaine, for the young man promptly pushed himself in a commanding place in national politics, and soon afterward married a daughter of Henry G. Davis of West Virginia. He became a senator from that state. From the date of that speech until 1892, when Senator Elkins died, the offices of President Harrison at Minneapolis, he was among the foremost champions of Mr. Blaine's presidential candidacy. General Harrison had delayed naming his premier. Mr. Blaine was the leading name mentioned for the place. In December Mr. Elkins wrote to the president-elect, saying that nine-tenths of the Republicans throughout the country would be greatly disappointed if the giving out of Mr. Blaine's name as secretary of state were delayed much longer. This letter was mailed from a postbox up-town in New York, and two days later, to the assembled reporters in Indianapolis, General Harrison announced that Mr. Blaine had accepted the post of secretary of state in his cabinet. The letter had its effect—Saturday Evening Post.

Christian Religion. Washington correspondent Chicago Record: Every department of this government—executive, legislative, judicial, military and civil—has time and again and almost daily recognized Christ and the Christian religion, by the rules of the house of representatives and the senate, by the observance of the Christian Sabbath in every branch of the government, by the appointment of Christian chaplains in the army and navy, by furnishing the holy Scriptures and books of common prayer to soldiers and sailors and by everybody. Congress has several times adjourned on Good Friday, Christmas day is recognized in its religious significance of every department, and the Supreme court has repeatedly held that this is a Christian nation and that Christianity is a part of the common law of the land.

Easily Explained. Watts—Ever notice how kindly an audience takes to jokes about policemen and about women—that is, men do? I'm afraid it's a bad sign. Pots—Don't you worry. It is human nature to enjoy seeing one's bosses made fun of.

Time and Money. Guest—"What! Five dollars a day? You only charged me three when I was here two months ago." Hotel Clerk—"I know, but the days are longer now."—Philadelphia Record.

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LIKE MANY OTHERS

Clara Kopp Wrote for Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Tells what it did for Her.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have seen so many letters from ladies who were cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies that I thought I would ask your advice in regard to my condition. I have been doctoring for four years and have taken different patent medicines, but received very little benefit. I am troubled with backache, in fact my whole body aches, stomach feels sore, by spells get short of breath and am very nervous. Menstruation is very irregular with severe bearing down pains, cramps and backache. I hope to hear from you at once." CLARA KOPP, Rockport, Ind., Sept. 27, 1898.

"I think it is my duty to write a letter to you in regard to what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I wrote you some time ago, describing my symptoms and asking your advice, which you very kindly gave. I am now healthy and cannot begin to praise your remedy enough. I would say to all suffering women: Take Mrs. Pinkham's advice, for a woman best understands a woman's sufferings, and Mrs. Pinkham, from her vast experience in treating female ills, can give you advice that you can get from no other source." CLARA KOPP, Rockport, Ind., April 13, 1899.

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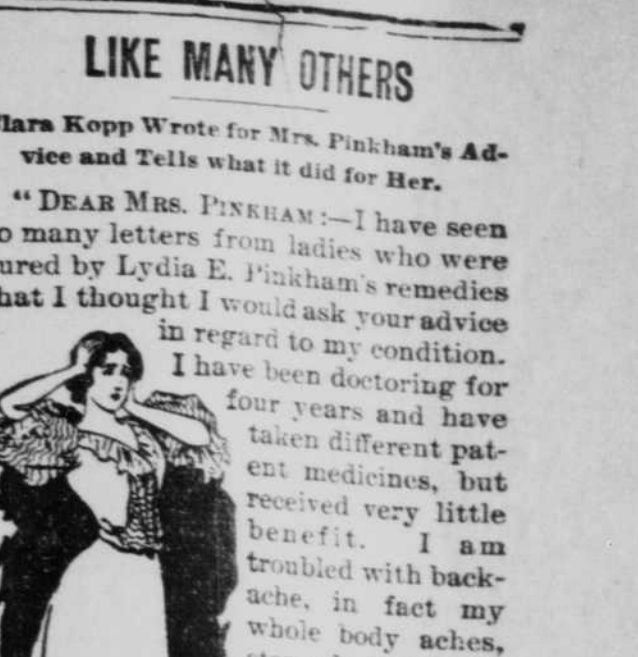
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