

## DARK DAYS.

sweeter, and deeper. Yes, I was spared the telling of the tale. My mother's eyes the poor old woman told me that Phillipa had given her the history, as I have given it here, from beginning to end.

No, not quite the end. Sit by me one more, as I asked you at the beginning of my story to sit by me; but this time, not by the side of a smouldering fire, but out in the fair gay parts of our Australian home. Phillipa and I are side by side. The postbox has come in, and brought me a bulky packet, of which, in a clerical hand, is written my name and address. I tear the wrapper open with eagerness. I know what it contains. Phillipa knows. I wish to read it first alone, but the appealing look in her eyes turns me from my purpose. After all, there is nothing to fear, there can be nothing which we should not know. So, with one shudder, al but touching, we read together. She by us, lean over my shoulder, and read with me.

"The confessions of William Evans, now lying in Townsham jail, under sentence of death."

"On the fifth of January, this year, I returned from New Zealand, where I had passed some time. When I reached London, I had but a few shillings in my pocket. I had no articles of value which I could sell. All I owned, except my clothes and the little bit of money, was a pistol which a man on board the ship had given me. It was a pistol of his own invention. He had several with him, and said he wanted to get the sort known. Why he gave it to me God knows, but he did, and a couple of cartridges.

"I spent my money—al but a shilling or two. I tried to get work, but none was to be had. Then I remembered that I once had a friend who lived near Paddington. I went there by train. I had just enough money to pay my fare. I found that the man I knew had left the place two years ago. I walked back to the town penalties and despair.

"The first thing I did was to go to the pawnbroker. I sold the pistol. The man wouldn't buy it at any price. He said his shop was full of pistols. I went away, and walked to the railway station to try and earn a few pence somehow. I was in despair—al but starving.

"About seven o'clock the train from London came in. A tall gentleman came out of the door of the station. I asked him if he had any luggage I could carry for him. He told me to be off. Then I asked him, for pity's sake, to give me a shilling to buy some food. He cursed me, and I began to hate him.

"He stood under the gas-lamp, and drew out a great gold watch and looked at the time. Then he led a man nearby which road he must take to get to a village named Chorwell. The man told him, I saw him walk away, and I knew where he was going.

"I shall be hanged next week; there is no hope for me. But I tell the truth when I say that, had follow as I have been. I had never committed such a crime as the one which at that moment entered my head. That tall man had money, jewelry and good clothing; I had nothing. I was starving. So I ran on, got before him, went miles up the road, and sat down in the bitter cold on a heap of stones, waiting for him to come, and making up my mind to kill and rob him. I knew I must kill him, because he was so much stronger and bigger than I was. My pistol was loaded.

"He came. I saw him in the moonlight. I stood up as the came near and, God forgive me, pulled the trigger, and shot him through the heart. He fell like a stone, and I knew I was a murderer.

"Oh, if I could, I would have undone the deed! I stood for a long time before I dared to go back and steal the dagger, for which I had committed the crime. Then I washed myself and went to take the price for which, unless God is merciful, I had sold my soul.

"I never took a farther. Just as I was about to begin I heard the sound of feet. I looked up, and saw a woman or a spirit coming to me. I dropped the pistol in terror. I felt sure she knew me. I looked at her under the moon. Her face was white, her lips were moving, her hair was all flying about. She came straight to where the dead man lay, then stopped and wrung her hands. I fled away in deadly fear. I ran across several fields. I dared not stop. I thought that spirit or ghost was following me.

"I ran on until the snow began. I must have died in that snowstorm if I had not had a half-frozen cowshed. I crept into this, and all the night and part of the next day, I was the most wretched being in the world.

"Hunger at last drove me out. I gat through the snow somehow, and reached a house, where the people saved me from dying of starvation. But nothing could make me go again to the spot where I had done the murder. My life since then has been one of agony. Even now that I am going to be hanged I am happier than I have felt for months. May God forgive my crime!

"I pleaded guilty at the trial because I turned round in the dock, and saw the woman who thought she was a spirit standing up ready to denounce me to the judge. I knew that she saw me that night, and I was bound to be found guilty.

"I have confessed of all. Every word of this is truth. As I hope for mercy, it is all true!"

"WILLIAM EVANS."

"P.S.—I took the above confession down from the prisoner's dictated speech, should he all you want. This seems thoroughly penitent, but I do not trouble you with his expressions of remorse and regret."

"I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"Screaming Curse."

We read the last lines, the paper fluttered down from our hands, we turned to each other. Tears of deep thankfulness were in my wife's sweet eyes. Down to the smallest detail, the wretched man's confession made everything clear. Nothing was left unexplained, except, perhaps, the motive which induced Phillipa to go that night to meet her would be betrayer once more. This we shall never know, but her temporary madness may amply account for it. We need seek no further; the faintest doubt as to her own innocence is removed from my wife's mind. Hand in hand, heart to heart, lip to lip, we can stand, and feel that our troubles are at last over.

Our troubles over! Shall some one more—the last I trust? No, one some more—the last we have to face before we ever know.

An Englishman, Captain, a young, gay, dashing, trim man, and fine old tree. Inside, the comfort and the peace which make an English home the sweetest in the world. For when the need was gone, when sunny Spain no longer was for us the one safe land, its charms diminished, and we plied to see more England's fair fields and ruddy honest faces. So back we came, and made ourselves a home, far, far away from every spot the sight of which might wake sad thoughts. And here we live, and shall live till that hour when one of us must kiss the other's clay-dust brow, and know that death has parted those whom naught but death could part.

Look out; look through this shaded window. There she sits, my wife, a tall son at her side, fair daunted her hair. Years, many years, have passed, but left no lines upon her face. She thought not of the threats to streak that raven hair. The rich, bright beauty of the girl is still her own. To me, beauty of you, the sweetest, fairest woman in the world!

The children see me, as I care with thoughtful, happy eyes upon that group beneath the trees. They call and beckon me. My wife looks up; her eyes meet mine, just raised from these sad pages. And love, sweet love, in those dear eyes, what was it once my fate to read? Shame, sorrow, dread, despair and love. All these, save love, have vanished long ago; and as I turn to pen these lines—the last, that look of calm, assured, unconcerned joy keen, with me, telling me that from her life has passed even the very memory of those dark, dark days!

THE END.

Answers to Seymour's Questions.

Ans. to question 1. Gen. chapter 2, verse 2 and 3, as shown by Ex. 20: 8, 11.

Ans 2nd question. The command is found in Ex. 20: 8, 11. It was spoken with God's own voice from Mount Sinai; was written with His own finger on tables of stone and was part of the moral rule of his universe, whether composed of Jews or Gentiles. See Lev. 18: 6, 7. Mark 2: 27, 28.

Ans. to 3rd question. Matt. 23, 19, 20, also chap. 49: 16, 22, showing clearly that these commands are to be observed, which contain the seventh day Sabbath instituted at creation.

Ans. 4th question. Read John 1: 5, 7; John 10: 30, 15, 17; also Isaiah 8: 20, Gal. 1: 8.

Ans. 5th question. Paul tells us in Romans 7 that law that says "Thou shalt not covet." In verse 12 he tells us it is holy, and in verse 11 he says it is spiritual; and James, 2nd chapter, 8th to 12th verses, speaking of the same law informs us that man is to be judged by it. Ecc. 12: 13, 14 contains man's whole duty.

Ans. 6th question. Deut. 5: 29, Ex. 34: 28; 1 Chron. 16: 15-17.

Ans. 7th question. Gen. 2: 2, 3 we find how, when, where, by whom, and of what the Sabbath was made, and in Ex. 20: 8 the will of God concerning it and this definite seventh day the only one contained in those ten precepts, and therefore cannot be compared with the sacrificial law which was added because of transgression. Gal. 2: 19.

Ans. 8th question. Paul exhorts in 2nd Tim. 2: 15 religious teachers to rightly divide the word of truth. In 2nd Cor. 1: 18 he tells us his teaching is not yes or no, as our friends represent him. Paul expressly says that law which convinces of sin is holy and just and good. Rom. 7: 12. This we designate as law No. 1, while law number 2, which was our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ, Gal. 3: 24, 25, which is abolished, Eph. 2: 15, also Col. 2: 14, 17, is not obligatory.

Ans. 9th question. The law of which James speaks through the spirit (2: 11, 12) is composed of the 10 commandments, which know embrace the Sabbath command. In verse 10 he tells us that whosoever offends in one point is guilty of all, and the 11th verse says becomes a transgressor. John 1: 3, 4 says sin is the transgression of the law. Rom. 6: 23 informs us that the wages of sin is death.

Ans. to 10th question. According to Rom. 4: 11 sign and seal mean the same. Ex. 31: 13, 17, also Ezekiel 20: 12, 20. Here are two texts that plainly state the Sabbath to be a sign or seal between God and those who are Israelites indeed.

Ans. to 11th question. I am surprised that Paul, although an able minister, perceived nothing that was so evident to the church. In Acts 17: 2 Paul, at his master, was reasoning with them on the Sabbath from the scripture 28th. Chapter 17 verse showing that he did nothing contrary to the custom of Jewish fathers, which could not have been said had he been reading first day observance either by precept or example. 13th verse teaches that he was a strict observer of the ten precepts. Had he transgressed them he would have been guilty of death. But there was no cause of death in him. 20: 21 teaches to both Jews and Greeks that repents toward God over that broken law of 10 commandments, also faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, was necessary to salvation.

Ans. to question 12. The dispensation of grace began when God said to Adam, the seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent. Gen. 3: 15, we learn that Christ is the lamb slain from the foundation of the world. Rev. 13: 8, Acts 4: 12, teaches the only name whereby we may be saved.

FROM A LAY MEMBER.

Never Give Up.

If you are suffering with low or depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache or any disease of a malignant nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow you will be inspired with new life strength and activity will return pain and misery will cease and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50 cents a bottle by Henry Cook

Advise to others.

You are disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with constant pain. If so send one or two bottles of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children. It relieves the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, grippe and the whole system.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children is one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale in all drug stores throughout the world. Price 50 cents per bottle.

"William Evans,"

We read the last lines, the paper fluttered down from our hands, we turned to each other. Tears of deep thankfulness were in my wife's sweet eyes. Down to the smallest detail, the wretched man's confession made everything clear. Nothing was left unexplained, except, perhaps, the motive which induced Phillipa to go that night to meet her would be betrayer once more. This we shall never know, but her temporary madness may amply account for it. We need seek no further; the faintest doubt as to her own innocence is removed from my wife's mind. Hand in hand, heart to heart, lip to lip, we can stand, and feel that our troubles are at last over.

Our troubles over! Shall some one more—the last I trust? No, one some more—the last we have to face before we ever know.

An Englishman, Captain, a young, gay, dashing, trim man, and fine old tree. Inside, the comfort and the peace which make an English home the sweetest in the world. For when the need was gone, when sunny Spain no longer was for us the one safe land, its charms diminished, and we plied to see more England's fair fields and ruddy honest faces. So back we came, and made ourselves a home, far, far away from every spot the sight of which might wake sad thoughts. And here we live, and shall live till that hour when one of us must kiss the other's clay-dust brow, and know that death has parted those whom naught but death could part.

Look out; look through this shaded window. There she sits, my wife, a tall son at her side, fair daunted her hair. Years, many years, have passed, but left no lines upon her face. She thought not of the threats to streak that raven hair. The rich, bright beauty of the girl is still her own. To me, beauty of you, the sweetest, fairest woman in the world!

The children see me, as I care with thoughtful, happy eyes upon that group beneath the trees. They call and beckon me. My wife looks up; her eyes meet mine, just raised from these sad pages. And love, sweet love, in those dear eyes, what was it once my fate to read? Shame, sorrow, dread, despair and love. All these, save love, have vanished long ago; and as I turn to pen these lines—the last, that look of calm, assured, unconcerned joy keen, with me, telling me that from her life has passed even the very memory of those dark, dark days!

THE END.

## CASTORIA

FOR  
INFANTS AND CHILDREN

What gives our Children over checks.  
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep.  
Cures their fits, and eases their pains.  
What cures their colds, and gives them strength.  
What cures their convulsions, and strengthens them.  
Cures their rheumatism, Colds, Indigestion,  
Coughs, &c., &c.

Patented then to Merchant Spry,  
Castoria, N.Y.

John Doe, Agent, Red Cloud, Neb.

Sold in Red Cloud by A. A. Pope.

Autumn Jackets.

The Brighton is a jaunty new English jacket for autumn to be worn with the jockey cap that Englishwoman now wear with their short curled hair.

This jacket is short and single-breasted with a notched rolling collar, and there are two box plates behind, beginning directly on the line of the waist, and below in. There are short cross loops which attach the short flaps that form a basque which fits smoothly over the hips, and the whole garment is bordered with rows of metallic braid, either of bronze, silver, or burnished gold.

Grey, dark blue, and dove grey, and patches of rough finish are used for this jacket. There is a tendency toward widening the sleeves of most wraps, some of them flowing open from the arm-hole like the original sleeves, while others are slit open in front like "angel" sleeves, and have a large soft drooping pull at the throat, or else they open abruptly below the elbow, and are terminated with a square of that is rolled upward from the end of the sleeve. All sleeves are so high on the shoulders, and are made bountifully for dress sleeves this richness is seen to extend all the length of the arm, and is gathered into a band or cuff at the wrist—a neoprene fashion that has become popular in England, but which no ladies say has not found favor here. The long Newmarket coat will be worn again, and wider sleeves will be a distinguishing feature of the newest of these coats. Small caps will also be added to long coats; these will also be added to long coats; these will be the round English caps, but the high-shouldered padded jackets have disappeared, because they have no place that go over the shoulders like those of dolmans, and these short sleeves are cut slightly full and very high.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Ans. to 12th question. According to Rom. 4: 11 sign and seal mean the same. Ex. 31: 13, 17, also Ezekiel 20: 12, 20. Here are two texts that plainly state the Sabbath to be a sign or seal between God and those who are Israelites indeed.

Ans. to 13th question. I am surprised that Paul, although an able minister, perceived nothing that was so evident to the church. In Acts 17: 2 Paul, at his master, was reasoning with them on the Sabbath from the scripture 28th. Chapter 17 verse showing that he did nothing contrary to the custom of Jewish fathers, which could not have been said had he been reading first day observance either by precept or example. 13th verse teaches that he was a strict observer of the ten precepts. Had he transgressed them he would have been guilty of death. But there was no cause of death in him. 20: 21 teaches to both Jews and Greeks that repents toward God over that broken law of 10 commandments, also faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, was necessary to salvation.

Ans. to question 14. The dispensation of grace began when God said to Adam, the seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent. Gen. 3: 15, we learn that Christ is the lamb slain from the foundation of the world.

Rev. 13: 8, Acts 4: 12, teaches the only name whereby we may be saved.

FROM A LAY MEMBER.

Never Give Up.

If you are suffering with low or depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache or any disease of a malignant nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow you will be inspired with new life strength and activity will return pain and misery will cease and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50 cents a bottle by Henry Cook

Advise to others.

You are disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with constant pain. If so send one or two bottles of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children. It relieves the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, grippe and the whole system.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children is one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale in all drug stores throughout the world. Price 50 cents per bottle.

"William Evans,"

We read the last lines, the paper fluttered down from our hands, we turned to each other. Tears of deep thankfulness were in my wife's sweet eyes. Down to the smallest detail, the wretched man's confession made everything clear. Nothing was left unexplained, except, perhaps, the motive which induced Phillipa to go that night to meet her would be betrayer once more. This we shall never know, but her temporary madness may amply account for it. We need seek no further; the faintest doubt as to her own innocence is removed from my wife's mind. Hand in hand, heart to heart, lip to lip, we can stand, and feel that our troubles are at last over.

Our troubles over! Shall some one more—the last I trust? No, one some more—the last we have to face before we ever know.

An Englishman, Captain, a young, gay, dashing, trim man, and fine old tree. Inside, the comfort and the peace which make an English home the sweetest in the world. For when the need was gone, when sunny Spain no longer was for us the one safe land, its charms diminished, and we plied to see more England's fair fields and ruddy honest faces. So back we came, and made ourselves a home, far, far away from every spot the sight of which might wake sad thoughts. And here we live, and shall live till that hour when one of us must kiss the other's clay-dust brow, and know that death has parted those whom naught but death could part.

Look out; look through this shaded window. There she sits, my wife, a tall son at her side, fair daunted her hair. Years, many years, have passed, but left no lines upon her face. She thought not of the threats to streak that raven hair. The rich, bright beauty of the girl is still her own. To me, beauty of you, the sweetest, fairest woman in the world!

The children see me, as I care with thoughtful, happy eyes upon that group beneath the trees. They call and beckon me. My wife looks up