

AN ANGEL OF THE EARTH.

Deal gently with her, Father Time! Write not too bold...



CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

Mechanically she gave him all the dreary particulars of those last days...

"My poor, poor little Ida!" He came around to where she stood and folded her tenderly in his arms...

"It is of Ninette I want to talk," said Fairbanks, dropping among the faded cretonne cushions with a heavy sigh...

Dennis Lorimer, owing to a slight mishap to the boat he and Hafe had taken, reached White Cliffs the day after Ames Fairbanks' funeral...

"This note will make it clear, of anything kin." The note did not make it clear. It was full of love and full of mystery...

"Believe one thing, always: I love you." "IDA." CHAPTER XVI. The sleuth hounds of the law were in full cry upon Sibley Fairbanks' trail...

Given the established facts that Eugene Norcross' wife at an earlier stage of her career had been Sibley Fairbanks' wife...

of her career had been Sibley Fairbanks' wife, that their conjugal infidelity had been even greater than that of average yoke mates...

It only wanted the legal verbiage and profound platitudes of contending counsel to put this choice morsel into final shape for rolling under the famished tongue of public curiosity...

On the morning of the day set for his trial, Sibley Fairbanks ate his breakfast with aullen stoicism. "It may possibly be the last one I shall have the privilege of ordering to suit my own taste," he said...

She called his name in a husky whisper. Her voice seemed deserting her along with all the other organs that had been essential in that other world she used to live in...

"My poor, poor little Ida!" He came around to where she stood and folded her tenderly in his arms. Her eyes grew luminous. It was so sweet to be caressed, to be cared for...

"It is of Ninette I want to talk," said Fairbanks, dropping among the faded cretonne cushions with a heavy sigh: "of Ninette, and of something else."

"There is one question I would like to have you answer before—before—" "My case is called?" "Yes."

"You have never said yet—never to me, though of course I know it, dear, only I would love to have you put it in words—you have never said, in so many words: 'I did not do it.' Not for the lawyers—words mean nothing to them; they are only pebbles for their slings. But to me, Sibley, the sister who loves you and whose heart you have broken."

"I have taken the easiest way for both of us. If I do not come back to you to-night leave at once for Glenburnie. I wish you had some woman friend near you. As for my little daughter, Ida, all I ask of you is to make of her as true a woman as my sis-

ter is. She will send no man to the dogs if you do that." She sat down on a comfortable chair, which chanced to be close by the barred shutters of her one front window...

"Extra!"—mumble, mumble—"Norcross"—mumble, mumble—"here's your extra!" She opened her blinds and leaned out in feverish haste. The enterprising gamin caught her swift motion...

Two small arms were placed about the bent neck of her crouching figure. "Auntie, I loves you. I loves my papa. Where is my papa? I want him to come here."

It was to spare her, father this that God took him. But why take one and leave the other? "Why should I, O Lord of might and justice, be left to suffer what was too great for him to bear?"

"Poor Ida! and poor, poor Dennis! If I could only do something!" Even then her opportunity was coming to her. A knock at the door, and one of the hotel waiters stood before them.

"John! Why should I have singled out by perpetrating it? Why should the hard task of doing Amelia justice not have been left in other hands? I feel as if I had erected fresh and stronger barriers between the houses of White Cliffs and Glenburnie. But I could not help it. It had to be done."

"John, there is a reproach in your voice!" She left her seat, and, coming behind him, she put her arms around his neck and laid her soft cheek upon the crown of his head. There were tears in her eyes, but if he felt them dropping among his close-clipped locks he made no sign, other than putting one hand to lay it carelessly on hers, as they lay interlocked about his brown throat. She was very dear to him—this recovered wife.

"Not for you, wife," he said, soothingly. "You could not help it. It had to be done." "She would not let me rest. Wherever I went, whatever I was doing, I could see her pleading eyes, I could hear her reproaching me for not caring. Oh, John, it was awful, awful! All my life long I have been caring for her, protecting her, putting her happiness before mine. And, John, it was because of her that I said no to you that first time. I loved you then. But I said, I

cannot ask him to care for us both, and I cannot leave her to buffet the world alone. Poor Mellie! she was always so good. It was because of her that I said no the second time—though it almost broke my heart, John, to say it. But she was away from me then, and, although she was married to him, Sibley Fairbanks, she used to write me such reckless wild letters and tell me that she was coming back to me. She kept me in fear. I thought, if disgrace awaited me, you should not be involved in it. Then, when she disappeared, John, and sent me her child to care for, in a foolish moment I determined to marry you, and take Amelia's child up among the Fairbanks, thinking they might see and grow to love it, and through it all the child might come to be well with Amelia and her husband. It was not right, John. It was wrong—oh, so wrong—to you!"

"I have! I have! Oh, John, I have!" She was distinctly sobbing now. He drew her to him. "You have forgiven me so much, John. But this last is too much." "Dear, it is horrible from beginning to end, but with a clew to the identity of your sister's slayer put into your hands, what less could you do than follow it to its solution? You would not only have been a traitor to your sister, but you would have been compounding a felony, if you had not done just what you did do."

"Oh, thank you for putting it that way! God bless you, John, for thinking of such sweet, comforting words! She lay quiet in his arms, her wet cheek pressed against his shoulder, her breath coming audibly in long, sobbing catches every few seconds. He bent his head to bring his lips close to her ear.

"It is good to feel you so near, Norrie, to have you so close to me. I don't know how I lived through the days without you—how I existed, believing that you would never come back to me. My wife that was lost and is found!" "Hush!"

She drew herself closer to his heart by clasping her arms about his neck. Her lips were upon his cheek, her soft breath stirred his hair. They sat very quiet, recognizing in that mute communion how much they really were to each other. Once he caught in a half-whisper the plaintive refrain: "Poor Ida! and poor, poor Dennis! If I could only do something!"

"So if you swear that you saw a man at a certain place at the time when the offence was committed, and it is proved that he was not at that place, it is sufficient to prove that you were at that place yourself and so might have mistaken somebody else for the prisoner."

"The independent witness who happened to be present at the time, and who states that the prisoner was the aggressor, is the most useful man for the defence. The police stand in awe of him. How often does a gentleman voluntarily come forward to say that the police used unnecessary violence? He is not a volunteer; he is a professional witness, whose fee ranges from a five-pound note to a quart of beer."

"The 'dumb cane' is so called because its fleshy, cane-like stems render speechless anyone who happens to bite them. There is also a toothbrush tree from Jamaica. Toothbrushes are made from it by cutting pieces of the stem to convenient lengths, and fraying out the ends. It also supplies, conveniently enough, an excellent tooth powder, which is prepared by pulverizing the dried stems.—Washington Star.

It is a common mistake of Americans to think that the predicate "van" before a Dutch name signifies nobility. In the Low countries, that is, in the kingdoms of the Netherlands and of Belgium, "van" has no particular meaning. Names with "van" are to be read on shops as well as on the doors of the most aristocratic mansions. The humblest persons have it as well as the most refined. On the other hand, a great number of the oldest families are without it. In Germany "von" means noble, and all persons belonging to the nobility have "von" before their family names, without any exception. Persons who do not belong to the nobility cannot put "von" before their names, as they have no right to do so, and would be found out directly if they assumed it, and make themselves ridiculous. But in case of a man being knighted for some reason or other, he has the right to put "von" before his family name. For instance, when Alexander Humboldt was knighted, he became Alexander von Humboldt, and all his descendants, male and female, take the prefix.—N. Y. Post.

"What are your intentions concerning my daughter, Mr. Hicks?" asked Maude's mother. "You have been calling here so much that it has excited remark."

PROFESSIONAL WITNESSES.

One of Them From England Makes Some Interesting Revelations. "Except those lawyers, whether they be magistrates, barristers, or solicitors, whose duties cause them to be brought in constant contact with crime, few people know anything of the career of a professional witness. I may go further, and say that few people are aware of the existence of men who gain a livelihood by giving evidence in the witness-box. Yet not only do they exist, but they derive a substantial income from their work."

"I would divide them into two classes. The first class consists of expert witnesses, whose duty it is to assist justice by giving evidence of a technical description, which only those versed in special technicalities of the case can give. The second class consists of those witnesses whose business it is to defeat the ends of justice on behalf of anybody who can afford to pay them."

"Of the first class there is little to be said. As a rule they are men of irreproachable integrity, who have earned a well-deserved reputation in their respective professions or business. Their evidence is often conflicting, but, as a rule, it is given in good faith. "Medical evidence is, I believe, always above suspicion, but where the cause in dispute is merely one of damages, and expert witnesses have to be called to give evidence as to valuation, then the professional witness has his chance. If the question relates to the value of property his mind is as elastic as that of the auctioneer, while if the dispute is over the value of a horse it would appear that no two dealers in the kingdom hold the same opinion."

"It has never been my lot to be engaged in a horse case, but I know one dealer who has a regular scale of payment for his evidence. I would not accuse him of perjury, but the variety of his opinions on horseflesh is certainly remarkable. I have known him to value the same horse at two different times at two hundred guineas and twenty-five pounds. "But it is amongst the criminal classes that the professional witness reaps the richest harvest. Of these classes I have had large experience both in London and in the provinces. And I venture to say that I am the cause of many a man being at liberty. Yet I have never been reprimanded either by a judge or a magistrate. Cases where the defence is an alibi, and cases of assault form my chief stock in trade."

"The defence of an alibi is always viewed with suspicion, and therefore requires the exercise of considerable ingenuity. It must be remembered that the first object of the professional witness is not to commit perjury, or rather not to say anything which a jury would consider perjury. For this reason it is best to appear as an independent witness and not as a friend of the prisoner."

"So if you swear that you saw a man at a certain place at the time when the offence was committed, and it is proved that he was not at that place, it is sufficient to prove that you were at that place yourself and so might have mistaken somebody else for the prisoner. "The independent witness who happened to be present at the time, and who states that the prisoner was the aggressor, is the most useful man for the defence. The police stand in awe of him. How often does a gentleman voluntarily come forward to say that the police used unnecessary violence? He is not a volunteer; he is a professional witness, whose fee ranges from a five-pound note to a quart of beer."

"The great drawback to my profession is that I am constantly obliged to change my place of business, else I should become more widely known than would be convenient. At the outside, I cannot appear before the same metropolitan magistrate more than six times in a year. "I have a permanent address which is known to several people, but most of my time is spent in wandering from police court to police court, both in town and country. I loaf about the neighboring public houses, and generally hear of some business in which my services would be acceptable. I have to exercise great discretion as to whom I tender those services, but I do not often meet with a rebuff. A prisoner is not generally scrupulous as to the truth of his defence, though sometimes he will try to avoid paying for it. I make it a rule to get at least a large share of my fee in advance."

"Giving evidence as to character affords a rich harvest both at quarter sessions and at assizes. The price for this evidence is high, as it can only be given about once in eighteen months, either at the same court or before the same judge. Some briefless barrister is sure to recognize us and to tell the prosecuting counsel. "Of course the character I assume in giving this evidence varies with the position of the prisoner. The character of the parson of the parish where the prisoner has lived at some former period of his life is the one which I have found most successful. I have often been complimented by her majesty's judges on my kindness of heart, compliments which I acknowledge with that respect due to the dignity of the law."—Yankee Blade.

A Bad Exchange. Two English country yokels recently met in a lane. "Hello!" said one. "There's been a conference." "A conference! What's conference?" was the astonished reply. "Don't you know what a conference is?" retorted the first speaker. "Why, it's a place where parsons meet and swap sermons."

NEVER USE HIS UMBRELLA.

But It Took a Shrewd Planning to Get His Parasol Home All Right. "It seems to me," said the worried-looking man, "that memory is very much a matter of habit. Now, for instance, the umbrella, generally supposed to be the most elusive and easily forgotten of all things. I never forget mine, for I am accustomed to carry mine over my rain or shine, and I should miss it almost as much as I would my wife."

"But I am not accustomed to carry things home, and I seldom succeed when I try. I bought some collars on my way up town and carried them with me to the Polo grounds. I watched the game and my seat while I watched the collars. Once, when I lived in the suburbs, I bought one day a fine carriage. I placed it securely in the rack overhead in the cars, and—before now, I tried yesterday to carry home a bundle containing some collars that I had bought, and discovered to my dismay that I had left the bundle in a street car. If I am going traveling for any distance I carry my luggage in a certain number of pieces: I have, say, big bag, little bag, two overalls, and an umbrella. When I go aboard one of the cars or boat I know that I ought to have five pieces, and I never forget them. But here again memory is a habit. On short trips, if I have anything to carry I try by one of the ways, if I think of it, to remember. It is a bundle that I can put in my pocket. I put it there; that is obvious to the barest eye. Another way is to put the package on the floor of the car. Here I must stumble over it in going out. The other way is to carry it in my lap or to lean it up against me so that it will fall and attract my attention when I get up. If I neglect to take one of these precautionary measures the package is gone; but I never forget my umbrella."—N. Y. Sun.

Over a Day a League Spreads the infectious air poison of cholera and fever, a complaint to the eradication and prevention of which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is especially adapted. Year after year the district are periodically visited by this relentless malady. Fortify with the Bitters and prevent cholera, Rheumatism, constipation, biliousness, kidney trouble and nervousness are susceptible in any stage of this comprehensive medicine, endorsed and commended by intelligent physicians everywhere.

MAMMA—"Little Bobbie Jones always asks to be excused when he leaves the table, and you never do. Why is it?" "Well, I guess it's 'cause he's a good deal of 'em' so much, I don't know."—Linn's Beacon.

DISPENSIA, impaired digestion, weak stomach, and constipation will be instantly relieved by Beecher's Pills, 25 cents a box. The great danger of looking too much up on the wine when it is drunk, may have begun using it for paint.—Philadelphia Ledger.

ACADEMY AND SCHOOL HOME, Las Vegas, New Mexico. Climate, a certain cure for students with weak lungs. Circulars. BUTCHER—"Did you like that ham? Why, it was some I cured myself." Customer—"Call that ham cured? Why, man, it wasn't even convalescent!"—Boston Transcript.

KEEP THE PORES OPEN is essential to health. Glenn's Ruffian Cream does this. Hill's Hair and Mustache Dye, 50 cents. CUSTOMER—"Do you suppose you can take a good picture of me?" Photographer—"I shall have to answer you in the negative, sir."—Vogue.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally. Sold by Druggists, 75c. The fat man in the side show is lying in wait for his victim.—Galveston News.

POSITIVE, wait; comparative, wait; suppositive, go and go! yourself. A Little Red Spot Appeared on my left leg below the knee, and it gradually spread until it was covered with blisters and itching. I was in agony. I tried many remedies, but only to find myself worse. Finally I tried Hood's Pills. I did so with joyous and wonderful result. The large scales, peeling and itching spots grew less and disappeared, the itching and burning subsided, and I am perfectly cured, equal in health to any man. THEO. DESTICHE, Green Bay, Wisconsin. Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills.



"YOU ARE MY PRISONER."

QUEER TREES.

Some Wonders of the Vegetable World in the Government's Collection. The department of agriculture has an interesting collection of queer plants. Among the most remarkable of the plants is the lace-bark tree of Jamaica, the inner bark of which is composed of many layers of fibers that interlace in all directions. Caps, ruffles, and even complete suits of lace are made from it. It bears washing with common soap, and when bleached in the sun acquires a degree of whiteness equal to the best artificial lace, with which this surprising natural product compares quite favorably as to beauty. Another curiosity is known in the tropics as the sand-bark tree, and also as the monkey dinner bell. It has a round, hard-shelled fruit, about the size of an orange, which, when ripe and dry, bursts open with a sharp noise like the report of a pistol. Its juice is poisonous. The South American trumpet tree might furnish a band with musical instruments, inasmuch as its hollow branches are used for horns and also for drums. The "dumb cane" is so called because its fleshy, cane-like stems render speechless anyone who happens to bite them. There is also a toothbrush tree from Jamaica. Toothbrushes are made from it by cutting pieces of the stem to convenient lengths, and fraying out the ends. It also supplies, conveniently enough, an excellent tooth powder, which is prepared by pulverizing the dried stems.—Washington Star.