AN ANGEL OF THE EARTH. beat gently with her, Father Time! Thy name upon her brow cf snow

But let her years be told o lingeringly we scarce may know That she is growing old Deal gently with her, Pather Time

The red, the rare, The rosy apples of her cheek, We fain would have thee spare; Or rob her with a hand so weak We still may think them there.

Deal gently with her, Father Time! Forget the skill In turning brown hair unto white: Or if thou'lt have thy will. We pray thee leave us yet some slight

Fond trace of auburn still. Deal gently with her, Pather Time! The voice that stirs Old chords of memory in the heart, And lifts her worshipers To Migher planes, from self apart,

Though every change be here Deal gently with her, Father Time! Till life is o'er;



CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED Mechanically she give him all the dreary particulars of those last days. They stood on opposite sides of the still form, scarcely less responsive now than it had been all these years.

"But oh, Sib," she burst forth, sob-bingly, "ivis swful bot to be able to mis him more! I feel as if he had been dead all these years, lying here waiting for sepulture. Tam so tired, Sibley, so tired of my loneliness, of my horrible deeling of responsibility for everything. so tired of having no one but Dido and Cato to consult with. Sometimes, but that was before Ninette came, I have wondered how I managed to keep sane. I have envied the negroes in the cabins, because they worked in gangs and sat about their cabin-doors of evenings, in groups, friendly groups / who belped each other to talk and to sing and to Jaugh."

"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 caresed, to be cared for, to be pitied even by one's very own. "But it will be difficult now-now

that you bave come back to live. Oh, Sib, I have wanted you so, all these year.! I feel as if a mountain were lifted from my breast. Poor, poor father!" She turned toward the sheeted face with a passionate gesture of self-reproach. "It sounds as if I were finding fault with him, Sibley; but it's not that—not that; it is the great joy of having you back once more, of knowing that you are here to stay-that a Fairbanks is once more at the helm."

"Let us go into the old school-room and talk, Ida," he said, with sudden brasqueness. "It will be easier there than here." He drew her away with him in the sunny little room in the wing where he and she had spent so many hours of their home school life. Ida smiled as she opened the door.

"It is Ninette's room now. But you slo not need to be told that. She pervades the atmosphere."

Through a litter of childish belongings, scattered toys, pictured puzzles, dolls in every stage of dilapidation, they picked their way to a sofa against the wall.

"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."

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

His first evening was given to his mother. The next, all impatience, he started for Glenburnie. There was no one there but old Cato. To his volley of surprised questions the old man gave one answer:

"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. It Dennis" and begged him to fergive her the blow she was compelled to deal him. "Fate," she wrote, "still seems to pursue us with malicious intent. Sibley is in trouble-great trouble. He needs me every moment. I have gone back to New Orleans with him. Until the awful cloud that hangs over him is dissipated, there is no room in my heart, even for you. Oh, Dennis, my love, you will hear it all soon enough. The newspaper vultures are already hovering in sight. They have scented a fresh disgrace to the name of Fairbanks.

"It is all so horribly incomprehensible that I cannot be any clearer. I am groping, myself. The one clear idea that has taken full possession of me is that you will thank God that this blow descended before your name was indissolubly linked with the unfortunate one which I will drag with me, all stained as it is, to my grave.

"Believe one thing, always: I love IDA."

CHAPTER XVI. The sleuth hounds of the law were in full cry upon Sibley Fairbanks' trail. The reward of five thousand dollars, which was still waiting for a claimant, acted as a permanent spur to a few tirehad at last got hold of a positive clew, which they proceeded to unravel with patient skill. This clew was a seal with the impress of a martlet upon it, and it was attached to three inches of broken

gold chain of fine workmanship. Day by day, hour by hour, the coil of evidence lengthened and strengthened. until, to the one faithful heart that clung to him through good and evil report, his case looked hopeless indeed.

Given the established facts that Eugene Norcross' wife at an earlier stage | make of her as true a woman as my sis- time. I loved you then. But I said, I Judge.

banks' wife, that their counublal infe- dogs if you do that." of average yoke mates, that Fairbanks' led to a temporary separation, that during that separation she had taken steps to have her marriage declared nutt and peared in society as Eugene Norcross' at about the same period of time Fairbanks returned to the city, in improved circumstances, but naturally consumed

tragedy was complete. It only wanted the legal verbiage and distinctly incoherent: profound platitudes of contending connsel 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 break-fast with sullen stoicism. It may pos-sibly be the last one I shall have the privilege of ordering to selt my own taste," he said, with grim facetionsness, to Ida, pouring out his coffee, white-faced, but steady of nerve and resolute of heart. "If it goes against me?" he cracked the shell of his softboiled egg with nice deliberation,return at once to Glenburnic, with the child, and-and-if Lorimer seeks you in spite of all, don't repulse him, my dear. Promise me that, will you not?" She did not answer him. She was

watching his deliberate movements with strained attention, through a film that made him look rhotesquely onfa-miliar.

"My poor Idal my tracs of women! my lion-hearted sister! you are not

going to break down now?"

"Sibley!" 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. She had needed a voice once, when as a girl, as a woman, she had breathed and moved in that other world, at a fair old place called Glenburnie. But she had nothing in common with that other girl, that other world. She was turning to stone. She was already petrified. Her heart had turned to rock. Her tears were so many hard, cold little pebbles. It was

of her eareer had been Sibley Fair- ter is. She will send no man to the

licity had been even greater than that | She sat down on a comfortless chair, which chanced to be close by the barred failure to support his wife properly had shutters of her one front window, and clasped her long white hands behind her head. There was nothing to do but to wait and to listen. The verdict would void, that subsequently she had reap- be proclaimed on the streets some time that day. The Norcross affair was splendor loving and dashing wife, that worth money to the newspapers. The public would be eager for the extras as they fell fluttering from the presses.

How long she sat there she could not with a jealous hatred of the woman | tell. She had lost all record of time. who had tossed him aside like a misfit- Perhaps it was another hour, another ting glove, and the groundwork of the day, another week, when she heard it in the distance-then nearer, shriller, more

"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. He was across the street and at her window in a second, with a fresh damp sheet held aloft. She seized it, flung him his pay, and dress the shutters together again with hands which almost refused their service. "Guilty!"

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."

Ida shook her; off ruthlessly. There was nothing in life worth any attention but that flimsy printed sheet in her 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, he left to suffer what was too great for him to bear? Is this infinite

justice, infinite pity, infinite mercy?" Ninette lifted up her voice in wailing. The room was dark. That crouching figure on the floor filled her small soul with fear. The unusual is full of terror for baby-souls. Ida took no more note of her than if her wailing had been the wailing of the wind in the tree-tops outside.

For once in her life Ninette was absolutely forgotten by everybody. Her aunt was poring again ravenously over the closely-printed account of the trial. After a long time she looked at Ni.



more comfortable so. It helped her to fuette curiously. She had just mastered t, so much, to stand! Sibley!

"Well? I think I answered you beore. Ida." "There is one question I would like

to have you answer before—before—"
"My case is called?"

"Well?"

"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.'

She was coming towards him with tender outstretched arms, her worn, was from Ida, who called him her "dear thin face all a-quiver with pain. He put out a repulsing hand before folding his arms sullenly.

"No. I have never put it into words for you. I did not know it was necessary. Forgive me, child, every pang I have cost you. I asked the prison authorities to let me breakfast with you this morning, for I knew what this day would be to you, and I wanted, if possible, to say something comforting to you. Somehow, I don't seem to have managed very well. I wish you had some woman friend near you. I wish you had not come to the city with me. It makes it harder for both of us. Will you bring the child here and let me say good-by to her? If it goes against me, I shall not see either you or her again. I would not like you to come so close to a convicted criminal."

Her arms had fallen to her side like lead. He would not put it into words. It must be that he could not. She tottered from the room to fetch Ninette. In the darker hall she nearly stumbled over the two prison officials who were standing guard at the door of the room where she and Sibley had just got through with that dismal breakfast. One of the men put out a rough hand with kindly intent. He saved her a fall, for which she did not even thank him. less spirits on the detective force. They When she came back along the same way, after a hurried five minutes spent in rousing Ninette and buttoning a tiny dressing gown over her nightdress, the to be done." sentinels were gone. So was Sibley. He had scrawled a message on an envelope and left it on her napkin.

"I have taken the easiest way for both of us. If I do not come back to John, it was awful, awful! All my life you to-night leave at once for Glen- long I have been caring for her, proburnie. I wish you had some woman friend near you. As for my little fore mine. And, John, it was because

stand things. And there was so much, the situation. It was to John Lorimer's wife the detectives owed the clew that they had just followed out to so triumphant a finale. Slowly a light broke over Ida's hag-

gard face. "Come here, Ninette," she said, aloud. "I want you, dear." Ninette came gladly, wiping her wet

eyes on the cuff of her little wrapper. Her aunt looked at her musingly. "Little child, I wonder if you could

often her hard, hard heart? She used to love you. Perhaps, for your sake-We will try it! We will go to her." As she opened the door that led into the street, half an hour later, Dennis Lorimer stopped in front of it.

CHAPTER XVII.

"John! Why should I have been singled out to perpetuate 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."

"No, you could not help it. It had to

be done. He echoed her words gravely. He had just a little while before come from the courthouse, where he had waited to hear the verdict in the Norcross case. They had been sitting in somber silence a long minute.

"Poor Ida! poor Dennis! And to think that but for me they might at last have come together! No one ever would have suspected."

"Poor Ida! and poor Dennis! They

have waited so long!" "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-elipped locks he made no sign, other than putting up one hand to lay it caressingly 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

"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, tecting her, putting her happiness becannot ask him to care for us both, and I cannot leave her to buffet the world alone. Poor Mellie! she was always so

gide. It was because of her that I said no the second time—though it al-It was because of her that I that she was coming back to me. She in it. Then, when she disappeared, exist, but they derive a substantial in-John, and sent me her child to care for, in a foolish moment I determined to marry you, and take Amelia's child up might see and grow to love it, and -oh, so wrong-to you!"

"We will not ever allude to the past. You have suffered sufficiently, my darling. "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 but you would have been compounding

"Oh, thank you for putting it that She lay quiet in his arms, her wet cheek pressed against his shoulder, her the kingdom hold the same opinion. breath coming audibly in long, sobbing

"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 check, her soft breath stirred his hair. They sat very quiet, recognizing in that mute com-, and I venture to say that I am the cause munion how much they really were to each other. Once he caught in a halfwhisper the plaintive refrain:

"Poor Ida! and poor, poor Dennis! If 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.

A lady wanted to see Mrs. Lorimer.

"But I don't know anybody here" she turned perplexedly towards John-"outside the people I used to know; and if it is any of them, they have come from pure curiosity."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

QUEER TREES. 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 be cause its fleshy, cane-like stems render speechless unyone who happens to bite

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.

Van and Von.

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 ease 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.

His Intentions.

"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."

daughter, Ida, all I ask of you is to of her that I said no to you that first Andrews," said Hicks carnestly. -

PROFESSIONAL WITNESSES, One of Them From England Makes Some

Interesting Revelations. "Except those lawyers, whether they be magistrates, barristers, or solicitors, most broke my heart, John, to say it. whose duties cause them to be brought But she was away from me then, and, in constant contact with crime, few although she was married to him, Sib- people know anything of the career of ley Fairbanks, she used to write me a professional witness. I may go such reckless wild letters and tell me further, and say that few people are aware of the existence of men who kept me in fear. I thought, if disgrace gain a livelihood by giving evidence in awaited me, you should not be involved | the witness-box. Yet not only do they come from their work.

"I would divide them into two classes. The first class consists of examong the Fairbanks, thinking they pert witnesses, whose duty it is to assist justice by giving evidence of a through it all the child might come to technical description, which only those be well with Amelia and her husband. | versed in special technicalities of the It was not right, John. It was wrong 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 cla s 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 vidence 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 damonly have been a traitor to your sister, ages, and expert witnesses have to be called to give evidence as to valuation, a felony, if you had not done just what then the professional witness has his you did do." chance. If the question relates to the value of property his mind is as elastic way! God bless you, John, for think- as that of the auctioneer, while if the ing of such sweet, comforting words" dispute beover the value of a horse it would appear that no two dealers in

"It has never been my lot to be encatches every few seconds. He bent gaged in a horse case, but I know one his head to bring his lips close to her 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. of many a man being at liberty. Yet I have never been reprimanded either by a judge or a magistrate. Cases where the defense 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 pris-

oner. "But the danger of attempting to rove an alibi thout success is great in a case of importance that it is rarely resorted to. In cases of common assault and public-house brawls, where the offender is not taken red-handed. the professional witness can generally throw so much doubt on the matter that an acquittal is the result. Still in these cases it is best not to depend on an alibi for the defence.

"The independent witness who happened to be present at the time, and who states that the prisoner was the aggrieved party instead of being 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 profesional 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 gener-ally hear of some business in which my services would be acceptable. I have to exercise great discretion as to whom 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 k'ndness of heart complements which I acknowledge with that respect due to the dignity of the

-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."

"Swap sermons, do they? Well, then, our parson must be an unlucky man, for he allers gets a crop of bad uns."-N. Y. Tribune.

S HIS UMBRELLA NEVER

"that memory is very

But It Tak threwd Planning to Get "It seem " me." said the worried-

looking me

much a m

instance, th s the umbrella, generally supposed the most clusive and easily forgo of all things. I never forget min or I am accustomed to carry mine y, rain or shine, and I should mis almost as much as I would my But I am not necustomed to car bings home, and I seldom succees when I try. I bought some collars e on my way up town in with me to the Polo and carried grounds. I ved them safely under watched the game and to the collars. Once, the suburbs, I bought my seat while another when I lived the same in placed to earry home. I placed the rack overhead in the ope the railroad folks it before now. I tried one day a fis it securely in cars, and-I have remove yesterday to try home a bundle containing some and discovered after I got home, that I had left the indle in a street car. If I am going a weling for any distance I carry my lung ge in a certain number of pieces; I re, say, big bag, little bag, twoover the saudambrella. When bag, two over the sand umbrella. When I go aboard of have the cars or boat I know that I at hit to have five pieces, and I never larget them. But here again memory is a habit. On short trips, if I have sything 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 of the shrest way. Another way is the package on the other way is to put the package on the floor of the car where I must stumble over it in going out. The other way is to carry it in you 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 by ret my umbrella."—N.

Over Lusy a League

Spreads the infectious air poison of chills and fever, a compaint to the eradication and prevention of which Hostetter's Stomuch Bitters is specially adapted. Vast and fertile district are periodically visited by this relentless malady. Fortify with the Bitters and prevent it. Rheumatism, constipation, billomates, kidney trouble and acryousness are to aquerable in any stage by this comprehensive medicine, indorsed and commended by intelligent physicians everywhere. by this comprehend commended everywhere.

Mamma-"Lattle Robbie Jones always asks to be excused when he leaves the table, and you never do. We is it? "Well, I guess it's 'cause he's as med of eatin' so much, I don't know."—In the kean.

Dyspersia, in a red digestion, weak stomach, and consupation will be instantly relieved by Beech at a Pills. 25 cents a box.

The great danger of looking too much up on the wine when the red is that one may begin using it for paint.—Philadelphia Ledger.

ACADEMY AND SCHOOL HOME, Las Vegas, New Mexico, Camato, a certain cure for students with weak lungs. Circulars.

Bereuer-"Dida"t life that ham? Why, it was some I cured myself." Customer"Call that ham cured? Why, man, it wasn's even convalescent." Diston Transcript. KEEP the porce open is essential to health. Jenu's Sutphur Soan does this. Hill's Hair and Whister Dye, 50 cents.

Customer. "De you suppose you can take a good picture of a et" Photographer. "I shall have to answer you in the negative, sir. '-Vogue.

HALL'S CATABRE CURE IS a liquid and is taken internally. Sold by Druggists, 750.

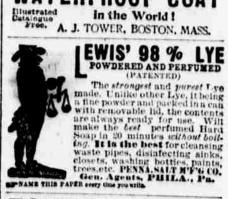
The fat man in the sale show is lying in wait for his victime—Galveston News. Positive, wait; comparative, waiter; su-petative, go and got it yourself.

A Little Red Spot Appeared on my left let below the knee, and i gradually spread until I was covered wit blosches and patche called Bs of lasts seratched and services



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