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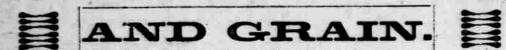
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PRICES LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE she said: Spruce Street, between Fifth and Sixth. that it is no wonder I misunderstood

denly straightened himself up as though he had just awakened out of a reverie, and turning to the other said:

"Was there anything new up at the Flat when you left this morning? "No," the other answered, recalling his wandering thoughts. "Nothing of much importance. They had a couple of road agents under arrest, and were hang them tonight."

was leaving. They were Mexicans, us to waste a bullet or two on you.

"Then Mart Thompson is not one of

The old lady had suddenly sprung to her feet, and now stood before the miners holding to a strap for support, her face pale and cold, her eyes fixed in a searching gaze on the two men, her that they were safe from recognition. lips twitching and her whole frame wrought up to the highest pitch of

"What was it you said about Mart Thompson?" she cried in an eager yet and a pistol. When he came to the old stifled voice. "Did you say he was a lady he said: road agent and that he was to be arrested and hung? Tell me, did you say

The men were startled by the old lady's voice and manner, and for an instant they gazed at her in stupid amazement. She repeated her question with more eagerness, more vehemence, and one of the men, recovering from his surprise, replied:

"Perhaps you misunderstood me, lady, or perhaps I misspoke the name. should have said Mark Thompkins." As the man spoke he secretly nudged the other with his arm, and the other, understanding, kept quiet. The smile returned to the old lady's face and she sat down satisfied. After a short pause

"The two names are so much alike

The Bandit of the Sierras was not Mart Thompson. He would By THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

CHAPTER L.

"Did you say he was a road agent?"

down some steep embankment.

camp in the far west.

seen for so long."

old home in the east, and brings up re-

me of mother, and somehow I can al-

mother; it's been a long time since I

have seen her, and I have not thought

of her very often the last two or three

years; but, Joe, I love her yet above

everything on earth. I haven't written

anxiously she has watched the mails,

and how disappointed she has been, and

how she has wept and suffered. The

to write a good, long letter. The dear

old soul will be so pleased."

of their natures

never do anything wrong, even the least little thing, and I was foolish to think you could have meant him." The men exchanged a glance, and the

one who had spoken last spoke again.
"Do you know Mart Thompson?" he

"Do I knew him?" she repeated, while a proud, happy smile wreathed her thin features. "Aye, I raised him from a baby and I kept him with me until he was almost a man grown. He is my grandson, and his mother and father died when he was only a year old, so I took him and raised him."

The good old lady, glad of an opportunity to speak of "her boy," continued in her childish simplicity to narrate his

"When he was almost a man," she

said, "he went away from home, and

after awhile he married. His wife was not strong, and in a year or so she died, leaving a child, this little girl here, and I took her to raise, as I had taken him. "Then he became restless, and when so many were coming to California he came too. That was five years ago. I got a few letters from him the first year, but after that he quit writing. I sup-A dilapidated, weather stained old pose he has been very busy and hasn't tagecoach, which had evidently seen had time to write, and then he may stagecoach, which had evidently seen had time to write, and then he may many years of rugged service, bounded have forgotten about it. He was always a little forgetful about such things, and along the rough track that wound up a little forgetful about such things, and

deep, dark gorge in the Sierra Nevada mountains. Now it swung to the right, now to the left, now giving a great lurch forward as the front wheels dropped into a rut, now creaking and groaning like wild, like young men often are, you some live thing in terrible pain, and know, but he never meant any harm by ever and anon tipping up on one side it. He was good and kind, only someand threatening to turn over and roll times he was a little thoughtless."

It was really pitiful to note how the There were four passengers in the honest, simple old soul excused and coach, two of them men of about the middle age, whose appearance and garb showed them to be frontiersmen, evidently miners, and a very old lady, who was exceedingly small and nervous, but patient and good natured withal, and the other a little girl of perhaps seven extent of them, else she would not have years, very beautiful and demure, and taken such pains to excuse and shield There was not much opportunity for that she saw and understood anything conversation, for the stage made enough of the kind. For his sake she denied noise to drown any ordinary tone of and disputed the evidence of her own voice, and then the passengers had all senses

they could do to keep themselves seated. "For four years," she continued in her Once or twice the men had attempted to simple way, "I have had no letter from exchange a word or so, but scarcely had Mart, and so one day I concluded to take they begun to speak when the stage gave his child and go in search of him. You a sudden lurch and cut their remarks see, I didn't know but he might be sick or in trouble or something, and I felt as The old iady, although she was thin though I ought to go and see.

"When we came to California and and frail and nervous, bore all the rough jolting and bumping uncomplainingly, went to the place where he was when and as often as the men turned their eves | we heard from him last he was gone toward her they saw a happy, satisfied and nobody there knew anything about smile lighting up her wrinkled features. him. I was a little discouraged, because Where could she have come from? they California is a large place and I didn't wondered, and where could she be go- know where to go in search of my boy. ing-she and the child? It was evident I didn't have much money and we that they did not belong there in that | couldn't go very far, but I thought I rough new country; that they were could go as far as my money and strangers to the rugged habits and semi- strength would permit.

"But God helped me, and before my

civilized life of the western miners. little money was all gone he directed me They were delicate, refined and well to the post down there where the stage dressed-attributes that did not belong to those who had been long in a mining started. I heard of Mart down there, and they told me he was up in the moun-The two men scrutinized their fellow tains somewhere near the Poverty Flat mines, so now I shall soon find him." passengers silently and intently for a There was a short silence, after which long time, and once or twice something

the old lady suddenly said: like a sigh escaped them. Finally the "I never thought to ask you, but stage reached a stretch of comparatively expect maybe you two gentlemen live smooth road, where it was possible to at Poverty Flat. Isn't it so?" converse with tolerable ease. The men

"Yes, ma'am," one of them replied drew closer together, and one of them hesitatingly. "Then you know Mart?" she cried "Jack, the sight of that old lady and with eagerness. child makes me sad; yet it does me good. It takes my thoughts right back to the

The two men exchanged a quick glance, moved a little in their seats and membrances of the friends I have not appeared greatly embarrassed, but neither of them spoke. The old lady "Just what I was thinking, Joe," the thought they had not heard her and she other replied. "The old lady reminds repeated her question.

"Yes, ma'am," said one, seeing that most imagine that it is she. Poor old an answer must be given, yet speaking with great reluctance; "I know Mart Thompson, or, more correctly speaking.

"Do you?" the old lady cried, a smil of happy anticipation lighting up her features. "I am so glad, because then to her for two years, and I know how you can tell me about him. Is he at the mines now, do you think?" "Why-no, ma'am; I don't think he sight of this old lady has brought it all is just now. You see," the man went back to me, and tomorrow I am going on hesitatingly, "he don't just stop at the mines. He's out in the mountains

most generally.' "Is he? What does he do out in the The two men were silent for some mountains? Is he mining?" time, each looking straight out before The men exchanged another glance, him, their lips slightly tremulous, appeared very restless and exceedingly while a moisture gathered in their disturbed, and remained silent. The old eyes. They were rough, sun bronzed men with calloused hearts, but the re- lady waited a moment, then again said

membrance of the old homes and the in a little louder tone: old mothers they had left there touched them and awoke in them the better part "What does Mart do in in a reckless way, but he got no further. At that instant there was a firing of pistols, and the old coach, giving a

lurch, came to a halt. A moment later the door was thrown open and a masked face looked in. "Now step out here you folks inside," a gruff, unnatural voice commanded "and we'll proceed to unload you of any burdens you may happen to have in the going to try them this afternoon and shape of money or valuables. Here,

you," he continued to the miners, "you "So? You don't know who the two needn't be fumbling for your shooters, for we've got you covered, and any smartness on your part will only compe Now come out quietly and gentlemanly and we'll not detain you a moment." The passengers all left the coach and

formed in line under the cover of a half dozen pistols. Night was just coming on, and it was scarcely dark, but the robbers were all masked, so that nothing of their features showed, and when they spoke they disguised their voices, so

One of the highwaymen went through a search of the passengers, beginning with the two men, from each of whom he took a few dollars, a silver watch "Now, then, ma'am, I'll trouble you

for any little change and trinkets that you may happen to have about you." "Here is my purse," she said, extend-

you. Yet I might have known that it ing it in her open hand. "There is not ture and dishes in the cabins, snowing much in it now, for I have spent pretty no one in the streets. Outside all was near all my money searching for my silent and deserted. near all my money searching for my boy. That is all I have that you would

elry, old lady? No watch or anything

"Nothing but a little locket," she renot mine. It belongs to my son, whom I am going to find. He left it with me said Joe, "I wouldn't call." when he went away, and it has his pic- "I have half a mind not to, but still I name is cut on the case."

at the same time placing the locket in heart, don't you?"

'Sis, I reckon you haven't much wealth," he said, turning to the little girl. "If you've got anything just hand it over, and I won't search you."



for the sake of a little girl I have some-

where back east." The outlaw's voice softened just a little as he said that, but it was only for an you think any innocent man would care haltingly said: instant, and recovering his former tone, to come into this camp and say his name half jocular, half brutal, he commanded the passengers to re-enter the coach, then

ordered the driver to proceed. It was not far to the Flat, and the distance was soon covered. The two miners | the greatest danger?" talked but little, and the few words they exchanged were spoken in low tones and heard by no one save themselves. thought of it. She even forgot to renew the conversation regarding "her boy," in which she had been so interested a little while before.

When the stage stopped before the lit-tle hotel at Poverty Flat the miners hurried out and attempted to evade the old lady. She saw them, however, and called to them os they were walking away. They could only turn back. though they did it with the utmost re

"You did not tell me where Mart is," she said, "nor what he is doing." "No, ma'am, I believe not," one of

The old lady waited a moment for the

"Will you please tell me what you ious to find him, for I have not seen him for five long years."

but the old lady saw nothing of that. "I can't tell you much more than I have told you already," he said. "Mart Thompson is somewhere in the moundoing right now I can't say." Then after an awkward pause he went on: "If I around about your son, and tomorrow

morning I'll come to tell you what I asked. The old lady was loath to accept this arrangement, but after a great deal of talk she consented. The miners went into the hotel, called the proprietor aside and spoke a few words to him in a low tone, now and then casting a glance toward the old lady and the child. The hotel proprietor nodded his head, and

the miners went away. When they were outside of the hotel the two men began to talk. One of them

lady will give us no rest until we tell is to do that? I can't tell the innocent. has made me want to die. trusting old soul that the man she has come all the way out here to find is a highway robber. Can you?"

than to do that." her, Jack. The innocent, unsuspecting passed through months of suffering, asked. old soul is so trustful. She has the hardships and disappointments, all in greatest confidence in the onery scamp,

"I don't either. But, say, I believe that the man who lifted our valuables fown the road there is Mart Thompson." "I know it. It was him, and the sneak cobbed his own mother, or what was the same thing. The rascal deserves to be aung to the nearest limb."

CHAPTER II.

The old lady sought for information regarding Mart Thompson from the proprietor of the hotel, but he evaded her questions and gave her no satisfaction; so at last she resigned herself to wait till morning, and retired. The mining camp had just begun to stir after a night of slumber. There

was a rattling and clattering of furni-

Used in Millions of Homes-40 Years the Standard.

Jack and Joe were dressed and were itting quietly discussing the events of "I don't know about that. We are not the evening before, and trying to devise hard to please, and rather than hurt some plan by which they might extri-anybody's feelings we accept the commonest kind of gifts. Have you no jew- which lay before them.

"I'll tell you what," said Jack, "I wish now I had not promised that old lady to call at the hotel this morning. I don't plied, "and I cannot give that up. You know what in the world I am going to would not take that from me, for it is say to her when I do call."

ture in it and a lock of his hair, and his dislike to lie that way. I half way lied "Ah, well, we'll just take it. His changed Mart Thompson into Mark Thompson it, so if we happen to meet Thompkins. Still I didn't just see how to her down there in the stage when I your son we'll just hand it to him per- I could do otherwise then. I think it was better to stretch the truth a little And the man broke into a coarse laugh, than to have broken that innocent old

"Yes, it was, because as it

wasn't anybody hurt." "No, that was all right. But about the rest of it I don't know what to do.' Just then there was a slight noise at the door, and as the two miners turned to see what it meant a man lifted the latch and came in. Jack and Joe sprang to their feet and started back in alarm.

Was it really a man or was it an appari-tion that stood before them? "Don't be alarmed," said the one who had just entered. "You have nothing to fear from me. I suppose you know whom I am?"

"No," replied Jack, "not certainly.

And yet I thought"— "You thought I was Mart Thompson," the other interrupted. "Isn't it so?"

"Yes, it is." "Then you thought right. That is who I am.' The miners were a little recovered from their astonishment by this time

and were able to think and speak con-

nectedly. The one called Jack, always the spokesman of the two, said: "I believe that you speak the truth and that you are really Mart Thompson." "Of course I am. Do you think that have nothing at all for me? That's too mine is such a proud, enviable name bad. You might give me a kiss at least. that any one would care to claim it who was not entitled to it? Do you think the character that name represents such that any one would want to steal it? Do

> of those things likely?" "No, I do not. But why do you come here?. Don't you know that you are in

"Yes, I supposed I was. I supposed that to be caught in this camp meant death for me. It was my impression The old lady lamented the loss of her that the miners here had declared my locket, and all the way she was lost in life forfeited, and had pledged themselves to take it on the first oportunity. Am I right?"

"Yes, you are. We have long since decided that your life was forfeited, and we have only waited the chance to take

"So I thought, and for that reason ! "I do not understand," Jack said, look-

ing at Thompson in blank amazement. "Don't you?" Thompson replied qui-etly. "What I say is plain and simple, and it ought not to be hard to understand it. You people here have said that you would hang or shoot me if you ever had a chance. I supposed that you had said that, and for that reason I came to this man to proceed, but as it became plain camp. I know that the men of this that he was not going to do so she re- place are people who keep their word

and who never abandon a purpose." Jack, still astonished, shook his head, know about him. You see I am so anx- but remained silent. Mart Thompson's words and actions were beyond his comprehension. He could not fathom the man's meaning. He might have thought the miner said haltingly, as though he that Thompson was feigning had he not was on dangerous ground. To a close seen his face and noted now pale and observer it would have been apparent wan it was, and how sad and sunken that he wished to conceal something, were his eyes. That face, those eyes, a very picture of despair and dejection, precluded all doubt of the man's

"Don't you understand me yet?" tains, but just where he is or what he is Thompson asked after a short pause. "Then I will be plainer in my speech. I have come here because I want you men was you I'd be easy about it tonight. I to take my life. I surrender myself into know you must be tired. Just you stop your hands. Take me and do with me here and test tonight, and I'll inquire as you please, only so you take my life." "Why do you say such things?" Jack

> "I say what I do because I feel it, and I feel it because of what happened yesterday. You were in the stage yesterday evening when it was robbed?" "Yes, we were there."

money and your watches. It was I who took them and I restore them. But that is nothing; look here at this. Here is the locket I took from the old lady. Do ou see what a cheap, simple, little thing is? It is almost worthless; yet it has

"So was I. Here are your pistols, your

had a terrible effect on me. It has brought me to a sudden halt in my her all we know about her son, and who career. It has set me to thinking. It

"The trusting old soul I took that

from," he continued, after a momentary pause, "is my grandmother, and prac-"No, Joe, I can't. I'd rather be hung tically any mother. Old and feeble as she is, she left her home in the east and "And me too. I believe it would kill came west in quest of me. She has the hope of seeing me again. And at last and she loves him. I don't know what her love conquers her weakness and bears down every obstacle, and her purpose is accomplished. She finds me, but how? She finds me a highway robber. I whom she has loved and nurtured, and for whom she has sacrificed everything, reward her love by stealing from her that trinket which she valued equal to her life because it was mine. She was hunting her father, and she found him. Yes, she found him. She found him a

highwayman, a robber, a thief."

Mart Thompson walked the floor for a

moment with his head hung down and his hands clutched nervously. Suddenly he stopped in front of the two miners, and with startling vehemence cried: "Do you think I should want to live after that? Do you suppose I could find any pleasure or satisfaction in living when I know what a miserable wretch I am? Never, never! That old lady and that child by their simple faith and innocent trust have stabled me through and through. They have cut my heart deeper than any assassin might have cut it with the sharpest steel. My God, men, I wish I had the power to tell you what I felt last night when I examined that locket and realized what I had done; but I can't do it. I can't find the

Mart Thompson again paced the floor for almost a minute; then growing calmer he came and sat down near the

"Do they know what I am?" he asked. "No. they have no suspicion," Jack replied a little softly. "I am glad of that," said Thompson, that they may never know. Will you | ibly fixed." grant it?

"Very well. Now let the miners know am here, and let them do their work.

I am ready.' With that Thompson folded his arms

fering—physical as well as mental.

Jack, without a word, went out and informed some of the leading men of the Flat of Mart Thompson's presence in the camp, and also of the conversation that had taken place down at his and Joe's cabin. Within a quarter of an her that Mart had been a robber, and hour a dozen men had gathered, and the trusting, confiding old soul never again Thompson stated why he had had a suspicion of the truth. come in and surrendered. Those who "You see," Ab said to her, heard the story were touched by it, and strong, rough men as they were, there was deep down in their hearts a feeling

of pity for the highwayman. Ab Johnson was the acknowledged leader in the camp, and his companions were anxious to hear him speak; so when Thompson had finished, and a moment had passed in silence, some one said:

"Ab, what is your idea in this case?" Ab did not answer immediately, but he shifted his weight from one foot to the other and scratched his head thoughtfully. At last he spoke, though with

hesitation. He said: "I hardly know what to say, men, for this is a peculiar case. For the sake of the old lady and the little girl I would like for us to let Mart Thompson go. I would like to do it, too, on account of his coming in and surrendering himself. For these two reasons I wish we might spare him, for if we did he would lead

an honorable and honest life." "I believe he would," some one mur mured, and Thompson quickly raised

his eyes to see who it was. not experienced that change of heart." There was an awkward silence, during which the miners shuffled about uneasily. Mart Thompson was the calmest man in the room. Finally some one

"Well, if Ab is right, I believe I would was Mart Thompson? Do you think any favor letting Thompson go-on account of the mother and child, you understand. It would about break their hearts if we-you know what I mean." "Yes, we understand," replied Ab. "If robbery was the only charge against the man," he continued, "I think we could afford to let him go free. But perhaps you didn't all hear about it.

"Is that a fact?" Jack asked. "It is. A man who was with Jim and who escaped unhurt came in this morn-

ing before daylight and told me." "Then Mart Thompson is a murderer?" omebody exclaimed. Mart raised his head, fixed his eyes on he speaker and moved his lips as if in the act of saying something. But he did not utter a word.

charge, Thompson?" Ab asked.
"Nothing," Thompson answered. "Then we are forced to suppose

"What have you to say as

lady and the child. spare this man's life, even though he is a robber, but for the majesty's theater), Sir Harley Quin and sake of no one and nothing can we spare his life when we know him to be murderer. He must hang." Thompson said nothing, and he did

not move, except to shrug his shoulders slightly. Once or twice his lips moved as if framing words, but no sound escaped them. There was a whispering among the miners, and then some one went out and after awhile returned with a piece of new rope.

"Thompson," said Ab, "you undertand what our decision is, I suppose?"

"Yes," Thompson replied. "Then have you anything to say before we proceed further?" "No, nothing except to ask that you never let mother and my child know."

"They shall never know. I pledge you my word of honor for that." "Very well. Then that is all." Then after a short pause he continued: "I would like to see them once more, and if I could only kiss them I would die happier, but to spare them I must deny myself that pleasure. Go on with your

work. I am ready." the latch was lifted and a man staggered | cence!" or something like that. The in. It was Jim Main, white, pinched and bloody, looking like a man risen in the old hand to mouth way, and from the dead. He stopped on the thres- Thorne suddenly conceived the idea that

whisper, yet imperious, cried: "Stop, stop, I say, for God's sake. That andience and saw his understudy do his man must not be hung."

"Why, what does this mean?" Ab "It means that he must not be hung." Jim Main repeated. "It was he that you know-the hero for the afternoon saved my life. It was he who after I came in, took his cloak down from his had received one shot came before me | face long enough to say, 'Ten thousand and received the second one in his own dollars for the missing witness,' when breast. Even now he bears a ghastly wound and is suffering more than I." "Is this true, Thompson?" Ab asked.

Thompson made no answer. "It is true," Jim cried. "Look for yourselves and you will find the wound on the stage was pretty well broken up in his breast." They did so, and sure enough the

wound was there. It was deep and

dangerous, but he had bandaged it himself so as to check the flow of blood. As it was, he was exceedingly weak, and it the celebrated Tillie Smith murder in was only by the exertion of his great New Jersey. Tillie Smith, a young serv-will power that he bore up. New Jersey. Tillie Smith, a young serv-ant girl, was killed in defending herself "Why didn't you tell us about this?"

Ab inquired. Thompson replied. "But it was worth while. It is enough on the case. They convicted Titus, the to save your life. Did you suppose we janitor of the institution where Tillie

would hang you after that?" "No. I thought likely if you knew you would spare me through pity, but I did not want any of that. I have for- In addition to the good detective work

long and honorable life."

ever return to an honorable life. I "and I have one request to make, or could reform, but I could never get rid rather one favor to ask of you—that is, of the stain of the past. That is indel-

"No, I think not," said Ab. "Idon't know much about Scripture, and I'm hardly fit for a preacher, but I remember that somewhere in the Bible it says that there is more rejoicing in heaven over one sinner who returns to the fold and sat grimly silent. His face, a little than over ninety-nine who never went flushed now, still retained its drawn, astray. And for that matter I reckon sunken look, and his eyes, though they there's precious few of us who haven't flashed with the fire of a certain sort of at some time in life gone astray, and the defiance, were still hollow and dark.
His whole appearance denoted keen suffering—physical as well as mental.

most of us keep going astray. My soul,
Mart, how many people would there be
in the world now if all the big and little

sinners were killed off? I don't think we'd be crowded with population any."

The doctor came and dressed Mart's wound, and then the old lady came with the child to see "her boy." No one told "You see," Ab said to her, "Mart was

up in the mountains last night and one of the robbers shot him." "Yes, I know," she replied, "and I wouldn't be surprised if it was the man who took my locket."

"Yes, ma'm," said Jack unblushingly, "it was, and your son took it back. Here it is," and he stepped forward and laid it in her outstretched hand. "Oh, I am so glad," she cried in a sort

of ecstasy. "It was so brave and good of Mart to take it for me." "Mother, for God's sake, don't," Mart said, as if her words hurt him through and through.

"Very well, Mart," she replied, "I'll say no more about it. You were always so modest that you could not bear to have your praises sung." After many days Mart Thompson became a well man, and then he and his old mother and his child left Poverty Flat for the east. Back there at his old home he began a new life, and in all the country where he was known he was a respected and even a loved citizen. He was kind and generous, seeking no doubt

Christian, loved by the poor and lowly, to whom he was kind, worshiped by his old mother, who in the simple goodness of her heart never suspected the truth in regard to his past, and who never dreamed what a wonderful influ-ence her visit to the west had, nor what a great work of regeneration it accom-plished. For her sake and for his child's sake Mart Thompson kept his sins and crimes a secret from all save God, who

knew and forgave, A Prophecy of Thackeray's.

So far as knighthood is to be regarded as a mark of eminence in literature. Jim Main was shot and killed by the science or art, the result appears pretty bandits last night as he was coming up much the same as that which Thackeray from the post, and from what I have describes in one of his "Roundabout been able to gather it seems that Thomp-son is the man who shot him." Papers" as likely to have ensued if George III had instituted the Order of Merit, which he once had in serious contemplation. That order was to have been dedicated to Minerya, and Dr. Johnson himself was to have been the first president or grand cross or grand owl of the society. The members were to be adorned with a star of sixteen points and a yellow ribbon, and all the recognized luminaries of the literary, scientific and artistic worlds were to be enrolled among them. But how, Thackeray asks, when they had all of them been admitted, could the door be shut against inferior claimants? How could you have excluded Sir Alexis Sover, Sir Alessan-Thompson merely bowed his head.
"In that case, men," continued Ab, Sir Antonio Paganini (violinist), Sir there is no question as to what our Sandy M'Goffog (piper to the most honduty is. We might, for the sake of the orable the Mamuis of Farintosh), Sir

> Sir Joseph Grimaldi (from Covent Gar-"They," he adds, "have all the yellow ribbon. They are all honorable, clever and distinguished artists. Let us elbow through the rooms, make a bow to the lady of the house, give a nod to Sir George Thrum, who is leading the orchestra, and go in and get some champagne and seltzer water from Sir Richard, who is presiding at the buffet."
> This was intended to be a caricature when Thackeray wrote it. But it certainly reads a great deal more like a prophecy now.-London World.

Accepted the Offer. "One of the greatest performances I ever heard of," said an actor, "was that of Ed Thorne. He had been playing on the western circuit and had not been making money very steadily with a piece called, I think, 'The Missing Witness.' In one scene, where the hero is posted on the wall of an inn as a murderer, he has to come on, read the bill They prepared to take him from the and exclaim, 'Ten thousand dollars for room, but as they advanced to the door | the missing witness to prove my innohold and in a voice scarcely more than a he would like to see it himself. So one day at a matinee he went out into the

> inn was shoved on-same inn that does for Thorne calmly arose in the audience and walked to the stage. 'Done,' said he. Here are the band parts, prompt copy, lines, stage plans and everything. All for ten thousand.' I presume the man about then."-New York Sun.

Detectives of Tillie Smith's Murderer. against some man whom the police gave Ab inquired.

"I did not think it worth while," man, of The World, and C. W. Tyler, of The Sun, worked together as detectives Smith lived. He was sentenced to be hanged, but the sentence was afterward commuted to imprisonment for life.

feited my life and I am willing to let it | which these two brilliant reporters did they wrote such simple, touching, "You forfeited it, but you have restraightforward accounts of the girl's deemed it. We are not going to hurt heroic defense and atrocious death that you, but instead are going to send for a | the tearful public subscribed plenty of doctor. When your wound is dressed money to erect a monument to Tillie we will send for your mother and child, but they shall not know of the past. the first money ever put up in honor of You will get well, and you will live a a murdered servant girl. It was certainly a creditable monument to human "No. not after what I have done. I sympathy. - New York World.