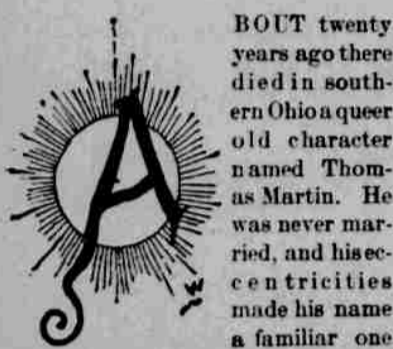


THE LOVER'S REASONING.

Tell why I love her? Tell me why, Turning from murky town and pushing men, You love the woodland path, the placid sky, I'll answer then.

I FOUND THE WILL.



ABOUT twenty years ago there died in southern Ohio a queer old character named Thomas Martin. He was never married, and his eccentricities made his name a familiar one in several counties. He lived in a little log house on a farm about four miles from a village, and sometimes he was alone for months, and again he would have his house crowded with his relatives. While father and mother were dead, he had three brothers and four sisters living, and in the same county. One day he might meet one of them and hand him a \$20 gold piece. The very next day he would pass the same person without speaking. As he was worth about \$200,000, all made by the sale of oil wells found on his lands in Pennsylvania, and as his relatives were all poor, none of them dared offend him. If he treated them coldly they put up with it; if he insisted on some family staying with him for a week they made every sacrifice to please him.

and was looked upon as half crazy and the other half foolish. She was employed in the village at laundry work. Martin bought her clothes and jewelry, and even gave out that he would marry her, and he was heard to say more than once that not one of his relatives would ever get a dollar of his money. One night two months after the Thatcher woman went to live with him, he got a bad fall while bringing in wood. He had to be helped to bed, but only a portion of what followed was known for many months afterward. The old man felt that his last hour had come, and he got rid of her for a few minutes by sending her out to the barn. Which will he meant to burn no one will ever know, but he got up and burned one of them. Both were duly sealed and attested, and both were equally good in law. That he did burn one of them was sure. Thirty hours later someone happened to visit the cabin and the old man was found dead in his bed, the woman had disappeared and the wills were missing. With all that money at stake there was great excitement, of course, and the relatives gave me the case to work up. No one knew, until I overhauled the ashes in the fire place, that anything had been burned. I found scraps of paper, proving that at least one of the wills had been destroyed. So far as I could tell, both might have been burned at the same time. One had been, anyhow, and the question of which it was interested every relative. It seemed curious why Mrs. Thatcher had gone away, and still more curious that she had escaped observation. As no one had met her in the village or on the high-way, it must be concluded that she had reasons for hiding. If one of the walls had been preserved, she probably knew of its whereabouts, as the old cabin had been hunted over and over again without bringing it to light. My first step, therefore, was to discover her; but when a fairly sharp man puts himself against a half idiot he may be beaten. I made a circuit for thirty miles around on horse back, and while I met a hundred people who knew the woman by sight, I could get no late trace of her. A robber could not have hidden his trail more successfully. When I found that the hunt was to be extended, I notified every sheriff in that part of the state. I got out circulars and sent them to town marshals, constables, postmasters, and farmers but no good resulted. Then, one day, I sat down to put myself in her place. For all I knew then she was with the old man when he died, and it might have been one of her hands which held one of the wills to the flame. Just why she should fly and hide herself when not guilty of anything was a puzzle. So far as we could determine she had taken nothing. One day Martin had gone with her to the bank and drawn out and presented to her the sum of \$200. This she had taken, as was her right, but the few dollars he had in his pockets were there when we searched the dead body. I had not thought to overhaul her wardrobe, but when I came to do so I got a pointer. She had dressed herself in her best and gone without taking even a hand satchel. Her best was a black silk, a finer shawl, a fashionable bonnet, and fine shoes. She would not only look very much like a lady, but she would not set out for a walk across the wet fields or along the muddy highway. She would take the train at the nearest point, of course, and that happened to be at a station not over thirty rods from the old man's cabin and on his land. Freight and accommodation trains stopped there always for water, and the regular passenger trains sometimes. For instance, the express for Cincinnati would not stop at the village, but would at this county station to get a supply of water for the engine. As soon as I struck this trail I was only a few days in ascertaining that Mrs. Thatcher, dressed in her best, did actually board the express that night as it stopped for a moment, and that she paid her fare and was carried to Cincinnati. She had four weeks the start of me, but I had strong hopes of finding her. I reasoned that the fact of her being simple-minded, and of never having travelled much, would make her keep clear of the hotels. She doubtless, feared she would be blamed for the old man's death, and a search made for her. In that case she would hide herself. I had my mind made up when I reached Cincinnati to look for her among the boarding houses, and look I did. After a vain search of a week I got one of the regular detectives, and in another week we got track of her. In going into the city she had entered into conversation with a fellow passenger, and he had recommended her to a boarding house kept by his aunt. They gave her a room at the house, but soon saw that she was queer. The situation sharpened her wits, and she claimed to be a Mrs. Rose, of Chicago, who had come to search out relatives. As she never went out, received no letters, and employed no assistance her story was not believed, and she was an object of wonder to the other boarders. In about three weeks she one day paid her bill and walked off, but one of the boarders followed her to another boarding house. We hoped and expected to find her there, but she had changed again, and no one knew where she was. It took us three days to locate her again, and this time we were too late by an hour only. In making her second change Mrs. Thatcher had gone to a boarding house kept by a woman who had a

brother on a farm. He supplied her with vegetables, and as he came in one day Mrs. Thatcher saw him, and at once decided to go out to his farm. She arranged for her board, bought herself a cheap dress or two, and the pair had been gone about an hour or two when we rang the bell. The detective was busy on another case and decided that he could not go with me. I therefore got a horse and buggy and drove off alone. It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of a June day, and I was hardly clear of the city when I noticed that a thunder storm was coming up from the direction in which I was headed. I drove fast, hoping to make the ten miles before I was caught, but when seven miles from the city the storm broke. The only shelter I could secure was an old wagon shed, but while the thunder and lightning were severe, but little rain fell. In the half hour I was under the shed the lightning struck near me three times, and I was greatly relieved when the storm passed on. I drove forward for about a mile, and then suddenly came upon a curious sight in the highway. A farmer's wagon was smoking and burning, while one horse lay stone dead and the other was plunging about. On one side of the wagon lay the body of a woman, on the other side that of a man. I leaped out and secured my horse, and the man was the first to approach. His clothes were on fire over his breast and his face was discolored. One glance satisfied me that he was dead. The woman lay in a heap, but I took hold of her hand there was a flutter of the eyelids. A bolt of lightning had killed one of the horses and the man, but the woman had only been stunned. My first move was just what any physician would have recommended. I tore open the bosom of her dress and cut her corset strings to give her lungs a chance to play. As the knife parted the strings and the corsets flew open a paper was displayed. I reached for it, and one look told me that it was the last will and testament of James Martin. Then the woman must be Mrs. Thatcher, but I should never have known her, dressed as she was. She came to while I was releasing the plunging horse and putting out the fire in the wagon. The accident had come about as I supposed, and in half an hour she was quite herself again. I went to the nearest farmer, got him to come back and assume charge of things, and then drove back to the city with my prisoner. On the way in she fully explained everything to me. When Martin found himself about to die he told her to burn the old will. In her nervousness, and being unable to read, she burned the wrong one. When he discovered this he berated her in as forcible language as he could call up—indeed, he fell back and died while cursing her. Fearing that she had committed some awful crime, and hoping that if she carried the other document off with her she might escape the consequences, she dressed herself, took the paper and her money, and walked over and boarded the train. Under the will I had recovered all the relatives shared alike, which was fair and just under the circumstances, and instead of making any trouble for the grass widow, they presented her with a purse of \$500 and headed her for Oregon, where she got another husband in less than a month after her arrival.—New York Sun.

Love and Lucre. How would his brilliant wife bear the news of his ruin? Malcolm Boyd asked himself as he entered the door of his home. How would she bear it—she who had been accustomed to every luxury, covered with jewels, clothed like a queen? He repeated the question over to himself with a groan as he closed the street door behind him. A light step and she stood at his side in all her royal beauty. Daintily clad, with shimmering diamonds on her breast and arms. The sight of the flashing stones seemed to madden him. "Hear me," he cried. "When you offered to marry me to save your father from ruin, you honestly said that it was for my wealth alone, and that you could never love me. Am I right?" "Yes, but—" "Well, you must know the worst. We are beggars. You can return to your father, if you will. I tried to win your love, but I have failed. I will not bind you to an unloved, beggared husband. You are free—free!" And before the startled girl could recover her senses he had staggered from the room. With only a vague idea why she did so, May replaced her ruby velvet with the plainest black silk in her wardrobe, put away every trace of the evening's prospective pleasure, and then, as if her heart had only just reached the solution of its misery, she sank down in her chair with a sobbing moan. "Oh, Malcolm! Malcolm! it was all true, but it isn't now. I love you. Oh, I do! I do!" Trying to gain strength and see what to do, she lay there until the tiny gilded clock chimed 10, and then she stood up. In two hours she had undergone many changes. Underneath all her love of gayety and coquettishness lay a wonderful strength of character. She had married to save her father, and for two years had received the devotion—quiet but never ceasing—of her husband without thought of any changes that might be going on in her own heart. Now a shock had revealed it to her; and feeling, with a wild thrill of joy that he still loved her, her first thought was: What could she do to prove her love and help him to bear the blow? Even as she stood there wondering where he had gone, and what she would say when he returned, she heard a movement in the room below—his library—and then the street door shut. "Oh, he is just going out. He may be desperate. I will follow him and take back all the cruel words I said." And snatching a long black cloak, she flew down stairs and out of the front door. He was just going down the street with a sort of fierce swiftness that obliged her to almost run to keep up. He glanced back once; but what connection was there in his mind between the creature in black and his beautiful, velvet, diamond wife, whom he now supposed enjoying the opera regardless of him, save that he was a beggar and of no further use to her? On he went, up, down and around, as if determined to walk until exhaustion overcame him. And, keeping him still in sight, tirelessly she followed. It was in a narrow street that he at last paused, and her heart almost stood still at the sight—before a grogshop, which he entered. On a run she reached the place, looked in, and there he sat, in a little, ugly low-ceilinged room, before a table, with his face in his hands. The next instant she swung the door noiselessly open, entered and sat down at the same table. No one else was in the room, but his order was being prepared in the room beyond, where she heard voices. She tried but could not speak; but, as she pushed back the hood of her cloak, Malcolm Boyd raised his head with an angry jerk and looked into the pale face of his wife. "May! May!" he muttered, staring at her like a man bereft of his reason. "May, is it you—you here?" "Yes, Malcolm; I am going to share your trouble with you, and if you take it so, why, I will, too," she said, trying to smile. But excitement and fatigue mastered her. The quivering smile turned into great, sad tears; she slipped right down on the dirty floor beside her stupefied husband, put her arms around him and sobbingly cried: "Oh, Malcolm! Malcolm! come home! What you said to me was all true. I did not love you but, I do. Oh, I don't care how poor you are, we can get along some way. Don't drink. Come home with me, and if we love each other it will not be so hard." "May! May!" he cried again, but now she was in his arms. In a delirium of wild incredulous joy he clasped her to his heart, and kissed her eyes, lips and hair. "You love me!" he murmured. "Oh, my darling, my darling, say it again!" "Yes, I love you—I love you," she answered. "Only let me prove to you how much. And will we go home now?" "Yes at once. Draw your hood—so. Here, waiter—here!" exclaimed Malcolm; then, throwing down some change to the boy who entered, "I

shall not want the drink; there's the price." Then together they went out and went home. The world marvelled at them because they gave up everything and seemed so happy in so doing. A modest little home in a quiet street they cozily furnished with what was left to them; then, with a will and fervor that would soon win back much that he had lost, Malcolm Boyd resumed his law practice, and May, with one servant, merrily took up the cares of a house. A Wonderful Spring. From the Atlanta Constitution. Cured of intemperance in three days! How many people know that the state of Georgia owns a natural inebriate asylum? And, nevertheless, such is the fact. "It is the most wonderful spring in the United States," said Special Officer Broderick, of the Atlanta police force, last night. To what spring do you refer? "Indian spring. I have taken three men to that spring who were so far gone on the liquor habit that it looked as if it were impossible for them to quit, and every one of them were cured immediately. One of them had been practically drunk for four months. I took along a supply of whisky, as people said it would kill him to quit off too suddenly." "Did he taper off?" "He took one drink after he got to Indian spring, and after that declined to touch a drop. He said he did not want it at all. He remained there three days and you never saw such a transformation. He was as sober as a judge, his face was cleared of its blot and the red liquor look, and he was himself again. Since that time he has been steadily at work and has not touched a drop. That was six months ago, long enough to effectually settle the matter." "Does it prove equally efficacious on others?" "I have tried three cases, and with the same happy results in every case. I believe that that little spring, which does hold over a gallon of water, is one of the most valuable in this country, and worth all the hospitals in the land for the cure of inebriates." "Why don't somebody ship the water?" "In the first place, the spring belongs to the state of Georgia, and is just as the Indians left it, long ago. The state government has never permitted anybody to lease it or attempt to enlarge the flow. The water is free for everybody. In the second place, there is a volatile gas in the water that escapes after a few hours, rendering it flat and robbing the water of its extraordinary qualities. For these reasons no attempt has ever been made to export it, and people are compelled to go to the spot to enjoy its benefits. It is a wonderful spring in many other respects, but it is king of all liquor habit cures that I ever have seen."

The Two Aged Lovers. Engineer Dimmick, of the Chicago express, said he had been in nervous dread of an accident from the moment he pulled out of the Lake Shore depot in Chicago. This had made him unusually careful, but as he reached Sherman's crossing, a little behind time, he began to lose his fear; he opened the throttle of old 90, intending to gain a few minutes in the remaining eight miles between there and Toledo. He started to signal the crossing, just this side of the trees, when horror! he saw a farmer driving furiously toward it, as if to cross ahead of the train. It was suicide! Dimmick sent out a heart bracing signal to the brakeman, reversed the engine, put on air brakes, knowing all the time the train could not be stopped this side of the crossing, and then shut his eyes and prayed. When the engine stopped a part of the wagon was on the headlight, the horses were distributed along the track, and two old people were lying near the fence. Dimmick was the first to reach them. They both breathed. Was there a physician among the passengers? Yes, two. A hurried examination and consultation. The man was undoubtedly fatally hurt; the woman probably so. They were tenderly carried to Mr. Richards' house near by, and the physicians were told that if they could stay until the local practitioner could be found a locomotive would be sent back for them in an hour. They agreed to stay.—The bell rang; travelers hurried to their places; some with white faces at the thought that it might have been themselves; others full of the importance of a participation in the event would give them and their story, and others, forgetting themselves, thinking only of the sorrow brought to others. Mr. Richards placed his house at the command of the physicians. Stimulants were administered, and when the family doctor and the children of the sufferers had arrived, the father was moaning, but the mother had opened her eyes. Later in the night, after hours of faithful and incessant labor over them, the mother spoke. "How is father?"—"He is still unconscious, but is well taken care of. Here is something for you; now don't worry; don't think; just go to sleep again."—Her son spoke to her—"I must go to father."—"You mustn't think of it, mother. You are very badly hurt, yourself. You must be very quiet."—"I must go to father; he needs me."—"The physician looked at her keenly, saying, in a low tone, to the son, 'I think we had better fix a place for her near him. She will never be content otherwise.' The son coaxed and argued with her, but it was of no avail. They moved her bed beside her husband's; she attempted to take his hand, but could not. His stertorous breathing seemed to make no impression upon her. "Is father going to die," she asked. The weeping daughter nodded. "You must keep quiet for your own sake, mother."—"We've been married over forty-eight years," she said to the doctor, "but we've known each other all our lives."—"You mustn't talk er, mother."—"We was raised side by side, he took care of me when we went to school together; he's always took care of me. Put me on my side more, so's I can see him better."—"Mother, you must stop thinking and talking." She paid no heed. "Seem's it 'twan't but a little while ago since we was married; but it's over forty-eight years. We was talkin' of our golden weddin' this very week, Ben!" The sun put his hands on her lips to silence her, but the doctor whispered: "Better let her talk a little."—"She's beyond control." The grey-headed husband seemed to hear her call; he opened his eyes, breathed less noisily, struggled with his voice and then managed to whisper, "Rachel!"—"Here I am, Benjamin," and turning her eyes to the daughter, "put my hand in his." They laid her poor wrinkled hand in his hard, knotted fingers. "Is it morning, Rachel?"—"Oh, it ain't you just be still. You see," said she, turning her eyes to the others, "he thinks its time to get up."—"Rachel!" In a very whisper came. "Yes, Ben I'm right here beside you."—"Tell Jim to milk this morning."—"Yes, yes; that's all attended to. Can you see me?"—"It's very light, wife, but I—can't—see—you." The doctor motioned to the children that the end was near. "Put my face on his. Suay; yes, I know he's going, but it 'tain't for long; lift me over to him. They lifted her face to his; his eyes opened; he smiled—and passed away. They carried the mother back to her own pillow, and we were glad to see her quietly go to sleep. And in that sleep she crossed over the river to her Ben.—Toledo Blade.

AN AMERICAN amateur recently offered \$12,000 to the municipality of Genoa for the violin of Paganini, which is religiously preserved in the city museum as a memento of Genoa's gifted son. The instrument was made at Cremona by Guarneri in 1709. The American's offer was declined. A LONDON journal is very despondent on the prospects of professional men in England. The rate of emolument for the professional classes, it says, is steadily going down. It is nearly as difficult now for a member of the professional classes to make \$500 a year as it was for his father to make \$1,000.