A SHADOW ON THE WALL.

valiant youth was Tommy Strutt, as brave as any kuight of old-le long of to cut off plants' heads, He was so very bluff and bold.

fraid! Ah, that he never felt— At loast, this was what Tommy said: of please to note how Tommy looked. One night when he had good to bed!

For there was Something on the wall, And what it was he could not tell: But strongly did he feet inclined To give one loud, terrific yell.

Twas only Tommy's Cousin Dick, A wooden da zer in his hand And why our hero tooked so seared Is more than I can understand.

BLIND JUSTICE.

BY HEKEN B. MATHERS.

CHAPTER I-CONTINUED.

Let us picture her then watching his unavailing struggles and agonies till the opiate deadened the effects of the poison, and he sank down in a stupor that she knew must end in death, nay, that may so have ended abruptly, as she stood by and watched him. Her crime is accomplished, but how to hide it? See her eyes wander hither and thither over the walls, the floor, upon the door through which she might drag this heavy weight, but that she may meet her lover on the threshold! Her glance falls on a discolored ring level with the ground, and scarcely visible save to those who know where to look for it; she creeps nearer and nearer to it. She kneels down and drags at the rusty ring; a square door, about the width of a strong man's shoulders, rises towards her, beneath is a black void, and that void is to be the hiding-place of her husband's body. Close at hand lies a coil of cord, she deliberately cuts it in half, and kneeling down beside him. makes one portion fast round his body below the armpits, then with the ends drags that huddled, helpless body easily enough along the floor until the open square is reached. And now comes the most difficult part. physically, of her enterprise. To thrust him feet foremost down that pit would be easy enough. but with all a woman's extraordinary insensibility to crime, but sensitiveness to a cruelty, she could not bring herself to do this, but with arms stronger surely than a woman's ever were, lowered them so carefully that not a bruise or a mark was any where to be found on his person.

Picture her placing her husband, his feet to the pit, his head to her knees, see her give him a strong push that sends his feet over the dge, and instantly the body disappears with such a jerk as nearly to throw her forward on the ground; but with straining muscles she holds grimly on, her thighs bent back. resisting in every fibre the dead weight that seeks to drag her down to the place to which she has con-demned him! Now the head is over, has vanished, bit by bit she lets out the cords that are twisted round her hands; presently they grow slack, a dull tramble runs through them, the bod; has reached the ground, she casts the cords in after him, drops the trap door, and all is over.

So far, she has acted with extraordinary promptitude and skill, ably seconded by great physical strength, she is even able to greet Stephen her husband drank; but in the morning she breaks down, and attracts suspicion to herself in a way little short of madness. At breakfast she sets aside food as if for a visitor, she returns to the house after they have both presumably left it for ever, she lifts the trap door, and leaves it open. and from a hook inside suspends a long piece of cord, by which a person might easily descend to the vault below, or ascend from it to the room above. By the trap-door she places the plate of broken food, and having thus drawn attention to what would have never been suspected but for her indication, she rejoins her husband, very soon after committing another and even worse act of stupidity, since it is witnessed by one who grasps the full significance of the incident, and who in following up The clue then given, brings all the facts home to the woman at last. This gentleman, on reading of the

murder, went straight to the village of Trevenick, found the police suplace, and the villagers convinced of Judith's guilt, although they had only their spite to convince them. The rural police thought that the man might have got in after the two left, and had chosen, for his own reasons, to conceal himself below: but the medical evidence proved that he had been dead at least three days, and the key was found by the landlord in the place agreed upon. while every window was securely bolted from within.

But suspicion was not certainty, or Judith would probably have remained there to this day, had not the stranger who traveled with them | there. produced the arsenic box and his held. The result you know, the woman was brought back and com-

mitted to prison to await her trial. One cannot sufficiently admire the sagacity and acumen of this amateur detective who put to shame a-bat I heard no more. His praise sickened me. I no longer felt proud of my deliberately hounded down a possibly about the poison seen in her posslumbering police on her track, why name was never lightly coupled with cable to the port where they landed, any man's, and she was ashamed of different case."-Texas Siftings.

and secure her arrest? She had done me no harm, nor surely should I have done any in leaving that hunted soul one chance of salvation and a life with the man who honored her, the mainspring of whose happy existence was now as surely broken as hers.

CHAPTER II.

I stood still in the Cornish marketplace in the midst of the Cornish sing-song voices, trying to think of any loop-hole by which she might escape, but found none; then I bethought me how abler brains than mine would marshall every little of evidence in her favor, for, I, who had brought her there, could do no less than engage one of the most brilliant advocates in the world to defend her.

He was probably now speaking. for the burst of applause that just now broke forth announced the end of the opposing counsel's speech.

I went back, found a man holding the court breathless, and as I listened, felt my doubts waver more and more of her guilt, while a hope began to stir in me that she might

He began by contemptuously dismissing as hyperbole, and wild imagination, his learned friend's sketch of what went on in the kitchen of Smugglars' Hole on the night of Seth Treloar's return. In some points that imagination did not carry him far enough, for why was not the court treated to a description of a man in al, the agonies of poison, which must have declared itself long before the narcotic had time to take effect? The fisherman within earshot of the house heard not a sound-not even raised voices -and was it for a moment credible that a maddened and betrayed man, realizing that his wife had murdered him, would not have raised a cry for help, or uttered a single shrick at the agony which devoured his entrails? Such conduct was not only incredible, it was physically impossible, and no woman, however powerful, could have strangled his furious cries and curses, that not even an echo crossed the threshold. The real truth was that she never gave him the arsenic, for how, pray, did she manage to dissolve it in water before his eyes, and then add it to milk, for if she had merely shaken the powder into the cup, it would have risen to the surface, and attracted his attention immediately. I say that this woman did not touch or see any poison, but that she did administer a narcotic she had with her, probably with an intention of gaining time while he was asleep to think out her terrible situation. The sight of the trapdoor suggested to her mind a hiding place, and grasping the idea with fatal hurry, she did actually, by the exertion of her unusual strength, lower him into the vault while he was unconscious, in the hope that he would not wake before she and Stephen Croft left the house. That she had no wish to harm him, is abundantly proved by the care with which she managed his descent; that she felt sure of his awaking, is proved by the rope she affixed to the hook

inside the trap-door, left purposely open by her that he might see the means of ascent, and climb through it. If further proof is wanted that her mind was not murderish, abundant proof was given by the plate of victuals she set boside the open trap-Croft as if nothing had happened. door, nay more, it was the good-and to wash the cup out of which hearted and gentle action by a woman who, while nerving herself to an act of force made necessary by her desperate situation, could think of the comfort of the man who had been a brute to her, and by such thought show that she bore no malice against him. True, the man's body contained arsenic, but who was to prove that she gave it him? He had been in the house three days before he was discovered, and what might not have happened in that time? An old enemy might have pursued him there, some old companion have followed and quarreled with him in the deserted house; or he might have died by his own hand; it was utterly impossible to prove that the arsenic found in his body was taken from the box subsequently found in her possession. More than this-(and the learned counsel looked steadily around the court before advancing his daring theory)he would boldly assert that she did not even know there was arsenic in

she drew it out with her handkerchief in the train. I saw Judith, whose eyes never left her counsel's face, bow her grand head as if she had said: "Yes, -that is crue," and then she turned and laid her hand on that of Stephen (whom she could just reach) and the utter confidence of the gesture and the look they exchanged of pure love. reached Australia unmolested, and quite apart from passion, might have moved the hearts of many who sat

the box, it had been jerked from the

man's pocket previous to her lower-

ing him into the vault; and after-

wards in the stress and hurry of the

moment, she had thrust it into her

pocket and forgotten all about it, till

"If," continued her counsel, "he evidence, at the enquiry then being carried about arsenic, might be not have had more with him, or at any rate enough to take his own life? True, his arms were bound, but who was to prove that the prisoner bound them? They may have been bound and unbound a dezen times in that deserted place where no villagers ever came, and that stood as much work, but as a mean fellow who had alone as if it were a hundred miles from a human habitation. Then, if innocent woman. But or my evidence | antecedents went for anything, where could a woman be found with more session, and that her of husband (the blameless ones than this? Even her only being in the world who loved drunken scoundrel of a husband was her about the rope, she would be not neglected or deserted by her, and standing a free creature in primeval when she was left alone, in the full forests now. Why did I' put the flower of her magnificent beauty, her

no work, however lowly, by which she might keep herself from beggary, or the pauper's home. It was only when the sum of years that are supposed to constitute legal death had elapsed, that she chose for a husband a man of character as pure as her own and you may see, a man physically her match, and though the spite and venom of their neighbors may have affected to consider the bond between them illegal, they were unquestionably in the sight of man and God, husband and wife.

"Could such a woman's nature change all at once, could her veneration for all things holy, all things of good repute, fail her utterly in the one supreme moment of her life, when she found her heaven suddenly transformed into hell? Was yonder the woman to boldly conceive and execute a murder with a skill and rapidity that the most experienced criminal might have envied, and striven to imitate in vain? No! That she had displayed extraordinary nerve and resource in carrying out a wrong act, he fully admitted; but when one comes to think of the immensity of the stakes involved, of what life in bondage meant with this man, of what love in freedom awaited her in the new world, you may condemn her, but you cannot wonder that she snatched at any means, however unlawful, by which to save her-

"I contend, then, that there is no case against this woman, and that each and all of you, gentlemen of the jury, will be guilty of murder if you send this innocent and sorely tried creature to the gallows!"

He sat down amidst applause from the legal fraternity, and strangers present but low murmurs and growls of dissent rose from the fishermen and their wives in the body of the court.

.. Who else had a motive in getting rid of Seth Treloar? And the motive was everything in murder! Why was the door found locked, and every window fastened from the inside (for hadn't some of them prowled around to see after the pair left), and the key found hanging in the place the landlord and Croft had agreed on? Didn't the doctors say he had been dead a good three days, and how could he have poisoned himself when his arms were fastened to his sides with cords? Wouldn't an artful jade like her have tied a rope to the hook, and put the food there, just to make people think she expected him to get up again? Wasn't his face fixed in the most awful look of hungry agony, more like a famine-struck wolf than a human being? Only to elream of it was to lie awake all night afterwards."

And then the Cornish sing-song of bitter tongues ceased as the first witness was called for the prosecution-Stephen Croft.

I have said that he and Judith made the handsomest pair I ever saw in my life, but the man's beauty was the more pre-eminent of the two.

Save in sculptured images of Antinous, whom he most curiously resembled, alike in feature and the sweetness tinged with melancholy of his expression. I never saw anything in the least like him, and from the crown of close sunny curls on his splendid head to the sole of the finely shaped foot, he looked a man who would wear a fisherman's dress or a king's robe with equal grace and dignity. No wonde that the women of the village hated Judith-I saw evil looks pass among them as Stephen's blue eyes sought hers as he left her to take his place. And now she stood alone, and the man who loved her was on oath to

And surely this was a cruel thing to see, for had he been the woman's husband, the law would have closed his lips, so that he might neither help to save nor to hang her; but Seth Treloar's return had broken the tie between them, and she was no more than any other stranger to him in the eve of the law.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

give evidence against her.

A PROPOSED MUTINY.

An Effort at the Desperate Game During the Franco-Prussian War. Under the title of "The Word of

Honor of a French General" the Cologne Gazette publishes a curious story of General de Bauffremont. whose death was recently announced. According to that paper General Bauffremont was one of the numerous band of French officers who, after being captured during the war of 1870, were allowed to reside on parole at Bonn. Not very far off, at the camps of Wahn and Gremburg. near Cologne and Coblentz, were many thousands of prisoners of war belonging to the rank and file of the

In the course of November, 1870, a French agent went about among these soldiers trying to induce them to join in an attempt to escape and to march to France in order to fall on the rear of the German army, and the like overtures were made to some of the officers at Bonn. A number of chassepots and cartridges were actually smuggled into Germany from France. On hearing that some of the French officers were inclined to countenance the project General de Bauffremont gave information to General von Bittenfeld, governor of the province, who instantly took such measures as prevented the pro-

It Was a Different Case. One of the local justices of the peace identified the prisoner at the bar as an old offender. Justice-What is your name?

Prisoner-Sam Jackson. "Three years ago, when you were up before me your name was John

Smith." "Yes, but that was an entirely

Agriculture.

Lessening Demand for Horses

The following is from an address by Hon. F. A. Derthick, Mantua, O., be-fore the students of the School of Agriculture of the Ohio state university The breeding of horses has hereto-fore been a profitable feature of agri-culture, and its demoralization is no doubt an important contributor to the depression that is said to overshadow the vocation of the farmer. If our surplus horses could be disposed of, as in former times, it would relieve the stringency felt upon most farms in two ways. First, by the money received for the horses, and then by the release of thousands of tons of hay and grain now held to feed to unprofitable stock. It is impossible, however, to dispose of any but the more desirable animals, and these at prices greatly reduced.

THE GREAT DEPRESSION. This change is due to several causes among which can be numbered the general depression in business circles. There are, however, causes that will not be removed by a return of business prosperity. First, the quite general introduction of cable and electric cars within the past five years. Within this time the demand for horses for the street car service has practically ceased. The influence of this alone can hardly be estimated. The life of the street car horse was exhaustive and therefore brief, and to supply, his place gave a steadiness to the horse market. The change in the motive power of street cars not only cut off the demand. but the thousands of horses already in use, now no longer needed, have found their way back into the country and are to-day distributed upon our farms.

ELECTRICITY.

Nor is the end yet. The road com-mission appointed by the governor last winter to investigate the subject of improving our public highways is quite likely to report adversely to the use of stone and gravel in the construction of free turnpikes on the more important roads. A part of the membership of this board is known to favor the use of steel rails. The plan is, that important roads shall be traversed by electric cars, which will not only transport passengers at frequent in-tervals, but also, with night trains, haul produce to market. It would be folly to predict failure for this plan, for already suburban trains are run between adjoining cities, and roads are in process of construction in many parts of the state. There seems to be no limit to the skill and inventive genius of man, and the day may not be far distant when the services of horses will be dispensed with in ordicountry travel. It is insisted that it is not a question of possibility, but—"how soon" we shall be able to connect our individual trolley with the public electric wire and bowl across the country independent of horses. Who shall say that in the near future the young man, with his carriage equipped with a storage battery, may not go for a ride with his best girl, in which event the material for "a spark" would be an unfailing accompaniment?

BICYCLES AND WINGS.

The advent of the bicycle has also contributed to the general slaughter of price and demand for horses. Large numbers of men and women who, until recently, kept a horse each, either for pleasure or business, have purchased a wheel and disposed of the horses. Again, I notice that on the 18th of November last, the first canal boat in the world to be propelled by electricity plowed the waters of the Erie canal. It is expected that at an expense of 50 cents per day per boat for electricity furnished by Niagara falls, a boat will be sent from Buffalo to New York in much less time than at present, and with no outlay for driver, key, oats or horse flesh. It would not be so bad if this were all. Did you notice the report of the international meeting of scientists held at Chicago during the World's Fair, and that they discussed in all seriousness the question of a flying machine? Ten years ago this body would have ridiculed the idea, but to day these learned and dignified men declare, in all seeming sincerity, that the time is coming, and early too, when men will fly where and when they please, and from dizzy heights look down upon those of us who content ourselves with the snail-like pace of the old-fashioned horse. You will admit that a good part of this review recounts facts accomplished. A part, it is true, is speculation, yet who dare say, that is conversant with the development of the last decade, that it will not be realized in the decade to come?

BETTER HORSES.

At all events steam, electricity, the At all events steam, electricity, the waves and the wind are all competing for the honor of ministering to the wants of man, and I have been saying all this to establish this one point, namely: The majority of farmers must make a change in the number and character of the horses bred and reared upon their farms. Fewer animals and of better quality must be the watch. of better quality must be the watch-word to insure success. There are thousands of idle horses in Ohio to-day that will not sell for an amount, on April 1 next, that will balance the value of the hay and grain consumed by them during the winter. Speaking in general terms I believe the time is past and gone forever when an indifferent horse of any age or condi-tion can be sold for a price in excess of the cost of rearing. It is doubt-ful if a horse can be brought to maturity, or four years old, for less than one hundred dollars (\$100), and I for less than \$100. Where then is the profit? Some one has lost money. Jpon the other hand, I do not think the time will ever come when the business condition of the country is normal that a horse of fine form and great powers of endurance, or an animal of good form, fine style and action, will not sell for a price that will compare favorably in profit with crossing a bridge. other lines in agriculture. If then these propositions be true it follows that the business of breeding horses upon the farm must be reduced to that same system which has become necessary in every other line of farming. That is close attention to details. We should use not only thoroughbred sires, but dams possessing individual merit. Harmonious crosses, one that will produce a colt bred for a specific pur-

"GOD BLESSA DA RICH." The Street Planist Has an Experience on a Washington Street.

It was noos on F street and on all sides there was a hurrying to and fro of clerks and typewriter girls towards the lunch rooms of the vicinage. Under foot slop reigned; overhead the heavens rained. By a curb a street pianist was converting the east winds into strains of "Annie Rooney." By his side stood the partner of his sorrows - joys he had none, for he wore a face as long as a funeral, and twice as mournful. She was wrapped criscross in a big green and blue shawl, and as she turned slowly around to sweep the horizon with her eagle eye in search of some penny or nickel she resembled a boy's brightly painted top.

Suddenly a shout was heard: Wahoo! Wahoo! Wahoo!

At an open window in the top story of the Hood building a group of savants in shirt sleeves were gesticulating and shouting, says the Washington Star.

One of them was shaking a glittering coin in his hand. The pianist became slightly ex-

cited and with his free hand gesticulated violently to his wife. "Skippa tra loo! He gotta da

mon!" he shouted above the tumultuous notes of his instrument. tire. Go getta da monk."

The woman looked up despairingly at the shining reward a hundred feet up in the air in the hand of a young Ph. D., or something of that sort, who might after all be teasing her and put the coin back in his pocket. "Getta da mova, Tina. He droppa da mon pret' soona."

The man waved his arm at the fourth-story scientist and beckoned to him to throw down the coin.

The hint bore quick fruit. A silvery gleam flashed from the window to the asphalt and a musical ring followed that not even the notes of "Annie Rooney" could drown.
"Zip! Biff! Datta granda! O. K.,

ver gooda! Skippa tra loo! Getta da mon! We go'n eata da din', drinka da beer, feeda da sick monk. Datta

ver nice man upa da skyahigh." Tina waddled nimbly across the street. The bit of silver was half a dollar and it had finally rolled into the middle of an English sparrow's dinner under a buggy. Tina hesitated, but was not lost. A tall, welldressed old gentleman stepped off the sidewalk, came around to Tina's side, and with his cane poked the half dollar from under the wheels. When he straightened up his silk hat fell off, the woman screamed and jumped to pick it up. As she gave it to him she bowed, and her little yellow black eyes twinkled and snapped with gratitude.

The pianist lifted his hat to the savant in shirt sleeves and the polite old man, and started his music factory down the street.

"God blessa da rich, da poor taka cara daselves!"

Five Vowels in a Row.

The Hawaiian language is composed mainly of vowels, and a few consonants put in to vary the monotony. And the beauty of the system is that there is no waste. Every vowel is pronounced. For instance, when the American eye winks at the appearance of the simple word "naauao," the glib native rolls out

th five syllables with neatness and dispatch. This means "enlighten." Double vowels are very frequent, but never a diphthong. Three vowels are not uncommon, and, as above, four and sometimes more are found unseparated by consonants. In the mouth of the uneducated native the language is apt to be explosive, but the higher classes speak it with a fluent grace that surpasses the French or the Italian. In sound it somewhat resembles the general flow of the continental European languages, for the vowels all have the French quality, and the accents are not dissimilar. - Washington Star.

Gordon's Soudan Throne.

Gordon's "Soudan Throne" is a folding armchair he always sat in at Khartoum and carried with him on his camel journeys. It was a little straight-backed chair, having a skeleton frame of round iron, a carpet back and seat, gilt knobs for ornament and small pads on the arms for comfort. The carpet had grown dim in the African sun, which deprived it of all royal pretensions, so that when Gordon returned from his governorship of the Soudan and suddenly asked, "Where is my throne? Has it been brought in?" they were Has it been brought in?" they were all surprised. his throne? Nobody had seen a throne. But at length the camp-stool was found where it hal been stowed away. - Chamber's Journal.

Hearing a Fly Walk.

The microphone makes the sounds of a fly's footsteps perfectly audible. The apparatus consists of a box with a strong sheet of paper stretched over it in place of the customary lid. Two carbons separated by a thin believe that certainly 50 per cent of the sound horses in Ohio can be bought wires charged with electricity are fastened to it and connected with a carbon pencil which communicates with the paper tympanum. When everything is in readiness and the ear is held to the sounding trumpet a fly allowed to cross the paper makes a sound which to the listener is equal to the noise made by a horse

> When Money Comes Especially Handy. Parents should exert themselves to save a little money to keep them in old age. It will save their children the trouble and expense of shipping them from one child to an ther. Old people who are poor seldom have a steady home. - Atchison Globe.



Mr. George W. Tuley Benjamin, Missouri

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