

STAYING A DEATH.



WAS living in seclusion in a small town about thirty-five miles north of London. I was writing a novel.

So engrossed was I with my task that I had no time even to read the newspaper and was quite ignorant of what was going on in the world.

My landlady had brought in my supper, and as my walk had given me an appetite, it was with no small pleasure that I viewed a goodly joint of cold beef awaiting my attack.

I had laid the newspaper on the table when entering the room, intending to read it during supper, but it was not till I had lit a pipe and subsided into a cozy armchair by the fire that I unfolded the sheet of printed matter.

Therefore I looked at the "leader." Something about a new "Greek loan." That didn't interest me. I skipped through the little items of news and hurried jottings and summaries peculiar to our evening papers.

"Impending Execution of the Clifnold Murderer." "The murderer of the unfortunate James Renfrew will be hanged tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock.

"He has persisted from the first, however, in maintaining that he was absent from Clifnold at the very time the murder took place. This was about 7 o'clock in the evening.

"What a pity you never thought of a better way out of the difficulty than coming in here so sudden like."

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"OH! YOU'VE COME TO, HAVE YOU?"

telegraph? I remembered that the office did not open till 8 o'clock. I had, by this time, reached the station.

I looked at my watch; the down express from London was almost due. I would make a rush for that signal box, and compel the occupant to put the signal against it and stop it.

At that instant my eye fell upon a ghastly-looking structure by the side of the track, looming grimly through the darkness. It resembled a one-arm gallows with a man dangling from it!

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GOOD HABITS OF WORK.

Once Acquired, They Are Like Oil to Life's Machine. If the time that many of us waste in making up our minds over little matters could be employed in doing something really useful how much more would we be able to accomplish?

At this moment my eye caught a light in the signal box, about a quarter of a mile up the line. I could see the signalman in his box, the outline of his figure standing out against the light within.

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IN FRENCH EYES.

American Women Have Good Taste, but No Originality. I have had an interesting conversation with my hairdresser about the characteristics of the ladies of the many nationalities on whom he operates, says a writer in London Truth.

The Russian lady is the most tasteful woman alive. She is helpless in the hands of her hairdresser and has no suggestions to offer. It may be that her national headress has prevented her taste running on the coiffure.

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Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair, DR.

AMMONIA BAKING POWDER. MOST PERFECT MADE. A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

"It is the best patent medicine in the world" is what Mr. E. M. Hartman, of Marquam, Oregon, says of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

One night when Mr. Isaac Reese was stopping with me, says M. F. Hatch, a prominent merchant of Quartermaster, Washington, I heard him groaning.

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ORIGINAL NOTICE. Amos L. Shannon and Elizabeth B. Shannon, as plaintiffs, against the Investment Company, as defendants. In the district court of Holt county, Nebraska.

NOTICE. The above named defendants do hereby give notice that on the 10th day of July, 1895, they filed in the district court of Holt county, Nebraska, a petition for the appointment of a receiver.

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AN ELECTRIC SPRING.

Many Invalids Were Cured There Before the Deception Was Found Out. In one of the shipyards of Cleveland there is a young man who demonstrated to some people of the Rocky Mountain country the great influence of the mind over the body.

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HOME-MADE TRUNKS.

The Scheme of a Chicago Man to Beat the Railroads on Baggage. A caller dropped into the Brightside flat and found Mr. and Mrs. Brightside, and their wife little terrier, "Ming," all assembled in the kitchen.

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ROMANCE OF AN OLD FIDDLE.

It Brought Wealth and Land to a Wretched Man. Hugh McGuire, a farmer near Goddard, Kan., received a violin by express that had in it something more soothing to a Kansas farmer than music.

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Fire Proof Celluloid.

A unique method is lately described as introduced in England for manufacturing fireproof celluloid simply from the spent fibers from paper mills.

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Mary E. Wilkins' Home Life.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins is the fortunate possessor of the treasury with which the romantic novelist adorns his heroines—a wealth of beautiful golden hair, and it is of the real yellow golden hue which one seldom sees growing naturally on a woman's head.

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LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

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