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Lord Tenterden one day at his own table, asked a country magistrate if he would take venison. "Thank you, my lord, boiled chicken," was the reply. His lordship had contracted an inveterate habit of keeping himself and everybody else to the precise matter in hand. "That, sir," said the judge, "is no answer to my question. I now ask you again if you will take venison, and I will trouble you to say yes or no without further prevarication."

I never used so quick a cure as Piso's Cure for Consumption.—J. B. Palmer, Box 1171, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 25, 1895.

Russia had net profits last year of \$51,-

The untimely death of Professor Tuttle, of Cornell University, prevented his completing "The History of Prussia" which was his magnus opus. How-ever, he left nearly finished the fourth volume, covering the first part of the great Seven Years' War. The volume is complete as far as it goes, and is an important addition to a work which has gained the hearty favor of the foremost German, English, and American historical authorities. It will soon be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Pilgrim-Easter Number. Will be ready the early part of April. Everything in it will be new and original. It will contain articles by Capt. Chas. King, U. S. A., ex-Gov. Geo. W. Peck, of Wisconsin, and other noted writers. An extention purpose and other noted are the contact of the co writers. An entertaining number, well illustrated. Send ten (10) cents to Geo. H. Heafford, publisher, 415 Old Colony building, Chicago, Ill., for a copy.

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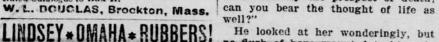
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CHAPTER XVII.- (CONTINUED).

will be here to-day, I think."

she said, looking at Imogene.

answered sternly.

stone!"

ber she is a woman!"

"My son, what will you do with her?"

"But remember, O Ralph! remem-

spoke, and led her up stairs to a room

on the third story, which had once been

used as a chemical laboratory, but

which had long since been given up to

the rats and spiders. Into this he

thrust her, and drew the bolt on the

CHAPTER XVIII.

pened to Helen, or she would not have

sight of her face. She put her arms

around his neck and kissed him cor-

"You are a nice papa to come!" she

The real criminal is discovered, and it

rible deed! Papa, it makes me shudder

to think of it. A woman's hand stained

"Helen, I do not credit you. Go out

She slipped away and returned with

"Now, papa, for the pardon!" cried Helen. "We can't wait for any long

legal process to set Lynde Graham free

Governor Fulton complied He wrote

first an order to the jailer, commanding

him to let Lynde Graham go free; and

then he made out the pardon in due

Helen kissed him rapturously: wand

with the papers in her hand, bounded

away. She found Agnes weeping soft-

"I've got it!" she exclaimed, gleefully,

"and you shall carry it to him yourself,

you dear old darling!" And she held

Agnes threw her arms around the

"There, don't! You'll muss my collar.

and get my curls all in a snarl! Take

the papers and don't let the grass grow

Agnes reached the jail, and gave to

the old warden the order for the prison-

his hard old face softening with a smile

"Thank the Lord!" he ejaculated.

"I'se allers thought it would come!

I'se never had an idee that that man

Agnes entered the cell softly, her

heart beating almost to suffocation.

Lynde was lying across the foot of his

cot asleep. How very worn and hag-gard he looked! The tears came into

the eyes of Agnes as she gazed at him,

and dropped upon his face. He stirred

'Ah, so it is time? Well, I am ready.'

Agnes touched his cheek lightly. He

sprang up, and on seeing her, smiled

said. "I dreamed they came to call me. But what is it, Agnes? Your face

"I thought my time had come," he

girl's neck, but Helen shook her off

the magistrate and Mr. St. Cyril. They gave the Governor a full statement of affairs, and last of all displayed to him

and bring me somebody that knows."

the confession of John Rudolph.

-we want it done at once!"

ly, alone in her chamber.

with a pretty petulance.

up the papers.

under your feet."

of genuine delight.

was made to be hung!"

uneasily, and muttered:

is a perfect glory!"

brightly.

with blood!"

form.

gene Trenholme did the hor-

T WAS DECIDED

to await the arrival

of Governor Fulton

before taking any

further steps in the

sad affair at the

Rock, and they did

not have long to

wait. The Gover-

"I have ceased to think of that as

among the possibilities." "But I tell you it is possible!" she answered, radiant with the words-"O, Lynde, they have discovered the real murderer!"

"It cannot be! Agnes, tell me!" "Lynde, there was an eye-witness of that murder! He died last night at the Rock, and with his last breath he made "From the very first moment I saw a confession which clears you from all Imogene Trenholme, I was repelled! I stain, and fixes the guilt upon the wife had suspicions of her before I had been of my brother!"

here a week, and her conduct in this chamber, somnolent though she was, "God's ways are not our ways!" he said reverently. "I would have spared confirmed me. This afternoon I saw her. When she did this deed I loved her put a slip of paper in the hollow of her. Her beauty had intoxicated me. the old tree at the end of the garden, I would have died for her, and counted it bliss. And then she asked me to and I took the liberty to examine it. I keep her secret. Worlds would not found it was an appointment to meet have tempted me to betray her. But some one in this room at eleven o'clock. Agnes, the moment I knew what she I kept the tryst. So did the others. I had done, all the absorbing passion I did not intend to kill this Rudolph, but felt for her melted away—I shuddered at the thought of her! But she was a he made me, or rather, he saved me the trouble, he killed himself. And five nobly born, beautiful woman, and I had days ago, anticipating a denouement of loved her. And because of this, I could some kind, I sent for my father. He not speak the words that would free me and bind her. When I knew that Ralph's mother crept timidly to his your brother married her, then for the first time I was convinced that I had done wrong; but it was then too late to remedy my error, and I would go "The law shall take its course!" he silently to the grave, carrying her dreadful secret with me!"

"Will you not read the pardon? It is written in the governor's own hand. "And Marina whom she murdered Helen would not let them wait to go was a woman, also! Mother, do not through with a formal process of retalk to me! My heart is changed to leasing you, but she must have the pardon at once.' He took Imogene by the arm as he

She held it up before him. He took it, but the letters swam before his eyes. He could not read a single line. He dropped his forehead on the shoulder of Agnes in sheer weakness.

"O, Agnes! Agnes!" he said, in a choked voice, "God is too good!" She stroked his hair tenderly.

"We want you up at the Rock, Lynde. My mother and brother both sent for you. Will you not come?"

His joyous face grew sad. "Not today, Agnes. I will wait a little. I cannot forget that your brother is smitten by the blow which opens my prison doors. I will go to my desolate home first. By-and-by I will come to the Rock. You understand me, Agnes?"

"I think I do. O, my poor Ralph! nor arrived before My heart aches for him!" noon, full of terri-They passed out of the prison toble anxiety, for he gether. The warden shook Lynde's felt sure that something must have hap-

hand heartily. "God bless you, lad!" he cried, with sent for him in such hot haste. He was reassured almost immediately by the a suspicious moisture in his gray eye. "I never thought you did it, and I'm glad it's all found out. There be bright days in store for you yet!"

Lynde wrung the honest hand, but he was too full for speech. He walked said, "and I've lots and lots to tell you. on with Agnes until they reached the great pine by the shore. There their turns out that no less a person than paths diverged. He took her hands into ner eyes. No word was spoken. He stood thus a moment, then he stooped and touched the shining hair above her forehead with his lips. And then turning his back upon her, he walked in the direction of the deserted cottage he had once called

> CHAPTER XIX. STATE HEN the proper authorities were informed of the guilt of Imogene Trenholme, they sent up a sheriff constables to take her in charge. Ralph had expected

them. His face had undergone a terrible change within the past twenty-four hours. He had aged a score of years, and there were white hairs mingling with the brown on his temples. He received them with sad, stern gravity, and led the way up to the apartment where he had left Imogene. He opened

the door and they entered. Crouched in the further corner of the room was the object of their search, but she looked more like a wild beast than a beautiful woman. One glance was sufficient to show them that reason had fled from her brain. Her face was livid, save a purple line beneath each the old warden the order for the prison-er's release. He read it over carefully, from her head in handfuls, and lay scattered on the floor. Her dress was fearfully disordered, and her delicate hands were bloody where she had beat against the door in trying to escape.

The sheriff advanced toward her, and spoke gently, but the sound of his voice filled her with new madness. With a wild, fearful cry, she sprang upon him, hurling him to the floor, while her slender fingers tightened so closely round his throat, that in a moment he would have been strangled, had not Ralph and one of the constables interfered. She snapped at them fiercely with her glittering white teeth, and brandished her arms high above her head.

"Off! off! every fiend of you!" eried. "I am empress of the world! I reign queen and king! The nations are glad to bow down in the dust and worship me! What ho, there! Guards, "O, Lynde, Lynde!" she cried, her bring hither my crown and sceptre and voice broken with sobs. "You have hurry these base variets to the chopping borne bravely the prospect of death; block!"

The scene was terrible. These men. hardened as they were by the sight He looked at her wonderingly, but of suffering, turned away from this with no flush of hope mounted to his pale sorrowful faces. The law did not med-

dle with insanity. They had no power to arrest a raving maniac. So they left her and went their way.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RETURNED JUST IN TIME. Man Supposed to Have Been Murdered

Stops a Hanging. From the Washington Star: Ex-Sheriff Blakeslee of Comanche county, Nebraska, told a story of his experience in office to a Star writer the other day. "1 never hanged a man," he said. "The vigilance committee usually settled hanging offenses outside of the courts. Then we were not fixed for taking care of many prisoners. When I was sheriff there were only three rooms to the jail, and all of them small. One 1 slept in, another I used for an office and the other I kept my prisoners in when I had any.

"One time I received a man charged with murdering his partner. There was a little doubt about his guilt, so the vigilance committee turned him over to me. The prisoner and the murdered man had left together, and somebody found the partner's body in the bushes. A few miles farther on they caught the prisoner, who had a gun and other property known to have belonged to the murdered man. It was a bad case, the body being mutilated as to be almost unrecognizable, but the prisoner said he was innocent, and I never had a more sociable fellow or better card player in the jail. He was the only one there, and after I really got acquainted with him we would play old sledge until late at night and then bunk together.

"He was tried and convicted, but it made no difference with him. It was my first hanging, and we got the gallows built, the prisoner watching the work and making comments on it. The rope came and he saw it. 'Bill," said he, 'yo' ain't no good as a sheriff. Don't yo' know that 'ere rope ought ter be soaked? I don't want this affair of ours to go off any other way than smooth. Yo' go soak that rope.' So I soaked the rope, the prisoner helping me, and the night before the hanging we sat down to play old sledge. He said: 'Bill, I ain't goin' to interfere none, an' I don't blame yo', an' no man kin say that I tried ter run or didn't die game, but I want yo to promise me, if yo' ever meet that partner of mine, yo' will shorely shoot 'im fer gettin' me hung. He's alive all right, and it's shore mean fer 'im to vamoose an' git me in trouble.'

"I promised him, and we went on with the game. About 10 o'clock a man came to the window and shouted for me, then he tried the door of the office, and it wasn't locked. He walked right in and said: 'Hello, Jim! Hello, Bill!' It was the man we thought was murdered. Jim stood up and said: 'You're a purty pardner to leave me hyar to be hanged. They don't allow no shootin' irons hyar, so we kain't settle but one way. Shuck!' Then there was the prettiest fight I ever saw, Jim pounding his partner until he called for quits. We all went to see the judge that night and called off the hanging, knowing the man who we thought had been murdered. Then the two men went away and we never saw them again, neither did we ever find out who the corpse was that we picked up in the bushes."

BICYCLE BUILT FOR THREE.

It Traverses the Water and Is Pro nounced an ingenious Conveyance While in Paris inventors concentrate iergy terra firma in the shape of horseless carriages, their colleagues in Germany devote their best efforts to reaching the acme of speed in navigation. On the lakes and rivers of the Spreewald may now be seen what the Germans call a tretmotor boat, of which "treadmill boat" and "bicycle boat" are equally imperfect translations. In this case neither steam, electricity, petroleum nor naptha is the factor of speed, but muscle aided by ingeniously contrived machinery. The tretmotor can be set in motion by one, two or three riders. The more riders, of course, the greater and a couple of the speed. The wheel back of the last rider conveys the power to the screw. At the rate of sixty treads per minute the screw makes 500 revolutions in the same time. The last rider can also steer the boat. One advantage of this craft is that it can also be propelled with oars and sails. As the simple machine can be adjusted in any other wide boat, it is not necessary to build a specially shaped vessel for it. In order to maintain the equilibrium, which seems difficult, as the riders are seated very high, a counterweight of 200 pounds is adjusted to the stern.

> A Memorial to Girard. When the yellow fever epidemic swept over Philadelphia in 1793, carrying off 4,031 people out of a population of 25,000, Stephen Girard offered his services to the public and was appointed overseer at the Bush Hill hospital. He devoted his time to visiting the sick at the peril of his life. His heroism has just been commemorated by the unveiling of a marble tablet to his memory in the chapel of Girard college. It is proposed also to erect a statue of him in the plaza in front of the Philadelphia city hall on the one hundred and fortysixth anniversary of his birth in 1897. The alumni of Girard college will attempt to raise \$10,000 for this object.

He Took One.

Timothy McShane had been arrested on the charge of stealing a costly gilt chair from the residence of Mrs. Hightone. On being arraigned before the judge, his honor asked Tim what he had to say for himself, to which Tim replied: "Shure, yer honor, Oi will ixplain th' hull t'ing to yez. I wint to say Mrs. Hoightone on business fer me boss; Oi rung th' bell an' a sarvint kim to th' dure, and whin Oi axed to say Mrs. Hoightone, the sarvint towld me to go into the parlor an' take a chair. 'Well?" said the judge.

"Wull, Of tuk this wan."

French locksmith thought that practice was the great thing; and, fit-ted with wings, he jumped first from a chair, and afterward from a window, and then from the roof of a small house. In the last experiment he sailed over a cottage roof, but soon after sold his wings to a peddler—and probably saved his own life. Another Frenchman, a marquis, tried to go by the air route across the River Seine; but he was not drowned, since a washerwoman's boat happened to be where he came down.—"About Flying Ma-chines," by Tudor Jenks, in April St.

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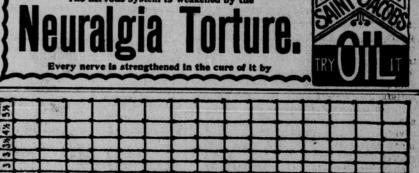
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