WHAT'S YER NAME!

Tell me, assie, what's yer name? Gin I meet folks ganging hame, They'll ask me if I saw ye; They'll see the smiles I canna hide Sin' I've met the mornin's pride— What will I say they ca' ye?

Let me be, sir, that's my name, Yo can turn yer face tae hame,
An' nae thanks for yer spearin'.
It's my ain, sir, if ye please,
Bought wi' faither's good bawbee I dinna like yer jeerin'.

Laude, I bae lan's an' kine, I'll mak' ye a leddy fine, In state ye'll aye be carried; Ye'll hae servants at yer ca', Ye'll hae silks and satins braw-What sae ye tae be married?

Yer a fule, sir, for yer pains,

Keep yer kine an' silken trains, Sie ne'er made guid hearts better; Some day sune may name I'll gie
In exchange for ane as free,
Syne I'll be nae mon's debtor.

- William Lyle in Detroit Free Press.

MYSTERY OF THE VALLEY.

About ten years ago business com-pelled me to make frequent journeys from Lausanne to Sentier, in the valley

At first this mountain trip, which had to be made in an ordinary diligence, seemed to me extremely tedious. Then, little by little, I became familiar with the mountain ways that I traversed as in a dream, and at last I came to love them. I loved the austere melancholy them. I loved the austere melancholy of the sember horizons, the murmuring woods of fir, the pastures of long, thin grass, among which the hardy yellow gentians grew, the isolated and silent chalets, and, above all, the lake, that mysterious lake which received many streams and had no visible outlet, but expetied the surplus of its dark and sluggish water into subterranean channels. gish water into subterranean channels. I also acquired an affection for the inhabitants of the region, who called their valley the valley, as if there were no other in the world. They were a sturdy race of mountaineers, peasants and workmen, most of them being engaged in the manufacture of watches. They were descendants of a number of families of French refugees, had old fashioned manners, were intelligent, laborious, saving, fairly well educated, scrupulously honest and devotedly pious. est and devotedly pious.

I took the diligence at the station of Romainmotiers about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and by night it had conveyed me to Sentier, stopping at supper time at the principal inn of the village of Pont. the principal inn of the village of Pont. There, after having partaken of a plate of soup, I was served with one of those delicate trout which are the specialty of the place, and with a bit of excellent "vacherin," the savory cheese of the country. The host saluted me, drank a small glass of white wine with me, and at my departure gave me his hand with a cordial "au revoir."

Every time I stopped at this inn I saw

Every time I stopped at this inn I saw in one corner of the room, seated at a table with a glass of absinthe before him, a gaunt old man, with a sallow complex-ion. He was negligently dressed and was smoking his pipe and contemplating his glass; he was continually absorbed, apparently, in a drunken reverie or in memories of days long past. The innkeeper, whom I finally questioned in regard to his strange guest, said:
"That is M. Arnaud, who was the synic of Pont in 1855, the year of the

The horn of the diligence summoned me before I had time to inquire concerning the details of this crime, which was called the crime, just as they spoke of

On my next visit to this region, on stopping at Pont one cold, clear night in October, I was informed that it would be october, I was informed that it would be necessary to remain at the place several hours in order to repair the diligence to which some accident had happened. I was the only passenger, and the inheligence, I found myself the only occurrent that strangers. pant of the room, excepting that strange old man, who sat there smoking before his half empty glass. Curious to know more of this strange character I took a seat at the table next to his. I helped myself to a glass of vermouth while waiting for my supper, and opening a newspaper which lay near by I began to glance at it.

He soon seemed to have the same curi-He soon seemed to have the same curiosity in regard to me that I had concerning him. Slowly he raised his large head, which had been nodding; his eyes, which were usually half closed, were opened sufficiently to fix their glance on me; his lips moved as if he wished to speak, and he coughed. Then with a trembling hand he took his glass, rose with an effort and came to my table, at with an effort and came to my table, at which he seated himself opposite me. I haid down my paper and addressed some words to him, which he did not seem to hear. He had resumed his accustomed attitude; his eyes were half closed, his head drooped, and I almost believed that he was spellbound to eternal silence. His presence became embarrassing to me. I hean to feel uncomfortable, and that I

migh, become more at my ease before this man, who seemed to take no notice of me, I again took up my newspaper, when he suddenly stretched out toward me his heavy bony hand, laid it upon my arm, through which I could feel a nervous themor run, and said:

"Da you not know the history of the crime?"

reime?

I was actomsted, and signified my ignorance by shaking my head. He at once resumed in a hallow voice:

"Ah, well! I will tell it you."

And, without relaxing his hold on my arm, which, for a moment, his strong grasp paired, he began to sreak in the mensured accents of the people of that region, his face wearing a fixed expression, which never for a moment as anged:

"It was in 1855," he said. "I was then the syndic of Pont. One morning old Meylan, the forest guard, came to summon me. He was greatly agitated. He said: 'Have you not heard, M. Armanti? Old Mathurin has been assassinated; his body has been found lying in the road.

body has been found lying in the road near Lien. Come and see,"

If trange companion paused for a mon t and then said:

not know who Mathurin was?

a French peddler. He often
the valley selling pens, paper,
ooks, etc. Ho had been known

ere for years.

"He had not an enemy in the world.
Is was a good, honest fellow, a Protest at like curselves. He told stories to be children and explained the Bible ham. Only the day before he was

locks. And he looked so peaceful—naturally, for his soul was in heaven. At Meylan's suggestion I put my hand on his breast to learn if his heart still beat, but it did not. He was dead. He had six stab wounds-here, here, here, here,

here and here.' He indicated on his own breast the places where the murdered man had been stabbed; his forehead was beaded with perspiration and his words seemed to stick in his throat. For a few moments he remained silent, apparently contemplating the corpse of old Mathurin photographed on his memory. Then, resuming his story, he said:

"The governor of the province asked me who committed the crime, but I did not know. How could I? How was any one to know? There had never been an assassination in this part of the country. Nothing had been taken from Mathurin. He must have been killed for revenge, as Meylan said. But who had thus wreaked his vengeance and for what? Every one in the village loved poor old Mathurin, who came here twice a year like a bird that brings good luck. All began to search for the murderer—the gendarmes, the judges, all the people of the village— but it was useless. And the search was continued for a long time, although nothing was discovered. Nothing ever will be discovered—nothing! No, it will never be known who killed poor old Mathurin!"

As he said this his voice was gradually lowered, and was finally lost in sobs. A moment afterward, relaxing his grasp, he took his hand from my arm, and his heaving chest sent forth great sighs. At last he carried his glass to his lips, took several swallows of absinthe, rose from his chair and returned to his corner, where he resumed his former mysterious manner. Looking at him, I asked myself if I had been dreaming, if this extraordinary being were a reality and had been sitting face to face with me, his hand upon my arm, and speaking to me.

The servant came to tell me that my supper was served at another table. I did not have much appetite. However, I made an attempt to eat my soup. When the innkeeper returned I called him to me and said:

"Tell me what you know about this strange man who has just related to me the story of Mathurin's assassination. My host smiled calmly as he replied:

"Ah, he has told you that story. I knew he would tell it to you some time. He tells it to everybody. He can think of nothing else. He is not happy, poor

"But why does he remember with such distinctness a crime, which most of the people of the village have long since for-

r'Ah! He was the syndic when the crime was committed. It was he who first touched the corpse after its discovery. It was he who formally announced the murder to the authorities and ordered an inquest; and he took an active part with the police in searching for the assassin. All this affected his mind. At first no change in him was noticed, except that he seemed to be a little nervous. People said, 'Ah, the poor syndic; he is troubled over this affair.' Then, when the inquest was finished, he sent in his resignation as syndic, saying that he was not worthy to hold the office, since he allowed people to be assassinated-just as if he were to blame for Matharm's murder. To show their confidence in him, the people wished to send him to the grand council. He declined to go. He was the wealthiest land owner in this part of the country, and was held in great esteem by all. Soon afterward he lost his wife and also his son, who died of a cold caught on the frontier during the war. Then he took to drink, and would repeat to people over and over again the story of Mathurin's murder. People began to shun him, and at last he reople began to shun him, and at last he talked with no one except strangers, to whom he recounted the history of the crime. Yes, he is certainly demented, and absinthe has helped to unsettle his mind. He no longer busies himself with anything; his affairs are in disorder, his property is mortgaged, and in a few years he will become a charge on the commune."

In my dealings with the inhabitants of the valley I had found them to be very conscientious people, and could under-stand how their sensitive minds might be tortured by scruples and doubts. Howextraordinary to me. I believed that I had found in it one of those strange cases of mental derangement resulting from the exaggeration of one faculty, or from dwelling upon one idea, to which the psychologists were beginning to give a great deal of attention, and I made up my mind that I would follow it more closely. As soon as I had finished my supper I approached the old man, who had just been served with another glass

"Is the place where the murder was committed far from this village?" I

He raised his eyelids, looked at me a moment, and then rising, said: "Come, and I will show you the spot." We left the inn together.

Silence reigned throughout the village.
The houses, the roofs with their chimneys, the trees and the massive old church were all distinctly outlined in the white moonlight. In the keen, frosty air I could hear the fallen leaves crackle under our feet; while the boughs of the evergreen fir trees repeated their evergreen fir trees repeated their mono-torous plaint. The waters of the lake, a large part of which was visible in the moonlight, driven by the wind in waves upon the pebbles of the shore, com-plained like the firs. Along the road Arnaud's shadow advanced beside mine.

He walked with a heavy step, his back slightly bent, his head lowered and his degrees, as we went on over the road, whick took us some distance from the whick took us some distance from the lake, he seemed to walk with more difficulty. Although his face was still immobile and his step was slow, his breathing was heavy, and at last he proceeded only with great effort. At a turn in the road where three trees formed a sort of a triangle he paused, drew a long breath, and with a quick, almost automatic gesture of the right arm, said:

"This is the spot."

There was nothing sinister about the

I wanted to ask the old man several uestions. Contrary to my expectation, is first emotion having been overcome, a talked more freely than at the inn, as laving been obliged to make a great fort, he had succeeded through that effect in putting some lucidity into his

I can see him as plainly as I see you, large shoes, with heavy nails. After the with his old wrinkled face and gray, murder he went toward the lake by that little path which crosses the field, perhaps because he wanted to wash his hands. He returned and took 100 steps toward Lien, apparently to throw people off his track; then he went to Pont. At the edge of the village his traces were lost-at six paces from my house. The knife was never found. Nothing was missed from Mathurin's effects; he had 100 francs in his pocket. Could you conceive of anything so mysterious? Up to the present time the murderer has not been discovered; that's certain. The affair happened so long ago—nearly every one has forgotten it. But I—I have not

As he uttered these last words in a broken voice, his face still expressionless, his eyes fixed on the fatal spot, the problem which had already presented itself to me was brought to my mind more clearly than ever. How, I asked myself, could a sensible man-one whom the citizens, not only the ignorant peasants, but the intelligent and educated people, intrusted with their interests bedler? The continual contemplation of pany, she had a presentiment that he some dark problem might, of course, would propose that night and that she other hand, the peaceful life of those mountaincers was too simple and too healthy to bring on mental troubles which result from the overwork, ambition, intemperance and excesses incident

to life in the capitals. Thus I quickly argued with myself while Arnaud stood there rooted to the spot, as though spellbound by his memories. I looked at him again. His face was still expressionless, but the sweat rolled down his cheeks, and in his look there was something terribly tragic. Then a horrible suspicion, which perhaps had already been outlined in my mind, suddenly presented itself to me, and in-stinctively without reflection I exclaimed:

"But, you wretch, it was you who killed him!"

Arnaud turned toward me, his eyes wide open, his form almost erect. A little foam came to his lips. He clinched his fists and came toward me, and then, as I retreated, he threw himself upon the ground, exclaiming in a hourse voice: "Ah! do not denounce me! Do not de-

nounce me! He dragged himself along the ground. At last his features underwent a change and his convulsed face, contorted mouth, dilated nostrils and enormous eyes showed his terror. Something of the fear that possessed him was communicated to me, and at the same time I felt great pity for him. What crime deserved this long period of torture? What punishment could compare with it? Gesticulating wildly, he repeated his prayer in "Do not denounce me! Do not de-

"Do not fear," I said, "I am neither judge nor informer; I will keep your secret. But why did you"-

He divined my thought and interrupted me, exclaiming "No! No! No! I can say no more! That will never be known! Never!" Then rising from the ground with all the agility of a young man, he took flight

and ran toward the village. During the following winter I did not have occasion to revisit the valley, but in the spring I again went to Sentier. On stopping at the inn at Pont I noticed that the corner of the room where old Arnaud used to sit drinking absinthe was vacant. I asked the innkeeper what had become of him.

"Ah, the poor man!" he replied. "It is a sad story. You know I told you that he was a little crazy. Well, it was found that he had lost his wits altogether. He finally persuaded himself that it was he who had killed old Mathurin, and he denounced himself as the murderer. It became necessary to put

him in an insane asylum."
"But," I said, after a slight hesitation,
"what if he were not insane? What if he really were the murderer?"

My host regarded me with an air of

stupefaction.
"He a murderer!" he exclaimed. "How can you imagine that he would commit such a crime? He did not have an enemy and was the most upright man in

This perfect confidence had the effect of shaking my conviction. I kept old Arnaud's confession to myself, and I have never made up my mind whether he was an assassin stricken with remorse or the victim of monomania.—Translated by A. K. Haven, from the French of Edouard Rod, for New York Press.

Mastodons in Alaska.

That the mastodon was once common in Alaska is certain from the great number of their skeletons, found in the marshes and clay banks of the Yukon and northern plains; but that this huge pachyderm still exists there in the living state has never been deemed likely, or even conjectured; till recently. This conjecture rests on reports by way

of the Stick Indians on the White river, a tributary of the Yukon.

The account is that while hunting on a wooded bottom, a few miles from this

river, two Indians came upon a trail, consisting of enormous tracks fully two feet across, and deeply imprinted in the moss and earth, strewn along near which were broken branches of the trees.

Following cautiously on these signs, they at length heard the noise of the creature feeding, and presently espied a prodigious animal, as large, they assert, as a white man's house-meaning the trader's one story store.

Its teeth, they declared, were as long as a man's leg, and curved outward,

while its ears were likened to a seal skin in size. In color it was represented to be dark brown. It leaned against a dead tree stub, and scratched its side, and its body seemed to be covered with patches of coarse brown hair. Terrified at the sight of such enormous game, the two hunters promptly retreated.

Other native hunters corroborate this

story with similar accounts of their experiences; accounts which they are reluctant to relate for fear of ridicule, or from some superstitious feeling regard-

Ing the matter.

The uncharitable attribute the apparition of the strange beast to the vision disturbing effects of hoochinoo—a particularly villainous kind of whisky distilled from molasses. Others rejoin that these Indians never take hoochinoo while on a hunt—or, in other words, that they never go on a hunt as long as there is any hoochinoo left in the rancherie.

DEATH INTERVENED.

A Young Woman Whose Four Accepted Suitors Have Died.

A strange story printed in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat caused considcrable commotion in the southern end

of that city, where the lady in question resided quite awhile.

The story was told by a clergyman of the Episcopal church, who has been a sufferer from the lady's strange fate. The lady in question is but a visitor to America, whence she came to try and shake off a spell of which she firmly believes she is the victim. A few years previous to her leaving "Historic Caledonia" she returned from the patrimonial estates of the family, nine and one-half miles from the Holyrood palace, in Edinburgh, to Aberdeen. By the death of her father, since her arrival in this country, she has become an heiress to a large estate. She is refined, graceful and handsome, but the fatality attaching to her makes her life an unhappy one,

cause such mental aberration. On the accepted. She saw him, in a momentary vision, lying, pale and cold, by the roudside. Bewildered, she involuntarily stopped her horse, and in another moment fell in a swoon. He bore her to a cottager's near by, and anxiety that, in a moment of mutual tenderness, they were betrothed. After escorting her home he had to pass the same spot to return to his domicile. The next morning they found him dead near where she had fallen. His horse had evidently thrown him, and he had been killed by the consequent injury to his head.

The lady recovered, and eighteen months afterward she was betrothed terest the purchaser. For to an English naval officer, who was suddenly ordered to the West Indies to join H. M. S. schoolship Eurydice. young lover was not one of the saved.

Time healed the lady's twice wounded heart, and her affections were won by an English army officer, who was drowned shortly after the betrothal. The night he was drowned she was attending a ball, and, according to her statement, she was seized with a sudden attack of dizziness and fainted On recovering she said she had seen, in a vision, the ball room suddenly transformed into a submarine covern, containing nothing by the corpse of her accepted Leutenant. She could never by induced to dance again.

sea captain conquered her reluctance. and she accepted him. He returned to Philadelphia with his ship for the purpose of putting his affairs in shape for the wedding. While his ship was at anchor off the Delaware Break-water he was also drowned. The bride elect came to the Quaker City afterward, and, having relatives in Carondelet, resolved to make a long visit to

The clergyman who furnished the facts above related met and loved the facts above related met and loved the lady, and she apparently reciprocated, but when he proposed she replied by telling him her story, and all his eloquence failed to change her resolution never to marry. His attention to her had been a matter of society gossip, so that there was something of a sensation where there appeared in the so-ciety columns of The Globe-Democrat an item stating that she had gone to visit friends in the interior of the state, and would soon return to her home in Scotland to reside perma-

A Legal Amulet. The plea of insanity as a defense in the plea of insanity as a defense in criminal actions is becoming pretty threadbare, but a device by which the same effects are secured seems to be working admirably. Nowadays it is the fashion to claim the criminal in the criminal in the state of the criminal c in an action, whether it be theft, blackmail, murder, or what not, is the victim of a sunstroke. Apparently a sun-

The Irishman who described a "child of fancy" as a child who did whatever he fancied doing was not very far out of the way in describing the condition of a man who has been so fortunate as to have a sunstroke. That lucky ac-cident places him above responsibility. A man in a western city amused him-self recently by firing a revolver into a crowd, wounding three persons, one of them fatally. A physician's cer-tificate was produced stating that, owing to the effect of a sunstroke received in India, the prisoner was at times irresponsible for his actions. Of course, there was nothing to be said after that, and even the idea of shutting the man up seemed to his intelligent and importial judges a super-fluous precaution. He was allowed to go at large on the strength of his lucid intervals, the inference being that the officials themselves were not troubled by anything of that sort.

It would not be difficult to multiply instances, although it is hardly necessary; whoever has thought of the matter must have recognized the convincing nature of the argument from sunstroke when properly applied to the average jury. To one who has any inclination toward a disregard of the laws a sunstroke would seem to be of the greatest possible benefit. It is a of the greatest possible benefit. .It is a thing, moreover, so easy to have, so difficult to dispreye and so admirably flexible in its effects, that it would seem a matter of the most obvious policy for whoever is likely ever to find himself at variance with authority to provide himself with a certificate of sunstroker Boston Courier.

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For suitable Holiday Presents we are showing a

when but 17 years old she became strongly attached to a nephew of the bost of Carlyle. One day, while to monomania by the murder of a pedicing across the heath in his com-

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on her recovery the bashful young man's love had been so intensified by in Stamped Goods and Tinsel Tidies. On our

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The next spring, on the return of the ship home, she was wrecked, and all on board but two were lost. The

and Fancy Glassware see through our Queensware De-

It took a great deal of persuasion to induce her to become a flance again. But the persistence of an American E. C. DOVEY & SON.

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tim of a sunstroke. Apparently a sunstroke is the most convenient thing a person can possibly have. It allows him to continue his ordinary course of life uninterruptedly, but confers upon him the privilege of doing anything his warrent, fancy may suggest, quite

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