A SOUL MYSTERY.

remeliew, in his dreams last night, Faded out his present life, and be met, with lost delight. Her whom fate denied for wife.

Years and years were quite forgot; Youth was back, at swift embrace; Why they met he questioned not— Het again thus face to face.

Tell me, delvers after truth,
Why flamed up the coals grown dim!
Did he, soul rejoin her youth!
Did she dream the same of him!

## THE REPRIEVE.

For 20 years Hamilton Duke was my client, in fact, it was to him that I owed not only a competent fortune, but my

But for this I should never have undertaken his defence in this last case, my best feeling were so against himnot that I was an ingrate, but because I believed he had murdered his wife. Many things compelled my drawing

such a conclusion.

He was well-bred, refined and cultured, while she was of common stock, the personification of ignorance and low-breeding. For 10 years he was all of chivalry and tenderness to her that a lofty nature could be, while she was always sullen, morose, dissatisfied.

It was claimed by their closest friends that he loved her the first few years of their united life, though I never believed this—it was such a manifest

Any way, he hated her cordially when her life came to its tragic close, and so he had for a considerable period

prior to that event. Being entirely in his confidence, he often came to my office, pallid and trembling, to tell me of some new vulgar violence of hers which had driven him nearly to the last extremity of des-

And so, one morning, when Mrs. Duke was found dead with an ugly stab through her heart, her husband standing over her with a reeking knife in hand, I naturally believed he had killed

Later on, when I saw him, my susclons seemed confirmed.

He was in a state of wild excitement when I entered the sheriff's office, in enswer to his summons

Until that moment no one had sucseeded in getting a word out of him bout the murder.

"What does it all mean?" I asked, when we were alone.
"I don't know," he gasped. "I
don't know whether it was I who killed

her or not. But I don't want to die. I mustn't be allowed to die. You must defend me -you must save me." Though I pitied him, I believed him

guilty; and though I defended him, I felt that he merited death.

But my efforts were vain ones. The evidence against him was too conclu-

An unusual noise in Mrs. Duke's room had attracted the butler's attention the morning of the murder. On entering, he saw Mr. Duke raising up, knde in hand, from the prostrate body of his wife, as if he had just stabbed

That, and the fact that the Dukes had indulged in many bitter quarrels of late, was enough to win a disastrous werdlet from any jury.

Mr. Duke was found guilty and sen-

tenced to death. He was to be hanged in 45 days.

Reopening a case at this time was not the easy thing it is now, and I found it is impossible to get him a new On and on those grace days swept,

seemingly with lightning swiftness, until the time set for the execution was but 50 hours off. I was desperate; Duke was frantic.

"You must go to the governor," he cried at length. "You must get a pardon for me. "Impossible," I answered. "There

"Yes, there is. This is Wednesday morning, and I am not to hang until

isn't enough time.'

Friday noon. The train goes in an hour. If you leave here at once, you can make the trip and get back here "But on what pretext? Simply see-

ing the governor will do no good.

"You must think of a pretext on the way. Don't stay here and talk. You are wasting time, and my life must be saved. Do go at once.

He was in such a wrought-up state that there was no use arguing with him, and so I went away, walking about the streets in sheer bewilder-

By blind chance I went to the railway station, arriving just as the train rolled in. Dejected and reckless, scarcely knowing what I was about. I clambered on board, at the last moment, and went whirling away toward the governor's, bent on a wild, mad purpose, which I well knew could only prove entirely fruitless.

When the station next to my destination was reached, a woman came on board, who instantly pounced on me and kissed me.

It was my niece. .. What under the sun is the matter

with you?" she demanded. When I told her of poor Duke's predicament, her face became very grave, but the moment she discovered my business with the governor it bright-

"How very fortunate!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands gleefully, "What?" I demanded, nearly stu-

pofied with amazement.

"Leave it all to me," she said, "and I will save your friend. No-I'm not crazy. Liston: Last night the governor proposed to me. Of course I too chearty won, and so I refused to give h'm an answer. He direc with ray duty. I had saved my client. That us to-night. After dinner when his was all. seh is full and his heart easy to get at. I'll promise to marry him on ously yet.

the condition that he pardons poor old

Then and there, on a public train though we were, I hugged and kissed

She was as good as her word, and six hours later I was on board another train, homeward bound, and in my pocket was a reprieve for Duke-the case against him being so strong that the governor deemed a full pardon impolitie then.

The reprieve granted him another three months, though, and by that time popular sentiment was likely to cool down sufficiently to make a pardon feasible

On the way home I was fairly happy. and tried to picture to myself Duke's face when he knew he was safe. This made me so comfortable that I

Nothing disturbed my slumbers until the trainmen called out the name of the junction where I had to change cars for the branch road which ran through my town.

And there, to my consternation, I found myself unable to move. Mentally I was awake. Physically I was asleep. I was fully conscious of the stir and bustle made by those who were getting on and off the train; but I could not move a muscle.

With all my might I tried to throw off the trance-like spell that held me. but all to no purpose. The train moved on and took me with it.

Cold perspiration oozed out through every pore, and I think I would have gone mad then and there had not utter unconsciousness mercifully come tomy

It was more than an hour before I regained possession of my senses. By that time it was impossible to

get back to the junction in time to catch the homebound train on the branch line. Springing up, the moment I was con-

scious, I explained things to the conductor, offering him any price he chose to demand if he would run his train back to the junction and take me That was out of the question. He

could only do such a thing on the order of the general superintendent, and that peronage could not be reached, because a storm the day before had blown so many wires down that all telegraphic communication was cut off.

All that I could do, then, was to remain on board the train seven hours more, when by tramping 12 or 15 miles over a craggy, roadless mountain, I could probably get home by noon.

Though the "probably" discouraged me, I thanked the conductor for his

advice, shut my teeth hard on my misery and tried to make the best of it. That was the longest night of my life. It seemed to me that it would never end.

Day was just breaking when we reached the station where I was to leave the train and begin my foot journey over the mountain.

Hard as was the ascent of that trackless, precipitious mountain-side, it was a vast improvement on the train. I harger liberty of women was celebrated, was in motion myself now—doing the question should be leavely discussed. something, whether it would avail me anything or not.

Soon the sun was up. Although too soon it had accomplished half its journey from horizon to zenith. It was then that I reached the moun-

tain-top, with a good seven miles of rough walking still before me. Duke was to be hanged at noon, unless I was on time.

At 10 o'clock I was but two miles away from him; and with all the horrors of my journey presumably behind me, I smiled self gratulatively at the thought of how easy the rest would be, and how I should disappoint those who were even then gathering to see my client hanged.

A vine caught my foot, and threw me. Falling, I sprained my ankle, and the pain was so intense that I had to exert every atom of my will to keep me from going into a dead faint.

Breaking a forked stick from a sapting, presently, I extemporized it into a crutch, and hobbled off as bost I could.

At the end of an hour I had made but half a mile, and was so exhausted that I knew another 15 minutes would bring my locomotive powers to a full

Poor old Duke must die, after all. outcry of utter despair Psettled on the ground in a hear.

The mental anguish I suffered in the half hour which followed was enough to unseat a man's reason.

Watch in hand, I counted the fleeting seconds. In 25 minutes more my client would

hang, for want of the reprieve in my And then, joyful sound, I heard approaching feet!

A moment later a negro appeared. He was old, dirty and stupid-entirely unable to understand me until I mentioned money. When I said: "I will give you \$100 if you will get this paper in the hands of the sheriff before 12 o'clock," with a yell like a flend he snatched the reprieve out of my hand and darted away. .

Again I sought my watch. My messenger had 22 minutes in

which to cover a mile and a half, a portion of his route being through thick underbrush. It was doubtful if he would make it.

The hour which passed before he returned with help seemed 100 years to

"I done got dar," he gasped, nearly out of breath; "an' de gemmen am all

Probably it was unmanly, but I wept Thuy tried to make a hero of me for that exploit, but I am too commonplace and stolid for that. I had simply done

However, I was rewarded more glori-

Before Duke's reprieve expired his butler was taken seriously ill. Just before he died he made a startling con-

It was he who killed Mrs. Duke. She caught him in the act of stealing her jewels and he killed her to es cape punishment. Returning, a moment later, to make sure that his victim was dead, he saw Duke beside the dead woman with the bloody knife, and so made capital out of this circumstance by swearing away his employer's life to save his own.

AUSTRALIAN CITIES.

Their Advantages and Dangers From Many Points.

The prevailing state socialism is filling the larger towns with good things excellent museums, splendid libraries, free reading-rooms, parks, botanieal gardens, manifold places of interest or amusement. These are for the multitude, and the multitude in Australia is unquestionably becoming southern in its taste for excitement and amusements. For the rich are, music, the theater, and clubs as expensive and almost as luxurious as those of Pall Mall or Piccadilly. For the children of all, excellent schools and universities. So rich and poor alike crowds into towns, which become large without becoming crowded, so wide is the room for expansion, so perfect the appliances of tram, rail and boat for the suburban residence. Thus the cities have acquired not only an excess of population, but also a social and political dominance which is neither British nor American, and for which only a continental parallel can be found. To an outside observer the resulting condition of things seems artificial and not without grave dangers, but curiously interesting, as illustrating, new forms of national growth, possibly incidental to extreme democratic development. The concentration of population has enabled the artisan class to secure unequaled present advantages, but there is justification for the view entertained by many Australians that it will sap the founda tions of permanent prosperity unless a check can be found. The gravest problem before Australia is apparently how to get a sufficient agricultural population to stay upon the land. The temper of the country is not favorable to the patient industry of the farm, with it remote results and slow accumulation. Within the last few years the curious phenomenon has occasionally presented itself of a serious dearth of labor in country places, while in the towns masses of unemployed were besieging the government offices with demands for relief works. Sent, sometimes at the government expense, to the rural districts, the "unemployed" soon drift back to the mingled wants and delights of city life.-Century Magazine.

Is Marriage Declining?

It is a singular coincidence that at the moment when the beginning of the uestion should be largely discus whether marriage is a declining institution, and that an accomplished woman should maintain that it is. This might be a disagreeable post hoc propter hoc. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells thinks that the indisposition among women to marry is due to philanthrophp, higher education and self-analysis. The woman interests herself in human welfare rather than in a man; the cultivation of her intellect is more charming than that of the heart, and her mind measures, with the precision of a spiritual laboratory, the comparative advantages of marriage and cellbacy. These, however, are mysteries too serious for the end of an article. The statement, however presents woman in the light of the lady in Longfellow's "Ifyperioh," who was beloved by Mr. Berkeley, an Englishman who had not meditated such themes as the possible decay of matrimony. To his impassioned declaration the lady answered, "Sir, you are in love with certain attributes." "D- your attributes, madam." "Sir," said she, with dignity, "you have been drinking;" and so they parted. It was said in an article last summer, evidently based upon trustorthy statistics, that it seemed to be clear that the higher education rather promoted marriage. There was no help for it, and with an This was reassuring, because such a result as Mrs. Wells describes would be a deplorable consequence of progress. Two centuries ago Dean Swift said it was agreed that a wise man would not marry a woman who knew much. That was undoubtedly the wiser plan for the average man of the time. But if, as Bacon says, the more language a man hath the more man is he, it will be hard to believe that the more knowledge a woman hath the less woman is she .- Harper's Weekly.

No Occasion for His Services.

"Madam," said the caller in a sub dued, respectful voice, "I have been informed by one of your neighbors that you have met with a bereavement, and I have ventured to-

"I have had no recent bereavement, interrupted the lady somewhat stiffly. "I was told you had lost your husband," he rejoined apotogetically.

"Yes-more than two years ago." "May I ask if you have placed monument as yet over his re-

"He was blown up in a powder mill." The tombstone agent took his hat and went away without another word. -Pertland Oregonian.

In the Story.

A story writer has a ratticebake strike at a man and come so near his cheek that "drops of poison fell upon his face." No poison can escape from the faces of a snake until they enter the flesh, and the aperature by which it escapes would take a human hair. He might as well have had a frog climbing a tree.

A TWO-MILLION COMMA. Its Use for a Hyphen Put Foreign Fruits

on the Free List. There is scarcely ever a session of congress in which bills are not found to contain mistakes in orthography or punctuation, says the Philadelphia Press. The only wonder is that many more do not occur, when it is remembered that all such work near adjournment is performed under extraordinary circumstances. All is haste, noise and confusion. Rest or sleep is unknown oftentimes for two or three days and nights in succession. The clerks become nervous, wearied, and sometimes wholly exhausted by the intense strain and prolonged physical

Probably the smallest, and apparently most insignificant, of all such blunders was the most expensive one of the kind ever made. It occurred in a tariff bill more than twenty years ago. There was a section enumerating what articles should be admitted free of duty. Among the many articles specified were "all foreign fruitplants," etc., meaning plants imported for transplanting, propagation, or experiment. The enrolling clerk, in copying the bill, accidentally changed the hyphen in the compound word "fruit-plants" to a comma, making it read "all foreign fruit, plants," etc. The consequence was that for a yearuntil congress could remedy the blunder—all the oranges, lemons, bananas, grapes, and other foreign fruits were admitted free of duty. This little mistake, which the most careful man might easily have made, cost the government about \$2,000,000.

On the other hand Uncle Sam occasionally saves a dollar. About ten years ago one of Virginia's statesmen. who had waged a very spirited and unsuccessful battle against king alcohol, departed this life after a terrific attack of delirium tremens. The usual committee composed of congressmen and senators was appointed to accompany the body to its last resting-place and participate in the funeral ceremonies. Arriving at their destination—a small country town in Virginia-the party got off the train and took the carriage in waiting and started for the cemetery, a mile or two distant. When crossing a bridge over a deep stream the horses attached to the hearse got frightened at something, became unmanageable, and dashed against the railing of the bridge. The railing gave away and the whole establishment went overboard. The driver got out alive, but both horses were drowned and the defunct congressman soaked in an unknown element-water. The hearse and casket were finally fished out and the burial service completed. The owner of the hearse sent in a bill of \$550 for the loss of his pair of horses, which congress promptly voted to pay. By some oversight the amendment appropriating the desired amount was marked wrong at the clerk's desk in the house, was not enrolled, and consequently the poor fellow who lost his horses was obliged to wait a year before he got the money

The Cause of the Difference.

A gentleman who has recently returned from Russia, says the Boston Courier, relates an incident which, altogether triffing in itself, is yet more pathetically suggestive of the condition of the poor in Russia, and of the state of things which has bred so deep and so widespread discontent among the people.

Being about to leave some station at which he had been staying for a few days, the gentleman in question called in a moozhik-to adopt the spelling of George Kennan-to strap his trunks. The man was of enormous build, with every appearance of great strength. while the traveler is not above medium height, and while of compact mold is by no means of muscular appearance.

The trunk was rather overfull, and the task of bringing the buckle on the strap into it place was by no means a light one. The Russian tried again and again, becoming short of breath and red in the face with his efforts, while the American looked on at first in impatient silence and then with contemptuous reproaches. At length, losing patience, the traveler pushed the moozhik aside, and with a single quick effort brought the strap down and buckfed it. "There." he said, "are you not

ashamed, you great big fellow, to be all this time bungling over a thing that I can do in a minute, and I only up to your shoulders?" There was no trace of anger in the

reply: "Ah, little father, but you have had meat to eat all your life."

Crook's Councils of War.

Gen. Crook's councils of war differed from those of any other general, living or dead. He never asked any one for an opinion, never gave one of his own, but taking his rifle in hand, strolled a short distance away from camp, sat down under a rock, crossed one knee over the other, clasped his arms about his shins, and occasionally rubbed the tip of his nose with the back of his right hand. This last was the infallible sign by which the troops afterward learned to know that one of Crook's councils of war was in progress. He communed with himself, canvassed all the pros and cons of his predicament.

Respecting the Cloth.

Dagget: "I should think you'd be ashemed to talk to a minister that way. Don't you respect his cloth?" Pladd, the tailor: "Well, I ought to. It cost me \$45, and now he comes in to tell me he an't likely to have a call before next winter.

Different Ways.

Some men are born for lofty deeds, some reach the heights by slow degrees, and some throw dynamite.-Chicago Tribano.

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