and pressed it to her lips.

"You will make me happy!" she cried.

'Oh, sir, God in heaven bless you; and

some time you will thank Him that he

taught you mercy in the cause of jus-

The governor rose, put Helen away

from him, and drew toward his writ-

ing materials. He wrote rapidly a few

moments, signed his name at the bot-

tom of the sheet in bold characters, and

He then folded the document and

"There," he said, "if I have done

wrong, I hope heaven will pardon me,

but no man in his senses could resist

two such women. I have reprieved

Lynde Graham for eighteen months,

and if in that time nothing turns up in

his favor, he shall be executed! Take

it and lose no time. Remember if you

do not reach Portlea by 10 o'clock on

She steeped over him and touched her

The groom brought her horse, fed

and refreshed, to the door, and assisted

her to the saddle. Helen went out and

took her hand. There was a suspicious

moisture in the eyes of this wild girl

that the damp fogs of night did not

"I love you, Miss Trenholme," she

said gently. "I admire so much your

courage, and your faith in the man you

love. I do hope you will be in time. And

some day I mean to know you better.

The groom loosed the rein and

through the gloom rider and horse

vanished from the sight of Helen Ful-

CHAPTER VII.

OV. FULTON need-

ed not to have urg-

ed Agnes to use ex-

pedition; she re-

quired no incentive

to haste, beyond her

own terrible anxiety. The good old

his want of gallant-

ry in permitting

gentleman

to leave alone on so

dangerous a journey, soon

ter she departed, and he immediately

back to escort her. The man was well

gether until the evening of the 24th,

when she dismissed him. She preferred

to go on alone. She halted until after

Between the hours of ten and two!

The fearful words of the sentence

rang constantly in her ears. What if

she were not in time? O, what if she

urged on her jaded horse by every

means in her power. Ten miles from

Portlea, it seemed as if the animal was

about spent. He trembled, staggered

with voice and hand, and then by-and-

by mounted again and went on. O, how

heavy her heart was! Despair had al-

Still her horse staggered on, but his

breath came hot and thick, and the

foam stood upon his flanks like newly

10! If she should be too late! The world

whirled round before her. There was a

great roar in her ears, like the rush of

the sea upon the rocky coast. It grew

Only for a moment. The anxiety

within brought her to herself. She

looked around her. She was very near

Portlea. There were many people mov-

ing to and fro. A great crowd filled the

streets. She took a road to the jail yard.

The crowd was terribly dense, but Ag-

nes saw nothing save that horrible

frame work of timber, raised high

above the stone walls of the jail, and

standing on the platform, a very prince

among them all, the tall, erect form of

She was in time! Her heart swelled

"Yet a little more, Jove, and it is

sounded like the sigh of a human be-

dashed through the excited crowd.

They parted before her, and she reach-

Agnes sprang from the saddle and

She looked at her watch. Half past

fallen snow.

ride before ten in the morning

she revered Archibald Fulton.

put there.

Good-bye."

her

gave it into the waiting hands of Ag-

affixed the great seal of the state.

CHAPTER VI.- [CONTINUED.]

The governor's hoyden daughter had a warm heart under all her careless guise, and she soon had Agnes fed, tice!" dressed in a suit of her own clothes, and snugly tucked up in bed in her own chamber.

The weary girl fell asleep, and when she woke she found it was past sunset and Helen Fulton was sitting by her

"Papa has come," she said; "so get up and brush your hair, and let me put this cluster of rosebuds in your curls-papa is not so old that he has lost all taste for beauty."

Agnes submitted quietly, and was led down to the library by her young host-

The governor was a tall, well-preserved man of 45, with a pleasing address, a keen gray eye, and a face led Agnes up before him.

which you have dared so much will be "Papa, this is Miss Agnes Trenholme a dead letter!" of Portlea. She has come here with a special errand to you." lips to his forehead in utter silence.

The governor greeted her court- Only God knows how much at that time eously.

"I am pleased to see Miss Trenholme I know Mr. Ralph very well. To what am I indebted for this agreeable sur-

Agnes swallowed down the sobs that were rising in her throat by a brave effort. She had wondered what she should say to this man when at last she should get an audience, and now that the time had come she had forgotten everything she had intended to urge. Her courage, so brave and strong, had subsided to positive weakness. She slipped down to her knees on the rug before him, and burst into tears.

"My child," he said, kindly laying his hand on her head, "what means this emotion? Speak out. Surely you are not

afraid of me." 'Ne, but I feel so tired, and so nearly hopeless! And I dread that you will refuse me. But you must not! Indeed you must not, for I will take no denial! I will stay here at your feet until you grant my request!"

You forget that you have not made

"I came to ask so much of you! I have traveled nearly 200 miles alone, braving the displeasure of my friends, and the scorn of the world-I have come to ask you to spare his life-the life of Lynce Graham."

The governor's brow grew dark. 'Miss Trenholme, he is a murderer!" "I tell you he is not! Never call him, dispatched one of the servants on horsethus! You wrong him. He is innocent. I tell you, before God, that if you let | mounted and he overtook her a few him go to the gallows, some time you miles on her way and they rode towill repent in dust and ashes the murder you yourself have committed! He never did that dreadful deed. He would not have harmed a single feather of midnight to rest her horse, and then the lowest bird in the woods. I do not set forth. She had seventy-five miles to ask you to pardon him-O no, I am

to bring the real assasin to justice!" "My poor girl," he said, sorrowfully, "I regret that this has happened. I pity | were not? The thought was agony. She you, for I suppose you love this unfortunate young man; but I cannot grant your request. From my soul I believe Lynde Graham guilty!"

content with asking his life-a little

respite from death until God sees fit

"Do not say so. You crush out hope and was about to fall, but Agnes sprang in my heart! O, I cannot, cannot go off and soothed and encouraged him back over that weary road without the paper I want! Look at me, Governor Fulton. A few little weeks ago I was happy and care free. Now see the most seized her. If Jove gave out, then change this terrible grief has wrought. all was over. She seemed, even then, Your daughter pities me; her innocent to hear the jeers of the cruel crowd. heart feels for me! You do not know to the mocking shouts, the heartiess what strait she may yet be reduced. laughter. Be merciful to me as you would want mercy shown to her!" Helen crept into her father's arms.

and laid her soft cheek against his.

Papa, it will not hurt you to let this man live, and it will make her so happy. I'll go without a new bonnet this winter, if you'll do what she wants." And she pinched his cheek.

"Madcap! Helen, how can you trifle so dark she could not see. She grasped so!" asked the governor, trying to the neck of her horse for support, her frown. "This is too solemn a thing to confused head falling on the pad of the joke upon. I believe that death should saddle. be the fate of all murderers.

The face of Agnes grew stern as his own. Her voice had a steel-like ring. "And so do I, with my whole soul! If I thought him guilty, I would not

speak a word to save him. I loved the murdered girl as fondly as I could have toved an own sister, and I would give half my life to have the real murderer suffer for his crime. But in this case the law has fastened on the wrong person, and a curiously strong chain of circumstantial evidence has so closely | Lynde Graham! wound threlf about him, that it was impossible for the jury to do otherwise almost to bursting. than convict him. But for all that he is guiltiess. Oh, sir, give me a reprieve, if | done!" she cried; but the poor beast only for one little year! Many things could do no more he recled and sank may be revealed in a year."

'It is impossible!" 'Only for one year! O, sir, I will not |ing in despair. let you go until you yield!" She looked up into his face, her eyes streaming

Hislen stole an arm around his neck. ed at last the foot of the scaffold. The away from bargain counters.

rope was already adjusted, the carpenter stood ready, waiting the sheriff's word to let the drop fall, and the signal would have been given in another The voice of Agnes rang out, over and

above all the confused noises of the motley gathering:

"A reprieve! A reprieve!" the great seal of the state.

"A reprieve from the governor," she said, and fell senseless, even as she spoke, into the arms of old Dr. Hudson, who rushed forward to receive her.

The sheriff read the reprieve aloud, and then removing the rope, he led the prisoner down the steps of the scaffold. In all his captivity no one had ever heard Lynde ask a single favor, but now he said to the official:

"Grant me this. Miss Trenholme has saved me a little longer to life-allow me to pass near enough to her to touch her clothes."

The sheriff stared, but indulged the wish. Graham went up to where she lay, a gread crowd around her, and Dr. Hudson and a brother physician applying restoratives. He stooped down and looked into her face. Oh, how very white and deathly she looked! Graham lifted the soiled mantle she wore, and touched the hem reverently with his lips. Then he turned away, and went back to his dreary prison house.

Agnes was taken to the residence of Dr. Hudson, and cared for as well as could be. But she had endured so much, both mentally and physically, that life hung upon a thread, and for days she lay in a stupor so closely resembling death that at times those who watched her could not tell whether or not the breath still lingered.

Mrs. Trenholme braved the displeasure of her son ,and came down at once to nurse her, and when, after ten days rather handsome than otherwise. Helen Christmas morning, this paper for of stupor, her disease culminated in brain fever of the most violent type, she wrote thus to her son:

> Ralph, Agnes is sick unto death. If you could sit beside her as I do, and listen to her unconscious ravings, and through them learn how terribly she had suffered, you would forgive her. Oh, Ralph, by the memory of your dead father, I implore you to come to us! "Your Mother."

But Ralph, still haughty and unrelenting in his cruel pride, answered: "Mother, it is useless to plead for her.

She has brought our honored name to disgrace by the course she has taken. cannot forgive her! Ralph."

But that night, when he retired to rest, no sleep came to Ralph Trenholme. He saw the pale face of Agnes as he had last seen it. She laid a little cold hand on his arm and with a sweet, sad voice asked him to pardon and love her. He started up, his brow wet with a chill perspiration, his heart beating loudly. But at last he slept, and, sleeping, a vision came to him. He stood in the summer house at the foot of the garroses in bloom at the mouth of the arbor, Directly, there floated upon the

"Ralph," she said, "dear Ralph, put thought himself of aside vengeance. It belongs unto God put aside wrath, and go to your sister, are laid it ambush, a little meal or She is calling you, and I, your guardian spirit, bid you obey the summons!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Labouchere's Little Joke.

Notice-Several influential dowagers have combined together to charter the steamship Frisco, 6,000 tons, for the purpose of conveying a cargo of disappointed British girls to America, with a view of disposing of them advantageously in the states. Attention is earnestly requested to the circumstance that presentation at court is desirable, since importance is attached to this social formality across the Atlantic, and ladies who have attended a drawing room may, therefore, be expected to obtain more satisfactory terms than those who have not. The steamship Frisco, according to present arrangements, will sail from Southampton for New York on October 15 next. All inquiries as to terms, etc., should be addressed to the secretary, 225 Belgrave square, S. W. Office hours, 10 a. m. to 6 p. m. upon week days; Saturdays, close at 2 p. m.-London Truth.

Safe There.

When Col. Ingersoll was in England he visited St. Paul's cathedral for the first time. As he was contemplating the tomb of Wellington the guide said:

"That, sir, is the tomb of the greatest military 'ero Europe or the 'ole world hever knew-Lord Wellington's. This marble sarchophagus weighs 42 tons. Hinside that is a steel receptacle weighing 13 tons, and hinside that is a leaden casket 'ermetically sealed, weighing over two tons. Hinside that is a ma'ogany coffin, 'olding the ashes of the great 'ero."

Well," said the colonel, after thinking a while, "I guess you've got him. If he ever gets out of that, cable me at my expense."

The Sultan's Troubles As if the sultan's cup of bitterness were not full to overflowing, with the An Original and Certain Deadfall menta and Macedonia, and even in the across the field. "When partridge is spirit of revolt stalking through Ar- served, shadow of his palace at Constantinopie, cen trouble, he whistles dat fushion; now comes a petition free Crete re- all de other times he call different. questing the powers to intervene in the offairs of the tsland and put an end to anarchy, accompanied by murder and rapine, of which the Cretans are the vic-In a little while it may no ble manner they manage to keep their longer be necessary to partition Ture eyes on the hawk and track her to the key; the empire of the Ottomans will particular tree where her nest is the on his knees, with something that fall asunder through sheer rottenness.

> At a Safe Distance. Clara All the girls are taking box-

ing isssons. Aren't you scared? Young Bachelor-No; I always keep LITTLE BACKWOODSMEN.

the Way Young Negroes Trap Part-

By Jennie Grant. Everybody knows that the little darkey, as he roams about the populous plantations of the South, is ragged and dirty, and neglected in mind, She held aloft the paper-they saw body and estate; but what everybody doesn't know is that he is a born naturalist, and gets as much fun and genuine, absorbing interest out of the woods and fields about him as the city bred boy derives from a dollar-and-ahalf show. A stretch of sandy road is a stretch of sandy road to the average person; not so to the small bun'er who, while on an errand to mill or store, traverses its rutty length.

"Fox been prowlin' yere! Dat a fox foot," says one, looking critically at the imprint in the sand. "Dat ain't no fox; 'tis a mink!" af-

irms another; and then all set to work find a plainer track ,that will confirm or contradict their suppositions. "That are a fox, an' he went in Miss leigel's yard after her young ducks.

Here's where he push in under the fence," insists the discoverer.
"'Tain't so, tain't so 'tall," rebels his companion; "that track ain't nuthin'

near, trembles and with reason, for her young offspring.

The very first time in his life that a negro boy has anything that he can call his own he swaps it for a puppy that can be trained to run rabbits. Then he begins to think of the gun he may be able to buy in the future. It may be only a common gun, unrelia-ble, likely to explode when not expected ,to remain obdurate and unresponsive at inopportune times, but, nevertheless, a gun to be regarded with pride and cherished as a pearl above price. He will hoard up small change for months and months for this purpose. The next best thing to a gun, however, is a number of slingshots various primitive contrivances for letletting fly a rock, pebble or other missile and if his possessions boast none of these, effective execution cap be done with a properly-curved stick.

As it is with the denizens of the fields and woods, so with the curious web-footed birds that live in the marshes and swamps. The boys think nothing of wading neck-deep in water to get a belated young marsh hen, or even of swimming across stream to run down a pair of flustered little cranes that are too confused to get out

fence," insists the discoverer.

"Tain't so, tain't so 'tail," rebels his companion; "that track ain't nuthin' scription has a marvelous charm for but Mince Field's yaller dog, what the little backwoodsman. He is not



Attaching Themselves to the Lucky Owner of a Gun,

the argument goes, every foot of the den. The time was June, for there were road suggesting a whole combination of possibilities to active imaginations. Whenever a ditch fringed with roseate air the face of Marina. He saw broom sedge stretches across the field, the blue eyes, and felt the thrill of the golden hair as it swept against his sheek. fallen. Partridges nest in the broom sedge, sparrows, too, and doves, and all manner of winged wild things. Traps made of carefully-selected sticks ground peas sprinkled within, and into these suares unwary creatures are liable to walk unsuspectingly. To con-trive an original and certain "deadfall" is the acme of these boys' ambitions. When the persimmons drop, plump and toothsome from the purppling boughs, and the thick rinds that protect the walnut, the hickory nut and the chinquapin gap wide at the touch of frost, these little huntsmen

make their plans. "Squirrels awful fat now; de pecan tree jist a-sheddin'," a lanky youth reminds his fellows, and forthwith they set about making squirrel traps, or, in default of that, attaching themselves in a body to the lucky owner of a gun to explore the fastnesses of forest and field at his beck , content at the prospect of being present when the all-imortant moment shall arrive to take alm and fire.

The sweet, precise whistle of the partridge is well known to town and country people alike, but to these small-game lovers the peculiar inflection and number of notes in the whistle is significant of the sex of the bird. looks like dat rooster partridge can't find he mate," it will be ob-

de same way wid de whip-poor-will an' all dem whistlin' birds."

says; "she's got young ones near about

somewhere's," and in some inscruta-

nest that she thinks so safe from de-

tireat is the jubilation when a rab-

The news spread slike wildline,

bit's nest is found, with the tiny -

and poor bunny, cowering somewhere

"Listen to dat chillie hawk," one

come 'long yere this mornin," and so | afraid to attack any snake, no matter how big, and when he has vanquished him, will linger on the spot long to study his color, markings ,size and characteristics. If he can come across a "snake-shed"—that is, an old skin that a snake has crawled out of—his delight is unbounded, and unspeaka-ble bliss attends the capture of a live owl, no matter how small and young -Jennie Grant.

HOW TO MATCH AND WIN.

Statistics Show That You Should Have Your Opponent Do the Guess-Two men matched coins for a fare

on a street car, and the man who won said to a Philadelphia Telegraph reporter: "I have paid very few fares this summer, because I have solyed the system of matching. I can't explain why my system is correct, but many experiments have satisfied me that it is. I always ask the other man to match me, and sixty-five times out of a hundred I win. Apparently the odds are even. In reality they are against the man who matches and in favor of the man who is matched. This doesn't hold good when the coins are spun on a table. It is good only when each man holds his coin in his hand. Calling coins is also an easy game to win. Three men out of five will call heads. I always hold the coin tail up, and in the long run I am

What False Teeth Are Made Of. "Where do false teeth come from?" sald a well known bone importer, echoing a question that I had put to him. "Wouldn't you like to know? Most people, I imagine, think that all false teeth are made from ivory. That is quite a mistaken idea, as the majority of false teeth are now made from anything but ivory. We import large quantities of walrus tusks for no other purpose than that they may be made into false teeth. You can go into some big dental establishment where teeth are made and you will doubtless find the remains of walrus tusks lying around, and, indeed, a highly polished tooth made from walrus tusk is just as bandsome, although not so lasting as an ivory one, "A dentist once came to me for an

elephant's tusk, from which a good set of permanent teeth might be made for a wealthy client of his. He was to spare no expense. I found him a tusk. which being an especially good one, I sold for \$12.50 a pound , the usual price being from \$2.50 to \$3.50 a pound. afterward learned that the dentist made \$500 out of that set of teeth. "Of course it would be impossible

for dentists to sell teeth so cheaply as they do now if the teeth were all made from elephants' tusks. As a matter of fact, so many people are now wearing false teeth that I doubt if the ivory suitable for this purpose would ever be found. I am told a good many false teeth are being made from vegetable ivory, ivorine, etc. If so, the price of teeth must naturally go down, and in time the toothicss one will probably be able to replenish his mouth for an absurdly low sum. A set of teeth for \$1.25," continued the dealer, laughing. would create a boom in false teeth Philadelphia Times.

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