

A WORD.

A word, and all a heart With joy unseparable...

A MOMENT OF ANGER;

The History of Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow's Quarrel.

BY ROBERT HOPE.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

Mr. Parker's questions concerning the old servant were put to her, and this was her reply: "The woman's name was Donnelly or Dou-



"MY IMPRESSION IS," SAID MRS. CHAMPION, "SHE WENT TO YONKERS."

is a very vague impression, and it may have been in quite a contrary direction. "Do you know," persisted Mr. Parker, "whether she had any other relatives besides her mother in this part of the country?"

marks and the handwriting on the envelope. All those that were postmarked from cities or towns at a distance were immediately cast aside, and all of those that came from points in this immediate vicinity he did not stop to read any whose super-

The first one he opened was a begging letter from some one who had announced herself as a widow and an entire stranger to Mrs. Brownlow. Mr. Parker proceeded no farther, he threw that aside and took up another. This was an application for a position as a waiting maid from a girl who said that she had heard of Mrs. Brownlow through some of her friends.

"Why in thunder," exclaimed Mr. Parker, when he had read this letter, "does not the woman say where she is and how to get there! But I will wager one hundred dollars, if I ever get as much money, that Mrs. Brownlow knew how to get there, and did get there, and if she did I can and will."

"It must be, then," said the lawyer, "that she used the Yonkers post-office, and the Yonkers market, while she lived somewhere else." Then, a moment after, "that somewhere else must be across the river."

"What an ass I was," he exclaimed, indignantly. "Here have I been searching on the east side of the Hudson for four precious weeks, when the plainest evidence in the case shows that Mrs. Brownlow crossed the river before starting elsewhere. Now, whether she met her death while crossing the river or soon after getting to the other side, of course I can not say, but I shall not take another step in the matter until I consider what might have happened had she crossed the river."

"What's the name of that woman that you took over the other side this morning?" "Name?" drawled the assistant. "Donnelly, I think."

"All right," said Mr. Parker, "now you get me across to the other side just as quick as you can."

Bending his arms to the oars the boatman sent the small craft flying over the wintry waves of the river, and Mr. Parker sat in the stern and held the tiller ropes.



DO YOU EVER HAVE OCCASION TO TAKE PASSENGERS ACROSS?"

business, was told by the policeman who guarded the door that a woman wanted to see him.

"What does she want?" asked the mayor. "I don't know, sir, but I suppose it is some complaint about a policeman or health inspector. She's poorly dressed and has a letter in her hand."

"The mayor looked at his correspondence and at his watch and said: 'Well, show her in.'"

When the woman was presented to the mayor she tremblingly laid a letter on his desk and said: 'Mr. Mayor, if you will please to read this, I think you will see that a great injustice has been done that you can make right.'

The mayor opened the letter without a word. As he read his brows contracted and an expression of incredulity came over his face. This is what he read: "Mrs. Brownlow: I have just this day learned that my husband has been convicted of murder; and, as I understand the matter, I am his victim. I am too ill to come in person to the city, but the bearer will tell you where I am, and will take you to an office to me. She will also explain my story and circumstances. Respectfully, LEONORA BROWNLOW."

"Who gave you this letter, madame?" asked the mayor, sharply. "Mrs. Brownlow, sir," she responded. "She has been stopping at my house, opposite Yonkers, for a long time, and has been very sick. She came unexpectedly one night, or rather morning, for she had walked almost all the way. We never saw the papers, and never knew what had happened until I heard some people in Yonkers talking about the hanging of a rich man as would take place soon."

The mayor was puzzled. He did not believe the story at all, thinking it a shrewd invention of Brownlow's friends to gain time. After a few minutes' thought he summoned the district attorney, and together they listened to the woman's story.

"It is a matter," said the district attorney, "that needs attention, at any rate. If it is a scheme concocted in behalf of Brownlow by his friends or Lawyer Parker, we must discover who is responsible and bring him or them to justice."

Then, turning to the woman, who said her name was Mary Donnelly, he said: "I will have an officer accompany you to your home."

Instead of sending an officer with the woman, Mary Donnelly, to her house, she was locked up in the House of Detention as a witness, and two officers were sent on the errand without her. The poor woman protested in vain against this treatment at the hands of the law. The district attorney and the chief of police thought that the matter was altogether too important to allow such a witness to escape over the borders into another State. The officers, instead of going to Yonkers to get at Mary Donnelly's house, crossed the ferry into New Jersey, and after a short railroad ride engaged a carriage to take them to that point of the palisades that overhangs the river near Yonkers. There, after crossing private grounds, they came to a path down the cliff made up of stone steps and patches of wooden stairway that zigzagged hither and yon across the rocks until it reached the bottom.

There they were within a few feet of the river, and a short walk down the banks brought them to a low white house nestling against the rocks. Their knock at the door was immediately answered by no less a person than Mr. Henry Parker. He was not surprised to see them, and directed them at once into one of the few small rooms of the house, where the officers, to their intense astonishment, found Mrs. Brownlow lying weak but convalescent upon a couch.

The story of her flight and remarkable disappearance was soon told. After her quarrel with Mr. Brownlow upon the even-



WHERE THE OFFICERS, TO THEIR INTENSE ASTONISHMENT.

ing of the 14th she had gone to her room in a desperate frame of mind. It was her intent to go away for a few days and compel her husband to see for her pardon. She looked through her letters and found three from her old servant Mary Donnelly. One of them, containing the woman's address and the description of how to reach her house, she put in her pocket. The others she left in her bureau, where Mr. Parker subsequently found them. With these and a small sum of money in her hand she started out of the house, but she had not gone more than a block before she realized that she was ill prepared in dress for such a journey. Not knowing what to do she stopped at a street corner for a moment, in confusion she saw a man who she recognized as a poor-

ly-dressed woman who begged for charity. On the impulse of the moment Mrs. Brownlow exchanged her costly opera cloak for the woman's cheap but large shawl. This garment so disguised her that no one whom she met on the journey suspected for a moment that she was really in full evening dress. The cloak afterwards found in the river may be accounted for in any way that suits the reader. The police believed that the woman to whom it was given committed suicide, and it is probable that the body found and identified as that of Mrs. Brownlow was in reality none other than that of the woman to whom the cloak had been given.

Mrs. Brownlow, arriving at the railway station nearest to the point where Mary Donnelly lived, had not ventured to take a carriage. She felt like concealing her retreat and had already become somewhat startled and ashamed of her course. So she walked a long and dreary tramp through the night, and it was not until early morning that she finally found her way down the steep and rocky stairs of the cliff to the house where Mary Donnelly lived. The strain and exposure consequent to her flight had thrown her into a distressing illness, and the scanty means for providing against such a calamity in the house, and her absence from her husband, tended to make her recovery all the more slow. Still, she absolutely forbade her old servant to notify Mr. Brownlow or any of her relatives of her situation. It was her intention, as soon as she should recover, to make her way back home and explain every thing. Time had passed, however, day after day, without substantial progress being made, and as the people under the cliff never saw a newspaper and rarely met any body from the outside world, no news came to them of Mr. Brownlow's arrest, trial and conviction.

It was when Mary Donnelly had gone over to Yonkers one day for provisions that she heard of the discovery of the body of the matter, and, making further inquiries, she learned the whole history of the case. On the following morning she had set out to New York with a letter from Mrs. Brownlow to the mayor.

The detectives were soon satisfied that this was indeed Mrs. Brownlow, and they set out on their return to New York with strange feelings of defeat and humiliation, not altogether unmingled with satisfaction that an innocent man was not to be made the victim of their mistakes. The news was not taken directly to Mr. Brownlow. He knew nothing of the discovery until his attorney, Mr. Parker, told him of the circumstances. Then, for the first time, the iron-nerved man yielded to the pressure of his emotions, and tears came freely to his eyes and his voice was choked for utterance. In a few days his wife had recovered sufficiently to be removed to the city, and when the officers of the law had actually seen her and heard from her own lips the story of her experience, there was no delay in bringing the unfortunate affair to a speedy termination.

The district attorney himself moved in chambers for a new trial. It was granted, and the following day set for its occurrence. The prisoner was brought before the bar, and in a speech in which he fully exonerated him from any evil intentions towards his wife and all suspicions of such, the district attorney moved that the case be nolle prosequed. This motion was granted by the judge, and the prisoner was dismissed.

The meeting between him and his wife was most affecting, and they resumed their domestic relations with every anxiety for the future. The officers, however, were to take to heart the severe lesson taught by the result of one short moment of anger.

CONNECTICUT BLUE LAWS.

The invention of Rev. Mr. Peters, Best Known as "Lying Peters."

What are the "blue laws?" Newspapers are full of reference to them, sometimes with a bit of detail as to the forbidding of hissing Sundays, or the like. The references are well understood for every body knows that the queer rules referred to belonged to Connecticut in the old times, and yet not one man in ten, within or without newspaper offices, dreams of the truth about the matter. The fact is that the "blue laws," the most famous in their way of any statutes in the history of this country, were purely imaginary. They were given to the world in a form so very far removed from probability as to be grotesque; were, of course, at the time taken for what they were properly worth, and yet have come to be believed in much more firmly than many well-established facts in history by perhaps the mass of the people, and are in every body's mouth as a ridiculous outcome of Yankee Puritanism. It is worth while to recall just the way in which the laws came into existence.

They were the invention of Rev. Samuel Peters, best known in his day as "Lying Peters," and first saw the light in London. Peters was born in Hebron, Conn., in 1733, went to England to be educated, and then became pastor of a small Congregational church in his native town. He had a good deal of smartness, pushed himself, and came near being made the first Bishop of Vermont, but failed in that attempt and in his life because of his disposition, which may be described as the converse of that of the Father of his country. He could not tell the truth. He lied in conversation and in all he wrote, generally without purpose, so far as could be seen, about every conceivable thing in the most extravagant way. He was a rank Tory, and during the revolution the Sons of Liberty drove him away from Hebron. He went to London in great duce, and there, in 1781, published "A General History of Connecticut," which takes high rank among the curiosities of literature. In the preface Peters gravely declares that, "though Connecticut be the most flourishing, and proportionately the most populous province in North America, it has hitherto found no writer to introduce it in its own right, to the notice of the world; and he goes on to give an account of the colony which would have made Munchausen green with envy. The simplest geographical facts were distorted in the wildest way. A great part of the lies could not possibly have had any motive, and even in the parts where it might be supposed that he was trying to "get even" with his persecutors, there appears a whimsical good nature, and sometimes the stories sound as if the lying had some purpose of humor in them.—Toledo Blade.

Four Billy. "What are you crying for, Lena! And why are you in mourning?" "Haven't you heard, Miss Philp! Didn't you know that Billy was dead! He died so suddenly, poor little fellow."

"I didn't know there was a William in your family. This is the first I have heard of it. Was it in the papers?" "Yes, Miss Philp, there was a column in the Journal about it. I thought every one read it. Poor Billy!" "What was the matter with him?" "Well, you see, Billy was our Maltese goat. We called him Maltese because he rolled in the blue mud so much that he was always the color of a Maltese cat. We called him Billy because that was his name. Well, Billy got mad yesterday afternoon as the papers say, and he killed it. Poor Billy!"

THE FAITHFUL CLOCK.

Although my hands are on my face, And all the time I go on tick; Trust me, mine is a worthy case. The slow may think I am too quick. But fast and slow at once may see At any time good works in me. Good hours from day to day I keep; No one down early, none up late. Has ever caught me fast asleep. If I run down, I lose my weight; If I should take a single drop 'T would break me, and my works would stop. A man wound up is in a fix. But 'twould me up and I can go. Though hard the times, I play no tricks, And yet it is on tick I do. The constant work of my two hands— A task the workman understands. I sometimes strike, but only hit. The rag cards who are out too late; And some of them have little wit. And skulls so thick that if my weight. Upon their stupid heads should drop, They would not know what made them stop. —George W. Bungay, in Harper's Weekly.

A NOVEL TRIAL.

How a Four-Footed Criminal Was Brought to Justice.

Some years ago a very novel trial and execution took place in one of the rural New England towns. If not strictly legal, it was yet conducted according to certain forms of law. The judge, lawyers and jury were boys, and the criminal was a dog.

To term a dog a criminal may seem to many readers a contradiction in terms, or at best a whimsical use of the word. For, of course, to be a criminal implies on the part of the accused a knowledge that the act committed is wrong, and prohibited under penalty. The legal use of the term, to be sure, is not quite so far-reaching, since a lack of knowledge or information as to the penalty does not excuse the wrongdoer. But, certainly, to be a criminal implies the possession and use of rational powers in a normal condition.

But I shall even attempt to show that this particular dog was entitled to the distinction implied in the ordinary use of the word. At the same time the reader will do well to look to it that he is not misled in forming his own opinion.

He was a large dog, part Newfoundland, part Mastiff, or Saint Bernard, or Irish Setter; there is some doubt on this point. His name was "Brown." The offense of which he was accused and found guilty was sheep-killing, and he was shown beyond doubt to be an old offender, no less than twenty cases of *ovicide* being laid at his door during the trial, which was held on a Saturday afternoon at a small district school-house.

Sheep-killing is considered a capital offense on the part of dogs in rural communities. It can scarcely be classed as murder, for murder is the unprovoked slaughter of one creature by another of the same species or variety. But I believe that the boys who tried and condemned Brown, charged him with murder. However, this point does not greatly signify, since it did not help Brown's case.

The trial brought out a great many curious facts, for the two boys who took the parts of prosecuting attorney and of counsel for Brown exerted themselves to their utmost, and there were not less than twenty witnesses, pro and con.

It was shown that Brown had always been a dog of good reputation in the immediate neighborhood where his master resided; that he was a general favorite with every one, that he had performed a number of meritorious actions, and that he had never been known to harm so much as a lamb on his master's premises, or on those of his immediate neighbors.

The scene of his crime was the sheep pasture of a farmer, living three or four miles distant. That he should have spared all nearer flocks and gone to this distance from home, to gratify his hankering for illicit mutton, was one of the worst features of the case against him, on the score of moral delinquency. For it was argued that he would never have slipped away by night to such a distance had he not been fully aware that what he did was wrong and subject to extreme penalty.

Several similar cases were cited to show that when once dogs become sheep-killers they wax abnormally fertile in tricks to avoid the suspicion of guilt.

It was in evidence that, unlike many other instances where two or three dogs band together to kill sheep, Brown had never been known to take another dog into his confidence, but had stolen away from home alone; also, that having once throttled a sheep in this distant pasture and made a meal, he kept away from the place for a long time afterwards, evidently under the conviction that this was the safer procedure on his part.

From this piece of caution and good judgment it had resulted that several innocent dogs had lost their lives. For the irate farmer in whose pasture Brown had chiefly committed his depredations, had repeatedly set traps and laid poison in the carcasses of the slaughtered sheep, which had purposely been left exposed. He counted on the marauder's return, and hoped thus to capture him. But Brown had resolutely kept away from all temptation to indulge in a second meal, but several innocent dogs, smelling the quarry from afar, had been lured to their death.

In a number of cases their sorrowing masters had been able to testify that, on the night when the slaughter took place, their dogs had been at home chained up. In the course of six or seven weeks, when the excitement and vigilance aroused by the former fray had subsided somewhat, Brown would pay the

flock another visit. He thrilled but one sheep at a visit, and even in this particular evinced more prudence than many such peccant canines exhibit.

A great deal of the evidence against Brown was largely circumstantial, and although altogether it made a damaging mass of testimony, the boy who acted as his counsel would probably have cleared him, but for a single witness which the prosecuting attorney was able to produce.

This witness was a boy about fourteen years of age, who had set a line of mink traps along a brook, in a woody valley between Brown's home and the pasture where the sheep had been killed. The lad suspected another boy of robbing his traps, and very early one morning had hidden himself near the brook to lie in wait for the supposed pilferer.

Unwittingly he became the agent of Brown's detection, for as he lay concealed, he saw a large dog come down the hillside from the direction of the sheep pasture and approach the bank of the brook. It was not so early and dark but that he could distinguish that the animal's paws and mouth were red with what seemed to be blood. But in a moment, he asserted, the dog bounded into the brook, and began to run up and down in the water, sousing his nose and entire head more than twenty times, and indeed, continuing in the water for ten or fifteen minutes, till not a stain was left upon him!

The lad was very sure that the bath had not been taken for the pleasure of the thing, since the morning was so chilly that, as he lay watching, his teeth chattered from cold.

He identified Brown as the dog which he had seen at the brook. So positive had he been that the dog had been killing sheep, that later in the morning he went up into the pasture, and found a freshly torn carcass, as he had expected.

Brown's counsel being quite unable to shake the adverse strength of this testimony, the case went to the jury. The judge charged them that as the accused had shown himself fully as shrewd and tricky as a boy could have been under such circumstances, he must be held accountable for his crime, and that no plea that he had acted "merely from instinct" would be allowed in that court. The jury returned a verdict of guilty and the judge formally sentenced Brown to be hanged.

Brown, who had willingly and of his own accord accompanied the boys to the school-house, showed signs of great uneasiness, it was said, before the trial had progressed far, and would have escaped had he not been held in the witness-box, tied with a rope. After the court had adjourned, they led Brown away to a back pasture, and hanged him to one of the lower limbs of a wide-spreading beech-tree at the edge of a wood-lot.

Two years after, as it chanced, I taught the winter school at the little school-house where the trial had taken place. Late one autumn afternoon I was returning homeward across pastures and forest land, with a string of partridges, when my attention was arrested, suddenly, by what seemed to me a very singular spectacle.

It had grown rather dark—the opaque gray dusk of a cloudy November evening was setting in. I was just emerging from a tract of woods, and directly in front of me was a large beech, the dry leaves of which were rustling with a chilly sound.

Beneath those beech limbs and leaves stood an object which, in the dim light, resembled a shadowy skeleton form, standing as if awaiting my approach.

I stopped short. I shall not attempt to describe what a strange and fearful sensation stole over me, at the sight of that thing with its dim, white bones! As I stood staring, I plainly saw that it moved, that it turned half around. I imagined that it started forward as if to approach me. And—

Well, I did not remain there any longer to observe its movements. I moved myself tangentially, so to speak. My locomotive powers were good in those days, and I arrived at my boarding place, shortly afterward, much out of breath.

I had sufficient sense to resist my first strong inclination to tell of what I had seen to the people of the house, for it occurred to me, that for the school-master to see a ghost was not quite the proper thing.

Next morning, immediately after breakfast, I provided myself with a club, and set off to reconnoiter the scene of the previous evening's apparition.

After a cautious approach, I discovered that what I had seen was the whitening skeleton of a large dog, hanging by a cord to a limb of the beech tree. Upon subsequent inquiry, I learned the story of Brown, substantially as I have given it. The reader will not wonder that it made a rather lasting impression upon my mind.—G. A. Stephens, in Youth's Companion.

The Decay of "Spanking."

Among the good old customs which are falling into disuse that of spanking the coming generation into behaving itself is leading the procession. There are no such spankings now as there used to be in my time, and I am sorry for it. Things in the spank line are certainly degenerating along with the drama, the flavor of strawberries and phenomenal weather, as the years go by. Children just entering the heated base-burning epoch to spank-hood now have "nerves" and must be humored. They get to talking and skulking, and the family physician is called in when the good old house-wife remedy of a war, a application of slipper is all that is needed.—Chicago Inter Ocean.