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ONLY ONE FAULT.

You may see it in Greenwood cemetery. A splendid tombstone with a woman's name upon it. Not Ruth Holly-though that is the name under which you shall know herbut a prouder name, and one you may have heard. Flowers grow about her tomb, and the turf lies softly over it. You would scarcely guess her life and its sad end as you stood there. Rather would you fancy that love and tenderness surrounded one over whom such piles of sculptured marble rears itself from her birth unto her death.

be ended by happy re-unions and the sweet sound of marriage belis; but there are too many such stories in the world to be quietly passed over, haply there be any warning in them. The lives of others are, if we read them rightly, the best sermons ever preached, and this of Ruth Holly's is only too true. Yet it began very sweetly, like some old pastoral poem. She loved and was beloved again, and the man she loved had only one fault. He was young, he was brave, he was witty he was handsome, he was generous his love was devotion, his friendship no lukewarm thing of words; he had great talent and great power. His elequence had thrilled many an audience worth the thrilling. What he wrote touched the soul to the very quick. He was an amateur painter and musician and everywhere was loved and honored and admired. He had only one fault in the world-he drank too much wine at times. When he did so he turned, so said convivial friends, into a very demi-god. It was wrong, but pot so bad as might have been, and he would sow his wild outs some day, they said, loving him as his friends all loved him; and so Ruth thought. Sweet, loving, beautiful Ruth, to whom he had plighted his troth and wooed in verse and song and with his most elequent eyes long before he put his passion into words; but so did not think Ruth Holly's father. This one fault of

the reason why plainly and not 'You'll be a drunkard yet, Ned Holly,' said the old man, shaking his for a wife; you'd break her heart.

Ned Holly. So the dashing man of letters felt himself insulted and retorted hotly.

and the two were enemies. Ruth suffered bitterly. She loved her father, and she loved Edward. To disobey her parent, or to break her lover's heart, seemed the only choice offered her. She had other lovers, she had seen much society, and had been introduced to the highest circles in France as well as in England, but amongst all the men she had known none pleased her as styles an intellectual woman herself, she reverenced intellect, and her affections were intense. The struggle in her heart was terrible.

She met with her lover by stealth against her father's will, but for a long while she resented his entreaties to marry him in defiance of her father's refusal. At last, angered by her persistence in obedience, Ed ward accused her of fearing to share the fortunes of one comparatively poor-one who must carve his own way up life's steep hill without assistance. The unmerited reproach sunk deeply into her warm heart, and in a sudden impulse of tenderness and sympathy she gave him the promise he had so long sought in vain. They were married that evening, and before morning were upon their way to a far-off city, where Edward, sanguine and conscious of power, believed that he should make for himself a name and position of which any woman might be proud. To her father Ruth wrote a long letter, imploring his forgiveness, but the answer crushed all hope within her

'As you now sow, so must you

She heard his name uttered in back and leaving him to himself, jeers of the mob; before them all woven in public.

had but to keep steadily on, to side and called to him by name: mount to the proudest seat in fame's

If the story could end here, the wharves, and there the besotted man true story of Ruth Holly's life, it sat down more stupelied by the would be almost a happy one, but liquor he had swallowed, in that alas, the sunny slope adown which fresh, cold air. Ruth was thinly it seemed so easy to slide, daily clad-the chill of the sea-biast seemgrew darker as the years flew on, ed to reach her very heart. She How they began to tell her the late thought of the babe at home and

before her, Ruth hardly knew. when his step was unsteady and his mad man at her side. Again and voice too loud. Then a grieved tear | again she tried to bring to his mind r two when he was unreasonable. some lingering memory of the past Then a sorrow that kept her heart days when his love and protection glass now lost it in its depths; lec- the fumes of rum held possession of o the expectant public because 'of from him, sometimes he gave her a he illness of the lecturer."

meant, and tried to hide it. Liter- he would not. The distant ham or ary work was neglected also. Money | the city died out at last, all was still bows and at the toes-he was in- them on the pier, but though he der of pain she felt for the face of exicated from morning until night, flung her an insolent word and yet the man who had sworn to love and and yet she loved him and clung to more insolent laugh, and went away cherish her, and had broken that vow him, and in his sober moments he singing yet more insolently, he did so utterly while hers had been so oved her as fondly as ever. Some- not approach them. So benumbed truly kept. imes the old strength and the old had Ruth grown, so cold to the very hope would be aroused in him and heart was she, that the power of he would struggle to regain his lost motion had almost deserted her, osition, but it was all in vain, rum when at last, as the church clock not baby!' and no word more. triumphed, and in five years from far away tolled the hour of four, the her wedding day Ruth found herself | degraded man staggered to his feet with her one remaining child, the and reeled homeward. She followfirst having died within a year of its | ed feebly, and only by clinging to birth, in the dinglest of wretched the balustrade could she mount the enement houses, in a state border-

Edward had been more madly to find herself at last under shelter. intoxicated than ever before; he had Her bahe still slumbered and she did ven given her a blow, and now, as not waken it. Her frozen bosom he night wore on, he muttered and could only have chilled the little raved and called for brandy, and creature. There were a few bits of ried life. corsed her and himself until she broken wood in one corner, and trembled with fear. At last, as the with these she made a fire in the old clock struck 10, he started to his stove, and crouched over it, striving eet and staggered out of the room, to gain some little warmth, while vowing to get drunk somewhere.

tened to the uncertain, reeling foot- opposite stood Edward Helly, hold-

steps in the street below and burst ing his child in his arms and exhib-'My poor darling,' she whispered, crowd all those antics of which an as she thought some grievous calam- intoxicated man alone is capable. ity had smitten him into the thing He called on the grinning master of he was, and he had not himself 'put | the gin-cellar to 'give this child some an enemy in his mouth to steal away | brandy;' and turned the screaming | red to the daughter of Joseph Karl, her shame. She thought of him reeling helplessly along the street, that bitter night, and in her agony Some boy more brutal than the feet to her face, though the face train herself from following him.

wrapped it in a blanket and laid it forward to revenge the act. in its poor cradle. Then she threw her warm shawl over her head, and the first step, but fortunately had injuries would prove fatal as she had hastened down the street, busy this been caught by an old woman who, inhaled the flame. Her clothes all late Saturday night with market- though a degraded creature herself, burned to the flesh except a strip of reap,' were the words her father going people of the poorer classes. had enough of the woman remaining them on her back. The unfortunate A little way before her reeled the to save an infant from injury.

his best to make amends for all, and pense, and under the shadow of her and that her husband was in danger, Atlanta Exposition, within the space

He threw her hand off.

handsome. Almost could Ruth have streets with every face turned tothe temperance folks of the harm laughing, some contemptuous, some terrified; out at last upon the with me. tears coursed down her cheeks. A little flush of shame came first | Again and again she pled with the em, and-' mandtin embrace, and bade her Ruth knew what that illness bring him more liquor, but go home intended to strike the man is doubtful, but the missile flew fiercely through the air and crashed against was lost that might have been easily with the strange stillness of a city the golden head of the devoted wife. won. Debts grew and credits less night. The fresty stars twinkled A stream of blood gushed from the sened, the handsome suite of rooms overhead. Now and then a night white temple and poured down upon was exchanged for one quite shabby. boat passed up the river, with meas. | the bosom where it dropped never Ruth's dress became poverty-strick- used beat and throb. Once a ruffian- to lift itself again-never, never en, her husband was out at the ly-looking fellow sauntered past more. Only with a quivering shud-

'I can't see you now -kiss me. Oh,

The crowd was hushed to silence, A sobered man bent over the dead woman, whose hands had dropped away from his breast, and the love and truth and tenderness of her heart were all manifest to him in that ferrible moment-manifest in within as without, but she was glad vain, for repentence could not restore her to life, nor blot out the love which had crushed her heart through

What is the matter here?' cried a voice, as a portly man forced his way through the crowd. 'A woman hurt?" 'A woman killed, said the her husband slumbered heavily policeman, and that brute is the cause of all,' and the gentleman bent forward and started back with a cry

'It is Ruth!' he said. 'My Ruth!' and fell back into the policeman's arms in a deathlike swoon. Fortender he was, how loving, how for the night, lulled her to pleasant giveness and repentence had come gentle! How he vowed that she dreams. From them she was awak- alike too late for poor Ruth Holly. Her father could give her nothing The child been amidst want and

> mother, pined away and died in the luxurious home to which its grandfather bore it; and now, as the old man sits alone in his splencid home, he sometimes hears a strange, wild cry in the streets ontside, through which a drunken creature reels and staggers, howling ever and anon, 'Ruth! Ruth! Ruth!

It is Edward Holly, who ever in his dranken madness searches for his murdered wife. It is the pitiful, horrible, heart-breaking wreck of iting for the benefit of the delighted | the once splendidly-beautiful man of talent, who had only one fault .-Mary Kyle Dallas,

A very distressing accident occur-

his brain, unmindful of her plead- infant about in a manner that left no a Bohemian resident of Midland ing, unmindful of her woe and of doubt that he would end by drop- Precinct, on last Thursday, and ping it upon the broken pavement. which has since terminated fatally. Wild with terror Eath rushed out | The girl, aged about ten years, was and feared that some harm would into the street, and made her way filling a hand lamp with oil while come to him. He might fall in some through the crowd to the spot where the wick was burning, when the oil out-of-the-way place and lie there her husband stood, but before she ignited, exploding the can and enundiscovered and so freeze to death reached him the scene had changed. veloping the girl in flames from her of terror poor Ruth could not rest had thrown a handful of mud escaped injury. By the timely action into Edward Holly's face, and be, of her mother the house was spared Her poor weakly baby slept; she reeling and blaspheming, had dashed from the flames. Dr. Woods arrived at the place about three hours after-The child had been flung away at | wards when he ascertained the girl's daughter lingered in her soffering And now the whole horde of boys until Friday when death relieved

Senator Brown, of Georgia, is to markable suit of clothes. It is to be Ruth saw that her babe was safe manufactured of raw cotton, at the she was so proud of him and so fond shawl her cheek burnt botly, but for and, forgetful of all else, flew toward of twenty-four hours-the cotton to of him that she soon forgot to grieve. all that she never thought of going him. She cared nothing for the be picked, ginned, spun, dyed and



VOL. XII:--NO. 20.

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It is a story such as I seldom write -this life of hers-one that can not

Edward Holly's overshadowed his virtue in his eyes, and he refused him his daughter's hand, giving him

head, earnestly. 'I've seen men of genius go the same road before. I've often said I'd rather have no talent in my family, since it seems to lead so surely to dissipation. My sons are not too brilliant to be sober men, thank heaven, and as for my daughter, only a sober man shall have her

wrote. 'I have no longer a daugh-

high temple, and for a year she had then a feverish something in his voice and manner, a strange light in at home this time of night. his eyes, a greater flow of eloquence in his talk, a more passionate dem- 'Come, dear.' onstration of love for her than usual, told that he was under the influence of wine, but the fact only seemed to 'I'm not tied to any woman's apropenhance his power of fascination. Never was he so brilliant, never so Ruth following through the long

sure to follow wine-drinking.

Poor Ruth stood where he had upon the bed in the corner, to which left her for a few moments. The he had staggered on his entrance. memory of the past was strong on. Thus an honr passed by, and Ruth her that night. Just at this hour also fell asleep. The silence, the five years before they had fled from pleasant warmth at her feet, the her father's home together. How fancy that all her trouble was over would never regret that night, and ened by the lond ringing of the fachow had he kept those promises? tory bell and by the sound of cries He had broken every vow-he neith- and shouts in the street below. She er cherished nor protected her. His cast her eyes toward the bed-her penury, nourished by a half-starving worldly goods he had given to the husband was not there? toward the ravenous demon, drink, his love had cradle-it was empty. She flew to become a something scarcely worth the window-the street was full of having, and yet she loved him and factory boys with their tin kettles. lung to him. She tried to feel cold | Some great jest amused them mightand hard toward him, but she could liv. They roared, they danced, they not; she strove to remember the tossed their ragged caps on high, blow he had given her, the oaths he they shricked in unmusical laughter, had attered, but she answered her- and the object of all this mad mirth self as she did so, 'It was not him was only too evident. who did it-it was rum.' She lis-

ter, and Ruth knew that henceforth | handsome, broad-shouldered figure | for she had been motherless for of her husband, and she, a lady bred beset the drunken man, pelting him her from further agony. -Schuyler rears) she had in all the world only and born, tastidious, elegant, accom- with sticks and stones and decayed Sun. the husband for whom she had sac- plished, reared in luxury, heard vegetables from the kennel, and rerificed fortune, and what is worth poor laborers wives warn their chil- veling in the brutal delight with far more, the tender protection of a dren to beware of the 'drunken which such a scene always seems to become the fortunate owner of a re-In those early days Edward did | She heard course laughs at his ex-

praise by all. She knew that he As soon as she could she gained his

WHOLE NO. 592

'Edward! Edward! He turned and stood unsteadily no fear of his faltering. Now and looking at her in a bewildered way. proudly in the presence of the high-'You?' he said. 'You ought to be

'I'm my own master,' he said.

string! and staggered away again.

wretched stairs. It was bitter cold

On the steps of the liquor store

inspire boys of the lower classes.

'So ought we both,' said Ruth.

wretch who was the jeer and scorn of a low mob, and only in love and langhed at the sermons preached by ward them as they passed-some pity, not in anger, did she speak 'Come home, Edward! They'll hurt you, my poor love! come home Mad as he was-filled with the demon of drink, to the exclusion of the soul God had given him-the soft, sweet voice, the fond touch of the white fingers, awakened some memory of the past in the man's 'Go you home, girl!' he whispered, I'll kill them? Don't fret. I'll kill 'Come home, darling,' she whisaching night and day, for the man had been hers. In vain. Wild fan, pered again, and he stopped and who first won inspiration from the cies filled his brain, demons born of gave her a kiss. At that the boys yelled derisively, and flung more tures to be delivered were not given his senses. Sometimes be thrust her | mud and stones at them. One threw a stone - a heavy stone, sharp-pointed and jagged. Whether he ever

> Good-by, Edward, she whispered. he good to baby! Be good to

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she flung her arms about him and

interposed her beautiful person be-

tween him and his assailants. The

head that had carried itself a little

est of the land-that had seemed

more queenly than that of the Em-

press herself at the court of France

-that had awakened the envy of

titled English women when the

young American woman dwelt

among them-dropped itself low

upon the bosom of the drunken

all those weary days of her sad mar-

of anguish.

COLUMBUS, NEB.