How often to this tressure box, How often to this treasure too.
Tours in her eyes' soft fringes,
She came with key, and turned the looks,
And on its breasu hinges
Swang back the quaintly figured Hil
And raised a sandal cover,
Disclosing, under trinkets hid,
This message from her lover.

Then lifting it as 't were a child, Her hand a while cannot it. Ere to the lips that endly smiled. Time and again she presed it; Then drow the small inclosure ou Lest any line should leave a don

Still held the olden charm its place Amid the tender phrases— Time seemed unwilling to efface The love pervaded praises; And though a thousand lovers might Have matched them all for page A poet were impired to write In their unstudied fashion.

Or any word escape her.

From "Darling" slowly, word by word, She rend the tear stained treasure; The mists by which her eyes were blurred Grew out of pain and pleasure; But when she reached that cherished non And mw the last leave taking,

The mist a storm of grief becam Her very heart was breaking! I put it back—this old time note. Which seems like sorrow's leaven— For she who read, and he who wrote, Please God, are now in beaven. If lovers of today could win Such love as won this letter,

The world about us would begin

To gladden and grow better.

-Frank Dempster Sherman in Century.

MR. MAX.

It is like heaven to Greta, this quiet and rest with the dear Frau Merz and all the children, though you or I could see neither among that noisy crew of sixfour big boys, then Linchen and Hede all to be washed, dressed, mended for and taught. But Greta loves children. and then there is Mr. Max.

Mr. Max is Frau Merz's brother, a big yellow haired giant, broad shouldered and kind, who frowns on the children when their spirits grow too high, threat-ens to lock them up in his big press and call ogres to eat them; who is never too busy to set an easy chair for Greta, pass her the knitting that is always at hand, and smooth all the rough places, till after a while it becomes second nature for Greta to turn to Mr. Max when she wants anything, and again when she gets it.

Frau Merz smiles but says nothing. Greta is a dear, love worthy girl, and will make Max a good wife. It had been a cause for dread that he might love some different girl, who would take him away is already one of them, and when Max returns from America there will be a quiet wedding, the young people will settle down near them and all will go on as before.

So it is with a pleased, satisfied smile that Frau Merz greets her brother as he runs up her steps the day before he mils, intent on securing his bride. He tells her she has drawn a pretty picture, but one not easy to paint. The little Greta may refuse him

Refuse him! refuse Mr. Max! Then the unerateful little coquette shall go about her business and the dear children grow up dunces! As if such husbands grew on every bush for a little governess to pick-and, much more, till the swallows fly from the windows in terror. They fly back the next morning to help

may good-by to the traveler and see Fran Merz with her arm round Greta's waist-Greta, who is trying to look unhappy, like a well regulated maiden partin from her betrothed. Yes, her betrothed for there had been a half hour in the echoolroom last night, at the end of which Greta found Max's ring on her finger and his kiss on her lips.

And now Frau Merz is promising to keep the little bride safely till he can return and claim her, and all the while Greta is perfectly sure she does not love Mr. Max half as much as he does her and that she will chiefly miss him when the children are unmanageable.

Frau Merz is very tearful for many days after Max's departure, and often does Greta in her own heart congratulate herself that she does not love Max. Why, she would be worn thin if she laid awake worrying over every wind that blew, and wondering if the ship had not met an iceberg and been wrecked. She never lost a night's sleep—not she. It will be time enough to think about Max when she marries him, as of course she intends to do, but for the present, she is not in love with him, and she is glad

And now he is coming home, and the bride is thinking little of her husband. and much of her pretty clothes, and house linen. Frau Merz has been more than kind; but the generous gifts have been given with a wonder that so much is said of "my house," and so little of "my husband," and just when the thought has made her thoroughly uncomfortable, and disposed to be short with Greta, comes word that the vessel has gone down in sight of land, with all

No! that is not the little widowed bride whose sobs are so heartrending. It is Frau Merz, and she is crying her heart out on Greta's shoulder; she is telling every one what a dear brother he was "Yes, and you," she says, "have not shed a tear! you did not love him, my poor dead brother!"

"No, I do not love him," says Greta, and goes quietly from the room. Quietly from the room, and quietly into her own, quietly closes the door, looks around, its quietly down in her arm chair. Max gave her the chair; she must often be tired after teaching. His thoughtfulness was always first for her. In her own home she will have the right to be first. Their own home! Dear heaven! there that a private soldier had fallen over a compare us and set that cold hearted work getting back through the lines." day he sailed; she hears him say "Goodby, little wife! when I come again I will take you for my own, and we will never be separated again" Life with Max. his strong arm between her and every trial! Life alone, to battle for herself against the world, Max's tender admiration of all her hands have done a stranger's, not Max's kisses.

If Frau Mers could see Greta now. She is face down on the little white bed and her sobs are choking. There is no use living any more; she must be alone all her life. She would have been so proud of Max, his home would have been all that he looked for, and she so true a wife. He would have been so glad to come to her when the day was over; she could see the cozy room in which she would wait for him. She would have on a soft, warm dress, made as he loved. to show her white throat, and he would take her in his arms, hold her close and tell her his life is complete—and, as the years go on, and they stand hand in hand by a cradle — Oh! it is a girl's hency picture, but drawn on a siste, and a sponge has been passed over it, leaving the siste blank, and wet, so that no other are can be drawn there. Grets ws her own heart now, and it is desc-

Mines can come, days that miserable intervals between ge only miserable miserable con over

and over m ner mind the past year, and tries to hold on to the happy memories that will slip away from her as sand runs through the fingers.

So the spring time comes. It has been only two months since Max was lost, but oh! how long to Greta! Fran Merz soon finds out how it is with the girl, and every day the two grow more to each other. She begins to take comfort in her children, plans for their summer, and takes some of the good of life. Not so with Gretal there is always an ache at her heart, and a mist over her sunshine

She is in very truth a widow. One day she is sitting alone (Greta loves to sit alone now, she can better think of Max). There is a sound of feet in the hall, a rush, a cry from Frau Merz, and her Max is at her side-her Max, who was picked up after the wreck by a whaling ship and carried half around the world—her Max, who missed her so, and now holds her close as if he would make up for all he had lost.

And Greta's heart-that learned to know itself only when broken? The heal-ing is all done before the physician has said ever a word.—Translated for Current Literature from the Berlin Tagblatt by Miss J. M. Burgoyne.

THE Old Fugitive Law.

The close of the last session of the Second congress on March 3, 1793, recalls an important act of that body which is little remembered. The Second congress enacted the first fugitive slave law, which originated in the senate and was passed by the house without debate. This statute directed that in case of the escape

from any state or territory of any person held to service or labor that the master agent or attorney of the owner might seize the person held to such service and take him before the United States judge or local magistrate, and on proof, oral or by affidavit, that such person was a fugitive from service the judge or magistrate was directed to grant a certificate to that effect, which certificate should be sufficient for the removal of the fugitive to his former owner. To aid in the escape of a fugitive slave rendered the party liable to a fine of \$500. Several northern states soon enacted laws forbidding local magistrates to execute the Federa act, which consequently became a dead letter until its revival in the famous

fugitive slave law of 1850.—Philadelphia

In a little village some twelve miles distant from Cleveland, O., there lived. some thirty years ago, two very attractive girls. To one of these President Hayes became a suitor, but the parents of the young lady vigorously opposed the courtship on the ground that young Hayes was poor, and gave evidence of hardly sufficient ability to warrant riskwas broken off and the lady is today married and well known in Cleveland Red River country. society. The other young lady had received many attentions from young Garfield, and was disposed to reciprocate them. Her parents, however, objected to their intimacy, giving as a reason for their opposition the poverty of Garfield and the anything but bright prospects of his future. The chief coincidence of these courtships consists in the fact that Bedford, where both these young ladies lived, contained at the time less than 500

but for each great poet who has never | Theo was grave and thoughtful belearned to sing there are probably scores | youd his years; brave, as were all the their inventive powers. It therefore little bride was concerned. ing the inventive capacities of young which cause conquered so that the war men and women will need to be created. which cause conquered so that the war might end and Theo return home. Her It is easy, however, to see the way to a standing grievance was that he had in their simpler relations, he may be set eral's paraphernalia.

Democrat.

Washington Society. Perhaps you think I exaggerate. don't mean to say every woman makes forty calls a day or every day. But the congressman's wife above quoted said to calls in an afternoon. The greatest num- impatient mood. ber I ever made was thirty-eight. I think I could make more if I had a better driver. I've heard of ladies making forty-five or fifty." Mrs. Fuller, the chief justice's wife, says she has made must see with my own eyes that he is thirty-one calls between luncheon and alive and well." dinner, and that she knows of a senator's "But how can you expect him to

tion.-Boston Herald.

etiquette on the wives of the supreme would try to be reasonable—for Theo's court justices and senators.—Washing-British Red Tape.

It is doubtful if anything in the "red says that is the only way in which she tape" line can excel two instances recently brought to public notice in con- "Don't talk to me of Mrs. Rogers!" nection with the military service of Eng- Adela looked like a small fury. "Do you land. So minute are the reports required that Sir Evelyn Wood, commander with hers for her husband? Easy enough paraphernalia of imposing official docu-ment seals and the like, the thrilling fact with her for more than an hour? Don't coming here, and I fear it will be hard instance of puerile inefficiency is seen in | "I don't compare you," Dora said the case of a soldier who, while in Egypt dryly. "Mrs. Rogers is utterly unselfish, in 1884, had an overissue of rations a noble woman, to whom the honor amounting to seventy cents. This has of her husband is as dear as his life. been the subject of a vast amount of offi- She hurried him off because she knew if cial correspondence, involving reams of he waited until daylight his risk of being paper and rolls of red tape, and it has finally been settled by the discovery that the soldier held a certificate in full for that night and he was in honor bound to the provisions in dispute.—San Fran- keep his word."

cisco Chronicle.

The following are the latest statistics concerning the cataract. The outline of here to be wretched! Honor keeps him the American falls is about 1,000 feet, away! Some day honor is going to leave and the height about 165 feet. The descent in the rapids above the American his heart. What will it do for me, if I fall is about 40 feet to the half mile. The outline of the Horseshoe fall is about 2,000 feet, the height about 158 feet, and I dor the descent in the rapid above about 55 feet to three-quarters of a mile. The volume of water passing over both falls is about 15,000,000 cubic feet per minute, or about one cubic mile per week, or 54 cubic miles per year.—Buffalo Courier.

Merritt-Nice smoking jacket, that. Kind of your wife to make it for you. Young Husband—Why, how do you know my wife made it for me?

Marritt—I notice that the buttons are red down the wrong side,-Woman's

HER ANSWER.

The question long had been upon my lije; I ested is, trembling to my finger tips; She did not falter, though her voice was low. The answer that the made was simply "No."

She did not look upon me with surprise; She did not from my glance avert her eyes; But in her cheeks I now the roses glow, As she with gentle framess assured "No."

She did not my a sister she would be, And no confusion did the maides show As to my question she responded "No." What was my question, reader? Let me tell She just had told me that she loved me well; I asked, "Will you e'er love another so?" And to this question "twas she answered "No.

LIFE'S WANDERER.

Pass on, O tired wanderer Upon thy lonely way; Thou must not pause a mome Till the closing of the day.

Out there upon thy pathway, The land is white with snow But ever, ever coward, Thy weary feet must go.

Why dost thou stand here, wanderer And weep with bitter fear? Why dont thy not go bravely on, Without a sigh or tear?

Dort thy not know, O wandered That just beyond thy sight The soft, green grass is growing
And the sun shines warm and bright?

And when, at last, thou seest Gold and purple in the west, Thou mayst lie down, O wanderer, To a long, long, peaceful rest!

And thou wilt know of grander things When thou wakest from thy sleep; Then, wanderer, thou wilt wonder Why it was that thou didst weep

Pass on, pass on, O wanted the Upon thy tollsome way!
Thou wilt rest in peace and happiness
At the closing of the day.

—Zola M. Boyla.

THE DESERTER

It was the last year of the civil war-e rear full of anxiety, suspense and privation of every kind. Down here in Louisiana we were beginning to realize that our cause was hopeless, and that the Confederacy was near its end. I suppose it was that knowledge which made people so reckless. Men had lost all ense of responsibility in the whirl of events, and acts were constantly committed which, in the light of a calmer day, seem the acts of madmen.

New Orleans, in possession of the Federals, had quited down to a certain extent, but the country parishes were in a ferment, occupied as they were in turn by Confederate and northern troops. The ravages of irresponsible, plundering bands had become so terrible in some of the western parishes that, at the urgent invitation of Judge Maxwell, who was a ing their daughter's future. The match distant relative of mine, I took refuge

This district, it is true, was occupied by Federal troops, but they were well disciplined and committed no outrages. After the terrors and uncertainties of the "debatable ground," there was a comfortable feeling of security in finding ourselves within the lines and not in danger of capture. Several ladies, friends of Judge Maxwell, had collected at Boscabel, so our social life was far from

inhabitants, and both refused two fut-ure presidents of the United States be-host's young daughter-in-law. She had Beautiful Adela Maxwell was our cause of their poverty.—St. Louis Globe- only been married a week when her husband, who had enlisted in Gen. Taylor's army, was compelled to leave her.

She was a lovely, irresponsible child-Inventors have generally been led to a spoiled one, too. At 16 years of age their important tasks by chance, and she had married Theo Maxwell, who was have picked up their training by the not then 20. It was due to the recklessway. Here and there may be a mute ness so common at that period that the and glorious Milton whose soul has never been aroused by educative influence, tioned by the two families.

of men as able as Watt, Naymith or Maxwells, almost stern in his ideas of Edison who have not been aroused to duty, and only weak where his beautiful seems very desirable that manual train- Most southern women were brave and ing should be made to go with such head-work as will serve to stimulate the in-fice for a cause they considered sacred, ventive spirit of our youth. The means but Adela had not a grain of patriotism of carrying out such a project for arous- in her soul. She did not care a straw

plan in which, as soon as the student has joined the army as a private instead of compassed a sense of the natural powers | marching forth in all the glory of a gento work seeking to solve problems which At times she would give way to a perdemand inventive power for their solu- fect passion of grief, and eat nothing for days. Then the mood would change and she would be in the wildest spirits, laughing, singing, dancing. She reminded me of a butterfly I once saw

lighting on the rim of a cannon the moment before it was discharged. One morning she burst in upon us in me: "I often make thirty or thirty-five the breakfast room in an irritable and

"I can't stand this!" she cried.

wife who has made forty-eight in two come?" cried Dora Maxwell, the judge's hours. Mrs. Fuller could not keep up daughter, a sensible, spirited girl, who with her obligations, she says, if she didn't have four lively daughters to help sister-in-law's childish ways. "He is a her. She has 800 or more callers every soldier, a private, too, and they are not Monday. The cabinet ladies have found allowed a furlough every time their it simply impossible to return calls, hav-ing often as many as 1,500 cards in a day, and last December they concluded to give up returns except their calls of his getting off? I do wish, Adela, you

"Look at Mrs. Rogers," she conti "Her husband is in constant peril, and see how brave and cheerful she is! She

Aldershot, recently had occasion to to be quiet when she doesn't care a picarecord the momentous fact, with all the yune for him! Didn't she actually hurry

Adela burst into a flood of angry tears. "Honor! honor!" she repeated, petulantly. "I just hate the word! Honor made T eo join the army and leave me him on the battle field with a bullet in lose him I'd like to know? Nobody here feels for me. Nobody loves Theo as

She hurried from the room, but stopped on the threshold and turned her pretty, tear stained face to us. "Theo shall come back to me in spite

of you all!" she cried. Dora sighed deeply as the door closed behind Adela. "Poor Theo!" she said, softly. "He always seemed to feel such a contempt for women! Yet that girl can make him do anything!" "She is such a child!" I interposed.

"Yes, and that makes her so unfit to

be a wife. We are going to have an op-

say, for she won't spare him a single tear of hers. He'll fancy her pining to death, and before night, I dare say, she'll be laughing and singing." But for once Dora was mistakes Adela complained of a violent headache, and after writing her letter went to bed, and did not make her appearance until late the next day. Then she wore a sub-dued, rather frightened look, not natural to her. She appeared like a mis-chievous child who had done something naughty and was afraid of being found

what Adela will write to her h

Enough to make him wretched, I dan

For the two following days she was in a state of perpetual excitement almost hysterical. She would rush from door to window, or to any place which commanded a view of the long front avenue At any unexpected sound she would spring up, listen breathlessly, and then sink back in her seat with a sigh.

"I am afraid my little girl is getting nervous," said Judge Maxwell on the second evening, putting his arm affec-tionately around her. "Come, it won't do when Theo returns for him to find a wife with her nerves unstrung. The women of our family were as brave as the men, and I can't have a Marwell s coward.

"But I'm not an out and out Maxwell, she answered with a hysterical laugh: "and I'm an awful coward. Oh, why don't Theo come home!"

This was followed by a violent burst of tears, and she rung her hands as if in

"Dora, you had better take your sister to her room and make her lie down,' the judge said, gently. "Adela, my dear, you must try to control yourself. Remember that your tears will not bring your husband back one day sooner. You are only injuring your health and for Theo's sake you must take care of that." After they left the room, the judge

and I sat silent until the lamps were ighted. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, for we heard the hurried steps of a man on the long veranda in front of the Then the door was violently thrown

open and Theo stood before us. Theo cale, wild eyed, and covered with dust. He looked in our faces strangely, inquiringly and uttered a deep groan. His parched lips strove to speak, but the words died in a gasp. "My son! what is the matter?" crie

the judge, taking his hand.
"Adela, my darling! Is she dead?" the son managed to articulate. "Am I too

"Adela? Why, she is in perfect health never has been ill. She was in this room five minutes ago. The judge stopped suddenly, terrified by his son's look. He had grown ghastly pale and sank into a chair.

He covered his face with his hands moment he controlled himself and tried to speak calmly. "Read that," he said. drawing a letter from his pocket, and handing it to his father, "and tell me if I could have stayed away?"

Months afterward I read the letter. In it Adela told her husband she was dying and he must come to her immediately if he would see her alive, but, ill as she was, no one should write to him but herself. If he loved her, come! The letter was written in faint, tremulous charac-ters, as if the hand was too weak to hold the pen and the eyes too dim to see the Judge Maxwell's face was very stern

when he laid down the letter. "It was an unjustifiable deceit." he said, "but you must try to forgive her. You must not let it embitter your visit." "Father, do you not understand?" cried the young soldier. "I asked for

permission to visit a dying wife, but the general positively refused. They expect battle at Pleasant Hill, and not a man was allowed to leave. I came without "A deserter! you, Theo Maxwell! cried the judge, looking stunned. "Yes, a deserter on the eve of battle.

Theo cried, with a bitter laugh. "I've done for myself now, father." There was a hurried step in the corridor, and in a moment Adela was in her husband's arms, crying and laughing hysterically. "I heard your voice, darling," she cried. "Why hadn't I been called? Didn't I tell you all he should come back

to me? And now I've got him! I've got

dm! I've got him!" her voice rising shrill and strained with excitement But what is the matter, Theo? Why do you look at me like that? What is the matter with you all?" "The matter, madam," cried Judge Maxwell, sternly, "is disgrace to my son and your husband. By your falsehoods

you brought him from his post-made him a deserter. Do you know what that means? A disgraceful death! Yes, that is what you have brought upon the man you professed to love." He got no further, for Adela's head fell

back on her husband's shoulder in merciful unconsciousness. He strained her to his bosom and pressed a kiss upon her white lips. "Dora, take her to her room," he said

Be gentle with her for my sake, sister. She is only a child and did not know what she was doing. I must get away com here before she revives." He tightened his belt and pulled his cap over his

The old judge laid a trembling hand on his son's arm. "Theo, my son," he said, tremulously 'don't go back! There is a squadron of northern soldiers camped just back here in Miller's field. You can be taken pris-

oner by them, you know, and you'll be safe from, from"-He stammered and choked "I understand you, father," Theo mid quietly. "You mean if I am taken prisoner I will escape a deserter's fate. It would add cowardice to desertion No. sir. I will get back the soonest I can. and bear my fate as your son should. I

"But Gen. Taylor is my friend." The old man's speech was growing inarticulate. "I will write to him, I will go to him. He must listen to me. No court martial could condemn you under such circumstances."

Theo smiled sadly. "I hope for little leniency. I left on the eve of a battle, you must remember. Farewell, father! Be kind to my poor little wife. Dora, don't unman me. She was clinging to him and sobbing convulsively. "If you love me you will go back to Adela. Do not tell her what may happen to me. I leave her to you all as a sacred charge," he added solemnly, and before any one answered

"I will go myself," stammered the judge, trying to rise from his seat. "I will explain to Gen. Taylor. My boy shall not be sacrificed." A convulsion passed over his face, his feet refused to support him and he sank back in his

paralysis, a slight one, and his old enemy had him once more in its relentless grip. For three days and nights we watched beside him until the end came.

sparen use ignominious fills of a diserter. I think he wanted to be killed."

soon returned to her father's house. In a few months I saw her there as lovely, as trresponsible and as gay as if she had not caused the diagrace and death of the man who had loved her more than his duty.—Marie B. Williams.

A CROON ON HENNACLIFF.

Thus said the rushing rown
Unto his hungry mate,
"Ho, goastp! for Bude Haven!
There be corpees six or eight.
Onwit, cawk! the crew and skipper
Are yallowing in the rea, So there's a savory supper For my old dame and me.

"Cawk! gaffer! thou art dre The shore bath wreckers bold,
Would read the yelling seamen
From the clutching billows' hold!
Cawk! cawk! they'd bound for booty, Into the dragon's dea, And shout 'For death or duty?' If the prey were drowning men."

Loud laughed the listening surges At the guess our grandem gave; You might call them Connerges From the thunder of their wavel And mockery followed after The scabird's jeering brood, That filled the skies with laughte From Lundy Light to Bude.

"Cawk! cawk!" then said the raves "I am four score years and ten, Yet never in Bude Haven Did I crosk for rescued mes. They will save the captain's girdle, And shirt, if shirt there be. But leave their blood to curdle For my old dame and me."

So said the rushing raven Unto his hungry mate:
"Ho, gossip! for Rude Haven! There be corpses six or eight. Cawk! cawk! the crew and skipper Are wallowing in the sea; Oh, what a dainty supper For my old dame and me."

EVIDENCE BROKEN.

An English lawyer once said that cirumstantial evidence would hang the and dared not return. He thought he king of England. While that was putting it pretty strong, it is admitted that a chain of circumstantial evidence has when the saddle was found, he might often sent men to the gallows. If a cir- never have been suspected. Graham was cumstance can be explained away, it is but a shadow. If it cannot be explained away, it becomes a menace to the prisoner's life. A witness may be bribed, abducted or impeached. A circumstance is a lion in the path demanding blood. It has been often asserted that inno-

cent men have been hung on circumstantial evidence. There may have been such instances, but they have been rare indeed. In my own experience in law and detective work I have seen some curious things about circumstantial evidence. It is, in one sense, the strongest chain which can be forged, in another the very

About twenty years ago I was detailed It was not to work up the case, but to save if possible the young man arrested for the crime. When I got the facts and details, I felt helpless to accomplish anything. He was a young man of twentythree, named Graham, and was of respectable family. He had been engaged to a young lady of the highest respectability, but they had quarreled about something. Common triends had brought about a reconciliation, but a new suitor had appeared upon the scene, and Graham's jealousy had provoked an-other quarrel. He had not visited her for two weeks, when, on the evening of Sunday, Oct. 80, one of Graham's friends

met him and said: "Your rival is up at Lossing's, and seems bound to cut you out. Adele seems very sweet on him!" Graham truly loved the girl, and speech made him wild. He turned nele trembled, and finally said:

"He is an adventurer and an inte loper. Let him look out for himself?" An hour later he started for Lossing's. He passed several people, who saw that he was excited. The house stood back from the road in a grove of trees, and was approached by two paths or drives from the front. Graham fully intended to enter the house, but when he came upon the grounds his courage failed him. He was afraid he might say or do some- looks with contempt upon the small and thing rash in his present mood, and very often sterile farms that are to be found sensibly decided to return to town and in some parts of New England. defer his call till the next day. Next | The owner of a western farm of 800 morning his rival's dead body was found acres, nearly all of it under cultivation, on one of the drives, about half way be-tween the house and the fence. He had home in which he expressed his mind been struck down with a bludgeon. freely as follows: Conclusions are always jumped at in

murder cases. Two of the negro servants were at rooster a farm, and half the time one once arrested, but before noon they were acre of the ground is graveyard. Give set at liberty and Graham was taken into me old Kansas every time."—Youth's custody. The chain already contained several links. Others were added the moment he was arrested. He was dreadfully agitated, hesitated to acknowledge that he had been near the place, and a blood stain was found on the right sleeve of his coat. Before he had been in jail one day even his own father believed him a murderer. He was examined and bound over, and it was only after that event that he began to protest his inno-cence. The girl who had been the cause are spent every year by people of this of it came nobly to his rescue. While state for worthless medicines for the she truly loved him, she had been will- cure of throat and lung diseases, when ing to make him jealous, and when mur- we know that if they would only invest der had come of it, as she believed, she felt terribly conscience stricken and anxious to believe in his protestations of in-

could find none. I had to acknowledge that I was without hope. Indeed, I believed Graham guilty. His own explanations rather strengthened that belief.

Lossing's house faced the east. The highway in front ran north and south. The lawn was twenty rods wide, and one for \$1. By mail, \$1.10. drive led in from the north and the other from the south end. Graham approached from the north. He would naturally turn in at the first drive, but he claimed to have gone on to the second. He followed it to the house, passed around it, grove and struck the road, not hitting the north path at all. The dead man had come from the village as well, and on foot. He had come and attempted to return by the north drive.

If Graham was innocent who Not the slightest suspicion had been directed elsewhere. It seemed hopeless to look. I questioned and cross questioned him, but he could not give me the stightest foundation for a clew or a theory. What I got came by accident. I asked to see the blood stained clothing, and I found it to be a single daub of blood on a white vest. It was a curjous mark, such as I had never seen before, and when I quietly investigated further I discovered that the murdered man had been struck on the back of his head and fallen forward on his face. He had very thick hair, and, while the blow had crushed the skull, he had bled but little. The blood would not spurt from such a We knew well what was the matter.

A year before he had had an attack of so how did Graham get that blood stain? Accident gave me the knowledge. I was looking the ground over at Los-ing's for the fourth or fifth time, when one of the dogs came and lesped upon

A week afterward our cruel suspense me in a caroning way, as to Theo's fate was over. In trying to served it and remarked: me in a caresing way. Lossing obpass the Federal pickets he had been shot. "Old Fan was always very fond

H's about as well as ever, isn't fill "What ailed her paw?" I asked.
"She got a terrible cut on a piece of
see a few weeks ago." "About the time Graham was as

"Then it was her bloody paw that ade the mark on his vest that night?"

"Good heavens, but it must have been!" I had a clew and a hope. Everything changed in an hour, and I now believed Graham innocent and went to work to secure proofs. I posted up to Louisville and examined the police records for arrests. I followed a score or more o cases to their finish, but got nothing. It was my belief that a white man committed the crime, and that he meant robbery, but was frightened off. I returned to the village and looked everybody over, but got no satisfaction. The day of the trial was coming and I was in despair, but accident came to my aid again. happened into the hotel barn as the landlord pulled a lot of rubbish out of a stall. Hidden away with it was a fine saddle, and as it was brought to light the man

"Bless me, here is the dead man's sad-"Was it missing?" I asked.

"It was stolen on the night of his murder. That's the reason he went down to Lossing's on foot."

Who stole it? What for? An outsider. who stole the saddle for its worth, would have carried it off. An insider only would have stored it in the stall. Who was inside? A white man and two negro assistanta. Within an hour I had ascertained that the white man, whose name was Foster, was absent for an hour on the evening of the murder, and that since he had acted very queerly. I arrested him, charged him with the crime, and he did not hold out fifteen minutes. His motive was robbery. He did not intend to kill his victim, but only to stun him. He had just struck him when the dogs barked greeting to Graham, and, overcome by sudden fright, Foster dashed away had only to keep still to render himself safe, and, but for my being present cleared and Foster was hanged. The change had been brought about by the

fondling of a dog. -New York Sun.

In a country church the curate had to give out two notices, the first of which was about baptisms and the latter had to do with a new hymn book. Owing to an accident he inverted the order, and gave out as follows: "I am requested to ve notice that the new hymn book will be used for the first time in this church on Sunday next, and I am also requested to call the attention to the delay which often takes place in bringing children to be baptized; they should be brought on the earliest day possible. This is particularly pressed on mothers who have young babies." "And for the informafion of those who have none," added the rector, in gentle, kindly tones, and who being deaf had not heard what had previously been said; "for the information of those who have none, I may state that if wished they can be obtained on application in the vestry immediately after service to day, Limp ones, one shilling

Brought Thom Out in Section One of our county physicians, who very tall gentleman who lives in the neighborhood of Brantly, and who was sick with the measles. On account of the exceeding height of the man the doc-tor advised him to paint a ring around his body with iodine and he would proceed to bring the measles out on him one end at a time, as it would be impossible to accomplish the whole job at once. Our informant states that the ring was drawn and the measles brought out in sections. -Buena Vista (Ga.) Patriot.

each; with stiff backs, two shillings .-

London Figaro.

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"Here in this country they call two acres of ground, six hens and an old

Mr. De Pink-My dear, I've found a husband for you

Miss De Pink-Does he belong to at old family? brothers are over 80 and he's gray headed himself.-Philadelphia Record.

discovery for consumption and kindred complaints, they would in this pleasant When I came upon the ground the remedy find relief. It is recommended state had the case all worked up, and by ministers, physicians and public when I went over it to look for a flaw I speakers of the Golden State. Sold and guaranteed by Dowty & Becher at \$1 a hottle. Three for \$2.50.

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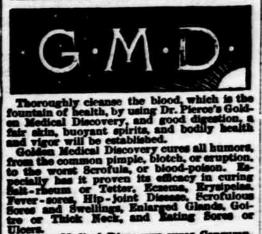
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