MAMMY'S JIM.

to the refrain with a sort of dull assurance; speck o' groun'.

An' dar'il be shakin' han's an' heaps when the singers regained breath and ardor, or recruits struck in vigorously, their bodies swaying from side to side and outstretched

For a large space the young scrub oaks and hazel bushes had been cleared away and rough seats improvised; at one end a platform and a queer impromptu pulpit. Over this platform canvas was stretched and coal coll lamps made it grandly luminous compared with the darkness beyond. The pulpit good. was draped with bright chintz. There were good, "But look yer, my frens, yo' speck ev'ons m few chairs, evidently from the homes of feel dat good? Oh, no! How yo! lo some of the brethren; two rockers with gay wicked felks feel, my frens, wen dey

whites. The negroes looked earnest and serious. Once in a while a young daryey's loud undertone or a girl's subdued giggle attracted attention, or a child walled out in alarm and fretfulness, but these distractions were sternly frowned upon. It was the last night of the range massive and any or might of the camp meeting, and enthusiasm and religious fervor ran light although the preacher had not yet arrived.

"Wen de aingels come a flyin"

"Oh! my frens, whar yo' be wen de gre't

"Wen de singels come a flyin'
Tra de yair.
I'll be dyar,
I'll be dyar; Wen de aingels come a flyin'

The words were clarted by a little group hear the edge at the left of the pulpit.

These voices were clear and musical. One These voices were clear and musical. One young convert's tenor was strikingly pure laugh, edging around upon his elbow and another song. ing with scornful intentness; there was a dull crowd. sear across his jaw; his whole expression one of evil bravado. "How d' yey know yoo'll be dyar?" he succeed again, dragging his chia up from the palm of his hand to its edge, thus spreading his coarse mouth and making the brutish face all one horrid leer.

There was a stir dust behind him, a him?

evil-eyed stranger among the flock. and gave her a good vi w of his face. Upon her own was a strange mingling of grief and

to herself; "dis cudn't be my Jim." The older girl overheard.

cheking in mammy's voice. "But he'd be a man how, an' oh I hate to tink oh it so, but he might be a had, no 'count man, I reck. coed 'twuz low down folks wat bought him, an' widout his mammy to hulp him.

Twenty years before, when mammy's little son had been separated from her by sale. to wickedness."
"Is he like your Jim, mammy? What

whispered the wretched that all the hopeful dreams which she shared with mammy about the long-looked for Jim should come to this unhappy end. How could mammy's Jim be other than noble and true and good? And this coarse-faced disturber of the meeting!

"Oh chile, chile, I feel it in my soul He looks lek him sumhow, deh he look so bold and carless; an' dat scar on his cheek, I member de day he burned hisself dyar; 'twuz a drefful scre. O he's lek Jim. I cain't tell yo how I knows, but I does know, nieder. But, oh! he's so diff'nt, so changed. Dey 'biased him and made him ugly; he wus so sperited an' sensitive. But he tulk to new ways quick; he was a peart chile an' mighty easy to learn, an' chillen learn wickedness easier'n snything. But I cun'at eber tink o' him zacily dis way, I reckoned he wad alfus be kin' o'lockin' an' waitin' fur his mamary, an glad to see waitin' fur his mammy, an' glad to see mammy wen we foun' each urrer at las' an' new I has foun' him lek dis, my po

Poor, patient-hearted mammy was almost "Oh, mammy, don't don't," pleaded the little girls. "Let's go home. Picase take us home, mammy."

"Yais, d'rectly, chillen, honies, but 1

mus' speak to Jim fust. Jes yey wait a minit. P'raps he'll know hey mammy wen I speak to him."

"Oh, no, mammy," cried the younger child; "don't speak to him, mammy, I'm afraid, and perhaps it isn't Jim, after all." Mammy herself was trembling with a vague terror. She, too, was afraid of this wretched, wicked man, but if he should be him-he was Jim-how could she let him go without a word? She couldn't; her poor

"Oh, mammy, please do take us home." "Yais, dearlo, but not jes yet; 'sides we wad 'sturb de meetin'. Listen, Brer Bar-

truth, the meeting had been in progress for some time, but mammy, usually so devoutly attentive, had not heard The preacher had almost aroused both himself and his hearers to the greatest

'Yais, my brederen an' sisters, we'll all be dyar wen de trump soun's. We'll all come risin' up from de grabe to see w'ats un'er dey moniments; I recken it'll be hard work fur some ob 'em, but dey'll hab to come. Mebbe some ob dem'll be sorry to come. Mebbe some ob dem'il be sorry to lebe sech 'ristocratic grabes an' sech big flewers, but dey'il hab to come. An' de po' folks wall come. Oh! how glad some o' de po' folks 'ull be to get shet o' dem po' folks

hyer an' lier po' lo' bey'll rise up sum'ers else, an' by 'n' by sumehow dey'll get togeder in de erewi an' den how joyful dat po' lenesum meder an' dat po' los' boy 'uli be to see each urrer agen; no, not po' moder,

be to see each urrer agen; no, not po' moder not po' boy; bressed, joyful, happy moder an' boy den!

"An' pears lek I yher frens say to each urrer, 'Why, you yher?' An' dey'll say, 'Why, yher's Broder Ziah an' yher's Sis'r Suse an yher's ole Uncle Abrsm'. An' praps some 'all say, 'Wats dat noise wat woke me up?'
But purry soon dey'll see de heabenly hos'

"An' pears lek I yher frens say to each urrer, 'Why, you yher?' An' dey'll say, 'Why, 'be too carry now, It's strange things come to light here. You shall say, 'Wats dat noise wat woke me up?'
But purry soon dey'll see de heabenly hos'

"And then he threw himself beavily upon."

And then he threw himself beavily upon.

An purty soon dey'll see a mighty big change

MAMMY'S JIM.

By Welthyn Western.
(Copyright, 1894.)

"Wen de great trump shall soun'
I'll be dyar,
I'll be dyar,
When de great trump shall soun'
I'll be dyar,
Over and over in monotonous measure rose the song from hundreds of ducky throats, high and strong, with notes of triumph; then gradually sinking lower, until almost unintelligible, as the wearied voices clung to the refrain with a sort of dull assurance;

Man purty soon dey'll see a mighty big change in dis yher eurth; an' dar'it come big win's wat'll sweep away de dirt an' truck an-'de fire 'll brek out an' houses' 'll be biazin' an' de little creeka eben uil' burn dry.
"An' p'raps some po' broder wat has worked so hard to get he little home wull stan' see it burn an' he'll feel bad to see dat ar little house an' shald burn. Will he? Oh, no! my frens. He'll say, 'Burn dar, yo po' little onery house, I'se no use fur yey; burn! burn!" He knows he'll be pervided far. Ds whole earth wall be his an' dar'll be mansions fur him. He won't hab to work hard eny mo' to build some little onery house an' buy a snifetin' speck o' groun'.

rejoicin', an' dar's gwine be right smart of furgivin', too, 'mongst doze wat hain't be de bes' o' frens. An' how 'sprised dey'l arms beating time.

It was a weird scene; a strange mingling of light and darkness; evening in a dark

e be o firens. An now aprised day in be to fin' each urrer so cumf'tble to get along wid. An' day'll all feel so good. Some one 'll say to Broder Zekel, 'How's yer rumatiz dis mawnin', Broder Zekel?' An' grove on the edge of a little southern town. Broder Zekel, he say, 'Why, bress yer, I for a large space the young scrub oaks and ain't got eny rumatiz 'tall. Watch dose

patchwork cushions, somewhat soiled; the others, plain pine chairs, scrubbed atmost as white as enamel. Some sister of artistic tastes had brought a few bright geraniums in a green glass. This had been placed on the pulpit, but a cautious deacon, knowing Brother Barrer's peculiarities of delivery and the certainty of absorbed gesticulation, removed the floral decorations to a small table to be the research of In the rear.

Beyond and all around the tented and illuminated platform were crowds of colored people and quite a considerable sprinkling of dan hab yo' punchin' it all de time, but it whites. The

trump soun'? Will yo' be 'joich' an' singin haileinjahs, or will yo' be gnashin' an wailin' an' tryin' to hide away? Oh, brederen an' sis's ain' it beter to 'pent now an' gib up de

congregation followed this exhortation. There were grouns from some overcome by the and sweet, while his black features were all sense of their sins and fervent "Praise de

peering out from beneath the brim of his. Then just as mammy, seeing only Jim slouch hat, that was pulled down to the thinking only of Jim, having released her bridge of his brows. It was a wicked face and sin's traces show held and hideous lines upon the rugged negro features; his eyes deeper as than is common with his received and the rugged negro features; his eyes deeper as than is common with his received and the rugged negro features. set than is common with his race, and gleam- and elbowed his way roughly through the

making the brutish face all one horrid leer.

There was a stir just behind him, a shild's half smethered exclamation of fear.
Two little yellow haired girls, whose white faces looked saint-like in the dim light, were clinging to an old mammy in sudden terror.

"Hush 'e, honey," came the response, reassuringly patting the younger girl. "Wos 'de matter, chilo?"

What a sweet old face it was with its leaves before a heart. What recovered hims to gate the crowd he stumbled over the outstretched limbs of a devout brother upon the keyes before a heart. What a sweet old face it was, with its frame of white wool! The eyes look dout, softly kind from beneath well-shaped brows. The features seemed to have been refined to be refined to the control of the other promptly and the control of the other promptly and the other promptl than the mulatto complexion would warrant struck out at him. There was a scuffle, a few one to expect. But her caresses were given absent mindedly. She was absorbed in this ward by half a dozen hands, with a powerward by half a dozen hands, with a powerful effort flung off his opponents and passed

darkness. Oh! such darkness! Poor mammy, there was nothing left for eager longing.
"Oh! Jim, my darlin' boy," she murmured and then they hang about her in their childto herself; "dis cudn't be my Jim."

her to do but take her notice charges and then they hang about her in their childish sympathy and pleaded for her to spend
ish sympathy and pleaded not let her go. So The older girl overheard. "Why mammy," slipping an arm around her, "of course that couldn't be Jim. Of course not, with an afmost tearful insistence. "He is a wicked man; he has a bad face, Your Jim was a boy, a good, loving boy. You have always told us so, mammy." There was a choking in mammy's voice. "There was a choking in mammy's voice "Rise bod as a deepsiring trouble in her eyes. be alons, yielded to her pets, as usual. The children climbed upon her lap and kissed trembling hands. How strange it was to see quiet, cheery hearted mammy with such a

son had been separated from her by sale, the children's grandfather, old Colonel Braddon, had bought her. His son and his son's children allice held in tender admiration mammy's pure, patient, busy life, When her freedem came, mammy had been pro-vided for, preferring a plain little place of her freeding a plain little place of her own among the other negroes in Happy Hollow, although probably the greater part too," said the failer. "Her heart is just too," said the failer. "Her heart is just too," said the failer in the heart is fust broken; she has looked for you so long and thought of you so much. But it'll be a combanion and confident of his

when the nurse came to take them away, they pleaded for maining to put them to bed. "Won't you, maining?" "Yes, darlin's," said mammy, "but burry, now, or yo'll not be up to see papa off tomorrow." And with one at each hand she passed out. Poor mammy hardly saw those pale girls, scarcely realized their caresses. She felt a little brown hand cling to hers, she saw a a boy's voice call her "mammy, heah. Contrary to the prophecy, the children were parly up next morning. As mammy came down stairs, she heard Edith's voice

tones of horror: 'And, papa, the paper says he broke into killed Mr. Pierce; he shot him, Isn't awful, and Mr. Pierce was such a good, kind man, and all the negroes loved him. And papa, it describes bim, the murderer, and it must be that wicked looking man that was at the camp meeting last night, the me mammy thought was Jim. It says the solored folks identified him as a fellow who

Poor mamnly sat now upon the lower stales in the ball, utterly still, struck to the Hr Jim! A murderer! The little tark, boyish hands were loosed from her's low; there were no more voices or visions from the gast; but a man's coarse fingers tones and lowering brows were macking her She rose presently, still in a numbress of horror and dread, and slipped out silently. ps, excitedly talking of the murder and finally made her way through the crowd into the jail and asked to see the prisoner. The jailer expressed his astonishment and dismay

to see that brute. What should bring a position to do it."
woman here? I'm mighty uneasy about that "Shut up. Did yo' yher wat I saad? I'm crowd of men down there; I think they mean going to do yes dat."

an, my long los' boy. He is Jim! I saw him at de camp meetin' las' night but I cudn't get to speak to him. Oh! please let Of course, I'll do the best I can for you and

But purty soon dey'll see de heabenly hos' o'clock and it han't exactly regular for people a comity an de skies 'll open an' de folks to visit a murderer so soon after he is the floor, face downward, and the jailer went cull rub dey eyes, po' weak eyes been sleep jailed, but I'll get you in. Come after out and left him.

PUSHED FOR MONEY

We are not of the kind to beat about the bush-We are pushed for money-and we don't care who knows it. Our money it invested in as fine a lot of clothing as was ever bought-but we don't want it there-we want our money out-we're pushed for

money-and if January prices at the beginning of the season will be any argument-and we think it will-then will won't be pushed for money very long.

Overcoats.

We don't allow any one to show better overcoats than we, and when the price is an object--as in this case--we will have your

MEN'S OVERCOATS - REAL BLUE Chinchilla with fancy worsted linings, warm and durable, worth \$5.00. Sale Price......

\$2.75

FINE SHETLAND AND FRIEZE Storm Ulsters, three grades,-go in this sale at..... 150 FINE KERSEY OVERCOATS IN FIVE

shades, elegantly trimmed, blues, \$7.00 blacks andbrowns --your choice in this

MEN'S OVERCOATS - BLUE, AND black, rlain beavers, cut medium long; these garments are dressy and need no guaranty as to their wearing qualities, staple as sugar, worth \$15.00-Sale price

sale....

or double breasted, blues, blacks or \$10.00 browns, tans and exfords—Your choice at this sale

\$7.50

Boys' Clothing.

Don't let the little fellow freeze when such a little money will prevent it.

CHILD'S OVERCOATS, WELL LINED, cut extra long, as good as any \$5.00 Overcoat anywhere-now

CHILD'S ULSTERS, IN GOOD MATER-ial, made and finished in elegant style a \$4.00 ulster new for......

75c CHILDS 2-PIECE ALL WOOL SUIT,

\$1.75 CHILDS' HEAVY REEFER SUIT, ALL wool, extra pants, our sale price.....

CHILDS' DOUBLE-BREASTED ALL wool cassimere suits, our sale price. . . .

CHILD'S JUNIOR SUITS, IN CHEVIOT \$2.50 3 to 7 years, our sale price.....

Men's Suits.

There isn't a finer line of suits in America, and the world's lowest markets never gave as low prices as these.

200 FINE ALL WOOL CHEVIOT SUITS, in sacks only, dark effects, go in this sale at the extraordinary price of

\$6.50

300 STRICTLY CLAY WO RSTED SUITS in all the styles of the garment, to fit all saapes of men- sacks or frocks, go in this great sale at.....

\$8.00

GENUINE ENGLISH CHEVIOT SUITS, warranted, superbly tailored, Hammer-slough's exclusive importation, go in at

170 ASSORTED SUITS, MADE TO FIT short and stout, made purposely for such built persons, handsome and durable garments, heavy weights for fall wear, \$10.00 sizes, 37 to 46-go at this sale at......

200 FINE YOUNG MEN'S DRESSY SUITS a most complete finished and styllsh gar-ment, in cutaways and sacks, sizes from \$10.00 35 to 40-at this sale only.....

The M. H. Cook Clothing Co.,

Successors to Columbia Clothing Co.,

13th and Farnam Streets.

I'm strung up? Why din't yo' bring yey note book 'long?" "No," said the jailer, pityingly, "I'm sorry quickly beyond the congregation into the for you, after all, or rather I'm sorry for darkness. Oh! such darkness! for your poor old manimy. There was a woman here a bit ago who says you're her son. She saw you at the camp meeting last night;

The man remembered that faint call that the man remembered that faint call that aid that the man remembered that faint call that the man remembered that faint call that the man remembered that faint call that remembered that remem find her; for years he had followed ever-clew, patiently, with utmost care, their hopelessly. It had all been given ago. He supposed her dead.

up long ago. He supposed her dead.
Little by little the jailer now got from him
the story of liberty; the repressed bitt rness
of boyhood; the unrestrained dissipations of fellows, as degraded and ignorant as him he could remember of his early life coincide.

good thing for you, as things are. It will help your case mightily, and I don't mind elling you that your case will need some help. Everybody loves Mammy Braddon, they'll deal a little gentler with you for her sake. But it's hard on her: it's the vory nardest thing there could be for her; right here, where everybody knows her, as I said and she so pious and good. It's worse than if she never found you."

The jailer was allenced by the sudden

flaming of the murderer's eyes. Some wild thing seemed leaping into life within his Why shouldn't be do this? he afraid at last; he, whose one pride had een a contemptuous storersm against

was all settled.
"Well, she nee'nt fin' me. I'm not her
Jim. I wull not be her Jim, doh she's my
roder, dat's clear 'nuff. If I cut I 'member 'zactly how sh Luk yher, ole man, yo're not to let on a word o' wat I'me tole yey. I'm asked questions I'il hab a dif'nt story to

colored folks identified him as a fellow who made a disturbance at the meeting, and he is a stranger in town. Papa, it must be the man we saw. Poer mammy! They have caught him and put him in fall and there was an awful meb at the jall after he was taken and they think he will be lynched. O, papa, what shall we do for mammy? She was sure that man is her Jim. And such a terribly bad man!"

Poor mammy sat now upon the lower. he was taken away. Oh! if he had found her yesterday, she might have saved him even from his degradation, but now it is too late. There is little more left for him anyway. He may save her this later, this

> "See here, my man, it's sort o' decent of to try to save your mammy from sorrow, but you'll give up that notion if you your skin. I tell you the town is wild over that murder and some one is likely to put you're Mammy Braddon's long lost boy, there's a right smart chance that'll quiet em. Everybody in town thinks a heap of nammy and has felt for her grief in not em. finding her boy since the war. Mammy Bradden, you don't want be a noble thing to do, but you're not in a

mischief, though probably there will be no "You can't do it. I tell you." dropping outbreak before night. You can't do him any good, mammy, if your dear old heart does pity him. He's too far gone in evil doing. "O. Mr. Deah," cried mammy, "he's my a prisoner taken from me. Everything is a prisoner taken from me. Everything is a prisoner taken from me.

hope you'll find you're wrong. He surely came hurrying trembling through the jail hey mammy an' he saad 'p'raps dis will gib the window, with that shining peace upon house adjoining the club. There were

swift recognition lighted the man's mured. face. He knew her instantly. How exactly that look of despairing grief was like the one he remembered when they had been forced apart. What a tenderness there was upon his own hard featurest Was he giving way

after all?
"Well, mammy;" how softly the words came from these barsh lips! "Ye" must hab med some mistake. Wat's dis all

O, my po' boy! Yo' mus' member me: cain't yo, Jim? Tee changed o' course, i'se grown ole; an' my heart is broke to see yo' lek dis, but yo' 'member how yes you'se Jim, my long los' Jim."

"Yais I'm Jim, fur dat's my name, an' I'm los' like enuff; I'se ben ios' a good bit from ev'ting wats wort' keepin' to, but I har, 'less yo're a ghos'; 'sides'—a strug-gling, harsh little laugh—'yo're not brack 'nuff, eben fur her ghos'. My ole moder's dead, mammy, long ago. I seed her put in de groun'. Yo'se med a mistake sho

"Oh! I cain't breve yo'", cried mammy. Something tells me yor my Jim, an' yo' is so lek him. Meder's eyes ain't gen'ly 'ceived. An' dat scar on yo' face. I mem-ber wen my bey got burned dar. Don' yo' ittle (dey was specially good to us) an' little white Esther wat was so fond o' yo' an' used to play wid yo'; an' don' yo' 'member dat time wen eviting jes went to pieces an' was sold away from me, an' dey wun'nt

'twant so. I neber wuz tuk away from my mek her happy dar, in spite on it. i mammy. She died. An' dat scar. I'se reckon I did right wull wid dat story, but shor yo' don' know nothin' 'beut dat, fur I somehow it come mighty hard to lie to her." fire, wen a burnin' board fell on my face. could have told her that the real Jim's dar-Yo'se got hole de wrong felleh, mammy." Mammy drew back slightly, still intently regarding him. There was disappointment tale, in her face, but a blessed sense of relief in Mammy sat alone at midnight in her little

part wen he wuz a little felleh, say 'bout

'Yes, yes,' gasped mammy.
'Well, den, I breve I use' to know yo'
Jim.'' And he went on hurriedly in response to the agony of petition in mammy's "We got 'quainted in de wah. We n de same reg'ment. He called him self Jim Clayton, caze he say he h'long to sand 'twuz cur'rs how much we favored one noder. But we wun't like, oder ways. for he wuz a good boy, an' I ailus a sort o'

Oh! mammy's face, the tenderness on it: Oh! the light in mammy's soft, brown eyes eber see yor Jim in dis work. How tenderly he was trying to tell it! "He died, mammy. But he used to hope

o' fin'in his mammy wen de wah was ober an' he talk so much sbout yo'. He tole me 'ting; we wuz fus' frens. But he didn't

many ez dem, an' we reckon it gwine to be you want to say, we'll hear you for five easy, sho' 'nuff, but Lor' how doze critters inhutes."

The negro shook his head. He could not fag. But prer soon his gun tumble right he leathed and scorned, how dear to him onto my feet an' I see him drap. An' den I pick him up an' kysr him back, ur more proper formude from where we were, fur we hed done gone stright ober dat hill true de odder lines, an' dev were mostly at de top of de hill agen, but mighty few dar wuz ob our control of the last to his poor, unlaught idea of honor and filial loyalty, and then the look and the last to his poor, unlaught idea of honor and filial loyalty, and then the look about all the room there was on the look about all the room there was no the look and the last to his poor, unlaught idea of honor and filial loyalty, and then the look about all the room there was on the look about all the room there was no the look about all the room there was no the look about all the room there was no the look about all the room there was no the look about all the room there was no the look about all the room there was no the look about all the room there was no the look and that is an addity really miral Erben. What followed was detailed by the admiral himself to a Sun reporter last night.

It was limit that homes, where they described was detailed by the admiral himself to a Sun reporter last night.

It was just opposite the Mohattan club and on that side of the atreet," he said, "when I noticed these hoodlums coming down at a pretty rapid place, and as they look about all the room there was on the look and the look an so long day cain't stan sech shinin' wuz jes bout ober, an' he only lib body of Mammy's Jim swung up and out to look about all the room there was on the fightin' wuz jes bout ober, an' he only lib body of Mammy's Jim swung up and out to look about all the room there was on the fightin' wuz jes bout ober, an' he only lib body of Mammy's Jim swung up and out to look about all the room there was on the fightin' wuz jes bout ober, an' he only lib body of Mammy's Jim swung up and out to look about all the room there was on the fightin' wuz jes bout ober, an' he only lib body of Mammy's Jim swung up and out to look about all the room there was on the fightin' wuz jes bout ober, an' he only lib body of Mammy's Jim swung up and out to look about all the room there was on the fightin' wuz jes bout ober, an' he only lib body of Mammy's Jim swung up and out to look about all the room there was on the look about all the room there was on the look about all the room there was on the look about all the room there was on the look about all the room there was on the look about all the room there was on the look about all the room there was on the look about all the room there was on the look about all the room the look about all t

I hope you'll find you're wrong. He surely came hurrying trembling through the jail yard she saw, with a thankful heart, that the excited groups had disappeared. The deah mammy, an' dean has sobling, but oh, what proud tears, patient tears! In a moment she raised her hands to the man sobling, but oh, what proud tears, patient tears! In a moment she raised her hands to the man's shoulders and composition before the presention of the his visitors. Mammy, was obtained by the window, with the face, and prayed.

IT COME

IT COME

IT COME

The man turned toward his visitors. Mammy, was obtained by the was sobling, but oh, what proud tears, patient tears! In a moment she raised her hands to the man's shoulders and composition, but was abruptly stopped.

"See here, old felleh, yo' nee'nt try to get anything out o' me. Yey want an interesting paragra' fur a paper, dont yey, arfter estin' para

oncealed that great discolored scar. man put up his own unsteadily and covered hers and held them there. But for the bit-

I recken you'll have to go now Mammy,"
"Mus' I go? I'd lek to yher mo' o' n arrer an' Jim wuz a good boy an' lubed his

She turned again to the presence. I tank yey so fur tellin me dis. I me dat I caint eber 'spec to see him here, but I'se proud o' him an' it's all peace bout him now, an' I can stan' it fur de little while wais lef'. An yo' wuz his fren'. I the voters he represented got the principal wish I cuid do someting fur yey. I'll tell 'em how good yo' wuz to Jim an' me an' I'll beg'em to gib yo' nurrer chance. Won' yo' try to do better? "Won't yo' fur my sake, jes ez British politicians are obliged to fight shy of publicity about such matters we there I way yo fo ole heartbroken mammy?" of publicity about such matters as these, "Dar, dar, don't greebe; I'll try, ef I do for the purity of elections law is a stringent ret 'nurrer chance, but dat isn't ve'y likely, one and is vigorously enforced, if not by I reckon devil fix me dis time. Dar, don' cry; p'raps I'll get out o' it somehaw. I'se

led her, sobbing, away.

The prisoner stood entirely still, looking yo' was sold away from me, an' dey wun'nt buy me?' The prisoner stood entrely still, looking buy me?' In her eagerness her hand was on his arm, her face lifted close to his. How the man trembled! The pressed his hands upon his face, there where her hand been. "She'll neber know de dif'unce, bress her."

till she gets to heaben. An' I hope dey'l mek her happy dar, in spite on it.

home. She had no lamp, but the moon-light, shifting dimly through the uncertain er heart. And yet she daubted.

"But look yher, mammy, yo' say yor light, shifting dimly through the uncertain by hed a scar lek mine, an' yo' wug tuk clouds, fell into the small, plain room. She yeah ole, an' yo' use' b'long t'de Cley-But, oh, how proud she was of the memory of her boy, and what a sweet repose there was upon the serene old face!

> toward the distant sky and thanking God. By and by she thought she heard voices and footsteps. Suddenly the moon came out clearly and showed a strange procession that had already passed the house, a hurrying businesslike crowd, but weirdly invaterious in the night's silence. Then, creathless with dread, she gists, started to the door. But the moon gone again and all was dark. Mo trembled as the shifting winds struck her face. Could it be they had taken out the murderer? But, no, surely not; everything The first anger and commotion over the crime had subsided. No, it was quite improbable; she would not worry. And mammy went back into the little room

the quiet dark and prayed.

The gruesome procession halted at a wooded place on the outskirts of the town. There were hasty, horrible preparations.

"Now, nigger," said the determined voice of one of the leaders, "if you've got anything you want to say, we'll hear you for five minutes."

Mownpour for two days, showed signs of the sk years old the set you for five and Thirty-fifth street, but the doctor was not at home, so he turned down by the best to the Park Avenue hotel, where he is living.

A nondescript band of music, consisting feet.

The Dey turn us out o' take arly in de mawnin'. There were hasty, horrible preparations.

De enemy dey hed mek a peart stan' on a "Now, nigger," said the determined voice hill fo' our faces an' eyes. We waz twice ez of one of the leaders, "if you've got anything

done fit! We brek deir lines at las, an we hoo'ep squar thu fem, an wat yo' tink' trust himself to speak. He was fighting boze fellehs dey torn right roun' in dey down a desperate impulse to cry out his trucks an' pitch into us agen. Dey wus secret, to beg them to be merciful for avenue. The traveling musicians were folgrity. I felt lek ch'erin' em. But Jimmanmy's sake, not to take his life. He lowed by about 100 men and boys. Memwe wag side an' side he was ten'in right. to business an jos mekin he muskit dance they waited five minutes, he must give way, and robbed at least two men when they got from one on to udder, he load an fire dat How dear his life, this muserable thing that one en' to udder, he load an' fire dat How dear his life, this muserable thing that down into the neighborhood of the Manhat-But pr'er soon his gun tumble right he loathed and scorned, how dear to him that Club house, where they overtook Admiral Erben. What followed was detailed

IT COMES HIGH. A Seat in the British Parliament as Costly

as a Senatorship. Gardner has represen You sut'inly do favor my Jim," she mur- trict of Cheltenham in the British Commons for fourteen years and has paid for that somewhat along in years, but I'm ready for a Presently she lifted her hands higher and privilege fully \$250,000. Baron de Ferrieres, fight when anybody's out for it. I taid one against either cheek and drew them who was his predecessor, is authority for the fellow by the thorat and hauled down, with a slow caress, until the left one these figures which are cripted with an with my list and hit him senare to the these figures, which are printed with ap- with my fist and hit him square in the eye. proval by the London News. For the regular political assessments it has cost Ageular political assessments it has cost Agg-Gardner some \$5,000 a year, his six elec-tions have figured up at least as much more \$20,000 in two attempts to unseat successful opponents, one in 1868 and one in 1880. At least \$2,500 a year more went in subscriptions pected to contribute. So far these items foot up \$155,000, but it is easy enough for the baron to account for the remainder of the \$250,000. It all went in making Age. put a few thousand pounds into a public

authorities by the politicians on the other side. The baron thinks that Agg-Gardner n in a good meny scrapes fo' dis an' come spent too much money. For himself he T soun'. Neber min' me." kept the seat six years and it only cost him "Come, mammy," said the jailer, and he \$30,000, which is quite a snug sum to pay. considering that a member of Parlin all his own expenses while attending at Westminster. Still the baron thinks that \$5,000 a year is not an extravagant price to pay for a seat in the Commons, but is cut down to one-half that amount. A thousand dollars subscribed each year to charities, \$500 to election expenses, and the remainder to the hunting fund and "extras" ought to make a member reasonably sure of re-clec-tion. Of course, says the Springfield Repub-

> the state same time ago," says Mr. W. Chald Chamberlain's Colle, Cholera and Diardoses of it completely cured me. Now I am a champion of that remedy for all stomach and bowel complaints." For sale by drug-

haron's \$30,000 and even Agg-Gardner's \$250,

SQUARE IN THE EYE. Admiral Erben's Plucky Encounter with a

Gang of Toughs.

Rear Admiral Henry Erben, U. S. N. (re-formance, tired), had a brief but vigorous encounter with a gang of toughs opposite the Manhattan club, on Fifth avenue, New York City, on Wednesday night last just after the rain, which had been keeping a steady

of negroes in the mob, and it was as tough a crowd of yahoos as you often meet.

"I was wearing this watch I now have and my watch chain was a cable gold one, completely encircling my neck. One of the rascals made a grab for the chain near the watch. The chain broke, and the watch came out of my pocket, dangling from one and of the broken chairs."

railled to his support. But he didn't raily worth a cent. Some one hit me on the neck from behind. I turned on him, then, re-membering that I had in my hand a pretty made a jab at the nearest man to me. I aimed right at his eye, but I didn't hit him. He was too close. Some one knocked the umbrella to one side. By that time some began to scatter. They all got away,

Mrs S. A. Kell of Pomona, Cal., had the eral liniments," she says, "but was not cur until I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm. Th remedy cured me and I take pleasure in re-commending it and testifying to its efficacy." This medicine is also of great value for theurisy and all deep-scated and muscular pains.

MONKEY TRICKS IN MIDAIR.

Hair Raising Performances of a Repairer

John William Mayman, an Englishman born in Lancashire, has for some time been at work repairing factory oblimneys in various parts of New England. He has been in this business for sixteen years, and has no idea of turning his attention to other work, notwithstanding the fact that his father and brother were both killed by falls from a great height. "Steepte Jack," as he is called, has traveled all over England and a good part of Europe repairing chimneys, spending a large income most of the time, but spending it freely. In one month recently he earned \$560, but only saved about a quar-ter of it, the remainder being spent fool-Mayman's nerve while engaged in lion to a chimney owned by the Smith Paper Company's mill, near Boston, The chimney is 130 feet high. Several planks had been drawn up and sheed across the top to hold material, and an iron rod had been put through the top of the chimney. One Sunday afternoon Mayman had been drinking and went to the top of the chimney to show how steady his nerve was. Taking a stout plank he inserted one end under the iren rod, letting the other end project into the air about eight feet. He first tried the plank with his foot; then walked slowly to the end, stooped, grasped the plank with both hands and stood on his head at the extreme end. All the spectators grew faint

Oregon Kidney Tea cures nervous head-

Medical lake, so-called on account of the

remedial virtues of its waters, situated on the great Columbian plateau, in Southern Washington, at an altitude of 2,300 feet above the level of the Pacific, is the Dead Sea of America. It is about a mile long and from a half to three-fourths of a mile in width, and with a maximum depth of about mixty

Alpine lake is almost identical with that of the Dead Sea of Palestine, and, like its of the Dead Sea of Palestine, and, the Oriental counterpart, no plant has yet been found growing in or near its edges. It is all but devoid of animal life, a spores of large but devoid of animal life, a spores of large

Oregon Kidney Tea cures all kidney trou-