## A Suffering Saint.

By Harriet Prescott Spotford, Author of "Marquis of Carabas,"

The river was sparkling, the boughs were got red of you. You can hev your ch'ice now aving, the bees were humming, warbles fell between Tom Brier an' the river—Oh, my head! my head! waving, the bees were humming, warbles fell from the topmest top of the sun-tipped pines scent of flowers and the laughing of children, and suddenly on all the sweet tranquillity came the barsh clang of a bell, a huge brass

"Oh, that poor, sufferin' saintf" cried Mrs. Mather, running to her window. "I declare of it ain't too bad! I do' no' how she ever stan's it! There they go, them fellers-I sh'd think they'd be ashamed to death!" And while she was exclaiming the man in his shirt sleeves in the opposite deoryard, with a white face and black and burning eyes and a tangle of uncombed hair, went on flourishing his great dinner bell over his head, ringing it with all his might; and half a dozen men, who had just thrown down their tools, were running to answer it. "Come on! Come on!" he shouted with a strange hourseness and thick articulation. "Come out, come out! Up with ye! Up with yel" And then a woman darted out of the house and skipped up on the horse block, half laughing, half crying, and tosping her

"It's a shame! It's a livin' shame!" cried Mrs. Mather, eagerly peering behind her sash curtain. "I declare I don't see why Humphrey Lavender don't fail dead, poor critter! And all them fellers gawking and gaping 'round. I sh'd think you'd have suchin' better to do 'ith yourself, Tom Brier!"

"Lord, Mis' Mather, 'taint my fault,' said
Tom, stopping a moment under the open
window to tie his shoe. "She wants us to.
She's ast us partic'ier. She says he's got to
be humored wien he hes the spells, she says.
She says it's her cross, an' his'n, toe. Lord'
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She says it's her cross, an' his'n, toe. Lord'
She says it's her cross, an' his'n, toe. Lord' 'taint our fault. I've got to go an' bid her in now," and he ran off post haste.

"Come now," cried Humphrey, still flour-fehing his bell about his blazing face. "Hurry up! I ain't no time to waste. Who'll bid on her? Here she is-ain't worth her weight in sawdust-who starts the bidding? tongue an' a little older than her teeth, an' her tongue's hung in the middle an' goes at Five cents. Jo Burns, your money's burning a hole in yer pocket, go. Do I hear ten? No sort of a wife—ten—ten -ten-fraggile, no account creetur. Ten, do you say-the price of a drink. Yes, she ain't wuth much, but she's wuth that. Speak up there! Ten, ten, do I hear fifteen? Who

bids fifteen for a blamed rag doll? I ain't a-takin' ye in—ye know her—ain't one re-deemin' trait—temper of the old boy—idle— shif'lese—you biddin', Tom Brier? I'm let-tin' her go for w'at she'll fetch, yes I be! Fifteen-twenty-goin'-twenty-am I offered twenty-five? By gorry, she won't fetch a quarter! Gons, at—twenty—to Tom Brier. An' you can take her now or hev her later!" And then the woman sprang from the block and ran into the house, as if she could not bear it one moment longer, and the men dispersed, and Humphrey pocketed his 20 cents.
"Taint enough to fill the jug," he muttered,
as he went into the house. "Guess I'll hev
ter rell her over agin."

"Here, dearie, you take this," said Saily, meeting him with a bowl into which she had hurriedly poured the contents of a skillet.
"Don't be a dearying me now," he said.
"It ain't a proper thing."

"Well, never mind all that. Just take this. It's beef and barley broth, an' I biled a pepper an' an yingin in it—it's real good an' nourishin'."

"Well," he said, "perhaps I will. You sin't no objec' now in makin' way with me, so I don't suppose you've ben a-tinkerin' it. so I don't suppose you've ben a-tinkerin' it.
I'll give some to the cat fust, an' ef nothin'
happens to her mebbe I'll take it."
"Oh. I wouldn't wait for that," she said,
following his restless walk with the bowl in

"You're altogether too familiar," he said, applied and drawing himself up, "considerin' "Sin it while it's good an' hot who you be. Tom Brier's made a fool of himself-20 cents for wa't warn't wuth any-

"He's all right," she said cheerfully.
"He's all right," she said cheerfully.
"Here, I'll take some of it myself." And
when she had taken a few spoonful and
when she had taken a few spoonful and held up the steaming, savory bowl, he looked at her a moment and swallowed the rest.

"Yes," he said. "That tastes good. You're
a master hand at a relish, Sally. But what
you do'n' here?" he added with a start and
a bewildered look. "You're Tom Brier's woman now."
"I guess." she said. "Tom ain't no place

for me yet. An' you've got to hav some one to ten' round, an' I might as well stop a spell."
"Well-jes' tell he sends for ye."
"Now you set down an' lemme brile ye

"Now you set down an' lemme brile ye this little lamb chop. It's real tender. An' here's a pertater bilin' hot—"

"No, I ain't no call to eat—"

"Ain't hungry?" stepping about briskly. "Yes, you be. An' a mealy pertater, with salt an' pepper, an plenty of fresh butter—" and she was preparing it as she spoke, for the table had been laid before the bell ring-ter and the gridleron was on the coals. ing, and the gridiron was on the coals.
"I do' 'no' 'bout this," he said, as the

"I do' 'no' 'bout this." he said, as the smoking chop was slipped on the plate before him. "It smells sort o' temptin'," he muttered. "Here, Ponto, you try a bite. No! We mustn't give the children's meat to dogs. You're sure it's all right, Sally?" with a wondering, wistful look.

"Sure's I be of sunrise!" And while he was picking the bone like a famished dog himself she was tossing a light, large pan-ceke and covering it with her peach sirup, and following it with another and another,

keeping the great cup of cocoa filled all the time beside him. The doctor had said he must be fed and overfed.

Then he leaned forward, his elbows on the table, and stared at the high sunny window table, and stared at the high sunny window where a little jug of buttercups and clover stood, and a bee buzzed and hummed. And his head fell between his hands, and she came and put her arms about it and brought it forward, so that it touched her shoulder. "You're real sleepy," she said. "You jes' go into the bedroom an' lie down an' git a nap, an' I'll cover you up—"

He put out his long arm, pushing her off with the open palm of his hand. "I'd like you to keep your distance," he said, raising his heavy-lidded eyes. "I know about morals, ef you ain't no princerple!" and he rose and moved majestically to the calleo

morals, ef you ain't no princerple!" and he rose and moved majestically to the calico covered lounge under the window and threw himself down upon it. "You there agin?" he said presently, as she pulled the curtain across the widow over him. "No business here," dropping off to sleep and waking again with a start to murmur: "'Taint proper," and then lost in some five minutes' again of a dream from which he sorters. vagary of a dream, from which he sprung hallowing, with an idea that he was drowning: "Take your han's off me!" he roared.
"You're a-chokin' me! I'll hev ye hung for
a witch yet!" And then the air was sulphurwitch yet;" And then the air was suiphur-us with a storm of eaths that curdled the lood of the little woman on the stool at is feet. He—her husband—a church mem-er! She hid her face in her arms, rocking o and fro, the tears overflowing. "I don't like to see ye cry, Sally. An' ou know it!" he said, stopping to gaze at er.

from the topmost top of the sun-tipped pines. There was a rap on the door, and then and cedars, the warm air was full of the a shadow fell through the little passage-way into the bright kitchen. "Oh, I forgot to bolt the door!" exclaimed Mrs. Lavender. "I'll be beand ye did!" cried Humphrey.

"The beind ye did: tried humphrey,
"Who's this a-comin' into folks' houses
'thout a by year leave!"

"It's me, Humphrey, it's-yes,-it's me,"
piped a high, thin voice with something an escapement midway of its utter-

"Oh, Mr. Hodge," exclaimed Sally, wiping chair that was clean before. "Come right in. Only you'll excuse us-Humphrey Isn'tisn't quite as well as—"
"Who be you?" cried Humphrey, "telling
him to set down in my house? An' you
ain't welcome here, a spyin' round Ivy
Hodge, an' you know it!"

"My dear—Humphrey—I—I really think you can't know what—yes, what you're assayin'," said Mr. Hodge, blandly, and taking the chaig. "A scelec'mon's welcome,—yes most anywheres." 'Ceptin' here," sold Humphrey, looking for his stick.

"How?" said Mr. Hodge. "I said excepting here, an' I ain't goin' ter hev you exchangin' looks with that woman, She don't belong here, no way thanks be to praise. I've allus kep' thin's respectable, an' of you've come to deal 'ith me as a church member, I don't stand in need of none of your dealin', and so good-day to ye!" And as Mr. Hodge did not go, he strode of himself through the open doorway. "Oh, Mr. Hodge," exclaimed Sally, breath-

lesely, "I must go, too-I can't let him off alone—"
"That's jest it, yes, I may say, jest it,"
said the selectman, with his short, dry cough,
"I—I came to see about, yes, about a—re-

"But, Mis' Lavender-it ain't-yes, it ain't only you, only you, I may say, an' him. It's, it's the community, yes, the community. Nobody's safe, so to speak, yes, nobody's safe with a crazy man loose—"
"Oh, he ain't crazy! He's only jest a little mite out'n his head. He never'd hurt a fly" she cried, hesitating on the point of one

foot, and, tying on her bonnet, hurried by, sunbeam slanting through her great brown eyes, lifted in their mild, pitiful appeal. 'He won't do nobody a harm as long's I'm near, an' I'm near every minute, an' it's most time for this spell to be over, an' I must take him his hat—he'll be so mortified w'en he comes to—an' he's the best, oh, he's the very best husban' any woman has w'en he's all himself—" "There, Mis' Lavender, don't now, don't get so, as I may say, excited. He's s-leanin'

onto the gate now, yes, quite quiet. Yes, an' you needn't, that is to say, you needn't worry none. I won't do nothin' 'thout your your co-operation. As long's you can, yes, control him-" "Mostly I can manage," she said, her

"Mostly I can manage," she said, her fingers shaking so she could not the her bonnet strings. "He's really—really—oh, he's fond of me—"

"Yes, I know, yes," said Mr. Hodge, taking up his hat and pouring out the bandanna to mop his face. "But I, don't you—yes—don't you think you would be happler, as you may say, safer, that is, yes, easier every way, if he was took care of—"

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" suddenly cried the little weman, covering her face with her hands, through which the tears spurted. "I can't bear another word! The dear Lord knows what I've borne already—w'en I first found it out—an' I couldn't believe it—I thought I was teched myself—but w'en I'd wake up I was teched myself—but w'en I'd wake up in the night with his han's at my throat—

and the baby, oh, the baby!"
"By gracious!" ctied the startled Mr.
Hodge. And he would have said "By
gracious!" again if he could have made up
his mind in season, when she took down
her hands, wiped her eyes and with scarcely
a trace of her tears looked out the door and smiled. His exclamation had restored her

"I shall have to leave you to lock up, she said, turning to Mr. Hodge with a pretty dignity and as if nothing had been said "We was goin' to take a walk to gether, my husban' an' me."
"Well," said Mr. Hodge, when he went

into Mrs. Mather's fore room, a room resplendent, with a picture of Captain Mather's three-master, the Man of Mull, under full sail and in a gilt frame, and with a portrait of the late captain himself that looked much as if the figurehead of his schooner might have sat for it, and where the pretty black-eyed mistress always braided her mats in the afternoons. "Well, I'm free, yes, free to confess I never, as

you may say jest w'at you please, Mr.
Hodge!' cried Mrs. Mather. "An' I'll say
it after you. For ef ever I see a sufferin' saint put upon an' no way to hinder, an' enough to make you doubt the ways of God "Or-or woman either, as it were-yes," said

Mr. Hodge.
"Which is jest w'at I mean! She's done everythin' she knowed how to keep it from gettin' out. An' w'en he's right agin she acts jest's though everybody'd forgot it! Forgot it! My land's I can look right into their house, an' w'en I see him flourishin' house, an' wen I see him flourishin' the ax roun' that baby a settin' on the ficor an' lookin' up an' laughin' into his face till he dropped it, or a-selzin' Sally by the hair of her head an' bendin' her head back, an' she a-lookin' at him with them great still eyes o' hern, patient as a dumb critter's, an' nothin' but a spark of the old love left in the midst of all his fury savin' her from destruction, an' nothin'

bein' done—
"But Mis' Mather—yes, Mis' Mather—
there's nothin' to do. She don't want him took up. An' that's all, yes, that's all the seelec'men are empowered, yes, as I may say, empowered to do. It—yes, it looks to me, Mrs. Mather as if you was, yes, as it were, a-blamin' the Lord more than the seelec'men,

"I don' but I be! But I do'no how the Lord can look Sally Lavender in the face. There—I've said it!"

There—I've said it!"

Mis' Mather, I—I shan't, so to say, yes, repeat w'at you've said. It—yes—in one point o' view does credit to your feelin's. But the Lord he—yes, as you may say, he rules the world his own way, yes."

'I do'no w'ether he doas or not. Humphrey Lavender ain't the first of his people on the mother's side that's ben beside their-selves, an' he wouldn't a' ben the last ef Polly'd ben spared. To look at that dear baby, with her little, rosy, smilin' face, a' squinntin' up her sweet eyes laughin' an' showin' her pretty white beads of teeth, an' to think she's got to go through the same thing—wal, ef there's anythin' makes you

thing—wal, of there's anythin' makes you doubt jestice—" "There ain't." said Mr. Hodge, taking up his hat and looking into it, lifting out the length of his handkerchief and putting it length of his handkerchief and putting it carefully back, "there—there ain't. I don't want no better, yes, argyment, for another life than the way, yes the way Sally Lavender's bein' trained for it, as you may say. An' ef it ain't the sperit of the Lord that makes her keep that madman from doin' her a mischief, then there ain't no sperit of the Lord. An' there is, Mis' Mather, yes, as you may say, there is."

her a mischief, then there ain't no sperit of the Lord. An' there is, Mis' Mather, yes, as you may say, there is."

"Oh, I—I can't help it!" she exclaimed.
"I sh'd think 'twas me thet made ye cry," he said, irresolutely. And he added under his breath, "instid of your own cussedness."

"Where's Polly?" he said presently, after standing a moment and staring into vacancy, as if trying to recall his poor wits. "That's what I want to know. Where's Polly?"

"She's well took care of. She's—she's better where she is while you—while you ain't feelin' so well," a little tremulous thrill in the sweetness of the voice.

"I'm puffickly well! Look at the dinner I've est. I never felt better in my life I could take ye down to the river an' drownd ye quick es I could a kitten."

"You couldn't drown a kitten, Humphrey."
He made a step toward me. "At least I could," he said, as she looked in his face with the tears still on her own, "ef you belonged to me. But being as you're Tom Brier's now—you're a pretty woman, Saily," he said, after looking at her a moment again.

"Ef you hedn't ben so blamed toppin' an' her a mischief, then there ain't her saft, the strips of her frughted in the Lord. An' there is, Mis' Mather, the strips of her rug braiding hanging limply over her fingers.

"I'don't that is to say, myself believe in no evil princerple. It's contrary, yes, to my idee of the power of God. Yes. But I sin't not rever spoke of it before, so to say; as it might be thought, yes, a little irreg'iar in a deacon. But being as we at lakin' kind of intimate—"

"You can say jest w'at you like here, Mr. Hodge. It won't never go no further. I'm real pleased to hev you speak your mind," snapped Mrs. Mather.

"Well, then, as I was a-sayin' yes, a sayin' it may seem, yes, it may seem singlar, but ef you allow the dectrines of free-will, Mis' Mather, then Humphrey Lavender's gran'thers are responsible, yes, in one way or another, for his, yes, his spells. But the reason he den't kill that baby wen he's a-flourishin' his ax, or don't, yes, as

gran'thers, yes."
"Mr. Hodge," said Mrs. Mather, leaning forward, a little breathlessly, "you are a

growing a little breathessiy, you are a good man."
"Yes—that is to say," replied Mr. Hodge, growing quite red and plunging for his handkerchief, "I—I try to be."
"You are!" she repeated, with emphasis.
But while the selectman and the pretty widow were discussing fate, freewill, fore-But walle the selectman and the pretty widow were discussing fate, freewill, fore-knowledge absolute, Sally Lavender was fol-lowing her husband through the by-paths of the river wood, the viewless feet of fear falling before her, and her tired eyes full of a horror of the she knew not what. At first it's Sally," he said, and relapsed into sience; and all the time he maintained his gigantic strides to keep up with which taxed her running powers. The wild smilax vines tangled her feet, the boughs he parted flew back and hit her face, a snake slipped hiss-back and hit her face, a sna back and hit her face, a snake slipped hiss-ing under her shoe, the briers caught and tore her gown, the thorns scratched her hands and her ankles, her feet were wet with the bogsy places through which they trampled, she took no heed of any of it, all her thought active only to follow her busband and keep him from doing himself a mischief. Sometimes he lingered a moment over a brown sunlit pool, and she hurried with all her poor strength. Sometimes he wound his way out of the wood and threw himself down on the steep brink of the river where a quick motion, a slipping foot, would end all; and she hurried again to sink down gently in the long grass and the nodding daisies beside him, and lay her hand on his arm, and wonder in a blind way at the in-difference of sky and water to her trouble. Then it was up again and tramp away. She had no joy of the soft waning afternoon, whose light she had many a time before thought like that which might chine across the hills of heaven; she had not even the blaze of the sunset; she did not feel the coming of the purple dewy dark, nor hear the wild lamenting of the whipporwils; and when, near midnight, in the hard, cold, shining moon, they reached their own door, she had no other sensation than that she must walk on forever.

She lighted the lamp mechanically. The broth she had left in the oven was still warm. The doctor had said, she repeated to herself again, that he must be made to eat; she poured him out a bowlful, and he took it ravenously, while she drank a cupful herself. And he ate the custard pie she put be-fore him with no idea what it was he ate his wide and burning eyes red, it seemed, with the fire in his brain. If only she could make him sleep! The doctor had said sleep would be his salvation. But when she had offered him any of the anodynes it had simply aroused his fury. She had hated to de-ceive him, but there was no help for it; she elipped a dose into the cocoa whose own slightly bitter taste disguised it. But just as he had taken the last of the cocoa he saw her putting the vial out of sight. "Don't you come near me with that poison stuff!" he shouted. "I'll pour it down your own throat if you do. Here! By king! I will any way!" And with a stride he had seized the vial in one hand and his wife's chin in the other, and in a minute the whole bottleful, and death with it, would have been her portion, for she could not escape the terrific grasp, she only could lift her hand and lay it on his shoulder in the way of an old caress. A shiver ran through him; he trembled at the touch; the vial slipped to the floor. "Here!" he cried, "Ain't you the woman I sold to Tom Brier once? What in nation you here for anyway? Git out o' this, neck and crop!" and he lifted her as if she had been a leaf and sent her flying through the door. Then he shot the bolt home and stalked into the edroom and tumbled as he was upon the

Saily Lavender lay on the grass where she had fallen, too tired to pick herself up, too wretched to know that she was tired. It was under the thick-leaved shade of the apple tree where no dew fell. Before she could gather what had happened she was asleep. She woke with a start when she had slept perhaps an hour, full of terror of something perhaps an hour, full of terror of something unknown, and which resolved itself almost instantly into something too well known. She was icy cold for half a moment, and then she was burning in a glow of indignation from head to foot. But as she wrung her hands the touch of her wedding ring centraled her like a talisman. "It isn't controlled her like a talisman. "It isn't him!" she sobbed. "He'd never do it in the world. It's the strings all for Mr. Newell, but was unable to find either jangling which ways. And, oh, it does seem truel—but I mustn't, I mustn't—an' he so he learned that Gibney had a brother-in-law good and gentle an' lovin', wen he's all there. An' I've said it—though he slay me, there. An' I've said it—though he slay me, yet will I trust in him—an' perhaps it's my rial—oh, dear Lord, help me to bear the burden, an' Lord, be merciful to him!" She rose after a while and went tiptoeing round the house; the lamplight streamed from the bedroom window, and climbing on the trellis, she looked in. Her heart gave a great plunge of joy—there he was on the bed in a deep sleep. She longed to get in, to loosen his necktie, to get his clothes off and make him comfortable. But the window was fast, and even if she could, it would waken him, and the sleep was too precious. He might wake at last, as he had done be-fore, all right, even if weak to extremity. Her heart yearned over him as a mother's heart yearns over a suffering child. She crept round to the doorstep, and sat there keeping guard. Ponto had gone off on a sheep raid with Prince Mather. The cat came and curled up on a corner of her

While she sat there the moon went down, red as a burning brand quenched in the river; the shadow folded about her like a garment. All the little house was still as death. The cool and dewy air was soft with the fragrance of the flowers that came to her in faint and honeyed wafts; a drowsy mist of stars hardly disturbed the darkness of the night. There was no sound but the lapping of the river, and now and then the village clock that tolled the hour, or the quick wrangle of some neighbor's clock through the open windows. Every once in a while she went round and looked in, and saw Humphrey still sleeping. A light wind came fluttering about her—the dawn had stirred in the night. As she sat upon the low step, not conscious of being tired or sleepy, only conscious of listening, it was all o sweet and still and solemn, it seemed as If the night itself were a communion and unknown force; its peace entered into her coul; she felt as though she leaned her head on the breast of her Heavenly Father. A little bird piped beside his nest; a trill answered it, all the unseen world was awake with wild music. Through the clear dark, across the water came the rhythmical rowacross the water came the rhythmical rowing of ears; she stole round again in tender
fright, but Humphrey was still sleeping. A
dream of light, rather than light itself had
interfused the dusk; it grew with slow pulse,
and welling till gray was gold and gold was
rose and rose was silver-blue, swelling like
the prelude to great music, as if day had
never been before. Everything was dripping and shaking and sparkling with devthe bright light breeze went rioting; no one stirred; she had the day as she had had the night, alone to herself. "The Lord's ben good to me," said Sally Lavender. "He's give me a real season of peace.' She waited till Tom Brier came along

whistling to his job. Size had never talked of her trouble; but she had sometimes asked help of Tom; and he brought a ladder 'round to the back of the house and held it and looked the other way while she found her way in at an upper window. Then she slipped down the stairs and closed the bedroom door and noiselessly lighted the fire and set the meat to simpler for his strong rich byoth, and washed and refreshed herself, and allowed herself a long, sweet slumber on the lounge. She crept, by and by, into the bedroom, where Humphrey still slept, although stirring now and then, and held a cup of broth to his lips, her arm under his pillow, and be drank it without unclosing his eyes. She gave it to him so twice or thrice during the day, and piece by piece, slowly, and at Humphrey had not seemed to notice her.
Then he shouted, "This way now," and "Come on, come on," and "I'll lead you a dance!" and then he turned his head. "Oh, it's Sally," he said, and relapsed into silence; and she took her own morrest of food, and said time he maintained his gigantic.

> enemy's army. All the village kept quiet about her door-friends and neighbors knew it was Humphrey's time for slumber now; the children's laughe and cries were far away; even the bees and birds made drowsy music. When far off in the twilight the whipporwils began to sing, she laid her own weary head upon the pillow, listened a mo-ment to the deep, calm breathing beside her,

> and fell asleep.
>
> It was in the dead of the dark that she phrey, "wife, I'm all right. Yes, I be. But I kind o' feel ez though I' ben dragged through seven cities, an' ez though you'd had a tug of it, too, Sally. Hev I ben abusin' of ye, mother? Was it one of the bad ones?" And Sally pressed her cheek closer. "There

the immediate use of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Singular Record of Mortality in New York Court Case. A slim, middle aged man walked into part of the court of general sessions the other day, says a New York dispatch. He was well dressed and modest in bearing, but his appearance seemed to strike terror to the heart of every court official who saw him.

"Here comes the fatal case," whispered Officer Peter Seaman to Captain Curry of the court squad and both hastily disappeared in the ante-room of the judge's chambers. Judge Cowing saw the man appreach and sank in his seat until his head was barely visible. Assistant District At-torney Barlow S. Weeks grew pale and began to shake as though he had the chills. The man walked up to him and handed him a subpoena.

"No, I won't touch it. Take it away," ex-claimed Mr. Weeks, The mysterious stranger smiled and with-drew, and the court resumed its proceedings. Outside the corridor heltold the remarkable story of the case of the "people against Newell," or "the fatal case," as it is known in the district atterney's office, from the fact that everybody who has had any active connection with it during the past eight years, whether layman, lawyer or judge, has died. Everybody, that is, with but two ex-ceptions. The stranger is one of the two survivors. He is Brian G. Hughes, a manufacturer of paper boxes in Center street.
According to his story, the "hoodoo" of

months after their first conversation.

ceman James Gerow and Patrick English of the Elizabeth street station were the men who arrested Newell, but were afterward transferred to the Tombs police squad. Gerow has since died, and the late Police Justice Solon B. Smith, who died about a year ago, was the magistrate before whom Newell was arraigned. Policeman English and Mr. Hughes are the sole survivors of

Mr. Hughes was okating in Central park last Wednesday, when his office boy walked out on the ice and handed him the envelope containing the latest subpoena to come to court. While he was reading it a reckless skater struck him in the back and threw him a distance of twenty feet. His shoulder was dislocated by the fall, and he had to put himself under a doctor's treatment. It was in response to this subpoena that he went to court.

went to court.

Mr. Hughes is far from being frightened or depressed at the results of his connection with the "fatal case." He is a leading member of the Thirteen club and believes that his currection with that organization has "hoodood" the "hoodoo" of the fatal case.

"My friends," he said, "are all advising me to pay the \$100 bail money to the city and end the slaughter, but it doesn't worry me any, and I suppose I'll get subpoenas at regular intervals until my turn comes, for all of the first district attorneys are afraid to have anything to do with the case."

and whom, while her heart half broke with love and longing, she had been glad to lay away before the trouble could come upon

awoke with two arms about her, and a rough cheek resting on her own, a rough cheek wet with tears. "Wife," whispered Humthere," she laughed and cried, "'Twarn't nothin' at all to speak of!"

One bottle will cure you.

DEATH IN ITS TRAIL.

the fatal case began its work July 8, 1888, when Matthew J. Newell, a bartender, was arrested for violating the excise law. Newell was afterward indicted and held in \$100 bail. Mr. Hughes was requested to go on his bond by James R. Kelso, the superintendent of markets and collector of city revenue, who had formerly been chief of police. The man who carried the measage for Mr. Kelso was named Coop. He field at few weeks later, and was followed by Mr. Kelso, who died November 26 ber 26, 1888.

named E. J. McManamy, living in Kaneas City. He wrote to Mr. McManamy, asking for information about Newell or Gibney, and in reply received a letter saying that both McManamy several months later, asking for more details about the death of Newell. He was answered by Nicholas McManamy, a brother of his former correspondent, who in formed him that the latter had died since the receipt of his first letter. Mr. Hughes soon after received another subporns to appear in court. He went to Assistant District At-torney Gunning S. Bedford to explain mat-ters. Mr. Bedford sympathized with him in his dilemma, but told him he would have to produce proof of Newell's death before he could be released from his bond. Mr. Bed-ford died fifteen days later. Then Mr. Hughes interested former Coroner Henry Woltman in the case, and the latter promised to aid him, but died before he accomplished anything. John Kerrigan, an excise inspector, was the next man Mr. Hughes appealed to for assistance. Kerrigan died within a few

to have anything to do with the case.

Don't invite disappointment by experimenting. Depend upon One Minute Cough Cure and you have immediate relief. It cures croup. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results.

Quaker Wisdom.

"Age and wedlock bring a man to his nightcap," but Quaker Oats makes his sleep re-freshing.



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WOLF A PASTOR'S PET.

Brought Up on a Bottle and is a Regu-lar Church Attendant. A wolf has crept into the fold of the John Hans Presbyterian church, on East Seventyfourth street, relates the New York Journal. It has not come in sheep's clothing, but in a dark, shaggy coat. Its presence in the flock does not seem to occasion the least anxiety; in fact, it has become a universal pet and favorite with sil. The wolf is the pet of Rev. Vincent Plack, pastor of the church. This peculiar pet was born on a western prairie, but when he was a very small cub, and before he had grown fierce enough to be dangerous, he was captured and transported to the quiet church parson age. Since then the religious influences of his surroundings have completely converted him. He has put away nearly all wolfish things, and at the present day is leading a quiet, exemplary life, and often attends both the church and Sunday school. It is said he sleeps through the sermons.

The wolf was born a heathen. Both of his parents lived and died on the open prairie Mr. Pisek, while on a hunting trip in the west, shot the parents of Mr. Wolf and captured their cub. He brought the little orphan home with him, and a new life at once began for him. He was given a milk diet which agreed with him very well, and in time it began to influence his character. In stead of growing up to be snarling and ferocious, his manners became mild and gentle soon became accustomed to his civilized home, and enjoyed the rich carpats he walked upon and the warm blankets he sept in every night. Mr. Pisek, in bringing up the woll in his own fold, has been very careful to keep his young charge out of bad company. In the summer time Mr. Wolf changes his residence to his master's summer home at

Lake Hopatcong. This move is always very welcome to Mr. Wolf. He is allowed to run at large about the woods. As a result, however, he is constantly meeting with very curious adventures. The summer idlers throughout the section are very fond of shooting. The woods afford very little opportunity for the sport, but it has happened a score of times that Mr. Wolf has been chased and fired at over and over sgain by those amateur hunters, who become greatly excited at the sight of such wild game. Mr. Wolf has barely gotten away during several of these affairs with a whole skin. He is very nimole of foot, however, and soon cludes an experienced hunter. The pet wo'f has also often aused great consternation by appearing suddonly before picnic parties or parties alone in the woods. The appearance of his sharp little nose has often broken up a party and caused them to run wildly from him, al-though his intentions were undoubtedly friendly. On one occasion two girls who were rowing on the lake spied Mr. shore and were afraid to land for several hours for fear of encountering the supposedly feroclous animal, which followed them along

the bank to play with them.

It can be understood that Mr. Wolf makes a very valuable watch dog, or, rather, watch wolf. His appearance on the scene always causes a tramp or beggar or book agent to leave without making more inquiries. His latest adventure was to conceal himself behind the pulpit of Mr. Pisek's church one Sunday morning. The services were well way, when Mr. Wolf suddenly stepped out from his place of concealment and stood on the pulpit platform, facing the congrega-tion. The terror of the latter lasted for several moments, during which Mr. Wolf, with much dignity, marched down the pulpit steps and through the aisle to the outer door.

J. W. Pierce, Republic, Id., says: "I have used One Minute Cough Cure in my family and for myself, with results so entirely satisfactory that I can hardly find words to ex-press myself as to its merit. I will never fall to recommend it to others, on every occasion that presents itself "

In Those Good Old Days. Maine's oldest inhabitant comes to the front with another prohibition story. "Talk about drinking in these days," he said the other day, "why, when I was a boy I knew an old fellow who used to carry around with him, strapped most of the time to his back, a little wooden keg filled with New England rum, from which he took frequent drinks,

A MAN CAN'T WORK.

Comfort Any Way But One-Pyramid Pile Cure Will Cure Him, Give Relief at Once-Never Known to Fail.

Just a little pain may so distract a man's mind that it will cost him hundreds of dol-Life is a battle. To succeed one needs all his energies and all his brain force to apply to the question at hand. Even a corn will make him irritable, cross, angryand an angry man seldom succeeds. The trifling pain of a corn is a pleasant feeling beside the agonizing ache of piles. That

is a pain which seems to pervade the whole body. It communicates itself to all the parts near the seat of the trouble and brings on a heavy, dragging feeling in the peri-Those who have never so suffered neum. do not know what it means. It racks the nerves, prevents sleep, prevents concentrated thought and makes a man lose flesh as fast as he would with a virulent fever.

And yet piles are looked upon as a little thing. They are neglected—sllowed to run on from month to month and year to year. By and by comes a dangerous surgical operation. Maybe it cures—maybe it kills.

There is only one sure, safe and quick cure for piles. It is the Pyramid Pile Cure. It is a recent discovery and its properties are such that it cleanses, soothes and heals the inflamed parts, reduces the inflammation at once and with continued treatment removes all swelling and all trace of the dis-ease. It puts the membranes in a healthy, active condition and cures completely and

permanently.
From C. F. Collins, Garnett: I commenced using the Pyramid Pile Cure and my case using the Pyramid Pile Cure and my case was so bad I thought the remedy was going to fail in my case, but before I had used two-thirds of one package I began to feel much better, and can honestly say I am entirely cured. It is the quickest and surest remedy I have ever tried or heard of.

From Josiah Roberts, Port Oram, N. J.: Just one-quarter of a package of the Pyra-mid Pile Cure did wonders for me and I have lost no opportunity of recommending such a great remedy. From Wm. McHale, Rockport, Mass.: One

From Wm. McHaie, Rockport, Maes.: One package of Pyramid Pile Cure has helped more than anything I have yet used.

Pyramid Pile Cure is sold by druggists generally. If yours doesn't keep it he will get it for you if you ask him. Book on cause and cure of piles ent free. Address Pyramid Drug Co., Albion, Mich.



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THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.

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A New Story from "Uncle Remus"

Aaron (so named) **TheSonofBenAli** 

Told by His Friends and Acquaintances.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

This story began publication Feb. 2. To run six weeks. Illustrated by Oliver Herford.

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.

## Keeps Men Poor.

The clerk might be "boss" if he had the head for it. The brains are there, but they don't seem to work. The trouble is often in the stomach. Indigestion keeps men poor because they don't know they have it, but imagine something else. Ripans Tabules insure sound digestion and a clear head.

