

JOY AND PAIN.

If there was never any storm or rain. Fair days would come to be rare and sweet. It is when fainting on the dusty street. We mind all of the woods; all then we fall. We would not know the shadows come again. We long for Winter, when the wild storm beats.

THE ALIBI.

Jem Blake was shot dead in his own doorway by Antonio Gueldo and the trial was to come off directly. The extraordinary interest in the affair was less due to the murder and its peculiar circumstances than to the fact that this was the first case tried at San Saba in any more formal court than the time-honored institution of Judge Lynch.

As there was no place specially arranged for the trial, Judge Pittblado hospitably offered the use of his shed. Here a rough table and chair were placed for the judge, the other necessary furniture, intended to represent the dock, the stand, etc., being eked out with boxes from Silas Baggett's grocery store.

Jake Smith looked at these preparations for a time with frowning discontent and then strolled down the road. When he reached the door of the shanty he leaned against the jamb and poked his naked head inside, fanning himself in an embarrassed way with his greasy fragment of a hat.

Blake's widow sat there, as she had pretty much all the time since the murder, staring straight before her, with her chin in her palm. The sunlight struck through the foliage of the red oak trees that grew before the door, and checked with the flickering brightness the floor and cradle in which Jem's baby was sleeping.

There it was, just as it had been three days ago (could it be only three days?)—just as it had been when she went out that morning to look after the drying clothes and left him standing in the door by the fire. How fond he was of the baby! Just as it was when she heard the crack of the pistol and ran in with an awful sense of suffocating fright—just the same as when she had found him lying upon the cradle, dabbling its white linen with his blood and the baby playing with his hair.

Antonio Gueldo arose with an insolent grin and picked up his hat. The baby howled, for it saw the glittering thing again. There was a sharp report—Antonio pitched forward in a heap upon the floor and Blake's widow stood with the pistol pressed to her breast.

Blake's widow looked steadily at the figure on the floor—it was quite motionless; then she turned and went through the wide passage opened for her by the silent crowd, holding the baby very tenderly. The child laughed with delight; it had got its shining plaything again.—Detroit News.

At which she took pains to distract its attention with a child from the floor. As for the baby, it sat there with its big blue eyes open to their fullest extent, entirely absorbed in the novel scene, save at the moment when that irresistible glitter caught its eye.

Every one being now present, the trial went on in good earnest. A number of witnesses were examined, whose testimony showed that Gueldo had had trouble with Blake, and more than once threatened his life; that Gueldo's pistol was one charge empty on the evening of the day of the murder, whereas in the morning it had been full; that he was seen that morning around Blake's house, and more than that, Blake's widow had heard Gueldo's voice just before the fatal shot, and had seen him retreating as she ran out.

At this last point the Galveston lawyer asked the witness a few questions regarding how she knew it was Gueldo's, and how she had recognized the voice for his. She didn't know how exactly, but was none the less sure for that.

There had been a rumor about that some one had heard Antonio make a boast of "having done for Blake this time," but if there were a witness for this he could not be found now. And so the prosecution closed.

The Galveston lawyer began by involving in a whirlpool of helpless contradiction the witness who had sworn to having seen Gueldo near Blake's house. Then he expatiated on the case with which one person may be mistaken for another, and brought a witness to show how Gueldo had already been said to resemble some one in the village. Finally he produced three of the ill conditioned fellows before referred to, who swore that Antonio was with them on a hunting expedition during the whole of the day on which the murder was committed.

It was a clear case of alibi. Jake Smith's astonishment at the ease with which the thing had been accomplished was unbounded. He threw a disgusted look toward Pittblado, but the judge was nonplussed and didn't seem to be interested with things in Jake's vicinity.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "the verdict took a turn I didn't altogether expect. I don't know as there's much to be said. I suppose you've got to go by the evidence, as that don't need any explaining. If you can make out, according to that, that Antonio Gueldo killed Jem Blake, why, just recollect that that's what yer here for."

Jake Smith fidgeted about on his box and cast anxious glances through the open door toward the clump of nopals where the jury was deliberating. Antonio talked and laughed in an undertone with his counsel, and Blake's widow sat staring at them with compressed lips and a strong expression of determination coming into her face.

It wasn't long before the jury filed in again, all seating themselves but the spokesman, and Judge Pittblado rose, wiping his forehead with his shirt sleeves. "Straightened it out, have yer?" asked he, nodding to the spokesman.

WOMAN. Glory to her advent! Glory and advancement! Till we from earth discover, Angel who is to bless!

The last great death defeat! To yield a beating hand! To stand amidst the green as in yonder morning land!

Five hundred dollars for carpets! And yet the house was one of the smallest and the cheapest one of the richest. How monstrous it was to find every floor covered with Brussels or Wilton!

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True Pathos. Four long years had Jack, the sailor, been away, and his ship was reported "lost, with all on board."

Work for Which Women Are Peculiarly Adapted and Which is Well Paid. In this world of suffering many find their life work beside the couches of the sick and dying.

There is a demand for this sort of knowledge and it is profitable from a financial standpoint. Trained nurses receive good wages, the most profitable field of work being the large cities.

How Women Should Bathe. Everybody thinks, of course, that she knows how to bathe. And some people do. That certainly must be allowed.

How to Help a Minister to Preach. It is astonishing how dull religious audiences, as a rule, look. In lecturing halls you see people with eyes wide open.

It has long been a popular opinion that tobacco is an antidote to cholera. Professor Vincenzo Tassinari, of the hygienic institute of the university of Pisa, has made some very interesting experiments on the supposed germicidal virtues of tobacco smoke.

Every new treatment, every fresh drug, every medicine that is discovered is one more drop from the great ocean of knowledge segregated that we may study it for the benefit of mankind.

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Child Government. The question of the government of little children is a vexed one. A great many parents seem to think that baby should grow up to have her own will and continue to be a law unto herself until some indefinite time, when she infringes so far on the rights of those around her as to necessitate repression.

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Complications of the Grip. The most serious complication of the grip is acute bronchitis. This may appear early or late. The breathing becomes rapid and difficult. A spasmodic cough is almost constant. The expectorations are glairy and tenacious.

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