# THE HONEST MAN.

(D)

ncers

he man who brooks no vile art, counterfeit, whose soul is pure without, who humbly stands carching gaze of earth and heaver is, whom angels guard and wait ye the signal to convoy the skies, who calm can face i front of death, but will not break tod troth with truth-aye, honor him oble thine own struggling soul. -N. W. Raud.

# UNDER ADVISEMENT.

Away out west a man was about to a hauged. It will not do to be very exation is not yet settled. The man's thing off till after the noon bell, but I ame may pass as Peter Williams, which altogether unlike what it really is. As to the place, let it stand at San Tona, in Orefornia. That the man deved hauging there is no valid doubt, jough his excuse for the crime kept he jury out a whole summer's after-He had made quite a little pile m the sale of an improved smelting fist, was slipped back of the ear, the cess to the Python copper mine, getag about 1 per cent of what the invenion was worth, and turning from the press office into the Silver Palace sasn, which was conveniently near, he asked everybody to drink. All but one man stepped forward. That man was

the victim. "I asked him to drink like a gentlesaid Williams in his defense, and when he wouldn't even take a cigar I said he should take something ayway and flung the whisky bottle at

Unfortunately the whisky bottle was decanter weighing something less than en pounds, and it cracked the man's skull like a last season's batternut.

What puzzled the jury was whether a refusal to drink with a man celebrat- ed the center of the trapdoor. ing his luck could be construed into suffijent provocation until one juryman happened to recollect that the offending hat is, the refusing-party was deaf and blind. That settled it, and the verjet of murder in the first degree was brought in two minutes after.

Well, the man was about to be hanged, very quietly, too, for with excellent insiness tact the Python copper mine had made this its pay day. Padre Gombrillo was in the murderer's cell saying a few prayers in Spanish Latin, the other lergyman of San Topaz, a Methodist, being a timekeeper in the smelting office m weekdays. Williams was tugging at new pair of red topped boots, and Sheriff Stephen Winslow was leaving his office for the scaffold, when the postmaster's little daughter brought a letter addressed to the prisoner, in care of the postoffice. Winslow weighed the letter in his hand for a few moments, pondering whether there was any use bothering Williams with correspondence when his address would soon be the dead letter office. Being a man of much origiality of action, he opened the letter, and he read it his red face grew redder, and when he had finished it he smote

the office table until the old crack in it ran an inch. "Well, I'm jing swizzled," he cried. And well he might be, for the letter was from a firm of lawyers in Troyhany, N. Y., informing Williams of the death of his uncle, J. Cannon Piece; also of the existence of a will, by the terms of which he was left the old man's property, valued at something near 600,000, the property to go to his chiltren born in wedlock, if he had any, and to his brother Matthew if he died without legitimate issue.

Winslow's face grew positively purple with the blood forced into his head by hard thinking. Williams a millionaire and to be hanged inside of an hour

get the rope and fix the coroner. He's pretty nigh drunk anyhow, and has been Williams, wrapped in a big storm coat for a week, and another horn or two with a little red popper into them will up to his cars. knock him so he won't know your foot from your nose. And that Weekly Roundup feller has got to keep outside

the railing." In less than a quarter of an hour the sheriff was back with the rope.

"Doc's all right, " he said, "although he'd like to have choked on that last drink, and I told Bill Hepburn, who's assisting me, that you'd made a last dying request that the noose and can was heir. put on in here, together with the straps, Now, then, off with your coat lively. I at as to names or localities because the sorter promised the boys I'd hold this

> guess not now." The details of the sheriff's ingenious plan had better be omitted, except to delicate and distressing story. The say that they included a running loop under the prisoner's shoulders, and a turn of the rope from the neck down and under this and up again to the noose. Then the knot, as big as your

coat replaced, the cap pulled well down everywhere save in front, and the straps buckled on "Now, Williams," said the sheriff, 'I've got to hear that oath once more.' "You will not, then," said Williams

thickly from under his cap. "It blistered my tongue too badly when I said it. I'll stand to it, though, and I never broke my word, fair nor foul.' "All right," said the sheriff, "I'll

trust you. Now, Pete, I don't say that the fall won't jar you some, and jar you pretty had, but it won't break nothing, and all you've got to do is to play dead.

Now I'll get the padre and Jim. "Hats of, gentlemen," said the sheriff, when the shuffling figure had been

moved on to the chalk cross that mark-Every hat came off, although, owing to the presence of a few Arequipas, there were not as many hats as persons The padre turned aside and dropped his stick of chocolate into the looseness of his sleeve. The sheriff moved his hand, his deputy drew his knife across the bolt string, and the five feet of slack rope tautened and hummed like a steamer's last dock hawser.

"Neck broken, I guess, doc," said the sheriff. "Complete fraxr of shekond sherr'l-

bree-shekend sherr'l vert'bree, Mr. Sher'fbree-Mr. Sher'f," said the coroner, turning Williams' wobbly head with spasmodic fingers. So it was recorded

"Shay, sher'f," said the coroner, with a gravely confidential air, "if 'sh no claim for sh' body shend round to me. Mos' stronery case of 'neurism the norta ever met with. K'n feel it all 'cross 's chest, right through 'sh closh. "All right, doc," said the slee ff. 'T'll do so. ''

But next morning he told the coroner that late at night he had thought better of his promise, as he had taken kindly to the boy during his imprisonment, and so had quietly removed the body out to the cemetery and buried it, with his Indian constable's assistance, in the

grave that had been dug for it. The execution took place on July 16th, and on the 81st the sheriff put his deputy in charge, announcing that his nephew had come in from Pestilence Vale, "terrible sick with the chills," and that he was "going to take him down to tidewater." And in truth that very evening he drove over to the Pacific and Atlantic railroad with his

nephew by his side, all huddled up in blankets, although the day had been hot enough to cook eggs in the open. It took the sheriff and Williams ten

days to reach Troybany, while the with difficulty, the catch in his voice

He was, and with him came Peter of the law and made a lying return, of the sheriff's, with the collar turned

Mr. Wolfe of the local law firm made a statement of the decease of J. Cannon Piece, of the drawing up and filing of his will, read it aloud-it was a very short document-and then asked that the status of Matthew Williams, here present, be duly recorded as residuary gatee owing to the decease without gitimate issue-or any other so far as nown-of Peter Williams, the original

"You are prepared to present the proper proofs of the decease of Peter Williams, I suppose?" asked the judge. "Certainly," was the reply. In do-

ing so, Mr. Wolfe regretted to say, they would be obliged to introduce a very young mun, Peter Williams, it appeared, had been his uncle's favorite nephew, but had quarreled with him, had gone out west, and there, passing from one excess to another, had finally, in a drunken passion, taken the life of a fellow being in the town of San Topaz, in the state of Orefornia, for which crime he had suffered the extreme penalty of the law. Documentary evidence in the shape of a transcript of the trial and all of the requisite official attestations of the execution would be presented by

an attorney-at-law of San Topaz. In ad dition to which-by what they could only regard as a providential coincidence-the sheriff of San Topaz was in court at that very moment. Then Lawyer Belford was introduced

and read from the transcript of the trial the personal statement under examination of the younger Williams as to his name, age, place of birth, etc., and read also the sheriff's return for the execution, the coroner's certificate of death and the "dull thud" paragraph of The Weekly Roundup.

"We place these in evidence," concluded the lawyer, "although they are almost superogatory in view of the presence here of the sheriff of San Topaz, whom I shall now ask to take the stand." The witness chair creaked as Sheriff

Winslow settled his huge bulk between its arms. "Your name is Stephen Douglas Winslow, and you are sheriff of San To-

paz, Orefornia, I believe?" said Law-yer Belford, smiling pleasantly at his fellow townsman. "I am-to both questions."

"You were officially present at the execution of Poter Williams on the 16th day of July of this year?" "I was."

"This certified copy of your return of the execution is correct in every particular, is it not?" "It's a k'rect copy." "You took quite an interest in the

unfortunate young man, I understand, Mr. Sheriff, and personally attended to the disposal of the remains?" "Waal," said the sheriff, slowly spreading himself over the back of the

chair, "there's a young man here who can answer that question better than me. Lawyer Belford evidently did not ex-

pect this answer, for he hesitated a moment. "Put the young man on the stand by all means," said Mr. Wolfe.

Then the sheriff led the muffled young man to the chair and stood beside him

while he was sworn. "What is your name?" asked Belford, glancing curiously at the witness. Before replying the witness slowly turned down his coat collar, and then,

wheeling around in his chair, said,

cannot possibly have the faintest weight in this court. It would be the

testimony of a self confessed perjurer indulging in cumulative perjury. Wo are even willing to admit that such a plot was concocted and that it was carried to a successful issue, but that does not in the very slightest degree affect the legal fact of the demise of the late Peter Williams as sworn to in every requisite formality. It comes to just this, your honor: Physically Peter Williams may be alive, but legally be is dead, looking one. and legally, too, Matthew Williams is therefore the only heir."

"Humph!" said the judge, with a faintly marked twist at the corner of his mouth. "Your statement, Mr. Wolfe, puts a very curious aspect on affairs. I will take the matter under advisement. And he has it under advisement yet. -Thomas J. Vivian in Short Stories.

## The Glory of Trees.

The national pride of America in its giant trees is well founded. If the giants of our own woods appeal to us as an embodiment of magnificence, what must be the impression created by this hall of columns, in which each equals in height the spire of a cathedral and has stood through ages of whose duration the years of the oak are an inconsiderable fraction? These California giants lack one element of impressiveness. They have no associations other than those which their size conjures up. Human fancy has never played with their mighty forms. So far as is known

no human eyes have watched the ages of their growth. They have no place in the story of nations. They have built no temples and furnished no navies. They have no place in story. They were found alone in the wilderness, as the Siberian fur hunter found the ice cased mammoth, in a world of their own. To the mind of the educated west the groves of the cedars of Lebanon would appeal more strongly than the groves of the Sierra Nevada. The bulk of the one could not outweigh the associations of the other. But to the primitive no tions of eastern peoples the giant tree makes a direct appeal not only for respect, but for worship. Whatever departs from the ordinary course of nature strikes them as the immediate work of God and one which necessarily preserves something of the divine .- London Spectator.

#### Two Famous Old Apple Trees.

The decayed stump is all that remains of the famous "mother tree," the oldest known specimen of the Rhode Island Greening. A few rods southwest of the old limekiln on the northern verge of Fruit Hill, on Frederick W. Winsor's farm, stands a younger tree. Mrs. Winsor's great-great-grandfather, Nehemiah Smith, planted the mother tree, of which the other is a limb wrenched while loaded with fruit from the parent stock, during King George II's reign, in 1748, and was therefore 141 years old when it was cut down in 1889-90, and its life from

the seed must be nearly 150 years. The present tree, "the daughter tree," so called, is a limb of the mother trunk and was broken off in the September gale of 1815, and which, from an elbow thrust into the moist, rich soil, took root and became independent. F. M. Perry of Canandaigua, N. Y., a famous nurseryman and pomologist, pronound ed the fruit of these trees the finest of the Greening family and procured hundreds of scions from the stock to introduce into New York and the middle states -- Providence Journal.

The Bottomless Pit.

A wonderful natural cavern was discovered in Lafayette county, Ga., in 1891. It has the usual comp TIGUE ( "rooms, " "galleries," "domes." 'pits, " etc., but its sole title to being somewhat out of the ordinary in the cavern line is a well-like abyes in one of the rooms, which, as far as any one knows, may once have served as the gness, Mr. Belford," said Williams, chimney of hades. It is known locally as "the bottomless pit." Stones of large size have been thrown into it with a hope that they would be heard to strike bottom after awhile; but, according to be. Howdy, Mat? Sorry for you, old reports, "there were no reverberating sounds borne back to the ear by which its enormous depth could be gauged.

#### DRAWBACKS OF A BLACK EYE. FOR LITTLE FOLKS. It Inspires Humor and Brings Varied Mis

The Aut Eater.

A strange looking creature is the ant eater. His name describes his habits, and nature seems to have designed him for exactly the work which he performs. He opens ant hills and kills, by making his dinner of them, all of their inhabitants. He is certainly a useful animal, although a most unpleasant and peculiar

He resides in Brazil. Perhaps he lives there because auts and ant hills are there in plenty, or perhaps the ants and ant hills are put there because he lives there to exterminate them, for ants are terrible pests in that hot country. They swarm through the houses and eat everything which comes in their way. Clothes, books and furniture, wool, paper or wood, even to the beams of the houses, are not safe from destruction by these terrors. And so, of course, the animal

who lives but by destroying them is considered a most necessary friend. He has curious long, sharp claws,

with which he tears open the ants' homes. He has a very long nose, half as long as his body, and he can poke it far into the anthouses in his search for food. And he has a very long, slender and sticky tongue, which he darts in and out very rapidly, catching up with it dozens, perhaps hundreds, of ants at every motion.

Another odd thing about him is his tail. It is a bushy one, covered with long gray hair. It looks like a monstrous gray mat, and when he lies down it covers him up completely, serving the excellent purpose of keeping him warm and helping to conceal kim. He makes his home in the woods, and it is usually at night that he prowls about, devouring a few million ants in the course of his search for enough dinner .- New York World.

### The American Girl Abroad.

There has lately come over the seas a little story about a little Washington girl and the Kaiser Wilhelm. Miss Bertha Brodt, the daughter of Mr. William Brodt of this city, was recently sent to Germany to complete her education in the language of her parents' fatherland. She is not yet "sweet 16," but the adjective goes just as well a year younger. The German emperor was out with a hunting party and passed the school at Neidrefenow, near Berlin, where Miss Brodt and the rest of the schoolgirls were drawn up to see the royal party pass. All of the girls had nosegays of flowers, and when the emperor passed down the line the little American girl of the party stepped out, and with a smile offered him her bunch of posies. The kaiser was probably as much surprised as any one else at such a greeting, but to his credit be it said that he did not lose his royal presence of mind, and returning Miss Brodt's greeting in English took the flowers and bowed down and kissed her, saying that he was glad to have gained so sweet a subject, even for so short a time. And then he rode away, leaving all the rest of the girls wondering why it had not occurred to them to offer the emperor their nosegays. -Washington Post.

The Pussy Cats' A B C.

Pussy cats upon a bench, Studying from a book. Calls the teacher: "A B C "ABC. Pussy cats, now look A B C upon the board, In the book as well.

ery Upon Ha Owner. Unfortunate indeed is the lot of the roung man with a black eye. In addiion to the fact that it is black and will prevent his appearance in respectable society for a time are the many explanations which he has to invent for the curious who want to know how he got

it. Then he has to stand no end of bantering, insinuating smiles, hypocritical sympathy and the stares of men, women and children wherever he goes.

The young man in this case got his black eye in the manner in which the general public believes 999 ont of 1,000 black eyes are received-that is, from the fist of another young man delivered straight out from the shoulder. At the time he received it there was no means of relief at hand, and he was in no condition to seek it after receiving the blow that began a new course in astronomy for him. So he went home and content. ed himself with applying heated cloths to it for the rest of the night. He lived in a boarding house, and when he went down to breakfast in the morning he wore a handkerchief bound tightly around his head, so as to conceal the black eye. This did not prevent the

boarders from inquiring in unison: 'Where did you get the black eye?' The young man flushed crimson, and

as he looked around the grinning crowd he saw that he would have to tell a pretty straight story.

"I don't know whether it's black or not," he stammered, "although it feels as if it was. You see, I got in late last night and in the darkness stumbled against the hatrack. I didn't like to wake anybody up and just put some hot water on it.

"Why didn't you hit the hatrack first?" asked one of the skeptics. "I tried to, but"-

"The scoundrel got the drop on you," put in another boarder.

"Well, he did, but"-

"I suppose he's got a pair of em, ch?" "Well, there's no use denying it, fellows," whispered the young man. "I did have a run in with a gang, but they were five to one, and after I had knocked three of them down the other two got at me, and that ended it. Say, what's good to take it right away?"

"Let's see it," demanded the boarders, and the young man was forced to undo the bandage. He disclosed a swollen mass of flesh on the right side of the face, which rivated a Thanksgiving football field for coloring. In the center a guilty little pupil of an eye flashed, surrounded by the crimson of Harvard. Shading off on the cheek was the orange, surmounted by black, emblematic of Princeton, while the blue of Yale was predominant. "A symposium of college colors,"

cried one of the boarders. Suggestions for relief were then in order.

"Try a piece of raw beef," was one. "Or a raw oyster," was another. "Hot water and extract of witch ha

zel. "Epsom salts and hot water will take the bloodshot out of the eye."

"Have it painted." "No, have it cut with a razor and

let it bleed."

"Get a leech, " The young man carefully noted all the suggestions, and as a discussion arose about the most efficacious remedy decided to visit a black eye doctor. Aft er all the boarders had gone he bandaged up his eye and went in search of one.

Now, if you had only come to me as soon as you got it I could have removed it in an hour and a half," said the black eye specialist, "or if you had gress invested with the full rights and come within 24 hours afterward I might privileges of citizenship, therefore he is have had a better chance of removi it. As it is, it will take a week." The young man had his eye washed and bathed for a couple of hours with hot water and other lotions and declared citizen by right of birth alone, but is that he felt better. The swelling was made a citizen on account of his birth reduced somewhat, and he thought that with the help of a little flesh paint and Chinese white he could face his best girl that evening. Surely, he thought, she would believe any story he told about it. But she was as skeptical as the rest, and after listening to his plaintive story about his encounter with the hatrack said: "Now, really, Charles, who did it?" -New York Sun.

# AMERICAN CITIZENS.

THOSE WHO ARE NATURAL BORN AND THOSE MADE BY LAW.

The Former Ouly Are Eligible to the Office of President-Opinions of Leading Authorities Upon the Subject-Morse, Who Dissents, Is Short on Argument.

Kindly inform me whether a child born of American parents under the following circumstances is recognized as an American citizen or not: Case 1 .---The child is born upon high seas. Case 2 .- The child is born in a foreign country. An argumentative decision.

Answer .-- Our correspondent, we apprehend, does not ask for all he wants. We will endeavor to enlighten him, however, on points which seem to have invited dispute, regarding eligibility of cortain classes of citizens to the office of president of the United States. The child of a citizen born on the high seas under the American flag is a citizen of the United States and eligible to the presidency. The child of a citizen born in a foreign country is a citizen of the United States by law, but is not eligible to the presidency. The argument is in the constitution of the United States, which provides:

No person, except a natural born citizen, or a citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of this constitution, shall be eligible to the office of president. Neither shall any person be eligible to that office who shall not have attained to the age of 35 years and been 14 years a resident within the United States.

The difference of opinion existing rests upon the meaning of "a natural born citizen." On this subject Paschal, regarded as one of the highest of legal authorities, says, "A natural born citigen (is one) not made by law or otherwise, but born." Bates on "Citizenship" (10 op., 382) limits the "natural" members of the body politic to "the people born in the country, " and he repeats this, confining the meaning to "every person born in the country," Kentsays, "Nativity furnishes the rule." Story on "The Constitution" says, "Considering the ages of all such-i. e., those who are alien born and citizens when the constitution was adopted-no person of foreign birth can now ever be president under this constitution." Morse, on "Citizenship" (page 195, section 90) says: "A natural born citizen is one not made by law or otherwise, but born. The constitution does not make the citizens. It only recognizes such of them as are natural, home born, and provides for the nationalization of such of them as are alien, foreign born, making the latter, as far as nature will allow, like the former. The expression 'natural born citizen' recognizes and reaffirms the universal principle common to all nations and is as old as political society -that the people born in a country do constitute the nation, and as individuals are natural members of the body politic." Now, a citizen is, first, natural born. Children born within the allegiance of the United States are natural born citizens. Second, made a citizen by statute. Children born of American parents outside of this jurisdiction are made citizens by statute (United States Rovised Statutes, section 2172) and are not citizens natural born. If there was no statute, they would not be citizens.

The Journal of Commerce, Nov. 13,

1889, stated the case as follows: They argue that, as a child born abroad of an American citizen is by act of conby right of birth and is a n ural born citizen and eligible to the presidency of the United States. But they overlook the fact that he is not a by act of congress. He is not therefore a natural born citizen, but a citizen made by the law. If he was a natural born citizen, there would have been no neces sity for an act of congress investing him with citizenship. A person born out of the allegiance of the United States is therefore made a citizen by law, is not natural born and can not be logally elected president without a change in the constitution. There was an old foudal doctrine under which the embassador of a country to another carried with him a box of soil from his native land, and in the event of necessity he would put the box in position, and standing upon it assume that he was on his native heath for the time being. That, we believe, is no longer in practice. As to the officials representing the government of the United States in foreign countries, they are in no way superior to other American citizens, because in the United States there is no rank above citizen. In order that the reader may clearly comprehend why children of American citizens born abroad are not eligible to the office of president, the following clause of the United States Revised Statutes is given: The children of persons who now are or have been citizens of the United States shall, though born out of the limits and jurisdiction of the United States, be considered as citizens thereof (section 2172). The difference between a citizen made under this provision of law and a natural born citizen is the difference of one born out of the limits and jurisdiction of the United States and one who is born within such limits and jurisdiction. It is the difference between an individual who needs the law to make him a citizen and one who is a citizen by the mere circumstances that he was born and exists. The opinions of Paschal, Story, Bates and Kent have been advanced, and Morse, although maintaining that a citizen made by the law, as quoted, is eligible to the presidency, has not succeded in stating his position so as to support his theory. His statement clearly sustains the popular interpreta-tion-that of the highest and leading authorities in law. -Brooklyn Eagle.

Should he comfort his last few moments y informing him that he would step from goldbags here on to the golden stairs up there? Or would the news comfort him at all, especially as it was conpled with a proviso that the money in an equally few minutes would belong to his brother Matthew, whom the sheriff remembered to have heard Williams cursing with most fraternal fervor. Then the sheriff thought harder than ever until his temporal veins seemed likely to burst, and then, with a sudden glance at his watch, he burried out of the office and up to the condemned man's cell.

"Excuse me, padre," he said, "but I wanter speak to Williams a minnit on a private matter."

The little priest bowed, took a piece of chocolate from under his soutane and went ontside munching it.

"Williams," said the sheriff, grab bing him by the arm and drawing him into the farther corner of the cell, "D'ye wanter live?"

"Say, Steve," said Williams, pulling off his boot to hunt for a loose peg. what's the matter with you?"

"Look here," said the sheriff. "Did ou ever have an uncle in Troybany?" 'Yes, " Williams replied, "my mother's brother, old Cannon Piece. He is a river scraper or something of that sort and crankier than a stomps spindle."

'Well, he's dead, " said the sheriff, 'and he's left you his money." "How much?" asked Williams calm-

ly, having found the peg. 'Over half a million.

"Hully gee!" cried Williams. "Why

didn't the old man dis six months ago?' "Moreover, upon your decease with-

pursued the out legitimate issue," sheriff, with a fine recollection of the lawyer's letter, "the property reverses to your brother Matthew.

'To that measly skunk," said Williams, with many omitted parts of "Gee, but that's tough. Say, ebcech. sheriff, can't I get a reprieve for a few weeks and kinder waste the property from Mat a little? I'd blow in the whole town day and night for a month."

"Can't be did, " said the sheriff sen untiously.

"See here, Steve Winslow, what's your game?" asked Williams, with a sort I yelp in his voice.

The sheriff stepped quickly to the cell oor, looked down the gallery at the lozen or so fellows squatted in the shade of the south wall and came back with

his face shortened a full inch by the compression of his mouth and eyes.

'Just this, Williams, " he said in the prisoner's car. "Sw'ar to divvy with me -share and share alike-in your fortune; sw'ar that you hope you'll burn for ever if you break your word, and I'll fix the rope so that it don't kill, and afterwe'll tote together to Troybany ward and claim the property. D'ye sw'ar?' Why, of course I do," said Wil-

liams. "Well, sw'ar it then." And Williams row at 10, Shd of course you'll be there.

repeated the scorching words. "Now," said the sheriff, "I'll go and iff grimly.

schedule time for the trip is only five days. But they had been obliged to "Peter Williams."

'What!'' cried Lawyer Belford and travel by easy stages, for, despite the fell back in his chair, clutching at his sheriff's antiexecution device, Williams had been well nigh wrenched in two necktie as though he were going to have by the drop and still suffered horribly a fit.

"Oh, you know me well enough, I at times. On reaching Troybany the sheriff saw Williams comfortably be-"though you didn't save me from swingstowed at a hotel and then went out to ing. And Mat knows me well enough, view the town. Almost the first man too, I see, although I guess I'm considhe met was Lawyer Belford of San Topaz, the counsel who had defended Wil- erably more changed than he seems to man, but I've got to knock you out this

"So you got my telegram?" cried the time. By the way, too, if there's any lawyer joyously. doubting anywhere around this court-"What telegram?" asked the sheriff,

room as to my identity, why, just look with a presentiment that there was a at this neck. snag somewhere in the stream. Upon which he pulled off a big silk Why, the telegram telling you to

scarf and showed the lingering shadow come right along here." of the black imprint of the hangmann's "I got no telegram," said the sheriff. rope, whose close hug even the sheriff's "Well, that's too rich for utterance. life saving contrivance had not quite

What brought you here then?" "Why, d-n it, I came on busines overcome.

ecution," said the sheriff.

wonder?"

Lawyer Belford still sat grasping his -business of my own." necktie and staring speechlessly at the "Of course, of course," said the lawver soothingly. "I know. The Williams | witness, while Mat Williams' gray face grew livid as he crept into the shadow business Funny, ain't it? That's what I'm here for too. Two days after you of his attorney's back. Only the old left I got a letter from Wolfe & Fox, lawyer, Wolfe, retained his self possesa law firm of this place, asking if we sion.

"Your honor," he cried, "we object. could tell them anything of Peter Williams, last heard of at San Topaz, and This is most irregular, most unheard giving the terms of his uncle's will. of, and we object."

They said they had written to him at "It is most irregular, as you say," the judge snavely, "and under the cir-cumstances I shall myself ask the wit-San Topaz, but had received no answer." "He got a letter on the day of the exness to tell his story."

"We object."

"Did he now? Well, well! Fancy "Certainly," said the judge. Then that! And what has become of it, I turning to the witness, Peter Williams, he said, "If that be your name, how "He's got it with him, I guess," said the sheriff, with a rumbling laugh.

comes it that you are here alive?" Then Williams told the story that he "Ah, I guess so, too," said the lawhad been taught; that the sheriff, takyer, with a discreet and mild echo of the sheriff's mirth. "At any rate, I ing compassion on his youth and near grasp of fortune, believing in his soltelegraphed that Williams had died sudemn promise to reform and not looking denly on July 16 and got a dispatch in reply to come on immediately and bring forward to any such complications as had arisen, had consented to arrange all the proofs of his death. I went at the rope so that resuscitation might be once to your office, but found you gone, possible. as I've said. Got a copy of your official

The judge listened with close attenreturn of Williams' execution, a copy tion, and then turning to Winslow said, of The Roundup's account of the hang-"Of course there was a monetary con ing and a copy of the coroner's certifisideration in this, Mr. Sheriff?"

cate-all properly sworn to. But on 'Waal, nat'rel, your honor," said the train I happened to think that I had Winslow in a surprised tone of voice, omitted to get a certificate of the bur-"So I supposed. Now, sir"-to Lawial, and as I remembered to have heard "I will hear the grounds of that you attended to that I thoughtver Wolfeyour objection."

considering the enormous interests at They are very simple," said that stake-'twas best to telegraph you to old practitioner. "We object not only come on. All expenses paid, of course. because of the utter irrelevancy of the So naturally when I saw you here I testimony, but because of the utter imjumped at once to the conclusion that materiality of the witness himself. We are quite willing to admit that during the lifetime of this young man his name

you had come in answer to that call." "No, sir," said the shoriff. "Well, never mind. You're here, was Peter Williams, but, your honor, and I'll see that you don't get-left," said the lawyer cheerily. "I'm retain-Peter Williams is dead. He was hanged by the neck till dead in San Topaz on ed for Matthew Williams, the present the 16th day of July of this year of our heir, you know. Funny, ain't it, that Lord, 1894, and you yourself, your I defended Peter Willmams when living and am now on the other side when honor, have admitted the evidence that proves it. The testimony of this man he's dead? Small world, ch? The case Winslow-which he will be only too comes up in the probate court tomorwilling to give-that he, a sworn officer of the law, did cheat the law and "I'll be thar for sure," said the sherdid actively participate in an evasion

-St. Louis Republic.

New Terror For the Hostess

A new terror is in store for the host ess. She will be obliged to indulge in Egyptian teas this season, for London society, through the lady who has gained much notoriety as the original of "Dodo," Mrs. Asquith, has set the seal of her approval upon them. The necessary accompaniments of an Egyptian tea are walls covered with gray canvas to produce a stone effect, palm leaves, grasses, Egyptian pottery, oriental lamps and a hostess gowned a la Cleopatra. The china of the tea table must be decorated with lotus flowers, the table standing in a secluded corner, fitted with a

low, wide seat. Cleopatra house gowns ; may be very decided, or they may modernized according to the ideas of the modern charmer. The characteristic features are hanging sleeves, clinging draperies, gold embroidered crapes and jeweled girdles, with scarabaeus corsage ornaments.

#### Woman In the Eastern War.

Frances Willard says: "In the great war now convulsing the east, which nation is it that is at its last gasp? The one that binds its women's feet in order that they may be keepers at home. the nation where you see notices posted up beside the beautiful sheets of water in the pleasure grounds of its mandarins, 'No girl babies allowed to be drowned here.' That nation is now on

the keen jump to get away from its enemy, and the wife of the victorious general is a graduate of Wellesley college.

### Mill Girls' Attire.

A new effort at woman's dress reform is being made by the managers of cotton mills at Saco, Me. Because of the accidents that have occurred through the hair or dress of operatives being caught in the machinery it has been or-

dered that the girls shall not wear their hair hanging down, but must coll it close to the head, and the waists and sleeves of their dresses must be close fitting, the latter, of course, being opposed to anything and everything at present stylish.

#### A Woman's Discovery.

Mrs. Lea Merrill, who has decorated the Blackheath church, England, is said by Mr. Robert Austen, the chemist, to have discovered a ground for fresco work which will make it durable. lf this boltrue, a noble art may be revived in England and possibly in America.

Oh, how hard these pussy cats Are learning how to spall! Teacher's very firm and strict.

Passy cats are bright. Every one knows A B C Ere he leaves tonight!

#### Winter Night Sport.

A peanut hunt is lots of fun for an evening party. The hostess hides pea unts in all sorts of queer places about the room, sometimes putting two or three nuts in the same place. Then she provides each of her little guests with a little basket tied with gay ribbons, and the "hunt" begins. After a certain time the finds are compared. The one who has the largest number wins the first prize, while the "booby prize" is fittingly awarded to the one having few

Some other trials that are great sport are often introduced. One is to see who can carry the most peanuts in one hand from one table to another. A boy ought to win this. Forty-two is a good number. Of course the winner is to be rewarded, while the "booby," too, must have a simple something.

Another trial consists in carrying potatoes from one room to another in a teaspoon. The potatoes, which should be round and big, are better put on a table with a polished top. The one who can carry the greatest number of polatoes from one table to the other in a apart. It is not easy to scoop up the potatoes, and once secured it is still difficult to retain.

"Ob, mamma," cried 5-year-old Dorothy, "I'm just as full of glory as I can Page 1

"What do you mean?" inquired he mother, with natural surprise. "Why ee, " said Dorothy, "there wa a sunbeam right on my spoon, and 1 swallowed it with my oatmeal, mam ma!"--Youth's Companion.

#### Adirondack Meadows.

Much of the land classed as "meadow" in the Adirondack region is a curious swampy soil, covered with vegetation that rises so as to hide the underlying cold, dark water. One may walk for miles upon such a meadow, the feet sinking into it as into a water soaked sponge, and deer frequently feed upon the grasses of the mendows and seemingly enjoy in midsummer the perpetually cool footbath of their pasture.-Chicago Herald.

A Bad Spell.

A certain congressman, no matter who he is, except that he is not a western man, was making up a list of towns in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, where he was to make some campaign speeches. After he had it made out to his satisfaction he handed the list to his secretary to copy. The secretary, who is a pretty shrewd politician himself, ran his eye down the column. "What's the matter with Trenton?"

he asked in some astonishment. "Nothing," replied the member, some-

what astonished himself. "Why?" "You've got it marked N. G.'

"I guess not," protested the member in doubt. "Well, look at it for yourself," and

the secretary handed the list to him. He looked at it, and there in plain letters he found, "Trenton, N. G. Then he laughed confidently, almost derisively.

"That's all right, my boy," he said, with commiserating consideration. "The N. G. you are thinking about is not the N. G. I've got there."

"Is that so?" said the dazed secretary "Of course not," laughed the con gressman. "Mine's Trenton, New Gersey," and the secretary said, "Oh!" and let the congressman go on thinking it was all right .- Detroit Free Press.

#### The Campaign of One Woman

St. Louis women are pointing with pride to the career of Miss Estelle Reel, a St. Louis woman who has been elected state superintendent of schools in Wyoming. Miss Reel's opponent was a man, who opened his campaign by asserting that a woman could not perform the duties of the office of state superintendent of schools, which, besides the duties pertaining to school work, include a membership on the state board of charities and reforms and on the board of land commissions. Miss Reel promptly sent to every voter in the state a printed statement of the duties of the state superintendent, showing that any intelligent woman could perform them. She traveled, made speeches and usually had to wind up her day's work by dancing all the evening, for dances in her honor were a feature of the campaign. By these means and by sending a half tone engraving of her photograph to all the voters she won the majority of them

to her standard. -- Chicago Post.

#### Sentenced to Siberia

A nobleman once entered into a conspiracy against the Russian emperor and was sentenced to Siberia. His eyes were bandaged, and he was put into a dark carriage, and for seven days and nights they traveled on and on, only stopping to take food. At last he felt they must have reached Siberia, and in the utmost anguish he perceived that the carriage had stopped, and the bandage was taken off his eyes, and-he was in his own home! He had been driven round and round St. Petersburg the whole time, but the fright cured him.

Full of Glory.

ent.

given time wins. The tables must be far