The New Northwest.

FRIDAY..... FEBRUARY 5, 1875.

The Felon's Return.

"Will you ask whether Mr. Graham will see a stranger?"

The clerk spoken to nodded, drew, and went into an inner office. The stranger remained leaning against the walnut railing of the desk, his hand trifling with the little door that shut outsiders from the sanctum within. He was a tall, fair man of thirty, with close-cropped hair and beard. His shoulders were broad, his features aristocratic, but there was an odd air about him that puzzled the clerk, and would have puzzled any one. It was something that could not be defined, but it pervaded the whole man; a suppressed look, as of one forced in some way to hide his feelings; a manner of standing and holding his hat which had something apologetic in it.

"Mr. Graham will see you, sir," said the clerk, returning and opening the little railed door. "In there, the office to the right."

The stranger passed into the room indicated, and closed the door behind him; then, standing with his back against it, he fumbled with his hat in the same odd manner in which he had handled it in the outer office, and instead of speaking, looked at the gentleman behind the desk with eyes that had a measureless appeal in them.

The other did not rise from his chair, nor hold out his hand, nor even speak for some moments; each looked at the other, that was all. But it was the elder who broke the spell at last.

"So," he said, "it is you, James?"

"Yes, it is I," said the other. "Havn't you a word for me, William?"

"I have a good many words that you like to hear," said William Graham. "I really can't say I am glad to see you, delighted, honored, and all that, you know."

"I don't expect any one to be glad," said the other. "I know I've disgraced the family, but I have been punished for it. Fifteen years, William—think of that—fifteen years of prison life and prison fare and prison friends! I'd have given my soul to undo what I did, even before it was found out; and I never meant to keep the money."

"We know the story," said the merchant. "You were in a position of confidence; you betrayed it. It's the old affair. I had it happen in my own office. I can't feel any sentimental pity for a fellow like you. What brings you here, James?"

Shifting his hat from hand to hand, looking from under his eye-brows in an abject fashion, pitiable to contemplate, when one saw in what a gentlemanly mould he had been cast, James Graham answered:

"I was twenty when I went to prison—I am five and thirty now. The outside world has been blank to me all these years. I want work. I want you to give it to me—any honest work, William—I'm a good book-keeper, but I'll be a porter, an errand man, anything."

"Oh, no; not anything here," said the elder. "You've reckoned without your host, James. You are no brother of mine. I cast you off when you became a felon. For the sake of the mother who called you 'son,' I'll give you some money—enough to live on for a week or two. I'll never give you another cent—don't expect it. I will have you sent away if you come again."

The prison taint was so strong upon the other man that his pride was not aroused yet; he fumbled with his hat, ground himself against the door, looked abjectly from under his eye-brows again, and asked:

"How is sister Jessie?"

"Well," said the merchant.

"Can you tell me where she lives?" asked his brother.

"No," said the merchant. "Jessie is married, and has tried to forget the terrible grief you gave her. You are the last person a respectable brother-in-law would care to see."

"I'll ask you one more question," said James in a faltering voice. "Ada Musgrove—what has become of her? Is she still iving? Is she married?"

"I have no information for you," said the merchant, harshly. "Here is fifty dollars. If you are careful you will get work before it is gone. Remember, you'll not have another cent from my hands. Take it and go, and don't come back again."

He flung the money down on the table, but there was a spark of manhood in his brother; even yet he could not take a gift so proffered. Tall as he was, he seemed to grow a head taller as he drew his shoulders back, and, glaring at his brother, threw the notes that lay before him into his face.

"Curse you, keep your money!" he said. "I don't want it. I don't want anything from you or any one. I came for help, it is true—help to be an honest man. I've been among the outcasts of the world so long that I've lost kinship with decent folks, but I thought a brother might hold out a hand to draw back. You refused it. Money! Why, look at these hands, these shoulders—look at me! I can earn money somehow! And, by Heaven! if this is all your respectability and Christianity amount to, I don't care if I see no more of it. There are plenty to welcome me, and you have driven me unto them. Remember that, son of my mother! You!"

He thrust his hat upon his head and dashed out of the room, striding through the outer office with no heed of any one there, and clanging the door behind him as he departed.

One dark night, a few weeks later, James Graham, in full fellowship of a gang of burglars, was receiving instructions from a companion how to enter and conceal himself in a house that had been marked for robbery. The lesson was given in front of the house itself, and after his companion had left him, Graham muttered:

"Yes, I belong to the fraternity now. I am here to rob this house. I have the mask and the pistol in my pocket. I have my little dark lantern. I am a burglar, and burglars were the only men who welcomed me back from prison. My brother turned his back on me. My brother—I wonder what my poor mother would say if she could see me now. If she knew—." He stopped himself with an oath—seemed, with a motion of his hand, to cast away the thoughts that were upon him, and in a moment more had mounted to the window indicated by his comrade; and finding that it opened easily, clambered in. His shoes were noiseless. He made no sound as he moved, and, guiding himself by the lantern's light, looked for a place of concealment. It soon presented itself—a long wardrobe, with a door at either end. In this, behind a curtain of suspended garments, he hid himself.

He heard, after a while, a baby cry, and in a minute more a step ran across the entry, and a ray of light glanced through the keyhole in one end of the wardrobe.

"Ada," cried a lady's voice, "come here. Baby is wide awake, and I can't leave him."

Then another rustle, another step, and there were two women very near him—so near that he could hear them breathe.

"I'm so glad you came to-day," said Jessie, "when I am all alone. Charles was called away unexpectedly this morning. I declare, the thought of that accident makes me ill, and I am nervous all alone in the house at night, dear. Besides being always glad to see you, I am so thankful to have you to-night!"

"And I am never nervous, Jessie," said the other. "I'm as good as a man about the house, mamma says. I've hunted imaginary burglars with a poker many a night. Mamma is always imagining burglars, dear soul."

"Don't speak of them," said the matron, who was evidently quieting the child as only a mother can. "This house would be more of a temptation to them to-night than it has ever been before since we lived here. There are ten thousand dollars in the safe. Ada, Charley hadn't time to deposit it. They telegraphed that Mr. Bird might be dying."

As she made this confession, the man concealed so near her listened with his very heart in his ears; but it was not to the statement so well calculated to rejoice a burglar's heart. That was forgotten. He heard only the voices and the names these two women called each other by. Ada! that had been the name of the girl he loved. Jessie! that was his sister's name. After all, what was it to him? Like his brother, the latter has cast him off, of course, and no doubt Ada only remembered him with horror. How like the voices were. Could it be? He stole forward and bent down with his eye to the keyhole, but he could only see part of a woman's figure swaying to and fro as she rocked her infant on her bosom.

"Dear little fellow," said the voice of the other woman. "How sweet babies are."

She came forward and knelt down, and he saw her profile. It was Ada Musgrove—older, for he had left her a girl of sixteen, and found her a woman of thirty, but handsomer than ever.

"You love children so, I wonder you don't marry," said the matron; and now James Graham knew that it was his sister who spoke. "William wants you to have him. He always loved you. And, Ada, he can give you all that makes life happy."

James Graham's cheeks flushed in the darkness. He hated the world more than ever now. He hated his kinsfolk—the cruel brother and sister of his most of all.

"He cannot give me the one thing necessary for wedded happiness; love him," said Ada; "no, Jessie; I have never said this to you before, but I must say it now. I loved poor James too well ever to love any other man while I know he lives."

"Ada, Ada!" cried Jessie, stooping over her. "It is a comfort to know you still remember my poor brother. I thought I was the only living being who still loved him." And then James Graham, listening on the other side of the door, heard these women weeping together and for him.

"Yes, Ada," said his sister, "though poor James is so sadly disgraced, still, when he returns, I will be glad to see him, and this shall be his home if he will, and my good husband will help him to win back the place among men that he lost so long ago. William is cruel to him; but then we women are softer. When he is free again I trust he will come straight to us. I fear William will hurt him by some reproachful speech. He will be free very soon, Ada."

The man who had stolen into the house to rob it—the man of whom they spoke—could bear no more; his heart was softened as it had not been since he was a little child. It was as if the angels had spoken to him.

Then—he remembered why he was there; and kneeling and kissing the door that lay between him and those dear women who had saved him from desperation, he crept away, and finding his way to the window which he had entered, he departed as he had come, vowing to lead an honest life, and some time, perhaps when he was dying, to see those two dear creatures once again; at least, always the memory of their looks and words would keep his heart tender and his life pure, lonely as might be his lot.

With these thoughts in his mind, he stood on the ground and remembered with a pang who would arrive soon and what their errand might be; and that, while he scorned to betray them, he must stand between them and their purposes, and save his sister's home, perhaps her life, from their hands.

He felt in his bosom for his pistol; he would not use it until the last; but he must stand between those women and all harm.

He knew well enough the unforgiving ferocity of those with whom he had to deal, and he muttered a little prayer for aid—the first prayer he breathed for many a year—as he heard soft footsteps approaching.

* * * * * *

"He is opening his eyes," said a voice.

James Graham heard it and wondered what had happened, and why he could not turn himself, and who spoke.

Then came a remembrance of a quarrel, a conflict and the report of a pistol. He knew all now. His fellow burglars had shot him, left him for dead. But where was he now?

"Ada, dear," said the voice again, "I think he is opening his eyes."

Then they did open, and James Graham saw two women bending over him.

"James, do you know sister Jessie?" said one.

The other only burst into tears.

"Yes, I know you both," said he, faintly. "How did I come up here? I am so full of wonder. How did you know me?"

"We found you wounded—dead, we thought—at our gate," said Jessie. "It was Ada knew you first."

"Dear Jessie," he said; "dear Ada."

"We can't tell how it happened," she said. "When you are better you must tell us. Only we have you with us, and you shall never go away again, never."

He felt he never should. He felt it did not matter whether he told them how he had come to them now. He felt that in a little while he should neither see them nor hear their voices; but he was very happy. A foretaste of heaven was given him.

"They have been terrible years," he said, "terrible years. All that while I have never heard from you; but I have now. Come closer; I can't see you very well. There's a mist before my eyes. I want Jessie to kiss me."

The sister flung her arms around him and kissed him over and over again. Then he turned to Ada Musgrove.

"If I were going to live I should not wish it," he said; "but you used to kiss me long ago, Ada—will you kiss me now, my dear, just once more?"

She took him in her arms.

"God is very merciful," he said; "more merciful than man. Perhaps we shall meet again, darling."

These were the last words he ever said.

Last year's fogs in London are said to have cost 500 lives a week while they lasted, and are attributed to the lack of means for the consumption of smoke. A system as general in its operations as the sewerage system is demanded for the abatement of the nuisance.

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W. H. AIKEN, Attorney-at-Law, and Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic California and Nevada, will give prompt attention to the collection of Additional Travel Pay, now due California and Nevada Volunteers, discharged more than three hundred miles from home. Soldiers can depend on fair dealing. Information given free of charge. When writing, enclose stamp for reply, and state company and regiment and whether you have a discharge. Congress has extended the time for filing claims for additional bounty under the Act of July 28, 1866, to January, 1875, so that all such claims must be made before that time. Original Bounty of $100 has been allowed all volunteers who enlisted before July 22nd, 1861, for three years, if not paid the same when discharged. Land Warrants can be obtained for services rendered before 1855, but not for services in the late war. Pensions for the late war and war of 1812 obtained and increased when allowed for less than disability warrants, but no pensions are allowed to Mexican and Florida war soldiers. State of Texas has granted pensions to surviving veterans of Texas revolution. New Orleans and Mobile Prize Money is now due and being paid. W. H. Aiken also attends to General Law and Collection Business. 4-1-6m

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R. R. R.

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In from One to Twenty Minutes.

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Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for Every Pain.

It was the first and is

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Will afford instant relief for—
Inflammation of the Kidneys;
Inflammation of the Bladder;
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Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing;
Palpitation of the Heart;
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Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia;
Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague Chills.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort. Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

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Fever and Ague cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

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Has made the most astonishing cures; so quick and rapid are the changes the body undergoes, under the influence of this truly wonderful medicine, that

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Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the blood, sweat, urine, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Glandular disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumous Discharges from the ears, and the worst forms of Skin diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Cancers in the Womb, and all weakening and painful discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the life principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them.

If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood; and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of chronic, scrofulous and constitutional skin diseases; but it is The only positive cure for

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PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS,

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☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from disorders of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

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