

HELEN LAKEMAN;

The Story of a Young Girl's Struggle With Adversity.

BY JOHN R. MUSICK.
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"WALTER BROWNFIELD," ETC.

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"But they were good enough there for angels to come to me in my sleep, sister; no angels will ever come to me in my sleep here, the people are too bad."

"You must not talk too much, little brother; you are not well, for you took cold in the rain yesterday."

"Yes, but don't mind me, sister, don't mind me," said the patient boy.

At this moment Helen heard the rough voice of Mr. Arnold in the hall. "Hallie, if you are going with me to town to-day, I want you to hurry up," he said.

"I will be ready soon, father."

"What makes you so long?"

"I can't find one of my bracelets."

"Is your bracelet gone, Hallie?"

The last voice was that of her mother, who was just entering from the hall.

"Yes," cried the vexed Hallie.

"Where is it?"

"I don't know; I laid it here last night."

"Where?"

"Right here on my dressing case."

"Yes, that's so, father," said Mrs. Arnold to Mr. Arnold, who stood at the door, whip in hand, ready to go.

"There was a frown on his florid, bearded face, and the red or roan colored beard on his chin stuck out straight. It was a common remark that Judge Arnold carried his chin as high in the air as his wife did her nose."

"That bracelet was gold," said Mrs. Arnold, mysteriously, her naturally large, white eyes expanding to an unusual size. "It was gold and worth a heap. Now, gold bracelets don't walk off of their own accord."

"I'm a goin' to search every thing about this house," said Hallie.

"I would," acquiesced the mother.

"I am goin' to search that girl's things, too."

"Yes, I would," said Mrs. Arnold, sitting in her chair and bobbing her head approvingly.

"If you can't find it anywhere else search her, but search every place first; I am not going to have a thief about my house," said the firm father at the front door of the house, snapping his whip at some vines.

"Well, it's nowhere here," said Hallie, her red face assuming a look of vexation. "Now I'm going to the kitchen and look in that girl's carpet bag."

"Oh, no," said the mother, a faint smile on her face. "It will make Helen mad."

"I don't care, I am goin' to have my bracelet," and her mother close after her, she bolted in the kitchen. "Helen," she said, "I'm goin' to look among your things."

"What for?" the astonished girl asked.

"My gold bracelet, worth twenty dollars, is gone."

"Well, Miss Arnold, I have not got it," cried Helen, her eyes flashing.

"I will see for myself," and she seized the old carpet bag which sat where Helen had placed it that morning. Tearing it open, she pulled out the clothing of Helen and her brother, much to the indignation of the "hired girl." Hallie's mother stood in the doorway entreating her daughter to desist.

"No, I won't," and she jerked out a small bundle of handkerchiefs which unrolled, and something bright and heavy fell upon the floor. It was a gold bracelet. Hallie seized it in triumph, but Helen was dumb with astonishment. A cry from mother and daughter brought Mr. Arnold to the kitchen.

"She—she is the thief," cried Hallie, holding up the bracelet and pointing to Helen.

A mist came before Helen's eyes, her head swam and she sank insensible to the floor.

CHAPTER X.

THE ARREST.

The tableaux was a striking one. Mrs. Arnold held up both hands in horror; Hallie stood triumphant with her bracelet in one hand, and the finger of scorn pointed at Helen, who sank before her awful accusation.

Mr. Arnold alone, of all, was calm and unmoved. He knew his duty as a good citizen in such cases, and allowed no foolish emotions to come between himself and that duty.

Little Amos, who had only partially realized what had happened, and yet knew it was something terrible, burst into tears. Mr. Arnold, with features as imperturbable as stone, walked toward the boy and, laying a hand so heavy upon his shoulders as to almost bend the little body double, said:

"See here, sir, we want none of that noise, do you understand me now? You just hush that up."

"Oh, sister—sister is dead," sobbed the child.

"No, she is not. She will recover

soon enough; now you must keep quiet." Turning to his wife, who stood in a stupefied manner at the door, her face turned upward, he added: "You had better look now and see what else is gone. We don't know but half the silverware is stolen."

"Oh, sister, sister!" cried the little boy, sobbing and holding his outstretched hands toward the insensible Helen.

"Had I not better do something to restore her?" asked Mrs. Arnold, who was really agitated.

"No, she will recover soon enough—all that is put on."

"Let me sprinkle a little water in her face?"

"Hunt your silver spoons," cried Mr. Arnold, "and let her alone! I'll warrant she'll recover all right."

The suggestion to sprinkle some water in her face seemed to strike the boy favorably, and he began to struggle from the chair in which he was sitting. Either the excitement or partial paralysis of his limbs caused him to fall from the chair to the floor.

"Oh my back! I have hurt my back," cried the little cripple. No one seemed to care if he had, though the child cried out with the most intense agony.

Mrs. Arnold was rummaging through her silverware as though she was not certain it was all there, and little Amos struggled to his feet, and by holding to chairs reached a pitcher containing some water, and dashed the contents in his sister's face.

"Sister! sister!" he cried, most pitifully, "come to yourself again, won't you? I am sure Helen is dead."

"SISTER! SISTER!" HE CRIED, MOST PITIFULLY.

All the iron in Mr. Arnold's nature could not keep little Amos from shedding tears over his sister.

Helen began to revive. She started up in a dazed sort of way, unnoticed and unheeded for by any one save her crippled brother. She made an effort to rise to her feet, and, finding her head dizzy, sank down in a chair and placing her arm around the back, laid her head upon it and sobbed violently.

"Sister, sister!" cried little Amos, who was now unconscious of the pain his back gave him, "do look up!—are you better?"

"She'll be better soon," said the deep rasping voice of Mr. Arnold, while his chin seemed a degree higher in the air, and his mouth was close as a steel trap.

Helen heard the bitter taunt, and all her noble soul aroused, she cried:

"Judge Arnold, I never put that bracelet in my carpet-bag. I never stole it, I am innocent, and you know it."

"Oh yes," and the chin and short roan whiskers rose higher, "I have seen many as equally innocent; I never heard one plead guilty on the first accusation."

"Some of your own family put that jewel in my carpet bag to ruin me," sobbed Helen.

"O dear," cried Hallie, with triumphant irony.

"That's an old dodge," said the man in the doorway. "A thief is always imagining that somebody's trying to ruin his character. Now, that bracelet is worth twenty dollars; you will have to explain how the stolen property got into your possession, or you may get into trouble."

"Judge Arnold," said Helen, rising and bringing all the energy which she felt in her case required at her command, "I swear, so help me Heaven! that I never touched that bracelet since my mother owned it. It was put in my carpet bag by other hands than mine."

"Helen Lakeman," said Mrs. Arnold, confronting the beautiful girl, with her head high in the air, "it is bad enough for you to steal a bracelet without adding perjury to your crime."

Helen was shocked. She realized how hopeless was her condition. She had been completely trapped. Every thing was against her, and yet she was innocent. It was no use to accuse these people, whose standing in society was higher than her own, of putting the bracelet in her carpet bag to ruin her. No one would believe her.

Helen, with a firmness born of despair, sat down in her chair again. All the emotion attendant upon the first shock being gone, she was calm. Her calmness could be called either conscious innocence, or the brazen indifference of a guilty soul.

"Do your worst," she said, "I am in your power."

"What do you think we would want to ruin your character for?" sneered Hallie, rubbing her bracelet to get off the stain of the "thief's fingers," "do you suppose we find you in our way?"

Helen was silent. It was useless to exchange words with these people.

"I don't think a young girl of sixteen who comes in after dark through the rain with a peddler can have much character to boast of," said Mrs. Arnold, her head turned upward and sideways, so that she might get a view of the culprit's face from beneath her glasses.

"That's what you get by takin' such trash in your house," said the stern man at the door, his chin coming up again.

"We can go now if you wish to get rid of us," said Helen.

"Oh, no, don't trouble yourself. We don't want to get rid of you just yet, so you need not hurry yourself."

"Do you mean, Judge Arnold, that I am to be arrested for this?" Helen asked, calmly.

"I am inclined to the opinion you will," the Judge answered. Why the farmer was called Judge, Helen did not know. Titles are cheap, and the number of colonels, judges, and generals we have in our country is astonishing, and the list increases every day.

"Then, sir," said Helen, "I will wait here. I am innocent, and know that God in His goodness will, in some way, see that I am vindicated."

"You had better depend upon Him, for He is the only one who can do you any good," said the iron man, with an irreverent wit, which he enjoyed.

Helen again relapsed into silence, and her little brother, groaning with pain, drew a chair up by her side, climbed into it and lay down with his head in her lap. She folded her arms about him, feeling that it was the last time in life she would ever be permitted to take him to her heart.

Mrs. Arnold, having satisfied herself that nothing else was gone, was called out by her husband, and the door closed and locked. The hired man was left as a guard, and Mr. Arnold got into his carriage and drove away to Newton alone. Helen sat there with the little boy head in her lap. Great tears arose in her eyes, and she tried to pray, but could not; God would surely not desert her. She had read of so many persons punished for crimes they had never committed that she feared she must suffer for this. Helen was not one of those romantic girls who wished to be a heroine or a martyr. She was content to live humbly, to have no mission save that of helping her crippled brother. The child closed his feverish eyes and slept. "Sleep on, little brother," said Helen, softly, "Heaven only knows where your little head will rest to-night."

She did not weep now, her great calamity had dried up the fountain of her grief. But silent, cold and determined, she sat there, trying to bring herself to face the inevitable.

"If they will only let me take my little brother with me, I shall not murmur," she said to herself.

Then she thought of the tempest of the day before. How much better it would have been if both herself and brother had been killed by the lightning than lived to see this day. What evil had brought her to this house. A natural chain of reflections brought Pete, the peddler, to her memory. Where was Pete now. Doubtless many miles on his way with his heavy pack, trudging along the road. Pete had promised to befriend her—would he do it?

Most of all, she thought of Warren. Would he sneer at his avowed love for her when he heard of her disgrace. Somehow the bitterest pang she felt was that Warren would hear of her fall. The future was dark—black. She knew whither Mr. Arnold had gone. He would return in three or four hours with the sheriff and a warrant for herself.

Little Amos slept on, his last sleep in his sister's arms. Helen could not disturb him, and when his hacking cough seemed likely to arouse him, she gently rocked him in her arms. "Poor little fellow, sleep while you can, sleep while you can," she said, sadly. At last, after a time that seemed short to Helen, she heard the cockaway of Mr. Arnold drive up to the front gate, and looking out at the window, saw that gentleman and a large, dark-whiskered man get out. The dark-whiskered man was the sheriff, Mr. Joe Belcher.

"Come right in," said Mr. Arnold, who seemed to have a disagreeable matter in hand, which he wished to dispose of at once.

Little Amos stirred uneasily, as though he was receiving a warning in his sleep of what was to come. Helen awoke him gently.

"Wake up, little brother, they have come."

"Who?" asked the feverish boy; "I don't want nobody to come."

But the heavy tread of feet in the hall awoke the little fellow to silence again. The key was turned, the door opened and Mr. Arnold conducted the sheriff into the kitchen and, pointing to Helen, said:

"There's the thief."

The sheriff then drew a chair up to her side and, drawing a legal looking document from the breast pocket of his coat, began to read:

"State of — and County of —. One, James Arnold, makes oath and says, etc., etc., that one, Helen Lakeman, late of said county, did, on the fifteenth day of June, 18—, at said county, then and there being, one gold bracelet of the goods and chattels of Miss Hallie Arnold, then and there being, of the value of twenty dollars, did then and there, with force and arms, knowingly, willfully and feloniously steal, take and carry away, against the dignity of the State. These are to command you, etc., etc."

CHAPTER XL.

THE SEPARATION.

Helen sat like one stupefied while the warrant was read. The voice of the sheriff quivered, for his honest heart told him the girl was not guilty, and then, when he looked at the wretched child on her lap and from the faces of each read their suffering, he mentally exclaimed:

"I swear the girl can't be blamed if she did steal it."

Little Amos looked inquiringly into his sister's pale, stone-like face at the conclusion of the reading of the war-



HELEN ACCUSED.

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A PREHISTORIC CITY.

Cushman's Discovery of a Barred Toltec Town in Arizona.

Frank Cushman, of Zuni fame, has been at work in Salt River Valley in Arizona, about eighty miles northwest of Tucson, making explorations, and has succeeded in unearthing the ruins of a prehistoric city. A fortified temple was discovered, which no doubt was originally several stories high, and the foundation was found to be imbedded deep in the earth. The ruins showed that the building had been built of sundried clay. The walls above the foundation were not intact, but the ground plan could be traced in every detail. The architectural work displayed considerable skill. There was a number of underground vaults found, and when these were examined, skeletons were discovered in them. From the remains unearthed it was evident that the building had been used as a sacred temple. The city extended in various directions. Over two hundred burial vaults have been exhumed. Pottery was taken out in large quantities, as well as stone axes, mortars, stone pestles, and bone needles. These articles, according to the description of the city, are well formed, and indicate that the inhabitants were of more intelligence than some of the prehistoric races. Remains of wheat, barley and other grains were found in a charred condition. Evidence of there having been a canal running through the city were numerous, and that the whole valley was under cultivation. Mr. Cushman is of the opinion that the city must have had a population of at least 25,000 people, and that the principal pursuits was the cultivation of the soil. It is thought that the people of this buried city suffered from some great calamity, such as that which befell Pompeii. The calamity was an earthquake, no doubt, and thousands were crushed beneath the falling walls. Those who escaped moved south, and it was their descendants whom the Spaniards found in Mexico.—*Democrat's Monthly.*

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

Some Pertinent Comments and Confessions by One of Them.

I paid a visit to a neighboring farmer's wife yesterday, and have been haunted ever since by the remembrance of her tired, care-worn face. This woman has seven children, and she not only does the sewing for all, but she is frequently without help, and has all the work to do, except the washing. Is it any wonder she looks pale, and that the children are neglected?

Her husband is what we call a well-to-do man; owns his farm of several hundred acres of good land; has a substantial house, and makes good crops. To save a little he boards his hands. And this is what I want to say: Why should a farmer board his hands, if he is unable, and, alas, often unwilling, to get help sufficient to keep the wife and mother from being overburdened? He will tell you it saves money. Ah, Mr. Farmer, and so it would save money if you would discharge your chore-boy and do all the milking yourself, but how would you like it?

Every farmer receives a great deal at the hands of his wife. He owes as much to her thrift and good management as he does to his own. What other woman stays at home and devotes herself so entirely to her husband's interests as the farmer's wife? While the wives of the mechanic, the "butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker" are out enjoying themselves in the afternoon, the farmer's wife is home at work. The milk must be skimmed, the poultry fed and supper cooked for a lot of hungry men. But look to yourselves, farmers' wives! Assert your rights. Remember if you are mothers, your highest duty is to your children. Don't do all that you think you ought to do, but just what you are able to do, leaving a little time for recreation. There are some farmers' wives whose lines are cast in pleasant places. These have married thoughtful, unselfish men (there are some) who look well to the comfort of their household, and have things convenient and kept in order.—*Country Gentleman.*

Sugar Made in Kansas.

The experiments in sugar manufacture and sugar-cane growing in Kansas the past year are considered quite satisfactory. The experimental station at Fort Scott used 3,840 tons of cane grown on 450 acres of land, and produced 235,726 pounds of sugar and 51,000 gallons of syrup, and cleared a net profit of \$13,299; \$4,716 of which went to the cane-growers as a State bounty of two cents a pound on the sugar extracted. The farmers obtained for their cane \$2 a ton delivered at the mill, and raised an average crop of 84 tons to the acre, which proved a better investment than either corn or wheat. It is possible, perhaps, to also improve the quality of the sorghum cane. But the cane is bulky and can not be hauled much over three miles at a profit. It is proposed to establish sirup mills in the cane-growing districts, but these will cost from one-half to two-thirds as much as the central works.—*Springfield Republican.*

—George W. Rosure, known as the "cowboy evangelist," is said by an Arkansas newspaper to be worth \$700,000, which yields him an income of \$150 a day. His fortune was made in cattle and by lucky investments in real estate. He is just forty years old, and in his youth was reputed to be one of the most lawless of the desperadoes of the Plains.

—A Denver paper, *Field and Farm*, predicts that in two years more the alfalfa (lucerne) crop of Colorado will exceed in value the mineral output. The product this season has been estimated at \$5,000,000, or "half as much as the corn yield of Nebraska or Kansas."

—If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.—*Southey.*

CAUSES OF BALDNESS.

A Prominent Physician Chats Pleasantly About Bald Headed Men.

"Doctor, what is your opinion of the theory that the 'coming man' (of the twenty-fifth century for instance) will be entirely bald?" asked a reporter of a physician whose name is famous in two continents.

"It is sheer nonsense. That baldness is more prevalent than it was a generation or two ago is doubtless true, but the fact is owing to neglect of, and disregard for, natural laws that can not be evaded with impunity with regard to the hair any more than with regard to the stomach or the liver are concerned. Men who take plenty of exercise, live regularly and wear proper covering on their heads will not be troubled with baldness to any greater extent than were their father and grandfathers."

"What do you regard as the chief cause of the prevalence of bald-headed men?"

"Experience and observation have led me to the firm belief that in a majority of cases baldness is due to the style of hats that have been in vogue for a generation or more. Nine men out of ten in professional circles wear either the high silk hat or the hard felt hat commonly known as the Derby. The hair bulbs of the scalp are nourished by the blood which is supplied by arteries on the front, back and rear of the head. These arteries divide into branches as they extend toward the top of the head, so that nourishment is carried to all parts of the scalp."

"Now, if you shut off to any great extent the supply of blood which these conduits are meant to carry to all portions of the scalp for the nourishment of the scalp, the inevitable result will be the destruction of the hair follicles and bulbs, and the consequent loss of the hair from lack of something to feed upon. This is just the effect produced by the hats to which I have referred, or by any other form of head covering which constricts the arteries and veins by which the blood is conducted to and returned from the scalp. That such compression is almost inevitable is plain. They lie upon the hard surface of the skull, protected only by a thin tissue, and when a close-fitting, unyielding and heavy hat is placed upon the head it acts like a *tourniquet*, and in a great measure retards the natural action of the blood, which is so necessary to the healthfulness of any portion of the system."

"That this is the great cause of the common form of baldness is also shown by the fact that mechanics, laborers and the like, who ordinarily wear loose-fitting, well-ventilated headgear, are not more prone to baldness than their predecessors of half a century ago."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

GREAT COMMANDERS.

According to General Sherman They Are Made, Not Born.

I will quote here an expression of a personal friend who was a good soldier of the civil war, now a Senator in Congress, contained in an address which he recently delivered to the graduating class of a college in Michigan:

Of course knowledge is power, we all know that; but mere knowledge is not power, it is simply possibility. Action is power, and its highest manifestation is action with knowledge.

How true this is, is felt by every soldier who has been in battle. 'Tis not the men who know most, but the one who does best, that wins. Grant, and Meade, and Sheridan at the close of the war could have been taught many lessons by our learned professors, but none of these could have guided the forces to victory as Grant did at Chattanooga, defended his position as Meade did at Gettysburg, or hurled his masses as Sheridan did at Winchester. Action guided by knowledge is what is demanded of the modern General. He must know as much of the school of the soldier as any man in the ranks; he must know what men can do, and what they can not do; he must foresee and forewarn to provide in advance the food, clothing, ammunition and supplies of every nature and kind necessary for the maintenance of his command; and, moreover, he must gain the confidence and affections of all the men committed to his charge. Above all, he must act according to the best knowledge and information he can obtain, preferably coupled with experience acquired long in advance. If we demand of the engineer of a locomotive, composed of bits of iron, but knowledge and experience, how much more should we demand these qualities of the commander of an army, composed of living men, of flesh and blood, with immortal souls! There may be such men as born Generals, but I have never encountered them, and doubt the wisdom of trusting to their turning up in an emergency.

—General Sherman, in Century.

—There is some reason for the admiration generally felt for blue eyes. A connoisseur in eyes states nineteenth of the railroad men and others who are selected for their keenness and correctness of vision have blue eyes. Brown eyes are beautiful. Gray eyes usually denote intelligence, and hazel eyes bespeak a talent for music. The commonest color of eyes is gray, and the rarest violet.—*Dress.*

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SOAP VERSUS LAW.

A Constable Encounters a Woman Who Is Not as Green as She Seems.

A Missouri constable rode out to a farm near St. Joe armed with a subpoena for a woman who was wanted as a witness in a case in court. He found her in the back yard busily engaged in stirring a boiling, bubbling mass in a large brass kettle. He stated his business and she said:

"I can't go to-day."

"But you must."

"What's the hurry?"

"Why, court's in session and the case is now on trial. They want you by noon."

"Well, I ain't going. You think I'm going off and leave this hunk kittle o' soft soap to spile. Just to please your old court? No, sirree!"

"Why, my dear madam, you must. You really don't seem to understand—"

"I understand that I've got a big kittle o' splendid soap grease on to bile, and it'll make thin, sticky soap if aint finished to-day. You go back and tell the judge so."

"You'll be fined for—"

"Pooh! I'd like to see the Missouri jury that'd fine a woman for not leavin' her soap-bilin' when it was at a critical pint, as one might say. Tell the judge I'll come to-morrow, if we don't butcher our peeps then; an' if we do, I'll come some day next week."

"But I tell you that won't do. You must come now."

"Lookee, young man, you think I'm a fool? I reckon you never made any soap, did you? If you had, you'd know that—"

"What does the judge care about your soap?"

"Well, what do I care 'bout the judge, if it comes to that? Law's law and soap's soap. Let the judge tend to his law, an' I'll tend to my soap. The good book says there's a time for every thing, an' this is my time for a bar'l o' soft soap."

"Well, madam, if you want to be fined for contempt of court, all right. You will be fined sure as—"

"Bah! I know all 'bout the law, an' here aint any thing in it, nor in the Constitution of the United States, nor in the Declaration of Independence, nor in nothin' else, that says a woman's got to leave a kittle o' half-cooked soap, and go off to court when she ain't a mind to. I guess I know a little aw myself."—*Tid-Bits.*

HE DIDN'T LAUGH.

How a Detroit Humanitarian Was Crushed by a Human Brute.

Scores of others have tried that same thing this winter and failed. If you are trotting along with your hands up over your ears, and you attempt to turn in icy corner, the equilibrium is destroyed and you might as well sit down. He sat down. A dozen or more pedestrians laughed heartily. He looked indignantly, of course, and he went off with an injured expression of countenance. One of those who had witnessed his discomfiture followed and overtook him, and said:

"Beg pardon, but you fell down back here. All the crowd but me laughed. [didn't. I never do.]"

The victim looked at the man in a cold, clammy sort of way for a few seconds and then went on. He had not gone a hundred feet when he was again overtaken, and the man said:

"You may think I did, but I didn't. Some of 'em yelled out: 'Ha! ha! ha!' and some tittered: 'Te-he-he!' but I was solemn. I always am."

"You go on," exclaimed the fallen man, in high dudgeon.

"But you fell down."

"And what of it?"

"But I didn't laugh. I never do. I don't want you to lay up any thing against me."

The other walked on again, but he was once more overtaken and appealed to:

"You won't lay it up against me, will you? When you went down some of the crowd laughed until they almost went double, but I never smiled. Never