

HELEN LAKEMAN;

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

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"WALTER BROWNFIELD," ETC.

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PETE AND THE PROSPECTOR.

"I will look over your goods in the morning," said the miner. "In the meanwhile, make yourself at home." Pete was soon mingling among the miners, picking up such information as he could, and making himself very agreeable. When they sat down to supper, and the prospector asked a blessing, Pete said to himself:

"He's a piece what'll stand wind an' rain an' sun without fadin'. There's no cotton chain or fillin' about him, all wool, all wool an' will wear forever." A moment later, he said aloud: "By the way, stranger, I forgot to ax ye what yer name was, an' where ye war' from?"

"My name is John Whitehead, from Pennsylvania."

"An' ye are out here huntin' for lead an' silver?"

"Yes, sir, we are now doing what is called prospecting."

"Are ye acquainted hereabouts?"

"No, sir, are you?"

"Ye better reckon I am. I have tramped every rock an' sold goods in every house for a hundred miles around here. At least a hundred miles."

"Then you are acquainted?"

"Yes."

"There is a great deal of wild land out here."

"Yes."

"Is it rated very high?"

"No."

"Do you know who owns this?"

"Yes, I do."

"Who?"

"Two orphan children, who hev been cheated than of they had bought goods o' a Jew peddler. They had a farm an' this land, what wasn't then worth fifteen cents."

Pete then proceeded to give an account of the wrongs of the Lakeman heirs. In his crude way he described Helen's devotion to her little brother, and the patience of the cripple, Mr. Whitehead listened until he had completed the narration, then said:

"How much was the farm worth?"

"Five thousand dollars."

"It is lucky for them that they lost the farm and retained these wild lands," said the miner.

"Why?" asked Pete.

"They are worth five times as much as that, at least, perhaps more."

"What?" cried Pete, starting up and letting his pipe fall from his hand. "Would you be willin' to give twenty-five thousand dollars for this land?"

"Yes," answered the prospector. "I would give twenty-five thousand now, and if the lead turns out as I expect it will, I'll double it."

Pete sat dumbfounded. He was shown some of the ore, which convinced him it was genuine.

As he lay in the hammock that night he was filled with joy at the thought that those persecuted children were rich.

"I guess old Mrs. Stuart won't be turning up her nose at the hired girl any more."

CHAPTER XX. WARREN AND PETE.

While the stirring events we have related were transpiring, Warren Stuart was in Chicago in blissful ignorance of it all. He found his father's real estate agent a very pleasant business-like gentleman, and very rapid in all his work save Mr. Stuart's.

Warren was delayed from day to day until he began to suspect that his father had requested that he be retained some time in the city. He wrote repeatedly to Helen Lakeman, but received no answer. His mother wrote him affectionate letters, telling him every thing except what he really wished to know. If there is any thing more annoying than to receive a letter which contains every thing except just what you want to know, we have never discovered it. Mr. and Mrs. Stuart seemed to possess that remarkable faculty of talking or writing all around a subject without touching it. Three words, three strokes of the pen, would have saved Warren many sleepless nights. But those words did not come. He felt sure they would not. He ceased to write to Helen, and wrote to his sister Rose. In her he had a warm, sympathetic friend.

Warren little dreamed what was transpiring at home. His next letter from his father stated that Rose had received his last and would answer it soon; it continued urging him to remain until the agent had finished the abstract for him.

"It's all nonsense for me to stay here," said Warren, chafing at this delay. "The matter could all have been transacted by mail, and I am cooped up here for nothing. I am doing nothing, at a dead expense, and have a notion to go home." The next morning he went to the agent and asked him if he could get the abstract that day in time to go home.

"No," said the agent, tossing back his iron-gray locks, and smiling serenely. "It will be impossible. Just be contented; don't get homesick, and all will go right yet."

"But this delay is useless. I don't see why the whole matter can not be settled by mail."

"We may find a purchaser for the property," said the gentleman, bringing a cigar from his case, trimming the end of it, and then with a flourish, bringing it to his mouth.

"Do you know how soon you will be ready for me to return?"

"I can't say, just yet, but hope soon to have the matter all fixed up satisfactorily."

The agent then brushed his vest and coat with his hand, stroked his iron-gray whiskers and elevated his feet to the top of the desk before him. His boots were blacked and his clothes brushed with care. Taking his ivory-handled cane, he tapped the toes of his boots leisurely, as though he were in no particular hurry about any thing. Warren fixed his eyes on him a moment and became more impatient, — can not the agent work on the abstract this morning? (The agent has not worked an hour in the last week on the abstract.) No, the agent says he has another matter to attend to this morning, and it will not be at all convenient. Warren is more impatient, and if he had the authority would hunt up another agent. After pacing the floor a moment or two, strangers come in to talk on business, and Warren goes out. Goes to his hotel in no very amiable frame of mind.

People sometimes "over do" a thing, as Western folks say. In this case the enemies of Helen Lakeman and Warren Stuart, in their earnest zeal, had carried their point a little too far. Hallie Arnold was triumphant at having exposed that bold-faced hired girl to the world. Never did a game cock crow over a vanquished enemy more than she did at the girl's fall.

"I guess this'll learn Warren Stuart a lesson," she said to herself. "He'll know hereafter how to slight respectable girls for a pot slinger."

She longed to tell Warren herself. But Hallie had too much sense to write to him. He should hear it all, but not through her. She would find an emissary to do her work for her. After taking several in her mind and dropping them, she finally fixed on Bill Jones' wife, the keeper of the poor-house. Sallie Jones was acquainted with Warren, could write "a tolerable hand," and was the very person to break the news. Instead of waiting for Warren to return home, or hear the story from some one else, she got Sallie Jones to write to him.

The next morning, after Warren's last visit to the agent, he received a letter addressed in a strange scrawling hand. It was mailed at Newton, and puzzled to know who it was from, he broke it open. He read it about half through, and sank into a chair groaning, while the letter dropped at his feet. He was alone in his room. After a few moments he again seized the letter and read it through. It was as follows:

"NEWTON, May —, 18—.

Mister Warren Stuart, I reckon you will be surprised to get a letter from me, but I have not forgot you. I would rise an' tell you the news, yer folks is well. Hallie Arnold is still the bell. Yer town folks are a most dead for her but we know she don't want 'em, that hired girl of yer mams turned out bad. She got so bad yer folks had to drive her off, an' then she went in with a strange feller to Mister Arnold's an' stole som munny an' juelry, now they hev her in jail, an' the little boy we are keepin' no more at present. Hop you will be home sone. Good bi yer friend,
SALLY JONES."

Warren arose, crushing the badly written, badly spelled epistle in his hands. Illiterate as the letter was, there was a depth of shrewdness in it which he knew did not belong to Sally Jones. He paced the floor a moment, and then his resolution was formed. Noble fellow—the darts of slander found no vulnerable point in his armor of faith in the poor girl's innocence. The long silence, the fact that he received no letters, this unnecessary journey, convinced him that there was a deep conspiracy. He seized his hat and valise, paid his hotel bill, which left him with fifty-five cents in his pocket. He walked down the street to a shop, where three brass balls indicated the business carried on within;—there he pawned his gold watch for twenty dollars, and hurried away to the depot. He bought a ticket to Stratton, which was only forty miles from Newton. At Stratton he must change cars, but he was assured that the connection was close. Filled with anxiety, and harassed by doubts and fears, Warren traveled all day and all the following night. He did not take a sleeping coach, because his limited means would not allow this luxury. Occasionally he dozed as the train thundered along over rolling prairies, forest glades and down the beautiful valleys. The moon was riding high in the heavens, and the stars twinkled upon the earth. He wondered if there could be any truth in "Sally's" letter. Again and again he asked himself: "How is this all to end; will I be enabled to save her from disgrace?"

At sunrise the next morning the train arrived at Stratton. Our hero got off and asked the first man he saw how soon the first train to Newton would come in.

"It is six hours late, sir, and will not be here before twelve or one o'clock," the junction agent answered.

Although half wild with delay, our hero could do nothing but wait. As he was going into the dining hall he ran against Pete, the peddler.

"Hello, Warren, ye're just here in a nick o' time," said Pete. "Did ye hear about yer gal?"

"Pete, let's take a room, I want to hear it all from you."

Pete had walked over from Big Sandy the day before, and last night was the first he had heard of it, but the whole country was talking over the supposed larceny.

"It's all a lie," said Pete, "it's every bit o' it a lie, made out o' whole cloth, and shabby goods at that."

"Is she really in jail, and have you seen her?" asked Warren, anxiously.

Pete explained that he had been on a riding tour and had not seen Helen since he left her at Arnold's, but he had the strongest faith in her innocence, and knew that he could convince Squire



WARREN AND THE PEDDLER.
BROTHERS IN THREE MINUTES.

"The trial comes off to-day," said Pete, "an' of that blasted train were on time we could make it before it begins."

"Yes, and it may be over, and she committed before we get there," said Warren.

"That's so; but all we can do is wait."

"Why was it behind time on this morning?" said Warren. "Can we not walk there?"

"No; nor hire a carriage that'll take us any sooner than the train, if it comes even at one o'clock."

Warren went out on the depot platform and began walking back and forth the full length of it. Pete persuaded him to eat some breakfast, but it was a small amount, and then he continued walking up and down the platform, while his whole soul seemed on fire at the delay.

CHAPTER XXI. THE DYING CHILD.

The nearer Helen Lakeman's trial approached, the less chance there seemed to be of proving her innocence. There were so many corroborating circumstances to fasten the guilt upon her. But, strange to say, a reaction had set in. Public sentiment, as to the belief in her guilt, was just the same, but she was gaining sympathy every day. The weekly Newton papers—for Newton, like all other Western towns, had two newspapers with an average cord-wood subscription of four hundred each—had two columns, and several "squibs," devoted to larceny.

One headed the column of his article "A Pity," and the other had "Shame" as the catch line. The pity was for the girl, and the shame was that she should be so neglected that she should be forced to steal for herself and little brother. These two papers were the *Newton Republican* and the *Newton Democrat*, both political sheets, whose main idea was to carry the county for their party in order to get the public printing, which is the life-blood of many a county newspaper. Both seemed to harmonize, for once, on the one idea of sympathy for the poor girl, even to suggesting a pardon, should she be convicted. This set people to talking. Many who had known her formerly, and knew what a sweet, patient girl she had been; how she had borne her misfortunes—declared she ought to be acquitted, even if she were guilty. Of course she was guilty. Judge Arnold never would have made such a blunder as that.

About three days before the trial, Clarence, who had sought in vain for his brother's address, went to Newton to consult the lawyer, Mr. Layman. His father had grown more kindly toward the girl, though he declared he was actuated only by sympathy. He knew she must be guilty.

Clarence saw Mr. Layman and talked with him about the case. That gentleman had little hope, save the strong public sympathy for his client. He went to see Helen to offer some words of consolation, and found her much more sad and dejected than at first.

"Have you seen my little brother?" were almost the first words she uttered.

"No, Helen, I declare I was so busy about you, that I forgot Amos, but I guess he's all right."

"He's at the poor-house," she said.

"What! in the hands of that scoundrel, Bill Jones? It can not be."

Helen assured him he was there, and very ill. The wetting he got the evening before her arrest had resulted in a dangerous fever.

Clarence vowed he should be taken home that night, and in a hour was rattling away to the poor-house. When he reached the front gate, a miserable, rotten, tumble-down affair, he was accosted by Bill Jones, the keeper, a pipe in his mouth, and his hands in his pockets:

"What do you want here, Clarence?" he demanded.

"I came here for the little sick boy," Clarence answered.

"Which one?"

"Amos Lakeman."

"From Heaven," answered Clarence, hitching his horse, and pushing on through the gate past the burly keeper.

"Ye'd better show yer writin's."

"Where is he?" demanded Clarence. At this moment Simple Nancy, with her hideous giggle, arose from behind a tree, and said:

"This way, this way."

He followed the woman to an old hut, dark, miserable and dirty. There, on a wretched bed, lay the wasted form of little Amos. His crutches were near him, but he would never need them again. He was about to take wings to the land of eternal day, where sorrow and suffering are unknown.

Clarence was a strong youth, and deemed it a weakness to weep, yet he could not repress his tears at this sight of misery.

LEGAL TECHNICALITIES.

Why Criminals Should Not Be Turned Loose on Trivial Grotes.

Why should any court be empowered to turn loose a notorious robber simply because a single step in the proceedings against him was erroneous though not affecting the question of guilt? A departure from strict rules in election matters is not allowed to affect the result, provided the voter's intent is carried out; and most men of sense will say that technical errors at a trial ought not to vitiate the proceedings, provided no injustice is done. But as long as the lawyer thinks his duty is alone to the client who pays him, and nothing to the public, this debasement of honor and judicial functions will go on.

When a criminal has neither money nor political influence, justice is sometimes swift enough. A New York daily some time ago reported that a common thief, who had snatched a scarf-pin worth a dollar, was "railroaded" through court in a few days and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary, while a saloon-keeper went free who "had been arrested eighteen times in two years on charges of beating, assaulting and robbing women." But the latter, it was expressly stated, had "political influence," and boasted that he had "a pull" on the courts which would always shield him. Perhaps this was exaggerated; but no observant man can doubt that justice must often fail when the bench is occupied by active associates of leading politicians. The method is not openly to defend and set at liberty, but to rail at and stigmatize witnesses as "informers," to discredit their testimony, make postponements, discharge for alleged informalities, or put over the trial from court to court until public interest is lost, and then to permanently "pigeon-hole" the charges or enter a "nol. pros." This is comparatively easy in communities where certain outlawed immoralities are supported by local public sentiment, such as gambling, lotteries, horse-racing, betting on elections, unlicensed liquor-selling, drunkenness, prize-fighting, Sabbath desecration, etc. These can not be made legal, because the State is greater than the city, but local sentiment is usually powerful enough to control the courts, and through them to make the laws a nullity. But with a powerful bar bent on the administration of justice, and not conniving at nor leading in opposition to good laws, this could hardly happen. Hence it is not very wide of the mark to say that lawyers as a class do not take a deep interest in abstract justice, or that they are prominent in agitating for moral reforms.—Philip Snyder, in *Popular Science Monthly*.

Wash-Dresses For Girls.

Gingham, Chambray and percale dresses for girls from four to ten years have high waists, plain and pointed in front, with a sash across the back, or else they have a belted waist with eight or ten feather-stitched tucks down the front and back, and are slightly gathered into the belt. Three breadths are in the full skirt of small dresses, and four breadths for larger girls. To make the plain waists more dressy, the collar and wrist-bands may be of white Hamburg edging, or there may be a V of all-over embroidery just below the collar, with revers of edging, or else it extends lower, and the edging forms bretelles over the shoulders. Jacket fronts like those worn by small boys are set on some of these high waists, and rows of small pearl buttons, of the kind called shirt buttons, are placed in a row so close as to nearly touch each other on the fronts of the jacket, or diagonally on each corner of the front, and then just below the collar; also on the wrist-bands of the full sleeves, or the cuffs of the coat sleeves. Scotch gingham, are chosen in large plaids and wide irregular stripes, even for tiny girls; they are also worn in plain colors—pink, blue, buff and brown.—*Harper's Bazar*.

A Good Reason Why.

They had been talking of the sharp games played on innocent people by sharp men, when Green looked up and said:

"Gentlemen, I don't brag about my wife being sharper than a razor, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll write a note, sign it with my own name, and ask her to deliver my Sunday suit to bearer for repairs. You may send it up to the house, and I'll bet you five dollars, she'll be too sharp to let the clothes go."

"We'll take that bet!" called two or three voices, and there being five of them they chipped in a dollar apiece. The note was written and signed and dispatched by a messenger boy. In half an hour he returned, empty-handed as to clothes, but having a note which read:

"Come off the perch! All the clothes you have in the world are on your back!"

"Gentlemen," said the winner, as he pocketed his five, "let me recommend it to you as something which always wins, and as I must meet a man at three o'clock I will now bid you good-day!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

—There is a story told of a Boston attorney who, on the eve of being married, found it impossible to reach the appointed place, and telegraphed for "a stay of proceedings," the legal phraseology of the dispatch proving that even at such an eventful time the disciple of Blackstone and Coke could not shake off the verbal fetters of the law.—*Boston Budget*.

INTERESTING EXHIBIT.

A Magnificent Group of Bison in a Case at the National Museum.

A magnificent group of bison or American buffalo has just been completed at the National Museum. The buffalo were collected in various parts of Montana by the Smithsonian expedition in 1883, the expedition sent out by Prof. Baird, and in which he took so much interest. The group was mounted by Taxidermist W. T. Hornaday, and the surroundings which he designed are extremely realistic.

The most striking member of the group is an adult bull, eleven years old, who ate his last morsel of sage brush on the 6th of December, 1885. That day was to be the last day of the hunt. The wagons were being loaded for the start home, and while waiting for the start Prof. Hornaday and two or three cow-boys started out for their last hunt. This bull, with a cow and a calf, was found, and Prof. Hornaday immediately gave chase to the bull, overtook him, and shot him from the saddle, breaking his shoulder. The bull fell, recovered his feet, and started to run, but soon stopped and stood at bay, and was sketched in this position by Prof. Hornaday and killed.

The sketch was printed in a magazine article describing the hunt, and the bull has been mounted in almost the same position in which he stood at bay. The bull is very muscular, but not fat, and the pelage is of extraordinary length and fineness. He is believed to be the largest bull ever measured and recorded. He is 5 feet 8 inches high at the shoulders to the skin, and to the top of the hair 6 feet 2 inches weight is estimated at 1600 pounds.

Next to this big bull in the case is an 8-year-old cow killed in November. She is 4 feet 10 inches high. Near by is another younger cow, killed in October. On a little hillock which overhangs the imitation pool of water stands a fine young "spike" bull 2½ years old, killed in October. The name "spike" applies to male buffaloes until they are 4 years old, because until that age is reached the tip of their horns is straight, not curved as in adults.

The other members of the group are a yearling calf, killed in October, and a sucking calf that was taken alive and brought here when the expedition returned. For some time it was one of the interesting things to be seen around the museum, and became a great favorite with the visitors, especially the children. But the climate was too much for him, and one day "Sandy" lay down and sighed his young life out. His spirit is now in a land where there are no Buffalo Bills, but Sandy is in the case with the rest of the buffaloes, looking just as "cute" as he did when he was tugging at his rope and eating grass in the Smithsonian grounds.

The case is a very handsome one, probably the largest glass case in this country, and the surroundings of the group inside the case are very realistic.

The scene represents a typical alkaline "water-hole" on the great northern buffalo range, such as are resorted to by wild animals and also by man. The time indicated is the month of November, when the small streams are all dry and only these holes of water remain. In front of the hole passes a typical buffalo trail, such as were made by herds of buffalo all over the great pasture region as they traveled down water courses, single file, in search of water.

The ground is covered with "bunch-grass" or brown sedge, buffalo grass, sage brush and prickly pear, all brought from Montana and arranged in the case with the greatest fidelity to nature.

On the east side of the case lies the skull of a distinct bull buffalo, and across on the other side is the skull of a cow, lying just as they were when found by the members of the buffalo expedition. In the center of the case is a pool of water, once part of a stream, of which the buffaloes were in search. At one side of this is a small hillock, one side of which has been cut sharply away by the water, which has uncovered some fossil bones—the remains of long-lead buffaloes. The animals are contentedly grouped around the "spike" buffalo standing on top of the hillock.

The twenty-five specimens killed and preserved by the Smithsonian expedition were the last of the great northern herd, excepting those in the National Park, and were taken so that they might be preserved in the interest of science, instead of being totally destroyed by cow-boys and hide-hunters. The species is now practically extinct.

The group is by far the largest and handsomest ever mounted, and it would be almost impossible to duplicate it at any cost.—*Washington Critic*.

—Beware of that being who indulges in an uncontrolled temper, if you desire peace and happiness. Many a lofty mind and noble genius has by its influence become the base of friendship, the curse of home, and the dread of society. It destroys the peace of families, poisons the fountains of happiness, and dries up the sources of very pleasure. Beauty, wit, wealth, talents, fame and honor can never be a substitute. This one gem outweighs them all—an amiable temper.—*Good Cheer*.

—A man may bear the stamp of honesty and worth, but he can't mail a letter with it.—*Dinghinton Leader*.

PITH AND POINT.

—A hedge between keeps friendship green.

—If you have no enemies mark yourself down as of no account.

—Some newspapers are too dull to be worth fling.—*Puck*.

—Beauty is but skin deep. There is no peach so handsome as a sour elingstone.

—A lot of city mothers could manage city affairs better than the average gang of city fathers.—*N. O. Picayune*.

—In the wrestle between man and rum, the oftener the man downs the rum the more surely will the rum come out on top.

—A clergyman said he never knew a rogue who was not unhappy. Of course not; it is the rogues who are not known that are the happy ones.

—If the regrets which too often lie at the end of life could be put into firm resolutions at the beginning, they would alter the affairs of life.

—The Coffin Trust is a grave undertaking, but it ought to flourish long enough to provide all the other trusts with burial cases.—*Philadelphia Press*.

—Calumny, says a philosopher, is like a coal, if it does not burn it with soil. Yes, and calumny warms a man about as well as coal, too. Still, we prefer coal.—*Life*.

—It is by plodding steadily along, day in and day out, that we achieve our successes. They who make their gains otherwise are eccentricities, and not fit, therefore, to be taken as examples.

—There are a good many people who are absolutely sure that they could make an undying literary reputation for themselves if they could only think of something to say.—*Somerville Journal*.

—Here are five gold dollars," said grandpa to little Harry, "one for each of your birthdays. What more could a little shaver like you wish for?" "Only that I was as old as you, grandpa," was the reply.—*Youth's Companion*.

SOME WITTY ANSWERS.

Amusing Remarks Made in English Courts of Law.

Our courts of law have furnished us at various times with very witty and amusing remarks, lawyers and prisoners alike being guilty on this score. Doubtless every one has heard of the Irishman who, in reply to the question: "Guilty, or not guilty?" said "he would like to hear the evidence before he would plead." A magistrate in another case was dealing with a vagrant, and in a severe tone addressed him thus: "You have been up before me half a dozen times this year," thereby giving him to understand that he had appeared too often on the scene. The prisoner, however, was equal to the occasion, for he replied: "Come, now, judge—none of that. Every time I've been here I've seen you here. You are here more than I am. People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones."

Curran, the Irish advocate, was one day examining a witness, and failing to get a direct answer, said: "There is no use in asking you questions, for I see the villain in your face." "Do you, sir?" said the man, with a smile. "Faix, I never knew before that my face was a looking-glass." On another occasion he was out walking with a friend who was extremely punctilious in his conversation. The latter, hearing a person near him say curiously for curiosity, exclaimed: "How that man murders the English language!" "Not so bad as that," replied Curran; "he has only knocked an i out!"

"Prisoner at the bar," said a judge, "is there any thing you would wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" The prisoner looked toward the door, and remarked that he would like to say "Good evening, if it was agreeable to the company."

"I remember," says Lord Eldon, "Mr. Justice Gould trying a case at York, and when he had proceeded for about two hours he observed: 'Here are only eleven jurymen in the box; where is the twelfth?' Please you, my lord," said one of the eleven, "he has gone away about some business; but he has left his verdict with me."

This is almost on a par with a case tried in one of the Lancashire courts, when Serjeant Cross was a resident barrister in that county. The jury, having consulted and agreed upon their verdict, were addressed by the clerk of the peace: "How say you, gentlemen of the jury; do you find for the plaintiff or the defendant?"

"What say you? I dunnot understand," said the foreman.

"Why, as you have decided, all I want to know is whether your verdict is for the plaintiff or the defendant?"

The foreman was still greatly embarrassed; but he replied: "Whoy, I raly dunnot know, but we're for him as Mester Cross is for."

Lord Cockburn's looks, tones, language and manner were always such as to make one think that he believed every word he said. On one occasion, before he was raised to the bench, when defending a murderer, although he failed to convince the judge and jury men of the innocence of his client, yet he convinced the murderer himself that he was innocent. Sentence of death was pronounced, and the day of execution fixed for, say, the 20th of January. As Lord Cockburn was passing the condemned man, the latter seized him by the gown, saying: "I have not got justice, Mr. Cockburn—I have not got justice." To this the advocate coolly replied: "Perhaps not; but you'll get it on the 20th of January."—*Chambers' Journal*.