HELEN LAKEMAN;

The Story of a Young Girfe Struggle With Adversity.

BY JOHN & MUSICE. TTROS OF "THE BARKER OF BEDE "WALTER BROWNFIELD," ETC.

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"Amos, my dear little boy," he said, "I have come to take you home with me. Do you want to go?"

It was with an effort, the little fellow said : "Yes-yes, it's so nice there. The angels will come to me there, and I'm goin' to die soon. They'll never come to take me to Heaven if I die here."

"You shall go at once," said Clarence.

"Well, we'll see !" cried Bill Jones, with an oath. He stood in the door, his fists clenched. The timid paupers fled at the first indications of hostilities.

Clarence was rash and indiscreet in this, as he showed himself to be in all other things. At a bound he struck the ruffian, Jones, a blow in the mouth, which felled him to the ground. Jones was hardly prepared for such an attack, and learned to his cost the power of that Herculean arm.

Seizing the frightened child, Clarence bore him to the buggy, sprang in and drove off, leaving Bill Jones to vonder whether a thunder-bolt, or falling mortar had struck him.



CLARENCE RESCUES AMOS.

The little sufferer made no complaint on the road, though at' times his pain was excruciating. Rose and her mother met Clarence, who bore the sick child in his arms. The cleanest, whitest sheets, the softest bed and pillows were prepared for him.

Little Amos was too much exhausted to speak his gratitude, but from his pale face, and sad eyes, came the ex- aloud. pressions of thanks. A smile spread over the wasted features, worn by suffering, and he whispered:

"They come here now-they'll come again."

Mrs. Stuart.

when I was here, and now, when I die,

ame at one o'clock, and announced hat the child could not live long-that e was dying even then.

"I know it," the little cripple said. The angels are waiting to take me way." Then his face would light up with a smile that seemed nothing less chan a reflection of the beams from the open gates of Paradise. "There is only

ne thing I want," he said. "What is that?" asked Mrs. Stuart. Tell me what you wish, little dear, and if it is in my power, it shall be granted."

I want to see sister Helen and tell her good-bye. Just let me see her once more before 1 go, that I can tell father and mother she is happy.'

Who could deny the request of the dying child. Clarence was ordered to narness the swiftest horse to the light-

est vehicle and drive, without regard to horse-flesh, to the village. He must stop the trial and bring Helen there at all hazards, and to say that he. Mr. Stuart, would be responsible for the

prisoner. Five minutes later Clarence was driving his swift-footed Prince at a dead run toward Newton.

CHAPTER XXIL

Monday came, and it was a busy day at Newton. Squire Bluffers was busy. He sat in his easy chair at his table, his glasses mounted on his nose, and his pen went scratch, scratch, over some egal-looking documents before him. The sun was shining brightly, and the day promised to be warm.

The sheriff was busy returning his subpænaes, which were many. Helen's lawyer had subprenaed a host of witnesses to support her good character, while Mothers Tartrum and Grundy were on the side of Arnold, ready to swear they never thought her as good as she ought to be.

The hairy mole on Mother Tartrum's chin seemed to tremble with indignation when she saw so many "who had allers that her a nice gal.

Judge Arnold was also busy; his short whiskers elevated to an almost horizontal position, dodging about from the sheriff to the attorney for the State. Now he whispered some sage advice to the attorney, then he ran back to the familiarly put his arms about his neek

to draw his ear down, while he whispered that mysterious something. Then the attorney would noc, smile and feel flattered. What all this hob-nobbing, whispering and smiling was about, no one could tall.

"What time is the case set for, Squire?" Judge Arnold at last asked,

"Ten o'clock," answered that imperturbable dignitary of the law, without looking up from his writing.

Ten o'clock came, and the sheriff, who had gone after the fair prisoner, "Who will come, little dear?" asked entered with her. Mrs. Bridges accompanied her. "Poor child, you shall "The angels-they come to me before | not go alone," the good woman said.

"The Lord is very good to me in my afflictions," said Helen, devotedly. "I might be nothing wrong in her coming they will find me, because you are good shall not be alone, for he will be with here, so good." "You will not die now, Amos, you me."

better prepared for a criminal court trial, if they heard the testimony of

the State here. "Well, are ye ready?" asked the jus-

Miss Hallie Arnold was called. Her red face seemed redder than ever as she "stood up to be sworn." The oath hard spring work. was administered by the justice in his usual slow, solemn manner, and she took the seat set apart for witnesses. Helen sat by her attorney, with Mrs. Bridges on the other side holding her

hand. "I never did think much o' that Mrs. Bridges," said Mother Tartrum, "how kin she set by the side o' that thing, an'

her a thief ?" Hallie Arnold was cool, self-possessed and gave an unwavering account of the disappearance of her bracelet. She then told of Helen Lakeman coming to their house with a man, and of her next finding the bracelet in her carpet bag. There was just the least exultation on Hallie's part as she told the justice about the poor girl's fall.

The witness was at last turned over to the tender mercies of Mr. Lavman. Mr. Layman wanted to know how

long Helen had been at Mr. Arnold's house, before the bracelet was missing? She came the night before. What time the night before? It was dark or about dark. Was it dark? Hallie looked confused and said she did not see her when she came. Who was with her? A man. What was his name? Peter Starr, commonly known as "Pete, the peddler." Was any one else with her? Yes. Who? Speaking almost under her breath she said her little brother. Was not Pete carrying him? She did not know, mother met 'em at the door.

Did they have a cat at their house? Yes, certainly, and a titter went round the room, making the hairy mole on Mother Tartrum's chin tremble. Did they have a kitten? The prosecuting attorney did not see that this was relevant, but the justice did. Yes, they had a kitten. How old was the kitten?

Four or five months old. Was it a very playful kitten? It was, but was never known to open a carpet bag and hide away a gold bracelet. This produced a laugh at the lawyer's expense, and sheriff, then to the attorney again and Mother Tartrum clapped her hands for joy, while the hairy mole on her chin was greatly agitated.

The lawyer then asked Hallie if she knew who put the bracelet in the carpet bag? No, she did not. Did she do

it? "No," very indignantly. She was dismissed and Mrs. Arnold sworn. Her examination in chief was the same as her daughter's. Then on cross-examination she admitted that it was not dark when Helen and "Pete, the peddler," came to her house. That Helen's brother was with her and both were soaked with rain. That Pete was a man of good character, and that they stated that Pete had found Helen and her little brother under a tree, and he volunteered to carry the little boy that far. She even thought that there

THE HORSE'S SHOULDERS.

How to Prevent Them From Recoming Sore in Spring and Summer.

Sores on horses shoulders can be prevented. Galled shoulders argue boor management or negligence. Prevention is easier than cure; and prevention must begin some weeks before

It is one common fault of our farm nanagement to allow the horses to be dle nearly altogether throughout the winter. It takes a smart horse to earn more in five months than he consumes

n twelve. More than one farmer allows his horses to take from him in winter what they gained for him in summer. Work could be found during the winter for the horses that would at east pay for their keep; and they would some to the spring work in much better condition for it-their shoulders

oughened and their muscles hardened. The horse that remains idle most of the time during the winter must have its shoulders toughened in some way, else the first month of hard pulling will make galls. The best way to toughen the unused shoulders is to bathe them with strong salt water. This should be begun four to six weeks before spring work. I keep an old truit can in the stable. Tie a rag around a corn cob. Throw a handful of salt in the can, fill it with water, stir t till the salt is dissolved, and then pply it with the cob-rag arrangement. The work can be done in a few minutes,

and should be done each evening. This salt water bath should be kept up after the horses are put to the plow. As the harness is rem wed in the evenng, wash the shoulders clean with clear water, and then apply the salt water. the horses will enjoy it much. It ools and cases the foverish, tired houlders. After employing this salt water bath for ten years, I am concinced that nothing else is so good a preventive of galled shoulders.

An ill-fitting collar will produce galls as soon as the horse is kept at nard work. Harness is too carelessly selected and fitted; often it is not fitted at all. Among horses' shoulders there s as great a diversity of shape as among men's noses. Whenever a coliar is got for a horse, the horse should be brought to the store that the collar may be fitted. Make the merchant bring out every collar he has, if necessary, to get a fit ; and if a fit can not be got otherwise, have the collar altered. This can be done by making a slit along the groove wherein the hames fit, opposite the spot on the face of the collar which is too prominent. Through the slit enough of the packing can be removed, and a few blows on the face of the collar will then reduce the prominence. Next the collar must be fitted to the hames or the hames to the collar. The latter is the better when it can be done without making the hames too weak. The hames should be shaved down until they fit close to the collar at every point.

Throwing the collar into a pond for a week, oiling it with "rattle-snake beside his interest one-half the profetc., is utter silliness, But greaser keeping it well oiled is a good preventive of galls. The oil keeps the leather soft and pliable, hence it is not apt to chafe the flesh, and is more inclined to adapt itself to the shoulder. For oiling harness I know of nothing else as good as a mixture of two parts pure neatsfoot oil and one part beef tallow. A little castor oil may be added if the mice are inclined to nibble; but it is better to get a good mouser than to use the castor oil. The collar should be cleaned of sweat and dirt each morning. A dirty collar chafes. For cleaning, a dull knife for taking off the rough and a cloth for the finish are good. Cloth pads to cover the entire face of the collar are now made, and are good. Many collars have one side harder than the other; observe this and reject such collars always. Humane feelings aside, it is well to avoid galled shoulders. The horse with whole shoulders does more and better work. He starts quicker, pulls harder and more steadily, and does not give up so soon in a tight place. More, a very sore shoulder seriously affects the health of the animal. The pain affects its nervous system, and lessens digestion and assimilation. The effect is of the same nature, though, perhaps, not so great as like pain would have upon you. -John M. Stahl, in Country Gentleman.

WOMEN SPECULATORS.

Why Stock Brokers Do Not Like to Take Them for Customers.

"You can't find one broker in ten who would take a woman's account," caid a well-known broker just after turning away a lady caller last week. "Why not? Ain't they big enough?"

"Some of them are large. There is woman on the North side who used to go in for a thousand shares at a crack. There is another at present in town who is really a big player in docks, and sometimes has \$60,000 and \$75,000 up in her broker's hands. There is another, the widow of a rich allroader, who makes and loses \$20,-300 at a time. But even the account of these big ones are not sought after." "Don't they pay commissions romptly?"

"They have to do that. Commisions are charged up the moment the rade is opened."

"Why, then, if women would marood, is not their business catered to?" "Because they are kickers first, last and always. One woman will talk nore about her trades, ask more quesious, come oftener for advice and anlov a broker more than twenty men. f they make money they give a broker to peace. They want him to go right head for them on his own judgmenta thing reputable brokers do not do exept in the rarest instance and then not without some directions and for robody but their oldest customers. If woman loses, she pays her losses in manner that makes a man feel simply ke the deuce. He has to say he's so orry, to sympathize and cry over what wasn't his fault, but hors. If you give her advice and it proves bad-brokers are not infallible; if they were they wouldn't be brokers but speculatorswhy she charges you with her loss and Ion't want to pay. Another thing, the majority of women who speculate can't afford it. They are dipping into their savings. When those are gone they are like as not to dip into others they hold in trust. Speculation is bad for a man, but my experience proves that a woman who is bitten by it has the fever twice as bad. The very last woman's account I had on my books taught me how far woman will go. My fair client made a little money at first. Then she plunged, of course. It was up and down for awhile, Finally, it was down-very much

down-with her luck. She came to me weeping, and wanted me to take her diamonds as margin for one more deal. Of course, I wouldn't do that. Well, she went away, but came back the next day with some money, without her diamonds, and accompanied by a villainous-looking beast, who stood by and saw the money paid over before he left. That stake she lost, too. Then she came into the private office, and after some hysterics said she had borrowed the diamonds' full value from her companion of the previous day, on condition that she pay him its she made in the deal. If her husband found it out she was ruined. She begged my help. She promised if I would she would overcome the fascination speculation had for her, and stay away for good. Well, the upshot of it was I got her diamonds back by paying one-third more than 1y but handsomely. they were worth, and gave them to her as a bribe to keep her promises. She did keep her word, strange to say. She never entered my office or any other broker's afterward. Her husband never knew of her speculations. I charged up the cost of the diamonds to expense account and swore no woman's account, if it was worth \$100,000 a year, would ever go on my books again."-Chicago Hera'd. COSTLY CLOCK-MENDING.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

-George R. Sims, the author of "Ostler Joe" and a number of successful plays, makes upward of \$20,000 a year by his pen. He is fifty-one years old and was unheard of ten. years ago.

-A monthly publication called the Cornell Magazine, of which Edward. Everett Hale, Jr., is editor, has been started at Cornell University. It is tobe conducted by the faculty and students jointly.

Roscoe Conkling was a great lover of poetry, and could repeat many verses from memory, not fragmentary lines or stanzas, but whole epics, page by page. His favorite poems were "Lalla Rookh" and "Lady of the "Lake."

-In the San Francisco free library is one of the most remarkable works ever given to the world. It is the Lord's Prayer in no less than 814 difin their deals and keep their margins | ferent dialects. The work was compiled by A. Amer, and published in Vienna in 1844.

> -F. C. Burnand, of London Punch, possesses remarkable skill as a ventriloquist. He was educated for a Jesuit priest, but his inclination to play practical jokes with the ventriloquial power under his control brought him into disfavor with his superiors.

-An advertisement from a Prague (Hungary) newspaper is translated as follows: "A literary lady would like to meet a literary gentleman with a view to matrimony. Prose preferred. as the lady is a poet, and contrasts generally harmonize best-matrimonialty."

-William D. Howells, the novelist, was a type-setter, and so was Bret Harte, and so was Mark Twain. R. H. Stoddard, the poet, was a blacksmith, Frank Stockton was an engraver, and John G. Whittier was a farmer with, slight interruption until he was nearly thirty years old.

-There are two old gentlemen omployed on the Tribune who are makeips of the great Horace Greeley; their hair, face, dress, actions are suggestive of the great newspaper editor of the past, and this likeness is made noticeable and striking by the presence of a life-size portrait of Mr. Greeley hanging against the wall.

-The late A S. Abell, of the Baltimore Sun, was personally associated with Inventor Morse in the promotion of the magnetic telegraph. The Sun published the first message sent over the wires, then an experiment, between Washington and Baltimore, and also published on May 11, 1848. the first Presidential message ever 'received in that way.

-James Gordon Bennett may well be called a citizen of the world. He has a house in New York, one at Newport, one in Paris, a cottage at Bourgival, a chateau and farm thirty miles out of Paris, a villa at Nice, and a steam-yacht to take him across the ocean or anywhere he wants to go. Mr. Bennett is well on to fifty years of are, but he does not look it. His tall form is as straight as an arrow, his blue eyes as bright as an eagle's, and his mustache a golden brown. His hair, however, is very gray, and sets off his florid complexion to the best advantage. Mr. Bennett dresses quiet-

"I know it, my child, I know it; but must get well again, and be happy and hear the birds sing, and watch the sometimes the prince of darkness lambs play in the pasture, as you used | rules." to do.

"No," said Amos, "I will never be well again here, but oh, I want to see sister Helen. She went off with a strange man, and she has been gone so long. Oh, why don't she come back?"

"She will come back, Amos." "But I am going to die, and I want

to see her before I do." "You must not think of dying," said

the kind Mrs. Stuart. "The doctor at the poor-house said I

must die, and I want to see sister Helen before I go; I want to kiss her once more and have her arms around me.' "She will come home Monday," said

Mrs. Stuart. She had determined to inquee ner nusband to go on Helen's bond should she be committed by the magistrate. The preliminary examination would be on Monday next, and she could then be bailed out, if not acquitted.

Amos wanted to know when it would be Monday, and Mrs. Stuart said it would be only two days more. She called her husband in the room to see the little sick boy. Beneath that rugged exterior the farmer had a kind heart, and tears gathered in his eyes as he beheld the little sufferer.

He sent Will, his youngest son, to Newton for the best physician, and took a seat by the bedside of the little cripple.

"You look better, now," said the boy, who noticed the change in Mr. Stuart. "You don't frown at me any more, you are not mad at Amos now. "No, my little boy, I was never mad at you.'

"Every thing is so bright; I am sure I am going to die, because every body is better, and the angels are coming."

"No, no, Amos, you will not die; you must live, and I will give you a pony and some little lambs, and you shall stay here all the time.'

The prospects of life were so bright at these promises that the face grew hopeful

The doctor came, and Mr. Stuart met him in the hall.

"Save that child, if possible, doctor; if you have to devote every hour of your time to him." Mr. Stuart felt now that his stubbornness had been the cause of all this misory. He hated the proud Mrs. Arnold and her tales of mild seandal

The doctor said there was but little hope. Amos might live, but it was very doubtful.

Little Amos would sleep a few moments, and then awake and ask if it was Monday, had Helen come; "oh. would she come before he died?" The fatal Monday came. The doctor

"His rule is brief," said Helen. "They can kill this body, but my soul is beyond their reach.'

The above was spoken after the appearance of the sheriff, with the announcement that it was time to "take up the case."

Helen put on her neat little hat; Mrs. Bridges came to adjust it for her. Her face was pale, while one little curl insisted upon hanging out coquettishly, though Mrs. Bridges tried to confine it. "We'll just let it go, my dear. I am sure you look sweeter by it," said the good woman, kissing her. "Now we are ready. Do not be excited, child."

Helen smiled, saying:

"Our natural impulses are sometimes beyond our control, and it makes but little difference how I look or act. If I am unmoved it will be taken for hardened guilt, if I tremble or weep it will be supposed to come from a guilty conscience. The Lord give me strength to

bear my burden is my prayer." There was just the least flutter as the fair prisoner entered.

A crowd of village loafers came pouring into the court room. The case had caused considerable comment, and brought more than the usual crowd of lookers-on to witness it.

Mr. Layman beekoned his beautiful client to his corner of the court room, and the hairy mole on Mother Tartrum's chin again trembled, and with ill-suppressed indignation she espied the curl on the broad, white brow.

"The shameful thing-she's tried to make herself look purty," she whispered to Mrs. Arnold. "Guess they'll out her hair off when they get her dan'r."

Helen's lawyer consulted with her a ew moments, then decided to hear the State's testimony, and, perhaps, waive

there with Pete. Mother Tartrum at this point shook her head. Mrs. Arnold stated that they had a cat, yes they had an old cat, and that old cat had two kittens, they were very playful kittens too, but she had never known them to hide things in people's valises. Might not the bracelet have rolled from the dressing case? It might, she admitted, but it was not likely to roll into some other persons carpet bag.

Had she ever heard Helen's character questioned prior to this event? Well, there had been some rumors. Mothers Tartrum and Grundy nodded their heads approvingly. What were they? She could not repeat them, but they went to show that she was not as good as she ought to be.

Had she not helped to circulate these rumors? She might have repeated them. Had she not advised Mrs. Stuart to discharge Helen? Mrs. Arnold was confused, and stammered out something about its being for the good of the family.

"Speak out, Mrs. Arnold," said Layman, severely. "Did you, or did you not advise Mrs. Stuart to discharge her?"

After a moment's confusion, she stammered, "yes."

"And then employed her yourself?" The lady, still more confused, answered that she did. She left the witness stand greatly perplexed, but still clear as to the bracelet being found in Helen's possession. It was found among some handkerchiefs wrapped up in a piece of blue calico goods, new, and evidently just cut off the piece. The calico was produced. She had never seen it before; it was found in Helen's carpet bag, and Helen whispered to her attorney that she had never seen it either, until that fatal morning. Did not the goods really belong to Mrs. Arnold? She said: "No."

Mother Tartrum next took the stand and said the "gal was no better'n she art to be-allers said she'd come to

had. Was not the least bit surprised when she heard she'd stole a bracelet.' On cross-examination, said she didn't think it nice for a "gal to be runnin" about after night with men. What men had Helen run about with after night? She heard she went home one night with Warren Stuart from meetin'. Did not other girls allow young men to accompany them home from church? The hairy mole trembled and her eyes flashed with rage. "Other gals didn't come to people's houses with strange men 'way after night to stay all night." When had she gone to any one's house with a strange man? She

went to Judge Arnold's. This was thrown out with a side glance of fire. Did not Mrs. Arnold say that Helen further examination. They would be Mother Tartrum was caught. Her

POINTS FOR LADIES.

Hints and Suggestions Regarding Late Dress Novelties.

Narrow gold braid is frequently sewn into the necks and cuffs of gowns. instead of colored silk, canvas, or cuffs and collars.

Gimp and braid ornamentation, sold in sets of collar pieces, cuffs and two graduated plastrons for the front, are much used on colored jerseys, as well as on light spring material gowns. It is to be had in black and almost every color.

Dressing of morning jackets of surah have one side of the front hanging in the usual way, and the other side gathered up and fastened across the front onto the opposite shoulder, with a fall of white lace hanging to the waist corresponding with the other side of the front.

Opaline ribbon is a novelty. This is a watered ribbon of superior quality And shot or changeable, showing three tints, like the opal, and looks differentiy when placed in various lights.

The newest polonaises are very long and fully draped, the entire effect being that of sienderness.

Frocks of light wool for little girls are often made with a velvet yoke, which is out low to wear over a gimp, the armholes being simply corded without sleeves, and a velvet belt inserted, 1 am."-Jewelers' Weckly. -N. Y. World

A Honscholder's Experience with a Peripatetic Clock-Tinker.

"My wife is always telling me that I am not economical enough; so the other day I thought I would try to begin the practice of economy. I don't intend to try any more.

"You remember that heavy ironcased clock that used to stand on the mantel-piece in the back room there? Well, it got out of order a little while ago and stopped. Just after that one of those peripatetic clock-menders passed the house, clanging his bell. 1 called him in and gave him the clock to mend, thinking I would get the job done cheaper by him than if I were to take it to a regular watch-maker's shop.

"Now, as the shelf is not quite level, two little pieces of wood had been placed under the front edge of the clock to keep it in position. After the man finished the job he put the clock back upon the mantel-piece, neglecting to put these pieces of wood under it again. The consequence was that a few minutes after he left we heard a tremendous crash in the back room. Running in we found that the clock had fallen upon the stove, smashing it and scattering the fire over the carpet. With difficulty we succeeded in extinguishing the flames, and when we had recovered from our fright I sat down and figured up the cost of this attempt at cheap clock-mending. The result was about as follows:

Paid to clock-maker \$10. lock smushed ------Surgers Barriel 18.00 Damage to carpet.....

.............. "I don't know whether I paid the man more than I would have been charged in a shop for mending the clock or not; but I do know that if 1 had taken it to a reliable watch-maker he would have placed it properly in position when he returned it and I would

HUMOROUS.

-If thirty-two is the freezing point, what is the squeezing point? Two in the shade. -Puck.

-When Mri Hamlet remarked: "Eye, there's the rub," he is supposed to have just got off a railroad train with a cinder in his optic. - Eclipsed Exchange.

-In the court room. "Why is it they are so mighty particular about order here?" "The judge, you remember, can only serve during good behavior."- Boston Transcript.

-Dude (bad pay)-"That stripe looks well; so does this. What would you prefer for yourself if you were choosing?" Long-suffering Tailor: "A check."-Philadelphia Call.

-Barber (to customer)-"Hair cut. sir?" Customer-"Hair cut! Can't you see that I wear a wig?" Barber-"Oh, I beg pardon; so you do. Well -er-have a shampoo?"-Harper's Bazar.

-"You had boy, you have made a grease-spot on the new sofa with your bread and butter," said Mrs. Fizzletop to her son Johnny. "Never mind, ma, you can sit on it when there in company in the parlor," replied little Johnny. - Texas Siftings.

-"Your sojourn in Texas seems to have done you a great deal of good; must be a fine climate." "I feel like a new man, but it wasn't the climate; it was the excreise." "We never could prevail on you to take exercise "I was on the jump all the here." time in Texas." "Well, well. Effect of the air?" "No; centipedes. - Omaha World.

-Hayseed says he doesn't think much of the city hotel-keepers. They have a big room magnificently fitted up and label it "Sample Room." This raises a fellow's expectations to the highest notch, but when he is shown to a little seven-by-nine room at the top of the house he finds that he has been swindled. It is not a bit like the sample. -Boston Transcript.

-Johnny and his elder sister made up the class, and Johnny had come to rely on his sister's industry for his lessons. "Johnny, upon what does the earth revolve?" asked the teacher. "Ax sis," replied Johnny, scratching his head to evoke an idea. "Correct." And as Johnny afterward explained it be about thirty-four dollars richer than to a companion, he was the "puzzlod. ess boy in creation."

MOTHER TARTRUM.