

HELEN LAKEMAN;

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

BY JOHN R. MUSICK,
AUTHOR OF "THE BANKER OF BEDFORD,"
"WALTER BROWNFIELD," ETC.

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face was dark with wrath, and she left the stand more hopelessly confused than Mrs. Arnold. Mother Grundy came next and was no better.

But the discovery of the bracelet in Helen's carpet bag, and her admission of the fact to the sheriff fastened the guilt upon her. The evidence was all in, and the justice cleared his throat, elevated his glasses and rubbed the top of his head, very much as if he had a painful duty to perform.

CHAPTER XXIII. THE ACQUITTAL.

Squire Bluffers was rubbing his head as if he was in no hurry to decide this case. He calmly surveyed the audience who waited his decision. His eyes rested nervously for a moment upon the pale yet calm features of the prisoner, Judge Arnold, with arms folded, sat erect, his short roan whiskers almost horizontal with his ears. He looked triumphant. To him there was but one way a man of common sense could decide.

Mrs. Arnold's head was once more high in the air. Hallie is triumphant and Mother Tartrum occasionally sends fiery glances at Helen and her lawyer. At this moment hurried footsteps were heard upon the pavement without. During the last moments of the trial the belated train had come in from Stratton, and these hurried steps came from the depot.

Two men came in at the door and commenced elbowing their way through the dense crowd which packed the court room.

"I say, Squire Bluffers," cried the well-known voice of Pete, the peddler, "he's measured this case and torn it off yet? If ye haven't, I've got some remnants o' testimony to throw into the bargain."

Pete, with Warren Stuart close behind him, now struggled through to the small open space about the justice. Warren's face was pale and his mouth showed a firmness that his friends had not seen before.

Judge Arnold arose, bowed and smiled warmly, and took his hand. Warren's greeting was cool, but he was silent. He did not speak to Helen. There was no unnatural, tragical, running forward and embracing as we read of in sensational novels, they merely glanced at each other and Mrs. Bridges felt Helen's hand tremble.

A discussion now arose as to whether the case was closed, past hearing further testimony or not. The attorney for the State insisted that it was, and Helen's attorney insisted that it was not.

The justice agreed with the attorney for the defense.

"Now, I just want to tell that lawyer for that gal, somethin'," said Pete, "I think I kin make somethin' clear."

Five minutes was given Mr. Layman to consult with the new witness.

"What is she accused o' stealin'?" Pete asked.

"A gold bracelet."

"Any thing else?"

"No."

"No money?"

"No, that is only a slanderous rumor started by some designing person."

Pete then whispered for a few moments with the attorney, and they returned.

The peddler wanted to go after his pack before he gave in his testimony, and was granted permission by the Squire.

He went out, and in a few minutes came back with his pack of goods on his back. He set it down on the floor, and was sworn.



PETE TESTIFIES.

Judge Arnold looked puzzled, his wife alarmed, and Hallie confused. Mothers Tartrum and Grundy were no little perplexed, and the mole was trembling again.

"Do you know Helen Lakeman?" asked the attorney for defense.

"I do—she's an all-wool gal, too, an' no mistake."

"Never mind figurative speech, Pete, just answer straightforward. Did you see her on the evening she went to Mrs. Arnold's?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you see her first that evening?"

"It was under a big tree in the lane. She an' her little brother had stopped under it, out o' the rain."

"What did you say to them?"

"I got 'em to go with me to Judge Arnold's house," said Pete. "I was goin' there to stay all night, an' I carried her little brother."

"What time did you get there?"

"It was just about sundown. It was still rainin' an' I couldn't exactly tell the time, but it was a good bit after dark."

"Who met you at the door?"

"Mrs. Arnold."

"You stayed there all night?"

"Yes."

"Where did you sleep that night?"

"Up-stairs, right over the parlor."

"Are you an early riser?"

"Yes, sir. I'm allers up before anybody else. I want to see the sun come up shinin' through the tree tops as bright as fifteen-cent calico."

"Was you up early that morning?"

"Yes, an' I had left my pack in the hall an' I went down to see if any thing was damp, an' when I gits down there I heard somethin' rattlin' behind my pack, an' I pullin' it 'round saw a purty little white kitten playin' with a gold bracelet."

"Would you know the bracelet?"

"I think I would; there was two little dents like somethin' had bit it on the under side. I took my knife an' cut a cross jist between 'em."

"What do you say as to this being the bracelet?"

The lawyer handed Pete the bracelet which had been exhibited so frequently that morning.

"That's it," said Pete, "an' here's the cross I marked with my knife." He exhibited it to the justice who was now all interest and attention.

"What did you do with that bracelet, Pete?" asked Mr. Layman.

"I thot that bracelet belonged to Miss Lakeman. Her mother had a pair like 'em once, and I was sure it was her's, and she or her brother had drapped it there. I took a piece o' goods from my pack an' tore off this piece (here he held up the blue calico which had puzzled Helen so much), then I wapped up this bracelet an' put it in Miss Lakeman's carpet bag. I loved to speak to her about it, but I forgot it. There is the other remnant o' the piece in my pack," taking it out and fitting the two pieces together.

"Now, by the leave of the court, I will ask Judge Arnold a question," said Mr. Layman.

Leave was granted.

"Judge, where did you purchase this bracelet and the map to it?"

"I bought 'em," said the Judge, still calm and dignified, "at the administrator's sale of the property of Mr. Benjamin Lakeman, deceased."

"Had they not been his wife's jewelry?"

"I do not know."

"They belonged to the family?"

"I suppose so, I paid forty dollars for the pair."

"We are now willing, your Honor," said Mr. Layman, "to risk this case with you."

The justice was smiling a smile which was rather dangerous to the prosecution.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "this certainly puts a new feature on the case. I shall be compelled to discharge the defendant."

Mrs. Arnold, to her credit be it said, arose and was first to grasp Helen's hand and congratulate her.

"Helen, my dear, forgive us for the great wrong we have done you."

"Forgive me, Mrs. Arnold, for I, too, have done you a wrong by accusing you, in my mind, of knowingly persecuting me."

"I think that ye allowe me a forgiveness, or a good kickin', I'm not certain which," said Pete, lighting his pipe. "It seems it all grew out o' one of my blunders. But I kin now sell ye calicos, linens and worsteds goods cheap enough to make amends fur it all!"

At this moment Clarence burst into the room.

"Squire!" he cried, "this girl must go to our house. Her brother is dyin'."

"She is at liberty to go where she pleases. She is discharged," said the justice.

"Let me take her," said Warren.

"Warren! What are you here?" cried Clarence. "Great goodness! but this is lucky."

"Did you bring your horse and buggy?"

"Yes."

Warren then spoke a word to Helen, whose pale face grew sad. She took his arm, and they left the court room. All defiance left the face of Hallie Arnold as she saw Helen led triumphantly away by Warren Stuart.

CHAPTER XXIV. CONCLUSION.

The good may triumph, but are never triumphant. Only the wicked exult at



DEATH OF AMOS.

their own success and the overthrow of an enemy. The truly noble man or woman never delights in the downfall of another, even though he be an enemy. Triumph and joy were all darkened by the startling intelligence that little Amos was dying and had sent to see his sister. She did not know, but in her imagination had pictured a part of the little fellow's sufferings. The Lord had been good to her, and she prayed God to spare the little brother, if it was His holy will. Yet, ever through her ears the words kept ringing: "Not my will, but Thine, be done."

Warren and Helen spoke but few words on the drive. They both felt that it was a drive to the scene of death, and both were uttering silent prayers for strength to bear up under the coming trial.

The old farm house is in sight. Rose stands at the gate looking patiently down the long road. She evinces no surprise at seeing her brother and Helen. Her face shows traces of weeping.

The father meets them at the door. No word is spoken, but they are conducted at once to the chamber of death.

Mrs. Stuart arises from the bed where she has just completed the sad task of straightening out the little limbs and closing those eyelids forever.

The hired girl pauses by the bed-side, and gazes for a moment on the sweet face of her little dead brother. There is a smile upon his face, and Mrs. Stuart says the last words he uttered were: "Yes, mother, I come—I come!"

Tears again flow down Helen's cheek; they were not the tears of despair, but sadness and joy.

He suffers no longer. He had gone to the world of eternal peace and youth. He was now in the arms of his mother, in that Celestial City not made with hands.

Was this death? No, though we call it death. A change is a far better term. Was this an act of Providence? We poor, short-sighted mortals are apt to criticize the acts of Almighty God.

The language of Job was in Helen's mind:

"Is there not an appointed time for man upon earth? Are not his days also like the days of a hireling? As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow, and as a hireling looketh for the reward of his work," Job VII, 1st and 2d.

"If a man die, shall he live again? All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come," Job XIV, 14th.

Yes, little Amos, did live again. His change had come, and her heart throbbed for him.

Helen felt lonely; though kind words were spoken to her. There are always so many things to suggest the presence of the departed, long after they have left us. We seem to hear their voices in the halls, and each garment suggests their presence.

Often in the night, Helen seemed to hear the painful cough which had long afflicted her brother. She would start up from her slumbers, so real did the vision seem, and it would be some minutes before she could convince herself that little Amos was not alive and in the flesh once more to suffer.

Again and again did she in dreams live over the scenes and trials with that little brother whom she loved dearer than life.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Stuart did all they could to console poor Helen. Brother Blaze, the minister, came.

Oh, what a world of consolation is a good pastor in the hour of sorrow and death. Who can speak such words of comfort as the man of God?

"Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," he said to the fair mourner.

Mrs. Arnold and her husband sent regrets and words of comfort to Helen, but deemed it best not to attend the funeral. Pete, the peddler, came, and offered the best of his stock for burial clothes. Rose Stuart was Helen's dearest comforter, not even excepting Warren, who found himself placed in such a strange position that he could offer but little consolation. The only satisfaction Clarence had, was that he had thrashed Bill Jones, "the destroyer of that child's life."

The funeral was set for an early day. Rev. Blaze took for his text "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

The sermon was not noted for eloquence or rhetoric, but it was full of hope and cheer. He did not, as many ministers do, preach all 'round the subject, but right at it. He said the body lying before them was only the casket which had contained little Amos, but that he had left this frail tenement of clay, and was now with his parents in the eternal home where night never comes. There was no cause for weeping, it was the change of which Job spoke. That which was our loss was his eternal gain, and yet as selfish mortals we could not but shed tears and mourn for the society of the departed.

His closing remarks about the final meeting upon the shores of the better land, where friends and relatives among that angel band would greet us with loud hosannas, was so stirring as to cause many sobs of tender sympathy and hope, and there we would find the little boy no longer a cripple, but one of the fairest and brightest of all that angelic host.

When the sermon (which was preached in the school-house) was over, the pall-bearers, six bright little boys, carried the coffin out, and it was placed in the hearse. Then a long string of vehicles, persons on horse-back and on foot followed it to the neighborhood burying-ground, where the father and mother of the child were buried. There he was laid away by their side to rest till the resurrection morn.

Helen returned home with Rose. She as yet knew nothing of the discovery on her wild lands, and of the good fortune which was about to befall her. Supposing herself still poor and dependent upon her labors, she, the next morning after the funeral, announced her intention of once more going out into the world to seek employment.

Warren asked her to come with him in the parlor, and when alone he said:

"Helen, a few weeks ago we were trothed in the sight of Heaven, I loved you then, I love you ten times more

HER LOVE HAS TAUGHT ME SO.

Though she must toil for daily bread,
I love her sterling worth;
What care I be she e'er so poor,
Of low and humble birth?
Her happy ways and smiling mien
Cheer me wherever I go.
The world is taught to those who try—
Her love has taught me so.

Content is he who seeks to find
The beauties of his sphere,
And climbs the barriers in his path
Without complaint or fear.
And thus I strive in patience on
Until success I'll know;
The crown is to the victor wrought—
Her love has taught me so.

Though she can count no vast estates
Upon her fingers' ends,
There's naught so sweet 'neath Heaven's
blue,
Where love and virtue blend,
I live and toil for her alone.
Through time's successive flow,
For life's bright path, love's fair smile—
Her love has taught me so.

—GEO. A. MILLER.

THE SOUTH POLE.

A Comparatively Unknown and Unexplored Region.

Some Reasons for the Ignorance That Exists Concerning It—A Contemplated Expedition—What a Few Explorations Have Discovered.

An expedition is preparing in England for the exploration of the regions about the South Pole. These are comparatively unknown. For the ignorance that exists in regard to them there are numerous reasons. They are far from modern civilization and off the commercial routes of the ocean. The southern portions of the two continents are as far from the Antarctic circle as some of the most-thickly settled and highly-civilized parts of Europe. For instance, the South Shetland islands, whose discovery was considered as remarkable, and which are spoken of as in the southern polar region, are about as far south of the equator as England is north of it. Most of the islands which have been discovered and which on the maps seem to form a sort of icy necklace about it are farther from it than many northern regions which support considerable populations are from the North Pole.

When Columbus discovered America he had the desire or intention to circumnavigate the globe. He did not succeed in doing this because the Western continent barred his way. Subsequent navigators endeavored to pass the barrier both to the north and south. They easily succeeded by the Strait of Magellan and Cape Horn, but failed in finding a passage by the northwest, by way of Baffin's bay, toward which the efforts of navigators were directed for many years. This attracted attention to the region about the North Pole, which afterward excited curiosity, and caused the sending of expeditions of discovery. Mariners came into Northern waters in search of whistles and walrus ivory, and the demand for furs led to the formation of the Hudson Bay Company, which, in the prosecution of its legitimate business, added considerably to the sum of scientific knowledge. Later came the expeditions of Sir John Franklin and others, sent out from English or American ports with a feeling of rivalry, or for purposes purely scientific. Both continents are yet their northern extremities considerably within the Arctic circle, and in this way furnish an important aid in advancing northward. Tribes living up to and within the Arctic circle can furnish some sort of assistance and give information, and there are others whose ships that have made their stage toward the pole are up in the winter and in the spring pursue their course with so much of the distance gained.

In the southern circumpolar regions the conditions are entirely different. Commerce going east or west finds its way past the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn, the southernmost points respectively of the two continents, without going near them and without trouble from icebergs. There are not known to be any human beings in any of the groups of islands or presumed continents within the Antarctic circle, or any where near it, though some of them are covered with penguins, albatross, seals, sea-floos, and during the breeding season white bears abound. The climatic conditions are different from those about the North Pole, owing, probably, to the distance of the great masses of land. These give direction to the ocean currents, by means of which the waters warmed in the tropics are sent toward the poles, raising the temperature of the water here and making certain countries productive and habitable that would otherwise be little better than barren wastes. The cold at the South Pole is not more in excess than at the North Pole, but it is less modified by the nearness of the continents and the admixture of waters from the oceans. The temperate or semi-tropical regions, the warm currents which tend outward along the shores of the continents being cooled or losing their force before they reach the Antarctic circle.

The voyages toward the South Pole, as compared with those toward the North, have been few, and the details they have given have been meager. Their geographical value has been comparatively unimportant, and their contributions to science almost valueless. The idea that there was a continent lying to the southward of the vast expanses of water called the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian oceans prevailed at a very early epoch in Spanish-American history. This caused the sending of expeditions from Peru to find it; the first in 1597.

the second in 1605. The last discovered an island now identified as one of the New Hebrides, not far from Australia, the group which forms one of the bones of contention between France and England. They have no relation whatever to the South Pole, but the expedition being sent in that direction they had in those days to pass for such.

The South Shetland islands were discovered in 1598 by a Dutch vessel from Rotterdam, which passing round Cape Horn, got separated from the fleet with which it was associated, and was driven to the southward by stress of weather. Kinguelen island, which is a long distance from the Pole, was discovered about the same time, and reckoned in the southern circumpolar region. Captain Cook started well to the southward in one of his voyages, but coming in contact with numerous icebergs, and fearing that he would find it difficult to escape, he shaped his course toward New Zealand. A Russian navigator in 1820 discovered two small islands not far from the Antarctic circle, which he named after Peter the Great and Alexander I. In 1838 a French commander, Dumont d'Urville, discovered several small islands in nearly the same latitude, which he named after Louis Philippe and Prince de Joinville. He made Tasmania the starting point of his voyage.

The captains of some whalers in the employ of the Enderby Company of London made numerous discoveries during the early part of the century, giving the name of Enderby to a mass of land which they did not circumnavigate. The most important voyages ever made to the Antarctic regions were those under the command of Captain James Ross. They were undertaken by scientific Englishmen for the purpose of magnetic observation. There were placed at the disposal of Captain Ross two vessels of limited tonnage, the Erebus and Terror. The time occupied was from 1839 to 1843. In the fall of 1839 the expedition started from the Cape of Good Hope and spent the brief summer in Kerguelen island. The following season Tasmania was the point of departure. It reached and passed Auckland New Year's Day, 1841, entering the ice pack immediately. Soon afterward land of considerable extent was discovered, which was called Victoria Land. Along the shore for the distance of four hundred and fifty miles, was a smooth perpendicular wall of ice without fissure, rising from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet above the water and descending eight hundred feet below. Its surface was level and over it could be seen a range of mountains with two volcanoes, one ten thousand feet high in a state of violent action, the other twelve thousand five hundred feet high and apparently extinct. New ice beginning to form, Captain Ross escaped northward with difficulty, aided by a strong breeze. He went South again in November. He passed through eight hundred miles of floating ice and this time reached 78 deg. 11 min., a higher latitude than any one had then or has since gone. He came north when the seas were on the point of being closed by the ice and passed the winter at the Falkland Islands. In December he left Port Louis to go south, visiting this time the islands discovered by Dumont d'Urville. In the summer of 1843 he returned home. There have been a few discoveries by other navigators, but they were unimportant. The last was the voyage of the Challenger in 1874, which added nothing in the way of geographical or scientific knowledge to that already in the world's possession.

The chief difficulties in approaching the Antarctic regions have been specified. The land, whether it exists in the form of islands or continents, is in most cases surrounded by a barrier of ice, even in summer, sometimes extending so far into the water that it is impossible to detect the shore line. Few navigators have been able to do more than put foot on the land they have discovered. None have been able to penetrate into the interior. A great part of them have been only able to observe the land from the deck of their vessels. The mass of floating ice between the clear water and the land is broad and difficult of passage. Harbors where a ship could safely winter seem never to have been discovered. Captain Ross came North every winter, and it appears from his narrative that it would have been difficult to have passed it there, even had his vessels been built and provisioned like those of the present day.

These are some of the problems the new expedition will have to solve, if it goes with the serious purposes it is said to entertain, and prepared with every resource and expedient that the many experiences in northern seas have shown to be necessary. It can accomplish little more than has already been done unless it spends at least one winter near the localities to be explored. Whether this can be ventured is the point to be determined. Should the ship winter at the highest latitude reached by Ross, or near it, it might, in the early part of the following summer, go even nearer the South Pole than any American expedition has been to the North Pole, and escape in time. It is to be remarked that the explorations made thus far have been in regions most convenient to such convenient points of departure as the Cape of Good Hope and Tasmania. Therefore the lands discovered have been principally south, or southeast, or southwest of these points. What exists at other points about the circle, what other islands or continents

there are to fill up the gaps, is absolutely unknown.—San Francisco Chronicle.

POPULAR BELIEFS.

Some of Those Held by the Zuni Indians and Other Hebridean People.

A recent article on the "Seven Cities of Cibola" is responsible for the statement that the Zuni Indians believed that the stones in the brooks caused the water to run. It is also a fact that this curious people believed that the summer did not bring the birds, but that the birds brought the summer.

But these beliefs are not any more absurd than many held by more enlightened people.

In some remote corners of New Jersey, for instance, there are people who believe that it is the trees that make the wind blow.

There are other people, all over the country, who believe that the Quakers bring the rain.

In some portions of the West, where the people have few chances for intellectual advancement, they firmly believe that it is the thermometers that keep a house warm in the winter, and cool in summer.

Out in Arizona the average native is of the opinion that the pearly showers of summer-time are brought by the ducks.

In Bermuda the people hold the white onion sacred, as the father of all hyacinths. They think its scent more exquisite and balmy than that of any other flower or herb, and that the human sense of smell is not sensitive enough to appreciate it.

A certain class of hunters and trappers think the cow was furnished with horns that they might have convenient receptacles for their gunpowder.

In Boston it is a universally-accepted fact that the shortness and stubbornness of a pug's head is owing to the tight twist of his tail. The Bostonians believe, also, that their city would come to an end if the sea were to dry up; and that the sea would be drunk dry by the codfish if the latter were allowed to multiply undisturbed. So they catch and eat all the codfish they can, that the sea may not dry up.

Philadelphians think that the ocean would always be smooth if it were not for the ships plowing through it and tossing it up.

In Cincinnati many people think that a cornetist makes his music with his fingers, like a pianist. In the case of a fish-horn, they think the vendor's soul is full of the horrible music peculiar to him and that he blows out through the horn. Many Pittsburghers are convinced that the locomotive is stopped at the various stations by the weight of the cars, which is arranged to tire the locomotive out at the proper places. They differ in this respect from the St. Louis people, who could not be induced by argument or force to deviate from their opinion, that, when they travel, the cars stand still and the earth moves in the opposite direction. The Kentuckians possess a secret which is simply unique. They know that the smoke coming from a locomotive is caused by its exhaustion, and that it runs itself. This they prove by the statement that the locomotive gets out of breath on an up-grade, and is a beautiful symbol of the pluck and cheerfulness that should characterize all up-hill work.

The Indians out in Indianapolis think it is the rippling of the eddies and the twisting of the waters that make the oel wriggle as he swims.

All millers know that polar bears and Esquimaux dogs have white fur. Consequently they regard white as the proper color to keep the cold out, and consequently wear white hats in the dead of winter.

Many people, without regard to residence, believe that what will keep off warmth will keep off cold. Consequently they wear flannel in the winter to keep warm, and flannel in the summer to keep cool.

From these few examples, it is hoped the reader will conclude that the savages are no more extravagant in their beliefs and fancies than are their more polished brothers, who have all the advantages of refinement and education.—Puck.

Australian Mound Builders.

In Australia and the neighboring islands are seen many large mounds of earth, which were formerly supposed to be the tombs of departed natives. These remarkable tumuli, reaching as much as fifteen feet in perpendicular height and sixty feet in circumference at the base—are not the work of man, however, but are now known to be the incubators built by the jungle fowl and other species of the small family of Megapodidae, or great-footed birds. Each of these great piles consists of fallen leaves, grasses, etc., which the birds deposit in place by throwing backward with one foot. Though the mounds are usually in dense shade, the decaying vegetable matter has been found to raise the temperature at the center as high as ninety-five degrees. The eggs are carefully placed with the larger end up, about twelve inches apart, and are covered to a depth of at least two or three feet.—Arkansas Traveler.

—A Pennsylvania wife kept her husband away from a certain saloon in rather a novel manner. She trapped a skunk and flung it into the place, and even the proprietor, who is a great home body, decided to take a week off.

—Philosophers have noticed that when a man makes up his mind that he has got to practice economy he generally tries to begin with his wife's expenses.