

FOR HIS FATHER'S CRIME

The jury had retired to consider their verdict, and those remaining in court were discussing in excited whispers what would be the result of their decision.

At length it came: "Guilty!" The prisoner at the bar turned pale, and clutched the dock for support, while the judge assumed the black cap and pronounced sentence.

"Richard Clood, you have been found guilty of murder upon evidence which, I think, can leave no doubt in the mind of any person who has been present in the court and heard it."

Then followed the last dread sentence: "Could there be a fairer daughter of Eve? If I could only win her!"

Clarence Bolton gazed with eyes of passionate love upon a beautiful, girlish figure, just retreating with a tray from the rustic arbor in which he was seated.

Clarence Bolton was a pedestrian, and devoted his Saturday half-holidays to tramps in the country. In the course of one of these he had entered a rustic cottage in Kent, where teas were provided for travelers and pedestrians.

Here he had met his fate, Nellie Gould, Clarence had resolved over and over again to declare his passion, but his courage had as often failed him at the critical moment. That one moment in the lover's calendar advantageous above all others came at length, and he seized it.

He had met with an accident and ripped the sleeve of his jacket. He asked Nellie for needle and thread. She not only brought both, but offered to do the stitching for him.

The compact was sealed in the little arbor.

Many happy weeks passed. There always seemed to be an shadowy boy, ever in their pathway—Mrs. Gould. She wore an air of perpetual sadness and gloom, from which not even her daughter's happiness could arouse her.

"Why is your mother always so sad?" Clarence one day asked.

"Poor mother? Haven't you ever heard? I never like to speak about it, but—my father was murdered."

"Murdered?" exclaimed Clarence in horror.

"Murdered. It's many years ago now—I was only a little child at the time—and my mother never speaks of it now. But can you wonder at her sadness?"

"No, indeed. But who was the murderer?"

"A wretched man named Clood. He was tried, found guilty and hanged."

"Thank heaven for that. Well, Nellie, when we are married we must have your mother always with us and try to make up for the sorrow she has known."

When he left the cottage that evening Nellie Gould had promised to be his bride in a month's time.

A happier man than Clarence Bolton when he entered the shop of his guardian on the evening following it would have been difficult to find.

William Seex was a prosperous tradesman who had taken a deep interest in the young fellow's career, and Clarence had therefore considered it his first duty to acquaint him with the step he had just taken.

"So long as you are happy, my boy, that's all I care for," said the old man, heartily, when Clarence had told his story. "You've been a good lad and deserve a good wife. But what's her name? You haven't told me her name."

"Oh, I kept that till the last," said Clarence with a laugh. "It's a very pretty name, I can tell you. What do you think of Nellie?"

"Tain't bad sounding. What's the other part of it?"

"Gould—Nellie Gould. Hallo, what's up?"

"Gould? You didn't say that. Has she a father?"

They should be broken? No; that was a responsibility he had no right to place upon her shoulders.

A couple of days later Nellie Gould received a registered letter in which was enclosed \$1,500. The letter accompanying it was brief:

"Dear Nellie—I am compelled to leave the country through no fault of my own. I shall never see you again, but my affection for you will always be the same. I shall love you until the day of my death. The money I send is yours. Have no hesitation in taking it, for it was to have been expended on our home. Marry some happier man than I." CLARENCE BOLTON.

Fifteen years had passed. Nellie Gould was now Mrs. Elliott, a middle-aged matron, with three bright-eyed children. The loss of her lover years ago had come upon her at first with crushing force, and she had hoped to hear from him again. Then, after a further lapse of time, she had followed her old lover's request, and married



HE LOOKED PITIFULLY AT CLARENCE. another. With the \$1,500 they started a little shop together. It grew and grew until it became one of the most flourishing businesses in Elton.

When the shop was closed in the evening her husband would usually go to the Chequers Inn, at the end of the town, in order to discuss the events of the day with his brother tradesman.

Returning one evening, he found a beggar resting on the doorstep of his shop. His hair and beard were quite white, his skin wrinkled, and his cheeks hollow. He appeared to be quite worn out.

John Elliott was a kindly hearted man, and now he was touched with pity. He invited the man into the house and gave him some supper. This the wanderer scarcely touched, but followed with eager eyes the figure of Mrs. Elliott.

Then he admiringly gazed from John particulars about his family. He had two sons and one girl, John told him. The eldest boy was named Clarence.

"He is named after an old sweetheart of the wife's. It was her wish, and I respected it; for he seems to have been a good sort of fellow. We owe whatever fortune we have to him. His money gave us our first start in married life."

The stranger's hand wandered to his eyes. Had the other been watching he would have seen a tear trickling down the furrowed cheek.

"As you have been kind enough to give me a bed for the night may I ask one other favor? I would like to see that boy of yours—Clarence, I mean—before I go to-morrow. May I?"

The next morning the three children were introduced to the stranger. He took them in his arms and kissed them in turn. At Clarence he gazed long and earnestly, sat him upon his knee and fondled him; and then, while Mrs. Elliott's back was turned, seized a pair of scissors and cut off a piece of the boy's curly hair, which he secreted in his pocket.

Two days after a body was found close to the cottage where Nellie had lived with her mother so many years ago. It was that of the beggar. An inquest was held, but there were no means of establishing its identity.

The undertaker found, suspended over the heart, in a little silk bag, two locks of hair—one evidently that of a woman, the other that of a child; and though a parish undertaker is not supposed to have much sentiment he did not disturb them from their resting place.

Of Interest to Skaters.

AL experienced skating teacher lays great importance upon the kind of shoes worn. "A great deal is said," he remarked, "about properly supporting the ankle, and people complain that they cannot skate because their ankles are weak. Now, in at least five out of ten of those cases, there is nothing at all the matter with either ankle or its support. The trouble is right here," and he touched the side of the shoe just below the instep and above the hollow of the foot. "This part of the shoe," he continued, "ought to be very snug and stiff, to hold the foot straight, and prevent its twisting between the toe and the heel. That is what usually makes the skater 'wobble' and lose his footing, and then he thinks the trouble is with the ankle," says Harper's Bazar. "The height of the shoe does not matter much."

Dogs to Protect Policemen.

The communal authorities of Ghent have decided to provide the policemen on night duty with dogs capable of defending them in the case of attack. The experiment is an interesting one, and in the towns where it has been tried it is said to have yielded excellent results.

It is to be introduced in Belgium. At Scherbeck, one of the suburbs of Brussels, all the policemen will soon be provided with bicycles, special sheds for which are to be constructed at all the police stations.

People do not appreciate the importance of difference in disposition. That which is poison to one man is agreeable to another. Because you like a certain thing, do not insist that others enjoy it. People like anarchy because the first principle is, "I want to do as I please."

SECRET OF THE HIGH DIVE

Trainer of Circus Gymnasts Tells How the Trick is Done.

"About the first thing that I teach my pupils," said a trainer of circus gymnasts, "is how to fall. That, you know, is the secret of the great head dive from the roof, which remains up-to-date the greatest invention in the way of gymnastic tricks that the world has seen."

"It looks almost too perilous to be interesting," I ventured.

"But it is not in the least dangerous. If one only knows how to fall," he continued. "Now, if the untrained performer should attempt to fall in a net from any height whatever he would be almost sure to break some bones. Should he stretch out his arm to save himself, he would be very likely to break it in two places. Should he light on his heels, he might break his leg, or more likely, pitch forward and break his hip. But just fill your lungs with air and hold them full, double yourself up into a knot, leaving no limb free, and fall on the back of your shoulders just above the shoulder blades, and you can fall from whatever height you like and come to no hurt. This explains the cannon and catapult tricks. Why, once we attempted the catapult trick in a hall where the roof was so low that we had to sink the catapult below the floor. The gymnast forgot all about having his net lowered a corresponding distance, and when shot 150 feet forward and upward at the same time—didn't he come down underneath the net and land slap-bang on his shoulders on the bare floor? We picked him up for dead. You may hardly believe me, but it had only knocked the wind out of him and shaken him up a bit. The next night he was performing as usual. That just shows what the muscles of the shoulders, together with an elastic cushion of air in the lungs, will resist. Then, of course, in the case of gymnasts, the muscles become as hard as iron and furnish a great protection for the bones."

Without Wagers.

In all cities numbers of men exist who are willing to work without wages. Hundreds of foreign waiters in London work without salary, relying only on the tips they receive from generous patrons. Some of these men even pay for the privilege, and find it profitable so to do. Many of the toy-makers in the hamlets of Hungary and Bavaria work without wages, their toll being remunerated by free board and residence on the estate where they live. Here and there in the hop gardens of Kent, during the process of picking, are to be found respectable families who offer their services without remuneration, and work well, regarding the affair merely as a healthy holiday outing. Some of these folk occasionally assist tired hoppers at their work, generously refusing remuneration of any kind from the income thus augmented. Scores of solo singers give their voices without fees of any kind, in the hope of securing fame and fortune in the future by the efforts they are putting forth now. Not a few music-hall artists deem it advisable to work a while without remuneration, when they are desirous of making a name, considering that a place "on the boards" is worth more to them in the present than any agent's promises concerning the future.

The Horses of Manila.

Among the first things to impress a stranger are the horses. Descended from horses brought from Mexico, they have become much smaller, while they are also much more shapely. In fact, I have never seen a better looking breed. There is nothing of the pony in their shape, though in size they range between forty-eight and fifty-two inches. At first it looked absurd to set them ridden by big men whose stirrups hung down to the horses' knees, but I soon found out that they easily carried a rider weighing two hundred pounds. The foreigners have a jockey club, which holds two meetings a year at the beautiful turf track at Santa Mesa. To avoid sharp practice members of the club only are eligible to ride. This necessitates a scale of weights starting at one hundred and thirty-two pounds and rising to one hundred and fifty-four pounds. It demonstrates the speed and strength of these miniature horses that a mile has been run in 2:10 by a pony carrying one hundred and fifty pounds.

Only stallions are used. Mares cannot even be brought into the city. Nobody walks; everybody rides, and on any special festa thousands of carriages fill the streets. I doubt if there is a city in the world that can turn out half the number of private vehicles in proportion to the population.

Seen Signs.

De gray owl screech on de chimney top. (Somebody gwine ter die)

De ole car's rookin'—en he des won't stop. (Somebody gwine ter die)

De pietah fall fum he place on de wall. (Somebody gwine ter die)

En footsteps sou'n in de empty hall. (Somebody gwine ter die)

De hens is a-crowin' soon en' late. (Somebody gwine ter die)

De lean cow low at the garden gate. (Somebody gwine ter die)

Oh, Lawd, look down, 'twell de time come roun'. (Somebody gwine ter die)

I watch en pray 'twell de trumpet sound'. (Somebody gwine ter die)

—Atlanta Constitution.

Weapon and Lantern Combined.

A private policeman of Ludlow, Ky., William Fritz, has in actual use the very latest policeman's club, says the Philadelphia Record. Astonishing as it may seem, the club contains an electrical apparatus which furnishes a powerful searchlight. It is a weapon and lantern combined, and may be used with equal effect in either capacity. The construction is simple. A storage battery within the club, a push button at the handle end, where the thumb naturally rests, and a small but powerful electric lamp behind a thick glass bulb's eye at the tip of the club, covers it all. The electric apparatus is so ingeniously devised that it is not injured when a blow is struck with the club.

The Reason.

He—I can't understand why a man always wants to marry his deceased wife's sister.

She—Why, it saves him the bother of breaking in a new mother-in-law.—Boston Traveler.

STORIES OF SPIRITS.

One of Which Was Quite Easily and Naturally Accounted For.

When Spiritualism was comparatively new and we were youngsters, we used to hear delightful spooky stories about mysterious actions of furniture and things, which one never seems to hear nowadays. I remember one about some people who had guests invited to a grand dinner. The table was spread with all the dishes, but the meal had not yet been served. The family had a great store of beautiful glass and china, and it was all on the table. For a moment the servants were all out of the dining-room, and just at that moment all the people in the rest of the house heard a deafening crash of falling dishes; from the dining-room there came the sound of glassware precipitated upon the floor and crushing into fragments, and in the midst of the roar of this wreck there rose to the terrified ears of the host and hostess the high, clear note of the smashing of much tin china. Everybody in the house—family, guests, servants—rushed to the dining-room door at the same moment, expecting to see nothing less than the table overturned and every precious dish on it broken, and what did they behold? The table set in perfect order, with not a thing on it disturbed. What had made the awful crash? Nobody ever knew. Not a dish was even asked in that house that day. The spirits—so the story ran to us—had just made a terrible ghastly crash for the fun of it and the alarm of the household.

I remember that this story impressed me a great deal more than it would have impressed me if the dishes had really been found smashed, though it could have been proved that no human being had been in the room at the time. I had never before heard of a ghost that was a crash and nothing more. I fancy the astonishment of those alleged people was not greater than that of a friend of mine over an episode not at all similar. This gentleman's wife and daughter were out shopping one afternoon, and he reached home ahead of them. So far from feeling grieved and outraged at not finding them there to make him welcome, he set to work pleasantly to give them a surprise by getting them their supper. He hadn't much in the house, but he set out what he had, and placed on each of three plates a nice lot of sardines, and then went out to make them some tea. He got it made and came back, and looked at his table in astonishment. His supper was gone! The plates which he had put on the table were there just where he had placed them, but they were as clean as when he put them on. He knew that there was not another human being in the house. What spirit had wafted away those sardines?

This is a true story. There was not another human being in the house, but the gentleman owned two delightful cocker spaniels, and they were in the house. Who can doubt that, as they licked the plates which had contained the sardines, they had said to themselves, "Go to; we will make it unnecessary for our dear master to wash these plates!"—Boston Transcript.

Undertakers Must Be Good-Natured to Stand the Constant Strain.

An undertaker who does business uptown who is fat and jolly and who loves the good things of life and can laugh until his sides shake at a joke, bared his leg in the cooling-off room and showed a lot of black and blue marks just above the knee. "That's where I pinch myself to stop laughing at some funerals," he said. "You know that the undertaker, of all people, is not permitted to even smile at the last services of the dead and the fun-loving element in my nature often gets the better of me, even at funerals, so that to keep a long face I just grab my leg at the length of my arm and pinch until I ache. Sometimes the pain brings actual tears to my eyes and the folks around me, I suppose, think I am mighty susceptible, and so I am, but not to sorrow."

"I got these big marks, you see, day after yesterday at the funeral of an old-timer in my ward whom I had grown up with from school days. He was one of the meekest men that ever lived. He was too mean to belong to the church, and they had to pay a Presbyterian preacher to say a word over him, for the priest wouldn't, and when that good man talked about the many virtues and good deeds of the dead and pictured him going round the world with charity and kindness, I thought I would go into a fit. Five pinches in all, good strong ones, I gave myself, and then I had to leave my place alongside the box when I imagined I saw the dead man winking at me.

"My friends tell me I ought to get out of the business, but I hold that it needs a jolly, good-natured fellow like me to stand the constant strain of being allowed in the mix with sorrow and tears."—Brooklyn Times.

How an Empress Was Courtied.

How princes make love is told in the "Reminiscences of the Marquis Custine." When the Czar Nicholas was 18 years old he spent two days in Berlin, where he saw the Princess Charlotte, two years younger, and of a delicate beauty which at once attracted him. She, however, showed no signs of reciprocating his affection. The evening before his departure he sat next to the Princess at dinner. "I shall leave to-morrow," he suddenly remarked. She did not show any surprise, but quickly answered, "We shall all be sorry that you leave so soon. Cannot your departure be delayed?" "That depends on you," "How so?" asked the Princess. The Prince declared his love, somewhat to her embarrassment, as she thought they would be overheard. As a pledge of her love he asked for the ring she wore, suggesting that no one would notice it if she took it off and pressing it into a piece of bread pushed it toward his plate. The ring, however, was not hers, but belonged to her governess, who had received it from the Empress of Russia. And in taking it off to give to the Prince she read for the first time on the inside the inscription, "Empress of Russia."

Why He Didn't Reply.

It is not always easy to be polite. Witness this from the Chicago Post: "Why don't you answer?" said mama, impatiently, to the Scandinavian on the step-ladder engaged in putting up new window fixtures. The man gulped and replied gently: "I have my mouth full of screws; I not can speak till I swallow some."

Needed Everywhere.

"Swiggs has invented another kind of metal street car fender." "What is it?"

"He wears it over his knees to keep people from stepping on his toes."—Puck.

An Argument.

"The minister asked me how I could defend the practice of skating on Sunday." "What did you say?"

"I said it might thaw on Monday."—Puck.

This would be a quiet, peaceable world were it not for the movements of the under jaw.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Single Blessedness.

"What a lot of bachelors there are nowadays."

"Isn't it selfish of them, too, to think so much of their own happiness?"

Easy for the Professor.

"And now," said the professor, as the regular class exercises were finished, "is there any question any of the young ladies would like to ask?"

"How is it, sir?" inquired the suburban girl at the pedal extremity of the class, "that Father Time is always represented as being bald-headed?"

"That is easily accounted for," replied the professor. "So many people during their school days grasped Time by the forelock in trying to get away from the foot of the class that his hair has all been pulled out. See?"

The girl at the foot never answered a word.

An Effort to Reform.

"Bill—I thought you said you were going to turn over a new leaf the first of the year."

"Well—Well, I did, ole man, but I foun' distillery advertisement on next page.—New York News."

He Needed a Rest.

Meeks—Doctor, my wife has the lock-jaw.

Doctor—That's bad. I'll hurry around to your house at once and see what I can do to relieve her.

Meeks—Oh, there's no hurry about it. Drop in the latter part of next week if you ain't too busy.

Homebody.

A local band was one day playing at Dunfermline when an old weaver came up and asked the bandmaster what air they were playing. "That is 'The Death of Nelson,'" replied the bandmaster, solemnly. "Ay, mon," replied the weaver, "ye hae g'ien him an awful death."

Antiseptic Surgery.

Governor of the prison—What is the cause of this unseemly delay?

Jailer—That expert handsman you engaged from the medical school is sterilizing the ax.

An Extreme Case.

First suburbanite—I've become extremely forgetful of late.

Second suburbanite—Is that so?

First suburbanite—Yes. Some mornings I can't remember whether I'm to bring back a cook or not.—Puck.

Bound to Be Happy.

She—They say that persons of opposite qualities make the happiest marriages.

He—That's why I'm looking for a girl with money.

He Enjoyed It.

Fred—That cigar you gave me did me lots of good.

Arthur—I'm glad of it. When did you smoke it?

"Oh, I didn't smoke it. I gave it to Howard; I hate him, you know."—Harlem Life.

Hears It All Without Expense.

"You ought to have one of those photographs in your home, sir. It will retain everything—"

"I tell you I don't need one; my wife belongs to a sewing society."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Family Affair.

Wife—What do you think, Wilhelm? Your friend Emil asked me to elope with him!

Husband—Oh, that doesn't surprise me, my dear! He is a good friend of mine and thinks he would be doing me a favor.—Das Kleine Witzblatt.

His Experience.

Diggs—Do you believe that it is possible to heal merely by the touch?

Biggs—Sure. A physician recently "healed" himself by touching me for \$50.

How Genius Sprouted.

"I wonder how Treadway became such a success as a writer of fiction?"

"I think that it was his college practice that did it."

"How was that?"

"When he used to write home for money he told the most ingenious fairy stories imaginable."—Detroit Free Press.

An Expert.

Prisoner—Your honor, I wasn't drunk when they locked me up.

Judge—You had been drinking, had you not?

"Some. But I had at least eight more drinks comin' to me before it would be time to git pinched."

Miss A Charitable Girl.

"Miss Cutting," began young Sothleigh. "Eh some time I—aw have been awfully thinking, doncher know, and as a result, I—aw have half a mind—"

"Well," interrupted Miss Cutting, "that is more than any of our acquaintances credit you with, but I'll be real charitable and concede you that much; so pray say no more about it."

When the Elevator Boy Pulls the Fops.



Going up. Going down.

The Way of Some.

Maud—And so Gladys married for love?

Mabel—Yes, but she fell in love with a rich man.

Touching.

The sweet young thing—I just had a lovely time at the matinee.

The elderly parson—Had a good cry, eh?

"Yes, I cried over the play in the first act and then cried through the other acts because I had my nose red."—In-dianapolis Journal.

A Man of Family.

Borus—I hear you have taken a wife to yourself, Smithers. Whom did you marry?

Smithers (dejectedly)—Milly Jones, her mother, her stepfather and two maiden aunts.

Johnny Was Enough.

Johnny—I say, father, did you ever wish you had lots of little boys?

Papa—Yes, my son, before I had you.

Paradise.

Little Alice—What kind of a place do you think heaven is?

Little Harry—Well, if heaven's as nice as they say, I guess they must let you eat your pie first when you sit down to dinner there.

A Desperate Case.

She—And what will you do if I refuse to become your wife—nothing desperate, I hope?

He—Yes! I shall go away somewhere and get a job—I'll have to.

Her Opinion.

"Yas," said Mr. Williams, "I am acquainted with two dead languages."

"Well," replied Miss Sharpshingle, "judging by what you do to English every time you say more than a dozen words I am constrained to believe that you must have murdered those poor dead languages you speak of."

Custom House Notes.

Tax collector—You'll have to pay 10 cents per head taxes on them fowls that were shipped to you.

Farmer—Why didn't the fools that shipped them cut their heads off?—Rocky Mountain News.

Same Thing, Only Different.

Dr. Emdee—Women, you know, are very subject to nervous prostration. Mr. Wicklow—Don't men have it? Dr. Emdee—No; men have irritability.—Puck.

Unfortunately.

"If we all had equal opportunities—"

"We would not all be equal to them."—Puck.

There Were Exceptions.

The Speaker—Wealth is not to be attained by short cuts.

The Butcher—Oh, I don't know!—Indianapolis Journal.

'Twas Ever Thus.

White—How about that wedding check your father-in-law gave you—was it good?

Brown—Certainly. You know, it's the unexpected that always happens.

Small Boy's Hero.

Boy (to sea captain who has a reputation to maintain)—Did you ever get your leg bit off by a shark, captain?

Captain—Did I, sonny? Did I? Well, rather. Dozens of times!—Tit-Bits.

Once Was Enough.

"What do you consider the luckiest thing you ever did?"

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