

TRIAL FOR LIFE

"But it will be very painful to you!" said the sheriff.

"No more so than what I have already endured and can yet endure," answered Laura, sadly but firmly.

"Speak to her, Mr. Cassinove," whispered the governor.

"My dearest, Laura, be advised, and bid me good-night," urged Cassinove.

"Ah, do not tell me to go, else I must, you know. Let me stay as long as I may, Ferdinand; and let the sheriff proceed with his duty—the nature of which I can well surmise what you have to endure, I also can bear," said Laura, reasserting herself by his side.

"They urged her no more; but the sheriff, taking a document from his pocket, said:

"I have a very painful duty to perform to witness which I would gladly have saved this lady. I hold in my hand the warrant for the execution of Ferdinand Cassinove, at 7 o'clock a. m. on Monday next."

And unfolding the warrant, amid the dead silence of the assembled group, he read it aloud to the prisoner.

Cassinove heard it with composure, and at its close bowed, still in silence.

The sheriff said that any privilege or indulgence, within the rules of the prison, would be promptly extended to the prisoner, upon his supplication, and with a deferential bow to Laura, he called his satellites, and retreated from the cell.

When left alone again, the unhappy pair remained seated side by side, their hands clasped together, as if they were reading of the death warrant. Although by what had gone before, they were prepared for what was to come, yet the reading of the doom seemed to have stunned them into stillness.

Cassinove was the first to shake off the spell and speak.

"My own brave wife! you bore the ordeal well!" he said.

"I will bear all the rest well, until all is over, and then—follow you!" said Laura.

They remained mutually comforting each other for some fifteen minutes longer, and then the turnkey came his rounds, and informed Mrs. Cassinove that she must withdraw for the night.

And Laura took leave of her husband, leaving him alone in his cell, and returned to her own desolate lodgings.

Leaving Newgate, Laura threaded the narrow, dark and filthy courts and alleys of that miserable quarter, crowded, as they were, with abandoned wretches of both sexes, and reached at last, her gloomy lodging-house, at the top of Sinner street, within sight of St. Sepulcher's Church. On the opposite side of the street she saw a close carriage, with a coachman, whom she thought she recognized. But, too much absorbed by her own anguish, she gave no thought to the circumstance, but entered at once her dreary lodging, where no kind friend ever welcomed her, where she was always alone in her grief, as was the Divine Master in Gethsemane.

She crept slowly and feebly up the dark staircase to the landing upon which her room was situated. She saw a tender, subdued light shining from the partly-open door, and her heart, broken down by sorrow, sunk with a strange foreboding of some misery, if worse, come to one whose cup was already overflowing.

She timidly pushed open the door and entered.

And the next moment she was clasped in the arms of Rose. Poor Rose was no philosopher, and all she could do now was to clasp her friend to her loving bosom, and sob forth:

"Oh, my dear, dear Laura! my dear, dear Laura! my heart bleeds for you! Oh, may the Lord comfort you, Laura, for no human being can, I know."

"This is very kind, Rose, to leave your pleasant palace home, and come to such an abode of misery as this," said Laura, in an exhausted voice.

"Oh, did you think I could stay at home, knowing that you were alone, and suffering here? Oh, no; as soon as the news of the verdict reached us, I got ready, and ordered the carriage, and drove here. I have been here an hour. I knew you were at the prison, and I should have gone thither, but I thought you would prefer being alone with him this evening; so I waited for you here."

"Bliss you, Rose! but the duke, did he approve of your coming?"

"My dear husband? Ah, I see you do not know him yet. Yes, he approved of my coming; he thinks you should not remain alone in this dreary trial; he made me promise to bring you back to Beresleigh House to-night, if I could persuade you to come. Do, dearest Laura! You shall live as privately as you like; not even a strange servant shall intrude on you, for I have sent for your own old maid, and your old footman, who both love you, an d they shall serve you in your own apartments. You can have a close carriage appropriated to your sole use, and so visit the prison as early in the morning as you like. It will be just as convenient for you to ride from Beresleigh House as to walk from Skinner street, and will take no more time. And Mr. Cassinove himself will feel more tranquil when he knows you are among friends, for, Laura, you shall never leave me more, with our consent; you shall be

her exhausted friend to partake of it freely, after which she made Laura lie down upon the sofa, while she sat beside it.

"Now shut your eyes and try to take some rest," urged Rose.

"But not for an instant did those "tired eyelids" close upon those "tired eyes," Rose saw how it was, and said:

"Oh, if you cannot compose yourself to rest, dear Laura, speak utter all that is in your heart; it is better than suppressing your feelings; anything is better than lying there in silence, and gazing into vacancy with those awful eyes."

"Rose, Rose, he is to die at seven on Monday morning!" exclaimed Laura, wildly uttering the thought uppermost in her mind.

"Sans peur et sans reproche, he is not afraid to die or meet his Divine Judge," said Rose.

"But, oh, to think that the miscreant for whose crime he suffers walks abroad at large!"

"Do you suspect, then, who did the deed?"

"I more than suspect it. I know it in my heart of hearts. I caused the wretch to be arrested and examined before a magistrate, but there seemed to be no evidence to warrant the indictment of the guilty man, although there was sufficient to convict the innocent one."

"May you not be mistaken then, dear Laura?"

Laura shook her head in bitterness of spirit.

"Who is it, then, dear Laura, that you so loudly denounce as this?"

"One whose name is odious throughout Europe for an unnatural and murderous deed, for which he is no longer in danger of justice, since Sir Vincent Lester, the only witness against him, is dead."

"You mean—" exclaimed Rose, catching her breath.

"Robert Thugsen. But what is the matter, dear Rose?"

"Oh, Laura, did you know—did you know this man who was your prosecutor also?"

"No; you astonish me. I thought it was a Captain Rutherford, of the Fourth Hussars."

"No; that was only the feigned name under which he tried to marry me. Shall I tell you about it, Laura? Perhaps my narrative may throw some light upon your suspicions."

"Yes, dearest," replied her friend, hoping to learn some new facts that might, even at this late hour, save the guilty.

Rose commenced and gave the full history of her broken marriage, as she had narrated it to the duke.

While she spoke, Laura raised herself up from the sofa, and gazed earnestly at the speaker, and when Rose had finished her own narrative, Laura said:

"And is this the man who dares to claim your hand, and start a criminal prosecution on his claim?"

"Yes, is it not infamous?"

"It is imbecile. Oh, that we had had an understanding before. It would have saved you from much anxiety. I could have told you a month ago, what I tell you now. The man has a wife and child drow now living."

Rose gasped for breath, as she sprang nearer her friend, and gazed wildly into her face, exclaiming:

"Oh, if this be the man, know it of your own knowledge. Where is the woman?"

Laura sank back upon the sofa. She had spoken too quickly and too much—more than she could prove. She did not know of her own knowledge that Thugsen had a wife; she had only the word of the self-styled wife, who did not even bear his name and who had behaved very strangely in running away and hiding herself from pursuit.

"Speak, speak, dear Laura. Is this really so. Are you sure of it?" exclaimed Rose, excitedly.

"I believe it, though, perhaps, there may be a difficulty in proving it."

"Tell me what you know."

Laura related the history of her acquaintance with Ruth Russel and described the interview with the landlady upon the evening when Robert Thugsen unexpectedly returned to the house.

"And the woman—where is she now?" Rose cried, excitedly.

"She disappeared with her children the next morning, and has not since been heard of. The man actually threw himself in the way of the warrant I had issued for his arrest, to have the warrant over, as he said to the magistrate."

"But the woman?" persisted Rose.

"Has passed entirely out of sight. But you must tell the duke what I have told you, and the woman must be found, and the fact of her marriage proved."

They conversed some time longer upon the case of the evening, and then Rose, whose eyes were affectionately watching her friend, said:

"Laura, can you not sleep again in this world, dearest?"

"Oh, then I must make you sleep—that is all."

And so saying, Rose summoned the landlady and despatched her to the nearest chemist to procure an opiate. While Mrs. Brown was gone, Rose, with her own hands, undressed Laura and made her go to bed. And when the landlady returned she administered the morphine and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the wearied woman in a sound sleep.

Rose drew an armchair to the bedside, and, dressed as she was, seated herself in it, to a rest that was half watchfulness.

Several times during the night Laura started and shuddered throughout her frame, as though the consciousness of misery pursued her even in her dreams. But toward morning she sank into a profound rest and lay as one dead for many hours.

At six o'clock Rose softly left her seat, extinguished the night lamp and opened the windows, to air the room. And Laura still slept the deep, deep sleep of exhaustion, the effect of many nights' vigilance.

By the time Rose had arranged her toilet, set the room in order, and resumed her seat by the bedside, Laura awoke with a start, looked around with a bewildered air and exclaimed:

"Was it a dream? Then suddenly falling and covering her face with her hands she groaned in the full memory of all her woe."

Rose went and stood silently beside her for a few moments and then ventured to stoop and press a kiss upon her cold hands.

Laura immediately removed them from her face, and looked up, asking:

"What is the hour, dear Rose?"

"It is just seven, Laura,"

"Just seven. And at seven, tomorrow—Oh, God! he has but twenty-four hours to live, Rose!"

"He has all eternity to live! Try to think of his immortality," said the young duchess, stooping and kissing her friend.

Then, leaving Laura to collect herself, she went and ordered breakfast.

When she returned, she waited on Laura with all the tenderness of a sister, bathing her face, combing her hair, dressing her with care, making her partake of the tea and lozenges which were brought and, finally, ordered a cab to convey her to Newgate.

When the cab was summoned, Rose put on her own bonnet and mantle, saying:

"You must let me accompany you to the prison, dear Laura. I will not intrude. I will remain outside the cab until I hear whether Mr. Cassinove is willing to see me. If he is I will visit the cell for a few minutes; if not, I will return here and await your arrival."

"Dear Rose, the prison is not a proper place for you to visit; my husband would be very angry with me if I came to see you."

"And any place is proper for me to visit where my duty calls me. So say no more, dear Laura, for I will attend you."

"To despairing to contend, Laura yielded; and they went downstairs together and entered the cab. It was but a short drive to Newgate.

When they reached the prison, Laura left the young duchess in the cab and entered alone. An officer in attendance conducted her at once to the condemned cell. A man in a uniform and cap, Dr. Clark and the Rev. Mr. Watson sitting on the side of the cot, and talking to Cassinove, who was seated on a stool. Cassinove immediately arose and seated his wife in the only chair.

The physician and clergyman stood up and greeted her with a friendly And then, saying that they would return again in the course of the forenoon, retired, and left the unhappy pair together.

Both were more composed than they had been on the evening before. They had needed to be calm, for what a day was before them!

The last day of Cassinove's life swiftly passing away.

After they had clasped each other's hands, and looked wistfully into each other's eyes and had asked and answered questions to how each had passed the night, and Laura had told of the kindness of the young duchess, she added:

"Rose is waiting in the cab outside. She wishes to see you, if you have no objection."

"Certainly not, love; go bring her at once, that I may thank her for her angelic goodness to you," said Cassinove.

Laura went to bring Rose. As the young duchess entered the portals of the gloomy prison, she involuntarily shuddered, as if she were stepping on a snake.

"Ah, if she trembles so at the entrance how will she be at the sight of the condemned cell, and the man who is doomed to die?" thought Laura. But Rose was already engaged in controlling her feelings so that by the time she had reached the door of the cell, she was calm and firm as Laura herself—only shimmering slightly as she passed the grated door into the narrow and gloomy den.

Cassinove was standing up with a cheerful countenance to receive her.

"This is very kind; I cannot thank you enough for your goodness to my wife," he said, placing a chair for Rose.

"You have little to thank me for, because in fact she will not let me serve her."

"Oh, Rose!" said Laura.

(To be continued.)

OPEN AIR IS BOERS' ICEBOX.

Refrigeration Furnished by Nature to Those Learning Her Ways.

These boxes were fired into with the Hof projectile. Some of the weapons used were the Colt caliber 45, carrying at 45 and some of the bullets were jacketed or sheathed with steel.

After the spluttering of clay displaced by the fired projectile was over liquid plaster of paris was poured in, filling the cavity, and the mass was allowed to cool, after which the cones were uncased. Some of the cones were comparatively two inches long, some about twelve inches, resembling red icicles. Examination was then made with a view to the recovery of the projectile and note was made of its condition.

When the Hof bullet is fired into water or clay or sand, which is made up of steel and antimony, which are the point of the bullet, invariably becomes detached from the bullet proper.

In water or in soft clay this bullet mushrooms in a manner very like the hollow-point man-stopping bullet. The Hof bullet is shot through the water and to the latter in accuracy, combining with its accuracy man-stopping effect. But its accuracy on humanitarian grounds a non-detachable compound bullet will be urged.

The test of the Hof bullet should properly be made into living flesh of some animal. Sometimes these tests are made using cadavers obtained by legitimate methods. In the present case the carcass of semi-frozen beef was laid horizontally and fired into, using projectiles of lead or projectiles jacketed or sheathed with cupro-nickel steel, also by Hof's bullet.

The arms used were caliber 45. Perhaps half a dozen shots were fired for the purpose of inflicting flesh wounds only; others were fired carefully, aiming at the bones. The paths traversed by the bullets were then carefully measured and recorded and the condition of the flesh and bones struck by the bullet carefully noted and made of record.

When a bullet of small caliber and having great energy strikes the bone it makes a hole through it that is clean cut. When a bullet of caliber 45 strikes a large bone or when one of Hof's man-stopping bullets strikes a large bone its splinters fractures or pulverizes the bone.

Professional Pride Touched.

The municipal graffer had made a full confession.

"Do you feel better now?" they asked him kindly.

"Well," he admitted, "I'm a little sore to find that I went cheaper than some of the other fellows."—Philadelphia Ledger.

HOW TO DRINK

An Important but Much Neglected Art.

(By Robert Bell, M. D.)

The importance of the art of drinking becomes apparent when we are reminded that more than two-thirds of the weight of the human frame is made up of water, and that life is dependent upon those vital changes which are constantly succeeding each other in the various fluids of the body.

When is it time to drink? I say any time except during meals.

The food should never be washed down by any other fluid than the saliva. Were it would rule more strictly observed we would hear much less of dyspepsia and fewer people would be overburdened with an undue deposit of fat. When the meal is finished, the food having been thoroughly incorporated with the salivary and gastric secretions, you may take what fluid you feel inclined for, and there is no limit as to quantity. My conviction is that we do not drink half enough between meals. If we keep the skin and other organs actively employed by imbibing freely of non-alcoholic beverages—and it is impossible to overtax them if we confine our drink to what Nature has provided for us in the way of fluids—we will be rewarded by enjoying all the comforts of a pure and, therefore, healthy blood stream, for the simple reason that every organ of the body will benefit thereby.

We should never overlook the fact that there is constantly being accumulated in the blood not only waste matter, resulting from chemical changes taking place in the upkeep of vital energy, but also toxins absorbed from the intestines. Now the blood can only be freed from this noxious material by means of the lungs, skin, etc., so it is not difficult to see that the more actively employed these important organs are kept the healthier the individual as a whole will be maintained. When, therefore, active exercise is withheld, as in sedentary occupations, it is not difficult to conceive there will be a tendency towards an accumulation of effete matter within the vital fluid, and this will be accentuated if the atmosphere of the apartment which the person occupies becomes vitiated in consequence of deficient ventilation; lethargy, loss of appetite, and dyspepsia will as a rule supervene; the health as a whole will sooner or later suffer, and if this unhygienic mode of living is persisted in changes in the blood will be certain to follow, which in all probability will culminate in gout, or possibly organic mischief of graver import. Now such a catastrophe would be much less likely to ensue were the simpler precaution of drinking freely had been taken. "One pint of water during the forenoon and also during the afternoon it resorted to.

It would also prove a wise proceeding if men of sedentary habit especially would during the process of dressing slowly sip at least a pint of hot water. This would stimulate the circulation in the lungs, skin, etc., and prove of immense service in promoting the secretory power of those important organs, and at the same time prepare the stomach for the reception of food.

Exercise is a most active operation, the vital energy of every organ of the body is benefited.

For the man whose habits are sedentary the following routine might with advantage be followed:

(1) Two tumblerfuls of hot water before breakfast.

(2) At breakfast a large cupful, or two if desired, of tea, which has not been infused for more than three minutes. This will prove quite sufficient to abstract all the aromatic constituents of the leaves, which are comparatively innocuous, while the undesirable tannin and gummy extracts will be left behind and it is to the latter the injurious effects of tea-drinking are chiefly due. I would repeat, however, that this portion of the meal should be left until all the solid portion has been disposed of.

(3) During the forenoon and afternoon either plain or aerated water may be the beverage and to the amount previously indicated.

(4) After lunch either a tumblerful of water, a bottle of ginger-beer, grape-juice or lemonade, soda and milk, or half a pint of cider.

(5) The same after dinner; and

(6) Before retiring a tumblerful of cold or aerated water or milk and soda.

Of course, there will be other fluids partaken of during the course of the day. These will consist of the watery constituents of the food, of which more particular mention may be made of milk, fruit and vegetables, all of which should enter to a large extent into the dietary.

So much, then, for the art of drinking, as a preservative of health. Let us now consider for a little how this may be taken advantage of as a restorative to health. As a rule we will find that a great proportion of ill-health has its origin in some disorder of the digestive organs.

Let me then point out in what manner

ner the art of drinking may prove of service in certain disturbances of the stomach, especially that condition which is designated catarrh. When this is present we know the mucous membrane is in a state of subacute congestion. The irritable result of this is a deficient secretion of mucus. The consequence is that when food enters the stomach it does not digest as rapidly as it should do. Now, when this is the case fermentation is certain to follow. The distress produced by fermentation extends to the heart and lungs, whose movements are frequently considerably impeded, giving rise to palpitation and breathlessness. It is then imperative that the diet be modified, and relief will be afforded by sipping it tumblerful of hot-very hot water about half an hour before each meal.

PEOPLE HUMOR INSANE WHIMS.

How Gheel Takes Care of Its Strange Population.

The care and treatment of the insane can be studied under very novel conditions at the little Belgian town of Gheel (Gheel), twenty-six miles east south of Antwerp. Gheel is really a town of the insane. One meets them everywhere; they roam about the streets; they take their refreshment in the cafes and they go through their daily labors often with more sense than does many an ordinary citizen who is believed to be sound in mind and body.

There are about 1,600 outpatients, and they are taken as boarders by the townspeople. Of course these are harmless cases, and the dangerous insane are looked after in the local asylum or in remote villages. The inhabitants charge from £12 to £120 a year, according to the way in which the patient wishes to live; yet no matter how little he pays, kindness by the family with whom he is boarding. The good people of Gheel, the London Globe, seem to have a special faculty for being able to treat the insane successfully, and many marvelous cases of recovery are on record. This is the result of heredity; for the experience gained has been handed down from father to son for centuries.

The patient is really the guest of the household; the armchair is allotted to him, he has the best place at table and he receives the most attention. Thus he learns gradually the value of the respect which is his due and therefore he strives to master his affliction so that he shall not lose his privileges. The little children of Gheel have learned how to handle these curious visitors; they play with them fearlessly and walk and talk with them. Sometimes the patient may be seen tending the baby.

Naturally enough, Gheel is filled with "Emperors," "Queens," "Kings," "Milk-honaires," "Popes," "Archbishops" and other magnificent people; all such cases are treated most kindly and respectfully by the inhabitants of Gheel.

There is one case of a "King" who tells all newcomers that he has two left legs and therefore he is obliged to have two left boots and two left legs to his trousers. Another old gentleman thinks he is the Pope and that he could fly to heaven; only for the moment he is too fat; his landlord seems to wish to help him to make a start in flying from the window of the second story, but he reminds him that he might fall and break his neck; thereupon the "Pope" decides to put off his flight "until after tea."

Then there is a young man who is always looking for a "hatchet; he thinks he has suddenly become so strong that he must bear away the door in order that he may be able to go in and out. Another case is that of a man who, with tears in his eyes, begs the stranger to protect him from a huge butterfly, which wishes to attack him and eat his hair. Another man thinks he is a sect of coria and he will ask a stranger to put him in his pocket, so that he will not be blown away.

Recently one of the patients was terrified by the idea that the birds might eat him. His host quickly replied by saying: "Have I not told you that you are quite safe, for the birds eat only hemp seed?" Then there is a "Queen of Holland" who holds her court with all the pomp imaginable; with great state she pretends to receive her visitors and regrets that her soldiers have not been able to receive them, and then she sings in a shrill voice airs from the best known operas. When her visitor leaves her presence she goes to the window, gives orders for an imaginary char, certain and points to the phantom regiments, which, to her fancy are filing past her window. She is the daughter of a leading Dutch statesman.

The landlords of the inns of Gheel are very courteous and respectful to the insane; the humor of their wildest whims. Altogether it is a wonderful sight, and the entire absence of any restraint would astonish the most modern student who has specialized on the treatment of the insane.

SHE CAN'T HELP IT.

The Married Woman's Tender Sympathy for Spinster Sister.

When she meets a particularly attractive, busy, contented spinster, she says, plaintively, "Poor Ada, of Virginia, or Emmeline! What a pity that she never married!" She cannot help it any more than she can help the color of her hair.

When Frederick—fumbling dreadfully, by the way—slipped the ring upon her finger he endowed her not only with all his worldly goods, but also with an ineradicable pill, for those upon whose hand the yellow hand had never gleamed, says Anne O'Hagan in Harper's Bazar. If he had taken to beating her the following week, had developed an undue appetite for drink the next month, and had deserted her the following year, she would still have looked with patronage upon me, unobscured, unacquainted with intoxication, undeserted.

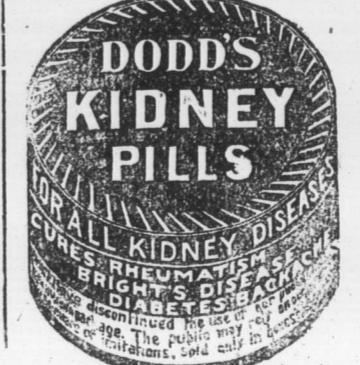
There is no wife so unhappy, so neglected, so trampled upon, that she has not, in her own opinion, someone still more pitiable to whom to condescend—and that is any unmarried woman, no matter how busy, how cheerful, how popular.

Warning to Ladies Hailing a Car.

The Lady in a Hurry—Why didn't you stop at once, conductor, when you saw me waving my hand?"

The Facetious Conductor—"Lor, miss, why I thought you were a throwin' kisses at me.—London Sketch.

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Warning to Ladies Hailing a Car. The Lady in a Hurry—Why didn't you stop at once, conductor, when you saw me waving my hand? The Facetious Conductor—Lor, miss, why I thought you were a throwin' kisses at me.—London Sketch.