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gerous defense that can be made when it is not clearly proven; and John Freeman did not prove a complete alibi.

Few witnesses were examined for the defense; then the strange attorney arose to make a plea for the prisoner. He was tall and dignified. His smooth-shaven face was lean and his eyes were sharp. Pictures of such a face may be found hanging on the walls of many a State capitol in the South. His hair was white and long and as fine as silk. His frock-coat was buttoned tightly around his slender form, and a black string tie was knotted around his tall collar.

The attorney paid no attention to the jury. He addressed the court and said a few words that were scarcely audible to those in the jury box, and which were entirely lost on the spectators that crowded the court-room. Then he turned to the prisoner, gazed for a moment on the young man, and said:

"John, my boy, you must die. You must leave the world in which you have spent only your youth, and must go to another world about which we have all surmised much but of which we know little. And you must die by hanging."

"You must die the death of a felon in the manner prescribed by the statute. But it will be through no fault of yours and through no fault of the Judge or jury. And it is no fault of the law. The law of this great Commonwealth is all right, John, though you die innocent."

"The law may sometimes expose perjury, but it cannot always reach the man who swears falsely. It cannot always take into account the mistakes of human judgment, to say nothing of the deliberate falsifier who wants to swear away another man's life. Judges and juries have not the power of Almighty God, though they sometimes exercise His authority."

"The human mind cannot look down into the hearts and minds of men and see the malice, hate, vindictiveness, and private purposes that will twist and color facts until they seem to mean something entirely different from what they do mean."

"But it is too late to change all that. We can't help it now; and you must die as you have lived, a brave man."

"I know that you will do that. You come of a race of brave men and brave women. You will go to your death as uncomplainingly as ever a man accepted the cards that fate dealt to him. Your mother, when she was a bride, and yet in her teens, carried from a bloody battlefield the bleeding, senseless form of your father, shot down on the plantation where he was born. And as she carried her loved one to the shelter of the old brick house in which you later first saw the light of day, bullets and shells whistled around her and the shrieks of the wounded and dying filled the air."

"Your father recovered, and for many years he repaid by his tender devotion the bravery of that loving wife. We laid his maimed body to rest only last week, John. He is sleeping with his forbears in the little cemetery you remember so well, and in which I promise that you shall rest. You have lived and will die among strangers, John, but your body will then lie among your kinsmen, by the side of that father and mother who loved you so well."

"But this case does not end here, John. There is another world and another Judge. Your parents are there, John, and you will be with them soon. And there this case will be tried again before a Judge who is all-wise and before whom false witnesses are stricken dumb. Your father and mother will attend that trial; and when the final verdict is rendered, they will know that their confidence in their boy has not been misplaced, and that when tried before a Judge who needs not the aid of counsel or jury the verdict will be 'Not Guilty.'"

The tall lawyer stepped in front of the prisoner, who was sobbing audibly, took both of his hands and held them for a moment while he gazed at the tear-stained face. Then he stooped and kissed the prisoner twice on the forehead as he said in a low voice: "We can wait for that day. So, good-bye, John, my boy."

The lawyer sat down beside the

prisoner, holding one of his hands. The prosecuting attorney arose, cleared his throat, and began his speech. He did not talk long, and he closed with a request that the members of the jury do their duty. The Judges' charge was scattering and disconnected, and the jury paid little attention to it.

The jury rendered a verdict of "Not Guilty" within ten minutes, and fifteen minutes later the acquitted man was in a room in the hotel with the gray-haired lawyer.

"Your father," said the lawyer, "has settled with me. And he gave me five hundred dollars which I am to hand to you with the understanding that you leave the United States at once. He says that he has helped you out of trouble the last time he will, but that if you will go to Australia, South America, Africa, or China, you will receive through me two hundred dollars every three months."

"But he also says that if you ever communicate with him directly, or write to your mother, he will cut off the allowance. And I guess you and I both know him well enough to know that he will do as he says."

"You will go to South Africa? Well, I think that is best. Let me know your address and I will see that drafts are mailed to you regularly. No, I don't think I want to shake hands with you. I am too good a friend of your father's to be friendly with you."

The Song Desirable.

Give us the song with the savour of joy in it,
Tickling the heartstrings, and tingling the toes;
Life has too much of a leaden alloy in it;
Lighten it, then, of its burden of woes.
Wan, wailing measures may sound more poetical—
Who really cares for such sorrowful throes?
Laughter's the thing for us peripatetical
Poets who cannot be present-day Poes.

Ripple of brook with a magical rune in it,
Chuckle of raindrops that dapple the pane,
Even the sunshine has a sort of tune in it,
Dancing along to a cheerful refrain!
True, there are songs of a timbre more terrible,
Songs of the storm or the thundering main;
But storm-songs for life make a prospect unbearable—
Give us a rollocking measure again!

Two Kinds of Sport.

Calla Harcourt.

"'Tis a beautiful morning," a sportsman said.
"The world looks so happy, let's each take a gun,
Go out and kill something for pastime and fun,
And proudest be him who counts the most dead."
They blotted out lives that were happy and good,
Blinded eyes and broke wings that delighted to soar.
They killed for mere pleasure, and crippled and tore,
Regardless of aught but the hunger for blood.
"Tis a beautiful morning," a sportsman said,
Who carried a kodak instead of a gun.
"The world looks so happy, so golden the sun,
I'll slip to the woods where the wild things hide."
The dear that he "shot" never dreamed of his aim.
The bird that he "caught" went on with her song.
Peace followed his footsteps, not slaughter and wrong.
Yet rich were his "trophies" and varied his "game."

—Our Dumb Animals.

"I FEEL IT MY DUTY

To Give You a Statement In Regard To 'Fruit-a-tives'"

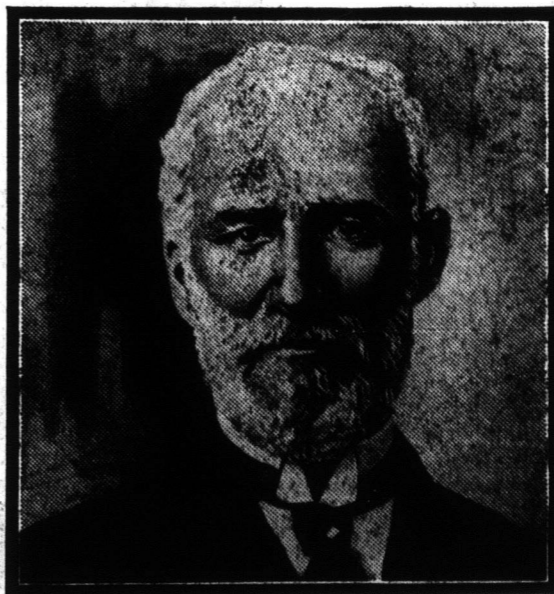
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"I feel it my duty to give to you and the world an unsolicited statement in respect to the wonderful cure I received by taking 'Fruit-a-tives.' Chronic Constipation was the complaint I suffered with for years. My general health was miserable as a result of this disease, and I became depressed and alarmed. I was treated by physicians without the slightest permanent benefit, and I tried all kinds of pills and tablets but nothing did me any good."

I saw the strong testimonial in favor of 'Fruit-a-tives' by New Brunswick's 'Grand Old Man', the Hon. John Costigan, and I knew that anything he stated was honest and true and given only to help his fellow-men. I tried 'Fruit-a-tives' and the effects were most marvellous, and now I am entirely well from all my Chronic Constipation that I suffered from for so many years. My general health is once more excellent and I cannot say too much to express my thanks for the great benefits derived from taking 'Fruit-a-tives.'"

A. G. WILLISTON.

"Fruit-a-tives" is not gotten up by druggists or expert chemists—who know nothing about disease and the needs of the human body—but is the scientific discovery of a well known physician, and is the only medicine in the world made of fruit juices. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size, 25c. At all dealers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.



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