LOCAL BRIEFS.

Nanaimo will not resume her place
Vancouver route until to-morrow.
Byrnes, auctioneer, will sell W. J.
stock of gas fixtures and plum-
materials to-day.
Fenwick has leased the premises
corner of Yates and Douglas
next to the Club Theatre, and will
them as a restaurant.
asserted by the Nanaimo *Free Press*
lers will be called for by the de-
of public works for the blasting
rock in Nanaimo harbor.
estle work on the extension of
N. railway has almost been com-
the water's edge. A locomotive
ning over it a short distance on

Club Theatre, under the manage-
Messrs. Reilly & Co., continues
good houses. It has always been
of the proprietors to give a show
entirely unobjectionable to the
ical.
eamer Olympian will probably re-
r trips between this port and Se-
Monday. Capt. Roberts, it is
will command her in conjunction
pt. Anderson, who will act as

James Pengelly, of Comox, died
Nanaimo hospital last Sunday
He came from Comox on Fri-
fering from heart disease. The
was a farmer, and was 44 years
native of Brixton, Devonshire,

riend of the *Bulletin* was wrong
stated that the most beautiful
d pheasants yet seen in this city
ought in by Mr. John Partridge.
ere good birds, but the loveliest
ls were shot by the sons of Mr.
oses on his farm at North Saan-

ew steamer which has been built
Bay by Messrs. Watson & Bay-
l be launched on Saturday. She
designed by Mr. P. P. H. Gray
t for Mr. L. G. Dumbleton. The
ry will be placed in position by
y, and the vessel will shortly be
r work.

Unseated.

McDonald, the conservative mem-
Victoria, N. S., in the Dominion
of Commons, has been unseated
ery by his brother Duncan, and
Bethune, member of the Provin-
iament for Victoria, has been con-
of corrupt practices in connection
case.

Accidental Deaths.

naimo, the jury in the case of the
into the cause of the death of
Johnson, who was killed by a
log, returned a verdict of acci-
eath. A similar verdict was re-
the case of Thos. Wilson, who
led on the Millstream railway
ear Nanaimo on Sunday evening

Copper Mine.

steamer Saturna returned from
ast evening with Frank Richards,
d O. B. Hardy, who have been
tending to their interests in the
mine. All the water is now out
mer ores cross-cutting the drift.
drift is 104 feet long under the
and 70 feet in shore. The prospects
to be excellent and the specimens
to the city by Mr. Hardy are rich.

New Steamer Launched.

erday afternoon a new steamer was
d at the yard near Sayward's saw
The vessel is 75 feet in length, 14
m, and 6 feet depth of hold. She
d by Messrs. Inge, Hare & Oakes,
l be used by them in the local coal

As she left the ways she was
ned the "Badger." Her engines
fitted in at once, and she will then
y for the winter's work.

The West Shore.

L. Samuel's excellent publication
nd, and is up to its usual high
Its contents embrace a variety
s of interest, the opening article
finely illustrated description of
witchback and Tunnel." To those
not familiar with this marvel of
ring skill, the September num-
the *West Shore* will be a welcome
ler of facts which in the old days
been regarded as impenetrable
prague, W. T., has its present and
hicely told, the views being partic-
good. Short, racy stories and nar-
and well-edited notes combine to
p a literary treat which does infin-
dit to this brightest periodical on
rth Pacific Coast.

Chinese Marriages.

stated that since the capture of the
g girl at Nanaimo, the owners of
have become very much alarmed,
disposing of their human proper-
hinese dealers in the States. It is
own that Celestials are refused at-
se to Uncle Sam's dominions, and
of United States Chinese merchants
mitted when their credentials are
l. In the case of the Chinese girl
d to above, and now in the Home
derick street, the documents are in
stom house to prove that she was
d once at Tacoma and again at Vic-
and it is presumed that she would
e married as often as circumstances
nanded, and the marriage service
Christian made to aid the vilest of
among the heathen. It goes with-
estion that ministers of Christian
es should exercise every possible
y into the intentions of Chinese
proach them for the purpose of be-
rried. It is quite understood that
inese have a contempt for the cere-
nd do not understand its meaning
r than that it will aid their plans.
ery easy for a native interpreter to
the minister's questions during the
when explaining them to the sup-
bride into any desired form to suit
l bought. Therefore it would be in
erests of morality, and as a preven-
against the ceremony being utilized
gal purposes, that Chinese who de-
be married should be certified to
interpreter in whom confidence can
ced as to his honesty. There are
e living in the city who are legally
d and who are, so far as can be
, happy in their domestic life, but
many marriages that have been
med by Christian ministers, there
ave fears that they were nearly all
mmated for the purpose of abetting
affic in Chinese slaves.

PERSONAL.

E. Perley, chief engineer of the pub-
rks department of Canada, and Mrs.
y, left for Ottawa last night.
er H. Cole, adjuster of fire losses,
headquarters at Portland, Or., is
g at the Driard.
J. Sorby left for Vancouver this
ng to meet his daughter, who is re-
g from England.
Carscaden, of Carscaden & Peck,
sale clothiers, Winnipeg, is at the
l.
J. Towne, of the firms of Blake,
& Towne, of San Francisco, and
McFall & Co., of Portland, accom-
d by Mrs. Towne, arrived from their
in East Orange, New Jersey, yester-
via the Sound. They will return
ver the C. P. R. Mr. Towne is a
er of this city, and was owner and
her of the *Gazette*, issued in 1858.
ening paper is in error in stating
he *Gazette* was the first newspaper
in the province, as a French jour-
nder the auspices of Bishop Demers,
ublished prior to that year.

Weekly Colonist

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21ST, 1887.

ANOTHER FIRE.

Mrs. Morris Morris' Shoe Store Falls a Victim to the Fiery Element—Heavy Loss Entailed.

Last evening at 9 o'clock the fire-bells again sounded forth, calling together the members of the department, who were quickly on hand, when it was discovered that an extensive fire was raging in a building occupied by Mrs. Morris on Johnson street. The engine was on the spot in a few minutes and it was only a matter of a few moments more when hoses were playing upon the burning building with good force. A dense smoke rose, almost suffocating the firemen and police, who exerted themselves in endeavoring to save the stock. Their efforts were partly rewarded, and many boxes of shoes were conveyed to a place of safety. Attention was directed principally to the house, which fortunately was a small frame building, and under the copious draughts of water the flames were quickly subdued. The loss on the stock will be heavy, as it is thought Mrs. Morris is insured for a very small amount. The building was owned by Mr. Henry Saunders, and was not insured as it was one of those erected in the early sixties.

Great praise is due the fire department for the manner in which they laboured at both fires, and the promptness with which they responded to the call. Such alertness is noticeable not only to Victorians but to strangers, and many complimentary remarks were passed last night.

SUPREME COURT.

[Before Begbie, C. J., Crease, Gray and Walkem, J. J.]

Edwin John, plaintiff in error, *vs.* The Queen—This case was called up in the supreme court yesterday. The return to the writ of error being filed, Mr. Davie, who appeared for the prisoner, before assigning error alleged certain matters which he stated ought to have been included in the return: 1st. That the evidence having established intercourse it was not competent to the jury upon an indictment which simply charged rape to find guilty of assault; and, 2nd, That upon an indictment with a simple count for rape it was not competent to find guilty of assault. Both of these points, counsel stated, had been urged at the trial and taken in arrest of judgment, and the chief justice had been asked to reserve the points, but had refused. Mr. Drake, for the crown, contended that these were not matters which should appear upon the record.

In the course of the argument the chief justice said that, although at the time of the trial unwilling to reserve the points, he was not disposed to reserve them for the consideration of the court of crown cases reserved, upon which Mr. Davie stated that provided the points were so reserved he would be willing to abandon the writ of error. Mr. Drake objected, and the court reserved its decision.

SUPREME COURT.

[Before the Divisional Court, Begbie, C. J., and Gray and Walkem, J. J.]

Fuller *vs.* Yerxa—This was an appeal by the plaintiff against an order of the Hon. Mr. Justice Crease made on the 25th July, 1887, rescinding an order giving the plaintiff leave to issue writ of summons for service out of the jurisdiction and all subsequent proceedings had thereunder. On the appeal being called on, Mr. Helmcken, for the defendant, objected that the appeal should have been to the Full Court and not the Divisional Court as the order appealed against was final and not interlocutory. The court sustained the objection and dismissed the appeal with costs. Mr. Bodwell for the appellant; Mr. Helmcken for the respondent.

SOCIETY SHOCKED.

A Sensational Divorce Case Implicating a Score or More of Prominent Business Men.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 9.—The celebrated Bottomer divorce case, which has been the talk of the town for six months, has at last come to trial. Harry J. Bottomer, a young merchant, last spring entered a petition for divorce from his wife on the plea of her being unfaithful. The couple have several children, whom the courts last spring gave to the custody of the father. Mrs. Nellie Bottomer is a perfect blonde and has a shapely figure. When in society before her marriage she was a great favorite. She loved to flirt, and, as she after said, would rather flirt than eat. Her husband is goodlooking and generous and idolized her. She had a beautiful home and her husband dressed her like a princess. In his petition for divorce Bottomer charges that she had been in correspondence with other men, and nearly a score of well-known citizens, including two journalists, real estate operators and merchants, are mentioned. He says that when he was first married his wife indulged in flirting, but he then thought it a harmless amusement. Later he discovered that it had led to criminal acts.

The most notable character in connection with the case is Rev. Mr. Azarias, late President of Rockhill College, a leading Catholic seminary of the State. Since the divorce proceedings were instituted he has resigned his office and went to France. Mrs. Bottomer admitted that the priest had used endearing terms to her, but said that his actions and words were those of a father, not a lover. The trial of the case is developing one of the greatest scandals ever sired in the Maryland divorce courts. The men mixed up in it are having their love letters read in court and published. Indeed, developments many result in more divorce cases than this one.

MALBOROUGH'S FIANCEE.

She Has Been Twice Married, But is Still Beautiful.

NEW YORK, October 10.—The *World's* Boston special of the 9th says: The Mrs. Adair who, according to the *World's* cable this morning, is to marry the Duke of Malborough, is well known in Boston among certain people. Her reputation is based on her great beauty. She was always regarded as a leading belle, especially in her younger days. She was the daughter of General Wadsworth, sister-in-law of Mrs. James Wadsworth, who was Miss Travers of New York City, and she was born in Genesco county, N. Y., where her parents lived and owned large estates. Her first husband was Montgomery Ritchie of this city, who was a grandson of Harrison Gray Otis, at one time Mayor of Boston. The Otises are among the most aristocratic families in Boston. The grandfather died in 1849, and his widow about six years ago. After the death of her first husband by whom she had children, Mrs. Richie went abroad, where she met the gentleman whose name she now bears. He is said to have been a Scotchman or an Irishman. In England she was and is yet well known as a great beauty and of surpassing brilliancy.

GLADSTONE AND CLEVELAND.

The Former Declines the Dedication of the Eulogy on Mr. Beecher.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 8.—The question of the dedication arose in Rev. Dr. Parker's mind when he had prepared his eulogy on Mr. Beecher. Many considerations, the chief of which was Mr. Beecher's strong sympathy for Ireland, induced him to offer the honor to Mr. Gladstone and President Cleveland. The President accepted, while Mr. Gladstone declined. Their answers to Dr. Parker's letters were as follows:

MY DEAR SIR—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was my loved and honored friend; and I readily consent to the dedication you request of your contemplated eulogy on his life and work.

Yours very truly, GROVER CLEVELAND.

DEAR DR. PARKER—I should consider the dedication which you offer so kindly to be a very great honor. But there are two serious difficulties in the way: 1. It appears to me that a private individual like myself ought not to be, as it were, bracketed or placed upon a footing with the president, who is the head and representative of a great nation. It occurs to me also that this view might be taken by many in America. 2. The president, by virtue of personal knowledge, is able to speak of Mr. as his "loved and honored friend." But as I never had the advantage of seeing him but on two occasions, neither of them spent with reference to personal intercourse, any letter that I could properly write must seem cold by the side of the letter written by the president. I venture to add that the international character of the work you have in hand seems to me amply asserted by your English nationality when it is taken in connection with the dedication to the president and with the subject.

Believe me, very faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

AT EVENTIDE.

(Written in the Sanitrac.)

Along the west the low light dies,
The holy stars begin to shine;
At rest from toil, we feel upon
Our weary brows the benison
The sweet air breathes, of peace divine.
This is the hour for tranquil thought,
The silent spirit seeks release;
In the deep stillness unsung song
And prayer unspoken pure and strong
Attune our hearts with nature's peace.
A finger on our lips is laid—
We listen deeper than all speech—
Behold, below our lives a calm
That holds through turmoil and alarm
The blessedness we strive to reach.

HE HELD THE FORT.

It Would be a Very Cold Day When Gen. Corse Gave it up.

MONTREAL, Oct. 6.—When Gen. Corse, of the Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, rose to answer the toast of "The President" at the banquet, the band played "Hold the Fort." The explanation given by one of the veterans was that the orator was no other than "Hold-the-fort Corse." He was serving in the army of the Tennessee, and was defending the Altoona Pass in Georgia, against the rebels, when he received the order from Sherman, 'Hold the fort for I am coming.' His reply is not given in the hymn. It was something like this: "I have lost my ear and broken my jaw, but I will hold out till—freezes over."

DOMINION NOTES.

ONTARIO.

The breach of promise case of Upham against Pedlow was tried at Kingston, and was very amusing. The plaintiff is 27, and has been twice jilted. She is determined to have man or money this time. The jury awarded her $650 and costs.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Joseph Young, a section man engaged on the railway between Bathurst and Newcastle, was run over while attempting to board a special at Bathurst station. The wheels of one car passed over his body, breaking his legs, arms and crushing him frightfully. The man died from his injuries.

The statement that many St. Johns ladies use tobacco in various forms, made at the recent W. C. T. U. convention, has brought about the formation of an anti-tobacco association, composed of ladies and gentlemen.

QUEBEC.

The libel case of Fleming *v.* Balfour, M. P., was decided in favor of the defendant.

Mr. George Dakeny, a well-known accountant of Montreal has taken an action for $10,000 damages against the Hochelaga Bank for having presented a petition to the Superior Court alleging that he was insolvent.

Seneca's funeral was one of the most imposing ever seen in Montreal. Chapleau was one of the pall bearers and about 2,000 followed the *cortege*.

Owing to the lowness of the Ottawa river, a shantyman named Potvin, on a wager, walked from shore to shore at the the brink of the Chaudiere falls. The feat was witnessed by a large crowd.

A recount of ballots in Shefford took place on the judge's order before the clerk of the crown in chancery. Audet, conservative, retains the seat.

MANITOBA.

McBean's elevator at Morden caught fire from the engine room. The elevator and several thousand bushels of wheat were only saved by a hard fight of willing hands and a plentiful supply of water. The engine room is a total wreck. Stewart's bakery, in the west end, and McCush's dwelling, in the east end, were also on fire. Both were saved without much damage.

HARRINGTON'S STRATEGY.

How the National Advocate Discomfited a Tory Platform Opponent.

LONDON, Oct. 10.—A Home Rule meeting was held in Sheerness on Saturday evening. The principal speakers were Mr. Edward Harrington, M. P., and Dr. Bernard O'Connor. It was the first time that an Irishman spoke in public in this town, and the experiment was looked forward to with considerable interest by all parties.

Sheerness is a dockyard town and is not favorable to the growth of liberal opinions.

The meeting was held in a large hall, which is capable of accommodating thirteen hundred persons. It was filled to over flowing.

When the proceedings began it became evident that a couple of hundred Tories were among the audience. They interrupted the chairman very frequently, and when Mr. Harrington came forward they did their best to prevent him from getting a hearing.

After speaking for some minutes and finding that the interruptors were not inclined to desist, Mr. Harrington invited them to send their best man on the platform and he would argue the Irish question with him for any length of time they might desire and then leave the discussion to the meeting.

The challenge was accepted. A bustling gentleman with spectacles pushed his way through the crowd and came on the platform amid encouraging cheers from his friends. Mr. Harrington then rose, and, pointing to him, said:—

"There is more joy in heaven over one sinner who does penance than over ninety-nine just men. I think we have reason to rejoice at seeing this light of Toryism on a Liberal platform."

The audience went into peals of laughter, and the Tory champion became so angry that he forgot all his points and became an easy victim for the member for West Kerry.

"A fresh supply of Blank Books, Page and Memorandum Books, Writing and Scribbling Tablets, just arrived at Jamieson's Book and Stationery Store. +

Give Them a Chance!

That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air-passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them.

When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well.

Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them. That is to take Boschee's German Syrup, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend on this for certain.

THE highest cash prices paid for ladies and gents new and cast-off clothing. Notes—Address, S. Cooness, second door from Broad street, on Johnson. tf

A CLOUDED LIFE.

They were taking down the gallows in the jail yard of old Henchley, one gray October evening. Nobody knew whether John Gedney's wife was dead or not. He never spoke of her. But he had said, just before they put the black cap on his head:

"May God raise up a friend for my little Ruth! Poor little Ruth! And let her always feel that I die innocent."

The kind-hearted clergyman, going home across the fields, thought what a sad, bad, cruel world this is, and remembered, too, the dead man's last words.

"Poor little Ruth! I think I'll stop and speak to her before I go home," he said. "The child knows nothing of what has happened to her, but it has happened, nevertheless."

And with this the good man turned down a certain street, passed certain neglected cottages, and paused at one near which a group of slatternly gossips had gathered.

They looked at him as he approached.

He heard from within the house the voice of a child, lifted in a loud sharp cry, and then the words, "You tell a story!" in the same voice. In a minute more a little girl, with her bright hair all about her face, rushed out of the door, followed by a woman, who looked half-angry and half-terrified.

"Such a temper!" she said. "But no wonder. What can you expect?"

"Oh, Mr. Martin, she said papa was a wicked man; a bad man," cried the child. "She said—I don't know what she did say about my papa. He was papa done anything like—Oh! I know it's a wicked story."

"What have you been saying to this child, Mrs. Chalmers?" asked the minister.

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Chalmers, "she shows her temper, and I thought it was my duty to warn her—"

"Against temper? Very proper, Mrs. Chalmers," said the minister. "There is nothing more dangerous."

The woman flushed and was silent.

"Tell them my papa is good," cried the child. "You said you would see him every day where he had to go and live. Tell them. Oh, Mr. Martin, when is papa coming back?"

"Hush!" said the minister, "your father will not come back, but you shall one day go to him. Not yet, but in God's time. A little while ago I was with him."

He looked around on the group.

"We were alone. He knelt beside me, and prayed as a child might. When we parted this is what he said:

"'May God raise up a friend for my little Ruth! Poor little Ruth!'

"God has answered his prayer. Mrs. Chalmers, get the child's hat and such clothes as she may have. I will take her home with me, and keep her there."

"She ought to be very thankful, I'm sure, sir," said Mrs. Chalmers, with a very red face; "for otherwise, as she has no body, breaking his legs, arms and crushing him frightfully. The man died from his injuries."

"The minister's good, kind wife welcomed the child heartily, and under their roof she grew to be healthy and strong and pretty; her principles were formed, her faults corrected. She was at sixteen as fine and well-mannered a young girl as could be seen in a year's journey.

She loved her adopted father and mother, and honored them, and she was friendly and kind to all. But malice and ignorance are never to be trusted. Although the best people in Henchley called Ruth a lovely girl, the gossips were always speaking to each other of the fact that her father was hung, and taught the story to the younger ones, with the additional precept that such folks' children never came to good—that the minister would be sorry some day, and that Ruth Gedney would not turn out well in the end.

Unconscious of this, good Mrs. Martin often sent the young girl to the low quarter of the town with glasses of jelly or loaves of nice bread for the poor old women. A little cake and sugar, and with a charge to read a chapter before she came back.

Ruth Gedney accomplished her task, but sometimes with repugnance. More than once cruel things were said to her, and once when she was reading to old Aunty Markham, who had a drunken son and a miserable young grandson who was not quite full-witted, the latter glanced on the floor before her, calling out:

"Your father was hung, and you'll come to be hung, too, Miss Ruth; everybody says so."

Mrs. Chalmers, the very person who had "said so," boxed the boy's ears and said something apologetic; but Ruth was too angry to stay; she went home forgetting to give old Aunty Markham her medicine, and her flushed face and red eyes attracted the minister's attention. The good wife could not explain it, so Ruth was questioned. She told the truth.

"I knew my poor father met with that shameful death," she said, "but certainly, even if he was guilty, it was not my fault. I have heard spiteful things before, but this time it made me furious; oh! so furious. I hated the child—I hated Mrs. Chalmers; I could have killed them both. Oh yes, I was angry enough for that. And I came away with the chapter half finished, and I forgot to leave the powders—forgot until I was half-way home. Then I would not go back; I will never go down there again."

"My child," said the minister, "the first thing a Christian should do is to forgive his enemies. You are a professing Christian; you must set an example. Go to your room and pray for power to do this."

"And then," said Mrs. Martin, "go back to the poor old woman's home, read her chapter through, and give her her medicine. Think how much evil speech Jesus bore, and we are his followers."

Ruth went to her room. When she returned to the study her adopted mother again advised her to go back to old Aunty Markham.

She gave her a jar of jelly to take with her, and Ruth put it in a little basket on her arm.

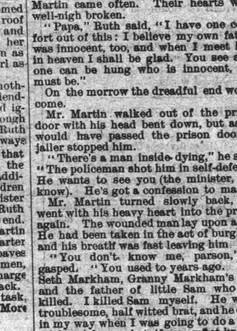
As Ruth passed out of the gate the old servant ran after her.

"Please, Miss Ruth, be you going past the hardware man's?" she asked.

"Yes, Phoebe," said Ruth.

"Then won't you leave my bread knife to be sharpened?" said Phoebe, "it's getting dull."

Ruth nodded, and took the knife in her basket and departed. She was gone a long while. The tea-table was set, and the old minister put on his hat and de-



"It is my poor little grandson that she has killed," shrieked Aunty Markham.

"Then won't you leave my bread knife to be sharpened?" said Phoebe.

"I always have a knife handy; I cut his throat," said the dying man.

clared that he would go and meet her. The street seemed very quiet; he did not meet the usual people standing about, but at last he saw them all gathered together in a portion of the road that divided the lower town from the "heights."

On the "heights" lived the gentry; down in the "hollow" lay the poorer dwellings. A bit of road led under a great rock, over a bridge which crossed a stream which made their boundary line. Here was a crowd, and Ruth Gedney in the midst of it.

"Oh, papa!" she cried when she saw him; and he hurried to her, and took her hand.

"Don't tremble so, my dear," he said. "What does this mean?"

It was Mrs. Chalmers who said:

"It means that the girl who calls you papa, the daughter of John Gedney, that we all know was hanged, has followed him to the gate of the gallows."

And now Mr. Martin saw lying on the ground a little dead boy, covered with blood, staring upward with terrible eyes.

"Who is it?" he cried. "What does this mean?"

"It is my poor little grandson that she has killed for telling her the truth," shrieked Aunty Markham.

Uttering a shriek, the old woman fell down on her face in a sort of fit.

"Papa," cried Ruth, "oh, papa, I came down the road to cross the bridge, and there under the bushes I saw poor little Sam lying dead!"

"I shrieked, and my basket fell out of my hand. I held by the rails of the bridge, and everything was black before me.

"Then Mrs. Markham came, and people. They said I killed Sam, papa."

"They are all mad, my child," said he.

The constable appeared upon the scene and took the poor girl in custody.

The trial came, and Ruth was declared guilty.

She lay in prison. The dreadful day drew near. But she was strangely calm.

Her adopted parents believed her word, and she asked no more.

"I was so afraid," she used to say, "that you might come to think I killed the poor little boy. But I was wicked to feel so—you who are always so good."

Mrs. Martin never left the prison, and was with the girl day and night. Mr. Martin came often. Their hearts were well-nigh broken.

"Papa," Ruth said, "I have one comfort out of this: I believe my own father was innocent, too, and when I meet him in heaven I shall be glad. You see anyone can be hung who is innocent, if I must be."

On the morrow the dreadful end would come.

Mr. Martin walked out of the prison door with his head bent down, but as he would have passed the prison door, a jailer stopped him.

"There's a man inside dying," he said. "The policeman shot him in self-defence. He wants to see you (the minister, you know). He's got a confession to make."

Mr. Martin turned slowly back, and went with his heavy heart into the prison again. The wounded man lay upon a cot. He had been taken in the act of burglary, and his breath was fast leaving him.

"You don't know me, parson," he gasped. "You used to years ago. I am Seth Markham, Granny Markham's son, and the father of little Sam who was killed. I killed Sam myself. He was a troublesome, half witted brat, and he came in my way when I was going to do a good trick—pick a pocket, if you must know—and called 'Daddy.' I kicked him, but he followed me to the bridge. I was in a rage, and I always have a knife handy; I cut his throat. John Gedney—I—did the deed he was hung for years ago—swear to that. Is it any good praying for me?"

He was gone, and they carried the poor minister away in a dead faint.

But Ruth was saved—Ruth was cleared, and moreover the father, who had been her shame, had become a martyr.

An Old Time Favorite.

The season of green fruits and summer drinks is the time when the worst forms of cholera morbus and bowel complaints generally prevail. As a safeguard Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry should be kept at hand. For 50 years it has been the most reliable remedy. tu th sat dw

Be Prepared.

Many of the worst attacks of cholera morbus, cramps, dysentery and colic, come suddenly in the night, and the most speedy and prompt means must be used to combat their dire effects. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the remedy. Keep it at hand for emergencies It *never fails* to cure or relieve. tu th sat dw

Bedrock.

Any person wanting a good hard hat worth from $4 to $5, can have one from A. Gilmore for $2.00 to clear out old stock.

In Brief. And To The Point.

Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered lives is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature.

The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order.

Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.

But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this bad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.

Remember:—No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cents.

Slang never heard from the lips of a bride: "Don't give me away."

TWO KISSES.

"Madam, will you give me something to eat?"

"Something to eat?" repeated the lady, a kind-looking matron of about thirty-five, who had come to the door on seeing a stranger approach, and cast a quick comprehensive glance over his person and attire.

"Oh, yes," she added. "Come in."

"Who is it, mamma?" asked a little eager voice, as a pretty child of six summers came from an inner room.

"Only a poor man, dear, who wants something to eat," replied the lady.

"There now!" she continued, placing a well-filled tray upon the table. "Sit down and help yourself."

The stranger obeyed.

A few words would have told his story. The only child of wealthy parents, Ralph Wentworth had lived to the age of twenty in ease and luxury.

He had graduated with a fair record from college, but with no marked proclivities for any art or calling, save the very agreeable and congenial one of enjoying the good things of life.

Within a week after the brilliant festivities that had celebrated his majority, his father had fallen dead in the street from a paralytic stroke, leaving the family penniless.

In a week more his mother had sunk to the grave; and the petted indulged boy was left to face the world alone, with no resources save the few pounds that remained of his father's birthday gift.

With the first shock of bereavement over, friends clustered around him, ready to advise and eager to assist in the spending of his little patrimony.

That once gone, his friends went also.

Ralph made a few ineffectual efforts to obtain some employment.

But where the heir of prospective thousands had been met with smiles and affability, the impecunious young man now encountered supercilious looks and incredulous shrugs.

Finally, filled with misanthropic disgust against these summer friends, he had resolved to quit England, and go he cared not where.

On the morning after coming to this decision, while glancing aimlessly over a paper, his eye fell upon an item describing the discovery of gold in California.

In an instant his resolve was formed. He would go there.

If his strength gave out before the goal was reached, so much the better; no one would care, no one would miss him.

It was in this mood that he had made his first request for a meal, for the last few pennies of his slender funds had bought him a meagre dinner the day before.

And as he now sat eating, a sudden rush of emotion came over him, and forced a sigh from his lips.

"What makes you feel so bad?"

The little earnest voice, breaking in upon his painful reverie, aroused him with a start.

Seated in a little rocker, which she was gently swaying to and fro, with her hands folded in her lap, and her sweet wistful eyes fixed with a searching yet sympathetic gaze upon him, was the child whose presence he had entirely forgotten.

Her mother had left the room temporarily, and he had thought himself alone.

"Why do you think I feel bad, little one?"

"Because your face looks so sad, and you don't eat anything hardly; and you almost cried just now," replied the little creature; "don't you feel happy?"

"Not very happy, child—that is a fact."

And another sigh finished the sentence.

"Are you a bad man?" was the next question.

A half smile parted Ralph's pale lips.

"Why do you ask me that?" he responded.

"Because mamma says that people—real good people, I mean—are always happy, and that they only feel sad when they do something wrong."

"I suppose mamma is right," said Ralph, sighing. "And yet I am not a bad man, little one; only a foolish one."

"I am foolish sometimes, and a little bad, too," said the little creature, laying her head with a serious air. "And then mamma tells me to sit down in my chair and think about it; and by-and-by I feel very sorry, and look sad like you do now. Don't you feel sorry you was so foolish?"

"Indeed I do, my child," said the young man with involuntary earnestness. "But tell me," he added, interested by her artless prattle, "what do you do then?"

"I tell mamma how sorry I am; and then she kisses me, and I feel better.

"Haven't you got any mamma or any friends to kiss you?"

"No, little one. My mother is dead, and my friends are all gone."

The child pondered for a moment.

"That is too bad!" she exclaimed. Then she added:

"Will it make you feel better if I kiss you?"

"Yes, I think so. I am sure it will."

"Well, I will kiss you."

And, rising from her chair, the child stepped to his side and kissed him.

"Now you won't be foolish any more, will you?" she asked.

"Indeed I will try not to be!" was the earnest answer. "God bless you, little one! That is the sweetest kiss I have had since my mother died! How I wish I had a dear little friend like you."

"I will be your friend," said the child.

"And wait a moment, I will get you something."

Darting away from his side, she felt the room, returning in a few minutes with a small parcel in her hand.

"See here," she said, opening it upon his knee. "Papa had my picture taken on some cards the other day, and he gave me this one to do just what I pleased with. He wrote my name on it: 'Maude Evelyn Granger.'

"I will give it to you, and when you look at it you can think of your little friend, and that she wants you to be good."

"But will your mamma let you give this to me?" asked Ralph with some misgiving.

"Oh yes! I asked her just now. I told her I wanted to give you something to make you feel happy, and she said, 'Very well, dear.' Now you'll have one friend, won't you?"

"Yes," said the young man, taking her soft little hand in his. "And if I should come back again some of these days, and tell you that I have been real good, and not foolish any more, will you kiss me again?"

"To be sure I will!"

At that moment the returning footsteps of the lady were heard and Ralph arose, hat in hand.

"I thank you kindly, madam, for your hospitality," he said.

He pressed little Maude's hand in a close, lingering clasp, raised his hat to his benefactress, and left the house.

* * * *

Five years had passed, finding Ralph Wentworth still working as a common laborer at the mines.

Every evening when his work was ended, he would wander off to some secluded spot, then drawing a little package from his pocket, gaze long and earnestly at the pictured face it contained.

Frugal, abstemious and self-denying as a hermit, his life appeared to have in it little to envy. But he had a goal before his mental vision, of which they knew nothing—a goal to the attainment of which every dollar of his hard-earned wages, every energy of his life, were devoted.

Although apparently lost to the world without, Ralph was not forgotten.

One day a letter came for him; a thick cumbrous-looking envelope, directed in a large sprawling hand.

In the solitude of his little cell-like room, he opened it, and his pale cheek flushed with a look that was ecstasy.

Then passed ten years more.

* * *

The brilliantly lighted parlors of Mrs. Remington's handsome mansion were filling fast with guests, when the hostess came forward to welcome a new comer—a lovely girl of twenty years, who, was entering, accompanied by a gentleman, evidently her father.

"Good evening, my dear Maude!" she exclaimed, with a rapturous little squeeze of her hand. "I have delightful news for you—and all the other marriageable young ladies who will be here to-night!" with a gay laugh.

"I am to have among my guests tonight no less a person than Mr. Wentworth, that elegant young man—I call him young, for he is only thirty-five—who has been winning so many laurels.

"He's a handsome, middle-aged man, they say, and immensely rich—owns mining property. He is home for a short visit, and I've secured him for to-night. I will be sure to secure you an introduction to him."

"Do," replied Maude, smiling. Then she passed on to another part of the room.

Half an hour later there was a slight bustle at the door, and a ripple of expectancy among the guests.

Maude, who happened to be standing where she had a view of the entrance, perceived a tall, elegant gentleman bending over the hand of Mrs. Remington.

At the next moment he raised his head to glance over the company, and their eyes met.

Was it fancy, or did a fleeting emotion cross his face—a look of surprise, almost gladness, light up his fine eyes?

Maude was sure she had never met him before, and yet, as she returned his gaze for a moment, a feeling as of a half-forgotten memory came over her.

Twenty minutes later, as Maude stood conversing with her partner, Mrs. Remington's voice greeted her ear:

"Maude, my love, Mr. Wentworth wishes to be introduced to you;" and looking up, she encountered again the earnest gaze of the handsome stranger.

A request for the next dance followed the introduction; then a promenade; and then, almost before she was aware, Mr. Wentworth had secured all the disengaged dances on her card.

His conversation, animated, varied, fluent, had at the same time a certain undercurrent of deep, even intense feeling, that lent a strange charm to his most commonplace words, and sent a thrill to the very heart of the fair girl.

It seemed as if there existed a kindred chord between them—a chord long silent, yet living still, and which thrilled with every vibration of his voice, making her feel, ere that short evening was past, as if he had been a friend of years—a loved and valued friend—rather than a stranger whom she was meeting for the first time.

Mr. Wentworth learned, in the course of their conversation, that Miss Granger was spending the winter in the city, being on a visit to some relatives; and further asked and obtained permission to call upon her.

He did call, many times; and at length, one evening, he said in the course of a long and earnest conversation:

"Miss Granger, ever since our acquaintance began, I have been wanting to tell you a story. Let me tell it now."

Drawing her closer to him, where she sat, Ralph Wentworth began a tale with most of which the reader is familiar. Then, continuing, he said:

"One day there came to that young man a letter containing the notice of a bequest of four thousand pounds from a distant relative, lately deceased.

"The money, with what he had saved in those five years, completed the purchase of a claim that was the beginning of his fortune. Step by step he mounted the ladder of life once more, until he gained commanding wealth, influence, friends, and better than all, a clear and honorable record.

"Then he came back to his native city, to find her who had been his good angel all those years.

"Perhaps she had forgotten the man to whom her sweet childish sympathy had been a talisman and a blessing, for he had not even told her his name; but something whispered to him that he would find her again—and find her heart-free.

"Maude," he continued, taking the hand that trembled in his clasp, "through all those years that innocent kiss of a warm affectionate heart has lain pure upon my lips, the solace of my lonely life. Temptations I had many, but that little face was present with me always. I could not look into those pure eyes and sin!

"On the day when her little hand pointed out the way to a better life, she promised that if I came back again, she would say to her that I had tried to do my duty, to be a good and useful man, she would kiss me again. I have kept my faith; have earnestly striven to redeem youthful folly that had not yet become vice.

"And now will the woman redeem the promise of the child? Will she raise her lips to mine in another kiss—a kiss that shall tell me she will be my life's angel—my cherished and honored wife?"

For a moment Maude's voice failed her. Bent over the years memory sweep, bringing up every detail of that memorable interview, and she now knew the secret of the subtle sympathy which had seemed from the first to bind them together.

A new voice seemed speaking to her now, one to which her heart responded with a great and solemn joy; and reading his answer in her face upraised to his in one fleeting glance, Ralph Wentworth drew her to him and kissed her.

* * * *

In a private apartment in Ralph Wentworth's luxurious home hangs a beautifully executed copy of the photograph he has cherished so long; while enclosed in a golden locket, which he will carry over his heart as long as he lives, is another, in miniature, of the sweet childish face, which, lifted to his in that first innocent kiss of sympathy and trust, was the turning-point in his life—the earnest of a useful, honorable, and happy future.

Certain Cure.

A CURE FOR CHOLERA MORBUS—A positive cure for this dangerous complaint, and for all acute and chronic forms of bowel complaint incident to summer and fall, is found in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry; to be procured from any druggist. tu th sat dw

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from the teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, and take no other. d&w

Grand Results.