

The True and The False

"I thought every one knew that," said Nelly, suddenly rising, and coming forward, and sinking again at Augusta's feet, "I came here to plead for my husband's pardon—the pardon of William O'Leary, now in prison under sentence of—"

The sight of Augusta's face and form suddenly fell upon the prayer upon the young wife's lip.

Augusta recoiled and shivered as if under the effect of some stunning blow; her head bent upon her hand, her ringlets concealed her face, and she murmured, in a choking voice:

"Oh, God! is it so? Can it be possible? Was only this wanting? You, Ellen Falconer! You married to this man and he to die so soon—the distress of the lady that Ellen herself turned as a comforter, saying:

"But he is not to die, lady—he is innocent! We know that; but we want the reprieve to-night that the suspense may be over, and we may go home to-morrow and leave this dreadful place behind forever."

"Oh, Ellen! Ellen!" was all the lady could say, bowed down in pity and in grief.

"We know that he is going to be reprieved, because the governor has positively promised it," said Ellen, "God pity you, Ellen!" was all the answer.

But instantly Nora O'Leary, who, till now, had stood near the door, attracting but little notice, and supposed to be only an attendant of the young woman—Nora O'Leary came forward, and, speaking in short, quick gasps, she said:

"To-night a last effort has been made by some of the first men in the State. I have been told that it has failed. I have no hope left but in you. You have great power with Daniel Hunter, lady. I come to you to treat you to pray to you—to use it and save my boy's life!"

"Alas! would to heaven I had the power you ascribe me! I would use it for your sake," Augusta's countenance expressed great sympathy with the sufferer; but as she entirely recovered her self-possession, her manner seemed cold to the excited woman, who exclaimed:

"And you refuse to intercede for me? You, a mother—and to have such a stony heart for a mother's anguish! How can you, woman, want to see the fate of the babe in yonder crib?—how he may sin and fall, and sue for mercy?"

"It is a girl, thank God!" said Augusta, thrown into a momentary tremor by this second act of bringing her idolized child into the wretched condition.

"A girl, is it? Then pray God, lady, to have mercy on you and on her! And show you, meanwhile, mercy to my child! For God promises mercy only to the merciful, and will visit the sins of the father upon the children!"

"The Lord of truth and mercy, who hears me now, knows that if I had the influence you impute to me, I would use it gladly to save your son! But, alas, I have not the power. Only one thing in this affair influences Mr. Hunter—a sense of justice!—then he believes William guilty!"

"Alas, I fear so!"

"And you believe it?"

"I do not know the circumstances,"

"Oh," said the mother, speaking rapidly, "these were the circumstances: The murdered man, Burke, was a shopkeeper at St. Inez, in our county. He insulted Nelly more than once, when opportunity offered. At last she complained to William. William is very rash and hot-headed; he challenged Burke. Burke refused to meet him. William then swore that he would thrash the villain, and if he resisted, shoot him. He left the house for the purpose. And the same night Burke was found shot through the end, and William, on his return home, was arrested. You know the rest!"

"A fearful chain of evidence, indeed! What could your son say in defense?"

"The truth—that he went in search of Burke for the purpose of inflicting summary chastisement upon him, but that he never found him."

"A weak defense, alas!" said Augusta.

"A weak defense, lady, and yet those who know him best believe him innocent, and his father's confessor knows that he is so."

It was a relief that, just at this moment, Daniel Hunter entered the room. He came in by the private door communicating with his own apartments. Noah O'Leary saw him when he entered, and recognized him instinctively; she watched him when he stepped up to the side of that crib, and drew the curtains; she continued to watch him as he gazed upon the little sleeper with a softening countenance. It was, indeed, strange to see that whilom, grim, severe politician and statesman—that firm, immutable ruler, gazing with so soft a smile upon the sleeping child! And the wretched Nora watched to draw a hopeful augury from that tender mood! Drawing the curtains gently together, Daniel Hunter left the crib, and came forward

her. Augusta turned deadly pale, and reeled, and caught the dressing table for support. A conflict of many emotions was overpowering her strength. It was not only an agonizing sympathy with the suffering mother, but it was a vague, unreasoning fear. Every time, when in the course of this interview, the dark, desperate-looking woman had in any way alluded to her sleeping babe, Augusta had trembled through all her frame.

Daniel Hunter, seeing her great disturbance, without dividing the whole of its cause, stepped up to her and said:

"Augusta, you should have retired when I recommended you to do so. This scene is too much for you. Go at once."

"You are right," said Augusta, in a faltering voice. "I will go."

Daniel Hunter's face was pale and stern. He felt the necessity of bringing the scene to an instantaneous end. He said:

"Mrs. O'Leary, I have not the power to save your son, without a sacrifice of principle, and that I will not make."

"You would make it for one of your own! You would make it for one of your own!" she cried, in a passion of grief.

"No. Understand me, poor woman! I have said upon a former occasion, and I repeat—it if I were my brother in your son's place, and if my aged mother were here at my feet, praying for her child's life as you pray, I should act as I do now. I should refuse her prayer as I refuse yours!"

"You would not! Tiger-heart as you are, you would not!"

"I would, so help me heaven!"

"If he were your brother, ay! but if he were your son?"

"He should die!"

"And you will not—oh, my God! you will not save my son?"

"I cannot."

With a terrified shriek, the wretched woman threw up her arms, and fell prone to the floor.

An hour after that three foot passengers, weary in frame and crushed in heart, took their mournful way toward the prison. They were Nora O'Leary, whose wild, bewildered air and tottering steps required constant watchfulness and support from her companions; Nelly O'Leary, who still continued to weep and wail, more like a grief-stricken child, a despairing wife, and Father Goodrich, whose sorrowful task it was to convey to the prisoner the decision of the Governor, and, in the name of the law, left him in the hands of the warden, who had failed in obtaining from man. They pursued their way in utter silence, except for the low wailing of Nelly and an occasional terrific groan that rived its way up through the tortured heart of Nora O'Leary. For the moon had not yet risen; but suddenly, as by a given signal, every window glared with light. It was the illumination in honor of the Governor.

There was in an absolute blaze of splendor. And at the signal, as it were, every house emptied itself of its excited inmates, and speedily the streets were filled with crowds as numerous, as gaily dressed, as joyous and as noisy as those of the day.

Our sorrowful pilgrims made their way as well as they could through the merry, jostling multitude.

At length they reached the jail. The warden was anxiously awaiting them, and came forward to meet them, asking breathlessly:

"None, but in Heaven," answered the priest. "Then in his turn, he inquired: 'How is your prisoner?'"

"Full of confidence, poor boy! waiting impatiently for his reprieve!"

"Heaven support him in the terrible disappointment. Mr. Thomas, let me immediately into the cell. I am charged with orders to inform him of his approaching death!"

"A very sorrowful duty, sir, and I am truly grieved that you should have the pain of performing it. Do these women accompany you to the cell?" inquired the warden, in a subdued tone, pointing to where Nora O'Leary stood propped against the wall, with her arms and head hanging down, in the very desolation of misery—and Nelly sat upon the ground, sobbing like a heart-broken child.

"No, I think not," answered the priest, in a low whisper. "I think it best that I should bring the matter to the poor warden's room. Then, when that is done, and I have had an opportunity of talking to him, and it may be, calming and preparing him a little, I will send for them."

The warden procured the keys, and the priest went to Nora, and taking her arm, said:

"Mrs. O'Leary, I wish you to go into Mr. Thomas' room, and wait there till I send for you. I am going to your son's cell."

Nora lifted her inflamed and straining eyes in an appealing gaze to his face.

But he replied to that silent pleading by saying:

"Mrs. O'Leary, it would greatly impede all the good I might do your son, and very much distress him, besides, were you to accompany me now to the warden's room, and wait there till I send for you."

With one of those dreadful groans which, once heard, might never be forgotten, Nora turned to obey.

CHAPTER VI

When the priest reached the warden's room, an hour later, he found Nora standing midway the floor, with an eager, almost frenzied look from her eyes. Nelly sat at a table with her arms thrown over it at full length, and her head bowed upon them.

"You have told him, Father?" asked Nora, in a hollow voice.

"Yes, my daughter, and he bears it with the resignation of a Christian. Imitate his pious fortitude, my dear daughter, rather than disturb it by giving way to your feelings. He is ready to see you," said the good priest, and, going to Nelly, he touched her on the shoulder, saying: "Come, my child, come, my poor girl! let me go with you to William's cell."

Nelly lifted up her head and wiped the tears from her wasted cheeks, and joined her mother, and they followed Father Goodrich out. When they entered the cell, they found O'Leary on his knees by the side of the cot. He remained in that posture a few minutes, as if to flush his cheeks, and then arose, but Nelly overstepped the composure of the whole party by throwing herself upon Wil-

liam's bosom, and giving way to a passionate burst of grief. Nora stood leaning against the wall for support, and her bloodless cheeks and strained, yet anxious, eyes, and gleaming countenance, spoke of a despair so deep and utter, that the passionate sorrow of Nelly seemed but a childish grief beside it.

O'Leary gave all his attention to the task of soothing and comforting his young wife. But every word he spoke, and every carress he gave her, seemed only to open a fresh fountain of tears and sobs. At last:

"Speak to her, mother," he said; "do speak to her, and try to quiet her."

Nora came to her side and took her away, and when she had set her down in the chair at the other end of the cell, she said, in a deep, hoarse voice:

"Nelly, hush! If you love him truly, you would not distress him so! Keep back your tears, woman! There will be leisure enough to shed them afterward, when they can hurt nobody."

With a few convulsive sobs, the poor Nelly swallowed her tears, and assumed an unreal composure.

"Father," inquired Nora of the priest, "is this understood to be our last visit—our farewell?"

"I do not know, my poor child, it will depend upon William's mood, I suppose. But I should advise that it should be. I would have the remaining hours of the boy undisturbed by thoughts of earth, pure even as family affection is. I will speak to him." And the father went to the cot where O'Leary sat exhausted, and said to Nelly and to William, "With him," he said, "would you like that this should be your parting interview with your family, or would you prefer to see them again in the morning?"

"Oh no, Father, oh no! It is too painful for them—they suffer too dreadfully. No, Father, let the bitterness of death be passed to-night, and let the remaining hours be given to Heaven."

"You are right, my son, perfectly right, and may these last remaining hours be blessed to your soul's highest good!" said the priest, and then he went to Nora and said: "Mrs. O'Leary, it is as I expected. Your son wishes that this should be the final interview—but why not speak to him yourself, my dear child?"

"I cannot! I cannot! Then this is the parting!"

"Yes," she said, stooping to speak to her daughter in a low voice, "if you really do love your husband, prove it now, by your self-control! Go to him and receive his last directions, for in some way or other, there is some one to leave him, and we shall not see him again in life."

Gasping and sobbing, and gulping her tears, Nelly went to the cot, and sat down by William, and dropped her head upon his shoulder, saying:

"Oh, Willie, tell me if there is anything in the world you would have me to do, and I will do it! Oh, Willie! tell me the only comfort I shall have left in the world when you are gone! And here a fresh burst of tears threatened to overtake her, but she struggled and forced them back, and said: "Tell me, Willie, tell me what I can do for you, and if mortal woman can do it, I will, be it what it may."

(To be continued.)

JAP A SPY FOR RUSSIA.

A TRAITOR TO HIS COUNTRY, HE WAS HACKED TO DEATH.

Plot Discovered in Tokio—Attempt of Russianized Japanese to Secure Naval Secrets—The Spy Killed by an Accomplice After He Had Betrayed Himself.

During the recent Japanese troubles on the Pacific coast various persons thought they discovered Japanese spies taking measurements and making notes about the coast defenses thereabouts. The Japanese War Office may have a more or less perfect system for gathering information about the defenses of other countries, but it is a safe guess that it never before had to investigate the operations of one of Japan's own people in spying on Japan's own forts in the interests of a foreign power. The Tokio Asahi prints an interesting story of this unique treason of a Japanese.

Seiji Mayeda, a former instructor in the Oriental Languages School of Vladivostok, and a naturalized Russian citizen, was arrested in Tokio about two months ago, and was found to be a spy. He was highly educated and passed among the gentlemen of the better class in the Tokio political clubs as a personable man of refinement. Because he spoke Russian fluently and had lived many years in Siberia, it was considered a matter of suspicion that Mayeda spent a great deal of his time with Russian Military Attachés of the Legation.

About the same time that Mayeda came to Tokio another man from Siberia, Kuzuki Inamura, came down from the Japanese fisheries at Nikolaevsk in the Primors' Province, where he had been working since the war. He went to his home in the slums of the city and nobody knew that he ever met Mayeda, the gentleman, or that he knew anything about Mayeda's movements.

On Aug. 9 a Japanese official of the low class visited the office of the Tokio Asahi and desired a word with the news editor. When the coolie had that functionary carefully secluded in an inner room he told him that if a reporter from the Asahi would follow Mayeda, the gentleman and club man, on the train to the Yokosuka naval station that night he would learn that the Russianized Japanese was a traitor and that he was preparing reports of the defenses at Yokosuka for the Russian Government.

Maruo, the coolie, told the Asahi editor that Mayeda had gained his confidence by hiring him as a servant and that the day before Mayeda had asked him to take a night trip to Yokosuka, promising that for the work he would do there would be large rewards. Maruo had suspected his master of being in league with the Russians because of his constant association with the Legation staff officers, and this Yokosuka conviction, he said, was a treacherous scheme of the man.

Japanese newspapers are not slow at catching news, even though the reporters wear cloaks and are happy on a salary that an American newspaper would not take. The Asahi immediately assigned a man to follow Mayeda and then notified the central office of the police.

That night when Mayeda and the coolie went to Shimbashi station to take the train for Yokosuka an Asahi reporter and a detective followed. Mayeda thought to throw possible pursuers off the track by taking a Shimozaki train, and changing at a junction beyond Yokohama, but the reporter and the detective were not fooled.

When Mayeda stopped overnight at an inn near Yokosuka the sleuths on his track camped there also. The Asahi's reporter says that Mayeda was suitably disguised, but this probably means that the two pursuers muffled their faces with their kimono sleeves, as the art of disguise is primitive in Japan.

The suspect and his informing servant spent the night in riotous drinking. The reporter and the detective crawled into a nearby room to hear what Mayeda might say through the thin paper shoji. He said enough to convict him.

The next morning when the spy happened to catch sight of the two trailers he decided that it was getting warm for him, and tried to double on his tracks, on the outskirts of a neighboring town, then trying to make a quick loop back in the neighborhood of the forts. All the time the faithful reporter and the detective, faces presumably still muffled, followed like shadows.

Mayeda evidently grew suspicious, for he gave up the trip through the fortification zone on the following night, and returned to Tokio. There it was that his career of treason came to a sudden and before the intervention of the police.

Kuzuki Inamura, the coolie who had reported on the detective and who had come down from the fisheries to live in the slums of Tokio, had got an intimation through some channel that the police believed that he and Mayeda were in the same plot. On the same day that Mayeda returned after the fruitless Yokosuka trip Inamura went to Mayeda's home and stabbed him a dozen times in the neck and body with a short sword.

Even when Mayeda tried to escape down the street, the coolie followed, hacking at him with the sword. Mayeda

finally dropped from exhaustion and soon died. Inamura gave himself up, saying that he had done his country a good service in killing a spy of the Russians.

The police subsequently searched Mayeda's papers and found confirmation of their suspicions—that he was trading in military secrets. They also found evidence enough to convince them that the patriot Inamura was in the plot with the gentleman Mayeda. So Inamura will get the punishment that Mayeda escaped.

HUNTING THE MISSING LINK.

German Scientific Expedition Will Look for It in Java.

Dr. Max Moskowski, a German scientist, has arrived at Java in charge of an expedition sent out to find the "missing link" between man and ape. The expedition is being financed jointly by the Royal Prussian Academy of Science and the Dutch Government, and Dr. Moskowski, who is a zoologist. He is accompanied by geologists, engineers, and an escort of troops provided by the Dutch authorities. Java was chosen as the destination of this expedition because a Dutch scientist, Professor Dubois, said he found the "missing link" there some twenty years ago. In the course of his excavations near Dubois unearthed the remains of a savage being which could have been neither man nor ape, but something between the two. These remains showed a striking resemblance to those of primitive man belonging to the Neanderthal race found in Wurtemberg. Dr. Moskowski will begin his excavations in the valley of the Solo River, near the volcano Laru, and will carry on the work for at least a year in the hope of finding the last link.

MONTHS OF AGONY.

A Severe Case of Rheumatism Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"For many weary months I suffered untold agony. I could not walk, I could scarcely raise myself to a sitting posture. I was under medical care, but in vain. Finally I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they have restored me to my former healthy condition."

This strong statement was made to a reporter recently by Mr. Charles S. Koddy, formerly of Kingston, N.S., but now living at Port Maitland. Mr. Koddy is a carpenter by trade, and is now able to work every day. He adds: "I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they cured me after other medicines failed. While I was living at Kingston, N.S., I was seized with rheumatism in its most violent form. I was compelled to take to my bed and for months was an invalid. I was so weak that it was difficult for me to raise myself to a sitting posture. At a sitting posture I suffered in the night, and was unable to get up. The pains were like piercing swords. I had medical attendance, but it failed. Then I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had not taken more than a few boxes when I was able to get up and about. One day when hope had almost gone a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I tried them, but he assured me that these pills would cure rheumatism, so I sent for a supply. After using a few boxes I was able to leave my bed, and from that on my restoration to health was rapid. I am now as well as ever I was, and have not had the slightest touch of rheumatism since. The change they have wrought in my case is simply miraculous, and I can strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to anyone suffering from any form of rheumatism."

Rheumatism is rooted in the blood. Rubbing the aching limbs with liniments and outward remedies cannot possibly cure it. You must get the rheumatism out of the blood and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the one sure medicine to do this, because they actually make new blood. That is why these pills cure anemia, headache and backache, nervous indigestion and the secret ailments that make miserable the lives of so many women and growing girls. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 60 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BACKING IN THE FIRE TRUCK.

A Nice Job Performed Skillfully by the Driver and the Tillerman.

The nicest job to be seen in the way of backing up is that done in getting a fire truck into its house. It is really done by two men, the driver and the tillerman. Coming along down the street, back from a fire, with the big team trotting briskly, the driver goes on past the door of the truck house to a point which the layman seems much too far beyond it, but which the driver knows by experience is just the right distance, and there, and always at exactly the same point, he holds up his team. Then instantly without any doubt or hesitation he begins backing.

It might seem as though backing from where he is he would simply back the other end of the truck past the door of the house, but here is where the expert tillerman comes in. The tillerman guides that end, and he guides it surely and easily around to point in at the truck house door, and the driver, up fifty or sixty feet ahead, backs up, the tillerman swings the other end around and now you see it disappearing within the house.

There were only inches, and very few of them, between the ends of the long ladders and the jamb of the door, but there was room and to spare with such a man at the wheel.

So foot by foot the truck goes rapidly back into the house, with the driver all the time swinging and straightening his fine and well-trained team, and before you realize it half the length of the great truck is in the house and the team is now square in front and backing, backing, steadily, and in a moment the truck is standing straight and true in its place within and the harness has been hooked and hoisted up and the horses are trotting off to their stalls.—New York Sun.

Boyce—You didn't spend much time at the seashore. Joyce—No, but I spent everything else.

EGYPT'S GREEN SUN.

Peculiar Phenomena Commented Upon by Astronomer.

The appearance of green light at sunset, like many other phenomena supposed to have only recently attracted scientific attention, was noticed and commented upon by the ancient Egyptians, and more particularly so because in the clear air of Egypt the tints of sunset are peculiarly distinct.

As the sun there descends nearer and nearer to the horizon and is immensely large and flaming, it becomes, for an instant, a brilliantly green color, and immediately a series of green rays suffuses the sky in many directions, well-nigh to the zenith. This is but to a smaller extent. Sometimes, just as the last part of the sun's disk vanishes, its color changes from green to blue, and so also after it has disappeared the sky near the horizon often is green, while toward the zenith it is blue.

This was alluded to in Egyptian writings. Day was the problem of life and night that of death, and the nocturnal sun, being identified with Osiris, thus rendered Osiris king of the dead. The setting sun was green; therefore, Osiris, painted green, the splendid coffins of the high priests of Ammon frequently depict the green sun and the funeral deities are all colored green.

There are innumerable instances in the Egyptian relics of representations of the sun, and undoubtedly arose from the green tints of sunrise and sunset. The green sun disk is referred to 5,000 years ago, in Egypt. This is the earliest known human record of an astronomical phenomenon.

What She Called Him.

The discussion was over the proper pronunciation of the word "chaw-fur." They were all native sons, and the argument was entirely friendly.

"It's a 'show-fer,'" declared one.

"Never," insisted another, "it's 'chaw-fur.'"

"Not much," interposed a third, "it's 'chaw-fur.'"

"Ah," interrupted another, "here comes Bruce Cornwall. He's a prominent member of Stanford parlor, lawyer, and all that; and, besides, he runs a machine, so he'll know."

"Oh," cautioned one of the group, "Bruce has only been married a few weeks and the thing that would please him most would be to ask him how Mrs. Cornwall pronounces 'chaw-fur.'"

"Hello, Bruce, old man! Glad to see you. Accept my congratulations! Say, by the way, what does your wife call the fellow who drives her auto?"

"Well," and Cornwall crimsoned, "we're all native sons together, and I don't mind telling you. She calls him 'dearie.'"

When Mushrooms Are Dangerous.

During an inquiry into the death, from eating fungi, of a girl at Reading, England, the other day, Dr. A. C. Major said it should be made generally known that mushrooms, if grown under elm trees, were poisonous.

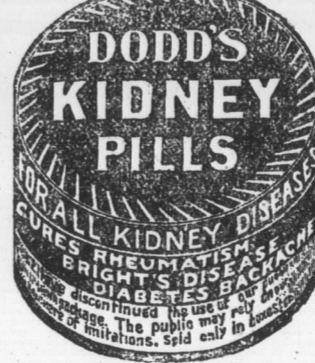
Hard cash is so hard that it will even make an impression on a heart of stone.

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It makes them plump, rosy, active, happy.

It contains Cod Liver Oil, Hypophosphites and Glycerine, to make fat, blood and bone, and so put together that it is easily digested by little folk.

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