A DOSBLE CRIME.

BY & T DENISON.

Two men stood conversing earnestly together in front of an old brown farm house. One was a tall, slim man, with a high and rather narrow brow, black, threadbare clothing, and a general expression of long-drawn sanctimonionsness, which announced to all whom he encountered the doleful life he led as a preacher of the

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the

His companion was a small-bodied, small-headed, sharp-featured man, nearly, or quite 60 years of age. He was dressed In coarse, worn garments, which had evidently seen several years' service. The only expression upon his features which could be analyzed was one of shrewdness

could be analyzed was one of shrewdness and close purpose.

"It ain't of any use," he was saying, at the moment when we introduce them; "I can't do it. He must take his chance. 'Mount of the business is, a boy of mine that's been brought up as my boys have, and been to your meetings, Parson Perkins, and been to school, and got an eddication, and gone intew a store, as Steve did—why, if sech a boy will forge his employer's name, he ain't no boy of mine—that's the way I look at it. Don't yew see it in about that light, parson?"

"Well, friend Gardner," was the deliberate reply, in an exceedingly deep and sepulchral voice, "you are very near right, I think. You see, as I said in announcing my object, the boy sent for me, and wanted me to use all my influence to induce you to pay the hush money required. I couldn't well do that, because you were not the person to be influenced. But I did promise to come and see you, though it would be several thousand dollars which would descend to him.

It was an intensely hot midsummer inght. All day the sick man had tossed wearily upon his heated couch, but now, through the open window, came a somewhat cooler breeze.

Alfred sat beside the bed, yawning heavily, while the lazy hands of the square-back of the mest box clock in the next room had dragged themselves around almost to 11. He had just looked over upon his father, and fancied he must be almost asleep, when so the latter raised his head, saying, in an excited whisper:

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But if not, I should advise you to let the law do its work. These are just my sentiments in regard to the matter."

The divine placed his forefinger in the palm of his hand, raised himself upon his toes, and settled down again with a very finished air. At the same time he looked at his companion, and nodded his head in a very convincing manner.

The latter responded:

"No, that's it; 'tain't no use. The boy is plaguey smart, but his smartness should run the right way. If I help him out of this scrape, I may out of another, and so on. Thar's no way to dew it but make him larn jest what he's got to come tew. He may hev tew take a year or two in prison; but when he comes out, he can behave himself."

"There is nothing like the stringent

have himself."

"There is nothing like the stringent discipline of such places for young criminals. They are allowed plenty of time for reflection, to consider the fine social opportunities they have lost, and the religious privileges from which they are debarred. But I must return. Shall I inform your son that you will visit him?"

"You needn't tell him for sartain, but say you don't know. I shall be down 'till the day of the trial."

"He was particular that I request

"He was particular that I request you to come down, which I believe I have done." "Yes, you have. But I know what he wants. He thinks, if I come down there, he can coax and persuade me to buy Brooks off—but he can't for I are the wretched man who had so yildly given him the death-shot preceded him.

And, with the utmost unconcern, the farmer walked into the house and took his axe, preparatory to repairing a few lengths of fence which his oxen had torn down the

day previous.
"I don't know but Haskin's cattle would git intew the pasture," he muttered, walking away toward the scene, "and come through intew the mowin'. Then I could have made him fix up the whole thing. But now I'll hev to dew it myself."

But Lemuel Gardner was a church member—one who prayed fervently in the village prayer meetings, whose reputation for lage prayer meetings, whose reputation for honesty stood high, and who had just re-fused to save his eldest son from the state

The circumstances were these:
Stephen Gardener, his eldest son, on attaining his 21st year, had left home and entered a store in a neighboring village. For a year all had gone well, and though the young man had taken small sums of money occasionally from the drawers which money occasionally from the drawers which had not been discovered, he had generally borne a good name for honesty and been well liked.

But, in an evil hour, temptation to filch But, in an evil hour, temptation to filent to a greater extent occurred.

"A fortune-for-nothing" scheme was presented to him. The bait took, and a forged check procured him the money, from the investment of which he expected to reap a great harvest. One hundred dollars was the amount taken, and he never saw either that or the fortune after-

The forgery was soon discovered, its author detected, arrested and arraigned for trial. While in confinement, he sent sev-eral messages to his father, asking him for assistance, and most humbly promising never to repeat his offense. But his requests, as we have seen, were quite disregarded.

The young man bore his punishment well as long as hope remained, but when he saw the last shadow fading away, he gave himself up to utter grief and discour-

agement.
"Who cares for me?" he mused, as he "Clearly, no walked to the court room. "Clearly, no one. My own father, who is abundantly able to do so, will not interfere to save me from the dreadful disgrace. Well, my last hope is to stay out my time, if sent to prison, and then get to some place where

hope is to stay out my time, if sent to prison, and then get to some place where nobody knows me. I may do that.

It was little wonder that the indifference, almost effrontery, maintained by Stephen Gardner through his trial, should have been prejudicial against him. There seemed no palliating circumstances. The lawyer for the prosecution dwelt feelingly upon the early christian irfluences which surrounded the young man, and the exemplary justice of his father, who had, in despair, given over his son to the influence despair, given over his son to the influence of the cold prison walls.

and to prison Stephen went, for the longest time allowed by law. There may have been faults elsewhere, but certainly the father's heart who could look unmoved

of the cold prison walls.

Ind to prison Stephen went, for the longest time allowed by law. There may have been faults elsewhere, but certainly the father's heart who could look unmoved upon the crushing of his son's life in this manner, must have been hard, indeed.

The young man passed near him, as he was led from the court-room to the cell.

"Father," was the prisoner's bitter question, "why did you not come and see me?"

"I knew it wouldn't do any good," the old man returned.

"Any good," the son fairly hissed. "It would have saved all these long years of my life, and given me a chance to be a man, I see now the folly of my wrongdoing, and would do better; but a prison cell is not the place for a man to carry out good resolutions. If I have committed a crime, you have done the same, for it was all your work, and now you could save me, but you won't do it. So I must take the full sentence of the law, with no hope of being a man afterward. But," he added, as his father turned away, "you will hear from me again, years hence,"

"What a graceless yearg seamp," the

window," Alfred said, in a startled whisper.

"Here, let me take the pistol," the father said, starting up in bed and snatching the weapon from his son's hand.

The latter shrank close to the couch, as though in very fear, while the sick man, sitting belt upright in bed, cocked both barrels of the weapon and fixed his sharp gaze upon the open window.

The footsteps approached and presently stopped at the casement, while a dusky form appeared outside. Then a motion, as of some one preparing to enter at the window, ensued.

No note of warning was uttered, but the pistol spoke its loud report, followed by a groan and the sound of a fall without.

The sick man reeled in his bed, while a moaning tone, perfectly audible, said from beneath the window:

"Father, you have killed me!"

"Father, you have killed me!"
"My God! that is Stephen's voice!"
the father gasped, and fell back upon the couch heavily. The report of the pistol and the alarm-cries of Alfred soon brought assistance to

Stephen Gardner shet through the neck and dying, was found under the window, and conveyed to a comfortable bed inside.

"Tell father to come here," he said, painfully; only speaking by a great effort, "I want him to know that I came here for no wrong. I was going away to try and be a man, but I wanted to see him once before I went. I saw a light, and went to the window—he shot me."

Blood choked his utterance, and in a

that he had shot his own son proved too
great, and snapped at once the brittle
thread of his waning life.

Alfred mourned as deeply as his dwarfed
nature could mourn, the sad tragedy which

nature could mourn, the sad tragedy which had filled the house with death. But he did not think of the deable crime which had caused the double death. He did not remember the early lessons which had originally tended to make his brother heir of the cruel spirit which had refused the pleaded forgiveness and assistance when shame and disgrace had come upon him, bringing repentance. If the son had sinned the father had not been free from taint, and very literally had the wages of that sin been paid—in death.

" All Men Are Liars" -said David of old. He was probably —said David of old. He was probably prompted to make the above remark after trying some unreliable catairh remedy. Had he been permitted to live until the present day, and tried Dr. Sage's Remedy he might have had a better opinion of man kind. We claim that no case of catairh can withstand the magic effects of this wonderful medicine. One trial will convince you of its efficacy. By druggists; fifty cents.

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A western man seeks a divorce on the ground that his wife makes bad coffee. Although he seems to have grounds enough for his action, an effort ought to be made to settle it.

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appear upon it, sick headaches, vertigo, morning nausea, and pains in back, side and shoulder blade, are experienced when bile enters the system and poisons the blood. Expel it from the circulation, and direct it in its natural channel, the bowels, with Northron & Lympu's Vacatable Directions. direct it in its natural channel, the bowels, with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Great Blood Purifier, which has widely superceded mineral drugs having a dangerous reaction. Indigestion, Constipation, Impurity of the Blood and Kidney Complaints are entirely overcome by its use.

a railway time-table.

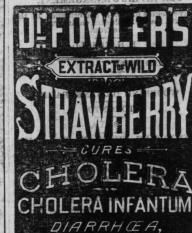
—John Hays, Credit P. O., asys: "His shoulder was so lame for nine months that he could not raise his hand to his head, but by the use of Dr. Thomas Eelectric Oil the pain and lameness disappeared, and although three months has elapsed, he has not had an attack of it since." Geneva has a man who has moved a often that his live stock lie down and cros their feet every time a covered wagon stops at the door.

A woman who has been scared to death should be laid out in her terror-caught-her colored dress.

colored dress.

—Mr. Parpetus Bolleau, Ottawa, says;
"I was radically cured of piles, from which I had been suffering for over two months, by the use of Thomas Edectric Oil. I used it both internally and externally, taking it in small doses before meals and on retiring to bed. In one week I was cured and have had no trouble since. I believe it saved my life."

"Can you give me ten cents for a drink?"
asked a seedy-looking chap of a reporter,
"Certainly," replied the reporter, "bring
in your drink."



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