

January

THE OTHER FELLOW'S UNCLE.

It was Christmas morning. The sun was shining brightly on the new-fallen snow. It was just cold enough to freeze.

The children were playing merrily. The children were having a gay time, skating and coasting and playing tricks on passers by.

One decrepit old man was thrown down by their tricks, and lay so still they feared they had killed him.

Another eye besides theirs witnessed the accident and its cause.

A young girl stood in the bay window of the mansion before which the old man had fallen; another instant and she came running down the marble steps unimpeded by her costly attire, the rich silk that fell in heavy folds about her form, she sank down beside the old man, exclaiming:

"For shame, boys! Come, Eugene, and help me raise him. Nay, he must be carried. Go bring Brown here."

A moment or two later Eugene returned, followed by a large, strong-looking man, who, in obedience to the girl's command, raised and bore to the house the inanimate form of the poor old stranger.

"Gently, gently, Brown! Place him on the lounge," she said.

Reveries were applied. Tenderly he was cared for. And after a short time the old man opened his eyes and looked inquiringly into her face. She explained the accident and was holding a glass of wine to his lips when a servant came in, bearing on a silver waiter a card.

She looked at it and said:

"Tell Mr. Grainger I will be up very soon. Ask mamma to entertain him."

A rustle of silken robes, and Mrs. Cameron glided into the room and stood looking at her kneeling beside the lounge, alternately bathing the face and placing wine to the lips of the miserable old man, was her daughter.

"Florence!—who?—what is the meaning of all this?" she asked.

The gentle girl explained and her mother said:

"One of the servants could have attended to him. If he is able to be moved now you had better send word to the proper authorities and have him carried to his home or the hospital."

"But, mamma, we are the proper ones to attend him. Eugene and his companions are accountable for his suffering."

The old man said something in a low, feeble voice, and Florence's ear was bent close to catch the words.

"He will go home he says. Well, you must wait a little longer and I will have the carriage."

"A carriage?—If you please, Florence, send Brown to procure one," Mrs. Cameron said. As she turned to leave the room she continued: "Mr. Grainger will feel flattered by your conduct."

"Send him here, mamma, I know he will think I am doing right."

A few moments more and Carl Grainger came into the room. Florence's sweet, bright face that had been raised to greet him, was suddenly clouded. She saw that she had mistaken her lover—for with an expression of contempt, which he could not care to hide, he looked on the suffering man.

Scarcely had Mr. Grainger passed the compliments of the day, when again the door opened, and another young man entered.

He was not strikingly handsome, like the other, but his was the face of one that children love to linger near, women confide in and men trust.

"Excuse me, but I have permission," he said. "Mrs. Cameron told me you were entertaining your guests here."

"The same! Unchanged!" murmured the stranger.

When Florence went out to prepare the fragrant dinner, the old man called the children, and listened to their lisping voices.

William was watching, very much amused, when the old man's words were whispered, and little Willie, seeming to understand, lowered his tone, and the heads of the old and young were close together, at some mysterious plotting.

The father's amusement was soon changed to the greatest amazement, when soon after, as Florence came back, Willie ran up, exclaiming:

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"(To make your children happy!) he urged. 'And my child, take this,' handing her more money, 'and make the poor old folks happy, and the little children who are looking longingly in at the glass windows, make them happy, too.'"

Oh, what a joyous Christmas it was! For five years the old man and his wife, and then he struck calmly to sleep, loving hearts and gentle hands soothing him.

And then from a lawyer of high standing came the startling information that William Hartley and Florence were the only heirs to all the immense wealth of old Mark Grainger.

DEATH TO HER A RELEASE

MRS. PETERSEN KILLED BY HER BRUTAL HUSBAND.

A Life Tragedy Ended by Murder and Suicide—The Murderer Itself Said: "I Deserve a Worse Death Before My Final Crime."

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"I wonder what has become of that old man?" said William, during the day. "I called a few days after I took him home to inquire how he was getting on, but he had gone from that place."

"Do you know, William, to that old man's sufferings you are indebted for your wife?"

"That day I saw the difference between you and Carl Grainger. His heartlessness frightened me, and I fled to you, and grew calm and happy," said Florence, while a beautiful flush spread over her face, chasing away the careworn look of a few moments before.

"You fled to poverty, toil, suffering. Oh! my darling, I hoped to have sheltered you from such."

"I fled from worse. Come, cheer up! All will yet be well. I did not tell you the last time I saw Carl Grainger very much intoxicated. He is living now entirely on his expectations."

"Mamma! Mamma! Kris Kringle's coming! See! See! Hurrah! Old Kris liked to have forgotten us, I guess!" cried little Willie, shouting and clapping his hands.

Florence arose to look out when a knock sounded on the door, opening which she beheld standing before her the old man of whom she had just been speaking.

"Come in! I am glad to see you. Where have you been the longest time? And how did you find us?" Florence asked, taking his hand and drawing him in.

"I found very easily what I had never found before. I've thought of you and your wife ever since we parted. It is a good time to come, answered the old man.

"Come! sit down here," said William, getting up and offering his own comfortable chair.

"Wait a little. If I sit down I don't want to get up soon. Better know first how long I can stay," answered the old man, still standing.

"As long as you like. We are poor, very poor, but if you want a home with us we will not refuse you forth. Sit down," answered William.

"The same! Unchanged!" murmured the stranger.

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Turning to meet Mr. Grainger, the young man saw the sufferer on the lounge.

"Who have you here? Are you hurt, sir?" he said, going up to the side of the old man and taking his hand.

Briefly Florence told of his fall, and the look of admiration, nay, adoration, which beamed in William Hartley's eyes as they sought here ought to have been the balm to entirely heal the wound caused by Carl Grainger's look.

But it was not, just then, for Florence had thought more of the handsome Carl than any of the other young men who visited the house. She was dreadfully disappointed to know him so different from her thoughts.

The old man signified his desire to go and when Brown returned with a carriage William Hartley, with almost womanly gentleness, assisted him in and urged that he might accompany him home.

An approving look from Florence and he jumped in, closed the door and ordered the driver to take the street and number directed.

"God bless you! You are a good child. I shall never forget this day. Perhaps I'll come to see you again some time," the old man said on leaving.

The same contemptuous expression was again on Carl's face, and he said sneeringly:

"Quite a dignified acquisition, O Miss Cameron's list of acquaintances!"

A deep flush mantled her fair brow, but she designed no word of reply.

Carl Grainger saw he had been indirectly to say the least, and endeavored by putting forth his most fascinating powers, to cast away the cloud that had gathered on the face usually so bright. Carl's attempts were fruitless.

But when an hour had passed, and William Hartley returned, then to his great chagrin, he saw a softer glow in her dark eyes, and her lips wreathed with smiles that he had failed to draw out.

That night Carl Grainger, determined to know his fate, asked Florence to be his wife, and to her parents' great disappointment, she kindly but firmly said she "could not love him!"

"Foolish girl! Do you know that, besides his own fortune, Mr. Grainger is the only heir of an old uncle, who is fabulously rich," said Mrs. Cameron.

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The girl in the next room saw her father draw a pistol from his pocket. The girl buried her head under the clothes to shut out the sight of what was to come; but she could not shut out the sound of a pistol shot that was followed by

A GREAT ROARING CRY

and then three more shots. She covered under the bed clothes, waiting for some one to come.

They found Mrs. Petersen lying at the side of the bed where the baby still slept. The second bullet had not been necessary. The first alone was enough. Both entered the brain. The other two shots were for Petersen himself. He had fired the first into his head, and the second into his stomach. His clothes were smoldering from the shunt's flame when the police reached the room.

A kindly neighbor took the children to her room until an agent of the Gerry society came for them. Other neighbors, women, sat in the room of death waiting for the Coroner to come. There was nothing for him to do but to give a permit for the removal of the bodies. They were taken to the Morgue. All the neighbors had something to say of the cruelty of the dead man and the patient suffering of the dead woman.

Even the Police Sergeant, who was on guard, remembered that two years ago he was called in to rescue Mrs. Petersen from her husband. She had refused to make a complaint against him, and he had refused to leave the place until the policeman put him out by force. He had come back again the next night, and the other tenants had been his her companion. Death by his own hand was too good for him, they said, even if he hadn't committed murder.

Russian Courts.

In the poorer parts of Russia justice is administered in a primitive yet effective fashion, says a recent writer who had the fortune to be present at a sitting of one of the peasant courts in a government of central Russia. The judges, chosen from the peasants, were unlettered. The session was held in a log cabin—a small, low room. A picture of the emperor decorated the wall, and as in every Russian house, in the corner hung the holy icons. Three judges and a scribe were present. The day was Sunday, a day of idleness for the peasantry. The hall, the judges and the public all had an air of simple dignity, almost of rude majesty.

Two cases were tried. Parties and witnesses, as they entered, bowed low to the holy images. The judges spoke and questioned by turns, or all at once, each loudly expressing his opinion. I admired the patient persistence with which they tried to bring the litigants to an amicable understanding. One case was characteristic.

A woman, a large, robust virago, complained of having been beaten by a man. The man's defense was that the woman had struck him first. Plaintiff and defendant stood before the judges valiantly pleading each his or her case and appealing to their witnesses at their sides.

"Varvara Petrova," declared one witness for the defendant, "has said that with a vodka she was sure of winning her case."

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WEAK, NERVOUS, DISEASED MEN.

Thousands of Young and Middle Aged Men are annually swept to a premature grave through early indiscretion and later excesses. Self abuse and Constitutional Blood Diseases have ruined and wrecked the life of many a promising young man. Have you any of the following symptoms: Nervous and Depressed; Tired in Morning; No Ambition; Memory Poor; Body Feeble; Restless and Irritable; Eyes Red; Pimples on Face; Itches and Drains at Night; Restless; Headache; Backache; Stomach Troubled; Hair Loose; Pains in Body; Sunken Eyes; Lifeless Demeanor; and Lack of Energy and Strength. Our New Method Treatment will build you up mentally, physically and sexually.

Read DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN Have Done.

"At 14 years of age I learned a bad habit which almost ruined me. I became nervous and weak. My back troubled me. I could stand no exertion. Head and eyes became dull. Dreams and drains at night weakened me. I tried seven Medical Firms, Electric Belts, Patent Medicines and Family Doctors. They gave me no help. A friend advised me to try Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. They sent me one month's treatment and it cured me. I could feel myself gaining every day. Their New Method Treatment cures when all else fails." They have cured many of my friends.

Cures in one month.

Dr. Montlon.

Cures in one month.

Dr. Townsend.

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