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THE PEOPLE.

MARGHERITA'S PLAIN.

My love has gone out in the wide, wide world, without farewell to me saying...

Where has he gone? The world is so wide— full of deceptions and strangers...

MY FRIEND'S STORY.

"Many years ago," said my friend, "in an idle moment, I went into the Old Bailey, when a scene of more than extraordinary interest was about to take place...

"The prisoner at the bar was a young man of about twenty-four years of age, tall, of a dignified and prepossessing air; his dark hair hanging disorderly on his shoulders and about his brow, gave a singularly wild and morose expression to features that seemed to indicate feelings such as felons never possess.

"Some days before they had been heard talking in their room in a very loud and angry tone of voice. The subject of the dispute was, it was supposed, a lady, whose name was mentioned. The words 'jealousy' and 'revenge' were distinctly heard; a visible coolness was observed for some days after, till the evening of the murder, when they gave an entertainment at their lodgings to friends who had come to bid them farewell.

"The execution was to take place the following Monday. My late and respected uncle, whose life's work was to visit the gloomy dungeon and shed on the still deeper gloom of benighted souls the beams of Christian truth, was unsuspecting in his attentions to the young Scotchman. But he was to be deceived; and that the edifying behavior, the simplicity and resignation of the interesting youth, left no doubts of his innocence to all who visited him.

"My Lord and Jury: You call upon me for my defense; I have none to make, yet I am not guilty. You have just heard a circumstantial account of an atrocious crime, supported by a weight of evidence which, I fear, will leave upon your minds no doubt of my guilt. But it is all wrong. The woman who appeared in evidence never received the money from me; it was my fear of the dangerous influence which she had acquired over him that was the cause of the temporary coldness of my friend, and which his better feelings, and his confidence in the purity of my intentions enabled him to conquer. My visits to the woman had no other object but to prevail upon her to break off her connection with him. As to that horrible night, I will state all I know of it. I was

awakened by a noise in my friend's room, which was next to mine. I listened, and all was still. Then I heard what must have been my poor friend's last dying cry, but which I thought was only the involuntary moan of disturbed sleep; still, a vague but irresistible feeling of alarm impelled me to the room. By a light that was dimly burning, I discovered my friend in the condition you have heard described. Here his voice faltered. 'I have no recollection of what followed. When I came to myself the room was full of people, but I saw no one; I saw only him who lay in that bed.

"The prisoner then arose, and never did I see a more expressive and commanding countenance. It was no longer the despondency of fear and the gloom of helplessness, but the triumphant, yet calm and modest look of one about to receive the crown of martyrdom.

"I bow with submission," said he, "to the judgment of my country, and, though I die innocent, I return thanks to the venerable judge who has just pronounced the awful sentence for the Christian tenderness with which he has treated one seemingly so deeply involved in guilt as I am; the jury, as men, could have returned no other verdict; far be it from me to murmur against them; my doom was sealed in heaven. May the sacrifice of my life atone, if not for a crime of which I am innocent, at least for the many faults I have committed. It is impossible not to recognize in this the hand of the Supreme Disposer of events. I did at first cling to life, and cherish fond hopes that I might yet be saved and restored to my beloved father and the esteem of good men; but I think I am now resigned to die, with a firm hope that, if my days are out short in their prime, if my hopes of happiness and honor have been blasted, and an ignominious death is to be my lot, it is wisely and mercifully decreed, in order to redeem me from the errors into which I have fallen, to purify my soul from those feelings of self-applause and pride which had made me seek human praise rather than peace with God."

"During this affecting address the hall was hushed to perfect stillness, and it was scarcely concluded when the deep, solemn silence was broken by these words: 'I thank Thee, Oh, God, he is innocent!' This exclamation, which struck upon the hearts of all, proceeded from an old man who sat not far from me, and who had fallen on his knees in an attitude of prayer, his hands convulsively clasped together; his lips were moving, but his eyes were shut. It was his father. A young and beautiful girl had thrown her arms round the old man's neck, and hung on his breast, pale and motionless. The prisoner, started at the well-known voice, and instinctively sprang forward toward them; but he recoiled at his position, and, with a look which went to my heart, sat down, and a flood of tears came to his relief. It would be difficult to paint the effect which so melancholy a sight had on the assembly; tears flowed from every eye. Even the jailers, who came to lead the youth to the condemned cell, appeared affected.

"The execution was to take place the following Monday. My late and respected uncle, whose life's work was to visit the gloomy dungeon and shed on the still deeper gloom of benighted souls the beams of Christian truth, was unsuspecting in his attentions to the young Scotchman. But he was to be deceived; and that the edifying behavior, the simplicity and resignation of the interesting youth, left no doubts of his innocence to all who visited him. Efforts were made, but too late, to save him. The day came. My uncle took me with him to the prison. At that time I was young and very thoughtless, but I received there an impression which neither years, nor sorrow, nor joy have effaced, and which will remain to my dying hour.

expressed the feelings of their souls; then, while the executioner was adjusting the rope and covering his eyes, they sang a psalm together, in the most heart-rending accents. The crowd was still as death and nothing was heard but these last supplications of the old man and his son mournfully ascending on high. The song ceased—the living mass below heaved back with a simultaneous motion of horror—the happy soul had fled.

"A few days after, while the poor father was yet too weak to bear the fatigue of a journey, the seizure of a horse breaker led to the detection of one of the darkest plots that was ever contrived by guilty man. The ruffian, knowing there was no help for him, confessed that he had been introduced into the house by the old game-keeper, and committed the murder according to his directions. The father heard this account with little emotion. 'I knew,' said he, 'that he was innocent—I shall soon be vindicated. Still, I am glad for his sister's sake, that the world knows it; but it could not appreciate, it could not feel, the dignity of innocence.

"This calamity excited universal sympathy. Government offered to settle a pension on the man. He rejected it with disdain. 'Shall I take the price of my son's blood?' said he. They felt for him, respected his sorrow, and pressed him no further. A simple and elegant monument erected over the bodies of the two victims, recorded in a few words their miserable end. The old man returned to Scotland where he died not long after his arrival, and his daughter soon after followed him to his tomb."

A STRATFORD, Conn., woman dreamed that she saw her husband kissing a neighbor's wife. She awoke and struck him in the face, breaking his nose. He must have thought that he had been kicked by a night-mare.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM PARADISE HALL.

A Jantar who got into Trouble by Not Attending to His Own Business.

[From the Detroit Free Press.] A few days ago a cigar firm forwarded to the Lime-Kiln Club several sample brands of cigars to be smoked at the next annual election. The Secretary returned the vote of thanks tendered, and Brother Gardner carefully laid the cigars away on the shelf occupied by the best of the late Julius Caesar. All of a sudden the lot turned up missing. Samuel Shin was quietly spotted, but no questions asked. Some more cigars were laid on the shelf, and this time the thief betrayed himself. Samuel was the man. He came down to make ready for the meeting, and seeing the cigars he took possession. He was gambling around Paradise Hall, a smoker in his teeth and a broom in his hand, when something happened. The cigar went off. So did Shin. Elder Toots who had arrived, found the Jantar lying under seven benches and thirteen chairs. He had lost all his front teeth. His tongue was half roasted. His eyebrows looked like December foliage, and one of his peepers was closed so tight that it couldn't be pried open with a crow-bar. I believe, Samuel was a gone-up, used-up specimen of the African race—not quite dead, but far enough gone for a medical college to want to steal his body. He was hauled out into the ante room and deposited upon a heap of scrap-iron, and as the members came in each one intuitively reasoned that something had happened, which would be explained in due time. Brother Gardner felt of Samuel's pulse, tickled his left ear, and then opened the meeting and said: "The man who minds his own business has got all de work dat should be cut out for one person. De man whose fingers itch to pick up articles he hasn't paid for will sooner or later make a mistake and burn his fingers. It an unfin to me who gets drunk nor who keeps sober, so long as neither one damages me. I doan keer a straw to know how de naylor on my left liss without work or position, an' it am none of my business how de one on my right spends de ten dollars he stras each week.

"Gentles, Samuel Shin was 'pinted jantar of dis hall under de impresshun dat he was strictly honest. It has bin conclusively proved dat he am an embezzler. Had he taken all our money it would have bin in order to call him sharp an' keen an' he satisfied to git 'half of it back an' let him go. As de sum total am only a few shillings justice yells for vengeance, Samuel owns a mule. Befe' leavin' dis place to-night he must git us a bill of sale de animal. We must have a chattel mortgage on his cook stove. If he has any wages due him we must serve a garnishee. Dar must be no let up—no unworthy feelin' of mercy. Samuel Shin am deposed from his position as jantar, an' de tranquil Obedier Blossoms an' 'pinted to fill out de unexpired remainder of de term." Judge Osborn, Kyan Johnson and Poreus Davis am nominated a committee to remove de body on a cheap cart to his home on Grove street, an' de regular business dat has called us together to-night will now proceed to begin."

Lomance of a Humorist.

HOW ROBERT J. BURDETTE WOULD AND WON "HER LITTLE REBECCA HIGHNESS."

Carrie Burdette, wife of Robert J. Burdette, who recently died at Ardmore, Penn., was an invalid from her marriage and the great humorist cared for her as he would a babe, giving her every possible comfort. Mrs. Burdette was the daughter of Anren Garrett, of Peoria, and was married to Burdette fifteen years ago. Her father was opposed to Bob, and he made the course of true love anything but smooth. Bob was a clerk in the post office at that time and Carrie was a beautiful young lady, but with a will of her own that more than matched that of her father.

"One day the old man commanded her to discard Bob. She refused, and a violent altercation ensued. Carrie had an undefined trouble with her heart that this precipitated. She was stricken down with a spasmodic attack, and he found her pale and lifeless on the sofa. Here she managed to express a wish that they might be married before she died, and a clergyman was sent for. The marriage of the great humorist was celebrated amid tears and sighs, the orange blossoms absent and only the pallor of the dying face looking out from the heap of pillows. Strange to say, she immediately began to recover and she soon regained her former strength. With it, however, was an unaccountable malady, which in time caused her death.—Denton Republican.

BOGUS BRILLIANTS.

"How do your diamonds compare with the genuine?" "Put them side by side and you can't tell them apart. Let me show you some samples," and the dealer turned to his iron safe and got out a box of unset "diamonds" of about three carats each. Handing the scribe a dainty pair of tweezers he requested him to examine the stones before the light. The reporter picked up one of the gems as carefully as though it were a \$20,000 stone, and held it before his optics. It sparkled brilliantly, was cut perfectly, and anybody but an expert would suppose it to be a genuine diamond. The reporter was tempted to slip the stone up his sleeve, until he asked the price of it, when, getting the reply, "One dollar," he dropped it as though it was poisonous.

"Here are some thirty beautiful specimens," remarked the merchant as he unfolded another paper and laid before the scribe half a dozen stones about the size of a door-knob. These are worn principally by gamblers on account of their extraordinary size. "They come a great deal higher than those others I have shown you. I sell these at \$2.50 apiece, or a pair of them for a serio-comic singer's earnings at \$4.25. They are exceedingly brilliant, you see, and at night shine like a locomotive headlight. Here are a lot of little diamonds that sell from 25 to 75 cents each. "Are those made of paste or fishscale?" "Oh, no; I never deal in paste goods. These stones come from the Sierra Nevada mountains, and are cut and polished in New York; and some are even sent to Paris to be cut and are then returned to this country. They are the best imitation of the diamond made, and retain their brilliancy forever. Not being as hard as the diamond, care has to be taken in not getting them scratched. "You remarked before that the trade was simply immense. I suppose that the second or middle class of society are the greatest purchasers of these imitations?" "That's where you're wrong. The principal buyers and wearers of 'snide' diamonds are those who move in the highest society, and I'll tell you the reason why. Let a lady who counts her wealth by the hundreds of thousands appear in public with a pair of six or eight carat 'diamond' earrings, and the people never suspect that they are 'snide.' They imagine that because the wearer is wealthy she would never degrade herself by wearing \$2 diamonds, but such is the case. Hundreds of times have I matched genuine diamonds for high-toned ladies, and it was actually impossible to tell them apart. You see, when a person of wealth wears 'snide' diamonds, you can hardly make people believe that they are anything else than genuine; while, on the other hand, let a person in more reduced circumstances wear genuine diamonds, and everybody they meet will turn up their noses and remark that they are 'snide.' So that is the reason the people of wealth can throw on so much style with very little expense."

How a Bank was Saved.

"I saved a bank from bursting once myself," remarked a seedy looking old chap, as he laid down a morning paper which he had perused second-hand. "I admit I ain't very wealthy now, but years ago, before my troubles came on me, I had large interests in manufacturing and banking. I was president of the bank in our town when there was a little panic and the people made a run. I went in to see how they were getting along, just as the excitement began, when I found they couldn't stand it. I'll close the banking hours. The directors wanted to suspend, but I objected. I told 'em to leave it to me. Happened it was pay-day at my shop. Rusted up there, put a flea in the engineer's ear, and in five minutes the engine broke down. 'Ae men were glad to get a holiday, but wanted their money. I told 'em we didn't have the currency ready, but would give 'em checks on the bank. My clerks made out the checks in a hurry, and weren't over-particular about losing say three figures out odd cents. Well, my two hundred and more men rushed for the bank, and by the time the big depository had heard of the run and got around there was a big line in front of 'em. It took three hours to pay off, my men with currency from my safe at the shop, which I carried in the back door of the bank. In that three hours we raised enough money to pay every dollar due to our depositors, and the bank was saved."—Chicago Herald.

Lucky Bob Swan.

The Ottumwa (Iowa) Democrat tells this story: Bob Swan, of this place, who served as captain in the Thirtieth Indiana Infantry, applied for a pension, which was granted, with \$5,200 back pay. To complete the proof his discharge papers were needed, but after a search in the records they could not be found, which reminded Bob that at the time his company was mustered out he was on detailed duty elsewhere and was evidently forgotten. Inasmuch as he was never mustered out he will draw \$55,000 as captain's pay.

CONFLICTING DIVORCE LAWS.

In a Decree in Texas a Bar to a Suit in New York State?

[From the New York Herald.] In relation to the mixed condition of the divorce laws of the several States, a case of interest was submitted to Judge Andrews, in Supreme Court, Special Term. The suit was brought by William Gibson Jones against Lela V. Jones. The parties were married in June, 1875, and separated in 1877, the wife leaving her husband on the ground of cruelty, and going with her father, Ward H. Wakefield, to Camp county, Texas, where the latter had purchased a plantation. After a residence of two years in Texas the wife commenced a suit for divorce in that State on the ground of cruelty, and obtained a suit in her favor on May 9, 1883.

The husband had appeared and defended the suit, and during that period, the wife alleged, the cruelties on his part were repeated. When the decree was given against him the husband appealed and carried the case to the highest court of the State, where it was affirmed in an opinion in which the principal act of cruelty—that of an unattended charge of adultery against the wife—was characterized as one to which no virtuous and refined woman should be compelled to submit without redress from the courts. In the meantime the husband brought the suit in this State, which was still pending at the time his wife got her decree in Texas, and which was only then reached for trial. After the decree was rendered Judge Andrews granted permission to the wife to plead it in the suit of her husband here as a part of her defense.

On the trial counsel for the wife offered in evidence a certificate of the proceedings of the Texas court, including the decree; and claimed that the husband having appealed and contested that suit the judgment therein formed an absolute bar to the present suit. The introduction of the decree was opposed by counsel for the husband, who claimed that the record showed the wife had remained just long enough in Texas to come within the requirements of the statute as to residence; that she never had left her residence in this State, and that as the suit was based on acts of cruelty alleged to have been committed in this State this court had a right to inquire into the jurisdiction of the Texas court and to reject the decree if it thought proper. Judge Andrews said the question was an important one, in view of the present state of the divorce laws, and reserved his decision.

The Niece of President Buchanan.

Great wealth and exalted station are no safeguard against the commonest ills that befall humanity. Harriet Lane, the niece of President Buchanan, has lost her husband, Henry E. Johnston, of the Baltimore banker. Sorrows have fallen thick and fast upon her in recent years. When I visited at Wheatland more than a year ago, says a letter writer, they were then in mourning for their eldest son, James Buchanan Johnston. The other son was convalescing from the same disease that had carried off his brother, and the parents hurried with him to Europe in the hope of saving his life. They had scarcely reached Paris before he, too, was dead.

The parents never recovered from this terrible blow. They closed their splendid home in Park avenue, Baltimore, and the wealth that had been largely dependent on hospitality was devoted to charitable purposes. In memory of their boy, they founded and endowed the Harriet Lane Johnston Hospital for girls and a training school for nurses. Mrs. Johnston withdrew from the society in which she had been most prominent and rarely left the house except on missions of religion and mercy. Mr. Johnston failed rapidly in health and retired from the control of the great banking house. His death now leaves his distinguished widow lonely indeed. There still were bright, manly sons, full of mental and physical vigor, and gave promise of growing into noble manhood.

A Licenser's Fate.

"What do you consider as the greatest feat in the history of licensers?" The old licenser thought a moment, and then said: "I think it occurred when George Riley was ordered in a hurry to carry a secret wire from a director's room—to hide it, understand. He looked over the door, and found a sleeping jake. After trying vainly to push the wire down through the angles of the tube, he went into the cellar, set a trap and caught a mouse. He then tied a string to the mouse's tail, and vent the mouse safely down the tube. When the string was through he made the wire sing to it. They were then readily drawn through to the room, three stories below, where the terminus of the tube was."

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO SMILE OVER THIS WEEK.

NO OUT IN SALARIES. The employees of a Michigan railroad had been trembling in their boots over a threatened reduction of wages, when an agent dispatched from headquarters passed along the line and said to the various station officials: "I am happy to inform you that there will be no cut in salaries."

"Good. My salary is so small that I could hardly stand a cut of 5 per cent."

"The road is not making any money, but the President feels that every employee is earning his salary, and that perhaps the fall business may bring us out all right. Put your name down for what you can afford."

HOW THE KANGAROO AVOIDS.

"Do you want to go to the circus, Mary?" "Oh, yes, and enjoyed myself very much."

"Did you see the kangaroo in the menagerie?" "I did, and felt sorry for it. Poor thing, it is dying, isn't it?" "Why, no. What put that into your head?"

"The way it acted. When I saw it it seemed to be on its last legs."—Somerville Journal.

DO GET OFF.

Here's a bit of conversation between Belle, six years, and Frank, five years: Belle—"Frank, do get off that sofa with your feet. Mamma paid a hundred thousand dollars for that sofa, or a great deal of money, anyway."

Frank—"Oh, yes! get off that sofa 'cause she paid money for it. Get on the floor; sit on the carpet; she paid money for the carpet. Go out on the grass; that cost money to plant it, too. Get on the ground; she paid for that, too, didn't she? Hang yourself in air; that's the only thing round here you can do." All this in one string, as sarcastic as possible.

A SAD, SAD CASE.

Bill Simpson and Jim Dobson are two Austin county young men, who have heretofore lived by their wits; they have no money of their own, but manage to live by borrowing and gambling. Not long since Bill Simpson's rich uncle died and left him a fortune. Shortly afterward he met his old chum Dobson, who asked: "What has come over you, Bill? Before you came into possession of all that money you were the jolliest fellow in Austin, always in a good humor and full of fun, but now that you are rich, you sit around as if you had the footache. What has come over you, anyhow?" "Oh, Jim, you don't know—you can't possibly realize how it hits a fellow to have to spend his own money."—Denton Republican.