

Saint Mary's Beacon.

FLOW ON.
BY OLD BOND.

High upon the watchtower stood a party
Kneave
Down in a valley plowed a party slave.
"Tell me asked the plowman" as he sang
a party song.
How about the future?—the day appears
so long.
From year to year I labor, and wife is
broken down
And we've trod to mortgage, our little
home in town.
The little ones are ragged and I with empty
purse,
Have to work and bear it as times are grow-
ing worse.
I've voted straight with party, and worked
with all my power,
To elevate the fellow standing on the tower.
Before he was elected he stood there at the
gate.
And said the other party thieves had sealed
the toiler's fate.
And when little Nell arose he took her to
his arms
And with a kiss he praised her and told us
of her charms
And then he gave a nickle to Johnny, Joe
and Bill,
He said they were the finest boys living on
the hill.
And he said he'd help me in distress or
loss;
To-day I thought I'd ask him and stopped
the poor old boss
And standing in the furrow I told him
hope was gone.
He answered from the watchtower, plow
on, old man, plow on!
—The Argus.

MISS BLACKTHWAITE'S DIAMONDS.

Long ago, in the good old time
which people sigh for, folk were hung
for stealing. Proved guilty, after a
careless fashion, which would bring
Judge Lynch to his feet for the bene-
fit of the court, were it practiced now,
they were strung up without mercy,
and not half the fuss was made about
the execution of a woman who had
stolen a loaf of bread that would be
made now over the execution of a
wholesale poisoner or the midnight as-
sassin of women and children. No
qualms of conscience were felt, and
all believed that, capital punishment
done away with, no one's property
would be safe an hour.

Consequently when Miss Black-
thwaite lost her diamonds the fact
that any one might be suspected was
a very nervous thought to the house-
hold.

Of course Major Blackthwaite, her
brother, and her friend, Miss Whit-
more, who was on a visit at the house,
were out of the question, but there
were the servants, one at least, quite
new to the establishment, and oddly
enough, every one of them had, to the
knowledge of every one else, been in
the room where the diamonds were
left between the moment when she
had known them to be safe and the
one when she had missed them.

Miss Blackthwaite had come from
the country ball wearily tired, quite
worn out, for she was a delicate little
creature, who could not bear as much
dancing as some women can, and had
undressed herself in a hurry and just
wrapped herself in her white night
gown, when the wind, which was
high that night, sent a sharp blast
through a window frame not over-
tightly set, and flung the curtain
with the candle. The consequence
was a conflagration on a small scale.
Miss Blackthwaite rushed out scream-
ing. Her brother and the servants
rushed in. Buckets of water were
thrown on the flames, and noise enough
made to shame a New York fire com-
pany of the olden time. Finally the
fire was extinguished, and the lady
returned to her pillow. In the morn-
ing her diamonds were gone. She re-
membered having put them in a cer-
tain box upon her dressing table, in-
tending to close and lock it before re-
tiring. She had not done so, for in
her terror she had forgotten all about
the jewels, and they had either been
lost or stolen.

It was 10 o'clock when she awoke,
and her window was wide open. But
it was too far from the ground for any
one to have obtained entrance in that
way. And at first Major Blackthwaite,
who would not suspect his servants
of dishonesty, declared that Ruth
must have had them in her hand
and put them down somewhere, or
that had been thrown upon the floor
by accident. Therefore, search was
made in the room itself, in all the
halls, in the Major's room, to which
his sister had first flown for aid, in
Miss Whitmore's, and, in fact, every-
where where there was any possibili-
ty of their having concealed them-
selves in that odd fashion which would
almost convince one that "inanimate
objects" could enjoy the anxiety and
tribulations of their possessors and
maliciously play hide and seek.

But, in this case, the missing ob-
jects were not found concealed in any
crack, or crevice, or under any rug,
or behind any heavy article of furni-
ture, or in any pocket, or lining, or
shoe. In fact, after a careful search
of three mortal days, it was deter-
mined that they were stolen. And, if
stolen, that one of the servants must
be the culprit. Therefore, Major
Blackthwaite walked into the kitchen
with a very solemn countenance and
called the servants about him.

"Good people," he said, "Miss
Blackthwaite has lost her diamonds.
You all know that we have made a
fair search, and they are not to be
found. They must be stolen and
though I hate to suspect my servants,
and I am as kind a master as you
know, I think, what am I to do? You
must all be searched—every one of
you—I make no exceptions. I shall
send for a constable and have the
matter investigated. I hope it will
prove your honesty; I sincerely hope
it, friends."

There was a dead silence when the
Major had done speaking, and faces
grew dark and angry, and teeth were
set, and eyes turned suspiciously upon
each other and when the Major had
left the kitchen the wrath broke into
a storm of spluttering Welsh.
Indignation reigned supreme.

"Cot! does hur think us thieves?"
yelled old John-ap-John, the coach-
man. "Search us—what does hur
mean!"

And the cook joined in, and the
butler; and the housemaid wept, and
the little knife-boy blubbered. Only
Peter Morgan sat without demonstra-
tion, beside the fire. Peter Morgan,
a stranger, who had come to help
about the stables within the past three
weeks.

"The master has a right to search
us if he likes," he said, "and we are
all in the same box, none worse hurt
than the other. If we're honest, why
what harm can come of it?"

And at that old John-ap-John broke
out furiously.

"Hur must be a thief, if hur don't
mind the name of one," he yelled. "It
never was gif to John-ap-John before."

And then the whole kitchen fell
foul of unhappy Peter Morgan and
abused him. Before the quarrel was
over the constables arrived.

The servants and their chests and
boxes were searched and nothing
found. But, then, no one would have
been fool enough to put the jewels
where they could find them after
stealing them. Suspicion was not less-
ened by the fact; it still lay heavy
upon the anxious men and women.

And they were very wretched under
it, for, besides the terror of a false ac-
cusation, a "good character" was im-
portant to them as a stock in trade,
and one upon whose honesty rested a
blemish could hardly find service
again. Therefore they were not dis-
pleased, but rather comforted by the
news that the Major was about to
"teal" the truth by Bible and key,
and that they were all summoned to
his presence for that purpose.

"It will come out," said old John-
ap-John. "Better confess before hur
has any more trouble."

And he looked at Peter Morgan.
Every one else looked at him too,
but they made nothing by that and
after such preparations that were
useful the little troop filed into the
parlor and stood before the Major,
Miss Blackthwaite and her friend.
And at once all eyes were riveted
upon a thick Bible corded about so as
to bind within its leaves a great iron
door key.

The Major was graver than before.
He arose and addressed the conclave
with an air that proved how much
importance he attached to the super-
stitious ceremony which was about to
be performed.

"My friends," he said, "we are
about to ask heaven to judge us. Let
the guilty confess and make restitu-
tion and I will treat him leniently—
there is yet time. I do not wish to
resort to harsh measures."
But no one spoke and the Major
took up the Bible.

"John-ap-John," he said, "clear
yourself first." And the old man
walked slowly toward his master.
Holding the Bible by the key he re-
peated the names of the three persons
of the Trinity, and called upon them
to witness to his perfect honesty.
And the key remained immovable,
and old John returned to his corner
angry still, but feeling he had proved
himself entirely above suspicion.

In turn his fellow-servants followed,
the women bursting into tears as they
retired, leaving the key still unturned
between the great Bible leaves. And
at last it came to Peter Morgan's turn.
The man came forward boldly
enough and took firm hold of the key.
Then he began to utter the sacred
names with which the asseveration of
his innocence commenced.

"God the Father—God the Son—"
But then before he could utter an-
other word, the key turned in the Bi-
ble—turned fairly around before all
those eyes which were riveted upon it
and the sacred book itself dropped
from Peter Morgan's hand.
"For all that, I never touched the
diamonds," he cried. But no one
there believed him. The test of the
Bible and the key was considered in-
fallible, and he was sent to prison to
await his trial.

It was proved that on the morning
after the loss of the diamonds, Peter
Morgan had gone over to the village,
where his mother lived, and not only

paid her rent, but bought her a red
cow, and that he would not tell whence
the money came. Now, pressed upon
the point, he declared that he had
sold a silver watch for it, but did not
like to say so, because it was an heir-
loom in the family, having been given
to his father by a rich man, whose
servant he had been. But he had
sold it to a traveling peddler, so that
the proof could not be given, and in
the end his guilt seemed quite estab-
lished, and he was doomed to "be
hanged by the neck until he was dead,"
upon the old gallows of Gwelt-town,
it being believed by all that at the
last moment he would make confes-
sion.

Miss Blackthwaite was much dis-
tressed, but she believed that when
once the key had turned all doubt of
Peter's guilt had vanished and that
her sympathy was thrown away.

As for the Major he would not have
interfered with the laws of his coun-
try had it been possible, and John-ap-
John and his fellow-servants thought
no fate too bad for one who had cast
so much suspicion upon them—and
the day drew near on which he was
to die, and only his poor old mother
came to the prison gates to weep, or
went frantically about to gain speech
with those who had power in their
hands and tell them that she was sure
of her Peter, and that he was the best
son who ever lived, and to beg them
on her bended knees to believe as she
did.

Peter Morgan was to be hung, and
clergymen were with him hourly and
confession was advised as a means of
atonement, and he was warned against
obstancy, but all in vain. No con-
fession fell from his lips. Instead he
said something which seemed blas-
phemy to those who heard it.

"I know the key turned in my
hand. But it wasn't God's doing,
Satan had a hand in it, for it told a
lie. I never saw the diamonds."
And in this mood the dreadful day
found him.

Peter's old mother came to him in
prison that day, and their parting
was a dreadful thing to see, but still
he said: "I am innocent!" and she
was taken away, and he marched,
with guards about him and his hands
bound, toward the awful spot where
he was to meet his fate, and the
clergyman whispered,

"Confess the truth, my son, and go
to Heaven washed from falsehood."

He answered:
"I have spoke the truth. I can say
nothing more."

And so they brought him to the
gallows—the old gallows of Gwelt-
town, brown with time, and not too
staunch or stout, where many a thief
and murderer had hung before. And
all the country were there to see—
for then it was considered a whole-
some sight for the populace—and
reserved seats were not sold to a few
curious for spicy horrors as they are
to-day even in our good city of New
York.

Men and women, and even children,
stood up at the gallows and gazed at
the figure mounting it.

Peter Morgan saw them and grew
hot with shame. To die such a death,
before so many, was worse than mere-
ly leaving the world, which had been
bright to him in his youth and
strength, and where his old mother
would starve, deserted by him.
Tears came into his eyes—for the
first time he trembled, and the cler-
gyman, seeing it, exhorted him once
more to tell where the diamonds were
and confess his guilt.

But Peter Morgan turned from him
and toward the faces lifted up ex-
pectant of his death struggles. From
time memorial a last dying speech
has been permitted to these doomed
to execution.

And knowing this, he spoke:
"Friends: I stand here a dying man
—and I die innocent. God hears me
and his Son. Let it be a warning to
all. The test of the Bible and key is
a cheat. It was tried and found me
guilty. I never touched the di-
amonds. I know no more of them
than the youngest baby here, I die
murdered."

Then he gave himself up to the
executioner and the clergyman—and
the black cap was drawn over his
eyes and a prayer was said, the signal
given and the drop fell.

Then occurred what seemed a mis-
chance. The gallows of Gwelt-town
was old and much decayed. The
victim was a heavy man. As he
swung off something gave way. In-
stead of being properly hanged, Peter
Morgan fell heavily to the ground,
stunned and bleeding, with bits of
rotten wood, and ropes, and loosened
nails scattered over him. The frag-
ments of a bird's nest—two young
birds, above which the mother bird
screamed and fluttered, and Miss
Blackthwaite's diamonds!

At the top of the old gallows, as all
Gwelt-town knew, had been for years
a magpie's nest, and the mother bird
had often picked crumbs from the sill
of Miss Blackthwaite's window. On

that morning, when she lay asleep
with her window open, the bird,
afflicted like all its race with what is
delicately called kleptomania, had
helped herself to the diamonds. The
magpie was the thief, not poor Peter
Morgan, whom they picked up alive
and carried home in triumph.

Some good people were a little
disappointed, but there was no hang-
ing in Gwelt-town that day. The
Major and his sister, of course, made
what reparation lay in their power—
and Peter Morgan started in life in
the way that best pleased him—and
his mother knew poverty no longer.

In course of time they grew rich,
and to-day the Morgans of Gwelt-
town ride in their carriage, and upon
its panels you may see their coat of
arms.

A magpie with a necklace in its
beak, and the motto.
"Hope, even under the gallows."

Uncle Silas Brown is very much
gratified over his election to the office
of School Commissioner in the town of
S— He asserted that when he
assumed the duties of his position he
intended to make his influence felt.
So no one was surprised at the first
meeting of the board to find him in
a pugnacious mood.

"I've heern lots o' complaints about
these parts," he said. "Now, there
ain't no excuse for this here state of
affairs. More'n enough to go round,
and our kids have got to have it. So
I move, Mr. Chairman, that this com-
mittee find out jest how many boys
an' gals there are in town, 'n' then
get enough eddication to supply 'em
all, whatever it costs. I'd like to
know whar we be if we hadn't got
our full share of it. Give the kids a
chance!"—Harper's Magazine for
March.

BUCK HAS SKINNED THEM.—Kan-
sas Judge—Jury show any signs up
for a verdict? That thar Buck
Thorn has held out agin the rest
about long enough.

Bailiff—They've reached it now,
yer Honor, an' they wish you'd come
in the jury-room an' hear it."

Judge—"What under the sun!
Why don't you bring 'em in here an'
let 'em speak for themselves?"

Bailiff—"Well, yer Honor,
they'd stood for 24 hours 'leven for
conviction an' Buck for acquittal.
Finally, to sorto settle it, he opened
up a little game uv poker, stakin' his
agreement agin their money. Buck
won an' it so proceeded till they
hadn't nuth'n left but their raiment.
Now, Buck's got the clothes, too, an'
refuses to let his property go out uv
the jury-room."

BREVITY AND LEVITY.—Just sup-
pose that Methuselah had been pos-
sessed of Jason Gould's ability!—In-
dianapolis Journal.

By the time a man realizes that he
is a fool, it is usually too late to
realize on his realization.—Exchange.

When a church will adjourn a
prayer meeting to go to an ice cream
festival it is time to have a revival.—
Rama Hoan.

Nothing is gained by waiting. If
one man does not make a fool of him-
self about a pretty woman, another
man will.—New Orleans Picayune.

"Gentle Spring" loses many of
its terrors when the system is fortified
by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
With multitudes, this wonderful tonic
alternative has long superseded all
other spring medicines, being every-
where recommended by physicians.

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the proper thing in a business suit this
spring?"
Robinson—"Something that cost \$28
and looks as though it cost \$3!"

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—F. F. McNulty, Hackman, 29 Summer st.,
Lowell, Mass.

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so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a few bottles
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Main st., Chillicothe, Ohio.

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