TO THE BITTER END.

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS; BY ADAIR WELCKER.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.—"Arden," an old man; "Mrs. Arden," his wife; "Lily Arden," his daughter; "Mrs. Stone;" "Josephine," niece of Mrs. Stone; "Mr. Bitworth Stone," son of Mrs. Stone; "Godfrey," lover of Josephine; "Blackwell," half servant, whole friend of Mrs. Stone; "Willie," a child of Lily Arden and Bitworth Stone; "Catherine," deserted wife of Blackwell; a detective, a minister, etc.

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ACT I.

SCENE 1.—A little garden in the rear of a neat but small cottage in San Francisco. The cottage L. C. in the background. A gate R. C. that opens upon a pathway that leads round to the front. A door C. opening into the back part of the house.

Lily and Josephine discovered.

Lily. Yes, Josephine, my kindest, dearest friend,
These hard misfortunes have come one by one
And settled here upon my father's house.
The first, and hardest, was my brother's death—
A cruel, cruel blow; for in his heart
Did nothing dwell but love. When last I saw thee
We little thought he'd take so soon the wings
Of Death, and fly away to heaven.
Josephine. Ah, Lily!
My poor, poor friend; my heart is bleeding for thee!
Lily. The burning fever first did scorch his brow;
Then sickness racked him with her cruel pains;
I hear him now, with his poor, piteous wail
Call out for help, in his delirium.
A soothing sleep at last drove off his pain,
And, while he slept, all stood around his bed,
With anxious faces, waiting till he waked.
At last he ope'd his eyes, and smiled on us,
And asked that we would raise him up, and then
He sang a hymn, and said good-by, and died.
Jos. Oh, Lily! Lily! I know 'tis hard—'tis very hard!
Lilly. And then did more misfortune follow on
The heels of this; my father lost his land—
Thus runs the tale forever down and downward.
Jos. Ah, what a demon is adversity,
That when he once hath seized upon a man
Will lead him to the death!
But, Lily, look you up, for when to-day
Is grown a yesterday, we smile at his
Misfortune.
Lily. But often will my memories fly
Back to my childhood's home, like swallows that still seek
Their nests torn down by cruel winter's storms.
Can I forget the old back stairs, where oft
My little brother's feet came, step by step?
The little room, where, watching his worn face that night,
We saw him die? And then there was a vine
Where all the birds of summer came to woo.
It was a honeysuckle vine; and oft
The sun's rays stealing came, through its soft leaves,
To wake me i' the morning.
[Bell rings at front of the house.
Who can it be?
Jos. My aunt here in her carriage,
To take me home. But list! Yes, 'tis her voice.
Mrs. Sto. [within.] This change to poverty has ta'en the life
From out their lazy limbs. [Rings again.]
Lily. My parents must have gone without, to take
Their evening walk; and they have locked the door.
I'll go round to the front. [Exit through the R. C.
Mrs. Sto. Ha, now! Not yet? But I will bring them up. [Rings violently.
Jos. I know not why it is; my aunt does seem
To have a strange dislike for my sweet friend,
And, turning from her, it does reach her parents.
[Enter through gate R. C. Mrs. Stone, Lily and Blackwell.
Mrs. Sto. Well, niece,
Did you grow tired while waiting for me here?
Jos. No, aunt. Here with my friend the fleeting hours
Were gilded o'er with golden happiness!
Mrs. Sto. A gentle friend, indeed! So sweet is she
That all the baby stars do press their faces
Against the windows in the vault of Heaven
To gaze down on her lovely innocence!
And I know one (thy cousin, Josephine),
Whose eye was captured by her innocence.
He listened to her soft and cooing words,
Which chased each other out her snowy throat
As soft and innocent as doves' notes are—
And all the world does know the dove does never coo
To win her charmed mate—'tis all for innocence.
Black. Hell's innocence.
Jos. The mind that does imagine guilt in others,
For that imagination often hath
A strong foundation resting in itself.
Mrs. Sto. Now stop thy magpie chattering; come,
To our home.
Jos. Good-bye, sweet Lily, 'till we meet again.
Mrs Sto. [aside to Blackwell.] A tender morsel 'tis of pleasure, when
We have a power that, wand like, we can wield
To make men tremble!—you make a waste of time—
Come, Josephine!
[Exeunt Mrs. Stone, Blackwell and Josephine, through gate R. C.
Lily. One hath a frowning face to wither smiles;
The other smiles—will they be withered?
[Exit through door C. into the house.
Enter through gate R. C. Mr. and Mrs. Arden, and they sit together on a bench L. under some trees.
Mrs. Ard. The little money that we still have left
Is going fast; soon will it all be gone—what then?
Ard. Ay, that I'd ask my wife; what then?
Mrs. Ard. I'll tell thee what: then will starvation come,
And cling upon us 'till the flesh is gone.
Ard. I've done my best to gain a livelihood;
From morn to night have wandered round these streets;
Asked oft for work, but did receive rebuffs,
And met cold looks, that silent insult bore;
My clothes jeered at; oft cut by former friends:
And when I asked out for a little work,
They took it as an impudence in me!
Ah! I have dragged through many a dreary day,
Until the heart did weary grow, and sick,
And 'till I wished to lay me down and die,
Like some poor dog, I've seen in i' the gutter!
But then the thought of thee, and of my child,
Came to my mind, and urged me on again;
And now, for this, you taunt me with the pain—
The poverty I've wrought—Oh! 'tis too much!
Mrs. Ard. I taunt thee? No! I cast no taunt at thee;
But, still, I think our daughter might have deigned
To drop her selfishness, and think of us,
Who, she perhaps may know, have given her being:
But, like a queen that hath ten million pounds,
She coldly did reject young Stone, her lover,
Because, forsooth, she thought she ne'er could love him!
Ard. All this is strange—I never heard of this!
And is it long that he hath wooed my daughter?
Mrs. Ard. As long as summer is, with winter placed behind it,
Hath he been woeing her beneath thy eyes.
Ard. I knew that, like another visitor,
A few short evenings had he spent with her.
Mrs. Ard. Why e'en as sure as came the night, of late,
This wooer came, and in our Lily's ear
Did whisper; but she rush barriers there;
Yet still he poured his soft words in her ear
Until the hour grew late, and the poor lights
Did grow a-weary guarding off the dark.
But she had not an answer for his love,
In all her pride and all her selfishness!
Ard. Oh, wife! let not these hard thoughts rise in thee.
Selfish, say you? A thought of selfishness
Ne'er dared to stray across her gentle heart!
And pride?—Oh, think not that, my wife! These hardships
That you now feel have left a bitterness
To ruffle up the smoothness of your thoughts.
Mrs. Ard. And he does give a golden reason for
His wooing!
Ard. And would you make a bargain of our child?
Oh no, my wife! I know, a year ago,
You had not thought of this; and soon again,
When better times have brightened up before us,
Your thoughts will take again their former course.
Mrs. Ard. Nay, but she must not drive kind fortune off,
That now does almost beg to do her favors.
But thus it is through all the length of life:
Fortune we use not when 'tis in our power,
And, when it has escaped, we rue its loss!
Enter Lily, through house-door C.
Tell me now, Lily, why like you not your wooer?
He has good looks; such looks had pleased me well,
When I was of your age; a manly form,
A gallant bearing, and a sparkling eye,
That speaks an unheard language, sweeter far
Than the soft-tongued nightingale could speak.
And he would give an ample fortune to thee.
Lily. I have a reason that I may not give;
A reason that would make me rather work
Until the flesh is worn from off these arms,
Before I would consent to be his bride!
Ard. Nor shall my darling, forced against her will,
Give up her hand to one she does not love,
While lives her father, with a breast so broad
That it may yet brave off life's beating storms!
[Exit Arden into the house, c.
Mrs. Ard. Again, I ask, why can you love him not?
Lily. And still, I say, I have a reason, mother,
That I would keep a prisoner in this brain,
'Till Death drawe back the bolts to let it free!
Mrs. Ard. But I'm thy mother, child; should not thy secrets
Be known to me, as well as to thyself?
Lily. Since mother, then, you still wish that I should
Give thee my secret: know that this man's mother,
Without a cause, hath so insulted me,
As never woman did since day dawned to me!
With cruel, bitter sneers, hid in a smile,
At first she did insinuate that I
Was but a poor, low wretch, that sought, with wily arts,
To steal away th' affections of her son,
Who, though I did look coldly on his wooing,
Hath still persisted in his ill-born suit.
Mrs. Ard. And I suppose that something she hath said,
Which, though her words no masked meanings bore,
Did so appear to your suspicious mind.
Lily. Ah, yes, my mother; they bore meanings sharp
As knives, with which they pierced me to the heart!
At times, when she did say some bitter thing,
She smiled the while, with that hard, chilling smile,
That speaks in every tongue; and all the while
Methought I saw young demons in her eyes;
Those eyes that blazed with fire new-brought from Hell!
Ah, no; I cannot ever marry him,
For then she'd smile upon my very dreams!
Mrs. Ard. If she's a woman; are you not another?
Poor, timid thing; I fain must pity thee;
Thou was not made for such a world as this;
A wicked world, that brings thee grievance.
Lily. I tell thee, mother, a bitter life's before me
If I do take his hand; none of life's joys
Will ever reach my heart; dark shadows only
Will fall from off the years that, like to trains
Of funerals, will slowly cross the heaven.
My days will be like nights of bitterness,
My nights like shrouded days.
There is a voice deep down within my heart
Proclaims this doom to me. Whether this be
A spirit, speaking with a voice from Heaven,
I know not; but I know the voice speaks truth.
Tell me now, mother,
Shall I surrender up my hand to him?
Mrs. Ard. I am too old, my child, to be deceived
By these thy foolish fancies; since you ask
For my opinion, in such rounded terms,
I say that, in thy place, I'd marry him.
Lily. Mother, it shall be done!
Mrs. Ard. Lily, say not
Hereafter, that I have advised thee to it.
I only say, that I would marry him. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—An open place in front of Mrs. Stone's house in Berkeley; the full moon rises over the hills.

Enter Godfrey, R.

Godfrey. Before the night came here was she to meet me;
Either some strange mischance hath fallen her,
Or else kind-hearted Night hath drawn her veil,
Before the time, to keep the hot rayed sun
From off her face. Now come the little stars;
Through every crack of heaven do they pour down
To catch a view of her o'er-lovely face!
But now she comes! I hear her steps
Making sweet music for th' enraptured air!

Enter Josephine, L.

Josephine. And did you think I would never come?
Godfrey. The hours did truly seem stretched out long,
I might have named them never; but since now
I see thee here, the evil of that time
Does serve but as a contrast to these moments,
That, like to sunbeams, frightened by the night,
Do swiftly flee away!
Josephine. I had been here,
But that some envious demon held me back,
Now placing this, now that, across my path!
Godfrey. 'Tis strange, then, that the mighty fairy legions
Sallied not forth to guard thee 'gainst this demon;
For I know that these fairies love thee well:—
I've seen them oft, wrapt in a cloak of sunbeams,
Coming, unknown to thee, to steal sweet kisses
From off thy rosy lips; at other times
Bearing the hue from off thy lovely cheek
To paint their home, the cloud-placed rainbow, with!
Josephine. You seem to be acquainted with these
Same tiny beings from another world.
'Tis only through the gate of midnight dreams,
Be it now known, that we may enter in
The fairy kingdom; so these compliments
Are fancies only, born within a dream.
Godfrey. Speak you of dreams, my lovely Josephine!
Then I'll tell you that has reality
Stamped on its face. You know I've loved you long;
Deny it not with those dark frowns; and yet
E'en they do well become thy gentle face;—
I've loved thee long, and well, and now I ask
A greater boon than all:—that hand of thine!
No answer now? Ah! in thine eye I see
The hard word "No" look forth; Oh banish it
From that sweet place, where heretofore
Kind smiles alone a dwelling had!
Josephine. Perhaps it was not there; or, if it was,
'Tis banished.
In answering thus, it may have seemed that I
Have been too soon in so surrendering
My hand to thee; if so, this my excuse—
Godfrey. You give excuse? no, no, 'twere better far
To crush the silly laws! Oh now is all
My happiness complete!
Josephine. And in the center of this happiness
I'm forced to tear myself away from you!
But blessings rest
Within the thought that we shall meet again!
Godfrey. Oh go not yet; the hour is not yet late!
Josephine. Nay, but the moon is sinking o'er the hill;
See how her poor, wan face, looks thin and pale.
I wonder hath she lost some one of those
Her myriad, star-browed children, that
She weeps while she majestically moves
Through night's blue heaven?
Godfrey. If she is weeping, then I'll pity her;
For while I feel the sweetness of thy love,
I cannot but feel that all the world is sad?
Josephine. The tide of night hath nearly reached the top;
Now I must tear myself away from thee!
These hours were stolen from underneath the eyes
Of one who harshly watches all my conduct.
Godfrey. Oh not yet, Josephine! the stars
That mark the minute places in the sky
Have not been three times rounded by the hand
Of stillness, that doth mark the hour of night!
Josephine. Were I to mark the hours upon this clock,
The morning light would guide me to my home.
Godfrey. The hours of time have shorter grown of late.
Josephine. Oh, Godfrey, would that I might yet remain!
But in this world is still a cruel fate,
And I must tear myself away from thee!
Good by, my love, good-by! [Exit Josphine, R.
Godfrey. Gone? And is she gone? Oh, evening breeze
Bear these my blessings after her. [Exit Godfrey, L.

Enter, L., Mrs. Stone and Blackwell, cautiously.

Mrs. Sto. You have already sworn an oath so strong
That it would bind the fleeting clouds together,
And tie the winds from north and east and south,
Until the earth did rest in drowsy stillness!
Black. Ay, I am bound to bind up in this brain
Your every word, and ev'n your smallest whisper.
If this be not enough, I'll swear again—
By all the stars of heaven, by earth, by sea, I swear—
Mrs. Sto. Nay, hush—
An' I had not a stronger hold on thee,
I would not give an unsubstantial shadow
For all thy oaths. But, now, let's to the business.
You know the father of my niece is dead?
Black. Of Josephine?—ay, dead.
As skeletons down in the deep dead sea!
Mrs. Sto. And more than this, you know her father had a fortune that—
Black. He lost in speculation.
Mrs. Sto. No; there's our point; he never lost a dime,
As most men did believe; but when at last
He lay upon the bed of death, he called
To me, and bade me bring him pen and ink;
Then, with his trembling hand he wrote his will,
And gave that will to me.
By its wording, I was executor:—
His property, which money was in bank,
In three days was to be drawn out by me,
And, till her twentieth year, in land invested.
Now, as you know, upon the Atlantic shore
Her father died.
Some relatives she still hath living there,
Of whom she knows not, nor shall ever know
While thought still hath a home within my brain.
Black. [aside.] There thoughts will dwell till Hell hath smoked it out!
But why hold out such secrecy o'er this?
Mrs Sto. Be not impatient; know you not that heaven
Has placed the sharpest thought in that same creature,
That on its belly o'er the earth creeps slowest?
Black. So you go on; upon your belly creep,
Or in that way that pleases you best.
Mrs. Sto. Then I would have you wed this Josephine
Black. Me wed the girl?
Mrs. Sto. You wed the girl?—methinks a mighty honor—
Black. Ay, honor, yes; but if 'tis but for honor,
Then, be it known, I am no marrying man.
Mrs. Sto. But if I add a small-sized fortune to it
Black. Ah, there you speak! my ear opes wide his door
To let that sound come tripping gayly in!
Mrs. Sto. Hark, then, to me: If you will marry her,
And take her off to some far-distant land
Where her kinsfolk can never hear of her,
Then you shall have a third of all her fortune.
Are you agreed?
Black. Am I agreed? Will you not give me more?
Mrs Sto. I'll see thee broiled upon a gridiron first!
Black. Then surely I'm agreed.
Mrs. Sto. Then thus it is
Arranged. This winter go we to New York;
There will you marry her, and take her off
To the Australian land: Then I'll come back
To this bright Western shore,
And while I do invent some pretty tales,
To please the ears of those few friends she hath,
Will gladly use the fortune which kind fate
Hath gently laid a down upon my lap.
Since now this business, of so great import
To you and me, is o'er, we may as well depart.
Black. Nay, not so quick. Am I to ne'er return,
With this sweet bride, to my own native land?
Mrs Sto. Not with thy bride. But if she dies out there
Of pestilence, or by the ague chill;
Or if, perchance, some repile taste her blood;
Or if some wild beast tear her limb from limb—
And of these dangers there are many there—
Then may you come back to your native land.
Black. Then you may see me roasted on a griddle,
Or turned to fodder for the Devil's mares!
I'll not accept such terms as you have made.
Mrs. Sto. Did you not say you would accept my terms?
Black. Did I, i' faith; then I will change them now.
Mrs. Sto. For twenty years you've served me as a friend—
Perhaps, at first, I did not think on this—
Considering, then, thy many years of service,
I'll make thy fortune half as great again.
Black. Now, like a stole I must perforce accept.
Mrs. Sto. Then is our business over. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A dining room in Mrs. Stone's house in Berkeley.

Enter Servants.

1st Serv't. How long will't be before they have turned
2d Serv't. From church? the time will be one hour.
3d Serv't. And that, by my arithmetic, will leave
Three hours for us to make the dinner ready.
1st Serv't [to servant girl.] You saw the marrying, Nell; how went it off?
Nell. How went it off? it went off as a hoarse
Over a precipice.
2d Serv't. I take you not:
You know, good Nell, your wit does shine so bright
That ours is blinded by it. Then tell us
How looked the bridegroom, and how looked the bride?
Nell. Nay, I'll not that; I'll tell how looked the bride,
And then how looked the bridegroom.
2d Serv't. As you will.
Nell. Ay, as I will; then listen now to me:—
When all were gone I hurried to the church,
And, as I entered in, wild echoes rushed
From out their hiding places—then, like fiends
Cried out to one another!
Then came the minister.
And they stood up: the bride like a sweet lily,
On which black night doth scowl with her dark face—
Ev'n then dark clouds of gloom did seem to rise
From out a saddened heart, to circle round
Her lovely snow-white brow!
And, all the while the minister did read,
The dreary winds, in deepest sorrow moaned;
Now loud and wildly moaning, 'till his voice
Was drowned: Then, when they ceased, we heard his voice again.
3d Serv't. Last night I woke about the midnight hour,
To hear wings fluttering in the darkened air,
And then I heard the howl of dogs without,
Come riding down upon the fearful gale!
I have not dared to speak of this before,
But now I speak, since cause for it is found.
1st Serv't. And I was waked from out a horrid dream
By that same sound; then trembled all the house.
Against the window pane each heavy blast
Led on the rain, and when the heavy gale
Dragged off a cloud, caught on the pointed moon,
By her dim light I saw, from cloud to cloud,
Strange white-faced spirits one another chase!
Nell. Ah, sadly do I fear me for this wedding!
[Roar of carriages.
But here they come!—then quickly to your posts!
[Exeunt, and end of First Act.

[Act II. next week.]

The Grangers.

MR. H. O Davries, Master, Patrons of Husbandry, of Maryland, says: I tried the wonderful remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, on a mare of mine, badly crippled, and a few applications restored her to soundness. I was attacked myself with rheumatism, so severe it was agony itself. Three applications of the great pain-cure completely cured me.

EVERYBODY is using, and everybody is recommending to everybody's friends, Brown's Iron Bitters as a reliable iron medicine, a true tonic.

SUNDAY EASY CHAIR.

No Unbelief.

There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the soil
And waits to see it push away the clod—
He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees, 'neath winter's field of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says "To-morrow," "The Unknown,"
"The Future," trusts that Power alone
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief;
And day by day, and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny—
God knoweth why!

Intellect has been called the starlight of the brain. Religion is the starlight of the soul.—[Russel.

Queen Caroline wrote with a diamond on the window of her palace: "Lord, make others great; keep me innocent."

Let your religion be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they do shine. A light-house sounds no drum, it beats no gong; yet, far over the waters, its friendly light is seen by the mariner.—[Spurgeon.

God never accepts a good inclination instead of a good action, where that action may be done; nay, so much the contrary, that if a good inclination be not seconded by a good action, the want of that action is so much the more criminal and inexcusable.—[South.

Practice to make God thy last thought at night when thou sleepest, and thy first thought in the morning when thou wakest; so shall thy fancy be sanctified in the night, and thy understanding be rectified in the day; so shall thy rest be peaceful and thy labors prosperous.—[Quarles.

We sorely complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are either spent in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.—[Seneca.

Every solitary kind action that is done, the world over, is working briskly in its sphere to restore the balance between right and wrong. Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence, or learning, and these three never converted anyone, unless they were kind also. The continual sense which a kind heart has of its own need of kindness keeps it humble. Perhaps an act of kindness never dies, but extends the invisible undulations of its influence over the breadth of centuries.—[F. W. Faber.

Remember that since all sin begins in thought, if your thoughts are safe then you are safe. "When our chalice is filled with holy oil, it will entertain none of the waters of bitterness." When the air is filled with sunlight there is no opportunity for deeds of darkness. When the soul has tasted of the bread of life, it cannot hunger for the stones of the wilderness. Where God is all to us, this world is nothing. If any of you have honestly tried as you think to encounter evil hand-to-hand, and have failed because it seemed to have you at a disadvantage, now try another and a better way: Try now to draw into some innocent and useful channel that life which gives to evil all its strength. The sure way to overcome the evil is to develop, and feed, and fortify the good.—[Canon Farrar.

The place honors not the man; 'tis the man who gives honor to the place. If a word spoken in its time is worth one piece of money, silence in its time is worth two. When wine enters the head the senses fly out. The camel desired horns and his ears were taken from him. Silence is the fence around wisdom. Rather be the tail among lions than the head among foxes. Truth is heavy, therefore few care to carry it. Descend a step in choosing the wife; ascend a step in choosing a friend. Commit a sin twice and it will not seem to thee a crime. Despise no man, and deem nothing impossible; every man hath his hour, and every thing its place. The best preacher is the heart; the best teacher is time; the best book is the world; the best friend is God. There is a great difference between one who can feel ashamed before his own soul, and one who is only ashamed before his fellowmen.—[From the Talmud.

Love is the very foundation of the divine nature, and to love devotedly is to see God. Love for another, when it is unalloyed with selfishness, when it seeks the good of the person loved, and is not appalled by the sacrifices involved, knows the very heart of God. Then a mother who loves her child has the vision of God? Certainly, in a degree. Through our mutual love we understand the love of God. The love of parents to their children is used to illustrate God's love for us. Love may go out in only one or two directions, while the main tendency of life is selfish; but if the love which goes out to one person becomes the ruling motive in all relations, there is as complete a vision of God as can be obtained in this world. Every one that loveth is born of God, for God is love. To love a little is to know God a little; to love much is to know God much; to love in many relations, to have love as the ruling motive, is to know God deeply and largely.—[Prof. George Harris.

"Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good." Aim at that which is good; cleave to that which is good; occupy your time with that which is good; fill your thoughts with that which is good, and the assaults of evil will have lost half their power. An earnest employment, a steady purpose in life, a diligent use of time—these are an irresistible panoply against vice, these strike out of the devil's hands his worst implements of temptation. You will remember that terrible touch in one of the Lord's eternest parables, about the evil spirit returning to the house whence he came out, and finding it "empty, swept and garnished;" then goeth he and taketh to himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there, and the last state of the man is worse than the first. What does that "empty, swept and garnished" mean? It means that if your heart is not preoccupied with good, it will be invaded by evil. O, beware of idleness in its every form; idle procrastinations, idle talk, idle habits, idle thoughts, these are the certain ruin of the soul. The laborer who stands idle in the market-place is ever ready to be hired in the devil's service. The worm of sin gnaws deepest into the idle heart. Preoccupy your heart with good; preoccupy your time with honest industry, and you are safe. Whatever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, of good report—if there be any virtue, any praise, think of these things. Evil can as little encroach on the domain of good as darkness can force its way into the circle of radiance which a lamp illings into the night.—[Canon Farrar.

INDIAN JUSTICE.—A gentleman, who formerly lived on the Klamath Indian reservation in Oregon, gives the Red Bluff *Cause* the following particulars of an Indian trial:

In the early part of 1882 one Indian on the reservation killed another Indian. The murder created intense excitement among the Indians. They were finally pacified upon being told by the agent in command of the reservation that he would see full justice done. The murderer was arrested. The question then arose, "How and by what Court is he to be tried?" The United States District Attorney was of the opinion that the case could not be tried in the State Courts of Oregon. Neither could he be tried in the United States Courts. The authorities at Washington finally decided that he must be tried by the Indians under their tribal laws and rules. Accordingly a Court was formed consisting of several of the chiefs. A jury of Indians was duly formed and sworn to try the case. Two of the most intelligent Indians acted as attorneys for the prosecution. Witnesses were sworn and examined, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty of murder. The death sentence was pronounced, and a gallows built by an Indian who had seen it done by white men, and the defendant was executed in the most approved style. The Indians, it seems, are permitted to try offenses committed by one Indian on another in their own Courts and according to the laws of the tribe.

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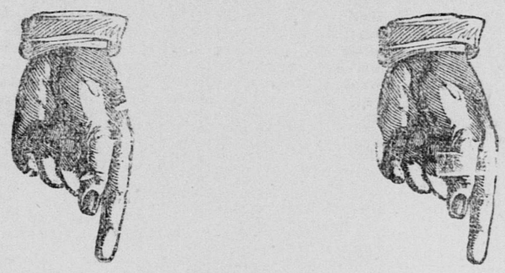

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—SUCH AS—
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We Believe All Combinations Are Against the Interests of Enterprising Merchants,

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