THE CLARION.

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Sometime.

Sometime you'll think of these Summer days,
Dreamily fading in purple haze.

Sometime, with a thrill of passionate pain,
You'll long for this sweetness over again.

Sometime you'll listen in silence lone,
For a glimpse of the light that was all your own.

Sometime, when the starlight is shining bright,
And the moon drops low in the Summer night.

2

You will watch for a gleaming figure fair,
With crimson cheek and rosebuds in its falling hair.

Sometime, in your dreaming, a little hand
Will linger in yours at love's sweet demand;

And gazing down in the luminous eyes
That speak for your life its paradise,

The light, the music and all delicious calm
Of this golden-crowned Summer will linger in your soul.

Oh, startling you will wakes to clasp but air,
And see but the fleeting footfall there.

Sometime you'll give all the wise world's lore
For one of these vanishing Summer days;

For just one leaf from the swaying bough—
Sometime you'll cheap it, ah! why not now.

For the imperishing light of the perfect days
Has flashed forever in mystic haze.

—Boston Transcript.

The Late Pryor M. Grant.

The late Pryor M. Grant was a man of such mark, that his death deserves more than a passing notice. He was born in Christian county, Kentucky, on the 4th of March, 1815, and died in Holmes county, Mississippi, in the 70th year of his age, leaving behind him a reputation as unsullied, as an honorable and upright life could make it. He removed to Columbus, Miss., in 1834, and his splendid personal qualities, talents and acquirements, won a high position for him at the bar of that city, which was distinguished for its eminence and ability. In his very early manhood he was persuaded to run for the office of Sheriff of Lowndes. At that day, as at present, the county officers were nominated by their respective parties, and this election occurred when the Democratic and Whig parties were in the hey-day of their strength. The lines were closely drawn, and Mr. Grant alone, of his Whig colleagues, was elected. He was what was known in Kentucky as a "Clay Whig," and adhered with a zeal which never flagged, the fortunes of the renowned Harry of the West. It was while in the discharge of the duties of this office, that S. S. Prentiss urgently solicited him to be his associate on the Congressional ticket. Mississippi was entitled to two Representatives, whom she elected from the State at large. Young Grant was not ambitious of political honors, and would have preferred the more lucrative position which he held, even if he had possessed the age prescribed by the Constitution for service in Congress. While he was still Sheriff of Lowndes, he contributed largely to the election of Hon. John Henderson to the United States Senate, and that gentleman, in a spirit of reciprocal kindness, secured for him the office of United States Marshal of the State, which he declined. Mr. Grant was retiring and modest in his intercourse with his fellowmen. His sensibilities were the most refined, but in his gentle bosom, he had the courage of a Norman lion. He was incapable of giving an insult; or of brooking an indignity. For some cause, not necessary to relate, he became about this period of his life, involved in a personal difficulty with the late Samuel F. Butterworth. It resulted in a duel, in which his antagonist was wounded. It was conducted upon the highest plane of knightly courage and propriety, but was nevertheless the occasion of most exaggerated comment by the New England newspaper editors, whose gross misrepresentations were publicly corrected by the late Hon. A. G. Brown, between whom and the deceased a warm personal friendship existed.

Except the office of Sheriff, Mr. Grant never filled a public position, and some years after retiring from it, he went to reside on his plantation in Coahoma county, to which he gave his close attention. While thus engaged the Judges of the High Court of Errors and Appeals tendered him the Clerkship of the Court, but he declined it.

The war wrecked him financially, but his brave spirit did not succumb. He readily undertook whatever his hand found to do; but his life was too far spent to recover the fortune he had lost. Disease at last bowed the manly form, and wasted the stalwart frame which encased his generous soul. To know him was to respect and love him. No man ever had a higher sense of honor; or was more acutely sensible of the proprieties of life; and nothing could tempt him from the path of truth and rectitude. His posterity should be prouder of such a record than if he had been crowned with the highest honors which his country affords. His deportment among his fellow-men was gentle, and even his voice was "low and sweetly toned" as a woman's. When the hour of death came, as it must come to all, his heroism rose superior to the terrors of the flesh, and his soul fled to its account, pure and stainless.

E. B.

The Local Option Law—Reply to "Democrat."

FRANKLIN COUNTY, Sept. 8.

EDITOR CLARION: I noticed in your issue of August 25th, the following invitation:

"Our space is available for the discussion of every question affecting the public welfare, and if communications are of reasonable length and to the point, they will be promptly published."

In the same issue I noticed a lengthy communication from Rosedale, Miss., signed "Democrat," claiming the so-called local option law to be unconstitutional and undemocratic, reflecting upon the humble body which passed it. I quote his language:

"Before you get this letter the election under the so-called local option law will be over in Hinds, and I, for one, as a constant reader of the Jackson papers, will be glad of it. A more unwise, undemocratic and in my opinion unconstitutional measure—notwithstanding the opinion of Judge Terral, affirming its constitutionality, which I see in last week's CLARION—was never passed by a Democratic Legislature or approved by a Democratic Governor."

Appreciating your invitation, and and with a knowledge of the fact that all gasses expand nearly alike for equal increments of heat, and that interchange of elements can only take place by the displacement of equivalent quantities of matter on either side, I proceed with as much brevity and point as possible to compare views with Mr. "Democrat" on this subject:

First. The Constitution of the United States secures to the people of every State thereof, the express right to make any law which does not conflict with the clause which says "Congress shall be the supreme law of the land."

Proof: The people of the several States, acting in their highest sovereign capacity as free and independent people adopted the Federal Constitution and established a form of government in the nature of a Confederate Republic, and for the purpose of carrying into effect the object for which it was formed, delegated to it certain rights enumerated in said Constitution, but *reserved* to the *States*, or to the *people thereof*, all the residuary power not delegated to the General Government by the Constitution nor prohibited to it by the people of the several States. This being a correct definition of the Constitution of the United States, embracing, as we see, that independence and religious liberty towards the people of the several States, which was first kindled by the eloquence of Patrick Henry, supported by the classic pens of Jay and Jefferson, purified by the philosophy of Franklin, and matured and reduced to practice by the wisdom of the immortal Washington, I do not see wherein the unconstitutionality of the law exists.

"It is undemocratic."

A majority of the members of both branches of the Legislature of this State are Democratic; they were elected by a majority of the Democratic voters of their several districts. The Governor was also elected by a majority of the Democratic voters of the State, and if the law passed both houses by a majority of each, and was signed by the Governor, the presumption is highly in favor of its being Democratic.

"It is unwise."

Wisdom and knowledge are not always one and the same. They often have no connection. Knowledge often dwells in minds replete with thoughts of other men. Wisdom in minds attentive to their own. I think you are hasty in coming to this conclusion from the fact, that as yet the result of the practical working of this law either to the political economists or the political leaders who are constantly striving for monopoly of power and wisdom, ever seeking a political hobby on which they can ride into the harbor of power on the current of popularity, regardless of the interests of the people; believing, as I do, that man is simply a man in proportion to the quantity and quality of his brain, and that he becomes deified in proportion to his possession of the attributes of the Deity, and as a rational and intelligent being, must exist in society—hence a knowledge of law and of the science of rights and wrongs aren ecessary for his well-being. Is there any provision in this law which has a deleterious or evil influence upon society?—in particular, the society of ladies and gentlemen of cultivated taste and refined intellects? The histories of all nations teach us that virtue and intelligence are the corner-stones of greatness to all people. Is not temperance a virtue and an attribute of the Deity?

I quote further: "I remember when I was at college in a Northern State in 1846 and 1847, the Abolitionists, as a distinct class, for they were not a party, were few comparatively. There were but two parties—the Whig and Democrat. Candidates for office, whether Whigs or Democrats, sometimes avowed themselves Abolitionists to get their votes. They claimed then, as prohibitionists do now, that it was purely a moral question—that politics had nothing to do with it. See the result. But a few years and the Republican party was born." Within these lines is a confession which very few honest members of the Democratic party are willing to make. I very well remember when I was at college in a Northern State, that the Abolitionists were as numerous as the mosquitoes in the Mississippi swamps or the blue coats in Grant's army at the battle of the Wilderness, although probably at that time, as a party, in the minority; and for a Democratic candidate, particularly a slaveholder, to avow himself in favor of the Abolition party, was very seldom indeed in the slaveholding States. The fact is, that party which had for its object the concentration in one mass of all the antagonistic elements of the North, in opposition to the extension of slavery into the territories, and to the admission of slave States into the Union, be it known by the name of Abolitionists, Radical or Republican, has long since succeeded in accomplishing the object it had in view, and is at present powerless throughout the solid Democratic South. Therefore, we have no fear to apprehend from its co-operation with the prohibitionists.

In conclusion, I would say that what we, the good people of the State mostly desire, is, first, a friendly and honest dealing with, and from the people of every State. Secondly, less law, whiskey and politics. Thirdly, more of the protoplastic elements of life. Respectfully yours,

C. HEGAN, M. D.

The Local Option Law—"Democrat" Endorsed.

EDITOR CLARION: As you have invited correspondence on the local option law, please allow me to say that I, in the main, endorse what "Democrat" says in a recent issue. The Legislature, or law-making power of the State, is vested in the Senate and House of Representatives with certain requisites, and I don't suppose there is a sound jurist in the world who will say the Legislature can legitimately transfer that power to one or more persons. I admit that certain officers and incorporations are properly invested with discretionary powers, all of which is totally different in spirit and letter from this law. If the people take no action the law is a dead letter. If they do act, a wrangling strife and sometimes bloodshed results, and in the end, a law may or may not, be enacted with penalties annexed by a means not only unauthorized by the Constitution, but never contemplated by its framers. If the Legislature has not the moral courage to prohibit the sale of intoxicants in the State, or in the counties upon a petition for it, then let it be left to the moral suasion like many other evils that curse the land.

I know it is rather late to be writing about this law, but do so with a hope that the peace and quiet of my own county as well as others, may be preserved by a word from one of the humblest citizens.

I never hide behind a fictitious name.

M. LYLE.

How She Flattened Him.

It was the noon-day car up Michigan avenue. It was hot. It was boiling, roasting hot. The driver had rivulets of perspiration running down his face as the sun hit him plumb-center, and the conductor mopped and groaned, and fingered the nickels with wet fingers in the shade of the rear platform. Opposite each other, on the last seats back, were a middle-aged woman who sat up as stiff as a poker and looked as cool as ice, and a corpulent, red-faced man, who unbuttoned coat and vest, and collar, and puffed away like a porpoise.

"Ever see the like?" he queried as he looked across at the woman and fanned himself with his hat.

She regarded him with a look of disdain.

"Never saw anything like it, even in the tropics!" he gasped.

Her glance this time was five degrees below zero.

"Awful—just positively awful! Another such day as this will use up a thousand people. You must be suffering, too."

She gave him a look hung all around with icicles, and then beckoned to the conductor.

"Sir," she said, as that official entered, "when did they remove the stove from this car?"

"Several weeks ago, madam."

"How reckless! Please close the window behind me, and do for mercy's sake keep that door shut. I'm just shivering with the cold and have no shawl with me."

Then she looked a whole big iceberg at the man opposite, shivered her shoulders two or three times, and cuddled down in the corner to keep warm. He looked at her for a minute in a dubious way, and then buttoned up coat and vest, jammed on his hat, and softly sneaked out and boosted himself upon the railing to finish his ride in the deepest silence.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Boundaries of Nature's Kingdoms.

In a lecture on "The Life of Minerals," which was published about a year ago, I tried to bring out a few principles which seem to assert themselves as each day's work contributes new facts and suggests new thoughts in science, and which seem to give a general direction to the labors of investigators. These principles were, in brief, that all the laws relating to the mineral kingdom are also applicable to the vegetable kingdom, which is, besides, governed by other laws special to it; all the laws of the vegetable kingdom are valid in the animal kingdom, and it has, besides, its own other special laws. One of the results of the progress of science has been gradually to make less distinct the lines that separate the three kingdoms from one another, so that we are led to the conclusion that the mineral kingdom is connected by successive degrees with the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and consequently the matter is one.

Hence the study of mineralogy, giving the word its real signification of a science applying to all unorganized bodies, ought to precede the study of botany and zoology, because it is the rational introduction to knowledge respecting the phenomena of Nature.—*M. J. Thouiet, in Popular Science Monthly.*

The Rev. Mr. B——, of Oregon has two little boys, Matthew and Johnny, who have been duly instructed as to the exceeding wickedness of swearing. But the seed seems to have fallen on stony ground, for, as their father was getting an armful of wood, he overheard on the other side of the woodpile the following conversation: "O, Johnny," said Matthew in a coaxing but somewhat awe-struck tone, "less swear." "Less!" cried little Johnny, courageously. There was a pause, during which Matthew appeared to be considering how to do it. Then he called out in furious accents, "I swear." "Tho do I," piped Johnny.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE best medical authorities acknowledge the value of Ayer's Cathartic Pills, and frequently prescribe their use with the utmost confidence, as the most efficacious remedy for diseases caused by derangements of the stomach, liver, and bowels.

"WHO is that lady Doofficker is walking with?" "His wife." "Think so." "I know it. "Don't you see he is smoking?"—*Chicago News.*

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Health in the Home.

The subject of public health and the best means of preventing disease have attracted much attention of late years, and columns upon columns have been given to the public through the medium of the press on this topic. This is a matter of cogratulation, for no question is of more vital importance to the world at large, and none deserve more earnest study. But it is also true that the great masses of the people take no precautions against disease.

The startling statement was made some time ago that half of the deaths in our large cities are due to preventable diseases. Admitting this to be true, the way to prevent these deaths is for every man and woman to take the best possible care of his or her human machinery, without which precaution all the city Boards of Health in our land will be unavailing.

It should be pretty well understood by this time that the body must have pure air, pure water, wholesome food, suitable clothing, sunshine, protection from special contagious diseases, and last, but not least, rest and recreation. Impure air is at the bottom of much more sickness than people generally believe, and it is the one desideratum of health that is the least controllable. The atmothere is always contaminated with dust containing minute germs which cause putrefaction and fermentation; and these, it is now asserted, cause nearly all the malarial and contagious diseases. Persons living in the country have little impure air to contend against, except in marshy places, but in the city foul streets and reeking gutters are very hot-beds for the development of these germs. Foul gasses, which make themselves known by their odors, work their worst results by causing people to close their windows, and as a consequence, to breathe bad air, which is a thousand times more destructive than is the most nauseating odor. The human machine requires a vast amount of air, and the poisons cast off by the human system are deadly, and if breathed over and over again, will very shortly impair the most robust constitution. The most insidious of noxious gasses is that which arises from sewers, and is almost impossible of detection because it is practically odorless. Many a serious case of fever or debilitated and broken down organism may be traced to a stationary washstand in a sleeping-room, or to a defective trap in a waste pipe. Care should be taken that all waste pipes be properly disinfected at frequent intervals, which may go far toward preserving the health of the family and save not only disease and death, but doctor's bills as well.

Again, people are careless about the cellars where they store food and vegetables in winter, from which fungi develop and spread through the house. Ninety-nine houses out of a hundred the cellar will be found damp and musty, and even in other well regulated households, in a shocking state of uncleanliness. It should have an asphalt floor; the walls should be whitewashed with lime, into which copperas had been introduced, at least twice a year, and it should be well ventilated.

The use of improper food, in hot weather especially, is a fruitful cause of disease. Too much meat and too few fruits and farinaceous foods are eaten; and, too, there is small doubt but that we eat too much, whatever the nature of the food. Meat three times a day is not only unnecessary, but absolutely harmful, especially in hot weather. That it is not essential to the production of strength is proved by the herculean work of the Roman soldiers who built such wonderful roads, meanwhile carrying a weight of armor that would crush the average farm hand, and who lived on coarse bread and sour wine. But they were temperate in both eating and drinking, and regular and constant in exercise. The Smyrna porter eats only fruit, bread and olives. Meat rarely or never enters into his bill of fare; yet he walks off with his load of 800 pounds. The coolie, fed on rice, is more active than the negro fed on fat meat. The heavy work of the world is not done by the biggest eaters, and the fastest and longest winded horse is not the sleekest. Moderation in diet and regular hours, and persistent exercise are the prerequisites for sound mental and physical health. This is a matter that is easily regulated by the housemother, at least so far as herself and her children are concerned; and the subject of diet and exercise is one she cannot afford to ignore, as it is the primary factor in the establishment and maintenance of vigorous health.

The question of a supply of pure water is not so easily settled. Well-to-do people, many of them, have spring water brought to their houses by the barrel, which is used for all culinary purposes; others drink only melted ice; others still put their trust in the filter, little imagining that the purest water may become defiled by passing through an imperfectly cleansed filter. Far safer than the most approved patent filter is the plan of boiling the water before using it. This means is within reach of the humblest dweller, and will rob contaminated water of its terrors.

A powerful agent in the preservation of health is sunlight. Let the carpets and upholstery fade, but don't shut the sunlight out of the home. It will not help the family to keep well in body, but it will make them happy, and thus less liable to contract contagious diseases. The power of the mind over matter is a conceded fact.

There is little doubt that overheating in summer and exposures to sudden changes in temperature lay the seeds of disease from which springs the misery of two-thirds of the women of to-day, especially those of the working class. Standing over a red-hot stove cooking or ironing, or elbow deep in steaming suds with the thermometer at 90 degrees in the shade, is a sore trial to the constitution of the most robust woman, and when it is undertaken by the wife and mother of a family it is little short of suicide. Her principal business during the hot season should be simply to exist with as much physical comfort as possible. Let her put the washing and ironing out; let her and her family take their dinners out; let her give her family light breakfast, and bread and milk and fruit suppers. They will be just as happy and far healthier if their diet be a little circumscribed; and when the frosts come the tired housekeeper will feel as though she had had a vacation. She will have had time for resting and reading, for catching up with the neglected sewing, and, best of all, for taking delightful little excursions into the parks or country with the children. It will pay.

Neat But Not Gaudy.

The following is a pretty model for a young lady's autumn dress: It is of plain indigo-blue cashmere, and the same material brocaded all over with very small bright yellow crescents. The bodice, which is quite close-fitting, of the plain cashmere, forms three small flat plaits on each side, while the centre part is of brocaded material, simulating a plastron or plain vest, buttoned with small round buttons of dark-blue passementerie and finished into a point. At the back the bodice is continued into a small puffed out postilion basque, which rests upon the draped tournure of the skirt. This skirt is of the dark blue cashmere draped diagonally in front, with tabs or panels of the brocaded material on each side, and a narrow fluting of the same showing just beyond the edge. The sleeves of the plain cashmere have, according to the new fashion, no facing or reyers of any kind in the lower part, but a peaked trimming of the brocaded tissue from the shoulder down nearly to the elbows.

When a man builds a cottage at a watering place, and fails to rent it for the summer at a few hundred dollars more than the lot and structure cost him, he thinks he has made a bad investment.—Norristown Herald.

In a garden in Calidonia, N. Y., a bed of flowers has been laid out twenty-two feet long, to represent a huge trout. The gills, fins and eyes are represented by different colored flowers.

Helps and Hindrances of a Town.

HELPS.

It is a well established principle that the people make the place, not its facilities for business. It is true that an energetic and prosperous people may be kept back by a lack of natural advantages, but this is not always the case. A thousand towns are kept in check by the greed and lack of public spirit of the people, where one is kept down by the location. Push and energy overcome all obstacles; greed and want of energy will kill the most prosperous locality. So a town is to be just what its citizens make it. If its land owners hold the lots so high that the manufactures are kept out, this will act as a weight to keep it down. If the citizens prefer to patronize merchants and mechanics of other places, that helps to keep the town down. What is wanted for the people is to be united as far as public good is concerned. Patronize each other as far as possible, any new enterprise—especially manufactures—give a warm greeting to a new settler, so far as may be in every thing that shall tend to the public good. If this policy is pursued a village will rapidly grow and become a thrifty town. If, on the contrary, the people refuse to aid every enterprise, unless they are to get a slice of the profit, look upon every arrival as a pigeon to be plucked, and patronize their neighbors only when they cannot do as well or better somewhere else, then a place will grow slowly if at all; its natural advantages will go to waste, and count for nothing in the question of prosperity.

HINDRANCES.

Oppose improvements. Run the town down to strangers. Sneer at its newspapers. Lengthen your face when a stranger talks of locating in it. If a man wants to buy your property charge him two prices. If he wants to buy anybody else's interfere and discourage him. Be particular to discredit the motives of public spirited men. Do not support the newspapers. Tell the editor how much better some other papers are. If you want to read the local journal borrow it of a neighbor, and after you have finished ask him what he wants to take such a measly sheet for. Run down other parts of the town than your own, and speak disparagingly of all the surrounding country, except such tracts as you are personally interested in. If you can't "beat" everything judge everybody else by yourself, and accuse them of doing it. Refuse to see the least merit in any scheme that does not directly benefit you. Should you happen to patronize a home journal, let the editor know you simply do it to help him along; never for a moment acknowledge to yourself nor to anybody else that a prosperous town was never built up, and never will be, without the aid of a local newspaper. Do your best to divide the town in factions, and keep one faction fighting another. By carefully following these rules a good, healthy "kicker," growler and obstructionist can do wonders toward keeping desirable people out of town, and disgusting public spirited ones in it so they will want to get away.—Pulaski (Tenn.) Democrat.

A Closet Shelf.

If there is anything that adds to one's comfort in an emergency, it is a closet shelf prepared for emergencies. That is clear. Accidents, nervousness, sudden pain, mid-night calls for help, parcels that want doing up, broken crockery or ornaments, all find a ready answer to their calls on this carefully prepared shelf. It is so easy to prepare and keep in order, can be small or large, as one decides to confine its contents to a few things or enlarge too many. I intend to give a list for the smallest one that I think it advisable for any one to keep, be she keeping house or boarding. First of all come the things that are to be ready for illness, sudden or otherwise: Camphor, for faintness, headache or a sudden attack of diarrhœa, although, for the latter, there is nothing equal to a tablespoonful of raw flour in a glass of cold water, to be taken in two doses, half an hour apart. A closely covered little box of raw flour is easily kept on the shelf, to be often renewed, lest it get musty. A small tin can of flour and mustard, mixed in equal parts, ready to make into paste for a mustard plaster, is to me a pleasanter arrangement for a hastily required mustard plaster than the "mustard leaves" ready at the drug stores. In a little box beside this can should be old linen and cotton rags for the other half of the plaster, as well as for cuts or bruises; also a strip of flannel a "finger" broad and three-quarters of a yard long, to put upon the outside of a cotton cloth, several times folded and wet in cold water, for a compress for a sore throat. Keep your case of court-plaster in this box of rags, and a spool of white linen thread, both conveniently near the necessary pair of small scissors.

Camphorated oil, which is best when made at home by dissolving camphor gum in warm olive oil until no more will dissolve, is invaluable for sore throats and chests or a cold on the lungs. Rub in well, and there will be no cold taken afterwards, as there is after the old-fashioned "goose grease." Vaseline is good for this purpose also, as well as for many others that every one knows about. There is nothing for chapped hands equal to glycerine and tincture of hydrastis, fifteen drops of the latter to an ounce of glycerine. Wash the hands in warm water thoroughly, and, before wiping, rub in a little or good deal of the mixture, according to the need.

Tannin, a dry greenish powder, is a great comfort where a sudden severe nosebleed occurs in the family. Once snuffing it up well into the nostrils generally ends the trouble. Tannin forms, with water, a good gargle for a sore throat, as it is a healing astringent. It is the best thing I know of for severe chafing, especially for infants. The effect is almost magical. On principle, my emergency shelf always holds olive oil, alcohol and ammonia. Hot summer days and headaches find me grateful for my bay rum bottle.

Judge Davis and the Railroad Lawyers.

Phocion Howard tells us a story illustrative of the late Judge David Davis' manner of dealing with the "technically" lawful. A railroad had been surveyed through Vermillion county some time before and had taken a deed for an innocent old chap's farm, giving him in payment for it a lot of stock which was represented to be of par value. The farmer afterward found that the stock was almost if not quite valueless and brought suit in the federal court to have the deed set aside and his farm returned to him. The case came before Judge Davis. The railroad company had two or three of the shrewdest attorneys to be had, while the plaintiff was represented by a green country lawyer. It was evident from the start that the defendant's lawyers would outgeneral the countryman at every turn, and so they did until the evidence was all in and the case submitted for decision.

"Gentlemen," said Judge Davis, "I am familiar with the laws governing this case and with all the statutes touching such cases, but I know of no law to prevent a railroad company from stealing a man's farm."

The agent of the defendant—a man named Griggs—whispered to one of his attorneys that it was all right. The attorneys looked at each other with confident winks and settled back to hear the decision in their favor.

"I know of no law to prevent a railroad company from stealing a man's farm," repeated Judge Davis, "but so long as I sit on this bench I will not permit them to keep it. Decision for plaintiff."

A MAN died recently at the age of ninety years, in an Indiana county asylum, whose son held a three thousand policy on his father's life, and had instructed the asylum people to telegraph him whenever the old man died, that he might be there in the necessary proofs of his death.—Chicago Tribune.

THE MASTER OF THE MINES!

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST ISSUE.)

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TRIAL.

It is not my intention to trouble the reader with chapters full of appeals *ad misericordiam*, or to pile up the agony in the manner of the expert manufacturer of sensational fiction; though, if I chose to do so, there is plenty of material ready to my hand. I have my doubts, perhaps, whether I am personally interesting enough to sway the sympathy of the tender-hearted, in the character of a man unjustly accused of the most horrible of human crimes. But the mere fact that I survive to write these lines is proof positive of one thing—that I was not hanged! So, on that score at least, the reader may be perfectly easy in his mind.

The assizes came on some six weeks after the date of the inquest, and in the interim I found that my darling did not fail to keep her word. A firm of solicitors, instructed by her, undertook my defense; and though I at first, out of motives of pride, declined their good offices, I was finally persuaded to accept them. Through their managing clerk, I more than once received kindly messages from Madeline; but not once did she appear upon the scene personally until the day of the trial came, when, on entering the dock, I saw her sitting by George Redruth's side in the crowded court.

My aunt and uncle were there, too—the latter so worn and changed that I should scarcely have recognized him; so was honest John Rudd, together with other old friends and acquaintances. But before the trial began, all those who were called as witnesses withdrew, George Redruth among the number. My darling remained in her place, close to my counsel and solicitors, in the well beneath the judge's seat; and more than once, in the course of the proceedings, I saw her whisper words of instruction and suggestion to my defenders.

Thinking it all over again now, in the quiet of these after-years, I am sure still, as I was sure then, that her face helped to save me. Its pathetic beauty and sympathy, I believe, touched the heart of the jury, and wrought wonders in my behalf. Even the judge, who had what is known as a "hanging" reputation, looked down upon her with eyes of favor.

Early in the course of the proceedings, I heard whispers among the crowd surrounding me. They were looking at Madeline, and some one was asking who she might be. A voice replied (how well I remember it, and how my pale face went red with proud surprise) that she was "the prisoner's sweetheart." Far away as I was then that idea to be from the simple truth, I looked at my darling with new feelings of love and gratitude, and almost forgot for a moment the great and impassable barrier between us.

After the speech for the prosecution, in which I was painted in vivid colors as a young man of violent habits, having a homicidal hatred to the murdered man, the first witnesses deposed to the finding of the body and to the marks of violence upon it. Then George Redruth described my last quarrel with Johnson, and my dismissal from the overseership of the mine. On this occasion, I fear, Redruth rather exaggerated than under-estimated the extent of my hostility; and when asked if he personally thought that the deceased had any reason to fear my violence, hesitated and answered that "he was afraid he had." I saw Madeline start and look appealingly at the witness, while a low murmur ran through the court. On the whole, Redruth's evidence, though given with a certain reluctance, was very hostile. I could not help feeling that it was none the less so because Madeline was seated there with my defenders, and working so zealously on my behalf.

My aunt next described my doings on the night of my departure from St. Gurlott's, and again admitted, as at the inquest, that I had been at a late hour in the neighborhood of the mine. Then my uncle entered the box. Ghastly and woe-begone, clad in his Sabbath clothes of black, he stood like a man dazed; not once turning his eyes in my direction. His evidence only corroborated that of my aunt; but unimportant as it was, he gave it with extreme reluctance.

After the prosecuting counsel was done with him, he was questioned by my own counsel, as follows:

"On the night of the murder you were at home with the prisoner?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you see him go out?"

"I disremember. I took naw note o't; and ma memory's failing me."

"Ah; you have been ill for some time?"

"Nawt just myself like, sir."

"Had you any reason to imagine that the prisoner bore any animosity to deceased? Did he ever in your hearing utter any threats against him?"

"Never, sir; nawt one ward."

"So far as you know, he had no cause to dislike deceased, beyond the fact that he had taken his place as overseer?"

I saw my uncle trembling violently; but his answer came clear and firm:

"Nawt as I knaws on, sir; and I knaw this, he ne'er meant to harm 'un."

"On the night in question did the prisoner show any agitation?"

"Naw, sir; tho' he were a bit put out at gawing awa' fro' home."

"Did he show on his person any signs of violence, as of a struggle?"

"Naw, sir; nawt he."

"That will do. You may stand down."

Still carefully averting his eyes from mine, my uncle left the box.

All that could be said was said in my defense. My witnesses to character included John Rudd and other local worthies; but all this testimony would have been of little avail without that which followed. To my intense surprise, Madeline herself entered the box as a witness on my side; and though what she had to say, was practically irrelevant, though it concerned chiefly my saving of her life from shipwreck, it worked wonders for me. Never shall I forget the thrill of joy that went through me as she said, in answer to a question:

"No one who knows the prisoner believes him capable of this or any crime. He is the bravest and truest man I have ever met."

It was at this point that the prosecuting counsel rose, and said, very suavely:

"Excuse me, Miss Graham—but you have a great interest in the prisoner?"

"A very great interest," replied Madeline, looking him calmly in the face.

"A *tender* interest, perhaps? Am I wrong in believing that there has been an engagement between you?"

I could have knocked the fellow down. Madeline went crimson, but recovering herself in a moment, quietly replied:

"That is not true. My engagement with Mr. Trelawney is one of gratitude to the man who saved my life at the risk of his own."

The counsel lost something by this passage of arms, and I gained much. Madeline's reply was greeted with the approval of the entire court. For myself, I felt all my being flooded with a great joy, which carried me along in a fearless mood till the end of the proceedings. After my darling's tender proclamation of her belief in my innocence, I cared not what other man or woman in the world might believe me guilty; or, indeed, what became of my life. I was justified in her sight, that was enough.

After a trial which lasted only the greater part of one day, the judge summed up—sternly enough, I thought—and the jury retired to consider their verdict. Now, for the first time during the proceedings, I realized my position. My life hung in the balance, and a few minutes would decide whether I was to live or die.

The jury returned into the box, and the judge also reappeared in his place. The foreman stood up, and replied, in answer to the clerk of the court's question whether I was guilty or not guilty:

"We are agreed that there is not sufficient evidence to convict the prisoner."

"That is no verdict at all," cried the judge, sharply. "You must decide one way or another—guilty or not guilty."

For a moment the foreman seemed dubious, and, stooping to his companions, spoke to them in a whisper. Then he said:

"Not guilty, my lord."

I was acquitted, but the manner of the acquittal was cruel enough, leaving it clear that the moral presumption was against me, though the evidence was inadequate. I did not quite realize this at the time, but I had bitter cause to remember it afterward.

A little later, I was standing, a free man, in the parlor of a small inn, whither I had been led by John Rudd, and where I found my aunt and uncle waiting for me. I cannot say that it was altogether a joyful meeting. The shadow of death seemed still upon us all. John Rudd alone was jubilant, and insisted on drinking healths all round. My uncle, usually an abstemious man, drank eagerly, but the drink, instead of cheering him, seemed to make him gloomier than ever.

It had been arranged that my aunt and uncle were to return in the wagon that evening with John Rudd, who had postponed the hour of his departure in order to await the result of the trial, and they urged me eagerly to accompany them. I was in no hurry, however, to return back to St. Gurlott's. My shame, so far as I was yet able to shape it, was to leave England, perhaps working out my passage to the colonies on some outward-bound vessel.

While we were sitting together, a waiting-girl beckoned me out; and following her into another room, I found Madeline waiting to speak to me. Directly our eyes met, she held out both her hands, and I took them eagerly in mine. Then, for the first time, my emotion mastered me; and, fairly sobbing, I almost sank upon my knees before her.

"I was right, you see," she said, tenderly. "I knew they would never condemn you."

"I owe my life to you," I answered, in a voice choked with tears.

She smiled sweetly, and shook her head.

"Even if it were so, it is only doing as I have been done by; but no one ever doubted your innocence from the first. And now, tell me, what are you going to do? Of course, you are returning to St. Gurlott's?"

"I cannot tell. God help me, I can hardly realize it all yet! It will never be the same place to me again."

"Suppose," she said, looking at me thoughtfully, "suppose I could persuade my cousin to reinstate you as overseer of the mine."

"He would never do that," I replied; "and even were he willing, it would be impossible. It is like you, it is like your heavenly goodness to think of it; but it is out of the question. I think there is but one course for me to adopt, and that is—to leave England."

"You must not!" she cried, quickly. "For all our sakes! for mine!"

"For your sake?" I returned.

"Yes, surely."

"You would wish me to stay?"

She looked embarrassed, but almost instantly replied:

"Yes. I should not like to think that you had been driven away. St. Gurlott's is your home—why should you quit it?"

I could not answer her. I could not speak to her again of my poverty, my want of foothold in the world. I could not remind her that all I owned for in England was her friendship and sweet companionship, which I knew, alas! could not long be mine. But as I looked into her face, and thought of the hopeless distance between us, there ran through my brain the words of the beautiful old song:

"Altho' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied,
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
Than aught in the world beside!"

After a little space she spoke again:

"Whether you return there or not, at least you will let me help you."

"Help me? Have you not done so—ah, far more than I deserve?"

"But I am rich, while you are poor."

"Not so poor as *that*," I answered, eagerly, "not so poor that I would take money even from your hand. Ah—do not ask me! To deny you anything gives me pain, but let me keep my independence—all that my ill-fortune has left me in the world."

"Promise me at least one thing."

"Yes."

"Not to depart from England without letting me know—without seeing me again."

"I'll promise that freely. Then you—you will permit me to see you once more?"

She smiled her answer. After a few more words, she held out her hand and said "Good-bye." I walked with her to the inn door.

"My cousin is waiting for me in the market-place," she said. "He is going to drive me back to Redruth House."

As she spoke, George Redruth himself appeared, turning the corner of the street in a high dog-cart driven by himself, and drawn by a pair of fine bays. He came up at a walk, and directly his eyes fell upon us, his face grew black as thunder.

He pulled up, while the groom sprung down and went to the horses' heads.

"I couldn't think where you'd got to!" he cried. "I have been waiting for the last half hour."

"I came to speak to Mr. Trelawney," replied Madeline, quietly, "and to congratulate him on his acquittal."

"So I heard. Well, we've a long drive before us, and it's time we were off."

He did not even look at me until just as I had assisted Madeline to her place by his side, when our eyes met, and I saw in his face an expression of merciless jealousy and hate. I knew then that he was mad at my escape—that, in his cold dislike and distrust of me, he would gladly have witnessed my condemnation to a miserable death.

"Good-bye, Mr. Trelawney!" cried Madeline, grasping my hand again. "Good-bye; and do not forget your promise."

A sharp cut of the whip started off the horses, and I had to draw back hastily to avoid the carriage-wheels. As they drove away, I saw her turn to her companion and address him—I fancied reproachfully. I stood dazed, watching them until they disappeared.

An hour or so later, my uncle and my aunt went away in the wagon, under the escort of John Rudd. I promised to follow them home in a day or two, and the meantime to look about for some kind of employment. So I remained in Falmouth for several days.

What was I to do? The future was dark before me, and I was altogether at a loss how to act. My only practical knowledge, as a man of business, was connected with copper-mining; beyond that I knew nothing. However, I was fairly educated, and quite ready to turn my hand to anything. I searched the newspapers. Finding a clerkship vacant in a mine somewhere in South Wales, I wrote for it—only to find that my misfortune had preceded me, and that the owners refused to employ a man who had just been accused of murder. The same fate dogged me in every quarter. To my horror, I at last realized the fact that although I was free, I had been acquitted under such circumstances as left undestroyed the black presumption of my guilt.

I saw no hope now, save in speedy departure from England. I would cross the seas under an assumed name, and begin a new life in a new world. A new life? Alas! every fine fiber of my nature was bound to the old life and the old land. In quitting England, I must quit Madeline, I must part forever with the only being who had made my wretched lot endurable, and whom I still dared to love with all the passion of my soul.

I was mooning one day on the seashore, close to the quay, when a hand was placed on my shoulder, and, looking up, I saw the kindly face of my old friend the carrier.

"Back again, John?" I said, taking his great hand in mine.

"Iss, Measter Hugh; I comed in late last night."

"How are all at home?"

"Middling, middling. The awld man be quiter deep into auvers, and the trouble about Miss Annie ha' turned his head. But that's what I want to speak on. I ha' seen her—she be here, in Falmouth, Measter Hugh."

"*She?* Do you mean my cousin Annie?"

"Sartinly. I saw her last night wi' my awn two eyes, and I misdoubt she's in trouble."

Then the good fellow, with tears standing in his eyes, told me that late on the previous evening he had caught sight of my cousin in the poorest part of the town, close to the stables where he put up his horse. She was wretchedly attired and looked worn and ill, as if she had just risen from a bed of sickness. His first impulse was to speak to her; but finding that he was unseen and unrecognized, he chose rather to follow her; which he did, and tracked her to a poor lodging in a neighborhood of very doubtful reputation.

Remembering my last meeting with Annie, and how I had found her surrounded by all the indications of comfort and even luxury, I was stupefied. What had happened, and why had she come to Falmouth? On these points John Rudd could give me no information. All he could say was that he had seen her, and was quite certain of her identity.

My