

HE MADE THE GRAVE BLOOM

RUSE OF AN OHIO LAWYER TO SAVE THE LIFE OF A CLIENT.

Effective climax to the conduct of a Murder Case in which the Accused, a Handsome Negro, was Impelled Because a Word Sprung Tainted the Jury.

The spring of 1871, said the man of experience, "there came into Clermont county, Ohio, from the eastern mountains of Kentucky, a colored family by the name of Turner. This family was of ancient proportions, numerous, and consisted of William, the father, Susan, his wife, and seven children. The Turners were not destitute by any means. The first thing they did after striking Ohio soil was to invest their savings in a small farm situated near Lindale, a rambling village, in the central part of the county, and then they backed down to hard manual work.

When the Turner first settled in that extensive neighborhood the colored people already gathered there treated them with the contemptuous disdain darkies north of the Ohio River invariably assumed in those days toward their brethren migrating from the promised-land to hard manual work.

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body else, was interested in the girl, but facts are facts and cannot be gainsaid.

"But what are these facts?" I asked. "What is the proof to which you allude?"

"The justice bent his tall, lanky figure forward into a bowknot shape and said mysteriously: 'The grave itself is all the proof needed. There is not a spear of grass to be seen there. The graveyard is green now in every other direction, with the fresh, hot earth of the graves. Even newly-made graves are sending forth a few sprouts of green. The only barren spot is the grave of the girl, Belle Turner's grave. Not the tiniest blade of grass is to be seen there. You know what that means. Only the grave of a murdered person fails to grow at least scattering shoots of green.'

"I wheeled round in my chair and was looked at the man in astonishment. It is to that moment I had not supposed that there was a man or woman in civilized lands who pinned his faith to that old-time superstition. But when I remembered the strange mixture of races and consequent inexplicable fanaticisms of the country I ceased to marvel at Squire Temple's earnestness when making this disclosure in the open mound.

"In this regard circulated pretty generally down your way?" I asked. "It is on everybody's tongue. Under those peculiar circumstances it is necessary to believe the Turner's story before the next Grand Jury. It grieves me to do this, but personal inclination must not be allowed to interfere with official duty."

"Temple left me soon after unburdening himself of this heroic sentiment. When Kain came in with the latest news from the back country districts.

"Merrill fathers!" he cried, "with nothing else to raise the people's mind out of the darkness of the middle ages into the enlightenment of the nineteenth century! A bit of circumstantial evidence based on superstition often works wonders in the minds of ignorant people. I really fear the poor girl is done for."

"Squire Temple was as good as his word. When the Grand Jury met the following week Belle Turner was the first person it ordered to be tried upon the regular program. On May 20, this was a heavy blow to William Turner. Doctors, hatters and undertakers' charges had become so heavy that the poor man had nothing left with which to pay for the defense of his daughter. Kain, however, had taken a keen interest in the case from the beginning, and acting on one of the generous impulses common to him he had arranged to change the girl's cause for humanity's sake, alone. When the affair was brought into court Kain endeavored to exercise his right of appeal in the selection of a jury, but with all his cautiousness he said grave doubts as to the outcome of the trial.

"Every mother's son of them," he said, "has heard that story about the grassless grave, and level-headed though most of them are, they are not so general as they seem to be. I doubt that they are saturated with superstition in regard to that one girl's case, but I am sure that they are firmly rooted in this community."

"As the trial proceeded Kain became more and more fearful that the girl would be convicted, not on the strength of positive or logical evidence, of which there was but little, but because of that bit of absurd superstition, the day shortly before the close of the trial Kain came to me with a solemnly hatched face, grave and solemn with serious resolve.

"Do you know, Jackson," he said, "I've been thinking this matter over and I am positive that the girl, if we can help to save my client is to resort to a sort of homopoeitic remedy. If an innocent person is about to be convicted of a crime, simply because the jury is prejudiced against her, it is in the unproductive soil which is too poor to bear even a blade of grass, do you not suppose that if we could get the jury to believe that justice would make that grave bloom out like a garden in one short night, or two or three nights at the rate, in order that they might be indicted?"

THE RUBAIYAT OF DOBLEY.

A SPRING POEM WITH A STING IN THE END OF IT.

He Hopes to Be an Omar Khayyam Ten Centuries Hence and in the Meantime to Set His New Club to Thinking and to Collect Some Money Due Him From a Friend.

"Freshington," said Dobley, "invites you to join an Omar Khayyam Club that he is organizing. Only the grave of a murdered person fails to grow at least scattering shoots of green."

"What is it all about?" asked Mrs. Dobley, looking up from her embroidery.

"Why, this 'Rubaiyat' of Omar Khayyam that is such a fad just now," explained Dobley. "It's one of those vague mystical cults that people are running so much of late."

"But what is it?" asked Mrs. Dobley carefully, stitching the seeds in a strawberry of the poem.

"Why, a club for the discussion of the poem. The idea is to get all the hidden meanings and find out just what Omar was getting at."

"Omar who?" asked Mrs. Dobley.

"Why Omar Khayyam, of course," said Dobley. "Who on earth was he?"

"It is possible," said Dobley, throwing all the reproach he could into his voice, "that while the whole literary world is vibrating with this poem you do not know about it."

"Now you know quite well," said Mrs. Dobley, "that I have been too busy getting new things made to give even a thought to such subjects. I'll join the club if you wish, but please tell me about it first."

"My only objection to joining the club," said Dobley, "would be to give me ideas upon the subject of Omar. While he lived in the eleventh century he was a perfect type of what is known today as a pipe-dreamer. Pipe-dreamers live in a world of their own and are united by a subtle bond of sympathy which they live in the eleventh or the nineteenth century. Omar's poem is so full of such a bond of sympathy that it is almost impossible to translate it. Then it came to me that I would like to have a club of Omar's pipe-dreamers, and I have started it. They are very pretty as well as strange, and I think you will like to join them. They are very pretty as well as strange, and I think you will like to join them."

SHANTY BOYS OF THE NORTH WOODS.

Some Features of the Logging Business in the Adirondack Region.

The heavy snowfall, which filled the Adirondack woods with six foot drifts insured good "slidding" in the forest until the May flowers bloom in the clearings, brought joy and contentment not only to the counting rooms of the lumber kings of this northern country, but to hundreds of humble cabins in the backwoods neighborhoods and mill settlements where the shanty boys are living for their large and heavy families in lumber camps, sawmills, or timber yards, for plenty of snow for hauling the winter's cut of logs to the Adirondack rivers and for furnishing freshets later on to float them down to the great sawmills, waiting their coming, means plenty and prosperity, alike to the mill owners and their men.

As to the prevailing high prices for building material, lumbering operations were conducted the past fall and winter in the Adirondack country on an uncommonly large scale, and by Christmas time, when most of the "shanty boys" go out to settlements to renew their acquaintance with civilized life, the skiways around the hundreds of lumber camps were piled high with great spruce and hemlock logs, ready to be shipped to the mill, and the shanty boys were waiting for their large and heavy families in lumber camps, sawmills, or timber yards, for plenty of snow for hauling the winter's cut of logs to the Adirondack rivers and for furnishing freshets later on to float them down to the great sawmills, waiting their coming, means plenty and prosperity, alike to the mill owners and their men.

After a short "run of sleighing" along in January which did not permit the great sleds to haul one quarter of the logs to their destinations, the big teams came into the sawmills, and the shanty boys were waiting for their large and heavy families in lumber camps, sawmills, or timber yards, for plenty of snow for hauling the winter's cut of logs to the Adirondack rivers and for furnishing freshets later on to float them down to the great sawmills, waiting their coming, means plenty and prosperity, alike to the mill owners and their men.

"Words cannot tell what I suffered for thirteen years with uterine trouble and dragging-down pains through my hips and back," writes Mrs. John Dickson, of Grenfell, Assiniboia Dist., N. W. Ter. "I can't describe the misery it was to be on my feet long at a time. I could not eat or sleep. Often I wished to die. Then I saw Dr. Pierce's medicine advertised and thought I would try them. Had not taken one bottle till I was feeling well. After using four bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' I am now well. I am the mother of two children. With the first child I suffered twenty-eight hours, and with the second I used your medicine and was sick only three hours. I believe Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to be the best medicine in the world for suffering females. I wish you great success, and hope that God will bless you in your noble work."

"Words cannot express how grateful I am for your kind advice and your 'Favorite Prescription,'" writes Mrs. D. B. Barricks, of Perrows, Campbell Co., Va. "I feel that it has cured me. I had been in poor health for four years. Suffered greatly with my right side, also with bearing-down pains, and my nerves were in a dreadful state. After using four bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' I am now well. I am the mother of two children. With the first child I suffered twenty-eight hours, and with the second I used your medicine and was sick only three hours. I believe Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to be the best medicine in the world for suffering females. I wish you great success, and hope that God will bless you in your noble work."

"There is no alcohol in 'Favorite Prescription' and it is entirely free from opium, cocaine and other narcotics.



WHEN LOVE INTINES

The woman follows the man of her choice though the path leads out of Eden into a world untrodden and untried. What is her reward? Many a time when her health is broken by the burdens she has borne for the man's sake, her reward is to see him turn from her to seek rosier cheeks and brighter eyes. It is man's nature to crave beauty in the wife as in the maid. And what woman is there, who would not be happy to keep her maiden bloom when motherhood has crowned her wifely happiness? Some women seem to have found this secret of perpetual youth. "Age cannot with them." They have learned that fairness of face and form depend upon the health, and that the general health depends upon the local womanly health. They establish regularity of the periods. They dry the disagreeable drains which draw the luster from the eyes and the vermilion from the lips as well as sap the body's strength. They quench the internal fires of inflammation in which the very elements of beauty are consumed. They heal the ulcer which gnaws into the very life. They walk the world as wonders—women exempt from the sacrifice to love. How have they done this? By the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which makes weak women strong and sick women well. It matters not how weak the woman is, or how sick she is, "Favorite Prescription" will cure the womanly ills that vex her; will round out the sunken curves of her form, put light in her eyes, tint her cheeks with health's carnation, and make her a glad and happy woman. Hundreds of thousands of women testify to the truth of these statements. Let every ailing woman read the two testimonials given below and remember that these two women speak for more than half a million other women cured by the skill of Dr. Pierce and by the use of his "Favorite Prescription."

INDESCRIBABLE MISERY. GRATEFUL BEYOND WORDS.

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DO IT TO-DAY. If you are slok you are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter free of charge, and so obtain the advice and help of one of the foremost specialists in the treatment and cure of women's diseases. All correspondence private. Address Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y. DO IT TO-DAY.

SHAVED OTHERS ONLY IN WINTER. THE SIXTH WARD "ROOST." AMERICAN POCKETKNIVES.

WASHINGTON, April 21. New Yorkers who go to Coney Island every summer think they know where the froaks and exhibits come from. But they do not know that every spring there is an exodus from the towns and cities of other States of individuals, who, during the winter, are not froaks until the season opens at Coney Island.

One of the best-known landmarks in that old part of the city on the West Side, still known as Greenwell Village, will soon be demolished. It is a little history in West Fourth street, opposite Van Nest place, dubbed "The Roost," and the collection of paintings, statuary and curios made by the owners is to be sold so that the estate may be settled.

Private Peley's Legal Heir. WASHINGTON, April 17.—An Irish soldier has had two inches added to his height of age, and so on. The best pocketknives have hand-forged blades. Great use is made of pocketknives in Europe, where the industry has been long established and the number of the old-line makers is steadily increasing. The pocketknives of English make that have been made continuously under the same name for more than a hundred years, the making of such knives in this country is something comparatively modern. The American pocketknives are made in England and Germany, and the best of the world, not just the equal, in quality, style and finish of any produced anywhere.

"If you see it in 'The Sun,' it's no." This is usually as true of an advertisement as of a news or editorial statement.

Distanced by Civilization. From the Morning Oregonian. He a dog that followed one of the stage-farmer's pack, and was the only horse spoken of in the subject.

Enough of course, said Mrs. Dobley, "Why, simply because it wouldn't rhyme." "Well, why don't you make the other thing rhyme?" asked Mrs. Dobley. "It's too beautiful as it is," exclaimed Mr. Dobley.

Quick Divorce and Marriage for Four. From the Cleveland Leader. BOWLING GREEN, Ohio, April 16. The singular spectacle of a husband and his prospective children, Billie and her mother, were married by a justice of the peace in this town today.

Whistle Sixty-five Miles Long. From the Milwaukee Sentinel. An old incident occurred on the Chicago and Highland Park, Ill. As the engine of the train whistled the valve broke, and he was unable to shut off the steam from the whistle.

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