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In the Senatorial main in the New
York Legislature, it is said, although
the gamecock from Maine, alias the
Plumed Knight, was not in the fight,
yet it is now given out that Hancock
won.—Frankfort Capitol.

HELEN LAKEMAN;
—OR—
The Story of a Young Girl's Strug-
gle With Adversity.
BY JOHN R. MURKIN.
ACTION OF "THE BAKER OF BRADFORD,"
"WALTER HONFIELD," ETC.
[Copyright, 1886, by A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co.]

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.
"It's all a lie," said Pete, "it's every
bit of it a lie, made out of whole cloth,
and shabby goods at that."
"Is she really in jail, and have you
seen her?" asked Warren, anxiously.
Pete explained that he had been on a
trading tour, and had not seen Helen
since he left her at Arnold's, but he had
the strongest faith in her innocence, and
knew that he could convince Squire
Bluffers in three minutes.

"The trial comes off to-day," said
Pete, "and of that blasted train were
on time we could make it before it be-
gins."
"Yes, and it may be over, and she
committed before we get there," said
Warren.
"That's so; but all we can do is
wait."
"Why was it behind time on this
morning?" said Warren. "Can we not
walk there?"
"No; not here a carriage that'll take
us any sooner than the train, of it
comes even at one o'clock."
Warren went out on the depot plat-
form and began walking back and
forth the full length of it. Pete per-
suaded him to eat some breakfast, but
it was a small amount, and then he
continued walking up and down the
platform, while his whole soul seemed
on fire at the delay.

CHAPTER XXII.
THE NEXT MORNING Helen Lakeman's trial
approached, the less chance there
seemed to be of proving her innocence.
There were so many corroborating cir-
cumstances to fasten the guilt upon her.
But, strange to say, a revelation had
come. Public sentiment, as to the belief
in her guilt, was just the same, but she
was gaining sympathy every day. The
weekly Newton papers, for Newton,
like all other Western towns, had two
newspapers with an average good
subscription of four hundred each—had
two columns, and several "squibs,"
devoted to larceny.

One headed the column of his article
"A Pity," and the other had "Shame"
as the catch line. The pity was for the
girl, and the shame was that she should
be forced to stand for herself and
little Amos. The two papers
were the Newton *Republicans* and the
Newton *Democrat*, both political sheets,
whose main idea was to carry the
county for their party in order to get
the public printing, which is the life-
blood of many a country newspaper.
Both seemed to sympathize, for one, on
the one hand, for sympathy for the poor
girl, even to suggesting a pardon,
should be completed. This set people
to talking. Many who had known
her formerly, and knew what a sweet,
patient girl she had been; how she had
borne her misfortunes—declared she
ought to be acquitted, even if she were
guilty. Of course, the judge
Arnold never would have made such
a blunder as that.

About three days before the trial,
Clarence had sought in vain for
his brother's address, went to Newton
to consult the lawyer, Mr. Layman.
His father had grown more kindly to-
ward the girl, though he still regarded
her as a thief, but he was only syn-
pathy. He knew she must be guilty.
Clarence saw Mr. Layman and talked
with him about the case. That gentle-
man had little hope, save the strong
sympathy for his client. He went to
see Helen to offer some words of conso-
lation, and found her much more sad
and dejected than at first.

"Have you seen my little brother?"
were almost the first words she uttered.
"No, Helen, I declare I was so busy
about you, that I forgot Amos, but I
guess he's all right."
"He's at the poor-house," she said.
"What! in the hands of that scoundrel,
Bill Jones? It can not be."
"He's confined here, and he was there,
and very ill. The waiting he got the evening
before her arrest had resulted in a
dangerous fever."
Clarence vowed he should be taken
home that night, and in a hour was rat-
tling away to the poor-house. When
he reached the front gate, a miserable,
cotton, tumble-down affair, he was
accused by Bill Jones, the keeper, a
pigeon in his mouth, and his hands in
his pockets.

"What do you want here, Clarence?"
he demanded.
"I came here for the little sick boy,"
Clarence answered.
"Which?"
"Amos Lakeman."
"Who've you got your orders from?"
"From Heaven," answered Clarence,
hitching his horse, and pushing on
through the gate past the burly keeper.
"You'd better show your writin'."
"Where is he?" demanded Clarence.
At this moment simple Nauey, with
his hideous goggle, arose from behind
a tree, and said:
"This way, this way."
He followed the woman to an
old, dark, miserable and dirty
room, on a wretched bed, lay the
wretched form of little Amos. His
features were near him, but he would
never need them again. He was about
to take wings to the land of eternal
day, where sorrow and suffering are
unknown.

Clarence was a strong youth, and
demanded it weakness to weep, yet he
could not repress his tears at this sight
of misery.
"Amos, my dear little boy," he said,
"I have come to take you home with
me. Do you want to go?"
It was with an effort, the little fellow
said: "Yes—yes, it's so nice there,
The angels will come to me there, and
I'm goin' to die soon. They'll never

come to take me to Heaven if I die
here."
"You shall go at once," said Claren-
ce.
"Well, we'll see," cried Bill Jones,
with an oath. He stood in the door,
his fists clenched. The timid paupers
fled at the first indications of hostil-
ties.
Clarence was rash and indiscreet in
this, as he showed himself to be in all
other things. At a bound he struck the
ruffian, Jones, a blow in the mouth,
which felled him to the ground. Jones
was hardly prepared for such an attack,
and learned to his cost the power of
that Herculean arm.

Seeing the frightened child, Claren-
ce bore him to the buggy, sprang in
and drove off, leaving Bill Jones to
wonder whether a thunder-bolt, or fall-
ing mortar had struck him.

CLARENCE RESCUES AMOS.
The little sufferer made no complaint
on the road, though at times his pain
was excruciating. Rose and her
mother met Clarence, who bore the
sick child in his arms. The cleanest,
whitest sheets, the softest bed and pil-
lows were prepared for him.

Little Amos was too much exhausted
to speak his gratitude, but from his
pale face, and sad eyes, came the ex-
pressions of thanks. A smile spread
over the wasted features, worn by suf-
fering, and he whispered:
"They come here now—they'll come
again."
"Who will come, little dear?" asked
Mrs. Stuart.
"The angels—they come to me before
when I was here, and now, when I die,
they will find me, because you are good
here, so good."
"You will not die now, Amos, you
must get well again, and be happy and
hear the birds sing, and watch the
lamb's play in the pasture, as you used
to do."
"No," said Amos, "I will never be
well again here, but oh, I want to see
sister Helen. She went off with a
strange man, and she has been gone so
long. Oh, why don't she come back?"
"She will come back, Amos."
"But I am going to die, and I want
to see her before I do."
"You must not think of dying," said
the kind Mrs. Stuart.
"The doctor at the poor-house said I
must die, and I want to see sister Helen
before I go; I want to kiss her once
more and have her arms around me."
"She will come home Monday," said
Mrs. Stuart. She had determined to
induce her husband to go on Helen's
bond should she be committed by the
magistrate. The preliminary examina-
tion would be on Monday next, and she
could then be bailed out, if not
acquitted.

Amos wanted to know when it would
be Monday, and Mrs. Stuart said it
would be only two days more. She
called her husband in the room to see
the little sick boy. Bonnah that ruggled
exterior the farmer had a kind heart,
and tears glistened in his eyes as he be-
held the little sufferer.

He sent Will, his youngest son, to
Newton for the best physician, and
took a seat by the bedside of the little
cripple.
"You look better, now," said the
boy, who noticed the change in Mr.
Stuart. "You don't fret so any more,
you are not mad at Amos now?"
"No, my little boy, I was never mad
at you."
"Every thing is so bright; I am sure
I am going to die, because every body is
better, and the angels are coming."
"No, no, Amos, you will not die; you
must live, and I will give you a pony
and some little lambs, and you shall
stay here all the time."
The prospects of life were so bright
at these promises that the face grew
hopeful.

The doctor came, and Mr. Stuart met
him in the hall.
"Save that child, if possible, doctor;
if you have to devote every hour of
your time to him." Mr. Stuart felt
now that his stammering had been the
cause of all this misery. He held the
poor Mrs. Arnold and her tales of
mild scandal.

The doctor said there was but little
hope. Amos might live, but it was very
doubtful.
Little Amos would sleep a few
moments and then awake and ask if it
was Monday, had Helen come; "oh,
would she come before he died?"
The fatal Monday came. The doctor
came at one o'clock, and announced
that the child could not live long—that
he was dying even then.

"I know it," the little cripple said.
"The angels are waiting to take me
away." Then his face would light up
with a smile that seemed nothing less
than a reflection of the beams from the
open gates of Paradise. "There is only
one thing I want," he said.
"What is that?" asked Mrs. Stuart.
"Tell me what you wish, little dear,
and if it is in my power, it shall be
granted."
"I want to see sister Helen and tell
her goodbye. Just let me see her
once more before I go, that I can tell
father and mother she is happy."
"Who could give the request of the
dying child," Clarence was ordered to
harness the witness horse to the light-
est vehicle and drive, without regard to
horse-flesh, to the village. He must
stop the trial and bring Helen there at
all hazards, and to say that he, Mr.
Stuart, would be responsible for the
prisoner.

Five minutes later Clarence was
driving his witness horse to a dead
man toward Newton.

CHAPTER XXII.
Monday came, and it was a busy day
at Newton. Squire Bluffers was busy.
He sat in his easy chair at his table, his
glasses mounted on his nose, and his
pen went scratch, scratch, over some
legal-looking documents before him.
The sun was shining brightly, and the
day promised to be warm.

The sheriff was busy returning his
subpoenas, which were many. Helen's
lawyer had subpoenaed a host of wit-
nesses to support her good character,
while Mothers Tartrum and Grindly
were on the side of Arnold, ready to
swear they never thought her as good
as she ought to be.

The hairy mole on Mother Tartrum's
chin seemed to tremble with indigna-
tion when she saw so many "who had
allered that her a nice gal."
Judge Arnold was also busy; his
short whiskers elevated to an almost
horizontal position, a slight about from
the sheriff to the attorney for the State.
Now he whispered some sage advice to
the attorney, then he ran back to the
sheriff, then to the attorney again and
familiarily put his arms about his neck
to draw his ear down, while he whis-
pered that mysterious something. Then
the attorney would nod, smile and feel
flattered. What all this hush-hush,
whispering and smiling was about, no
one could tell.

"What time is the case set for,
Squire?" Judge Arnold at last asked,
aloud.
"Ten o'clock," answered that imper-
forable dignitary of the law, without
looking up from his writing.

Looking up from his writing, the sheriff,
who had gone after the fair prisoner,
entered with her. Mrs. Bridges ac-
companied her. "Poor child, you shall
not go alone," the good woman said.
"The Lord is very good to me in my
afflictions," said Helen, devoutly. "I
shall not be alone, for he will be with
me."
"I know it, my child, I know it; but
sometimes the prince of darkness
rules."
"His rule is brief," said Helen.
"They can kill this body, but my soul
is beyond their reach."
The above was spoken after the ap-
pearance of the sheriff, with the an-
nouncement that it was time to "take
up the case."

Helen put on her neat little hat; Mrs.
Bridges came to adjust it for her. Her
face was pale, while one little curl in-
sisted upon hanging out coquettishly,
though Mrs. Bridges tried to confine it.
"We'll just let it go, my dear. I am
sure you look sweeter by it," said the
good woman, kissing her. "Now we
are ready." "Do not be excited, child."
Helen smiled, saying:
"Our natural impetus are sometimes
beyond our control, and it makes but
little difference how I look or act. If I
am unmoved it will be taken for hard-
ened guilt; if I tremble weep it will be
supposed to come from a guilty con-
science. The Lord give me strength to
bear my burden in my presence."
There was but the least flutter as the
fair prisoner entered.

A crowd of village loafers came pour-
ing into the court room. The case had
caused considerable comment, and
brought more than the usual crowd of
lookers-on to witness it.
Mr. Layman came to the court room,
his beautiful client in his arms, and
the hairy mole on Mother Tar-
trum's chin again trembled, and with
ill-suppressed indignation she espied
the curl on the road, white brow.

"The shameful thing," she tried to
make herself look pretty," she whis-
pered to Mrs. Arnold. "Guess they'll
cut her hair off when they get her
there."
Helen's lawyer consulted with her a
few moments, then decided to bear the
State's testimony, and, perhaps, waive
further examination. They would be
better prepared for a criminal court
trial, if they heard the testimony of
the State here.

"Well, are you ready?" asked the ju-
stice.
Miss Halle Arnold was called. Her
red face seemed redder than ever as
she "stood up to be sworn." The oath
was administered by the justice in his
usual slow, solemn manner, and she
took the seat set apart for witnesses.

Helen sat by her attorney, with Mrs.
Bridges on the other side holding her
hand.
"I never did think much of that Mrs.
Bridges," said Mother Tartrum, "how
kiss she set by the side o' that thing, an'
her a thief?"
MOTHER TARTRUM.
Halle Arnold was cool, self-possessed
and gave an unwavering account of the
disappearance of her bracelet. She
then told of Helen Lakeman coming to
their house with a man, and of her next
finding the bracelet in her carpet bag.
There was just the least exultation on
Halle's part as she told the justice
about the poor girl's fall.
The witness was at last turned over
to the tender mercies of Mr. Layman.
Mr. Layman wanted to know how
long Helen had been at Mr. Arnold's
house, before the bracelet was missing?
She came the night before. What time
the night before? It was dark or about
dark. Was it dark? Halle looked
confused and said she did not see her
when she came. Who was with her?
A man. What was his name? Peter
Starr, commonly known as "Pete, the
peddler." Was any one else with her?
Yes. Who? Speaking almost under her
breath she said her little brother. Was
not Pete carrying him? She did not
know, neither did she know at the door
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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After courting for miles over a rather open country, most excellently adapted to cultivation; the track leads us into a range of hills. Here we have our first sight of antelope, which, startled by the noise of the train, scurry off at a rate which gives us a good opinion of the running ability. The conductor tells us that herds are seen here nearly every trip. Rapidly gliding along over a good road-bed, Broken Bone Lake soon comes into sight. Here is a fine body of timber, and spring brooks, never frozen, feed the lake. We are still on the black soil and white clay subsoil, which so far seems to be the rule in North Dakota. Here a large area of country, perhaps seventy-five miles in length and many miles in width, extends north and south on both sides of the track, comprising at least thirty-five townships, which are almost wholly unoccupied and nearly all public land. Referring to notes taken from the land office records, we give its leading features:

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