

Suffolk, Va., had a \$10,000 fire on the 6th.

There is to be a weekly paper started at Smithville.

In Raleigh's five graded schools there are 1,504 pupils, white and colored.

2,500 rabbits shipped from Greensboro by one train. Just think of it!

A majority of the legislature prize a bull pup higher than they do a dozen lambs.

The czar of Russia gives official notification of his coronation on the 27th of May next.

North Carolina special tax bonds are selling in New York for eight and a half cents on the dollar.

R. P. Voeghts and Co's whole sale grocery at Norfolk Va. was burned Wednesday—Loss \$33,000.

California seems to have every thing worth having. A soap mine has been discovered in that State recently.

Mr. Valentine Stirewalt, of Davidson College, has been granted a patent on a mosquito annihilator and fan combined.

The Charlotte "Journal" tells of country butter shipped to that place which turned out to be rolls of meal plated with butter.

Mr. Walter F. Pool, of Elizabeth City, Congressman elect from the first district, who was reported as being very sick is well again.

Every dog ought to have his day but the legislature of North Carolina has decided that we shall have dog days all the year round.

North Carolinians can get cheap lead, and greasy too, from the Goldsboro cotton seed oil mill, and keep a great deal of State money at home.

David Davis, Allan G. Thurman and Dorman B. Eaton—how would these gentlemen do for civil service commissioners? asks the Philadelphia Press.

"Gone to the Dogs!"—the "Sheep Husbandry" movement in North Carolina. P.S.—The sheep are nightly taking the same course.—Farmer and Mechanic.

Mr. John M. Robinson, President of various railroads in North Carolina has written a letter to Col. Wm. Johnston opposing the proposed Rail Road Commission.

Appropos of the proposed visit to Raleigh by the "Salvation Army" the "Christian Advocate" says: "We want all the salvation we can get but we are not very fond of armies."

The Southern Exposition will be held at Louisville, Ky., beginning Aug. 1st, 1883, and continuing one hundred days. Over \$250,000 have been subscribed by the people of Louisville.

"In God we trust" is left off the new five cent piece. We are supposed to put our trust now in Princes—merchant princes, railroad princes, and in other like children of men.

The Richmond "State" says the negroes are dying out slowly but surely and accounts for it because they are more subject to diseases arising from poverty and filth than the white people.

The New York "Globe," edited by colored men says "there is no law in the United States for the negro. The whole thing is a beggarly farce." The republican party will please take notice.

A young girl was arrested in New York the other day for being disguised as an old woman, whereupon a newspaper was mean enough to say that the old woman disguised as a girl is still at large.

Shelby "Aurora." Most of the time of the legislature has been occupied by the introduction of bills and resolutions. Many of these bills are private and of no importance to the masses, yet they consume much time and cost money to the State.

Brantford, Ontario, has a scandal. It is all about Rev. T. R. Beattie, pastor of the First Presbyterian church. He and his wife are not harmonious, and a pretty Miss Leishman lived in the family. As Dorsey Battle said, "Then the trouble began."

A Chinese paper, to be called the "Chinese American," will soon be published in New York. It will be printed on yellow paper with Chinese characters. Type will not be used as the number of Chinese characters are about 60,000. It will be lithographed.

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTHS."

VOLUME 13.--

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, FEBRUARY 16, 1883.

--NUMBER 4

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Liberal Discounts will be made for Large Advertisements and for Contracts for the Year. Cash must accompany all Advertisements unless good reference is given.

SUNDAY READING

WHAT DR. DEEMS HAS TO SAY OF AN ENEMY.

AN ENEMY IS NOT PARTIAL.

ENEMIES WELL DESCRIBED

Remark the uses of an enemy, a brisk, hearty, active enemy—1. The having one is proof that you are somebody. Wishywashy, empty, worthless people, even have enemies. Men who never move never run against anything; and when a man is thoroughly dead and utterly buried, nothing ever runs against him. To be run against, is proof of existence and position; to run against something, is proof of motion.

2. An enemy is, to say the least, not partial to you. He will not flatter. He will not exaggerate your virtues. It is very probable that he will slightly magnify your faults. The benefit of that is twofold. It permits you to know that you have faults; it makes them visible and so manageable. Of course, if you have a fault, you desire to correct it. Your enemy does for you this valuable work which your friend cannot perform.

3. In addition, your enemy keeps you wide awake. He does not let you sleep at your post. There are two that always keep watch—namely, the lover and the hater. Your lover watches that you may sleep. He keeps off noises, excludes light, adjusts surroundings, that nothing may disturb you. Your hater watches that you may not sleep. He stirs you up when you are napping. He keeps your faculties on the alert. Even when he does nothing, he will have put you in such a state of mind that you cannot tell what he will do next; and his gentle qui vive must be worth something.

4. He is a detective among your friends. You need to know who your friends are, and who are not, and who are your enemies. The last of these three will discriminate the other two. When your enemy goes to one who is neither friend nor enemy, and assails you, the indifferent one will have nothing to say or chime in, not because he is your enemy, but because it is much easier to assent than to oppose, and especially than to refute. But your friend will take up cudgels for you on the instant. He will deny everything and insist on proof, and proving is very hard work. Your friend will call you enemy to the proof, and if the indifferent person, through careless enmity, he is soon made to feel the inconvenience thereof by the zeal your friend manifests. Follow your enemy and you will find your friends; for he will have developed them so that they cannot be mistaken.

The next best thing to having a hundred real friends, is to have one open enemy.

Live It Down.

Has a foolish word been spoken, Or an evil deed been done, Has the heart been almost broken, For the friends that now disown?

Let not coldness or the frown, Snake thy madness—live it down. Is the stern teacher sneering, Thrusting innuendo vile, With the world's opinion veering, Basking in its fickle smile?

What are the gossip with their frown? Buzzing insects—live it down. Verdict fairer will be given, In the sober after thought; Charity, sweet child of heaven, Judgement harsh will set at naught.

Then will slanderer's frown Smite the griever—live it down. But if man refuses to soften, For that weakness he may feel, There is one forgiveness to offer, As to him we oppose to kneel.

Droop not, then, if all should frown, With such friendship—live it down. —Edward O. Plagg.

When the missionaries first opened their schools in Syria they had to beg parents to send their daughters, and to induce them to do, board and teach them free; no parents came with money in their hands and beg them to take their daughters, perfectly willing to pay for both board and tuition.

There are now seven thousand five hundred girls in mission schools in Syria.—Advocate.

A man may attempt to eat two partridges a day for thirty days in any Southern town, and if he vomits himself to death, there will be no general mention of the same. But let him start it in New York, and the papers all over the country will devote their columns to recording how he progresses, how often he throws up, the state of his pulse and so on. If you hanker after notoriety begin your foolishness in New York.—Star.

It is with deep feelings of regret and awe that we record the sad news of the insanity of W. A. Guthrie, Esq., of Fayetteville. He was a man of brilliant intellect and of legal ability and power; he is now a raving maniac at the Insane Asylum. What a commentary upon man's nothingness, and his absolute dependence upon God!

OUR LAW-MAKERS

BILL IN REGARD TO THE SEDUCTION OF WOMEN.

Raleigh has new gas works. We had thought that this expenditure might have been dispensed with until after the adjournment of the Legislature.

The youngest monarch in Europe is Alfonso, who presides over the destinies of Spain at the age of 25, King William, of Germany, is 61 years his senior.

The Oxford "Torchlight" says the election of Gov. Jarvis as President of Trinity College would make Robinson our Governor from which "Good Lord deliver us."

There are a good many very important bills before the Legislature, and a wagon load not worth the paper they are written on—but they'll help to make up a big book.—"Father" Evans.

The Atlanta "Constitution" tells of a Georgia boy just a little over eight years old who last year cultivated with a common goat three-quarters of an acre of land and made 233 pounds of lint cotton.

And the latest is that President Arthur has met his fate, having been wounded by one of cupid's arrows. The young lady's name is Miss Sackville West. She is the daughter of the British minister.

"Old man Flood," the California money-god made his daughter Jennie a present of \$500,000 on New Year's. She took the tide at the Flood, and whenever she does get by the parson there will be a golden flood for some lucky fellow.

A whale was taken on the sea beach of Dare county, last Wednesday, that yielded from his head alone, 125 gallons of oil. He was evidently pursued by some sea monster and ran upon the beach as a choice of death. Thirty feet long and valued all told at \$1,500.

Jas. W. Reid, Esq., of Rockingham, "the silver-tongued orator of the Old Fifth District" will deliver the Literary address at Trinity College commencement next June.—Courier.

We have heard him. There is not a more captivating speaker in the Old North State.

The newspapers tell about a woman in Nevada who was at home alone when a bear broke into the house and came to the bed where she was asleep. She thought it was her husband, came home drunk, and used up the bear considerably, not even giving him time to explain. The bear will die. This is no whiskey causes the insect to suffer.

Here are some of the items of the tariff bill: Castor oil, pays a duty of 100 per cent, attar of roses none; rice, 123 per cent, oil of bergamot none; common window glass 80 per cent, cinnamon none; blankets 60 and wool hats 75 per cent, pimento and nutmegs none; spool thread 60 and champagne only 48 1/2 per cent. How can such a law be just?

"Yancey," inquired Edmunds the other day, when do you get the time to prepare your tariff speeches? "Oh," replied Yancey, "my colleague sits up till 2 o'clock in the morning writing them, and I deliver them next day." "I can stand that if Yancey can," said Ransom, when Yancey's snus was reported to him.—N. Y. Star.

During Lent says the Greensboro Patriot, there is neither marrying nor feasting, dancing or—well, yes, love making, we believe may be on sub rosa, but not with too much ardor. Only two kisses allowed—one at meeting, the other on departing, and these neither too long nor too sweet. A great many other things must be observed.

China possesses the longest bridge in the world. It is at Lagan, over an arm of the China Sea, and is five miles long, built entirely of stone, 70 feet high, with a roadway 70 feet wide, and has 300 arches. The parapet is a balustrade, and each of the pillars, which are 75 feet apart, supports a pedestal on which is placed a lion 21 feet long, made of one block of marble.

In tearing up the floor a mail car at Wilmington, Delaware, thirty-seven letters were found posted in 1871. There were several containing remittances; one was an order for fresh fish. A gilt edged card was an invitation to attend a ball in 1871, but the person to whom it was addressed was beyond the fascinations of the dance. Several persons received letters from people whose funerals they had long ago attended.

A traveller on a German railroad train attempted to eat a lunch while on the journey. While putting a piece of bologna sausage in his mouth the train stopped suddenly, causing his cheek to be badly cut on the edge of his knife, which he was using. The man sued the company for damages, but his claim was not sustained, on the ground that it is a breach of etiquette to eat with a knife.

OUR LAW-MAKERS

BILL IN REGARD TO THE SEDUCTION OF WOMEN.

allowed pay for every material fact where magistrates had final jurisdiction. The amendment of the committee was adopted. Upon motion of Mr. Hill further consideration of the bill was postponed.

A bill to prevent renters of houses from holding over when notified by landlords to quit the house, passed its third reading in the Senate yesterday.

Last week, the North Carolina Legislature, charted two cotton factories and six mining companies.

A Widow's Damages.

How a poor woman expecting \$500 pocketed sixty times as much.

Not long ago a man crossing a railroad track on a mule was struck by a locomotive and killed. The mule was also huried into eternity. The man while sober was a gentleman, but when drunk was a perfect tyrant of the deepest dye.

Without any provocation whatever he used to beat his wife and lock her up in the wardrobe, hence when she heard of his death it was not so much a case of heavy bereavement as it was of mitigated affection. As the engineer of the locomotive was clearly to blame for the accident it was suggested to the widow that she bring a suit for damages. She resolved to do so and called at the office of the railroad company. The proper official happened to be in. The widow had such a clear case against the company that it was deemed advisable to compromise the matter.

"Now, madam," said the official, after the widow had thrown back her veil and stated her business, "we are willing to do what is fair in this matter. There is really no occasion to go to law. It is a delicate question to discuss, so I think, without going into the merits of it, I will tender you a check for \$3,000 and you will sign a paper releasing the company from any further demands."

The widow stared and asked, "How much?" "I am authorized to pay you \$3,000."

"I accept it," she said, very much agitated. The check was handed over the papers signed and the widow walked out into the street in a bewildered frame of mind. As she cashed the check she said to herself confidentially; "I didn't expect to get more than \$50. I reckon that railroad fellow didn't know how old that mule was."—From the Savannah Recorder.

A Sword's Story.

The tearing down of an antiquated house at St. Augustine, Fla., brought to light a rusty sword. To it is attached a story. Eighty years ago, at a grand ball given by the Spanish gentleman who lived in the house, two officers came to high words over the attentions paid them by a beautiful lady present. They repaired to the street and fought a duel with swords. One man fell dead. The other threw away his weapon and fled. A little child who had been a witness to the encounter picked up the sword and carried it into the house. It was hidden, that at least no evidence of the bloody deed might be concealed. Long after the story of the crime had been forgotten the finding of the blood-stained blade calls it anew to mind.—Telephone.

The Tramp's Lament.

Yes, the laws are growing harder, The policeman presses me sore, And I cannot stoop my ladder With fat chickens as of yore.

I am watched, and I'm suspected, When I travel through a town; From the kitchen I'm ejected— I'm abused and hunted down.

Soon my clothes must be discarded, They are spotted or with dirt; But the clothes-lines all are guarded, And I cannot get a shirt.

If I'm hungry I am tortured, And I will try to pluck some fruit, I am driven from the orchard, With a dog in hot pursuit.

Yes, the awful day is nearing, When some work I'll have to do; This is what I most am fearing, And what makes me feel so blue.

The Rev. George H. Austin was not paid his salary regularly at Madison, Indiana, and in order to raise money he forged the name of a rich member of his church to a check, trusting to the man's forgiveness for protection for exposure and punishment; but he was promptly sent to prison for five years. The life of a convict soon broke down his mind and body, and he died at the end of eighteen months.

RARE ADVERTISER

HOW SOME EDITORS ARE TREATED BY PATRONS.

THE ADVERTISING AGENCY.

DAILY OCCURENCES.

"I would like to have an advertisement inserted."

This is a slogan that would resurrect a dead man behind a newspaper counter and the clerk turned as if moved by an electric current and ejaculated:

"Yes, sir; want the top of the column, s'pose?"

"No; I am not particular," said the advertiser.

"Want it inside next to reading editorials?"

"Either page will answer," replied the other.

"Want a cut of a death's head and marrow bones or a sore leg to make it attractive, or a portrait of the advertiser with long hair and a turn-down shirt collar?"

"Clean type, black ink and white paper are good enough for me," was the response.

"All right; want head line in type an inch longer than Jenkin's ad, in next column, or will you have it upside down or your name in crooked letters like forked lightning all over it?"

"No, a plain, straightforward advertisement in space of four inches will answer my purpose."

"Good enough. What about ten inches of notice free, don't you? Family history; how your grand-father blacked Washington's boots once; mention of yourself as a member of a circulating library, church, fire company, co-operative store, base ball club and other important public positions."

The customer said he did not care for any notice.

"Of course," said the clerk, "you want a free paper sent to each member of the firm, one for yourself, and the privilege of taking half a dozen copies of the counter every week for the next year or two because you advertise."

The gentleman expected to pay for his paper and asked the price of the advertisement.

The delighted clerk figured it up, and then asked:

"If I send you the bill around in about a year you can tell the boy when to call again, can't you?"

"No, I will pay you now," said the customer, taking out a roll of bills. The newspaper man's eyes bulged as he said:

"Ah, you want to ask for 75 per cent discount and 25 per cent off for cash?"

"I am ready to pay a fair price for value received. Tell me your regular rates and there is the money."

A beatific expression spread over the wan face of the worn clerk, and he murmured:

"Stranger, when did you come down, and when do you expect the Apostles along?"—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

The Lenten Season.

The season of Lent takes its name from the time of the year in which its observance is held. The word is Saxon and signifies spring, and is now used to signify the spring time fast which always begins so as it may end at Easter, to remind us of the sufferings of Him who was at last glorified at the Resurrection. The first day of this solemn festival in the Catholic and Episcopal churches was called Ash Wednesday, from the ancient ceremony of blessing ashes on that day, and therewith the priest signed the people on the forehead with the sign of the cross, saying, "Memento homo, quod pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris" (Remember, man, that dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return). The ashes used were from the palms consecrated on the previous Easter. Many instances of fasting by religious enthusiasts are on record. A Saint Gregory Nazianzen assures us that in his time several monks or hermits (he calls them solitary) spent twenty days in some fast, or in some confession. He personally knew one in his diocese who actually accomplished this wonderful work of abstinence. Paul, the first hermit of which we read, lived under a palm tree for thirty years, his food and clothes being given him, the former being raw herbs and pulse, yet he reached the age of 113 years.—Hillarian attained 80 years, although he never ate until after sunset, nor made any change in his fast on account of ill health. Instances of a similar character could be multiplied, but it would be of small profit.

LOVE AND MURDER

A MAN SHOOTS HIS WIFE WHILE IN A JURY ROOM.

A PLOT BETWEEN THE TWO.

DEATH MET BRAVELY.

St. Louis, Feb. 5.—A career of crime was ended here to-day in a once startling and terrible. A prisoner about to be put on trial for murder shot himself in the jury room, having an instant previous put a bullet through the brain of his wife. When it was known that the wretched man had ended his life, and that the ponderous machinery of a trial for murder had been prepared in vain, the lawyers, witnesses and spectators gathered in the court room poured out into the passages of the great domed building and waited in expectation of seeing the body of the man who had made such terrible exit from the world. But the murderer, like a man who had been nearly an hour after the bullet entered his brain. Shortly thereafter two bodies were borne out of the jury room to the Morgue—one the corpse of the poor creature who, it then began to be known, had consented beforehand to be killed by the husband who was to follow her instantly out of the World.

John C. Parker, the murderer, was a moulder by trade, and for years had borne a evil reputation. He was arraigned to-day to stand trial for the murder of Michael Payton, a baker, whom he had stabbed in a drinking saloon. Nellie Parker, the young wife, whose body now lies at the Morgue, was a slight, pretty and delicate little woman. Though her family is not wealthy, her social position was so much better than her husband's that their marriage about two about two years ago made quite a local sensation. Her devotion to the man of her choice, rough and desperate as he was, was known long before the tragedy of to-day. Ever since Parker's arrest the frail form of the young wife has been constantly seen about the jail, and the sympathy of all employed about the jail was hers. Every moment that the regulations permitted she spent in his company, often bringing her infant with her. The murderer's affections for the devoted little creature seemed unbounded, and it was noted as his only redeeming feature.

His trial, as has been said, was set down for to-day and he was brought into court with several other prisoners. The court was crowded. The young wife, Nellie, with her three children, and Parker's sisters. She seemed calm and even cheerful, and as soon as she could manage it crossed to the barred cage where he was confined, and leaned against it talking to him through the grating. The attendants made way for her, and noticed the affectionate nature of her greeting to him and the gentleness with which he replied to her.

While they were conversing Governor P. Johnson, his attorney rose in the court, and asked permission to consult with his client in the jury room. Permission was granted. An officer took the man from the cage, Nellie, with a smile handed the laughing baby to her sister-in-law and walked beside her husband across the court, the lawyers, Governor Johnson and Presley N. Jones leading and the sisters following.

The spectators gazed at the little procession with some interest; but save the wife and husband, no one knew it was a process to death for two of them. Yet such it was. To the rough, desperate fellow it was the way to deliverance, even through the grave. But to the little creature by his side it was such a test of will power that it can hardly be measured. She knew that he was going to kill her; she had agreed to die at his hands. He had the weapon of fate deftly concealed. Clinging to her husband, despairing at heart, but calm of face, she passed on with him and closed upon her as the attendant locked the door whereby they had entered. Husband and wife sat down on a bench together. At this moment it was that Parker swiftly drew his pistol and putting the muzzle against the back of his wife's head, pulled the trigger. The report rang out, and brought all to their feet as the young wife all to her feet as the young wife took a step toward the murderer. Parker had fired again, the bullet this time piercing his own brain. He fell beside her—not dead, but soon to die.

Consternation was on every face. Court officials rushed in and doctors were summoned. In forty minutes Parker breathed his last. The tragedy was over.

That Bad Boy Again.

"Well, you are the meanest boy I ever heard of," said the grocery man. "But what about your party dancing a clog dance in church Sunday? The minister's hired girl was in here after some cold fish yesterday morning, and she said the minister said your pa had sanctified the church the worst way."

"O, he didn't dance in church. He was a little excited that's all. You see, pa chews tobacco, and it is pretty hard on him to sit all through the sermon without taking a chew, and he gets nervous. He always reaches around in his pistol pocket when they stand up to sing the last time, and feels in his tobacco box and gets out a chew, and puts it in his mouth when the preacher pronounces the benediction. He always does that. Well, my chum had a present on Christmas of a music box, just about as big as pa's tobacco box, and all you have to do is to touch a spring and it plays. "She's a Daisy, She's a Dumpling." I borrowed it and put it in pa's pistol pocket, where he keeps his tobacco box, and when the choir got most through singing pa reached his pocket and began to fumble around for a chew. He touched the spring, and just as everybody bowed their heads to receive the benediction, and it was so still you could here a gun drop, the music box began to play, and in the stillness it sounded as loud as a church organ. Well, I thought ma would sink. The minister herd it, and looked toward pa, and pa turned red, and the music box kept up "She's a Daisy," and the minister looked mad, and said Amen, and the people began to put on their coats, and the minister told the deacon to hunt up the source of that worldly music, and they took pa into the room back of the pulpit and searched him and ma & pa will have to be churched. They kept the music box, and I have got to carry in coal to get money enough to buy my chum a new music box.

He Couldn't Do It.

Two men are walking together—one a smoker, one an admirer of King James' counter-blast. "What are you smoking?" "A cigar—can't you see? I mean, how much did it cost?" "Ten cents! Ah! how long have you been smoking?" "About thirty years."

About thirty years? Why, with the money you have spent on cigars you could have bought one of the swellest houses on the avenue here!

Don't you smoke?" "I never. I never have smoked. Then show me your house."—Nut Shell.

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