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BY JOHN E. BARRETT.
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"For Heaven's sake, kill me and end my torture. Let some one of you men knock me in the head, and put an end to this misery."
Miner looked on in pity and in wonder at the prostrate, struggling man, who begged for death in any form, so that his sufferings of mind and body might be at an end, but Detective Sawyer whispered to Ned Newcomb that no time was to be lost in carrying him out of the mine. Accordingly the necessary arrangements were made, and Eckert was removed to the mouth of the slope as speedily as the circumstances would permit. He was then placed in an ambulance and conveyed to the Grimsby hospital, where it was decided at a consultation of physicians that the only chance of saving his life lay in the amputation of both his legs, which were badly shattered in several places.

Detective Sawyer ascertained this fact, and begged that he might be permitted a few minutes' conversation with Eckert before the operation took place. The doctors were reluctant at first to grant this privilege, but Sawyer soon convinced them that it was highly important in the interest of justice. Eckert was not at all reluctant, and he consented to say whether he would ever recover consciousness after being placed under the influence of anesthetics, and knowing how much there was at stake, the detective decided on making the best of his present opportunity.

CHAPTER XXII.

TECTIVE Sawyer selected one of the physicians and Ned Newcomb to be present at the interview with Tom Eckert, for the purpose of corroborating the ante-mortem statement. When they were seated beside the couch of the wounded man, Sawyer said:
"Mr. Eckert, you seem to be in terrible pain. The doctors think the chances are against your recovery. Is there any statement of any kind that you desire to make with a view to easing your mind before you die?"

Eckert's eyes were opened wide, and looking fiercely at the detective, he said:
"I'll make no statement to you; but I have a statement to make, and I want a lawyer to take it down."
The detective was chagrined. He feared that any moment might be Eckert's last, and he dreaded the delay of bringing a lawyer to his bedside at that unseasonable hour.

Still, there was nothing to be done but comply with the wounded man's wish, and so Sawyer hastened off in search of an attorney, to take down in legal form the dying statement of Tom Eckert. The detective knew that if Eckert would talk he could tell a startling story. If he should die, without confessing what he knew, it would greatly discount Sawyer's shrewd work in Grimsby.
It was this that made Sawyer weary as he was, so eager to scan all the signs as he hurried along the street that led from the Grimsby Hospital to the Court House, and it was this also that brought him to a sudden halt as he read the names "Edgar Strong, Attorney-at-law and Notary Public."

"Just the man!" exclaimed the jubilant detective, when he saw the sign.
But a difficulty presented itself at once in the fact that, owing to the lateness of the hour, the young attorney had long since gone home, and could not of course be seen at his office. The same was true of all the lawyers in Grimsby, and so, after a little reflection, Sawyer decided that it would be best to call Edgar Strong, who would take a personal interest in the case, and whose home was but a short distance away.
It did not take long to arouse Edgar Strong and to enlist his services and sympathies.

"I half suspected Eckert from the start," he said.
In a few quick, nervous sentences the detective told him the stirring story of the pursuit into the mine, the disaster, and the weird discovery which followed, and which brought to light the missing cash-box, bearing the name of Philip Carson, and in which were contained many precious papers.
"All this we found in the possession of Tom Eckert," said the detective, "after he had been rescued more dead than alive from under the avalanche of anthracite by which he had been overwhelmed."
"I see it all!" said Edgar Strong in amazement, "and you think Eckert can, if he will, tell us the entire story of Philip Carson's murder. It looks that way."
"And the sooner we get his story the better," added the detective.
"What a relief it will be to Zaida if this man can effectually dispel the cloud that hovers over her cousin," said Strong, "and for her sake I hope this Eckert will retain his reason until he has told us all he knows about the murder and robbery."

When they reached the hospital they were dismayed to ascertain that Tom Eckert was too feeble to make a confession, or undergo a surgical operation.
Detective Sawyer was particularly annoyed by this information. He feared the wounded man might not rally sufficiently to be able to make any statement, and so he called aside the physician to inform him privately that Eckert was the custodian of a great secret, which he had promised to tell before he died.
"But you don't want to hasten the man's death by urging him to tell this terrible story," said the doctor.
"Other lives will be imperiled if this man's black secret dies with him," contended the detective. "I believe, doctor, that he can tell us who killed Philip Carson."
The doctor was interested at once.
"It is an important case," he said, "and we might be able to do something to stimulate this man into a temporary condition of mental activity, sufficient to enable him to relate the circumstances, but he ought not to be prompted."
"I am opposed to anything of that kind myself," said the detective. "I would only ask him if he has any statement to make before he dies. He has already intimated that he has, and we want to take it, because we feel that it concerns some precious lives and the honor of a family."
"I will see what can be done," said the doctor, leaving the little reception-room, in which this conversation had taken place, and going to the couch on which Tom Eckert lay.
The wounded man opened his eyes wide on seeing the physician approach, and cried out:
"Doctor, where is the man that's going to take my statement? I feel that I can not live much longer. This pain is killing me, and I must relieve my mind of the great burden that oppresses me, before I die."
"Do you feel able to make such a statement?" asked the doctor. "but I cannot stand this pain much longer. Unless the lawyer comes soon to take down my statement, I will not be able to make it."
"Very well," said the doctor. "Prepare yourself. The lawyer and his assistant are close by, and will be here at once." Saying this, he gave Eckert a mild stimulant, which quickened his faculties, and he immediately afterward introduced Attorney Edgar Strong and the detective.

The eyes of the wounded man were shaded from the light, so that he paid but little heed to those who were about to take his statement. Nor did he care much. In that solemn moment he felt that life was about to slip away from him, and that the one duty he owed to society, against which he had aimed the terrible deed, was to confess the great crime that had hurled him to the brink of the black abyss, on the verge of which he felt he was now standing.
Edgar Strong had taken his place at a little table a short distance from the bedside of the wounded man, whose statement he was about to take, when Tom Eckert in a feeble voice told the following story:
"I believe I am going to die, and I am anxious that no one else shall suffer for my crime. I killed Philip Carson because I wanted money. I did not intend to kill him, but when I visited his study, where I knew the cash-box was, containing the money for the monthly pay, I found him there, and I did not want to back out. I knew that he saw my face reflected in the mirror near his desk, as I stealthily entered the room, and seeing the terror that seized him in that moment, I felt there was no future for me in his employ, and desperation then took possession of me, and urged me on to secure possession of the money, which I felt would make me a rich man. Even then it was not my intention to kill him, but merely to get the money and escape. In trying to do this, a scuffle took place and I struck him. I cannot now describe the blows, but I was much stronger than he, and I know he lay where he fell, and made no sound. The silence of the room awed me. I felt that I was alone with the dead."
"Presently I heard footsteps in the corridor, and I retreated to a remote corner of the room. I heard the door opened, and somebody entered the office."

The cash-box—my prize—which still lay in the dead man's desk, was rattled about, as I thought, although I could not know, as I had turned out the gas in the meantime, and the place was in darkness. But soon the intruder was gone, and then I groped my way to the dead man's desk, and was overjoyed to find the box still there. I seized it and escaped through the window, while I heard a great hubbub in the corridor, and cries of "Carson, Carson," which I knew were intended for Clarence Carson, the dead man's nephew, who, I felt, would be suspected of the crime. I rejoiced to think he would be suspected at the time, because I knew it would divert suspicion from me. Then I hurried off, with the cash-box hidden under my great coat. I knew what disposition to make of it. I wandered aimlessly about the streets, knowing that as soon as the killing of Philip Carson was discovered, it would lead to a search for the cash-box.
"While in this state of mind, I met Clarence Carson on the street, and we shook hands. It was at a street-lamp, and each noticed that the hands of the other were bloody. The blood was on my hands, however, as the result of the struggle with Philip Carson."
"While wandering aimlessly about the street, I suddenly ran against the entrance to the Grimsby Slope. Then it occurred to me for the first time that the mine would be the best place to hide the cash-box in, and so I procured a mine-lamp and snuffed down the slope. At a short distance from the foot I discovered some miners' tools, and, with them, I made a place in a coal-pillar for the cash-box. Here I hid it, after taking a glance

at its contents, which were very disappointing to me, for the reason that they did not consist of sufficient cash. I found, however, at the bottom of the box several United States bonds, which partly compensated for my other disappointment.
"I expected to make Zaida Carson my wife by holding over her head the threat that her cousin, Clarence was the murderer, and that I could prove it, but this was a most cruel suggestion, which I deeply regret. It was I alone who took the life of Philip Carson. Lastly, my name is not Tom Eckert, but Wilfrid Morpeth. Many years ago I left a wife and child in England, and I wish I could see them. But it is getting dark, and my eyes are dim."
His voice grew thick and husky, and his words were unintelligible. He tried to say more, but he could not, and the detective was not anxious to take down anything he might say after his reason had left him.
Every eye present felt that, so far as he had gone, his story was true, and Sawyer was particularly delighted with the statement, which he regarded in the light of a special tribute to his acumen as a detective. But he made up his mind, even then, that Sam Sharp, the new-boy, should have proper credit for his part of the work, and particularly for his courageous conduct during the stormy experience in the mine, when the thunders of the exploding fire-damp were shaking the foundations of Grimsby and filling the hearts of the people with fear.
When the dawn of morning was gilding the spires of Grimsby, the spirit of Tom Eckert, or, as he had confessed himself, Wilfrid Morpeth, had left the mangled body that had sacrificed itself for greed and ambition; and the afternoon newspapers of the same day contained his startling confession, together with the statements of Detective Sawyer and Sam Sharp, telling of the way they tracked him into the mine, and saw him crushed by the black storm of crashing anthracite at the very moment when he doubtless felt secure in possession of his prize.
Eckert's peridy made a deep impression on Zaida Carson, who, much as she disliked the man, was not altogether prepared to believe him so utterly base as he confessed himself to be. She was inconsolable over the loss of her father, but even in that hour of sorrow, when she felt there was not a single gleam of self behind her cloud of grief, she derived some satisfaction from knowing that Clarence, with all his faults, was not the guilty man that Eckert tried to make all the world believe.

Edgar Strong, whose true friendship she relied on most in her sorrow, was first to tell her of Eckert's thrilling death and the strange confession which he made in his last moments.
The news did not impress her then with that full realization of its importance which she felt in after days, and long after her father's funeral, when she sat alone in her room brooding over the plot, she pictured to herself the young attorney, as he appeared before her that cheerless morning, and in faltering accents read the story of Tom Eckert's crime, as the culprit himself had confessed it at the Grimsby Hospital.

The young millionaire surprised the pro- per Mr. Gusset by calling at the office of the factory and saying:
"Your wife, Mr. Carson," said Gusset in amazement; "why, she is not here that I know of. You must be mistaken."
"But I tell you she is," insisted Carson, "and I must see her. She is a sewing girl, and goes by the name of Edith Edwards. I want to speak to her at once."
"If you please," he added, with a sneer, "Mr. Gusset was perplexed. He had been endeavoring for several days to summon up sufficient courage to ask Edith to be his own wife, and now to have this wealthy young fellow come forward and claim her in that unceremonious fashion, was almost too much for endurance.
"Surely you are jesting, Mr. Carson," he ventured to say.
"Surely I am not," was the reply. "Call the lady, and we shall soon see."
Mr. Gusset complied with some hesitation, summoned the office boy, and told him to inform Miss Edwards that she was wanted in the business office.
A few minutes later Edith appeared. Her beautiful face was glowing—a very picture of health notwithstanding her hard work, but her color quickly left it when her eyes rested on Clarence Carson, who advanced with outstretched hands to meet her.
"Edith, my wife," he said, "you must not work here any longer. I have come to take you away, and you will not have to toil henceforth for any of the needs or comforts of life. Nay, do not shun me. My name is now without a stain, and I can justly claim you as my own."
"I thought you had outgrown that halcyon dream, sir," said Edith, with a great effort at compromise. "I am not your wife, as you know, and I can never be."
"But you know you are, and why try to evade me any longer. The finest home in Grimsby shall be yours," pleaded Clarence.
"Without love the finest home would be a prison to me, even if I were really your wife," said Edith. "I beg that you will not pursue the subject any longer, but that you will forget it forever, as I had hoped you had done long since. And now please let me pass on to my work."
She tried to leave the office by the door that led to the work-room, but Clarence Carson stood in the way. His face was flushed with drink and chagrin, and his pride was stung to the quick to think that this poor girl would deny him in the presence of Mr. Gusset.
"You shall not go," he said, "until I prove to this gentleman that my claim is well founded," and as Clarence held the door with one hand, he produced from his breast pocket with the other the marriage certificate, signed by Judge Ransom, which Edith hated so heartily to see, and which she hoped had been lost long since.
"There, sir, read that," said Clarence, placing the paper in Robert Gusset's hands. "That is the document that proves us man and wife, and to whose authenticity Judge Ransom will swear, as will also the two witnesses whose names are attached."
Gusset was stunned as he read the paper, and handing it back to Carson, he said:
"You astonish me; I know not what to say. Of course, if Judge Ransom swears to the marriage, that should settle it."
"But I can swear that no such marriage took place," said Edith, firmly, "and knowing that it did not, why should he be persecuted in this way? My life has been made miserable for months by this mock marriage, and I can endure it no longer. Stand aside, sir," she added, "and let me go to my work," but Clarence did not heed her words.
"You must, you shall be mine!" he exclaimed, clasping her in his arms, with the intention of forcing her into his carriage and driving to his home.
Edith resisted stoutly, and called for help, but the vacillating Mr. Gusset had been so perplexed by reading the marriage certificate, that he did not have sufficient courage to interfere. Besides, he feared the weight and influence of Carson, and this helped to make him cowardly.
Just as Clarence Carson was about to force Edith Edwards through the front door, he was confronted by a well-known face, in which he saw a storm of anger.
"It was the face of Ned Newcomb, whose strong right arm was raised to strike the young millionaire a blow that he would not soon forget, were it not for the intervention of Robert Gusset and his partner, Dorrance Fell, who fortunately arrived upon the scene at the same time.
"Man, are you mad?" cried Gusset, addressing Ned Newcomb, as he and his partner in the enraged mechanic from springing upon the hated assailant of Edith.
"Not mad!" answered Ned. "But I want to teach this forger a lesson that he will never more forget, and that you should have taught him before I came. This is not the first time he has tried to make this poor girl's life unhappy, and, rich as he is, he ought to be taught that he cannot insult poor girls with impunity."
"Young man, you don't know what you are saying," said Gusset. "This young woman, whom we all deemed so demure as Mr. Carson's wife."
"His wife!" exclaimed Ned Newcomb. "It's a lie, and I don't believe it."
"He was in a great passion."
"Then read that!" said Clarence, who by this time had released Edith, and was fairly sober from the excitement. As he spoke he handed Ned Newcomb the marriage certificate.
Ned glanced at the paper a moment as he read its contents his brain grew dizzy. The thought of Edith—his own beloved, cherished Edith, the idol of his heart, the joy of his life—being the wife of another, was more than he could endure. In that moment he felt that he could not live without her, but why had

she deceived him so cruelly? Then came the recall. He thought that she could not do it—that she could not be so devoid of self, so contemptible, as to marry in such a way, and especially with such a man as Clarence Carson, who had insulted her on the streets, and whom he had knocked down in her defense.
"This certificate is a forgery and a fraud!" he exclaimed, tearing the paper in shreds and flinging the fragments about the office.
Carson was wild with rage. He drew his pistol and fired at Ned Newcomb, but fortunately Dorrance Fell, who had been watching for some such climax, threw up his arm and sent the bullet through the ceiling.
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CHAPTER XXIV.
THE SPELL IS BROKEN.
The trial of Ned Newcomb on the charge of malicious mischief involved in the destruction of Clarence Carson's marriage certificate took place immediately after the arrest, before the alderman who had issued the warrant, and the little office was crowded.
Edith Edwards had never been attracted to such scenes, either by morbid curiosity or as a litigant, but she was there now both as a witness and one deeply interested in the outcome, for she felt that Ned Newcomb had undertaken this fight for her sake, and she was deeply anxious concerning the result.
Clarence Carson was represented by one of the leading lawyers in Grimsby—a gentleman with judicial aspirations who scorned to appear before an alderman, but who would gladly appear anywhere that Mr. Carson required his services. Edgar Strong was Ned Newcomb's lawyer, and as he intimated his intention of fighting the case through on a preliminary hearing "for all it was worth," Mr. Carson's attorney impressed his client with the importance of fortifying himself with all the witnesses obtainable.
Accordingly Judge Ransom, Dick Dawson and Alice Dawson were summoned to appear, as the first named had performed the ceremony and the other two were the witnesses to the marriage, of which the certificate had been destroyed. Mr. Carson's lawyer opened the case with a great flourish, laying particular stress on the legal and social standing of the principal witness in the case, Judge Ransom, and the atrocity of the prisoner's conduct in destroying a marriage certificate—one of the most solemn documents ever devised by the brain of man.
There was much more in a similar strain, after which Clarence Carson was called to the witness stand. He testified to the nature of the document that had been destroyed and the manner of its destruction, and said it was the certificate of his marriage with Edith Edwards.
Judge Ransom was the next witness. He swore that on a certain evening he performed the marriage ceremony between the plaintiff in the case and Edith Edwards, and that he had made a written certificate of the marriage.
"Your Honor, this is all the witnesses we propose to call. We feel that we have made out a sufficient case to hold this defendant for trial at court," said Mr. Carson's attorney.
"But we shall insist on a hearing for our side, if it please the Court," said Edgar Strong. "We feel that we are entitled to a defense."
"What defense do you propose to make against such testimony?" asked the alderman.
"We propose to show to your Honor and to the public that the paper which my client destroyed was worse than worthless, because it was no marriage certificate at all, but a cruel libel upon the fair name and precious reputation of a young woman who is above suspicion and beyond reproach. Instead of being punished for what he did in destroying that paper, which purported to be a solemn certificate of marriage, but which was a brutal lie in black and white, my client, honest Ned Newcomb, who knows no fear in a just cause, should receive a testimonial from the community for his gallant conduct. He had saved this heretofore girl, who in going forth to search for her blind father fell into the river, from an evil day. He had left her in a place of shelter, while he went for a doctor and other assistance. When he was

sprited into a gambling room frequented by the plaintiff and others, and there the alleged marriage ceremony, certified to by Judge Ransom, was performed. But the marriage was not with Edith Edwards, as the bogus certificate declared, but with somebody else, as we shall show you before this trial closes."
The first witness called for the defense was Edith Edwards. The color mounted to her temples and stood forth in strong contrast to her jet black hair, as she took her place at the witness table, and there was not a man in the room that did not feel the influence of her rare and modest beauty. She swore that she had no recollection of her marriage to Clarence Carson, said she was solemnly and firmly convinced that no such ceremony ever took place, and that she did not and never would consider herself Mr. Car-

son's wife. She also stated briefly that Ned Newcomb was saving her from a suit when the so-called certificate was torn. Edith was not cross-examined.
"We will now call, as our next witness, Alice Dawson, one of the witnesses to this alleged marriage," said Attorney Edgar Strong.
Alice, a rather dashing person of mature beauty, came up smiling to the witness table.
"Were you one of the witnesses to the marriage between Clarence Carson and Edith Edwards as stated in the certificate made by Judge Ransom?"
"No."
"Why?"
"Because no such marriage took place. Mr. Carson was anxious to marry Edith Edwards, and take her to Europe, but we all knew she would not consent to the ceremony, and so I was persuaded to impersonate her. I was valued during the performance of the ceremony, so that Judge Ransom did not see my face. Mr. Carson supposed he was getting married to Edith Edwards, but it was my hand he held during the ceremony, and it was to me he made his wedding vows. In fact, I am his wife."
This startling announcement upset the gravity of the Court. Ned Newcomb could scarcely restrain himself for joy. Edith's delight was beyond expression, and Clarence Carson felt terribly humiliated.
The brief statement of Alice Dawson could not be shaken by cross-examination, and it was corroborated by the testimony of Dick Dawson, the gambler, who was the other witness to the mutilated marriage certificate of the now crestfallen Clarence Carson.
The charge against Ned Newcomb was promptly withdrawn, and for a few minutes Ned was overwhelmed with congratulations. But he was eager to escape from such a demonstration, and to see Edith at her home for a short time.
Clarence Carson retired from the scene very much disgraced. He wondered why it was that Dick Dawson and Alice appeared to testify against him with such alacrity, but he ascertained their motive later on, when Alice claimed that she was his wife, and tried to levy blackmail on him in a sum commensurate with his great wealth—a sum which, to his credit be it said, he did not pay.
Ned Newcomb accompanied Edith Edwards to her little home, and there, in the little parlor, when the two were together, he received the offer of his love, which had been rejected before, for reasons which had since been made clear. Brave-hearted Ned Newcomb's love was not rejected this time, and the happiness which he and Edith felt as they emerged from the little parlor shone in their eyes and glorified their lives.
Their cup of joy so full, was made to run over that afternoon by a letter from Philadelphia, stating that Ned Edwards had regained his sight once more, and would be home in a few days. It was so arranged that he should witness the marriage of Ned Newcomb and Edith, a sight which made him happier than words can tell.

As time went by, the city of Grimsby outgrew and forgot the stormy scenes that are depicted here, and its name is now prominent as one of the great manufacturing centres of the United States. The great mill has been rebuilt by a wealthy company, and Ned Newcomb is its efficient superintendent.
Attorney Edgar Strong proved himself worthy the hand of Zaida Carson, and they are happily married. Clarence is running a cattle ranch in the West, and is said to be a sober man, but his name is now rarely mentioned in Grimsby. Detective Sawyer and his protégé, Sam Sharp, the former new-boy, are doing a successful business in New York, where their courage and talents are appreciated.
When Ned Newcomb returns home from the mill, after his day's toil, he invariably hears music in the parlor, as he stands on the door-step, and a familiar, well-beloved voice, in which joy and tenderness keep company, rings out occasionally through the open window in the summer afternoons. Ned is grave but happy, as he hears Edith sing these words from Abt's well-remembered song:
"There is light upon my path, there is sunshine in my heart,
And the leaf and fruit of life shall not utterly depart;
Ye restore to me the freshness and the bloom of long ago,
O ye years, happy years; I am thankful that ye flow."
(THE END)

Contented Where He Was.
The other evening a steady, faithful old Swede, who occupies a place in the packing-room of Marsh, Field & Co.'s wholesale establishment, where he has been for years past, dropped in during a north side stroll at a barracks of the Salvation Army. He did not quite understand the proceedings, but he enjoyed singing, and he paid strict attention to what was going on. During an interval in the regular services he was approached by a uniformed officer of the army, who tapped him on the shoulder, and said, familiarly: "My friend, would you no like to go to work for Jesus?" "Naw, I gude no!" answered the old Swede, as he rubbed his chin; "I had got chob in Marshall Field, and I gude a week for him every week."
THE NEW DISCOVERY.
You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever afterwards holds a place in the house. If you have ever used it, and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or croup, Throat, Lung or Chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time or money refunded. Trial bottles Free at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drugstore.

Greece and Greece.
It is perhaps well that children should not understand all the complimentary things that may be said about them. Little Grace was very pretty, but had not yet been made self-conscious by finding it out.
Not long ago an indiscreet visitor, seeing her for the first time, remarked with enthusiasm to the child's mother, "What eyes! And what a profile—pure Grecian!"
Grace flushed scarlet, and ran from the room. Half an hour after, when the visitor had gone, her mother found her hidden away in a dark closet.
"Why, Grace, what are you here for?" she asked.
"I didn't want to come out, till that horrid Mrs. Sears had gone," said the child, showing a defiant face.
"Horrid? Why, what did she do to you?"
"She said I was all grease! I ran right to the glass, and I was as clean as could be. And if she thought so, she might have whispered it to me, and not said it out!"
Decisive.
If all impostors could be dealt with as summarily as was a religious fanatic in the Pacific Islands, new and mushroom faiths would meet speedily with the fate they deserve. This man, a native minister, had declared that he was the bearer of a message from heaven, to the effect that the end of the world was at hand. It was not long before he had gathered a large circle of disciples, believing with all their hearts in the approaching catastrophe. Maafu, the viceroy of the Windward Islands, had never interfered in the religious leanings of his people. Now, however, he was roused; a belief in the coming end of the world meant a lack of interest in the planting of yams, the paying of taxes and other temporal concerns.
Maafu set sail for the island which had embraced the new religion. On his arrival the head men of the village were summoned before him. They came crouching before their ruler, who sat on the deck of his battered yacht, placidly splicing a rope.
"Fijians," said Maafu, "why do you not pay your taxes?"
The men replied that they had been told by an angel from heaven that the end of the world was at hand, and that they therefore thought it advisable to spend their time and strength in prayer.
"Fetch this angel," commanded Maafu.
He was brought on board, and with him a woman carrying a baby. The fanatic stood before Maafu, who quietly went on splicing a rope.
"So you are the man who tells these people to neglect their duties?"
"I am an angel sent to warn them."
"An angel! Ah! Who is that woman?"
"My wife, she is an angel, too."
"Ah, and is that child yours?"
"Yes."
"You are an angel, and you have a wife and child?"
"Yes."
Maafu rose and cried in a voice which awed those about him: "O Fijians! how can this thing be. When it is written, 'In heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage?' Fools! Overboard to your canoes! Pay taxes, and plant your yams, or it shall be the worse for you, men of Viti. And you, woman, go ashore and take care of your baby; you will not see your husband for seven years. Set sail!"
So Maafu carried off the angel, and kept him a prisoner for that length of time; the new religion died, and the people returned to the ordinary duties of life.
Patrick McAtamney, a switchman in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Jersey City, N. J., saw a 10-year-old boy step in front of an approaching car that was being backed up by an engine on the 18th. He sprang to save the boy and did so, but lost his own life.

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Clarence Carson was represented by one of the leading lawyers in Grimsby—a gentleman with judicial aspirations who scorned to appear before an alderman, but who would gladly appear anywhere that Mr. Carson required his services. Edgar Strong was Ned Newcomb's lawyer, and as he intimated his intention of fighting the case through on a preliminary hearing "for all it was worth," Mr. Carson's attorney impressed his client with the importance of fortifying himself with all the witnesses obtainable.
Accordingly Judge Ransom, Dick Dawson and Alice Dawson were summoned to appear, as the first named had performed the ceremony and the other two were the witnesses to the marriage, of which the certificate had been destroyed. Mr. Carson's lawyer opened the case with a great flourish, laying particular stress on the legal and social standing of the principal witness in the case, Judge Ransom, and the atrocity of the prisoner's conduct in destroying a marriage certificate—one of the most solemn documents ever devised by the brain of man.
There was much more in a similar strain, after which Clarence Carson was called to the witness stand. He testified to the nature of the document that had been destroyed and the manner of its destruction, and said it was the certificate of his marriage with Edith Edwards.
Judge Ransom was the next witness. He swore that on a certain evening he performed the marriage ceremony between the plaintiff in the case and Edith Edwards, and that he had made a written certificate of the marriage.
"Your Honor, this is all the witnesses we propose to call. We feel that we have made out a sufficient case to hold this defendant for trial at court," said Mr. Carson's attorney.
"But we shall insist on a hearing for our side, if it please the Court," said Edgar Strong. "We feel that we are entitled to a defense."
"What defense do you propose to make against such testimony?" asked the alderman.
"We propose to show to your Honor and to the public that the paper which my client destroyed was worse than worthless, because it was no marriage certificate at all, but a cruel libel upon the fair name and precious reputation of a young woman who is above suspicion and beyond reproach. Instead of being punished for what he did in destroying that paper, which purported to be a solemn certificate of marriage, but which was a brutal lie in black and white, my client, honest Ned Newcomb, who knows no fear in a just cause, should receive a testimonial from the community for his gallant conduct. He had saved this heretofore girl, who in going forth to search for her blind father fell into the river, from an evil day. He had left her in a place of shelter, while he went for a doctor and other assistance. When he was

sprited into a gambling room frequented by the plaintiff and others, and there the alleged marriage ceremony, certified to by Judge Ransom, was performed. But the marriage was not with Edith Edwards, as the bogus certificate declared, but with somebody else, as we shall show you before this trial closes."
The first witness called for the defense was Edith Edwards. The color mounted to her temples and stood forth in strong contrast to her jet black hair, as she took her place at the witness table, and there was not a man in the room that did not feel the influence of her rare and modest beauty. She swore that she had no recollection of her marriage to Clarence Carson, said she was solemnly and firmly convinced that no such ceremony ever took place, and that she did not and never would consider herself Mr. Car-

son's wife. She also stated briefly that Ned Newcomb was saving her from a suit when the so-called certificate was torn. Edith was not cross-examined.
"We will now call, as our next witness, Alice Dawson, one of the witnesses to this alleged marriage," said Attorney Edgar Strong.
Alice, a rather dashing person of mature beauty, came up smiling to the witness table.
"Were you one of the witnesses to the marriage between Clarence Carson and Edith Edwards as stated in the certificate made by Judge Ransom?"
"No."
"Why?"
"Because no such marriage took place. Mr. Carson was anxious to marry Edith Edwards, and take her to Europe, but we all knew she would not consent to the ceremony, and so I was persuaded to impersonate her. I was valued during the performance of the ceremony, so that Judge Ransom did not see my face. Mr. Carson supposed he was getting married to Edith Edwards, but it was my hand he held during the ceremony, and it was to me he made his wedding vows. In fact, I am his wife."
This startling announcement upset the gravity of the Court. Ned Newcomb could scarcely restrain himself for joy. Edith's delight was beyond expression, and Clarence Carson felt terribly humiliated.
The brief statement of Alice Dawson could not be shaken by cross-examination, and it was corroborated by the testimony of Dick Dawson, the gambler, who was the other witness to the mutilated marriage certificate of the now crestfallen Clarence Carson.
The charge against Ned Newcomb was promptly withdrawn, and for a few minutes Ned was overwhelmed with congratulations. But he was eager to escape from such a demonstration, and to see Edith at her home for a short time.
Clarence Carson retired from the scene very much disgraced. He wondered why it was that Dick Dawson and Alice appeared to testify against him with such alacrity, but he ascertained their motive later on, when Alice claimed that she was his wife, and tried to levy blackmail on him in a sum commensurate with his great wealth—a sum which, to his credit be it said, he did not pay.
Ned Newcomb accompanied Edith Edwards to her little home, and there, in the little parlor, when the two were together, he received the offer of his love, which had been rejected before, for reasons which had since been made clear. Brave-hearted Ned Newcomb's love was not rejected this time, and the happiness which he and Edith felt as they emerged from the little parlor shone in their eyes and glorified their lives.
Their cup of joy so full, was made to run over that afternoon by a letter from Philadelphia, stating that Ned Edwards had regained his sight once more, and would be home in a few days. It was so arranged that he should witness the marriage of Ned Newcomb and Edith, a sight which made him happier than words can tell.

As time went by, the city of Grimsby outgrew and forgot the stormy scenes that are depicted here, and its name is now prominent as one of the great manufacturing centres of the United States. The great mill has been rebuilt by a wealthy company, and Ned Newcomb is its efficient superintendent.
Attorney Edgar Strong proved himself worthy the hand of Zaida Carson, and they are happily married. Clarence is running a cattle ranch in the West, and is said to be a sober man, but his name is now rarely mentioned in Grimsby. Detective Sawyer and his protégé, Sam Sharp, the former new-boy, are doing a successful business in New York, where their courage and talents are appreciated.
When Ned Newcomb returns home from the mill, after his day's toil, he invariably hears music in the parlor, as he stands on the door-step, and a familiar, well-beloved voice, in which joy and tenderness keep company, rings out occasionally through the open window in the summer afternoons. Ned is grave but happy, as he hears Edith sing these words from Abt's well-remembered song:
"There is light upon my path, there is sunshine in my heart,
And the leaf and fruit of life shall not utterly depart;
Ye restore to me the freshness and the bloom of long ago,
O ye years, happy years; I am thankful that ye flow."
(THE END)

Contented Where He Was.
The other evening a steady, faithful old Swede, who occupies a place in the packing-room of Marsh, Field & Co.'s wholesale establishment, where he has been for years past, dropped in during a north side stroll at a barracks of the Salvation Army. He did not quite understand the proceedings, but he enjoyed singing, and he paid strict attention to what was going on. During an interval in the regular services he was approached by a uniformed officer of the army, who tapped him on the shoulder, and said, familiarly: "My friend, would you no like to go to work for Jesus?" "Naw, I gude no!" answered the old Swede, as he rubbed his chin; "I had got chob in Marshall Field, and I gude a week for him every week."
THE NEW DISCOVERY.
You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever afterwards holds a place in the house. If you have ever used it, and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or croup, Throat, Lung or Chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time or money refunded. Trial bottles Free at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drugstore.

Greece and Greece.
It is perhaps well that children should not understand all the complimentary things that may be said about them. Little Grace was very pretty, but had not yet been made self-conscious by finding it out.
Not long ago an indiscreet visitor, seeing her for the first time, remarked with enthusiasm to the child's mother, "What eyes! And what a profile—pure Grecian!"
Grace flushed scarlet, and ran from the room. Half an hour after, when the visitor had gone, her mother found her hidden away in a dark closet.
"Why, Grace, what are you here for?" she asked.
"I didn't want to come out, till that horrid Mrs. Sears had gone," said the child, showing a defiant face.
"Horrid? Why, what did she do to you?"
"She said I was all grease! I ran right to the glass, and I was as clean as could be. And if she thought so, she might have whispered it to me, and not said it out!"
Decisive.
If all impostors could be dealt with as summarily as was a religious fanatic in the Pacific Islands, new and mushroom faiths would meet speedily with the fate they deserve. This man, a native minister, had declared that he was the bearer of a message from heaven, to the effect that the end of the world was at hand. It was not long before he had gathered a large circle of disciples, believing with all their hearts in the approaching catastrophe. Maafu, the viceroy of the Windward Islands, had never interfered in the religious leanings of his people. Now, however, he was roused; a belief in the coming end of the world meant a lack of interest in the planting of yams, the paying of taxes and other temporal concerns.
Maafu set sail for the island which had embraced the new religion. On his arrival the head men of the village were summoned before him. They came crouching before their ruler, who sat on the deck of his battered yacht, placidly splicing a rope.
"Fijians," said Maafu, "why do you not pay your taxes?"
The men replied that they had been told by an angel from heaven that the end of the world was at hand, and that they therefore thought it advisable to spend their time and strength in prayer.
"Fetch this angel," commanded Maafu.
He was brought on board, and with him a woman carrying a baby. The fanatic stood before Maafu, who quietly went on splicing a rope.
"So you are the man who tells these people to neglect their duties?"
"I am an angel sent to warn them."
"An angel! Ah! Who is that woman?"
"My wife, she is an angel, too."
"Ah, and is that child yours?"
"Yes."
"You are an angel, and you have a wife and child?"
"Yes."
Maafu rose and cried in a voice which awed those about him: "O Fijians! how can this thing be. When it is written, 'In heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage?' Fools! Overboard to your canoes! Pay taxes, and plant your yams, or it shall be the worse for you, men of Viti. And you, woman, go ashore and take care of your baby; you will not see your husband for seven years. Set sail!"
So Maafu carried off the angel, and kept him a prisoner for that length of time; the new religion died, and the people returned to the ordinary duties of life.
Patrick McAtamney, a switchman in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Jersey City, N. J., saw a 10-year-old boy step in front of an approaching car that was being backed up by an engine on the 18th. He sprang to save the boy and did so, but lost his own life.

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