

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

There's a prejudice allus 'twixt country and town. Which I wish in my heart wassent so. You take city people, just square up and down.

My son-in-law said when he lived in the town. He just natchurly pined, night and day. For a sight of the woods or a acre of ground.

THE DEAD MAN'S RING.

The Story of Lieutenant Clyde's Strange Adventure in Arizona.

BY EDWARD LIVINGSTON KEYES.

Christmas Day in Arizona. Not the Arizona of to-day with its railroads, telegraphs and other modern conveniences, but the old Territory of twenty-five years ago.

It is morning and down the narrow trail of the rough mountain that towers in its barren back old Fort Reno come in single file moving objects.

They move out now across the broad valley, the white alkaline dust rising in clouds at each motion of the horse's feet.

Though it is December, yet the temperature is anywhere from 100 to 110 degrees; but, with the exception of a very few, these troopers are accustomed to the climate and no murmur of complaint escapes them.

It is doubtful if there was in the entire command a man who had not at least once since breaking camp remembered the day and contrasted it with other Christmases in happier lands.

halt was made; on they push and at length we see the head of the column beginning the ascent of the mammoth natural parapet with its different colored sections, or strata, showing, as the scientists tell us, its age as unmistakably as do the rings on a cow's horn and the wrinkles under a horse's eye.

At this moment Lieutenant Clyde was suffering from an attack of Melancholia, together with that sense of nausea we all have known, consequent upon a long-delayed breakfast.

Though clothed roughly, as everybody was in those days in Arizona, yet there was a refinement about the well-cut handsome features, a certain delicacy about the small shapely hands and bootless feet of the dead man seldom met with in the large army of miners and prospectors familiar to all who have lived upon the border.

No trace of the previous presence of knife or bullet as Clyde drew his hand over the hunting shirt covering the body of the handsome sleeper; not a mark upon the face or head to show that he had been one of the many victims of the Apaches or the target of some whiskey selling Greaser.

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Quite late at night Pleasant Valley was reached. Here the Maricopa scouts that had been several miles in advance of the command were found waiting and rather dejected; they had discovered no sign. The ambitious, well-meaning commandant was more than a little disgusted, and feeling a large sized vacancy in his own interior department he gave orders that permitted the building of fires.

The following morning the Indian scouts were sent out in different directions in hopes that a rancharia might be located or at the least a recent Apache trail discovered; the command was to remain inactive until their return.

Satisfying himself that he was beyond sight of his comrades, Clyde seated himself and proceeded to examine the trinkets he had come upon the day before.

Swinton assumed a more careful position and then turned to Clyde he said: "You surely must have heard of the great belle of a few years ago, Augusta Thorpe?"

octagonal in shape. Its face showed a castle in mosaic, with rocks and a little stream in the foreground; its three pendants were composed of diamonds and turquoise. The back was formed by a gold case, upon which was the word Roma. Opening this Clyde looked upon the face of a beautiful young woman painted on porcelain, evidently a portrait.

One year later by a rare stroke of fortune Clyde was ordered to New York on special duty. The ring which he had never worn while in the land of the cholla and mesquit now graced his finger.

The following day he chanced to pass his friend, Major Glitten, of the artillery, in company with the same man. The two officers made the conventional military recognition, but the eyes of the civilian were fixed steadily upon Clyde, who did not fail to observe the scrutiny.

"Who was that man I saw you with this morning?" asked Clyde of the major, as later in the day Glitten strolled into his office.

"He asked me the same question respecting yourself the moment you had passed," answered the elder officer pleasantly. "Is it a case of mutual love at sight? He is the great stockbroker, Holmes. You have some capital and he is just the fellow to help you—or ruin you."

"On the contrary, I did not like his face," responded Clyde. "He sat opposite me at dinner yesterday, and he eyed me in such a peculiar manner that I fancied he was either a little off or else that he thought me a suspicious character."

"I know little about him personally," replied the major, "beyond the fact that he is a power on the street and that he has a lovely wife. By the way, if you care for society let me introduce you to Swinton. He is a member of all the best clubs and an fait with everybody and everything."

"That's Holmes—Lawrence Holmes, the stockbroker. I do not fancy him myself, though his wealth and ability command almost universal admiration. I have always felt that he was in some underhand way implicated in poor Clayton's misfortune, which led to the latter's disappearance and probably to his death. However this may be, Clayton's whereabouts have been unknown to his friends ever since the beautiful Miss Thorpe, to whom it was understood he was engaged, gave him his consent."

"She was possessed of every grace and charm and naturally had hosts of admirers and numberless suitors. Among the latter it is only necessary to speak of Clayton and Holmes. These two men, though the antitheses of one another, seemed to be her favorites

from the first. Holmes in two things only was the superior of Clayton—wealth and sophistry. Clayton was by far the better man in every way, and, in time, though it had not been so announced, it was very generally understood that he and Miss Thorpe were engaged. Holmes did not discontinue his visits, however. On the contrary, he became even more attentive than formerly.

"Well, to resume. The night merged into morning, still the discussion continued. More than one empty bottle had been borne away and at length each seemed to grow conscious of a feeling of jealousy of the other. The wine was doing its baneful work. Holmes taunted Clayton unmercifully, and the latter, showing some temper, said: 'She has promised to marry me, I can obtain that ring from you, if you please, as he spoke, at his rival's finger. This was a double shaft at Holmes, for it appeared that he wore some queer ring which Miss Thorpe had repeatedly asked to be allowed to wear, and which request he had repeatedly and consistently declined to grant, giving as a reason for so doing, if I remember rightly, that he was superstitious and that he had been warned never to remove the ring from his finger. Clayton's avowal greatly angered Holmes. He could not, in view of a very recent and an unusually warm parting with the lady, believe that she had made any such promise. But knowing her great desire to possess the ring, Clayton's allusion to the jewel showed that she had spoken to his rival on the subject, and this, perhaps, in some disdainful way. This flashed through Holmes' mind in a moment, then, jerking the jewel from his finger, he flung it upon the table, saying: 'If she can be bought for a bauble, permit me to aid you in your purchase. With this he left the club and the two men have never met since. In fact, none of his acquaintances have heard of Clayton since the morning of the day following this episode. One day later Miss Thorpe's engagement to Holmes was announced.'

"How very singular!" exclaimed Clyde. "How do you account for it?" "Why attempt to account for it that which from the first appeared inexplicable? I firmly believe that Clayton told the truth when he made his statement respecting the ring. I also believe that in a fit of temper Holmes threw him the jewel. From this it is natural to conclude that Clayton lost no time in bearing the trophy to the woman he loved—the very being who had offered him such a rare prize for his possession. Why she rejected him, how to account for his sudden disappearance, how to explain her acceptance of Holmes are things that I now have little hopes of learning until I reach that sphere where all is to be made plain."

"Do you know Mrs. Holmes?" asked Clyde. "As Miss Thorpe I knew her quite well, though I was never one of her slaves. Since this affair I have simply called it to her. Clayton was one of my best friends. He was a capital fellow and his disappearance has occasioned me much uneasiness. It would be some satisfaction to obtain reliable information of his death, for dead I feel that he is, and I cannot help but believe that Holmes and his wife are in some treacherous way responsible."

"How long ago did this occur?" asked Clyde, whose generous, sympathetic nature re-echoed the sentiments of his friend. "Let me see," answered the other. "Then after a few moments of mental calculation: 'Just one year and a half ago.'"

The two men sat and smoked in silence. Swinton was recalling Clayton as he last saw him, handsome, full of life, prosperous, popular and hopeful. Clyde was saying mentally, "That was just about the time I joined in Arizona." Then he spoke. "Let us take a good-night drink to the safe return of your friend."

"With all my heart," was the response. "And do not forget, I shall call for you to-morrow evening to take you to the Chutneys' ball."

Scarcely had the two friends entered the ball room when Clyde grasped Swinton's arm and in a strange voice, and also in an intensely excited manner, said: "Tell me who that woman is there? That one! There cannot be two such throats and necks in the world!"

"Why, man!" exclaimed Swinton, "you look as if you had seen a ghost; or perhaps one of your Apaches unexpectedly."

"Yes, yes," she above all others. Do present me at once."

"I beg of you not to ask me to officiate," responded Swinton in grave tones. "I fear that I have already lost one dear friend through that woman. Do not require me to be the agency by which I might lose another. But I will arrange it for you, and at once."

"Yes, my lady of the locket," he said to himself as his thought went back to the lonely canon and the dead stranger. "The same superb throat and neck, the same divine coloring and even the little sparkling cigarette. Also the same absence of nature, the same lack of soul. Had the artist painted better than he knew?"

When Clyde left the Chutneys that evening it was with Mrs. Holmes' permission to call upon her the following day. Not one word did he say to Swinton of his suspicion that the latter's friend, Clayton, and the dead Arizona wanderer were one and the same person. But the circumstantial evidence was too overwhelming to permit of the vestige of a doubt entering his own mind. The time of Clayton's disappearance and the finding of the body, the peculiar ring, with the initials L. and H. (Lawrence Holmes), and above all the locket with its artistic counterpart of Mrs. Holmes, might have convinced a far less credulous person than Clyde.

Perplexing, inexplicable as this bit of news was to him, yet it was quite absorbed in the intelligence received later the same evening of the sudden death of Mrs. Holmes.

Weeks later there came to him a letter from Arizona, which gave him every particular. With the confidence that Mrs. Holmes was the woman who had sent the friend of his friend into exile and oblivion, Clyde had called upon her the morning after the ball. He was not unimpressed by her regal bearing and her superb, matchless beauty. On the contrary, he was fascinated, charmed. At the same time he never for a moment forgot nor forgave that missing something; the absence of which made it impossible that she should awake in him that warmer feeling she had so easily aroused in others.

They chatted of the ball, of the books, the music and the flowers popular at that period; she most of the time thinking how different he was from other men whom she had known, and he engrossed with the idea that she was little better than a female Frankenstein, a modern Medusa. Then he artfully swerved the current of the conversation and made the human heart, its duties, requirements and possibilities the subject. Hereupon they failed to agree. Her views were too abnormal, too inhuman in fact to meet the approval of the severe, matter-of-fact young officer. He held her to be unsympathetic, unfeeling.

But Clyde's whole soul was in his subject; he argued his cause well, and sent shaft after shaft into the breast of the woman before him who little dreamed of her opponent. But she gave no outward sign that she had been touched by the force of his logic. In fact, her every response confirmed him in his belief of her utter callousness. Her theory seemed to be that matters relative to the affections should not be regarded nor treated seriously. She even went further and gave it as her opinion, based upon experience and observation, that love was but a passing fancy, and she challenged Clyde to point to a single instance in real life where it had proved lasting after a brief absence or where it had been so sincere that the loss of it led to despair or death.

This was the opportunity he wished. Without mentioning their proper names he selected herself and the dead Clayton for his characters in the life drama which he pictured so faithfully that even his listener was conscious of a feeling not precisely similar to any she had heretofore experienced. Not one incident, not a point that strengthened his position was lost sight of; not a detail that was not well and thoroughly developed. The dead man under the mesquit tree in the lonely canyon presented had the scene been spread upon canvas before her.

"Permit me to convince you to the contrary. I found this on the neck of the dead man whose story you have just listened to."

"Of course, to neither Clyde nor Swinton was the mystery ever fully explained. They could only guess that after

Clayton had received the ring from Holmes Miss Thorpe had scornfully upbraided him for seeking to win her by taking her words literally and had driven to him her love for his rival. Driven frantic by this reception Clayton probably hurried away to become a despairing wanderer, while Miss Thorpe, after marrying Holmes, discovered that the power he exercised over her was not real love. That Holmes did not reclaim his ring, which he must have recognized, from Clyde, was only to be accounted for on the theory that he was aware of the loss of his wife's affection, and feared to make any case of the ring at all lest the memory of Clayton should in some way be aroused by it. Which happened, in spite of him.

—Republicans are boasting that they are going to carry the county next Tuesday. This boast should put every Democrat on his metal. A full Democratic vote will show them under to an extent they little dream of. Democrats, let us give them a dose of old-fashioned Democracy and show them that we still have a pride in the principles that we believe in. We can do this by arranging to have out every Democratic vote.

Hints to Young Authors.

"The first thing you need is to have something to say. If you have nothing that you are burning to tell, keep silent. Next you must remember that the way of saying a thing is very important, and so you must cultivate style. To gain a good style you must read the best authors. You will learn how to write only by reading, and not by writing out your own thoughts, while you are young; but by taking in great thoughts, the thoughts and words of the great of all ages."

"Read Dante, Milton, Shakespeare; have always on hand a task, in the way of a history or an essay, or some volume which you cannot read hastily. Gradually, by reading the best literature you will gain a good vocabulary, and learn to express yourself as the masters do."

When you write do not choose a high-faloot subject which does not interest, and in no way real to you, but describe something with which you are familiar. Take your father's house, or the street your school stands on, or your own room, and try to make a pen picture of either of these. Write in plain simple language, as you would speak. Always write as if you were talking to somebody a child, or a dear mother, or your cousin Bob who is in Madras, or your aunt Euneline, in the frontier fort, a week's journey from home.

Never think especially of publishing your work, or of making money by it. Money is paid only to those who understand their art, not to beginners. You will spend your work and gain all your chances if you let the thought of money enter into your first writing.—Harper's Young People.

My wife, Mrs. Mattie Powell, having this day left my bed and board without just cause, I hereby notify all persons against harboring or giving her credit, as I will not be responsible for any debts she may contract on and after this date. E. T. POWELL.

In answer to the above notice I would state to the public that the above notified did not own a bed, consequently I did not leave his bed; it was my bed, bed clothes and all, and I took it with me when I left. I had to stand personally responsible for debts he incurred and for purchases made for our living, consequently my credit will remain unimpaired now, since I have left him. I did not leave without cause, but could endure the brutality of a drunken husband no longer. Mrs. M. POWELL.

Remember that a full Democratic vote will give us an old-fashioned Democratic majority in this county, and where is the Democrat who will not rejoice in finding that his county has done its full duty on the day of the election.

Salvationists' City Colony.

A Human Bee Hive in Which Poor Wretches Are Kindly Cared for.

Among the institutions which make up the city colony of the Salvation Army in London are the Penny Shelter—a place where the poor may find temporary lodging for a penny a night, or in return for some small service; the ex-Prisoners' Home—a receiving station for released prisoners, brought from the prison gates by a special brigade of the army assigned to that service; the Lodging House—or an improved shelter where supplies are bought in large quantities at wholesale and sold at practically cost, or in case of proved destitution served free, usually on some plan of credit for future services; the Work Shop—where persons seeking refuge in the shelters who show a disposition to work are supplied with various kinds of employment, from chopping and bundling wood to cabinet making; the Poor Man's Metropole—a cheap hotel designed to offer a comfortable home to industrious and self-respecting people.

—Read the WATCHMAN.