

A BLOSSOM IN THE SOUL.

Across an apple ripe, from out your store, Cut a thin transverse slice, through grain and core, Not quartering or ranging with the stem, There, in the center, an artistic gem, Safe in that casket, guarded and concealed, Held to the light, is unto you revealed; Perfect in outline, though long hid in gloom, Is limned a perfect, shapely apple bloom; The spirit of the blossom, from the past Preserved within the apple's heart to last, A seal and symbol, though thus veiled and mute— That blossoms are really souls of ripened fruit. That blossom once made fragrant far and wide, Like scented snow, but who thought it would hide Within this body as a secret shrine, Perfect in form and in ghost-like outline, Proof of the all-important, gladness truth, That old age may possess the heart of youth. Men missed its youthful presence, thought it dead, Watched for its disappearance with vague dread, Long missed its beauty, thought its petals gone, Yet here, like some veiled nun, the flower lived on, Its fragrance sealed, its beautiful petals furled, Retiring for a season from the world. But all the while the body 'round it draped, Was by God's law of beauty deftly shaped, And all the rosy-cheeked, prosaic whole Was thus perfected by a flower-like soul; Sealed in its casket, of its life a part, Printing a blossom on its inmost heart, Thus sleeps the music in the silent lute, Thus lives the blossom in the ripened fruit, Thus may the human thought and human tongue, Take beautiful form from thoughts forever young; Gray hairs and furrowed face its outward part, But blossoms of childhood in its inmost heart. I. EDGAR JONES.

A CLEW BY WIRE

Or, An Interrupted Current.

BY HOWARD M. YOST.

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CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"Have these mysteries any relation to, or any connection with, the sealed cellar?" Sonntag finally said. "The woman said nothing about the strange events being located in any particular place, and I did not think to ask her," I replied. The old lawyer's question opened up a new train of thought. Could it be possible that the strange voice I had heard proceeded from the sealed cellar? "Ah! I suppose the women are superstitious and think the place is haunted. Such ideas generally get abroad about old, long vacated houses. But you do not mind their talk? You are not afraid of ghosts, are you?" The old fellow's eyes twinkled merrily. "Well I have never come across any of those shadowy beings. I could tell better after I met one. I hardly think talk alone could frighten me," I replied, somewhat shamefacedly, remembering how nearly I had been unnerved the night before by my own reflection. "I will be over some time to-morrow, and will see if anything can be done regarding the mysterious cellar," Mr. Sonntag said, as I rose to leave. "And—pardon me for referring to the unfortunate affair—have you heard of any new developments in the robbery case?" "What!" I exclaimed, "you know of it too?" "Certainly. I lived near Philadelphia at the time and I read the papers," he replied, smilingly. "It seems I cannot escape hearing of that terrible affair," I said, bitterly.



"And I acted the part of a fool, too, in the matter. Instead of putting forth every effort to find the perpetrators I let the thing go; let others, who could not possibly have had the interest in the case that I had, undertake investigations. I am rightly served for my supineness, for I have heard nothing about it at all. I know what I knew the morning of its occurrence, not a bit more. Others have failed; I intend to see now what I can do." "You intend going into the affair, then?" he said, dryly. "I do, with all the energy and resource I am possessed of." "Do you know how near you came to being arrested for the crime?" Sonntag asked. "Why, yes. I know, of course, that would have happened could anything have been found against me." "Well, there was enough to hold you, on suspicion at least." "Then why did you not arrest me? I am sure I was willing. I courted a trial." "It was very seriously talked of among the trustees. But the president opposed it, for one," Sonntag said. "Yes, I know he really believed me innocent."

"But his objection was not the strongest influence which arose in your behalf," continued my agent. "The strongest, most powerful opposition to your arrest came from one whose influence outweighs even the president's." "One of the trustees?" I asked, eagerly. "Yes." "You cannot mean—" "Sylvester Morley," interrupted the lawyer. "Mr. Morley!" I exclaimed, joyfully. For I knew, great as Sylvester Morley's influence was, there was one who wielded a greater, since she could influence her father. Was it her sweet self that had come to my aid through her father? It would be happiness to know this; but, then—why had she passed me without a greeting? My face must have told a whole story to the shrewd old lawyer. When I turned toward him again there was a very grave expression on his face, and a contemplative look about his sharp eyes as he regarded me. "You seem highly elated by this," he said. "Oh, I am. What young man would not feel highly honored in knowing that a man of Mr. Morley's standing had defended him?" I exclaimed. The old fellow saw the blush which spread over my face, however, and he smiled as he replied: "I do not court your confidence, but it is plain there is some power behind Mr. Morley which led that gentleman to defend you. Now, believe me, Mr. Conway, I do not ask for curiosity; there is a grave purpose in the question I am about to ask you," he went on, as the smile died from his face and what seemed to me to be deep concern appeared instead. "The question is this: Are you an especial friend of Miss Morley's? Are you engaged to marry her?" "No. But, had the suspicion of the robbery not fallen upon me, I probably would have asked her to be my wife long before now," I replied, rather wondering at myself for telling this to the old fellow on so short an acquaintance. "Ah, she loves you, then?" "That I cannot say. I believe she did think very highly of me at one time; but I promised not to hold any communication with her until my innocence was known. It is a year since then. Whether her feeling for me has changed or not I do not know." "You have kept your promise, then?" "Why, certainly!" I answered, with some indignation at the implied doubt of me. "Now about the investigation you desire to engage in," Sonntag said, changing the subject rather abruptly. "What do you propose to do? How go about it?" "Oh, hire some smart detective," I replied. "I suppose that will be the only way. What else can I do?" "Do you think the bank officials have done nothing? Do you think you could find any shrewder detectives than have undoubtedly been working on the case? If the bank with all its tremendous resources has not succeeded in running the robbers down, how can you expect to succeed when your limited means would make your search merely a superficial one?" "But, heavens, man! what am I to do? Carry this load to the grave? Why, Mr. Sonntag, this suspicion of me, you cannot imagine what a horrible thing it is, how it darkens my life!" I exclaimed, in bitterness of spirit, as I realized how hopeless my case seemed. "You have been patient so long under your trouble, a little more endurance will not hurt you," Sonntag said, in answer to my despairing words. "You'll come out of it all with flying colors some day. Now it may not look so to you, but to me it appears that you have done a great deal yourself, in the investigations which no doubt are still in progress." "How can that be? I have done nothing." "And that is exactly what I mean. That very course seems to me to be a great feature in the search, though you cannot see it in that light," Sonntag smiled in a knowing way. "In what respect has my supineness aided the case?" I asked, curiously. "By allowing the real perpetrators of the crime to feel secure in their position, knowing as they probably do that you are still the only suspected party." I was much impressed by the old fellow's words. "You ought to have been a detective," I remarked, at which he turned his sharp glance toward me and answered: "Yes, I might have done something in that line. But I prefer a quiet life." Sonntag followed me out to the buggy. I took up the lines, but a thought occurred to me, and I delayed my departure to voice it. "Do you know Mr. Morley?" I asked. "No, I do not," was Sonntag's answer. "Then where did you get your information about that gentleman's defense of me?" "Oh, such news gets out sometimes. Still, I don't mind telling you. It was from Horace Jackson I received the information." "From Jackson!" I exclaimed, in surprise. "You know Jackson, then?" "Yes; merely a speaking acquaintance, though. He comes here quite frequently." "How can he get away from the bank?" I asked. "He is not employed there now. Jackson has become quite wealthy, at least so he himself says. He has made some big strikes speculating in coal lands. He said he could not afford to devote his time to the bank for a paltry salary when his interests outside had grown so important. So he left about five or six months ago." "Then he did finally fulfill his threat of leaving," I remarked. "He was always talking about leaving," I continued, in explanation. "As he still held on to his position notwithstanding, it got to be a standing joke in the office about Jackson quitting the job." "Ah, indeed? He seemed, then, to desire that every one of his associates

might expect his leaving at any time?" remarked the lawyer, with a significance I could not then account for. "I suppose so, or he would not have reiterated his intention so frequently. And he's become rich? No wonder. He told me once he was interested with Mr. Morley in a few business ventures. Well, he's lucky. You'll be over, then, to-morrow?" "Yes, Good-day."

CHAPTER VIII.

When I again passed the depot at Sidington on my way home, there was a lady on horseback talking to the agent. It needed no second glance to tell me it was Florence Morley. Her face was turned toward the fellow, and so she did not see me. I drove along slowly, keeping my eyes upon her, and debating in my mind whether I should stop and address her or not. It was a strong temptation, and only fear held me back, a cowardly fear too. I doubted how my overtures might be received. I had chosen my course of my own accord and I would follow it. If it was contrary to her wish she would find a way to tell me. After passing the station I allowed my horse to continue at a walk, so that



Florence must catch up with me if she intended to ride to her home from Sidington.

The resolve to stick to my promise was growing weaker since Sarah's comment upon it. A word from Florence, I knew, would cause me to break it, and I really was impatient for that word.

Soon the sound of approaching hoofs beating the hard road reached me. Nearer it came and nearer, until finally I caught a glimpse, out of the corner of my eye, of a swaying petticoat.

She pulled in her horse to a walk, and then I turned my head and glanced at her. My heart was in my throat when I looked, but the smile that greeted me dispelled my fears like mist before the morning sun.

But the smile was not all that told me of her emotion at again meeting me. The deep brown eyes were suffused with tears. With my own heart leaping for joy, I reined my horse to a standstill. In an instant I was at her side.

She extended her hand, and with my assistance sprang lightly to the ground. I took her horse's bridle over my arm and, with the disengaged hand, helped her climb into the buggy.

"Tie the horse to the back axle, then come here beside me," were the first words she said. I lost no time in obeying.

Imagine, if you please, the overwhelming joy to be seated once more beside her who held my whole heart in her keeping.

I could not trust myself to speak, and it was she who began. "Are you not pleased to see me once more, Mr. Conway? Because if you are not, I certainly will not tell you how happy I am in again meeting an old friend."

The soft, sweet tones of her voice, which I loved so to hear, had now a tremble to them. I glanced at her, and—well, Florence was still my true heart, as she had been throughout, notwithstanding my doubt and fear.

"The past year has been an eternity to me," I finally said. "And who is to blame for that, I wonder? And, too, when was the mystery cleared up, since you are now speaking to me?" she said, with a joyous laugh, which told me as plainly as words could how she had missed me.

"It is not cleared up; sometimes I think it never will be. I could not have found fault with you had you forgotten me. Will you forgive me when I confess I was fearful you had?"

"No. I do not think I can quite forgive that. What reason had you for mistrusting me?" she earnestly asked. "You passed me this morning, you know, without bowing."

"I was so startled, and we had gone by before I realized that it was you who were standing there. That was a slight cause for mistrusting me, sir."

"It was and I am very sorry. Indeed, I have been a fool right through the whole affair. I see it now. I had no right to make such a promise."

"Well, I do not think you were a fool. But, forgive me, that promise was a foolish one, and—just a trifle unkind." The tears again started in her eyes, and her voice took on the tremble which went so appealingly to my heart.

"Never again will I be so foolish!" I exclaimed. "I will see your father and tell him I have broken my promise, that it was impossible to keep it, and that it is simply absurd to subject us to the misery of a longer separation. May I tell him that? May I speak for both of us?"

She hung her head, while the red flush spread over her face. Then she murmured: "Yes, speak for both of us. Why not, since it is true? Perhaps you'll find father has changed his views a trifle."

"Not in his opinion of my innocence,"

"I hope," I said. "I have been told he strongly objected to my arrest. And I know whose influence caused him to do so."

"Not mine, really," Florence earnestly replied. "Father believed you were innocent, and took the stand he did for that reason. I did not know about the robbery until after the first meeting of the trustees. It was at that meeting that he opposed your arrest. I remember he felt quite triumphant afterward, for most of the trustees insisted upon your immediate arrest, and it was only after father said that he would never consent to it that they gave up the point."

"Now that is pleasant to hear," I cried, joyfully. "What reason have you to think he has changed his views regarding the promise?"

"This morning, after we had passed you, I said: 'That looked like Nelson Conway.' Father laughed at me, and answered that it must have been an hallucination produced by constantly keeping my thoughts upon you."

It is impossible to describe the fascination of Florence's manner when she told me this—how maidenly bashfulness blended with love's boldness, how the blushes dyed her smooth cheek, while her eyes shone with a confident, happy light.

"Then at lunch this noon father asked me if I—I liked you as much as ever. 'Liked' was not the word he used, but never mind, we'll use it now."

"And what did you answer?" I asked, eagerly and expectantly. "That not a day went by that I did not think of you. And oh, Nelson," she continued, her voice deep and full in its earnestness, "that was not half the truth. Why should I hesitate to confess it to you, my dear friend?"

Here I made use of my disengaged arm. I could not help it. I drew her closely to me and kissed her blooming cheek.

"I certainly shall not go on if I am interrupted," Florence said, in gentle remonstrance.

"What did your father say in answer?" I finally asked. "He said he thought perhaps it was unjust to both of us to insist on your keeping the promise."

"Did he say that?" I exclaimed. "Then Florence—!" but really it is enough to say that the dear girl promised to be my wife, even though the suspicion should not be removed from me, providing Mr. Morley's consent could be gained; and she moreover promised to do all she could to help me gain his consent.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ACQUITTED BY THE CROWD.

How a Leadville Judge Dodged to Make Votes.

Twenty years ago Powers was an engine wiper in the shops at Burnham. But, losing an arm in a railroad wreck, he was obliged to use his head more and his limbs less in the business of making a living for himself and little family. Drifting into Leadville with the first tide of fortune hunters, Powers remained there as long as he could consistently and until the sheriff took him down to Canyon City to live permanently, that being considered a healthier climate for a man of his temperament (he had shot and killed his son-in-law, Pat Kennedy, in a friendly go-as-you-please with Colt's revolvers). But Powers was not nearly so vicious as he looked, and during all of the years that I knew him he had never once killed a man—a pretty good record for that vicinity. He was always a potent political factor, and filled various positions of honor and responsibility, from justice of the peace up to policeman and janitor of the courthouse and superintendent of the chain gang. While dealing out justice in the old city jail, a Missourian was brought before him for a preliminary hearing upon the charge of horse stealing. That was ranked as a capital offense in Leadville in those days, punishable with death. But the culprit was from Joplin, and had many friends in the camp, albeit the court was crowded with them, all determined, as every true Missourian is, to see justice done. In the midst of the proceedings a stentorian voice was heard in the rear of the room, shouting: "I move, your honor, that the prisoner be discharged!"

That was all Powers wanted. To convict the Missourian would have been fatal to his hopes of a reelection, and without waiting for a second to the proposition he put the motion to the house and declared it carried unanimously, which it was. The court then adjourned to Johnny Shea's, where the friends of the vindicated man did the handsome thing by the judge, the clerk and all of the bystanders.—Denver Times.

Gentlemen in Court.

At an assize court the late Justice Maule was engaged in passing sentence on a prisoner, when one of the officers of the court annoyed him by crossing the gangway beneath him with papers for members of the bar. "Don't you know," cried the judge, severely addressing the official culprit, "that you ought never to pass between two gentlemen when one of them is addressing the other?" Having thus relieved his mind, the judge proceeded to pass sentence of seven years' penal servitude on the other gentleman.—Household Words.

Hard to Please.

The Maux people are very plain spoken. Hall Caine, who is their acknowledged historian, tells a good story of a grumpy old Methodist woman in the Isle of Man who could never be satisfied with her preachers. One of them, being about to leave, called to say good-by. "Well, good-by," she said, "and God bless ye, and may the Lord send a better man in your place." Next day his successor came to see her. "Well, I hope the Lord has sent a good man," she said, "but there's none so good that comes as them that goes."—Troy Times.

—Every time a woman cleans house she finds a lot of things she had forgotten about.—Washington Democrat.

FASHION FAVORITES.

Various Modes for the Ladies That Have Caught the Popular Fancy.

Parisians have not yet tired of the combination of red and gray and a black skirt. In the autumn it was a hat of red straw, adorned with red tulle, poppies and a few black plumes or wings, and the bon of gray ostrich feathers was a necessary finish to the costume worn with it. Now there is a cape or coat of gray astrakhan, or gray-faced cloth, elaborately braided and trimmed with gray fur, a black skirt and red felt hat, with black plumes.

Light-weight white woolen dress fabrics in the modes of decoration and accessories. An acceptable change can be made by having two vests, one cheviot and one of white pique. The wide collar is cut in sailor fashion in the back, while the front forms revers, edged and held together by a silken cord. Sets of collar and revers can be bought in many different styles of silk, wash materials or fancy cloths trimmed with braid or embroidery. If a little lady's knickerbockers are not out at the knees nor his jacket worn through at the elbows such a "set" will make his suit appear dressy and fresh.

Skirts and blouses of Maderia work are being mounted on colored silk foundations and are to be worn with silk skirts. The effect is smart, and the fashion will probably extend through the warm season.

Foreign fashion leaders are wearing large quantities of expensive passementeries, consequently it is a foregone conclusion that the women of this country will adorn their spring confections with jets, beads and sequins.

Overskirts, or the effect of overskirts, are one of the leading skirt modes for the spring. The simulated polonaise formed of trimming looks well in black velvet ribbon. A black gros-grain, garnished in this way, has three rows of black velvet upon each side of the front breadth, in graduated stripes, the first ending about six inches from the waistline with a rosette; the third still shorter, finished in a similar manner.

A rose-pink cashmere gown for afternoon shows a traced design in gilt threads, and is finished with a mink edging on skirt, revers, cuffs and collar.—St. Louis Republic.

A RARE WOMAN.

The One Great Reason Why Maurice Loved the Fair Clarinda Devotedly.

"Clarinda," said Maurice Fitzpatrick, the proud young patrician from Peoria, "I love you."

Miss Bullwinkle, the beautiful daughter of the millionaire butterscotch maker, staggered back as if she had been struck.

"No, no!" she cried, "surely you don't mean it!"

"Yes," Maurice replied, "it is, alas, too true!"

Clarinda Bullwinkle sat down and looked at the flames that were flickering up from the gas log. She was in deep thought. For awhile it seemed as if the shock would be too much for her; but little by little she recovered her composure, and, turning to the handsome young man, at last she asked: "When did you find it out?"

He looked at his watch and replied: "Just a little while ago. I have felt symptoms of it for some time, but it didn't break out until this evening. Now I can doubt no longer. Clarinda, I repeat in stentorian tones that I love you."

"And," she returned, after another thoughtful pause, "can you explain why? You know I am a materialist. I do not accept facts as such. I must first know the underlying causes. It is not sufficient for me that a bird flies. I must know why it flies. Am I too swift for you, Maurice?"

"No, darling," he cried, falling upon his knees in front of her, "the clip is none too fast for me. I am in some sense a bird myself. I love you because you are unlike all other women that I have ever known."

"It gladdens my heart," she said, "to hear you say this; but still there is the old proposition. You say I am unlike all the other women that you have ever known; yet you do not tell me how or why. Go on."

"The explanation is easy," he said. "You have not once explained what you would do to the Spaniards now if you were a man. Therein you are unlike all others of your sex."

"Maurice!" she cried, flinging herself into his arms, "it is enough. Where shall we go on our wedding trip?"—Cleveland Leader.

Typhoid Patients.

As the result of long-continued and careful experimenting, an eminent physician prescribes as a food for typhoid patients bananas in their perfectly ripe state. In severe cases of typhoid the lining membrane of the small intestines becomes irritated and inflamed, and finally develops ulcers of various sorts, which throw off coating after coating, leaving the walls of the intestines dangerously thin. Solid food coming in contact with these delicate spots produce a rupture, with the most serious results. The banana, which is almost all nutrition, dissolves, and is largely absorbed before it reaches the inflamed part. The trifling residuum is so fine and pulp-like that no harm comes from it. For this reason, and because the banana has but about five per cent. of waste, it is considered the very best possible food for people suffering from this form of disease.—N. Y. Ledger.

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Man was made to mourn, but by many thinks he can get out of it by weeping again.—Chicago Record.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—V. K. Williams, Antioch, Ill., April 11, 1894.

Why shouldn't beer drinkers be arrested for blowing the tops off schooners?—Chicago Daily News.

The Grip of Pneumonia may be warded off with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Put a pain to sleep? St. Jacobs Oil does this with Sciatica. Torment cured. Sudden weather changes bring rheumatism. St. Jacobs Oil makes prompt cure. Some people's sole aim seems to be to have things to lock up.—Washington Democrat.

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