

HOW WE KNOW.

We are camped on the trail of the angels,
And who has found a ring.
A jewel-set clasp, or sequin,
In the grasses of early spring?
We know the red star of the evening
That lights up the darkening west
Is a glittering, tremulous ruby
Asleep on an angel's breast.

We are camped on the trail of the angels;
We know by the blossom's air
Where they came up the beautiful valley
And on by the mountain stairs:
They have left in the musical forest,
And in the wild waters' flow,
The soul-songs we learned in our childhood,
The songs of the long ago.

We are camped on the trail of the angels;
They wait on the other side,
We know by the streamers of glory
Just over the great divide:
Oh, we feel the rapt thrill of the harp-strings,
Like winds fluttering in the trees,
And we hear how they chant as they linger
A holy song of degree.

We are camped on the trail of the angels;
We know by the Sabbath calm
Resting over the fields of the spirit
Where growth the Gilead balm:
And we know by the longing to journey,
To follow the way they trod,
We shall cross the blue hills to-morrow—
To-morrow—and be with God!
—Agnes E. Mitchell, in Chicago Record.

THE OLD MILL MYSTERY

By Arthur W. Marchmont, B. A.

Author of "Miser Hoadley's Secret," "Madeline Power," "By Whose Hand," "Ira," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

"Do you mean is what he says true?" he asked, irritably.
"Tom! Tom! No, dear, of course I don't," said Mary. "What I mean is, is he likely to say a thing which he does not believe he has ground for? If so, does it mean that the books have been touched so that he is led to think this of you?"

"How could they be touched, as you call it, when no one could get to them except myself? That's what puzzles me."

"You've no idea yet who can have stolen that money?"

"Not a ghost of a thought. How could I have?"

"You could not have taken it without thinking, could you?"

"What a woman's question to ask!" he said, a little in banter but more in anger. "Take thirteen pounds without thinking what I was doing! Do you think I've grown suddenly rich?"

"Have you wanted money particularly recently?" asked Mary, her heart beating a little anxiously as she grew nearer the questions she wanted to put.

"What do you mean, Mary? Do you want to know what I've spent every day for the last twelve months?"

"No, Tom; of course I didn't want to ask such questions as that. I only ask if it is true that you have been wanting money recently. Have you?" And she looked again into his face.

"Well, if I hadn't wanted to spend some I should have had money in the savings bank, I suppose, and then I shouldn't have had to borrow yours and give you the right to come questioning and cross-questioning me as to what I spend. I don't like the questions, Mary, and I would rather you didn't ask them. If you want to be sure that your money is safe you need not feel at all afraid."

It was an ungenerous thing, unkindly said; and it stabbed the girl to the heart.

"I did not mean anything of that sort," she said, gently and sorrowfully. "You are cruel."

"Then why question me in such a way? If you didn't doubt me you wouldn't put such questions. I have had to spend the money, and there's an end of it. Surely I can spend it as I please."

"Yes, of course you can, Tom. Of myself, and for my own knowledge, I should never have asked a question."

"What do you mean?" he cried out at this. "For your own knowledge? Who is there who has put you on to me to ask such questions?"

The girl sighed heavily. She had meant all she said for the best; but the more she said, the greater seemed to be the misunderstanding.

"I did not mean what you seem to think. I should never think of coming to question you for the benefit of other people. You know that. I mean that I have heard this said by other people; that they are making it the ground of cruel charges against you; and that I wanted to be able to deny them."

"What do they say, and who are the other people?" he asked.

"Reuben Gorringer has told—"

"Confound Reuben Gorringer!" exclaimed Tom, almost passionately. "What do you want to go holding secret consultations with him about me for? Is he in league against me, and are you with him too?"

"You are talking wildly and at random," said Mary. "What has happened is this: I had to get money to bring you to-day, and could only get it advanced from Mr. Gorringer on the security of my savings' bank deposit. He gave me a bank note, and this passed from me to you, and from you to Mr. Gorringer. Mr. Gorringer then took it back to Gorringer to know how it had come into your hands, and at the same time spoke his belief that another ten pounds was missing from the sick fund. In this way Mr. Gorringer knew I had given you the money. His story is that at the time of Mr. Gorringer's interview with him he believed the whole thing to be a cock and bull story, but afterwards he thought that he ought to look into all the cash matters at the mill."

She had been growing gradually very nervous, fearing to tell him of Gorringer's accusation.

"Well! Go on. It's quite interesting," he said, laughing angrily.

"What does he say he found? That I had been stealing money there, as well as from the sick fund?"

The girl grew silent. Suddenly Tom's manner changed, and he grew terribly earnest.

"Do you mean, Mary, that they are going to vamp up another tale

against me at the mill? Tell me everything you heard. Quick, for God's sake, don't keep me in this suspense! What did the man say?"

"He told me that he had heard that you had been spending money lately; that you had been in some sort of doubtful company ('That's a lie,' interrupted Tom vigorously); that he had noticed some sort of change in you; and that when he examined the books and papers at the mill there was a certain amount of money missing."

"By heavens! I'll have his life if he dares to spread those lies about me. The cowardly liar." His vehemence and agitation were almost alarming to look at. He strode excitedly about the room, clenching his fists and shaking them at imaginary enemies, and vowing vengeance against all who were thus against him.

"Whom does he mean by bad company, I wonder? Whose character does he want to destroy besides mine, I should like to know?"

"I think he means Savannah," answered Mary.

"I'll cram the words down his ill-shaped throat!" he cried, savagely. "The cowardly hound; to get you there and endeavor to set you against the poor girl in that way, as well as against me! But he shall answer for it, I take my oath he shall, and heavily, too. Did he say any more? Are there no other lies he told you to bring to me?"

"He did not give them to me to bring to you," said Mary. "Why he told me was that he might see what course to take in order to save the matter going farther."

"Let it go farther—aye, as far as it can—and be hanged to him! He can't do much more than rob me of my name. But what does he mean by 'going farther'?" he said, pausing in his walk and standing by the girl's side.

"He said that the matter was one which Mr. Coode would settle, and not he himself; and he asked me whether I could think of any way in which the difficulty could be met. I suppose that it may not strike Mr. Coode unpleasantly."

"What care I whether it strikes Mr. Coode or anyone else unpleasantly? I have done nothing to be ashamed of and nothing that is wrong. In what way does he dare to pretend that I have done this?"

"I can't say I understand. He tried to explain his meaning by a number of papers, but I was too much upset to be able to understand it," answered the girl.

"Well, I must say it has a nice sound; that you two should have been putting your heads together in order to make out what more I had stolen and how I had done it," he cried, with a burst of bitterness.

Mary thought it best not to answer the taunt, excusing it on account of the anger which she knew such an accusation would naturally evoke.

"Is there any more to be told?" he said.

"No, Tom; I know nothing more."

"They don't accuse me of firing that shed the other night, I suppose; and they haven't got to a charge of murder yet. Though, by heavens, they may still do that, and with cause too, if I am to be persecuted like this."

"Tom, Tom; don't speak so wildly," cried Mary, frightened at his words.

"Well," he added, with a bitter laugh, "I suppose I must be thankful that I'm not worse than a common thief."

"Don't, dear, don't," said the girl, rising and going to him to take his arm. "Don't speak in that way. Let us try to see what is to be done to thwart the plots against you and get the truth proved."

"What is to be done?" he cried. "Before we can settle anything I must know what the exact lies are that they tell; and that I'll know as soon as possible, if I have to drag it by force out of Gorringer. By heavens, I'll go at once to him. I won't let an hour pass without facing the lie he has told."

Mary agreed to this course, and soon after they separated; Tom promising to go to her to tell her the result of the interview with Gorringer if she should have left the cottage before he returned from the manager.

She waited a long time, sitting with the old man. Some hours passed without Tom returning until, despite her anxiety to know the result of the interview, she felt obliged to go home. She was thoughtful and sad all the way home, and very miserable afterwards when she sat waiting for him.

He did not come. And when at length she crept away to bed, wretched, heart-sick, and worn with the load of the worry which had so harassed her, the fact of his not having come to her added greatly to her trouble.

Next morning she looked anxiously for him at the mill, but neither he nor Gorringer was to be seen; and then the memory of the wild, rough words and threats which the former had used on the previous night recurred to her, and a fear of yet greater possible troubles oppressed and racked her.

To her relief, Reuben Gorringer arrived during the breakfast half-hour, looking very black and stern. As soon as he caught sight of Mary he went to her, and, saying he wished to speak her, led the way to the office.

"Have you seen Tom?" she asked, before the other could speak. She could not hold back the question.

"Yes, I saw him late last night. You told him what had passed between us," he said, and looked at her from underneath his heavy eyebrows, now knitted close together.

"Certainly," answered Mary, readily. "I have no secrets from him."

"Ah, but he has from you. I—"

"Where is he?" she asked, with a gesture of impatience at his reply.

"I am not quite certain; but I believe he has gone either to Presburn to see Lee about the sick fund matter, or else to the grange to see Mr. Coode about the more serious matter here."

"More serious matter," repeated Mary, questioningly.

"Much more serious matter?" answered Gorringer, emphatically.

"Did you tell him what is charged against him?"

"I told him some particulars. That he had received money which he had not accounted for, and that moneys had been given him to pay away which have never been paid. There is no doubt of it."

"I do not believe it," answered Mary, confidently and resolutely. "Nay, I am sure there is a mistake, and all will be made clear. Tom Roynance is no thief."

Her eyes flashed and her face burned with indignation as she said this. But Reuben Gorringer made no reply or movement.

"You promised nothing should be done until I had seen you again," said the girl, after a momentary pause.

"Nothing more has been done, except that the papers have been sent to Mr. Coode. As I told you, he has the decision."

"The decision as to what?" asked Mary.

"As to prosecuting or not prosecuting," answered Gorringer, speaking without looking at the girl.

The blow struck home, and Mary turned very pale.

"What do you think he will do?" she asked, faintly and fearfully.

"I think he will prosecute," answered Gorringer, also in a low voice. "The proofs are clear."

Mary felt a tightness about her throat, while her mouth went dry and hot and her lips quivered.

"You yourself, do you—do you believe this—this charge? You are Tom's friend; you promised to be mine as well. You know what this will mean to me. Do you believe it?"

He did not reply immediately, but seemed as if running over in his thoughts all the circumstances. Then he spoke as if with an effort, in a low, balanced tone:

"I have tried to see a loophole, but I cannot. It is painful enough for me to have to say this; but it is best for you to know the truth now."

"It is not the truth," said Mary, but her manner was no longer confident. "Tom is no thief."

"I hope it may prove so; but he could give no explanation, except a bare denial. Now, as Tom knows, all the papers are in Mr. Coode's possession; his decision will settle what is to be done."

Then Mary left him, carrying a greater load than ever in her heart.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MURDER AT THE MILL.

"Well, Mary," said one of the girls who met her in the millyard just after she left the office, "what are you going to do this holiday time?"

"I hadn't thought about the holidays," answered Mary. "What with the strike, being ill, and one thing and another, I'm in no grand spirits for holiday making."

Mary had forgotten that it was Whit-sunday, and that the mill was to close after that day—the Friday—until the following Wednesday.

Late in the afternoon she saw Tom, and was the witness of a scene between him and Mr. Coode and Gorringer. Mary was passing near the office when the door was thrown open suddenly and with some force from within, and Mr. Coode, Gorringer and Tom appeared on the threshold.

They were all more or less angry, and Tom was speaking very fast and gesticulating violently.

"I have given you the only answer I shall give you, Roynance," Mary heard Mr. Coode say, "and nothing you can now say will alter it."

"I say it's a plot, a downright infamous plot to ruin me; and I have a right to have all particulars given to me."

"Don't make a scene here in the mill, or I'll have you put out," said Mr. Coode. "You're not going to bully me into doing just what you want. I tell you again, I am considering what course to take. I have not settled yet what line is best; but you have not explained any of the circumstances which these papers show against you."

He drew some papers from his pocket as he spoke, and shook them toward Tom. "And I shall not give you another opportunity of doing so, unless it is before the magistrates. I don't say I shall take such a step, and I don't say I shall not. These papers are ample proofs if I want them; but I shall not decide until after the holidays."

As he held the papers toward Tom the latter made a hasty step forward, and endeavored to snatch them from his grasp. But the other moved back as hastily, and avoided him.

"That attempt on your part only confirms me—"

"I want to see what you call the proofs," cried Tom, here breaking in to explain his attempt.

"That may or may not be true; I am not going to argue. Now you had better go away. I don't want to do you more harm than necessary. Your father worked for me for many years, and for his sake I wish to do nothing harsh. Therefore, you understand, I shall make no decision till Monday or Tuesday. This is Saturday. If by then you have left the place, probably no more will be heard of the matter; if you are still here, and persist in coming to the mill, or showing your face in the village, then you can reason for yourself what my course will be. You'll be sorry then you did not accept the offer."

"I shall not run away, don't you fear. I tell you for the fiftieth time, the whole thing is a plant, and I have had no more to do with your money than the mill chimney has; and that man knows it." He pointed to Gorringer, his finger shaking with rage.

"It is nothing but a cowardly attempt to disgrace me and drive me from the place. But I won't go, do you hear? I won't go. Or if I do, it'll be after there's been something to go for."

At this point the door of the office was shut, and Tom was left alone on the outside. After muttering for a minute he turned on his heel and swung out of the mill, across the yard, and through the gates at a quick pace, his face wearing an angry and dejected look, which went to the girl's heart.

She called him by name, but he did not hear, and then she hurried back to the room where her looms were, and getting her hat and shawl went after him in order to try and console him. She did not overtake him before he reached his cottage, and when she went in he was sitting woe-begone and miserable, with his head resting on his arms, which were stretched out before him on the table.

Mary laid her hand on his shoulder, and called him by name. He raised his face, all haggard and worn and miserable.

"They've beaten me, Mary. I don't know how they've done it, but they've got the proofs of my having robbed them, and I swear to Heaven I'm as innocent as a youngster. They've turned me out of the mill, and ordered me to leave the village, or else they'll prosecute me. It makes me mad to think of it."

"I heard Mr. Coode, Tom," said the girl, "and am glad you told him you weren't to be driven away. The truth will come out in the end. What do you mean by having proof?"

"I don't know what they've done, or how they've done it, lass; but the money in the mill accounts is short by thirty or forty pounds. I mean that which has passed through my hands. There are the papers which show I had it, and there's nothing to show what I did with it. It's as clear as daylight to look at. It's all a lie from A to Z. I'm no thief. I'm no saint, maybe; but I haven't dropped to stealing. Though, for all the chance I've got of having the thing cleared up, I might as well be a thief. But I'll face it out."

"Well said, Tom," exclaimed Mary. "We'll face it together, lad. Your trouble shall be mine too, my dear; we'll meet it hand in hand. If they drive you away, they shall drive me with you; but we'll fight against it as long and as hard as we can."

Tom was touched by her words and the loving confidence of her tone; and drew her to him and kissed her.

"You're a good lass, Mary; but this'll be a sore pinch for you—greater, maybe, than you see yet. They'll beat me in the end, as they've beaten me so far. There're too strong for me, lass," he said, the momentary light he had seen in his eyes faded.

"Not they, lad. We've truth on our side, and Heaven won't let the innocent be wrongfully punished."

"Heaven will have to work something like a miracle, then, to cope with this business," answered Tom, despairingly.

"I wish you'd tell me what has passed between you all to-day."

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SUICIDE IN RUSSIA.

Aged and Sick Tchukhtchis Sacrificed with Strange Ceremonies Even To-day.

Very few persons in Europe or elsewhere are aware that human sacrifices still exist in a part of the Russian empire. Among the Tchukhtchis such sacrifices still take place, says the Gazette de Yakootsk, and seem likely to be practiced for a long time to come.

At the same time no blame therefore can be attached to the Russian government or to the orthodox church, for efforts by both to stop the custom have proved ineffectual. The sacrifices alluded to are those of old people and the sick, who, finding no pleasure in life, resolve to have done with earthly existence, to rejoin their dead relations and go to increase the number of happy spirits. The Tchukhtchi who has made up his mind to die immediately notifies his neighbors and nearest relatives. The news spreads in the circle of his friends and all of them soon visit the unhappy person to influence him to change his mind. Prayers, reproaches, complaints and tears have no effect on the fanatic, who explains his reasons, speaks of the future life, of the dead who appear to him in his sleep, and even when he is awake, calling him to them. His friends, seeing him thus resolved, go away to make the customary preparations. At the end of from ten to fifteen days they return to the hut of the Tchukhtchi with white mortuary garments and some weapons which will be used by the man in the other world to fight evil spirits and hunt the reindeer. After making his toilet the Tchukhtchi withdraws into the corner of the hut. His nearest relative stands by his side, holding in his hand the instrument of sacrifice, a knife, a pike or a rope. After the sacrifice the assistants place the body on a sledge drawn by a reindeer, which draws it to the place of the funeral. Arrived at their destination, the Tchukhtchis cut the throat of the reindeer, take from the dead body its clothing, which is torn to pieces, and place the corpse on a lighted funeral pile. During the incineration the assistants offer up prayer to the happy in the other world and supplicate these to watch over them and theirs. These horrible practices are followed to-day with the same exactness as in ancient times.

They Have Allen Accepts.

With the single exception of the emperor and empress of Austria, there is no European monarch who does not speak with a foreign accent the language of the people over which he or she reigns. Even the comte de Paris speech indicates the fact that he was brought up by a German mother, while the comtesse's accent is Spanish. That of the English royal family is German, and the same must be said of the house of Romanoff, of Denmark, of Queen Marguerite of Italy, and of the reigning houses of Holland and Belgium. The reigning family of Sweden speak Swedish with French accent, while that of the present king of Portugal is distinctly Italian.

Its Zenith.

McGinnis—That's mighty foibe whisky, Pat; how oild is it?

Pat (pouring the last drops into his glass)—Faith, Oi don't know; but it's ez oild ez it will iver be!—Truth.

The Reason.

"And why are you going to Europe?"

"To buy some ancestors for my daughters."—Truth.

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| 4—Diarrhea, of Children or Adults. | 25 |
| 5—Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis. | 25 |
| 6—Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache. | 25 |
| 7—Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo. | 25 |
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