

OUR SAINTS.

They set above from legend and old story.
This not alone from legend and old story.
That holier saints, content with celestial glory,
Smile down upon us from their holier spheres.
Not only from church windows, colored
brightly,
Do their blessed shadows fall across our way;
Ah, not alone in niches gleaming whitely,
With folded hands do they stand night and
day.

Who is there in this world who has not, hidden
Deep in his heart, a picture clear or faint,
Of holier saints, content with celestial glory,
Smile down upon us from their holier spheres.
Over which he bends and murmurs low: "My
saint!"

A face, perhaps, all written o'er with sorrow,
Whose faded eyes are dim with unshed tears;
And yet they hopefully look toward the mor-
row
And far beyond it, into brighter spheres.

A face whence all the sunshine of the morning
And brightness of the noon have passed away;
And yet, where clearly, surely, there is dawning
The wondrous radiance of that perfect day.

That perfect day, when crowned with Heaven's
brightness,
Without a pain or care or mortal need,
With conqueror's palm, in robes of snowy
whiteness,
Our blessed shall stand, as very saints in-
deed.

Yes, God be thankful, though the pure saints
of story,
And holy martyrs that the artist paints,
Are veiled in radiance and crowned with glory,
There still are halos for these unknown
saints.

—Outlook.

THE OLD MILL MYSTERY

By Arthur W. Marchmont, B. A.

Author of "Miser Handley's Secret," "Madeline
Power," "By Whose Hand,"
"Isa," etc., etc.

[Copyright, 1892, by the Author.]

CHAPTER XXIX.—CONTINUED.

She resolved to see Savannah with-
out a moment's delay, and for this pur-
pose went to the latter's cottage. She
was at the mill, and Mary went and
waited where she knew Savannah
would pass.

The latter was in an irritable and
angry mood.

"You look mighty doleful there,
Mary," began Savannah. "One would
think you'd been out begging and had
had a precious bad day."

"Well, they would be right as to the
latter thought," answered the girl. "It
has been a bad day for me. I am in
grievous trouble, Savannah."

"All about a man, too, who just
plays fast and loose with you, eh? Give
him up, lass, give him up."

Mary's cheek crimsoned with anger
at the sneer, but she kept her temper
under control and made no answer.

"Oh, but we can flare up scarlet, to
be sure, when anybody gives us a bit
of good advice which we don't want to
take," said Savannah again, with a
forced, boisterous laugh. "Ah, he's a
bad 'un, Mary; a regular bad 'un," and
she laughed again.

Mary walked on by the other's side
without retorting, though her heart
burned within her till she almost felt
as if she could have struck Savannah.

"It's poor work jesting when one is
in sore straits," she said, quietly.

Savannah's reply to this was another
laugh.

"Where's the good of fretting and
worrying, I should like to know? All
the tears in the world can't stop the
making of a good hemp rope. Bah,
I've no patience with your sickly senti-
mental weep, weep, weep. Take the
world as it goes, say I, and leave it
when the time comes; but don't go
about fretting and fooling and crying."

When they reached the door of Sa-
vannah's cottage she turned and faced
her companion.

"Don't come in if you can't look a
bit more cheerful. I've no mind to-
night to be worried with a lot of cry-
ing."

"I want to speak to you," said Mary,
seriously, and followed the girl into the
cottage. "If you had one whom you
loved lying dangerously ill, you would
not feel bright and joyous," said Mary.

"Why not?" said the other. "What
is it to me if others die? What care I?
What would they care if I were dying?
Not the rush of asphyxiation. Why should
I care for them? Do you think the
thought of dying frightens me? Psh!
none but fools are frightened to die—
or to see others die either. I'm not.
I like to see death." She turned her
eyes on the girl as she spoke, and they
shone with a hard cruel light. Then
she gave a sneering laugh as she ad-
ded: "But there, what's the use talking
like that? You haven't come here to
speak about death, I suppose?"

Savannah's manner startled Mary
and discomfited her.

"No, no," she answered, somewhat
hastily. "I came to speak about Tom
and about the cruel things they say of
him."

"Well, and what of him?" asked Sa-
vannah, smiling grimly as she added:
"It's over quick yet to put him and
death in the same sentence."

"Don't, Savannah," cried Mary,
shrinking from the words as if the
other had struck her.

"Ah, I thought that wouldn't suit
you," she said, the smile on her hand-
some face growing less hard. "But
what is it?" and she fixed a keen, in-
quiring look on Mary's face.

"I want you to tell me exactly when
and where you left Tom on Friday
night," said Mary, thinking it best to
go straight to the point.

"Who says I was with him at all?
And how come you, of all others, to
ask me for information?"

"Tom has told me all that passed,"
said Mary.

"Oh, Tom has told you all that
passed," replied the other, mockingly.
"And if Tom has told you, what do
you want to come to me for, eh? Don't
you think your bonny lover has told
you the truth? Is that it? I don't
suppose he has, for that matter. All
men lie," she added, laughing insult-
ingly.

"Will you tell me what I ask?" said
Mary, after a pause in which she had
fought down her temper.

"Yes, if you want to spy on him."

But you won't draw me into any lies.
I wasn't with him at all," said Savan-
nah, steadily, as she looked Mary
straight in the eyes.

"What?" exclaimed Mary, excitedly.
"Do you dare to deny it?"

"Deny it—deny what?" returned
Savannah, hotly and angrily. "I have
told you the truth. I am no liar like—
like—a man. I say I never saw Tom
Roylance on Friday night; and I will
swear to that on my oath."

She spoke so solemnly and earnestly
that Mary turned cold with despair
as she thought of all that the words
meant to her lover.

CHAPTER XXIX.

GIBSON PRAWLE SURPRISES MARY.

A very little reflection warned Mary
that she had made a mistake, perhaps
a serious one, in showing so much con-
cern at Savannah's statement, and she
made a great effort at self-recovery.

"That surprised you, eh?" said
Savannah. "Has he been making up
some yarn or other about me?"

"If I am surprised," answered Mary,
quietly, "it is because those who say
they saw you two together should all
make such a mistake."

"Who are they?" asked Savannah,
hotly. "Who are the liars that are
not afraid to slander a girl and try to
take her character away? Some of
those cowardly strikers, I suppose?"

"No matter who they are, at present,"
replied Mary, "you will have an
opportunity of facing them yet, and
denying what they say."

"You are right. It is no matter.

They are a pack of liars. I tell you I
didn't see Tom Roylance the whole of
Friday evening."

"Then you will have to explain a
very awkward circumstance," replied
Mary; "and just say how a handker-
chief which Tom gave you was found
in the mill on Friday night."

"Oh! was a handkerchief found in
the mill? A handkerchief which Tom
gave me? It wouldn't be a very won-
derful thing, surely, if I were to drop
a handkerchief in the place where I
spend all the work hours of my life. I
see no awkward circumstance there.
But why awkward, because I did not
see Tom on that night? I don't un-
derstand you."

"Because if you deny you were with
him, you will have to account for your
time on that night."

"Bah! Mary," said Savannah, with a
contemptuous wave of her hand. "You
are silly—and blind as well as silly.
Tom has given me no handkerchief for
me to lose in the mill. He has been
fooling you; and having heard what I
suppose is part of the case against him,
he tries to shield himself behind me.
His gift of handkerchief is just as real
as his story about being with me—and
that is no more than nonsense. Give
up, and have done with him, lass—have
done with him."

"Silence, Savannah!" cried Mary, ex-
citedly and indignantly. "I wonder
you are not ashamed to try and malign
a man who can't defend himself. You
are not content to say what you know
to be untrue, but you must dare to
add to your falseness by cowardly insinua-
tion. For shame!"

Savannah laughed loudly at this,
and affected to be vastly amused; but
she grew angry with sudden change.

"What do you mean? You dare to
come here to me, presuming on your
pale face and sickly weakness, and
beard me and tell me I am false. Look
nearer home, my girl. Go and ask
that fine jailbird lover of yours for an
account of all his silly maunders and
doddering foolery with me. Get
him to tell you the truth, instead of
the lies he has been spinning out to
cover his worse deeds, and then it'll be
time to come and talk to me about
falseness."

She spoke with fierce and rising ve-
hement, her own words fanning the
flame of her passion.

"It's no lie," answered Mary, quite
as hotly, her cheeks flaming and her
eyes glowing with the last insinua-
tions of the other. "You know that
Tom has told nothing but the truth.
You were with him on Friday evening
till nearly eleven o'clock. You know
it; and now, for some wicked purpose
of your own, you are trying to deny it.
But those who saw you together will
tell the truth."

"No one did see us," answered Sa-
vannah, passionately, falling in her
reckless temper into the unintentional
trap which lay in Mary's words.

"There was not a soul about—"

"There!" cried Mary, "what did I
say? There! you admit it. You were
together. That shows it."

"I don't admit it; I don't admit any-
thing," said Savannah, blushing fur-
iously in her confusion at having been
caught in a contradiction. "I say it's
a lie. I say—"

Then her manner changed. Instanta-
neously, and in place of the furious
passion which had excited and moved
her, she grew calm and quiet, save her
eyes, which shone ominously as she
looked at Mary.

"Go away!" she cried, raising her
hand and pointing to the door. "Go
away while you are safe. I won't an-
swer for myself if you stop here an
other minute. Go!"

"I will go. I am content. I have
your admission, and that is what I
wanted," said Mary, as a parting shot.

"Go," was the reply, spoken in a
harsh, repelling, hard voice. "And re-
member I have made no admission. I
was not with that—murderer on Friday
night, and that I swear. Now, go."

Mary went out from the interview
gloomy enough and full of anger.
What she had heard confirmed her
opinion of Tom's innocence, but at the
same time showed her how great would
be the difficulty of proving it. True or
false, such evidence as Savannah would
give would make it almost impossible
for Tom to account for his time on the
Friday night, and she quite understood
the immense importance of this.

Out of the interview with Savannah
came only one thought. She must in
some way endeavor to find some evi-
dence to corroborate the truth of Tom's
account of his time and to prove the
falseness of Savannah's denial. There
was but one way to do that. She must
find some one who had seen the two to-
gether on the Friday evening.

Some days passed, during which
Mary made many fruitless inquiries
with this object. On the Sunday even-
ing, when she was walking slowly
through the village street, thinking
over the problem, she met Gibeon
Prawle.

He came again and spoke to her.
"You're looking ill, Mary," he said,
and his voice had a ring of sympathy.

"It's not more than I feel," she said.
She heard so few sympathetic voices
now that his greeting was almost wel-
come.

"You're worrying," he continued.
"I'm sorry. Are things looking any
black?"

"Why should they look black at all?"
said Mary, guardedly.

"Why, indeed?" he echoed. "I know
no reason. I know nothing but what
people say—about that, at any rate."

"What do they say?" asked the girl.

"Chief thing as I've heard is that
Tom was seen getting into the mill
that night; but I don't believe it.
Stands to reason that if anybody had
been near enough to see him getting in
in such a way they'd have raised
some kind of row at the time. Beside,
what would Tom want to get creeping
in that way when he'd every right to
go in by the mill gates?" Gibeon had
evidently not heard of Tom's dismissal,
thought Mary. "That's never been
Tom's way, neither. I don't like him,
and that's straight; but I'll never deny
that when he means a thing he owns
up to it straight and square, and devil
take the consequences."

"What else do they say, Gibeon?"

"Oh! some say he was seen to leave
the mill; that he was noticed rushing
through the village to his cottage;
that he was doing all sorts of ridicu-
lous things on the way—you know how
people's tongues run at such a time,
but there's naught but wind in it all;
for I've questioned everybody about the
place whose name has been men-
tioned as having seen anything, and
can't find a soul that saw him any-
where or any time the whole blessed
evening, except the man who believes
he caught him at the mill. According
to that it looks as if he'd jumped out
of the clouds at that minute and jumped
back again as soon as he'd finished."

Mary felt somewhat relieved at this
news, despite her previous distrust of
him.

"Did anyone see Savannah about that
night?" she asked.

"What?" cried the man in a tone
that startled the girl. "What makes
you ask that?"

"Only curiosity—curiosity as to what
she was doing that night."

"No, I don't think anyone saw her.
Oh, I think I see your meaning," he
exclaimed, as if an idea had occurred
suddenly to him. "You think Savan-
nah and Tom were together. Is that it?"

"Yes, I thought so, perhaps," said
Mary, rather feebly.

"I suppose it's no use asking you to
trust me, is it, Mary?" he asked quick-
ly reading her feeling in the manner
of her answer. "You don't think, I
suppose, do you, that I should go
straight to do a good turn to a man to
whom only a week or two back I wanted
to do a thundering bad one?"

"Why do you take such an interest
in this matter?" asked the girl, look-
ing sharply and perhaps suspiciously
into his face.

"Because you saved my life in that
plucky way. It's the truth, I swear it,
is, though I see you don't believe it." He
said this a little doggedly. "You
don't feel inclined to trust me, I sup-
pose, do you?"

He asked the question in a half wis-
tful, half shamefaced manner.

"What is there to trust?" said the
girl, indifferently.

"I don't know, of course," he an-
swered. "But there seems to be some-
thing about Savannah, for one thing,
judging by what you said just now.
Would you like me to make an inquiry
or two about her? She was away over
that week end, I know. Do you want
to find out where she went? I dare
say I could manage that. I wish you'd
let me lend you a hand. I am quite as
certain as you can be that Tom has
had no hand in it."

This declaration did more than any-
thing else could have done to win the
girl over. It was the only confident
expression of faith in her lover's inno-
cence that she had heard from anyone.

"Can I trust you, Gibeon?" she asked.

"You can, Mary. I'll do my best to
help you. I promise you that fair and
square."

Mary thought for a moment, and
then half-impulsively gave her hand.

"I believe you mean straight by me,"
she said. "I will trust you. Here's
proof of it. Tom says that he was with
Savannah that night; and she denies it.
That must be proved, or otherwise we
may never be able to prove what we
believe—that he is innocent. You do
believe it, Gibeon, don't you?"

"Tisn't so much that I believe it,
my lass," he said, slowly and with
great emphasis. "I know it. I know
he's innocent; and, what's more, I mean
to prove it. You know what happened
in the barn that night. I was all
against the infernal plot that was laid
against him. Well, I believe there's
another now, quite as devilish and
much more cunning. And if you'll
trust me, we'll just turn the penny
to the other side up, and make it heads
to our side. Now tell me the rest about
Savannah."

She told him what Tom had said, and
he asked a question or two. With that
he left her, and Mary was full of per-
plexity at what he had said.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GIBSON PRAWLE SUSPECTED.

The more closely Mary thought over
Gibeon Prawle's meaning in saying
that he knew Tom was innocent, the
more puzzled was she.

If he spoke the truth it was clear
that there were but two ways in which
he could know. Either he was with
Tom, or had seen him sufficiently often
during that night to know that he could
not have gone to the mill, or he knew
who had committed the crime.

This began to take hold of her
thoughts, and she asked herself whether
her knowledge could possibly mean
that he himself had had some connec-
tion with it. She was very loath to enter

tain that suspicion of him, as his man-
ner to her, and especially his ready
and strong assertion of Tom's inno-
cence, had softened her dislike and
lessened her distrust of him. But the
problem remained: Why should he take
such an interest in the matter? There
had never been love lost between him
and Tom Roylance. Was it that he
wished to turn away from himself all
thought of suspicion by showing a
great zeal in getting Tom acquitted?

Two days passed without a sign of
him. So far as she could tell he was
not even in the village; and thus the
trust and the hopes which, despite her
first judgment, she had placed upon
him and his help, waned as the day
came round for the adjourned hearing
of the charge against Tom.

On the eve of the day Reuben Gor-
ringe came to her at the cottage, and
Mary's heart sank within her, knowing
that he had come for an answer to
his question.

"To-morrow is the hearing, Mary,"
he said, after he had been in the cot-
tage a few minutes, "and I have been
asked to give my evidence."

"Well?" she said, interrogatively.

"What am I to say?" he asked again.

"What do you wish to say?"

"Nay, lass, that rests with you, not
with me."

"I do not see how it rests with me,"
said Mary.

"It cannot be necessary for me to go
all over the same ground as last time I
was here. I told you then how I was.
I have not bothered you since; for I
knew how you might be puzzled and
worried, and I didn't want to hurry
you. But the time has come now when
we must decide."

"But I cannot decide yet," said Mary.

"I cannot make up my mind. I cannot
see that one who is innocent can run
any risk of being punished for what he
did not do. The law is just."

"Aye, my lass, that's it. The law is
just," said Gorrige in a deep, strong
voice.

"Then it will not find him guilty of
what he did not do," she added. "Oh!
dear, I do not know what to say. If
he can prove his innocence, you do not
want this promise. Why not wait and
see?" she pleaded.

"How can we wait and see? Either
he did or did not do this. The evidence
which I have all points to the fact that
he did. If that evidence is kept back,
what proof have I of his innocence?
supposing the law finds him innocent?
None; none. That is the point. Could
I trust you to a man whom I feared
might be a—might have done what
he is said to have done? Could I love
you if I did such a thing?"

"But something might yet happen to
let him prove his innocence, despite
what you think such strong evidence
against him."

"Might," echoed the man. "Might!
You have had a week to look for this.
Have you found a single shred or scrap
of evidence that will make that proof?"

"I have his denial. That is enough
for me," she answered, confidently.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN DICTIONARY TERMS.

A Bostonese Story of an Adventure with
a Hackee.

Being easily excited, and an am-
necologist fond of incoherent fish
and brogging, with an ineluctable desire
for the amolition of care, I took a punt
and descended the river in a snithy
gale. The water being smooth, I felt
I could venture with incoherency, as I
was familiar with the obnoxious river.

Having brogged without result, I
rowed toward an eyot, intending mere-
ly to quiddle, when I suddenly saw a
hackee. Wishing to capture him, I de-
cided to circumnavigate and take him
unaware. Landing, I derved myself
where I could see the hackee deracinating
grass. He discovered me and
skugged behind a tree, occasionally
protruding his noll.

Seizing a stick I awaited the caput.
When the neb appeared I feagued him.
The hackee, which is pedimanous,
tried to climb the bole. He seemed
sheepish, and I suspected him of some
michery, especially as his cheeks
seemed ampullaceous. I caught him
by the tail, and he skirled. Though
he was sprack, I held on with reddour,
and tried finally to sowle him. The
hackee looked soyned and tried to
seyle. I elaborated him and he cleped,
making vigorous oppugnation, and
evidently longing for divagation.

Then a pirogue approached and an
agricultor landed. This distracted the
hackee and I sowled him, but dropped
him because he scratched so. I vowed
to exungulate him when caught.

Borrowing a fazzolet, I tried to yend
it over the hackee's head, as a means
of ocecation. The agricultor aided.
He was not attractive, seeming crap-
ulous and not unlike a picaroon. He
had a siphunculated dinner-pail, which
looked as if he had been battering it
while pugging. But with a stick and
some string he made a gin, and tried
to make the hackee bisson. This
caused quincing by the hackee, who
seized the coadjutor's hallux. Thus
exasperated, the agricultor captured
the hackee without any mignirdise;
but he glouted over the bite, and his
rage was not quatted until the hackee
was a lich. Carrying it to the punt, I
sank into a queachy spot, which de-
layed me until the gale obnubilated
the sky.

While removing the pelage, I found
the lich somewhat old because the
swinker had feagued the hackee, and
so I yended the lich away, went to
market, and supped upon a spitchecock
and a hot bisk.—St. Nicholas.

A Horse's Track.

Papa, while walking with his pet,
much to her delight, named for her
the various tracks impressed in the
dust of the road. Some two weeks after
they found a horseshoe in the road.

"What is that?" said papa, passing it
to the girlie. "Oh, it's a horse's track,
papa," she replied.—Youth's Com-
panion.

This Dilemma Is Called Love.

"I'm afraid I should be awfully un-
happy if I didn't marry Charley!"

"Marry him, then."

"Then I know I should be awfully un-
happy if I didn't marry Charley!"

—Chicago Record.

Are you going to buy a

Think twice
before
you buy
a cheap
Vehicle.
The best
is always
the cheapest
in the end.



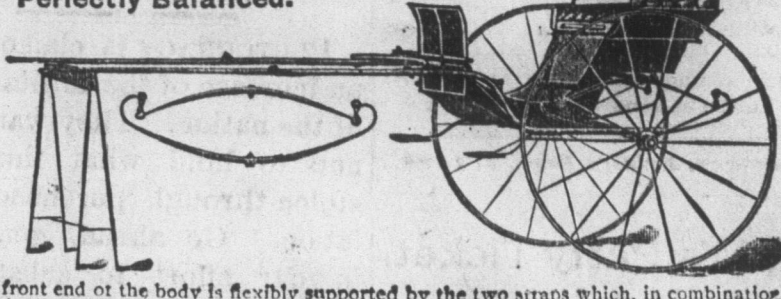
Get your
dealer
to write
us for
Catalogue
describing
our full
line of
High Grade
Vehicles.

Broadway Phaeton, No. 1, Highest Grade Only.
If you don't see what you want ask for it.

Address
... THE BATTLE CREEK CARRIAGE COMPANY ...
Manufacturers of strictly High Grade Light Vehicles,
Battle Creek, Michigan.

The Columbia Road Cart No. 55.

Graceful in Design, Never
Rattles, No Breakage,
Perfectly Balanced.



THE front end of the body is flexibly supported by the two straps which, in combination with the
swinging action of the springs, disconnects the body from all the motion of the shafts, axle and
wheels, and thereby accomplishes perfectly comfortable and satisfactory riding qualities. The
body hangs low, is easy of access, and when loaded, is perfectly balanced, leaving no pressure on
the horse's back. Sells in preference to any other Cart on the market, and pleases every customer.
Prices surprisingly low. Address,
MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE PIANO
BOX BUGGIES, ROAD WAGONS AND CARTS,
CANTON, OHIO.

THE DEXTER WAGON CO. -