

OUR HAPPY LOVE

BY C. LOWATER.
The dark grows light, the glorious sun
The first day of the earth's creation.

TO THE CELESTIAL AND MY SOUL'S IDOL

BY J. F. HOWARD
Come rising out of the sea,
And bathing her hair in the foam.

A WEIRD MYSTERY

OR
Tracing a Dark Crime.

BY ALEXANDER ROBINSON, M. D.

CHAPTER XII

TARTLED, I looked in his face as he sat there opposite.
Then for the first time I realized that there was in many respects a resemblance between this man and the old Doctor.

To say that I was amazed would be
paralyzing by the situation.

Here the man who had turned out to
be the old Doctor's son admitted that he
had climbed the vines and looked in at
the window of his father's room, but em-
phatically denied going further.

My words impressed him. I saw that
he was thinking deeply.

Young Seabury spoke like a man who
had made up his mind as to the course
he should pursue—his ruder was lashed
and there should be no change.

On the other hand another picture
was presented to my view.

Suppose this young man was all that
he should be—that he had gone to the
house to make a personal appeal to his
father, or for some such reason, and
upon climbing to the old Doctor's win-
dow had looked upon a sight that had
frozen the marrow in his bones—was he
the man, then, to take guilt upon his
own shoulders rather than have it fall
on the head of one he loved?

I looked at him critically with this new
thought in my brain.

As I have said before, his face was a
strongly marked one—there were no
signs of weakness there.

He was going to beat about the bush,
and perhaps discover in an indirect way
what he refused to divulge openly.

The spot only to return again, drawn
thence by some terrible fascination.

To assist my investigation, I pretended
that I had fallen in with his idea.

"I noticed no more, for I was not in a
condition to care for such things. His
head was bent low as I passed him, and
I could not have seen his face had I
tried."

"You don't know whether he went
into the grounds or not?"

"I described it accurately.
He shook his head as I finished.

What was he doing—pursuing the trail
that brought up with Leonore?

"Yes, Doctor, I promise you that."

"I have nothing to say."

"You admit entering the grounds by
means of the wall?"

"Then some one else made the other."

have discovered certain new things, but
cannot say that they settle the case.

"I am glad to hear that."

"I did not take any stock in what he
was about to say, for I believed he was
simply jumping at the bait offered. At
the same time, to deceive him, I pre-
tended to be greatly interested."

"I finished, at length, and told him why
I had sought him out."

"I waited for him to speak further, but
it was some time ere he did so. Perhaps
he was pondering over the matter."

"That was the sight which froze the
blood in his veins and made his heart
stand still. No wonder he hardly knew
what he did after that, and went back
and forth between the wall and the
house."

"Think of it—he saw the girl he loved
murder his father! No wonder, then, he
declares that he is dumb. Sooner than
tell the truth, and have Leonore con-
victed by his testimony, he would take
the crime upon his own shoulders. That
is the kind of man he is."

"I looked at me and laughed outright."

"That was one point gained. I returned
to the attack."

"I reached his office.
A rap on the door brought him out.

"Who did that?"

"I turned the paper around.
As I did so, I could not keep from ut-
tering a cry of astonishment."

"These stories of Indian troubles in
the Southwest remind me of an ex-
perience that I had down in New Mex-
ico," said Homer Davidson, of Albu-
querque. "I was new to the region
there and although I had heard all
sorts of strange tales about the tricki-
ness of the Indian, I did not know that
he was as shrewd as I afterward found
him to be."

"I wanted a pony for some reason,
and I communicated my desire to a
friend of a crowd of the grassy chil-
dren of the outskirts. The next day I
was besieged with offers. I looked all
over the lot and picked three or four
to make my selection from. After sev-
eral hours I settled on an animal that
I thought to be in the pink of condi-
tion and form. I took him for a good
round sum and a trade thrown into the
bargain."

"I rode home on the animal. As I
got into my quarters I noticed that
the horse appeared to be uneasy, as if
suffering from injury. As I live, I
found that a patch of skin several
inches square had come off his back. I
looked into it and discovered that the
horse was raw there, and that he had
been patched up with rabbit or some
other skin for the time being. These
Indians stood by each other, too, for I
could never locate the scoundrel who
had swindled me. I have since con-
cluded that they were all wrong, and
that had I bought the outfit I would
have found the oddest assortment of
pat hed horses that it was ever the
fortune of a white man to look upon."

Among the many dark days record-
ed by the ancients, and the causes of
which we can only conjecture, are
those of the year 44 B. C., about
the time of the death of Julius
Caesar, when the sun was paler than
usual for a whole year. In the year
360 A. D. there was a day so dark
that in all the eastern provinces of
the Roman empire the stars could be
seen at midday. An effort has been
made to connect the latter record
with an eclipse, but neither the
eclipse of March 4 nor that of Aug.
28, in the year 360, was visible in
those countries.

It is recorded that on the 29th of
September, 1091, the sun turned
black for three hours, and that for
days afterward a peculiar greenish
hue was observable in the sunlight.
The 4th, 5th, and 12th of February,
1106, were unusually dark, and on
the 5th stars were seen at midday.
Kepler mentions the 22d, 23d, 24th,
and 25th of April, 1548, as being dark
days, with the so often accompanying
circumstance in these accounts of
stars being visible at noon.

It is almost useless to speculate as
to the causes of the dark days last
mentioned. The accounts are prob-
ably exaggerated, and in any case the
records are too inaccurate and incom-
plete to render any explanation ad-
visable. The terror which all such
experiences produced was fatal to a
scientific description.

Every one to his taste, and if a
millionaire chooses to work out by
the day, why not? There is a rare avis
of this kind living near Troy. His father
keeps a farm for breeding horses, by
which he has made an enormous for-
tune. He is cultivated, well-bred, and
dresses fashionably, but his son can be
hired at any time by any one for \$1.50
a day to dig or hoe potatoes, and is not
above taking his meals in the kitchen
with his fellow-workers. This is a
true story, and I would give you his
name if I had not so bad a memory. I
have met him, and talked with him,
and found him most intelligent and
gentleman-like. Fancy one of the
Vanderbilts milking your cow and
feeding your chickens for a small sum.
—Society.

De worl' may be a heap better den it
uster be, but a lie still takes de prem-
ium ober de truth.
Some pussons takes er pride in raisin'
up dar chillun ter be sharp, an' many
times arter da is grown da puts de
sheriff ter a great 'eal o' trouble.
De man what makes it his study may
in de co'se o' er lifetime say a good
many smart things, but he will also say
a heap more foolish things den de man
whut neber gin half do study ter de
subjek. —Arkansaw Traveler.

A MAN should surely dare to live his
small span of life with the little heed
of common speech upon him or his life,
only caring that his days may be full of
reality, and his conversation of truth-
speaking and wholeness.