

ELLEN'S ASSASSIN.

There was a man hanged under mob law in Southern Ohio several years ago. It was the first incident of the kind that had ever occurred in that part of the state, and the people thereabouts were naturally greatly excited over it. The man's crime had been a heinous one. He had shot down in cold blood, and without the slightest provocation, two women and wounded a third. The rest of the women and children were wrought up to a high degree of frenzy, and even after the desperado was hanged the sight of a strange man was enough to send them into spasms of terror.

Perhaps the person who suffered most acutely at the time was Miss Ellen Latimer. Miss Ellen was well-to-do. In her younger days she had spent two seasons in 'society,' in the nearest city, and in the top drawer of her bureau was a satin-lined rosewood box filled with costly jewels and other mementoes of that happy period. Then there was her silver; her knives and forks were the best in the country and her spoons couldn't be matched anywhere. In addition to that she always kept a little ready money on hand. All things considered, a villain who had plundered for his object could not find a more profitable victim than Miss Latimer.

Besides, Miss Ellen's mode of living was a singular standing invitation to ill-disposed persons to come and do their worst. Her sole companion was Harvey Hempstead, a half-witted boy of 12, whom Miss Latimer, in the goodness of her heart, had taken from the poorhouse when he was a little fellow and brought up as a sort of social experiment. Miss Ellen and Harvey lived in the red brick house that had sheltered the last three generations of the Latimers. It was a very lonesome place, being situated on the edge of a large field at the end of a lane that extended fully a quarter of a mile back from the main highway. Miss Latimer had often been urged to take some one into the great house for her protection, but even after the shock attendant upon the shooting and subsequent hanging she stolidly refused to do so on the ground that she couldn't afford to be bothered.

"I don't deny that I'm afraid," said Miss Ellen one day to her married brother, who had earnestly implored her to do something to insure herself against danger from possible robbers. "but I really think that Harvey and I are better off as we are. You can't trust anybody nowadays. I wouldn't dare to have even a hired girl around, and if I undertook to allow one of the farm hands to sleep on the place I'm sure we would be murdered before morning. There's Pat Henning, for instance. He's been doing chores around the house and barn for more than two years, yet I'm as afraid of him as I am of a snake. The only really easy moment I have is when I see him lock the stable door at night and strike out across the field toward his own home. Harvey is 12 years old and strong, and nobody would touch a hair of our heads without our giving him a lively tussle. No, thank you, brother, I don't want anybody here but Harvey." As the months passed and nothing further transpired to break the monotony of existence in that neighborhood Miss Latimer's fears gradually subsided, and she remarked that "she guessed it would be a cold day when another woman killer set his foot on that soil." But that hopeful view of the case was not shared by Harvey. Harvey Hempstead was a boy who said little, but who, when his weak mind was once set on any particular subject, never ceased thinking of it. He had never expressed himself very freely on the question of the hanging, but for all that not a day passed that he did not expect to receive some call on evil bent before the night came, and he made preparation accordingly. That was the first thing he thought of when one Wednesday morning in May, Miss Latimer announced her intention of going to the neighborhood village to spend the day.

"S'posin' he comes to-day—to-day—to-day, while I'm alone—alone—alone," lamented Harvey, in his drawing, disjointed way.

"Who?" demanded Miss Ellen, sharply. "Somebody like him that was hanged—hanged—hanged," faltered Harvey.

"Nonsense," returned Miss Latimer. "That's a thing of the past. You mustn't think of such stuff. If you get lonesome you can get one of Pat Henning's boys to come over and stay with you."

Patty Henning had brought the horse and buggy around to the door and Miss Latimer climbed into the vehicle and drove away, leaving Harvey looking after her through a swirl of apple blossoms. The brown horse jogged leisurely down the lane and out into the highway. The woods never seemed so fragrant, the air so balmy, nor the sky so blue. She could remember but one other morning when all the elements of nature had conspired to produce so fair a scene and that was many years before when she had ridden over the same road—but not alone.

It all came back to her that bright May day with startling vividness. She could see him as plainly as if he were then at her side. She met him the first season she was in 'society.' She was young and pretty then, and he made no effort to conceal his admiration for her. Throughout those happy months she spent in the city he was her devoted admirer and when she came home in response to a call from her sick mother, he soon followed. He stayed a week, and it was arranged that he should come again in autumn for their marriage. She drove him over the smooth yellow road to the railroad station one radiant morning in May.

That was the last time she saw him. She never even heard from him directly, but three months later the news came through a mutual friend that he had married a girl in a Canadian town whither he had gone on business.

Many times throughout the ensuing months Miss Ellen assured herself that her love for the man was dead, but as she drove slowly towards the village that spring day twenty years after their last

meeting, the flood of recollection that surged over her heart brought home the truth that affection such as she had given cannot die and that in her loveliness and loneliness she had lost the very essence of life.

In the meantime Harvey, being installed housekeeper at Latimer place for the day set about his duties. He busied himself in the kitchen and cellar for an hour or more, then went into the woodyard and began to bring order out of the chaos of stove-wood, which Pat Henning had split the day before. That done he went around to the porch, and, sitting down in the shade, rocked his long, anky body slowly to and fro until the shifting shadows warned him of the approach of noon. Then he started in to the house to prepare luncheon. Just as he stepped over the threshold he heard the clicking of the latch of the front gate, and, turning quickly round, he saw a man coming down the path. The man was a stranger, with a black beard, black clothes and a black straw hat.

"Good morning," he said politely.

Harvey's tongue was numb and he could not answer.

"Is Miss Latimer in?" asked the stranger. Harvey's voice was returning by degrees and he said, "No," very faintly.

"Will she be here soon?"

"No, not till night—night—night," quavered Harvey.

To the boy's dismay the man sat down on the edge of the porch and began to fan himself with his slouch hat.

"That's too bad," he said in a tone of genuine regret, "but I'll wait till she comes. I have to stay a week. I must see her. My boy, I'm hungry. Do you think you could get me something to eat?"

Like a flash Harvey's ordinarily dull mind conceived the situation over which he had secretly pondered for many months and with equal agility the few rays of his concentrated intelligence planned a way out of the difficulty.

"I guess I can," said Harvey, forgetting in his enthusiasm to repeat the final word of his sentence.

In less than an hour after the black-whiskered man had eaten his luncheon he had fallen asleep on the sofa in the sitting room. As soon as his deep, regular breathing announced that he had fallen into a stupor from which he could not be easily aroused Harvey quickly pushed the narrow couch into the long dark closet that ran far back under the stairway; then locking the closet door, he took up his station beside it and impatiently awaited the arrival of Miss Latimer. It was 5 o'clock when that lady came home. Harvey heard the wheels when she turned into the gate and went out to meet her.

"Miss Ellen," he said in an awed whisper, "he came."

"What are you talking about?" queried Miss Ellen.

"That man came to steal your silver. He wanted you, too—too—too. He said he'd have you if he had to stay a week—week—week," and his voice arose in a shrill treble indicative of the excitement under which he was laboring.

Miss Latimer let the reins slip from her nerveless fingers and regarded the boy through a film, which sudden fear had quickly brought before her eyes.

"My goodness, Harvey," said, "and not an officer in the neighborhood. Which way did he go? He'll come back to-night and kill us, sure."

Harvey shook his head. "He didn't go," he said with unusual rapidity. "He's in the clo-o-set. I put him to sleep with a dose of laudanum."

Miss Latimer did not wait to hear the termination of the series of 'audanum' but drove around to the barn and un hitched and stabled the horse.

"Now, Harvey," she said, "hurry right over to Pat Henning's house and tell him to fetch the Sheriff as quickly as possible. I'll stay here and watch the closet door till you get back."

Harvey needed no second bidding. Pat Henning had just started over to the Latimer place when he neared the little cottage. "There's a man up there come to shoot Miss Ellen," he shouted, as soon as he returned the corner of the house. "Go for the Sheriff—Sheriff!"

Neither did Pat Henning wait to hear the end of the command. He caught the gist of Harvey's communication, and in an incredibly short time he had saddled his own sorrel mare and was off for the country seat, only stopping on the way to tell friends, or, perchance, strangers, whom he happened to meet that there was another desperado in the community and that he had assaulted Miss Ellen Latimer.

Pat Henning was barely on the way when Harvey started across the fields at a steady lope. He reached the house none too soon, for the effects of the sleeping potion having worked off, the man who was imprisoned in the closet was emphatically demanding his release, and Miss Latimer was beside herself with fear. She hid taken refuge in the back yard, but even there the threats and entreaties shouted out by the prisoner were distinctly audible, and it was plain, not only to her and Harvey, but to the neighbors who soon began

to drop in, that her situation was critical. They held a consultation, and it was decided that it was best for no one to venture into the house until after the arrival of the sheriff.

It was almost ten o'clock when that worthy accompanied by his deputy, Pat Henning and three other men whom he had picked up on the way rode pell mell up to the front gate, and hastily dismounting, stalked bravely toward the house. At the Sheriff's urgent request Miss Latimer continued to rusticate in the back yard until the trying ordeal should be over and the would-be assassin carried away in chains.

She was surprised by the shouts of the men within, when the prisoner was dragged forth from the closet and the handcuffs clapped on his wrists. Then she watched for them to ride away, but for some reason they still lingered. She could hear the stentorian voice of the Sheriff raised in the noisy altercation with another person, whose voice was too low for her to distinguish either the tones of the words. Presently the officer appeared in the doorway. She could see by the light of the lantern he carried that he was flushed and vexed about something.

"Miss Latimer," he said, advancing toward her; "this man insists upon seeing you a moment. He says there has been a grievous mistake and that if he can only speak a few words to you everything will be all right. You needn't be afraid. His hands are bound. Will you come?"

"Certainly," said Miss Latimer.

She took Harvey's cold hand in hers and the two followed the Sheriff into the house. The prisoner was sitting dejectedly on a low chair near the closet door. His head was bent, and only his profile was visible as she approached him. But there was something in the in the very air of the man that made her start and clutch Harvey's hand more and more tightly. She stood before him and he looked up. A smile passed over his bearded face. She leaned on Harvey for support then, but quickly mastering her emotion she signified her desire to speak with her assassin alone. Harvey discreetly looked out of the farthest window.

"Ellen," he said, meekly, "I wasn't expecting such a reception as this after the lapse of all these years. I wasn't counting on being locked up as an assassin."

"No," she returned calmly. "Neither was I counting on your running away as you did twenty-one years ago. You are worse than an assassin. You murdered my heart. You—"

She was on the point of breaking out in a torrent of reproach and scorn, but in an instant she seemed to be riding over the yellow road again with him by her side and the fragrance of the rich, dark earth rising round them like an incense. The sudden transition of thought brought with it a corresponding change, and the love thrills of the morning pulsed through her veins suffusing her comely face with becoming blushes. She drew a step nearer and laid her hands on his shoulders.

"Why did you come back, John?" she asked, softly.

He attempted to take her hand in his, but those useful members being for the time incapacitated for duty he only looked the eloquence his tongue could not utter alone.

"Why?" he repeated. "Because I love you."

"And was that the reason you left me?"

"Ellen, Ellen, be just—"

"As you have been?" she remarked.

"As you alone know how to be," he went on. "I've been an idiot and a rascal. All men are if you'll give them half a chance. It's their nature. I didn't know my own mind. A man never does. Ellen, I haven't a word to say in my self-defence except that I love you. Neither have I a word to utter against the woman I married. She was a dear, good wife. But I love you and always have. Ellen, you'll have to be good to me. Haven't you tried to keep me by taking me prisoner?" he added facetiously.

"Do you know your own mind now?" She meant her voice to be very severe, but it sounded like strains of sweet music instead.

"Take these handcuffs off," he thundered "and I'll show you, I'll kill that rascally boy of yours."

"I know it," wailed Harvey, whose ear had caught the final threat. "I knew he was an assassin—assassin—"

"Hush, Harvey," said Miss Latimer.

She stooped down and kissed the man's dark, wrinkled face—and, oh, what a tender kiss it was! Then she went to the door and called the sheriff.

"I find there has indeed been a mistake," she said. "This gentleman is an old friend who called in my absence. Harvey dragged him and locked him up. I'm sorry to have troubled you. You may free his hands these bonds are needed no longer."

"It was a mistake—mistake—mistake," echoed Harvey, who stood by her side.

There was much disappointment at the Latimer place that night over being cheated out of a possible lynching, and even after the prisoner was freed the people still lingered, hoping that something would turn up, after all. Miss Latimer and her

TIRED?
Oh, No.

This soap

SURPRISE

greatly lessens the work.
It's pure soap, lathers freely,
rubbing easy does the work.
The clothes come out sweet
and white without injury to the fabrics

SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

lover did not heed them. Long after midnight the two sat by the window, through which the apple blossoms were drifting on the night wind ever and anon and talked over the past and future. Harvey did not take the persistence of the neighbors so affably, however.

"It's all a nista-a-ake," he shouted from the kitchen door. "You'd better go home—home—home."

And at length they went.—Pittsburg Press.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

DOCTORS COULD NOT AGREE AS TO THE TROUBLE.

A New Brunswick Lady the Victim—Suffered for Thirty Years—The Attack Caused Partial Blindness and a Feeling of Semi-Paralysis.

From the Woodstock, N. S., Sentinel.

Mrs. E. P. Ross, of Riley Brook, N. B., says:—"I have been a sufferer for thirty years, and I am sure I would still be in the same lamentable condition had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was married at the age of twenty and am now fifty-one years old. I had always enjoyed good health until after my first child was born. About a month later the illness attacked me which has since made my life miserable. I consulted different doctors, but they did not agree as to the nature of my trouble. One said it was a species of paralysis, others said symptoms of fits. I would be feeling very well when I would suddenly have a sensation of partial blindness, and everything before me would sparkle. Then my hand and arm on one side would become numb, and after about ten minutes this sensation would pass to my lower limbs, then my tongue would become affected, as would also my hearing. Voices, no matter how close to me, would seem dim and far away. These symptoms would last for about

forty minutes, I would have a violent pain over the eyes, which would continue for twelve hours or more. Notwithstanding all that was done for me, these spells were coming more frequently, and at last I would sometimes have two attacks a day. I was also troubled with bronchitis, which added to my misery. I could not sew or knit, or do any work that required close attention to it. All this trouble had never left me for years, and at the age of 48 I consulted another doctor. The medicine he gave me, however, made me worse instead of better. Then I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was using the third box before I found any benefit, but then there was a decided change. By the time I used twelve boxes I felt as well as I did in my young days. Every symptom of the trouble that had so long made my life miserable had disappeared. For eighteen months I did not use the pills and was as well as ever I had been in my life. Then one morning I felt a slight attack of the old trouble and determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills again. I got a box and took an occasional pill and have never since had a symptom of the trouble. To say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done wonders for me is putting it mildly, and I strongly urge their use on all who may be ill. Pink Pills were also of great benefit to a niece of mine, Miss Effie J. Everett. Her mother died when she was quite young, and naturally much of the care of the household devolved upon her, and as she grew up she became weak, easily tired, subject to headaches and her complexion was pale and wax like. A young lady teacher who was boarding with the family, and who had used Pink Pills with great success urged her to try them. The result was that she soon was enjoying the best of health and is a fine robust young lady who shows no traces of her former illness.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapping bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

THROUGH THE NILE RAPIDS.

The Boatmen are Saved from Death by Their Swimming Powers.

Voyages down the Nile through the rapids are undertaken only by the special boats which are made for the purpose in the Sudan. About ten per cent. are smashed on the voyage, and that the percentage of deaths is not equally high is simply due to the matchless swimming powers of the Nubian boatmen. Even when they are dashed by the waves against a rock, they do not always drown. A. E. Brehm in 'From North Pole to Equator' describes one of these descents.

At length each skipper orders his men to their posts. "Let go the sail!" he shouts. "Row, men, row—row in the name of Allah, the All-Merciful!" Then he strikes up a song with an ever recurring refrain in which the men join.

Slowly the bark gains the middle of the stream; quicker and quicker it glides onward; in a few minutes it is rushing more swiftly than ever among the rocky islands above the rapid. More and more quickly the oars dip into the turbid flood; the men are naked to the loins, and the sweat pours down their bodies as they strain every muscle.

Praise and blame, flattery and reproaches promises and threats, blessings and curses fall from the skipper's mouth according as the boat fulfills or disappoints his wishes.

"Bend to your oars; work, work, my sons; display your prowess; do honor to the prophet, all ye faithful! Larboard, I say, ye dogs, ye children of dogs, ye grandchildren and great-grandchildren and litter of Christians, ye heathen! Better, better, better yet, ye cowards, ye strengthless, ye sapless! Help us, help us, O Mohammed!"

The rocks on both sides seem to whirl round; the surge floods the deck, and its thunder drowns every order. Unresisting, the frail craft is borne toward the neck of rock—the dreaded spot is behind the stern, the foaming backwash has saved the imperilled boat—but two oars have been shivered like glass. Their loss hinders control of the boat, and it sweeps on without answering to the rudder, on to a formidable waterfall.

A wild cry from the boatmen, and all throw themselves flat on the deck and hold on like grim death; a deafening crash and an overwhelming rush of hissing, gurgling waves; for the space of a moment the water is over all, and then the boat gives a leap upward; they have passed the cataract and escaped the jaws of death.

INSTANT DEATH
from
HEART DISEASE.

Heart Disease Kills.

Relief in 30 Minutes.

The most pronounced symptoms of heart disease are palpitation, or fluttering of the heart, shortness of breath, weak or irregular pulse, swelling of feet or ankles, nightmare, spells of hunger or exhaustion. The brain may be congested, causing headaches, dizziness, or vertigo. In short, whenever the heart flutters, or tires out easily, aches or palpitates, it is diseased and treatment is imperative. Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure has saved thousands of lives. It absolutely never fails to give perfect relief in 30 minutes, and to cure radically.

Showed it in His Face.

The Washington Post, without mentioning names, reports a sharp thrust at one of the many private secretaries at the national capital.

He is still new to his honors, the Post says, and with the rest of his airs possesses a drawl that makes him offensive. One day a newspaper woman, full of business, burst into the office of this secretary's chief. The great man was out.

"Can you tell me when he will be in?" she asked.

"Really," drawled the clerk, "I haven't an idea."

"Well," said the newspaper woman, as she turned to go, "I must say you look it."

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE

Cocoas and Chocolates



on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.