

DOROTHY.

The Judge had dined and was enjoying an after-dinner cigar before turning to a pile of papers that lay on the table at his elbow. Yet even as he watched the flickering fire and puffed dreamily at his cigar, luxuriating in a little relaxation after hard day's work in a close and crowded court, his mind was busy formulating the sentences in which he intended to sum up a case that had been tried that day. There could be no doubt as to the guilt of the prisoner, who had been accused of a most impudent, fraud, and though it was a first offense the Judge intended to pass the severest sentence which the law allowed.

The Judge was no believer in short sentences. He regarded leniency to a criminal as an offense against society—a direct encouragement to those who hesitated on the brink of vicious courses and were only restrained by fear of punishment. The well-meaning people who got up petitions to mitigate the sentence upon a justly convicted thief or murderer were, in his eyes, guilty of mawkish sentimentality. There was no trace of weakness or effeminacy in his own face, with its grizzled eyebrows, somewhat cold gray eyes, thin lips and massive chin. He was a just man, just to the splitting of a hair, but austere and unemotional.

He had conducted the trial with the most scrupulous impartiality, but now that a verdict of guilty was a foregone conclusion he determined to make an example of one who had so shamefully abused the confidence placed in him.

Stated briefly, the situation was as follows: The prisoner, Arthur Maxwell, was cashier to a firm of solicitors, Lightbody & Dutton. The only surviving partner of the original firm, Mr. Lightbody, had recently died, leaving the business to his nephew, Thomas Faulkner. Faulkner accused Arthur Maxwell of having embezzled a sum of \$1,250. Maxwell admitted of having taken the money, but positively asserted that it had been presented to him as a free gift by Mr. Lightbody. Unfortunately for the prisoner, the letter which he had stated had accompanied the check could not be produced, and Faulkner, supported by the evidence of several well-known experts, declared the signature on the check to be a forgery. When the check-book was examined the counterfeit was discovered to be blank. The prisoner asserted that Mr. Lightbody had himself taken out a blank check and had filled it and signed it at his private residence. He could, however, produce no proof of this assertion, and all the evidence available was opposed to his unsupported statement.

Arthur Maxwell, soliloquized the Judge 'you have been convicted on evidence that leaves no shadow of doubt of your guilt of a crime which I must characterize as one of the basest—'

The chattering of voices in the hall brought the soliloquy to an abrupt conclusion. The Judge required absolute silence and solitude when he was engaged in study, and the servants, who stood in constant awe of him, were extremely careful to prevent the least disturbance taking place within earshot of his sanctum. He jerked the bell impatiently, intending to give a good wigging to those responsible for the disturbance.

But the door was thrown open by his daughter Mabel, a pretty girl of 12, who was evidently in a state of breathless excitement.

'Oh, papa! she exclaimed, 'here's such a queer little object that wants to see you. Please let her come in.'

Before the Judge could remonstrate a little child, a rosy faced girl of between 5 and 6, in a red hood and cloak, hugging a black puppy under one arm and a crown paper parcel under the other, trotted briskly into the room.

The Judge rose to his feet with an expression which caused his daughter to vanish with remarkable celerity. The door closed with a bang. He could hear feet scudding rapidly upstairs, and he found himself alone with the small creature before him.

'What on earth are you doing here, child?' he asked, irritably. 'What can you possibly want with me? She remained silent, staring at him with round, frightened eyes. 'Come, come, can't you find your tongue, little girl?' he asked more gently. 'What is it you want with me?'

'If you please,' she said timidly, 'I've brought you Tommy.'

Tommy was clearly the fat puppy, for as she bent her face toward him he wagged his tail and promptly licked the end of her nose.

'Come here,' he said, sitting down, 'and tell me all about it.'

She advanced fearlessly toward him, as animals and children did in his inofficial moods.

'This is Tommy, I suppose?' he said, taking the puppy on his knee, where it expressed its delight by ecstatic contortions of the body and appeared to consider his watch chain a fascinating article of diet.

'I've brought you other things as well,' she said, opening the brown paper parcel, and revealing a doll with a very beautiful complexion, large blue eyes, and hair of the purest gold, a diminutive Noah's ark, a white pig, a wholly sheep, a case of crayons, a penholder, a broken-bladed knife, a small paint box, a picture book or two, and what bore some faint resemblance to a number of water color sketches. She seemed particularly proud of the last named.

'I painted them all by myself,' she exclaimed.

The Judge thought it not unlikely, as he glanced with twinkling eyes at the highly unconventional forms and daring colors of those strikingly original works of art.

'Well,' he said, 'it is very kind of you to bring me all these pretty things, but why do you want to give them to me?'

'I—I don't want to give them to you,' she faltered.

The Judge regarded her with friendly eyes. He was so used to hearing romantic deviations from the truth from the lips

of imaginative witnesses that frankness was at all times delightful to him.

'Come,' said he, with a quiet laugh, 'that's honest, at least. Well, why do you give them to me if you don't want to?'

'I'll give them to you, and Tommy, too'—the words were accompanied by a very wistful glance at the fat puppy—if you'll promise not to send poor papa to prison.'

A silence, such as precedes some awful convulsion of nature, pervaded the room for several seconds after this audacious proposal. Even Tommy, as though cowering before the outraged majesty of the law, buried his head between the Judge's coat and vest, and lay motionless except for a propitiatory wag of his tail.

'What is your name, child?' asked the Judge grimly.

'Dorothy Maxwell,' faltered the little girl timidly, awed by the sudden silence and the perhaps unconsciously stern expression upon his lordship's face.

'Dorothy Maxwell,' said the Judge severely, as though the little figure before him were standing in the prisoner's dock awaiting sentence, 'you have been convicted of the almost unparalleled crime of attempting to corrupt one of her Majesty's judges; to persuade him, by means of bribery, to defeat the ends of justice. I shall not further enlarge upon the enormity of your crime. Have you anything to say why sentence should not be—no, no, don't cry! Poor little thing, I didn't mean to frighten you—really and truly. Come and sit on my knee and show me all these pretty things. Get down, you little beast.'

The last words were addressed to Tommy, who fell with a flop on the floor and was replaced on the Judge's knee by his little mistress.

'This is very like condoning a criminal offense,' thought the Judge to himself with a grim smile, as he wiped the tears from the poor little creature's face and tried to interest her in the contents of the brown paper parcel. But the thoughts the tears had aroused did not vanish with them. Arthur Maxwell was no longer a kind of impersonal representative of the criminal classes to be dwelt with as severely as the law allowed in the interests of society in general. He was the father of this soft, plump rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, golden-haired little maid, who would inevitably have to share, now or in the future, the father's humiliation and disgrace. For the first time, perhaps, the Judge felt a pang of pity for the wretched man who at that moment was probably pacing his cell in agonizing apprehension of the inevitable verdict. A vivid picture started up before him of the prisoner's white face, twitching lips and tragic eyes. He remembered his own emotion when he first sentenced a fellow creature to penal servitude. Had he grown callous since then? Did he take sufficiently into account the frailty of human nature, the brevity of life, the far-reaching consequences that the fate of the most insignificant unit of humanity must entail?

At this moment the door opened, and his wife, a slender, graceful woman, considerably younger than himself, with a refined, delicate face, came quietly in.

'Ah,' exclaimed the Judge with a sudden inspiration, 'I believe you are at the bottom of all this, Agnes. What is this child doing here?'

'You are not vexed, Matthew?' she asked, half timidly.

'Hardly that,' he answered slowly, 'but what good can it do? It is impossible to explain the situation to this poor little mite. It was cruel to let her come on such an errand. How did she get here?'

'It was her own idea, entirely her own idea, but her mother brought her and asked to see me. The poor woman was distracted and nearly frantic with grief and despair, and ready to clutch at any straw. She was so dreadfully miserable, poor thing, and I thought it was such a pretty idea, I—I couldn't refuse her, Matthew.'

'But, my dear,' expostulated the Judge, 'you must have known that it could do no good.'

'I—I knew what the verdict would be,' answered his wife. 'I read a report of the trial in an evening paper. But then there was the sentence, you know—and I thought the poor child might soften you a little, Matthew.'

The Judge's hand strayed mechanically among the toys, and to interest the child he began to examine one of the most vivid of her pictorial efforts.

'You think I am very hard and unjust, Agnes?' he asked.

'No, no, no,' she answered hurriedly. 'Not unjust. There is not a more impartial judge on the bench—the whole world says it. But don't you think, dear, that justice without—without mercy, is always a little hard? Don't, don't be angry, Matthew; I never spoke to you like this before. I wouldn't now, but for the poor woman in the next room and the innocent little thing at her knees.'

The Judge made no reply. He bent still more closely over the scarlet animal straying amid emerald fields and burnt amber trees, of a singularly original shape. 'That's a cow,' said Dorothy proudly. 'Don't you see its horns? And that's its tail—it isn't a tree. There's a cat on the other side, I can draw cats better than cows.'

In her anxiety to exhibit her artistic abilities in their higher manifestations, she took the paper out of his hands and presented the opposite side. At first he glanced at it listlessly, and then his eyes suddenly flashed and he examined it with breathless interest.

'Well, I'm blessed!' he exclaimed excitedly.

It was not a very judicial utterance, but the circumstances were exceptional.

'Here's the very letter Maxwell declared he had received from Lightbody along with the check. His reference to it, as he couldn't produce it, did him more harm than good; but I believe it's genuine, upon my word, I do. Listen; it's dated from the Hollies, Lightbody's private address: My Dear Maxwell—I have just heard from the doctor that my time here will be



very short, and I am trying to arrange my affairs as quickly as possible. I have long recognized the unostentatious but thorough and entirely satisfactory manner in which you have discharged your duties, and as some little and perhaps too tardy recognition of your long and faithful services, and as a token of my personal esteem for you, I hope you will accept the inclosed check for £250. With best wishes for your future, believe me, yours sincerely,

THOMAS LIGHTBODY.

'What do you think of it? I'll send it round to Maxwell's solicitor at once.'

'Oh, Matthew, then the poor fellow's innocent after all?'

'It looks like it. If the letter is genuine he certainly is. There, don't look miserable again. I'm sure it is. If it had been a forgery you may be sure it would have been ready for production at a moment's notice. Where did you get this letter, little girl?'

Dorothy blushed guiltily, and hung her head.

'I took it out of papa's desk—I wanted some paper to draw on, and I took it without asking. You won't tell him will you? He'll be ever so cross.'

'Well, we may perhaps have to let him know about it, my dear, but I don't think he'll be a bit cross. Now, this lady will take you to your mother, and you can tell her that papa won't go to prison, and that he'll be home to-morrow night.'

'May I—may I say good-by to Tommy, please?' she faltered.

'You sweet little thing!' exclaimed his wife, kissing her impulsively.

'Tommy's going with you,' said the Judge, laughing kindly. 'I wouldn't deprive you of Tommy's company for Tommy's weight in gold. I fancy there are limits to the pleasure which Tommy and I would derive from each other's society. There, run away, and take Tommy with you.'

Dorothy eagerly pursued the fat puppy, captured him after an exciting chase and took him in her arms. Then she walked toward the door, but the corner of her eye rested wistfully on the contents of the brown paper parcel. The Judge hastily gathered the toys, rolled them in the paper and presented them to her. But Dorothy looked disappointed. The thought of giving them to purchase her father's pardon had been sweet as well as bitter. She was willing to compromise in order to escape the pang that the loss of Tommy and the doll and the paint box and other priceless treasures would have inflicted, but she still wished—poor little epitome of our complex human nature—to taste the joy of a heroic self-sacrifice. Besides she was afraid that the Judge might after all refuse to pardon her father if she took away all the gifts with which she had attempted to propitiate him.

She put the parcel on the chair and opened it. Holding the wriggling puppy in her arms, she gazed at her treasures, trying to make up her mind which she could part with that would be sufficiently valuable in the Judge's eyes to accomplish her purpose. Finally she selected the sheep and presented the luxuriantly woolly almost exasperatingly meek-looking animal, to the Judge.

'You may have that and the pretty picture for being kind to papa,' she said, with the air of one who confers inestimable favors.

He was about to decline the honor, but, catching his wife's eyes, he meekly accepted it, and Dorothy and the puppy and the brown paper parcel disappeared through the door.

'Well, well,' said the Judge with a queer smile as he placed the fluffy white sheep on the mantelpiece, 'I never thought I should be guilty of accepting a bribe, but we never know what we may come to.'

The next day Maxwell was acquitted and assured by the Judge that he left the court without a stain upon his character. The following Christmas Dorothy received a brown parcel containing toys of the most wonderful description from an unknown friend, and it was asserted by his intimates that ever afterward the Judge's sentences seldom erred on the side of severity, and that he was disposed, whenever possible, to give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt.—Straud Magazine.

A NOBLE FAMILY.

Popular and Well Known in Canada.

For many, many years a very noble family, popular and well known, have conferred great blessings on Canadian homes.

This family to which we refer has served the homes of Canadian faithfully and well; they have brightened the pathway of many a sad woman when the clouds were dark; they have cheered hearts when times were dull and money scarce; they have been a blessing to thousands of husbands and children, helping them to dress better, so that mothers, fathers and children were enabled to face the world as handsomely dressed as their wealthier friends and neighbors.

These popular, tried and helpful friends are the Diamond Dyes, the same in power, work and usefulness to day as they were twenty years ago.

There are many imitations of these celebrated Diamond Dyes worthless and dangerous to use. Beware of these deceptive dyes, as they can never do good work.

When you purchase dyes see that the name "Diamond" is on every envelope. With the Diamond Dyes success is always sure and certain.

Way of Getting up Hill.

A man who can run up hill has got to have good muscle and good wind. The great majority are content to walk up; and a fair proportion of us (including the present writer) are often resigned to the fate of riding up, leaving to the horses all the benefit of the exercise.

As for Mr. James Endicott, he says he can now run up hill, whereas as formerly he was obliged to crawl. This shows a wonderful improvement in his condition, but there was a backset first.

Now every great change in one's health, or in his circumstances, is in the nature of a surprise. That our neighbours will fall ill and that they will die too, we expect. Man is frail and mortal. But that we—no, thank you; at least not for some time to come.

Mr. Endicott had been a strong healthy man all his life, yet early in 1882 he felt (very unexpectedly) that something was wrong with him. He couldn't put a name to it, naturally enough, for things in that line were novelties to him. He had no doubt about his feelings, however; a man may know nothing of the law of gravitation and yet fully appreciate the results of a fall on the pavement.

'I was easily tired,' says Mr. Endicott, 'and felt dull and heavy. I couldn't think what had come over me. I had a foul taste in the mouth, and in the morning I spat up thick phlegm and also a fluid as bitter as gall. After eating I had great pain and tightness across my chest and around my sides, and also a horrible gnawing sensation at the pit of the stomach; the latter commonly took me about half an hour after every meal.'

'After a time, as my system got weaker, my breathing became awfully bad, and at times I had fairly to gasp and fight for my breath.'

'[This was asthma, a functional ailment of the lungs. This is to say, the lungs were not affected or diseased in any way; they merely worked badly; as a bellows does when the handles are so tied together that you can't get the bellows more than half open. The lungs are bellows made of muscles; the nerves, which operate them, being paralysed by the poisons of dyspepsia, why the lungs are almost collapsed. That was what ailed Mr. Endicott's breathing. It puts a person in the worst possible form for climbing hills.]

We are consequently prepared to hear Mr. Endicott say, as he does, that he got but little sleep at night. In fact he didn't lie down with his head on a pillow, but had to pick up his head as best he could. It was tough work, though.

'I struggled on with my work as well as I was able,' he goes on to say, 'but I got about only with pain and difficulty. Sometimes I worked only half a day, and now and then I was completely done up. My breathing grew so much worse that when I tried to walk I had to stop and rest.'

'Friends and neighbors would look at me and say one to another, "James won't do much more work; he is going home fast."'

'From first to last I suffered in this way over eight years. No medicine or treatment was of any use to me until in June 1890, I first heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and got a bottle from Mr. Newman's Stores, Exeter. In a week's time I was relieved, and, by keeping on with it, was soon as strong as ever. I thank God that I ever came to know of Seigel's Syrup. (Signed) James Endicott, North Park, Tedburn St. Mary, near Exeter, Nov. 10, 1893.'

You will notice that three years elapsed between Mr. Endicott's cure by this remedy and the date of his letter, proving that the cure was genuine and permanent. Furthermore, speaking of his present condition, he said what we have already quoted, "I can now run up hill, whereas formerly I had to crawl." That's good evidence enough; who wants better? His neighbors say that he is even a better man than he was ten years ago.

It was the sad old story of indigestion and dyspepsia, and the weary years of suffering and complicated disorders that grew out of it. Long may our friend live to lead mankind up the hills, from the tops of which may we all discern the approach of happier times.

SAVED BY A TASSEL.

How It Saved Two Travellers From a Maelstrom Fury.

A trifle may prove a life-protector. Augustus Hare and his mother were alone in an English railway carriage, which had seats for six or eight persons. The train was moving out of the station, when three men came running along the platform and attempted to enter the carriage. Only one succeeded, for before the others could follow him the train had left the platform. Then something happened, which might ended seriously had it not been for the diverting power of a trifle. Mr. Hare, describing the adventure in 'The Story of My Life,' says:

In a moment we saw that the man who was alone in the carriage with us was a maniac, and that those left behind were his keepers. He uttered a shrill hoot and glared at us. Fortunately, as the door

banged to the tassel of the window was thrown up, and this attracted him, and he yelled with laughter.

We sat motionless at the other side of the carriage, opposite each other. He seized the tassel and kept throwing it up and down, hooting and roaring with laughter. Once or twice we fancied he was about to pounce upon us, but then the tassel attracted him again. After about eight minutes the train stopped. His keepers had succeeded in getting upon the guard's box as the train left the station, and hearing his shouts, stopped the train, and he was removed by force.

WOMAN AND THE NEWSPAPERS.

The two are no longer at variance—A Hopeful Sign.

'Look at a woman trying to read a newspaper,' an observant man was wont to say not so very many years ago, 'if you want to see an excellent example of how not to do it. Mark how her fingers, so dainty in their handling of china, the needle or a baby seem to become all thumbs as she crumples the reluctant sheet into ridges and wrinkles, folds it in the wrong way, and tears it in refolding, or holds it spread in the air at full width, her head thrown back to enable her to read the head-lines, and her hands shaking with long-continued extension before she has mastered a column.'

'See how, if she wants to find the advertisement of a bargain sale of cheap towelling, she looks for it among the editorial articles, while if she is in search of the report of a lecture on art, she brings up helplessly among the obituaries.'

'Then she doesn't know how to read the paper in comfort, without hurry. She never takes it with her breakfast,—a selfish, but egotistically agreeable masculine way,—nor sits deep in an armchair with her feet upon a cricket, nor lies at ease on the sofa. Not she! She perches on the edge of a chair with a haven't-a-minute-to-spare expression, or stands up in a bow window, or looks over her husband's shoulder with a duster hanging in her hand.'

'And if she tries to conquer the political news—well, if you want to enjoy rich comedy, hear her talk about it afterward! It is no use to pretend that women and newspapers are anything but antipathetic; naturally, essentially and permanently.'

The sketch is not without truth, yet the decision may well be challenged. Such were perhaps the ways of the average woman in dealing with newspapers when the average woman hardly looked into one twice a year, unless for the marriages deaths or fashions.

Now that so many women have made a study of politics; are graduates of classes in civil government; vote perhaps for members of school committees, and consider seriously by thousands the possibility of a wider suffrage devolving upon them, those among them who follow the progress of political affairs and talk about it sensibly and understandingly have become numerous indeed. Besides this, papers for women, and papers conducted by women, and papers on more or less feminine subjects have multiplied to an astonishing extent.

Best of all, the number of women constantly increases, who for reasons springing either from their higher education, or their native alertness the inquisitiveness of mind, cannot be contented not to watch the spectacle of the great world reflected in the press. So far as may be they keep pace—in quiet domestic circles or in more public career, in the exacting society of great cities or the remote rusticity of isolated farms—with the thousand movements which extend the drama of life beyond egotistic joys and narrow inimacies, and make it always worth beholding, worth studying, worth sharing and worth living.

It is a sign of the times, and a good sign that the woman and the newspaper are no longer at variance.

CAN'T BUDGE THEM.

Science is Right 99 Times in a Hundred—Medical Science says that Pills and Powders will not Dissolve the Solid Secretions which cause Kidney Disease. —It Has Proven That a Liquid Kidney Specific Will do so, and Thousands Have Testified That South American Kidney Cure, a Liquid Specific for Kidney Disease, has done so.

The secret of the success of South American Kidney Cure is the fact that it is solely a kidney specific. It dissolves the uric acid which is really the base of all kidney diseases. And it is only when these solid matters and secretions have been dissolved and eradicated from the system that a cure can be hoped for. Pills and Powders from a medical science standpoint, or from the standpoint of common sense, can hardly be expected to do what this liquid remedy has done. The people are learning it. Mrs. Norman E. Cook, of Delhi, Ont., says: "I tried no end of remedies—pills, powders and porous plasters, and all were used in vain. Five bottles of South American Kidney Cure completely restored me to health."

A Mis-understanding.

Customer (looking in mirror)—'Great scissors, barber! You've gone to work and peeled my head of every dern hair there was on it.'

Barber—'Isn't that just what you told me to do?'

Customer—'Told you to do? Why, man, I told you I wanted it cut a-la-mode.'

Barber—'Beg pardon. I thought you said you wanted it all mowed.'—Boston Courier.