FARM-VARD PETS. BY CLARA M. TOWN ROUL Satolii Satolii holshop a te, officiate all gathered about me / prisall gathered about me is came through tile farm-yard just is came through tile farm-yard just is came the same than the same through the latter and cow.

""" as This, the just of the lot, is one of holl, the best of the lot, is old holl, the best of the lot, is old holl, the best of the lot, is old holl, the prisal same and Bridget, while levely must not be forgot.

""" the level the lot breakfast are equealing l every pur l by the evisiting cle nts from a The pies for their breakfast are equealing the pies for their breakfast are equealing the piece context the red and white calf, paint about in the sunstitue; the piece can but laugh. nal Gibbo

ice eviden G. Ingeric

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now's Bess, the bay colt, and her m Od Sally, a fine, handsome pair. Due cantering gracefully toward me, with Beauty, the big flery mare.

noid sheep Tibbie and Topsy in eager to share in the store in eager to share in the store if your corn for my, basket.

Fills the chickens are feasting galors.

But roices I seem well to know, hea jim, the saucy black rooster, Toold Brahma, as white as the snow.

Toold Brahma, as white as the snow.

Bare is Spot, the black and white kitten,
and Rip, the tortoise-shell cat,
and led and Gipsy, and Ginger,
ill vaiting a word and a pat.
By live thom? Of course! what a question!
Se how their loving eyes shine!
If not love, for the weath of a kingdom,
The love of these dumb friends of mins.

Blaver, Wis.

Tracing a Dark Crime.

BY ALEXANDER ROBINSON, M. D.

CHAITER XXVI.—(Continued).

who he had recognized it.
"Yes," I replied; "here."

'Ask no questions."
"Y m are going in there?"

Whyon
'follow me and see,"
'flowtor!'
'To had just entered the gate as Cain
thered the startled word.

The had, too, grasped my arm nortorsly, and scanned the street searchhad.

What is it, Colonel?"

4 saw some one A passer-by?"

Almykopyn

Yes. A man: He passed the court baser as if shadowing us."
"You imagine that."

No. he dodged kod." out .of view as 1

Xonsonse! l am afraid."

Of what?"

M what?"
The police."
Have I not promised you protection?"
(ain acted reassured, but nervous. I lid him to the side garden. Where a bown had where broken relises and vines only now remained of a lenser arrustic seat.

Sit down," I said.
The mansion looked weird and gloomy.

e mansion looked weird and gloomy shivered at my ominous proceed

"Now, then, Colonel," I began, "we are

"Idon't like it."

This was the scene of the murder?"

Yes, "Proceed, and relate to me everything Pa did the night of the tragedy." In a low tone of suppressed excitement, can began his story. He told how he had tried the trellis to the training the had pried open the pantry thatow with the steel instrument I had being and under it.

and with the steel instrument I had been under it.

A stray silver spoon only rewarded a mach in a suppoard. Then he ascended the stairs.

Footstops had startled him. He ran Poststops had startled him. He ran two the hall. At its end an open win-

He reached it and cronehed low on

tenda. A minute later a woman came ton the liall. She had a light in her

disappeared down a side corridor, the thin a door opened and closed.

The balcony I was on," continued an lose of the side of

Abraham Saabuse " Or. Abraham Saabara."
Ass thing?

tarried for, sal raised my head to
st the more closely, I become content a man was near me. He had
climbed the trellis. He glansed
with owas here.

The down the same of the comment of the comment

ore Parker . The Doctor's son

"Bid he see pan?" I asked.

"He did." In a flash he seemed to recognize in me a burglar, I in him an officer. He sprang at me. About to clench a cry of alarm reached me. 'I glauced within thr room."

"And saw?"

"A woman rushin, 'opon Dr. Seabury."
I quivered with suspense.
"The same woman you saw in the hall?"

hall?

"She was aione?"
"Alone. She had in her hand a knifea creese. She lifted it. I saw it de scend—the Doctor sink back. Thor

A woman's form appeared and drew down a shade.

led, and as it about the restless vigil.

"Leonore!" I breathed, wildly.

"Who?" demanded Cain, sharply.

'Is that her name?"

"Yes."
"Well, she's the woman whom I saw kill Dr. Seabury—she is the assassin!"



"That woman---"
"Is Dr. Seabury's assassin."

T could not be mistaken.

"I could not be mistaken."
"Perhaps she arrived after the crime?"
"I saw her strike the fatal blow,"
came the clear, decided reply.
"And would swear to it?"
"I would, but I do not wish to."

"Proceed with your story."

My heart seemed ice as, mechanically, I listened to the burglar's continued

The one vital

I was hopeless new. The one vital revelation of Cain's positive recognition of the woman had overwhelmed me. "Well, as I said," remarked Cain, "I saw her strike the blow, and the light

What did you do?" I faltered.

room. Just then I supposed he was some detective bent on arresting me. It must have been fully two minutes before we stopped struggling and wrestling. Then his quick, agonized remark: 'Oh, heavens! her hand, her hand!' and his fixed stare within the darkened room, told me that he thought little of me—that his attention, his very soul, was centered on the tragedy he had just seen enacted."

"And then?"
"He dashed into the room."

stepped also into the room, and tent the lamp."

"The woman?" I gasped, painfully.—
"Had disappeared."
"Did you search for her?"
"Why should I? I drew back and watched the scene. The man I had struggled with was, of course, Theodore Parker."
"Yes, Theodore Seabury, the Doctor's son."

"I saw at once that he was agitated by the profoundest emotion. He bent over the dead man, for he was dead. He wrung his hands, he wept; he seemed about to hasten after the assassin, to arouse the house, and then paused with a hollow, hopeless remark."

"I remember it distinctly. It was: "What was it?"

"I remember it distinctly. It was: 'He has 'died misjudging me; she has killed him. One will have to suffer for it. My wife, my father. Ohl why was this cruel deed committed?"

"Did he speak to you?"

"Instantly. As he saw me he started, wondered, looked dismayed, and then remembered the scene on the portico.

"Who are you?" he demanded:

"You witnessed this deed?"

"You witnessed this deed?"

"The aboved to reflect to put this and I saw at once that he was agitated by

phisi in the dead man's hand and we, left. Only he said one word in explana-tion."

"What was [69"

I was more depressed than ever. The clear, concise statement of Cain seemed true in every particular. More, it admitted of proof, for Theo-dore Seabury's talse story fitted to it in a way.

way.

To shield the weman he loved, his wife, he had deceived me, exhibited an wife, he had deceived me, exhibited an iron nerve and rare powers of distimulation, and had bribed the burglar to stlence.

"Where did you go then?" I asked.
"To the street. Hold! in the room
where the crime was committed I found

she creese."
"The one I first saw in your room?"

"Yes."
"Was it the instrument of death?"
"I thought so at the time. I even showed it to Parker, or young Seabury, as you call him. I told him I would keep it until the money was paid to me.

Later—"

"Yes, later?" I queried, eagerly.
"I knew that it could not be the fatal

espon."
"And why not?" "Because it had no blood-stains on it. "How do you account for its being there, then?"

*Dr. Seabury probably drew it to de fend himself."

"And the real weapon?"
"The assassin carried away with her." Worse and worse! Every new develores that in the beautiful Leonor more and more closely to her doom.
"Have you seen Parker since?" I asked

was to wait for a month for the

"I was to wait for a month for the money."

"That was the agreement?"

"Yes; he said he did not have it then."
I am not a rich man. I had some means. I say this because, just then, as I veritably went mad for the moment, all my actions hinged on the means. I could command.

Yes, I went mad momentarily. Prudence, judgment, right even, were lost in an absorbing impulse.

Leonore, beautiful Leonore, was a murderess!

murderess!
I doubted it no longer.
I saw her dragged to the common jail
by rude hands—her rare beauty mocked
at, stared at by unfeeling idlers in the
great court-room of justice.
I saw the law blind to circumstance or

palliating motive.

She had, indeed, killed her guardian,

She had, indeed, killed her guardian, but in a moment of insanity—an insanity she could not prove, probably would not even acknowledge.

Her real ignorance of what she had done in her insane moments would be to justice the audacity of hardened guilt.

It would go ill with her—she was doomed.

It would go III with the doomed.

I would save her! I would save her! At any cost of fidelity, honor, or policy, I would rescue this fair creature.

Beside myself with love—for I did love her, wedded wife though she was—I cried out, vehemently:

"Colonel Cain, I love that woman!"

"A murderess?"

"I cannot help it. I must save her.

"A murderess?"
"I cannot help it. "I must save her.
I will give you all I possess to disappear
from the city at once—to afford me an
opportunity to get her beyond the reach
of a cruel, misjudging law."
"Don't try it, Doctor!"
I started. Cold, clear reason immediately supervened to fevered delirium as

stely supervened to fevered delirium as

the strong tones spoke. And from the shrubbery, his im-pressive face telling that he had over-heard all my conversation with Colonel Cain, the burgiar, stepped Abner Ketcham, the detective.

am, the detective.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

I am a strong man, ordinarily above trivial weaknesses of frame or mind, but in that impressive hour extraordiary rules of unnerve moved me.

The accumulating revelations and epicers are also made and epicers.

The accumulating revelations and epi-sodes of the night had proven too much for me, and, mind and frame wronght up to the highest tension, gave way in a collapse, sudden and blighting. When I awoke again, I was lying on a couch in a comfortable room.

I recognized the apartment at once.

It was the detective's cozy room. It was the detective's cozy room. It was broad daylight, and Ketcham himself sat at a window, smoking and think-Ketcham!

I spoke the word, and arose on my el

"Hello!" he said, coming to where I lay. "Awake, eh?"
"Yes—how came I here? Oh, I remember. Ketcham, you heard all,

"Hold on, Doctor, no spasmodics."
"Hold on, Doctor, no spasmodics."
miled the detective. "Don't get excited
or worried. The case is ended."
"Ended?" I gasped,
"Yea."

Yes." Then Leonore?"

"Then Leonore?"

"I am sorry to say is under arrest."
I fell back with a groan. Hope seemed to die in my breast. Even then it seemed as if I would have given my life to save her own.

"Now, Doctor," spoke the detective, gently, "don't give way. I see where you are caught—you love that women. Allowing that you can't help it, married or not, I do say you are very foolish. She is a teetotally bad one, or else a crary one, and in either case dangerous. The law is a hard keeper, so you must take affairs as they are. My duty was plain. There are a score of clews that prove her guilty. I had to appeat her "Yes."

"He seemed to redict, to put this and that together, and then he said, in a harsh constrained voice:

"Shirin, you will get in trouble if you ever allude to what you have seen. No one must ever know the truth about this effair. If you will aid me to throw justice of the right track, I will pay you for the right track, I will pay you have been an act of the right track, I will pay you great treachery to me."

"You was right, backet "You will lad me to throw justice of the right track, I will pay you have the provided yourself in trouble, but also have been an act of the right track, I will pay you agreed?" I saked break.

"I guess you were. Well, give tip sent, it will pay you have the grill. The hard pracy light facts are what demand, your attaction in w."

"And he young Seabury?"

"I me reflected and then acted."

"Do you think her guilty?"

on now.
"Do you think her guilty?"
"I do."
"Will a court sustain that line of

4

"Most assuredly."
"Most assuredly."
"Will she be convicted?"
"Yes."
"Sane or insane?"

"Ab there is your only chance to save ber. My work is ended. I bring a

"Ak there is your only thence is are.

Seir. By work is anded. I bring a
prisoner, with a clear case proves, to
pastice. It ill bests me to start out and
undo my work. Your only hope is to
prove her. subject to insane illusions—
to have been insane when the deed of
murder was committed. I cannot, I
could not, help you."

"It is hopeless!" I groaned.

"Not at all," replied the detective,
quickly. "People not at all demented
have been released on less apparent
grounds than those that exist in this
woman's case. She acts honestly fanorant of the crime. There are proofs
that Dr. Seabury feared her, yee he
nurtured and loved her Prove her a
somnambulist in childhood, eccentric
later on, trace her disease carefully, and
at the first real clew of insanity you are
safe to hope that she will not be convicted."

"Then you believe—"
"Nothing " interprints! Ketcham ab.

"Then you believe—"
"Nothing," interrupted Ketcham, abruptly. "I cannot see a trace of insanity in her cool, deliberate method of striking a sure blow and secreting the weapon later, for the creese found hidden in her room certainly did the deed."
"Where is she?" I asked.
He informed me—at an uptown station. He had not yet made the arrest public. He wished to still further fortify his case before making a final report at the Central Police Station.
"And Cain?"
"On parole. That is, he is at the same

"And Cain?"
"On parolo. That is, he is at the same station, but he is not locked up. He has agreed to report there or remain there until I need him; but I have arrested young Seabury."
This amazed me. "Arrested him?"

"Yes; I had to. He occupies a cell at the station. It is to question and corner him that I have acted so secretly. He refuses to talk. I want to get at a motive for this crime. So far I can find

I grew hopeful.
"Ah!" I cried, "then that is the defect in your case?"
"I admit it."

"But fortune—money?"
"For some strange reason he had long since made over to her absolute control of every dollar he possessed. No, candidly, Doctor, it will puzzle the shrewdest lawyer to apportion any motive to the woman for the crime."
"Then she is not guilty!" I cried.
"Perhaps not—knowingly. "Come; are you strong enough to come with me?"
"Where?"
"To the police station."

public station.

Colonel Cain sat smoking in the drill-

"I want you to make them talk: I can't."

Theodore Seabury had hurried eagerly to the door. He scowled as he recog-

speak with you."
She sat down. I summoned all my She sat down. I summoned all my courage and calmness to quiet her hysterical nature, and gradually led the conversation to the painful theme that I knew must be discoursed.

If, I doubted her at any time in the past, I doubted her no longer after she had apoken.

She absoluted desired.

She absolutely denied the murder-she

sane......" Bhe stared, at me in a dazed, curious

Do you Fai "Yes, the knife found in my room."
"There are other proofs."

"Yes, the knife found in my room."
"There are other proofs."
She looked up innocently.
"Lidd not know is.
"Did not the detective tell you?"
"No, Doctor."
"Two witnesses positively assert, that, hey saw you commit the crime."
Leonore looked shocked.
"A cruef lakeshood!" she gasped.
"One is a burglar—a Colonel Cato."
"A burglar?" she repeated reproschnlly.

"The other is a—a friend—in fact, the son of your guardian, Theodore Seabury."
"Oh, impossible!"

"He says, or rather could say—"
"Why, Doctor! I do not even know

him."
"What?" I fairly shouted.
"No./I never saw him."
"Never saw him?"
"Never."

"Nover."

I was dumfounded:

"Never saw your h "Never saw your husband?" I gasped, reeling in bewilderment.
"My whom?" asked Leonore, in wild amazement.

mazement.
"Your husband."
Her fair face blanched with positive

"Doctor," she breathed wildly, "what farce is this? Are you trying to me demented? I am not married odore Seabury is not and never could be my husband."

[TO BE COSTINUED.]

JAPAN'S QUEER ROBBERS.

They Are Polite and Require Their Victims to Be Moral.

Mr. Lafcadlo Hearn, in the paper "From My Japanese Dlary," in the Atlantic, tells of a robbery in the house of his neighbor, the dyer:

He hold me a query story about sob.

He told me a queer story about robbers. Dyers are peculiarly liable to be visited by rebbers; partly by reason of the value of the silks intrusted to them, and also because the business is known to be lucrative. One evening the family were robbed. The master was out of the city; his old mother, his wife and a female servant were the only persons in the house at the time, Three men, having their faces masked and carrying long swords, entered the door. One asked the servant whether any of the apprentices were still in the building, and she, hoping to frighten the invaders away, answered that the young men were all still at work. But the robbers were not disturbed by this assurance. One posted himself at the sentrance, the other two strode into the sleeping apartment. The women started up in alarm, and the wife asked, "Why do you wish to kill us?" Ha who seemed to be the leader answered, "We do not wish to kill you; we want money only. But if we do not get it, then it will be this," striking his sword into the matting. The old mother said, "Be so kind as not to frighten my daughter-in-law, and I will give you whatever money there is in the house. But you ought to know that there cannot be much, as my son has gone to Kioto.' She handed them the money-drawer and her own purse. There were just 27 yen and 84 sen. The head robjust 27 yen and 34 sen. The head rob-ber counted it and said quite gently, "We do not want to frighten you. We know you are a very devout believer in Buddhism, and we think you would not tell a lie. Is this all?" "Yes, it is all," she answered. "I am, as you say, a believer in the teaching of Buddha, and if you come to rob me now I be. and if you come to rob me now, I believe it is only because I myself, in some former life, once robbed you.
This is my punishment for that fault, and so, instead of wishing to deceive you. I feel grateful at this opportunity to atone for the wrong I did to you in my previous state of existence." The robber laughed, and said, "You are a good old woman, and we believe you If you were all poor we would not rob you at all. Now we only want a couple of kimono and this," laying his hand on a very fine silk overdress. The old woman replied, "All my son's kimono I can give you, but I beg you will not take that, for it does not belong to my son, and was confided to us only-for dyeing. What is ours I can give, but I cannot give what belongs to another."
"That is quite right," approved the robber, "and we shall not take it."

After receiving a few robes, the robbers said good night, very politely, but ordered the women not to look after them. The old servant was still near the door. As the chief robber passed her he said, "You told us a lie—so take this," and struck her senseless. None of the robbers were ever caught.

Sterilized Milk as a Preventive. About Behring and his diphtheria serum you all know, of course, by this time, but it may be new that Ehrlick and Wassermann, two other pupils of Dr. Koch, have carried this same line of experiments into another channel.
Their experiences have just been relat-Their experiences have just been related in a medical journal, and physicians claim that these prove that milk, too after being sterilized, may be employed ing, as a preventive against infe diseases. This milk, of course, is awai-lowed, not injected, and is not to be regarded as a cure, but as a prophylactic, Still, this discovery greatly widens the field of observation and of experiment. —Evening Post

A Reason for It.

Gymnastics are said to be computery in all the schools in Germany. This probably explains why a Dutchman would die with lookjaw if compelled to do his talking with both hands sied behind him.—Reas's Horn.

scend—the Doctor sink back. Then there was a crash and the lamp was extinguished."

"And the Toman?"

I was in anguish. I anticipated his answer. I knew that I, interested in the beautiful Leonore, and striving to save her, had placed the capping-stone of evidence that signified her doom.

"Look! look!"

Of a sudden a light appeared at one of the windows.

down a shade.
It was Leonore, looking sad and wear-ied, and as if about to seek rest after a

CHAPTER XXVII. heart sank

prejudice nor mistake had

guided my companion in his decision.

His voice was positive, his glance eager, and his entire manner indicative of earnestness and excitement.

The momentary vision of the beautiful Leonore had faded as it had appeared, and the heavy shade sow shut out all view of the being whom I now knew to be veritably within the shadow of the dreadful scaffold.

Colonel Cain saw my emotion, and regarded me in a puzzled, studious way, as if half sorry for his declaration.

"You are sure?" I gasped.

"Yes."

"That woman—"

"For two minutes I struggled with the man who had seized me. Afterwards I realized that he thought only of getting rid of me, to hurry into the darkened toom. Just then I supposed he was some detective boot on specific me.

"Thought of flight graw curious, stepped also into the room, and relit the

*Yos

And he—young Senbury?

He reflected and then acted.

*How?"

*We removed the body to a bed."

*What then?"

*We placed him in a natural position.

Then the young man touch a paint in a deck, field poured some of its contents down the stead man's throat, fined the

"No motive proven?"
"None in the world. Dr. Seabury apparently cherished and loved his

"Where?"
"To the police station."
"Yes," I replied, eagerly.
"An hour at toilet and breakfast revived me. I felt chilled again, however, as we took a cab and reached a gloomy

colonel Cain sat smoking in the drill-room and nodded placidly to me.
"Now, Doctor," spoke the detective,
"cap I rely on you?"
"To do what?"
"To see those people below, and report fairly to me what they say."
I hesitated.
"I want you to make them talk: I

"I will not further incriminate this poor girl," I replied.
"Well, see them, anyway. You may learn something that may alter the looks of affairs."

cells below.

My heart sank as I reached a barredin apartment and peered within it.

"Mr. Seabury!"

"Eh., helloa! Who are you? Go
away."

nized me.
"I come, Mr. Seabury—
"You traitor!"

He led me to the detention room. I looked gratefully at him as I saw its comforts, and entered an apartment with barred windows, but light and

was horrified at the mere idea of her im-"I loyed him he loyed me Why should I wish him to die?"

"Impossible!" she replied. "I am neither a somnambulist nor a lunatic. I did not kill Dr. Sesbury."

"Than who did?"

"I do not know."

He motioned to an officer who unlocked a door, and directed me to the cells below.

Where is she?

Seated at a table was Leonore. My heart bled for her as I saw her pale face and her tear-dimmed eyes. "Oh, Doctor!" she cried, as she sprang to her feet and caught my hand, and sobbed hysterically. "Be seated," I said, gently; "I wish to aneak with you."

"Rut, Miss Leonors I ventured graff, may it not be possible that in your clean when when temperarily in

"You traitor!"

"Sir!"

"I refuse to talk with you. Your specious story won my confidence, and you have connived at my arrest!" he cried, hotly. "I refuse to talk_with you, or anybody else."

I was discouraged, but I said, gently:
"You mistake. I am your friend—a
friend to your wife."
"Bah!"

"I would save her if I could."
He was silent.
"Tell me what I wish to know."
"Go away. I will never open my lips on the subject of the murder again."
He was obdurate. I pleaded in vain. I returned up-stairs with a glum face.
"Well?" queried Ketcham, anxiously. I reported my failure.
He looked grim and disappointed.
"Never mind. He will speak later. Now, then, for the woman."
"Leonore?"
"Yes."
"Where is she?"