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CHAPTER III.

The next afternoon, burning with a high fever, Jack lay restlessly tossing on a bed in the poor ward of the city hospital. Anxiously he watched and waited for the arrival of his friend, who had promised to call and see him and let him know how things were progressing, just as soon as he could get time to get around. It had been a busy day for Bob. As soon as he had seen his friend safe in the hands of those who would care for him, he proceeded with his plans. The first step was to find his old acquaintance, the policeman, No. 37, and tell him the whole story. He would be off duty on his beat to-morrow afternoon, and would help with his scheme. Moreover, he assisted Bob to find comfortable quarters for the night, and some supper and breakfast as well.

In the morning Bob's first work was to hunt up Frank Markwell, and explain the plot to him, and thus enable him to play easily into the hands of his betrayers, in order to ensure their complete discomfiture. After considerable running around from one place to another he managed to find him, and all was arranged satisfactorily.

At the time appointed, Joel Fraston and Frank Markwell met at the baseball grounds, and a careful observer might have noticed that they were closely followed by three other individuals at a short distance apart. One of these was Bob, the second was No. 37, and the third a detective. Soon Fraston and his companion were joined by Mr. Bronnell, who simply nodded to Fraston, and appeared to be about to pass on into the throng. Just as he approached them, however, Fraston, by a dexterous move of the hand opposite Frank, dropped a modest-looking pocket book into the overcoat pocket of his companion, and by an equally dexterous move the detective slipped his hand in just in time to receive it as Fraston let go. Then, as Fraston's hand again came forward to deposit the little roll of bills in another pocket the detective firmly grasped his hand that enclosed them, remarking as he did so, in a low, quiet tone:

"Not so fast, Mr. Fraston, please; the pocket-book ought to be gift enough for one. I prefer to find those bills in your own hand rather than in your companion's pocket. Make no trouble, please, your game is up, and you may as well come along quietly with me."

Pale and sickening Joe Fraston turned and followed the officer, and as he did so, he saw with dismay that his friend Bronnell was also being quietly ordered along by the other officer. With scarcely a word they were quickly walked to the station, where they were locked in separate apartments till the matter could be sufficiently investigated to determine whether to grant their request for bail or not.

Accompanied by Bob, the detective then went to the hospital to obtain the written evidence of Jack, who was too ill to answer a summons to appear in person. Thus they found him eagerly watching and waiting for some news as to how things were going. His anxiety was soon satisfied when he was assured that the two were safe in custody, and his evidence as to hearing the plot was soon taken down. Then the detective read it over to him, and upon being assured that it was all correct, handed it to him to sign.

The face of the sick man turned as white as the pillow on which it lay. His hand trembled, and he gasped brokenly.

"Must I really? Must I sign it? Is there no other way?"

"No other way; simply you must sign it if you wish it to be of any use as evidence. Do you not wish to help justice to be done?"

"I do, only God knows how much I wish it, but you little know what you are asking me." He paused and wiped the cold sweat from his brow. His breath came in almost heavy gasps, his hands opened and shut convulsively as he struggled with his great agony. At last, he conquered the pain, somewhat and murmured low: "I'll do it, and may God save pity on me. But I'll do it all for her sake and for his the dear old boy."

Quietly he took the pen in his trembling fingers and traced his name below the written evidence. Then, as he handed it back, he turned wearily to the wall, murmuring with one long, heart-broken sigh:

"'Tis finished, and now, O God! that I may die! Only let me die in peace!", and he groaned aloud in mental agony. "O, God! if thou lovest thy poor creatures, only let me die!"

Wondering greatly at his intense emotion, the detective took the paper, and then his face turned almost as pale as the sick man's, as he read that name.

The name was John G. Durant.

Rising from his seat, he nervously paced a few steps back and forward, then spoke.

"From the very depth of my heart I regret this far more than you imagine, my friend! I would as soon lay hands on the fire as on you, but God help us all in the time of duty!— When she calls we dare not disobey. Still, even to shirk could not help you, for another would have to do it, if I did not, and I assure you I will not molest you more than absolutely necessary."

Before he could proceed he was obliged to clear the rising lump from his throat. Then he continued.

"John R. Durant, I arrest you in the name of the Queen for defalcation of finances in connection with the firm of Murkis, Thorald and Brown as charged in this warrant in my possession. Do not fear, though, I shall not molest you further at present, as your illness excuses me." He turned to leave the room, and Bob followed his example. Before going, however, he turned to his friend to ask if there was anything he could do for him.

Jack turned his haggard face toward him and murmured "O Bob! If I could only see my dear little sister, once more before I go, for I shall never get up again! She would come to me, I know she would, for she is as true a sister as ever man had. If she could only know, I know she awould come, even at the risk of father's anger if he should find it out."

"She shall know; she alone, and that at once," and Bob left the room, in company with the detective.

It scarcely needs a word of explanation to make clear the position of the sick man tossing in mental and physical pain, sinnest greater than man can bear.

Perfectly innocent of the terrible charge against him, he was still unable to substantiate his claim in the face of the evidence against him, and so had fled and remained in disguise and hiding for more than a year. The stern father, though almost broken down by the sorrow of it, still firmly believed in his son's guilt, and had disinherited him, and forbidden all mention of his name. But space will not admit of details of his wanderings and suffering, so we will leave you all to guess at them.

How Bob managed to inform Jack's sister, of the suffering condition of her brother, he never told; but in a short time after he left the city hospital, a young lady, closely veiled, called to see the patient. The sufferer was lying with his face still toward the wall as the door quietly opened and the young lady entered. He just heard a voice say to the nurse: "He is my brother, you need not stay," and he turned his head as she crossed the room, and he saw her raise her veil. Then with quivering lips and glistening eyes, Mildred Durant gazed into the wan, haggard face of her loved and long-lost brother.

Speechless with emotion, a great sob of joy rising in his throat ,and tears of love and gratitude, of joy and thankfulness blinding his eyes, he could only stretch forth his burning hands and clasp his darling sister to his heart. For several minutes no word was spoken. All his sufferings, his wrongs, his shame, his sorrows, and his love, seemed to swell in one vast, mighty torrent, and fill his throbbing heart to overflowing till the great tears of suffering, joy and weakness coursed silently down his cheeks, without a sound of sobbing or noise of weeping. His whole soul seemed melting within him, till at last his pent-up feeling found vent in one long, low, mournful groan, and then he fervently murmured:

"Thank God!" And then as his voice came back to him once more he gently whispered, "Oh, Mildred, darling! I knew you would come! I knew you would come! Dearest little sister! O, little Milly! Thank God, there is one heart on earth that loves me still! Oh, it is sweet to know there is one—one pure ray of love left yet! And I swear to you, Mildred, I am innocent of it all. God knows, I never defrauded a man in my life, and I swear it on this my death bed. Tell me you believe me, Mildred, let me hear it once, that I may know how it sounds. I need not ask you if you love me still but say you believe me, too, Milly, little Milly! I would not swear it on my death bed if it were false; though I cannot prove it true, and I must die—die a branded criminal! But, Oh! how sweet it is to see that look of love in one face again. They have all been hard and cold so long. And, now I must die; but, oh, I could not bear to go without seeing you once more! Tell me, Mildred, that you believe me innocent—as I swear I am—and I can die content."

With all the true sympathy of her woman's nature swelling in her breast she had been speechless, only listening with her cool hand pressed on his throbbing temples. Now she answered,

"Yes, Jack, with my whole heart I do believe you. But do not talk of dying, for you shall not. 'Twould be cowardly, Jack; rather live for years, if only to prove your innocence; and with the help of God it shall yet be proved. Where is the spirit of Jack Durant that you should seek oblivion by an unknown death!"

"Aye, where!" he answered sadly, "I'll tell you where, Mildred, It's gone with the joy and youth, and health, and flesh, and blood, of Jack Durant; starved to death as my poor body has been; hunted from hovel to garret, hounded from city to city; dogged off the face of the green earth; haunted by the ever-pursuing shadow of a warrant for arrest; and all for—why? in my heart and soul, I believe for no other purpose under the shining heavens, than as a means to assist a black-hearted scoundrel, Joel Fraston, to possess himself of the fortune of Judge Durant at the hand of Judge Durant's daughter. Aye! You may well stare, Milly, darling, but I am not mad; no, not yet; but listen and I'll tell you all."

Then he told her how it had all happened, and all of the conversation he had over-heard the night before; told of all that had happened that day, and as he finished by telling her of his arrest and how he could not escape it, for the fear of the consequences to Frank Markwell, and by that the suffering to herself, her emotion was greater than she could restrain, and her head sank on his shoulder, where she sobbed softly and gently as though her heart was indeed breaking.

"O, Jack!" she whispered, at last, "There are not enough such brothers as you in this world for God to allow one to perish. Live for my sake, or I will know you have died for it!"

And he lived

It is a long story, and uninteresting, to tell all that took place in the trial of Fraston and Bronnell.

Suffice it to say that instead of Frank Markwell it was Joel Fraston that his scheme entangled in the meshes of law, and thus he became the victim of his own villainy.

Nathan Bronnell, to save his own cowardly self, turned Queen's evidence and made a clean breast of the whole affairs and in cross-examination became so entangled, in trying to explain the sense of the obligation toward Fraston, that induced him to take part in the plot ,as to arouse very strong suspicions toward them in another matter, which, upon investigation revealed "a wheel within a wheel," a plot within a plot, by which Fraston and Bronnell, some time before, when connected with the firm of Murkis, Thorald & Brown, had perpetrated an enormous fraud in the matter of the firm's finances; and by having access to the books had so fixed them up as to direct all suspicion and all evidence toward John R. Durant, in whose department the shortage occurred. Then, Jack, seeing no ence of justifying himself had fled and thus left the terrible suspicion confirmed in the minds of almost everyone; most emphatically so in that of his stern, and justice-loving father, Mr. Justice Durant, who at once disowned his unfortunate son, and forbade his family ever to mention his name again

Fraston's motive for this, as hinted before, was to have the Judge's daughter inherit all her father's wealth, and his ambition then was to inherit the daughter herself. Both Jack, her brother, and Frank, her lover, became his prey, simply because they stood between him and the Judge's daughter and dollars.

Thus, "When rogues fall out, honest men get their dues." Bronnell got a sentence for two years for his share in the last part of the plot investigated and Fraston seven years in all.

The joyful solution of the mystery which had so darkened the Durant home brought joy and happiness, indeed, to the hearts of all the family; and with the lifting of the cloud from his life, health and strength at last returned to Jack Durant.

Bob Grant, his companion in adversity, a young man who had known better days, accepted a position in the survey-party ,and went to the mountains. From there he at length found his way into the gold fields of British Columbia, where when last heard from he was doing well.

The meeting between Judge Durant and his son when he became aware of the latter's innocence, was both dignified and pathetic. The old man advanced to the bed-side, and reaching out his hand to the younger one, he said:—

"May God forgive me, Jack, and I know you are too generous not to do so. I have suffered too, my lad, and I have myself to blame for it. Henceforth my motto shall be: "Mercy and justice," rather than "justice and mercy," and his quivering voice was full of the mist of tears.

We cannot add the proverbial. "Married and lived happily ever after." In regard to Mildred Durant and Frank Markwell for they have not yet taken the fatal step; though many older and wiser than they have foolishly gone before, and even now they are pledged to fall into the same error.

And Jack laughs as he looks at Frank on his return from the West, and says

"Now, Frank, why don't you apply Fraston's mathematics. "Two ones, one two ,and a five?" You see, it will just buy the ring, the license, and the preacher."

(The End.)

LYNCHING A KLONDIKE THIEF.

The Gold Hunters Hanged a Man Who Stole Provisions.

A letter from Juneau tells of the lynching of William G. Martin of Missouri for stealing food at Lake Bennett.

Martin had sold what he could of his provisions at Skaguay, abandoned the remainder and started in for the Klondike with less than a sixty-pound pack on his back. Being so "light," his arrival attracted particular attention from camps of boatbuilders. His pack was secretly examined to see how much grub he had. It was noticed that he had about twenty pounds of bacon among other things, but no sugar. Martin camped back on the side of the hill in the brush alone. He must have heard how scarce provisions are expected to be in Dawson City, next winter. He was suspected and watched, but it was not till after he had tried to buy provisions.

The second day it was seen that he had sugar for his coffee, and that night his pack was uncovered and a side of bacon branded with a private mark of one of the campers was found. A poor attempt to obliterate the mark had been made. The investigators reported the facts to the few campers who had not yet turned in, and, although it was late, the entire camp was quietly aroused and a miners' meeting held. It was the general sentiment that an example should be made of the thief. The question was put. The reply to the motion was an instantaneous rising to the feet of every miner, and a crowd of about sixty determined men moved off into the brush, in the direction where Martin's dying campfire could be seen dimly flickering. Martin was asleep. He was unrolled roughly from his blankets and stood blinking on his feet.

"We stand no stealing in this camp. Your time has come," Martin was told. He started to speak, but said nothing, and stood trembling from

HEAD TO FOOT.

"Do you want to leave a message to your friends?" he was asked.

"No," said the man on the brink of the grave.

"Do you want to pray?"

"No," said Martin.

"If there is anything you want to say, say it quick," said the spokesman.

A slipknot had been made at the end of a long painter of the boat, and the noose was put over Martin's head.

"Boys," said Martin, with faltering voice, "you know how it is when a man has mortgaged his all, starts for the Klondike, and sees that he can't get there. If I am not hanged my life is not worth much to me anyhow. I've got 1,000 pounds of stuff at Skaguay, and I'll promise on my life to carry it in here for you."

"Enough of that. It would not save you if the stuff was here."

Martin was half dragged down to the shore of the lake. It took less than two minutes to lash two slender pines, dressed for masts, in a forked upright and drop another mast from the rocks on the bluff over between the forks.

"May I write a message, boys?" asked Martin.

"Be quick about it," was the answer.

Poor Martin took a letter from his pocket and kissed it. Then he tore it up, saving only the back of the envelope, stooped, pulled off his rubber boots, and, placing the paper on the sole of one, wrote in darkness, the following, in a dim and trembling hand:

"Hoping that with the money I might make in the Klondike, sacrifice would go out of the door and love return through the window, I left you. Kiss Ted, but never tell him. Signed, Gid."

In the morning Martin's body was seen turning first one way and then back, like a kettle dangling over a fire, his hands tied behind him with a pack strap. On the other half of the envelope whoch Martin tore in two were his name and the postmark of St. Louis.

HAD MEN ALL TO HERSELF.

Florinda McGiggie says she was the belle of the resort where she spent the summer.

How did she work it?

She contrived not to be introduced to any of the other girls.

MR. SECRETAN'S JOURNEY.

NOTES OF HIS TRIP TO THE YUKON COUNTRY.

Running Rapids in White Horse Canyon—Scenes Along the Route — A Description of Dawson City and Its Prices.

Mr. J. H. E. Secretan was sent to the Yukon country by an Ottawa syndicate to prospect. He is a civil engineer. He returned to the capital last week. Mr. Secretan kept a diary from which the following extracts are taken:—"Leaving Ottawa on the 5th of April I arrived in Victoria on the 14th and on the 15th sent a party of four men up on the Topeka for Juneau. The boat was crowded with mounted police, and I stayed behind to order some canoes, and sailed on the Mexico on the 25th. Left Juneau on the 30th on the small steamer Alert and arrived at Dyea on May 1. Dyea is a hard place at which to make a landing. There is a big tide which uncovers about two miles of sand flats. Next day I found my men were only six miles up the Dyea River. I had ordered from Juneau about 5,000 pounds of provisions, calculated to last about four months, which they were busy transporting towards the summit. The first detachment of mounted police crossed the summit on May 20. I arrived at Dyea on May 7 and walked to Sheep Camp, a distance of fourteen miles, that day; crossed the summit on the 8th in a snowstorm, which was so violent that near the summit I could not see the man ahead of me, a distance of ten feet. Arrived at Lake Lindeman that night, nine miles. The estimated distance to the summit is eighteen miles, and it is probably 3,300 feet above sea level. Lake Lindeman is 2,500 feet above the sea, and the thing that struck me as most remarkable about this route, is that the head waters of the Yukon River are practically only 27 miles from salt water. Therefore, although it is an abrupt pass, it is decidedly the shortest that can be found.

CANYONS AND RAPIDS.

"On the 8th of May I found the ice still in Lake Lindeman, and had to camp there until the 28th of May, experiencing very bad weather the whole time—rain, snow and gales of wind. Moved to the foot of the lake on the 28th of May by boat and canoe, and put in an order for lumber at Lake Bennett, which I did not get until June 2nd. The ice went out of Lake Lindeman on June 1st. I built my boat in three days and a half. She was built of two-inch plank right through, 26 feet long, 7 1-2 feet beam and 3 feet deep, with an estimated capacity of 5,000 pounds and six men. She carried a square sail 14 feet by 16 feet. I sailed on Sunday night, the 6th, from Lake Bennett, and arrived at the White Horse canyon on the 10th, which is considered the first obstacle of any moment. Looked over the situation there and decided to run everything loaded. On the 11th ran the canyon, and the rapids, and the White Horse. The canyon is 3,300 feet long, and very swift water, but I don't consider it dangerous. There is then a mile and a half of swift water and plenty of rocks, which at some stages are hard to avoid. It is then rapid water for 2,000 feet to the White Horse proper, which is a dangerous chute about 50 feet wide for 150 feet. Before running through this chute I tried a log through it. The log went through the centre, but immediately disappeared, showing the existence of subterranean passages, which are no doubt dangerous for boats. Made the head of Lake Lebarge on the 12th, and had the usual difficulty in finding a deep channel approaching the lake. Was detained at the head of Lake Lebarge until the 14th. The lake is 31 miles long. The Lewis River is very swift after leaving Lake Lebarge and there are many channels before arriving at the mouth of the Hootalinqua River, 32 miles. I made this place safely at 11 o'clock that night. I then sailed and drifted day and night, and experienced no difficulty. Ran Five Finger Rapids on the 15th at 11 o'clock at night, and the Rink Rapids, six miles below, shortly afterwards. I estimated the current of the river at 5.75 miles. From here made Fort Selkirk, the junction of the Lewis and Pelly Rivers, on the morning of the 16th, and the mouth of Stewart River on the morning of the 17th. After leaving the Stewart River we met a party of five men in a boat on the Yukon poling up.

AT DAWSON CITY.

"Arrived at Dawson City on the 18th camping about half a mile below the town, feeling a little tired, not having had my clothes off for 120 hours. Here we found two steamers, the Ellis and Porties B. Weare. We slept on six-inch moss, overlying perpetual ice of unknown thickness. Dawson City at this time, August 18, consisted of several hundred tents straggling along about a mile and a half in the mud, and at the lower end the steamboats' landing. Joe Ladue has a saw mill and the companies have stores. There were several buildings going up, chiefly dance halls and saloons. The charge for a drink is fifty cents, hair-cutting a dollar and shave fifty cents, and everything else in proportion. The police reserve have been located on forty acres, and they have one log, storehouse up. Everything is paid for in dust, and there is very little money to be seen. In the midst of all this swarming refuse, roots, bushes, etc., there is a sweating, swearing mob of reeking humanity, mostly gamblers, whiskey men and adventurers, with an occasional honest miner, the usual sprinkling of women. Indians and the ever-present dog. There is no night in this country. I have seen the sun go down at twenty minutes to 12 at night and rise again shortly afterwards. I decided to build a cabin here and started the men out to get the logs. The month of June was absolutely tropical, the thermometer often registering 95 in the shade, and there was not a drop of rain. On the 10th of July I finish- except for labor and the boat, which except for labor andt he boat, which I broke up and used for flooring, being $5, and sold the cabin when I left for $500. July 12th—Some festive gentleman paid $18 for a breakfast consisting of a dozen and a half of eggs at $1.50 apiece, and on the 13th I bought a bottle of alleged rye whiskey, price $7. The holders of the richest claims on Eldorado and Bonanza Creeks are either Americans or foreigners, generally Scandinavians, and no one can imagine that they are in Canada here. The 4th of July was celebrated with the usual display of firecrackers and gunpowder, but I did not notice any particular demonstration on July 1st. An Englishman or a Canadian is looked upon in my opinion as something of an interloper. The steamers are owned by Americans. The people are entirely dependent upon Americans to forward their letters, and I have heard of a man who offered $3 for a three-cent Canadian postage stamp and could not get it. Having made up my mind to return to civilization, I left Dawson City on the T. P. Weare on July 26."

Sash and Door Factory.

Having Completed our New Factory we are now prepared to FILL ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY.

We keep in Stock a large quantity of Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Flooring and the different Kinds of Dressed Lumber for outside sheeting.

Our Stock of DRY LUMRE is very Large so that all orders can be filled.

Lumber, Shingles and Lath always In Stock.

N. G. & J. McKECHNIE.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY

DISEASED MEN CURED

THOUSANDS of young men, middle aged men and old men can look back at their boyhood days or early manhood with a sigh of remorse. The ignorance of early youth, or later on a misspent life as "one of the boys" has sown the seeds for future suffering. SELF ABUSE is a terrible sin against nature and will bring a rich harvest. Blood and Private Diseases sap the very life and vitality of the victim. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure all the following diseases:

VARICOCELE, EMISSIONS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, SYPHILIS, STRICTURE, GLEET, SEMINAL WEAKNESS, PIMPLES, LOST MANHOOD, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES.

ARE YOU? NERVOUS and despondent; weak or debilitated; tired mornings; no ambition—lifeless; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; eyes sunken, red and blurred; pimples on face; dreams and night losses; restless; haggard looking; weak back, bone pains; hair loose; ulcers; sore throat; varicocele; deposit in urine and drains at stool; distrustful; want of confidence; lack of energy and strength—WE CAN CURE YOU OR ASK NO PAY.

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY—CONFIDENTIAL

SNATCHED FROM THE GRAVE. A Warning from the Living. "At 15 I learned a bad habit. Tried four doctors and nerve tonics by the score without benefit; emissions and drains increased. I became a nervous wreck. A friend who had been cured by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan advised me to try them. I did so and in two months was positively cured. This was eight years ago. I am now married and have two healthy children."—C. W. LEWIS, Saginaw.

VARICOCELE CURED. "Varicocele made life miserable. I was weak and nervous, eyes sunken, bashful in society, hair thin, no ambition. The 'Golden Monitor' opened my eyes. The New Method Treatment of Drs. Kennedy and Kergan cured me in a few weeks."—L. L. PETERSON, Ionia.

EMISSIONS CURED. J. P. EMERSON relates his experience. "I lived on a farm. At school I learned an early habit, which weakened me physically, sexually and mentally. Family doctors said I was going into 'decline' (consumption.) Finally 'The Golden Monitor,' edited by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan, fell into my hands. I learned the TRUTH and the CAUSE. Self-abuse had sapped my vitality. I took the New Method Treatment and was cured. My friends think I was cured of consumption. I have sent them many patients, all of whom were cured. Their New Method Treatment supplies vigor, vitality and manhood."

SYPHILIS CURED. "This terrible blood disease was in my system for eight years. Had taken mercury for two years, but the disease returned. Eyes red, pimples and blotches on the skin, ulcers in the mouth and on tongue, bone pains, falling out of hair, weakness, etc. My brother, who had been cured of Gleet and Stricture by Drs. Kennedy and Kergan, recommended them. They cured me in a few weeks, and I thank God I consulted them. No return of the disease in six years."—W. P. M., Jackson.

17 YEARS IN DETROIT, 200,000 CURED. NO RISK.

READER! Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. CONSULTATION FREE. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Charges reasonable. BOOKS FREE.—"The Golden Monitor" (illustrated), on Diseases of Men. Inclose postage, 2 cents. Sealed.

☞ NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. PRIVATE. No medicine sent C.O.D. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything confidential. Question list and cost of Treatment FREE.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, No. 148 SHELBY ST. DETROIT, MICH.

HE LIKE A SOLDIER FELL.

Execution of Capt. Cota, a Mexican Officer for Insubordination.

Capt. Cota, of the Twelfth Mexican Infantry, was some time since condemned to death for insubordination for the killing of a major of his regiment in Sonora during the Yaqui rebellion. Saturday morning he was shot in the city of Mexico a little after six o'clock. Detachments from all the garrisons were present, about 1,500 men being drawn up on three sides of the square. By a quarter to six all was ready, and a carriage containing Capt. Cota and three friends, guarded by soldiers, drew up.

At the further end of the square, opposite the eastern mound, in front of which the execution was to take place, the coach stopped and the condemned man alighted. He was immediately conducted to the place of execution by a picket of infantry.

They advanced to the fatal spot at a quick-step, and among them were none who walked with a more martial air than Capt. Cota. His nerve was indomitable and his courage superb. No officer at a royal review, marching at the head of his men and passing the saluting post, could have carried a more martial bearing than did this man as he went forth to meet his death. His appearance was trim and clean, even to fastidiousness.

As he advanced down the length of the square, a distance of at least 100 yards, he was quietly puffing at a cigaret, and when the squad halted he walked deliberately to the position assigned to him. Not even there did his courage forsake him, for when the officer strode toward him, bandage in hand, with the intention of blindfolding him, Capt. Cota at once motioned him away, declaring that he was not afraid to face the rifles with his eyes open. Not even as the officer in charge of the firing party took his place, and with his sword motioned the orders to the men, "Ready—Present—Fire!" not even during this trying period was there the least trace of fear on the condemned man.

He faced the guns at the attention, and fell as became a soldier. At the first discharge he dropped dead. There was no movement of the body as it lay bleeding on the ground. Where it fell it lay until the coup de grace was finally given by the sergeant of the squad to the prostrate form. He was 25 years old.

BLIND MAN MOWS LAWN.

An interesting and unusual spectacle was presented a few days ago to a number of persons passing along Haines street, Germantown, Penn. They saw a blind colored man who was cutting grass on a lawn and singing a Southern melody in the most contented manner imaginable. Blind men, as everybody knows can make brooms, weave carpet and engage in many other lines of industry of that nature, but the cutting of grass with a lawn mower by a sightless man is an occurrence not frequently witnessed. In this instance the grass was cut very satisfactorily. The colored man would cut a patch about 10 feet square, and then start another square. Every now and then he would use a thin stick to feel along the top of the grass to ascertain whether or not it had been properly trimmed, or if there were any spots that needed another going over. It was learned from the neighbors that this blind, and happy-hearted colored man weeds the garden, oils the mowing machine, puts his tools away in their proper places, and goes about the grounds with more energy and confidence than many other gardeners in the full possession of their sight.

MOLASSES FOR HORSES.

In Germany and Austria molasses has recently been tried as food for horses, being substituted in part for corn and oats. When mixed in proper ratio with other food it is said to be well liked by the horses, and to give them a sleek appearance.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
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