

WURTZBURGER

50c Doz.

Delivered Anywhere in City

Quadrage Lager, Doz. 50c
Sparkling Ale, Doz. 50c
Porter, Doz. 60c
American Pilsner, Doz. 75c

Order a Case Now
Ale and Lager in Quarters
Thos. Ryan's Consumers Brew. Co.
 Syracuse, N. Y.
J. J. MILLER, Distributor
 263 Murray St. Rochester, N. Y.
 Bell Phone Gen. 4725 and 648

Home Phone 1811 / Bell Phone 1366 General

Home Phone 1811 / Bell Phone 1366 General

JOHN C. ROSENBAUGH

Funeral Director

Office and Residence, 435 Wilder Street

MENEELY

BELL CO.

TROY, N.Y.

177 BROADWAY, N.Y. CITY

BELLS

Expert fitters of trusses, abdominal supports, elastic hose, arch supports, etc. 25 years experience. Bell Phone Main 1293.
 715 CENTRAL AVENUE

Home Phone Stone 4400

Rochester Artificial Limb Co.

Expert fitters of trusses, abdominal supports, elastic hose, arch supports, etc. 25 years experience. Bell Phone Main 1293.
 715 CENTRAL AVENUE

Home Phone Stone 4400

York Safe and Lock Co.

M. E. WHITNEY, Mgr.

New and Second Hand Safes

72 South Ave. Rochester, N. Y.

Bell Phone 2713-K / Home Phone Stone 107

Sours Carting Co.

47 Stillson St.

New Storage warehouse; furniture and merchandise stored and packed for shipment; auto trucks for long distance moving.

Stone 1737 Main

Charles H. Lamb

Wholesale and Retail

OVSTERS, LOBSTERS, CLAMS, CRABS, FISH, All Sea Food in Season.

74 Front St., Rochester, N. Y.

STOP THE COLD DRAFTS,

Stop draught from blowing through your door and window openings by equipping them with our METAL WEATHER STRIPS Building Specialists Company JOHN W. SMITH, 1010 Howe & Rogers new store Home Phone, Stone 794

Home Stone 794 / Bell Phone Stone 813

Scanlon Auto Supply Co.

DISTRIBUTORS FOR

Mohawk Tires

Full line of accessories—Tires of All Makes

409 Main St. East, Near Gibbs

Melvin S. Gordon / William V. Madden

Gordon & Madden

Wm. G. Kaehler ARCHITECTS

300 Sibley Block, Rochester, N. Y.

LEWIS EDELMAN

Dealer in Anthracite COAL Bituminous

88 Portland Avenue
 West N. Y. C. & H. R. R. Telephone 576

Bell Phone Main 1335 / All Work Guaranteed

Wetzlaw Vulcanizing Co.

"The Tire Hospital"

TIRES AND SundRIES

837 Lake Avenue

S. W. CASE

Hay, Straw, Feed & Coal

Main Office, 224 North St. Branch, 1792 East Ave. Rochester, N. Y. Both Phones

Established 1873

L. W. Maier's Sons

UNDERTAKERS

166 Clinton Ave N
 PHONES 409

COLORADO COUGH REMEDY

For the Speedy Relief of Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, Whooping Cough, Etc.

At all Drug Stores 25c

ROBERTSON & SONS

Both Phones

38 1/2 Water Street EST. 1864 Work Called For and Delivered

The Shadow of Death

What President Lincoln Did While It Hung Over Him

By F. A. MITCHELL

The following narrative is given exactly as it occurred with scarcely any filling in transforming it from ordinary parlance to the story form.

One of the saddest features of the war between the states was the arraying against one another of the different members of the same family.

Such cases were more especially to be found on the border line between the United States and the Confederacy. In east Tennessee the prevailing sentiment was about equally divided. Maryland was in favor of the Confederacy. All these states, however, were held for the Union by being occupied by Federal troops in the early part of the war. In Missouri, which was geographically a northern state, the institution of slavery had been planted, and both Confederates and Federals waged war for its possession, the latter gaining the day during the early part of the war.

For years the mutterings of the strife that was to come were heard in the land, and for months those who were farseeing began to fear that it was about to break forth. Then came the day of firing on Fort Sumter, and the people began to range themselves on the side with which they sympathized.

One day two brothers, Allmon and George Vaughan, had each other good by in the town of Canton, Mo. Allmon's sympathies were with the north in the struggle about to take place, while George's were with the south.

"I am so 'y, George," said Allmon, "that you are determined to take the Confederate side in this contest, but I grant that you are honest in your convictions. You are to be in the Confederate army; I shall fight with the Federals. I hope that we shall never meet on the field of battle."

"And I regret, Allmon, that you will not be convinced of the wrong the northern people are doing the south and that you will not join me in defending her. However, since I can't convince you we must part."

"Goodby, George. I hope that we will both come out of the struggle alive and shall meet again here at our home, but something tells me that the war will be a long one and before that can be we shall both be exposed to terrible dangers."

Little did either of the brothers foresee the great danger that would befall one of them and the efforts to be made by the other to save him from a fate worse than death on the battlefield or under the surgeon's knife. George Vaughan made his way to the south, while Allmon was given a position on the staff of General Mark E. Green, an old friend of the Vaughan family.

About a year after the parting of the brothers George Vaughan determined to pay a visit to his home in Canton. Being a Confederate soldier, this could only be done secretly. Disguising himself, he passed the Union lines and reached Canton without his identity being discovered. He was received with joy, mingled with fear and trembling, by the members of his family. To Mrs. General Green, on whose husband's staff his brother Allmon was serving, he bore messages from friends in the Confederacy. Quite likely the lady was a southern sympathizer, for most of the women in the border states were on the southern side, even the wives of Union officers not concealing their preference.

When George Vaughan returned from his visit he was recognized by one who had known him before the breaking out of the war, and since he was known to have gone south to enlist in the Confederate army, and caught within the Union lines in disguise he was arrested and lodged in jail at Palmyra.

The record does not state that the prisoner was bearing information concerning the Union forces or plans to the southern leaders, but it is probable that he was. Having brought messages to Mrs. Green, it is quite likely that he took messages from her and perhaps to friends in the Confederacy, and it is not unlikely that there were written messages containing the contraband information.

George Vaughan was transferred from Palmyra to St. Louis, where a charge of being a spy was preferred against him, and a court was convened to try him. His defense was that he had gone to his home for no other purpose than to visit his family. Whether or no he was bearing information to the Confederates, having been caught within the Federal lines in civilian's dress was sufficient to convict him. At any rate, such was the result of the court martial, and he was sentenced to be shot.

Here was a singular case. The brother of a captain in the Union army was to be executed by the Federal officers. Allmon Vaughan heard of his brother's danger with dismay. There was but one hope for a man sentenced by a court martial, and that was in President Lincoln. John B. Henderson was then one of the senators from Missouri, and Allmon Vaughan appealed to him to use his influence with the government to help his brother out of the terrible position into which he had fallen. And yet there was but little hope, for during that war when a man was sentenced to death for being a spy he was usually executed. However, Senator Henderson began his efforts in behalf of the prisoner by laying the case before the secretary of war. Mr. Stanton made an investigation of the case and decided that the sentence of the accused was deserved and must be carried out.

Then Senator Henderson appealed to the president.

Mr. Lincoln during the war was regarded by those high in command as a stumbling block to military discipline. So tender hearted was he that he would not refrain from interfering in the case of deserters from the Union army and such persons on the Confederate side as were caught smuggling contraband goods or information into the south. Often, where the accusations were clearly proved, the president would defeat justice by a pardon. It is related that Secretary Stanton, to whom was given great power to thwart this interference on the part of the president, on presentation of an order from Mr. Lincoln in behalf of some luckless individual would hear it up, thus declining to respect it. But in this case the president overruled the secretary and ordered a new trial for the condemned man.

The hopes that were raised in Allmon Vaughan by this interference were doomed to disappointment. The officers of the court, refusing to permit their feelings to influence them, returned a second verdict of guilty. Again the president was appealed to, and again he ordered another trial, and again the same verdict was returned.

Naturally these three trials consumed a great deal of time, and when the last verdict was returned the spring of 1865 had opened, and the end of the war was in sight. Senator Henderson refused to be discouraged. There was one means of saving George Vaughan's life that had not been utilized. President Lincoln possessed the pardoning power in such cases, and the senator resolved to make an attempt in that direction.

Visiting the White House, he obtained access to the kind hearted president and solicited a pardon for the condemned Confederate, urging the fact that the war was practically over and such an act of clemency would go far to bringing the Confederates of Missouri back into the Union fold.

"See Stanton," said Mr. Lincoln, "and tell him that this man must be released."

"I have seen him," replied the senator, "and he will do nothing."

"See him again," said the president, "and if he will do nothing come back to me."

Again Senator Henderson sought the secretary of war, who set his square jaws and refused to interfere with the verdict of the court martial. Had Allmon Vaughan known of this final effort to save his brother from an ignominious death and of the shadow and had been over since John Day had that was then hanging over the only who could save him he would have lost all hope.

It was the 14th of April, 1865. Senator Henderson called upon the president to report the issue of his final effort with the secretary of war. The senator was shown to Mr. Lincoln's private room, where he found him dressing for the theater.

"Mr. Stanton will do nothing," said Henderson. "There is no hope."

Mr. Lincoln shook his head; then without a word he seated himself at a desk and, taking up pen and paper, began to write.

No other such scene fraught with life and death occurred during those dark days of war. Placed on canvas by an artist it would be: The long, gaunt president, sitting at his desk about to write a pardon for one of his country's enemies, his face wearing an expression of magnanimity. Near by would stand the senator, silently wondering what the writing would be and hoping for victory. Overlooking the president a mingled expression of disappointment and satisfaction—disappointment at being cheated out of one victim, satisfaction at the certainty of securing a far more important one in the man who was robbing him of the other.

When Mr. Lincoln had written a few lines he handed the paper to the senator. Henderson scanned it with a look of mingled pleasure and triumph. It was a pardon for George Vaughan and an order for his release.

Having expressed his gratitude to Mr. Lincoln the senator hurried to the telegraph to flash the good news to Missouri, relieving the strain on the condemned Confederate and gladden the hearts of his brother and others who loved him.

But the president, shortly after this act of mercy, descended to a carriage and was driven to the theater, and while sitting in his chair, possibly thinking rather of the life he had spared than the play, was sent by his long home by one who thought he served the same cause as the man he had pardoned.

The Kokuro Vase

How It Established a Man's Good Name

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It is understood that I purchase the house as it stands now, with all of its contents," warned John Day, as he sat in the office of the Japanese agent.

The Japanese bowed deferentially.

"Yes, Mr. Day, it shall be as you desire. My clerk has made an inventory of the contents of the Tatsuyo house, and you will find that not even a shoji is out of place or a kakemono missing from the walls."

John Day nodded approval, and before the day closed he found himself the owner of the Tokyo residence of the late Henry Burdick, a self exiled American, whom he had known many years ago in the United States.

The House sat back from the street perhaps a hundred feet and was surrounded by a high stone wall without a door or any other sign of entrance to break its rough surface.

At the end of the wall was a red lacquered gate that led into a narrow lane bordered on either side by bamboo, whose feathery tops interlaced and formed a pale green roof overhead. Halfway down this lane of bamboo a door set in the wall leading straight into the garden of the house purchased by John Day. This was the main entrance and led up a flower bordered path to the veranda of the house.

Further down the lane there was another door in the wall that gave entrance to the kitchen gardens and the servants' quarters.

The Tatsuyo house, as the place was called in reference to the original builder and owner of the pretty residence, was now the home of John Day and such an act of clemency would go far to bringing the Confederates of Missouri back into the Union fold.

"See Stanton," said Mr. Lincoln, "and tell him that this man must be released."

"I have seen him," replied the senator, "and he will do nothing."

"See him again," said the president, "and if he will do nothing come back to me."

Again Senator Henderson sought the secretary of war, who set his square jaws and refused to interfere with the verdict of the court martial. Had Allmon Vaughan known of this final effort to save his brother from an ignominious death and of the shadow and had been over since John Day had that was then hanging over the only who could save him he would have lost all hope.

It was the 14th of April, 1865. Senator Henderson called upon the president to report the issue of his final effort with the secretary of war. The senator was shown to Mr. Lincoln's private room, where he found him dressing for the theater.

"Mr. Stanton will do nothing," said Henderson. "There is no hope."

Mr. Lincoln shook his head; then without a word he seated himself at a desk and, taking up pen and paper, began to write.

No other such scene fraught with life and death occurred during those dark days of war. Placed on canvas by an artist it would be: The long, gaunt president, sitting at his desk about to write a pardon for one of his country's enemies, his face wearing an expression of magnanimity. Near by would stand the senator, silently wondering what the writing would be and hoping for victory. Overlooking the president a mingled expression of disappointment and satisfaction—disappointment at being cheated out of one victim, satisfaction at the certainty of securing a far more important one in the man who was robbing him of the other.

When Mr. Lincoln had written a few lines he handed the paper to the senator. Henderson scanned it with a look of mingled pleasure and triumph. It was a pardon for George Vaughan and an order for his release.

Having expressed his gratitude to Mr. Lincoln the senator hurried to the telegraph to flash the good news to Missouri, relieving the strain on the condemned Confederate and gladden the hearts of his brother and others who loved him.

He stepped forward, removed the vase from its place and slipped it in his pocket. Then as the forms remained on the floor he glanced once at them, and, convinced that they would fight it out between them, he was looking every door and window.

He wrapped the vase in a cloth and then shattered it against the edge of the broken pieces there fell into his hands an envelope rolled into a tube. In one end was something round and hard. The envelope was sealed with Burdick's private seal, and on the outside was addressed to the firm of jewelers in New York of which John Day was now a member.

He slipped the sealed envelope into his inner pocket, and then, his search ended, he went to the library to discover that the fighting servants had vanished. He never saw either of them again.

John Day's trip around the world ended there and then. He took the next steamer for San Francisco, and six weeks later he stepped into the private office of his firm with Henry Burdick's confession and the missing diamond.

Why the guilty man had deferred his confession until the day of his death and why he had never had the courage to use his ill gotten gains no one ever knew. The great diamond had been a curse to him, and its possession had undoubtedly shortened his miserable life.

Now that he was vindicated in the eyes of his fellow men John Day married the girl he loved and retired from business. But he directed that the house in Tokyo be sold, and so the lovely house in the garden by the lane of bamboos has passed into other hands.

As for the shattered Kokuro vase, John Day treasures it still. He has had it repaired, and it occupies the place of honor in his library.

John Day looked at his graceful outlines. There was a gray surface traced with delicate cherry boughs and flying birds. The neck was very small. He took it down and examined it. The missing diamond would never have been there if they were, yet it must be somewhere.

Suddenly in the silent house there came a sound.

John Day extinguished the light, replaced the vase and stepped behind a carved screen.

Into the darkened room came a best form holding a lighted lantern. The glow of the light showed the tense features of Hatsu, the house boy.

He looked furtively around, and then his feet led him swiftly to the mantelpiece, where he took down the Kokuro vase. He glanced over his shoulder into the dusky corners, turned the vase upside down and shook it vigorously. Just as he replaced it there came the sound of another step in the room, and there was the evil countenance of the gardsener peering in. Hatsu turned, saw him, and instantly the two men leaped for each other's throat.

They wrestled silently, each one struggling for a death hold. John Day, standing there behind the screen, watched at the deadly struggle.

What was it that each one desired—the Kokuro vase?

He stepped forward, removed the vase from its place and slipped it in his pocket. Then as the forms remained on the floor he glanced once at them, and, convinced that they would fight it out between them, he was looking every door and window.

He wrapped the vase in a cloth and then shattered it against the edge of the broken pieces there fell into his hands an envelope rolled into a tube. In one end was something round and hard. The envelope was sealed with Burdick's private seal, and on the outside was addressed to the firm of jewelers in New York of which John Day was now a member.

He slipped the sealed envelope into his inner pocket, and then, his search ended, he went to the library to discover that the fighting servants had vanished. He never saw either of them again.

John Day's trip around the world ended there and then. He took the next steamer for San Francisco, and six weeks later he stepped into the private office of his firm with Henry Burdick's confession and the missing diamond.

Why the guilty man had deferred his confession until the day of his death and why he had never had the courage to use his ill gotten gains no one ever knew. The great diamond had been a curse to him, and its possession had undoubtedly shortened his miserable life.

Now that he was vindicated in the eyes of his fellow men John Day married the girl he loved and retired from business. But he directed that the house in Tokyo be sold, and so the lovely house in the garden by the lane of bamboos has passed into other hands.

As for the shattered Kokuro vase, John Day treasures it still. He has had it repaired, and it occupies the place of honor in his library.

John Day looked at his graceful outlines. There was a gray surface traced with delicate cherry boughs and flying birds. The neck was very small. He took it down and examined it. The missing diamond would never have been there if they were, yet it must be somewhere.

Suddenly in the silent house there came a sound.

John Day extinguished the light, replaced the vase and stepped behind a carved screen.

Into the darkened room came a best form holding a lighted lantern. The glow of the light showed the tense features of Hatsu, the house boy.

He looked furtively around, and then his feet led him swiftly to the mantelpiece, where he took down the Kokuro vase. He glanced over his shoulder into the dusky corners, turned the vase upside down and shook it vigorously. Just as he replaced it there came the sound of another step in the room, and there was the evil countenance of the gardsener peering in. Hatsu turned, saw him, and instantly the two men leaped for each other's throat.

They wrestled silently, each one struggling for a death hold. John Day, standing there behind the screen, watched at the deadly struggle.

What was it that each one desired—the Kokuro vase?

He stepped forward, removed the vase from its place and slipped it in his pocket. Then as the forms remained on the floor he glanced once at them, and, convinced that they would fight it out between them, he was looking every door and window.

He wrapped the vase in a cloth and then shattered it against the edge of the broken pieces there fell into his hands an envelope rolled into a tube. In one end was something round and hard. The envelope was sealed with Burdick's private seal, and on the outside was addressed to the firm of jewelers in New York of which John Day was now a member.

He slipped the sealed envelope into his inner pocket, and then, his search ended, he went to the library to discover that the fighting servants had vanished. He never saw either of them again.

John Day's trip around the world ended there and then. He took the next steamer for San Francisco, and six weeks later he stepped into the private office of his firm with Henry Burdick's confession and the missing diamond.

Why the guilty man had deferred his confession until the day of his death and why he had never had the courage to use his ill gotten gains no one ever knew. The great diamond had been a curse to him, and its possession had undoubtedly shortened his miserable life.

Now that he was vindicated in the eyes of his fellow men John Day married the girl he loved and retired from business. But he directed that the house in Tokyo be sold, and so the lovely house in the garden by the lane of bamboos has passed into other hands.

As for the shattered Kokuro vase, John Day treasures it still. He has had it repaired, and it occupies the place of honor in his library.

John Day looked at his graceful outlines. There was a gray surface traced with delicate cherry boughs and flying birds. The neck was very small. He took it down and examined it. The missing diamond would never have been there if they were, yet it must be somewhere.

Suddenly in the silent house there came a sound.

John Day extinguished the light, replaced the vase and stepped behind a carved screen.

Into the darkened room came a best form holding a lighted lantern. The glow of the light showed the tense features of Hatsu, the house boy.

He looked furtively around, and then his feet led him swiftly to the mantelpiece, where he took down the Kokuro vase. He glanced over his shoulder into the dusky corners, turned the vase upside down and shook it vigorously. Just as he replaced it there came the sound of another step in the room, and there was the evil countenance of the gardsener peering in. Hatsu turned, saw him, and instantly the two men leaped for each other's throat.

They wrestled silently, each one struggling for a death hold. John Day, standing there behind the screen, watched at the deadly struggle.

What was it that each one desired—the Kokuro vase?

He stepped forward, removed the vase from its place and slipped it in his pocket. Then as the forms remained on the floor he glanced once at them, and, convinced that they would fight it out between them, he was looking every door and window.

He wrapped the vase in a cloth and then shattered it against the edge of the broken pieces there fell into his hands an envelope rolled into a tube. In one end was something round and hard. The envelope was sealed with Burdick's private seal, and on the outside was addressed to the firm of jewelers in New York of which John Day was now a member.

He slipped the sealed envelope into his inner pocket, and then, his search ended, he went to the library to discover that the fighting servants had vanished. He never saw either of them again.

John Day's trip around the world ended there and then. He took the next steamer for San Francisco, and six weeks later he stepped into the private office of his firm with Henry Burdick's confession and the missing diamond.

Why the guilty man had deferred his confession until the day of his death and why he had never had the courage to use his ill gotten gains no one ever knew. The great diamond had been a curse to him, and its possession had undoubtedly shortened his miserable life.

Now that he was vindicated in the eyes of his fellow men John Day married the girl he loved and retired from business. But he directed that the house in Tokyo be sold, and so the lovely house in the garden by the lane of bamboos has passed into other hands.

As for the shattered Kokuro vase, John Day treasures it still. He has had it repaired, and it occupies the place of honor in his library.

John Day looked at his graceful outlines. There was a gray surface traced with delicate cherry boughs and flying birds. The neck was very small. He took it down and examined it. The missing diamond would never have been there if they were, yet it must be somewhere.

Suddenly in the silent house there came a sound.

John Day extinguished the light, replaced the vase and stepped behind a carved screen.

Into the darkened room came a best form holding a lighted lantern. The glow of the light showed the tense features of Hatsu, the house boy.

He looked furtively around, and then his feet led him swiftly to the mantelpiece, where he took down the Kokuro vase. He glanced over his shoulder into the dusky corners, turned the vase upside down and shook it vigorously. Just as he replaced it there came the sound of another step in the room, and there was the evil countenance of the gardsener peering in. Hatsu turned, saw him, and instantly the two men leaped for each other's throat.

They wrestled silently, each one struggling for a death hold. John Day, standing there behind the screen, watched at the deadly struggle.

What was it that each one desired—the Kokuro vase?

He stepped forward, removed the vase from its place and slipped it in his pocket. Then as the forms remained on the floor he glanced once at them, and, convinced that they would fight it out between them, he was looking every door and window.

He wrapped the vase in a cloth and then shattered it against the edge of the broken pieces there fell into his hands an envelope rolled into a tube. In one end was something round and hard. The envelope was sealed with Burdick's private seal, and on the outside was addressed to the firm of jewelers in New York of which John Day was now a member.

He slipped the sealed envelope into his inner pocket, and then, his search ended, he went to the library to discover that the fighting servants had vanished. He never saw either of them again.

John Day's trip around the world ended there and then. He took the next steamer for San Francisco, and six weeks later he stepped into the private office of his firm with Henry Burdick's confession and the missing diamond.

Why the guilty man had deferred his confession until the day of his death and why he had never had the courage to use his ill gotten gains no one ever knew. The great diamond had been a curse to him, and its possession had undoubtedly shortened his miserable life.

Now that he was vindicated in the eyes of his fellow men John Day married the girl he loved and retired from business. But he directed that the house in Tokyo be sold, and so the lovely house in the garden by the lane of bamboos has passed into other hands.

As for the shattered Kokuro vase, John Day treasures it still. He has had it repaired, and it occupies the place of honor in his library.

The Shadow of Death

What President Lincoln Did While It Hung Over Him

By F. A. MITCHELL

The following narrative is given exactly as it occurred with scarcely any filling in transforming it from ordinary parlance to the story form.

One of the saddest features of the war between the states was the arraying against one another of the different members of the same family.

Such cases were more especially to be found on the border line between the United States and the Confederacy. In east Tennessee the prevailing sentiment was about equally divided. Maryland was in favor of the Confederacy. All these states, however, were held for the Union by being occupied by Federal troops in the early part of the war. In Missouri, which was geographically a northern state, the institution of slavery had been planted, and both Confederates and Federals waged war for its possession, the latter gaining the day during the early part of the war.

For years the mutterings of the strife that was to come were heard in the land, and for months those who were farseeing began to fear that it was about to break forth. Then came the day of firing on Fort Sumter, and the people began to range themselves on the side with which they sympathized.

One day two brothers, Allmon and George Vaughan, had each other good by in the town of Canton, Mo. Allmon's sympathies were with the north in the struggle about to take place, while George's were with the south.

"I am so 'y, George," said Allmon, "that you are determined to take the Confederate side in this contest, but I grant that you are honest in your convictions. You are to be in the Confederate army; I shall fight with the Federals. I hope that we shall never meet on the field of battle."

"And I regret, Allmon, that you will not be convinced of the wrong the northern people are doing the south and that you will not join me in defending her. However, since I can't convince you we must part."

"Goodby, George. I hope that we will both come out of the struggle alive and shall meet again here at our home, but something tells me that the war will be a long one and before that can be we shall both be exposed to terrible dangers."

Little did either of the brothers foresee the great danger that would befall one of them and the efforts to be made by the other to save him from a fate worse than death on the battlefield or under the surgeon's knife. George Vaughan made his way to the south, while Allmon was given a position on the staff of General Mark E. Green, an old friend of the Vaughan family.

About a year after the parting of the brothers George Vaughan determined to pay a visit to his home in Canton. Being a Confederate soldier, this could only be done secretly. Disguising himself, he passed the Union lines and reached Canton without his identity being discovered. He was received with joy, mingled with fear and trembling, by the members of his family. To Mrs. General Green, on whose husband's staff his brother Allmon was serving, he bore messages from friends in the Confederacy. Quite likely the lady was a southern sympathizer, for most of the women in the border states were on the southern side, even the wives of Union officers not concealing their preference.

When George Vaughan returned from his visit he was recognized by one who had known him before the breaking out of the war, and since he was known to have gone south to enlist in the Confederate army, and caught within the Union lines in disguise he was arrested and lodged in jail at Palmyra.

The record does not state that the prisoner was bearing information concerning the Union forces or plans to the southern leaders, but it is probable that he was. Having brought messages to Mrs. Green, it is quite likely that he took messages from her and perhaps to friends in the Confederacy, and it is not unlikely that there were written messages containing the contraband information.

George Vaughan was transferred from Palmyra to St. Louis, where a charge of being a spy was preferred against him, and a court was convened to try him. His defense was that he had gone to his home for no other purpose than to visit his family. Whether or no he was bearing information to the Confederates, having been caught within the Federal lines in civilian's dress was sufficient to convict him. At any rate, such was the result of the court martial, and he was sentenced to be shot.

Here was a singular case. The brother of a captain in the Union army was to be executed by the Federal officers. Allmon Vaughan heard of his brother's danger with dismay. There was but one hope for a man sentenced by a court martial, and that was in President Lincoln. John B. Henderson was then one of the senators from Missouri, and Allmon Vaughan appealed to him to use his influence with the government to help his brother out of the terrible position into which he had fallen. And yet there was but little hope, for during that war when a man was sentenced to death for being a spy he was usually executed. However, Senator Henderson began his efforts in behalf of the prisoner by laying the case before the secretary of war. Mr. Stanton made an investigation of the case and decided that the sentence of the accused was deserved and must be carried out.

Then Senator Henderson appealed to the president.

Mr. Lincoln during the war was regarded by those high in command as a stumbling block to military discipline. So tender hearted was he that he would not refrain from interfering in the case of deserters from the Union army and such persons on the Confederate side as were caught smuggling contraband goods or information into the south. Often, where the accusations were clearly proved, the president would defeat justice by a pardon. It is related that Secretary Stanton, to whom was given great power to thwart this interference on the part of the president, on presentation of an order from Mr. Lincoln in behalf of some luckless individual would hear it up, thus declining to respect it. But in this case the president overruled the secretary and ordered a new trial for the condemned man.

The hopes that were raised in Allmon Vaughan by this interference were doomed to disappointment. The officers of the court, refusing to permit their feelings to influence them, returned a second verdict of guilty. Again the president was appealed to, and again he ordered another trial, and again the same verdict was returned.

Naturally these three trials consumed a great deal of time, and when the last verdict was returned the spring of 1865 had opened, and the end of the war was in sight. Senator Henderson refused to be discouraged. There was one means of saving George Vaughan's life that had not been utilized. President Lincoln possessed the pardoning power in such cases, and the senator resolved to make an attempt in that direction.

Visiting the White House, he obtained access to the kind hearted president and solicited a pardon for the condemned Confederate, urging the fact that the war was practically over and such an act of clemency would go far to bringing the Confederates of Missouri back into the Union fold.

"See Stanton," said Mr. Lincoln, "and tell him that this man must be released."

"I have seen him," replied the senator, "and he will do nothing."

"See him again," said the president, "and if he will do nothing come back to me."

Again Senator Henderson sought the secretary of war, who set his square jaws and refused to interfere with the verdict of the court martial. Had Allmon Vaughan known of this final effort to save his brother from an ignominious death and of the shadow and had been over since John Day had that was then hanging over the only who could save him he would have lost all hope.

It was the 14th of April, 1865. Senator Henderson called upon the president to report the issue of his final effort with the secretary of war. The senator was shown to Mr. Lincoln's private room, where he found him dressing for the theater.

"Mr. Stanton will do nothing," said Henderson. "There is no hope."

Mr. Lincoln shook his head; then without a word he seated himself at a desk and, taking up pen and paper, began to write.

No other such scene fraught with life and death occurred during those dark days of war. Placed on canvas by an artist it would be: The long, gaunt president, sitting at his desk about to write a pardon for one of his country's enemies, his face wearing an expression of magnanimity. Near by would stand the senator, silently wondering what the writing would be and hoping for victory. Overlooking the president a mingled expression of disappointment and satisfaction—disappointment at being cheated out of one victim, satisfaction at the certainty of securing a far more important one in the man who was robbing him of the other.

When Mr. Lincoln had written a few lines he handed the paper to the senator. Henderson scanned it with a look of mingled pleasure and triumph. It was a pardon for George Vaughan and an order for his release.

Having expressed his gratitude to Mr. Lincoln the senator hurried to the telegraph to flash the good news to Missouri, relieving the strain on the condemned Confederate and gladden the hearts of his brother and others who loved him.

But the president, shortly after this act of mercy, descended to a carriage and was driven to the theater, and while sitting in his chair, possibly thinking rather of the life he had spared than the play, was sent by his long home by one who thought he served the same cause as the man he had pardoned.

John Day looked at his graceful outlines. There was a gray surface traced with delicate cherry boughs and flying birds. The neck was very small. He took it down and examined it. The missing diamond would never have been there if they were, yet it must be somewhere.

Suddenly in the silent house there came a sound.

John Day extinguished the light, replaced the vase and stepped behind a carved screen.

Into the darkened room came a best form holding a lighted lantern. The glow of the light showed the tense features of Hatsu, the house boy.

He looked furtively around, and then his feet led him swiftly to the mantelpiece, where he took down the Kokuro vase. He glanced over his shoulder into the dusky corners, turned the vase upside down and shook it vigorously. Just as he replaced it there came the sound of another step in the room, and there was the evil countenance of the gardsener peering in. Hatsu turned, saw him, and instantly the two men leaped for each other's throat.

They wrestled silently, each one struggling for a death hold. John Day, standing there behind the screen, watched at the deadly struggle.

What was it that each one desired—the Kokuro vase?

He stepped forward, removed the vase from its place and slipped it in his pocket. Then as the forms remained on the floor he glanced once at them, and, convinced that they would fight it out between them, he was looking every door and window.

He wrapped the vase in a cloth and then shattered it against the edge of the broken pieces there fell into his hands an envelope rolled into a tube. In one end was something round and hard. The envelope was sealed with Burdick's private seal, and on the outside was addressed to the firm of jewelers in New York of which John Day was now a member.

He slipped the sealed envelope into his inner pocket, and then, his search ended, he went to the library to discover that the fighting servants had vanished. He never saw either of them again.

John Day's trip around the world ended there and then. He took the next steamer for San Francisco, and six weeks later he stepped into the private office of his firm with Henry Burdick's confession and the missing diamond.

Why the guilty man had deferred his confession until the day of his death and why he had never had the courage to use his ill gotten gains no one ever knew. The great diamond had been a curse to him, and its possession had undoubtedly shortened his miserable life.

Now that he was vindicated in the eyes of his fellow men John Day married the girl he loved and retired from business. But he directed that the house in Tokyo be sold, and so the lovely house in the garden by the lane of bamboos has passed into other hands.

As for the shattered Kokuro vase, John Day treasures it still. He has had it repaired, and it occupies the place of honor in his library.

John Day looked at his graceful outlines. There was a gray surface traced with delicate cherry boughs and flying birds. The neck was very small. He took it down and examined it. The missing diamond would never have been there if they were, yet it must be somewhere.

Suddenly in the silent house there came a sound.

John Day extinguished the light, replaced the vase and stepped behind a carved screen.

Into the darkened room came a best form holding a lighted lantern. The glow of the light showed the tense features of Hatsu, the house boy.

He looked furtively around, and then his feet led him swiftly to the mantelpiece, where he took down the Kokuro vase. He glanced over his shoulder into the dusky corners, turned the vase upside down and shook it vigorously. Just as he replaced it there came the sound of another step in the room, and there was the evil countenance of the gardsener peering in. Hatsu turned, saw him, and instantly the two men leaped for each other's throat.

They wrestled silently, each one struggling for a death hold. John Day, standing there behind the screen, watched at the deadly struggle.

What was it that each one desired—the Kokuro vase?

He stepped forward, removed the vase from its place and slipped it in his pocket. Then as the forms remained on the floor he glanced once at them, and, convinced that they would fight it out between them, he was looking every door and window.

He wrapped the vase in a cloth and then shattered it against the edge of the broken pieces there fell into his hands an envelope rolled into a tube. In one end was something round and hard. The envelope was sealed with Burdick's private seal, and on the outside was addressed to the firm of jewelers in New York of which John Day was now a member.

He slipped the sealed envelope into his inner pocket, and then, his search ended, he went to the library to discover that the fighting servants had vanished. He never saw either of them again.

John Day's trip around the world ended there and then. He took the next steamer for San Francisco, and six weeks later he stepped into the private office of his firm with Henry Burdick's confession and the missing diamond.

Why the guilty man had deferred his confession until the day of his death and why he had never had the courage to use his ill gotten gains no one ever knew. The great diamond had been a curse to him, and its possession had undoubtedly shortened his miserable life.

Now that he was vindicated in the eyes of his fellow men John Day married the girl he loved and retired from business. But he directed that the house in Tokyo be sold, and so the lovely house in the garden by the lane of bamboos has passed into other hands.

As for the shattered Kokuro vase, John Day treasures it still. He has had it repaired, and it occupies the place of honor in his library.

John Day looked at his graceful outlines. There was a gray surface traced with delicate cherry boughs and flying birds. The neck was very small. He took it down and examined it. The missing diamond would never have been there if they were, yet it must be somewhere.

Suddenly in the silent house there came a sound.

John Day extinguished the light, replaced the vase and stepped behind a carved screen.

Into the darkened room came a best form holding a lighted lantern. The glow of the