

IN SEARCH OF HIM

by ROBIN GREY

CHAPTER XVIII.

Marguerite Libourne and Mary Stelling sat lazily over their breakfast in a private hotel.

It was April—a fair, sweet spring morning. All London was looking its very best, and the flower sellers adorned the streets with masses of pale primroses and dainty Lent-lilies. Mary was reading a letter, Marguerite listening.

"And mother likes the house so much," said Mary, "and is longing for us to come down. She hopes we shall not stay in town more than a week. Can we get through everything in a week, Madge?"

"Oh, I think so. I am longing to see our new home."

"We are so delighted that darling Marguerite has decided to come to us," read Mary. "The society is so nice here; we have had all the best people calling already. I am sure you will both be pleased with the garden and tennis lawns. As to Marguerite's rooms, she must choose and furnish them herself. The father went over yesterday to look at Bernard's estate—such a noble place, he says—magnificent timber and plenty of game. The marriage is to be on the tenth of May. Mildred is everything that we could wish—most kind; but I can't help thinking now and then how nice it would have been if our Madge could have been mistress of all that splendor."

"Poor mother!" said Mary, breaking off. "She will never forgive Bruno for jilting you, Madge."

"It is a great pity," returned Marguerite quietly. "I forgave him long ago."

"I know you did," said Mary; "at least you said so; but, if it is true, why did you refuse that nice Mr. Lennox at Nice?"

"However, it doesn't matter, for it seems you will have plenty of chances. As I wrote to mother, I found it no sinecure to chaperone a pretty heiress

of her latent capabilities when he judged her to be unfit for an elevated position.

Suddenly, as she read, the hand which held the paper began to tremble, her lips tightened, her color rose. Her eyes were fixed upon a short paragraph.

"A gentleman was thrown from a hansom in the Strand last night and seriously injured. He was taken to Charing Cross hospital, whence it is not considered prudent to remove him. Letters found on him prove him to be Mr. Martineau, of the firm of Leroy and Martineau, solicitors, London."

"Madge," said Mary, pushing open the door at that minute, "do you know where Mr. Martineau is?"

Marguerite started violently.

"Mr. Martineau! what—what made you think of him?"

"Well, I was just wondering how you were going to be Mildred's bridesmaid unless you got your marriage annulled?"

"That is worth consideration," returned Marguerite, gravely. "Mary, would you think me selfish if I went off on my own account this morning? I—I have some business—do you mind being deserted?"

"Not at all," said Mary, cheerfully. "Thank you, dear. You are quite sure you don't mind?"

"Downright certain! To begin with, here's that letter of mother's to answer. Shall I say we leave London this week, Madge?"

"Yes, please, dear."

Marguerite escaped. Hurrying to her room, she surveyed herself critically from head to foot in a full-length mirror—added a touch here and there, donned a particularly becoming hat and carefully selected gloves, then, running down stairs, let herself out, and hailed a hansom.

"Stop at the first florist's you come to," she said.

Having loaded herself with lilies of the valley and marguerites, she gave

the said, a frantic sense of helplessness stealing over her.

"I'm very sorry. It's not visiting time, you know; and I got into trouble last week for admitting a visitor like this. I really am sorry. Try tomorrow."

Tomorrow! He might be dead by then. Now, now was the time. Having come so far, she must attain her end; perhaps tomorrow she would not be able to screw up her courage.

"Is no one admitted—not their nearest relations—when they are so ill? It is very cruel," she said.

"Well, perhaps his mother might be, or his wife."

Marguerite was past sticking at trifles now.

"I am his wife," she said.

"Are you?" returned the nurse. "I thought his wife was dead."

"Why should you think that?" asked Marguerite.

"Because he's got a wedding ring suspended from his neck by a piece of ribbon."

"Oh, yes!" Marguerite stammered. "I know—that is all right. But indeed I am his wife! Oh, let me in!"

The nurse was conquered, and requested Marguerite to follow her.

Now that her point was gained Marguerite was filled with all sorts of fears and was shivering and trembling as she followed her guide—now wishing from the bottom of her heart that she had not come, now utterly carried away by the thought of seeing him again. She dared not ask the nurse any questions as to his condition—she could not trust her voice.

They reached the door of the private room he occupied.

"Now wait here a moment," said the nurse, as she passed inside.

Again the suspense was almost sickening. It seemed to Marguerite hours before the nurse returned.

"It's all right. You can go in," she said.

For the first time Marguerite wondered what she should do.

"Is he delirious?" she asked of the nurse.

"Oh, no; he's perfectly sensible!" Marguerite had expected delirium—she had not realized the fact that Valdane would know her, and now felt herself tremble until she called forth all her strength, physical and moral, and walked steadily and noiselessly into the room.

There was a slight movement as Valdane sank back upon his pillows.

"My wife," he said, in a rather low, but distinct voice—"my wife. I could not believe it. But it is you—really you."

The flowers fell from her hands. She made a step forward, and tried to speak, but could not, for the tears which overran her eyes and fell down her face. He held out his hand and she took it, held it for a moment between her own, and then impulsively carried it to her lips.

"Take care," said Valdane, gently. "Do nothing you will regret afterward. You think I am dying, and I hoped I was; but they tell me now that I am to live and be sound again, so let us have nothing that you wish recalled."

"You will live—you wish recalled? Ah, how thankful I am!"

"Thankful!" he echoed. "Yes, thankful—so thankful for everything! First, that you married me, then that Bernard threw me over, then that I happened to come to London yesterday, and last that I came here, with you—with you!"

"And you said you were my wife—you told the nurse you were my wife," he said slowly, his eyes fixed longingly upon her face. "Marguerite, my life, my love, did you mean that?"

There was a long silence. At last she said:

"Yes, I meant it."

The bed was strewn with fragrant flowers. A shaft of spring sunlight streaming through the tall window rested on the two heads.

"Val," she whispered, "Val," we must never be parted any more."

(The End.)

DOG DIES OF GRIEF.

Starved Himself to Death After His Master Was Killed.

New York Times: Ted was only a dog. But he was a faithful and affectionate animal, and he is believed to have died of grief for the death of his owner, John Gorman, of West Hoboken, Gorman worked at the Weehawken coal docks. When Gorman went home at night there was always a race between Gorman's four children and Ted to see which should be the first to greet him. One day about two weeks ago Gorman met with an accident. He was crushed between two coal cars, and was taken to St. Mary's hospital, Hoboken, where he died.

When the body was taken home Ted sat at the head of the coffin, and refused to be driven away. When the body was taken to the church, Ted followed the funeral procession, waiting patiently outside the church. Then he followed his master to the cemetery. He remained there when the family went home, but returned to the house shortly after sundown. Then he took the place he had occupied while he sat beside the coffin. The children, whose grief was no keener than his, tried to induce him to play, but he would not leave the place he had selected. He also refused to eat. Various kinds of meat were set before him, and he was also tempted with saucers of milk, but he would neither eat nor drink. On Thursday night he died, and Mrs. Gorman says he deliberately starved himself to death through grief for the death of his master. The four little Gorman children placed Ted's body in a box and buried it in the garden under a tree.

Presently the porter came back with the nurse, a pretty dark-eyed young woman, with a sympathetic face. She looked at Marguerite kindly, but spoke in rather a coldly authoritative manner.

CHAPTER XIX.

Marguerite sat down upon a bench in the large lobby in which she found herself. She was trembling from head to foot. Never till this minute had she realized the force of her own feelings. Long since she had come to the conclusion that her feeling for Bernard had been merely that preference which so many young girls mistake for love. But this other feeling, which for months had been steadily growing in her heart—it had needed but the fact of Valdane's being in danger to reveal to her the strength which it had attained. Thoughts of delirium, amputation, fever, death, came crowding upon her imagination. She was obliged to summon all her self-control to keep from breaking down.

"I am very sorry. I daren't let Mr. Martineau see any one without doctor's orders, and the doctor's not here now."

"Oh, but I must see him!" Marguerite

Too sweet words leave a bitter taste.

GREAT JAW POWER OF ANIMALS.

Carolina Exercise Tremendous Force in Their Claws.

Not everyone has been bitten by a dog, a cat or other animal whose weapons of offense and defense are their teeth, and consequently has not lived in dread of hydrophobia or lockjaw or blood poisoning. Still fewer among our citizens have any comprehension of the great power required to inflict the wounds that all have heard of, even though they have not experienced them. The teeth, even of the largest carnivora, are merely the "spearheads," but the force which "works" these instruments is prodigious. It seems as if for the moment the animal threw all its bodily energy into the combination of muscular action which we call a "bite."

In most cases the mere shock of impact, as the animal hurls itself on its enemy is entirely demoralizing or inflicts physical injury. A muzzled mastiff will hurl a man to the ground in the effort to fasten his teeth in his throat or shoulder. Then, the driving and crushing force of the jaw muscles is astonishing. The snapping power of an alligator's jaw is more or less intelligible. They are long and furnished with a row of pointed teeth from end to end. But the jaws of a lion, leopard, tiger, otter, ferret or baboon are short and the long and pointed teeth are few. Yet each of their species has a biting power which in proportion to its size is almost incredible. Sir Samuel Baker, who had a long and varied acquaintance with bites of the carnivora, noticed that the tiger usually seized an Indian native by the shoulder and with one jaw on one side and the other on the other bit clean through the chest and back. The fatal wound was the bite, which through back and chest, penetrated the lungs.

Europeans are killed by the tiger's bite as well as lacerated by the claws. A Mr. Lawes, son of a missionary of that name, was killed after being shaken for a few moments by a tigress, which then left him. He died next day. In nearly all cases the bite penetrates to the lungs. This kind of a wound is characteristic of the attacks of many of the felidae. Scarcely any bird recovers from a cat's bite for the same reason. The canine teeth are almost instantly driven through the lung, under the wing. The cheetah, which has a very small mouth, always bites through the black buck's throat. The leopard, when seizing smaller animals, such as dogs, crushes the head; when attacking men it aims at biting through the lungs.

NORWAY'S SKATING SOLDIERS.

New Branch of the Military Service Has Been Recently Organized.

A letter recently received by a prominent Norwegian-American resident in Chicago from his old home says that the Norwegian army has lately organized a highly trained corps of skaters. The men are armed with repeating rifles. They wear a specially constructed skate evolved after numerous experiments with various types. The heel is so shaped as to enable the men to turn with great rapidity. As a matter of fact, they perform the "right about" in much quicker time than infantry, spinning round as though on a pivot at the word of command. The corps can be maneuvered with a rapidity equal to that of the best-trained cavalry, and at a recent review—one of the fjords—their evolutions astonished the military representatives of other nations who were invited to witness the display. For patrol and scout duty they are expected to be of the greatest use, as the ice season in Norway is of considerable duration. The men are the pick of a skating nation, and they are commanded by an ex-champion. They are capable of traveling eighty miles a day on the ice, fully equipped.

The Prison Bird.

In the Paris Museum of Natural History at present there is to be seen the only living captive specimen of what African explorers have called the "prison bird." The peculiarity of this feathered beauty is that he is the most tyrannical and jealous of husbands, imprisoning his mate throughout her nesting time. Livingstone watched the bird's habits while in Monpour, and in his subsequent observations referred to the nest as a prison and the female bird as a slave. The nest is built in the hollow of a tree through an opening in the bark. As soon as it is completed the mother bird enters carefully and fearfully and settles down in it. Then papa walls up the opening, leaving only just space enough for air and food to pass through. He keeps faithful guard and brings food at regular intervals without fail. The female thrives under her enforced retirement. But if the prison bird is killed, or in any other way prevented from fulfilling his duties, the mother and her little ones must die of starvation, for she cannot free herself from bondage. Normally the imprisonment lasts until the chicks are old enough to fly. Then the male bird destroys the barrier with his beak and liberates his family. "It is charming," writes Livingstone, "to see the joy with which the little prisoners greet the light and the unknown world."

Various Kinds of Hospitals.

The sign "Doll Hospital" has long been more or less familiar, and likewise that of "Umbrella Hospital," and to these has been more lately added that of "Hat Hospital," all indicating, of course, places in which repairs are made.

"She devoted her life to Christian science." "Indeed. What did she die of?"—Brooklyn Life.

The September Atlantic.

President Charles Kendall Adams opens the September Atlantic with a review of "The Irresistible Tendencies," the spirit of the ages, the great movements of centuries or generations, which change the face of the world; instancing chiefly the spirit of individualism, to which he attributes the wonderful advances in liberty and progress of the last four hundred years. He claims that the fundamental fact is that the advance of civilization upon barbarism. He maintains that it is the ever irresistible encroachment of the modern spirit upon the spirit of antiquity; electricity driving out the rush light; the white man ever civilizing the red man or pushing him out of the way. And this great movement is in the interests of a larger and a richer and a higher humanity.

Western Intellectual Products.

"The Farmer's Cheerful Helper" is the title of a book for which a copyright has been granted to the author, G. W. Hamilton of Des Moines.

Patents have been allowed but not yet issued as follows: To W. H. Lyon and J. C. Wallich, of Creston, Ia., for a mail pouch that is adapted to be opened and closed quicker than the old style and when closed and locked access to the contents without a key is impossible except by cutting a flexible part thereof. To W. D. Weir of Gilmore City, Ia., for a portable and transformable hoisting machine. A mast is mounted on a truck, a boom swivelled to the mast and means for operating it, a crane mounted on the truck and means for swinging it horizontally and vertically and a fork adapted for lifting corn shocks detachably connected therewith and all the parts so arranged and combined that they can be readily adjusted to transform the machine to adapt it to be used advantageously in doing various kinds of hard work on a farm.

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Registered Attorneys,
Des Moines, Ia., Aug. 19, '99.

It is still undecided whether fishing for suckers is an obtuse or an acute angle.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

To what deep gulfs a single deviation from the track of human duties leads.—Byron.

General Manager Underwood of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, has a plan to unify and simplify the titles of officials. Several of the officers have duties to perform which are not shown by their official designation, and on July 1st the following changes will be made: Harvey Middleton, now general superintendent of motive power, will be mechanical superintendent in charge of all shops, and the construction of and repairs to locomotives and cars. David Lee, engineer maintenance of way, lines west of Ohio river, will be superintendent maintenance of way, trans-Ohio division, and D. A. Williams will be superintendent of stores.

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At a temperance gathering held in a cathedral city in the south of England the chairman thought it desirable to reply to an attack which had been made upon him in the local press. "My opponent," said he, "calls me an ascetic. I hurl the accusation back in his teeth. I have been a total abstainer from my birth."

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If there is any person whom you dislike, that is the one of whom you should never speak.—Cecil.

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Any feeling that takes a man away from his home is a traitor to the household.—H. W. Beecher.

THE MAN WHO MARRIES A TELEPHONE GIRL soon becomes familiar with the central form of government.

In idleness there is a perpetual despair.—Carlyle.

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Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles.—Washington

Read, Laugh and Learn.
When buying a package of "Faultless Starch" ask your grocer for the book that goes with it. It will afford you lots of amusement and add to your stock of knowledge. All grocers sell it, 10c.

A planter in Yazoo county, Mississippi, reposes faith in the katydid as predictor of frost. He says the katydid began to fly his Hittel fiddle this year about June 6, and that if the first frost comes in just four months from that time, "as it surely will," it will so reduce the cotton crop that it will bring a good price and good times in the south will follow.

An industrious man with good sense doesn't have to depend upon luck.

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The debilitating drains and discharges which weaken so many women are caused by Catarrh of the distinctly feminine organs. The sufferer may call her trouble Leucorrhoea, or Weakness, or Female Disease, or some other name, but the real trouble is catarrh of the female organs and nothing else.

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