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CHAPTER VIII.

ARNAC and count, after attending Madame de Montaut to her carriage with polite inquiries and condolence, went each his own way, and other three the drove back to Bedford Square. Dick was relieved

to see how quickly the open air restored the color to Camilla's checks; she was herself again by the time they reached home, and emed to have recovered even the galety which had been conspicuously absent from her manner all the morn-

He stayed an hour or two, and was induced to tell many stories of the sea. The colonel listened for some time, and then excused himself on the plea of having letters to write. "But I hope you dine with us," he added.

"Thank you," said Dick, ruefully; "I wish I could; but my lawyer is coming at the end of which time they set down to see me on business at 4 o'clock; he is to table. an old family friend, and I asked him to stay to dinner." And, in fact, he tore himself away soon afterward. When he had seen him out of the house the colonel came back to the drawing room smiling and rubbing his hands together with an appearance of great good humor.

'Well, Camilla," he said, "and when will it be convenient to you to pay me?"

'Pay you what?" "Have you forgotten? You wagered your fortune that Estcourt would not it."

help us." She started to her feet; terror, in-credulity, anger, and terror again. flashed in her glance and shook her

voice. 'Well," she cried, "what then; what

then?' "Why, then, of course, you have lost." bell.

"You are lying," she cried, flercely. "That would be useless here,"

said; "one can not deceive oneself. But surely," he expostulated, "you can't pretend to have misunderstood him all this time?

'What time?" she asked, in faint despair. "1

"This morning," he replied. changed my mind again, and decided better than I should." in favor of writing. At 10:30 I sent him that if he kept our appointment for 11 Jane, who was beginning to be o'clock at Great Russell street I should alarmed.

"What gentleman?" he asked. understand him to have accepted our "What gentleman?" he asked. proposal. He kept the appointment, as "I don't know his name, sir." 'Did you know him by sight?' "Yes, sir; he came here once, a week ago, with Captain Estcourt." 'What time was it when he wrote the letter? "About 10:30 in the morning, sir, as near as I could say.'

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

joke, of course.

there's an end of it."

from a particular act.

ost his head.

sharply

ent purpose.

bell.

erby.

he asked

note being open."

kept queer company."

ter, "who brought this?"

kind of thing, you know.

suppose he meant it seriously? It's a

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders.

"Not in very good taste as a joke," he said; "but after all it doesn't matter;

the letter contains its own answer, and

"What do you mean?" asked Dick.

'How does it contain its own answer?"

"Silence, in this case, was to give re-fusal; consent was only to be inferred

Dick was thunderstruck at this, and

"Went where?" asked the other,

'You went to Great Russell street?

And what, in the name of goodness, did

you do that for? Do you know, Captain

Estcourt," he continued, severely,

"what we lawyers call this kind of

thing? 'Adhering to the sovereign's en-

emies'; 'levying war against our lord the king'-that's what we call it, sir.

An overt act of treason, and you and

"But that was not why I went," said Dick, in confusion. "I hadn't had the

note then. The man himself had al-

ready asked me to go for quite a differ-

Here the maid entered to lay the

"I'll explain it all to you after dinner."

said Dick. "In the meantime let us

This was done, and occupied them

Dick was preoccupied, and the con-

versation dragged. His guest eyed him

doubtfully from time to time, and he

was uneasily conscious of the fact.

Presently he got up and went to the

"I quite forgot," he said, as he pulled

the cord, "I never asked about that

"I don't understand," said Mr. Wick-

The lawyer looker puzzled. "Sure?'

"Certain," Dick replied. "The letter

'That's awkward. I'm afraid any one

who may have read it would think you

The maid appeared in answer to the

"Jane," said Dick, holding up the let-

"The gentleman wrote it here, sir."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Wickerby, in-

terrupting, "but I should like to ask

her a question or two; I'm used to this

"All right," said Dick; "you'll do it

The lawyer turned to cross-examine

had been opened, beyond a doubt.'

The seal was broken when I found

for somewhat less than half an hour.

settle the business you came about."

your friends make a joke of it!"

cloth, and both were silent.

"But I went," he stammered.

"To Great Russell street."

"Do you know," he said, "I think, my dear Estcourt, it might be better for you if you made a clean breast of it. I'm an old confidential friend of your people, and you know I will keep your

counsel.' "I give you my word," cried Dick, "there's nothing more to tell than this: I know Colonel de Montaut-the maz who wrote this letter, you know-pretty well; and as for Madame de Montaut-"Yes?" inquired Mr. Wickerby, "And

as for Madame-?" "Oh, you understand," said Dick, with desperate embarrassment, "she's the only woman in the world; but no

one could ever think me capable of disloyalty, and she least of all." "Hm-m," said the lawyer, "I

couldn't, perhaps; but women have a high estimate of their own power, and some of them love to exercise it, too.' "Some of them!" Dick burst out, indignantly; "she's not 'some of them." She wouldn't accept the help of a traitor, much less ask for it.

He was becoming irritated beyond his self-control, and Mr. Wickerby hastened to leave this part of the subject. "The question now is," he remarked, 'what you are to do."

"Dol" cried Dick. "I shall write to Colonel de Montaut at once, and call tomorrow morning to explain the mistake."

"Stop a moment," said the lawyer. "I'm not quite sure that that's your wisest plan, though, of course, it is the natural one to think of first. Let me just put the case before you as it looks to an outsider-not to me, mind you. but to an impartial stranger: to a judge or jury, for instance."

Dick looked nervous and sulky, but said nothing, and Mr. Wickerby went on in a clear, precise tone, marking off the points on the fingers of his left hand as he proceeded:

"An English officer," he began, "makes friends with a Frenchman-a strong Bonapartist-and falls in love with a relative of this gentleman, much attached to the same cause. He goes often to their house, and is frequently seen in their society.

"On Saturday, March 24, 1821, he leaves home at 10:30 in the morning, Immediately afterward a letter from his Imperialist friend arrives, referring to previous conversations, and asking him to join in a treasonable plot. A refusal is to be easly implied by mere silence, but the consent, which is plainly ex-pected, is to be evidenced by attendance at 11 o'clock at a certain place for the purpose of meeting two fellow-conspirators

"By 11 o'clock this letter has been opened and read. No one has entered the house since our friend left it, unles, indeed, he returned himself. The maid who received the note, with seal intact, is positive on this point; and to save herself would probably, under pres-sure, swear that she heard him come in again.

"At 11 o'clock he is at the place named -for quite a different purpose, he says, but admittedly at the invitation of these same Bonapartists. The other conspirators are there too, and a cordial introduction takes place. His conduct does not appear to have aroused any doubt in their minds as to his acceptance of their overtures.

"Confronted with this array of facts, our friend proposes to put himself right by explaining matters to the Bonapartists and even to commit the imprudence of expressing his regrets on paper. 'Litera scripta manet.' My dear Estcourt, no prudent man ever writes a letter when he can avoid it. Your disappointed friends would have you in a trap here. You'd much better run away quietly, and take a holiday somewhere, without leaving your address. When THE MERRY JINGLE. THESE WOULD MAKE A HORSE

LAUGH.

The Funny Man Comes Forth With Another Batch of Queer Sayings, Bidleulous Incidents and Merry Jests.

"It is not worth while for me to occupy your time, gentlemen," said the counsel for the defendant. "The case is as plain as it can be, but my client has paid me three guineas to defend him and, as an honest man, I ought to do something to earn the money. I can go on with a speech six hours long if-

He paused a moment, took a drink of water, scanned the faces of the incymen and proceeded:

'If necessary, But rather than bore you with a six hours' simech, gentlemen, in a case where the law and evidence are so plainly on the side of my lient, the defendant, I will turn it er to you without another word and give him back his money if your verict goes against him."

Without leaving the box the grateful jury found in favor of the defendent.-Pearson's Weekly.

A Needed Telephone,



"My dear, darling, sweetest papa, you will have a telephone put in the house, won't you?" "But, why, my dear?"

"Oh, you see, papa my Oscar is so dreadfully shy. Perhaps he would speak to you through a telephone!"-Fliegende Blaetter.

The Story of a Rose

Only a rose! It lay between the faded pages of an old book A man, beholding it, looked down

the distance and the dark dreaming of the past years. A woman paused and, bending over

it, pressed with quivering lips its crumbling petals. Only a rose!

Then, as the evening shadows gloomed over it, a voice cried, start-ling the silence: "Mamma, who's been in the parlor a-foolin' with this book? They've gone and lost the place where I was readin' at!"-Chicago Times-Herald.

Method in Her Answer.

Bridget (applying for a situation)-Oh, yis, mum. Oi lived in my last place t'ree weeks, mum.

Mrs. Van Nobbs-And why did you leave? Bridget-Of couldn't get along with

her, she was so old and cranky. Mrs. Van Nobbs-But I may be old and cranky, too.

How shall we get through the year?" Then they both realized as never before that marriage is a lottery .- Boston Herald.

He Welcomed the Change.

Then she laughed lightly, as one who had never known a care. "What does this here 'New Woman talk mean, John?"

"Hit means, Maria," replied the old farmer, "that women are atakin' the places what men occupied. You'll find the plow right where I left it; an when you sharpen the axe you kin sail into a dozen cords o' wood; an' I'll have supper a-bilin' when you git home!

Made Her So Happy.

Young Husband (who meets his wife in the street)-Jennie, my dear, I know you have been silently grieved and pained for a long time on account of my absence from home at the club every evening. I am going to turn over a new leaf, and I'm going to begin to-night."

Young Wife-Oh, Edwin, you don't know how happy you've made me! Brother Jack wants me to go to the theater with him to-night, and you can take care of the baby; so good-by .-Boston Courier.

Flossie's Dilemma

Flossie is six years old. "Mamma," she called one day, "if I get married will I have a husband like pa?" "Yes," replied the mother, with an

amused smile. "And if I don't get married, will I have to be an old maid, like Aunt Yern."

"Mamma"-after a pause-"it's a tough world for us women, aint it?" -Mercury

Wouldn't Want Her Presence.

The boy had smashed his father's shaving mug and done sundry other damage, when his mother discovered him. "Oh, Freddie!" she exclaimed, horri-

fied. "What will your papa say when he comes home and sees what you have done?" Well, mamma, I don't think I

would like to repeat it before you."-Pearson's Weekly.

Historical.

"Are all the animals in?" asked Noah, taking another look at the barometer.

"All but the leopards," said Ham, "and I think we have a pair of them spotted.'

Noah shook his head gloomily and muttered something about "that boy coming to a bad end.'-Cincinnati Tribune.

Seeing Double



Jagley (having made several at-tempts to go on either side of the gentleman, finally smashes into him)-I

Saved by Her Corset.

New York Press: Edward Kempton, a young man employed for the last year year in this city, called at the home of Miss Laura Johonott to bid her goodbye before leaving to accept a position Brooklyn. While taking his leave he pulled a revolver from his pocket and fired at the girl's heart, but the bullet struck a corset steel, glanced and did no harm. He immediately raised the revolver and shot himself through the temple, dying a half hour later without regaining consciousness. It is thought he was deranged.

A wrong desire overcome is a tempta

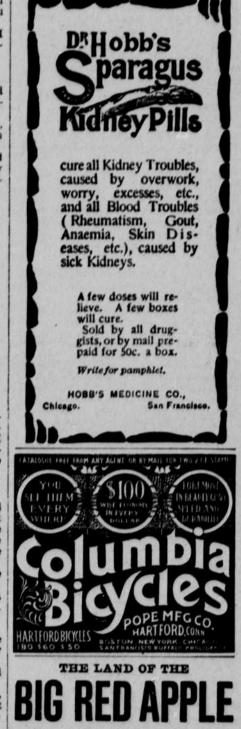
Scrofula from Infancy

Troubled my daughter. At times her head would be covered with scabs and running sores. We were afraid she would



We began to give 6 her Hood's Sarsa-Miss Edith Arehar parilla and soon MistdihArehar we saw that she was better in every re-spect. The sores have now all healed. I had a severe attack of the grip, was left in bad condition with muscular rheumatism and lumbago. Since taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla I am all right and can walk around out doors without the aid of crutches." W. doors without the aid of crutches." H. AREHART, Albion, Indiana. Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, 250.





you know; you saw the friendliness with which he met his new confederates, Carnac and Rabodanges; and I am surprised," he continued, "that he did not hint to you his acceptance of your cause and your guidance."

'You have ruined a man's honor." she cried, "and a woman's happiness; but you shall not have your way with both of us; if he goes with you, I stay behind." And she left the room before he could find an answer.

Dick, in the meantime, stepped with a swinging pace along the streets, looking exultantly back upon the brightest day in his memory, and forward to a yet brighter one tomorrow. He sprang up the stairs to his room, and burst gaily in. His glance traveled to the mantel-piece, where his letters were usually placed; today there were two, and he hummed a tune as he took them in his hand. They were both from known correspondents, and quite uninteresting; but a third, lying near girl, in great distress. them, was directed in a handwriting that he had never seen before.

He was surprised to find, on turning it over, that this last one had been already opened, but he immediately forgot this in his astonishment at the contents.

The letter was not signed, but there was no mistaking the source from which it came; the words "my sister-inlaw and I" brought a flush to his face. He was amazed, bewildered, overwhelmed.

Before he could collect bis scattered senses the door opened, and "Mr. Wickerby" was announced. On the threshold stood the lawyer he had been expecting, a gray-haired, sharp-eyed, precise-looking man of 55 or more, with his hat in one hand and a bag in the other.

"Good day, sir," he said. And then, with a quick glance from Dick's troubled face to the paper in his hand, he added: "Anything wrong? No bad news, I hope?"

Dick jumped to his feet, took the hat bag from his visitor, and drew a chair up to the fire for him.

Yea must excuse me, Mr. Wickerhe said; "I'm in a regular maze over this extraordinary note.

'Let me see," said the lawyer. order while the other read in silence.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Wickerby, looking up at last, "this is a cool fellow, companion, "but the question is, will calculating, and as frankly mercenary upon my word! He protonds to be a all these other people think no more of on occasion as she is naively self-cenfriend af yours. Do you recognize the it, too? writing?'

"No," replied Dick, "I never saw it in my life; but-

"Hut you can guess the author, ch? COL *1-

"Stop!" eried Dick. "I must warn you that these are intimate friends of mine." and he blushed crimson. Mr. Wickerby looked at him curious-

"They must be," he said. "vory intimate, I abould say, to venture upon law,

"Did you see him fasten it up?" "Yes, sir; I brought him the wax and held the taper myself.'

"What did he do with it then?" "He gave it to me, sir, and I put

it on the chimney-piece. You are sure the seal was unbroken

then?" "Yes, sir; quite sure."

"And who has been in here during the day?'

"No one, sir, but me and Captain Estcourt."

"Then," said the lawyer, with severity, "it was you who broke the seal;

come now, tell the truth." 'No, sir: indeed, it was not," said the

"Who was it, then?"

"Captain Estcourt, I suppose, sir," she replied, almost in tears,

'But he was out.' "I thought he must have come back,

sir, and gone out again. I remember noticing that the letter had been opened when I came in to see to the fire, and I said to myself, 'Then he must have been home again.' '

"What time was that?"

"That would be about 11, sir."

'You're certain no one else came in?" "They couldn't have done, sir, without ringing. Captain Estcourt, he has a

latchkey, but others must ring." Mr. Wickerby saw that she was not likely to be shaken from this theory. Whether it was true or not, it was her only possible method of clearing herself from the charge of having spened the letter.

"Thank you," he said; "I daresay you are right. Captain Estcourt must have forgotten. That will do, Jane, and you needn't trouble yourself about it."

The girl fled with alacrity, and Mr. Wickerby turned to Dick, who was fuming with impatience.

to that?"

"What confounded nonsense all this is!" eried Dick; "as if I didn't know that Dick mechanically handed it over to I never set eyes on the thing till this him, and tried to put his own ideas in afternoon, just two minutes before you came in! I shall think no more of it."

What other people?"

"Well, there is first the gentleman who sent the invitation, and no doubt supposes you to have accepted it with Hm-m, so tauch the worse! If you will your eyes open; secondly, these Frenchscuse my freedom. Captain Est. men he mentions-did you meet them, times ?

'Oh, hang them, yes!" groaned Dick. "Thirdly, the person or persons, known, who opened and read this letter; and fourthly-let me see-oh, yea

-the lady spoken of as 'my slater.in-Dick turned crimson, and his compan-

whang it?" oried Dick. "you don't ion fixed a penetrating glance upon him. "wand.

they've come to grief and got hanged for their pains-" "What the devil do you mean?"

shouted Dick, in exasperation, 'Then you can come back in safety.' continued Mr. Wickerby. "But if you write, they'll have undeniable evidence that you received their proposal, and you'll have to choose between keeping the secret-which is a felony known by the unpleasant name of 'misprison of treason'-and giving them up to justice. which, I take it, you are even less likely to prefer."

His ironical tone and incontrovertible logic infuriated Dick. "Damnation!" he roared; "why can't

you let me go my own way? I know my friends better than you do, I should hope

"I hope so, too," replied the lawyer. offended in his turn. "I will leave you to your own way, as you desire, and hope to hear no more of this business. I beg you to notice that I do not know where your friends live; I did not even catch their names; and I understand that the whole affair is a practical joke. I wish you may live long to laugh at it." He took up his hat and bag and left the room. Dick heard the front door bang heavily behind him, then made a quick gesture of defiance, and sat down

at his desk to write to Colonel de Montaut.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Bourget Praises Yankee Women. What, then, has M. Bourget to say of the American woman? To begin with, seems bewildered with her complexity, for he calls her in turn an idol. an enigma, an orchid, an exotic, while she typifies, in a country as yet without an ideal, the yankee's devotion to sheer force of will. She is not made to be loved. She does not want to be loved. It is neither voluptuousness nor tenderness that she symbolizes; she is a palpitating objet d'art, at once sumptuous, alert, intelligent, and audacious. and as such the pride and luxury of a new and somewhat defiant civilization. In fine, M. Bourget's language on the 'Well," he asked, "what do you say subject is so magnificent that we should write him down a romanticist pure and simple were it not that, in the

the course of his analysis, he shows us another side of the picture. The purity of the American girl, the author of "Le Disciple" tells us, is not to be ques-"That is all very well," replied his tioned. She is coquettish as well as companion, "but the question is, will calculating, and as frankly mercenary tered. Clearly, it is the individualism of the American woman that surprises the critics of the Latin race, for northerners have little difficulty in understanding a nature which seeks its interest as much in globe trotting and self-culture-or shall we call it self-advancement ?--- as in more chullitions of passion or sentiment.

> Hy actual experiment it has been ascertained that the explosive power of a sphere of water only one inch in diameter is sufficient to burst a brass vessel having a resisting power of R.-

Bridget-Cranky ye may for faces are sometimes deceiving; but owld, niver! And Bridget got the place .- Pear-

son's Weekly.



"A man has no idea how mean other people can be till he asks them to do him a favor."

"Nor how strong-minded he can be till his wife asks him for one."-Life.

The Infant Terrible.

"Kitty, you must let papa's watch alone.' "I won't hurt it, papa. I just want to

"Put it down, I tell you!"

"I ain't hurtin' it. I only want to see what makes it-"

"If you don't let that watch alone I shall certainly have to punish you." "I ain't-'

Will you put it down?" All I want to do with it is to-

"Kitty, do you hear what I say?" "Yes, and you'd hear what I say if you didn't talk so much."-Chicago

A Remarkagle Pig.

A newly married lady, who recently graduated from Vassar college, is not well posted about household matters, She said to her grocer not long since: 'I bought three or four hams here a couple of months ago and they were very fine. Have you any more like them?

'Yes, ma'am." said the grocer, "there are ten of those hams hanging up there.' "Are you sure they are all off the

same pig?

Yes, ma'am. "Then I'll take three of them."-

Texas Siftings.

After the Wedding

"And the presents?" He waited for the reply with bated breath "Harold," she replied, placing a tiny hand on each shoulder and gazing soul-

fully into his eyes, "there are only three duplicates." "Great Scott?" he gasped "I was figuring on twenty at least to sail.

begsh your pardon. I begsh your pardon. I was merely trying (hic) to gose between you .- Brooklyn Life.

Dese Little Johnny

Little Johnny has been raughty, and has to be sent from the table without having any dessert. For an hour he has been sitting in the corner of the room crying. At last he thinks it time to stop. "Well, I hope you have got done

crying now," says his mother. "Haven't done," says Johnny, in a

passion. "I'm only resting."-Tid-Bits.

Her Crumb of Comfort.

"What are you writing, James?" she asked, as she critically examined her bievele tire. 'A novel of home life, dear," replied

her husband. 'Never m'ad," she said soothingly,

"I know it's novel to you now, but all that will wear off in time."-Atlanta Constitution.

Something More Becoming.

Horrified Malden Aunt (to frisky widow)-What, Lucy, is it possible you have put off your weeds already, and poor, dear John only three months in his grave?

Lucy (glancing at her pretty mauve tollet)--Why, aunt, you know John hated to see me in black; he would be delighted to see me put on something more becoming.

Still Sneering at Jersey. Cleverton—"You don't mean to tell me that you passed the night with Plankington in his New Jersey home and didn't mind the mosquitoes?" Examination and Advice as to Patentabilit Invention. Hend for "Inventors' Guide, or How to a Patent." PATRICE O'PARRELL, WARRINGTON. Dashaway-"I do. After the first one bit me I lost consciousness."-Life.



Miss Gladys You appeared very ab ruptly with your errand a while You must not come so suddenly into the room when Mr. Smithers is spending the evening with me. Bridget-Suddent! And is it suddent

you call it, and me at the kayhole a full three-quarthers of an hour.

Mare Recent

Jack-Ah! you are a true daughter of Eve.

Jeas-Indeed, I am nots we go back only to William the Commorer.

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