



BY CLARA AUGUSTA

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

Mr. Trevlyn had the diamonds, which were the wonder of the city, richly set, and Margarie was to wear them on her bridal night, as a special mark of the old man's favor.

Linnere's gift to his bride was very simple, but in exquisite taste, Mrs. Weldon decided. A set of turquoise, with his initials and hers interwoven.

"Take them away, Florine, instantly, and put them where I shall never see them again!"

The woman looked surprised, but she was a discreet piece, and strongly attached to her mistress, and she put the ornaments away without comment.

The tenth of October arrived. A wet, lowering day, with alternate snatches of rain and sunshine, settling down toward sunset into a steady, uncomfortable drizzle.

The ceremony was to take place at nine o'clock in the evening, and the invited guests were numerous.

Mr. Linnere was expected out from the city in the six o'clock train, and as the stopping place was not more than five minutes' walk from the Park he had left orders that no carriage need be sent.

At five o'clock the task of dressing the bride began. The bridesmaids were in ecstasies over the finery, and they took almost as much pains in dressing Margarie as they would in dressing themselves for a like occasion.

Margarie's cheeks were as white as the robes they put on her. One of the girls suggested rouge, but Alexandrine demurred.

"A bride should always be pale," she said. "It looks so interesting, and gives every one the idea that she realizes the responsibility she is taking upon herself—doesn't that veil fall sweetly?"

And then followed a shower of feminine expressions of admiration from the four charming bridesmaids.

"Is everything ready?" asked Margarie, wearily, when at last they paused in their efforts.

"Yes, everything is as perfect as any one could desire," said Alexandrine. "How do you feel, Margarie, dear?"

"Very well, thank you."

"You are so self-possessed. Now I should be all of a tremble! Dear me! I wonder people can be so cold on the eve of such a great change! But then we are so different. Will you not take a glass of wine, Margarie?"

"Thank you, no. I do not take wine, you know."

"I know, but on this occasion. Hush! that was the whistle of the train. Mr. Linnere will be here in a few minutes! Shall I bring him up to see you? It is not etiquette for the groom to see the bride on the day of their marriage, until they meet at the altar; but you look so charming, dear! I would like him to admire you. He has such exquisite taste."

Margarie's uplifted eyes had a half-frightened look, which Alexandrine did not understand.

"No, no!" she said, hurriedly, "do not bring him here! We will follow etiquette for this time, if you please, Miss Lee."

"O well, just as you please, my dear."

"And now, my friends, be kind enough to leave me alone," said Margarie. "I want the last hours of my free life to myself. I will ring when I desire your attendance."

garment, she flung herself down on the turf. "Oh, my father! my father!" she cried, "why did you doom me to such a fate? Why did you ask me to give that fatal promise? Oh, look down from heaven and pity your child!"

The wind sighed mournfully in the cypresses, the belated crickets and katydids droned in the hedge, but no sweet voice of sympathy soothed Margarie's strained ear.

The village clock struck half-past eight, warning Margarie that it was almost time for the ceremony to take place.

She started up, drew her cloak around her, and turned to leave the place. As she did so, she felt a touch on her hand—the hand she laid for a moment on the gate—as she stood giving a last sad look at the mound of earth she was leaving; a touch light and soft as a breath, but which thrilled her through every nerve.

She turned her head quickly, but saw nothing. Something like the sound of receding footsteps met her ear, nothing more, but she was convinced that there had been a human presence near her.

Where? Her heart beat strangely; her blood, a moment before so chilled and stagnant, leaped through her veins like fire. From whence arose the change?

She reached her chamber without meeting any one, and unlocking the door, rang for her attendants.

Groups were gathered in the corridors, whispering together, and some unexplained trouble seemed to have fallen upon the whole place.

After a little while, Alexandrine came in, pale and haggard. Margarie saw that her white dress was damp, and her hair uncurled, as if by the weather.

"Where have you been, Alexandrine?" she asked; "and what is the matter?"

The girl turned from white to crimson. "I have been in my room," she replied.

"But your clothes are damp, and your hair uncurled."

"The air is wet, and this great house is as moist as an ice-shed," returned the girl, hurriedly. "It is no wonder if my hair is uncurled, Margarie, the—the—Mr. Linnere has not arrived."

"Not arrived! It must be nine o'clock."

As she spoke, the sonorous strokes of the clock proclaiming the hour, vibrated through the house.

"We have been distracted about him for more than two hours! he should surely have been here by half-past six! Mr. Trevlyn has sent messengers to the depot, to make inquiries, and the officekeeper thinks Mr. Linnere arrived in the six o'clock train, but is not quite positive. Mr. Weldon went, himself, to meet the seven-thirty train, thinking perhaps he might have got detained, and would come on in the succeeding train, but he did not arrive. And there are no more trains to-night! Oh, Margarie, isn't it dreadful?"

CHAPTER IX.

ALEXANDRINE'S manner was greatly flurried and ill at ease, and the hand she laid on Margarie's was cold as ice.

Margarie scrutinized her curiously, wondering the while at her own heartless apathy.

Something had occurred to stir the composure of this usually cool, self-possessed woman fearfully. But what it was Margarie could not guess.

Mr. Trevlyn burst into the room, pale and exhausted.

"It is no use!" he said, throwing himself into a chair, "no use trying to disguise the truth! There will be no wedding tonight, Margarie! The bridegroom has failed to come! The scoundrel! If I were ten years younger, I would call him out for this insult!"

Margarie laid her hand on his arm, a strange, new feeling of vague relief pervading her. It was as if some great weight, under which her slender strength had wearied and sank, were rolled off from her.

"Compose yourself, dear guardian, he may have been unavoidably detained. Some business—"

"Business on his wedding day? No, Margarie! there is something wrong somewhere. He is either playing us false—confounding himself—or he has met with some accident. By George! who knows but he has been waylaid and murdered! The road from here to the depot, though short, is a lonely one, with woods on either side! And Mr. Linnere carries always about his person enough valuables to tempt a desperate character."

"I beg you not to suppose such a dreadful thing," exclaimed Margarie, shuddering. "As will come in the morning, and—"

"But Hagen was positive that he saw him leave the six o'clock train. He described him accurately, even saying that he had a bouquet of white camellias in his hand. Margarie, what flowers was he to bring?"

"White camellias. I heard Mrs. Weldon ask him to fetch them."

Mr. Trevlyn started up. "I will have out the whole household, at once, and search the whole estate! For I feel as if some terrible crime may have been done upon our very threshold. Margarie, dear, take heart, he may be alive and well!"

He went out to alarm the already excited guests, and in half an hour the place was alive with lanterns, carried by those who sought for the missing bridegroom.

Pale and silent, the women gathered themselves together in the chamber of the bride, and waited. Margarie sat among them in her white robes, mute and motionless as a statue.

"It must be terrible!" said by the hand of an assassin!" cried Mrs. Weldon, with a shudder. "Good heavens! what a dreadful thing it would be if Mr. Linnere has been murdered!"

"An assassin! My God!" cried Margarie, a terrible thought stealing across her mind. Who had touched her in the cypress grove? What hand had woke in her a thrill that changed her from ice to fire? What if it were the hand of her betrothed husband's murderer?

Alexandrine started forward at Margarie's exclamation. Her cheek was white as marble, her breath came quick and struggling.

"Margie! Margie Harrison!" she cried, "what do you mean?"

"Nothing," answered Margarie, recovering herself, and relapsing into her usual self-composure.

They searched all that night, and found nothing. Absolutely nothing. With the early train, both Mr. Trevlyn and Mr. Weldon went to the city. They hurried to Mr. Linnere's room, only to have their worst fears confirmed.

Pietro informed them that his master had left there on the six o'clock train; he had seen him to the depot, and into the car, receiving some orders from him relative to his rooms, after he had taken his seat.

There could be no longer any doubt but that there had been foul play somewhere. The proper authorities were notified, and the search began afresh.

Harrison Park and its environs were thoroughly ransacked; the river was searched, the pond at the foot of the garden drained, but nothing was discovered. There was no clue by which the fate of the missing man could be guessed at, ever so vaguely.

Every person about the place was examined and cross-examined, but no one knew anything, and the night shut down, and left the matter in mystery.

Pietro, at length, suggested Leo, Mr. Linnere's grayhound.

"Him no love his master," said the Italian, "but him scent keen. It will do no hurt to try him."

Accordingly the next morning Pietro brought the dog up to the Park. The animal was sullen, and would accept attentions from no one save Margarie, to whom he seemed to take at first sight.

And after she had spoken to him kindly, and patted his head, he refused all persuasions and commands to leave her.

Mr. Darby, the detective, whose services had been engaged in the affair, exerted all his powers of entreaty on the dog, but the animal clung to Margarie, and would not even look in the direction of the almost frantic detective.

"It's no use, Miss Harrison," said Darby, "the cur won't stir an inch. You will have to come with him! Sorry to ask you, but this thing must be seen into."

"Very well, I will accompany you," said Margarie, rising, and throwing on a shawl, she went out with them, followed by Mrs. Weldon, Alexandrine, and two or three other ladies.

Leo kept close to Margarie, trotting along beside her, uttering every now and then a low whine indicative of anticipation and pleasure.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LICENSE TO STEAL.

Success of a Young Lawyer in Proving His Client a Kleptomaniac.

"My first case," said a well-known attorney to a San Francisco Call reporter, "was the defense of a negro preacher for stealing wood from a railroad company. A great deal of fuel had been lost from time to time, so when the culprit was arrested the company was so anxious to make an example of him that it employed special counsel and prosecuted the case vigorously. The evidence against the old man was convincing. He had been sneaking around the woodpile and was arrested while carrying off a load.

"I had subpoenaed about twenty well-known men to testify to the previous good character of the defendant. When the prosecution case was closed I put one on the stand and asked: 'Do you know the defendant's reputation for honesty and integrity?'"

"Yes," was the answer. "What is it, good or bad?'"

"Bad. He will steal anything he can get his hands on."

"A titter ran through the court-room. It wasn't the answer I had expected, but it was too late, so I put on a bold front and called another. He testified as the other witness had, and the prosecuting attorney rubbed his hands with satisfaction. Before I got through with my witnesses I proved that my client was a notorious thief, who had never been known to neglect an opportunity to steal something, no matter how trifling it might be. Then I called a couple of physicians, proved the existence of a mental disorder known as kleptomaniac, read some authorities to show that it was a good defense if proved, and submitted my case. The old preacher was acquitted and thereafter stole with impunity, for he considered his acquittal in the face of the facts equivalent to a license to steal."

A dead level is a hard climb to a good many people.

BOUNTIFUL HARVEST.

UNPRECEDENTED WEALTH IN THE CROPS OF 1896.

Reports from All Over the West Show the Agricultural Interests of the Country to Be in a Flourishing Condition.

It is an accepted fact that whatever conditions affect the agricultural interests of a country will have a direct bearing on all its other industries. In other words, whatever tends to aid, or injure farming pursuits, will benefit or disastrously affect every other important interest. It is a matter for congratulation, therefore, that exceptionally favorable reports are coming east regarding the outlook for a splendid crop in the corn belt region.

Copious rains had fallen during the spring and put the ground in splendid condition for seeding and growing. The fears of another drouth have long since been laid to rest and the agriculturist looks hopefully forward to a rich reward for his toil. Not only does the farmer expect a good crop this year, but the conditions thus far, have been so much more favorable than in several years past, that he expects a crop which will fully make up for a few short ones. Nor is the expectation without reason. There is not a single condition lacking, either in soil or weather, which should bring this hope to the farmer. The soil has received more moisture in the shape of rain and snow than in many years and the weather has been all that could be desired for growing. Therefore, if all these signs count for anything they indicate a year of prosperity throughout the great West. Even before the first week in May almost half the corn was planted, with considerable of it showing nicely above ground and doing well. In many localities it was even then several inches high. As there will undoubtedly be an increased acreage of both corn and small grains this year, the indications are that the spring work will not be well over before the last week in May. This, however, will be early enough in the corn belt region to allow the golden ears to ripen before frost comes, even if it should come a little earlier than usual.

As the rainfall has been fairly frequent in its visitations during the portion of the season which has passed and fully up to normal, it is but fair to assume that this normal condition will continue and that the hopes of the farmers will be fully realized.

Reports from widely different localities in the great corn producing states point to the fact that moisture has saturated the soil to a much greater depth than in many previous years.

This is particularly true with regard to Nebraska where the favorable outlook of the present time has not, in many parts of the state, been excelled, even in the opinion of old inhabitants. In fact the prospect is so encouraging that the farmers all over the state are letting go their corn and grain to which they had been holding so tenaciously since last harvest, in the dread that the drouth period was not at an end. They are now shipping it eastward in big quantities or feeding it to their stock and fattening pigs for the market.

The bulletins issued by the various state sections of the U. S. Weather service confirm the glad tidings, generally, so that taken all in all the outlook of good times for the western farmer is exceedingly encouraging. The bulletin relating to Nebraska, for the week ending May 4, contained the following: "The week has been warm, averaging from four to six degrees above the normal. Light frosts were reported from the southwestern portion of the state early in the week, but little if any damage was done to fruit. The rainfall has been very general and for the most part heavy, amounting to over two inches over most of the eastern half of the state and in limited localities in the western. On the night of the 27th and on the 28th a general and heavy rain storm passed over the state, accompanied by high winds. This was followed by showers nearly every day in the week in the northeastern section and work has been much retarded throughout this as well as the middle section of the state by the wet condition of the soil. The weather has been very favorable for the growth of vegetation, especially small grain and grass, which have made very vigorous growth during the week. Rye is beginning to joint in the southern counties. Alfalfa is reported from six inches in height in the central portion of the state to a foot and a half in the southern.

"In southern counties considerable progress has been made in planting corn, which is now about half completed in the southeastern corner of the state; elsewhere but little progress has been made during the week owing to wet weather."

During the past week there has been an exhibition in a window of the City Ticket office of the Burlington road at Chicago, a sample of rye plucked in Furnas county, Nebraska, toward the end of April. It stood 33 to 34 inches high and was even at that early date nicely headed. Alfalfa about the same time was knee high and small grains were looking exceptionally advanced for that time of the year. The Chicago newspapers realizing the close tie that binds it to the west have dilated at frequent dates on the favorable prospect for a bounteous harvest.

Wheat Wagon Moves On. Boston has solved the tramp question. The fact that there was a falling off of applications for accommodations at the Wayfarer's Lodge, which the lodgers are expected to work for their board, is convincing evidence on this point.

Gregory's Heroism.

Do you little boys and girls know what heroism is? If you will listen to me a few minutes I will tell you how a little boy five years old became a hero.

Gregory was a little boy five years old, as pretty a boy as you ever saw. Every one said he was pretty and sweet enough to be a girl. He is a big boy now, and rides a bicycle and horses and gets into fights sometimes coming home from school. He is not so pretty now as when he was a little fellow, and if he reads this story he will be surprised that any one should tell it to all of you children.

Gregory had a little brother Tom, two years old, a fat, easy-going, good-natured, big-eyed little fellow that every one loved. They lived in a town in Texas where the northerners come in the winter and it gets very cold for a few days and then turns warm again and the children can go out and play without wrapping up much.

One cold morning, a short while after New Year's day, these boys slept while their mamma and papa were at breakfast. When they got up and were dressed, papa had gone down town and mamma took them into the dining room to eat breakfast while she went into the sitting room to see that everything was warm and comfortable for them to have a nice time in the house all day, because it was too cold for them to play outside.

Gregory and Tom ate their breakfast in short order and went over to the big fire-place to play and warm. Tom picked up a piece of paper from the floor and lit the end of it in the hot coals in the fire-place, and when it began to burn up he threw it on the hearth and put his foot on it to put it out. But the flame was too large for his little foot, and his dress caught fire. When he looked down and saw the flames leaping up on his skirt he called out, "Oh, Gog! look here."

Gregory looked and saw his little brother's dress on fire, with the flames almost in his face. Do you think he ran down the hall to the room where his mamma was to tell her? No, he didn't. He just gave one bound to where little Tom stood, and catching the little dress at the neck, tore it off and stamped the fire out with his feet. And there stood Tom with his big eyes bigger than ever, his fannel skirt all scorched and no dress on at all.

Dick, a big, black, awkward, overgrown boy who helped his old mamma about the kitchen and did the chores, was cleaning up in the kitchen. Tom said, "Let's tell Dick, but we mustn't tell mamma, 'cause she'll fip." And into the kitchen they went. When mamma came in to see what was keeping the children so long in the dining room she saw Tom with bulging eyes looking at Dick, while Gregory was relating what had happened. Mamma saw Tom standing there without his dress, and a look of excitement on the children's faces, so she said, "What is the matter, where is Tom's dress?"

Then Gregory began to relate how Tom's dress had caught fire, and he had torn the dress off and put out the fire. But here he broke down and cried, and mamma took him in her arms and told him how proud she was of him, and that he must not cry, for he had done an heroic act, for he had saved his brother from a severe burn, which might have resulted in his death.

Then Gregory said he was crying because his hands hurt, and mamma looked, and sure enough both hands were badly blistered.—Dallas News.

Phil May's Model. Phil May, of Punch, seldom lets slip a chance to play a practical joke. Not long ago he needed a policeman for a model. He went out into the street and accosted the first one he met, saying who he was and what he wanted. "Come to my house at noon to-morrow," said Phil May, and he gave the man his address. Then he walked on a couple of blocks further until he met another bobby. This one was also willing to pose, and he was likewise told to apply at noon of the following day. The artist wandered about London for several hours making appointments with policemen. The next day at the noon hour he had an entire platoon of police in front of Phil May's residence. A crowd collected, and the reason for such an array was freely discussed. Some asserted that a den of anarchists had been discovered and was about to be raided; others insisted that a swell gambling place was about to be seized; others hinted at a murder or at some other mystery. A few minutes after 12 o'clock Phil May came to the door and invited all the policemen into his garden. There he lined them up and inspected them. He picked out the man most suitable for his purpose, then handed to each of the others an envelope containing the regulation fee for a sitting, and dismissed them.—Harper's Round Table.

Ravages of Dogs. According to the valuation by the department of agriculture the value of sheep rose annually from \$90,640,369 in 1880 to \$325,969,294 in 1893, and in the next year fell to \$89,386,110. In official explanation of this "rather abrupt decline in number and value," it is said that "the ravages of dogs are generally referred to by correspondents as one of the checks upon the progress of this valuable industry."

This sudden and destructive onslaught of dogs as one of the main causes of a loss of \$10,000 daily, or nearly \$37,000,000 in a single year, affords a remarkable illustration of the rapidity of development of rabies as an epidemic, and calls for prompt legislative suppression of this destructive canine warfare on a valuable agricultural industry. The report reduces the number of sheep over 4,000,000 last year, and makes the value \$65,167,733, and reduces the value in three years \$69,741,329—almost half.

Celery Oil. This is a new industry which Germany is endeavoring to foster. Distillers of essential oils have experimented with the distilling of celery during the past season, producing a few pounds. It is distilled from the green leaves, possesses the powerful aromatic odor and taste of the plant, and may answer considerable interest among manufacturers of concentrated stups and preserved meats and vegetables. It requires 100 pounds green leaves to make one pound of oil. If it proves feasible to distill celery for flavoring purposes, why not utilize other herbs in the same manner for like purposes?

Beruffled Summer Gowns.

Yellow and lavender are a very pretty combination when the shades are carefully chosen. Three very narrow ruffles edged with lace are a pretty skirt trimming for muslin gowns, but when long lines are especially desirable trim the seams of a wire-gored skirt with Valenciennes insertion a half inch wide and a frill of the narrow lace set on either edge. The same bands trimmed the waist and sleeves and are set in around, or up and down a close sleeve which has lace-edged ruffles falling from the shoulder. Yoke waists are as fashionable as ever, and one sample dress shown has a poke of alternate rows of Valenciennes insertion and organdie. A lace edged frill with a heading to finish it across the back and front, and puffed sleeves striped with the insertion. The bows of ribbon on the shoulder are a pretty addition, and fancy ribbons of all sorts are the crowning glory of all this dresses.—New York Sun.

It's Easy to Offend. Last week I remarked that a man might not set up in business as a "lawyer, a doctor, a dentist, or even a druggist," unless legally qualified. The words "even a druggist" have proved a bitter pill in many chemists' shops. One chemist who has written to me thinks that I am laboring under a wrong impression as to the training "the much-abused druggist" has to undergo, and incloses me a syllabus of the subjects of which he is required to show a sufficient knowledge before being admitted to the high estate of the registered chemist and druggist, and becoming endowed with a monopoly of vending a few poisons. He asks me to come to the conclusion that he may claim an equality with, if not precedence of, a qualified dentist.—London Truth.

That

Extreme tired feeling afflicts nearly everybody at this season. The bustlers cease to push, the tireless grow weary, the energetic become enervated. You know just what we mean. Some men and women endeavor temporarily to overcome that

Tired

Feeling by great force of will. But this is unsafe, as it pulls powerfully upon the nervous system, which will not long stand such strain. Too many people "work on their nerves," and the result is seen in unfortunate wrecks marked "nervous prostration," in every direction. That tired

Feel-

ing is a positive proof of thin, weak, impure blood; for, if the blood is rich, red, vitalized and vigorous, it imparts life and energy to every nerve, organ and tissue of the body. The necessity of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling is, therefore, apparent to every one, and the good it will do you is equally beyond question. Remember that

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If the stomach is full or bilious it will cause squamous feelings at first. No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

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