

The Only Way

A Fascinating Romance by Alan Adair

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)
Not the strictest purist on the earth could cavil at his writing to her. As he felt—that is, from his heart—so he wrote to her:

My Own Joyce: I am breaking my self-imposed resolution to tell you that I am leaving England for Australia on the Condor, which sails next week. I cannot live this life any longer. Do you know I come out at night just to look at the house that contains you? There is no joy for anything, and I am afraid of breaking down under the strain. I must work, sweetheart; I must do something. Life is too hard. Joyce, I do not wish to see you again. If I saw you again I should never leave you; but I must hear from you to know if you are well, dearest. I ought to say to you that you should try and forget me, and be happy with some other man, but I cannot. It is tremendous selfishness on my part; but it would kill me if you were to look at another man. But it is not for that I am writing, but to tell you I am leaving. Your own ALAN.

When Joyce received this letter she sat quite still for a little time. She felt as if her heart must break when she thought of Alan. She knew what his unmet meant; she knew that if it were possible that he could lay his head against her shoulder, and feel her hand upon his brow, all his troubles would vanish. But this might not be. Never again could they go through the agony of another parting, never again would they look into each other's eyes and see what it was costing them to walk the path of duty—the only way for them. But she—she must look upon his face again. She would go down to Southampton, and then she would try and get a glimpse of his dear face, so that she could see for herself how he looked.

She told no one of her project. It was not a wise thing to do, but it was a thing she must do.

Veronica was resting in her room; the boy was with her. Now she had a nurse for him, and she had a pretty house and all comforts; but she looked more haggard than in the old days, when she eked out a miserable existence by teaching. Then there was something to live for, now she had nothing.

She heard a tap at the door that made her tremble. Hutchinson had been a frequent visitor lately—since she had been prosperous. His visits always left her poorer and sadder. She did not mind the money, having a childish ignorance on the subject; but she did mind the way he spoke of Alan. She prepared herself for battle when she heard his knock. He came in, looking more bloated and excited than ever. Lately he had drunk very heavily. Today he was sober enough but he looked more angry than he had done of late.

"So that fellow thinks he is going to elude me!" he said, as he came into the room; "but he makes a mistake!" Veronica turned pale. She knew he was speaking of Alan, and that he was threatening him.

"What do you mean?" she asked boldly.

"Do you mean to say that you don't know that that precious husband of yours means to sail in the Condor on Friday? I dare say he wants to desert you, and to go off with that other woman!"

"Alan would not do that," said Veronica, quickly. "However much he and she suffer, they will do nothing wrong."

"I dare say he is a saint!" sneered Hutchinson. "Well, he will have a chance of going to heaven quickly, for I've sworn to do for him, and this is my last chance!"

Veronica listened. Hutchinson had spoken like this before, and it had come to nothing; still, it was possible that he might be desperate now. He looked it, and if he meant mischief to Alan she must warn him. Not a hair of Alan's dear head should fall by this man's hand. Still, she knew that she must not let Hutchinson suspect that she was on the alert.

"So he sails on Friday?" she said quietly. "From Southampton, is it not? He wrote to wish me good-by."

"It will be a longer good-by than he knows of," said the man. "Lend me two pounds, Veronica."

Veronica hesitated. He might be asking for money in order to kill her husband; but she had often lent him money before, so she rose slowly and went to the writing table and took it out.

"I suppose he has made a settlement upon you?" he asked, with cunning leer. And poor Veronica, falling into the trap, answered:

"Yes."

"Then it's all right," he said, and went out.

Veronica sprang up from her chair the instant the hall door clanged after him. She knew he meant mischief to Alan. She kissed her boy many, many times before giving him in charge of his nurse. She was always loth to let him out of her sight; but today she almost felt as if she would never look upon him again. At the same time she felt strangely happy, for it seemed as if at last she were able to do something for Alan.

when he was removed from the temptation of seeing Joyce, and when he might now and again hear from her. And as he sat in the corner of his carriage he thought he saw a familiar figure pass. It was Hutchinson's clench, but he did not think much about it. He pulled his cap over his eyes, and pretended to go to sleep; but although he kept his eyes shut no sleep came to him. Southampton, it seemed to him, was soon reached. He got out of the train and began collecting his belongings. He was turning to go when suddenly he heard the sound of a report and then a woman's cry. In an instant all was commotion. A woman had fallen close beside him—a dark-haired, slight woman. He rushed forward to help her up, quite unconscious then that the shot that had been fired was meant for him, and that the woman had intercepted it. He had a dim idea, too, that he saw Hutchinson slipping away somewhere; but he, as well as every one else, was occupied by the fallen woman.

His were the arms that helped her up, and his were the eyes that recognized Veronica. "My God!" he cried. And when they said "Do you know her?" he answered "Yes, and the shot has killed her was meant for me!"

He carried her to a room near, and when he laid her down she opened her eyes and smiled. "I am so happy," she said, softly. "Alan, I never thought to feel your arms round me again."

"Veronica," he said, remorsefully. "I would gladly have given my life if this had not happened!"

"I know it," she said, "but think of me for one instant, Alan. You see, I love you, darling. I am dying, so that it does not matter, and my life made you unhappy. By dying for you I make you and her happy. It is the only way, Alan—the only way."

"But, Veronica—" he urged. But she would not let him speak.

"I don't think I have long, dear. Let me die like this in your arms, my head upon your shoulder—so. You think I'm pretty still, don't you? What was I saying? Oh, that it will not matter, except for the boy. But I know you and she will be good to him. I should have liked to have seen him just once again. You know Hutchinson swore he would be revenged on you, and so I followed him; and when he fired at you I threw myself between. I was so happy, Alan, dear. The happiest moment of my life was when I felt that I might die for you."

"Veronica," he said, touched to the heart, "I don't deserve it—indeed I don't!"

"You see," she went on, "I made you so unhappy by living—it is the only way."

And when the doctor came a few moments after Alan could see there was no hope. The bullet had pierced her side, and she was bleeding internally. She fell into a state of semi-consciousness; but towards midnight she opened her eyes suddenly.

"Kiss me, Alan," she said, "and love my boy."

And whilst his lips touched hers her spirit passed away.

Joyce, waiting at the docks for a glimpse of the man she loved, saw the great vessel glide out to sea without him. Something must have happened to delay him, she thought! Full of fear and anxiety, she returned home, wondering what had detained him; but the next day she had a telegram with these words: "Veronica died last night. I am coming at once." And then she knew that something serious had occurred.

Alan came to her, chastened, grey-haired; but still Alan. And when he told her the simple, touching story of poor Veronica's self-sacrifice and death they went together. And Joyce resolved then and there to be a good and loving mother to Alan and Veronica's boy, which vow she nobly kept. Indeed, there was nothing stepmotherly about Joyce, and she could say truly that she had had nothing but pity for poor Veronica, even whilst she was keeping Alan and herself apart.

Alan lost no time in marrying Joyce again. "They had suffered so much," he said, "there was no need to prolong their suffering." Now, indeed, their life is the ideal life of married people, whose strong love for each other is not stronger than their love of duty, and who did not scruple to sacrifice everything they loved best for what they knew to be right.

And as for Veronica's boy, he is like Joyce's own. Indeed, if anything, she spoils him more than her own children.

"His mother saved your life, dear," she said once, in after days, when Alan expostulated with her, "and he is a dear boy, and he is yours, so you see I have three of the most excellent reasons for spoiling him."

Hutchinson was never seen again. There was a hue-and-cry after him, but he was never found. Whether he knew that the shot meant for Alan had been received by Veronica no one could tell. He disappeared, and Joyce and Alan were glad that it should be so. They had suffered so much that they wanted a little peace. Most of all, they did not want revenge. It was poor Veronica who had paid the debt, and she had done it gladly, saying that it was "The Only Way."

(The End.)
The most fiery author—Burns.

A TOUGH GERM.

Remarkable Vitality Shown by Plague Bacilli in Tests.

Dr. M. J. Rosenau, director of the Hygienic laboratory of the United States marine hospital service, has been making experiments to find out how tough an animal the plague bacillus is, says the New York Press. He finds him to be one of the toughest of the bacillus family. He says: "It is the experience of all observers that the bacillus cannot live long outside the body when dried at a temperature of 30 degrees centigrade or over, but at a temperature lower than this and under 20 degrees centigrade it has been kept alive 60 and 75 days. The German plague commission found that the organism always lost its power of infection when dried, within eight days, in India, but after returning to Germany could be kept alive after drying 28 days, at 15 degrees to 18 degrees centigrade. My own experience indicates that the organisms, which dried, will die quickly if the temperature reaches 27 degrees centigrade, but that at 23 degrees it may live much longer." Some bacilli, it is thought, are harder than others, just as some persons are. The doctor put some bacilli on little squares of crash and set some of the pieces of cloth to dry in a dark corner of the laboratory where the temperature ranged from 20 to 27 degrees centigrade. Other inoculated pieces of crash he placed in a cool room with a temperature of about 18 degrees centigrade. Still other pieces were placed in a photographic dark room where the temperature was about 23 degrees centigrade. The bacilli from the different pieces of crash were tried every once in a while to see how lively they were. After 13 days the bacilli on the pieces of crash in the dry dark corner of the laboratory, where the temperature was high, ceased to grow, and were pronounced dead. But a bacillus from the cool chamber was strong enough, after being there 48 days, to kill a mouse inoculated with it. The mouse died in three days. A bacillus which stayed in the dark room for 48 days killed a mouse in two days. The same experiments were tried with pine wood infected with plague bacilli, and it was found that they did not flourish as well as when placed on crash. The bacilli in the laboratory died after four days, those in the cool chamber after eight days and those in the dark room after 11 days.

DO DOGS THINK?

Some Thinking Dogs Observed by Herr Steiner-Brunner.

Do dogs think? Yes, replied Herr Steiner Brunner, the landlord of the Hotel du Glacier at Melden, in the Turtmannthal. Herr Brunner left his mountain hotel during the last winter under the guardianship of a watchman, whose only companions were a couple of dogs—a French "griffon" and a little "spitz." A month ago the watchman was cutting wood in the neighborhood of the hotel, when he was suddenly overwhelmed by an avalanche. The two dogs were with their master, and must have seen him thus buried by the fallen mass of snow. Unable to get at him for his release, his two canine friends, either with or without holding counsel together, rushed down the mountain (which stands at the height of 1,800 meters above the sea level) and made their way to Herr Brunner's house in the valley. There, by snorting, barking and other signs of excitement, they made the landlord understand that something extraordinary had occurred at the summit. The host, with three men and two dogs, ascended to the Hotel du Glacier, a journey which occupied them nine hours. When they arrived at the spot where the accident had happened, "it was as clearly indicated by the conduct of the two dogs as if they had said in words, 'This is the place.'" The watchman was soon excavated from his snowy grave, and quickly recovered himself. As he could give the exact time at which the avalanche had fallen, it was calculated that the two dogs had made their downward journey in little more than an hour, and during a heavy snowfall. —London News.

A Sparrow's Memory.

Last year a red-headed sparrow built her nest in a grape vine behind a house on Riverside street, and after a time used to come to the window every day and rap on the pane of glass for food. This rapping began by the sparrow trying to pick up a crumb that had fallen inside the window, and ever thereafter one crumb was left inside the pane so that the morning call of the saucy little creature would be heralded by a rapping on the glass. When fall, with its cold winds, came all the birds went away, and with them the two sparrows and their flock of young. The other morning, whilst the woman of the house was busy with her cares, there came a tiny tap-tap at the window, and there was the little red head of the sparrow. Crumbs were thrown out, and a little later the woman noticed that the bird had begun to build her nest in the old place. —Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Used in Controlling Clocks.

One of the interesting pieces of apparatus recently shown at the Royal society soiree at London was a clock which was controlled from a distance by means of wireless telegraphy. The signals were transmitted by Hertz waves, and there was a short vertical wire, a coherent, relay and local battery, which worked the mechanism of the clock. It was stated that with the use of a standard pendulum and this apparatus all the clocks in town would be kept alike without the use of wires. —Indianapolis Press.

EVILS OF SPOILATION

Institute for the Blind at Nebraska City Crippled by Incompetency.

LOOSE METHODS ARE EMPLOYED

In Transacting the Business of the Institute—The Administration Severely Arraigned and Openly Impugned by Fusion Officials Themselves.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., Aug. 27. To the history of mismanagement, incompetency, party spoilation and political preferment in the conduct of state institutions under the fusion administration, the Institute for the Blind at Nebraska City furnishes an unenviable chapter. This institution, like all the rest, has been made an asylum for those of the fusion party who by reason of party service have, in the eyes of the fusion leaders, merited recognition to the extent of having their names on the pay roll. It is a matter of common notoriety that J. E. Harris, the present superintendent, acquired this position through a deal made on the floor of the convention, whereby he was to step aside as candidate for lieutenant governor and give way to Lieutenant Governor Gilbert, a free silver republican. His eligibility and fitness entered into the deal only as a secondary consideration, notwithstanding that the position carries with it a great deal of responsibility. But Harris was in the way of a tripartite arrangement and to remove the obstruction, the head of Superintendent Jones went into the basket and Harris was given his position, which among other things, carries with it a salary of \$1,800 a year and board and lodging. UNFITTED FOR SUPERINTENDENT.

At one period in his life Superintendent Harris was young and agile. That was many years ago. Senility in its irresistible pilgrimage has reclaimed him from the paths of youth and has left him once tall and robust form to its will. The elasticity of step has disappeared, and the visitation of time is indicated by a head white from the frosts of many winters. Irrespective of his mental qualifications, age and physical decrepitude combined to incapacitate him for duties incident to the superintendency of such an institution. Nor can it be denied that age militates against Mr. Harris. The fact is that he does not teach at all, though the custom, as well as the rule, has always been for the superintendent to teach one or more of the branches.

When asked why he did not teach Superintendent Harris frankly stated that he was too old. He also stated that before assuming the position he informed Governor Poynter that he would not teach, yet despite this he was appointed.

DISAPPOINTMENT OF FUNDS.

Few business houses in Nebraska could conduct their affairs along the same line of this institute without in the end going into bankruptcy. In the first place, only about eighty blind children are in the institution all told. Strange and startling as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, as attested by vouchers on file in the auditor's office, that the number of people on the pay roll is equal to more than 60 per cent of the number of inmates. The June vouchers show fifteen teachers and thirty-two other employees (see vouchers B45994 and B45997). This does not include the superintendent and his wife, nor the steward and his wife, all of whom are on the pay roll, making in all a salary list of fifty-one people. The story of this raid on the treasury is fully recited by the numerous vouchers on file in the auditor's office and the consequent depletion of the funds. The wife of the superintendent has had her name on the pay roll only a short time, and the fact that it is there can be regarded only in the light of a testimonial to fusion persistency, which knows no adversity in the attainment of pecuniary triumph.

The school has upwards of fifteen teachers on the pay roll, at from \$50 to \$65 per month each. So far as the pay roll is concerned, it reflects a most prodigal spirit on the part of the administration, and strongly indicates that the primary object of fusion dominance is to gather in the loaves and fishes. Apply the per capita expense of education in this institution to all other institutions of learning in the state, making due allowance for the character of the instruction, and the state in a few short years would be debt-ridden from one end to the other.

DIVIDING THE LOAVES AND FISHES.

The manner in which Superintendent Harris was appointed has been told. With slight modification the story might be applied to nearly all the employees of the institution. In nearly every appointment can be seen traces of political spoilation. The damage done as a result of this reaches a limit that is incalculable. Nor is it to be presumed that there have not been frequent changes without consequent demoralization. In proof of this assertion all that needs be cited is excerpts from the official report. In the biennial report of the institution under date of December 14, 1898 (see page 348), Mrs. Caroline McTaggart evidences her lack of knowledge of her duties by openly stating in her report that: "My experience in the work is too limited to enable me to say with any great degree of certainty what pupils may accomplish."

W. B. Woods, another teacher, unconsciously throws the searchlight on the ephemeracy of the tenure of office in the same report by calling attention to the fact that an experience of three months in teaching English in a school for the blind, in addition to a year's experience in teaching other subjects, is entirely too brief to make any conclusions of much value.

And this is the history of state institutions under fusionism. There is such a mad scramble for spoils and such little regard for the

public weal that scarcely is one appointee inducted into office than he is put out to make room for another. This keeps the institutions in constant restlessness and turmoil, keeps them in the hands of inexperienced individuals, with the result that those for whom these institutions are maintained derive little or no benefit. Since the fusionists acquired control, two different superintendents have been appointed at Nebraska City and numerous changes have been made in the list of teachers. In each instance, or nearly so, the change has been made for political reasons.

Under such conditions is it any wonder that the teachers do not feel fully qualified to give an opinion on the best methods in teaching the blind, or that the institution itself should in its achievements fall far short of meeting contemplated statutory requirements?

FARMING OUT PATRONAGE.

The man with a "pull" is very much in evidence at Nebraska City. It was a "pull" that placed Frank Marnell on the pay roll as steward at \$800 per year, along with his wife at \$180 per year. Marnell is so fortunate as to have a brother in the newspaper business. He publishes a fusion daily at Nebraska City. This is why he was deemed fitted for steward. Nor does the Marnell family stop at that. The Nebraska City News boasts of too potent a leverage in the affairs of the fusion party to be placated or pacified by a stewardship. It not only boasts but it commands, and it therefore receives more substantial recognition than its ordinarily accorded fusion obligations. Filed away in the archives of the auditor's office are vouchers bearing testimony to the frequent expeditions of the publisher of the News across the plains from Nebraska City to the treasury at Lincoln. Most of the money is for job work, work given the News, it is reported, at its own figures and without competition. Within the last year the News has managed to gather in about \$200 of the state's money without much exertion and at very little cost to itself. (See vouchers B31302, B35576, B35899, B37601, B41404, B43388 and B46205.) Other besides the News people are keeping in close and sympathetic touch with the treasury. It is a noticeable fact that the books contain the firm name of Cardwell & Leidigh, though the same Mr. Cardwell is the president of the Board of Trustees of the institution. Though Cardwell & Leidigh are in the hardware business the firm's name is found as creditor in the "living expense" account of the institute.

It is a strange anomaly that, which places the employe in a position to "order and direct" his employer. It would also be strangely anomalous were the system prevalent over the land for an official to be his own auditor or account examiner. But here is an example of it:

"This voucher is hereby approved by the Board of Trustees this 4th day of May, 1900, and the Auditor of Public Accounts is hereby ordered and directed to draw his warrant for the sum of \$25.35 in full payment and satisfaction of the same, and this claim is found to be correct and approved in all things.

"J. J. CARDWELL,
"President Board of Trustees."

The voucher above referred to was for the firm, of which Cardwell is a member, for goods sold to the state. (See voucher B45431.) This firm's name appears on the books in several instances, as having sold goods to the institute. In addition to this it is currently reported that some of those contractors who have from time to time secured contracts for building and repairing have been for some unaccountable reason partial to this firm in placing their orders for material. During the last year the amount of building and repair work has reached over \$5,000, but as all the vouchers are made in omnibus form and in the name of the contractor, there is nothing of record to show just who or what firm came in for the plunder.

LAX BUSINESS METHODS.

The omnibus system of making out vouchers has become notorious under the present administration. That it opens an avenue to the commission of other evils will gainsay. It is a common occurrence to find vouchers for large amounts made out in the very indefinite terms of "for labor and material," without specifying how much of either. These terms are employed as frequently in rendering bills where there is no contract as where there is. In the last year a barn costing about \$450 was built without advertising for bids, and that the state paid dearly for the luxury is quite apparent. A running track and bowling alley was built in the gymnasium at a cost of \$900, and the voucher reads: "For material, \$500; labor, \$400." There is nothing in the voucher to show specifically how much material or how much labor the state received.

As a rule, the methods employed in the conduct of the institute, are equally as vulnerable. The manner in which bills are made out affords an opportunity for a vast amount of fraud. It is safe to say that there is scarcely an article in the grocery line, but what there are several grades of it. In many instances, especially in canned and bottled goods, there is not only a difference in quality but a difference in quantity. The bills rendered the institute in no way recognizes this very important distinction. If a bill be rendered for bottled goods, such as catsup or table sauces, it simply gives the number of bottles, never mentions the brand, which in the grocery line is a synonym of quality, and seldom gives the size of the bottle or quantity. This course may be pursued without an object, but it can be seen at once that it affords an opportunity for fraud, both in letting contracts to favorites and in charging for goods never delivered. No one seems to question the honesty of Superintendent Harris or of Steward Marnell. What complaint is made is made against the Board of Trustees and the governor for placing and maintaining people in office to manage the affairs of a state institution who have little or no conception of their duty or of ordinary business methods.

A BAD MIXTURE.

Superintendent Harris undertakes to manage the school and the "farm" at the same time, with the result that neither is properly managed. The "farm" is a ten-acre piece of ground, and is little more than a play yard,

yet Superintendent Harris manages to make it a luxury and an expensive one to the taxpayers. With only three horses, a half dozen hogs and four cows to look after there are several "farm laborers" at the institute whose duty it is to care for the stock (?) and attend the "crops." Quarters could be secured for all the stock on the "farm" at the best hotel in the state for less money than is expended for their keeping at the institute. As a patron of husbandry, so far as profits to the state are concerned, Mr. Harris is anything but a brilliant success.

And there are leaks in the institution as well as in the "farm." Irrespective of the large pay roll, there are leaks that in the long run make a noticeable increase in the cost of maintaining the school.

One of these leaks is the department of chemistry. Another is in the teaching of zoology, botany, biology and mineralogy. Considerable money has been consumed by the department of chemistry, though few familiar with that branch of study—who would recognize at once the necessity of sight—would think of placing chemistry in the curriculum of the blind. Reviewing this very problem, Prof. McTaggart of the department of science and mathematics of the institute, in his biennial report to the superintendent (in 1898, page 329) says: "In the study of chemistry, biology and mineralogy the nicest discriminations and most accurate measurements must be made, involving the use of instruments requiring sight. No adequate knowledge of zoology or botany can be had without the use of the dissecting knife and microscope. In chemistry, analytical and quantitative determinations require the most definite and complicated processes which cannot be carried on by persons who have lost their sight. This statement is so nearly self evident that it hardly needs to be made."

In the face of this, however, a department of chemistry is maintained, though only to the extent of purchasing the necessary instruments and material. None of the expense is removed, though the teaching of this and kindred sciences has practically been abandoned. Only recently an order for \$50 worth of material for this department was given, though it is apparent, for the foregoing reason, that it is a clear waste of money.

DANGER OF SICKNESS.

Nothing goes farther in evidencing decrepitude and inactivity on the part of the management than the general appearance of the institute. The walls and floors at the close of school this summer were very filthy, and it is a remarkable stroke of fortune that sickness has not wrought sad havoc among the inmates. According to reports, the buildings have, hygienically speaking, never been kept properly regulated since the fusionists have had charge. In bad condition as they are now, according to Superintendent Harris, things were much worse when he was appointed and took charge one year ago. Speaking of the condition of things at that time Superintendent Harris said:

"It was a most terrible sight. The buildings were fairly alive with bed-bugs. After we came here my wife and I worked for six months before we finally got rid of the bed-bugs. The bugs were in every room, in the beds and upon the walls, and even the rooms occupied by the superintendent and his family were alive with them. It was the worst sight I ever beheld."

This is what one fusion official says of the management of another fusion official. Assuming that Superintendent Harris found the building in the condition stated he has made some improvements, yet there is wide room for further improvements along the line of cleanliness, and if additional steps in that direction are not taken disease and pestilence may result at any time. It is no doubt true that Superintendent Harris has waged a successful warfare against the aperturous trespassers which he found inhabiting the bedding and furniture of the institute when he took charge, but there is yet an ample opportunity afforded him for distinction in other directions. On the whole, there is room for many beneficial changes at this institute, both in the way of stopping raids on the treasury and improving the faculty. Under fusion control grades in this institution exist only in theory and not in practice, and the pupil graduates much in the way a stone rolls down hill—picking out its own way without any well defined route or limitation as to time. Properly managed, the institute can be maintained at much less expense and to much greater advantage. So long, however, as positions in this and other institutions are given out in liquidation of political debts the theory of reform, so conspicuously pictured by the fusion leaders, becomes at once a ludicrous incongruity. When Superintendent Harris was asked why he did not grade the school he said:

"I would like to, but you know our term of office is so indefinite that one hardly knows what to do. If I felt secure in my position for any material length of time I would do so."

This is the whole story in a few words. Under fusionism frequent changes have demoralized the institutions, and time which should be devoted to the good of the institution is spent in contriving plans to keep the official head beyond reach of the guillotine.

The Trap "Worked."

For some time Isaac Mulford, a farmer living near Bridgton, N. J., has been missing chickens, so he sat a man trap without letting the family know. His son, Alfred, stayed out late the other evening, and while slipping up to the house, was caught in the trap. Fearing a dressing down from his father for staying out so late the young man stayed there all night. His martyrdom was in vain, for the first person to see him next morning was his father.

Hopeful as to Results.

Witham, the Georgia bankers, and his party of cashiers and pretty girls, left New York for the south the last of the week. There have been no marriages as the result of the trip, although it is understood that matrimony was one of its objects of the junket. There is the consolation of knowing that seven engagements have been made, however, and doubtless the weddings will take place in Georgia in due time.