THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY," AND $1.50 A YEAR IS THE PRICE OF THE CHIEF.

VOL XII. RED CLOUD, WEBSTER COUNTY, NEB. FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1885. NO. 37

BUY YOUR GOODS!

AT THE OLD

Reliable Furniture and Undertaking House

Opposite Postoffice. My stock of Furniture and Mortuary Goods, is the LARGEST and MOST COMPLETE ever brought to the the Republican Valley and my prices can not fail to please.

R. L. TINKER.

RED CLOUD CHIEF

EVERY FRIDAY BY

A. C. HOSMER.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year $1.50
One copy, six months, . . . 75
One copy, four months, . . . 50

Entered at the Postoffice in Red Cloud as matter of the second class.

B. & M. Time Table.

No		Arrive	Leave
	Red Cloud to Crete, mail		6:45am
	Chicago mail	7:00am	
	Oxford and Hastings exp	9:00am	9:20am
	"Cannon ball" to Denver	9:00am	9:20am
	Hastings to Oxford exp	7:00pm	7:20pm
	Crete to Red Cloud mail	7:00pm	
	"Cannon ball" to Kansas C.	10:00pm	10:15pm
	Chicago mail		11:10

The Oxford and Hasting express and Crete mail make connections at Hastings and Crete with Denver Chicago through train.

Hastings and Oxford train brings passengers from Chicago to Denver express.

A. J. WELCH, Ticket Agent.

COUNTY OFFICES.

John P. Rayha, County Clerk.
Chas. Buschow, County Treasurer.
Geo. O. Yeiser, County Judge.
J. W. Warren, Sheriff.
Chas. W. Springer, Superintendent of Public Instruction.
C. J. Dinker, County Surveyor.
J. M. Mosena, County Coroner.
Jacob L. Miller, Jno. McCallum, I. B. Hampton, } County Com.

Business Directory.

J. O. B. STANFER,
AUCTIONEER,
HICKS - - - NEBRASKA

L. W. TULLEYS, M. D.,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
U. S. Examining Surgeon.
OFFICE—Opposite First National Bank Red Cloud.

G. E. McKEEBY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE—First door west of Cook's drug store. Office hours from 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 4, and 7 to 8 p. m. Residence 2 blocks west of court house.
RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA.

R. DAMERELL, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Red Cloud, Nebraska.
OFFICE—Over the new postoffice.

GILHAM & RICKARDS,
ATTORNEYS.
Red Cloud, Nebraska.
OFFICE—In Smith Bros. law office.

C. W. KALEY. J. L. KALEY.
KALEY BROS.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
RED CLOUD, NEB.
Agents for the B. & M. R. R. Lands

O. C. CASE. JAS. MCNENY.
CASE & McNENY,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW
Will practice in all courts of this State. Collections as well as litigated business carefully and efficiently attended to. Abstracts furnished on application.
OFFICE—Over First National Bank, Red Cloud, Neb.

DR. C. SCHENCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Cowles, Nebraska.
Professional calls promptly attended.
OFFICE: At residence Cowles. 8-51

R. E. Moore, Pres't. J. L. Miner, V. Pres't.
John Moore, Cashier
First National Bank
RED CLOUD, NEB.
Capital, - 75,000.
Transact a general banking business, buy and sell County warrants, Alo County, Precinct and School District bonds. Buy and sell Foreign Exchange.
DIRECTORS:
R. E. Moore, John Moore,
J. Mosher, R. C. Outcalt
W. N. Richardson.

DO YOU KNOW

THAT

LORRILARD'S CLIMAX

PLUG TOBACO

The Red Tin Tag; Rose Leaf fine cut chewing; Phillippings; Jags, black, twn, and yellow chaws are the best and cheapest quality co[illegible]

Attention Teachers.

Notice is hereby given that I will examine all persons who may desire to offer themselves as candidates for teachers of the common schools of Webster county at my office in Red Cloud on the third Saturday of each month. Examinations to commence at 9 a. m. Do not ask for special examinations.

C. W. SPRINGER,
County superintendent of public instruction.

Nebraska Lumber Co,

—DEALERS IN—

LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES SASH, DOORS, BLINDS &C.

RED CLOUD - NEBRASKA

DRY LUMBER A SPECIALTY, THE BEST IN THE MARKET AND

SOLD AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

C. A. OWEN,
PAPER HANGER!

House and Sign Painter
Grainer and Glazier

All kinds of Fancy and Plain wall Decorations Promptly and Neatly Done.

Get my terms before you have your work done. Work guaranteed.

WALKER & BRAKEFIELD,

— DEALERS IN —

Pumps, Wind Mills, Well Tubing

And Everything in our line. When wanting anything in the Pump Windmill line it will pay you to see us. Our Prices are the Lowest and Work Guaranteed.

OFFICE---On Third Avenue, Opposite Miner Bros., Store, Red Cloud Nebraska. Don't fail to see us before buying.

WILLIAM GATES,
PROPRIETOR OF
RED CLOUD MEAT MARKET.

First Door South of Sherer's Drug Store.

FRESH AND SAL MEATS, FISH POULTRY.

Oysters, Sausage, Bologna, &c., &c.

Always on hand. Call and see them whenever you want the best and the sweetest meats.

DR. J. S. EMIGH
DENTIST,
RED CLOUD NEBRASKA.
Fine Office Work a Specialty.
Laughing Gas always on hand. Office over Red Cloud National Bank.

1883.

NOTICE---TIMBER CULTURE.

U. S. Land office, Bloomington, Neb, March 26, 1885.

COMPLAINT HAVING BEEN ENTERED at this office by Matthew R. Bentley against Charles Kaley, Sr., for failure to comply with law as to timber culture entry number six, dated April 27, 1878, upon the west ½ sw ¼ section 8, township 1, range 11, in Webster county, Neb, with a view to cancellation of said entry, contestant alleging that Charles Kaley Sr. has failed for the last three years to protect and cultivate the timber on said land, and that the required number of trees on which to make final proof are not upon said land, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 8th day of May, 1885, at 9 o'clock, a. m. to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged failure. James McNeny, Notary Public, is hereby appointed to take testimony in this case at his office in Red Cloud, Neb, on the 5th day of May, 1885, 10 A. M.

S. W. SWITZER, Register.
R. W. MONTGOMERY, Receiver. 20-6w

The Jolly Jollet, Josiah John Jacobs "Jumping Jack" and Royal George, Lutz's tried and true terrible tough trotting "Turkish Triumph" will stand together at Red Cloud, this year.

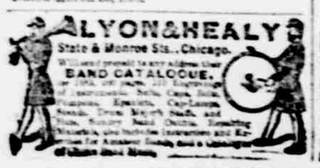
ED. LUTZ, Owner.

LEGAL NOTICE.

THE NEW ENGLAND MORTGAGE SECURITY COMPANY, a corporation, plaintiff,
vs.
Isaac H. Hummell, Mary C. Hummell, Rose Fisher, administratrix of Charles M. Fisher, deceased, Rose Fisher, Myrtle Fisher, infant heirs of Charles M. Fisher, defendants.

Isaac H. Hummell and Mary C. Hummell, defendants, will take notice that on the 21st day of March, 1885, The New England Mortgage Security Company filed its petition in the district court of Webster county, Nebraska, against said defendants et al, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a mortgage executed by said defendants, Isaac H. Hummell and Mary C. Hummell to the plaintiff, upon the west half of the north-west quarter of section twelve (12) in township three (3), north of range eleven (11) in Webster county, Nebraska, to secure the payment of one certain coupon note dated January 24, 1881, for $300, with interest, due December 1, 1884. That there is now due on said coupon note the sum of $317.99, with interest from December 1, 1884, at 10 per cent. per annum. Plaintiff prays for a decree that defendant be required to pay the same, or that said premises be sold to satisfy the amount found due. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 1st day of May 1885.

THE NEW ENGLAND MORTGAGE SECURITY COMPANY,
By its Attorneys, Dilworth, Smith & Dilworth.
Dated March 30, 1885.



TEST YOUR BAKING POWDER TO-DAY!

Reliable advertisers to absolutely prove CONTAIN AMMONIA.

THE TEST:

Place a can into a hot oven until heated, then remove the cover and smell. A chemist who will not be paid to detect the presence of ammonia.

DOES NOT CONTAIN AMMONIA.

ITS HEALTHFULNESS HAS NEVER BEEN QUESTIONED.

In a million homes for a quarter of a century it has stood the test of every housekeeper.

THE TEST OF THE OVEN.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.,
MAKERS OF
Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts,
The strongest, most delicious and natural flavors known.
Dr. Price's Lupulin Yeast Gems
For Light, Healthy Bread. The Best Dry Hop Yeast in the World.
FOR SALE BY GROCERS.
CHICAGO. - ST. LOUIS.

DR. PRICE'S SPECIAL FLAVORING EXTRACTS

MOST PERFECT MADE

Purest and strongest Natural Fruit Flavors. Vanilla, Lemon, Orange, Almond, Rose, etc., flavor as delicately and naturally as the fruit.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.,
CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

Drugs! Drugs!

HENRY COOK.

— Dealer in —

Drugs, Paints, Oils

Notions, Wall Paper, &c

Red Cloud, - Nebraska

Harness Shop,

—BY—

J. L. MILLER.

—DEALER IN—

HARNESS, COLLARS, SADDLES, HORSE BLANKETS, WHIPS, COMBS, BRUSHES, HARNESS OIL.

And everything usually kept in a first class shop.

Two doors north of 1st Nat. Bank. RED CLOUD, NEB.

Trunks & Valises.

THE CITY

Drug Store!

R. R. Sherer, Prop.

Headquarters for Paints,

OILS AND DRUGS.

Proprietary Medicines a Specialty

ALWAYS BRANCH AT PRINCETON ALL PERFUMES

L. H. Rust,

HORTICULTURIST

AND DEALER IN

GENERAL

Nursery Stock!

As I have had some experience in the Nursery business, I think I can furnish you stock to suit our climate from

Home Grown Nurseries!

And would ask a share of the trade

GEO. O. YEISER. E. D. YEISER
GEORGE BALL

Geo. O. Yeiser & Co.,

Real Estate Agents

RED CLOUD, NEB.

No. 1.—480 acres 4 miles from Red Cloud, 10 acres fenced, 40 acres under cultivation, good frame house, 8 rooms, frame barn with stone basement, size 32x40, price $6,000.

No. 22.—320 acres 10 miles from Red Cloud, 80 acres fenced, 175 acres under cultivation, all good smooth land, price $6,500.

No. 50.—160 acres 4½ miles from Red Cloud, 60 acres under cultivation, price $1,200.

No. 126.—80 acres at Inavale, small frame house well and four acres under cultivation, price $15 per acre.

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER - - Proprietor

FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1885.

DARK DAYS.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back."

But let it also be hoped that few have ever endured such grief and anguish!

CHAPTER XVI.

"WHERE ARE THE SNOWS THAT FELL LAST YEAR?"

Although, while engaged in the labor of writing this story, I have many times regretted that I am adhering more than a plain narrator of facts and incidents in a matter of fiction, I think I have not yet felt the regret so strongly as at the moment when I begin this chapter. The sombre scene of the late drama in which Philippa and I played parts so painful as full of grief, and even if it be denied to a try of joy, of joy fallacious and of uncertain tenure—these scenes I have found it is difficult to describe. I find it easy enough to throw my mind back to the pictures of the past and reproduce them in words. The task, whether well or ill done, was not a hard one.

But now, when in one moment and as if by magic, everything changed, when sorrow seemed to be simply swept out of our lives, when that poor sign, written in confession of guilt, turned from him in some mysterious way, not only left our whole future bright and sunnyless, but consigned to rest all the ghosts of the past, whose shadowy forms had hitherto dogged our steps and denied us the happiness rightly due to those who love as we loved, now it is that I feel my favorite songs so dreary, and wish my pen was more powerful than it is.

And yet a word will describe the state of my own mind as when the last solemn words were spoken by the judge—spoken in a voice which showed emotion and distress at being compelled to condemn a fellow-creature to death—I carried my fainting wife from the crowded, reeking court. The momentary sense of rapture passed away; bewilderment, sheer bewilderment, is the word for what was left. I could not think. All my reasoning faculties had left me. In fact, I believe that had Philippa not swooned, and so needed my mechanically given care, I myself should have fallen senseless on that threshold which an hour before we crossed, thinking we were going to endless misery.

I remember this much. As I laid Philippa on one of the hard wooden benches in the stone corridor I kept repeating to myself "Innocent, my love is innocent; that man is guilty." I suppose this continual reiteration was an endeavor to impress the tremendous fact upon my brain, which for a time was incredulous, and refused to entertain it.

I threw to my wife's veil and bathed her face with water, which was brought me by a kindly policeman. Presently her eyes opened, and consciousness returned; she strove to speak.

My presence of mind was fast returning. "Dearest," I whispered, "as you love me, not a word in this place. In a minute we will leave it."

She was obedient; but I knew from the wild look of joy in her eyes that obedience tasked her to the utmost. She was soon able to rise, and then we walked from the court, pushed our way through the crowd who waited in the street, busily discussing the sudden termination to the trial, threw ourselves into a cab, and in another moment were alternately weeping and laughing in each other's arms.

It was, however, but for a moment. The inn to which we drove was close at hand. There we were shown into a room, and were at last free to give the fullest vent to our pent-up feelings.

It would be absurd for me to attempt to reproduce our words, our disjointed exclamations. It would be sacrilege for me to describe the tears that we shed, the embraces, the loving caresses we lavished on each other. Think of it as an hour, one short hour ago! Think of it now! The curse laid upon us by that awful night removed forever! Our secret kept, or secrecy, if still advisable, no longer absolutely needful. Philippa, in spite of all I had seen, in spite of all she had told me on that night when I found her, a wild, distracted woman, in a storm the wildest that years have known, guiltless of her husband's death! Innocent, not only as she had in my eyes always been, but also, what was far more, innocent in her own eyes!

Small wonder that for nearly an hour we sat with our arms twined around each other, and in a few words which were more than rapturous explanations of love and joy.

There! I cannot, will not describe the scene more fully. I will say no more, except that, when at last we grew calmer, Philippa turned to me, and once more I saw terror gathering in her eyes.

"Basil," she said, "it is true—it must be true?"

"True! of course it is."

"That man, the prisoner, could not have pleaded guilty when he was innocent."

"Why should he? It meant death to him, poor wretch."

"But why did he confess?"

"Who can tell? Remorse may have urged him to do so."

Philippa rose, and her next words were spoken quickly and with excitement.

"No, I did not do it. The thought, the dream haunted me, but I did not believe it until I heard those men talk of the way he died. Then it all came back to me. The mad storm, the dead man over whom I stood; even then I don't think I actually believed it. It was when you told me how you found me, that I lost all hope."

"Dearest, forgive me. I should have believed in the impossibility of the act even in your delirium, even if I had seen it done. Philippa, say you forgive me."

She threw her arms around me. "Basil, my husband," she whispered, "you have done much for me, do one thing more; find out the whole truth—find out why this man killed him, how he killed him; find out, satisfy me that his confession was a true one; then, Basil, such happiness as I have never even dreamed of will be mine!"

"And mine!" I echoed.

I promised to do as she wished. Indeed, the moment I had recovered my senses, I resolved to learn everything that could be learned. Once and for all I would clear away every cloud of doubt, although that cloud might be not bigger than a man's hand.

But Philippa must not stop in Tewnham. Her strange conduct during the trial, her fainting-fit after it, were bound to have attracted the attention of those present. No doubt she was looked upon as a friend of the prisoner, who was overpowered by the sudden and awful ending to the case. Still, she must not stay at Tewnham.

We went to London by an afternoon train. The next morning I again ran down to the place at which the trial was held. I ascertained the name of the coroner's solicitor, and as soon as I found him, at leisure, requested the favor of an interview.

I found him apparently a worthy, respectable man, but of a nature inclined to be epileptic. I told him I called on him because I was much interested in the case of the convict William Fellows. Mr. Crisp, that was his name, frowned and fidgeted about with some papers which were in front of him.

"I would rather not talk about the case," he said sharply. "Nothing for many years has so much annoyed me."

"Why? Your client only met with his deserts."

"True—true. But I am a lawyer, sir. Our profession is not to think so much of deserts as of what we can do for a client. It is hard to try and serve a fool."

"No doubt, but I scarcely understand your meaning."

"Meaning! I could have saved that man. There was no evidence to speak of against him. What did it amount to? A pistol of a peculiar make found in a field half a mile away from the scene of the murder, one man who could swear that the pistol was my client's property—a pawnbroker, to whom he wanted to sell it. Positively sir, that was the whole case for the Crown. Never said acquitted in my life—never!"

The excitable little man's looks showed that his disgust was not assumed.

"Is the pistol which I had thought to have burned away had, after all, furnished the rope and brought the criminal to justice. Although I was not quite satisfied that the right person was to suffer for the dark crime, I really did it get all the additional information I could."

"But why did he plead guilty?" I asked.

"It pleases he was a fool," rapped out Mr. Crisp. "It was clear committing suicide. I didn't care a button for the man himself, but I confess I was annoyed at seeing my case all knocked to pieces by his obstinacy. I went to him; if you were in court you no doubt saw me. I begged him to withdraw his plea. I told him I could save him. Yet the fool insisted."

"Did penitence or remorse urge him?"

"I don't know. He could have had more time for penitence and remorse. If he had let me save him from the gallows. No, he says, 'It's no good—not a bit of good. You don't know all I know. There's some one in court who knows all about it—saw it all done. She's come to hang me.' I have no idea what he meant."

I started. I knew what the man meant. He, in common with every one else in that court, had turned and looked at Philippa as she rose from her seat and addressed the judge. It was the sight of Philippa that had taken away the wretch's last hopeless escape.

"I wish my hands of the fellow, of course," continued Mr. Crisp, "but I did take the trouble to inquire if any witnesses for the prosecution had been allowed to enter the court. I am assured they were all kept in waiting outside."

I sat for some moments in deep thought. The solicitor looked at me, as if he fancied I had already taken up as much of his valuable time as he could spare.

"Is there any way of gaining access to the condemned man?" I said. "Could you, for instance, get an order to see him?"

"No doubt I could, but I have no object in seeing him."

"I will give you an object," I said. "I want you to see that man, and if possible, get a written or at least oral confession from him—not of the bald fact that he is guilty, but of all particulars connected with the murder."

Mr. Crisp looked surprised, and expressed his opinion that it was all but impossible to obtain what I wanted.

I had taken rather a fancy to the brisk-spoken, sharp little man. He seemed to be trustworthy; so that, after consideration, I determined to confide to him my reasons for making this request. Under the seal of professional secrecy, I told him briefly so much as I thought fit of Philippa's and my own connection with the events of that night. He listened with an interest which augured well for the reception which awaits the somber tale I now give to the world. He curiously seemed excited, and he promised to see the convict, and, if possible, learn all I wanted to know. I left my address, and bade him good-day.

I did not care to linger at Tewnham; so I walked down to the railway-station, intending to return to town by the next train. As I waited on the platform a down-train came in. A sudden hope so seized me. The day was still young. I had time to spare. I crossed the bridge, entered the train, and in a quarter of an hour was at Roding. I went there because I was impelled by a desire to once more visit the actual scene of the beginning of all these troubles.

I walked that road which Sir Mervyn Ferrand had walked that dark night. But oh, how changed everything was! Yet not more changed than our own lives. It was a glorious afternoon in September. The rain of the preceding day had left the earth moist and fresh. The fields, on either side of the road, were gleaming with that bright, pure emerald which they wear after the ruthless scythe has swept away the ripe grass and the marguerites and other flowers which grow among it; or else they were filled from hedge to hedge with a golden sea of waving corn, or sheaves waiting to be garnered; for the harvest that year was not early. The wild roses were long over, but fragrant honeysuckle and other wild flowers still made gay the hedgerows and banks. The birds had awakened from their August silence, and were singing once more. The great sleepy cows lay under the shade of the trees. The large mows of new hay stood side by side with their dingy-looking, not more valuable elder brothers. The whole land seemed wrapped in happy autumnal repose. The scene was calm, peaceful, and thoroughly typical of England. So beautiful it was, so full I now felt of love for my native land, that had these pages been then written, I should upon my return home, have erased all my glowing description of Seville.

A breath of soft but fresh air came blowing from the faraway downs. I drew in a deep draught; I threw back my shoulders and stood erect. I laughed aloud in my great happiness as a comical picture, familiar to my childhood, of Christian losing his burden, rose before my mind, and seemed to be the exact thing wanted to illustrate my own case. Yes, the burden I had borne had fallen from my back forever!

Ah! here is the spot—the very spot where Sir Mervyn fell. It was here, just under that cluster of ragged-robins, I must have placed his corpse, little thinking that the kind white snow would hide it, and save my love and me. Oh, how I prayed in those days that the bitter weather might last; that its iron grip would hold the world fast until Philippa's health and strength returned! It did so, and saved us!

"Where are the snows that fell last year?" Ah! should I not rather sing, "Where is the grief of yesterday?" Gone like the snow. Other snow may fall, other grief may come, but last year's snow and yesterday's grief are gone forever!

Nevertheless, that spot was too suggestive of horrible reminiscences for me to linger long over it! I turned away, and in my great happiness could whisper to myself that I forgave the dead man for the ill he had wrought. May his house rest in peace! I walked along the road, right on, until I came to the cottage in which, like a coward who could not face his troubles, I had spent those aimless, miserable months. It was untenanted. Half defaced auction bills were in the windows and on the doorposts. For some months ago the furniture had been sold. I paused and looked at the window by which Philippa had entered, and felt that since that night I had passed through more grief, passion, fear, hope and joy than would fill an ordinary lifetime. Then I turned and shook the dust off my feet. Never again wishful I come within twenty miles of this place.

On the road back, to my annoyance, I encountered Mrs. Wilson. I tried to pass without sign of recognition, but she was too quick for me. She stood in front of me, and I was bound to stop.

She was more haggard, more drawn, more aquiline looking than ever. Her eyes alone looked young. They at least had spirit and vitality in them. They positively leaped upon me.

"She did not do it, after all!" she said fiercely.

At first I thought of affecting surprise and asking her what she meant, but I felt that any attempt at equivoque would be but vain.

"She did not," I answered shortly.

"Fool that I was!" she cried. "Fool, to be led away by an impulse! Why did I tell her? I swear to you, Dr. Norris, that had I not felt sure it was her, she should never have known. She should have gone to her grave a shamed woman, as I shall go!"

Her look was venom itself.

"Remember," I said sternly, "Lady Ferrand is now my wife. I will not hear her name coupled with yours."

She laughed scornfully. "Your wife! She soon forgot her first love. Why did I speak? I wish my hand had withered before I wrote that letter. Do you know why I wrote it?"

"No; nor do I care."

"I wrote it for vengeance. She had, I thought, served that man as I ought to have served him; but I hated her for it, for I loved him still. So I thought it would be sweet for her to know that she had killed her husband, and for you, her lover—I knew you were her lover—to know that I could at any moment give her up to justice! I was a fool. Why did that man plead guilty? When I saw your wife rise in court I laughed. I knew what was coming. Now, instead of harming her, I have done her good."

"You have," I said coldly, and turned upon my heel. The malignity of this woman was so intense that I felt thankful she could in no way work Philippa harm.

A quarter of a mile up the road I turned. Mrs. Wilson, a black spot on a fair scene, was standing gazing after me. I hurried on until a bend in the path hid her from my sight. I hurried on back to Philippa and happiness!

CHAPTER XVII.

CLEAR SKIES.

Although England was now to me and to my wife a land very different from the one we quitted some eight months ago we were anxious to get back to Seville, if only to set at rest my mother's fears. She, poor woman, as a letter showed, was much exercised as to what manner of business could have made us leave her in so unceremonious a way. The moment the glad truth had become known to me, I had telegraphed, saying that all was well with us, and that we should join her. Two things only detained us.

The first was that we wanted the convict's confession. Although Philippa said little on the subject, I knew that until it arrived she would not be happy. There was with her a haunting dread that the man, in the hopes of mitigating his sentence, had pleaded guilty to a crime of which he was innocent. Even the accurate account which I gave her of my interview with the solicitor did not quite satisfy her. So we waited impatiently for the explanation, which might or might not come.

The second thing which kept us in London was this. I determined that before I left I would have the fact that when I married Philippa I married Lady Ferrand fully acknowledged. I found my way to the gentlemen who were winding up the dead man's affairs, and stated my case to their incredulous ears. At first they treated me as an impostor.

But not for long. Indeed, my task was half done. They had already, without any assistance from Mrs. Wilson, ferreted out the date and particulars of the death of the first Lady Ferrand. They had but to assure themselves that the marriage-certificate which I laid before them was no forgery, and surrender at discretion.

It was a poor estate, the administrators told me. Sir Mervyn had died intestate. He had during his lifetime made away with nearly all he could alienate. Still, there was some personal property, of which my wife could claim a share, and a certain amount of real property, on which she was entitled to dower. But it was a very poor estate.

I cut them very short. I told them that, let the deceased's wealth be great or little, not one penny-piece of it should well my wife's fingers. If Sir Mervyn Ferrand's heir was in want of the money, it should, provided he was a different stamp of man from his immediate predecessor, be given to him a free gift. If not, some hospital should be benefited by it. All I wanted was, that it should be clearly understood that Sir Mervyn Ferrand left a widow.

The administrators, one of whom was, by the bye, the heir, evidently looked upon me as a most eccentric personage. Perhaps it was for this reason, or—as I do not wish to cast unmerited blame—perhaps it was because the estate wound up to nothing—well, say way, even to this day we have received no communication, much less remittance, from the administrators; nor, to tell the truth, have I troubled them again. Philippa's marriage admitted, I washed my hands of all the Ferrand brood.

The confession did not arrive; but I persuaded Philippa to leave England. Mr. Crisp could send whatever he had to send to Seville just as well as to London. So one more, and this time in all but perfect happiness, we took that long journey which was by now quite familiar to us.

The joy, the wild joy, with which Philippa threw herself into my mother's arms checked all the upbraidings and reproach which we apparently merited. Our return was like the return of a prodigal son and daughter. Laughter, tears, and happiness!

Although I told my mother nothing as to the object of our mysterious journey; although she asked me nothing; although no word evidencing her knowledge of what had passed has ever crossed her lips, I know that all has been revealed to her; that Philippa has sobbed out the whole strange tale on her breast. I know it by this, that since the day of our return my mother's deep love for my wife has shown itself even kindlier

(Continued on Eighth Page.)