



CHAPTER II—(CONTINUED.)

"The women are keeping me busy to-night," he cries cheerily as he enters the hall. "Gardner's wife has just increased the population; and now your good lady needs my services. Your servant found me at Gardner's."

Adrian refastens the door, then asks, "Is Mrs. Gardner well over her trouble?" "Yes, she will pull through all right. She is weak, delicate creature, but she's full of grit. By gad, I've not had time to eat my supper yet."

CHAPTER III.



"HE GAS IS NOT burning in the dining room as they enter."

"James has put out the lights early to-night," mutters the master of the house, ringing for the servant.

"Did you observe that man's face?" remarks the doctor, when they are alone.

"No. Why?" "It was as white as death. He looked as if he had seen a ghost."

"The doctor takes a heavy oak chair and draws it up to the table. 'Perhaps it was the reflection of the lamp upon his face,' he observes, adjusting his eye-glasses, and drawing a small black book from his pocket.

"Excuse me, while I make an entry in my note-book," he adds.

"His companion bows mechanically, and sits, watching him while he makes a few entries in the book with a short, stubby pen.

"He writes a moment, then stops as if something had just occurred to him, turns half way round and looking over his eye-glasses:

p. m., Aug. 26, 1880. Condition fair. Respiration, 90. Pulse, 92. Sex of child, male."

"He notices that the page is about half filled. 'There is room for another entry upon the page,' he says.

"And there is no doubt but what it will be filled before morning," the doctor answers slyly. "Your good lady has yet to be heard from."

"The husband feels his heart beat more rapidly at the doctor's words. 'Yes,' he answers. 'Do you make it a rule to be so curious?'"

"Always." In this book is a complete list of all my patients. Their disease, the form of treatment and so on. I am very particular about this, for this reason. I am afflicted with an incurable malady, which might take me off suddenly. As my young partner, Dr. Gareau, attends principally to the chronic diseases and surgical portion of our practice, he does not know anything, comparatively, about those whom I am treating. He is a lightning surgeon, is Gareau. If I were to drop dead some fine day, he would merely have to refer to my little book here and continue the treatment I had already begun. You understand?"

"A wise precaution, surely. But doctor, you have aroused curiosity in me. I did not know you were afflicted as you say."

"The doctor's face grows grave. 'No,' he replies, slowly. 'The fact is not generally known. I have kept it a secret. My patients might lose confidence in me if they knew that I, their physician, was suffering with an affliction that is beyond his power to relieve.'

"Hardly," answers Adrian Dyke. "You have a wonderful reputation. Every one seems to place the utmost confidence in you."

"I have ever labored for the good of those who entrust their health to my care," answers the good man. "James enters with the luncheon spread out upon a silver tray. Cold chicken, bread and butter, some pastry, and a cup of steaming tea.

"The doctor's lunch," he announces. "Place it upon the table," orders his master scrutinizing the pale troubled face of the man.

"The servant obeys him, and turns to leave the room. 'James!' 'Well, sir,' halting. 'You look pale and distressed. What has occurred to produce your anxiety?'"

"The servant looks with frightened eyes from the doctor to his master. 'Nothing, sir,' he answers in a low tone. 'I am—not distressed. I did not sleep well last night.'

grace—poverty! He extends his walk along the hall, toward the rear of the building, unconsciously murmuring the hopes which dwell in his heart.

"He passes a half-open door. 'Adrian!' he hears a weak voice calling. He halts and observes he is before his aunt's room. She has called him. He enters.

"You called, Aunt Catherine?" he asks. "Yes, Adrian. Your wife—is she nearly over her trouble?"

"The doctor is with her. It cannot be long now." The sick woman turns her head restlessly.

"Poor child! I can understand her sufferings. I can sympathize with her. I have suffered much, Adrian."

"Yes, dear aunt. You have indeed been a great sufferer." He is standing by her bed, smoothing her pale brow with one hand.

"It will not be long now, Adrian. I shall not live to endure the terrible agony of pain much longer, to cause you trouble."

"It is not trouble, aunt. It is our duty to labor for you. A labor of love to minister to your wants, to relieve you from pain and suffering."

"She does not answer, only lies with closed eyes, breathing hard. 'You have been good to me,' she murmurs at last. 'I shall not forget you.' Then silence. He stands by her bedside. She opens her eyes. 'There has been much to blight our family name in the past,' she says sorrowfully. 'Pray that your offspring may uphold the dignity of the proud race from which our ancestors sprang.'

"I pray heaven that it may be so," he replies fervently. "You know I have made my will," she says dreamily.

"Yes," eagerly, anxious to hear more. "All I possess will be your child's, providing."

"Mr. Dyke, Mr. Dyke!" a voice interrupts him. A woman enters the room. The master turns to her.

"Well, Mary," she speaks impatiently. "The doctor wants to see you. Come at once."

He presses a kiss upon his aunt's forehead. "Go to your wife, Adrian," she murmurs.

EUGENE FIELD DEAD.

THE VERSE WRITER DIES SUDDENLY.

Stricken by Heart Disease Just at Day-break and Discovered by His Son—No Warning of Approaching Death—Sketch of His Career.

CHICAGO, Nov. 3.—Eugene Field, poet, story writer and newspaper man, whose works were read and admired in all parts of this country, died in bed at his home in Ineena Park, a suburb of this city, about a o'clock this morning, from heart disease.

Mr. Field had been suffering for several days from a severe cold and yesterday had been obliged to cancel an engagement for a public reading at Kansas City to night. No serious results of his indisposition had even been thought of by his family and immediate friends.

Last night Mr. Field retired, after an evening with his family feeling apparently better than for a long time. He is supposed to have slept soundly until day break, when his son, who occupied the room with him, heard him groan. The young man put out his hand and found that death had already taken place.

Arrangements for the funeral have not yet been completed, but it is the present intention to hold it Wednesday.

Eugene Field, newspaper worker, poet and friend of the children, was born in St. Louis, Mo., September 21, 1850. He was the son of Russell Martin and Francis (Reed) Field. His father was a distinguished lawyer and one of the counsel of Dred Scott in the famous slave case. His mother died in his infancy, and his childhood was passed in the care of his cousin, Miss French, at Amherst, Mass. At the age of 18 he entered Williams college, but his father dying soon after, his guardian placed him in Knox college at Galesburg, Ill. He remained there for eighteen months, and completed his education in the Missouri state university.

In 1871 he made a six months tour of the continent, and in 1872 entered upon his career as a newspaper worker, receiving his first employment on the St. Louis Journal. In 1873 he married Miss Julia Comstock of St. Joseph. She was the sister of a college friend, and it was a case of love at first sight. Many of the hours of his courtship were passed in "Lovers' Lane" at St. Joseph, which he has memorialized in verse. Shortly after his marriage he became a reporter on the St. Louis Evening Journal, and in a short time was advanced to city editor. In 1875 he went to the St. Joseph Gazette, but soon returned to St. Louis and from 1875 to 1880 was an editorial writer on the St. Louis Times-Journal. In 1881 he accepted the position of editorial writer on the Kansas City Times. In 1881 he went to Denver, where he became managing editor of the Tribune. It was while on the latter paper that he attained his reputation as a writer of droll, humorous pro e. and dainty verse. In 1883 he went to Chicago, accepting a position on the Morning News, now the Record, with which paper he was connected without interruption until the day of his death.

The year 1889-90 he spent with his family in Europe, where he extended his wide acquaintance with literary people, and was the recipient of many flattering attentions. Field was careful and prolific writer. His innumerable verses in the newspapers have been widely copied. His published works are "The Holy Cross and Other Tales," "Little Book of Profitable Verse," "Second Book of Verse," "With Trumpet and Drum," and, in collaboration with his brother Russell, "Echoes From the Sabine Farm, a Metrical Translation of Horace."

Mr. Field left a widow and five children. Mr. Field was a kind husband and affectionate father, passionately fond not only of his own children, but of all the children of the world, and his home life was delightful.

MR. HARRISON IN COURT.

The Ex-President Appears as Counsel for the Standard Elevator Company.

CHICAGO, Nov. 3.—The fact that ex-President Harrison would be present as counsel in the case of the Standard Elevator Company vs. the Crane Elevator Company attracted a large crowd to the session of the United States circuit court of appeals to-day. He was the first to address the court. He charged Attorney Raymond and the Crane Elevator company with taking the Standard's model from the old postoffice building and leaving his side handicapped. He recounted the declarations of the ex-assistant custodian of the postoffice building and the janitor of the circuit court as to the removal of the models.

Mr. Raymond made emphatic denial that he or his assistant were responsible for the abstraction of the models, and said that if they had been removed by Crane employes it was through error.

After considerable further argument General Harrison said that he had the blue prints and could proceed with them. He simply did not wish to be held responsible for any fault if, in the course of the trial, it should become apparent that the model itself should be in court. This statement set matters right and Judge Woods said that the bench, being familiar with models in general, could proceed with the trial.

The expected investigation of the disappearance of the model vanished and Mr. Brown addressed the court with an explanation of the various patents involved.

LIKE ANCIENT TIMES.

Ten Heretics Burned in Mexico by a National Judge.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—The World contains additional details of the burning of ten heretics by the Judge of the Mexican town of Texacapa. The dispatch says: As soon as the news reached Mollange, the principal town in the district, the municipal president and minor officials, with an escort of over sixty men, armed with rifles, went to Texacapa, where they found everybody in the public square executing grotesque dances in honor of the virgin of Guadalupe around the ruins of the jail, a small building solidly constructed, close to the parish church. In this jail previous to Saturday had been confined Nicholas Hernandez, Martin Santiago, Jose Manuel, Casper Hernandez, Juan Tomas, Maria Magdalena, Maria Concepcion and an infant child. They had been rudely hustled from their homes at dead of night on the extraordinary charge proferred by the auxiliary town judge that their lives were an evil in the sight of God, and that they were enemies of the faith and heretics whom God had ordered through his holy saint to be consumed by fire.

The auxiliary judge related this with the utmost sangfroid to the authorities. He added that God had wrought astonishing miracles to conform what the saint had told him in the vision. Said the judge: "I obeyed the divine command and ordered my alguaciles (constables), and we took these sinners from their beds and dragged them in the darkness of night, weeping and wailing, to the jail. When they were locked securely in, I ordered the alguaciles to set the building on fire."

Twenty-one arrests were made, although the fanatical mob threatened death to the authorities. The prisoners, securely bound around the arms and chained together, were marched to Mollange, where a judicial investigation will take place. The whole population of Texacapa appears zealous. All believe the auxiliary judge was commissioned by the Almighty and the saints to destroy evildoers. They point to the pile of bones on which they profess to see miraculously traced outline forms of the saints who, on advising the judge to burn heretics, left their images. The community is nothing but an open air madhouse.

THANKSGIVING NOV. 28.

President Cleveland Issues His Annual Proclamation to the People.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—President Cleveland to-day issued the following proclamation designating Thursday, November 28, as Thanksgiving day:

"The constant goodness and forbearance of Almighty God, which have been vouchsafed to the American people during the year which is just past, call for their sincere acknowledgment of devout gratitude. To the end, therefore, that we may, with thankful hearts, unite in extolling the loving care of our Heavenly Father, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby appoint and set apart Thursday, the 28th day of the present month of November, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, to be kept and observed by all our people. On that day let us forego our usual occupations and, in our accustomed places of worship, join in rendering thanks to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for the bounteous returns that have rewarded our labors in the fields and in the busy marts of trade, for the peace and order that have prevailed throughout the land, for our protection from pestilence and dire calamity and for the other blessings that have been showered upon us from an open hand. And with our thanksgiving let us humbly beseech the Lord to so incline the hearts of our people unto Him that He will not leave us nor forsake us as a nation, but will continue to us His mercy and protection care, guiding us in the path of national prosperity and happiness, imbuing us with rectitude and virtue and keeping alive within us a patriotic love for the free institutions which have been given to us as our national heritage. And let us also, on the day of our thanksgiving, especially remember the poor and needy, and by deeds of charity let us show our gratitude."

HOLMES IS CONVICTED.

Murder in the First Degree the Verdict of the Jury.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 3.—H. H. Holmes, the arch-criminal of the present time, accused of at least six murders and countless numbers of other crimes, but never before put on trial for his misdeeds, was found guilty of murder in the first degree at 9 o'clock Saturday night. He took the verdict calmly, and left the court room as nonchalantly as he had entered it on any day of his trial, notwithstanding the fact that death stares him in the face.

Judge Arnold's charge was against the prisoner on every point. In relation to the story of Holmes' wanderings with Mrs. Pictel, he said: "It presents the most remarkable picture of the influence of mind over mind that I ever saw. No novel ever written contains such a story as that of the way this man dragged that woman about the country in search of her husband."

BATTLE OF BALLOTS.

Elections in Twelve States and the Territory of Utah.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—The elections in the various states to-morrow are of great importance, being practically final, by which the public pulse is to be judged for the presidential election of 1896. State elections will be held in Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Kentucky, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Mississippi and Massachusetts, and Utah.

HOAR AND THE A. P. A.

Pays His Compliments to the Secret Political Organization.

BOSTON, Nov. 3.—The Republicans of the city and state brought the campaign to a close with two mass meetings at noon to-day, one under the auspices of the Marketmen's Republican club in Faneuil hall, and the other in charge of the Republican state committee at Music hall. At the former meeting Senator George F. Hoar of Worcester divided honors with Governor Greenhalge. As the senator made his appearance on the platform for the first time in this campaign he was accorded an enthusiastic greeting.

The opening portion of Mr. Hoar's address was devoted to state issues, the salient paragraph being a declaration that the Republican party of Massachusetts maintained the rights of American citizenship all over the country, without distinction of race, birthplace or creed. Upon this head he said: "I see that some of our friends on both sides are disposed to thrust into this campaign some matter which does not seem to me to belong to it, or to be a profitable subject for party or political discussions. One side takes as its emblem the 'Little School House' of our grandfather. The Democratic candidate for Governor, not to be behind hand, says he goes for the little school house, but he wants a white one. Now I think I can suggest a compromise which will satisfy both. I propose to both sides to take as our emblem, and I will stand by them, the little red-checked schoolmarm. Let her take her shingle in her hand, and where she brings up the boys there will be no bigotry and very little Democracy."

NO FIGHT OVER TURKEY.

London Times Speaks Significantly of the Status.

LONDON, Nov. 3.—The Times says editorially: "Turkish news is of a grave and disquieting character. Like most things Turkish, the appointment of the Armenian commission of control appears to have come too late. The Porte seems to hope that the summoning of the reserves will restore order, but at best the process of restoration is likely to be a rough one."

The editorial then proceeds to argue that the Armenians, by their revolutionary tactics, have forfeited the sympathy of the English government which has already in their interest gone as near provoking a disastrous disagreement with the European powers as would be permissible to a prudent nation. Therefore, it concludes, the English are disinclined to risk opening the whole Eastern question for their sake.

THE DEEP WATER CANAL.

President Cleveland Names the Commission to Report on the Project.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—The President has made the following appointments: President James B. Angel of Michigan university, John E. Russell of Massachusetts and Lyman E. Cooley of Illinois, to be commissioners to make inquiry upon the feasibility of a deep water canal between the great lakes and the Atlantic ocean under the act approved in March last; Claud N. Bennett of Atlanta, Ga., to be agent to make allotment to the Indians; Patrick Kiernan of Olivia, Mont., to be surveyor general of Montana; K. W. Perry, first lieutenant in the revenue cutter service.

A REAL NEW WOMAN.

She is Handier With a Pistol Than Her Enraged Lover is.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Nov. 3.—Yesterday at the village of Eagle Irwin Hostley and Bettie Shields, who have been lovers, fell out on account of Hostley's jealousy. She was seen by him on the street with another man the previous day. To-day he demanded an explanation which was given, but which did not suit him. He fired at her, the bullet cutting her neck slightly. Bettie used her pistol freely in the street duel that ensued, shooting three times, and each bullet taking effect. Hostley is dying and Miss Shields is under arrest.

MULVANE IN CONTROL.

The Mortgage on the Topoka Capital Consolidated—Hudson to Go.

TOPOKA, Kan., Nov. 3.—The announcement was made this afternoon that John R. Mulvane had purchased C. C. Baker's \$15,000 mortgage against the Topoka Capital and had also purchased Mrs. P. B. Plumb's \$10,000 mortgage against the paper. This places the paper in Mr. Mulvane's hands, as he holds the only other mortgage of any considerable amount against the paper.

This is generally held to mean that Major Hudson will soon be retired from the editorship, but the future of the paper is still problematical.

WOULD NOT STRIKE.

Employees of the Montana Central Refuse to Obey an Order to Quit Work.

BUTTE, Mont., Nov. 3.—It was announced last night that a general strike would go into effect on the Great Northern at 12 o'clock last night on account of the refusal of President Hill to meet the mediation committee of St. Paul. Investigation proves that a strike was ordered to take effect at that hour, but the employees of the Montana Central have refused to take any part in the trouble and they have announced that they will not strike under any consideration.

Thieves Loot a School.

GUTHRIE, Okla., Nov. 3.—In Lincoln county, east of here, thieves entered a district school house and stole the stove and chairs and the window sash from the windows, and even took up the floor and hauled it away, leaving desks and books piled in a heap outside.

Forger Ward Arrested.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—News has reached here of the arrest in Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras, of A. K. Ward, the Memphis, Tenn., forger, who defrauded people and banks of \$30,000.



THE DOCTOR'S LUNCH.

"Now enjoy yourself, doctor. You will excuse me. I know, for a short time only, I am going to ascertain the condition of my wife. I will return."

"Ah! Knows your good heart. I must have been mistaken then. Really, from the walk, and general appearance of the man, I thought he was your brother Franklin."