

A MAKER OF HISTORY

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM,
Author of "The Master Mummer," "A Prince of Sinners," "Mysterious Mr. Sabán," "Anna the Adventuress," Etc.
Copyright, 1905, 1906, by Little, Brown, and Company.

(Continued from Page Three.)

"You know," he answered. "Did you guess last night that we were imposters?" she asked. "Certainly not," he answered. "Andrew was tortured with doubts about you. He believed that you were Phyllis Poynton!"

"I am!" she whispered. "I was afraid of him all the evening. He must have known."

It seemed to Duncombe that the rocks and gorse bushes were spinning round and the ground was swaying under his feet. The wind, which had kept them both half breathless, seemed full of mocking voices. She was an impostor. These were her own words. She was in danger of detection, perhaps of other things. At that very moment Spencer might have gained an entrance into Runton House. He felt uncertain of himself, and all the time her eyes watched him jealously.

"Why did you come here?" she cried. "Why do you look at me like that? It is no concern of yours who I am. Why do you interfere?"

"Everything that concerns you concerns me," he answered. "I don't care who you are or who you say you are. I don't even ask you for any sort of explanation. I came to warn you about Spencer. For the rest, here am I your friend whatever happens. You are terrified! Don't go back to the house. Give me the right to take care of you. I'll do it!"

Then for the first time a really human expression lit up her face. The sick fear passed away. Her features were suddenly softer. The light in her eyes was a beautiful thing.

"You are kind," she murmured, "kind—than I ever dreamed anyone could be who—knew. Will you be kinder still?"

"Try me," he begged. "Then go away. Forget who I am. Forget who I am not. Shut yourself up in your study for twenty-four hours and come out without any memories at all. Oh, do this for me—do this!" she begged, with a sudden break in her voice.

She leaned a little toward him. A long wisp of her hair blew in his face. A moment of madness came to him with the gust of wind which blew her almost into his arms. For one exquisite moment he held her. The violets at her bosom were crushed against his coat. Then she tore herself away.

"You are mad!" she cried. "It is my fault! Oh, let me go!" "Never!" he answered, passionately clasping at her hand. "Call yourself by what name you will, I love you. If you are in trouble, let me help. Let me go back to the house with you, and we will face it together, whatever it may be. Come!"

She wrung her hands. The joy had all gone from her face.

"Oh, what have I done?" she moaned. "Don't you understand that I am an impostor? The man down there is not my father. I—oh, let me go!"

She wrenched herself free. She stood away from him, her skirt gathered up into her hand, prepared for flight.

"If you would really do me a kindness," she cried, "get Mr. Spencer to stop his search for me. Tell him to forget that such a person ever existed. And you too! You must do the same. What I have done I have done of my own free will. I am my own mistress. I will not be interfered with. Listen!"

She turned a white, intent face toward the house. Duncombe could hear nothing for the roaring of the wind, but the girl's face was once more convulsed with terror.

"What was that?" she cried. "I heard nothing," he answered. "What can one hear? The wind is strong enough to drown even our voices."

"And those?" she cried again, pointing with outstretched finger to two rapidly moving black specks coming toward them along the winding road which led from the highway to Runton House.

Duncombe watched them for a moment.

"They are the Runton shooting brakes," he declared. "I expect Lord Runton and the rest of them are coming back."

"Coming back?" she repeated, with a little gasp. "But they were going to shoot all day and dine there. They are not expected home till past midnight!"

"I expect the shoot is off," Duncombe remarked. "One couldn't possibly hit anything a day like this. I wonder they ever started."

Her face was white enough before, but it was deathly now. Her lips

parted, but only a little moan came from them. He heard the rush of her skirts and saw her spring forward. He was left alone upon the hilltop.

CHAPTER XX.

RUNTON was apparently enjoying the relaxation of having got rid of practically the whole of its guests for the day. The women servants were going about their duties faithfully enough, but with a marked absence of any superfluous energy. Mr. Harrison, the butler, was enjoying a quiet pipe in his room and a leisurely perusal of the morning paper. Mrs. Ellis, the much respected housekeeper, was also in her room comfortably ensconced in an easy chair and studying a new volume of collected menus which a friend had sent her from Paris. No one was exactly neglecting their work, but every one was appreciating a certain sense of peace which the emptying of the house from a crowd of more or less exacting guests had brought about.

In one room only things were different, and neither Mrs. Ellis nor Mr. Harrison nor any of the household knew anything about that. It was the principal guest chamber on the first floor, a large and handsomely furnished apartment. Barely an hour ago it had been left in spotless order by a couple of painstaking servants. Just now it had another aspect.

In the middle of the room a man lay stretched upon the floor, face down-



He was down on his knees upon the floor.

ward. The blood was slowly trickling from a wound in the side of the head down on the carpet. With nearly every breath he drew he groaned. Overturned chairs and tables showed that he had taken part in no ordinary struggle. The condition of the other man also testified this.

The other man was Mr. Fielding. He was down on his knees upon the floor rapidly going through the contents of a dark mahogany box, which was apparently full of papers. Scattered over the carpet by his side were various strange looking tools, by means of which he had forced the lock. Mr. Fielding was not all his usual self. His face was absolutely colorless, and every few moments his hand went up to his shoulder blade and a shiver went through his whole frame. There was a faint odor of gunpowder in the room, and somewhere near the feet of the prostrate man lay a small shining revolver. Nevertheless, Mr. Fielding persevered in his task.

Suddenly there came an interruption. Footsteps outside in the corridor had paused. There was a sharp tapping at the door. The prostrate man groaned louder than ever and half turned over, proving that he was not wholly unconscious. Mr. Fielding closed the box and staggered to his feet.

He stood for a moment staring wildly at the door. Who could it be? He had asked, as a special favor, that he might not be disturbed, and Mr. Fielding knew how to ask favors of servants. Interruption now meant disaster, absolute and unqualified—the end, perhaps, of a career in which he had achieved some success. Big drops of perspiration stood out upon his forehead, drawn there by the pain and this new fear. Slowly and on tiptoe he drew near the door.

"Who is that?" he asked, with wonderful calmness.

"It is I! Let me in," came the swift answer, and Mr. Fielding drew a little breath of relief. Nevertheless he was angry. He opened the door and drew the girl in.

"You fool!" he exclaimed. "I sent you out of the way on purpose. Why have you come back?"

She opened her lips, but no words came. The man on the floor groaned again. She swayed upon her feet. It was all so horrible.

"Speak, can't you?" he muttered between his teeth. "Things have gone badly here. I'm wounded, and I'm afraid I've hurt that chap pretty badly."

"I was in the park," she faltered, "and I saw them. They are all coming

back!"

"Coming back?" "They are almost here. Sir George Duncombe told me that they could not shoot because of the wind."

"The car?" "Downstairs—waiting."

He had forgotten his hurt. He caught up his hat and coat and pushed her out of the room. He locked the door and thrust the key into his pocket. As they walked down the corridor he lit a cigarette.

A footman met them in the hall. "A gentleman has called to see you, sir, a Mr. Spencer," he announced. "I have shown him into the library."

Mr. Fielding appeared to hesitate for a moment.

"It is the man who wants to sell us the car," he exclaimed, turning toward the girl. "But I haven't even seen it yet. Better tell him to wait for a quarter of an hour," he added, turning toward the footman. "I'll just drive down to the lodge gates and back. Come along, Sibyl."

She followed him to the front door. A man was seated at the wheel of the motor car and turned his head quickly as they approached. Mr. Fielding nodded pleasantly, though his face was white with excruciating pain.

"Kept you waiting, I'm afraid," he said. "Can you drive at all in a wind like this?"

"Jump in, sir, and see," the man answered. "Is the young lady coming?" Mr. Fielding nodded and stepped into the front seat. The girl was already in the tonneau. The man slipped in his clutch, and they glided round the broad, circular sweep in front of the entrance. Just as they started the wagonette drew up.

"We shan't be more than a few minutes," Mr. Fielding cried out, waving his hand. "Sorry you've lost your day's sport."

"Hold on a minute and I'll come with you," Runton called out. "That car looks like going."

But Mr. Fielding did not hear.

.....

Duncombe, who had returned from the park by the fields, was crossing the road to enter his own gate when a black speck far away on the top of the hill attracted his attention. He stood still gazing at it and was instantly aware that it was approaching him at an almost incredible speed. It gathered shape swiftly, and he watched it with a fascination which kept him rooted to the spot. Above the wind he could hear the throbbing of its engines. He saw it round a slight curve in the road with two wheels in the air and a skid which seemed for a moment as though it must mean destruction. Mud and small stones flew up around it. The driver was rousing forward over the wheel, tense and motionless. Duncombe moved to the side of the road to let it pass with a little exclamation of anger.

Then it came more clearly into sight, and he forgot his anger in his amazement. The seat next the driver was occupied by a man leaning far back whose face was like the face of the dead. Behind was a solitary passenger. She was leaning over as though trying to speak to her companion. Her hair streamed wild in the wind, and on her face was a look of bleak and fearful terror. Duncombe half moved forward. She saw him and touched the driver's arm. His hand seemed to fly to the side of the car, and his right foot was jammed down. With grinding of brakes and the screaming of locked wheels the car was brought to a standstill within a few feet of him. He sprang eagerly forward. She was already upon her feet in the road.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEWS OF NEBRASKA.

Death of W. A. Paxton.
Omaha, July 19.—William A. Paxton, a pioneer and one of the most prominent citizens of Omaha, died suddenly at his home last night.

Prohibits Call State Convention.
Lincoln, July 23.—The Prohibition party is the first in the field with a state convention. Chairman Claffin has issued a call for convention to be held July 31, in the Auditorium at Lincoln. The object is to arrange for placing a state ticket in the field under the new primary law.

Governor Sheldon to St. Louis.
Lincoln, July 23.—Governor Sheldon has accepted the invitation of President Roosevelt to attend the reception at St. Louis on Oct. 2. The governor left for Alliance, where he will address the teachers at the junior normal. He will also visit the schools at Broken Bow, North Platte and Kearney before returning.

REV. FERGUSON ISSUSPENDED.
Must Answer to Conference for Alleged Misconduct With Mrs. Cross.

Lincoln, July 19.—The preliminary hearing of the Rev. J. P. Ferguson of the First Methodist church of University Place ended in the suspension of the minister and his case will be taken before the general conference. He was charged with misconduct with Mrs. Cross, a woman of his con-

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS - CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHEE

Pumpkin Seed -
Aloë -
Rhubarb -
Sulphur -
Licorice -
Cinnamon -
Mint -
Cloves -
Sage -
Peppermint -
Eucalyptus -
Ginger -
Cassia -
Nutmeg -
Anise -
Fennel -
Mustard -
Turmeric -
Saffron -
Vanilla -
Starch -
Sugar -
Water

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

The Similar Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 Doses - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature

of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

THE ORIGINAL BEE'S

Best for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Etc.

LAXATIVE

No Opium, Conforms to National Pure Food and Drug Law.

COUGH SYRUP

CONTAINS HONEY AND TAR

All cough syrups containing opiates constipate the bowels. Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup moves the bowels and contains no opiates.

.....

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Falls to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c and 10c at Druggists.

gregation. A powerful sermon on the subject of virtue caused the woman to repent.

WINS A COUNTESS OF SPAIN.

Engagement Announced of Omaha Banker to Member of Nobility.

Omaha, July 20.—Announcement was made of the engagement of Frank T. Hamilton, vice president of the Merchants' National bank and high in the financial affairs of the Omaha Gas company and the Omaha and Council Bluffs Street Railway company, to Countess Louisa de Cistue of Granada, Spain. The wedding will take place at the home of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst in California.

STATE CHAIRMAN FILES SUIT.

Secretary of State Will Not Permit Name of Sundeau on Ballot.

Lincoln, July 23.—Upon the refusal of the secretary of state to permit the name of John L. Sundeau, a Populist, to be placed on the Democratic ticket in the direct primary ballot, State Chairman T. S. Allen of the Democratic state central committee, filed application for a writ of mandamus with the supreme court. A special meeting of the court will take place today to hear the pleadings.

Where They Were Not Bad.

A visitor who was going through the penitentiary one day turned to the warden and said:

"I suppose you have a good many bad people here?"

"Bad! Bad people here?" ejaculated the gray haired warden, with an air of comic surprise. "What put that into your head? There are no bad people here. Why, if they wanted to be bad, we wouldn't let 'em."

The warden smiled grimly, and the visitor awakened to the fact that the "pen" was not the place where people could afford to be bad, even if they wished.—Brooklyn Eagle.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM

CURES COLD IN CATARRH OF ROSE-GOLD IN HAY-FEVER

50 CENTS. TRADE MARK. ELY BROS. NEW YORK

ELY'S CREAM BALM

This Remedy is a Specific, Sure to Give Satisfaction.

GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE

It cleanses, soothes, heals, and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Easy to use. Contains no injurious drugs. Applied into the nostrils and absorbed. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

Wrinkles

Come surely to weak women, who have to frown and endure the torture due to the diseases peculiar to their sex. Not only wrinkles, but hollow, lack-lustre eyes, sallow complexion, gray hair, all of which tell of premature old age. The prevention of this lies in your own hands. Cure the disease that causes your suffering, and strengthen your weakened constitution, with

WINE OF CARDUI

WOMAN'S RELIEF

of which Mrs. Mary Irvin, of Pamplin City, Va., writes: "I think it is the best on earth for all suffering women. My doctor did me no good. I suffered untold misery from head to foot, but the first dose of Cardui gave me relief, and when I had taken one bottle, I felt like a new woman." The above seems to prove that Cardui will relieve your pain, strengthen your constitution and renew your youth. Try it.

At all Druggists, \$1.00

E20

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.
Mystic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents and \$1. Sold by H. E. Grace, druggist, Red Cloud.