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ACTUAL

Nothing will be reserved in this sale. Everything goes AT COST FOR CASH ONLY. Now

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Model: Clothing: House,

lazily as Tom approached her.

"What is it?" she murmured languidly.

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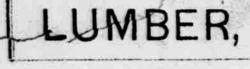
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orders from the country and along the line of the Union woman," I said gravely.

Woman," I said gravely.

"There is a child, I believe," said Mr.

I could see that Portia was worried, past. Pacific Railway Solicited.

F. J. BROEKER,

Merchant Tailor, CLEANER AND REPAIRER

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PRICES LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE Portia's silken skirts was heard. She

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A Transferred Identity.

By EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

CHAPTER X.

The morning dawned cheerless and gloomy. A storm was setting in. The dull gray clouds weighed upon the horizon even as my dreadful discovery op-

pressed my heart.

Life seemed intolerable. As I sat at breakfast and studied Portia's face—the face of a murderer-it was at times with difficulty that I kept from screaming aloud. I did not allow Daphne to go out of my sight, but kept her with me, amusing her in every possible way with toys and story books.

I was conscious, too, that Portia was watching me. She evidently possessed half defined suspicions, for once she asked me in a careless manner, which was palpably assumed, whether I had heard any unusual sounds about the house the night before. I said "no" and in return asked the reason of her inquiry. She replied she had slept lightly and would have said that once she heard the hall

nothing."
It was nearly noon when a carriage dashed up to the piazza, and a tall, fashionably dressed man alighted, looked at the gate the night before, "Dangeh about with some curiosity, paid the driver and then ran lightly up the front steps. Presently the great knocker re-

Swamplands. Tom, the butler, came into the library carrying a card on a silver salver. Por-tia was lying on a broad couch drawn

"A gem'man, missis." Portia took the card and read it. Sh stared at the name before her in a dazed manner. At last she turned her blood-

ess face toward me. "Prudence," she said, wearily passing her hand over her head.
"Yes, Portia," I answered, leaving Daphne in the window with her dol

and going over to her mother. "Read that name-aloud," she com-manded, thrusting the card in my hand. I read, "Maurice Raymond." "I could not see-then he has come, Portia muttered in incoherent, wander-

ing fashion. Then sharply to Tom, "I

Tom bowed gravely and was about to go, when I said: "Portia, is not this the guest you have been expecting? What would Colonel Marchmont say if you were to send such a message as that? Had you not better reconsider?"

"You see him, Prudence," she begged n an almost childish fashion. "I cannot go in now. I must go up stairs, dress | call it?"

and compose myself."
"Very well, Portia. I will do my best to entertain him until you are ready to relieve me. But do not tax me too long." Portia did not reply, but rose and left the room. She appeared confused and helpless. Suddenly I recalled the prophecy of theold negress—"Dangeh is comin from de souf." Ah, perhaps the peril which had menaced Portia was at hand. itor rose quickly and came forward to is vibrant with life and action."

positive character of the man. He carried himself like a prince, with grace and hauteur. His general appearance

was impressive and commanding.
"You are not Mrs. Marchmont?" he "No, indeed," I replied—"Mrs. Marchmont's friend, Prudence Mason. Mrs. "The ches and tail. Jacqueline?" Marchmont is not feeling well and hopes you will excuse her for a little while."

"Oh, y relieved.
"No. no

"And the colonel?" asked the visitor. "He is somewhere about the plantation, but will soon be in for luncheon." "I have arrived a few days ahead of one of us can recall her name!" time," said Mr. Raymond, "but I finished my business in Atlanta sooner than I gan Portia. had anticipated and so hurried on. I

beautiful and lovely girl." "Mrs. Marchmont is a very beautiful your memory should be so superior to more in my sight. She came running in,

delighted to see a stranger, and was soon on very good terms with the visitor. Presently Colonel Marchmont entered, profuse with apologies and extending a genuine southern welcome to his guest. "Why, where is Portia?" he demanded,

were exchanged. As diplomatically as possible I ex-plained her absence. But a dark look mont's memory was a blank. crossed her husband's face, and ringing for a maid he ordered her to tell her mistress that Colonel Marchmont desired turning to Portia said with great amiher presence at once in the drawing room. In a few minutes the soft swish of came in with bowed head and toying nervously with a dainty fan she held. She did not look her cousin in the eyes as she extended her limp hand and turned coldly away as quickly as possi-

uttered in perfunctory fashion. I could see that Mr. Raymond was said coldly. "I gave up singing long both puzzled and disappointed with his since. I found my voice was growing reception. He watched his cousin curithin and metallic and could not endure ously, though he did not address much its sound.' of his conversation to her, but chatted "That is with the colonel on various topics, occa- mont, suddenly rising and coming over

Portia preserved her attitude of con- persisted in that determination ever strained defiance. When questions were since. One of her many caprices." directed to her, she answered them briefly, but kept her eyes fixed upon the floor. Colonel Marchmont was greatly annoyed, but did his best to cover his "A year," replied the colonel. "I was wife's delinquencies in entertaining. We detained on business. I was sent for as were all relieved when luncheon was an- the heir to property near Nottingham,



nuite so marked. Once or twice Portia lifted her heavy lids and shot scrutinizing glances at her cousin. But Mr. Rayfirst wore, and no one could possibly have read what was passing in his mind. He complimented Portia upon the

preservation of her beauty; he petted Daphne; he charmed the colonel. How did he affect me? Maurice Raymond fascinated me. forthwith grew as cunning as my inter- had never met a man at once so brilliant ocutor.

"No," I said indifferently. "I heard looked out of his keen gray eyes. His freshing. I studied him constantly, always recalling the words I had heard

> comin from de souf-awful." If the prophecy of old Jezebel should come to pass-if indeed the danger which threatened Portia were coming through

> > CHAPTER XI.

A SLIGHT ENCOUNTER. guest out to view the plantation, and we did not see them again until dinner. back the loosely flowing sleeve and in-Portia was absolutely dazzling when she swept in and took her seat at the head of the table. She was dressed in scarlet from head to foot. Her superb shoulders rose from folds of fiery silk, and the little feet that wandered in and t out beneath her skirts were shod in the same lurid hue. She looked a veritable daughter of Mephisto. Her eyes sparkled dangerously, and on her face was an expression of audacity. Evidently fear Mrs. Marchmont is ill."

contest which was in the air. When Maurice saw her, he coolly and deliberately ran his eyes over her costume and then said nonchalantly as he shook out his napkin, "Evidently you have overcome that intense dislike of scarlet which was one of your marked traits as a girl, belle cousine."

Portia did not answer, but looked straight at him.

"It was most extraordinary," continued Maurice. "I never knew any one to hate a particular color as you hated red.

Let me excuse myself. I had become firely environed that Portia was plotting harm to Daphne; that she was visiting the old hag of Dead Man's swamp."

Portia did not answer, but looked straight at him.

Let me excuse myself. I had become firely walks. I know your friends in Dead Man's swamp."

Portia staggered to her feet.

"Have mercy! Have pity!" she moaned.

"A nigger color," replied Maurice, and declared it only fit for the quadroon girls."

but she laughed and lifted her glass of sherry to her lips.
"How absurd!" she said. "Well, other

times, other manners." "Yes," said Raymond as he lifted his As I entered the drawing room the vis- glass to her, "I myself adore scarlet. It

personality. He was not a handsome man, though his face was good, his deep set eyes keen, his nose straight. His lips were not hidden by beard or mustache, and in their firm lines I read the positive character of the man. He carticular nag as well as I do my own. my natural timidity and reticence for-Surely, cousin, you can help me."
"No, I do not remember," said Portia bade this step.

"The chestnut with the white mane and tail. Jacko-no-ah! was it not | She feared and hated this cool, calm, in-

"Oh, yes!" cried Portia, as if greatly "No, no, cousin," said Maurice. "Why, no; Jacqueline was the pony your father got after the runaway-a black one. But the chestnut-how amazing that neither "I have such a wretched memory," be-

"There, too, you have changed," ratwas so anxious to see the country in the domain which I passed my boyhood, and above to boast of your remarkable memory. all to see my dear cousin again, whom I remember as the idol of my youth—a would dash off were astounding. I rewould dash off were astounding. I re- of authority and mocking courtesy. She

Raymond. I called Daphne from the library, glad of an excuse to have her once mond was trying to trap her. But to mont did not mark the comedy—or was

All through dinner he was constantly reminding her of some of their youthful experiences. Occasionally, she answered closely to his heart. him understandingly, but as a rule her replies were wide of the mark. One looking about after the first greetings would have said that so far as that period

of her life was concerned Mrs. March-Maurice opened the grand piano, and view. I knew Daphne was asleep in

your sweet voice again. Sing some of rooms after luncheon and refused to adthose dear old songs." at his bidding? Again and again during my stay had I asked her to sing for me,

but she had always refused on one pretext or another. ble after her little speech of welcome; "You will excuse me, cousin,"

"That is absurd," said Colonel Marchsionally turning to me with a swift, rare to us. "She sang just as well as she smile which brightened his rather severe ever did before I went to England. On my return she refused to sing and has

and after I got there a pretender turned

The result was, I was away from Swamplands for over a twelvemonth."

"And during that time you were lady of the manor," said Mr. Raymond to Portia, "What an interminable absence!" he continued, fumbling the music, "but then the reunion—how delightful!"

"Dear cousin, why do you not go in for something original?"

"Open that door," she fumed, "and let me go."

"I will not," he retorted. "Do you think after all the skirmishing between us since my arrival now that it has come to battle that you are to escape the same of fight.

then the reunion—how delightful!"

Colonel Marchmont looked embarrassed, while Portia was very pale. What manner of man was this who appeared to play upon their heart strings? It was not possible that so observant a student of human nature could have failed to remark the cool relations existing between the husband and wife. No. Mr. Raymond was simply drawing them Raymond was simply drawing them



I saw him roughly seize her arm. out. The situation was becoming strained, when I broke the ice by sitting ten to me. You have not imposed upon Raymond. down at the piano and playing a few selections in my amateur fashion. I was conscious that Colonel Marchsounded through the hall.

"A visitor," I said, with some interest, for visitors were not numerous at for visitors were not numerous at fashioned mirror, and glancing in it I gone too far. Your inhumanity to that fashioned mirror, and glancing in it I gone too far. Your inhumanity to that fashioned mirror, and glancing in it I gone too far. Your inhumanity to that fashioned mirror, and glancing in it I gone too far. Your inhumanity to that fashioned mirror, and glancing in it I gone too far. Your inhumanity to that fashioned mirror, and glancing in it I gone too far. Your inhumanity to that fashioned mirror, and glancing in it I gone too far. Your inhumanity to that fashioned mirror, and glancing in it I gone too far. Your inhumanity to that fashioned mirror, and glancing in it I gone too far. Your inhumanity to that fashioned mirror, and glancing in it I gone too far. Your inhumanity to that fashioned mirror, and glancing in it I gone too far. Your inhumanity to that fashioned mirror, and glancing in it I gone too far. Your inhumanity to that fashioned mirror, and glancing in it I gone too far. Your inhumanity to that fashioned mirror, and glancing in it I gone too far. Your inhumanity to that gone too far. Your inhumanity to that fashioned mirror, and glancing in it I gone too far. Your inhumanity to that gone too far. Your inhumanity to

polished, courtly visitor suddenly ap-

proach his hostess, who shrank back with After luncheon the colonel took his blook of absolute terror on her face. I

she had nerved herself for the oncoming Portia had fainted!

CHAPTER XII.

A BATTLE ROYAL. In reading over what I have written I find I appear more or less in the role of an accidental eavesdropper. I am now about to describe a scene to which I was | the key you carry which will only unan intentional listener.

hate a particular color as you hated red. to urge her to hasten the destruction of the child, for whom, through some un-

roon girls."

A great pallor overspread Portia's face, but she laughed and lifted her glass of sherry to her lips.

"How absurd!" she said. "Well, other imes, other manners."

Irustrating her wicked schemes. I constituted myself a detective and watched Portia unceasingly. I determined that at the first suspicious movement I would report everything to Colonel Marchmont and leave him to act.

Moaning, shivering and cowed, Portia rushed by this terrible man. I heard

consin. And my instinct warned me | the corridor. greet me. What most impressed me in this first meeting with Maurice Raymond was the atmosphere of latent power which seemed to emanate from his personality. He was not a handsome man though his face were read his description.

Is viorant with the and action.

"Do you remember, cousin," he went on as he set down his glass, "do you remember the day your pony ran away and threw you? I can see you now lying white and cold on the moss and—and—the provided with the days are seen and action.

The portia. His puzzled air at first sight of her, his quizzing and leading questions, and above all that inexplicable examination of her arm in so rude and masterly a fashion were all mystifying and vexing. that he, too, was studying and watching

> Portia was like a caged tigress these days. She fumed and stormed and lashed herself into tempests of rage. scrutible man, who was for some reason dissecting and analyzing her. She tried to avoid him, but it was useless. He was ever at her side. Did she lounge in one of the great bamboo piazza chairs, Mr. Raymond took the one next her. If she snatched a shawl and fled down one of the garden paths, Maurice at once lighted a cigar and followed, keeping at a respectful distance enough, but allowing her to see she was under his constant

His manner, too, when he addressed her was peculiar. It was a combination member it was rather a trial to me that your memory should be so superior to her and seemed relieved when his utterance was not a question concerning the

what purpose? Was this his revenge it a tragedy?—that was being enacted for the frigid reception she had given under his eyes. But he appeared to live apart, wrapped in sorrowful and gloomy thoughts, and rousing only when his child sprang upon his knee and cuddled

But to return to the scene of which I was at first an involuntary, then inten- know that you have remarked her crueltional listener. One dreary, rainy afternoon I was sitting in the window seat of the library, the heavy curtains shutting When we entered the drawing room, me in and completely concealing me from the nursery with Sophie watching her. The colonel had driven to the neighbor-"Dear cousin, I am longing to hear ing town. Portia had shut herself in her mit me when I knocked. I supposed Mr. I looked at Portia. Would she sing Raymond to be in the smoking room at the end of the hall. Presently, however, people there? You couldn't have been in I heard a man's tread, and peering between the curtains saw him come in the library, throw himself down in a big easy chair in the corner by the fire and

fall to studying the glowing coals.

I reflected whether I should speak to him, but decided not. "He will go soon," I thought, "and in any event he would and child." not care to talk to me.' The door softly opened, and Portia came in. She wore a long white dressing gown, and her heavy braids of hair were tumbling down. She appeared half asleep and did not see her cousin. Crossing to the bookshelves, she selected a novel, and turning prepared to leave

the room, but with the quick, stealthy

spring of a tiger Maurice was before

her. He locked the door, and turning gave her a terrible smile. "How dare you?" she panted. "The stereotyped question of a woman

up. Well, you know the law's delay, when she is vanquished," sneered he. especially in that slow going country. "Dear cousin, why do you not go in for

"Ring for your servants, do," he said tauntingly.

I began to be frightened. Ought I to make my presence known? While I hesitated Portia spoke: "I am not afraid of you, you coward." "Oh, yes, you are," he retorted lightly.
"You have been afraid of me ever since

came-before I came. I do not won-

"Farce!" she cried. "Enough. I will coldness. What can a man expect? Why, I heard him say a dreadful thing to her one evening. She was dancing in the hall—somewhat boisterously, to be

He simply burst out into a fit of the nost mocking laughter I have ever heard. It maddened Portia, and she told her that her dancing was more suitflew at him like a fury. He caught her able to the orgies of Dead Man's swamp hands and pushed her way.
"Sit down," he said sternly, "and lis-

me. I have recognized your infamy. "Oh, you are as bad as he," I said, and You have deluded everybody but me, it suddenly occurring to me that Manthough I think the little northern girl rice was still holding my hands I tried to



lock one door. I know of your midnight

"The mercy you have shown to the innocent shall be yours," he said, with accountable madness, she had conceived a violent hatred.

I felt myself, then, quite justified in frustrating her wicked schemes. I consumer think you can escape me.

But Maurice Raymond! He was al- her lagging footsteps ascend the stairs most as great a mystery to me as his | and the sound of her moaning die along Then I parted the curtains and stepped

> CHAPTER XIII. NORTH AND SOUTH. I think for once in his life Mr. Maurice Raymond was nonplused. However, he speedily recovered.

"Ah!" he cried, "you sly little Puritan, eavesdropping were you? Do you think that is a nice trick for good little "Sir!" I said stiffly, "I am neither a Puritan nor a good little girl"-"No?" he asked good humoredly, "are

you then a pagan and a bad little girl?" "Please remember I am not on the witness stand," I retorted, "and do not try to muddle me with vain questions." At this he shouted with laughter. "I am glad you find me amusing," I said, with considerable severity. "I do," he cried. "You are delicious

with your prim little ways, and your stiff little speeches, and your dear little "Sir!" I exploded. "Pardon me, my child. I have no right to speak of you in that way. But come," catching my hands in his and out on his neck like cords.

drawing me away from the window, "tell me, how came you to be spying and eavesdropping?" "I was not spying," I sputtered indig-nantly. "I was reading there when you came in. I wish now I had made my "Can we save her?" I asked tremu-rice intended, after bringing Portia from presence known, and that I had not been lously.

to that poor, wretched, half mad wo- study in which he was plunged. "Oh! She is half mad, is she?" he asked, assuming his puzzled and ques-

tioning air. "Why, cannot you see her condition for yourself?" I asked. "And I must say that while it is just as well she should ty toward Daphne I think you might have been less harsh with her. Poor Porvile creatures, those voodoos in Dead

Man's swamp."

ders and bent his head to scrutinize my "What do you know, child," he muttered, "of Dead Man's swamp and the

Mr. Raymond caught me by the shoul-

that ghastly place." "No," I replied, "I have not been there, but I know enough about it and the baleful influence it has exerted on my poor friend's life. My desire is to save Portia, to see her restored to her right mind and bring her once more to her husband

"Why, so is mine," he answered, with a curious expression. "Well, this is no way to go about it," I said, "to fly at a crazy woman, call her a vampire, taunt her, alarm her, talk about chaining her in a cell and all that. I want your assistance and presence. I To be sure, it's just like a man. You are need you. Will you come? not to blame, I suppose, for your brusquerie, which amounts almost toto"- I hesitated.

the dreadful word," he cried. "Brutality!" I said. "So I was brutal, was I?" he asked

"Well, well, out with it! Let's hear

Used in Millions of Homes-40 Years the Standard.

"Indeed you were. I had no idea that a courteous gentleman could behave so

villainously to a suffering woman."

"Well, now, tell me," said Mr. Raymond quite solicitously I fancied, "how should I have approached Portia?"

"It is quite right to be firm and decided with her," I answered. "I think myself she needs a strong hand. You "Maurice, Maurice," she cried wildly.
"Don't dare to call me Maurice when we are alone," he said, "you may keep up the farce before others a little longhis wife, treats her with contempt and

sure"—the blood rushed to my face as I recalled that abandoned dance—"and he

than to a gentleman's house."

"Quite right, too," interposed Mr.

little fragile claws," looking down on them. "I could easily crush them, but

but, as you say, she needs a strong hand. She must not be allowed to harm little Daphne, must she?" "On no account," I replied quickly. Since that night I have watched and guarded the child constantly."

"Since what night?" he asked care- it might be. lessly.

I hesitated. I was conscious that he tell him? He knew of the closed gate; he knew of Portia's visit to the swamp; why should he not know of this? I studied his face before speaking. Candor and honesty were written there. He might be severe, but he was just. Yes, I

I then as briefly as possible recited the story of that night. When I spoke of the knife she carried, and which she held so long as if in invocation toward the moon, he gave a perceptible start. And when I repeated the conversation with old Jezebel at the gate he was again visibly affected. Once he ground his teeth and stamped his foot in rage, and more than once the strong white fingers clinched as if they ached to throttle

Then, growing more confidential, I told him of my first night in the house and of Portia's stealthy survey of me through the window; the experience in



cry in the night which had welled up promise from the interior of Dead Man's swamp. | Colonel Marchmont stared at Ray-His face grew tense and white with mond in a dazed fashion.

ished, "my poor tortured girl. It is strange voice.

and almost tenderly: "Little woman, I believe you to be of assumed command of everything, not to the stuff of which fighters are made. leave the child for one moment during There must be a drop of Bunker Hill the night.

save Portia. Will you help me?" "With all my heart." "Very well. Say nothing to a soul, sessing me grew almost unbearable. but prepare to go with me at midnight "Where is he? Why does he not come?"

to Dead Man's swamp." CHAPTER XIV. A MIDNIGHT MISSION. I started. To Dead Man's swamp! To enter that uncanny, mysterious place at

well daunt the most courageous of wom-en. What could be Maurice's motive in one hand, with the other she was drawvisiting that spot? How was Portia to ing a long black lace scarf over her face, be benefited by such an adventure? As if he read my thoughts, Mr. Ray- terrible to see.

"Yes, little woman, you hesitate. I man stepped quickly out from the cor-expected that, but you need have no per of the hall, Maurice! "Yes, little woman, you hesitate. fear. You will be amply protected, and A thrill shot through me at these

words. I raised my eyes and saw in his only the kindest and tenderest ex-

"Come,"

I would have followed him to the ends of the earth had he so bidden me. I put my hand in his.

"I will go," I said. At nightfall the rain ceased, but the sky was black and overcast. I shuddered as I drew back the curtains and looked out and thought of the dense tangles and thickets of the gloomy swamp. How black, how awful, how impenetrable, seemed those dusky recesses I remembered! What was I to see-to hear on this wild midnight quest? I scarcely

dared ask myself. But I resolved there should be no misgivings, no faint heartedness. I had put my hand to the plow, and I would not turn back. To save Portia, Maurice had said. Ah, yes! if by any sacrifice of creature comfort I could exorcise the evil influences surrounding my poor friend, how gladly would I make that

But what did it mean? Had Maurice in any way discovered that Portia intended to pay one of her nocturnal visits to the swamp? Was it his plan to follow her and plead, threaten or command her to give over forever her association with

puzzling my mind. I trusted Maurice they are good hands." He suddenly bent his head and kissed them.

It was the first caress I had ever remy lonely heart that I loved this brilceived from any one save Portia and Hant, intellectual, masterful man. Daphne. I trembled, and with an effort Though my superior in every way, I yet released myself and left him, going over lifted my eyes to him as a weed clings o the fire.

Mr. Raymond followed, but did not atlove me? It seemed absolute folly to tempt to touch me. He took up his think so, and yet I could not banish the station opposite me on the rug, and look in his eyes, the ring in his voice nor leaning his arm on the mantel said: eaning his arm on the mantel said:
"Possibly I was too severe with her: my hands. "Good little hands," he had said, looking down on them. And now as I looked down on them, too, and remembered his words I was thankful they had never been stained with evil, and that though small they were strong and could help him on his mission, whatever

> Portia did not appear at dinner, sending down a message that she was not well. I knocked at the door, but she would not admit me. Colonel Marchmont appeared to be

plunged in deeper gloom than ever. He scarcely noticed Mr. Raymond or my-



the lethargy which surrounded and enveloped him. It was painful to see him so depressed, so unhappy. When spoken to, his gaze wandered, and his answers

"You are not well, dear fellow," said Maurice as we left the dining room. "I cannot sleep. I have not slept for two nights," returned the colonel. "When I close my eyes, I see her as she nsed to be, not as she is now-oh, God!"

"Listen, Jermyn," said Maurice in a low voice. "Your troubles are nearly at an end. No, do not ask one question now. Before another day dawns your doubts, your sorrows, will be dispelled. All I ask of you is to go to the library and remain there until I come. Do not leave the room or house. Wait there for closed gate, and at last of that awful me if you wait until daybreak. Do you

suppressed passion, and the veins stood "Trust me, Jermyn," said Maurice 'and promise me.' "Oh, Portia, Portia!" he cried as I fin- "I promise," said the colonel in a

her rendezvous with the voodoos, to lead a witness of your unpardonable severity "Can we?" he said, rousing from the her into her husband's presence and more and more mystified. Then once more, taking my not too The evening dragged away. Daphne unwilling hands in his, he said gently was sent to bed, Sophie receiving orders from Maurice, who seemed to have

blood in your veins. I believe you to be | Eleven o'clock. I sat in the drawing loyal, honest and brave. You are cour- room waiting for Maurice, as we had ageous? Yes, I know you are. I want agreed to meet there. The great house tia is not to blame. She is the victim of you to trust yourself to me, to go was still. There were lights in the lisome dreadful spell cast over her by those | through a terrible experience. To what brary, where the unhappy husband kept end? you will ask. To this: We will his vigil. But everywhere else darkness brooded over the mansion. The silence, the hour, the nervous expectancy pos-

cried to myself. Suddenly I heard stealthy footsteps in the hall above, on the stairs, then the

rustle of a woman's dress. Stepping softly to the drawing room door, I looked out. A figure wrapped in midnight was a prospect which might black was descending the stairs. It was which in the dim light was ghastly and

Just as she reached the lower stairs a

Helen of Troy Was a famous beauty; coming down to the present time we find a clear complexion, as essential to correct beauty. Haller's Sarsaparilla and Burdock Com-pound will produce a beautiful clear skin. For sale by F. H. Longley.