BY A. CURTIS YORKE.

CHAPTER VIII-CONTINUED. Well. Scott—any news?" said Kennard looking up sharply. Well yes sir, I have," said the man. shough I don't say it's alto-

gether what you would call good news" he added. Kennard changed color somewhat.

De you mean that you have fur-ther proof against Sir Keith?" he said abruptly.
No Mr. Kennard." Scott an-

swered shaking his head. "What I here discovered quite clears Sir

Clears him!" he exclaimed. . Then that do you mean by looking at me in that lugubrious way? Speak out man! What have you discovered?" The detective looked at him for a few seconds in silence; then he said. with slow. deliberate emphasis:

Is there any one else you can think of tesides Sir Keith himself. who had reason to desire the death of Edgar Verschoyle?"

No one in the world. Except

Lady Denham; and she of course is

.Ah yes, except Lady Denham"put in the detective speaking in the same significant kind of way and tapping the back of one hand with the ingers of the other-uxcept Lady Denham!"

· Good heavens! what are you driving at?" exclaimed Kennard angrily. Do you mean to imply that Lady Denham committed the murder? Pooh! you are raving."

I am not raving. sir." answered scott in respectful, but dogged tones. which somehow carried conviction with them. . That is what I mean. The Frenchwoman's statement was entirely false. She made it to screen her mistress. I had my suspicions from the first, only I hadn't enough to go upon. These suspicions are now

confirmed unquestionably."

Kennard sat aghast. This solution of the problem had simply never occarred to him. He put it away from him now like some unclean thing. And yet, with inconceivable rapidity. there flashed across his unwilling mind numberless circumstances and incidents, which, alas! seemed to place themselves together with appalling accuracy and ease. "Well?" he said curtly, after a

somewhat lengthy pause. The detective took out h's notebook and read as follows:

On the evening of Sunday, the 23d of June-the night before the murder-a lady who gave he name called upon Mr. Verschoyle at the private hotel in Dover street where he was staying" --

Why was this not mentioned at the inquest?" put in Kennard sharply.

Because." returned Scott 'the returned Scott .tue waiter who showed her up. and who gave me the information, left the following day for another situation. He. however, went home first it seemsto some out of the way place in Wales -was taken ill there, and only arrived in London this morning: I found out some days ago that one of the waiters from No. — Dover street had left and also found out the name and address of his new employers. But I could find no trace of him until

to day, when I went to said address. found he had returned, and get all I could out of him-without of course, lett ng him know who I was. He hadn't even heard of the murder. This man, whose name, by the way, is Frank Barnes, informed me," here Scott referred to his note-book again. 'that on the evening of Sunday, the at No. - Dover street, when he saw a lady admitted by the ball porter. The lady asked to see Mr. Verscheyle. He (Barnes) showed her upstairs and into Mr. Verschoyle's eitting-room. that gentleman having just finished dinner. Barnes lingered in the passage outside the sitting-room door. in case he might be wanted (so he said). and thus heard scraps of their conversation. He distinctly heard the lady say very excitedly:

"When you made me your wife

long ago'- Then came words he could not hear. After a time he heard old days I swore to kill you. I swear to kill you now, if you carry out your threat. A few minutes passed. during which he could not make out what was said by either. Then be heard a kind of rush; and Mr. Verschoyle's voice said quickly: Ah. would you, madam! Not so fast, if you please. Let me look at that very effective little instrument. No? then ust put it back again. my dear. and don't disarrange your coiffure on my account. The lady then said in a gasping kind of voice: Ah-I was not quick enough—but you shall not ber words became words her words became unintelligi-ble and after that she seemed so hysterical and Mr. Versuboyle spoke in such a low voice that Barnes could not make

anything further that was said. Some quarter of an hour later the lady came out. The black veil leatures distinctively. He recognized her as Lady Denham. He says he bought Lady Denham's photograph some time ago in a shop in Regent street, and would know her anywhere."

Scott here closed his note-book and went on:

There can be little doubt that the lady who called upon Edgar Vers-choyle that night was Lady Denham. The words used by her. When you made me your wife, long ago, prove that, I think. And the sequel showed that she kept her word—he showed that she kept her word-he

did not escape her the next time." Kennard sat silent for a time, his Rood-looking face—very pale, his speak to her. Scott and another deingers beating nervousiy on the tective are down-stairs."

table. Then he said in quick, irrita-

But if Lady Denham committed the murder, which I cannot believe. why should she have screamed as she did, and brought a whole crowd of people round her? And besides." he continued, with a sudden thought the doctors said life had been extinct for half an hour when the body was discovered. Why did she wait all that time and then scream? The

thing is preposterous." As he spoke he flung himself back in his chair, and knitted his

brows in a heavy perplexed frown.

"My theory is this." said the detective. quietly: After she had committed the crime she fainted. and when she came to herself agaen. found herself alone with the dead body of her husband-then she

"And how do you account for none of her guests finding her while she was in this hypothetical swoon?" put in Kennard, sarcastically.

"The fernery door, I understand, was locked on the inside," was the answer. On that night neither it nor the library were thrown open to Lady Denham's guests. I think that when Lady Lenham recovered from her faint, and just before or after she screamed, she unlocked the door. and tried to get away from the dead body; but fear, or horror, or both, prevented her. In her confusion and terror she turned to the door leading to the conservatory. instead of that leading into the library."

"And how did she conceal the weapon?"

"Ah. that is just the point that puzzles me—I don't know. One thing has occurred to me. How does

Lady Denham wear her hair?'
'Wear her hair? I don't know. What has that to do with it?" said

dagger in her hair?" asked Scott

Kennari started. "I can't tell you. I've no idea. Do you mean? Do you think——?"

"I mean that the doctors said the wound had evidently been inflicted by some three-cornered instrument. Now I remember once being on a job in some foreign town where a woman murdered another woman with an ernamental dagger she wore in her hair. Why not in this case? Verschoyle telling her to put it eack, and telling her not to disarrange her coiffure, seems to point to the possibility."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Kennard, rising and walking excitedly about the room.

·Does Mr. Coringham know what you have just told me?" he said, after a minute's silence. Does he know of this man Barnes' statement, I mean?

"No. sir. He is in Yorkshire. He said I was to bring any information I obtained to you. I have mentioned it to no one; and I told Barnes he had better ho d his tongue in the meantime, in case he got into trouble. It's the only argument likely to have any effect on a fool like him. As for the Frenchwoman, we must get hold of

After a few more questions, Kenward bade the man a mechanical 'Good-night," and enjoined him to take no further steps until he could see him on the following day-except

in tracing Elise Devorne.
-If this be proved." Kennard said to himself as he sat thinking deeply. far into the small hours-"if this be Poor old chap Poor old chap! It's au awful price to pay for his release. There is some horrible mistake somewhere; for I could swear to that poor 23d of June, he was crossing the hall child's innocence almost as I could to my own. And yet-"

CHAPTER IX.

A Terrible Alternative. By the next day Simon Scott found that, in spite of his shrewd injunction to Barnes, matters had precipitated themselves a good deal. For the latter, in a fever of excitement at holding such important evidence in such an important case, had reported all be had seen and heard to the author-

ities at Scotland Yard. The consequence of his communication was that a warrant was immedithe lady say: . Many a time in the a cly issued for Lady Denham's ap-

prehension. kennard though in a manner prepared for this felt honribly shocked and distressed when he realized that his friend's wife was actually charged with such a hideous crime-nevolting and awful enough in a man, but doubly so in a woman. He could not bring himself to believe in her guilt, nor could his wife, who had burst into passionate, indignant tears when Kennard told her Scott's news. A warm friendship had sprung up between the two women some years ago and Gladys Kennard was the loyallest of friends. Nevertheless, not even to her had Olive Denham given any him of her first marriage; indeed, she was singularly reticent regarding her life previous to her marriage with Sir Keith.

And Gladya though frank to a fault herself, had never dreamed of ques-

tioning her. It was late in the afternoon on the which had consealed her face was day following Scott's visit to Ken-partly raised and he saw her pard Gladys Kennard and Lady Denham were alone in the former's little morning-room, which had been given up to Olive since she was able to leave her bedroom. She (Olive) was lying back wearily in a chair near the window. her bands clasped in her lap, her beautiful face utterly expressionless her eyes gazing unseeingly across the dusty square. Gladys was walk-ing slowly up and down the room; but she started and became very pale as

> her, in agitated tones as she crossed the room to meet him. "I-I must

"Oh. Harcourt." said Gladys faint

'is it—is it what you feared?'
Yes." he answered. 'Go. dear." When she had left the room, Kennard advanced towards Olive had not seemed to be aware of his entrance; but she turned toward him now, and tried to smile. Her face was so white, so still, so sweet! It was not the face of a murderess he thought--forgetting how the soul may contradict the body sometimes.

He took a chair near hers, and gently. very gently, broke his terrible tidings. Then her face changed—suddenly, awfully.

"You must not think." he added hurriedly. looking away from her wide, terror-stricken eyes, that I. for one moment suspect you—the thing is impossible."

"Do you not?" she said. "Ah! that is good of you." She spoke in a slow, deliberate kind of way; her hauds were clasped tightly on her breast. her breath came in quick little gasps. a rapidly-changing combination of expressions flitted across her white.

During the next two minutes there was an utter silence; for Kennard was struggling with a troublesome lump in his throat, which made speech difficult just then.

Suddenly Olive spoke.
"You are very good," she said-putting up one hand to her throat with a convulsive. uncertain move, ment, and speaking in a low. hoarse voice, which did not sound like her own, 'very good-and very-k nd. But-it is of no-use."

. You must not say that " said Kennard husk ly, as he took one of her cold little hands in his.

She looked at him and withdrew her hand. Something in her expression struck him with an unpleasant chill; her uanatural composure gave him a vague feeling of alarm.

"Dear Lady Denham." he said with deep concern, 'let me assure you again that..."

Wat!" she interrupted him, and a slow, terrible sm le that froze his blood settled around her lips. "Wait! I—I do not deny the charge."

For a moment or two Kennard maintained a petrified silence. Had he heard aright? Then a sudden thought struck him and he said sooth-

You are excited and overwrought. You do not-"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FORTY MILES HIGH. Auroras Have Reached That Height, It Is

Claimed. The scientists of the Royal Dan'sh academy have recently made public the results of some interesting experiments, which were conducted for the

sole purpose of ascertaining the exact or, at any rate, the approximate, height of the aurora borealis. At Godthaab, M. Adem Paulsen, with two theodolites situated only four miles apart, ound that the height of d.fferent auroral d'splays varied from one to forty miles! Near Cape Farewell w.th a base I ne of three-fourths of a mile in length, the best calculations obtainable placed different auroræ at from one to ten miles in height; at Spitzbergen it was shown that they range from a height of one-third to eighteen miles. In this connection it will not prove uninteresting to ment on some of the remarkable opinions entertained by the sarly experimenters in this line. Flogel estimated the height of the various auroræ observed by him at from 90 to 310 miles above the earth; Reimann found that one miles high, and Nordenskjold's earlier deductions gave such phenomena an average height of 125 miles. Then Leemstrome came forward with the announcement that he had taken notes and observations on an auroral display that was not separated from the earth by more than 1,000 feet; while Hilderbrandson concurred to the extent of declaring that many of the displays were below the clouds. This latest experimenter on the auroral line infers that auroræ only appear at a considerable height in temperate zones while in the auroral zone proper the phenomenon is gen-erally produced in the lower atmos-

The Dismal Swamp.
The Dismal swamp in Virginia, one of the largest of the swampy tracts in America is also one of the most promising areas for reclamation. It contains fully 1,500 square miles, and is at present of little value, except for a supply of timber. It is an old sea bottom, and the western boundary of the swamp is a sea cliff and beach. The chief animal population of the higher classes consists of water birds and snakes. Of the larger animals. bears are abundant, and there is a peculiar and very ferocious species of wild horned cattle. The fights of the bears are said to be very exciting.

Did One Good Deed. One of the most successful misers on record died recently at Charlottenburg. Germany, having accumulated more than 250,000 marks. The old man lived in the meanest part of the town in a miserable room, and during long periods of illness he was nursed by a poor family living on the top floor of the house. He left all his money to this family, giving a cler-gyman his will for safe keeping.

Shoplifting by women is said to be slarmingly on the increase in Paris. so much so that the justices have been instructed to be less lenient in future with rich women, and to punish socalled kleptomania as simple theft Of eighteen arrests made recently in a single day seventeen were women; four were wealthy, and all were in comfortable circumstances.

More Than Necessary. Young Minister—I've been praying for you a long time. Miss Dora. Miss Dora (astonished) — Why didn't you let me know it? I'd have been yours after the first prayer.

In America skeletons are neither legal tender nor monuments of title, but it is different at the antipodes—in that as in many other things. In New Zealand, for instance, a European can not acquire title to a new piece of land till the individual Maori title is extinguished, and that has to be done before a native land court. In this court the "thuongas" or judges of local law de-clare that there is no valid title unless the last preceding owner's thoracic skeleton be produced. It appears that among the Maoris, when the land of a descendant becomes the property of another man the new-comer hangs up the skeleton of the descendant's body fashioued into a cage, with a parrot inside the ribs. This is fact before the eyes of all and no one would dare to dispute the claims of the holder of such paramount evidence.

A Tonic That Culets the Nerves. Not all the sedatives and Nerve foo .s and narcotics in which this age of medical dis-covery is so prolific, can restore quiet to the nerves permanently, so long as the tran-quility of those sen-live organs are dis-

turbed by irregular digestion. When t e food is not adequately digested and a similated, a tonic or invig. rating effect is not lated, a tonic or invig. rating effect is not exerted upon them, they remain weak and unstruny, and nightly repo e is disturbed and fitful. Beginning at the fountain head, nostetter's Stomach witters, ref.rms a disordered condition of the stomach and promotes general vig.a. In which the nerveshare in common with the rest of the system. A regular action of the bowels and liver, resulting from the use of the mediate, also conduce the this good effect. Malaria, theumatism and kidney complaintail nerve disturbing complaints are removed by the Bitters.

Willing to Work.

The people of Manitou were enter-tained the other day by the spectacle of a man carrying a stone around a triangular track, letting it drop and shouldering it again at every turn. The performer was a man who has a reputation for a disinclination to labor, and the incident was the outcome of a wail he was making about the hard times and his inability to get work. citizen told him he would not work if he got the chance and offered him 50 cents an hour as long as he would carry the stone. To the surprise of all he ac-cepted the offer and held out for five hours. A large crowd gathered to watch the performance.—Denver Re-

publican.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a 'ocal disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly falling to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Chency & Co., Toledo, Ohlo, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

An Interesting Decision

An interesting case was tried before Justice Payne of Charleston a few days ago. The suit was brought by James King against John Bryant for the recovery of \$225 paid by King to Bryant for worthless blank paper, King hav-ing bargained for \$1,000 worth of counterfeit money. The justice gave a ver-dict in favor of the plaintiff for the full amount. - Wheeling Dispatch.

Lane's Medicine Moves the Bowels Each Day. In order to be healthy this is neces-sary. Cures constipation, headache, kidney and liver troubles and regulates the stom-ach and bowels.

Want Immigrant Wives. A New Jersey capitalist, in search of

a wife to share his wealth, applied by letter to the barge office employment bureau the other day. His name is Edward Hogan of Dover, N. J.

The letter said: "Can you send me a two houses (she must be under 35), also

a pig and two horses, but no chickens, for the neighbors would steal them."

Mrs. Boyle, the matron in charge, is now looking for a young woman who aspires to be an heiress and a wife.

A letter was also received from John J. Jones of Jackson, O., who wants a Welsh wife. The only qualification he mentioned was that the woman who chooses him should be able to wash a 'oiled" shirt.-New York Herald.

Most people prefer to love rather than to be loved.

There are some men who are always polite—they have gloved souls.

When the devil fishes for men he does not let them see him tate the hook.

Don't trust the man who can't ask a loan A hobby is the medium between a passion

ALL AGHES OF JOINTS, NERVES AND MUSGLES

ST. JACOBS OIL

WILL CURE AND PROMPTLY HUSTLES,



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Father or Mother: Sister or Brother: Sweetheart or Lover Would be pleased to receive as a

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THOMSON'S

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"Ninety dollars."

The expenses and eccentricities of the stamp collector's hobby were illustrated at the Portland (Me.) postoffice the other day, in the receipt of a registered letter bearing a postage stamp of the \$\frac{3}{2}\$ denomination. The fees due on the letter only called for 10 cents postage, and the reason for using so costly Small Boy—Mamma, isn't it all right to throw rice after a bride and groom?

Mamma—Certainly; why do you ask?

Small Boy—'Cause my new brotherin-law said he was going to lick me when he came home from the honeymoon 'cause I soaked him in the carwith a broth of the board of the said of the carage, and the reason for using so costly a stamp was that cancelled, it is of with a hunk of soft boiled rice. - New York Journal. than an uncanceled one, and he took this method of obtaining his end. It is Shiloh's Communition Core
Is sold on a guarantee. It cores Inciplent Communition. It is the best Cough Cure. Sets. Sets. 2018. not an uncommon thing for a collector thus to use a rare and costly stamp on It was at the world's fair that some Washington young women met Fred Smith quite unexpectedly. "Dear me!" said one of them; "how an ordinary letter, registering the letletter as a safeguard against it going

A Funeral Tax in Paris.

Paris is threatened with a deficit in her budget, and the municipal council ill you are looking. You are getting "Yes," was the reply. "I believe proposes to provide for it by an increased tax on funerals. Undertakers are public officers in France, and fees are fixed by law. The lowest price of a grave of two square meters is \$70. An additional meter costs \$200. The council proposes to make the minimum Who would be free from earthly ills must buy a box of Beecham's Pills. 25 cents a box. Worth a guinea.

Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul. Minn., will mail a trial package of "Schiffmann's Asthma Cure" free to any sufferer. He advertises by giving it away. Never fulls to give instant relief in worst cases and cures where others fall. Name this paper and send address for a free trial package.

There is a club in Berlin called "The Giants," every member of which is six feet tall. Vienna has a "Lazy Club," no member of which does anything for a living, and London a "Bald-headed Club," where nothing but nothing

There are but few moral wounds that soll-tude does not cure. To have to look in the face of truth al-ways kills a lie dead.

Coughs and Colds. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., should try Brown's Bronchial Troches. Sold only in boxes.

There is nothing like the exercise of power for teaching you politics

A man is strong when he admits to him self his own weakness. Coe's Cough Balsam Is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quick-er than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

In the medical profession a carriage is often more essential than skill. If the Buby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remed Winslow's Scotning Synur for Children Teethi Love, after giving more than it has, ends by giving less than it receives.

"Hansow's Magre turn Naive."
Warranted to cure or money refouded. Ask
ruggist for it. Price 15 cents.

The old critic is always kind and considerate; the young critic is implacable.

See Colchester Spading Boots adv. in other colu There are five Chinese medical students in the university of Michigan.

The Western Trail Is published by the Great Rock Island Route, and is issued quarterly. It will be sent free for one year by addressing Editor Western Trail. Chicago. JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago.

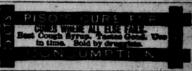
Women are apt to see chiefly the defects of man of talent and the merits of a fool.

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