BY A. CURTIS YORKE.

CHAPTER IX-CONTINUED.

You are mistaken." she answered. harshly. "I am not ill and I am not mad. I am only " here her vo ce shock—'I am only very very wrotched. Let them take me away. I am ready." She rose as she spoke, and stood facing him, with compressed lins and glittering eyes. Kennard, half-stupefied, rose also.

"What!" he articulated when he could speak. "Am I to believe that

Hush!" she muttered grasping the back of a chair as though to steady berself. "Hush! Do not ask me! I-

cannot-say it." Great Heavens!" exclaimed Kennard, almost roughly. "Do you know what you are implying?"

She shrank back a little and pressed her hands to her head.

Don't!" she gasped. "Don't look at me like that!' Do you mean me to understand that you acknowledge yourself guilty of the murder of Fdgar Verschoyle?"

continued Kennard in tones which in spite of his efforts betrayed the horror But she only suddered. "And you would have allowed your husband to suffer for your crime?" he exclaimed indignation and scorn and

incredulity fighting for the mastery in his voice. 'Lady Denham. I will not believe this!" "I cannot help it," she said mov-

ing her head wearily to and fro. Then she went on almost in a whisper Do not think more hardly of me than you can help." Kennard did not speak. A sense

of actual physical repulsion toward the guilty creature before him seemed to predominate over all other feelings for a time as he thought of the systematic cold-blooded deceit which must have been practised by this woman-deceit which in its utter heartlessness far supersoded her crime. He thought of her tears, her wi'd despair, her passionate p otesta-tions of her husband's innocence, the husband whom she would have permitted to die a shameful death her crime, the husband who loved her so truly and fondly. Good Heavens—was she altogether heartless? ()r. as Kennard almost began to believe was she mad? - and thus irresponsible?

She would say nothing more, not even to Gladys, who wopt as though her heart would break. Even she could not palliate such a sin as this. The crime itself she would have found excuses for-terrible though it was: but that a wife should deliberate. ly allow her husband to suffer in her stead, and keep silence-no! hearted Gladys could not understand

such, baseness as that. If further confirmation of Olive's guilt were necessary, it came. For that same day a letter was received otland Yard from Felise Devorne. retracting her former statement, which she now acknowledged to be untrue in every particular—she having made the said statement to screen her mistress, which the no longer felt it

Next day Kennard had another hard task before him, and that was to break the awful news to Denham. who now—at what a cost!—was a free men again. Harcourt Kennard perhaps more than the average count of moral courage but his eart absolutely qualled as he thought the fearful blow he was about to inflict on his unhappy friend -a blow which nothing could soften or render

He found Denham sitting with bent end and clasped hands hanging down before him. He did not rise when Henbard entered, but only raised his head and silently held out his hand. 'I have news for you Kelth." began

Kennard uncerta aly, after a long pause during which he had been wondering irritably how the deuce he was say what he had to say.
"News!" repeated Denham turning

is haggard face toward wher. 'No good news. I see your face. Has some other eye-witness of my crime come forward o give evidence against me." he added bitterly. No oh no. Keith-I have come

to tell you that -you are free." The other sprang to his feet What" he cried hearsely. 'Free?

Do you mean that?" Yes" was the quiet answer.

Denham's lips trembled; he bowed his face on his hands for a moment or

Thank God!" he muttered. Oh, thunk God! Then he raised his head and drew a

"It would have broken Olive's heart." he said, and his voice shook perceptibly.

Kennard was silent.

"What's the matter, Kennard?"

"Mon said Denham, sharply. "How queer

you look. Did I hear you aright?"

You said I was free—did you not?"

"My poor fellow—yes." Kennard

made answer in an odd constrained

Denham grew a shade paler. 'In heaven's name, explain yourell" he said laying his hand heavily on the other's shoulder. Has the murderer been found? And who is

"Denham" - said Kennard desperately. . upon my soul I don't know

how to tell you." "What do you mean?" said Sir Keith drawing his breath hard. What are you keeping from me? Has anything happened to Olive, orthe boy? For God's sake, speak out!" he exclaimed fiercely, as the other re-

mained silent. Kenuard could never remember what he said in answer. He had an indistinct recollection of biurting out tow sentences-cruelly few, cruelly

sharp-and of seeing his hearer's face

turn an awful gray color. like stone.

Do you know what you are saying?" gasped Denham, putting one hand against the wall as though to steady himself, when a few minutes had passed in awful silence. Do you know what you are saying? That my wife—oh. God! my wife—is guilty, by her own confession, of murder? Damn .. e broke out violently, as Kenvou! nard began to speak again. do you dare to come to me with such a tale? Another word, and"

But Kennard interrupted him. 'My dear Denham," he said in quiet tones that carried conviction to his unhappy hearer. "what I have told you is unfortunately true, beyond all possibility of a doubt. Lady Denham has herself admitted her guilt. And Felise Devorne has acknowledged that her evidence against you was false and given to screen her mistress from justice.'

'It is a lie." burst out the wretched husband. "It is an infernal lie!"

Kennard flushed slightly, and bit his ip; but he did not answer. He made allowance (as few men would have done) for the fearful mental distress under which the other was laboring. There was a brief silence; then

Denham said thickly and indistinctly:
"Where is she? Where have they taken her? I must'-

He put his hand uncertainly to his staggered forward a few paces. head. and fell across his bed in deathlike unconsciousness.

The first use Sir Keith made of his freedom was to ob ain an interview with his wife. He felt weak and ill. and was hardly able to stand; but a feverish desire consumed him to hear from her own lips-what he already knew so well-that she was innocent.

When Olive saw him enter she uttered a low, sharp scream, and crouched back into a corner, holding her hands before her face.

"Keep away!" she cried, with pant ing breath. 'Keep away! You must not come near.

Olive my darling " he cried agi tatedly, for he was terribly shocked at the strange expression on her changed little face as she turned it toward him. You do not know what you are saying. Do you think I lieve this horrible charge against you?" he went on, with inexpressible tenderness. My dear one, only trust me and tell me everything. Olive. for pity's sake don't look at me like that. Deny this thing and do not quite break my heart! Ah—they have driven her mad, my poor love, he muttered at last, with a sob of despair in his deep voice.

For she only repeated over and over again in dull, mechanical tones:
"Go—leave me. I never wish to
see you again." And except that she

would say nothing.

Her husband, convinced that her brain had given way under the strain of her terrible anxiety for him, sent in frantic haste for two celebrated physicians, who, however, pronounced her perfectly sane. But Denham could gather from their faces that they entertained no doubt of her guilt. She still remained obstinately silent and her husband, feeling like a man in some ghastly nightmare at last allowed himself to be persuaded to accompany Kennard to the latter's quiet home in South Kensington where Gladys her sweet face pale and anxious was waiting for them.

Kennard, with a silent shake of the head put her gently aside for Sir Keith could not speak to her. The two mon went into the library, and then poor Denham broke down altoget ier.

More than the bitterness of death was in the paroxysm of silent tearless grief that shook him a grief of which the keenest agony was held not so much in the chill steadily-growing conviction of his wife's guilt, nor in the knowledge that she had, if guilty, deliberately allowed him to be accused of his crime—but in the mad-dealing, soul-scathing thought that she had deceived him from the very beginning: that the wife he had so loved had existed nowhere on earthonly in his own imagination. And yet he felt, with an almost fierce despair, that he could not tear her out of his heart this woman who had wrecked his life he loved her still.

For a time his agitation was terrible, and evidently quite beyond his control. When at last he became calmer. Kennard could see that he was utterly exhausted, physically and mentally, and persuaded him to go to his room and try to get some rest. But rest was a bitter mockery to Denham that night. He threw himself on his bed, dressed as he was and lay with wide eyes and throb-bing pulses until he could bear it no longer, and rising paced the room ceaselessly far into the dawn. He used to look back upon that night after-wards with a shuddering horror. It seemed to him that he had passed through hell.

No-when the morning came his hair had not turned white. But neither Kennard nor Gladys ever forgot his face as they saw it that day.

He steadily refused their earnestly expressed desire that he should remain their guest for a time; and went back that same day to his home in Belgrave square, taking his little son with him.

CHAPTER X.

Their Son. It was a week later.

The weird summer dusk was settling down over London, as Sir Keith reached his home -such a desecrated. ruined home it seemed now-and went with listless heavy steps into his study. A fire was burning there. for the evenings had been chilly of late; and on the hearthrug knelt a handsome boy of some five years, with small regular features, thick closecropped brown hair, and dark, carnest eyes ah! so like his mother's-set

"I've been waiting for you such a long time, father, dear," he said putting his hand confidingly into Denham's. Such a long long time. I thought you were never coming." Denham sat down and drew the

little fellow within his arm. "Is it not time you were in bed. he said, tenderly smooth-ag the hair from the child's forehead.

His agonized thoughts were interrupted by the voice of his little son. whose presence he had almost forgotten

'Father," he said and the childish tones trembled. . where is mother? I feel so very, very lonely without her. Is it true what nurse says-that I must not speak of her. that she is very wicked, and that I shall never see her again? Will she never come to kiss me good-night again, nor take me on her knee and sing to me as she used to do? May I not speak about her to you. dear father? Nurse said you would be angry if I did. but I felt sure you wouldn't

As the baby eyes looked wistfully up to his Denham grew white to the very lips.

"Hush, my boy, hush," he muttered hoarsely. As he spoke he leaned his arm on the table, and covered his ey. with his hand.

lessly. "tather," he whispered. you a very bad headache?"

After a time Cyril moved rest-

Sir Keith raised his head pushed the hair wearily off his forehead.

"Yes, Cyril, a very bad head-ache." he answered mechanically.

"You nearly always have a headsche now father, haven't you?" said the child sympathetically. Sir Keith did not answer, for his

thoughts were far away.

'You don't look a bit like you used to you know." pursued Cyril. climbing on to his father s knee and laying his little head on his shoulder. You never play with me now, nor nor anything. Is it because mother is away?" and the clear, childish voice faltered. "Are you lonely, too? Do you feel as if you'd give almost anything if she would come back again?"

A strong shudder shook Denham from head to foot. The child's innocent words seemed to wring his heart with an almost unbearable agony. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

WORK OF ONE CIGARETTE Ruin of a Grazing Ground and Starvation

to Thousands of Animals. A number of hunters in the Gros Ventre range. Wyoming. one day in August, 1889, were smoking as they rode along. One carelessly cast his cigarette stub on the grass beside the trail. Usually it would have died there and no harm come from it but a breeze was blowing that fanned it till a dry blade of grass flamed up. The hunters had just passed around a bend and did not see the flame. An hour later a fire that threatened all the grass south of the Gros Ventre river was raging and the few settlers there were riding from ranches even thirty miles away to save the range their cattle needed. One man followed and brought back the hunters and for the rest of the day more than a score of men with horses dragging bundles of green brush galloped up and down to confine the flames to the canyons and mountains east of the valley. They succeeded, and the ranchers worn out rode home to rest Some hundreds of square miles of mountain sides and the bottom lands

in the canyons were burned over. Later came winter and the deep snow common to that country. With the snow came herds of elk from the mountain tops to feed in the thickets along the brooks between the mountains. It was their regular practice. and they had always lived there in peace the winter through, for the settlers killed only what were needed for food. But this winter, instead of nourishing grasses and twigs the Chautauquan says the unfortunate animals found only charred stubs and blackened sods. Goaded by their hunger they came out on the plains and about the ranches of the settlers. At first they fled at the sight of a man. but by January cared nothing for one. They mingled with the cattle; they leaped over fences built high to exclude them, they attacked the haystacks in spite of armed men standing there on guard. They died of starvation by the thousand, and one who drives up the valley sees hundreds of whitened antiers where the elk fell on the plains and thousands of dead and blackened tree trunks on the mountain side.

Juvenile Logic. Little Girl-Why mayn't I go to Mamma—Because it is a Shakespearean tragedy and you couldn't un-"Isn't it in English?

Yes; but you couldn't understand what they were talking about. You don't know enough.'

Well. I don't know 'nough to un'erstand wat th' preacher is talkin' bout either, but you makes me go to church."—Good News.

No Novelty There

·If I were to ask you to marry me what would you say?' .Why. Mr. Jonesby." she faltered

really this is so sudden." "I thought so." he answered; 'that's about what they all say. And then he said it was time for him to go.

Economical.

Briggs-What has become of your new silk hat old man? Griggs-I gave it to the porter Pullman car.

Briggs-What did you do that for? Griggs-It was cheaper to give it deeply under the faintly-marked to him than to have him brush it -brows. As Sir Keith entered the child Clothler and Furnisher.

VARIOUS METHODS OF KEEP-ING SWEET POTATOES.

Use the One Which Is Most Economical and Convenient-Growing Gooseberries-Quality of Beef-Dairy Notes and Household Helps.

Keeping Sweet Potatoes,

In keeping the sweet potato it is advisable to use that method which is most economical and convenient, which depends upon the size of the crop and the surroundings. Farm and Fireside. The method matters but little so the following principles and conditions are observed:

1. A sandy clay loam is suited to a strong and healthy growth of the potato. A heavy limestone soil, or one strongly impregnated with alkaline substances, jures the skin of the tuber and makes t susceptible to rot. Avoid scils that are heavily fertilized with amoniacal manures.

2. Dig the sweet po' to before frost kills the vine. An injury to the stem kills the whole tuber. lect a dry time if possible, to dig in. Handle each potato carefully, do not bruise nor scratch them. Do not get them sun blistered while digging.

3. Remove from patch directly place of storage, and never handle them till taken out to market or to bed. Rot, if it sets in, may necessitate an assortment, but such a condition should not exist. If a second handling becomes necessary, use the greatest care.

4. The cellar or place of storage should be perfectly dry. Moisture is conducive to rot.

5. Let the temperature range between fifty and sixty degrees Fahrenheit, and never lower than forty. 6. Ventilation is of vital import-

ance. Top ventilation should always be given, especially after November; this is secured by proper construction of the potato-house. Never cover the potatoes with straw or cloth of any kind, for this prevents the escape of moisture and injurious gases, and often causes too high a temperature. The best cover, when cover is used, is dry dirt or sawdust. No cover at all directly on the potato is decidedly preferable.

An underground cellar is the easiest and most economical means of keeping a large quantity of potatoes. These should be built where perfect freedom from moisture can be secured. An elevated point, with slopes from all sides, and a deep clay soil, is a good location. It is almost impossible to get a dry cellar when it is dug through rock strata or has a rock bottom. A rock wall is not so good; clay brick or wood is better.

Partition the cellar into bins of from forty to one hundred barrels capacity each, with air space between each bin. Let an aisle of a few feet extend the length of the cellar, and build the bins on either side of it. Some varieties that are hard to keep require smaller bins, while other varieties can be bulked in larger quantities. If the season is wet and the potatoes sappy, avoid large bulks.

When the potatoes are placed in the cellar, leave open the doors or take up the floor immediately over the bins and leave up till cold eather necessitates their closing. When closed they do not need to be opened again. Ventilation for the rest of the season should be given through hatchways - one, two or three, as the case may requirewhich should open above the aisle. These hatchways should serve as the entrance to and the exit from the cellar, and should be left open as much as the weather will admit.

Entrance from the outside should be provided by a door or doors entering the space above the cellar. These may be opened or closed as the temperature requires. Avoid always a current of air.

After the doors above the bins have been closed or the floors replaced for the winter, they may be covered with dirt or sawdust to protect the potatoes against extreme cold weather. No artificial heat is necessary by this method. An underground cellar so built as

not to admit of the above treatment may be so regulated as to observe as far as possible the above principles.

A topground cellar may be built upon the same plan as the underground cellar just described. Double walls are necessary, and means should be provided for artificial heating. Pack the walls with dirt or sawdust; also use a heavy layer above and below. The bins in this style of house can be made in the center with a passageway around them. Pipes can be placed in this passageway for hot water heating, which is the most economical and satisfactory means of heating. .

A small quantity of potatoes ma be kept in a pit dug in some dry and sheltered place, as a barn or some outhouse. Observe same treatment as in keeping in cellar. Place plank over the pit, and cover these planks with dirt when the weather gets cold.

The sweet potato is sometimes kept in banks like Irish potatoes and turnips. This bank should be sheltered and ventilated. The potatoes should not be covered with dirt until seasoned for a few weeks, and not until the weather is cold enough to require it. Barrels filled in the patch, re

moved to any place of storage and left uncovered will keep well if dug when dry, just before frost, carefully handled, kept dry and at the right temperature. Fnough potatoes may be kept in this way in a family room

started to his feet and ran toward FARM AND HOUSEHOLD, close to the fireplace, and, if neces sary, a fire kept burning all night. This will require little attention in ordinary winters.

Growing Gooseberries.

The gooseberry is a neglected fruit with many, and an Indiana man in an exchange speaks a few words in its favor: The market is very rarely over-supplied with the fruit, and a reason for this is that it can be gathered and marketed through a long season, instead of all having to be harvested and sold at one time. The green berries sell readily almost as soon as they are la ge enough to be picked, and bring then the best prices of the season, but this is equalized by the fact that later on they are much larger, and a bush will then yield more quarts. A gooseberry bush at three years from planting should yield three quarts of fruit, and after that five quarts a season. An average retail price is about ten cents a quart. The crop is almost a certain one, for if the worms are kept off, which may easily be done by the use of hellebore, the only other enemy they have fear is mildew. Our native varieties are not much subject to that. The plant should be set on cool, moist soil, and a partial shade does not injure them. Close pruning will increase their productiveness and tend toward making them longer lived. The fruit is the very earliest of any we have from our home gardens, and for this reason only should be much more widely grown than it is. In planting we advise procuring one year plants in preference to those older. Give good cultivation, a regular manuring in the fall, and cool mulch in the summer to protect the roots, and we think you shall have no cause to complain at the profit which a small patch of the fruit will give you-Journal of Agriculture.

The Quality of l'esf.

It makes a good deal of difference what is fed to fattening steers or other cattle as affecting the kind of meat they will furnish. A sweet food that is easily digested makes a better quality of beef than does corn, which is starchy and not easy to dizest. Pumpkin; ought to be part of the ration if much grain is fed. Hubbard squash is richer and sweeter than the pumpkin, and will fatten excellent beef without other feed. It is sometimes used for feeding by those who grow Hubbard squash for its seeds. - American Cultivator.

Dairy Notes.

Separate the buttermilk from the butter as quickly as possible. A hard milking cow is a nuisance.

The cow should milk easily to be a first-class cow. When a cow stops chewing her cud while being milked, something has

gone wrong to disturb her. The grain that is marketed in butter and cheese is marketed in less bulk, and hence at less freight rates.

More patience and more good common sense in milking and handling the heifer with her first calf, would prevent the spoiling of many a cow. There is used for soap grease and

other purposes than buttering bread 300,000,000 pounds of bad butter every year in this country. Even at ten cents a pound there is a loss of \$30,000,000. Cows have

They often conceive a dislike for a milker, and that man or woman can never get as much from them as one they like can. Usually the only way to discover their likes and dislikes is to change milkers, and see which does the best with the cow. In drawing off buttermilk. the

National Stockman says: You can eatch al! the granules that run out with the buttermilk with a strainer made this way: Make a bottomless box, four by six inches, with side pieces projecting far enough to rest on the top of a bucket; tack some fine wire cloth on the bottom of the box and you have a good and exicient strainer.

Household Heips.

If apples are cored before they are pared there is less danger of their breaking.

If ink is spattered on woodwork it may be taken out by scouring with sand and water and a little ammonia, then rinsing with soda and water. It is better to have the sauce

poured around an article than over it, and to have the border of the dish garnished with bits of parsley, celery tops, or carrot leaves. The dishes on which meats, fish, jellies and creams are placed should

be large enough to have a margin of an inch or so between the food and the lower edge of the border of the Gold or silver embroidery may be cleaned by warming spirits of wine

and applying it to the embroidery with a bit of soft sponge and then drying it by rubbing it with soft, new canton flannel. A tablespoonful of melted butter

is measured after melting, but that a spoonful of butter melted is measured before. The distinction should be carefully observed, as it makes the difference between success and failure The work of garnishing should

not be overdone. Even a simple garnish adds much to the appearance of the dish, but too much decoration only injures it. Garnishes should be so arranged as not to interfere with the serving.

Tea should always be made with freshly boiled water. The gases that are in water and give an agreeable flavor are driven off by boiling, and when water has been boiled for to supply the family through the minter. When the weather gets its gas and will not make tea of a very sold the barrels should be rolled

While driving the reins should not hang so slack that it is difficult for a horse to know which way the driver intends he should travel. The animal however, soon finds out if he attempts to turn the wrong corner, or runs the wagon wheel into a mudhole, or strikes a stone in the road, as that act seems to wagon wheel into a mudhole, or strikes a stone in the road, as that act seems to jog the driver's memory, for the horse is given a vicious jerk, supplemented by an uncomplimentary remark from the driver, when he alone is to blame for carelessness and in attention.

A steady pull on the reins supports the horse and allows him to travel easier. horse and allows him to travel easier. In a great measure it prevents stumb-ling, and should an accident happen to the vehicle, or should the horse become frightened, he can usually be brought under control in time to prevent any serious mishap. In the field this mat-ter is not quite so important, unless you have a young team full of mettle and vim.—C. L. Baker in American Ag-

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Debt as a Barometer.

The posted list of most New York a business barometer. Such lists are unusually long and their items unusually persistent in times of de-pression. But with the return of business sunshine they melt like snow at the approach of spring. It is a point of pride with some men never to be thus posted for debt, but there are snobs who contemplate with satisfaction the appearance of their names once a month on the bulletin board along with the names of distinguished men in whose company they would be glad to be seen upon any terms.

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