

GUESS.
"Now tell,"
Cried Nell
"It's big—sometimes it's small
and no feet at all
but still"
Said Nell
"Doesn't run up it does run down
Always heading in a round
very rim and very precise
round it says so nice,
"Pretty well,"
"Little—Nell."
"March, oh dear me!
as solemn as it can be!
I'm sorry and dreadfully clear.
I don't listen, the more I hear
"Do's you'd—ou' hter,
"Little—Nell."
"Guess it, you funny folks?
"That runs but never walks?"
"Well, well!"
"Cried Nell,
"I'll have to explain.
"I make such a hard riddle again
have a key before it will talk
—and there's a—"
—Youth's Companion

Latimer's Escape.

CHARLOITE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.
"I will go in at the side door,
and the grand staircase," I said.
"I will get you to your room."
"I do not answer."
"Latimer," I said, "you have
yourself to save. You must make
up your mind. Can you hear me? Can
you? You must make one of
me, and save yourself. Re-
member those lines—
"I tell me of to-morrow
I can never be an optimist's
I throw the hours away!
I know what has its duty,
I know the future can foretell!
I know why I defer to-morrow
I know that to-day can do as well!"
"I am loving, trembling hands
I took from her the black
cloak and bonnet in which
she was going to travel. I put them
aside, and then I brought back
velvet and pearls. She cried
the sight of it, and waved it
before her."
"I must put it on," I said.
"I cannot," she replied. "I would
wear a shroud."
"I must," I said. "You must
do it. You must color your face
when you hear me? You must
open your eyes and show yourself
all room. Remember that you
must save."
"I cannot," she cried in de-
jection.
"I must," I repeated. "You
must do it to save yourself, even
you die directly afterward."
"I will do it," she said, and
I dressed her. I tried
to make her look as she had
before, but it was as though I
dressed a dead woman.
I fetched some brandy for her,
and she drank it.
"A tinge of color came to her
face, she looked at me once with
eyes.
"I must save you!" she said; and the
tears were like a hiss.
"In your mind," I answered, "if you
save yourself."
"I have a large bouquet of fresh
flowers, and told her to hold it before
her when she passed through the
door, so as to hide her colorless
face. She did so; but when the time
for her to return to the ball-
room, she could not walk.
"I must absolutely go," I said.
"The only means of saving your-
self is to leave the incidents of this
night to be known, no one will
remember a word if you are seen in
the room. You must go."
"I went, leaning on my arm. I
never forgot the ordeal. She
held my arm. I felt how she
shook. I feared, if anyone spoke
to her, that she would suddenly
fall and fall on the ground: She
had done so, but, fortunately,
I came near us.

CHAPTER XI.

Latimer looked frightened at the
set face.
"You look very ill, my lady," she
said, but the woful eyes that looked
back had no expression in them.
"I am back to the visitors, and
I am concerned I made apolo-
getic excuses for Lady Latimer. I
saw she was exhausted and worn
out. No one seemed surprised, and
I felt that the crisis was over.
"You look tired yourself, Miss
Latimer," said Captain Fleming. "And
I heard news this is about Colonel
Latimer."
"What is it?" I asked, trying to
be discreetly, but with great
anxiety.
"He has to leave suddenly and
to-morrow morning. He received
news this afternoon, but did not
want to tell us the news until the ball
was over. We shall miss him very
much."
"I shall, indeed," I answered.
"He is in the smoking-room; he has
the greater part of the night
passed there. Would you like to see him and
say good-bye to him, Miss Loyal?"
"I never look on his face again. I

made some evasive answer. He
looked hurt.
"I thought," he said, "that you
liked Colonel North so much. Lady
Latimer does. I believe he is the fa-
vored guest."
"What time does he leave in the
morning?" I asked, for the sake of
showing some interest in him.
"Quite early," he replied. "He
has to be at the Royal horse guards by
noon."
"He will come back, I hope." I
knew he would not.
I understood why he had returned
to the house, and had gone to the
smoking-room where most of the
guests could see him. Then, when
the visitors were all gone, I went
back to Lady Latimer's room. I found
her very ill. I told the maid that I
would sit with her and read her to
sleep.
"I do not like my lady's looks at
all, Miss Loyal," said the maid. "I
am afraid that she has overdone her-
self. I should not wonder if she has
a bad illness."
I sat with her the night through.
She did not speak to me. She hardly
seemed to know that I was present.
She wept and moaned through the
night in such a heart-breaking fashion
it made me ill to listen.
She did not hear, poor child, what
I heard—the quick galloping of a horse
in the early morning. When it ceased
I knew that Colonel North had gone.
She was worse in the morning;
brain fever set in; the doctor was sent
for hurriedly. The visitors disap-
peared.
Lord Latimer was frightened to
death.
"Brain fever," he said. "Why,
brain fever only comes to those who
have great trouble, and she has none
in the world, absolutely none."
The doctor's opinion was that Lady
Latimer had overdone herself with the
Christmas festivities.
"She had Colonel North to help
her," said Lord Latimer; "I don't see
how she can have done too much."
But there was no gainsaying the
fact. She was ill for a long time, and
I was her faithful, loving nurse; but
the name of Colonel North was never
mentioned between us from that night.
It was New Year's eve when Lady
Latimer fell ill, and the violets were
in bloom before she was able to leave
the house again.
"I want to go away from here,
Audrey," she said to me one day. "I
want to go out-of-doors, and I cannot
here; I cannot endure the sight of this
place, and the sound of the river
makes me ill."
"I understood, after that scene in
the park; it was no wonder that she
could not endure it.
I spoke to Lord Latimer, and he
seemed pleased that she should have
a change. We went to Brighton. I
thought the life and brightness of that
sunny watering-place would be good
for her. I might as well have brought
a dead body to the seaside.
Once, and once only, terrible en-
ergy came to her. I was sitting on the
cliff overlooking the sea, and she came
to me suddenly, holding an open news-
paper in her hands.
"I have been looking for you," she
said. "I want you to read this; it is
your fault."
I took the paper from her hands and
read that war had broken out at the
cape, and among others who had ex-
changed to be sent out there was that
well-known and highly esteemed of-
ficer, Colonel North.
"That is your fault," she said.
"Do you see the honorable mention
of him as a brave soldier and a noble
man?"
"Yes, I do," she answered.
"You may thank me for that," I
said. "I saved him as well as you.
English officers are men of honor, and
if Colonel North had stolen the wife of
his friend, they would not have asso-
ciated with him."
Her face flushed and her head
drooped.
"I wish," said she, "that I could
fall from the cliff here into the sea."
Decidedly, in those days, she was not
the most pleasant companion in the
world; but I knew the gnawing misery.
"I wish," she said to me one day,
"that Lord Latimer would leave Lor-
ton's Cray. I shall never like the
place again."
Captain Fleming came once or
twice, but he did not remain long. He
told me that he had never seen any
one so changed as Lady Latimer.
"When I think of her leading the
cotillon on New Year's eve, in that
wonderful dress of blue velvet and
pearls, and then look at her as she is
now, I cannot believe she is the same
woman," he said.
It required a great calamity to
arouse her, and, surely enough, one
came. It was the month of August,
two years and a half after that ter-
rible New Year's eve, and I was sitting
out among the roses making some lace
for her. I saw her coming toward me
with a terrible look on her face. I
was almost frightened. She wore a
long white dress; her hair was un-
fastened, her face white as death; her
eyes had an expression I shall never
forget. She held out a newspaper to
me.
"Look," she said, "and read.
Heaven has punished me."
I looked. In the list of those killed
at Isandula was the name of Colonel
Philip North.
"You see it," she said slowly.
"Yes, I see it, Lady Latimer."
"It was you who sent him to his
death."
"Better the death of a good man
than the life of a coward," I answered.
"He has died," she said slowly, "be-
cause he loved me."
"No; that is wrong; he has died a
soldier's death, and you may be proud
of him. You can love him in death,
whereas you could not in life. You
may be proud of him, now he has re-
deemed by a hero's death what was a
coward's crime."

She cried out that I was hard and
cruel; she wept as I have never seen
a woman weep before.
"I would go all the way to Isan-
dula," she said, "to kiss his face just
once before they lay him in his grave."
She was like a woman stricken with
death.
Captain Fleming came down in the
same sunny month of August, and he
talked for hours about one who had
been the hero of the fight. He told a
hundred anecdotes of Colonel North,
of his courage, his bravery, his kind-
ness; how he was beloved by his friends,
worshipped by the soldiers; how he
was always ready with kindly words
and generous help.
She listened with a white, set face;
and spoke no word.
"I do not believe," said Captain
Fleming, "that he had a blot in his
life."
But we two women, who knew
what a dark and terrible blot there
had been, said nothing.
Lady Latimer was like a woman
turned into stone.
Another great event happened in
that month of August.
Lord Latimer died quite suddenly.
He had been unusually irritable, and
complained of not being well, but
no one suspected that he was worse
than usual. His valet, going to wake
him one morning, found him dead in
his bed, and the doctor said he had
been dead some hours. There was no
need for any inquest; he had died
from heart disease from which he had
suffered many years.
It was a terrible blow to Lady Lat-
imer; not that she loved him but that
it brought her sin and her sorrow so
forcibly to her mind.
"How strange it seems that he
should have died first," she said to me
one day. "Oh, Audrey," God has
punished my sin."
Then Lionel Fleming became Lord
Latimer, and master of Lorton's Cray.
The old lord had left his wife a large
fortune.
"I shall spend it all in charity she
said to me. "There is but one interest,
one pleasure in life left, and that is
doing good to others."
And it was perfectly true. If ever
any woman tried to make up for a sin
by charity and good deeds, Lady Lat-
imer did.
The new Lord Latimer begged of us
to remain at Lorton's Cray for some few
months. He did not want to take pos-
session until the spring of the year, and
he prayed us to remain there.
Lady Latimer consented, and we lived
there in peace and seclusion until the
Christmas snow was on the ground
again and the New Year coming round.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIVING IN A CHURCH.

A United States Senator Occupies One
as a Residence.

An ex-senator of the United States
lives in a church in Washington, and
seems to like it. The peculiar thing
about it is that the church in question
is still in a condition which would per-
mit of the words of truth being ut-
tered every Sunday from the sacred
desk, and that the ex-senator is one of
the wealthiest men in Washington,
and could afford to dwell in the finest
mansion in the city, with all the re-
finements of civilization. Everybody
knows the picturesque and vine-clad
little church on Massachusetts avenue,
at the intersection of Eighteenth and
P streets. Ex-Senator Van Wyck, his
wife and young daughter have made it
their home.
Mrs. Van Wyck owns the property,
it having been bought by her husband
and presented to her as a little after-
dinner favor the day they were leav-
ing Washington for Nebraska, at the
conclusion of the latter's senatorial
career. It has been the scene of High
Church Episcopal and Swedenborgian
services, but lately has been idle.
When Mr. and Mrs. Van Wyck came
here to attend to repairs then in pro-
gress upon their own property, the
former suggested that they camp out
in their empty church. Mr. Van
Wyck has a horror of mounting steps,
and thought it would be a great scheme
to live on the ground floor. So they
moved to the church and divided off
the auditorium by imaginary lines
into a parlor, bed rooms, dining room
and picture gallery. The pictures
they had stored away here in plenty,
and a shopping expedition quickly pro-
vided the necessary furniture. The
vestry was turned into a kitchen, and
the shining pipes of the organ and
the decoration of the chancel helped
out the art gallery. Rugs, lamps,
small tables, easy chairs and sofas dot
the space all around, and papers and
books are in profusion.
With plenty of servants and every
comfort possible, the household spends
the days very enjoyably in its novel
quarters.
Plety in Practice.
An American hostess who wished
to make the best impression on an
English lord instructed her old negro
butler to address their guest without
fall by his proper title. Uncle Josh,
the butler, had never heard of any
lord save his Creator, and the lady's
feelings can better be imagined than
described when she heard Uncle Josh
say, "My God! Have a biscuit?"
The above deity proved to be a per-
fect fraud, and when Uncle Josh was
told that his master had lost consid-
erable through him, he was heard to say,
"That's what they gits for followin'
after strange gods."—Truth.
She Told It All.
Mrs. Hoyt, engaging servant—How
long were you in your last place?
Applicant for Situation—Almost
three years, mum.
Mrs. Hoyt, thinking strongly of en-
gaging the new domestic jewel at
once—Where did you last work?
The Jewel—At the reformatory,
mum.
N. B.—She was not engaged.—
Truth.

GRESHAM AS PEACEMAKER.

Extracts from Letters to Bayard on the
Venezuelan Dispute.

Washington, April 18.—The published
correspondence of the state department
for 1894, made public yesterday, con-
tains two letters in reference to the
Venezuelan boundary dispute. They are
addressed to Ambassador Bayard at
London and are dated July 13 and Dec.
1 last respectively. The first letter re-
cites the efforts made to have the dis-
pute settled by arbitration and Eng-
land's gradually widening claims to ter-
ritory and concludes with the opinion
there are but two solutions of the ques-
tion—arbitration or the creation of a
new boundary line "in accordance with
the dictates of expediency and consid-
eration." The second letter is a refer-
ence to Britain's contention that the validity
of her claim to territory in dispute shall
be a condition precedent to the submis-
sion of the matter to arbitration and
hopes Mr. Bayard will succeed in secur-
ing an honorable settlement of the
difficulty.

FIGHTING FOR THE OFFICES.

Gov. Mosley of the Chickasaw Nation
Has His Hands Full.

St. Louis, Mo., April 18.—A special
from Ardmore, I. T., says: "One hun-
dred armed men are reported near Tish-
omingo, the Chickasaw capital. Gov.
Mosley notified all sheriffs, constables
and deputies to report at once to him
for active duty. His intention is to dis-
band the faction which is composed of
Charles and Willis Brown and Nana
McMill as leaders, and their followers.
They claim to have been duly and
legally elected as sheriffs for the Chick-
asaw country. The legislature, how-
ever, ignored their claims, and other
officers were installed. This faction
holds that the legislature had no author-
ity to interfere, hence their deter-
mined effort to install themselves.
Bloodshed cannot be avoided."

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Settlers on Sioux City Railroad
Claim Title Through Forfeiture.

Washington, April 18.—The United
States Supreme court is hearing argu-
ments in three cases to which various
settlers in Iowa, on the Chicago, Mil-
waukee & St. Paul Railroad companies'
lines, are parties. The cases involve
the ownership of about 22,000 acres of
land along the lines of these roads,
which the Sioux City company claims
was granted to it by the government
of the United States in 1864. It is
claimed on the part of the settlers that
the railroad company failed to earn the
land by a failure to build part of its
line within the time specified in the
act. The lands have all been settled
and improved, and are considered val-
uable.

Trust Refineries Resume Work.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 18.—Spreckels'
sugar refinery, which has been closed
for about two weeks by order of the
sugar trust, has started up again. The
resumption is looked upon as perma-
nent. The plant is running on nearly
full time, but with a reduced force. The
refinery at Williamsburg, N. Y., which
was closed by the trust at the same
time, has also resumed work. The Mc-
Cahan refinery, which is not controlled
by the trust, is running full time.

Wisconsin Arbitration Bill Passes.

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disputes by a commission of three, who
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car companies was concurred in by the
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\$250,000 be charged; above that 1 1/2
per cent until the \$500,000 mark is reached,
when 2 per cent shall be charged. This
license fee is to be paid in lieu of other
taxes.

LIVE STOCK AND PRODUCE MARKETS.

Quotations from New York, Chicago, St.
Louis, Omaha and Elsewhere.

OMAHA		
Butter—Creamery separator.	18	20
Butter—Fair to good country.	10	12
Corn—Per bu.	28	29
Hog—Per lb.	12	13
Hens—Live, per lb.	7	7 1/2
Lemons—Choice Messina.	3 1/2	4 1/2
Oranges—Florida, per box.	2 50	4 00
Potatoes—Per bu.	1 50	1 75
Beans—Navy, hand-picked, per bu.	1 75	2 00
Jay—Upland, per ton.	8 50	9 00
Onions—Per bu.	2 50	3 00
Carrots—Per bu.	1 50	1 75
Cranberries—Jerseys.	11 50	12 00
Hogs—Mixed packing.	4 75	4 85
Hogs—Heavy weight.	4 87	4 95
Leaves—Stockers and feeders.	2 50	4 00
Beef steers.	3 50	5 40
Cattle—Per bu.	2 00	3 15
Calves.	2 80	3 20
Sheep—Fair to good.	3 00	5 50
Cows.	1 10	4 25
Wool.	1 75	3 00
Westerns.	2 00	4 10
Wool—Lamb's.	3 25	5 25
Wool—Choice natives.	3 55	5 40

CHICAGO		
Wheat—No. 2, spring.	60 1/2	62
Corn—Per bu.	45	45 1/2
Cats—er bu.	28	28 1/2
Lark.	12 1/2	13
Lard.	6 95	6 97
Hogs—Mixed packing.	4 85	5 00
Cattle—Shipping steers.	3 15	5 00
Sheep—Lamb's.	3 40	5 50
Sheep—Good to fancy.	2 50	5 00

NEW YORK		
Wheat—No. 2, red winter.	61	61 1/2
Corn—Per bu.	45	45 1/2
Cats—er bu.	28	28 1/2
Lark.	13 00	13 25
Lard.	7 25	7 30

ST. LOUIS		
Wheat—No. 2, red, cash.	56	56 1/2
Corn—Per bu.	43	43 1/2
Cats—er bu.	28	28 1/2
Lark.	12 1/2	13
Lard.	6 95	6 97
Hogs—Mixed packing.	4 75	5 00
Cattle—Export steers.	5 00	5 10
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KANSAS CITY		
Wheat—No. 2, hard.	53	55 1/2
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A Paternal Government.

The Gentleman's Magazine: Regu-
lations and by-laws of all sorts appear
to add a zest to German existence; if
there is a bridge or tollgate, the notices
there posted state that the officials in
charge will not have to pay anything
when they go across. I have seen a
bridge with a special tariff for each an-
imal—so much for a horse to cross, so
much for a goose or turkey! Level
crossings on the railways are very com-
mon, but not very dangerous, owing to
the pace of the foreign train. However,
when an official is kept all day to let
down the barrier and keep people back
it is also thought necessary to put up
an enormous cast iron notice request-
ing the public to "halt at the shut bar-
rier." It is difficult to pass such a com-
bination of obstruction, but one can do
so by jumping over the barrier—a feat
which causes as much surprise as if one
were to walk on one's head in Eng-
land. Not much is expected of the
German traveler in the way of agility;
he is warned in the trams that he
"jumps off and on at his own peril;"
another characteristic notice which
they contain is the request "not to spit,
out of consideration for fellow trav-
elers."

A Good Law.

There is a law in France in which
the various forms of unsoundness to
which the horse is subject are de-
scribed, and which further provides
that a purchaser of a horse has nine
days in which to return him to the
seller should he be found to be suffer-
ing from any of the forms of unsound-
ness specified. Such a law in this coun-
try would do much to protect buyers,
and it would also be welcome to the re-
putable men who are engaged in sell-
ing horses.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.

Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet,
Chilblains, Piles, etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

A sermon may be very heavy and still not have much weight.

If any one man knew everything the rest
of the world, instead of respecting him,
would hang him.

When a married man falls sick his mother
always blames his wife.

After six years' suffering, I was cured by
Piso's Cure.—MARY THOMPSON, 20 1/2 Ohio
Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '94.