INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

Whereupon he rose, and went out into the street. He strolled aimlessly around until the gray twilight wrapped the great city in a gloom more dense until a thousand blinking eyes opened line of the street's humble relief sentrics for the stars, that had hid them-

CHAPTER XIII.-(CONTINUED.)

- Memery

he sought admittance at Collinwood down immediately upon receiving his name. She looked tired and dispirited, but smiled cheerfully when she saw "I should not be glad to see anyone

but you, Walter, for I am somewhat faed. Mamma has been ill all day, ed by the viscount. and I have been extremely anxious. But I shall look for you to comfort me, Sit down and talk, and let me luxuriate

"I fear I shall scarcely enliven you. I and somewhat dull myself, but I will do keeping on with his writing.

So they strayed off into a conversation, commencing with present London the old life. They forgot present grief apology." and care to recall the wild beauty of those far-off haunts. They talked of the musical dash of the surf beneath coral rock-of the tall palm from which so long streamed hopelessly their tattered signal-flag-of his father's watchful care-Tom's simple but noble nature, and his heroic devotion. Was either aware how utterly had been fulfilled the prophecy of Mr. Vernon? They had gained the world—its prizes of fame and wealth and honor, and yet their bruised hearts yearned wistfully troubled peace of the retreat beneath him. the palm and bread fruit grove.

The time passed rapidly, and they ese startled when a servant entered. 'My lady wishes to know if Mr. Veris with you, and if so she would like to see you both in her apartment."

Has my uncle gone?" asked Eleanor. "I left him with her a few mo-

"Lord Collinwood has been gone an and or more."
"An hour! Have we talked so long?

Come, Walter, let us obey her sum-They found Lady Annabel in an easy-

ar, dressed in a snowy Cashmere Wrapper, which set off becomingly the gilltering dark eyes, raven braids and feverish cheeks of the invalid. She was evidently somewhat disturbed. "I sent for you, Mr. Vernon," said she

related a rumor that came to him on his way hither, and it has made me very uneasy. I trust you will contradict it. Report says there is to be a duel between my friend Geoffry Dacre and

Walter's eyes fell-his face showed unmistakably the truth of her suspi-"I am deeply grieved," said she, lean-

ing wearily against the damask cushion. "At any time it is so revolting-but

For me it is as hateful as for any one else," interrupted Walter, proudly, but I am driven into it. I assure you I have no thought of taking your friend's life. I shall not even fire the pistol but if he demands a chance to shoot at me, he is welcome to it. The consequence matters not to me, and few will mourn for me."

Eleanor had listened aghast with horror. She could restrain herself no coachman lashing recklessly the plunglonger, and regardless of her mother's presence she sprank forward and caught

"A duel! Walter, Walter, you will break my heart. Few to mourn for you? Do you not know it will kill me to see you sacrificed in that horrible way? Promise me quick, Walter promise me, that for my sake, this wicked deed shall not be done."

"Eleanor," said Lady Annabel, authoritatively, "come here, my child; you forget yourself; leave it with your mother to remonstrate with Mr. Vernon. Now," continued she, when Eleanor had mutely obeyed, holding fast to her daughter's hand, "may I ask, Mr. Vernon, if my daughter can be any way connected with this affair?"

"Not at all, your ladyship. Mr. Dacre's anger arises from the fact that I it is I who am the Annabel Marston of refused to be introduced to his wifeor rather to take her hand after intro-

She looked bewildered. "And why should you be so unreasonable? I do not understand."

"I did not expect you would, no one but myself knows the injury and desothrough my father's life. I shou'd need a score of pistols to compel me to touch her traitorous hand."

"You speak bitterly. I have known my Cousin Annabel from her childhood, and never knew an unkind word or deed to come from her. Of course timow nothing of your father's history. Are you sure there is not some strange

"You shall ascertain for yourself," answered Walter suddenly. "I intended to leave my father's life for her to read. You may read it to-night, and then answer me if I am not justified in than that of the smoky day-time fog, refusing to clasp that woman's hand. Nay, send me word before eight in the bright and glittering along the straight morning, and if after learning that sorrowful story you bid me apologize to Mrs. Dacre, I declare solemnly I will do

selves in sullen clouds of black. Then it. I shall only agitate you by remaining longer. You know my wish respect-House. Owing to the indisposition of ing the manuscript, which I will send Lady Annabel, the drawing-room was to you immediately, Lady Eleanor. Do free from visitors, but Eleanor came not grieve for such a hapless soul as mine. God bless you! Good-night."

Walter returned to his own lodgings, dispatched a messenger with the manuscript to Collinwood House, and sat down to write what he believed his last message to Eleanor. He was interrupt-

"I have just seen Dacre." said he. He wishes to change the hour of meetas you always used to in the old days. ing, and make it as early certainly as seven. The rumor has got out, and he fears a police interruption. Have you any objection?"

"None," briefly responded Walter,

"Ah, Vernoni, I cannot bear to think what may happen to this hand of yours. so magical with the brush. For merexperience, but soon wandering away to cy's sake give me some little word of

"Apology - pshaw! That woman knows what she is about. There can be the cool green shadow flung by the Hi- no apology; she thinks my death will biscus tree over the grave of Tom-of make her safe. Leave me, my kind friend, if you have no better consolation

The viscount took his hat and left the room without another word.

Only once, through that feverish, restless night was Walter disturbed. A servant came to the door, saying a strange man below wished to see him immediately. Not suspecting it was a messenger from Lady Annabel, but imagining it had something to do with toward the innocent tranquility, the un- the police detention, he refused to see

CHAPTER XIV.

HE threatening clouds of the past night gave out slow drops of rain, pattering dismally on the pavement, as Walter's haggard face looked forth from the chamber window. It was

well in consonance with his feelings. He went about his toilet duties with a sort of stolid calmness, wound his watch with scarcely a throb of pain, when the thought that long before its ticking ceased his hand might be cold in death. Then, after a hasty cup of coffee, he wrapped himself in his cloak at once, " because the admiral has just and went forth to the appointed rendezvous with his second.

cabriolet. When they reached the field they found Dacre waiting there. 'The or looked black and dreary in the dripping rain, without the pleasant prespect clear weather gave it, missing sorely the bright glimpse of the Thames, the huge city with St. Paul's noble dome rising out of the smoky belt below, and the white-winged fleet waiting around the wharves, like carrier doves ready for their mission.

Silently the ground was measured, the glittering weapons examined and handed to their owners. Walter folded his arms over his with a scornful smile. Then was raised the fatal handkerchief and an awful stillness settled a moment on the air, but it was broken sudby a wild scream inan's

All turned in alarm. A carriage came

ing horses. Scarcely a moment after thee to loor was flung over and a woman sprang frantically into their midst. What was the astonishment of all to see, as she flung back her veil, the surpassingly beautiful, but ashy white and mournful face of Lady Annabel Collinwood. She sprang to Walter's side.

Thank God, I am not too late! Rash boy!" she added, with unutterable pathos. "For what shadow would you peril the life that is dear to Eleanor? I have read your father's woeful story, and yet I say you must apologize to Mr. Dacre and leave this dismal place."

logiz cousing the hand of Annabel Marston-never!" ejaculated Walter, firmly.

"Hush, hush, Paul Kirkland's sonhis story."

ed a thunderbolt fallen at Walter's feet? He stood transfixed in astonishment, staring wildly into her face. The pistol dropped from his nerveless grasp. but no word came from his paralyzed

"Yes," said she, slowly, "it was I, and fation that woman has brush to me my poorcousin is cleared from your suspicions, Mr. Dacre. The youth is not so insane as you believe. He had better o strust. The mistake

arose in your wife's name. We were both Annabel Marston, of Lincolnshire; but it was I alone who knew Paul Kirkland. Let me see you clasp hands

Walter extended his hand mechanically. Mr. Dacre shook it warmly. Then her balance.

Lady Annabel motioned for Walter to assist her to the carriage. He did so, folding his arm carefully around her to steady her faltering steps, and yet it was the Annabel Marston he had taught himself to abhor and despise. She smiled mournfully at his assiduous care for her, and said, faintly:

"Go home with me, Walter, and you shall know the secret of the mournful story. Perchance you may feel more sympathy with your father's destroyer

than you have believed possible." Walter took the seat beside her, and though not another word was spoken, never removed his eyes from the wan, deathly face that lay back wearily against the cushions. Was this the proud, stately, admired woman before whom nobility and genius bowed in homage? that Lady Annabel whose perfection and superiority shamed even the virtuous? the woman who had deliberately deceived a loving, trusting heart, sold herself for dross, dipped her fair hands in crime? No wonder Walter walked as in a dream when he followed up the polished staircase to the luxurious, elegant room of Lady Ann-

Eleanor's pale face just looked in moment, and was vanishing, when her mother called her.

"Come in, my love; I need you. Take away my hat and cloak, and bring my cordial, without calling Claudine."

The affectionate daughter complied. gently removing the bonnet and stroking fondly the glossy ebony hair. Lady Annabel rested a few moments after drinking the cordial, and then said, calmly:

"Sit down here by my side, my children, and I will relate the humiliating story, which my poor Eleanor has heard before, and scarcely yet recovered from the shock. I was brought up at my grandfather's, for my mother died at my birth, and my father lived only two years after her. My earliest remembrances are of the childish terror with which I regarded my father's sister, the Hon. Pamelia Marston, and of the passionate love lavished upon the only being who cared for me, my Aunt Marcia Wellesford, my mother's eldest sister. A little later came an intense hatred of my beautiful cousin Flora, the especial pet and pride of the Marstons. My father married against the wishes of his family, and from the moment he brought his bride to his father's house. my mother was the object of his haughty sisters' dislike and persecution. I know this no better now than I realized it then; for the enmity bestowed upon the mother was not buried in her cof-

fin, but survived to torment me. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE "HUNTING" COW.

How a Nebraska Man Deceives the Will

"Hunting Cow" is the name given by John Sievers of Ames, Neb., to a unique device for sportsmen, says the New York World. The finest wild-goose hunting in the United States is found in the meadows of Nebraska. The fowl are very knowing, and distinguish the figure of a hunter a long distance, whereupon they fly away. Horses. cattle and sheep are not feared by the geese, and they graze in the very midst of the flocks of birds. Inventor Sievers has taken advantage of this by constructing a machine outwardly resembling a cow. The frame is made of painted reddish brown and white. An confidence that while he was sitting opening near the front legs permits one night over his smoking-room fire the hunter to enter. His head fits in wondering whether he could next day a hat-like frame which supports the survive a terrible crisis which was head of the cow. A hole in the fore- hanging over his head and might lead head permifs him to see. When the to a disastrous bankruptcy, with debts hunter walks the hinds legs automat- to the extent of £200,000 or so, his wife ically keep step with the forelegs and came whining into the room to say the tail switches realistically. The that the butcher must be paid the next head can be moved by the hunter in any direction. When a field is reached in which a flock of geese are feeding the hunter inside the "cow" simulates the movements of grazing cattle until within gunshot of the game. By draw- novel, who will say, 'Come, let us go to ing a bolt the fore part of the cow falls apart and enables the hunter to use of scene,' and above all, one who knows his gun at short range. The inventor just when her husband requires nothasserts that other game than geese may be successfully stalked by the mechanical cow. The device will sell for \$30. It is to be so made as to be easily taken apart and packed for transportation.

The Neustretter.

"The Neustretter." who stirred the Bois and Champs Elysee loungers with envy of her clothes and turnouts what time the Vanderbilt divorce was on the tapis, is again in evidence with equipages of the newest and finest, and another New York millionaire has set the tongues of tout Paris wagging.

The funny part of the affair is that the millionaire accredited with the present episode is well past the half century and up to the present time has lived with the regularity of an old-time New England deacon, without a suspicion of wild oats about him.

In his youth and early manhood, when fredaines are to be expected, he live; in the odor of respectability, although a man of great wealth, wide travel and yachting propensities and now-Ichabod!

Well, humanity is a curious compound and men make queer breaks. In this present case a number of cognate and connected sinners are chuckling and conversely several aristocratic families, whose names are synonymous with the straight and narrow path, are plunged into the depths of gloom .-New York Journal.

Loses Many Things.

"Does a girl lose caste by riding a wheel?" asks Harper's Weekly. Not necessarily. But she sometimes loses her complexion and not infrequently

AN IRON CONSTITUTION.

the Bill.

A genius in Tonawanda, N. Y., has constructed an electrical man. It is made of steel, and furnished with a storage battery capable of holding electricity enough to run it twenty-four hours at a time. Of course, it isn't alive, and yet for all ordinary purposes it can fill the office of a man. In some respects it will be an improvement on the ordinary man. It won't swear, steal, nor talk finafice at the store while one's wife does washing and kills potato bugs at home. In fact, it doesn't talk at all. This quality would have made it an excellent presidential possibility in the ealier part of the season. The inventor of this modest and unassuming creature is a man of wealth. and will immediately engage in the manufacture of electrical men on a large scale. We cannot have too many of them. In case of military conscription a better substitute can hardly be conceived. Should we become embroiled in a war with any European monarchial effeteness, it would only be necessary to send an army of electrical men against it. Such troops would need no overcoats; neither would they be susceptible to sunstroke. No matter what confronted them, they would trudge right ahead. The Six Hundred that undertook to drive Russia out of the Crimea, and whose foolhardiness gave Tennyson such a nightmare of meter and rhyme, wouldn't stand a ghost of a show in a race for fame along with a regimen of freshly charged, steel-ribbed electrical men. Here is your ideal soldier. The electrical man can be put to many practical uses, such as plowing for the farmer and doing odd chores around the house. Several of the eastern cities have a surplus of women. They will be unable to find husbands without going west. Of course, no one will claim that as a husband an electrical man would be preferred to a man of flesh and tobacco. But when a woman finds herself slowly slipping down the decline of spinsterhood, she's not apt to be squeamish about her partner having such superficial accomplishments as a talent for music, a flowing penmanship, or the ability to use cuss words. Every family will undoubtedly soon have an electrical man to take care of the bees, arrange the line fence with the adjoining neighbor, and to be interviewed by book agents. Dress one in petticoats and a more desirable chaperon could hardly be imagined. Let us all extend the hand of fellowship to our iron brother.-Life

WOMEN WHO MADDEN MEN.

Do It Innocently, Because They Do Not Know How to He Wives

Women may be charming, wholly devoted to their homes and their husbands, and yet be so tactless, thoughtless and aggravating as to drive husbands to the extreme of misery. "Any observant bachelor, could recall the number of instances of women who. from mere want of tact and intelligence are almost driving their husbands mad by getting on their nerves. They forget that busy men require absolute brain rest, change of scene. change of subject. They forget that however worrying the little affairs of a household may be, the anxieties of a great business upon which the whole family's present and future depends are far greater. A friend of mine, who is now nearly a millionaire, told me in day-and the amount of the butcher's bill was under £50!

"It is on such occasions that a man wants a helpful wife-one who will tell him about or read aloud the last good the theater to-night; you need change ing more than to be left alone. It is women who get on their husband's nerves, that drive them to take bachelor holidays when they ought to be getting more enjoyment from the wife's companionship. Of course there are men who are always out of sorts, spoilt dyspeptic bears with sore heads, who require strong minds to manage them, but there are very many others who only want judicious, sympathetic treatment to be the best husbands in the world. Avoid being silly, avoid saying silly things or trying to make conversation, or commenting on some remark your husband has made. Read and think in order to cultivate intelligence and resourcefulness, with the obfect in view of being his counselor and his friend, and above all, his 'chum'that word means much."-London Woman.

The Cost of a Drought.

The effects of the drought under which New South Wales languished in 1895 are now registered in dry statistics, and the record is startling. The drought, as measured by the official tables, may be said to have cost the colony 2,000,000 bushels of wheat, 18,-000 horses, nearly 400,000 cattle of various kinds, more than 10,000,000 sheep and 5,000,000 lambs! If to these figures be added the natural increase, which under ordinary conditions, the flocks and herds and wheat lands of the colony would have known, the mischiefs of the drought take still more tragical dimensions.

There are still millions of acres or good land subject to homestead entry in Minnesota and Missouri, in the former state mainly timbered.

The man who is surest of a thing is meet likely to be mistaken. Knowledge is apt to be disgested; ignorance

alone is positively certain.

Passionate and romantic love never reasons because it is too fervid and intense to admit of any such calmness as is essential to reason. If it could reason would it not cease to be romantic

or passionate?

To be entirely charming to a man a woman must retain a large part of her

As no man is a hero to his valet, no woman is a heroine to her husband.-Harper's Barar.

From the Chicago Post. The justice leaned over the desk and eyed the prisener sharply, for he prid-ed himself on being a judge of human

"I suppose you work," he said sarcastically.

"Everyone," replied the prisoner

"Except me," corrected the judge, feeling that his position entitled him to last throw in the game of repartee.

And he was so pleased with his own success as a humorist that he made the fine only \$5 and costs.

I believe Pise's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption.—Anna Ross, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 12, 95.

The October number of the North The October number of the North American Review ray fitly be called a campaign number. It contains arti-cles on campaign subjects by Speaker Reed, the secretary of the navy, An-drew Carnegie, Bishop Merrill of the M. E. church, Louis Windmuller, and Judge Walter Clark, of the supreme court of North Carolina. Judge Clark's article is especially interesting as being an authorative outline of the changes which he and other advocates of free silver would make in the constitution if Mr. Bryan is elected.

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Two admirable serial stories will be published in Harper's weekly in the course of the year 1897. One, a New England story by Mary E. Wilkins, will begin in January, and the other, a tale of a Greek uprising against the Turks, by E. F. Benson, the author of "Dodo," will appear during the latter half of the year. Besides these more short stories will appear in the Weekly than it has been possible to publish during 1896. A sequel to "The House-Boat on the Styx," by John Kendrick Bangs, will also appear early in the year, illustrated by Peter Newell.

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The Lingo Too Much For Her. Mr. Ferry-During the row, while the visitors were wrangling with the umpire, Batsy took the opportunity to sneak home amid the plaudits of the assembled rooters. Mrs. Ferry-The ideal Why should

they applaud a man who is such a coward as to run home when trouble begins?-Cincinnati Enquirer.

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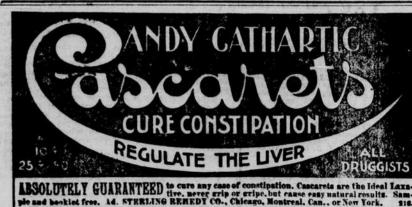


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