

out those who were proved to be agreeable traveling companions. Rush spent a good deal of his time in writing letters to Helen that he never intended to send, and in sealing them with the forbidden seal. The amount of comfort he extracted from this imaginary correspondence was really astonishing.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ARRIVED in London, the first thing Rush did after engaging lodgings was to call upon his chief. He found Mr. Plummett in an amiable frame of mind and disposed to be very friendly. Rush learned afterwards that his chief's good humor and accessibility on this occasion were a lucky accident. At another time he might have been unapproachable, but on this particular afternoon something had happened to put him in a good humor and Rush got the benefit of it.

John Gaspar Plummett was a peculiar man. He was the son of a very able father, and had inherited a fortune and a newspaper. As a young man he had been very wild, and at forty he was not tamed to any great extent. His exuberance of spirits showed itself in the conduct of his paper. He got up the wildest schemes and generally carried them out with success, thus making The Dawn the best known newspaper in America and the best known American newspaper in Europe. Plummett, without being handsome, was very distinguished looking. He had a tall, aristocratic figure and bore himself with a great deal of dignity. It would be impossible for a stranger to pass him in the street without turning around and saying to his companion, if he happened to have one, "Who is that distinguished looking man?" He was very particular about his dress, and had a style of his own that his friends tried to imitate; but, as few had such a figure, the imitation was not successful. People who knew Plummett slightly fancied that his wild schemes were without method, and that he was a harum-scarum sort of fellow, who did everything hit or miss, and whose business was at loose ends. On the contrary, he always knew what he was about, and he had a long head for business.

Although he was seldom in New York, he watched his paper carefully and knew who wrote every article in it. He had been looking closely after Rush ever since he came upon the paper, and was very much pleased with his work. When he found that his London office was not managed as he thought it should be, he at once made up his mind that Rush was the man to reorganize it. And he proved to be right. In a general way he told Rush what he would like to see done, but he did not give very minute instructions, as he wanted to see what the young man would do if left to himself. Having had charge of the foreign department in New York, Rush knew its shortcomings and had a plan mapped out for its improvement. This he laid before Mr. Plummett. It won his instant approval.

Rush thoroughly disliked the system of "intervening," carried on as it had been up to this time; but he saw opportunities for making it a great feature. To run after every fifth class actress before she had fairly landed in New York and ask her what she thought of America was disgusting to him; but to get a statesman to talk upon an important subject, or to get personal memoirs from distinguished men of letters, he believed was not only interesting, but a legitimate branch of journalism. His brightness and sincerity of purpose made him a great many friends among the public men of England, and he succeeded in getting some important interviews out of them. In the matter of foreign news he kept The Dawn ahead of any other New York paper, and everybody interested in newspaper work said that Rush Hurlstone was a journalist of mark.

For two years Rush stayed in London. Two busy years they were. In all this time he had not seen Helen, but he had heard from her occasionally. She did not hesitate to tell him that she missed him, but she did not tell him how much she wished that he was back in New York. If Rush had planned his absence as a ruse he could not have planned a more successful one. The man who invented the proverb, "Out of sight, out of mind" didn't know what he was talking about. "Out of sight, never out of mind" would be nearer the truth. Helen had never thought so much of Rush as during his absence. I can't say that she thought more of her, for I do not see how that would have been possible. Helen's life was a busy one, too; but still she missed Rush almost as much as though she had been an idle woman. He was not a man to be taken out of a young woman's life and not be missed. Rush heard occasionally from Archie Tillinghast, who sometimes spoke of Helen, but more frequently of Bessie Archer.

Bessie was getting to be more like her old self, and Archie began to hope, as she now had no crackbrained agitators on her visiting list. She had tried wood carving and amateur photography as a pastime, and now she was amusing herself by trying to hatch chickens with a patent incubator. Rush was very glad to hear this, for he had feared that Bessie, in her craving for something that society could not give her, might fall again into dangerous company. He did not know her. The lesson she had learned lasted her a lifetime.

At the end of Rush's two years in London Mr. Plummett sent for him to come over to Paris, where he was living in great style. Rush crossed the channel, and hurried on to Paris to learn a piece of important news. The managing editor of The Dawn was getting too old to do his work satisfactorily, so Mr. Plummett concluded to retire him on a pension and offer Rush the vacant chair, with a salary of ten thousand dollars. This the young editor was only too well

pleased to accept. Armed with his chief's orders, he returned to New York by the first steamer. None of his friends knew of his coming. He hadn't time to write, and he thought it hardly worth while to cable. The trip home was as uneventful as the trip over had been, but Rush's sensations were immeasurably different.

Before he had been sailing away from Helen, now he was sailing to her; and when the vessel reached quarantine he made a rough calculation to see if he would not gain time by swimming ashore. He concluded, however, that he would be taken for a thief or a lunatic if he gave way to any such impulse, and so remained quietly on board until the vessel arrived at her dock. Again he had to restrain himself, for he wanted to drive direct to Helen's house from the steamer. Instead, he drove to the Brevoort, which was his headquarters for some time to come. New York had never looked so attractive to him as it did on this October morning. He saw plainly enough where it fell short of London's grandeur; but there was a homelike look about the place that was very grateful to a man who had been away for two years. Even the strangers in the streets looked like old friends.

Rush had learned from a daily paper, brought on board the steamer by the pilot, that the opera season would not begin for a fortnight, so he knew that Helen's time would be comparatively unemployed. He also saw by the same paper that "our distinguished prima donna, Miss Helen Knowlton," had arrived in town from Saratoga, and was occupying "her charming little house in West Twentieth street." He first sent a telegram to his mother, telling her that he had arrived, and then he set about unpacking his trunks and preparing to call upon Helen. He divested himself of his traveling clothes, and after a refreshing bath, arrayed himself in the latest style of English afternoon dress, and sallied forth. Before he started out he looked at himself in the long mirror in his room and congratulated himself that he appeared at least ten years older than when he left. The reason for this was largely attributable to the imposing Vandyke beard and mustache he had grown during his absence, which not only made him look older, but were exceedingly becoming.

Arrived in sight of Helen's house, Rush felt his heart beating like a trip hammer; but it almost stood still when he got to within twenty feet of the door, for there, slowly coming down the front steps, was the hated West Hastings. Hastings was so much occupied with his own thoughts that he did not see Rush. The expression on his face was one of undisguised surprise. He looked as though it were impossible for him to believe what had happened; but whether he could not realize his good fortune or his bad, Rush was unable to decide. He made up his mind, however, that he would know before he left Helen's house, and end the suspense he had been living in for the past five years. He had heard

no such thought when he left the hotel, but the sight of West Hastings aroused all the jealousy in his nature and made him fully alive to the fact that he was occupying a very uncertain position. His mind was now fixed, and he rang the door bell with such a determined pull that the little bell tinkled for several minutes, and the old man servant who had been so long attached to Helen's service forgot his dignity for once and came running to the door. He was as much pleased as surprised to see Rush, and ushered him unannounced into the drawing room, where Helen was standing, apparently lost in thought, before the wood fire that crackled on the hearth. Indeed, she was so absorbed that she did not hear Rush enter the room, and he had the pleasure of gazing upon her in all her lovely unconsciousness. A long sigh escaped from her lips, and, as she raised her eyes, she saw Rush advancing towards her. A look of terror passed over her face, and she gave a low cry of alarm.

"I hope I have not frightened you," said Rush, taking her hand; "but I was so lost in admiration that I did not dare to speak and break the charm."

When she saw that it was Rush, and not an apparition, she blushed to the tips of her shell like ears and said:

"I was thinking of you at that very moment, and when I looked up and saw you standing there before me my heart stood still, and I actually thought it was a spirit and not real flesh and blood. But how you have changed! You look older by years than you did when you went away."

"I am delighted to hear that, for you used to torture me with remarks on my youthful appearance," said Rush, leading her to a chair and taking her vacant place on the hearth rug.

"Did I? I am grieved to know that I was ever so rude as to make such personal remarks; but I can never say anything of that sort again, for you certainly look much more than two years older."

"I cannot say that of you," said Rush; "you look ten years younger."

"Don't tell me that; people always begin telling a woman how young she looks when they realize that she is no longer young. It is the first sign that old age is creeping on. But tell me what this means—why are you home? I suppose your departure from London must have been sudden, or you would have let your friends know of the treat in store for them."

"Now please don't grieve me, Miss Knowlton," said Rush. "My departure from the other side was sudden; I didn't know until forty eight hours before I sailed that I was to come. The chief sent for me to meet him in Paris. There he told me he wanted me to become managing editor of The Dawn at once; so I hurried back to New York by the first steamer."

"Managing editor of The Dawn! You take your honors coolly. That is as fine a position as a journalist could have. I congratulate you; but I am not surprised. From the way I heard people speak of your work in London, I was prepared for anything."

"People were very kind to speak well of my work. If they had only known

any incentive, however, they would have wondered why I didn't do better. But enough about me; tell me about yourself; that is a much more interesting subject. You looked sad as I entered, and you breathed a deep sigh. Has anything gone wrong? I wish you would make me your confidant; you must know that I would not only share any of your troubles, but take the burden of them upon my own shoulders most cheerfully."

A troubled expression passed over Helen's face, and yet with it there was a little twinkle in her eye, as though something amusing had happened.

"I saw Mr. Hastings leaving your door as I entered. Had you said anything to make him very happy—or very unhappy? His face wore a most peculiar expression."

"I don't know whether he was happy or unhappy in his mind. The only sensation he expressed before me was one of surprise." And she smiled at the thought.

"You will forgive me if I ask you a question point blank. I have a feeling that Mr. Hastings made a proposal of marriage to you this afternoon. Am I right?" said Rush, as quietly as a man could when very much excited.

"Mr. Hurlstone," said Helen, rising, "you forget yourself. Your question is impertinent."

"No, it is not impertinent. No man who loves a woman as I love you would ask her an impertinent question. I must be answered once and for all. Every one says you are engaged to Mr. Hastings. Is it true?"

Rush's heart beat so hard and fast that it almost choked him. His eyes were fixed intently upon Helen's, as though he would read every thought that passed through her brain. She hesitated a moment before answering him; and then she said, slowly, in a low, soft voice:

"No, I am not engaged to Mr. Hastings. I have never been engaged to him, and I never shall be."

"Then, Helen," said Rush, taking her hand, "will you listen to me? I have loved you devotedly for five years—ever since my eyes first saw your beautiful face. I have had no thought but of you during all these years. I did not tell you of my love, because I believed that you were not to be taken by storm—at least not by me, who at that time could be nothing more to you than a boyish acquaintance. But I lived every day of my life with the one end in view. You are to me life, and love, and everything that there is in the world. If you will be my wife you will have a lover for a husband to the end of your days. If you say no to me, God help me! I am not man enough to bear such a blow quietly. But you will not say no, Helen—you cannot say no to a man who loves you, who worships you, who lives only for you. I must know; I cannot live any longer in suspense. Helen—darling—will you be my wife?"

Rush spoke every word slowly, and with an intensity that there was no mistaking. Helen stood pale as death before him, and in a voice scarcely audible, said:

"I cannot be! It cannot be!"

"My God, Helen, what do you mean? Do you love another man?"

"No, I love no other man; but it cannot be; you would repent in sackcloth and ashes before you were 30. Don't you know I am five years older than you? I would be an old woman while you were a young man."

"And would you let such a thing as that wreck a man's life? I couldn't love a woman younger than myself. A woman is not interesting to me until she is 30, though I began to love you when you were 23. Is this question of years the only obstacle in my way, Helen?"

"It is insurmountable," said Helen, in a whisper, turning her head away.

"My darling!" And Rush's strong arms were around her in a second, and her head was resting on his broad shoulder. The long twilight shadows lay across the floor; but Rush saw only the glory of the October sun as its rays fell upon the face of her whom he had at last won after years of patient waiting.

THE END.

Swaging a Big Bridge.

Along towards evening nearly every day several gangs of mules are driven across the bridge. There is nothing remarkable about that, but there is about the effect. These beasts will start trotting, and nothing can stop them; and the worst of it is that, owing to the peculiar sense of rhythm about a mule's system, in a minute after they start the steps of each one will be in keeping with those of his neighbor; and, further, there is a painful regularity about these steps that marks time as faithfully as does a bass in a brass band. Pretty soon that huge structure begins vibrating in unison with their tread, and before long it is swaying back and forth with a motion which will, in some cases, beget a sort of seasickness, or, maybe more properly, bridge sickness. Until one gets used to it, the impression is that the great structure will fall. I was at first tempted to jump into the river; but I didn't jump, and the bridge didn't fall. It would be fatal to an ordinary bridge, to which the trot of a horse or steady tramp of soldiers is fatal, to say nothing of the more rhythmic pace of the mule.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

If you do not rise early you can never make progress in anything. If you do not set apart your hours of reading, if you suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous, and really unenjoyed by yourself.—Lord Chatham.

Wonders so abound in the state of Georgia that the mere mention of them has become wearisome. Still, the most wonderful of all remains to be told. It is that the new capitol, for which \$1,000,000 was appropriated, just completed and turned over to the state, was constructed in five years for \$30,000 less than the appropriation.

Benjamin Johnson owns a farm in Rush Valley, U. T., upon which he has just discovered a mine of natural shoe blacking. An analysis of this peculiar material shows that it contains 16 per cent. carbon, 34 per cent. aluminum, and the remainder clay. When taken out the material is moist and soft, and when used as a shoe blacking produces a fine polish, which is not easily destroyed.

A Chicago surgeon testified in a criminal case the other day that he had properly set the defendant's broken nose, but that the patient was morbidly afraid that his beauty would be spoiled, and that to ease his mind the witness had twice thereafter rebroken and reset the nose. Accommodating doctor, that.

To New York via The Picturesque B. & O. Pullman's vestibuled sleeping cars are now running through without change from Chicago and St. Louis to New York via B. & O. railway.

The Vestibuled Express leaving St. Louis daily at 8 a. m. via O. & M. Railway, carries Pullman vestibuled sleeping car through to New York without change, arriving in New York the second evening at 7:30.

The O. & M. express leaving St. Louis at 8:30 p. m., daily, carries Pullman vestibuled sleeping car through to New York without change, arriving in New York the second morning at 9:45.

The B. & O. Express leaving Chicago daily at 10:10 a. m., carries Pullman vestibuled sleeping car through from Chicago to New York without change, arriving in New York the second evening at 4:50.

The Vestibuled Express leaving Chicago at 9:55 p. m., daily, via the B. & O. R. R., carries Pullman vestibuled sleeping car through from Chicago to Washington and Baltimore without change, and Pullman vestibuled parlor car from Washington and Baltimore to New York without change, arriving in New York the next evening at 8:55.

All through cars between the east and west via the B. & O. R. R. run by way of Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia. Tickets via the B. & O. R. R. can be procured at all the principal ticket offices throughout the country. 6-22 5t

Cleanliness Next to Godliness. To the residents of Lincoln, Neb.: This is to notify you that the undersigned have purchased the right and title to the business heretofore conducted under the name of the Crystal Steam Laundry, and organized into a corporate body in accordance with the laws of the state of Nebraska, under the title of the "Capital Steam Laundry and Office Supply Company," of Lincoln, Nebraska. Mr. J. W. Wilder has been employed as manager and we guarantee that all work entrusted to our care will be done satisfactorily.

R. F. MACDONALD,
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To Sioux City. The new U. P. line between Lincoln and Sioux City will be open Monday. The train will leave this city at 2:45 p. m., reaching Sioux City at 10:30 p. m. Will leave Sioux City at 7 a. m., reaching Lincoln at 1:50 p. m. These trains will run through solid by way of David City, Columbus and Norfolk, and will make the quickest time of any route. They will connect at Sioux City with diverging lines. This will make eight U. P. trains in and out of Lincoln.

Mr. F. J. Smith, editor of the Ft. Abercrombie, Dakota, Herald, says: "The most wonderful medicine I have ever met with is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. In case of colic it gives speedy relief. On hunting trips I have found it indispensable. Put in alkali water, it imparts a pleasant taste and prevents the painful diarrhoea which alkali water produces. I could not feel safe without it in my house." 35 and 50 cent bottles for sale by O. L. Shrader, druggist.

Telephone at the COURIER office is 233.

We have just received a full line of the Burt & Packard shoes at Webster & Rogers' 1043 O street.

We have just received a very pretty line of papers for covering pantry and closet shelves, etc. They are in cream, salmon, orange, mandarin, heliotrope, royal purple, sky blue, Nile green and other colors. Ladies should call and see these papers. They are the newest thing out and add greatly to the appearance of shelves.

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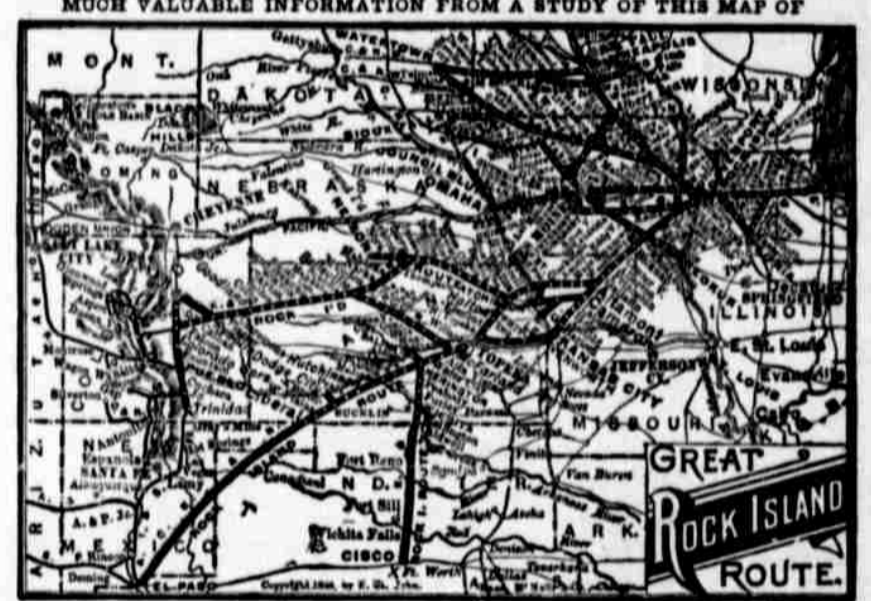
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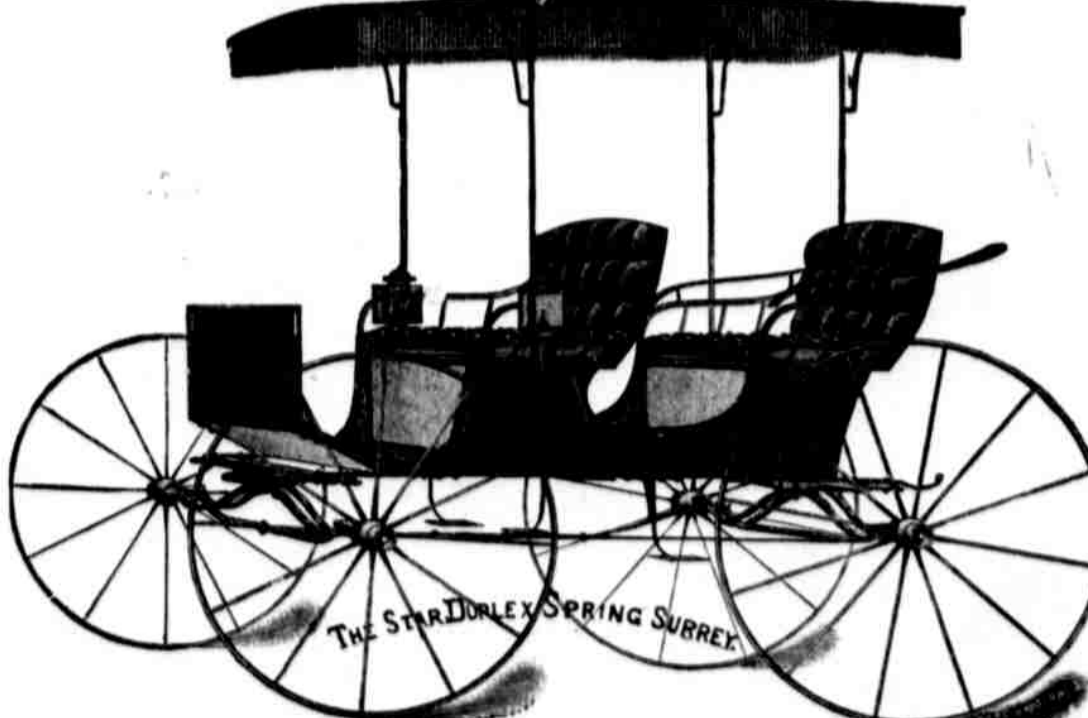
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