CAPITAL CITY COURIER, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1890



girl, who represented to him so fully his ideal, was quickened tenfold by the late occurrence He had protected her from one whom he was convinced by many reasons she disliked and who boded her no good The glance that had shot from her eye as she darted off when he had freed her from Dr. Watson had spoken of grati tude. He laughed at himself for being tempted to think there was any other feel ing in that glance

Be

'Yet I had only seen her once," he said to himself, as if to defend the absurd thought that she would feel any deep in terest in him. "I saw her only once, and she has lived in my brain and heart ever since. What a soul she must have to play as she did What could have made that woman play me like that?"

"That woman" was not the fascinating Edna, but the singer who had decoyed him away from her.

He remembered that Edna at the concert had worn a white satin dress, and the singer had worn a pink one. Then they must have changed gowns! And the long cloak he was sure was the same as that he had seen upon the young girl at the time he had come to her rescue and freed her from Dr. Watson.

He recalled the singular change which ing. he had remarked in her playing. He also alike in figure that if you go out in these remembered the strange fact that he had turned his eyes directly from her upon Dr. clothes and veil yourself well he can easily Watson.

The thought that he and the girl he was beginning to feel such an interest in could be swayed by a common sympathetic feeling was pleasant to him, but when he rething tickled my fancy, too. Well, when I came out and you addressed me as Miss flected that it was the odious doctor who had apparently swayed both their souls by some occult magnetism he was indignant.

He could have endured it for her, but that he, a strong man, should be drawn like a piece of iron filing to the magnet by this fellow, whom he hated and whom he knew to be a villain, mortified his pride

"It was only a chance coincidence," he said angrily to himseif. The next morning he called at the nouse

where he had been the night before with the singer He had lost his programme of the concert, and could not recall her name. But he trusted to his wit to find her. A colored man answered his impatient

VIIL - COLLISIONS AND COLLU-SIONS

By NELL NELSON Illustrated by Mrs. JESSIE CURTIS SHEPARD.

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"Oh! how good the fire feels," said Miss Brown, as she rolled over on the soft Persian rug and presented her left shoulder to the open grate She lay with her elbows on the floor, her

chin in her hands and her feet crossed, purring like some regenerated cat as she tonsted herself a bright scarlet.

"Oh! how good it feels," she repeated, gazing into the glowing coals through the iron bars of the grate and recrossing her neatly slippered feet. "The best fire that ever blazed. If I ever get a home of my own I'll have a grate in every room and a roaring fire in every grate nine months in the year. If there was nothing else in life but hot coffee, hot water and a hot fire it would still be worth living. "Coffee is the best thing that ever went

lown a human throat. I know of no sensation to compare with a hot bath, which s a purification, a solace and a benediction, while a grate fire, with a soft rug to lie on, is company, comfort and consolation. There's history in the burning coals, and there must be inspiration, only haven't brains enough to perceive it.

"The present lies in the white heat There's that Doctor of Devils grinning at me; there's poor little Edna; there's the crazy painter, and leaning against the brick is Mr. Crawford, scarcely able to sup port himself.

"The embers of remembrance in their lying glow picture the past, and there's one fact that never fades. I see it in the ashes after the last spark goes out, and 1 shall see it in the coffin lid at my funeral, and in my grave when I'm buried. God help her to forgive me!" and rolling over on her back she clasped her hands and raised them in supplicating appeal above her burning face.

if you are the man, nothing that I say would do any harm now. Who is the man?" she asked suddenly, fixing her Just then the door of her room opened noiselessly and Dr. Watson, in slippers and "He is an Italian mind reader whose real lounge cont, entered, and taking a cigarette from his lips stood for a moment watching "I only asked that to see if you would

Not a sound was made nor a syllable ut. tered, but Miss Brown felt the presence of the hypnotist in an instant.

A shudder ran through her body, an ex essive quivering agitated her eyelids. Her cychalls moved convulsively, and quickly irning her face as close to the fire as the rass fender would permit she said by way f recognition, "It's you, is it?"

"You have said it, my dear Martha, and you don't mind I'll finish my cigarette here. Domnation can have little terror for you, by the way.

"How do you know?"

"Because you can stand such an infernai ot of heat. I've seen something of life and people, but I never met a creature without feathers or fur who could stand is much roasting as you can and not get sorched. Do you know, I sometimes hink that you lived in Hades before you same to earth, for you are certainly the nost fireproof young woman in my time."



was conscious of it, for she raised her left to strand the leader of the orchestra for the hand to brush it away, and as she did so mucch gasped, "Yes," and tore away the lace from her throat.

"Now you are reasonable. Sit down and listen to me. Tell Mr. Crawford in the morning that you had a dream, that you saw Edna on a sick bed, neglected and alone Tell him you saw her mother-What the devil ails you?" "Don't say any more, for heaven's sake

I know what to tell him," and she buried her face in her hands as if to shut out a vision too horrible to contemplate. "I am willing and all that, Dr. Watson,

but I know I can't help you and it's no use sending me. Miss Edna does not trust me. She dreads me and I fear her. I can't look into her face, and have not been able to floral bower. meet her eyes since the night ! made her mother use your vinaigrette.

"Asleep or awake it's all the same, and the older the daughter grows the stronger becomes the resemblance to her mother. It is wasted time; I can't stay with her or near her, and I won't try. I will go to Califor-nia with the letter if that will do you any good, but there isn't money enough in America to keep me in her service."

"And that is final, is it?" "Yes." "Does it occur to you that I have evi-

dence sufficient to convict you of murder?" "Who ever heard of an accomplice nang ing and an adept scoundrel who has won success as thief, bigamist, forger and blackmailer escaping judgment? There was profit in Mrs. Crawford's death, and you know who got her fortune and what secame of her property."

"Hold your tongue, you jade, Your wages will depend upon the success of your dream to morrow morning. We give up these quarters this week without fail, and on second thought it will be better to have you travel with us as nurse or companion. or secretary to Mr. Crawford.

"To save you the rouble of planning an scape I might as well tell you that I have paid a private detective to watch you, and that I am determined to have your assist ance. So good night, dear. Get as much rest as you can, for it's a long, weary run from here to 'Frisco."

. Banker Hartman's house in Stuyvesant square was as gay as a palace for a corona tion. Incandescent lanterns hung in the branches of the trees flooded the scene below with soft light, and wove a delicate tapestry of skeleton leaves and graceful branches over pavement, street and wall. From curbstone to doorstep stretched car pet and canopy, one hung with little chamber lanterns, from the jewels of which the light streamed in soft splendor, and the other hedged with date and fan palms.

White liveried grooms stood at the car riage step to assist the wedding guests, and in the vestibule and along the staircase were servants of inscrutable face and faultless dress, each with a single phrase to deliver by way of direction to the be-

wildered company. The air was redolent with the breath of roses, and up from an arbor of palm and oleander floated the light strains of mandolins, flutes and harp, rapturous as love itself

Newel posts and balustrades were twined with roses and rosemary; window seats and mantel shelves were cushioned with violets and daffodils; gorgeous balls of hydrangea and chrysanthemum filled the fire places, and invisibly hung against screens of smilax was a wainscoting of orchids extending through the drawing room and library.

The alcove off the music room had been turned into a nuptial bower. An umbrella of white buds roofed the inclosure, the walls were tapestried with pink roses, and just within the floral gates stood a priedieu of carved ivory ar golden satin, where Henry Henshall would kneel with his bride to receive the nuptial benediction.

"Ah, old man, glad to see you! How are

your knees? Shall I get you a drink of omething? 'No, thank you, I'm all right Where's .ena?

"Dear Henry, how do I look? Is my veil a straight? I'm awfully nervous. Are

The pale faced bridegroom was spared e effort of response by a burst of melody at came from the fifty strings hidden ay in some place overhead, and offering s arm to the goddess in satin and pearled alle he led her down the broad staircase, along the rose trellised hall, through the orchid scented drawing room and into the

In the gateway stood the venerable ergyman, book in hand, straight as a intinel and bright as a January rose. The sweet strains of "Oberon" came from he pleading, sobbing violins,

In six minutes by the watch of Broker Henshall his son was a husband, and at 6 clock the following evening Mr. and Mrs. Henry Henshall, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Craw ford, Dr Watson and Miss Brown were in the Union depot of Chicago, waiting for the San Francisco limited.

IX -EXPEDIENTS OF DESPAIR.

By MARY EASTLAKE Illustrated by Miss E. L. SYLVESTER.

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It is the nature of a man to pursue, He regards the whole world as a hunting ground, and anything that pleases his fancy, whether it be a bird, a pretty woman or a brute, as his lawful prey. He may not care for the game or knew

hy he pursues it, but the chase is irre istible, and, like the child with the butter fly, he will spoil his pretty clothes, stub his toe and get his feet wet running through rambles and puddles as long as the winged thing is in sight. If woman only knew it she could win her

lover by eluding him, for man ever wants what he can't get easily, and prizes most the fruit that hangs highest. To him no beauty is so entrancing as that which stuiles and blushes beneath the mystic web of a gauzed veil, and doubly lovely is the loveliness that turns and flies at his aprouch

Heashall knew neither rest nor peace of mind. The throbbing, sobbing notes of Edna's violin were as sweet to him as the music of the rolling spheres to the old phi-

He had eyes for nothing but the soft browns of her hair, lashes, complexion and dress. He thought of her through the day and dreamed of her in the night, and could they have been vocalized every sigh would have uttered, "I will find her."

And as he followed this small woman with his thoughts and his soul his bride Lena first became moody, then tearful, and finally so despondent that she threw herself in the arms of her companion and segge I her to tell her what to do.

There was not any too much nectar in he make up of Mrs. Smith, and no danger of her sharpening the edge of Mrs. Hen-shall'ssensibilities. Instead of putting her arm about her neck, and electrifying her medulla spinalis with the magic of her touch, she took a hairpin from her coiffure and proceeded to loosen the cuticle about the girl's finger nails.

"And so you are disappointed with mar-ried life already? Well, my dear, you have only made the common error of expecting too much. You have foolishly invested the field of wedlock with the couleur de rose, are pale, your eyes are glassy and you're and studied your hero with the magnifying chilled. Forgive me, dear Mr. Crawford, lens when you should have reversed the the run from New York has been too much glass

inss. "Now let me advise you not to be unreal for you. We abould have laid off at De-troit. But we'll make amends here." me you expected to mar

the hotel. He had smoked, walked and driven with him, and as a last resort to win his confidence begged the impresario to sit for a portrait.

"Now, I would like very much to have you and Mrs. Henshall meet my little star, but I have nothing to say about it. It rests entirely with her, and she has positively refused to make any acquaintances. These professional women, you know, have to be humored, but Miss Neville, I am convinced, has a reason for wishing to avoid people, and as she is not well, I feel compelled to respect her wishes.

Henshall was pretending to portray the musician one morning when this conversation took place, and at this rebuff his brows knitted, his heart sank and his brush fell from his hand

"Well, of course, Herr Opper. 1 don's wish to seem impertinent, but I met Miss Neville several times in New York.

"You did?" interjected the musician "That is, I saw her-heard her play, and I have seen her every night during this engagement. My reason for asking to be presented is that I wish to make a picture of her for the next Academy. She is the most beautiful creature I have ever seen or dreamed of, and if I could only paint her I believe the picture would make me fa-

mous. The model, who was playfully dovetailing his fingers, offering no answer further than a mild indorsement of the compliment to the girl's beauty, it suddenly occurred to Henry that it might be policy to get the assistance of Lena, and excusing himself he went to call her.

While he was away Opper got up to stretch his legs, and in the circuit of the improvised studio came upon a small folio, which carelessly opened revealed a sketch done on a business card that fairly took his breath away.

"Miss Neville!" he muttered to himself. Then this is the villain she has been trying to avoid ever since we left New Yorkt My God! and I have been telling him about her. Another! Three! Two more! As I live, there is nothing else. And I was seriously thinking to have this man paint her from life. Well, well, well! this is great luck. I must go: this is something remarkable!

A few moments later, when Henshall returned with his wife to propose an invitation for a supper party, he was surprised to find the room vacant.

There was no sign of Herr Opper in the hall, and as the elevator was at the bottom of the shaft he wisely concluded that his visitor had gone. The next thing was to send a playfully petulant note after him by messenger, and urge the importance of an early sitting for the next morning. The reply dumfounded him.

Herr Opper would not be able to keep the appointment nor make another until his return to New York.

At the concert that night the manager could not be seen, and when he had been repulsed a third time Henry fell to thinking with such fierce energy that he did not notice the burly detective in evening dress who followed him into the hall and occupied the scat adjoining his.

When Dr. Watson reached Chicago and came face to face with his wife and his antagonist he was momentarily stunned. "Curse the luck!" he thought to himself.

.

"There are four sleepers in the train, but only one dining car, and no matter how I calculated it would be awkward. There's no use figuring. I can't do it." And he instantly became solicitous for his patient.

"My dear sir, what is it? Speak," put-ting one hand on the old man's shoulder and taking his pulse with the other. "You

at the bell. "Is there a public singer living in this

building?" Henshall asked Yes, sir; there's two-Mrs. Bucks and

Miss Dudley." "Where is the man who was on duty last

night at 11 o'clock?" he inquired. 'He doesn't come on till 6 this evening.'

was the answer. 'Well, you can take me to Miss Dud-

ley's," he said impatiently at a venture. The elevator boy took him up to the third floor and pointed to the door on the left. "That is Miss Dudley's," he said.

Henshall rang the bell. The door was opened after two or three minutes by a young woman whom he had never seen.

"Can I see Miss Dudley for a moment?" he asked

'What do you want to see her for?" said the young woman

'It is on a matter of private business. he replied.

The lady's face was not at an encouraging as she replied. "I do not know it."

Have you any objections to telling me why you and Miss Neville exchanged dresses last night and why you led me on such a wild goose chase?'

The lady's eyes twinkled a little with merriment as she recalled the incident. Then she replied provokingly

Why, I thought the least I could do af ter your goodness in supplying me with a coupe to come home in was to allow you to accompany me-as far as the door. So you didn't mean to come with me at all," she went on ironically, "How mortifying!"

"Miss Dudley, I've no doubt it was very amusing to boodwink me as you did. But you have not told me why you changed dresses with Miss Neville and wore her cloak.

"Why, you see, she asked me to," said Miss Dudley, opening her eyes and looking very innocent.

'And why did she ask you to?" retorted Henshall, showing a little irritation. don't suppose it is a common thing for young women who sing or take part in the same concert to change clothes with each other to go home in!"

Miss Dudley smiled again. Then, as if feeling that she had carried the matter far enough in this line, she said decidedly and with a serious countenance:

'I have told you all I have to say about the matter. If you wish to know more you will have to see Miss Meville herself, and I do not really know her address. So I can be of no service to you, and I must beg you to excuse me now.

"Miss Dudley," said Henshall, softening his tone, "you would not have acted as you have unless you were a friend to Miss Neville. Believe me, you would do her no harm by trusting me, as I am-ahem!-a true friend to the young lady.

"I had the pleasure of rescuing her from a man who was annoying her with his attentions only last evening. I feel sure that it was the wish to escape him that led her to propose this extraordinary change of Your being so nearly the same dress. height and figure as Miss Neville made this an easy means of throwing him off the track. Am I not right?"

Miss Dudley's eyes had opened rather wide as he was speaking, and when he was through she exclaimed:

"Then you are not the man ?" "I am not the man. I swear to you," said

handsome face as she answered: "I do not doubt it in the least. But I know nothing about Miss Neville more than I have told you. Still, when I see her I will tell her what you have said, and if you leave your address with me I will write to you what she says.

"I am not the man I succar to you.

The singer reflected for a moment and

then said: "I do not see what harm it can

do to tell you the truth in any case. Even

name is Leopardi. I know him to be a villian," replied Henshall at once.

have an answer ready." Miss Dudley re-

turned, smiling roguishly again. "Well,

last solo Miss Neville was strangely agi

tated. She came to me trembling and said:

There is a man whom I greatly fear, be-

cause, although I detest him, he has an in-

fluence over me which I cannot resist.

From the way I felt while I was playing I

desire above all things to avoid meeting

this man. My happiness in life may be de-

stroyed if he should find where I am liv

mistake you for me and will follow you.

I feel as if he would wait until he sees me

"She so impressed me," continued Miss

Dudley, "that I consented. The fun of the

Neville and invited me into the coupe

which you had engaged, I felt sure you

were the man I thought I was helping

Miss Neville all the more by bringing you

home with me Then it was a satisfaction

She laughed and then said earnestly,

"No, I am not the man at all," replied

Now, you can act a still friendlier one if

you will help me find this young woman.

I believe she needs assistance, and I shall

Miss Dudley darted a keen glance at his

"You acted a friendly part.

And you are not the man at all, then?"

to show you how you had been fooled."

come out.

Henshall

gladly nid her."

Will you not change dresses with me wear my wrap? We are so nearly

believe he was somewhere in the hall.

will tell you the whole thing. After her

eyes on the young fellow.

With this Henshall had to be content. He saw that the singer was sincere in what she said so far as he could judge. He went to Stienway hall and got Heinrich Neuberger's address It was on Third avenue, far up town

He decided to call at Miss Hartman's on his way up to let Mrs. Smith know that he had seen her villainous husband. This would help to cement the confidence between them which he wished to inspire. When he rung the bell he told the ser vant to give his card to Mrs. Smith. He penciled on it: "Come down for a moment Do not say I am here.'

He entered the parlor and waited. In a very short time Mrs. Smith presented herself. She seemed flurried, but glad to see him.

"You came at a very opportune time. can trust you implicity, can I not?" she asked, looking at him fixedly.

"Certainly, I want you to do so. 1 want your help and will give you mine. I saw your husband last night," he added.

"Read that and see what it means," said Mrs. Smith, drawing a letter from her pocket. "Do not be afraid to do so because it is directed to Miss Hartman. I have read it." and her eyes flashed. "and I know he meant villainy by it."

Henshall hastily ran his eye over the let ter. It was as follows:

"MISS LENA HARTMAN-If Mr. Henry Henshall has any relations to you which would make his compromising another young woman of interest to you ask him what he has to do with a girl who plays the violin in public and whose stage name is Louise Neville. He may deny that he knows her, but you are entitled to this warning from A FRIEND." Henshall raised his eyes interrogatively to Mrs. Smith.

"That note came this morning," she said excitedly. "The handwriting is disguised, but 1 know the character of Leopardi's Italian letters too well not to detect it. | took the liberty of opening it, thinking I had a right as his wife," she said bitterly, "to know what he would write to a young lady engaged to a young gentleman. When I read it I decided not to let Miss Hartman know anything about it, and felt it was

only fair to show it to you. "It is only his devilish malice perhaps, said Henshall, "for he hates me. But I do not know how he could have found out my name and my engagement to Miss Hartman."

He then told Mrs. Smith the history of yesterday. When he was through she ex-"That man seems to me devilish claimed: at times. Keep this letter at all events It may come into play later.

When Henshall left her he went at once to Neuberger's. What was his astonishment when that gentleman said to him: "Miss Neville has accepted an engagement to appear in San Francisco with a manager named Rudolph Opper. She started for there this morning.

"Beaten again!" said Henshall savagely to himself as he descended the stairs. "But I will find her if I have to follow her

around the world."

LE

"You have said it, my dear Martha."

Miss Brown rose to a sitting posture. straightened out her skirts, threw one cor ner of the fine rug over her feet and knees. and lying down again turned her eyes to the fire and covered her face with her arm to shut out the demon gaze that made her oul writhe.

Without heeding her silence Watson blew out some delicate rings of smoke. "I wish you were not so prudish," he said. "I like the lace ruffles of your skirt better than that rug. They remind me of the girl I married in Chicago." "That was your third wife, wasn't it?" she said venomously.

"Well, really, Mattie, to tell you the truth, I don't remember her number, but now that you betray some evidence of ra tionalism, I have a little matter to talk about that will interest you.

"Your truant mistress has gone west and to-morrow, if possible, we will take the same route. I have given old Mortal ity a powder to make him sleep for the next fifteen hours, and if you have any packing to do you needn't be afraid of dis turbing him. You have been a very useful assistant, Martha, and you can make yourself indispensable to me now if you want to."

Miss Brown alowly raised herself, rubbed her eyes with both hands, and without looking at him asked, "In what way?" "In the same old way

"No. I've done all I intend to do 'in the same old way!' When I leave this house I leave your service for good. I have enough on my conscience now to keep me as wide vake as the Macbeths, and I tell you I'm k of it, and I intend to quit.'

You're never so good looking, Martha, as when you reflect the fire you absorb. If you were my wife I'd keep you angry all the time. Conscience? Bah! the thing went out of style before you went out of tibs. It's indigestion that's bothering you I'll mix you a powder when I go to my

"Now, Miss Crawford is expected in San Francisco Monday evening. She will stay .t a private house, the name and number of which I will give you, and I want you to to her with a letter her father has writen and look after her. I am determined to marry her and you can help me.' "And what if I refuse?"

"I'm determined that you will not refuse,

and the sooner you understand that the cetter. Do you hear what I am saying? Look at me!

"Let me go!"

Answer me first."

Unable to move a muscle under his grip Miss Brown felt her senses reeling Leneath his hideous gaze and for an instant was

overpowered. The doctor gave her arm a sudden twist that brought the girl to her feet. Then fixing his black, beady eyes on her, and looking steadily at her trembling lids till she raised her eyes to his face, he said clear-

ly and decidediy: 'You will do as I tell you? Say you will?"

A shade passed across the pale face of the governess. It was there an instant

Up in one of the sumptuously appointed guest chambers sat the painter in the attitude of a penitent, desolate as a light house, for he had locked the door and given orders not to be disturbed. The marriage was set for 7 o'clock, and the neighborhood abounded in belfry clocks. He had his gloves on and the ring in his pocket and he was listening for the knell

"Confound it, any way. Why should care?" he muttered, rising abruptly and beginning to pace the floor. "It's the woman in me. Men marry nurses and housekeepers and influence every day in the week, and I can name at least five fellows

in the club who have married for mere social position. This thing of love is an involuntary sort of a sensation, any way, and as for swearing to keep it up, it's all balderdash; for a fellow can no more hate all his life than he can love. I'm in love with that small, brown eyed musician, yet I wouldn't marry her if I could; but I mean to find her and know her and use her as an ideal, if I have to sell my immortal

"Lena is a good, wholesome girl, ample in everything but imagination, amiable and lenient, and she loves me, poor child, with her whole soul. Ah, well, the least can do is to treat her decently. And I wish to gracious this ordeal was over with.

soul

"My idea in hurrying the thing was to escape the gaping mob, and the servant at the door told me he had counted one hundred and twenty. I never could understand the whims of woman and her aversion to quiet weddings.

'And then the nonsense of paying tribute to her intuition! I'll swear that I haven't made love to her, and I know for a certainty shat I haven't kissed her three times.

She thinks she loves, and she thinks she has a heart, and she thinks she thinks, which is equivalent to the demonstration of an absurdity."

Lena Hartman, buxom, blonde and warm blooded, belonged to that vast army of women that thrives best on neglect. She loved Henry Henshall because she feared him.

He had called her silly when she at tempted to be playful, made fun of her theories, and referred to her as dull, inar tistic and shallow pated.

He teased her unmercifully, but what hurt her was the indifference he showed when she pouted, expecting to be coaxed Coaxing was not in the painter's tactics. He could have soothed her with a hand clasp if he had cared to do so, but he didn't, and by ignoring her moods he deifled himself to a "whistle-and-I'll-come-to-you"

state of importance. Inadvertently Henry was training his wife for future success. Women are as easily spoiled as children, and once in dulged they twine a man about their fingers or play doormat with him, as the

humor suits It's the stinting of grain and grass that gives the thoroughbred beauty and go; and just in proportion to the checking and

stinting of his affection will a man hold and enslave the woman who is in love with him. The velvet glove is very soothing to the touch, but a woman wants to know that there's an iron grip under it.

Henry Henshall counted the beifry strokes and waited for the resounding every performance of which he had attendtones to die away before unlocking the door.

and gone in an instant, but Miss Brown chamber, he met Banker Hartman going Opper, whom he had wined and dined at

ry an angel. You are a mortal and mar ried to a man, one of the queerest brutes that treads the earth. Yes, men are queer porter to conduct him to the waiting room brutes," she repeated, crossing her eyes in fancy: "enthusiastic and deferential enough before marriage, but an entirely different sort of breed afterward." "My dear," he said, taking her by the arm, "I've changed my mind; come out on arm, "I've changed my mind; come out on

me, and never speaks unless I ask him a question. There's something on his mind. It isn't his work, for he hasn't finished a and I have decided to stay over until to canvas this long time, and it isn't I, that's certain.



And so you are dis uppointed with mar ried life already

"Now, Lena, don't be foolish. You get as much petting as the average woman has a right to expect.' 'Right? Am 1 not married to him, his

lawful wife, and shouldn't I expect some evidence of his affection?" "No, expect nothing. You can drive a

horse to water, but you can't make him drink. Let him get thirsty, let him alone." "But I don't wan't to let him alone."

'And there's just where you make a mis take. When you get your third husband you'll know how to manage him. The

trouble with you is this, you have too many feelings and too much heart. It is a bother to have feelings, and my advice is to get rid of your heart if you want to have good digestion and keep your youth

"A woman with a heart is in the power of her husband; a wife who has none can do as she pleases. Take all, give nothing in return-that's the true philosophy of matrimonial peace if you can't find contentment; and you needn't hunt for happiness, for it is not to be found on this planet in quantities to speak about."

This sort of advice was gall and wormwood to the honest, innocent young woman, but she knew well enough that her companion spoke from her bitter experience, and nauseous as the dose was she Fosters 5 Hook Kid Cloves took it, dried her eyes and went to dress for a walk.

They had been at the Palace hotel in San Francisco for a week, and the printer had sought in vain to meet his ideal

The amusement boards were placarded with bills for her concert engagement, ed. He had cultivated the acquaintance of the theatre manager, and through him se-In the hall, on his way to the bridal cured an introduction to Herr Rudolph

And before the astonished old gentleman could recover his senses at this unexpected burst of interest Dr Watson signalled a while he went to overtake Miss Brown,

the platform, I want to speak to you," anxious to avoid the possible recognition of his wife. "Mr. Crawford is not well. morrow, but you can go on alone. Here's the letter and the tickets, and here's some money for your expenses.

"Go to Miss Crawford at once, and \$500 spot cash if you catch the bird and hold her until we arrive. If anything happens I'll wire you and sign the message 'Brother,' so as not to arouse any suspicions in the mind of Miss Edna should she chance to see it. That's all, I guess. Good-by. sister. Won't you shake hands? Well, have it as you like Be good to yourself and look sharp."

The bags and traveling blankets were hardly gathered up when the bell rang, and the cry of "all aboard" was heard and the train steamed out of the depot.

Dr. Watson called a carriage and or dered the driver to take them to the Palmer house

By way of sustaining his apprehensions for the welfare of Mr. Crawford, who was in reality very much prostrated from the fatigue of the journey, the doctor conduct ed him to the Turkish bath and had him steamed, rubbed and rolled until he was nearly dead He had to be carried to his room on a stretcher, where he remained through the entire week.

Message after message was wired to Miss Brown during the week without getting any answer in reply

Suddenly one day the treachery of the woman flashed through the doctor's mind, and he dashed off a dispatch, and marking it "rush" he carried it down to the rotunda of the hotel

The dispatch was addressed to Louise Neville. It read:

"Come at once. Your father is dying. "DR. WATSON,

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