



BY FRANK BARRETT AUTHOR OF 'THE GREAT NEPHEW' 'ARCOLING VIOLENCE' 'OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH' ETC., ETC.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XXVII.

A week before the promised month was up Moll and her husband came back to the court, and lest I should imagine that her pleasures had been curtailed by his caprice she was at great pains to convince me that he had yielded to her insistence in this matter, declaring she was sick of theaters, ridottos, masquerades and sightseeing, and had sighed to be home ere she had been in London a week. This surprised me exceedingly, knowing how passionate fond she had ever been of the playhouse and diversions of any kind, and remembering how eager she was to go to town with her husband, and I perceived there was more significance in the present distaste for diversion than she would have known.

beggers already standing before the gates. And there they might have staid till their dinner was cooked, ere I had let them in, but Moll coming down from the house with her husband, and seeing this shivering crew, their pinched cheeks yellow and their noses blue with cold, and so famished with hunger they could scarce find strength to cry, "God bless you, merry gentlemen!" she would have them taste at once some of that happiness with which her heart was overflowing, and so did with her own hands unbolt the gates and set them wide, bidding the halting wretches come in and warm themselves. Not content with this, she sends up to the house for loaves and gives every one a hunch of bread and a mug of ale to stay their empty stomachs. And, Lord, 'twas a pleasure to see these poor folk's joy—how they spread their hands out to the flames; how they cocked up the fire here and there to brown their ox equally, with all hands now and then to turn him on the spit; how they would set their bread to catch the dropping gravy, and how they would lift their noses to catch the savory whiffs that came from the roasting beef.

than if it were of her own doing, was not less eager it should be seen, yet the thought that she must lose him for four days (for this journey could not well be accomplished in less time) cast down her spirits exceedingly. 'Twas painful to see her efforts to be cheerful despite of herself. And, seeing how incapable she was of concealing her real feeling from him whom she would cheer, she at length confessed to him her trouble. "I would have you go and yet I'd have you stay, love," says she.

own, how much more difficult must it be in private when we drop our disguise and lay our hearts open to those we love! And here, as it seemed to me, I did hit rightly at the true cause of her present secret distress, for at home as abroad she must still be acting a part, weighing her words, guarding her acts—forever to be hiding of something from her dearest friend—ever denying him that confidence he appealed for—ever keeping a cruel, biting bond upon the most generous impulse of her heart, closing her heart where it was bursting to open to her dear mate.

set to work painting the head of a Sybil, which the lord of Hatfield House had commanded, on the recommendation of Sir Peter Lely, taking Anne Fitch for his model, and she sitting in that room of the court house he had prepared for his workshop. Here he would be at it every day as long as there was light for his purpose, Moll, near at hand, watching him, ready to chat or hold her peace, according to his inclination, just as she had done when he was a-painting of the ceiling, only that how her regard was more intent upon him than his work, and when he turned to look at her 'twas with interchange of undivided love in their fond eyes. She ever had a piece of work or a book in her lap, but she made not half a dozen stitches or turned a single page in the whole day, for he was the sole occupation of her mind—the living book, ever yielding her sweet thoughts.

As I was sitting in my office in the afternoon Jack Dawson came to me in his seaman's dress, his hand still wrapped up, but his face more healthful for his long ride and cheerful thoughts. "Why, this could not have fallen out better," says I when we had exchanged greetings, "for Moll is all alone, and down in the dumps by reason of her husband having left her this morning on business that will hold him absent for three or four days. We will go up presently and have supper with her."

DORCHESTER ON FIRE

FLAMES PROBABLY STARTED BY TRAMPS

Sweeping the Village—Business District Badly Damaged and the Residence Portion Visited—The Rainfall in Nebraska—Fortunate Plattsmouth Citizen.

NEBRASKA MAN IN LUCK

William Foxwell of Plattsmouth Secures His Share of an English Estate.

PLATTSMOUTH, Neb., April 15.—The luckiest man in Nebraska is William Foxwell, a carpenter, formerly of Columbus, but for some years of this city. He is of English descent and was sure that he was entitled to a share in a large English estate.

A HEAVY RAINFALL.

Nebraska Well Wet Down by Recent Rains—Precipitation 3 to 9 Inches.

LEXINGTON, Neb., April 15.—At 8:30 Saturday evening rain commenced falling and the storm continued without intermission Sunday. It is estimated that between two and three inches of water fell.

Little Blue on a Rampage.

HEBROX, Neb., April 14.—The heavy rains have caused the little Blue river to raise very rapidly. Yesterday in about half an hour the water flooded the basement of Wetherald Brothers' mill, causing nearly \$300 damage.

Randolph to Have Telephones.

RANDOLPH, Neb., April 14.—W. A. Cottrell of LeMars, Ia., has been here several days endeavoring to establish a telephone station for the Home Telephone company, and has been successful enough to justify the statement that Randolph will soon be placed in connection with neighboring towns and Sioux City, Ia.

A North Carolina Governor Dead.

RALIGH, N. C., April 14.—Thomas M. Holt, ex-governor and the wealthiest cotton merchant in North Carolina, died Saturday afternoon at his home. He will be buried to-day at Graham. The governor and State officers will be present.

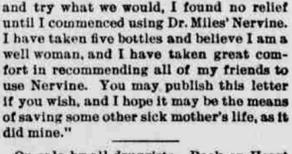
Blew Open an Empty Safe.

BEE, Neb., April 14.—Friday night last the new safe of Myers & Gumbel, general merchants, was blown open. The burglars drilled two holes, one above the combination and the other some four inches back. The safe was not locked and the combination card hung on the knob.

Headache Destroys Health

Resulting in poor memory, irritability, nervousness and intellectual exhaustion. It induces other forms of disease, such as epilepsy, heart disease, apoplexy, insanity, etc.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Cures.



Mrs. Chas. A. Myers, 201 Hanna St., Fort Wayne, Ind., writes Oct. 7, 1894: "I suffered terribly with severe headaches, dizziness, backache and nervousness, gradually growing worse until my life was despaired of, and try what we would, I found no relief until I commenced using Dr. Miles' Nervine. I have taken five bottles and believe I am a well woman, and I have taken great comfort in recommending all of my friends to use Nervine. You may publish this letter if you wish, and I hope it may be the means of saving some other sick mother's life, as it did mine."

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Moll, near at hand, watching him.