



(Continued from last week.)

FOR some time we spoke never a word, Dawson and I, he with his head lying on his arm, I seated in a chair with my hands hanging down by my side, quite stunned by the blow that had fallen upon us. At length, raising his head, his eyes puffed and his face bedaubed with tears, he says:

"Hah! you a word of comfort, Kit, for a broken hearted man?"

I stammered a few words that had more sound than sense, but indeed I needed consolation myself, seeing my own responsibility for bringing this misfortune upon Moll, and being more heartily ashamed of my roguery now 'twas discovered.

"You don't think he'll be too hard on poor Moll, tell me that, Kit?"

"Aye, he'll forgive her," says I, "sooner than us, or we ourselves."

"And you don't think he'll be forever a-casting it in her teeth that her father's a—a drunken vagabond, eh?"

"Nay, I believe he is too good a man for that."

"Then," says he, standing up, "I'll go and tell him the whole story, and you shall come with me to bear me out."

"Tomorrow will be time enough," says I, finching from this office. "This late now."

"No matter for that. Time enough to sleep when we've settled this business. We'll not leave poor Moll to bear all the punishment of our getting. Mr. Godwin shall know what an innocent, simple child she was when we pushed her into this knavery, and how we dared not tell her of our purpose lest she should draw back. He shall know how she was ever an obedient, docile, artless girl, yielding always to my guidance, and you can stretch a point, Kit, to say you have ever known me for a headstrong, masterful sort of a fellow, who would take denial from none, but must have my own way in all things. I'll take all the blame on my own shoulders, as I should have done at first, but I was so staggered by this fall."

"Well," says I, "if you will have it so—"

"I will," says he stoutly. "And now give me a bucket of water that I may wash my head and wear a brave look. I would have him think the worst of me that he may feel the kinder to poor Moll. And I'll make what atonement I can," adds he as I led him into my bedchamber. "If he desire it, I will promise never to see Moll again. Nay, I will offer to take the king's bounty and go a-sailing, and so, betwixt sickness and the Dutch, there'll be an end of Jack Dawson in a very short space."

When he had ducked his head in a bowl of water and got our cloaks from the room below, we went to the door, and there, to my dismay, I found the lock fast and the key which I had left in its socket gone.

"What's amiss, Kit?" asks Dawson, perceiving my consternation.

"The key, the key!" says I, holding the candle here and there to seek it on the floor, then giving up my search as it struck me that Mr. Godwin and Moll could not have left the house had the door been locked on the inside. "I do believe we are locked in and made prisoners."

"Why, sure, this is not Mr. Godwin's doing!" cries he.

"This Simon," says I, with conviction, seeing him again in my mind, standing behind Mr. Godwin, with wicked triumph in his face.

"Is there no other door but this one?" asks Dawson.

"There is one at the back, but I have never yet opened that for lack of a key." And now setting one thing against another and recalling how I had before found the door open, when I felt sure I had locked it fast, the truth appeared to

"Simon, Jack, I dread no man's guile to fetch help and will lodge us in jail for this business."

"Jail!" cries he in a passion of desperation. "Why, this will undo Moll forever. Her husband can never forgive her putting such shame upon him. Rouse yourself, man, from your stupor. Get me something in the shape of a hammer, for God's sake, that we may burst our way from this accursed trap."

I bethought me of an ax for splitting wood that lay in the kitchen, and fetching it quickly I put it in his hand. Bidding me stand aside, he let fly at the door like a madman. The splinter flew, but the door held good, and when he staid a moment to take a new grip on his ax I heard a clamor of voices outside—Simon's, higher than the rest, crying, "My new door, that cost me seven and eightpence!"

"The lock, the lock!" says I. "Strike that off."

Down came the ax, striking a spark of fire from the lock, which fell with a clatter at the next blow, but ere we had time to open the door Simon and his party, entering by the back door, forced us to turn for our defense. Perceiving Dawson armed with an ax, however, these fellows paused, and the leader, whom I recognized for the constable of our parish, carrying a staff in one hand and a lantern in t'other, cried to us in the king's name to surrender ourselves.

"Take us if you can," cries Dawson, "and the Lord have mercy on the first who comes within my reach!"

Defly enough old Simon, snatching the fellow's cap who stood next him, flings it at the candle that stands flaring on the floor and jostles the constable's lantern from his hand, so that in a moment we were all in darkness. Taking us at this disadvantage, for Dawson dare not lay about him with his ax, for fear of hitting me by misadventure, the rascals closed at once, and a most bloody, desperate fight ensued.

For, after the first onslaught, in which Dawson, dropping his ax, as being useless at such close quarters, and I grappled each our man, the rest, knowing not friend from foe in the obscurity and urged on by fear, fell upon each other, this one striking out at the first he met, and that giving as good as he had taken, and so all fell a-mauling and belaboring with such lust of vengeance that presently the whole place was of an uproar with the din of cursing, howling and hard blows. For my own lot I had old Simon to deal with, as I knew at once by the cold, greasy feel of his leathern jerkin, he being enraged to make me his prisoner for the ill I had done him. Hooking his horny fingers about my throat, he clung to me like any wild-cat, but stumbling shortly over two who were rolling on the floor we went down both with a crack, and with such violence that he, being undermost, was stunned by the fall. Then, my blood boiling at this treatment, I got astride of him and roasted his ribs royally, and with more force than ever I had conceived myself to be possessed of, and growing beside myself with this passion of war I do think I should have pounded him into a pulp but that two other combatants, falling across me with their whole weight, knocked all the wind out of my body, oppressing me so grievously that 'twas as much as I could do to draw myself out of the fury and get a gasp of breath again.

About this time the uproar began to subside, for those who had got the worst of the battle thought it advisable to sneak out of the house for safety, and those who had fared better, fearing a reverse of fortune, counted they had done enough for this bout, and so also withdrew.

"Are you living, Kit?" asks Dawson then.

"Aye," says I as valiantly as you please, "and ready to fight another half dozen such rascals," but pulling the broken door open, all the same, to get out the easier in case they returned.

"Why, then, let's go," says he, "unless any is minded to have us stay."

No one responding to this challenge, we made ado to find a couple of hats and cloaks for our use and sallied out.

"Which way do we turn?" asks Dawson as we come into the road.

"Whither would you go, Jack?"

"Why, to warn Moll of her danger, to be sure."

I apprehended no danger to her and believed her husband would defend her in any case better than we could, but Dawson would have it we should warn them, and so we turned toward the court. And now upon examination we found we had come very well out of this fight, for save that the wound in Dawson's hand had been opened afresh we were neither much the worse.

"But let us set our best foot foremost, Jack," says I, "for I do think we have done more mischief tonight than any we have before, and I shall not be greatly surprised if we are called to account for the death of old Simon or some of his hirelings."

"I know not how that may be," says he, "but I must answer for knocking of somebody's teeth out."

CHAPTER XXXII.

In the midst of our heroics I was greatly scared by perceiving a cloaked figure coming hurriedly toward us in the dim light.

"This another, come to succor his friends," whispers I. "Let us step into this—"

"Too late," returns he. "Pat on a bell's face. 'Tis only one."

With a swaggering gait and looking straight before us, we had passed the figure, when a voice calls "Father!" and there, turning, we find that 'tis poor Moll in her husband's cloak.

"Where is thy husband, child?" asks Dawson as he recovers from his astonishment, taking Moll by the hand.

"I have no husband, father," answers she piteously.

"Why, sure he hath not turned you out of doors?"

"No; he'd not do that," says she, "were I ten times more wicked than I am."

"What folly then is this?" asks her father.

"'Tis no folly. I have left him of my own free will, and shall never go back to him. For he's no more my husband than that house is mine (pointing to the court). 'Both were got by the same means, and both are lost.'"

Then briefly she told how they had been turned from the gate by Peter, and how Mr. Godwin was now as poor and homeless as we. And this news throwing us into a silence with new bewilderment, she asks us simply whither we are going.

"My poor Moll!" is all the answer he can make, and that in a broken, trembling voice.

"'Tis no good to cry," says she, dashing aside her tears that had sprung at this word of loving sympathy and forcing herself to a more cheerful tone. "Why, let us think that we are just awake from a long sleep to find ourselves no worse off than when we fell a-dreaming. Nay, not so ill," adds she, "for you have a home near London. Take me there, dear."

"With all my heart, chuck," answers her father eagerly. "There at least I can give you a shelter till your husband can offer better."

She would not dispute this point, though I perceived clearly her mind was resolved fully never to claim her right to Mr. Godwin's roof, but only begged we should hasten on our way, saying she felt chilled, and in passing Mother Fitch's cottage she constrained us to silence and caution. Then, when we were safely past, she would have us run, still feigning to be cold, but in truth, as I think, to avoid being overtaken by Mr. Godwin, fearing maybe that he would overrule her will. This way we sped till Moll was fain to stop with a little cry of pain, and clapping her hand to her heart, being fairly spent and out of breath. Then we took her betwixt us, leading her our arms for support, and falling into a more regular pace made good progress.

We trudged on till we reached Croydon without any accident, save that at one point Moll's step faltering, and she with a faint sob weighing heavily upon our arms, we stopped, as thinking her strength overtaxed, and then, glancing about me, I perceived we were upon that little bridge where we had overtaken Mr. Godwin and he had offered to make Moll his wife. Then I knew 'twas not fatigue that weighed her down, and gauging her feelings by my own remorse I pitied this poor wife even more than I blamed myself, for had she revealed herself to him at that time, though he might have shrunk from marriage, he must have loved her still and so she had been spared this shame and hopeless sorrow.

At Croydon we overtook a carrier on his way to London for the Saturday market, who for a couple of shillings gave us a place in his wagon with some good bundles of hay for a seat, and here was rest for our tired bodies, though little for our tormented minds, till we reached Marsh End, where we were set down, and so, the ground being hard with frost, across the marsh to Greenwich about daybreak. Having the key of his workshop with him, Dawson took us into his lodgings without disturbing the other inmates of the house, who might well have marveled to see us enter at this hour with a woman in a man's cloak, and no covering but a handkerchief to her head, and Moll, taking his bed, we disposed ourselves on some shavings in his shop to get a little sleep.

Dawson was already risen when I awoke, and going into his little parlor I found him mightily busy setting the place in order, which was in a sad bachelor's pickle, to be sure—all littered up with odds and ends of turning, unwashed plates, broken victuals, etc., just as he had left it.

"She's asleep," says he in a whisper, "and I'd have this room like a little palace against she comes into it, so do you lend me a hand, Kit, and make no more noise than you can help. The kitchen's through that door. Carry everything in there, and what's of no use fling out of the window into the road."

Setting to with a will, we got the parlor and kitchen neat and proper, plates washed, tiles wiped, pots and pans hung up, furniture furnished up, and everything in its place in no time. Then, leaving me to light a fire in the parlor, Dawson goes forth a-marketing, with a basket on his arm, in high glee. And truly to see the pleasure in his face later on, making a mess of bread and milk in one pipkin and cooking eggs in another, for now we heard Moll stirring in her chamber, one would have thought that this was an occasion for rejoicing rather than grief, and this was due not to want of kind feeling, but to the fond, simple nature of him, he being manly enough in some ways, but a very child in others. He did never see farther than his nose, as one says, and because it gave him joy to have Moll beside him once more he must needs think hopefully that she will quickly recover from this reverse of fortune, and that all will come right again.

Our dear Moll did nothing to damp his hopes, but played her part bravely and well to spare him the anguish of remorse that secretly wrung her own heart. She met us with a cheerful countenance, admired the neatness of the parlor, the glowing fire, ate her share of porridge, and finding the eggs cooked hard declared she could not abide them

soft. Then she would see her father work his lath, to his delight, and begged he would make her some cups for eggs as being more to our present fashion than eating them from one's hand.

"Why," says he, "there's an old bed-post in the corner that will serve me to a nicety. But first I must see our landlord and engage a room for Kit and me, for I take it, my dear," adds he, "you will be content to stay with us here."

"Yes," answers she, "'tis a most cheerful view of the river from the windows."

She tucked up her skirt and sleeves to busy herself in household matters, and when I would have relieved her of this office she begged me to go and bear her father company, saying with a piteous look in her eyes that we must leave her some occupation, or she should weary. She was pale, there were dark lines beneath her eyes, and she was silent, but I saw no outward sign of grief till the afternoon, when, coming from Jack's shop unexpected, I spied her sitting by the window, with her face in her hands, bowed over a piece of cloth we had bought in the morning, which she was about to fashion into a plain gown, as being more suitable to her condition than the rich dress in which she had left the court.

"Poor soul!" thinks I, "here is a sad awaking from thy dream of riches and joy!"

Upon a reasonable occasion I told Dawson we must soon begin to think of doing something for a livelihood—a matter which was as remote from his consideration as the day of wrath.

"Why, Kit," says he, "I've as good as £50 yet in a hole at the chimney back."

(To be Continued.)

Heart Disease Kills

Suddenly; but never without warning symptoms, such as Faint, Weak or Hungry Spells, Irregular or Intermittent Pulse, Fluttering or Palpitation of the Heart, Choking Sensations, Shortness of Breath, Swelling of Feet and Ankles, etc.

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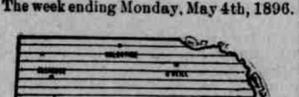
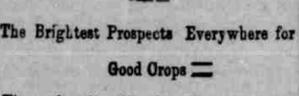
The g. o. p. will soon be grinding out protection on every hand organ, and in response it will be appropriate to sing "We Have the Tariff Yet," "That Honest Dollar," "A Politician Here You See," "The March of the Workers," "God Save the People," Etc., Etc., Etc. Send to this office for the new popular song book which contains these and about seventy-five more. See elsewhere our ad of Armageddon.

NEBRASKA CROP REPORT.

AGAIN THERE WERE HEAVY RAINS.

The Brightest Prospects Everywhere for Good Crops

The week ending Monday, May 4th, 1896.



Actual rainfall for the week.

The week has been warm averaging from four to six degrees above the normal. Light frosts were reported from the southwestern portion of the state early in the week, but little if any damage was done to fruit.

The rainfall has been very general and for the most part heavy amounting to over two inches over most of the eastern half of the state and in limited localities in the western. On the night of the 27th and on the 28th a general and heavy rain storm passed over the state accompanied by high winds. This was followed by showers nearly every day in the week in the northeastern section and work has been much retarded throughout this as well as the middle sections of the state by the wet condition of the soil.

The weather has been very favorable for the growth of vegetation especially small grain and grass which have made very vigorous growth during the week. Rye is beginning to joint in the southern counties. Alfalfa is reported from six inches in height in the central portion of the state to a foot and a half in the southern.

In the southern counties considerable progress has been made in planting corn which is now about half completed in the southeastern corner of the state; elsewhere but little progress has been made during the week owing to wet weather.

REPORT BY COUNTIES

SOUTHEASTERN SECTION.

Butler—Grass and pastures in fine condition. Corn planting well under way. Potatoes and vegetables doing nicely. Fruit trees in full bloom.

Cass—Wheat, oats and all vegetation making vigorous growth. Rain has delayed work and but little corn planted. Fruit prospects unusually good.

Clay—All vegetation making rapid growth. Ground too wet in places to plow. Pasture plenty. Some damage to buildings from high winds.

Fillmore—Plenty of rainfall. Small grain and pastures doing well. Alfalfa looking finely. Ground too wet to plow most of the week.

Gage—Small grain continues to look fine. Corn about half planted and the earliest coming up. Much high wind but no serious damage. Some chinch bugs in a few fields of wheat. Pastures about ready for stock.

Hamilton—Ground rather too wet. Small grain and grass well along for the time of year.

Jefferson—Crops growing nicely. Fruit is not injured and is doing finely. Planting more than half done. Some complaint of chinch bugs.

Johnson—Light frost on night of the first but did not damage except potatoes and beans on low ground. Early planted corn coming up. Corn about half planted. Some corn up. Some chinch bugs in the wheat.

Lancaster—Good growing weather. Fruit trees set very full. Rye is beginning to joint. Garden truck doing well.

Nemaha—Corn not yet half planted. Wheat, oats and potatoes look fine and have made good growth. Plowing and listing for corn in progress.

Nuckolls—Corn about half planted. Seed coming well. Hard winds on the 28th have whipped small grain considerably and some buildings blown down.

Otoe—Small grain and pastures in good condition. About half the farmers have commenced planting. Some corn up. Fall wheat looks fine. Apple crop very promising. Grape vines not doing so well. Chinch bugs numerous. Cherries as large as peas.

Pawnee—Week cloudy and cool. Wheat looks very fine. Oats not looking so well. Corn looks rather pale but a good stand. Fruit doing well. Chinch bugs plenty.

Polk—Small grain three to eight inches high. Alfalfa one to two feet and a good stand. Heavy rains have retarded farm work.

Saline—Much corn planted but not half done. Fine growing week and ground in splendid condition.

Saunders—Heavy rains have delayed work half the week but planting has begun. Rains came mostly at night insuring sufficient sunshine so that all crops have made splendid growth.

well. Plowing for corn commenced.

Grass well advanced for the season. Dixon—Rainy days have retarded plowing. Ground well soaked. Very little corn planted. Heavy rains have washed plowed land badly.

Dodge—Small grain and pastures in excellent condition. Some early potatoes up and fruit in full bloom.

Douglas—Rain has impeded farm work. All small grain in excellent shape. Grass growing fast. Soil in excellent condition.

Holt—Everything growing very fast. Plowing for corn well advanced and planting begun. Early apples in full bloom.

Knox—Crops have grown rapidly. A good week for transplanting trees. Ground wet down very deep.

Madison—Rye and alfalfa have made wonderful growth wheat and oats doing finely. Corn planting begun but ground too wet. Beet planting commenced.

Platte—Good showers and high temperature have made vegetation progress rapidly. Oats, rye and wheat are as good as they can be. Alfalfa knee high and a large acreage.

Sioux City, Iowa—Farm work delayed by rain. Pastures fine.

Stanton—Heavy rains have retarded all farm work. Ground ready for planting.

Thurston—Fine rains and all vegetation doing well.

Washington—Plowing for corn much delayed by wet weather. Rain on five days of the week.

Wayne—Prairie grass far enough advanced to afford good feed for stock. Small grain making remarkable growth. Farmers about ready to begin planting.

Yankton, South Dakota—Rain every day until Saturday. Some little corn already planted but planting not general. Small grain looks well.

CENTRAL SECTION.

Boone—Crops in fine shape. Some corn planted, alfalfa showing fine growth. Some early corn up.

Buffalo—Some corn listed. Breaking for corn about completed. Small grain and grass making rapid growth.

Custer—Small grain never looked better. Some corn planted. Early potatoes up. Pastures very good.

Dawson—Winter wheat and rye advancing rapidly. Grass the best ever known at this season. Alfalfa thirteen inches. Early potatoes coming up.

Greeley—Plenty of moisture. Wheat and oats making good growth alfalfa six to eight inches high and wild grass good that cattle are being turned out to pasture. Plowing for corn well advanced and considerable corn planted in southern part of the county.

Hall—Cloudy and cool. Small grain never better at this season. Fruit all that could be asked. A little corn planted. Fruit trees budding heavier than usual.

Howard—Fine growing weather. Ground on splendid condition. Planting under way. Stock is now living on pastures. Early potatoes up. Fruit trees in are the finest condition.

Kearney—Crops more forward than usual for the season. Corn planting well under way. Light frosts in low places.

Loup—Small grain growing finely. Some corn planted.

Merrick—Heavy rains have retarded planting and set things back. Water standing everywhere.

Nance—Plowing progressing slowly from wet weather. Small grain and pastures doing well. Fruit trees in bloom.

Sherman—Crop conditions good. Fruit trees in bloom and very full. Alfalfa six inches high. Some corn planted. Early potatoes coming up.

Valley—Weather has been favorable for work in the field and crops could not look better. Cherries, plums, apples and peaches in full bloom.

Wheeler—But little work done. Grass growing nicely. Wild fruit in bloom. Little corn planted yet.

SOUTHWESTERN SECTION.

Adams—Week favorable for crops but heavy rains have retarded farm work. Hail on the 1st injured fruit slightly. Wheat and oats in splendid condition.

Chase—All crops growing finely. About one fourth the corn planted. Ground wet down very deep. Early potatoes up. Good prospects for small fruit.

Dundy—Severe wind and rain storm on the 28th but no damage except to tender garden stuff. Small grain doing well. Corn planting in full blast. Pastures good.

Franklin—All crops making good growth. Corn planting in progress. Pastures good.

Frontier—Crops growing finely. Some high winds but no damage. Planting commenced in earnest. No frost to hurt. Ground in fine condition.

Furnas—Some rye nearly two feet high. Planting well under way. Corn coming well. Some potatoes up.

Harlan—Light frost on the morning of the 30th but no damage. Small grain looking well. Corn planting under full headway. Alfalfa big for the time of year. Potatoes coming up nicely.

Hitchcock—Grass growing finely. Wheat looks well. Some corn up and a large acreage being planted. Ground in fine condition.

Lincoln—Small grain doing finely. Considerable corn planted. Ground wet down to two and a half feet.

Red Willow—Farmers are pushing the planting. Small grain and grass growing nicely.

Webster—Good week for small grain; too cool for corn. Slight frost Wednesday night and fruit slightly damaged.

WESTERN SECTION.

Cheyenne—Fine rains this week. Small grain about all up.

Deuel—A very favorable week for crops, and everything in fine condition. A large acreage of barley being put in. Fruit trees in bloom. Some plowing for corn.

Keith—Wheat covering the ground. Rye never looked better. Barley and oats coming up. Farmers plowing for corn. Some damage to spring wheat from heavy rains.

Kimball—Week rather cool, but crops have made good growth. Some corn planted. Small grain looking fine.

Logan—Wheat about all up and growing finely. Plowing for corn in progress. Pastures good and stock self supporting. Ground in better condition