



# JENNY

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

"Seriously wounded?" asked Jane quickly, and felt from the pressure of Mrs. Dene's hand that she had put the question which Mrs. Dene herself would have liked to ask, only that she was afraid.

## CHAPTER XI.

The construction which Captain Dene had put upon his wife's conversation with her old admirer was a very natural one. Not for a moment did his trust in her loyalty and truth falter, nor did he suppose that Major Larron had endeavored to shake the foundation of either; but he thought that the latter had been vindictive his past conduct, and he judged by Mrs. Dene's agitated demeanor that she had not listened to him unmoved. If so, the hope he had treasured of winning her love at last was further away than ever; indeed, he was not sure that he had not earned her actual hate by coming between her and the lover who had thus tardily rehabilitated himself in her esteem.

He paced outside his tent until the light of day-break made the stars grow paler and gradually fade away. Then he lay down and slept. It seemed to him that he was sleeping still as he sat at early breakfast and heard the gay chatter of the rest.

This was to be the day of the Tent Club meeting, so they were all anxious for good sport and to start betimes. The four gentlemen—for Colonel Prinsep had breakfasted with them—rode away abreast, while Mrs. Dene and Jane stood at the entrance of the tent, watching them as they went.

"I hope—I sincerely hope," said Mrs. Dene, slowly, "that nothing will happen."

"There is no danger, is there?" asked Jane, with a scared face.

"No, no—I suppose not."

"They have been out several times before, and nothing happened?"

"True," sighed Mrs. Dene.

She was scarcely conscious of her own words. She was wondering whether indeed it was too late—whether there might not be a hope yet. Following up her thoughts, she went inside the tent, and took up a looking-glass that lay on the table underneath a vase of flowers; but it was small, and a little dimmed. She put it down impatiently, and turned to Jane.

"I wish I had what you despised the other day, and called vulgar," she exclaimed.

"What was it? I forget."

"Prettiness. I wish I were as pretty as you."

Jane looked at her thoughtfully, and did not deliver the prompt protest which perhaps Mrs. Dene expected.

"Well, what do you think?" Mrs. Dene asked, with a short laugh.

"I don't think you are pretty. But then," Jane added, hastily, "you know I never have thought prettiness a thing to be desired. It is such a blank, unmeaning word, which can be used for almost anything without misapplication. No, I don't think you are pretty; you are sweet, and elegant."

"And dress well. Why don't you call me a fashion-plate at once?" laughed Mrs. Dene, genuinely amused.

Jane blushed and laughed, too.

"I am a great bungler at description. Colonel Prinsep had a better word for you last night; he said you were 'interesting,' and that is just what I was trying to express."

Mrs. Dene walked away, smiling. She had registered a great resolve, and was only eager to put it into execution. She had determined to put away the reserve which was growing habitual with her, and strive to prove the truth of what she said; she was going to try to interest her husband.

She put on her prettiest gown, not her costliest one—somehow the word "elegant" had rather nettled her. She did not wish to appear a merely intelligent and graceful exponent of the fashions, but as a living, breathing woman, who loved her husband as much—as she wished him to love her.

As she gave a parting glance at her mirror, she confessed to herself that the case was not impossible.

Animation had given her momentary beauty. She had forgotten all her fears; but as she crossed the ground from her dressing tent to the one in which they usually sat, she saw something which recalled them with added force.

Colonel Prinsep was galloping toward her over the bare meadow, and some distance behind him came a procession of what she could not guess, for such a cloud of dust was raised that it was impossible to distinguish any object clearly; but she feared—even yet she scarcely knew what she feared. It was something too terrible to put into words.

She went to meet him, staggering beneath the hot midday sun, and with hands half outstretched as though she would wrest the truth from him if needs be by force.

"What is it?" she asked, in a hoarse whisper.

"There has been an accident—and we want you to get everything ready," he began, trying to lead her thoughts from what had already happened to what might still be done. But he broke down under her steadfast, agonized gaze.

"Who—who?" she screamed rather than spoke. Then, as his hesitation told her all, she added in a strangely quiet, muffled voice—"You need not say, I know—I have known all along. It is Gerald—it is my husband."

He stared at her helplessly, and was relieved when the sound of a dress rustling over the dried-up grass struck upon his ear. It was Jane, who, seeing from the tent that something unusual had occurred, hastened to join her friend.

"What is it?" she asked, in her turn, and threw her arm round Mrs. Dene's waist, as though to defend her from the reply.

To her he could give a more circumstantial answer.

"It is Captain Dene, who unfortunately has been wounded. They are bringing him in now."

At length he said in the feeble voice that had often brought tears into her eyes, but that now, fortified by this new consciousness of safety, had no power to sadden her: "If you had loved me, Nora," he added.

"I do love you—I do love you! Oh, Gerald, don't you know? Can't you guess what I have suffered all this time thinking I might lose you? You are weak, yet, darling," she murmured, fondly.

"Strong—in your love," he managed to articulate, as she bent lovingly over him. No thought of Barry Larron disturbed his reverie. Without staying to analyze his jealousy, he knew she had no cause for jealousy; he knew she had loved him all the time—him alone, although she had not known it.

Presently—before she could re-arrange with him—he spoke. By an effort he had stung his voice. It sounded wonderfully strong and clear.

"Wife, wife! How happy you have made me! You have given me new life with new hope. I think I must have loved you—although then I did not call it love—even before we married; and latterly it—the love, Nora—has grown deeper and deeper every day. Now a paradise seems to have opened before us—a paradise in which you and I, Nora—wife—love—is this—death?"

She thought he had only fainted from exhaustion, and threw her arms around him to support him, but as his head fell heavily against her shoulder she knew at once that it was something more. The one pitiful gasp for breath, the marble pallor that crept across his face and then the dead weight upon her breast, all combined to tell the terrible truth.

He had died—died so, in her arms, at the very moment when life had become precious and full of beautiful possibilities. Just as she had entered into real wifehood she was bereaved. She was a widow!

## CHAPTER XII.

The trust that Mrs. Dene had put in Colonel Prinsep was fully justified. His conduct to Jane during their journey was as coldly courteous as she would have wished. Most of his time was spent in the adjoining compartment on the plea of wishing to smoke; but he came to the door of her carriage at every stopping place to see if she required anything, and that she was provided with plenty of papers and some fruit.

"I am afraid I have not done my duty to my neighbor," he observed, as he took a seat, when nearing the end of their journey.

"That all depends," said Jane, "on where one's duty begins and ends. You have been very good in getting me papers. I have not read half of them yet, and the mangoes were delicious."

Both felt relieved when they reached their destination. Jane had jumped from the carriage before Colonel Prinsep could assist her and had flown to her father's side. She took his big brown hand in her own, and clasped it as though she would never let it go.

Mr. Knox was a little bewildered, though flattered at his daughter's delight at seeing him again, in spite of the contrast he must afford to those with whom she had been. He looked down at her with critical fondness. Was it possible, in spite of the numerous letters they had received from her every day, that she had not been happy with her two friends?

But when Colonel Prinsep came up he forgot these doubts in seeing his evident consideration for Jane and attention to her wants. And the child accepted his civilities with such easy grace.

"Little miss!" She has inherited this self-possession from her mother, whose proper pride, as she herself calls it, is generally equal to the most embarrassing occasions." For his part it was as much as he could do to keep his legs in an easy attitude, and he had even more difficulty in refraining from giving a military salute to his colonel, although in plain clothes.

To escape from what he felt to be an uncomfortable situation he moved away toward the baggage-van, swagging in his walk the more noticeably that he was not entirely at his ease. Jane looked after him, and Stephen Prinsep looked at her.

A moment later their eyes had met, and Jane seemed to guess instinctively the reason of his former imperturbability. It was not because he did not care, but because he cared too much.

And Colonel Prinsep? He saw that she had surprised his secret in the same instant as he had realized that he had a secret to be concealed.

After answering at random her father's questions for about ten minutes, the knowledge that they were nearing home made her hasten to open the subject.

(To be continued.)

Has No Credit System.

Arizona has lots of things which the balance of the world can't boast of, among which Gila monsters are peculiar. But, perhaps, the most peculiar, and in one sense the most creditable—not only to Arizona, but to the world at large—is the conception of a Tempe grocer of that territory. He won't give credit. That is the inexorable law of his grocery store. He tells everybody to come and buy for cash, and when his customers tell him they have not got the cash, he tells them in his good-natured way: "Call at my counter and get it, and then buy what you want." The funny part of the business is that he does just what he says he will do, and this is how he does it: A customer makes out a list of the things he wants. It is submitted to the cashier. The cashier affixes the price to each item, adds up the amount, makes out a promissory note for the amount, presents it to the customer, the customer signs it, then—without discount—the customer is given the amount in cash and told to go forth into the store and buy the goods he has inscribed on his list. This Tempe grocer has solved a long-lost problem, one which the grocers will, in all probability, be only too glad to jump at. It gives them a promissory note and does away with that infernal nuisance of open debts which, under the laws of this and other States, it takes so long to recover on, with the chances of no recovery.—Los Angeles Times.

The lover, women complain, does not always survive in the husband. But it is not equally true that the sweetheart does not always survive in the wife!—Ladies' Home Journal.

Idolatry was thus termed from two Greek words signifying "the worship of images." Idolatry is not to be confounded with Paganism.



## THE ARIZONA KICKER

He Made a Mistake.

When Utah Bill struck this town the other day he figured it out that he had a soft snap. After getting good and ready he rolled up the ten spot of hearts, thrust the card into the muzzle of a gun, and then presented the gun at the head of the cashier of our local bank and demanded that his check be cashed. That sort of bank business used to work in Arizona in the good old days.



THRUST THE CARD INTO THE MUZZLE OF THE GUN.

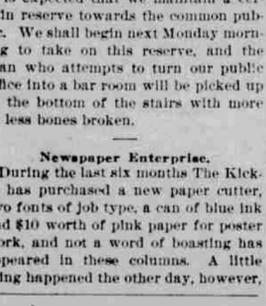
but has been played out for several years. Utah Bill meant well, but was way behind the date. About the time he asked for cash he got a bullet in the shoulder from the cashier, and as he ran out of the bank the president shot him in the leg. Nobody on the street knew just what Bill had been up to, but about a dozen men had a crack at him on the off-chance, and when the smoke cleared away he was dead, with seventeen bullet holes in him, and an hour later was resting in his narrow grave. His being shot saved him from being hung, and so he had nothing to complain of on that score. He looked like an intelligent man, and how he came to be twenty years behind the times we can't understand.

## A Word from the Mayor.

As mayor of this town we have never attempted to put on airs. Our office in the town hall has always been open to all, and when out with the boys we have been one of them. The time has come, however, for a few plain words. Presuming on our good nature, the gang has turned our office into a loafing place and has become altogether too familiar with us personally. Monday afternoon, we as mayor were entertaining the mayor of Salt Lake in our office, when half a dozen of our people walked in and made themselves so thoroughly at home as to excite the stranger's surprise and disgust. They referred to us as "old man" and "bully boy," and cocked their feet on our desk and helped themselves from our official demijohn. We shall not strain after dignity, but this sort of thing must stop. As a critic we are no better than other critics, but as mayor it is expected that we maintain a certain reserve towards the common public. We shall begin next Monday morning to take on this reserve, and the man who attempts to turn our public office into a bar room will be picked up at the bottom of the stairs with more or less bones broken.

## Newspaper Enterprise.

During the last six months The Kicker has purchased a new paper cutter, two fonts of job type, a can of blue ink and \$10 worth of plunk paper for poster work, and not a word of boasting has appeared in these columns. A little thing happened the other day, however,



THE FUSILLADE LASTED TEN MINUTES.

which we want to brag about, and which we think equals anything in the way of New York or Chicago enterprise. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, Col. Joe Smith sent us word by messenger that we were a slouch editor and must stop his paper. Our mule was out at pasture a mile away, and our guns needed cleaning. It was twelve miles as the crow flies to the colonel's ranch, and yet at half past 3 o'clock we were there. The fusillade between us lasted ten minutes. It took five minutes more to get the colonel to subscribe for three extra copies to send East, and four or five to water our mule and tighten the saddle girths. At exactly 5 o'clock we were back at The Kicker office and booking the new subscriptions. Thus,

In three hours, we cleaned two guns, ran a mile after our mule, rode twenty-five miles and had a fight lasting ten minutes. We don't admit that this is the best we can do, but until some other critter beats it, we shall rest easy.

## J. Johnson, Deceased.

Three months ago a man who wrote his name as "J. Johnson," and claimed to hail from Chicago, dropped down on this town, bought 1,000 acres of cactus land at twenty-five cents per acre, and then proceeded to organize the "Great Western Grazing and Fruit Syndicate." The capital was placed at \$1,000,000, and shares at \$25 each, and Mr. J. Johnson offered to put up money that every shareholder would receive a dividend of 40 per cent per annum. We refused his advertisements for The Kicker, and last week were hunting up data to expose him as a swindler when he suddenly disappeared. He went away Wednesday, and Sunday morning his dead body was found on Wolf Creek by one of the cowboys of Big 4 ranch. Mr. J. Johnson had been shot in the head. Furthermore, it has been definitely ascertained that a buyer of his stock came all the way from Wisconsin to plug him. Some men went out from Pine Hill and buried the body, and no effort is being made to find the murderer. The chap who locates here to put up a swindle on the public may get away with some cash booty, or he may fall asleep to be tucked away under the sod. If he wants to take chances we've nothing to say.

## Peace Reigns Supreme.

Two weeks ago our esteemed fellow-townsmen, Maj. Gilroy, lost control of himself while speaking of Col. Baker, another esteemed citizen, and characterized him as a liar and a horse thief. When the Colonel heard of this language he lost his usually placid temper and called the Major a cow-stealer and a bigamist. Then both sent word to each other that they would shoot on sight, and during the next ten days the public momentarily expected to hear of a tragedy. We seldom meddle with such affairs, but in this case we were requested by numerous friends to endeavor to bridge the chasm. Three days ago we bridged it. We got the Colonel and the Major together in Jim Buck's saloon and disarmed them as a starter. The Major had called the Colonel a liar and a horse thief. We have the records of both men, and it took us only a minute to convince the Colonel that he stole a horse in Indiana in 1887, and that his general reputation around town was that of a liar. We then turned to the Major and satisfied him that he stole a cow in Illinois five years ago, and that he married a second wife in Nebraska last year without getting a divorce from his first. Both gentlemen had told the truth about each other, and as soon as this fact was apparent they shook hands and made up. There will be no shooting—no gore. The horse thief has forgiven the cow-stealer, and the bigamist has extended the hand of peace to the liar. It is well.—Detroit Free Press.

## Editor of the Arena.

The office of the Arena is on Copley Square, Boston, in a building that fronts the new public library on one side and the church of the late Phillips Brooks on another. I had never before met B. O. Flower, the editor of the Arena, and was curious to know what manner of man is making that queer and radical periodical. I found a pale, slender man of about 40, with a pair of searching black eyes looking through big, gold-rimmed spectacles—the pallor of the smooth face heightened by the mass of black hair that crowned the head. He is not a solemn sort of fellow, however, as this description might lead you to suppose, but is a very bright and entertaining talker, with a wholesome vein of humor for seasoning to his radicalism and his intense seriousness on questions touching social and political reforms. He believes in a powerful but peaceful revolution, which is to begin in the West and is to work out a new currency system, state ownership of all natural monopolies, new relations between capital and labor, checks on the enormous accumulation of wealth in a few hands, and a golden age of justice, temperance and leisure for the laboring classes.

The Arena has a devoted constituency of readers scattered all over the country, who regard Mr. Flower as the apostle of the "good time coming." Some people call it the "Cranks' Review." It certainly is a vehicle for putting a great deal of crude and wrong thinking into print, but no man who wants to keep well-informed on the intellectual and spiritual drift of the times can afford to miss reading it.—E. V. Smalley's Boston letter to Chicago Times-Herald.

## Good News Condensed.

One of the curiosities of the cable code method of sending information is shown in a recent message announcing the loss by fire of a ship at sea. The whole message was conveyed in three words of Scott's cable code: "Smouldered, burrah! hallelujah!" "Smouldered" stands for "the ship has been destroyed by fire;" "burrah" for "crew saved by boats;" and "hallelujah" for "all hands saved—inform wives and sweethearts."—New York Tribune.

## Didn't Want to Buy Flies.

A country woman stopped some few minutes in front of a store in Springfield, Mass., to gaze at a patent fly-trap in operation, which was pretty well filled, and after studying the placard, \$2 intently, moved on, after pawing out: "Tew dollars! I wouldn't give tew cents for all the flies in Springfield."

## Equatorial Speed of the Earth.

The velocity of the earth at the equator, due to its rotation on its axis, is 1,000 miles per hour, or a mile in 3.6 seconds.

## WOMAN'S WIT.

TOLD BY A SOCIETY GIRL.

## Something About Morphine, Sulphur, Molasses and Other Things.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J.

Among the popular society leaders in East Orange, N. J., Emma L. Stoll, a charming young maiden, stands in the foremost rank. She is of a lovable disposition and the light of the social set in which she moves. For two years she has been a sick girl from internal troubles peculiar to women, and having recently recovered, has given our reporter the following interesting account:

"Instead of improving under the care of my physician I became worse. For five weeks I was unable to get out of bed and about six o'clock each morning I suffered horribly. My lips were sore and lacerated from the marks of my teeth, for in my efforts to keep from screaming I sunk my teeth deep into my lips. At such times I rolled and tossed until the bed shook like an aspen leaf and it finally got so serious that the doctor—I won't tell you his name—gave me some morphine pills to take. The very thought of them makes me shiver. These morphine pills simply put me to sleep for a while, and when I became conscious again my agony was renewed.

"The pain in my stomach and back was more than I could stand. 'Your blood is poor,' said the doctor, 'take sulphur and molasses,' and I did until it was a great wonder that I was not a molasses cake. It was time wasted in taking it because I was not benefited in the least; my suffering continued, but by a mighty effort after being in bed so long, I got up. Oh, but I was a sad sight then. From 112 pounds I had fallen to ninety; my cheeks were pale and sunken and I limped; yet, actually hobbled from the extreme pain in my side. Then I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and the testimonial in the News inspired me with hope. I got the pills and took them. Before many days I began to improve and before I had finished one box I felt as if I could go out and walk for miles. I soon stopped limping and through the Pink Pills I soon bid good-bye to my headaches while the pain in my stomach and back slowly but surely succumbed to the influence of these pills that seem to be able to persuade all pain to leave one's body. Now I am as I used to be, well and strong, light-hearted and merry, but never without my pills. See, I have got some of them now," and from a nearby desk she handed out one of the boxes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give rest to the system, to purify the blood and restore shattered nerves. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

## How Ants Kill a Snake.

That ants can actually kill snakes is a hard thing to believe. There is irrefutable evidence, however, that they do, and scientist have discovered that the snake has hardly a more dangerous enemy. The large red-brown forest ant is the sort that is most fatal to the ophidians, and a curious thing about the attack of these tiny creatures on this comparatively enormous reptile is that they kill it for food and not on account of any natural antipathy.

When some of the ants catch sight of a snake they arouse the whole community at once. In platoon and battalions the little fellows set upon the reptile, striking their nippers into its body and eyes at thousands of points at once. So rapidly and concertedly is this done that the snake has no chance at all of escaping. It is like a thousand electric needles in him at once. The snake soon becomes exhausted and dies ignominiously.

Then the ants set harder at work. This may seem a strange story, but it is true. They begin to tear off the flesh in small pieces, gradually stripping off the skin and working inside of it. Not until they have carried away everything except the bones and the skin itself do they leave it.

## Hall's Vegetable Sillian Hair Renewer is, unquestionably, the best variety of the hair. It is also curative of dandruff, tetter, and all scalp affections.

## The Great Odd Fellows' Temple.

The great Odd Fellows' Temple in Philadelphia, which cost \$950,000, was recently dedicated with imposing ceremonies. This monument to odd fellowship is nine stories high. It is situated on Broad street. Offices for the grand officers of the state are on the ground floor, also an auditorium 98 feet by 65 feet and 40 feet high, with a seating capacity of 1,200. Directly beneath is a drill hall of the same size, except in height. On the second, third, fourth and fifth floors are 105 offices for rent. The remaining stories will be devoted entirely to the order. Four lodge rooms are upon each floor. On the ninth floor there are two encampment rooms, which contain many new and novel features for conferring degrees. A roof promenade, commanding an excellent view of the city and surrounding country, is provided. Canton Springfield was asked to participate in the dedication early last summer and has lately been permitted to extend the invitation to all Patriarchs Militant in the eastern states, which will insure an immense attendance.

No man ever worked honestly without giving some help to his race.—Ituskin.

No man backslides while he is praising God with all his might.

A man in earnest about his soul will be in earnest about everything he does.

## Why We Are Behind Europe.

The countries of Europe were fortunate in having a system of roads established long before the invention of the steam railway. In the United States the rapid extension of railways has caused the roads to be neglected. Good roads are essential to the prosperity of rural districts, as they promote local commerce and tend to make the people better acquainted with one another.—Thomas W. Keas, New York City.