

CHAPTER V.-[CONTINUED] The ominous word produced not a thrill of supprise in any one who lis- was not thinking of danger to herself. tened. Lynde himself heard it without a single shade of change. His face woman, were as rude as their home. grew no paler, he did not drop his caim They gave her a gruff invitation to eye from the face of his condemning walk in, and led Jove off to a shed at judge for a moment. He had expected the rear of the hut. it and was strong to bear it.

But they carried Agnes Trenholme out in a dead faint-for just before the brought her a bowl of milk. final rendering of the verdict she had crept inside the door, and stood there ricious eyes of the couple wandered unobserved. And it was weeks before frequently to the costly watch Agnes she came to herself one cold morning wore at her girdle. The look in itself in December, when the snow lay thickwould have been very suggestive to ly without, and the wild winds howled an acute observer, but Agnes was so dismally around the old house on the absorbed in her own thoughts that she noticed nothing that was passing Rock.

The second day after her return to consciousness they had to tell her all that had franspired. Lynde Graham had been remanded to prison for six days, at the end of which time he was again taken before his judge, and there received the sentence of death. He was to die by the hand of the executioner on the 25th day of December, between the hours of ten and two.

It was now the tenth of December, still fifteen days to his death. Agnes astonished every one by the rapidity with which she gained strength. On the fifteenth of the month she went below stairs, and ten days afterward she took a short walk. On the morning of the eighteenth she came into the sitting-room clad in her riding-habit. Ralph and her mother both looked up at her in amazement. The calm resolution on her white face told them both that she was resolved on something from which nothing could turn her.

'Mother, Ralph," she said, in a clear voice. "I am going to beg for the life of Lynde Graham. No, you need not utter one word, for I warn you it will fall upon a deaf ear. No authority shail keep me from saving an innocent man!"

"Agnes," said Mrs. Trenholme, "I do listen. The woman was speaking. not comprehend your strange interest in this dastard son of a rude fisherman-' dally!"

'Mother," she replied, "I love him, and I know him to be guiltless. It would have been impossible for hands so pure as his to have done this wicked thing

"He is a widower, madam," answered the man. "His daughter, then? I am sure I have

heard that he had a daughter. Is she here?' "Miss Fulton is in the parlor."

"Take me to her at once. Let me see Miss Fulton!"

"What name shall I take to her?" "None. She does not know me, I will explain everything to her, and bear the blame, if any falls."

He opened a door leading into a spaclous room, shadowy with the soft gloom of crimson curtains, but wonderfully brightened by the gleam of a wood fire on a wide hearth. Before the fire, cur'ed up on a lounge, a kittten purring in her lap, and a book in her hand, was a little golden-haired girl of 16 or 18. She startled up at sight of the vis-

itor, and opened her wide, brown eyes shelter she reached-a small, rude hut in amazement, "Get down, Juno," she said to the

kitten-then to Agnes, "Whom have I the pleasure of meeting?"

"Are you Miss Fulton?" tremblingseeking shelter, there; but just now she | ly asked Agnes. 'Yes."

Agnes caught her hand in hers. The inhabitants, an old man and "You look good and kind-your father must love you. Will you help me?" "To be sure, if I can. What shall I do first? Clean the mud from your habit,

or comb you hair? Both are shocking." She seated herself before the fire to "I know I am in wretched array, but, dry her clothes, and the woman my dear girl, I have ridden on horse-

back from Portlea, almost 200 miles. and only halted when my poor horse could go no further. I have been too miserable to think of my appearance. I have come on an errand of life and death. Miss Fulton, let me tell you very briefly my sad story, and then judge whether I have any chance with around her. Her grim entertainers your father. You have heard of the murder at Portlea?"

"Yes. The beautiful young bride was murdered almost at the altar?"

"She was. And you know, perhaps, that there is a man under sentence of death for this murder?" rose quickly, glad of the prospect of

"Yes; papa told me."

"Well, I have come to ask this man's life of your father. Not his pardonthat were too much to plead for-but his life, the life of this man, falsely accused, wrongfully convicted!" Miss Fulton gave a little incredulous

stare.

"I think he deserves to be hung!" "No; because he is innocent. If he had done the base deed-though he were dearer to me than my own soul, I would not lift a finger to save him. sleep. But slumber held aloof. The The girl they said he murdered was my adopted sister-she was to have been became. Full two hours passed, and the wife of my only brother."

"And what is this Lyndo Graham to you?'

Agnes blushed scarlet, and stood trembling and abashed before the gova distinct and ominous whisper coming ernor's daughter. But Helen Fulton was from the room below. Some secret, quick-witted; she understood it all, and put her hand on the drooping head her ear to a crack in the flooring and caressingly, as she said, softly:

"He was your lover?"

"No; not that. But he has been my "It can be done in a minute, and it will make us rich. You are a fool to companion from my earliest childhood and-and-you can guess the rest."

"You loved him? Poor girl! No won-"Softly, old woman. She may not be der you are wretched. But what if he asleep. She looks like a lady in some sort o' trouble. Sech don't go to sleep did murder her?"

as innocent like you and I do." And

AN ARRANT COWARD.

George Dexter was a promising young lawyer of Columbus, Ohio, but as that city was already overstocked with bright lawyers, old and young, his advancement was too slow for his ambition.

He decided to go West and hunt for a thriving little town, where the prospects were far more inviting than in the city where he had lived from boyhood

After a brief examination of the inducements of five or six progressive towns he settled in Bannock City, Mont., threw his shingle to the breeze, and in less than two years had established a paying practice and was considered a promising man of the place, to whom political honors would very likely be soon awarded.

He had kept up a regular corre-spondence with his old sweetheart in Columbus, and Amy Davenport was of course rejoiced at his success. In May a little more than two years Fom the time when he left his Eastern home, he returned to Columbus, made Amy his bride, and, after a brief matrimonial tour, the happy couple were established in an attractive little home in Bannock City.

Mrs. Dexter was a very attractive personage, physically and intellectu-ally, as the few acquaintances she made in Bannock speedily discovered. The society of the place was not that to which she had been accustomed in her old home, and she was therefore somewhat reserved and exclusive in her intercourse with her neighbors. As time passed the home of the Dex-

ters became a gathering place for several men, but very few women. Dexter himself did not seem to notice the distinction. All he noticed was that his wife kept up her spirits well after the first inevitable homesickness, and that she never complained of feeling lonely. He was not a very observant man

One of the male acquaintances soon came to be a very welcome visitor and to absorb very much of the time and attention of the fair hostess. If Mrs. Dexter had been wise she would have taken care to divide her attentions. There is safety in numbers, and she really meant no harm. But she was young and inexperienced and Harold Danny was neither. This happened about six months after the arrival of the little woman, and at a time when, as luck would have it, Dexter was

more than usually busy. Danby had contrived to clear the field of rivals. He was not a particularly nice man, though he was on such good terms with Mrs. Dexter. As regards reputation, he was one of the best hated men in the vicinity-by husbands. And the strange thing was that he was not a good looking man. On the contrary, he was rather ugly. Perhaps it was his swagger and selfassertion that proved irresistible.

It became a matter of course for him to be in constant attendance on Mrs. Dexter. Frequently they were out together, walking, riding or driving. The people in the neighborhood looked on with interest. They expected a repetition of the old story. And in the nature of things it happened that the husband was the only person ignorant of the threatening tragedy.

One day, however, Dexter was sud-"He did not! Never think it for a deniy brought to his senses by a

well lighted, and in every way desirable. We have also a couple weapons, and, in addition, a lady to give the signal."

As he spoke he produced a brace of revolvers. "They are exactly similar and both

are loaded. Pray examine them and make your choice. Then we will agree to a distance and begin. He grasped both pistols and held

them out to his opponent, looking him keenly in the face the while. Mrs. Dexter had risen, and walked up them. Husband and wife kept their

eyes fixed on Danby's face, But Danby did not offer to take the revolvers into his hand. His swagger had gone. His cheeks were deadly his lips worked convulsively and pale. his hands quivered. As Dexter moved nearer to him he drew back, shrinking from the outstretched pistols.

And Dexter smiled.

Mrs. Dexter did not smile. Her face suddenly became crimson. Then, with an irresistible impulse, she clinched her fist and struck the man smartly across the mouth. "Coward!" she exclaimed.

The word seemed to cut him like a knife. He staggered back a pace of two, gazed blankly from one to the other, and then fled.

They listened to his retreating footsteps without speaking. Then Dexter quietly put the revolvers back into his pockets and turned on his heels to go home

As he did so, he looked back over his houlder to where his wife stood, with her face buried in her hands.

"Is there any reason why you should not come with me?" he asked. She lifted her head and for a mo ment her eyes flashed with indigna-

tion and her face became red with sudden anger. Then, as quickly, she subdued her feeling. "You have the right to ask," she an

swered, humbly. "No there is no rea-

He then politely took her arm and they went home together.

FORMER NAVAL TACTICS.

The English Fought to Destroy the Enemy, the French to Preserve Their Ships.

The line of battle simply meant that, upon coming in touch of an enemy, an admiral formed his fleet in one long line, in which each ship followed in the wake of the one immediately preceding it, at a sufficient distance to allow room for maneuvering. In this order the two fleets, ranged alongside of one another, discharged their broadsides as they passed, until one line was thrown into confusion, whereupon the commander of the oth er hauled down his signal for "a line head" and hoisted that for "a general chase," which meant that his ships were to close with the enemy, and finish the business with the grappling iron and the cutlass. This was a naval battle in theory; and, supposing the antagonists really in earnest, the theory was capable of being converted into extremely good prac-tice; but in the eighteenth century that was just what the French rarely were. The tradition of the English service was that a commander should destroy his enemy's ships; the French, that he should preserve his own. Consequently, a French admiral would never accept battle until he had secured a position in which he could, at any moment, run out of action before

the wind, and, as an English admiral would never break his own line to force him, most actions ended in the fleets defiling past one another, the French English own th spars, the English hulling the French with every shot, until the French, having, as they considered, made pursuit impossible, put suddenly about and ran before the wind to fulfill their destiny of living to fight another day. Of course, it was always open to a determined officer to disregard the "line ahead.' 'and close with the enemy, pell-mell by means of a "general Anson fell back on this in his chase." battle with La Jonquiere and St. George, when he saw the Frenchmen playing their old game of waiting upon the night: Hawke made use of it on that winter afternoon when, with a gale howling on a lee shore, he followed Confians through the shallows and between the granite reefs into Oulberon bay, and Boscawen adopted when M. de la Clue showed him his heels along the Barbary coast .-- Temple Bar.

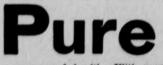
\$500.00 for \$1.00.

Unadilla, N. Y., (Special)-One of our substantial men here, Fred J. Joyce, recently made a \$2.50 investment, and considers the results worth \$500 to him. For over fifteen years Mr. Joyce was an inveterate smoker, and the tobaccohabit gained such a hold on him that it affected his nervous system and made it impossible for him to quit. Upon realizing the loss of health and money which threatened him, he made many unsuccessful attempts to break himself of the life-sapping habit, until on a chance he took No-To-Bac, the great cure which has saved over 300,-000 tobacco victims. Two boxes completely cured Mr. Joyce, and he has no desire for tobacco now whatever. When he attempts to smoke it makes him as dizzy as when he first acquired the habit. He now is in the very best physical condition, and \$000 would not tempt him to use tobacco again.

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Agnes," said Ralph, sternly, "remember you are speaking of a murderer!"

"I am speaking of an innocent man. Some time, Ralph, if I save him-and something tells me I shall-you will thank God that your revenge was not accomplished in the death of one guiltless as yourself. I am going to Governor Fulton. He is a just man-a Christian, I am told. He holds the pardoning power, and he shall save for me the life of Lynde Graham!"

Ralph rose from his chair, his face wrought upon by the excess of passion within.

"Agnes," he said, with terrible emphasis. "I might lay the iron hand of authority upon you and force you to give up this mad scheme. But that I will not do. I leave you free. But so surely as you do this thing, I cast you off! You are no sister of mine! And mind you this-never come back to disgrace with your footsteps the threshold of a dishonored home!"

She heard him through without the change of a muscle, and when he had finished she bowed in sad submission. "So be it. I will never come back until you bid me. Good-by!"

She passed out into the hall. Mrs. Trenholme sprang up to detain her, but Ralph laid his strong hands on her

Mother, she has chosen. Remember she has disgraced us forever!"

But she is my child! O. Ralph! this accursed pride!"

"It will help us through," he said, hoarsely, "God knows what would beome of me without it "

Agnes went out to the stables, sadiled her own horse Jove, and springing into the saddle, took the road to Madison, the residence of Governor Fulton. Madison was distant nearly 200 miles. der she excited a wondering attention. and much of the way lay through the woodland of a sparsely-settled country. But of this Agnes never thought. Her sole alm was to reach the place in season no get a reprive back to Portlea to accomplish it. Her horse was a fleet one, with great powers of endurance, and was well acquainted with his rider.

The first day passed menotonously enaugh. Night overtook her at Freeleigh, just sixty miles from home. She had made good pace, and set out early the next morning. At noon she rested a couple of hours, and pushed on. She came now upon the very gloomlest part of the way. The road lay through vast tracts of forest, with here and there shut in a clearing, to show that the hand of sivilization had not entirely anished from the world. It aimost if the roads were bad. emed, as if Jove understood the im-

gave the woman a nudge intended to be facetious. She answered, impatiently:

Agnes might have hesitated about

The man now came in, and the ava-

made a few rough attempts at conver-

sation, but meeting with no encourage-

ment, they soon relapsed into silence,

and after a little while they told her

she might retire when she chose. She

being alone, and followed the woman

up the rude ladder leading to the cham-

In one corner there was a sack filled

with dried leaves, and covered with a

warm quilt. The woman pointed to

"It be the best we've got," she said;

"but it's not such as the like of ye

have been use to. But I hope ye'll

She lay down on the outside of the

bed, without undressing, and tried to

longer she lay, the more wakeful she

Just as she was about to rise and walk

about a little in the hope that it would

bring the sleep she needed, she heard

unaccountable impulse led her to put

ber above the kitchen.

this meagre bed.

she was still restless.

sleep well."

"What I want to know is will you do it or not? Time's passing. She'll die easy. The knife is sharp. And the old well is a safe place to rest in. No danger of ever being rooted out."

"It's a deed I don't like to do," said the man rubbing his grizzled, bald head thoughtfully. "A man I don't mind, but a woman is a different thing. But I won't be a coward. Give me the toothpick. That watch would tempt a speaker in meeting."

Agnes waited to hear no more. She knew that it was her own death she

had heard planned, and stepping noiselessly to the window she opened it and looked out. The rain still fell, but it was not so very dark. Somewhere under the clouds there was a nearly full moon. The window looked out on heard Jove quietly munching his coarse provender. The very sound gave her courage. She did not feel the danger to herself; she was only thinking that if would be sacrificed.

She sprang lightly upon the shed, slipped to the ground, and, untying her horse, mounted and dashed away, All the night she kept on, never daring to stop, and when the sun rose in the morning, red and cheerful after the storm, it showed her the glittering spires of the city of Madison.

People stared at her in blank amazement as she rode along the yet quiet streets. Her habit was splashed with mud, her riding cap solled, and its white feather ruined by the rain of the night before; her horse was jaded and travel-stained, and her pallid face and eager eyes, above all-it was no won-She asked for the residence of Gov. Fulton, and a stately stone mansion in a shaded square was pointed out to her. The goal was reached at last.

She slipped from her horse, left him before the twenty-fifth. And she had at the great gate, and, ascending the little more than seven days in which marble steps, put a tremulous hand upon the allver bell-knob.



"Is his wife at home?"

my soul on his innocence! The real murderer is yet to be brought to justice. Will you take my word? Will you help me?'

"Yes, I think I will," said Helen, thoughtfully-"that is, I will go to papa with you, if he don't happen to be bearish. I asked him for the money to buy a new bonnet, this morning, and he told me to go to Flanders-just as if they made Parisian bonnets in that Dutch place!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.) A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

How He Acts in the Cab of an

gine Drawing a Fast Train. The locomotive engineer is a remuch ably placid fellow, with a habit of jeliberate precision in his look and 180tions. He occasionally turns a calm eye to his gauge and then resumes his a shed, and within its rude shelter she quiet watch ahead. The three levers which he has to manipulate are under his hand for instant use, and when they are used it is quietly and in order, as an organist pulls out his stops. The she perished there, Lynde Graham noise in the cab makes conversation difficult, but not so bad as that heard in the car when passing another train, with or without the windows open, and in looking out of the engine cab the objects are approached gradually, not, rushed past as when one looks laterally out of a parlor car window. The fact is that the engineer does not look at the side-he is looking ahead and therefore approached gradually.

> Those who have ridden at ninety miles an hour on a locomotive know that on a good road (and there are many such) the engine is not shaken and swayed in a terrific manner, but is rather comfortable, and the speed is not so apparent as when one is riding in a parlor car, where only a lateral view is had. The engineer can be very comfortable if he is quite sure of the track ahead, and it is only in rounding curves. or in approaching crossings that he feels nervous, and it is doubtful if it is any more strain to run a locomotive at high speed than to ride a hieyelo through crowded thoroughfares. Judging by the countenances of the hicycle rider and the engineer, the engineer has HE liveried serv- | rather the best of it.-Railroad Ga-

> > The Bicycle Path.

If it is true that the road to perdition is paved with good intentions, while the way to the other place is strait and narrow, besides being a rough and thorny path, it does not require much skill in guessing to predict which path the bievening. Perhaps exctors will select.

what some people consider a toke.

went home. He followed its example, and, having arrived at his own house sat on the veranda and considered the situation for an hour and a half. At the end of that time he inquired for his wife. She was out, as usual, with Harold Danby; and the servant who answered his question seemed to treat the event as in the usual order of things.

for his ears, but he heard it, and it

Dexter did not try to obtain any more information. He simply went to his room and changed his clothes, rumaging about as if in search of some thing. Then he came out, looking quite cheerful ,lighted a cigar, and asked which way Mrs. Dexter had gone. Having learned this he walked briskly in the direction indicated.

In the meantime Mrs. Dexter and the man were sitting together in a favorite dell, about half a mile away. She was rapidly approaching the stage where folly ends and guilt begins. Whether she would ever actually have transgressed is a delicate point. She had resisted the voice of the tempter successfully so far, greatly to the tempter's chagrin,

They had, in fact, reached a positive difficulty. He was getting rather angry and she was not exactly happy. that it was something of a relief to both of them to hear some one approaching. Neither of them expected Dexter. He was supposed to be some twenty miles away, on a visit to a client

But unfortunately, their calculations were wrong, for it happened to Dexter who disturbed their solitude. He knew his way well, and came the speed seems less, as the objects are straight into the opening to find them sitting side by side on a fallen tree; and when he saw them he stopped fora moment and looked at them, a grim smile on his face.

They both saw him at the same in-Danby jumped up hastily. Ast stant. for Mrs. Dexter, she uttered a slight scream. The husband was the coolest of the three

He walked up to them slowly, with the smile gradually effacing itself. The man was far from happy. He saw danger in the pale face and steady eyes, and under his swagger he was like most of his class, as arrant a cowand as ever walked.

Mrs. Dexter simply sat still where she was, her eyes glancing alternately from the man to her husband and back again. After her first exclamation sho did not utter a syllable.

Dexter did not waste many words. You contemptible scoundrel!" he andd.

Dauby had expected something more intent. Then, cur-like, he began to violent. pluck up courage. He even began to awagger a little, as usual ,and stood up straighter. But Mrs. Dexter, who was watching him closely, noticed that his hand trembled as he curled his mustache.

"I have been thinking the matter over," Dexter continued, "and it seems to me that one of us is superfluous. There is nothing more serious than can only see one way to settle the difficulty. Here we have a fine open spot.

CINDERELLAS OF ODESSA.

Conditions Under Which Three Young Ladies Inherit a Fortune.

There are in Odessa at the present time three young Russian ladies of great wealth, who are engaged in the useful calling of selling coals, washing linen and serving on a farm, and the charbonniere, the washerwoman and the farm servant have received and divided among them during the last few weeks S62 offers of marriage. They have been called the Cinderelias of Odessa, because their strange fate found them out in that town. think that very few have sighed when fate at last has found them," writes Praed, and though these ladies have some cause to sigh, their trouble is a passing one.

wealthy itussian had lately died at Odessa and left them a fortune of many million rubles, but on condition that each and all should take theli turn at fifteen months' servile labor in the conditions already specified. "to the end that, having known the life of the poor, they might rightly embrace the life of the rich." They may, if they think well, afterward form a league of helvesses, who shall follow same course to matriculate as the millionaires. An amusing feature the noble self-renunciation of the S63 sultors, who, one and all, agree to overlook the fifteen months' hard lahor, in consideration of the sunny years which they, the heirenses, onjoy and share ever after. "Your experlence," writes one, "will be invaluable to me. You will not only he my partner, but my charge d'affaires." As the French minister once said. As the French minister one "Mes charges d'affaires sont charge de m'eviter les affaires." Pall Mab Gazette.

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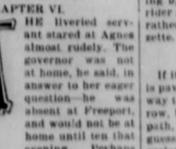


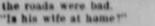
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