

CHAPTER XIV .- (CONTINUED.) "'But I ruined all your happiness! O Regina! my wife! It has been this accursed pride that has wrought it all! If we but had our lives to live over again!"

"'Hush!' she said softly. 'Let it be as God wills! He knows best. And there is a hereafter where all these broken golden threads can be taken up, and joined again together. In that we find our compensation.'

'She remained with him until he died Two days of watching passed, and one morning he quietly breathed thing-perhaps she did not. He could his jast in her arms. We took his remains home to Auvergne, and there we buried him beneath a tree that he had planted on the day of his marriage.

'On an examination of my father's serve, to his wife; and counselled me as every exertion to discover my lost sis-

"My mother survived him only about | night?" he asked abruptly. six months; she had been failing gradually, but we did not think her in any mmediate danger. One day she called us to her and made me promise that my grandfather in England. And then, whole life?" having seen Genie provided with a suitable home, she desired me to cross the fate of my sister Evangeline. I promised her faithfully to attend to her re- red." quests, and then I left her-she wanted to sleep, she said. When we returned to her room she was sleeping the sleep eternal!"

St. Cyril bowed his face in his hands for a moment, then mastering his emotion, continued:

"I had little to guide me in my search, but I determined to undertake it at once. I disposed of my estates in France, and took my sister to England. We were greeted warmly by our grandfather, who had sincerely repented his cruelty towards my mother, and after remaining with him a few months, I made arrangements to come to this country. Genie insisted on accompanystay behind. We took passage in the tered a gale which made her unseaworthy, and the captain was about to return to the nearest port, when we fell | not evade my question. in with a merchant vessel, bound to in the boat last night?" Portlea. The captain of this vessel very kindly offered to take us on board, and those of us who were anxious to reach the States accepted his proposal, my sister and myself being among the unmber. I think providence must have directed us to the very spot where we know that our search is ended. Now that I know the fate of Evangeline, it only remains for me to discover the villain who abducted her. I would give half my life this moment for the priviheart!"

"By what means can you trace him' how identify him?" asked Ralph.

"I have seen him once. I remember his face distinctly. It was dark, strongly marked, heavily bearded and lit up by eyes that gleamed like fire."

strike Ralph rather forcibly. He of it to you?" started up and paced the floor with hurried strides.

"Was there no peculiarity? Nothing by which this man could be distinguished from all other men with heavy beards and dark complexions?"

"There was. He had lost the third and fourth fingers of his right hand." Ralph gave a sudden start. St. Cyril noticed it.

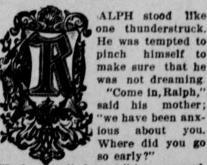
You have seen him?" he said. "You know of him! Only give me a clew to his hiding place, and my life shall be

at your service!" Cyril I thank you for the confidence you it several times in my life." have reposed in me. I will help you to you again before night."

The two gentlemen shook hands corand left the house. All of his terrible dread of the past night came over him the moment he stepped out into the sunshine and saw the glitter of the sea. He I should have been a murderer. You where last night they had embarked in | for my salvation!" the beat. He felt like one suddenly bepeft of all power over his body as he Rock. What should he find there? away from the reef, you know." Had the body of Imogene been tossed up on the shore, or had she made a re- him-what became of him?" past for the fishes? God help him! "Ah! You wan it round, the world was dark as night, his head whirled so that he had to steady himself by the door knob before I know no more. Don't tease me furhe lifted the latch

He heard voices in the sitting room. she danced away. With a desperate courage he appronched the door. He might as well on his knees he thanked God from a face the worst at once. He entered the full heart that he had been saved from room: all was bright and cheerful. His this terrible sin. By and by he remother was sewing in her great chair | turned to the parter, and sitting down | Chicago News.

before the fire, and there sitting quietly by the south window, with some fancy



ALPH stood like one thunderstruck. He was tempted to pinch himself to make sure that he was not dreaming. "Come in, Ralph," said his mother; 'we have been anx-

Where did you go so early?" "I-I was called away," he answered, with some agitation, looking into the pale face of his wife. But she betrayed no conscious sign that she knew anynot tell. Just then he could not bear to go in to listen to his mother's kindly

gossip. He wanted to be let alone to collect his scattered faculties. He started to go up to the library. affairs, it was found that he had left On the upper landing he met Helen Fulhisawhole vast possessions, without re- ton. She was singing gayly a stanza from "Comin' thro' the Rye." but somethe son and heir prospective, to make thing in her face made Ralph Trenholme lay a strong hand upon her arm.

"Miss Helen, where were you last "In the body, at your service, Mr. Trenho!me," dropping him a curtsy.

"Don't trifle, if you please. Answer me truly. Did you save me from the when she was dead I would dispose of commission of a crime the remembrance the estate in France, and go home to of which must have embittered my

"I? Fie! Mr. Trenholme! What did you intend to do? Kiss the scullery Atlantic, and ascertain if posssible the maid? She's rather good looking, and her hair would be auburn if it wasn't

"I do not want to jest, Miss Fulton. I am in earnest." "Lord bless us! How solemn the man

looks. Did you ever hear about the "I do not know to what you refer."

'Well, once upon a time, a very good man, a member of the church, I guess, became so disturbed in his mind that sleep forsook his pillow. He grew pale and haggard. His anxious wife inquired the cause, and after a great deal of hesitation he informed her that he had committed a murder, and buried his victim under an apple tree in the garden. The good woman got a couple of men to dig for the unfortunate reing me. We could not persuade her to mains, and after a hard two hours' work they turned up the skeleton of a toad. Alsamo, and ten days out she encoun- Now I would respectfully inquire if you have killed a toad?"

"You are incorrigible! But you shall

"Don't! You hurt my arm! you'll break my bracelet. And it cost a heap of money. Yes, I was out in the boat.

"Did you go to the Rover's Reef?" "I did."

"For what?"

"To see the Rover, of course." "Pshaw! Did you see me when I went there?"

"I did; but unfortunately you were not the Rover. You are not dark lege of putting a pistol shot through his enough, and you don't wear a moustache. Why don't you?"

"Will you be serious and tell me who you found on the reef?"

"You are inquisitive, Mr. Trenholme If I were speaking to a third person, I should say you were impertinent. Can't I go to meet my true love all by the Some sudden thought seemed to shining sea without giving an account

"Who did you find there?" "I found Mrs. Imogene Trenholme and a man black as Othello, Moor of Venice. Only I did not know that the Moor had cut off two of his fingers."

"How came you to go to the reef?" "I saw that my lady and her gallant had lost their boat, and thought it almost too cold a night for salt sea bathing.

"And you took them off?"

"I did. And they offered me untold gold if I would keep it a secret. I told them I'd never tell of it unless I I think I have seen him," said Ralph | changed my mind. But I'm in a great guardedly, "but I am not sure. Mr. St. habit of changing my mind. I've done

"I should think so. Well, Helen Ful bring this man to justice, if he still | ton, you know something about me that lives. I must go home now. I will see | no one else knows; you can keep it to yourself or not, as you choose. I will tell you something more. That man has dially. Ralph bowed to Miss St. Cyril, ruined my peace; he has destroyed my confidence in my wife. A terrible temptation to leave them there to perish beset me last night, and but for you shuddered as he passed the little cove do not know how deeply grateful I am

"Thank you. And if you will allow me to offer you a bit of advice, keep turned into the path leading to the quiet on this matter; the boat drifted

> "But this man-this Moor, as you call "Ah! You want a little more ven-

"I want to know whither he went?" "He went in the direction of Portlea. ther. I must dress for dinner." And

Ralph went to his room, and sinking

beside his mother he told her the story of the St. Cyrils. Mrs. Trenholme listened with interest, and was delighted when he had closed.

"Then Marina was of noble birth!" she cried, delightedly; "and it was no mesalliance for you to love her, Ralph. Poor child! We must have her brother and sister up here at once."

"Just my own thought, mother," then turning to Imogene, "Have you any objection to offer?"

"None," she answered coldly; "Mr. Trenholme's friends will always be welcome at this house."

So after dinner the Trenholme carriage and Ralph went down to the Reef House and brought up Mr. and Miss St. Cyril. They met with a cordial welcome from Mrs. Trenholme and Agnes. But when Imogene was brought face to face with Genevieve, the agitation of the haughty woman was something almost appaling to witness. She turned white as marble, her eyes glowed with feverish fire. But in a moment she recovered herself and bade Miss St. Cyril welcome with a grace that few could equal.

Time passed. Still the St. Cyrils lingered at the Rock. They were pleased with America, and Ralph would not listen to them when they spoke of going away. His mother was delighted with the brother and sister; it was very pleasant to have such distinguished persons for guests. It gratified the pride of the good lady,

Before a fortnight had elapsed Guy St. Cyril was in love with Helen Fulton. And such a life as the gay girl led him! His tenderest speeches she laughed at: his flowers she made into wreaths to deck Quito, and when he asked her to walk or ride she said she must stay at home and finish a pair of stockings she was knitting for her papa.

But one day, by some stratagem, he beguiled her out to ride. They had not gone a mile from the Rock before she challenged to a race. She rode Agnes' horse Jove, and Guy was mounted on a stout but by no means agile beast that he had taken at random from the

The road was smooth and a little descending. Helen gave the word, and off they started. She did not put Jove up to his best pace, for she wanted to be near enough to witness Guy's discomfiture when he should discover that his horse was not built for speed. They swept down the hill at an easy canter, down to where the highway was crossed by a brook that was spanned by a stone bridge. Helen was looking back laughing at the sorry figure Guy cut with his heavy going horse, and did not perceive that the late rains had torn the bridge away, until she was on the very brink of the gorge. It was too late to wheel her horse; she gave him the bridle, closed her eyes, and he leaped the chasm. Guy came up on the other side and hesitated. Helen felt reckless.

"Ha!" she called out to him. "so you are afraid! There is a ford a few rods above, where you can come through and not get drowned. The water isn't more than two inches deep. I'll warrant you that!"

Her tone stung him. He knew the inferiority of his horse, but he could not endure to be dared thus by a blow. The animal reared and plunged over. The water was deep and the current rapid, but the horse was strong and reached the opposite shore, but not before he had cast his rider headlong upon the rocks in the bed of the brook. Helen looked back pale and startled. Her heart felt cold. She turned Jove and plunged into the water. Guy had been partially stunned by the fall, but the coldness of the water had brought him to consciousness. She reached out

her hand to him. "Come," she said; "let me help you out of this. I suppose they will all say I got you in."

"Do you want to help me, Helen?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Identified by His Halo. Signor Luigi Arditi, the famous conductor of opera, and the composer of much delightful music, is entering the fiftieth year of his public career, and on its completion will publish his reminiscences. The conductor of an operatic orchestra soon learns more about great singers than they themselves could tell him. He knows their moods, can understand their temperament, and is probably the only person to accurately gauge the limitations of their art Hence Signor Arditi's book will throw a new and interesting light on many favorites of the caratic stage. To all opera goers the halo surrounding Signor Arditi's head is familiar, and the maestro tells a good story about it, at his own expense. It was in the days when the Mapleson opera company. from Her Majesty's, was in America. and at one of the towns Arditi went to cash an open check payable to himself and made out by the impresario. He reached the bank and presented the paper to the cashler, who looked first at the check, then at him, and said, "I must have some proof of identity. This is an open check; you may be Mr. Arditi or you may not." This was awkward, for the musician had no card or papers with him, whereby to set the question of identity at rest, and he did not want to have a journey back to his hotel. At last a bright idea struck him. "Do you ever go to opera?" he asked the cashier. "Yes, I have been several times," replied the cashier. "Then, cried the musician, turning round suddenly and lifting his hat, "do you mean to tell me you don't know Arditi?" The familiar back-view at once convinced the cashier, and, with many apologies, the money was paid. -From the Sketch

A boa constrictor in Indianapolis has diphtheria. Think of the amount of throat his suakeship has to garde. throat his snakeship has to gargie .--

MISCHIEVOUS MATCHMAKER.

"I am sure, Cousin Molly, that Mr.

Beaumont is in love with you." "Nonsense, Nellie! He knows very little about me. I have only been stay

ing with you three weeks." "But don't you believe in love at first sight?"

"I am sure I don't know; but-" "Now, be sensible, Molly. You know

ou are very fond of him." "I don't know anything of the sort. don't care a bit about him-that is, I think he is very agreeable, and hand-some, and kind-hearted, and all that—" You might add 'clever, virtuous and fascinating.'

Why?" "Because then you would have given him all the qualities that a woman can expect in the man she would marry.'



You Are a Scheming Little Match

"Really, Nellie, I believe you are nothing but a scheming little matchmaker.

'In this instance perhaps I am. But it is certainly a very desirable match, and you are both head over ears in love with each other."

"I protest, I don't love him a bit." "You don't know your own mind."
"On, yes, I do. I don't love him, and

wouldn't marry him. Do you mean that?" "Well, of course I do."

marry him myself."

"Why not?"

"Oh, of course, it is nothing to me." 'Quite so." "But I think it very mean of you-

tery, very mean—not to have told me that you cared for him." "Now, Molly, just listen Mr. Beau-mont, I am sure, thinks you do not like him, and that you would refuse

him if he asked you to marry." "Do you think so."
"Yes; so I believe, from something he dropped, that he is going to propose

to me this afternoon. Now, if you slip into the drawing room and hide behind "I shouldn't think of doing any such

thing. The idea!" "Do as I tell you, dear, and you will hear me refuse him. I was only jest-ing when I said I would marry Mr. Beaumont myself."

"Then you are sure you don't love him the least little bit, Nellie, dear?" "Not in the least. You will hear me tell him so if you wait." "Well, Mr. Beaumont, I have sound-

ed my cousin Molly." "And do you really think I may hope for success? "I am sure of it. She is very fond of

you, but not yet fully aware of the fact. We women are curious creat-"It was very good of you to oner me

your advice and help. "Not at all; we are very old friends. Now, don't you be rash, or you will spoil everything. You must do exactly as I tell you. You must come into the drawing room and propose to me." "Propose to you?"

Yes: and mind you act your part well.

"I don't understand you." "Well, while you are proposing to me, Molly will be behind the screen. When she hears your protestations of love for me she will think she has lost you and will discover the true state of her heart."

"But really, this seems rather-" "Now, don't argue. Do just as I tell you. Come into the drawing room at once, or she will suspect collusion.

"One moment. Don't you think-"
"Not a word. I hear Molly coming down stairs. I will sit here on this ofa. When I raise my hand begin. Can you tell me of a good novel, Mr. Beaumont?"

"Well-er-it is rather a responsibility recommending novels to ladies nowdays. There are as many different schools of readers as of writers." But you know by this time my taste

"Not so well, I am afraid, as I could wish. Hem! If you would-er-only let me become your sole literary reader, taster and adviser for life!"

"I am afraid I don't understand you, Mr. Beaumout.' Cannot you guess what has brought me here this afternoon? Let me be frank with you. Ob, Nellie, we have been friends now a long time. Every you not become dearer to me and more necessary for my happiness. Will you not become my wife? Speak, darling! Say you consent. You cannot guess how I long to have you always by my side. Say 'yes,' and make me the happiest man in all the wide world." year you become dearer to me and

world. From where she sat Nellie saw the flutter of a light blue gown as it passed quickly from behind the screen to the open door. Molly had prematurely

"Do not keep me in suspense," he ent on. "Say you will be my wife." She bent her head to hide an irresistible smile. Mr. Beaumont leaped to his feet in

amazement. Nellie did not speak a word. With a look of anger on his face, he stepped behind the screen. There was nobody there. What does this mean

"It simply means, Mr. Beaumout, that you have asked me to marry you and I have consented." "I merely did so at your suggestion,

ресание-Exactly; and it was good of you to adopt my suggestion. I have accepted your offer, and I hope I shall not have

tical joke, but surely this one is a little undignified. It was understood that you would refuse. "I made no such promise, Mr. Beau-

mont." "Why, Mollie, dear, whatever is the matter?

"Don't come near me! I'll ne-never for-forgive you! You are a horrid, mean th-thing. I'm packing up and go-going away. "Now, don't be a silly girl. What

have I done?" "You pro-promised to refuse him, and then actually accepted him. You treacherous creature! I'll never speak to you again. To play such a vile trick on me! How could you be so heart-

"But I saw you leave the room before I gave him my answer.' "I came back and listened outside the door-I heard you accept him ,and

then rushed away."

"My dearest Molly, it was all a practical joke. I thought you were out of hearing and I was just teasing him. I am sorry I have hurt your feelings, and will confess all. I have been hoaxing both of you."

"How? "Mr. Beaumont never meant to propose to me-he loves you alone-but he went through the farce at my request. He is waiting down stairs to see you. So, bathe your eyes, make yourself pretty and come down. I gave the poor man quite a fright, but I was awfully penitent and he has forgiven me. I will tell you all about There-we're good friends again,

"My darling Molly, you have made me so happy. "But don't you feel a terrible bigamist-accepted by two women in the same day?"

"It was a cruel jest of Nellie's." "Yet she menat no harm.

"Nevertheless, I should like to pay her back in her own coin.' "Yes; how can we manage it?"
"Look, Molly! Here is Capt. Durs-

ton coming up the drive. We will pre-tend that Nellie and I are engaged." "Delightful." The captain entered and exchanged

greetings. "Have you heard the news, Capt. Durston?" said Molly.

"What news?" "Nellie has accepted an offer of marriage.

"Yes, I am delighted to say I am quite aware of it."
Molly and Mr. Beaumont exchanged glances "Why, who told you?"
"Ha! ha! Who in the world should

tell me but your cousin herself? "Nellie? Impossible!"
"Not at all. I have just authorized the announcement in the county news

"The deuce you have!" exclaimed Mr. Beaumont. "And why not sir?" "Because it is utterly false, sir."

"Sh-h! What is the matter?" cried Nellie, running into the room. "Surely you two gentlemen are not going to quarrel here!" Capt. Durston states on your au-

thority, Miss Nellie, that you are en-gaged to be married." "It is perfectly true. I believe I

Molly threw herself into an easy chair and began to sob and show signs of becoming hysterical. Nellie and Durston stood looking bewildered, while Beaumont regarded Nellie with a glance of mingled surprise and con-

"I thought," said Beaumont, "this farce was at an end, Miss Nellie."

"Farce! What do you mean?" Suddenly a smile broke over her face and she burst into a peal of laughter. As soon as she was capable of speech she explained that she was privately engaged to Capt. Durston three days before, and that he had actually come that afternoon to announce the fact. She also enlightened her future husband as to the cause of all the con-

Then everybody laughed, everybody



There Was Nobedy There.

ongratulated everybody, and every body was in the end supremely happy But three of the company insisted that Nellie was a wicked, meddlesome. mischievous little thing, and that she would have to be kept well in hand when she became Mrs. Durston.-Tit-

KEEPS A LEDGER FOR POKER.

System Followed by One Persistent Drawer of Cards.

See that man walking down the lobby?" said a railroad man to a reporter for the Commercial Appeal yesterday afternoon in the Gayoso hotel 'He and I have played poker together numerously the past twenty years. I noticed that at the end of every game would make a memorandum. we have both sworn off now I asked the other day what he was putting down. He said that he had kept a perfeet set of books on every time that he had played for the entire twenty years, and that the balance at swear ing off time showed him loser just \$1,700. How does no account stand? can figure up a heap more than that amount in my mind, but he is the only man I knew who kept a set of books covering that time so that he knows his exact status. Now this year I am going to live a regular dog life and do something that I have never done in m ylife-pay my honest debts."-Mem phis Commercial Appeal.

Capt. F. Eyro Lawrence, of the Brit-th Rife brigade, who was killed in East Africa, has left all his property in trust for the benefit of his old corps, subject the life interest of the relatives. testator's persons to amounts to

A Palm Needs Fresh Air.

The air where a palm is kept must be moistened by the evaporation of water about the plant, or by the application of it to its foliage. Fresh air must be admitted to take the place of that whose vitality has been burned out by too intense heat. The plant must have a place near the window, where direct light can exert its beneficial effect on the soil. Care must be taken to give only enough water to the soil moist. Good drainage must be provided also. - Washington Star.

Antidote for Carbolle Acid. There seems to be no restrictions to the sale or use of carbolic acid, one of the most powerful and dangerous poisons known, and the result is a large number of cases of accidental poisoning are reported. Dr. Edmund Carlton recommends cider vinegar as the best antidote.-Popular Science News.

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