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A FATAL MARK.

early in their honeymoon, but so on the present occasion they were compelled to be. Two chairs alone stood unoccupied, and these were far apart, while, if possible to make the separation more disagreeable, they happened to be on the same side of the table, so that not even an interchange of glances could take place, no words pass, save for the benefit of a few interesting citizens—a benefit which neither party was anxious to confer upon them.

As strangers, therefore, they sat down to table, composing themselves with the confident assurance that their separation could not continue above an hour, and that then a thousand electric crosses might make up their lost portion of love's sweet interchange.

John, however, was far too much enamored to sit down phisosophically and enjoy his meal with appetite. His eyes roved about him until they fixed, in some astonishment, on his opposite neighbor, who, having coolly laid down his knife and fork, sat anxiously gazing at Marie.

At first Julius thought it might be accident, some casual resemblance might have struck him; or staring might be his habit, and his next minute his regards might fall upon some one else. But no; his eyes remained riveted on "la belle Marie," and the bridegroom felt anything but comfortable.

Every man is jealous. I do not believe any one who says he is not; nor will I assert that some qualities of this kind do not now arise in the bosom of the lover, who could not help guessing from the continued gaze of his opposite neighbor, that he had been a former friend, a rival, a lover. The idea was distracting, and Julius determined at once to put an end to his doubts; so, bending across the table, after some preliminary observation to his staring neighbor, he observed, with as much nonchalance as he could muster:

"You appear to know the lady?" "I think," replied the other, in a grave tone, "may I am sure I do," and then turned the subject.

This was anything but satisfactory to the young soldier, for again the eyes of the stranger were turned upon his bride.

There is nothing more provoking than a limited answer to a question by which we have previously determined to elicit a full explanation. There is nothing so painful as half grounded suspicion. Julius found it insupportable, and consequently pressed his inquiry.

"Are you quite certain you have seen this lady before?" "As certain as that I now breathe. I never forget a face I have once beheld. It is she, I am sure; I cannot be mistaken."

"That's very strange! Where did you know her?" And the questioner felt that his happiness depended on the answer.

"Thank God, I never knew her!" quickly replied the stranger, with a shudder.

This was indeed a perplexing answer. The husband scarcely knew in what light to regard it. It is true, it relieved him at once of all jealousy; but then again it implied a mystery, and from the stranger's manner, evidently a dreadful one. What could it mean? He determined to venture one more question.

"My question seems to call up some unpleasant recollection. Will you explain it?" "If you particularly wish it, I will, although I confess I would rather drop the subject. At all events, I would rather not do so while she is present."

With this reply poor Jules was forced to remain content, though he felt that the rack itself would bring less torture than the agonies of suspense. Presently, to his great relief, the well satisfied party began to break up. One by one the plethoric loungers left the room; but Marie shrank not. Jules watched his opportunity to give her, unseen, a signal to retire. This she did; and in less than a quarter of an hour more the lanceer and the citizen alone remained.

"Now then, said the former, abruptly turning round, "your promised explanation."

The stranger paused ere he replied, "I am perhaps wrong in this satisfying the curiosity of one whom I never saw before, and more particularly so when I tell you that the anecdote I am about to relate involves most deeply the character of the unhappy female who has just left the table."

The stroke of death would have been less agonizing than such an answer. Jules' brain seemed to burn like molten lead. He could scarcely repress his agitation as he asked, with an almost sardonic sneer, "You were, perhaps, that lady's lover?"

"God forbid!" solemnly ejaculated the burster. "My late is not of love. But as you seem interested, I will give you in a few words. I had a very dear friend in Victor Rosemont. From youth brought up together, our mutual confidence was unbounded. Unfortunately, Victor found it necessary, for the arrangement of some mercantile affairs, to visit Geneva. Here, it appears, he met a merchant's daughter, Adelaide Moran, whose charming manners and lovely appearance soon won the heart of the enthusiastic young man, and he wrote to me in all the triumph of an accepted lover."

"I really cannot see what this has to do with the lady who was here just now," impatiently interrupted Jules.

"It has everything to do with her. Listen and you will agree with me. Victor, by a mere accident arising out of the jealousy of one of the lady's former suitors, learned that she whom he thought so innocent, so good, had long since she had seen my friend, forfeited her reputation. There was madness in the thought, despair in future life, but honor demanded the sacrifice; and the broken hearted young man, in a letter addressed to her whom he could not but still love, declared his knowledge of her guilt and his resolution never again to see her. This letter written, he instantly started off to join his friend at Dijon. To this spot she followed him, and having vainly supplicated for some weeks, urged and threatened him, with a view of making him marry her, she seemed suddenly to relinquish her purpose, and retreated to be his friend. As such for several weeks she visited him. His health gradually declined, in vain she tried to cheer him. He hourly sank and, feeling death fast stealing on him, he wrote to me 'I started off soon after the receipt of his letter; but it was alas too late. When I arrived my much loved friend had been consigned to the tomb, but not before a post-mortem examination had taken place from which it appeared he had died from a slow soluble poison. Suspicion immediately fell on Adelaide Moran; she was seized and interrogated, but she would neither confess nor deny. Circumstances were so clearly sufficiently strong to justify a trial for murder, she was therefore brought before the Court for the minor offense, namely, that of forging a will, by which it would appear he left her all his property. On this charge she was tried and convicted. Mitigating circumstances, however, were urged to save her from the gallows; and she was only condemned to stand in the pillory and be branded on the right shoulder. The sentence was to be carried into effect the very morning of my arrival at Dijon. Impressed with horror I attended near the scaffold. The lovely but wretched woman was brought forth, never can I forget that sorrowful face. Deeply impressed on my memory, it can never be effaced. Judge, then, my surprise when I beheld that very woman, that identical female, the person who destroyed my friend this day seated in yonder chair."

Jules started up. His eyes dilated with horror; he approached the narrator, "You are mistaken by an accidental likeness; that lady's name is not Moran, or Adelaide, say you are mistaken, or the consequences may be dreadful."

"By the high heaven, I speak the truth. But why this agitation?" "Stay, stay, but face me, and you shall learn the cause."

And Jules Davyier rushed from the room, leaving the worthy citizen to wonder at the interest he took in one certainly very beautiful but depraved. The time mentioned by the anxious bridegroom had nearly elapsed, when the communicative citizen was summoned to the apartment of the soldier. Unhesitatingly he obeyed the summons, and entered with cool indifference into the saloon, where he found the now almost convulsed youth, who pointed to a chair then advancing to the door instantly locked it and placed the key in his pocket. Such strange conduct naturally made the burger look around him. On the table lay some objects covered with a handkerchief a sheet of recently written paper, and other things of minor importance. A door opposite led to the saloon apparently to an inner bedroom but this was closed. There was another doorway, says the strange manner of the occupant to astonish or alarm the visitor.

For a moment Jules seemed to collect his coolness, then calmly spoke, at the same time lifting up the handkerchief and discovering beneath a pair of richly mounted pistols.

"Sir, you have now entered on your death scene or mine. The person of whom you spoke to-day is my wife. If you have dared to assert a falsehood to me; if you have compiled an innocent man with foul lishness, by all the powers of heaven, you die, and that without further shift. If—and the young man's voice became almost dreadful to listen to—"if, I say, you have spoken the truth, I pledge you my salvation you are safe. Speak not; answer me not. A moment more, and herself decides the fact."

Thus saying, Duviwier walked to the inner door, opened it, and led forth his bride, who seemed much surprised at the abrupt manner of her husband.

"Madame, I desire you to immediately strip off all covering from your shoulders."

The poor girl, thus taken by surprise, perhaps conscious of her guilt, perhaps overcome by modest scruples, unwilling to thus unrobe before a stranger, astonished at the harshness of one who only a few hours before had sworn eternal love to her, hesitated and attempted to remonstrate.

"Nay, I insist! No words, I say!" almost shouted Jules.

"Deseech you, what does this conduct mean? Nay, on my knees."

"Do you then shrink? I will prove or falsify the damned suspicion." He flew upon her with tiger-like avidity, and tore off her upper garments till her shoulders were without covering.

One glance was sufficient. Plain and palpable the horrible brand appeared confessed. The executioner's iron had seared the marble flesh and left the damning reminiscences of the harrowing crime forever behind.

Jules now summoned all his fortitude. He took out the key and threw it to the merchant.

"Begone! lest madness make me close your lips forever. It were better, perhaps, to prevent their repeating this tale of shame and dishonor. But no; I have pledged myself to let you go unharmed, and I will not break my word. Go! unless you wish to see me do a deed of stern and cruel justice."

It needed no further persuasion to induce the citizen to leave the room. He hastily rushed down stairs to summon aid. He had reached the last step when he heard the report of a pistol. Before he could call assistance a second weapon was discharged and a heavy fall shook the stairs on which he stood. At once he was surrounded by a crowd of inquisitive persons, desirous of learning the meaning of these sounds. By sounds alone he could reply. They therefore one and all rushed up, and forced open the door, and there, indeed, beheld a sight of horror. Duviwier had shot his wife through the heart. Her warm blood still flowed from her breast. She could not refuse a tear however guilty the victim might have been. Not so the destroyer; he had placed the pistol in his mouth and blown away the upper part of his head. Horror and disgust overcame the beholder as he looked upon the dreadfully disfigured remains of the stern executioner of the woman he had loved so well.

Such is the brief story of those whose real names have been concealed. The poor man who by an unguarded observation caused the dreadful catastrophe has never since held up his head. What makes the story more distressing is that circumstances have since come to light which have proved that Victor destroyed himself in consequence of remorse at having unjustly suspected Adelaide Moran; and consequently died innocent of all crime, after undergoing the most dreadful degradation; her only fault having been a want of candor towards her husband, a concealment towards one who should have shared her every thought. Such concealments, I have often remarked, have brought years of misery to those who have foolishly persisted in them.

In the Nick of Time. Master Charlie Golding, son of Mr. Jno. Golding, a gentleman connected with the river interests, and living at No. 29 South Sixteenth street, came very near meeting with his quietus yesterday afternoon, while bathing with a number of his companions. They went to a pond on Dolman street between Park avenue and Hickory street, hardly a resort for those desirous of bathing, for it is a little more than a sink hole. The boys being strangers in the neighborhood, were not aware of its treacherous depth, and only intent on sport, pulled off their clothes and plunged into the water. Young Golding was unable to swim, and with boyish rashness ventured about in the unfamiliar pond, seemingly careless of consequences. He got beyond his depth and beyond helping himself. His companions saw his struggle and heard his call for help, but being little more than able to keep about themselves, they could render no assistance. Golding disappeared and in a moment came to the surface again. The boys realized then that he was drowning, and called lustily for help. Again he sank, and again rose to the surface, and finally went down for the third time. The cries for assistance had reached the ears of Mr. James Garvey, of No. 1245 Dolman street, and of Hermann Ruppel, of No. 1233 Dolman street, and as the boy sank for the third time they arrived at the pond. Without a moment's hesitation both men sprang into the water, made their way to the spot where Golding had disappeared, and allowing themselves to descend to the bottom, recovered the body and brought it ashore. There were no signs of life, and apparently the vital spark had been extinguished. Messrs. Garvey and Ruppel, however, determined to satisfy themselves beyond all doubt, and, by patient endeavor, had the satisfaction of restoring the lad to consciousness. There had been nothing to encourage them at the start the boy's recovery was a cause for wonderment among those who had seen him taken from the water. When he had sufficiently recovered his strength, he was accompanied home by his sister who had been notified of the accident.

Shakespeare at midnight—Husband (as Romeo) experimenting with his night key at the front door—"To early seen unknown, and known to late." Wife as Juliet leaning out of the bed room window, her cheek upon her hand—"Rummy, oh, rummy, oh, wherefore art thou, rummy, oh?" Husband (looking up affrightedly)—"Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye than twenty of their swords!"

Open-back Shirts.

(Detroit Free Press.) They were a sleepy lot on the four o'clock car going down Michigan avenue yesterday. The day was hot, the dust thick, and only one man, and he beyond the prime of life, opened his eyes as a woman crowded in, with a long, paper box under her arm. His eyes opened a little more as she sat down near him and presently they widened to their fullest extent as he read the label on the box—"One dozen open-back shirts." He glanced from the box to the female and back, and groaned out:—"Land! love! but what will come next?"

She looked around at him as if she feared that a case of colic would come next and he brightened up a little and said:—"Well I've worn 'em for a year, and I know they are handy and reliable. If my daughters want to get half a dozen apiece I shant cry over it."

"Were you speaking to me?" she asked after seeing that no one else was interested.

"I sorter was and sorter wasn't," he replied as he worked a faint smile to his face. "I was saying that it was wonderful how much the inventive genius of this country has done for us on the shirt question."

She hitched away a little. "Twenty years ago," he mused as he hitched after her, "if my man had told me that the dormant genius of this country would soon rise up and invent a button behind shirt I had looked on him as crazy. But dormant genius was all O. K." She raised her eyebrows, and he got one of them very sharp on.

The look she gave him ought to have torn him all to pieces but it didn't. "One year ago," he calmly resumed, "if any body had told me that the gentler sex would soon demand open-back shirts I had given a fishing and never returned. But the epoch has come in sight—she's right here. I can recommend them as the boss."

"Who are you talking to, sir?" she demanded in an awful voice.

"To you, madam. I was saying that if you wear 'em there is no reason why you shouldn't."

"I appeal to these passengers!" she excitedly exclaimed.

"So do I, he answered. "Everybody in this car, with a button behind shirt on, will please stand up until I count the noses."

The old man stood up. He was all alone. He looked around in a sorrowful way and said:—"The noses have it, and the resolution is laid on the table. However, I'll stick to mine, and I don't believe this woman here will go back on her doxen till she has given 'em a fair show. Which side of the neck do they button on, madam?"

The yells that followed brought in the driver. The old man was pointed out as a drunkard and a woman insulted and the driver was feeling for his neck when the astonished man cried out:—"Who's drunk. Who's insulted anybody."

"He kept talking about shirts!" screamed the woman with the box.

"And you've got a box full!" shouted the man.

"I ain't nee!" She turned up the box and saw the label for the first time. She grew red, then white, and there was an awful silence. Rippling off the cover she exhibited a bolt of musquito netting nestled away in the box. Nay, she held it up, and even shook it at the old man. He smiled softly, nodded his head a dozen times, and blandly said:—"Correct, madam—I tumble to it. That doesn't look like a dozen button-behind shirts, and I'm grieved if I offended. Put it back madam; forget that you ever seen me, and wear any kind you are a mind to."

The infantile wail of the exhibited child is no longer heard in Chicago; the baby-show is no more. The little darlings whose acquaintances in this rough world extended from six months to two years, have disappeared from public view, and the disappointed mothers in whose expectant eyes the light of anticipated triumph over that "other woman's child" gleamed brightly, have retired to their homes to quench the fire in bitter tears. The committee on awards has disappeared and will not return until the excitement subsides. And so the show ends. Begun with the flourish of trumpets, it has died out with the tiny wail of the choleric-stricken infant.—Prairie Farmer.

We shall have a continuance of the above pathetically described scenes at the Cass County Agricultural Fair, to be held at the old Fair Ground, Sep. 4, 5, 6, and 7, when all the infants between ten and eighteen months of age (inclusive), will have a pull for the liberal premiums offered.

For a month photographs of the "Neuve Grass," the widow of that name who caused vitriol to be violently rubbed over her lover's physiognomy, and for this act has just been tried and sentenced to fifteen years of hard labor, have had an enormous sale in Paris.