

GUILTY OR INNOCENT?

By AMY BRAZIER.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

Only George does not tell Barbara of a grim shadow that haunts him night and day—a shadow so grim and black even his love for Barbara cannot make him forget it, a trouble so dark he dare not face his mother's gentle eyes—a trouble he locks in his own heart, while day by day the end comes nearer. Even if he told Barbara she would not understand. Racing debts and promissory notes would be Greek and Latin to her. But by degrees George becomes graver and quieter; his sunny smile is forced sometimes, and his light-hearted gaiety seems to have deserted him. And then Mrs. Bouverie falls ill—so ill that any shock or worry might be fatal—and George sits and looks at her with a lump in his throat and wet eyes. And now his heart is breaking with his own troubles, a sea of debt is engulfing him. In a month a bill for one hundred pounds falls due, and he has nothing to meet it with, his own allowance anticipated long ago, and the mother who might have helped him lying too ill to care now.

"No excitement," the doctors say. "The least shock would prove fatal." No wonder George Bouverie looks miserable, and his face has a drawn, gray look. Dishonor is an ugly word, and that is what it will mean. The man who had helped him into the mess will not help him out of it. He has left the country, and George has to bear it all alone.

How to get a hundred pounds? That is the problem that haunts George Bouverie with a sick agony of uneasiness that will not be quieted. It is always there—the certainty of ruin—and the shame of it is horrible.

Money, borrowed to pay his racing debts. It seemed so easy at the time, and three months seemed such a long way off. He would be sure to have a run of luck and be able to pay. But the man who had lent him his name has gone, and George has no means of procuring a hundred pounds. With a sinking heart, he remembers with a blush that scorches his cheek that his mother's income is very slender. She had given nearly all to him, saying, "What an old woman like me want? A young man must have pocket money."

"If she had only been harder on me when I was a little chap," groans George now, realizing too late that his own way has not been a good way. Even Barbara cannot comfort him now.

The winter has worn itself away and March has come—March that has more of the shy witching of April than the usual boisterous month that proverbially enters as a lion.

Still no answer from Tasmania. Does Mr. Saville also mean to ignore the engagement? It were hard to say, but it looks like it.

Mrs. Bouverie slowly creeps back from the borders of the shadow land, and George keeps his misery to himself, while the day of reckoning draws nearer and nearer.

Today the lovers have met. Barbara has ridden over on her bicycle to ask for Mrs. Bouverie, and George walks with her down the avenue. Barbara cannot fail to notice his dejected manner, the look of trouble that blots the sunshine from his face.

They stand together in the sunshine and the light falls on their young faces, and out across the lawn the sunbeams touch the daffodils.

Barbara looks at them with a smile. "I always think of Wordsworth's lines," she says, and quotes them softly: "The waves beside them danced; but they

Outdid the sparkling waves in glee. A poet could not but be gay In such a jocund company. I gazed and gazed, but little thought What wealth the show to me had brought."

George only sighs. She slips her hand into his as he wheels her bicycle beside her. "Poor George, it must have been such an anxious time for you; but your mother is better, really better, now."

"Yes," he says, moodily, looking with unseeing eyes at the nodding, dancing daffodils, and drawing another long sigh. Then his eyes rest on her face, with a sudden agony of regret she can not fathom.

"Barbara, my darling, I am not worthy of you!" he exclaims, in a voice that speaks of desperation. She lifts sweet, smiling eyes. "You must not say that, George; but, dear, why do you look so unhappy?"

"I can't help it!" he bursts out. "Barbara, I am a most unlucky fellow. Dear, it would be better for you if you never saw me again."

She looks half frightened, but her hand creeps closer into his palm. "There isn't any fresh trouble, is there?" she asks, noting all at once the haggard look in his face.

have promised to marry!" he says, with sudden fierceness. "A gambler, and a gambler who cannot meet his engagements! No Bouverie ever disgraced himself like that before. You had better say good-by to me, Barbara. Your aunt was right—I am not fit match for you!"

Barbara's cheeks are pale enough now. George leans the bicycle against a tree, and leads her across the grass to a wood, where the green moss grows in feathery tufts like sofa pillows, and where here and there the celandine is lifting its sparkling, spring-like face, the birds filling the air with song. All the world appears full of hope and promise; hope seems everywhere but in the heart of George Bouverie.

Barbara's eyes are slowly filling with tears, but what is that in woman's love that makes her then more tender to the erring and more lenient to the failures, so ready to forgive? She and George have seated themselves on a fallen tree, and she is the comforter. His hand is held to her bosom, her face, full of love and pity, is upturned, with the tears quivering on her lashes.

"I feel as if I could shoot myself!" George cries passionately. "Sweetheart, I have only brought sorrow on you."

Barbara looks at him bravely. "George, when I promised to marry you, it was to be for better, for worse. It is the same as if we were married now. I am glad you have told me your trouble. It is very dreadful; I hardly understand what it means; but, my dearest, I will help you to bear it."

How sweet are her words, how earnest the pure and lovely face! George only groans. Barbara does not know of the mire of difficulties that so nearly submerge him.

He turns his haggard gaze on her. "Nothing can help me, unless I get a hundred pounds; and what I feel most is what this will mean to my poor mother."

He might have thought of this before, but Barbara does not say so; only leans her cheek against his shoulder, and looks away at the golden sea of daffodils that flutter so gaily in the March sunshine.

"I would rather release you," George says huskily. "I shall have to go abroad or somewhere."

"I will go with you," Barbara says, in a sweet, unsteady voice. "You cannot give me up, George, for I won't be given up unless you do not care for me any longer."

"I must love you till I die!" cries poor George, love and remorse making him well-nigh desperate. But even Barbara cannot raise his spirits. Nothing can lift the gloom from his face. A trouble like this takes the life out of a man. The girl puts her arm about his neck and draws his grave, unhappy face down to hers.

"George, after this you will never bet on those horrid horses again? Once this trouble passes away—and it will pass, dear—you will be brave. I think, George—Oh, I don't know how to say it! But do you remember the preacher in the square? He said God will help people to resist temptation even in the little things of everyday life."

"That is rubbish!" George returns, answering her caress. "My old mother talks that sort of nonsense. I don't believe she buys a new bonnet without asking for guidance as to the color of the ribbon." He laughs a mirthless laugh. "It stands to reason, darling. I don't look on a mess like mine as what mother calls a chastening of the Lord. I have brought it all on myself, worse luck! and I don't expect a miracle to get me out of the hold. My Barbara, my own love, you've lost your heart to a worthless sort of chap. Even Sebastian Saville—but, no! I would hang myself if you were his wife!"

The misery seems darkening every moment. That awful promissory note, given to pay that wretched racing debt, is ever in his mind. Not even Barbara's love can help him now!

He stands up, a tall, splendid figure, in tweed knickerbockers; so goodly to look upon, so wretched and unhappy, as his haggard face shows.

"I have only about a fortnight," he says, as together they walk back to where Barbara left her bicycle. "After that, oh, my darling, what am I to do?"

Barbara's heart echoes the cry. Her face is as sad as his as she wheels away in the sunlight; and George, thrusting his hands in his pockets and sinking his head on his chest, walks slowly back to the house.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Saville's answer has come. It is not in the least what Barbara expected. It is a very short letter, and out of it falls a cheque for two hundred pounds. And there is nothing about her engagement at all, except a casual allusion to the danger of flirtations that can end in nothing. And Barbara is to come out to Tasmania at once, by the next steamer that sails after she receives the letter. The two hundred pounds is to purchase an out-

fit and defray the expenses of the voyage.

Mrs. Saville also receives a letter, which is possibly more lengthy, and may contain more information than the communication to Barbara, in which her father only says he is lonely and wants her to manage his household for him.

Mrs. Saville looks keenly at her niece as she sees her reading the letter, while the color forsakes her face. And Sebastian watches Barbara, too. "Father wants me to go out to him," Barbara says, lifting her great, troubled eyes. In her heart she knows that this command is only to separate her from George.

Mrs. Saville folds up her own letter. "Yes, so your father says. He thinks you are old enough now to be at the head of his house; but we will miss you, dear. And I see he expects you to start at once. He mentions the steamer that some friends of his are going out by. Every thing will be dreadfully hurried. We must go to London in a day or so and get your things."

Barbara sits white and miserable. To leave George, that is her one thought—to put thousands of miles between them! The thought is intolerable; but not till breakfast is over, and Sebastian, with another incomprehensible look, has lounged out of the room, does Barbara speak. Then she looks at her aunt.

"Aunt Julia, does father say nothing about George? You know we are engaged."

Mrs. Saville smiles rather provokingly. "I do not think your father has any objection to your considering yourself engaged. He hardly mentions the subject."

Barbara's color rises. She is to be treated as a child, then, who has set his heart on possessing the moon, and every one knows it is nonsense!

"I will go out to father as he wishes," she says, proudly, "but when I am of age I will marry George Bouverie; so there will only be a year to wait, and then nobody can make any objection."

"I was not aware that any one had objected," Mrs. Saville returns. "I have not tried to prevent your engaging yourself to any one."

Barbara's lip quivers. This tacit ignoring of her engagement is hard to bear.

Mrs. Saville, who has no sympathy with her, proceeds to discuss Barbara's clothes.

"You will want some gowns," she says. "I am sure I do not know what kind of things you will want. I believe it is a nice climate; but I fancy some one told me there is always east wind, and that is so trying."

But Barbara can take no interest in her clothes. "I have plenty of things. I shall only get a deck chair," she says, almost crossly, for this banishment to the other side of the world is very hard to endure. Besides, her nerves are on the rack on account of George Bouverie's troubles.

"Your father has sent you a check for your expenses," Mrs. Saville says presently. And Barbara says "Yes," and no more.

Mrs. Saville gathers up her letters and rises from the table. "I must go and tell Mason to commence packing. Really, it is hardly fair to make you start at a minute's notice; but the steamer your father names sails in a few days, and we have to meet these people who are to take care of you."

Barbara bursts into tears. She is stung to a pitch of excitement, and can only realize the one awful fact—she must say good-by to George and leave him in his trouble. "My dear, there is nothing to cry for," Mrs. Saville says, crossing the room in her trailing garments, and leaving it as Sebastian enters. (To be Continued.)

Origin of Visiting Cards.

"The use of visiting cards dates back to quite an antiquity," explains Mrs. Van Koert Schuyler, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Formerly the porter at the lodge or door of great houses kept a visitors' book, in which he scrawled his idea of the names of those who called upon the master and his family, and to whose inspection it was submitted from time to time. One fine gentleman, a scion of the nobility from the Faubourg St. Germain, was shocked to find that his porter kept so poor a register of the names of those who had called upon him. The names, badly written with spluttering pen and pale or muddy ink, suggested to him the idea of writing his own name upon slips of paper or bits of cardboard in advance of calling upon his neighbors, lest his name should fare as badly at the hands of their porters. This custom soon became generally established."

Five Sarcophagi.

Four or five sarcophagi, after their day's work was over and their dinners stored away, were talking about the various cities of the United States which they had visited in the course of their business experience. New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston were left in the list of the undecided when a New York man appealed to a veteran who had been reading a newspaper during the discussion. "You know the country pretty well, I guess, major?" said the New Yorker. "Fairly, I should say," was the reply. "I've been traveling over it for thirty years." "Well, what would you say was the best town in the United States?" "Chicago," responded the major, promptly. "Aw," expostulated the New Yorker. "We don't mean morally," whereupon the major hastened to apologize.—Washington Star.

IS READY TO YIELD

Kruger Said to Have Made Direct Plea for Peace.

A TELEGRAM TO LORD SALISBURY

Contents Kept a Secret, But Sentiment Humble—Answer is Already Known—Nothing Less Than Unconditional Surrender—Other News.

A London, May 21 dispatch says: Displayed in the most conspicuous style in the Daily Express is the dominant news of the morning:

"We have the best of reasons for stating that in the last twenty-four hours a telegram has been received at the foreign office, addressed privately to the prime minister, from President Kruger, proposing terms of peace."

"The exact terms of the message cannot be stated, but we believe it is couched in an exceedingly humble strain."

It is inconceivable, of course, that Lord Salisbury can have sent any reply except the one that stands ready on the lip of every Briton—unconditional surrender.

HE KILLED CHILDREN

Negro Quarrels With His Wife and Murders Two Little Ones.

Frenzied by a jealous quarrel with his wife, Calvin Kimbren, colored, formerly a corporal in company M, Twenty-fifth United States infantry, at Pueblo, Colo., shot his wife twice and then deliberately put a revolver to the heads fourteen-year-old Ethel Strauss and eleven-year-old Jessie M. Skaggs and fired, killing the latter girl instantly, the other girl living for some hours. The couple were employed at the Fries orphans' home, of which the dead children were inmates. Searching parties are out, and if found Kimbren will be lynched.

YOUNG COIL GAINS LIBERTY

Soon to be Released from the Nebraska Penitentiary.

George Coil, a young man recently convicted of the murder of Tom Ryan on the range in Dawes county, and taken to the penitentiary at Lincoln, has been given the privilege of his liberty upon a \$10,000 bond by the supreme court until that body can pass upon the question of rehearing. The bond was signed by a number of influential stockmen of Dawes county in the sum of \$50,000, and was promptly approved.

Was Plain Murderer.

The inquest held over the body of Alois Staudenmayer, who was found dead ten miles east of Harrison, Neb., disclosed the fact that he was murdered and literally shot full of holes. There were eleven wounds on the body produced by five shots from a 45-caliber rifle or revolver.

There is no tangible clue as to the murderer, though every effort possible has been made by the authorities to ferret the matter out. The dead man had two or three personal enemies and it is not improbable that one of these may be the guilty one, as there could be no other motive for the murder.

Mysterious Tragedy in Memphis, Tenn.

At an early hour last Saturday morning the dead bodies of Henry Reichmann of Memphis and Mrs. Lily Radakin, wife of a newspaper man of Forest City, Ark., were found in the women's apartments on Jefferson avenue, Memphis, Tenn. Reichmann had been shot three times, while the woman's body received one bullet. The affair is shrouded in mystery. No weapon was found about the premises and it is believed to be a case of murder.

Smith Sticks to Maginnis.

Governor Smith reached Helena, Mont., Saturday and affixed his signature to the commission of Major Martin Maginnis, who leave for Washington and present it to the senate. Concerning the appointment Governor Smith said: "If the senate adopts the committee resolution and decides that Clark was never legally elected and had nothing resign, then my appointment of Major Maginnis may not be recognized."

Murderous Assault by Tramps.

Two negro tramps made a murderous assault on Leslie Ferguson, the night man at the Hastings, Neb., gas works. While he was shoveling coal one of them struck him on the head with some heavy instrument, but failed to knock him down. He turned on them with his scoop, and after a lively fight for a minute or two they ran.

Granite Strike at an End.

The granite strike inaugurated at Westerley, R. I., in March for an eight-hour day at \$3.00, has been settled and the granite plants will reopen employing all hands. Eight hours is to constitute a day's work, with 35 cents per hour minimum wages for competent men.

Fear of Bubonic Plague.

Assistant Surgeon A. S. Lloyd of the United States Marine hospital at Chicago has been ordered to San Francisco to assist in the work of preventing the spread of the bubonic plague if it should break out. Assistant Surgeon Amessa of Detroit has left for Honolulu on a similar mission.

Golf in Lincoln.

A golf club has been organized in Lincoln, grounds have been secured, and an expert will be on hand to lay the grounds out and teach the club how to play.

MAKES A FULL CONFESSION

Norwegian Murderer Tells of Crimes Aboard the Prins Karl.

A dispatch received at Stockholm, Sweden, from Eskilstavin, says that Philip Nordlund, who was arrested there, has now fully confessed that he deliberately planned the crime he committed on board the steamer Prins Karl when he murdered seven men and wounded five others, a woman and a boy, after which he escaped in a boat at Koping.

He says he deliberately planned the crimes and bought the revolvers with the express intention of robbing another steamer at Orebro, after killing those on board, but he changed his mind and boarded the Prins Karl.

The prisoner said that he regretted not having recognized the policemen who arrested him, as otherwise he would have shot them. He also expressed regret at the fact that he had not killed every one on board the Prins Karl, emphatically denied he was insane, and asserted he committed the murders in order to avenge himself on mankind.

AGUINALDO IS ALIVE

Issues Proclamation Urging Filipinos to Keep up the Warfare.

A proclamation purporting to have been issued by Aguinaldo, dated May 4, from Pili Island, one of the Philippine group, east of Luzon, is circulating in Manila. It says the commission appointed by President McKinley was appointed without the authorization of congress and that, hence, it cannot treat officially. It urges the Filipinos not to surrender their arms at the instigation of the commission and on promises which congress may not ratify and also urges the Filipinos to enthusiastically welcome the commission when it arrives in the town and provinces, asking boldly for the form of government they most desire, as the Americans permit freedom of speech.

The proclamation closes with asking the Filipinos to still strive for liberty and independence and again warns the commission against deception.

Students Piled in a Heap.

What might have proved a serious accident happened at Weeping Water. Arrangements had been made to have the pictures of the scholars taken and for that purpose a tier of seats had been arranged near the school house. About one hundred had taken their places on the seats when one of the benches sunk into the soft earth and the whole thing gave way and came down with a crash piling scholars and seats in a confused mass on the ground. Miss Etta Fowler, one of the graduates, had one ankle badly sprained, but no bones were broken, and with this exception no one was hurt.

Rapid Spread of Cholera.

A special dispatch from Hyderabad, noting the rapid spread of cholera, says: "In one division no fewer than forty-five famine camps have been attacked by the pestilence. The most virulent type is at Gujerat, where many thousands have perished. In the Godhra camp alone there have been thousands of victims. An appalling loss of life seems inevitable."

Barnes Bound Over.

C. E. Barnes was bound over to the district court in the sum of \$200 at Fremont, Neb., charged with obtaining money under false pretenses. Barnes' alleged game was far from bad while it lasted. Last March he contracted to furnish 100,000 bushels of corn to the Omaha Elevator company and was advanced \$50. He didn't deliver the goods.

Boy Smothered in a Cave.

Sidney Phillips, an eleven-year-old boy, was smothered in a cave at Sidney, Neb. He and a companion had dug a hole in a sand bank and while he was in the cave alone the earth gave way and covered him with nearly four feet of dirt. Aid was hastily summoned and the dirt removed, but when the body was found life was extinct.

Filipinos Ambush Scouts.

Five hundred insurgents, half of whom were armed with rifles, ambushed eighty scouts of the Fortieth volunteer infantry in the hills near Quasana, in the northern part of Mindanao. The Americans routed the natives killing forty-one.

The American casualties were two killed and three wounded.

Sheriff After Moser.

Sheriff Moff of Tazewell county, Illinois, has gone to Salt Lake City, Utah, to get Sam Moser, the man who, at Tremont, Ill., killed his wife and three children. Moser tried to kill himself at Salt Lake City, but failed. He then confessed who he was and the authorities sent word to the sheriff at Tremont.

Fatal Fight.

W. M. Constant was shot and mortally wounded at Chicago by Harry Crawford of St. Louis in a fight over a woman, who claims to be Constant's wife. She is said to be a St. Louis woman. Constant's father is said to be a wealthy livery stable owner at Springfield, Ill.

Strike Settled.

At a meeting of the electric workers' union at Omaha, Neb., the strike on the Thompson-Houston Electric company was declared off, the trouble having been settled and the men returning to work for \$2.60 per day of nine hours. The building trades council was requested to place the corporation on the fair list.

It is reported from Clarksville, I. T., that three persons died there after drinking a decoction supposed to be Jamaica ginger. Dr. Huffaker is reported as among the dead.

TOWN HOLDS OUT

Mafeking Not Yet in the Hands of the Boers.

TOWN MADE THE CENTER OF INTEREST

Whole War Drama Switched to Tie Up Garrison—Besiegers Fall Into a Trap—Colonel Baden-Powell Able to Execute Coup.

England still waits with intense and almost breathless interest for the news of the relief of Mafeking. A crowd, remarkable for the number of men in evening dress and including many ladies, lingered around the war office even after midnight, hoping for some announcement. Only reluctantly did the people disperse when the lobbies of the war office were finally cleared with the word that nothing had been received.

One thing seems clear. The town still holds out. Were it otherwise the Boer wires laid to the camps of the beleaguers would have finished the news.

Skeleton messages from Lorenzo Marques, based upon information that leaked out at the Pretoria war office, show that the Boer stormers Saturday fell into a trap. Colonel Baden-Powell permitted them to seize one fort and then surrounded and overbore them before the large forces near at hand perceived the strategy. It was thus that Sarel Eloff, President Kruger's grandson, and part of his commando were taken and fifty Boers killed.

The Canadian artillery contingent of the Rhodesian force is now reported to have reached Bulawayo May 2. The distance from Bulawayo to Mafeking is 490 miles. As the railway was open all the way to Pitsani, twenty-eight miles from Mafeking, where Colonel Plumer is, the Canadians may yet take part in the relief.

General French, scouting northward found the Boers in strong force at Rheonster's spruit, thirty miles from Kroonstad. Generals Botha, Delary, and Olivier, with artillery, were holding the position.

DESERTED BY HER HUSBAND

Omaha Woman Tries to Kill Herself and Child.

Mrs. Mary Crunes, living at 804½ South Thirteenth street, Omaha, Neb., with her mother, attempted to commit suicide by taking poison. When the physician arrived the delicious woman had her three-year-old child in her lap trying to strangle it. Mrs. Crunes' husband deserted her a year ago. Illness and poverty are said to be the causes of the rash act. She may survive.

Missing Girl is Found.

June Welsh, a nine-year-old daughter of E. Welsh, living one-half mile west of Milford, was found a short distance beyond Pleasantdale, seven miles away. Wednesday evening about 5 o'clock she was seen playing on the school grounds. About 9 o'clock her parents became alarmed at her absence. A search was instituted for her. The fire bell was rung at 12 o'clock and the whole town joined in the work of finding the child. It is said the cause of her leaving home was fear of punishment by her parents for some misconduct at school.

Runs Away From Robbers.

While the through east-bound passenger on the Texas & Pacific railway was taking water at Glade creek, near Longview, Tex., an attempt was made to rob the train by two men. Fireman Dobbs was covered by pistol in the hands of a man who ordered him to get off the engine. Engineer Jaquish, taking in the situation, opened wide the throttle and dropped to the floor. Neither of the robbers were able to catch up with the train, but the fireman caught the last car and all reached St. Louis in safety.

Farmer Killed in a Runaway.

John Reel, a highly respected and leading farmer of Perry Precinct, Red Willow county, was killed in a runaway accident on his farm, his neck being broken. No one saw the accident, so particulars are lacking. The remains were shipped to Grafton for burial at that place, it being his former home.

Leg Fearfully Mangled.

Plenny Pickett, who lives south of Wilcox, Neb., got one of his legs entangled in a road grader which he was operating a few days ago, horribly mangleing it. Dr. Lundberg of Holdrege attended him and though the tendons which support the ankle were torn, thinks he will recover the use of the limb.

Woman Badly Injured.

Mrs. W. N. Cratty of Driftwood Precinct, Hitchcock county, was severely injured in a runaway on her way home from McCook. She sustained a compound fracture of her right leg above the ankle, the bones protruding through the flesh. She was taken to McCook for treatment.

Woman Kills Herself.

Mrs. Phoebe A. Posson, a sister of Congressman Albert J. Hopkins, shot and killed herself at her home in Maple Park, Elgin, Ill. Mrs. Posson had been in ill health for some time, and of late had been despondent over the death of her husband.

Guilt of Manslaughter.

A dispatch from Vienna, Illinois, says that M. L. Burnett and C. M. Farris, charged with the murder of John Maupin, August 16, 1899, were found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to ten years.