

SYNOPSIS.

Lord Wilfred Vincent and Archibald Terhune are introduced at the opening of the story, in England, the latter relating the tale. The pair on an outing miss their train and seeking recreation meet "the Honorable Agatha Wyckhoff." Her hand is much sought after, because of her wealth. On visiting the Wyckhoff castle they are introduced to two other girls, both known as Agatha Wyckhoff. At dinner three other Agatha Wyckhoffs introduced and the plot revealed. are introduced and the plot revealed. The deceased step-father, in an eccentric moment, made his will so that the real Agatha, heiress to his fortune and the castle at Wyc, England, might wed her affinity. Thus Mrs. Armistead, chaperon, was in duty bound to keep the real Agatha's identity unknown and sultors The secretary, of course, was not were invited to tryout for the hand of the heiress. An attempt by Terhune to gath er a clew from the chaperon fails. Vincent shows liking for the chaperon's sec retary, Miss Marsh. Terhune finds old books containing picture of a former Baroness Wyckhoff, which is exactly like Agatha Sixth, whom he is courting. Vincent entertains them all and while riding with Agatha Fifth she confesses her love for him and also that she is the real heiress. He spurns her proposal.

CHAPTER IV.

For some days after that I was in a quandary. Here, in the face of my discovery in the library, was Vincent's positive information that Agatha Fifth was the heiress. Reluctantly I determined that the likeness between Agatha Sixth and the picture of the baroness was accidental, and began to devote myself to the unfortunate Agatha Fifth. She seemed much inclined to discourage me, but I persevered and we soon became great friends. I found she was only 18, and drew my own conclusions from this fact. At 18 one's convictions are never very deep-rooted, neither are one's love affairs, and I thought it likely that the girl would soon forget her illrospered attachment for Vincent's handsome face, and might begin to think of someone else. Surely this was a very natural belief! So the first two weeks of our stay at the castle sped by and I saw to my satisfaction that I was gaining ground with the Honorable Agatha every day, while poor Vincent wasted his time flirting with each Agatha in turn (he had taken up Agatha Sixth since my desertion) or in assisting Miss Marsh to write up a lot of eld dead barons who were much better left to a decent and dignified obscurity. 14 One day, toward the close of the two weeks. I met Vincent hurrying through the hall toward the stairs. He had on an old velveteen coat covered with paint daups, his luncheon basket was over his shoulder, and I guessed that he was going on one of his sketching tours in search of fresh woods and pastures new.

"He went upstairs," I said: "I don't know for what." I could hear him in made of Agatha Third's behavior. the distance singing at the top of his lusty young volce-"Gentlemen rankers all are we-e-e-"

till an ear-splitting shout from Agatha Second drowned the song completely. "O-h-h-h, Freddy," shrieked the

young lady, with a lung power' that equaled Vincent's. I shivered with indignation at the liberty. "Freddy!" indeed!

At the third shout he heard her and stopped singing to rend the air with

an answering cry. "For goodness' sake, what are you so long about?" she called. "Do hur-

ry up!' "Coming!" roared Vincent, 'clattering down the two flights of stairs like a wild horse, and I hurrled out to join Agatha Fifth, my hands over my ears. Young people are so noisy nowadays.

Several evenings later Agatha Fourth had arranged to give a progressive dinner party. She was to be the hostess and the rest of us were her guests. It was an evening-dress affair, and I must say as we sat down to dinner 1 never saw a prettier group of girls.

Then the fun began. Agatha Fourth's idea in having a progressive dinner party was for each of the girls to move up one place with each course so that they could all have turns sit ting by us. It was delightful; really, I don't know that I ever attended a joiller dinner party. Vincent kept quoting from the Mad Tea Party in "Alice in Wonderland," and the girls laughed at every single thing he said. Mrs. Armistead, I am ashamed to say. was not present; her head ached and she had dined in her room. I am not naturally noisy or riotous, but the laughter and jokes of those six girls were so infectious that I was obliged to join in with them. Vincent sat at one end of the table and I at the other, with three girls on each side of us.

present. Agatha Fourth had decorated the table with some of the yellow roses and wild fern that grew near the cas tle. Agatha Sixth and I had found them many times in our wanderings and, by the way, she was looking especially lovely that evening. The girls



I asked Vincent afterward what he

"It looked to me," said that young person, "as if those girls had themselves so much in command that they would never betray the secret they're guarding, no matter what you did."

"But didn't you see Agatha Third get up before the others did?" I said, excitedly. "She gave herself away. I tell you, Wilfred, she's the real honorable, without a doubt. There can be no two ways about it!"

"How keen you are!" he said; "and I tell you what it is, Arch'bald"-Vincent always calls me "Ach'bald" with the "i" left out and the emphasis on "bald" when he's particularly affectionate or sleepy; he was the latter just now-"I'm just as keen about marrying this beiress as you are; the only difference is that I insist upon being in love with her into the bargain, and you don't. For I'm hard up, fearfully hard up, you know, and the governor's so awfully good, I hate to ask him for another's month's allowance just now. I'm 'way behind as it is, and I owe Jack Gordon for that prize polo pony of his. I offered him £100 for her the day of the Hurlingham games and he sold her to me on the spot. Jack's as hard up as I ampoor fellow. And then, you know, it's all perfectly fair. If we only had the time, that's all. It's pretty quick work to expect a man to find out the heiress, learn to love her and teach her to love him, all in six weeks, and propose on the last day of-"

"But that's just it," I interrupted, you're not expected to find out the heiress first. That's just what old Fletcher Boyd wanted to prevent when he made the will."

"Nevertheless, you yourself mean to find out first, don't you, Arch?" was Vincent's facetious response.

I was disgusted and made no answer.

"Of course," he went on, "I wouldn't propose to any girl I didn't love, but I'd like the chance to learn to love this particular lady, the Honorable Agatha. I feel that there would be no trouble about her learning to love me!" Vincent has few really serious faults,

but I don't attempt to deny that he is conceited.

"The trouble is," he said, "they're all so attractive I could love one as well as another. I wish, though, I could just naturally fall in love with one of them, and I'd propose to her on the last day and take my chances. Who knows? I'm sometimes lucky. I might win the prize!"

"So you might," I said, "but as it is, we haven't even discovered the heiress as yet-'

"And I can't fall in love with any of 'em," finished Vincent, "because I'm madly in love with the whole six, and there you are!" and he shook his head hopelessly. "Come, let's to bed," he added.

"Not just yet, Freddy," I said. I never call him that, as I have before stated, but his hair was all rumpled up and his face flushed and I felt warm toward him because he was so dense. "Surely with a rival as unob-serving as he is," I thought, "I am not heavity handicapped." For I had made up my mind that Agatha Third was indeed the real and only Agatha. That involuntary rising of hers was proof positive.



Photo by Moffett Studro, Chicago

Urey Woodson, whose faithful services as secretary of the Democratic national committee have won for him a reappointment to the position, is a prominent Democrat of Owensboro, Ky. He will work hard for the election of Mr. Bryan.



HAPPY AND CHEERFUL.

Arthur J. Murray, of Portland, Ore., Victim of Blizzard in 1888-Story of His Fight to Reach Shelter.

Pittsburg .- Although he eats and drinks with care and dresses without assistance, Arthur J. Murray, of Portland, Ore., who was here a few days ago, has neither hands nor feet. The members had been frozen in a Canadian blizzard and their amputation could not be avoided.

Murray is one of the happiest men on earth. His humor is sincere. He is glad he does not have limbs that are racked with rheumatism. To the man glum with brooding over ill fate, Murray's magnetic, uplifting conversation always puts things in a more cheerful light.

Recently this man started giving lectures in small towns. He appears

MAN WITHOUT HANDS OR FEET | Omaha a school teacher named Miss Freeman lost her four limbs just as I did. When the roof was blown from over the heads of the children huddled inside the school house she had the presence of mind to tie the children together instead of turning them out to seek their homes separately. That would have been sure death.

"After fastening them in pairs she connected all with strips torn from her underskirts and started the line, with the oldest in the lead, to the nearest-home, a half mile distant. She brought up the rear and picked up some that fell. A Dakota schoolmaster sent his pupils to their death in the storm and remained himself by the fire, keeping comfortably warm burn ing seats and flooring."

\$10,000 UP ON WOOD CHOPPER.

Vermont Senator's Son Backs Employe for Five Cords a Day.

Amsden, Vt .- With wagers of over lectures in small towns. He appears in tights showing the arms extending \$10,000 on deposit in the treasury of \$10,000 on deposit in the treasury of earth. As the sun rose, its rays

TWO WOMEN TRAVEL 126 MILES BY BALLOON.

Are Enthusiastic Over Their Exhilerating Experience - Ascend at Philadelphia and Land Near Elkton, Maryland.

Philadelphia.-After a successful flight from this city to a point 9,000 feet in the air above Lancaster, Pa., and thence southward, the balloon Philadelphia, which sailed from this port at 10:34 o'clock one Saturday evening, recently landed quietly at 9:15 next morning four miles from Elkton, Md. In this ship of the skies were two women, among the first to make a balloon trip in America. Miss Minnie Applebach and Mrs. M. E. Lockington, both Philadelphians. They came down enthusiastic, convinced as one of them put it:

"If horseracing is the sport of kings, ballooning is the sport of emperors. It was under the auspices of the Philadelphia Aeronautical society that the ascension was made. The pilot was George H. Simmerman, assisted by Dr. Thomas E. Eldridge, both experts and both with Mrs. Lockington aboard the same balloon when a few weeks ago its ill-starred flight was ended by a swift descent in the Schuylkill river.

Not one mishap, however, occurred to mar the present trip. The highest altitude attained was 10,300 feet at eight o'clock in the morning, while the balloon was crossing the Mason and Dixon line into Maryland. The temperature was never so low as to cause discomfort and the descent was made with scarcely a jolting of the car.

"It was the most exhilarating experience of my life," emphatically declared Miss Applebach.

"It is the sort of thing," supplemented Mrs. Lockington, "that will make the most wretched forget all troubles. We traveled 126 miles in all, and though I have traveled a good deal on earth I never enjoyed any journey so much or anywhere nearly so much as enjoyed this one."

"At the start as the ropes were cut," said Miss Applebach, "we shot straight up. . The moon had not yet risen; the stars were obscured and it seemed as if we were taking a sudden plunge into an unknown world.

"As soon, however, as we had gained an altitude of 2,000 feet we struck a strong current of fresh air and it began to carry us northeast. The current continued for the better part of the night and brought us into the neighborhood of Lancaster, Pa., and no one can appreciate by hearsay the wonders of the ride.

"About four o'clock, just as we approached Conestoga, the sun leaped into view. We were between 2,000 and

"Where are you going, Wilfred?" I asked, as he stopped, "and where's Agatha Second?" She usually accompanled him on his sketching expeditions.

"Painting," he replied, concisely, ignoring my second question; "and where may you be going?"

"For a walk with Agatha Fifth," I answered, smiling at him-a little pityingly, perhaps. He had lost such a chance!

Vincent chuckled and his eyes looked wicked. "Wish you luck, Arch," he said. "I've been watching your charitable efforts to cut me out and be a we could see Agatha Second on the forgot to tell you that what Agatha clination of his head that included Fifth told me isn't true!"

"Isn't true?" I repeated in consternation.

"No; she confessed to me about a week ago that she only said she was hospitality. I am inspired to propose the real Honorable Agatha to make a toast in which I feel confident you me marry her. She thought, the fool ish little girl, that she only had to tell me she was the heiress to make me love her. And she said she was sorry the real Honorable Agatha!" and wouldn't do it again and cried like a child, and I forgave her and comyoung rascal ran upstairs.

to me. At this moment Agatha Second appeared in the doorway.

"Hullo, Mr. Terhune," she said, "where's Lord Wilfred?"

AGATHA SIXTH.

all wore shimmering white gowns, sim-Har in design, with silver ornaments, but Agatha Sixth's gown was creamcolor with ornaments of gold, and well did it become her dark beauty.

We had reached the very end of the dinner, and had just made the last change of places, which left me with my favorite Agatha Sixth on my right and Agatha Third on my left.

Suddenly, as the talk died down

and a certain contented silence fell upon us. Vincent rose to his feet, and bowing to us formally, began to speak: "Ladies and gentleman," he said, making the last word pointedly sinpose a vote of thinks to-to-er-our hostess"-(I felt that he had nearly said "Agatha Fourth!")-"our hostess, for giving us so delightful an entertainment." He bowed to Agatha Fourth and went on:

"If all progressive tea parties are such. But as I look around me, gen-

and think of the graciousness of such letter was a quarter. will all join me." At this climax Vincent raised his glass above his head.

I was really vexed with Wilfred hardly time to rise before the other African hunter once said that the eleabout this. I thought it was very un- five girls sprang to their feet, and phant is the most timid of all animals. so long about Agatha Fifth's confes- with the rest, they cried with one sweat by a mysterious noise. What a lot of time I'd been voice: "To the Honorable Agatha!" wasting! I resolved that I would re- and although it seemed to me that turn to Agatha Sixth at the first op- Agatha Third had very nearly let the portunity, and I felt glad, even justi- | cat out of the bag by rising, as if to asked the aunt. fied, that I had not told him about that | acknowledge the courtesy, yet by the and I were still somewhat at a loss wes horrified.

as to the identity of our fair and wealthy hostess.

"I say, Vincent," I called after him, 'was that a master stroke of yours. giving the toast that way? Did you intend to try to surprise one of them into betraying herself?"

Vincent laughed sleepily.

"Good old Arch'bald," he drawled, 'you're always looking for master strokes, but 'pon my honor I never thought of such a thing." And I might have known that he wouldn't. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOTEL MAN HAD A CONSCIENCE.

His Letter, with Enclosure, Surely Proved the Fact.

Whoever says that hotel men are without conscience will have an adversary in a young advertising man. He was at one place up in the mountains the other week and determined gular, while the girls all laughed, "I to stay all night. Before dinner he think you are all with me when I pro- complained of a slight headache to the proprietor, but the remark was passed apparently without notice. He ate a big meal, but did not enjoy it much because of his headache.

Next day he moved on to his next stop, and upon his return to the city

was surprised to find a letter from the termed mad I hope I may attend many proprietor of the house where he had spent the night. It said: "Through an tleman and ladies fair, across the red act of carelessness on my part I alfather to my little friend. Agatha Fifth, glow of the candle that turns the roses lowed you to eat the regular dinner with great admiration-but I forgot to to redder gold, and as I gaze upon the the other night-a dinner not suited tell you"-he lowered his voice, for youth and beauty here assembled, the for a man with a headache. Now like of which I have never before should have prepared some eggs and veranda talking to Agatha Fifth-"I looked upon"-he made a courtly in- toast and tea for you, but I allowed you to eat something you did not enevery maid at the table, and they all joy. It is, therefore, my duty to apolosighed-I heard them-"as I look upon gize, and to make restitution for the this noble room, this exquisite table, same." In the envelope containing the

Let the Whistle Blow.

Did you know that a short whistle from the mouth would stop a rabbit? "To the real Agatha!" he cried-"to it surely does. Next time you see little molly cottontail leap from her There was an instant of dead si. burrow and make off, don't shoot; lence, and then to my surprise my just whistle. Whether from fear or forted her. She'll get over it all left-hand neighbor, Agatha Third, rose curiosity I cannot tell, but she will right!" and laughing hilariously the to her feet, and, with quivering lips, stop still in her tracks. An antelope started to say something. But she had has been known to do likewise. An kind of him to keep me in the dark for raising their glasses, Agatha Third and can be frightened into a cold

Shocking. "Where have you been. Clementine?

"I have been down to the falls play album which had betrayed the secret promptness of the other girls the day ing with the eddies," replied the pretty was partially retrieved, and Vincent girl with wet fingers. The old lady

> ""hat? Playing with the Eddles: And without a chaperon?"

bers. Fully attired he can run and even dance a bit and swings along the street with careless grace. Knives, forks, spoons, matches, hooks, pens ings provided in the wooden wrists, | of wood in a day.

which practice has enabled him to t govern accurately. The hooks, handy in dressing, are used more than any of the other attachments.

Murray says that in the 41 years of his life he has never taken a drink, but he chews plug tobacco incessantly. He seldom smokes, disliking to handle fire. He tells an interesting story of his life, which follows in part:

"Like every one else, I learned the benefit of my blessings only after I lost them. In the big blizzard that swept some of the northern states and ers, school children and settlers. In was decided.



of Winnebagoes.

La Crosse, Wis .- Cultivating a habit of imbibing a strange new liquor of great power, which leads to insanity. the Winnebago Indian race in this vicinity is threatened with a rapidly growing form of degeneracy which in time, it is believed, will wipe out the tribe.

For the purpose of appealing for congressional action to stop the traffic in the new drug, John Stacey, a Winnebago Indian who is assistant to Father Stucki, in charge of the mission at the reservation, in Jackson county, came to La Crosse and laid the facts before Congressman Esch. The report he had to make was of a startling nature, and so serious as to ple in the vicinity of Bullocktown, this

after nightfall, tying a brush to its the difficulties encountered by the Intail, and permitting the frightened animal to run through the woods, bawldians in endeavoring to secure liquor in the towns near the reservation, ing with every jump. they had finally, through the assistance of the Nebraska Winnebagoes, "jokers" were trying to catch the calf, secured knowledge of the qualities of the animal jumped a ditch, into which the "mescale builtons," the flower of its pursuers fell, and they nearly drowned before they could scramble a plant belonging to the cactus family. which thrives in New Mexico and out. other southwestern states. This flowsolve the strange animal mystesy, er, stewed into a tea and allowed to cool, makes a drink which is highly were witnesses of their plight, and in intoxicating and leads to insanity of this way the secret became knows. The bull calf is no longer figuring a violent form. The drink saps the mentality of the Indian and soon in the role of a strange wild snimas.

just below the elbows and the legs the United States, Maxwell Evarts, son just below the knees, then proceeds to of the late Senator Evarts of Vermont, dress after applying his artificial mem- and chief counsel of the Southern Pacific railway company, will bring 20 guests here on September 26 to prove that a Vermont man is the greatest wood chopper in the world, and that or the like are easily slipped into open- he can chop, split and pile five cords

> The wagers were made in Washington a few days ago. Mr. Evarts, who is interested in several big timber propositions in Vermont, was boasting of a man, Ed Moote by name, who worked for him and who could chop,

split and pile 30 cords of wood in a week. "Nonsense," was the response he

met with.

He stood firm, and soon offers to bet were made, Charles H. Treat, treasurer of the United States, took \$5,000, several senators took between \$5,000 and \$10,000 more, and Treasurer Manitoba on January 12, 1888, there Treat agreed to keep the money in the ed with kites, buoys, and different were many pitiful deaths among teach- United States vaults until the wager

warmed the gas in the balloon and we ascended until we reached an altitude of 9,000 feet. It was then that we came into a new current of air that carried us southeast and landed us without incident on a farm near Elkton, Md."

TO SAVE LIVES AT SEA.

Experiments with Life Line Guns for Ships Show Good Results.

New York .--- According to Capt. Arthur Mills of the American liner Philadelphia, the experiments carried out in Liverpool recently by the advisory subcommittee appointed by the British government to report on the question of British ships compulsorily carrying life line throwing apparatus were successful, and may have important results. The experiments were conductstyles of guns and rockets.

"The cannon," said Capt. Mills, "threw a line a distance of 1,860 feet, which was a remarkable feat compared with the old life throwing gear. The gun is loaded with a projectile and is fired by friction, which propels the projectile a certain distance, and from that point a rocket is discharged. which carries the line to destination. One of the features of this new gun is that during the daytime the smoke in-Stacey reported, the Jackson county Winnebagoes have secured a steady dicates the direction in which the line supply of the mescale buttons, and is carried, and at night the fire of the rocket answers the same purpose.

the habit of drinking the daugerous tea is spreading with great rapidity in "The shoulder guns made a good imthe tribe. Efforts of Father Stucki pression on the sub-committee, as they and his assistant to check the traffic are light, easily handled, and may be have proven of no avail, and it was fired from any position by man or finally decided to have the governboy. Of the two shoulder guns that were tested the more powerful one carried a line 345 feet and the other 342 feet."

WIDOW WILL SINK WELL.

Boring for Oil on Strength of Dream by Husband.

Lebanon, Ind.-A dream is being tested near Whitestown in an effort to strike oil. James Webster, some years ago, purchased a 40-acre farm a half mile east of Whitestown. He lived in Ohio, and died there two years ago. He had a dream that there was oll

on his Boone county farm, and when he next visited the place he drove a stake in the exact spot indicated in his dream as the oil well site. He willed an interest in the farm to his twin brother, with the provision that the latter sink the well. The brother has made no effort since then to drill the well.

The widow has now taken the matter up, and, on behalf of herself and the brother, will sink the well. Her home is in Sandusky, O.

dered.

Mr. Stacey reported that, owing to

warrant the assurance by Mr. Esch that the facts would be presented to the Indian commissioner at Washington at once, and an investigation or-

New Drink Threatens Extermination | makes him a hopeless imbecile, if used to excess Through the Nebraska Indians, Mr.

ment interfere.

by Cardin Rice.

TRACED TO A BULL CALF.

Wild Animai Mystery in Indiana

Town Has Satisfactory Solution.

which has been frightening the peo-

county, proves to be a bull calf owned

It develops that G. W. Hadley,

peddler, amused himself and confi-

dential friends by catching the calf

One night while three of the

Several men, who were trying to

Boonville, Ind.-The wild beast