

LOVE AND LAW

By the author of BONNY'S LOVERS

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"You are Mr. Rowton's—brother?" she asked, without replying to my remark.

"No," I answered; "I am his junior partner."

"He is ill, I believe?"

"He has been ill, but is recovering. He was not able to come today." I added, with a shade of pique in my mind. Was she regretting that I had taken the place of Rowton, who was probably well known to her.

"I am sorry—for his illness," she said, "but glad that he—that—that—stammering and sitting down suddenly—I think because she was trembling too much to stand, 'Mr—'"

"Fort," I suggested quietly.

"Mr. Fort—I beg your pardon," she said, hurriedly; "but—the time is so short—I am so anxious to say something to you. I hardly know how—with increasing nervousness—but I must say it—I—raising her eyes once more to mine—"I think I may speak to you. You will not think it strange."

"I shall be only too glad to be of use to you," I responded, with hardly-repressed eagerness.

"Mr. Rowton," she said more calmly, "is prejudiced. You—oh, I must say it plainly—have been sent for to make my dear uncle's will; we all know it—it is no secret. Mr. Fort, I want to tell you that if—if he should wish to put me—a sweet faint flush dawned over her pale cheeks—"In the place which should be my cousin's—Mr. Charles Branscombe—I could never consent to wrong him—never! It seems dreadful to talk about it, I know, but there is no other way. Will you say what you can for Charlie—Mr. Branscombe—and persuade my uncle not to do him this injustice? I know that lawyers can suggest a great deal at such times—and you see"—wringing her hands in

Nona Stanhope Branscombe, spinster, and her lawful heirs in perpetuity for ever, for her sole and separate use, and independent of the control of any husband she may hereafter take, and on the condition that such husband shall not be Charles Umphelby Branscombe."

These were the words dictated to me in a firm but faint voice by the dying Colonel as I sat by the bedside to which I was hastily summoned early in the morning succeeding my arrival. "All and absolutely." There was no compromise in the words, no falter in the sick man's tone, only perhaps a sterner set of the pale lips as the fiat went forth, showing that the hope which had lingered so long in the faithful old heart had died at last.

A silence followed, broken only by the sound of my pen as it traveled rapidly over the paper, and, in spite of my promise of the previous night, not a word of protest or amendment escaped my lips. Was I not doing the best I could for her? I was conscious of a little flutter at my heart as my hand traced the words, "Nona Stanhope Branscombe," and—for I was not yet sufficiently practiced in my profession to be hardened to such experiences—of an oppressive sense of awe and solemnity overshadowing the scene. It was indeed one of the most solemn I have ever witnessed, before or since.

The first gleams of the summer dawn came through the open window and fell full upon the stately figure of the dying Colonel, as he lay propped up by pillows, on the large four-post bedstead. The rosy light touched, with a strange incongruous levity, the noble features upon which was set the majestic seal of the King of Terrors. On one side of the Colonel's bed stood the grave physician, his finger on the

something of what had taken place in his room that morning. I could scarcely be mistaken in thinking that she made more than one attempt to speak to me alone. She lingered about, looking listlessly from the windows whilst Miss Elmslie gave me a long history of the Lea; and, when the latter settled herself finally at the writing table, with a pile of unanswered letters before her, I certainly detected a look of disappointment—even of vexation—on the fair face of her young cousin.

Perhaps it was because of my unwonted idleness that I learned in the course of those twelve hours to read every change of expression in those lovely features, and to know every one of them by heart. And had it not been that I had reasons of my own—coherent ones—for resisting the appeal in the wistful blue-gray eyes, I must have acceded to the invitation which I read only too plainly in them.

CHAPTER IV.

But how could I tell Miss Branscombe that things were going exactly contrary to her wishes, and that, too, without the faintest effort on my part to stay their course? How could I let her know that if only five minutes more of strength and power were given back to the nerveless hand of the old man upstairs, she would most assuredly supplant her cousin Charles and become the mistress of Forest Lea and Branscombe, and "all the lands, messages, and tenements thereto appertaining?" I was a coward, I know, but I could not bring myself to run all the risks of the disclosure or to change the confidence with which she had honored me into distrust and indignation.

And there was something dangerously sweet in the secret understanding with this lovely young girl—the very embodiment of innocence and purity, as she appeared to me—a very Una indeed. I was thoroughly conversant with the ordinary type of "society" young ladies; I had flirted with a certain number of nineteenth-century young women; and although with, as I now knew, a large reserve-fund of genuine sentiment in my nature to draw upon, I had never yet been tempted to idealize one of the free-mannered sirens, who called me by appropriate nicknames, wrested five-pound notes from me with "stand and deliver" determination at bazaars, betted and won brooches and gloves at Hurlingham and Sandown. I had never been in love—sometimes I believed I never should be. I will not say that I had not sometimes beneath the light, frothy surface a regretful hankering after the supreme experience missing from my thirty years of life.

Miss Nona Branscombe came upon me as a revelation—a thing apart from all my exemplars of her sex. She dwelt in a shrine of her own, the saint already of my deepest devotion.

Towards evening an answer to a telegram I had dispatched to the office was put into my hands. It was from Mr. James Rowton, our second in command, who had returned unexpectedly from the Continent. He bade me remain at Forest Lea until the business on which I had been summoned was satisfactorily concluded. This relieved me of all responsibility or anxiety as to my absence from town, and I was glad. I was curious, I said to myself, to see the play played out—nothing more. It was a matter of professional interest and experience, not personal by any means.

Miss Branscombe watched me as I read the message, her face pale to the lips. She was in that state of nervous excitement when everything alarms. I hastened to explain.

"My partner has come back from Germany," I said. "It is a relief to know that he is in London again. I had not expected him so soon; and Mr. Rowton, senior, is still confined to his room."

(To be continued.)

ODD BITS

Of Change Left by Customers Help Out the Cashier's Salary.

Philadelphia Inquirer: Odd bits of change thoughtlessly left by customers form no inconsiderable part of the income of cashiers in certain business establishments, notably restaurants, saloons, cigar stores and similar places where, during many hours of each day, there is a steady rush of patrons. "I spoke \$15 a week salary," said a cashier, "and I always count on an additional \$3, or 50 cents per day, through forgotten change. I do not consider that I am doing anything dishonest, either, because I always make an effort to attract the customer's attention to the fact that he is leaving his change behind. Nine cases out of ten I succeed, even if I have to send a waiter to follow the man clear out into the street. But there are enough of the tenth cases to make my receipts foot up all of the sum weekly I have named. The majority of them are people in a hurry to catch a train or car or to keep an appointment, and they haven't the time to return, even if they did discover their loss a square or so away. The next day they don't care, or at least a majority of them do not speak about such a small matter, the overlooked change seldom being more than five or ten cents, and I am just so much ahead. The proprietor get it? Certainly not. It doesn't belong to him, and just so the money in the cash drawer balances with the register he is satisfied." The presiding geniuses of theatrical box offices are also occasionally in pocket through the carelessness of ticket purchasers, but with box office transactions the change, if any, is usually in such large amounts that their opportunities are fewer and farther between.

NEW FRENCH CABINET

Task of Forming the Same Considered a Difficult One.

TWO PREMIERS SHUN THE WORK

Brisson Contents Himself with Expression of Good Wishes—Mellie Falls to See How He Can Help—Pressure Upon Casimir-Perier to Accept the Portfolio of War—His Co-operation Needed.

PARIS, June 19.—President Loubet received in audience early this morning M. Casimir-Perier, former president of France and consulted with him regarding the ministerial crisis. The interview terminated about 11 o'clock, after which M. Loubet received Senator Pierre Waldeck-Rousseau. The latter, it is understood, has made his acceptance of the task of forming a cabinet conditional upon the co-operation of M. Casimir-Perier and certain sections of the chamber of deputies, which he hopes to secure. He has consulted with several statesmen and has had a very long conference with M. Lepine, former prefect of police of Paris.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau is meeting with considerable difficulty, but he appears determined. He will confer with M. Loubet again, probably tomorrow morning, before submitting a draft list of colleagues.

Of the three former premiers whom he has consulted, Maurice Rouvier, who was president of the council of ministers and minister of finance in 1887, alone consented to take a portfolio. Felix Mellie informed him that he failed to see how his appointment as premier would bring about a solution of the crisis. Henri Brisson contented himself with promising support and expressing good wishes.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau waited upon M. Casimir-Perier and earnestly endeavored to induce him to accept the portfolio of war, on the ground that his presence at the ministry of war would simplify the difficulties of the situation. Thereupon M. Casimir-Perier consulted with the president, who pointed out to him that he would be permitted to exercise more authority than anyone else over the generals in destroying the germs of irritation. M. Casimir-Perier replied that he had definitely withdrawn from politics, but, nevertheless, would undertake to consider the matter.

It is said that Clement Falliers, president of the senate, informed M. Loubet this afternoon that the senate seemed opposed to the inclusion of Alexander Millerand, the radical socialist, in the cabinet.

It is understood that if M. Waldeck-Rousseau fails the president will again summon M. Poincare, whom he has asked to remain in Paris at his (M. Loubet's) disposition.

Death List in the War.

WASHINGTON, June 19.—Major General Otis has reported to the war department an additional list of casualties among the soldiers under his command, amounting to five killed and fifty wounded, as follows:

MANILA, June 18.—Additional casualties: Killed—Fourteenth infantry, at Zepote, June 13: SERGEANT THOMAS LAWS, Company L. CORPORAL JOHN MOORE, Company L. CORPORAL DAVID E. PAGUE, Company A. PRIVATE NELSON T. LAMORIE, Company I. Fifty-first Iowa: WALTER WAGNER, Company A.

Seize Arms of the Carlists.

MADRID, June 19.—Official confirmation has been received here of the seizure of the yacht Firefly at Arcachon, a popular summer bathing place thirty-five miles by rail southwest of Bordeaux, France, with 4,000 rifles and said to have been intended for the Carlists. It is asserted the Firefly belongs to Lord Ashburton, who is looked upon as being the representative of Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, in England.

A well known Carlist who has been interviewed upon the subject said: "Even if 4,000 rifles have been seized, 8,000 have already entered the country."

The rifles are of the Chassepot pattern. The Firefly arrived at Arcachon from Dartmouth, England.

John Sherman Again Ill.

MANSFIELD, O., June 19.—Secretary John Sherman is suffering from a recurrence of the lung trouble with which he was afflicted while on a trip to the West Indies. One June 8 he contracted a cold which developed into a mild but annoying affection of the lungs. His condition is not, however, regarded as serious by any means.

The President at Holyoke.

HOLYOKE, Mass., June 19.—Sunday for the president was anything but the day of rest that was hoped for. The continual crowding of the curious citizens, the immense jam at the church this morning and later in the day an unexpected and totally unprepared reception in connection with the baccalaureate exercises at Mount Holyoke college, made the day long and tiresome for all. The president was not content with going once to church, but went twice, leaving Mrs. McKinley in the hands of her lady friends on each occasion.

Dreyfus Passes Cape Verde.

PARIS, June 19.—A dispatch from the Cape Verde islands announces that the French second-class cruiser, Sfax, carrying Captain Dreyfus, has passed en route for Brest, where she is expected before Saturday next.

It is understood that Captain Dreyfus will be landed by night and that a special train will be in waiting to take him to Rennes, where the court-martial is to be held.

A COLONIAL EXPOSITION

Remarkable Achievement For the Big Show That Is About to Begin.

THE GATES GO OPEN JULY 1, 1899.

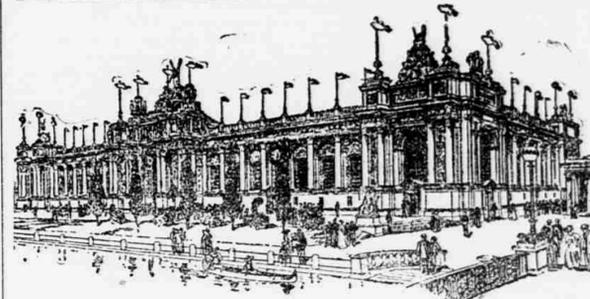
A Great Collection of Interesting Exhibits Brought From Our New Colonial Possessions—Vast Sums Spent to Bring Together that Which Will Edify and Instruct.

Never before in the history of exposition building have such grand results been accomplished in the same length of time as in the First Greater American Colonial Exposition, to be held in Omaha from July 1 to November 1. The buildings and grounds of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition,

tion on a vital question and to furnish enlightenment to thousands who are discussing territorial expansion and are intensely interested in the outcome of the new policy which the nation is entering upon. Few are thoroughly informed on any phase of this important issue and this fact is due to the general lack of definite knowledge of the several islands and their inhabitants.

The First Greater America Colonial Exposition solves a perplexing problem.

It would be impossible for the majority of the people of the United States to visit these far away islands, but it is comparatively an easy undertaking to bring to this country representatives of the native people and exhibits showing their resources, industries, and the possibilities of the islands wherein they live. This has been done, and when the gates of the Exposition open on July 1st those who are seeking facts upon which to base conclusions, will find that which could not be seen and learned in months of travel and research.



AGRICULTURE BUILDING.

which represent the expenditure of more than \$2,000,000, have been leased by the present exposition company, but in all other respects the exhibition will be entirely different from that of last year. The dominant feature, in fact the key note, will be the magnificent and exhaustive exemplification of the resources, products, manufac-

Many improvements have been made in the grounds and buildings. Thousands of trees, plants, shrubs and flowers from tropic and sub-tropic lands have been added to the ground decorations, and the night illumination which won so much praise last year has been vastly improved upon. Several new and startling electrical ef-



GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

tures and possibilities of those islands of the seas acquired in the recent war. The people of the Philippine Islands, Hawaii, Cuba and Porto Rico will be represented in considerable numbers, and their home life, occupations, dress, customs, ceremonies and characteristics will be faithfully portrayed. The United States government has materi-

fects have been introduced, notably the fairy gardens and the lighting of the statutory upon the buildings.

Three great events are promised for the opening week. On July 1 the formal ceremonies instituting the exposition will be held. July 3 there will be exercises commemorative of the destruction of the Spanish fleet at



MINES AND MINING BUILDING.

ally aided the exposition management in securing representatives types of these people and the splendid exhibits from the several islands. The great colonial exhibits building and portions of several other large buildings will be utilized for the display of the resources of our far distant pos-

Santiago. It will be known as Schley day and the gallant admiral will be present to receive the greetings of an admiring people. The nation's Natal day will receive fitting observance on the following day, and the people of Iowa and Nebraska have been invited to join in the demonstration. On each



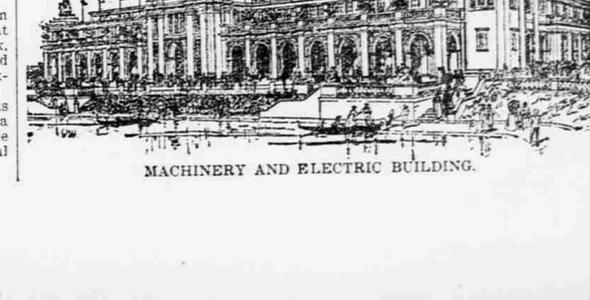
MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

sessions and the work of securing such an exhibit, which usually covers a period of two or three years, has, with government assistance, been accomplished in a few short months.

The coming exposition is destined to fulfill an educational mission, to bring to the people of this country informa-

of these occasions speakers of national prominence will be present in the capacity of orators.

The enchanted island at the Greater America Exposition in Omaha this summer will contain a marvelous troupe of marionettes performing amidst elaborate scenic effects.



MACHINERY AND ELECTRIC BUILDING.



THE FIRST GLEAM OF DAWN FELL UPON THE STATELY FIGURE OF THE DYING COLONEL.

agony of earnestness—"there is no other chance. Charlie is not so—so unworthy as Mr. Rowton thinks—he is not, indeed; and he has always believed that he would be my uncle's heir. I—I could not take his place. It would be wicked and base. I could never hold up my head if such a thing were done."

"It would not be your doing," I suggested gently. "You would be blameless. Is Colonel Branscombe—"

"If he leaves the estate to me I shall simply hand it over at once to my cousin. You can tell my uncle so, Mr. Fort," she exclaimed vehemently; "then he will see how useless it would be."

Two or three suggestions occurred to me, but I had not the heart to put them before her. If her intentions were announced to Colonel Branscombe he might find another heir, less scrupulous and disinterested, or he might so tie up the bequest to his niece as to stay her too generous hand. With the knowledge I had gained of Charlie, the latter course would certainly be my advice, if so unlikely a chance as being asked should occur.

"You will do your best?" entreated Miss Branscombe.

"Yes, I will do my best," I assented, not without a guilty consciousness of a mental reservation which would hardly have satisfied Miss Branscombe had she guessed at it. The opening of the door behind me and the rustling of silk put an end to the tete-a-tete. There entered a little old lady with white hair, and the same shadow of dread and anxiety which pervaded the house lurked in her soft dark eyes. "Mr. Fort—my cousin, Miss Elmslie," said Miss Branscombe, doing the honors with a quiet dignity which covered her previous agitation. And at the same moment dinner was announced.

CHAPTER III.

"My estates of Forest Lea and Branscombe, moneys in funds, mortgages, etc., all and absolutely, with the exception of the general legacies aforementioned, in trust for my niece,

patient's pulse; on the other a splendid deerhound nestled his head against the master's cold hand. A group of anxious domestics hung together at the end of the long room, out of earshot, and watched with silent but eager zeal for the opportunity of rendering any of the little last services to their beloved master.

The Colonel's voice broke the stillness as I raised my head, at the conclusion of my task.

"This, my last will and testament," he said with emphasis, "remains in your charge, Mr. er—"

"Fort," I interpolated quietly.

"Mr. Fort," repeated the Colonel, "until the day of my funeral, when you will read it to those concerned."

"I accept the charge," I said, and as I spoke the sense of awe and solemnity already upon me deepened, and made me feel the words to be a sacred pledge. Was it a foreshadowing of all which that trust was to involve in the unguessed future?

"The signature," I was beginning, when a sign from the doctor stopped me. I saw that Colonel Branscombe's head had fallen back and that his eyes had closed. Had the end come, after all, before Forest Lea could be saved from the ruthless hands of Charlie Branscombe?

It seemed so indeed for the next few minutes; then the efforts of the skillful physician proved successful, and the ebbing life came slowly back again. The eyelids quivered, the pallid lips moved.

Dr. Marshall beckoned me to his side.

"He cannot sign yet," he whispered. "Was he an adherent of Charlie's? Keep near at hand. We will call you when he has rallied sufficiently for the effort."

I retired—unwillingly. I must confess—and the long day dragged slowly on, without the summons which I was momentarily expecting. Miss Branscombe and Miss Elmslie appeared at the breakfast table and did the honors courteously but gravely. Evidently they knew of the Colonel's more critical state, and Miss Nona at least knew