

LOVE AND LAW

By the author of BONNY'S LOVERS

CHAPTER XVII.

The mollified officer produced a paper, over which Mr. Walker pored for about five minutes.

"I don't see anything about searching my house there," he remarked grimly, as he handed the document back to Mr. Brown. "Perhaps you'll put your finger on the place, and I'll give in."

"It's a warrant for the apprehension of Charles Branscombe, gentleman," said the officer pompously, "on a charge of—ahem—felony—a very serious charge."

"And what the dickens," cried the old gentleman, irritably, "have I got to do with Charles Branscombe or any other felon, I should like to know?"

"He was seen last close to this house," said Mr. Brown, "and—"

"And whilst you've been jabbering here he's had time to get far enough away from it, I should say," interrupted Mr. Walker, contemptuously, "ignoring a sign from his wife, who threw open the door with a civil—"

"You're welcome to look upstairs and down, and wherever you like, sir."

As Mr. Brown descended to the garden, after an elaborate investigation of every room in the house, Mr. Widdrington came up the path from the pea-vines, and, catching sight of the officer, "went for" him on the spot.

Mr. Brown was a well-built fellow, standing six feet one in his stockings, and the detective was a wiry little man, hardly reaching above his shoulder, yet the officer staggered under the grip of the shrewy hand.

"You—you blind idiot!" gasped the excited Widdrington, as he shook his subordinate heavily to and fro. "You unfounded dunderhead! Do you see what you have done? You have let the man slip through your fingers, just as we had run him to earth. Look there!"

"There," by the overturned basket filled with green pea-pods, lay a bundle composed of a blue cotton gown and a white muslin cap.

Mr. Brown's bewildered gaze traveled from the bundle to the garden alley.

solutions as Mrs. Walker's cup of tea. Mr. James Brown, looking terribly crestfallen, followed his superior along the field-path to the spot where Smith and Varley awaited them.

"The man's gone," said the detective, briefly. "Has anything passed this way?"

"Not a living thing," answered Smith, who was from Scotland Yard—"nothing but a hay wagon from the field yonder. I saw it loading all the time."

And Mr. Smith had seen also a tired laborer, lolling at full length on the top of the hay cart, half asleep, and with his battered felt hat slouched over his face to keep off the rays of the sun. What he did not see was the laborer's alert descent from his billowy couch as soon as the cart turned the corner, nor the grin on the wagoner's face as a golden sovereign was passed from his "mate's" hand to his own; and what he did not hear was the laborer's song—a song in a musical voice, too—as he lurched across the quiet fields towards the not distant coast. The refrain of that song was peculiar for a bucolic singer:

"They don't know everything down in Judee."

CHAPTER XVIII.

One week after our wedding day an epistle reached my wife, the audacity of which simply overwhelmed us. We read and reread it, and finally indulged in a hearty laugh over it. It was worded as follows:

"June 18th, 18—

"My Dear Coz.—I'm open to a compromise; tell your lawyers so. I will make over Forest Lea to you—I don't care to live there—and you will pay me, say, half of the income. In the absence of the will which Fort asserts was made by your uncle, but which he has never produced, I can of course claim the whole. But we are cousins, and I don't wish to be hard on you. The old governor ought to have left you something, if he didn't."

"Messrs. Smithson and Wright, of Russell street, Russell square, have in-

thing more?" I inquired. "That day, when I met you together, for instance?"

"You have no right to ask me such questions," Nona replied with dignity, "and if you please, we will talk business."

"Yes, we will talk business," I assented. "Do you know, my dearest, that in the present phase of the affair, it is Mr. Branscombe who gives you the half of Forest Lea—not you who give it to him. Without the will, which clearly he does not intend to surrender, he is the possessor of the estate."

"Does it matter?" asked my wife. "No," I answered, shrugging my shoulders. "It is simply a detail."

"And there will be nothing to prevent the compromise?" asked this determined little woman, anxiously.

"Nothing excepting the restitution of the will. You could not, in that case, give away anything."

"Then I hope it will never be restored. In fact," said my wife with emphasis, "I would not receive it; I would destroy it."

"Then you must not take me into your confidence," I laughed. "I can't have anything to do with compounding a felony."

Nona was never tempted to carry her threat into execution. Charlie Branscombe's troublesome career came to a sudden end by the bursting of an overcharged rifle on a hunting expedition; and amongst the papers handed over to us by a foreign banker was the missing will.

It was not without some natural tears to his memory that his faithful-hearted cousin accepted at last her inheritance; and, if she is now consoled by the fair bright face of a young Harold Branscombe Fort, who, as second son, is to be the heir—as he is the namesake—of the good old colonel, she still loves to trace in the frank, delicate features a likeness to the lost playmate of her youth.

And I am no longer jealous. (The End.)

CURIOUS PETS FOR WOMEN.

Some minds are strikingly original, even in the choice of pets. Certainly this was the case with the wife of a gentleman farmer who made a pet of a pig. The animal lost its mother early, and the lady, taking pity on the little orphan, bore it off to the kitchen, where she succeeded by the aid of a feeding bottle, in rearing it.

The pig became a great pet, and used to follow its owner like a dog. It could hardly have been its outward attraction that won her heart; it must have been its qualities which endeared it to her.

Another very singular pet was that of a frog, which was tamed by a young girl in the country and would come out from under the leaves at her approach to be fed with a strawberry.

A lady who was confined to her room had a fowl which, before her illness, was a constant companion. It used to be regularly brought to her room every morning to see her and be fed by her own hands, and allowed to take a short walk about her room.

Another member of the feminine gender actually made a pet of a turkey, and declared it should "never be eaten, but die in its own good time," which it did of old age.

A much more extraordinary instance of a strange pet, for a woman, at any rate, was where an old lady so far overcame the natural repugnance of her sex as to tame a mouse which had been caught in her store cupboard. So successful was her treatment that at last the tiny animal would take crumbs from its mistress' fingers.—Woman's Life.

THE BEST OF IT.

And Still Lovely Woman is Clamoring for Her Rights.

Every man has his day; but thanks to his gallantry, woman has every day. If reasonably indulgent, she is mistress of her destiny. She has her finger in all sorts of pie, writes Jean Pogue in the Boston Home Journal. Her sins are forgiven her. If she murders a man who has failed to treat her like the perfect lady she was not, the jury is pretty apt to acquit her, taking into consideration the naughtiness of the man. On the other hand if she treats a man nastily, and he does her quietus make with a large bodkin, twelve good men and true disbelieve his story and order him to the scaffold. If she sues her lover for breach of promise, she gets at least a part of what she sues for. If he sues her he gets the ha-ha from all the newspapers. In case of a quarrel in which she is to blame, she has a court of last resort which is closed to mankind—she can always shed tears when she finds things are not going her way. If she loses a part of woman's glory—her golden locks—she may piece out the remainder with some adroitly commingled curls, to the eternal deception of the public, and so never hear the remarks of derision turned toward her bald-headed husband. If she's an actress she can play Juliet and Hamlet both, while the male Thespian, though he may make a better Hamlet, is precluded by public prejudice and an insipid black beard from ever looking at the moonlight and asking Romeo wherefore he is Romeo. And still she asks for her "rights" and seeks for "power." The first person who asked for the earth, and then scolded because it was not fried on both sides and turned over, must have been of the sex that brought Adam to grief with an apple.

An industrious man with good sense doesn't have to depend upon luck.

CLASSIFYING PAUPERS.

Comforts and Privileges for Those Deserving Them.

In opening "classification wards" the Fulham guardians have taken a notable departure and the result of their experiment will be watched with interest, says the London Telegraph. Prior to 1895 the inmates of workhouses were only classified according to age and without reference to character or past career. In January of that year the local government board issued a circular directing that so far as circumstances permitted there might be a subdivision of the inmates with reference to their moral character and behavior or their previous habits. The Fulham guardians appointed a committee, which has drawn up a scheme, and a large company attended at the workhouse in Fulham Palace road recently, when practical effect was given to the chief recommendation of the committee. The Rev. P. S. G. Probert, the chairman of the board, explained that two comfortable and well-furnished wards are henceforth to be provided for the separate accommodation of the aged and deserving poor only. About sixty men and about the same number of women have been selected as worthy to be included in this class. All are over 65 years of age, have fallen on evil days through no fault of their own, and until compelled to seek the shelter of the workhouse, led respectable lives. In the case of the men, many have lived in the parish nearly all their lives and several have been rate-payers for a long series of years. They will, so long as their conduct is good, enjoy certain privileges—of increased leave of absence, separate wards, a garden reserved for their sole use and a smoking room for the men. The dietary meantime remains the same as in the other parts of the house, but it is hoped the local government board may in this respect allow certain relaxations.

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The September Atlantic.

President Charles Kendall Adams opens the September Atlantic with a review of "The Irresistible Tendencies," the spirit of the ages, the great movements of centuries or generations, which change the face of the world; instancing chiefly the spirit of individualism, to which he attributes the wonderful advances in liberty and progress of the last four hundred years. He claims that the fundamental fact is the advance of civilization upon barbarism. He maintains that it is the ever irresistible encroachment of the modern spirit upon the spirit of antiquity; electricity driving out the rush light; the white man ever civilizing the red man or pushing him out of the way. And this great movement is in the interests of a larger and a richer and a higher humanity.

Western Intellectual Products.

"The Farmer's Cheerful Helper" is the title of a book for which a copyright has been granted to the author, G. W. Hamilton of Des Moines.

Patents have been allowed but not yet issued as follows: To W. H. Lyon and J. C. Wallich, of Creston, Ia., for a mail pouch that is adapted to be opened and closed quicker than the old style and when closed and locked access to the contents without a key is impossible except by cutting a flexible part thereof. To W. D. Weir of Gilmore City, Ia., for a portable and transformable hoisting machine. A mast is mounted on a truck, a boom swivelled to the mast and means for operating it, a crane mounted on the truck and means for swinging it horizontally and vertically and a fork adapted for lifting corn shocks detachably connected therewith and all the parts so arranged and combined that they can be readily adjusted to transform the machine to adapt it to be used advantageously in doing various kinds of hard work on a farm.

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THOMAS G. ORWIG,
J. RALPH ORWIG,
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Registered Attorneys.
Des Moines, Ia., Aug. 19, '99.

It is still undecided whether fishing for suckers is an obtuse or an acute angle.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

To what deep gulfs a single deviation from the track of human duties leads.—Byron.

General Manager Underwood of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, has a plan to unify and simplify the titles of officials. Several of the officers have duties to perform which are not shown by their official designation, and on July 1st the following changes will be made: Harvey Middleton, now general superintendent of motive power, will be mechanical superintendent in charge of all shops, and the construction of and repairs to locomotives and cars. David Lee, engineer maintenance of way, lines west of Ohio river, will be superintendent maintenance of way, trans-Ohio division, and D. A. Williams will be superintendent of stores.

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Easy to buy, easy to take, easy in action, easy in results. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, ideal liver regulator and intestinal tonic. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

At a temperance gathering held in a cathedral city in the south of England the chairman thought it desirable to reply to an attack which had been made upon him in the local press. "My opponent," said he, "calls me an ascetic. I hurl the accusation back in his teeth. I have been a total abstainer from my birth."

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Sent by mail, \$2.00 trial bottle and treatment. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

If there is any person whom you dislike, that is the one of whom you should never speak.—Cecil.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup and all other ailments. 25c a bottle.

Sailors are noted for their strange pets gathered in all corners of the world, but of all animals they love, the cat holds the foremost place in Jack's affections.

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It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Any feeling that takes a man away from his home is a traitor to the household.—H. W. Beecher.

IOWA FARMERS' FINE
J. MULHALL, SIOUX CITY, IOWA. CASH BALANCE & CROPPED PAID

The man who marries a telephone girl soon becomes familiar with the central form of government.

In idleness there is a perpetual despair.—Carlyle.

Friend of Dickens Dead.
London Correspondence to Chicago Record: An old friend of Charles Dickens has just died. His name was John Chipperfield and he held the post of lampman and subsequently lamp inspector at the Tilbury railway station. Dickens, who was a frequent traveler from London to Tilbury on the South End railroad, made his acquaintance and spent many an hour with him. He immortalized Chipperfield as Lamps in the Christmas number of All Year Round, entitled "Mugby Junction."

A Valuable Find.
A lad of Rhaidar, Wales, while looking for foxes on the hills the other day discovered a gold ring, a gold armband and a gold necklet. Mr. Reed of the British museum pronounces the articles to be distinctly Celtic, of exquisite workmanship and of great antiquity, at least 1,000 years old. According to the law of treasure-trove, the boy will receive the full antiquarian value of the articles, less 20 per cent.

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SLICKER
WILL KEEP YOU DRY.

Don't be fooled with a meekintosh or rubber coat. If you want a coat that will keep you dry in the hardest storm, buy the Fish Brand Slicker. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

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Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles.—Washington

Read, Laugh and Learn.
When buying a package of "Faultless Starch" ask your grocer for the book that goes with it free. It will afford you lots of amusement and add to your stock of knowledge. All grocers sell it, 10c.

A planter in Yazoo county, Mississippi, reposes faith in the katydid as predictor of frost. He says the katydid began to play his little fiddle this year about June 6, and that if the first frost comes in just four months from that time, "as it surely will," it will so reduce the cotton crop that it will bring a good price and good times in the south will follow.

An industrious man with good sense doesn't have to depend upon luck.



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FOR WOMEN

The debilitating drains and discharges which weaken so many women are caused by Catarrh of the distinctly feminine organs. The sufferer may call her trouble Leucorrhoea, or Weakness, or Female Disease, or some other name, but the real trouble is catarrh of the female organs and nothing else.

Pe-Ru-na radically and permanently cures this and all other forms of Catarrh. It is a positive specific for female troubles caused by catarrh of the delicate lining of the organs peculiar to women. It always cures if used persistently. It is prompt and certain.

The microbes that cause chills and fever and malaria enter the system through mucous membranes made porous by catarrh. Pe-Ru-na heals the mucous membranes and prevents the entrance of malarial germs, thus preventing and curing these affections.

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Cascarets
REGULATE THE LIVER

Ladies Plush Cape

Made of Siles seal garment, lined with serge and interlined, entire garment heavily embroidered with jet beads and sequins. High stand collar and both fronts trimmed with Thibet Fur, Length 39 inches.

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WE READ AND REREAD IT.

It was empty. The innocent little maid had vanished—like Cinderella at the warning stroke—leaving her finery behind her. Another shake from his irate superior, and a glimmering of the truth dawned upon the stupefied senses of Mr. James Brown—Mr. Charles had been one too many for him again.

"He's off," panted the detective; "and it'll be a long day before we get such a chance again! Hang your country thick-headedness!"

The little man literally foamed and stamped in his impotent fury. Mrs. Walker, standing at her cottage window, laughed softly to herself as she watched him.

"Yes, he's off," she repeated. "Trust Master Charlie for being one too many for such as they. He always was the cleverest little rascal—bless him! And they may say what they like, his old nurse ain't a-going to turn on him, let him be what he will. Ay, ye may rave and storm"—to the detective from behind the safe shelter of the closed window—"but you'll never catch him now. He'll be aboard the yacht and away before you've even guessed how he got there."

"What on earth made them fools think we was harboring their man?" asked Mr. Walker, who was strutting up and down the little parlor, swelling like an offended turkey-cock. "Did you know anything about this start, James?"—with a sudden suspicion.

"Don't you ask no questions, and you won't have no lies told to you," rejoined his partner oracularly, as she brought out the tea caddy and trotted off to the kitchen to make the tea.

"Just you go and give my respects to the two gentlemen in the garden, Hannah," she said to the snub-nosed maid, "and ask them if they'll step in and take a cup of tea; and bring that basket of peas along as you come back; you may as well shell 'em when you're sitting down this evening."