

RENT PAID IN GROCERIES

Private House and Office Rent Paid in Groceries Taken

FROM SOLDIERS HOME AT MILFORD

Old Soldiers Crowded Out to Make Room for Relatives and Friends of Officials—How State Funds Are Uselessly Squandered by Populist Officials.

Without a doubt the most open and flagrant corruption practiced in any of the state institutions is practiced at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home at Milford.

Officials of the Home have gone so far as to appropriate public property to their private use; as to pay private bills, such as house and office rent, with state funds; as to dispose of public property and not properly account for the same; as to purchase clothing and fancy furnishing goods for relatives and have them put on the books as groceries and pay for them out of moneys belonging to the state; and as to fill the building with relatives and friends and furnish them with bed, board and lodging at the expense of the state. In short, there is scarcely an offense associated with the saving and obtaining of money fraudulently that has not been committed by some one or another connected with the Home.

James Fowler succeeded Captain Culver as commandant of the Home about four years ago. From the time he assumed control up to the present he has kept both hands on the public seal. After getting his own name on the pay roll at \$500 per year, with bed and board, he set out to have his wife's name placed there also, and he finally succeeded in causing the removal of Matron Ferguson and the appointment of his wife, who is now on the pay roll as matron at \$480 per year, though at this time there is not a female ward in the building.

Though drawing \$40 per month for performing the duties of matron, Mrs. Fowler, wife of the commandant, has spent a goodly portion of her time visiting relatives and friends in other parts of the state. At one time she left the Home and was gone for several weeks, while the only female inmate of the Home, Sarah Prime, the aged and helpless widow of an old soldier, lay on her sick bed and had to be attended by the old soldier inmates. Mrs. Fowler remained away, and, finally, feeble, sick and penniless, poor old Sarah Prime was hauled to the depot and left on the platform with only \$3 in her possession and no place to go or lay her head.

A FAMILY AFFAIR.

Nor did Commandant Fowler content himself with placing his wife's name on the pay roll. He went further and converted the Home into a family boarding house. At various times he has had himself, his wife, his two sons and their wives, his two daughters, and a grand child, all sleeping and eating at the Home at the expense of the state. Half of the entire second story is occupied by the commandant and his relatives and friends.

It is charged, and, presumably on good authority, that fancy linen, laces and material for female nether apparel have been purchased for the daughters and daughters-in-law of a certain official at the expense of the state. In making these purchases, Mrs. Fowler retained bills and vouchers made out for groceries, provisions or other material, so as to cover up the transaction. The fact that the commandant has purchased oysters and other eatables of a luxurious character and had the bills and vouchers made out as butter and other staples in the grocery and provision line is a fact which he himself can not truthfully deny. Nor is it likely that he will or dare deny that he has permitted Dr. Tracy, the physician in charge at the Home, to take flour, sugar, coffee and canned goods from the store room of the Home—goods paid for by the state and ostensibly bought for the Home, and pay house and office rent with them.

RENT PAID IN GROCERIES.

The physician in charge at the Home is Dr. S. P. Tracy. Shortly after Fowler was appointed commandant he issued rations to Dr. Tracy, something which had never before been done, and which is clearly in violation of law. This was kept up for some time until finally, to avoid threatened exposure, it was to all outward appearances stopped by order of the Board of Public Lands and Buildings.

It was a sad day for Tracy when this edict was promulgated. For Dr. Tracy had a very nice thing of it. He not only received rations, but he had access to the store room, with the opportunity of helping himself. It was while this condition of affairs prevailed that he hit upon the plan of paying his house and office rent in groceries and provisions.

He rented an office from an aged widow named Diantha Brown. When asked if it were true that Dr. Tracy paid his rent in groceries, Mrs. Brown said: "Yes, Dr. Tracy, on divers occasions, brought me flour, sugar, canned goods, tea and the like. He told me he got the articles from the Soldiers' Home. I asked him to give me some coal, but he said he could not do it, as he did not give him much of that. I think the last groceries he gave me was in 1898. He moved out of my building owing me \$50 back rent, and I have his note for \$50 at this time for rent, which he owes, only \$10 of which has been paid. I don't remember just how much groceries he gave me in all. I remember at one time he brought me a whole sack of flour."

Mrs. Brown is a widow and is 83 years of age. She is an old citizen of Milford and has a large number of relatives residing in that vicinity, all of whom stand high in public esteem. Dr. Tracy has for six years occupied a house owned by J. D. Cunningham. Mr. Cunningham was asked as to whether Dr. Tracy ever paid any portion of his rent in groceries or provisions. He said:

"Yes, I have received some of the rent in that way. He has given me flour, groceries and canned goods. I

cannot say just how much it all amounted to. He is owing me back rent now, but I have reduced his rent and have required him to pay part of the back rent each month, so that he is catching up. As for groceries, I cannot say where he got them. All I know is that he brought them to my house and gave them to me in payment of rent."

An old soldier who was formerly connected with the home, in such a position as to speak authoritatively, and whose name is not mentioned herein, through fear of his expulsion from the Home, stated that he had seen Dr. Tracy go to the store room, unlock the door and go in and help himself. He had a key and was privileged to take what he wanted. On one occasion, this authority states, he took, among other things, a whole sack of sugar.

Dr. Tracy has his horse pastured at the expense of the state, but whether he is still receiving an allowance of rations, nobody outside the Home appears to know to a certainty.

Dr. Tracy has considerable professional practice outside the Home, but the druggists of the town say that he has very few private prescriptions filled by them. This may explain in part the depletion of the "drug and surgical instrument" fund of the Home, in face of the fact that there has been little sickness at the Home within the last eighteen months.

MANIPULATING THE FUNDS.
The manner in which the funds are being manipulated approaches and reflects criminality. The last legislature appropriated for the Home \$37,474. Of this, \$500 was for furniture and bedding. This fund is practically exhausted, and the vouchers that should be drawn against it and against no other fund, have been drawn against other funds. In one instance a voucher for nearly \$40 was drawn on the "clothing and maintenance" fund for carpets, fringe and window shades.

Of the funds received from sale of state property, such as stock and products raised on the grounds of the Home, timber cut and sold, and the pasturing of stock, little is known of their disposition. None of this money has ever been paid into the treasury, and no report of it has ever been made to the auditor. It is kept by the commandant for "emergency" purposes, though the receipts amount to more than \$300 per year. The commandant reports the amount of money received to the governor semi-annually. The report for the first half of the present year should have been filed with the governor June 1st, but up to July 27 no report was on file. Inquiry at the governor's office elicited the information that "the report had been offered for filing, but it contained errors and was sent back for correction."

About \$1,500 worth of timber was cut from the grounds several months ago. Much of it was sold, but thus far no complete report has been made of it. About a dozen head of cattle and horses have been pastured at the Home all spring and summer, but there is nothing in the reports on file which account for any part of this money. In the last year fully 200 chickens were disposed of in one way and another, yet the reports account for less than half that number. Other property has passed through the hands of the officials, but neither the records at the Home nor the reports on file with the governor, disclose what has been done with the proceeds.

In cutting the timber much damage was done the ground from a picturesque point of view, and, while the commandant affected to make it appear that the foliage was not destroyed through ulterior motives, there is every reason to believe that the primary object was to swell the "emergency" fund.

The "labor" fund is exhausted, the employees not having received any pay since June 1st, thus making a large deficiency in this fund inevitable. June 30 there remains in the Furniture and Bedding Fund only \$8.72; in the Drug and Surgical Instrument Fund only \$29.75; in the Fuel and Light Fund, \$251.10; Maintenance and Clothing, \$299; he has never in the four years of his incumbency made such a report. This statement is made on the authority of attaches of the department of Public Lands and Buildings.

It will be seen by the foregoing that there is scarcely a fund whose condition is not such at this time as to foreshadow a deficiency at the end of the year. In connection with this it may be well to call attention to the fact that, while the law requires Commandant Fowler, among other things, to make a report December 1st, of each year to the Commissioner of Public Lands and Buildings, setting forth the number of inmates admitted and discharged, receipts, disbursements and expenditures of money or other funds (see section 4964 Revised Statutes, 1899), he has never in the four years of his incumbency made such a report. This statement is made on the authority of attaches of the department of Public Lands and Buildings.

OPENLY VIOLATING THE LAW.
There is at the Home, a young man who has only recently crossed the threshold of his majority. His name is J. H. Perkinson, and he occupies the important position of adjutant.

The law distinctly and explicitly says that: "The commandant shall perform the duties of adjutant and quartermaster, or have these duties performed without expense to the state" (see Sec. 4988 Revised Statutes, 1899), yet J. H. Perkinson is adjutant at the Home and draws a salary of \$25 per month and board, washing and lodging. In the official reports of the Home and in his official duties he is known only as adjutant. To evade the law in making out vouchers for his pay, however, he is made to appear as "Commissary Sergeant." Thus, in the records at the Home and in the official reports he is one thing, and in the voucher record in the auditor's office he is another. Under neither title is it lawful for him to draw money from the state. When Captain Culver was commandant, under a republican administration, he had his son perform the duties of adjutant, but he never claimed any pay for him and none was ever allowed.

INHUMAN TREATMENT OF OLD SOLDIERS.

Reports of inhuman treatment of old soldiers at the Home are numerous. Only those who have been there and left the Home, however, dare utter a protest. Commandant Fowler rules with a hand of tyranny, and any one

who dares to complain of treatment received at the Home, or say anything reflecting on the management, is under pain at once of summary discharge for "disgraceful conduct."

A few weeks ago an old soldier named Martin V. BeVard was dishonorably discharged from the Home, and his only offense was that some time before that he protested to the governor against an unlawful assessment that was being levied upon the inmates by the commandant.

Last year, for six months, the commandant levied an assessment of 60 cents per month on all the pensioned inmates to raise funds for "help" in the dining room. All told, about \$36 per month was collected, there being about sixty inmates. Out of this fund four inmates received \$5 per month each as waiters in the dining room. Where the remaining \$16 went to nobody but Commandant Fowler appears to know. Prior to this it was customary to detail inmates for this class of work, and, to all appearances, it had been satisfactory. BeVard was one of those who had the courage to protest against the tax, but this protest counted for nothing. Finally, the inmates raised \$1 to pay BeVard's expenses to Lincoln and he went there and laid the facts before Governor Poynter. Governor Poynter was not disposed to interfere, but when informed by BeVard that the matter would be laid before the authorities at Washington, he said he would see that it was stopped immediately. From that day until a few weeks ago, when BeVard was dishonorably discharged, Fowler made it anything but pleasant for him. Finally, a few weeks ago BeVard, without any other cause, was dishonorably discharged and, against his appeals to permit him to remain another week until he got his pension, was turned out on the world among strangers, a penniless and helpless object of charity.

Another old soldier named Gresham, who has scarcely a crumb of bread to spare, finding BeVard lying in the weeds and suffering from a nursing sore in the leg and moaning from rheumatic pains, took him in and gave him something to eat. From the 3rd to the 10th of July BeVard ate at Gresham's little cabin, but, as there was only one bed and one room, he had to look elsewhere for lodging. Poverty-stricken, sick, helpless and alone the old veteran wandered about in the night until he found a shed, almost in the shadow of the Home, where he crawled in and slept. For seven nights he slept there on the hard plank floor, with no companion but the stars and nothing to shield him from the storms and the elements but the will of Providence. Exposure and dampness, both incentives to asthma and rheumatic affections, had further impaired his health, and, when he got his pension and left Milford, his suffering was so intense that tears coursed down his cheeks.

BeVard had a splendid war record, having served four years as a Union soldier, part of the time in the famous brigade commanded by General Mulligan. He enlisted as a private in Battery L, First Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Light Artillery. For eighty days he was a prisoner of war in Libby Prison, having been captured while gallantly defending a vantage point known as Four Mile Ford on the Potomac. He is well known among the railroad men of Nebraska, having worked on the various railroads off and on for about twenty-eight years. Speaking of the treatment accorded old soldiers at the home, William G. Gresham, a former inmate, said:

"The fact is, Fowler despises the Grand Army of the Republic. I know whereof I speak, when I say he hates old soldiers. I myself, spent some time at the Home. I have taken my discharge twice from the Home since he has been there. I tried to put up with the abuses but could not."
CALLED THEM YANKEE BUMMERS.
"I have heard Harry Fowler's wife," continued Mr. Gresham, "call old soldiers 'Yankee Bummers' and 'Yankee Rebels' right to their face. Now, it is harsh under any conditions to apply any such names to old soldiers, and when you consider that she was the daughter of a notorious confederate, who was a lieutenant in Quantrell's army you can readily realize the magnitude of the insult. The old boys knew who and what she was, but she was the daughter-in-law of the commandant and we had to put up with her jeers, snubs and insults and say nothing."

"Now, there is Perkinson. Think of putting a young man scarcely old enough to vote in as adjutant where he exercises authority over a lot of men three times his age."

"I took my second discharge some time ago and I hope to be able to make a living for myself and mother, doing such work as I can get around town for the rest of our days. Mother (meaning his wife) was discharged from the Home shortly after I left because Fowler did not like me. She is 69 years old and I am 66. She was there two years, and in that time was allowed only two calico dresses, worth about 50 cents each, and two pairs of cheap shoes, amounting in all to less than \$10. The government allows \$25 per year for clothing and shoes for each inmate, but that is all mother could get."

"There is no use talking, the Home is shamefully mismanaged. I, for one, have seen the commandant in a condition that convinced me that he was under the influence of liquor. At one time I remember he had to be assisted up the stairs, and I was that near to him that I detected the odor of whiskey."

"Then there is that man Benton, the steward. He draws \$20 per month and board and lodging, besides money he makes on the side. He is rich and owns lots of property, but he is the steward, though there is no more need of a steward than there is for two governors at Lincoln."

"I do not wish to present myself in the light of an outlaw, but let me tell you that we were being so badly treated at the Home at one time that a rope was purchased with a view to disciplining and making an example of one or more of the officials. I have the rope in my house at the present time. It was not used for that purpose, but it came very near being."

"I wish some of the alleged veterans who are sending out appeals for votes for fusion could come here and see what fusion has done for the veterans."

Mr. Gresham was a member of Company B, Nineteenth Iowa Infantry, and saw four years' of terrible service, having been wounded three times. These are the type of men Commandant Fowler's daughter-in-law called Yankee Rebels. Could any affront be more wantonly and cruel?

When Fowler came to Milford it is reported that he wore a Grand Army button in the lapel of his coat. Some time afterwards it disappeared. When asked by one of the veterans outside of the Home where it was, he said: "I really am not entitled to wear it. Besides, I am not much of a G. A. R. man anyhow."

A BUNGLING JOB.

Within the last year an addition has been built to the Home at a cost of \$5,000. The contract for brick and stone work was let to a fusion contractor at Lincoln, as was also the contract for plumbing. The brick and mason work is far short of a first-class job. Very little cement was used in the foundation, and the outer layer in the walls reveals the fact that a very large number of broken brick and brick-bats was used in constructing the building. Much of the brick work was done by stone masons, presumably because the wages of stone masons are lower. The construction of the building was not supervised, and the contractors followed the plans and specifications in a way to suit themselves. The work was so poorly performed that even a thick coat of red paint fails to thoroughly disguise it.

A fusionist named Blake from Lincoln had the building contract and he left the town owing a board bill for his men at the Grand hotel of \$58, and labor bills aggregating \$75.

LOOSE BUSINESS METHODS.

Loose business methods prevail at the Home. Not an article delivered from the stores at the Home is weighed. Seldom are the goods checked over to see if the delivery is in accordance with bills rendered. In connection with this it is reported that tobacco is bought at the state's expense and again sold at the Home. No positive proof of this could be found, though there are people who say that it is true. It has been customary for certain of the officials to keep tobacco on sale at the Home, and rumor has it that some of the tobacco purchased at the expense of the state has found its way into such private sources. Considerable tobacco is used at the Home. The inmates are allowed to smoke in the assembly room and there only, but the commandant may be seen at almost any hour going all through the building puffing smoke like a six-wheeled "mug" going up grade. He breaks his own rules with impunity. If any of the inmates would dare to attempt to exercise like privileges they would be "dishonorably discharged" instantaneously.

VISITING COMMITTEE.

Perhaps the most palpable fraud on the taxpayers is the so called "Visiting and Examining Board." This committee pays a visit to the Home once a month, ostensibly to audit the books, but in reality to have a pleasure trip without cost to themselves. The members are allowed \$4 per day each and their expenses. One woman from Lincoln, who is a member of the committee, invariably leaves Lincoln after supper time and waits until she gets to the Home before dining. She reaches here about 8 o'clock in the evening, and a sumptuous spread is laid for her. Her train does not leave Lincoln until after 6 o'clock, giving her ample time to have supper, or 6 o'clock dinner at home before she starts.

Between fraud, loose management and needless expense, the cost per capita the last few years at the Home has been greater by 15 per cent than formerly. The state would actually save money by paying the board and lodging of the veterans at good hotels and in addition giving them a reasonable allowance for clothing.

SHOULD SUPPRESS FORAGING.

Some steps should be taken to suppress foraging by fusion officials and their friends. At the Home, S. A. Langford and wife are on the pay roll for doing the laundry work at \$22 per month, board and lodging. This work was formerly done by inmates. The change was made to make room for the Langfords who are populists. Three inmates were shifted out of their quarters to make room for the Langfords.

Adjutant Perkinson occupies quarters formerly occupied by four inmates. It is charged that Superintendent Edwards has practiced false economy, in that he has gone so far as to solicit prices from firms or business houses as far away as Chicago, and at the same time has put the state to the loss of ten times the amount she would thus save by keeping relatives and friends at the Home at the state's expense. The voucher record at Lincoln shows a slight jugglery of the funds of this institution, newspaper subscription in one instance having been charged up to the "burial" fund.

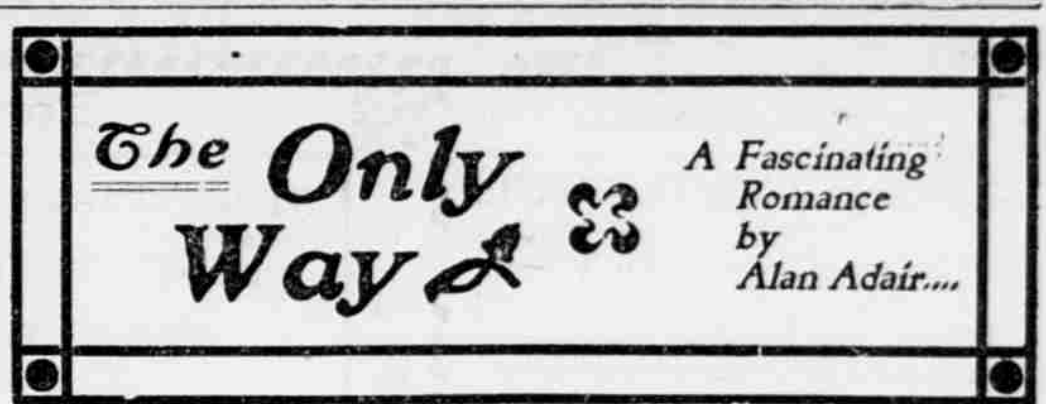
One improvement might be made, and that is, in putting a stop to the practice of permitting the steward of the Soldiers' Home to come to the institution and pose as a minister of the gospel and collect money from the inmates for performing that service. There are ministers of the gospel in Milford, schooled in Biblical lore, who would no doubt for the asking cheerfully perform the service without taking the unfortunate inmates. Upon the whole, however, the management of this institution is far better than the average.

Only recently Mrs. Benton, wife of the hospital steward, paid a protracted visit to the Home. She was accompanied by a lady friend from Crete who also remained at the Home for a considerable length of time. Two of Commandant Fowler's daughters, who are attending the State University, are now spending their vacation at the Home, where they have always spent it. Two of his sons are frequently there.

A private dining room is maintained for these guests and sumptuous repasts are spread, for all of which the dear people of Nebraska must step up to the captain's desk and settle.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

There is another state institution at Milford known as the Industrial School for Girls. This institution, though not entirely free from spoilation, is perhaps less tainted with it than any other in the state. So far as discipline is concerned it is due to Mrs. Edwards, the superintendent, to say



CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

Alan looked at her and her pretty slowness of which he had been so proud, at the beautiful, refined face, at the eyes through which her beautiful soul seemed to shine, and when he looked at it and realized what he was about to lose a great numbness came over him. He could not speak, he could scarcely think. It seemed as if a huge chasm yawned before them, into which they were both to be flung. And so this awful evening went its way. They hardly spoke. They sat hand in hand in the darkness. Life seemed a blank. They had come to a standstill. It was as if death had caught them with their young blood surging in their pulses.

At last Alan roused himself. "I must go to your father, my darling," he said. "Joyce, you will let me do everything for you? Darling, you are my wife, you know, although four years ago I belonged to another woman. I will go away from you, and never see you again whilst Veronica lives; but you will live in this house, and let me work for you. I must have something in my life, Joyce. Let me think that there is still something I can do for you!"

Joyce was quiet; then she said: "There's Veronica's child, Alan. You should try and be a father to it. Poor little thing, it would comfort you." "If Veronica were dead," said Alan, "I could care for it and cherish it, and love it; but neither the child will want for anything nor its mother. But I could not take it away from Veronica, and I do not want to come into contact with her. I do not hate her, poor girl; but I might get to hate her when I thought of you, Joyce—my Joyce, and yet not mine."

He rose slowly and painfully. A great terror came over Joyce. "You will see me again, Alan? This is not good-by. I could not bear it—oh, I could not! Tell me you will come to me again and kiss me good-by! Oh, I am your wife, Alan!"

He put his arms round her. She was half fainting, and her white lips could hardly articulate the words. "I will come again," he said; "but tonight I must see your father. Joyce, if you are not brave it will kill me. You must help me, my own sweet wife. We must pray God to give us strength. It is the only way. I will bring your father to you, and then we will try and say good-by. I will write to you tonight; but after that there must be no more letters, sweetheart. If I continue to write to you I shall go mad. Most probably I shall go abroad again when I have got your life into order. Darling, I scarcely think of the talk and the publicity—that cannot hurt us. You have many friends who love you, and who will be good to you, for you are the sweetest woman God ever made. I was right to be afraid of my great happiness. Good-by, darling."

And Alan went.

CHAPTER VIII.

Joyce gave way altogether after her final interview with Alan. She had a long illness, which almost terminated fatally; but she was young, and had always been strong. In the end her youth triumphed, although she made no efforts to get better. Life was terribly hard. She loved Alan with every fibre of her being. She had known the joy of being his wife, and now he was an outcast from home, miserable, wretched, dragging on a joyless existence; and she had not even the privilege of consoling him. She knew him to be as unhappy as she was, and she was suffering all the rest of her lives, and Joyce had to learn patience from that hardest of taskmasters—sorrow.

Her father took her abroad. Of course her story was a nine days' tale; but she was much beloved, and was generally pitied and consoled with Alan and she had been so happy, and had borne themselves so well, and modestly, that there was no one who did not feel for the young couple whose happiness had been so suddenly destroyed.

But poor Veronica, she went back to her lodgings that night broken-hearted. It was not only that she had lost the hope of life with Alan, but she could see that she had given him his death-blow. And she loved another woman! She was intensely human, was poor Veronica, and the knowledge that another woman had all his heart hurt her immeasurably. He did not love her! He had never loved her! But she had the boy. It was something that she could press his curly head against her aching heart, and drop her tears upon it. Poor little soul! The only bitter resentment she had felt against Alan was that he had failed to notice the boy. But still she had him—he was her own. She waited patiently until she should hear from Alan. She had waited so long that a little more or less waiting did not matter. And he had said he would write—he was certainly a man to be trusted.

And on the third day a letter came. Veronica could not guess what it had cost Alan to write it. He did not want to be harsh and cruel towards the affectionate creature, whose only fault had been that she had not been drowned in the shipwreck, and yet he felt it difficult to be kind to her who had spoiled his life. He wrote that henceforth she and the boy would be his care, that he wished to allow her and her boy enough to live in comfort; but

that he could not bring himself to come and see her. He told her that he was parted from Joyce, who was now hovering between life and death, and that he would not burden her with the sight of his unhappiness. He would always be glad if she wrote to him in any time of trouble or difficulty, to give his advice and help; but that most probably he should leave England. He told her that if she followed his advice she would remain in England, which was a safe place for her to live in. Besides, he would rather that the boy was brought up as an Englishman. There was a lot of tiresome law business to be gone through. His marriage with Joyce had to be annulled, and the old general would not allow him to provide at all for his daughter.

Joyce felt keenly the difficulties of her position, but most of all she felt the separation from Alan.

Alan was seated in his office one day when he heard a heavy step on the stair. It was his old enemy Hutchinson. He was half drunk, but sober enough to want to pick a quarrel. His schemes had been baffled by the idiotic straightforwardness of a man who preferred honor to love. Naturally enough Hutchinson could impose no hush-money on a man who would consent to hush up nothing, but who put away the woman who was dearer to him than life rather than fail in doing what was right. But Hutchinson, baffled at every turn, still had his revenge. He meant in the end to be even with Alan, let it cost him what it might. He came today to gloat over his enemy's misery. Some one had told him that Alan's hair had turned grey, and he wanted to see for himself.

But Alan was just in a fit mood. He remembered as soon as he saw the man that he might have saved Joyce the crowning misery of marriage with one from whom she had been obliged to be separated, that he had deliberately done his best to ruin her, and Alan's wrath burned hot within him. He sprang up from his desk as soon as he saw Hutchinson, and caught hold of him. He gave him a little shake, and, looking him straight in the face, said: "You dog! why did you not tell me that Veronica was alive when I told you I was about to marry another woman? Why did you let me do an innocent girl an injury?"

Hutchinson looked at him. He was going to prevaricate, but his hatred was too much for him. "Because I hated you!" he cried. "Yes, and I hate you now! I shall never be content till I see you dead at my feet, you villain, who deprived me of everything I possessed! And you dream that I should forego my revenge! You fool, to forget that you had me to deal with!"

"Yes," said Alan slowly, "I forgot that I was dealing with a devil, and not a man. A man might have had pity."

"Pity" Hutchinson sneered. "Pity towards a man who ruined me? Not I! But I have not done with you yet, you may be very sure of that!"

Alan sprang at him. "You get out of my office this moment," he exclaimed, "or I will throw you downstairs!" He looked so fierce that Hutchinson went at once.

Six months had elapsed since he had said good-by to Joyce—six months of such utter hopelessness that Alan resolved that he would leave England. The firm of Dempster was going to begin operations in Australia. Anything, thought Alan, would be better than this life. He would work hard and live hard. He settled five hundred a year on Veronica and the boy, and made a will leaving all else he had to Joyce. She would not let him do anything else for her whilst he was

alive. After much deliberation he resolved to write to both women who loved him. He wrote to Veronica a letter which, poor soul, hurt her, although he had no intention of being otherwise than kind:

Dear Veronica: I am going to Australia. I do not think I shall see you again, but I have arranged everything for you with Trusscott, the lawyer. You will have five hundred a year whether I live or die. I hope you will bring the boy up well.

ALAN MACKENZIE.

Poor Veronica cried bitterly when she received this letter. It seemed to her that Alan thought he had finished all his obligations to her by paying her five hundred a year, and Veronica, who was yearning for a little love, and who had made a pilgrimage across the dark waters to a land where there was but little sun, for love's sweet sake!

Alan had a fight over his letter to Joyce. He had said he would not write to her; but surely he could not leave the country without a word of farewell to the sweet woman whom he had wooed and won openly, who for six perfect weeks had been his wife, and whom he loved more than anything on earth.

(To be continued.)