



The Return Of the Disinherited.

By Howard Fielding.

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BY CHARLES W. HOOKE.

MISS ACTON stood by the center table in the library with a match in her hand. The big room was as dark as a cave. She could see absolutely nothing. But what was it that she heard? Surely some one was moving softly over the heavy carpet.

"Who's there?" cried the girl. The only answer was a sound of scuffling feet. Some one was running toward the door communicating with the conservatory. Instantly the knob clicked sharply, but the door did not open because it was locked, as Miss Acton well knew.

The girl had an impulse to scream and another to run away, but her strongest desire was for light. She feared darkness more than the mystery that it hid.

It required less time than the tick of a clock for her to turn on the gas in the drop light and strike the match that was ready in her hand. The gas ignited with explosive suddenness. All that was in the room seemed to leap into being out of the vanishing shadows.

With his back against the conservatory door and his outstretched hands upon the wall as if to steady him stood a young man, tall, lean and pale. He wore a long black overcoat, but it was hung open and revealed the garb of a convict.

Miss Acton let her pent up breath escape from her lips with a sound like a sigh of relief.

"Do not be alarmed," she said. "I know who you are, and I will not betray you. Sit down, and we will decide what it is best to do."

The convict's gaze was bent upon her with painful intensity. She seated herself by the table, and he advanced toward her with the hesitating stealthiness of a cat.

"Some one will come," he said in a whisper.

"No," she replied. "My aunt has gone to her room, and the servants have their duties. However, if you are afraid, you may lock that door."

She indicated the one by which she had entered, and he hastily locked it. Then he flung himself into an easy chair near to hers and fixed his eyes upon her as steadfastly as their nature would allow. They were dull blue eyes, but the extraordinary rapidity of their restless play gave them an effect of brilliancy which suited well the character of his face. It was a shrewd face lacking the higher elements of intelligence, yet far above the level of mere animal cunning.

"I read in a newspaper that you had escaped," she said, "but I did not suppose that you would dare to come here. Yet I believe that your father expected you and that he went away to avoid the risk of meeting you."

The convict said nothing, but the intensity of his facial expression was a distinct contribution to the conversation.

"You don't understand," said the girl. "Probably you don't know who I am. Let me tell you the whole situation in a few words. You knew of your father's second marriage?"

"Certainly."

"He married my aunt, and I came here to live with them by your father's great kindness. We knew that he had a son, and that his name could not be mentioned in this house, but neither my aunt nor myself had the slightest knowledge of the cause of the estrangement between you and him. It was only by accident that I found out where you were."

"How did it happen?" he asked.

"Through your letter to him last spring—the one that he returned unopened. I noticed the Sing Sing postmark on it when it came. Of course I did not then know it was from you, but he wrote the return direction upon the envelope. He sat at this table, and afterward I saw upon the blotter a part of the address reversed, of course, but legible. 'The State Prison,' and your middle name, 'Irving.'"

"Arthur Irving Vane. Well?"

"Then I knew that you were a convict, and it was easy to guess that your crime and your disgrace had caused your father to renounce you. But let me tell you a secret; he loves you yet. I know it; I am sure of it; and that is why I am going to help you tonight, though he would never forgive me if he knew it."

"And you read of my escape?"

"Yes. I read a few days ago that a convict named Irving had escaped with two others. I knew, of course, that you had dropped your last name for your family's sake when you were arrested."

There was a moment's silence. Then the young man leaned forward, with his face close to hers, and asked in a low, intense voice, "What are you going to do for me?"

"What do you need?" she asked. "Food? A hiding place?"

He sprang to his feet so suddenly that the girl was frightened almost to the point of crying out.

"Money, money!" he whispered.

"That's what I need. With money enough I can get out of this country and begin a new life on the other side of the world. If I go back to prison, it will kill all the good that's in me. If I don't—if I get clean away—who knows what I can make of myself?"

"I believe that there is much truth in what you say," she replied. "If I could have advised you before you broke out of prison, I would have told you to serve your sentence and then begin life anew. But I know that if you are captured now you will have to serve years and years in addition to your original sentence. I cannot ask you to do that. It is very wrong of me, but I shall help you to escape. How much money do you need?"

"More than you can get, I'm afraid," said he gloomily. "I must make Australia somehow."

There was a safe built into the wall of the library. Miss Acton walked up to it, turned the knob of the combination lock and swung open the iron door. Within was a second door of thin metal, which the girl opened by means of a key that she took from her pocket.

There were books of account on each side of the safe within and between them three little drawers with pigeon-holes above and below. Miss Acton took a roll of money from the lowest of the drawers and handed it to the convict, who counted it rapidly.

"Four hundred," said he. "I can never do it with this."

"It is all that belongs to me," she said. "Of course we cannot touch your father's money."

An inward struggle convulsed the young man's slender frame.

"Why not?" he said at last. "You say that he still loves me."

"It would not be honest," she replied. "It would be theft. Can't you make this do?"

"Australia is a long way off," said he. "I think my father ought to contribute something."

"No," said she firmly; "I will not consent, and you should not ask me."

"I'm afraid it's all up with me," said the convict, sinking into a chair.

Miss Acton reflected deeply.

"It is possible that if I asked my aunt she might do something for us," she said, "but I can't go to her now because there are people in the hall. They might look in here if I opened the door."

"There certainly are people out there," said he. "I've heard them talking for the last few minutes. But I could hide, you know."

"True," said Miss Acton, "and perhaps that's the best way. Get behind those curtains at the window."

The convict rose hastily. Miss Acton closed the inner door of the safe and put the key into her pocket. As she turned away she saw her companion standing with his face in his hands, while his form was shaken by convulsive sobs.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the girl in tones of sympathy.

"It's nothing," he replied; "only—only you looked that door. You didn't trust me. Why should you? And yet if there was some one who did, some one in all the world who could see the little good there is in me!"

Miss Acton took the key of the inner safe door from her pocket and laid it upon the table.

"You see that I do trust you," she said.

"Thank you, thank you, a thousand times," he murmured, and so strong

was his emotion that he positively staggered as he made his way toward his place of concealment.

Miss Acton passed out into the hall—which was now light—and was greatly surprised to see, in the reception room on the other side, her aunt in conversation with a young gentleman. He arose as Miss Acton approached, and she was the better able to admire his exceptionally fine physique. His face matched his form, being remarkable for strength and beauty, and, moreover, it had for her an aspect of familiarity. He looked as much like the master of the house as was possible, considering the difference in their ages.

"Mildred," said that young lady's

aunt, in a voice betraying considerable agitation, "this gentleman is Dr. Vane, my husband's son."

Mildred knew that Mr. Vane had but one son, and the other things that she knew or suspected in that moment would readily occur to the reader. Without a word to the visitor, she darted back across the hall. The library door was locked. In another instant she was back again in the reception room.

"Dr. Vane," she cried, "there's a thief in the library. I have given him all my money and the key of the safe. I thought he was you."

"Thought he was I?" exclaimed the young man, astounded.

"Yes, I thought you were in Sing Sing and that you'd escaped and"—

"Thought I was in Sing Sing?" he cried. "So I was. I am assistant to the prison physician, and I have escaped—after a couple of days. But this thief! We must catch him. Has he locked the door? Then I'll break it down."

"No, no," exclaimed Mildred. "Run around to the window. He will escape that way. Auntie, call the servants."

She flew to the outer door, dragging Vane after her. In a moment he was racing around the house. Mrs. Vane had run through the hall to collect a posse of male dependents.

Mildred, left alone, hastened to the library door and listened. Instantly

she saw Vane holding the culprit by the collar.

THE DOOR WAS OPENED AND THE CONVICT SPRANG OUT INTO THE HALL.

"I'm much obliged to you for sending the others away," he called out as he fled by her. "You're a pretty bright girl—I don't think."

Mildred felt that this was "twitting on facts." Of course she should have known that he would listen at the door. That she hadn't thought of it, but had deliberately cleared the way for his escape, lent an unbearable sting to his taunt. She could not stop him; he had pushed her aside as if she had been a paper pattern of a dress hung on a stick. But she simply had to do something to show that she had at last waked up to the realities of the situation. Seizing the first thing that came to hand, she hurled it with desperate resentment at the head of the fleeing rascal.

It chanced to be a small but heavily bound volume of poetry that some one had left on the newel at the foot of the main staircase. It would have been no mean missile in a practiced hand, but a woman's bad marksmanship is proverbial. The book missed the burglar and struck squarely between the eyes of Dr. Arthur Irving Vane as that gentleman leaped up the steps leading to the front door. He had had a glance through the library window and had learned the real direction of the thief's flight.

The missile blinded Vane just long enough to permit the rascal to dodge him. An instant later both men had vanished in the darkness that shrouded the lawn.

Mildred sat down on the steps and burst into tears of rage. She paid no attention when her aunt, with the servants in her wake, rushed by to join in the pursuit. Not till she heard the voice of Vane, returning, did she raise her head.

"You will beg the young lady's pardon for all that you have said and done," was what Mildred heard.

Looking up, she saw Vane holding the culprit by the collar.

"I recognize this fellow," the young physician continued. "His name is Irving. His home is only a few miles from here, and it is not strange that he should have selected this house for a robbery that should help him in his flight."

"He need not apologize to me," said Mildred. "I don't deserve it."

When the elder Mr. Vane returned to his home on the following day, he heard the story of his son's adventure. It lost nothing by Mildred's telling. The young man appeared as her rescuer from the clutches of a desperate brigand. The fact that both Dr. Vane's eyes were slightly discolored evidenced his heroism—to one who knew nothing about the incident of the book.

It transpired that the quarrel between father and son turned upon a question of marriage. Vane junior objecting to uniting himself for life to the bride selected for him when both were children. As a matter of fact, the father's views had somewhat altered in the course of years, and he was ready to seize upon the adventure here narrated as a pretext for the beginning of a reconciliation which became complete a few months later, when the young physician, with Mildred's full authorization, suggested her as a substitute for the daughter-in-law that the elder Vane had originally chosen.

Lightning's Work at Perry.

PERRY, Ia., Aug. 15.—Monday night's storm was the worst of the season. Lightning struck three dwelling houses and the Rock Island depot.

THE BOOK MISSED THE BURGLAR.

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CANCER IS NOT INCURABLE

Time was when Cancer was considered as incurable as leprosy. Physicians and friends could give little relief or encouragement to one afflicted with this terrible disease. Even now doctors know of no remedy for this fearful malady; while admitting it to be a blood disease, they still insist that there is no hope outside of a surgical operation, and advise you to have the Cancer cut out, but at the same time cannot assure you that it will not return. You may cut or draw out the sore, but another will come in its place, for the disease is in the blood—is deep-seated and destructive, and beyond the reach of the surgeon's knife or caustic, flesh-destroying plasters. The blood must be purified and strengthened, the system relieved of all poisonous effects before the Cancer sore will heal.

S. S. S. is the only medicine that can overcome this powerful and contaminating poison and force it out of the blood. It builds up and invigorates the old, and supplies new, rich, life-giving blood. S. S. S. is a purely vegetable remedy; no mineral can be found in it; the roots and herbs from which it is made contain powerful purifying properties that act directly upon the blood system and make a safe and permanent cure of Cancer. It has cured thousands, why not you?

Cancer is not always inherited; your family may be free from any taint, yet your blood may become so polluted that a severe and stubborn form of the disease may develop from a sore or ulcer on your tongue or other part of your body; a slight bruise or hurt, a little pimple on the eyelid, lip

or nose, a small lump on the jaw or breast, a harmless looking wart or mole, and other causes so insignificant as to attract little or no attention. If you have an obstinate sore, don't rely upon salves or ointments to cure it—begin with S. S. S. at once; it will cleanse your blood and prevent the formation of cancerous cells.

Mrs. R. Shirer, La Plata, Mo., writes: "A small pimple came on my jaw about one inch below the ear on the left side of my face. At first it gave me no trouble, and I did not think it was anything serious until the jaw began to swell and became much inflamed. At the same time the sore began to spread and eat into the flesh, and gave me intense pain. I tried everything I could hear of, but nothing did me any good. I then began the use of S. S. S., and after taking several bottles the Cancer healed, and there is now no sign of the disease. This was two years ago, and I am still enjoying perfect health."

Send for our special book on Cancer; it contains much information that will interest you; it is free.

Write our physicians about your case, and for any advice or information wanted, they have made a life study of Cancer and all blood diseases. We make no charge whatever for this.

Address, THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

Impure Blood Invites Disease.

Articles of Incorporation of the Norfolk Tontine Savings Association.

Know all Men by These Presents: That we, George H. Spear, H. H. Patterson and D. Williams all of the city of Norfolk, county of Madison, state of Nebraska, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming and becoming a corporation in said state of Nebraska, for the transaction of business hereinafter described.

1. The name of this corporation shall be The Norfolk Tontine Savings Association. Its principal place of transacting business shall be in said city of Norfolk, Nebraska.

2. The nature of the business to be transacted by said corporation shall be the buying and selling of merchandise, stocks, bonds and other securities.

3. The capital stock of said company shall be thirty thousand dollars, to be issued in shares of one hundred dollars each, to be issued as required by the board of directors, and paid up in full at the time of issuance.

4. The existence of this corporation shall commence on the twenty-second day of June, 1900, and continue until the twenty-second day of June, 1950, unless sooner dissolved by the mutual consent of its stockholders.

5. The business of said company shall be conducted by a board of directors, not to exceed three in number, to be elected by the stockholders, at such time and in such manner as shall be prescribed by the by-laws.

6. The officers of said corporation shall be a president, a secretary and a treasurer, who shall be chosen by the board of directors, and shall hold office for a period of one year, or until their successors shall be elected and qualified.

7. The highest amount of indebtedness to which said corporation shall, at any time, subject itself, shall not be more than two-thirds of said capital stock.

8. The manner of holding stockholders' meetings and the method of conducting the business of this corporation, shall be as provided by the by-laws of said corporation.

In witness whereof the undersigned have hereunto set their hands this 22nd day of June, A. D. 1900.

D. WILLIAMS,
GEO. H. SPEAR,
H. H. PATTERSON.

State of Nebraska, ss
Madison county, ss
On this 22nd day of June, 1900, before me the undersigned, a notary public, duly commissioned and qualified, and residing in said county, personally appeared the above named George H. Spear and D. Williams and H. H. Patterson, who are personally known to me to be the identical persons whose names are affixed to the above instrument, and they acknowledge the same to be their voluntary act and deed.

Witness my hand and notarial seal the day last above written.

W. H. BUCHOLZ,
Notary Public.

Free of Charge.

Any adult suffering from a cold settled on the breast, bronchitis, throat or lung troubles of any nature, who will call at A. K. Leonard's, will be presented with a sample bottle of Boschee's German Syrup, free of charge. Only one bottle given to one person and none to children without order from parents.

No throat or lung remedy ever had such a sale as Boschee's German Syrup in all parts of the civilized world. Twenty years ago millions of bottles were given away, and your druggist will tell you its success was marvelous. It is really the only throat and lung remedy generally endorsed by physicians. One 75 cent bottle will cure or prove its value. Sold by dealers in all civilized countries.

August Flower.

"It is a surprising fact," says Prof. Houton, "that in my travels in all parts of the world, for the last ten years, I have met more people having used Green's August Flower than any other remedy, for dyspepsia, deranged liver and stomach, and for constipation. I find for tourists and salesmen, or for persons filling office positions, where headaches and general bad feelings from irregular habits exist, that Green's August Flower is a grand remedy. It does not injure the system by frequent use, and is excellent for sour stomachs and indigestion." Sample bottles free at A. K. Leonard's. Sold by dealers in all civilized countries.

To Cure La Grippe in Two Days.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on every box. 25c.

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SHE WAS BLIND.

A blindness comes to me now and then. I have it now. It is queer—I can see your eyes but not your nose. I can't read because some of the letters are blurred; dark spots cover them; it is very uncomfortable.

I know all about it; it's DYSPEPSIA. Take one of these; it will cure you in ten minutes.

What is it?
A Ripans Tabule.

WANTED—A case of bad health that R.I.P.A.N.S. will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word R.I.P.A.N.S. on the package and accept no substitute. R.I.P.A.N.S. 10 for 5 cents or twelve packets for 5 cents may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one those said testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce St., New York.

Cramer's Kidney and Liver Cure

Have been used and are

HIGHLY ENDORSED

by many persons who have been cured, who cheerfully testify to their curative qualities. Read the following testimonials:

OMAHA, March 9, 1900. OMAHA, March 18, 1900.

CRAMER CHEMICAL COMPANY: Mr. John E. Himoe, the manager of the hat department at Browning, King & Co., had made arrangements to change climate, as his health was so impaired, caused by kidney trouble, he could not work.

A friend advised him to try a bottle of Cramer's Kidney Cure. After taking only one bottle, he changed his mind and is today a well man. Mr. Himoe will be pleased to tell all his friends what a wonderful remedy Cramer's Kidney Cure is.

Signed JOHN E. HIMOE.

CRAMER'S KIDNEY CURE is everything you claim for it—even more. One bottle did me so much good, and now I am on my second bottle, which has done me more good than all the doctors and all the medicine I have ever taken. Would be glad to correspond with any one suffering from kidney, liver or bladder complaint.

GUS DETMERS,
2515 Douglas St., Omaha.
Traveling Salesman for the Newton Proprietary Co.

Cramer's Kidney and Liver Cures

Kidney and Liver troubles, and is not recommended to cure all diseases that flesh is heir to, and we do not recommend any one to take it who does not need it; but if you need it and take it the Remedy will cure you.

CRAMER CHEMICAL CO., Albany, N. Y.

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and Dr. Kay's Lung Balm are worthy of the public's confidence, having known of some truly remarkable cures of Omaha people effected by their use.

Shun substitutes. Remedies "Just as Good" as Dr. Kay's Renovator and Dr. Kay's Lung Balm are not made or sold anywhere. If not at druggists, we will send them postpaid on receipt of price. Dr. Kay's Renovator 50c. and \$1. Six for \$5. Dr. Kay's Lung Balm 10c. and 25c. Free Medical Advice. Sample and Book for the asking. Address

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