THE DAILY BEE --- MONDAY, AUGUST 31, 1885.

HAR I A THE THE MAN MAN AND A THE MAN



ct sexual strength means, health, vigorous of wife. Weak menshould be restored to vigor Catab, 1877.) Address The Climax Medical Co, 504, St. Louis, Mo.

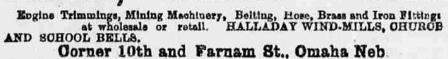
H. T. CLARK COMPANY,

Largest Drug, Paint, Oil and Glass House

in the West.







BY HUGH CONWAY.

Anthor of "Called Back" and "Dark Days." CHAPTER XVII.

A CASE FOR KING SOLOMON. At a few minutes past ten o'clock in the morning Sylvanus Mordle, who for some quarter of an hour had been waiting at the cross roads as patiently as the finger post itself, saw Beatrice coming towards him. He bastened to meet her, and his sharp eyes at once noticed that she looked worn and weary. Had he known that she had spent a sleepless night this would have caused him no surprise. The two walked on until they reached the outskirts of the city. Here, by Beatrice's command, the curate hailed a cab. "Where

hall we drive to?" he asked.

"There, if you please," said Beatrice, hand-ing him a paper. Mordie stared, and could scarcely repress a cry of surprise. The paper bore the words, "The Cat and Compasses, Market Lane." He wondered what world Miss Clauson could want at a fifthrate Blacktown inn. However, he gave the order, and in due time the cab drew up at its euphonical destination.

"Cat and Compasses" was an inn The which had seen better, much better, days, on the strength of which it still ventured to call itself a family and commercial hotel. Fer-

haps it spoke the truth; perhaps its assertion was but a laudable evidence of a desire to regain its former status. It stood in a narrow street very near to Blacktown market, and, judging by external appearance, was the very last place at which either a family, or even one of those dashing representatives of commerce of our day, would dream of stay-It boasted a billiard room, built over a stable at the back, and approached by a step-ladder. Saving this, its attractions were few, beyond the gay looking bottles and neat little kegs ranged temptingly on shelves above a battered but bright powter countera cheerful gauntlet to be run by all who entered the house itself. What could bring Miss Clauson to such a place? Simply this: the widowed landlady of the house was an old friend of Mr. and Mrs. Rawlings. These respectable people were staying with her, and Beatrice had learned

the address given to her uncles. Her busi-ness was to see Mrs. Rawlings. As the cab stopped Sylvanus, who know nothing of the claim made on little Harry's person, looked inquiringly at his companion.

He saw that Beatrice had at a glance taken in the rather disreputable look of the "Cat and Compasses," which was doubtless unfairly enhanced by a man with a sodden, gin-besieged face, who leaned a ainst the doorpost smoking a short pipe. He saw, moreover, that Beatrico appeared agitated. "You were right not to come alone," he said

another."

send for his

companion.

rest?"

ast down.

you understand?"



'You were right not to come alone," he said "Will you step in and ask if a lady can see

A FAMILY AFFAIR ""Yes," said Beatrice, in a low but clear volce, "I wish to speak to you about the child which you claim as yours. I wish to hear what you have to say." on, no, miss, Although Rawlings has neglected business dreadfully for the last two years, and his brother is grumbling, are fairly well-to-do people with a tidy saved, Oh, no, my man is single-eyed, He The woman's face grew grave. "Ah," she said, "I must send for my husband. He's managing the business."

only wanted his boy." "How was your child lost?" asked Bea-Beatrice made an imperious gesture of dis-Mrs. Rawlings looked rather confused.

tent. "What I have to say must be said to you. Kindly see that we speak without in-terruption." Mrs. Rawlings settled back in "I can't help believing, miss, that the poor little fellow was drowned and never found. ber chair rather sullenly, and eyed her veiled But Rawlings he won't have it so. He says he was stolen and we shall find him som efsitor with increased curiosity. Suddenly

Beatrice again spoke: "Tell me," she said, in tones of strong rewith grave dignity. Then she dropped her veil and attended by Mrs. Rawlings went back to the cab and Sylvanus. She had proach, and, perhaps unwisely, scorn-"tell me why you dare to claim as your own a child whom you saw for the first time a few gained her end, but at a price only known to herself. What it had cost her to reveal the days ago?" Mrs. Rawlings seemed troubled. She could

not see her visitor's eyes, but had the uncomfortable feeling that they were gazing sternly at her, as if striving to read the truth in her perturbed features.

yesterday she went with the child in her hand to tell them what she had to-day told Mrs. Rawlings. "And after all," she mur-"We lost a little boy," she faltered out, "a dear little boy of that age. My man is certain this is ours."

"But you-you are not certain. A man may make a mistake as to his own child, but not a woman. The mother does not forget her child, or believe the child of a stranger to be her own."

"My man is so certain," repeated Mrs. Rawlings, "he must be right. Poor fellow, ever since our boy was lost he has been seek-ing him, high and low. It has driven him all but mad at times. Now he has found the child, and means to have him." She spoke Blacktown, an emporium of articles of femithe last sentence somewhat defiantly.

"He will never have him," said Beatrice, ture to accompany her. She thanked him slowly. "Listen to me. There is no chance of your obtaining that boy. His mother knows in whose hands he is. If your claim is pressed, proof as to whose the child really is will be forthcoming. The production will cause pain and grief, but that will be borne, for his services, and he knew that those thanks were a dismissal. He strode back to Oakbury looking very thoughtful; indeed it was not until he was well into his own parish that he remembered the necessity of resumcause pain and grief, but that will be borne, if needful. See here"—she drew from her pocket the label which had been cut off the child's cape—"the person who has a right to that child must produce the half of the case." that child must produce the half of the card

Saturday came. All that morning, the busiest of the week, Horace and Herbert were fidgety and uncomfortable. Long bewhich fits this. When wanted it can be produced." "I know nothing about cards and proofs, fore the hour fixed by Messrs, Blackett & Wiggens for the appearance of their client's

asked.

replied Bentrice.

said the woman, whose understanding could not, perhaps, grasp the ingenuity of the device. "All I know is this, miss: my hus-the drive. Miss Clauson, however, appeared band swears it is our boy, and I believe him calm and at her case. Her woman's instinct poor man. Sore enough he has grieved for told her that all danger from the claimants was at an end. About 2 o'clock Horace turned to her. "My dear," he said, "has much relieved by the amelioration of his extwo years-never been the same man since," "You do not believe him." said Beatrice in the same deliberate way, "but for the Mrs. Miller made any preparation for the

child's departure?" sake of setting his mind at rest you humor his delusion, and are willing to rob another "None whatever. He will not be sent for. woman. You seem to be a kind woman, yet It was but an idle threat."

you are ready to work irretrievable harm to Horace and Herbert exchanged glances They knew it was no idle threat, but they "I mean no harm to any one, miss. If it little knew how the fulfillment had bee shouldn't be my child, the mother can't be of much account who could desert a pretty averted. Three o'clock came-four-five o'clock

too long, and perhaps said more than I ought. If you like to see my husband, I'll passed without any sign or manifestation of hostility. The falberts were then bound to confess that their niece had judged aright. Mrs. Rawlings rose as if to terminate the audience. Beatrice also rose and faced her. "Beatrice appears to be remarkably clear She threw up her veil, and for the first time sighted," said Horace. "Remarkably so," answered Herbert. during the interview showed her face to her

But had Sylvanus Mordle, who spent th 'No," she said, with strange vehemence evening with them, committed a breach or faith and mentioned his excursion with Miss "I have more, much more to say to you. Look me in the face, and feel sure that I am Clauson, the brothers might have suspected speaking the truth. What if I tell you that they had credited their niece with a quality

to which she had no title. CHAPTER XVIII.

publicly - will face whatever the shame, rather than yield it to another? Will these THE SWEETS OF LIBERTY. "O Liberty! thou goddess heavenly things have weight with you, and make you bright! Profuse of bliss and pregnant with persuade your husband to let the matter lelight." Every bard has sung the joys of Liberty; every writer has said his say upon Her impassioned manner had its effect upor her glories. Patriots have died for her, and her listener. Mrs. Rawlings fidgeted about, and her round eyes, which hitherto had statesmen-modern ones especially-have made her a convenient stalking horse. The rested wonderingly on Beatrice's face, were subject being such a stock one, and apt quotations so plentiful, there is no need to 'It's no use," she muttered, shaking her dilate upon the frame of mind in which Mrs. "Not a bit of use. He has set his Miller's acquaintance, Mr. Maurice Hervey heart on the boy. He'll say it's only a late No. 1080, found himself, when Portland "Then I have yet more to say. Look at me again, and listen. Put yourself in my place, and realize what you compel me to do. the formality of once a month reporting him-I tell you the child is mine-it is mine. Dc self to the police, and that general suspicious

stormdrum, was not a signal of danger. The he took me and trasts me. You will ste suit of clothes which replaced the durable prison dress was rough and ill-fitting, but when I tell you I and trying to be a got woman and a good wife, You always sno not such as to create remark. In Loydon at anything good. But, Maurice, for the sake of what we were once to each other, spare manow. Let me live in peace, and a that night there must have been hundreds of thousands of respectable men who looked neither better nor worse than Maurice Heryou no more.

1.1

After this Miss Clauson thanked her hostess

secret of her life to that strange woman can

scarcely be over estimated. Such was her

feeling of degradation that she almost wished

that her uncles had been in the room when

mured with a bitter smile on her face, "it is

but staving off the crash which must come

sooner or later." Here she sighed involun-

tarily. Mordle's quick ear caught the sound. "Nothing unpleasant happened, I hope?" he

"My business was not of the pleasantest

He said no more. By her desire she was

set down at one of the principal shops in

nine need into which Mordle could not ven-

nature, but I accomplished it successfully,'

TO BE CONTINUED.

for the

Free at last! Free to turn where he liked, and, within the limits of the law, do as he The new superintendent of Indian schools has made reports to the secretary of the tra-terior concerning the c mdition of the Ohl-ove Indian Ledustrial school in the Indian teritory, and the Haskell Institute at Law rence, Kan. At the former, there are not 176 pupils. Their teachers are two your ladies. The male pupils are used as farm laborers and the girls do sewing and kitchen work. The pupils range from 0 to 13 years of sge. One half of each day is given for sechool es ercises. Their programs is alow but may be s.idd to be satisfactory. At the Har-enlinstitute, the progress of Indian ohildren is reported to be something remarkable. The pupils are n.pidly learning to speak, read and liked; in splendid health; in the prime of manhood. Free to redeem or cancel the past by honest work, or by dishonesty sink lower and lower in the future. In his pocket the sum of five pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence, the result of years of self-enforced good conduct and unavoidable hard labor. The fingering of this money gave him a new, or at least awoke a dormant sensation. It was more than four years since his hands had touched a coin of the realm. Think of that and realize what penal servitude means) The first use he made of his liberty and pupils are rupidly learning to speak, read and write English, and in the higher branches are making encouraging headers. money was characteristic, and I fear may awaken indulgent sympathy in the minds of the majority of man- (not woman-) kind. He went into a tobacconist's and bought a making encouraging headway. The farm garden and mechanical education is satisfac ninepenny cigar. He lit it, sat down upon tory.

a chair in the shop and for some minutes smoked in blissful, contented silence. The "CANDEE" ARCTICS shopkeeper eyed his customer narrowly. His general appearance, especially the look of his hands, did not seem compatible with what the tradesman called a "ninepenn" smoke DOUBLE THICK BALL. gent." Hervey caught the man's eyes fixed on his hands. He himself glanced at them Two Years. with a look of disgust and a muttered curse. Double Wea TEST. Years of turf-carrying and digging and delv-ing for Portland stone play havoc with a gentleman's hands. Hervey's nails were CANDEE broken, blunted and stunted; his fingers were thickened and hardened. Altogether Sole his hands were such as a person solicitous as Double Thick Ball to the refinement of his personal appearance

There were other actions which showed the ticket-of-leave man to be possessed of a The "CANDER" RUBBER Co. give a better Bul er than can be obtained elsewhere for the sam fastidious nature. The first enthralling solemnity of the refound enjoyment of good money, with their great improvement of the DOUBLE THICK BALL. The extra thickness of rubberright under the tread, gives DOUBLE WEAK tobacco having passed off, he left the shop and went in search of a rendy-made clothing Ask to see the "CANDEE" Double Thick Bal Rubbers in Boots, Arctics, Overshoes, Alaskas, Se establishment. Here he bought a shirt and collar, a pair of shining boots, a hat, gloves,



T.N. Bray however, enough left to buy a shiny black bag. Into this he tumbled his parcels, and hailing a hansom paid his last shilling to be conveyed to the door of a well-known hotel.

1512 Douglas Street.

PROTECT ANDIAMMOTIC destroys the geims of all conta-

YOURSELF

ANTISYMOTIC will destroy all oder and keep the r of your sleeping rooms cool and fresh. appearance. Then, without a shilling in his pocket, he went to his dinner, with which he

AND

ANTIZYMOTIC is without color or edor, and is harmless to clothing or flesh. It is invaluable in the alck room.

FAMILY

If persons wil use A'izymotic in the water in which they bathe, they will find great relief. It soft-ons the water, and does not dry the flesh like am-monia.

AGAINST

Does the sir in your house smell musty or im-pure? Are you annayed with the ocor of costing? Do yon want to stop it? Antzymutic sprinkled about will freshen and purify it cv.ry time.

CHOLERA.

Antizmotic Solutionrs'



SPEDIAL ADDIDE TO Growers of Live Stock and Others. WE CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO

Our Ground Oil Cake It is the best and cheapest food for stock of any kind. One pound is equal to three pounds o corn. Stock fed with Ground Oil Gake in the Fall and Winter

instead of running down, will increase in weight and be in good marketable condition in the spring. Dairymen, as well as others, who use it, can testify to its mer-its. Try it and judge for yourselves. Price \$24.00 per ton. No charge for sacks. Address WOODMAN LINSEED OIL WORKS, Omaha, Neb.



A. J. TULLOOK, Eng. and Supt. G. P. N. SADLEB, Ass't, Eng.' H. W. DIAMOND, Asst. S: Missouri Valley Bridge and Iron Works,

OFFICE AND WORKS LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.

Manu acturers and Builders of

Wranght Iron, Steel, Howe

Truss and Combination

BRIDGES

For Railroads and Highways.

Finsley, Snire Tulock

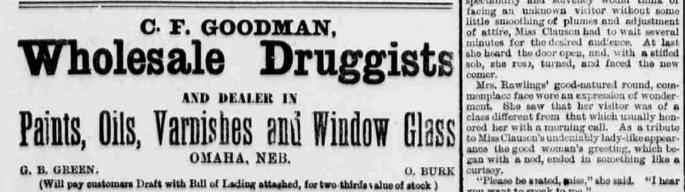
McLouth, Agent.



Please send us word of all bridge work to let. Correspondence soli ited from engineers and bridge



Merchants' & Farmer's Bank David City, Neb. Kearsey National Bank, Kearney Neb. Columbus State Bank, Columbus, Neb. McDona'd's Bank, North Platte, Neb. Omaha National Bank, Omaha, Neb.



Rawlings, Mordle obeyed. Beatrice drew down her vail and leaned back in the cab. She closed her eyes, as if for the moment to shut out her surroundings

"It must be done!" she murmured. He eyes were still closed when she heard Mordle. his clear accents just tempered by surprise saying that the person she wanted was in the house, and would see her. Beatrice moved as if to leave the cab. The curate kept the door closed. "Miss Clauson," he said, "can I not do

your errand for you? This seems scarcely the place for you to enter." He spoke more gravely than usual. His mind was picturing the consternation into

which Hornce and Herbert would be thrown did they but know that their niece was visit ing such a place as this. He felt he was botraying a trust, and until he could assure himself that the ond more than justified the means would be ill at ease. "No," said Beatrice, "I alone can do it Please do not follow me; but I should be glad if you will wait for me."

Very reluctantly he opened the cab door, and with many misgivings watched Beatrice go past the sodden-faced man, who cast after her a look of maudlin approvel; he watched her go past the colored bottles and the pewter counter, and disappear from sight. As she

vanished, Sylvanus, who was shrewd enough to feel that it would be moral ruin for a clergy man, especially one who was but a curate, to be seen at such an hour of the morning hang ing about the door of such a tavern, ensconced himself in the depths of the cab, and waited and wondered. He honestly believed that whatever might be the mission which brought Beatrice to such a place, its object was perfectly pure and womanly. Yet he was unhappy, and felt guilty. Horace and Herbert sat heavily on his conscience. Charitable as he know them to be, prompted by charity as he persuaded himself was Beatrice's unknown errand, he was fully aware that no milk of human kindness possessed by the Talberts would induce them to consent to their niece's exercising the sacred quality in such dingy purlieus, or under the roof of such a questionable establishment as the "Cat and Compasses." The limits of the charitable obligations of Hazlewood House

were strictly defined by the boundaries of Oakbury parish. At the end of the gleaming pewter coun-ter Beatrice encountered the widowed

landlady, whose frame, expansive after the manner of widowed landladies, filled up the narrow passage. She eyed Miss Clauson curiously, and then conducted her to a snug parlor at the back of the bar. Inn parlors of this sort are always cosy and warm. This was no exception to the rule. A cosy, low room, and not without cheerful ornaments, seeing that it boasted a large tea tray inlaid with mother of pearl, several colored prints and a handsomely-framed copper-plate written document, which proclaimed to all who oared to read it that the deceased proprietor was a member of the Ancient Order of Odd

Fellows. Beatrice noticed none of these artistic embellishments. Sho took the chair which was offered her, and, without raising her veil, awaited the appearance of Mrs. Rawlings. As no woman with any pretensions to respectability and solvency would think of facing an unknown visitor without some little smoothing of plumes and adjustment of attire, Miss Clauson had to wait several ninutes for the desired audience. At last

Mrs. Rawlings' good-natured round, commonplace face wore an expression of wonder-ment. She saw that her visitor was of a class different from that which usually honored her with a morning call. As a tribute to Miss Clauson's underliably lady-like appear-

curtsey. "Please be stated, miss," she said. "I hear you want to speak to me."

Mrs. Rawlings shook her head feebly. "It is mine," repeated Beatrice. "I am it mother. Do I speak clearly enough? That

know the mother of this child-know why

it was sent to Hazlewood House-know that if forced to do so the mother will claim it



'It is mine," repeated Beatrice. "I an its mother."

boy is my son. I bore him in marriage, but in trouble and in secrecy. Now will you or your husband dare to lay claim to himto swear it belongs to you? Answer me!" "Oh, dear! Oh, dear, dear!" ejaculated Mrs. Rawlings. Beatrice's face was pale as death. She breathed quickly, as one in pain. Now, that her hand was forced, now that the guarded secret of her life was wrested from her, she seemed to speak like one who, having told the worst, cares little what follows.

"Save myself and one other no one knows of its birth. I loved it and longed to have it ever with me. But for years I scarcely dared to see it. Then came a chance, schemed so that it might come to me and be always with me, and yet no one need know it was my very own. I injured no one by so doing. I had my child and could love it and care for it. I was all but happy. And now, for what can be of no benefit to you, you will force me to tell my tale to the world or part with my child. Yet you are a woman and must have a woman's heart !"

She looked at Mrs. Rawlings and saw that

tears were in her eyes. "I believe you are kind," continued Bca-trice in a softer voice. "You have forced me to tell you all. But I believe you will keep my secret and help me to keep it." She did not mean to sue, nevertheless there was an imploring tone in her voice. Mrs. Rawlings clasped her plump hands together; the tears streamed down her cheeks. In spite of years of practice in plaiting up those mysterious white integuments whose fanciful shapes adorn shops where pork is sold, the

worthy woman was still humane at heart. "Oh, my poor young lady! My poor young lady!" she cried. "You so young, so proud-looking, so beautiful! To be led astray! Oh, dear! oh dear! What villains men are, both high and low!"

Miss Clauson flushed to the roots of her hair. She seemed about to speak, but checked herself. "You are satisfied now?" she asked after a pause "Oh, yes, miss. Oh, I am so sorry for you.

You were right to trust me. Not a word shall pass my lips." "But your husband?"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I must do the best 1 I must tell him it is not ours. He will an. be so unhappy. He's a good man and a kind husband, but rather excitable. I assure you, miss, he was fully convinced that sweet little boy was his. I own I wasn't, but I bumored nim, seeing the thought made him so happy. Anyway I would have loved the boy like my own. Now I promise you there shall be ance the good woman's greeting, which be-gan with a nod, ended in something like a no more trouble. But my poor man, he will be disappointed."

"Will any sum of money-" began Boatrice rather timidly.

usually modest and retiring nature of a ticket-of-leave man.

The "goddess heavenly bright" showed he face, the first time for some years, to Mau-rice Hervey on the very day when Miss drank a bottle of champagne. It is clear that Mr. Hervey, late 1080, had liberal views as to the treatment due to himself. Ho had, Clauson and Sylvanus Mordle went to Blackmoreover, a lot of leeway to make up. He spent the evening smoking the hotel

town. Mrs. Miller, who had manifested so keer an interest in the felon's enlodgement, re cigars and drinking the hotel whisky and mained in complete ignorance of the happy water. Pleasant as these occupations were, he retired to rest early. While he had been event. This was due to no omission on her part. She had written twice to the governor soaking his hands he had cast longing eyes of Portland, begging that the date of the convict's release might be made known to upon the beauties of the white-covered bed. and had mentally contrasted its soft charms her. The letters were dated not from Oakwith the asperities of the strip of sacking bury, but from some place in London. The which had for so long been his resting-place. first letter was duly acknowledged, and the Sweet, truly sweet, are the uses of adversity information vouchsafed that the date could when they teach a man to enjoy the simple not be exactly fixed. To the second letter comforts of life as Maurice Hervey that night she received no reply. The reason for such anjoyed his bed. He reveled in the clean apparent discourtesy was this:

white sheets, he nestled on the soft mattress ind yet softer pillows. The profusion of plankets filled his coal with a rapturous The day of the man's emancipation was drawing very near, so he was told that his friend had written, and he was asked if he warmth. And as he fully realized the conwished to be sent to London to meet her. trast between the innocent luxury he was He cast down his eyes and in a respectful mjoying and the discomforts of an iron cell way stated that he was sorry to say that he ight feet by four, he vowed a very proper attributed his present shameful position to yow: that no ill-advised conduct of histown certain evil counsel which the writer had given him, and which he had followed. He hould force him to renew his acquaintance with prison fare and discipline. The love of uxury has saved many a man from going did wish to be sent to London, but would

rather avoid this woman than seek her. After this avowal Mrs. Miller's letter re-"Besides." he murmured, as he sank off to alecp, "there is no need for fodlery that kind. I am master of the situation. mained unanswered. "there is no need for foclery of

He was an educated villain, who had been sentenced to five years' penal servitude for uttering forged bills. Like most such men, an eat, drink and be merry for the rest of ny life." There are many men who would who are sent into seclusion for the good of the community, Maurice Hervey was able to deep the sounder had they such a thought to sock them. realize, without such severe treatment as In the morning, after breakfast, it occurred was needed to convince the Apostle Paul, that kicking against pricks is foolishness. to Hervey that a moneyless man staying at hotel is in a rather precarious position He had been ordered to pay a certain debt. Pleasant as was his newly-found liberty Misi _anvior meant that the debt would be here was work to be done before he coul exacted to the uttermost farthing; whereas with a clear conscience enjoy it. So he good conduct would in time lighten the obliallied forth, trudged through a number of nation and induce his creditor to accept a streets, and at last reached a quiet back road handsome composition. So he did to the ull of unpretending little houses. At one of these houses he inquired for a Mise

best of his ability such work as was allotted to him. He was too clever to attempt Wartin, who had lodged there some four or the elbow-worn trick of interesting the fiv years ago. Miss Martin, he was inchaplain by a pretended conversion. He agely reflected that chaplains must by this giving an address. Hervey's heart grew sick. In his haste to once more taste the time have grown wide awake. But he work a contented, inoffensive look, spoke civilly to his jailers, complained of nothing, and gave no trouble. It was only in the seclusion of He knew that unless he could find the person he wanted it would have been better for him his circumscribed cell of corrugated iron to have kept his good conduct money intact. The woman of the house, who noticed his that No. 1080 scowled, grated his teeth and clenched his hands. It was only there that dismay, added that the shop at the corner might know what had become of Miss Marwhile his heart craved for personal freedom his lips noiselessly framed bitter curses and tin; so to the shop he went. He was in luck vows of vengeance.

He learned that his friend lived about a mile aw 7; moreover, that she was now Mrs. Mr. Hervey had given his experiences of penal servitude to the daily papers, his de-scription of the punishment of bread and Humphreys. As he heard this supplement-ary piece of news the man laughed so curiously that the shopwoman eyed him askwater diet, dark cells, and that humiliating exercise with the crank known as "grind He walked to the new address, that of an

ing the air" would have had no first-hand other little house in another quiet street. He

knocled. A good-looking, respectable young woman, carrying a baby, and followed by a Before leaving Portland he was told that the "Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society" would doubtless do something for him. He toddling child, opened the door. She gave a low cry, and staggered back against the wall. Hervey raised his hat with mock expressed his gratitude for the information, but added that unless from disuse his right politeness, and without invitation entered hand had lost its cunning, he could earn an the house. The woman called to some one honest-he emphasized the word-livelihood without difficulty. He had been an artist, who came and relieved her of her children culty. He had been an artist, gain pursue that craft under a During his detention he had threw hims if on a chair, and looked as the and could again pursue that craft under a now name, tiven his janitors proof of his graphic abiliies by the graving of sundry slates with complicated and not inartistic designs. These word had passed between them. The man was the first to break silence.

vories of art are still shown to visitors to the prisen as curiosities.

So, practically a free man, Maurice Her-vey stood in the streets of London at 4 o'clock on the second day of the new year. There was little about him to attract attention. By a merciful and sensible dispensation, dur ing the three months prior to his emancipation a convict's hair is left to nature, so that in these days of military crops Mr. Hervey's head, which no longer resembled a Fitzroy know a great deal, not all about my past, vet

Then without a shilling in his pocket h: went to his dinner.

considering the years of separation."

the second second

would prefer to keep in his pockets.

ternal condition.

A luxurious dog this convict!

He engaged a bedroom. He ordered dinner of which even Horace and Herbert

might have approved. He rang for hot

water, and spent half an hour soaking his hardened and disfigured hands. He scowled

as he realized the painful fact that hundreds

of gallons of hot water and months of tim

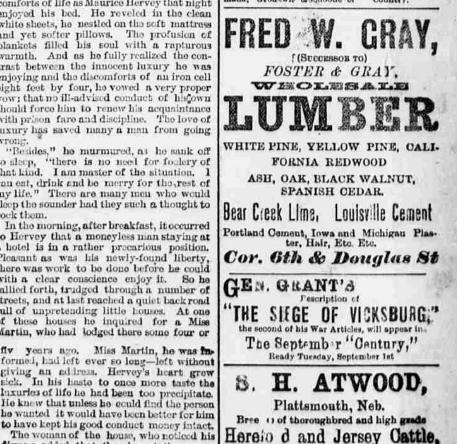
must be expended before these badly-used

nembers in any way resumed their original

HAMBURG-AMERICAN PACKET COMPANY.

Direct Line for England, France and Germany.

Bild (Fermany. The sceamabiles of this well known line are ef tron, in water-tight compartments, and are fur nished with every requisite to make the passary both safe and agreeable. They carry the Unite States and Kuropean malls, and leave New Yor Thuadays and Saturdays for Plymouth (LUNDON Oberboug,/PARIS and HAMBUKF) Rates, First Cablig&c-2i00, Steerage to and from Hamburg \$10. G B RICBARD & CO., Gen-eral Pass. Agect, fil croadway, New York and Washington and La Lelle streets, Chicago or Henry Gundt Mark Hanson, F. E. Moores, Harry P. Deul maha; Gronewir & sonoone or Country.



Ard Duroe and Jersey Red Swms. NEW ENGLAND NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC Hoston, Mass., OLDEST in America's Largest and Heat Equipped is the WO/LLD-100 fastructors or, 1971 Students last year. The rough hastructors in Vocal and Instrumental Minis, Prane and Organ Tun-ing, Fine Arts, Oralory, Literature, Franch, Garman, and Ralina Languages, English & rankets, Garman, ind Ralina Languages, English & rankets, Garman, the Tutkton, 85 to 8 30 board and room, 84 to 975 Participation and the form of the information, address, -Unatrated Calendar, fiving full information, address, -W. TOULER, Dir. Frankling Sq. BOSTON, Main

MERVOUS DEBILIT WARSTON ELWEITY OG., ar DE H. TEESKOW

PENNYHUVAL PILLS woman with a satirical smile. As yet not a "CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH." "Well, Fanny," he said mockingly, "se you are married, and have forgotten more The Original and Only Cenuine tafe and always Bellaha. Demans of wurdthless initiation, individuality of LADIES. Ask your Druggins of "Chickester's Reality and takes muchter for initiation, example to us the particulars to letter to poture mail NAME PAPER. Chickester the minister of URING and the set "No; I am trying to forget you." She spoke bitterly. "And you can't. That's a compliment,



So it is that if upon his return to freedom