AFFAIR. between the two.

## BY HUGH CONWAY.

"Anthur of "Called Back" and "Dark Days

CHAFTER XXVL CONTINUED. Through Mrs. Miller, of course, And by his new light he was able to explain a discrepancy which had always troubled him. On the night when she bade him hope and wait, nurse had told him that Beatrice had aved her years ago from starvation, where-as, Horace had told him, that until she came the house, she was a stranger to them all. He had not thought it worth while to pursue the inquiry.

She, this strangely mannered woman, had made him promise to wait. Wait for what? There was nothing to wait for. Even if he, as he scornfully told himself he could, should forget his manhood and be willing to take Beatrice as his wife even how here here. visionally ally done some work for illustrated period-icals. As this branch of his late profession atrice as his wife even now, he knew that

a barrier, never to be climbed, would be raised by her. He did not wrong her in this. He knew that for all that had befallen she was mourning in mental sackcloth and ashes. He had no blame to give her, no stone to cast

She had not tried to win his love. She had mot accepted that love when offered. Too well he knew why. Yet he knew also that she loved him-loved him but would never be his. The thought drove him half mad. No friend of Carruthers' would have known him, as, with heavy brows and bent head, he walked through those quiet streets of suburban London.

But why the flight! No new dread, no new danger could have threatened her. Did e after all fly because he was coming to Hazlewood House? Did she fear that her resolution must give way, and with one breath she must avow her love, and with the next tell her lover that love could not be be-tween them? No. A word from her would have stayed his coming. She had even as good as asked him to come. She was not aying from him.

Then the thought of that man who was seeking her came to his mind. He shuddered and bit his lip; he knew not why. But his dirst thought was to trace this unknown man and hear why he wanted Beatrice.

His mood changed. He would not seek and also that she spent much time studying He had no more to learn. After what he had this morning heard all inquiries, all information, could but tend to make him ore miserable. There was nothing now left for him in the world but sheer hard work. Work, work, work, the greatest sing ever given to man.

So he walked on and on, almost crying in his anguish, almost raving in his "tter helpness to mend matters. But all the while, do what he could to tear his idol out of her shrine, thinking of her as the calm, fair, stately girl he had known and loved, the one of all the world against whom slander should raise no voice.

Before his aimless walk was ended his mood had grown soft and pitying. Anger had simply faded away. All he could now think of was Beatrice and her sorrow. All he asked was to be able to see her and tell her there was one who would ever be as a brother to her. The wild resolve that he would now acquiesce in her disappearance as calmly as did her uncles disappeared. He would find her. He would go to her, take her hand, tell her the secret was his, counsel her, and, if it were possible, stand be-

truth?

tween her and what she had to bear. But he knew now, or thought he knew, the utmost that life had to give him, and saw in it a sorry substitute for what it had seemed to promise only a few days

Blame her! Why should he blame her! How had she wronged him?

## CHAPTER XXVIL

A HELPING HAND.

To make up one's mind; to vow to find a young woman who has disappeared without ving a trace is one thing-to find her is another. The world is a place of considerable size, and chance meetings are not "o common as the confiding novel reader is asked to bebetween the two. He must find her! As the months went on the necessity of finding her became more and more obvious. He had, after the manner of a gambler, who feels that any hour may bring the great stroke of luck, lived luxuriously. His money had by now so diminished that he saw he must shortly do one of three

tating to those who had the misfortune to quarrel with him. On a previous occasion Hervey had found it almost more than he things, find Beatrice, earn money or starve. The first, the most desirable course in every way, seemed impossible. He had made, both in person and vicariously, such inquiries at Sir Maingay's house as could be could put up with. However, with the exception of slapping his hand on Frank's table he controlled himself for the present. made without exciting comment and sus "I must insist upon your telling me," h said; "I have to make an important busines picion. He had even been down once more to Oakbury, seen the Talberts, but had learned

forman he loved.

communication to Miss Clauson." nothing to his advantage. So course num-Carruthers smiled contemptuously. "Her trustees, the Messrs. Talbert, of Oakbury, manage Miss Clauson's business, I believe. ber one could not be counted upon to meet

the emergency. Course number three, if the simplest, was the most unpleasant, so he was con-strained to adopt number two; at least, pro-Or you might go to the family solcitor, whose name I will give you." "My business is of a private nature. I demand this address. I have a right to ask Before his disgrace Hervey had occasion

Carruthers shrugged his shoulders, ele

vated his eyebrows in true Talbert fashion, and again smiled that irritating smile. seemed to offer him the best chance of sup-plying his needs, he called upon two or three "My good sir," he said, "cannot you un-derstand that I absolutely refuse to gratify people whom he had known in former days, and who, moreover, knew what had caused his protracted absence. He simply said he you? That a gentleman is not justified in giving every one who asks it a lady's ad-dress? Go to Sir Maingay Clauson, he is the was anxious to redeem the past, and begged for a helping hand. Selfish as the world is proper person to apply to. As to rights, I am certainly within my own if I ask you to leave my room. No doubt you see that the supposed to be, there are many willing to help a fallen man on to his legs. Hervey received one or two promises, which might business which gave me the pleasure of this visit cannot be carried through."

or might not lead to remunerative work. The months passed very dismally and Hervey scowled, hesitated and then walked out of the room. He was wise in so doing, as he might have said more than he intended; drearily for the second seeker, Frank Car-ruthers. He knew not where to turn, where to look for Beatrice. However, he was bet and a premature disclosure, indeed, a disclo-sure at all, of the truth would entirely ruin ter off than Hervey, for he had direct intel-ligence from her. Once a month she had written to her uncles, but her letters gave no his clouded prospects. As, from lack of po-liteness, or flurry of discomfiture, he left the clew that could be followed. They here no address; they were posted in London; they mentioned no places, not even a country. door ajar, Carruthers rose and walked acros the room to close it. Just then the door opened and the two men confronted each other on the threshold.

She said she was living an exceeeingly quiet, calm life. She longed to see dear old Oak-bury again, and wondered if it would ever "If you write to Miss Clauson will you give her a message from mel" asked Hervey be her lot to do so. In each letter she re-gretted the necessity for the step she had taken and hoped that if ever her uncles knew with forced civility.

"That depends exactly upon what the mes sage may be." "Will you tell her that I called on you and said the matter could now be easily arranged? her true reason for it they would forgive her. She trusted, nevertheless, that they would never learn it. The only hints at locality in

There's no harm in that." any one of her letters were that she men-tioned that the weather was bitterly cold, "There seems none. When I write Fil give

"You'd better mention my real name. It's not Henry Morris-It's-"

art; was, indeed, learning to paint in oils. These letters Herbert, who felt sympathy "I am acquainted with your reel name," for his cousin, sent on to Frank, and Frank said Frank, with perfect nonchalance. Her perused them again and again, endeavoring by the light he had gained to read between the lines. And the more he read the more vey grew very angry. "Now, I wonder who you may be," he said, "you who write to her. Perhaps you're sweet mystified he became. If Mrs. Rawlings' tale on each other, and look forward to a happy was true, there was something which Her-bert and Horace never could, never would marriage." An incautious remark of the

bert and Horace never could, never would forgive; yet Beatrice wrote as if forgiveness was not an impossibility. Moreover, it struck Frank that her words expressed a doubt as to whathar her uncles had learned doubt as to whether her uncles had learned the reason for her flight. When should he find her? When should he learn the whole equanimity. "Perhaps so," he said carelessly. "I can't

however, imagine it can be of the slightest interest to you." The scornful emphasis laid He searched her letters in vain for his on the last word flicked Hervey like a whip own name, for any message to him. The "Perhaps sol" he echoed with his mocking own name, for any message to min. The omission troubled him, not because he thought himself forgotten, but because it showed him that Beatrice felt there was a studied ease? Don't I know you're dying to fate, which nothing could overcome, keeping | know who I am and all about me!" them apart. So her letters gave him no

"I know a good deal already," said Frank. in seathing tones. "If I felt any wish to know more I should apply at Scotland Yard or wherever the proper office may be." Had he been an idle man Frank Carruthers could never have borne those months of suspense. But he was hard, very hard at work This taunt was more than even the most amiable ticket-of-leave man could be expecton a second book. Believe me, a man does not write his worst when his heart is sad. A ed to let pass. It finished Hervey entirely. deficiency of the gastric juice or a supera-He boiled over. With the violent expletiv bundance of lithio acid may ruin a man's which invariably accompanies such an act he

work, but not necessarily griei. Toothache may prove fatal to inspiration, but heartstruck out full at the speaker. This Carruthers was one of those decep-tive men who at first glance gave little promise of much strength. Yet if his frame ache need not. So pending the appearance of his first book, which had for some reason been delayed, Frank was busy with a sucwas spare his shoulders were square, and all

the weight he carried was bone and muscle. About that first book, a satirical, semi-He may be summed up in the simple word political novel, which, by the by, made a great hit, Mr. Carruthers, like all new writers, wiry; and wiry men, as many a muscular-looking athlete knows to his cost, are not PIANO was as nervous and fidgety as a young husadversaries to be despised. He was far from band whose beloved wife is for the first time being one of those marvellous creatures about to increase the population. One day usually officers in the guards, who, in fiction about to increase the population. One day it struck him that the great work would be at least, can crush up silver flagons, tos with one hand a sixteen-stone rufflan over a He mentioned his idea to the publishers, who ditch or a railing, but all the same he had his fair share of manly strength. After parrying Hervey's blow, he simply jerked out his right arm to the very best of his knowledge and agility, throwing the whole weight of his body into it, and, in the language of what may now be called the revived prize ring, "got well home." These were the only two blows struck, and for this reason: Hervey, when he received where he could find hands competent, yet Frank's blow, was standing on the landing He staggered back and went headlong down the steep stairs. It seemed as if his neck



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lieve. Such was at least the experience of two men, who, from different motives, were equally anxious to find the fugitive. The first Maurice Hervey, the second Frank Carruthers.

Hervey, who, having paid a second visit to Oakbury, had in some way managed to learn that Beatrice, the boy and the nurse had gone to London, bade a hasty adjeu to Blacktown and returned to the capital. The more he studied the situation, the more apparent it became that, to use his own words, he was in a cleft stick. So long as Beatrice could ponceal her whereabouts from him, so long was he utterly helpless. He could, of course, compass a certain amount of revenge but the cost would be too terrific. However sweet a thing may be, it may be bought too dearly. He could walk boldly up to Sir Maingay Clauson and proclaim himself his son-in-law. He could go to these Talberts and show them that he married their niece when she was little more than a school-girl. But what good would this do? His bolt would be shot, and his quiver held no other. It might bring down Beatrice but not her money. He would have to deal with men of the world instead of a woman over whom he held the terror of exposure. He had one tomer for it, his wife, With her he could trade to advantage, but the moment he broke luck for another market his com-

modity became all but valueless. Again, there was that cursed clause in old Talbert's will. Hervey could easily prove that Beatrice was his wife, but in doing so he also proved that she had married, when nnder age, without her trustees' consent, and the said trustees could do almost exactly as they liked with her fortune! Probably they would throw him two hundred a year so long as he kept out of the way. What was two hundred a year when we know that had he not insisted on bringing some one's head down to the dust, he might have had ten times the amount! Why had he not taken the money and foregone his re-

venge? In fact, Beatrice's flight, although not effected for strategical reasons, was a mas-terpiece; a move which bound her enemy id and foot. Savagely he looked forward to the time when circumstances would force him to take the best offer made him. Well he knew that the moment Beatrice nerved herself to reveal the truth to her friends, the moment she elected to confess her girlish folly, and face what shame and blame might be due to her, every shred of power he held would be gone. It was, therefore, impera-tive he should find Beatrice and reopen neotiations upon a basis more favorable to er. Reflection and the risk he now ran of losing everything made him inclined to lower his demands. He would take fifteen hundred, even a half of his wife's income, and if she wished it would enter into a regular deed of judicial separation. He would be silent so long as the money was paid or so

long as it paid him better to be silent. What if he gave out that he was dead and waited until she had married again? Then his sway would be supreme. But to gain this advantage he must lie silent, it might be for years, and in the meantime must somehow make a living. Perhaps, after her former experience, she would not marry Any way the state of his exchequer put a veto on the waiting scheme.

He expected no unextorted help from her. He looked for no mercy. He hat showed none. He had blasted her life; robbed her none. He had basted her his; Fobled hor years of early womanhood of their sweet-ness; he had traded on the romance which lies in the heart of every young girl, then, for mercenary purposes, had turned and crushed it out. He had shown her, may, had, in brutal words, told her that he had married her to raise money in order to save himself from the penalty due to his crime. He well knew what he had done, and knowing this he had not even ventured at at-tempting to cajole her when they measured the stern set of her features-the scorn of | convict a single question. An attempt t

wite agreed with him, only adding that six full-page illustrations would cost so many pounds, an expense they did not feel justified n incurring. But if Mr. Carruthers liked to bear the cost, well and good. Frank, who had money to spare, said he would see for how much he c ild get them done.

He called upon a friend, a Mr. Field, who knew all about such matters, and inquired not too costly. And this friend happened to

be one of those from whom Maurice Hervey had begged a helping hand. So it will be seen that the herinafter-mentioned meeting between Carruthers and Hervey was, like all so-called chance meetings, when traced back to its cause, quite a natural sequence. Indeed it is hard to see how things could have happened otherwise.

"There, a fellow called on me a day or two ago," said Mr. Field, "a fellow who's down on his luck now. He might suit you." "Can you recommend him? What is his

"I don't know that I can recommend him. but you may give him a trial. He calls himself Henry Morris. He's down on his luck as I said." "Write him a line and ask him to call on

me," said Carruthers, who liked to help men down on their luck. "Is he clever?" "He's been idle so long I can't say. Look

here, Carruthers, make him do the drawings on approval; and if I were you I wouldn't give any money on account." "Send him to me and I'll talk to him."

'I say, Carruthers, I'd better tell you, then you can't say I didn't. This chap has

been in you can't say runn t. This chap has been in quod five years for forgery. His name's Maurice Hervey. I suppose he's out now on ticket of leave. He tells me he means to run straight for the future. Now you know all about it and can please your self."

ing for himself, still lived at his hotel. He had taken an office in a quist street some little way off. Here he spent the greater part of the day, writing his new book, cor-recting those delightful objects, the proofs of a first book, or thinking sadly of Beatrice's and his own lot. This office was on

knocked, and Frank shouted "Come in." To his supreme astonishment in walked the man who had demanded Beatrice's address and so outraged old Whittaker's sense of dignity.

"What do you want?" asked Frank brusquely. Hervey explained that Mr. Field has written to him and instructed him to call, so Carruthers knew that the man who was so anxious to find out Beatrice was a forger felon and ticket-of-leave man. He raised his head and coldly scrutinized his visitor. Hervey until that moment had not recog nized him. He did so then, and knew that the recognition was mutual. All question of the original purpose which had brought about this meeting faded from the mind of each man. With each Beatrice was the one

thought "Will you give the address I wanted when last we met?" asked Hervey engerly.

"I will not," answered Carruthers shortly. He did not this time assert his inability to oblige his questioner, because he was un-willing to confess that Beatrice's present abode was a secret kept even from her own tempting to cajole her when they measured strength at Blacktown. Had it been needed nothing should tempt him to ask this ex-

Carruthers was just leaving the room when his friend called him back.

He staggered back and went headlong down must be broken. However he gathered himself up, groaned as in pain, shook his fist a the victor, swore and then found his way

The consequence was that Carruthers, wh held the same belief as him with "the harp of divers tones," resolved to see this man, and, moreover, to treat him as if he had n knowledge of his antecedents. He was glad to help any one back to the straight path.

Carruthers, who hated the bother of cater

the first floor and approached by a steepish, straight flight of uncarpeted stairs. One morning he heard feet on the stairs; heard them stop on the little landing in front of the door which bore his name. Some one away."

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"you're a nice sort of young man. I sent a fellow who wanted a helping hand to you and, bang me! you gave it to him with a vengeance. Helped him down, not up, Columbus "He's been to you, has he!" "Yes, he called to-day-in splints. Said ent n North Bend Fremont Valley Waterloo you insulted him, and chucked him over the stairs. Can't think how you did it. Doem't seem like you, either." "I had the best of reasons." ikhorn lard "So I told him, but he won't believe ma. You've broken his fibula or tibula, or his tib South Omah

Genoa

and fibula. Omaha "His leg! I saw the blackguard walk stromeburg "Perhaps I'm not right about the names

His arm is broken. He vows he will have compensation. Go to law, etcetera." David City Brainard Valparaiso Weston Wahoo "I don't think he will," said Carruthers, significantly. "Perhaps not, if your reasons were good Wahoo Mead Olear Creek Valley Connecting Island. ones. I don't ask them; but look here, old fellow. He's go' no money, and won't be able to earn any for awhile. Don't you think you ought to do something for h m?" "No, I don't," said Frank; but I will, Keep the fellow away from me. But you can pay his doctor's bill and let him have a pound or two a week until he gets all right

the steep stairs.

out. Carruthers returned to his papers, but

rise made this afternoon a blank so far as

Two days after this his friend Field called on him. "I say, Carruthers," he exclaimed,

the reflections to which this interview gav

literary work went.

though.'

unaon again. Madison Field laughed. "You'll find it a costly Humpbreys Fistie Cente amusement breaking bones like this." "My dear Field," said Frank, "if you knew Lost Creek Calambus all I know you'd think it was cheap at the Albion Sł. Edwards price in this particular case." So by a strange irouy of fate for some weeks Maurice Hervey was fed and doc-tored at the expense of Frank Carruthers, Genoa Lost Creek Columbus Cedar Bapid Fullerton

TO BE CONTINUED



