slim women use the little zone supporters entirely. See here!" and the proprietress of the shop so full of dainty wares drew down a square box and took out a contrivance of three rose-colored satin richard. ance of three rose-colored satin ribbons, caught together at intervals with clusters of whalebones, about six and one-inches long. By clasps hidden resettes of narrow ribbon, this zone of ribbons passing about the bedy clasps in front. Still more lovely were the zones made of white lace, braced with a few bones, and booking together in the same way, while to wear over either of these delicate stays were corset covers made of alternate bands of lace and ribbon, steeveless, out in a deep surplice in front, and gathered in to a ribbon belt at the waist line.

The Afternoon Nap

An afternoon nap is a restful and necessary means of refreshment and recuperation to the majority of well-preserved, wholesome-looking society women one meets these days. Late hours and the crush and over-exertion of crowded ball rooms and fashionable dances will soon take the sparkle out of eyes and change the pink rose in her cheeks to white ones. Sleep is the best restorer of these two items of beauty, and an afternoon nap before an evening function should be secured at all hazards. Sleep, sound and well regulated, good, wellprepared, nutritious food, plenty of fresh, pure sir and a daily bath ought to prevent any woman from ever taking a dose of

Enshion Notes.

Tartan plait silks are used for wide draped belts on both day and evening gowns. Greundine, both plain and fancy, takes high place among summer dress fabrics. The new chirt waists of transparent ma-

terials are improved by a fitted and boned lining of lawn in some plain color. Ribbons of graduated widths, put straight around or in intricate patterns, are a very fashionable skirt trimming.

Senora, the new bright shade of Spanish gained her reputation as a lecturer on red, is slightly less vivid than cherry color, archaeology and art. but more brilliant than either the geranium

The turban trimmed with tufts of flowers and a scarf is the latest fancy in milli-

RUSSIAN BLOUSE YACHTING DRESS.

nery, and it is very pretty and becoming

cashmere and mehair-two rivals of canvas

Victorian coiffures, which consist of one

Petticoats of ecru linen batiste with col-

the head, with a bow of ribbon and a comb ored polka dots are sold in the shops for

summer wear, and they certainly have qual-

The craze for violet, mauve and all the

shades of purple has extended to the corsets, and yards of violet silk and satin, either

plain or flowered, are made up in this important article of dress.

Gray embroidered tulle, orange velvet, Ve-

neitan lace, a cluster of Mermet reses, and a

a lovely model for an evening hat made by

comfort on a hot day which silk

buckle of French brilliants form

or two upstanding loops of hair on the top of

when the hair is arranged perfectly.

now in the field.

does not posseess.

fawn in the shade.

underbodice of lace or chiffon.

terns of this material are shown in new va-rieties and colorings, and another pretty fab-

often made more beautiful by little sprays of

opened next year as a residence for women students of the university. It is a gift of friends and pupils of Prof. Masson. Rev. Augusta Chapin, D.D., lately spent a few weeks in Cortland, N. Y. She preached on two Sundays, addressed the students of the normal school, and gave her new illustrated

Another daughter of Dr. Charles A. Drisser, of higher criticism fame, has entered upon a professional career. Miss Sophia Briggs in this forgery—any access to your secrets or in this forgery—any access to your secrets or my letters? A woman's villainy is always defective Another daughter of Dr. Charles A. Briggs, has graduated as a lawyer in the woman's class of the New York university. In addition to Miss Briggs forty-six other young

Canvas is still very popular and seems stoutly to resist the invasion of double-faced health and daily life of false gods in the kitchen and false ideals in the parlor.

will complete her term as state factory in a finish at the back, are the English spector for Massachusetts in a few weeks. Boston Typographical union and the Fall River Central Labor union have passed resolutions to recommend to Governor Wol-cott her reappointment. Miss Mason of

worker; Miss Halley a weaver. Miss Serena Rhinelander has given \$500,000 to St. James Episcopal parish, New York. When complete there will be a church building, with audience room, lecture room, men's club rooms, a gymnasium, with baths, swimming pool and bowling alleys; also a kinder garten, a nursery, sewing and cooking school rooms; also a rectory and parish house. The father, and several of the windows will be

Pave, or pavement gray, is the very new-est of the new tints of this popular color, It is not as becoming as it is fashionable, for there is neither a hint of rose, cream or Aprons of ample proportions are said to be the fashion in Paris for home wear either morning or afternoon, and they are made of alternate rows of ribbon and lace insertion, printed silk or flowered muslin trimmed with Broad effects across the shoulders and a

small waist are the two things considered very desirable in a gown, but the prevailing style this season seems to be a slightly sched front cut like a pinafore to show an The old-style English barege is revived in qualities almost as sheer as grass cloth. Patric is Turkish crepe in lovely summer tints. Gold canvas is one of the features of dress at Queen Victoria's drawing rooms this sea-son, and entire bodices and the fronts of dresses are made of this material, which is

diamonds and pearls. The English walking hat with the brim rolled up a little at each side is brought out in great variety as to shape of crown and kind of straw; the most stylish one of all is the Panama, trimmed severely with black wings and black satin rosettes. Picture hats of white Leghorn and fine black straw are the latest productions in mil-linery. They are very large, with black and white ostrich feathers for the principal trim-To these are added pink roses, black velvet bows, lace and rhines one ornaments. The Normandy girdle is composed of blas

folds of slik; the front is pointed and it is made with whalebone and is fastened with a handsome gold or silver clasp. This belt will be very popular with summer outing suits and will be worn with the shirt waist. The new waists and jacket bodices grow more and more elaborate, and each novel conceit in the way of decoration seems a little prettier than the last; and the art of 1896. She attributes her final success thaving interested Sir Oliver Mowat and sev making these tucked, frilled, shirred, vandyked, slashed, velvet-edged, or ribbon-trimmed combinations a perfect success is now a study for the modiste. eral other influential gentlemen.

There is a jurge sale this season of genuine Scotch tweeds, as the materials are much used for cycling and traveling dresses. The patterns are handsome and show any number of pretty color mixtures. The durability of these goods we are entirely familiar with. For general utility uses, they rank well with English serge and the pretty cravenettes.

Her lender (1997)

Geranium Turkish, and cerise reds are severally used as a touch of color to relieve gowns made wholly of pavement gray, for it is a metallic dye more exacting than any worn since the days of zinc gray, that was the regulation color for brides' traveling costumes, and a shade that would detract greatly from the good looks of Venus herself.

Tha height of the season's extravagance is displayed in the parasols with their costly handles of crystal, amethyst, enamel, tortoise handles of crystal, amethyst, chamel, tortolse shell, and gold set with jewels, and fine quality of materials and trimmings. Expensive lace is put on the silk in applique, and embroidery of fine beads is used for decoration. Real lace parasols have been revived again, and the variety in chiffon and mousseline de sole, rufflette ruched, and accordion plaited, is beyond description. But there are

Miss Edith Thomass of New York City is the most beautiful player upon chimes in hidden the world. One hundred and thirty horses are being

trained at the royal mews at Buckingham palace, to take part in the royal procession on Jubilee day. Mrs. Anna Randall Diehl is president of

the oldest Shakespearean club in the United States. It is composed of very progressive women of Brocklyn. The late Miss Julia Cooper of New York left \$150,000 to the Cooper Union-a sum which will evable the institution to receive

200 more pupils. The Women's Rest Tour association, with headquarters in Boston and a membership of 600, has established a traveling fund, lending money to women needing holiday

The German government has commissioned Mrs. Guild, an American, to execute two from each other. Only the signature seemed statues representing the post and the tele-

graph to be placed on the new general postoffice in Berlin. The exarina of Russia is of a practical turn of mind, and uses the typewriter with facility. The frame of her machine is infacility. laid with mother of pearl, and the bars are of gold.

Mrs. Raymond, the mother of the president of Vassar college, has given the Foreign Missionary society of the Epiphany Baptist church, New York, \$11,000 for the education of heathen women.

The women of Belfast, Ireland, are greatly Interested, assisting in raising \$25,000, which will be the cost of the statue of Queen Victoria, that is to be be erected in commemora-

Miss Eugenia Sellers has had the degree of LL. D. bestowed upon her by St. Andrew's university in recognition of her translation of "Pliny's Letters on Art." Sho

Miss Gordon Cumming is raising money in all the principal cities of England for the purpose of teaching the blind in China. She will found a large blind asylum at Peking, and is doing this in commemoration of the Diamond Jubilee. The Murray system will be taught.

Mrs. Oliphant is in Italy to gather ma-terial for a volume which she will entitle "Slena." It will form one of a series of books on historic towns of the Mediaeval seriod. The books will be illustrated by artists living in the localities where the scenes are laid.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, widow of the laterenowned pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, cut the first sod of the ground upon which a large Baptist chapel will be commenced at once at Bexhill, near London. She made an appropriate address at the core

Miss Frances H. Simpson, one of the first women graduates of the University of Edin-burgh, has been appointed warden of the Masson hall, Edinburgh, which is to be

lecture, "From London to Palestine." Dr. Chapin is going westward, stopping at Rochester and various other points.

women received certificates at the same time, and a scholarship of \$200 was gained by Miss Isabel T. Alexander.

The Woman's Christian Temperance union has forwarded to Lady Somerset about \$5,000 collected in the United States for the suf-ferers in Armenia. It is for the education

Miss Mary E. Halley of Lawrence, Mass. Lowell is understood to be also a candidate for the position. Miss Mason is a shoe-

memorials to other relatives.

Since the opening of the Tennessee cen-tennial Mrs. Sara Ward-Conley, the architect of the Woman's building, is being congratu-lated by the women visitors from various states. Eight massive columns stand in front of the building and support the roof, which is surmounted by an observatory. A flight of six steps of Tennessee marble, each thirty-five feet long, leads to the entrance of the building, and on either side of this is a magnificent iron vase of unique and handworkmanship, filled with palms and

flowering plants. Kate Greenway, the famous English artist is almost as well known in America as in England for her work of bringing about a reform in the dress of little children, yet comparatively little is known of her private life. Like most other successful women, she worked for a long time unknown until the publication of "Under the Window," a colection of sketches of children in the quaint, old fashions of centuries ago, brought her fame. She lives in a picturesque old house near Hampstead Heath, London, and has her studio on the top floor. It has long windows opening on to a balcony, where on pleasant days she spends much of her time.

Miss Clara B. Martin, who, as announced some time ago, was the first woman admitted to the bar in Canada, has decided upon the top. No great success, no great power making a specialty of the law as relates to women. It is now six years since Miss Martin undertook her difficult struggle to obtain a B. A. degree. The regulation did not admit of the enrollment of women. By appealing to the Ontario Parliament a bill was presented in 1892 to authorize the ad-mission of women. The bill passed by one vote. Another year passed before she was able to induce a law firm to permit her to study in its office. After a time Miss Mar-tin found that the bill passed by the legis-lature only allowed women to become solicitors, and she wished to become a barrister. After she had again petitioned Parliament a bill was passed, by thirty-seven votes, authorizing women to practice as barristers— the result of the bill having been presented seven times during the last six months of

THE GRAY NUN.

There comes each dying day to bless, A little while before the night, A gentle nun in convent dress Of clinging robes all gray and white.

And smooths the lines of care away; Her tender touch, with magic grace, Dispels the worries of the day.

That hides from view the shadowy throng And gives me those for whom I sigh, The vanished friends for whom I long.

Sometimes she brings a perfumed spray Of flowers that bloomed long years ago, The breath of summer laid away. 'Neath many a winter's drifted snow,

No other guest gives such delight, Nor can of peace bestow the same, As she who comes 'twixt day and night, And Twilight is the gray nun's name.

Is a delicious wine,



The dictation and copy finished together, Demorest laid the freshly written sheet beside the letter Stacy had produced. They were very much alike, and yet quite distinct "That's the invariable mistake with the forger," said Demorest; "he always forgets that signatures ought to be identical with the text rather than with each other." But Stacy did not seem to hear this or require further proof. His face was quite gray and his lips compressed until lost in his

the window. For the first time really concerned and touched, Demorest laid his hand cerned and touched, Demorest laid his hand gently on his shoulder.

"Tell me, Jim, how much does this mean to you—apart from me? Don't think of me."

"I don't know yet," said Stacy slowly.
"That's the trouble. And I won't know until I know who's at the bottom of it. Does any-body know of your affairs with me?"

"No one."

No one 'No confidential friend, ch?"

"No one who has access to your secreta! No no woman? Excuse me, Phil," he said. as a peculiar look passed over Demorest's face, "but this is business."

CHAPTER IV.

"No," he returned, with that gentleness that used to frighten them in the old days. "It's ignorance. You fellows always say Cherchez la femme' when you can't say any-thing else. Come now," he went on more brightly, "look at the letter. Here's a man commercially educated, for he has used the usual business formulas, 'on receipt of this' and 'advices received,' which I won't merely say I don't use, but which few but commercial men use. Next, here's a man who uses slang, not only inaptly, but artificially, to give the letter the easy, familiar turn it hasn't from beginning to end. I need only say, my dear Stacy, that I don't write slang to you, but that nobody who understands slang ever writes it in that way. And then the knowledge of my opinion of Barker is such as might be gained from the reading of my letters by a person who couldn't compre-hend my feelings. Now, let me play in quisitor for a few moments. Has anybody access to my letters to you?"

"No one. I keep them locked up in cabinet. I only make memorandums of you instructions, which I give to my clerks, but never your letters." "But your clerks sometimes see you make memorandums from them?" "Yes; but none of them have the ability to

do this sort of thing, nor the opportunity of profiting by it." "Has any woman—now this is not retalla-tion, my dear Jim, for I fancy I detect a woman's eleverness and a woman's stupidity

when probed."
The look of scorn which passed over Stacy's face was quite as distinct as Dem-orest's previous protest, as he said contempt-nously: "I'm not such a fool as to mix up ferers in Armenia. It is for the education and support of orphans whose parents were killed in the recent massacres. The same society has sent \$500 toward sending out nurses to Crete, under the superintendance of Mrs. Ormston Chant,

Miss Mary Forster, a graduate in science of Newnham college, Cambridge, England, and who came to this country a few years ago as teacher of natural sciences at Bryn Mawr, is lecturing on the science of living. Miss Forster has made an exhaustive study of foods, and is showing the effects upon of foods, and is showing the effects upon of foods, and is showing the effects upon of the forger has a commercial education or style, that he doesn't understand he doesn't understand he doesn't understand he doesn't understand he doesn't doesn't all mean?"

"Cell him everything, Jim—everything, Stacy briefly called the story of the forger is either a coward or his object is not altogether mercenally, for the same ability displayed in this letter would on the signature alone—individual to the old days of the flat that in my opinion the forger has a commercial education or style, that he doesn't understand her observed know merchal education or style, that he doesn't understand her observed has a commercial education or style, that he doesn't doesn't understand her observed has a commercial education or style, that he doesn't doesn't understand her observed has a commercial education or style, that he doesn't understand her observed has a commercial education or style, that he doesn't understand her observed has a commercial education or style, that he doesn't understand her observed has a commercial education or style, that he doesn't understand her observed has a commercial education or style, that he doesn't understand her observed him the forger is either accountry and the forger is said Demoreta. What is the star of the forger is all mean?"

"Cell him everything, Jim—everything, "Stall Demoreta, quickly.

Stacy briefly clarked he star of the forger is all mean?"

"Cell him everything, Jim—

realizing suddenly on so large an amount. 1 told my broker to sell slowly and in small quantities to avoid a panic. But the real loss is the control of the stock."

"Not me," said Barker, with widely opened eyes. "You see it must be somebody whom we are familiar with. I can't imagine such a

"But the amount I had was not enough to scoundrel." iffect that," said Demorest.
"No, but I was carrying myself a large amount, and together we controlled the mar-ket, and now I have unloaded, too." "You sold out! and with your doubts?"

said Demorest. "That's just it," said Stacy, looking steadly at his companion's face, "because I had doubts, and it won't do for me to have them. either to have disobeyed your and kept your stock and my own or have



"YES, YES, IT IS HER."

done just what I did. I might have hedged on my own stock, but I don't believe in the top. No great success, no great power was ever created by it." Demorest smiled. "Yet you accept the

alternative also, which is ruin?"
"Precisely," said Stacy. "When you re turned the other day you were bound to find me what I was or a beggar. But nothing between. However," he added, "this has between. nothing to do with the forgery, or," smiled grimly, "everything to do with it.

There was a quick step along the corridor approaching the room. The next moment the door flew open to the bounding step and laughing face of Barker. Whatever of thoughtfulness or despondency he had carried from the room with him was com-pletely gone. With his amazing buoyaney and power of reaction he was there again in

continued gayly, "and we ought to sit up at least long enough to see the old snow line vanish, as we did in old times. But I say," he added suddenly, as he glanced from the one to the other, "you've been having it pretty strong already. Why, you both look as you did that night the backwater of the as you did that night the backwater of the Sbuth fork came into our cabin. What's up?" too hot for him in California. But," said "Nothing," said Demorest, hastily, as he caught a glance of Stacy's impatient face, and hastily as a glance of Stacy's impatient face, who who will be case stands now?" "Well," said Demorest a little uneasily "Only all business is serious, Barker boy, though you don't seem to feel it so."

gins, but I knew that Demorcet was here, and I reckoned on his seeing me through." He stopped and colored, but added, hopefully: closely set beard as he gazed fixedly out of

managing exactly right. He wasn't there, however, but as I was waiting I heard his clerks talk about a drop in the wheat trust, and that there was a lot of it put upon the market. They seemed to think that something had happened, and it was going down still further. Now, I knew it was Jim's per scheme, and that Phil had a lot of shares. everybody seemed to have unloaded, and I found I hadn't money enough to pay mar-"I reckon I'm safe, anyway, for just as the thing was over those same clerks of Van Loo's came bounding into the office to buy up everything. And offered to take it off my hands and pay the margins."

and I wanted to find out something about Kitty's investments, which I don't think he's managing exactly right. He wasn't there, in it, too, so I just slipped out and went to a broker's and told him to buy all he could of it. And, by Jove! I was a little taken aback when I found what I was in for, for

'Do you imagine, Phil, that any man would believe it, and the story of a providentially appointed partner like Barker, who saved us from loss? Why, all California, from Cape Mendocino to Los Angeles, would roar with laughter over it! No. We must swallow it and the reputation of the storying with the Wheat trust too. 'jockeying' with the Wheat trust, too. That trust's as good as done for, for the precent! Now you know why I didn't want poor Barker to know it, nor have much to do with our search for the forger."

"It would break the dear fellow's heart interest with the present. But, to his horror, when alone again he found that interest growing as remore and vapid as the stories they had laughed over at the table, and even the excitement of the forged letter and its

old friend and former partner has bought it

"And you?" said both men eagerly and in



HE WAS JUST EMERGING FROM THE WOOD WHEN A BUGGY DASHED PAST HI M.

had caught him/by the arms. my letters? A woman's villainy is always effective for the moment, but always defective when probed."

"How much have you got?" they gaid, shaking him, as if to precipitate the answer.

"It's a heap," said Barker, "It's a ghastly his dreams, had lent itself to his old visious. lot new I think of it. I'm affaid I'm in for \$50,000, if a cent."

obticeats with my business, whatever I do, "well, one thing more. I have told you that in my opinion the forger has a combat in my opinion the for

"But have you any idea who it is?" said Stacy.
"Not me." said Barker, with widely opened

"How did you know that Demorest had stock?" asked Stacy.

ock?" asked Stacy.
"He told me in one of his letters and advised me to go into it. But just then Kitty wanted money, I think, and I didn't go in." "I remember it," struck in Demorest.
"But surely it was no secret. My name would be on the transfer books for any one to see."
"Not so," said Stacy quickly. "You were

one of the original shareholders; there was no transfer, and the books as well as shares of the company were in my hands."
"And your clerks?" added Demorest.
Stacy was silent. After a pause he asked: "Did anybody ever see that letter,

'No one but myself and Kitty."

"And would she be likely to talk of it? "And would she be likely to talk of it?" continued Stacy.
"Of course not. Why should she? Whom could she talk to?" Yet he stopped suddenly, and then with his characteristic reaction added with a laugh, "Why, no, cer-"Of course, everybody knew that you had

bought the shares at Sacramento?"
"Yes. Why, you know I told you the Van Loo clerks came to me and wanted to take it off my hands."

Yes, I remember; the Van Loo clerke; they knew it, of course," said Stacy with a grim smile. "Well, boys," he said, with sudden alacrity, "I'm going to turn in, for by sunup temertew I must be on my way to eatch the first train at the Divide for 'Frisco We'll hunt this thing down together, for I reckon we're all concerned in it," he added. looking at the others, 'and once more we're partners, as in the old times. Let us even say that I've given Barker's signal or 'pass-word,' " he added with a laugh, "and we'll stick together. Barker boy," he went on, grasping his younger partner's hand, "your instinct has saved us this time; d-d if I don't sometimes think it better than any other man's sabe; only," he dropped his voice slightly, "I wish you had it in other things than finance. Phil, I've a word to say to you alone before I go. I may want you to

"But what can I do?" said Barker cagerly. You're not going to leave me out. "You've done quite enough for us, old man," said Stacy, laying his hands on Ear-ker's shoulder. "And it may be for us to do something for you. Trot off to bed now, like a good boy. I'll keep you posted when the time comes."

Shoving the protesting and leave-taking Barker with paternal familiarity from the room, he closed the door and faced Demorcet. "He's the best fellow in the world," said Stacy, quietly, "and has saved the situation. but we mustn't trust ton much to him for the present. Not even seem to." "Nonsense, man!" said Demorest, impa-

"How?" repeated Stary impatiently. "You know what Barker said? Van Loo, either through stupidity, fright, or the wish to get the lowest prices, was too late to buy up the market. If he had, we might have openly declared the forgery, and if it was known that he or his friends had profited by it, even if we could not have proven his actual complicity, we could at least have made it too hot for him in California. But," said

"Well," said Demorest a little uneasily under his friend's keen eyes, "we've lost under his friend's keen eyes, "we've lost its long ranges of windows and glittering that chance, but we've kept control of the crest of cupola and tower, it gradually suc-

paled by turns. "I held on," he stammered, ness only touched him vaguely. He would no longer be a slave to the past, or that memory that had deluded him a few hours There was the eternal outline of the hills; there rose the steadfast pines; there was no To his infinite astonishment and delight he was alternately hugged and tossed backward constancy of nature that had affected him. few men really hate the personality they don't know-had only momentarily vacated it, and to his distaste of his own intrusion was now added the profound frony of his sleeping in the same bed lately occupied by the mother of the man who was suspected of having forged his name. He smiled faintly and looked around the apartment. It was handsomely furnished, and although it still had much of the characterlessness of the last occupant, and still brightened by that mysterious instinct of the sex which is in-evitable. Where a man would have simply left his forgotten slippers or collars there was a glass of still cold marble top of the dressing table was littered by a few linen and slik tollet covers; and on the mantle shelf was a sheaf of photographs. He walked toward them mechanically, glanced at them abstractedly, and then stopped suddenly with a beating heart. Before him was the picture of his past, the photo graph of the one woman who had filled his

He cast a hurried glance around the room, as if he half expected to see the original tart up before him, and then eagerly seized it and hurried with it to the light. Yes! It was she—as she had lived in his actual memory, she as had lived in his actual memory, she as nad lived in his dream. He saw her sweet eyes, but the frightened, innocent trouble had passed from them; there was the sensitive elegance of her graceful figure in evening dress, but the figure was fuller and maturer. Could he be mistaken by some wonderful resemblance acting upon his too willing brain? He turned the pho-tograph over. No; there on the other side, written in her own childlike hand, endeared and familiar to his recollection, was own name and the date. It was surely she.

How did it come there? Did the Van
Loop know her? It was taken in Venice;
there was the address of the photographers. The Van Loos were foreigners, he remembered; they had traveled; perhaps had met her there in 1858; that was the date in her handwriting; that was the date on the photographer's address-1858. Suddenly he laid the photograph down, took with trembling fingers a letter case from his pocket, opened and laid his last letter to her, indorsed with the cruel announcement of her death before him on the table. He passed his hand across his forchead and opened the letter. It was dated 1856! The photograph must

have been taken two years after her alleged death. He examined it again eagerly, fixedly, tremblingly. A wild impulse to summon Barker or Stacy on the spot was restrained with difficulty and only when he remembered that they could not help him. Then he began to oscil-late between a joy and a new fear, which now, for the first time, began to dawn upon him. If the news of her death had been a flendish trick of her relations why had she never sought him? It was not ill-health, re-straint, nor fear; there was nothing but happiness and the strength of youth and beauty in that face and figure. He had not disappeared from the world; he was known of men; more, his memorable good fortune must have reached her cars. Had he wasted all these miserable years to find abandoned, forgotten, perhaps even a dupe? For the first time the sting of jealousy en-tered his soul. Perhaps, unconsciously to and power of reaction he was there again in his usual frank, cheerful simplicity.

"I thought I'd come in and say 'good night,'" he began with a laugh. "I got "D— his wife?" said Stacy, almost say 'B— his wife?" said Stacy, almost say his apathetic thought: there was a shaking off of his apathetic thought: there was activity agely. "Leave her out of this laugh." "I thought I'd come in and say good night," he began with a laugh. "I got 'Sta' asleep after some high jinks we had together, and then I reckoned it wasn't the square thing to leave just you two together the first night you came. And I remembered the first night you came. And I remembered the first night you came to talk over, too, so I had some business to talk over, too, so I 'But how?" said Demofest, astonished.

"I had some business to talk over, too, so I had some business to talk o replaced the photograph on the mantel shelf returned the letter carefully to his pocket book—no longer a souvenir of the past, but a proof of treachery—and began to mechanic-ally undress himself. He was quite calm now, and went to bed with a strange sense of relief, and slept as he had not slept since he

was a boy.

The whole hotel had sunk to rest by time, and then began the usual slow, nightly invasion and investment of it by nature. For all its broad verandas and glaring terraces, "I recken you're right there," said Barker, that chance, but we've kept control of the crest of cupota and tower, it has chuckle. "People always laugh, of stock."

"You think so? Well, let me tell you around it, and became their sport and playourse, when I talk business, so it might "You think so? The mountain breezes from the "I reckon you're right there," said Barker, with a chuckle. "People always laugh, of course, when I talk business, so it might make it a little livelier for you and more of a change if I chipped in now. Only I don't know which you'll do. Hand me a pipe. Well," he continued, filling the pipe Demorest shoved toward him, "you see, I was in Sacramento yesterday, and I went into Van Loo's branch office, as I heard he was there

the usual effect of depreciating it. Another | blast along the floors; there was the murmur old friend and former partner has bought it in and sent up the price. A common trick, a vulgar trick, but not a trick worthy of James Staey or Stacy's bank!"

"But why not simply declare the forgery without making any specific charge against Van Loo?"

"Do you imagine, Phil, that any man would believe it, and the story of a proviwould believe it, and the story of a proviof the pines in the passages and the damp odor of leaves in the dining room. There was everywhere; even the aroma of swelling sap—as if the ghastly stumps on the deforested slope behind the hotel were bleeding afresh in the dewless night-stung the eyes and nostrils of the sleepers.

It was, perhaps, from such cause as this that Parker was awakened suddenly by the voice of the boy from the crib beside him crying, 'Mamma! Mamma!' Taking the "It would break the dear fellow's heart he knew it," said Demorest."

Well, it is to save him from having his are broken further that Morning and with color the ghostly pallor of the Sierras. Well, it is to save him from having his heart broken further that I intend to find out this forger," said Stacy, grimly. "Good night, Phil. I'll telegraph to you when I want you and then come!"

With another grip of the hand he left Demorest to his thoughts. In the first excitement of meeting his old partners, and in the later discovery of the forgery, Demorest had been diverted from his old sorrow, and for the time had forgotten It in sympathetic interest with the present. But, to his horror, in so many things—holding the smaller and frailer hand in his.

frailer hand in his.

They did not know that on the other side of the "Divide" the wife and mother, scared, doubting, and desperate, by the side of her scared, doubting, and desperate accomplice, was flying down the slope on her night-iong road to ruin. Still less did they know that, with the early singing birds, a careless horse. consequences began to be as unreal, as impotent, as shadowy as the memory of the attempted robbery in the old cabin on that very spot. He was asbauned of that selfishness which still made him cling to this past, so much his own that he knew it debarred him forms the house research. And even Barker, in whose courtship and marriage he had tried to resuscitate his youthful emotions and condone his selfish errors, even the suggestion of his unbarriage. man, emerging from the trail as the dust-stained buggy dashed past him, glanced at it

In the exercise of his arduous profession Jack Hamlin had sat up all night in the Magnolia saloen of the "Divide," and as it was rather early to go to bed, he had, after his usual habit, shaken off the sedentary attitude and prepared himself for sleep by a flerce preliminary gallop in the woods. Be-sides, he had been a large winner, and on those occasions he generally isolated himself from his companions to avoid foolish altercations with inexperienced players. Even in fighting Jack was fastidious, and did not like to have his stomach for a real difficulty distended and vitiated by small preliminary

ndulgences. He was just emerging from the wood into the high road when a buggy dashed past him containing a man and a woman. The woman wore a thick veil; the man was almost undustinguishable from the dust. The glimpse was momentary, but dislike has a keen eye, and in that glimpse Mr. Hamlin recognized Van Loo. The situation was equally clear. The bent heads and averted faces, the dust collected in the heedlessness of haste, the early hour-indicating a night-long flightall made it plain to him that Van Loo was running away with some woman. Mr. Hamlin had no moral scruples, but he had the ethics of a sportsman, which he knew Mr. Van Loo was not. Whether the woman was an innocent school girl or an actress, he was satisfied that Van Loo was doing a mean thing meanly. Mr. Hamlin also had a taste for mischief, and whether the woman was or was not fair game, he knew that for his purposes Van Loo was. With the greatest cheerfulness in the world he wheeled his orse and cantered after them.

They were evidently making for the "Divide" and a fresh horse, or to take the coach due an hour later. It was Mr. Hamlin's present object to circumvent this, and, thereore, it was quite in his way to return. In pidentally, however, the superior speed of hi horse cave him the epportunity of fre-quently lenging toward them at a furious pace, which had the effect of frantically increasing their own speed, when he would pull up with a silent laugh before he was fairly discovered, and allow the sound of his rapid horse's hoofs to die out. In this way he amused himself until the straggling town of the "Divide" came in sight, when, putting his spurs to his horse again, he managed under pretense of the animal becoming ungovernable, to twice "cross the bows" of the fugitives, compelling them to slacken speed. At the second of these passages Van Loo apparently lost prudence, and slashing out with his whip, the lash caught slightly on the counter of Hamlin's horse. Mr. Hamlin instantly acknowledged it by lifting his hat gravely, and speeded on to the hotel, arriv-ing at the steps and throwing himself from he saddle exactly as the buggy drave un With characteristic audacity he actually assisted the frightened and eager woman to light and run into the hotel. But in this action her veil was accidentally lifted. Mr. Hamlin instantly recognized the pretty woman who had been pointed out to him in San Francisco as Mrs. Backer, the wife of one of the partners whose fortunes had in-terested him five years ago. It struck him that this was an additional reason for his in erference on Barker's account, although per-sonally he could not conceive why a man

should ever try to prevent a woman from running away from him. But then, Mr. Hamlin's personal experiences had been quite the other way.

It was enough, however, to cause him to lay his hand lightly on Van Loo's arm as his hand lightly on van Loos arm as the latter, leaping down, was about to follow Miz. Barker into the hotel, "You'll have time enough now," said Hamlin. "Time for what?" said Van Loo savagely.

"Time to apologize for having cut my horse with your whip," said Jack sweetly. We don't want to quarrel before a wo-"I've no time for fooling!" said Van Loo,

endeavoring to pass. But Jack's hand had slipped to Van Loo's wrist, although he still smiled cheerfully.
"Ah! Then you did mean it, and you propose to give me satlefaction?" Van Loo paled slightly; he knew Jack's reputation as a duellist. But he was desperate. "You see my position," he said hurriedly. "I'm in a hurry; I have a lady with me. No man of honor—"

"You do me wrong," interrupted Jack with a pained expression. "You do, indeed. You are in a hurry; well, I have plenty of time. If you can not attend to me now, why I will be glad to accompany you and the lady to the next station. "Of course," he added, with a smile, "at a proper distance and without interfering with the lady, whom I am pleased to recognize as the wife of an old friend. It would be more sociable, per-haps, if we had some general conversation on the road; it would prevent her being alarmed. I might even be of some use to you. If we were overtaken by her husband on the road, for instance, I should certainly claim the right to have the first shot at you. Boy!" he called to the hostler, "just sponge out Pancho's mouth, will you. to be ready when the buggy goes?" And, loosening his grip of Van Loo's wrist, he turned away as the other quickly entered the hotel.

(To Be Continued.)



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