

CHAPTER VII.-Continued. By 2 o'clock Steptoe was at "The Three cents of affection. the last slope through the fastnesses of pines toward the little valley overlooked in its remoteness and purely pastoral simplicity by the gold-seeking immigrants—its seclusion as one of the furthest north Californian missions still preserved through its insignificance and danger of the furthest north Californian missions still preserved through its insignificance. and the efforts of the remaining brotherhood, who used it as an infirmary and a school for the few remaining Spanish fam- horse, llies-he remembered how he once blundered upon it with the boy while hotly pursued by a hue and cry from one of the larger towns, and how he found sanctuary there. He remembered how, when the pursuit was over, he had placed the boy there under the padre's charge. He had lied to his wife regarding the whereabouts of her son, but penditure for the boy's maintenance, and the good fathers had accepted, equally for the child's sake as for the church's sake, the generous "restitution" which this coarse, powerful, rufficulty looking father was ap-

parently seeking to make.

He was quite aware of it at the time, and had equally accepted it with grim cynicism; but it now came back to him with a new and smarting significance. Might they, too, not succeed in weaning the boy's affection from him, or if the mother had interfered, would they not side with her in claiming an equal right? He had sometimes laughed to himself over the security of this hiding place, so unknown and so unlikely to be discovered by her, yet within easy reach of her friends and his enemies; he now ground his teeth over the mistake which his doting desire to keep his son accessible to him had caused him to make. He put the spurs to his horse, dashed down the little, narrow ill paved street, through the deserted plaza and pulled up in a cloud of dust before the only remaining tower, with its cracked belfry, the half ruined mission church. A new dormitory and school building had been ex tended from its walls, but in a subdued, harmonious, modest way, quite unlike the usual glaring "whitepine" glories of provincial towns. Steptoe laughed to himself bitterly. Some of his money had gone in it. He seized the horsehair rope dangling from a bell by the wall and rang it sharply. A softfooted priest appeared—Fr. Domenico. "Eddy Horncastle? Ah! yes. Eddy, dear

child, was gone."
"Gone!" shouted Steptoe in a voice that
startled the padre. "Where? When? With

"Pardon, senor, but for a time—only a pasear to the next village. It is his saint's day—he has a half holiday. He is a good boy. It is a little pleasure for him and for

"Of!" said Steptoe, softened into a rough apology. "I forgot. All right. Has he had any visitors lately—lady, for instance?" Fr. Domenico cast a look half of fright half of reproval upon his guest.
"A lady here!" In his relief Steptoe burst into a coarse

charmed with him. A man of affairs, and eyes that were fixed upon his son. yet a good Catholic, too. It was a Senor Van Loo—Don Paul the boy called him, and they talked of the boy's studies in the old days as if—indeed, but for the stranger being a caballero and man of the world—

as if he had been his teacher."

It was a proof of the intensity of the father's feelings that they had passed beyond the power of his usual coarse, brutal expression, and he only stared at the priest with a dull, red face, in which the blood seemed to have stagnated. Presentald, thickly: "When did he come?"

"A few days ago."
"Which way did Eddy go?"
"To Brown's Mills, scarcely a league away. He will be here—even now—on the instant. But the senor will come into the refectory



"VAN LOO CAME TO THE MISSION."

and take some of the old mission wine from the Catalan grape, planted 150 years ago, until the dear child returns. He will be

to him, or even see him. You hear me? See to it, you and all the others. See to it, I say. He stopped abruptly, clapped his the swollen veins of his forehead, turned quickly, passed out without another word through the archway into the road, and word through the archway in the before the good pricat could cross himself or before the good pricat could cross himself or over from his astonishment the thud of his horse's hoofs came upon the dusty road.

It was ten minutes before his face re-sumed its usual color. But in that ten minutes, as if some of the struggle of his had passed into him, his horse was sweating with exhaustion and fear. For in that ten minutes, in this new imagination with which he was cursed, he had killed both Van Loo and his son, and burned the refectory over the heads of the treacherous priests. Then quite himself again, a voice came to him from the rocky trail above the road with the hail and ran toward him.

"You passed me and I called to you, but you did not seem to hear," said the boy, breathlessly. "Then I ran after you. Have you been to the mission?"

Steptoe looked at him quite as breathlessly, but from a deeper emotion. He was, even at first sight, a handsome lad, glowing with youth and the excitement of his run, and, as the father looked at him he could see the likeness to his mother in his clear-cut features, and even a resemblance to himself in his square, compact chest and shoulders, and crisp, black curis. A thrill of purely animal patternity passed over him, the fierce loy of his flesh over his own flesh! His own son, by God! They could not take that from him! They might plot, swindle, fawn, cheat, lie, and steal away his affections, but there he was, plain to all eyes, his own son, his very soul!

"Come here," he said in a singular half-weary and half-protesting voice, which the Steptoe looked at him quite as breathlessly,

boy instantly recognized as his father's ac By 2 o'clock Steptoe was at "The Three Boulders," where he got a fast horse and galloped into San Felipe by 4. As he descended chief and fastidiousness, to the depths of face changed as he wheeled and came before the lad, who lifted up his arms expectantly. They had often ridden together on the same

They had often ridden together on the same horse.

"No rides today in that toggery, Eddy," he said, in the same voice. "But I'll get down and we'll go and sit somewhere under a tree and have some talk. I've got a bit of a job that's hurrying me, and I can't waste time."

"Not one of your old jobs, father? I thought you had quite given that up?"

The boy spoke more carelessly than reproachfully, or even wonderingly, yet as he dismounted and tethered his horse Steptoe answered evasively: "It's a big thing, sonny; maybe we'll make our eternal fortune, and "I'm bigger now, and wouldn't be in your way."

Steptoe looked at the boy with a choking sense of satisfaction and pride. But he said "No," and then suddenly, with simulated humor, "Don't you be taken in by any letters from me, such as you and Van Loo used to write. You hear?"

The boy laughed.

"And," continued Steptoe, "If anybody says I sent for you, don't you believe them."

"No," said the boy, smiling.

"And don't you even believe I'm dead till you see me so. You understand. By the way, Fr. Pedro has some money of mine

mockingly repeated the father's coarse laugh, and a squirrel scampered away from the strangely assorted pair as Steptoe, wip-ing his eyes and forehead with his pocket handkerchief, said: "And did you send it?" "Oh, Van Loo thought it too strong, said that those sort of lovesick fools made more fuss over little things than they did over big things, and he sort of toned it down and fixed it up himself. But it told. For there were never any more letters in the post office in her handwriting, and there wasn't any posted to her in his."

They both laughed again, and then Steptoe rose. "I must be getting along," he said, curiously, looking at the boy. "I've got to catch a train at Three Bowlders station." "Three Bowlders?" repeated the boy. "I'm going there, too, on Friday, to meet Fr. Cipriano."

ful vagabond wanderings with that father in the years that followed. The sinking sun stared blankly in their faces; the protecting

"I reckon my work will be done by Fri day," said Steptoe musingly. Standing thus holding his boy's hand, he was thinking that the real fight at Marshall's would not take place at once, for it might take a day or two for Marshall to gather forces. But he only pressed his son's hand gently. "I wish you would sometimes take me with

you as you used to," said the boy curiously. "I'm bigger now, and wouldn't be in your



"I CALLED TO YOU, BUT YOU DID NOT SEEM TO HEAR."

then we'll light out from this hole and have a gay time elsewhere. Come along." He took the boy's gloved right hand in his

half of reproval upon his guest.

"A lady here!"

In his relief Steptoe burst into a coarse laugh. "Of course; you see I forgot that, too. I was thinking of one of his woman folks—you know, relatives—aunts. Was there any other visitor?"

"Only one. Ah! we know the senor's rules regarding his son."

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"Only one. Ah! we know the senor's rules regarding his son." down upon the road and the tethered horse.
"One?" repeated Steptoe. "Who was it?" A gentle breeze moved the treetops above
"O, quite a hidalgo—an old friend of the their heads, and the westering sun played child's-most polite, most accomplished, hide and seek with the shifting shadows. fuent in Spanish, perfect in deportment. The boy's face was quick and alert with all The boy's face was quick and alert with all Senor Horncastle surely could find that moved around him, but without thought; e was heavy except for th "Van Loo came to the mission," he said suddenly.

The boy's eyes glittered quickly, like steel that pierced the father's heart. he said, simply, "then the padre told you?"
"How did he know you were here?" ask Steptoe.

"I don't know," said the boy quickly. think he said something, but I've forgotten it. It was mighty good of him to come, for I thought, you know, that he did not care to see me after Heavy Tree, and that he'd

"What did he tell you?" continued Stepe. "Did he talk of me or your mother?"
"No," said the boy, but without any show of interest or sympathy, "we talked mostly about old times.

"Tell me about those old times, Eddy. You never told me anything about them." The boy, momentarily arrested more by something in the tone of his father's voice -a weekness he had never noticed beforethan by any suggestion of his words, said with a laugh, "Oh, only about what we used to do when I was very little and used to call myself his 'little brother,' don't you renember, long before the big strike on Heavy free. They were gay times we had then.' "And how he used to teach you to imitate other people's handwriting?" said Step

"What made you think of that, Pop?" said the boy, with a slight wonder in his eyes. "Why, that's the very thing we did

"But you didn't do It again; you ain't done t since," said Steptoe, quickly. "Lord! no," said the boy contemptuously. "There ain't no chance now, and there wouldn't be any fun in it. It isn't like the old times when him and me were all alone, and we used to write letters as coming from other people to all the boys round Heavy Tree and the Bar, and sometimes as far as Boomville, to get them to do things, and they'd think the letters were real and they'd do 'em. And there'd be the biggest kind of Steptoe stared at this flesh of his own flesh half in relief, half in frightened admiration. Sitting agride the log, his elso happy."

"No. I'm in a hurry. I will go on and meet him." He took off his hat, mopped his crisp, wet hair with his handkerchief, and in a thick, slow, impeded voice, more suggestive than the outburst he restrained, said, "And as long as my son remains here that man Van Loe, must not pass this gate, speak man van de the folks that he played it on some of the folks that he played it on some of the folks that he played it on some of the folks that he played it on some of the folks that he played it on some of the folks that he played it on some of the folks that he played it on some of the folks that he played it on some of the folks that he played it on some of the folks that he played it on some face became illuminated with an imposite face became illuminated wit bows on his knees and his gloved hands supporting his round cheeks, the boy's hand-some face became illuminated with an impme about and wanted me to keep mum about, for some of the folks that he played it on were around here now. It was a game we got off on one of the big strike partners long before the strike. I'll tell you, dad, for you know what happened afterward, and you'll be glad. Well, that partner, Demorest, was kind of silly, you remember, a cort of Miss Nancyish fellow, always gloomy and lovesick ter bigled. and lovesick after his girl in the States. Well, we'd written lots of letters to girls from their chaps before, and got lots of fun out of it, but we had even a better show for a game here, for it happened that Van Loo knew all about the girl—things that even the man's own partuer didn't, for Van Loo's mother was a sort of a friend of the girl's family, and traveled about with her, and knew that the girl was spoony over this Demorest, and that they corresponded.

the firmself again, a voice came to him from the rocky trail above the road with the hall So, knowing that Van Leo was employed at Heavy Tree, she wrete to him to find out all about Demorest and how to stop this foolish nonsense, for the girl's parents didn't want her to marry a broken-down miner like him. So we thought we'd do it our own way and write a letter to her as if from him, don't you see? I wanted to make him call her awful names and say that he

kept for you. Now hurry back to school and say you met me, but that I was in a great hurry. I reckon I may have been rather rough to the priests." They had reached the lower road again, and Steptoe silently unhitched his horse. "Goodby," he said, as he laid his hand on

the boy's arm.
"Goodby, dad."
He mounted his borse slowly. "Well," he said, smilingly, looking down the road, "you ain't got anything more to say to me, have

"No, dad." .
"Nothin' you want?"
"Nothin', dad." "All right. Goodby."

He put spurs to his horse and cantered down the road without looking back. The boy watched him until out of sight with idle curiosity, and then went on his way whistling and striking off the wayside weeds with his walking stick.

CHAPTER VII. The sun rose so brightly over Hymettus on the morning after the meeting of the three partners that it was small wonder that Barker's impressionable nature quickly responded to it, and, without wakening the still sleeping child, he dressed hurriedly and was the first to greet it in the keen air of the slope behind the hotel. To his pantheistic spirit it had always seemed as natural for him to early welcome his returning brothers of the woods and hills as to say good morn ing to his fellow mortals. And in the joy of seeing Black Spur rising again to his leve n the distance before him, he doffed hi hat to it with a return of his old boylet habit, laid his arm caressingly around the great girth of the nearest pine, clapped his hands to the scampering squirrels in his path, and whistled to the dipping jays. In this way he quite forgot the more serious affairs of the preceding night, or, rather saw them only in the gliding of the morning until, looking up, he perceived the tall figure of Demorest approaching him; and then it struck him, with his first glance at his old partner's face, that his usual suave, gentle melancholy had been succeeded by a critical cynicism of look and a restrained bitternes. accent. Barker's loyal heart smote him for his own selfishness; Demorest had been hard hit by the discovery of the forgery and Stacy's concern in it, and had doubtless passed a restless night, while he (Barker) had forgotten all about it. "I thought of knocking at your door as I passed." he said with sympathetic apology, "but I was afraid I might disturb you. Isn't it glorious here? Quite like the old hill. Look at that lizard; he hasn't moved once since he first saw me. Do you remember the one who used to steal our sugar, and then stiffen himself into stone on the edge of the bowl, until he ooked like an ornamental handle to it?" he ontinued, rebounding again into spirits. 'Barker," said Demorest abruptly, "what sort of woman is this Mrs. Van Loo, whose

ocrus I occupy? "O," said Barker, with optimistic inno cence, "a most proper woman, old chap, White-haired, well-dressed, with a little foreign accent, and a still more foreign courtesy. Why you don't suppose we'd——"

what is she like?" said Demorest, mpatiently.

impatiently.

"Well," said Barker, thoughtfully, "she is the kind of a woman who might be Van Loo's mother, I suppose."

"You mean the mother of a forger and a swindler?" asked Demorest, sharply.

"There are no mothers of swindlers and forgers." said Barker, gravely, "in the way you mean, it's only those poor devil." he you mean. It's only those poor devils," he said, pointing, nevertheless, with a certain admiration to a circling sparrow-hawk above him, "who have inherited instincts. What I mean is that she might be Van Loo's mother because he didn't select her." "Where did she come from and how long has she here here?"

has she been here?" "She came from abroad, I believe. And she came here just after you left. Van Loo, after he became secretary of the Ditch com-pany, sent for her and her daughters to pany, sent for her and her daughters to keep house for him. But you'll see her to-day or tomorrow probably when she returns. I'll introduce you; she'll be rather glad to meet some one from abroad, and all the more if he happens to be rich and distinguished, and eligible for her daughters." He stopped suddenly in his smile, remembering Demorest's life-long secret. But, to his surprise, his companion's face, instead of darkening as it was won't to do at any of darkening as it was won't to do at any such aliusion, brightened suddenly with a singular excitement as he answered, dryly, well, if the girls are pretty, who

Indeed, his spirits seemed to have returned with strang) vivacity as they walked back to the hotel, and he asked many other questions the hotel, and he asked many other questions regarding Mrs. Van Loo and her daughters, and particularly if her daughters had also been abroad. When they reached the veranda they found a few early risers eagerly reading the Sacramento papers, which had just arrived, or, in little knots, discussing the news. Indeed, they would probably have stopped Barker and his companion had not Barker, anxious to relieve his friend's curi-

celty, hurried with him at once to the manager's office.
"Can you tell me exactly when you expect
Mrs. Van Loo to reliable?" asked Barker

pines above them, moved by a stronger gust, shook a few cones upon them; an enormous Mrs. Van Loo to retime?" asked Barker quickly.

The manager with difficulty detached himself from the newspaper, which he, too, was anxiously perusing, and waid with a peculiar smile: "Well, no: she was to return today, but if you're wanting to keep her rooms I should say there wouldn't be any trouble about it, as she'll hardly be coming back here now. She's rather high and mighty in style, I know, and a determined sort of critter, but I reckon she and her daughter wouldn't care much to be waitzing round in wouldn't care much to be waltzing round in public after what has happened."

"I don't understand you," said Demorest impatiently. "What has happened?" "Haven't you heard the news?" said the manager in surprise. "It's in all the Sacra-mento papers. Van Luo is a defaulter—has hypothecated everything he had and ske-

Barker started. He was not thinking of the loss of his wife's money—only of her disappointment and mortification over it. Poor girl! Perhaps she was also werrying over his resentment, as if she did not know him! He would go to her at once at Boomville. Then he remembered that she was coming with Mrs. Horncastle, and might be already on her way here by rail or coach, and he would miss her. Demorest in the mean-time had seized a paper and was intently reading it.

"There's bad news, too, for your friend, your old pariner," said the manager, half sympathetically, half interrogatively. "There has been a drop out in everything the bank is carrying and everybody is unloading. Two firms failed in 'Frisco yesterday that were carrying things for the bank and have thrown everything back on it. There was an awful panic last night and they say none of the ig speculators knows where he stands Three of our best customers in the hotel rushed off to the bay this morning, but Stacy himself started before daylight and got the through night express to stop for him on the 'Divide' on signal. Shall I send any telegrams that may come to your room?

Demorest knew that the manager su pected him of being interested in the bank and understood the purport of the question. He answered with calm surprise that he was expecting no telegrams, and added: "But if Mrs. Van Loo returns I beg you to at once let me know," and, taking Barker's arm, went in to breakfast. Seated by themselves, Demorest looked at his companion. "I'm Demorest looked at his companion. "I'm afraid, Barker boy, that this thing is more serious to Jim than we expected last night, or than he cared to tell us. And you, old man, I fear are hurt a little at Van Loo's He had some money of your wife's,

Barker, who knew that the bulk of Demorest's fortune was in Stacy's hands, was touched at this proof of his unselfish thought and answered with equal unselfishness that he was concerned only by the fear of Mrs. Barker's disappointment. "Why, Lord Phil, whether she's lost or saved her money it's nothing to me. I gave it to her to do what she liked with it, but I'm afraid she'll be worrying over what I think of it, as if she did not know me! And I'm half a mind, if it were not for missing her, to go over to Boomville, where she's stopping."
"I thought you said she was in San Fran "I thought you said she was in Sai cisco?" said Demorest, abstractedly.

Barker colored. "Yes." he answered uickly. "But I've heard since that she "Then don't let me keep you here," re-turned Demorest. "For if Jim telegraphs to me I shall start for San Francisco at orce, and I rather think he will. I did not like to say so before those panic-mongers outside who are stampeding everything; so run along, Barker boy, and ease your mind about the wife. We may have other things to think about soon."

Thus adjured. Barker rose from his halffinished breakfast and stipped away. Yet he wan not quite certain what to do. His wife must have heard the news at Boomville as quickly as he had, and, if so, would be on her way with Mrs. Horncastle; or she might be waiting for him, knowing, too, that he had heard the news, in fear and trembling. For it was Barker's custom to endow all those he cared for with his own sensitiveness, and it was not like him to reflect that the woman who had so recklessly speculated against his opinion would scarcely fear his reproaches in her defeat. In the fullness of his heart he telegraphed to her, in case she had not yet left Boom-ville: "All right. Have heard news. Understand perfectly. Don't worry. Come to me." Then he left the hotel by the stable entrance in order to evade the guests who and congregated on the veranda and made his way to a little wooded crest which he knew commanded a view of the two roads from Boomville. Here he determined to wait and intercept her before she reached the hotel. He knew that many of the guests were aware of his wife's speculations with Van Loo, and that he was her broker. He vished to spare her running the gauntlet of their curious stares and comments as she drove up alone. As he was climbing the slope the coach from Sacramento dashed past him on the road below, but he knew that it had changed horses at Boomville at 4 o'clock, and that his tired wife

would not have availed herself of it at that hour, particularly as she could not have yet received the fateful news. He threw himself under a large pine and watched the stage coach disappear as it swept around into the courtyard of the hotel. Barker gat there for some moments with his eyes bent upon the two forks of the red road that diverged below him, but which appeared to become whiter and more daz-zling as he searched their distance. There was nothing to be seen except an occasional puff of dust which eventually revealed herseman or a long trailing cloud out of which a solitary mule, one of a pack train of six or eight, would momentarily emerge and be lost again. Then he suddenly heard his name called, and looking up saw Mrs. Horncastle, who had halted a few paces from him between two columns of the longdrawn aisle of pines.

In that mysterious half light she seemed such a beautiful and goddess-like figure that his consciousness at first was unable to grasp anything else. She was always won-derfully well dressed, but the warmth and seclusion of this mountain morning had enabled her to wear a light gown of some delicate fabric which set off the grace of her figure, and even pardoned the rural coquetry of a silken sash around her still slender waist. An open white para-sol thrown over her shoulder made a nimbus for her charming head and the thick coils of hair under her lace-edged

hat. He had never seen her look so beautiful before. And that thought was so plain in his frank face and eyes as he sprang to his feet that it brought a slight rise of color to her own cheek:

"I saw you climbing up here as I passed in the coach a few minutes ago," she said with a smile, "and as soon as I had shaken

in the coach a few minutes ago," she said with a smile, "and as soon as I had shaken the dust off I followed you."

"Where's Kitty?" he stammered.

The color faded from her face as it had come, and a shade of something like reproach crept into her dark eyes. And whatever it had been her purpose to say, or however carefully she might have prepared herself for this interview, she was evidently taken aback by the sudden illrectness of the inquiry. Barker saw that his quickly and as quickly referred it to he own rudeness. His whole soul rushed in apolety to his face as he said: "O, forgive me! "I was anxious about Kitty; indeed, I had thought of coming again to Boomville, for you've heard the news, of course? Van Loo is addistilter, and has rua away with the poor child's money."

Mrs. Horncastle had heard the news at the hotel. She paused a moment to collect her self, and then said slowly and tentatively yet with a watchful intensity in her eyes: "Mrs. Barker went, I think, to the 'Divide'—" But she was instantly interrupted by the eager Barker. "I see fishought of that at once. She went directly to the company's offices to see if she could save anything from the wreck before she saw me. It was like her, poor girl! And you—you," he went on eagerly, his whole face beaming with gratitude, "you, out of your goodness, came here to tell me." He held out both hands and took hers in his.

(To be continued.)

and took hers in his. (To be continued.)

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## Her Decoration Day THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN SOLDIER'S GRAVE IN KENSAL GREEN. It Was in a London Cometery that the Blue and the Gray Were Reconciled One Bright May Afternoon.

By Gerald Brenan.
It was Decoration Day; and Miss Elizabeth Scription:
"Here lies the body of Captain Randolph "Here lies the body of Captain Randolph By Gerald Brenan. Downes found herself in London-far away from her own home and the graves of her

forefathers. Now Bessie Downes had observed Decoration Day ever since she was a little toddler in the Boston suburb which gave her birth, Little wonder was it that she should have done so; for not only had her father fought gallantly for the federal cause in the war. but no less than four of her uncles, and whole lozens of cousins to boot, were among those whose names are enshrined as defenders of

Consequently no one need feel surprised at learning that Bessle felt a pang of home-slekness when she awoke in unsympathetic Condon on this particular Decoration Day. Outside in the prim Bloomsbury street, where she was staying with her friends, the Malcolms, she heard none of the noise and bustle which would assuredly have greeted her in Roxbury, Mass. Her engagement evident astonishment. This was a young man, tablets bore no records of coming visits to good enough to look upon, and possessed of cemetery or mausoleum where warrior-dead that attractive litheness which told Bessie repose. The simpering maid who brought up instantly that she was not looking at a

of black marble, upon which was the in-

Lee Carroll, soldier and gentleman, a credit to his native country, the United States of

A great wave of enthusiasm surged through the impressionable being of this little New England maid, as one by one she took her commemorative flowers from the sexton and laid them around the tomb. Then she laid her gloveless hand careseingly upon the exiled soldier's name-looking as though she would have liked to kiss it-and silently turned away. The tactful sexton said naught and the two passed slowly down the path. Suddenly however Bessle remembered that the best of all her memorials, the little belong probably to my mother's "Stars and Stripes" brought all the way from Her name was Elizabeth Downes." New York, still remained in her hand. Bid-ding the sexton wait for her, she quickly

retraced her steps to Captain Carroll's But another person had reached the flowerbedecked marble before her; and now stood regarding the wealth of decorations with



BESSIE PLACING THE WREATH ON CAPTAIN CARROLL'S GRAVE.

Decoration Day.
"It's a shame," said Bessie, stirring the a charming wreath, a very simple and uncoffee viciously, "General Downes" only daughter unable to lay even a single flower on some soldier's grave; and this Decoration ling the young man with the wreath, who Day! And surely, there must be lots of had not heard her coming). "Dear me! union soldiers buried in the London ceme- I'm afraid that I haven't left you an inch

This last reflection inspired her. She pulled the belirope sturdily, recalling the simper-

ing domestic. "I want a cablegram sent instantly to my father, General Downes," she said. The servant did not even look surprised. Already this quiet Bloomsbury household was growing used to the whims of Bessie Downes. millionaire's heiress and spollt child of for-tune. Within fifteen minutes the message was on its way to the nearest office where cablegrams are received, and in five minutes

words: "General John Downes, Roxbury, Mass. U. S. A. Are any of my soldier cousins buried in London? Bessie." Whatever General Downes may have hought regarding this very expensive method of seeking information, he answered promptly

enough. Before noon Bessie received the re-"Cousin Randolph Carroll, Kensal Green. The patriotic Miss Downes was delighted. 'How good of the dear old pater!" she cried. amused Mrs. Malcolm over their early lunch (early because of the trip to Kensal Green cemetery determined on the moment the cablegram arrived). "And, oh, how de-lighted to find one of my own kin buried ere-one, who, in addition to his kinship,

vas a loyal soldier of the union."
After lunch the Malcolm's landau carried hem to a florist's, where Bessie purchased lavishly in wreaths and immortelles, for the grave of her warrior relative. Then it was ho! for Kensal Green—that quiet old world
"God's Acre," so different from most of the
American burlal places with which Bessie
was acquainted. There was some difficulty
at first in finding the grave of Randolph Carroll, but Bessie's pretty face smoothed matters wonderfully, and the location was soon determined. Mrs. Malcolm being tired in the sexton's lodge, while dignified old person escorted Bessie and her wreaths to the tomb. Randolph Carroll's grave was surmounted by a very plain plece

her coffee had probably never even heard of | Briton, but at one of her own countrymen. pretentious one,
"Dear me!" said Bessie regretfully (start-

> of space for your flowers."
>
> He looked at her curiously for a moment "It was you then that decorated the grave?" he said.
> "Yes, it was I," answered Bessle. "You

see, 'I found myself so far away from America, and then it was Decoration day." "Decoration day?" repeated the joung man, inquiringly.
"Yes. Decoration Decoration Day. Is it possible you don't know what that is? And you're an American!"
"Yes, I am certainly an American. But

memory has been blunted. Now I remember that Decoration Day is a sort of memorial festival for dead northern soldiers." "Of course! And so, you see, I drove out tere to lay a few flowers on the tomb of this gallant fellow."

A grim smile rested for a moment on the young man's face. "I fancy that you have made a mistake," "The man buried here was not federal soldier. Captain Randolph Carroll ought for the south. Bessie gasped. Had she been showerin

her immortelles upon the grave of a con-federate—one of those "Johnny Rebs" whom her training and associations had taught her to abhor. And this on Decoration Day-the pecial day devoted to honoring the north and

ts patriot dead! "Surely," she cried, "that cannot be so. Why, I have my father's telegram. This man-this Captain Carroll, is our cousin. He could not have been a rebel."

"Your cousin!" exclaimed the young man. 'Well, he may have been your cousin; but can assure you that he was my father." Once more was Bessie staggered. Me-chanically she opened her purse, and found the crumpled cablegram from her father. Mechanically she compared the name there mentioned with that on the tomb. They were identical; save that the cablegram had imitted the captain's middle name.

At last she spoke.
"No; clearly there is no mistake. My

father must have misunderstood me; or else he was anxious to play a trick. He was always fond of practical jokes; but I do think he has gone too far in this case. The idea, of my scattering flowers on the hated The young man held up a deprecating

"Please!" he said. "Please do not call him ill names. He was my father, you know."
Impulsive Bessie was conquered in a

"I beg your pardon; I really do," she exclaimed. "It was outrageous of me to speak so. Of course, I was always brought up to hate the confederates."

"And yet," remarked Mr. Carroll, "there

were a-many brave patriots and gallant gentlemen among those confederates. After all, you see, to the average southerner the confederate cause appealed quite as strongly as did that of the union to your friends in the north." This was all said very quietly --indeed, Mr. Carroll appeared to be a de This was all said very quietly cidedly quiet, but none the less, decided in-

"Yes," asserted Bessie, anxious to make amends, "I suppose that is true. I never looked at it in that light before. And now allow me to clear a space, so that you can lay your wreath on the marble."

She did not offer to take away her own flowers, but deftly made room for that of the captain's son. When he had reverently captain's son. When he had reverently placed it under his father's name, he said: "I come here with a wreath whenever I happen to be in London. My name is Alan Carroll; and you, since you are our cousin,

Bessle's blue eyes opened widely. "Why that is my name," she said. "You must be quite a near relation." Just then the worthy sexton of Kensal

Green came stumping down the path, bent on discovering what had happened to delay Bessle. Behind him came the anxious chaperone, Mrs. Malcolm, who started guiltily on perceiving her charge in close converse with a stranger of the opposite sex.
"My dear Bessie—" she began, severely;
but Bessie interrupted in her usual quick

fashion, "Oh, Mrs. Malcelm, what do you think?

I've found a cousin—a real, simon-pure cousin. Let me present Mr. Alan Carroll. His father and mine were on opposite sides during the civil war; but they were both brave soldiers, as Mr. Carroll has pointed out to me, so that I think the feud ought to be buried."

Mrs. Malcolm, I fear, looked a trifle suspicious at first over this very extraordinary meeting of cousins in a cemetery. As for the sexton of Kensal Green, when he re-tired to his lodge after seeing the party out (the newly-found relative had been asked to lunch), he varied the monotony of counting an unusually fat fee by winking expressively and muttering: "Cousins! yes! Hof course! Cousins!"

As for General Downes in far-off Roxbury, when his daughter wrote him an account of her singular adventure he replied:
"You acted quite rightly, my dear. If

Alan Carroll takes after his father he must be a sterling fine fellow, and if there is an occasion upon which the differences of north and south ought to be laid aside, it is on Decoration Day."

And there are sly hints regarding "a coming reunion of blue and gray" in the



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