

AN HOUR IN HADES.

The Story of Two Letters.

For many minutes Philip Watson had sat motionless at his desk, in the cosy, well-lighted library of a handsome cottage in the suburbs of a western city, staring dumbly at the closely-written pages of a letter that lay open before him. He had read and re-read it until every word was seared into his brain. It seemed too horrible, too monstrous to be true. It must be a dream, a hideous nightmare of the imagination. He would awake soon and find her still there—the bonny, sweet bride he had taken to his heart and home only a short week before.

His Florence gone and left him—deserted him for another man? Oh, no; it could not, it must not be. And yet, there was the letter. It was her handwriting, the signature was hers, the words—ah, what bitter, accusing words they were—they, too, were hers. Picking up the letter he read it once more, in the stupid, hopeless manner in which a condemned murderer listens to his death warrant, or a man who is about to be hanged, no resentment in his eyes, as he reads the already familiar words—nothing but dumb despair.

"My Dear Husband—It would seem strange to address you by any other term, so for the last time I shall call you that. I say the last time because I mean it, for when you read these words the sacred name of husband and wife will have the further meaning for us, I shall then be, not in the eye of the law, perhaps, but in my heart and in the sight of the being who alone has the right to judge me, the wife of another.

"When I stood with you at the altar, one brief year ago, and trusting in your future happiness into your keeping, I little dreamed that I should ever be driven to take the step I am about to take. I know what the world will say. I know that on my weak shoulders will fall all the blame, while you will receive only pity and condolence; yet even that will not suffice to hold me back. You and I, at least, will know the truth; but lest, in the fiercest bitterness of your resentment, you should forget some part of it, I will here set it down.

"In the days of our courtship—a thousand years ago it seems as I look back at it tonight—you fed me on honeyed words and phrases and poured unending flattery into my willing ear. After we had wedded and you had grown weary of me, as a child grows weary of a new toy, the empty husks of love would have been grateful to my starving soul, but I did not receive even them—nothing but neglect. Sometimes you spoke lightly of love and kissed me, but not often, and when you did there was in the touch of your lips more of the warmth, the joyous electric thrill of old, nothing but the careless and perfunctory performance of a distasteful duty. That was all, Philip; and though it may have signified little to you, it meant much to me—life, joy, honor, everything that a woman holds dear.

MEXICO'S MARVELOUS RUINS

Wonderful Evidence of a Remarkable Prehistoric Race.

BELIEVED TO BE A MIGHTY PEOPLE

Explorer Nives's Discoveries in the Wilderness of Northwestern Mexico—Great Piles of Crumbling Ruins.

Mr. William Nives, an explorer whose industry and enthusiasm in the field of Central American archaeology and ethnology have contributed largely to the general stock of knowledge on these subjects, is once more in the wilderness of northwestern Mexico delving in the ruined remains of the prehistoric inhabitants of that country. There he will remain many months to come. The following letter, which was written by him to the New York Herald from his camp, possesses both popular and scientific interest.

I am again in the heart of the wilderness of northwestern Mexico and an encamped beside the ruins of a prehistoric city that had evidently fallen into decay long before Columbus discovered America. Before my eyes stretch away across acres of the ruins of this mysterious civilization, and as I look out from my tent door I see on every hand evidence of the mightiness of this now utterly lost race.

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HARPER'S BAZAR

FOR 1898

PRACTICAL TALKS ON GARDENS

By EBEN E. REXFORD

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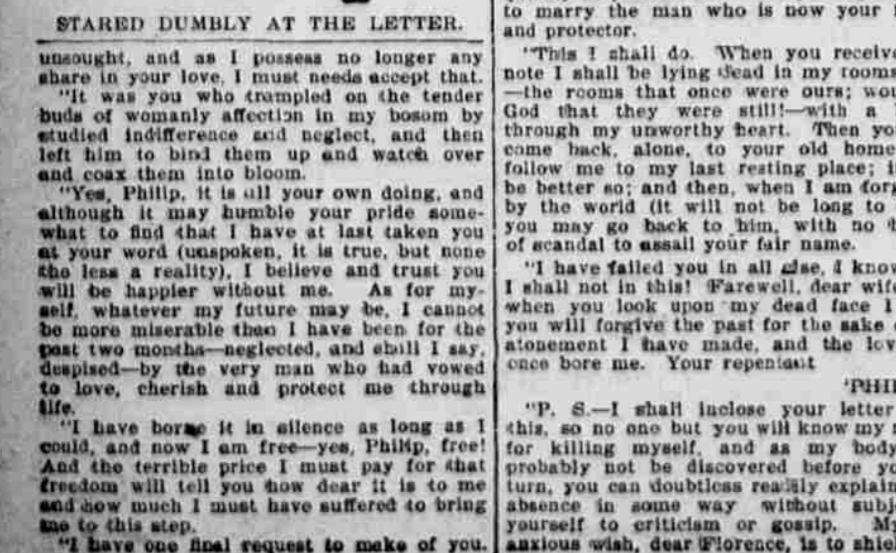
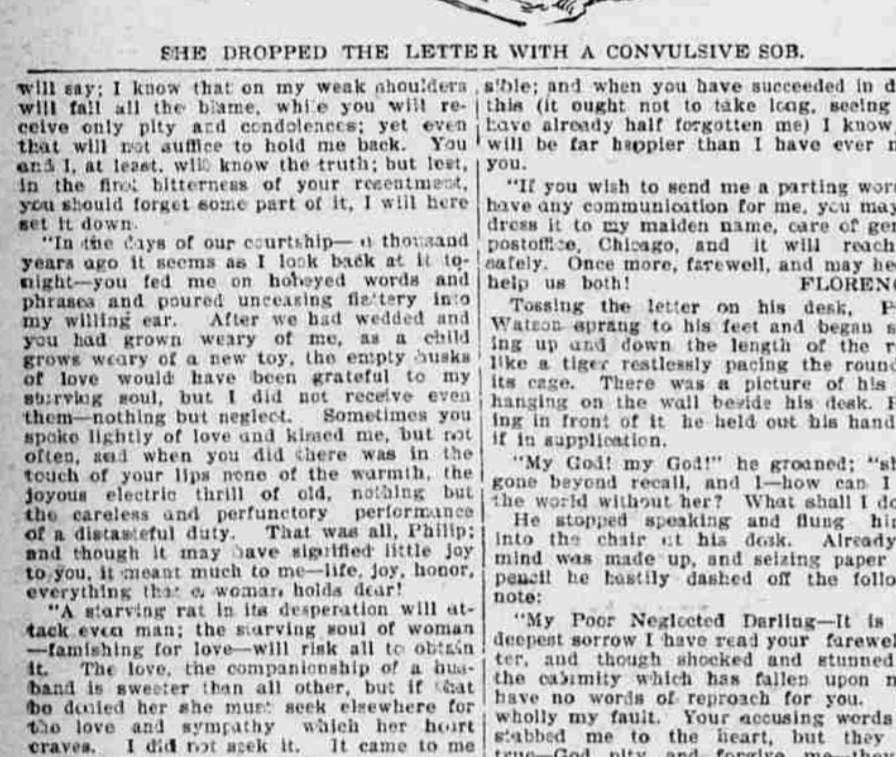
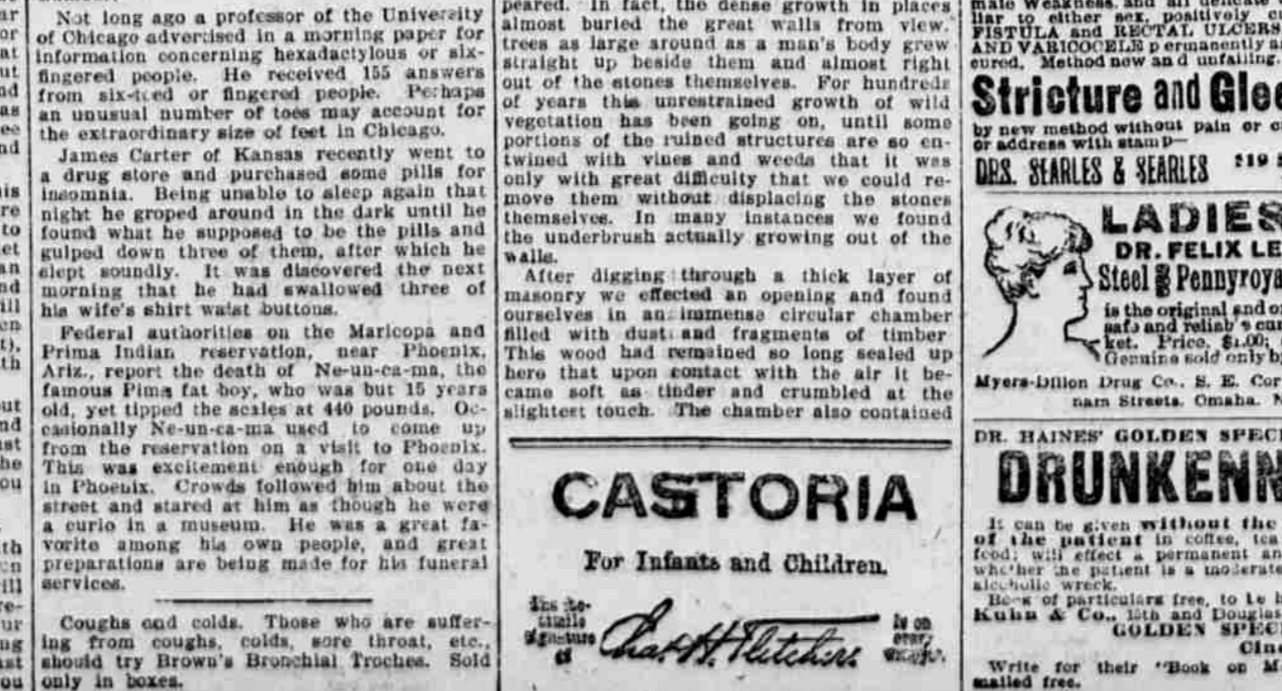
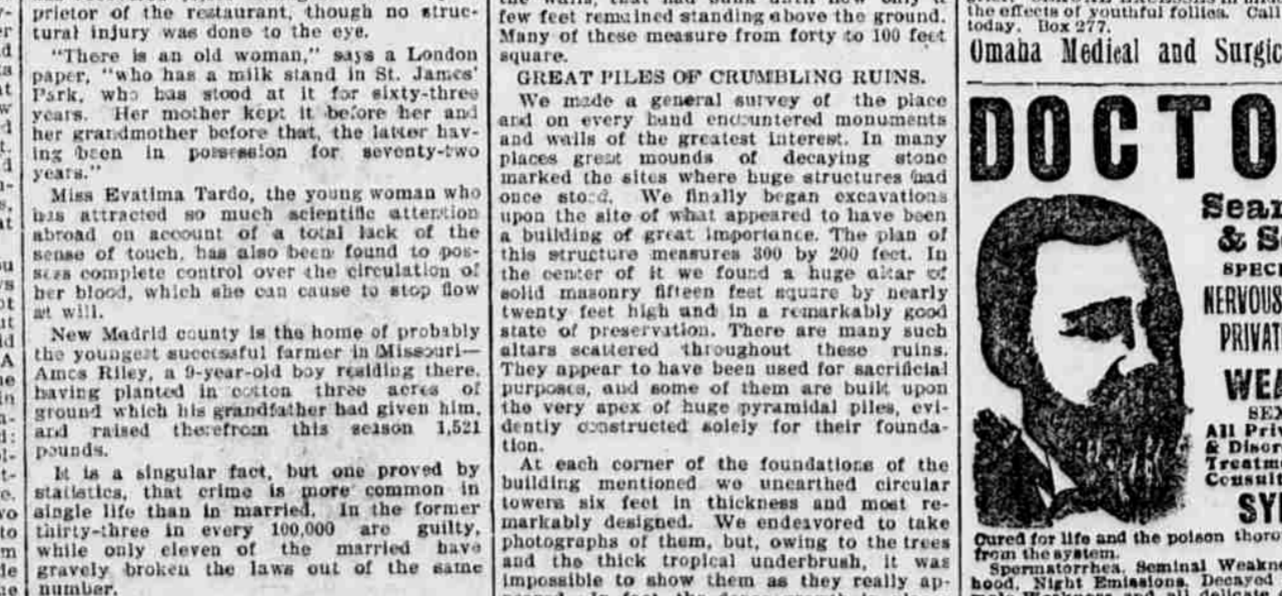
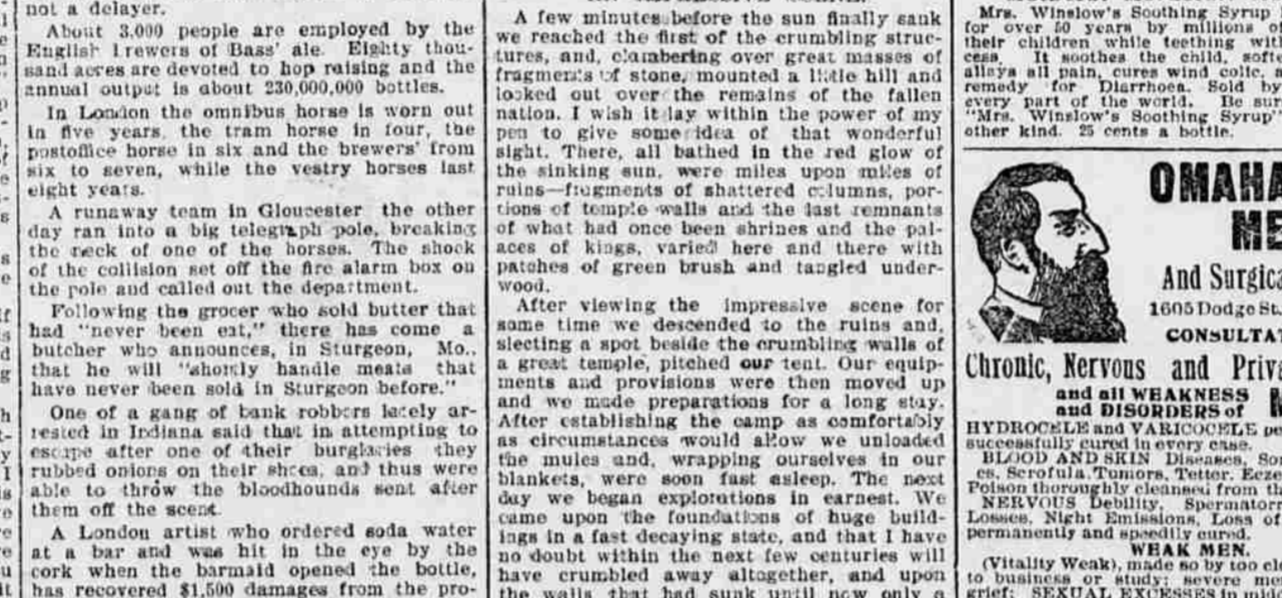
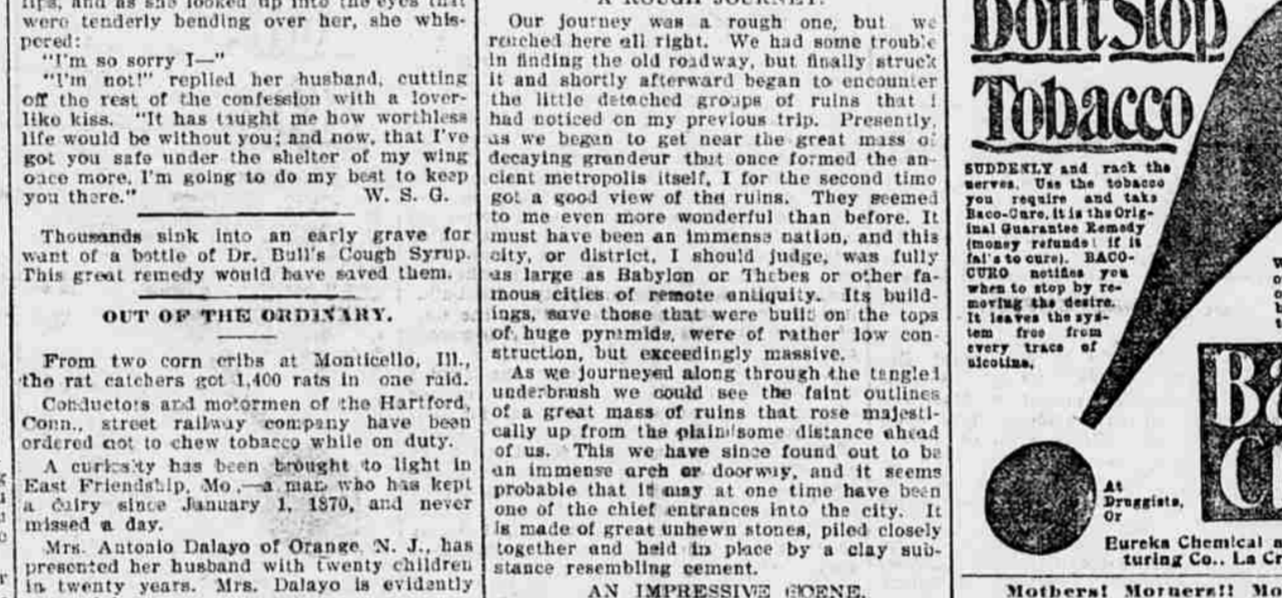
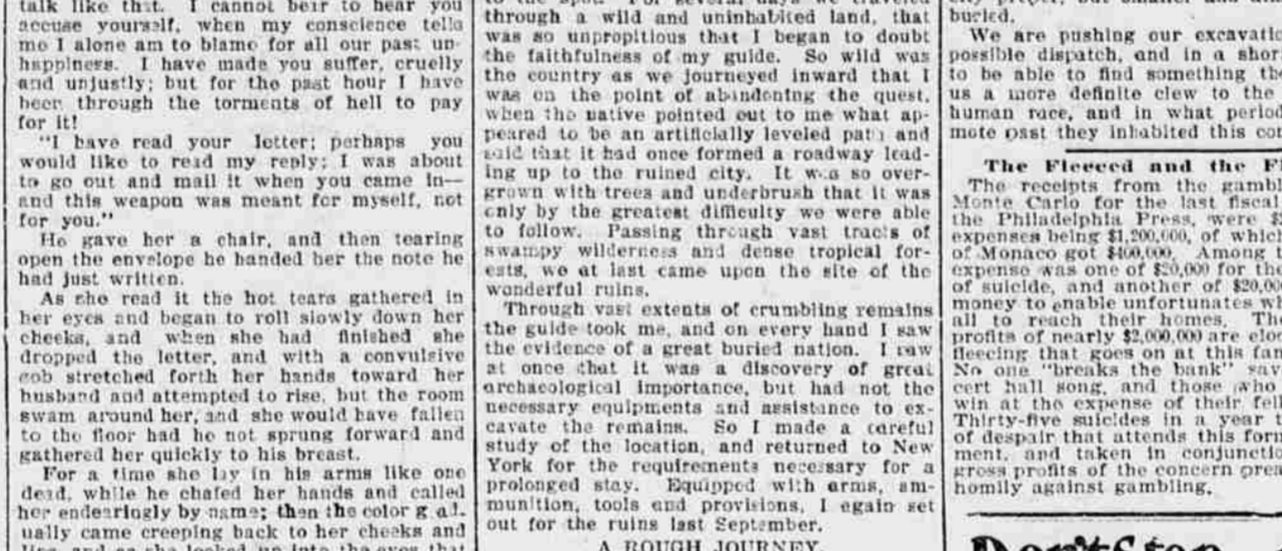
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What, Ho! For Winter Sports! ALL HAIL THE FROST KING We're off for the skating! We're down the toboggan slide! Geel! But isn't it fun! The Ice Carnival is on at the Exposition grounds. Any Boy or Girl Can Go Free. IF you will bring in two new subscribers for the Daily and Sunday Bee for two weeks each, you can get a ticket to the grounds, an admission to the ice and four trip tickets for the toboggan slide, or eight toboggan tickets or four ice admissions. IF you bring in one new subscriber to the Daily and Sunday Bee for three weeks, you can get a ticket to the grounds, an admission to the ice and two trip tickets for the toboggan slide; or three ice admissions, or six toboggan tickets. IF you bring in more subscribers, or for a longer time, you can get tickets at the same rate for each bona fide new subscriber—that is, an admission to the grounds, or an admission to the ice, or two trip tickets for the toboggan slide, for each week paid in advance by the new subscribers, and more tickets. A whole lot of fun for just a little work. None but bona fide new subscribers count. No subscription taken for less than two weeks. Bring your subscriptions to the Circulation Department, Bee Publishing Co, Bee Building.



STARED DUMBLY AT THE LETTER.