THE DESBOROUGH CONNECTIONS.

By BRET HARTE.

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PART II.

As she entered the iron gates at the lower end of the park, and glanced at the interwoven cipher and crest of the Amelyns still above, she was conscious that the wind was blowing more chill, and that a few clouds had gathered. As she walked on down the long, winding avenue, the sky became overcast—and in one of those strange contrasts of the English climate the glory of the whole day went out with the sunshine. The woods suddenly became wrinkled and gray, the distant hills somber, the very English turf beneath her feet grew brown; a mile and a half away, through the opening of the trees, the west part of the Priory looked a crumbling, ivy-eaten ruin. A few drops of rain fell. She hurried on. Suddenly she remembered that the avenue made a long circuit before approaching the house, and that its lower end, where she was walking, was but a fringe of the park. Consequently there must be a short cut across some fields and farm buildings to the back of the park and the Priory. She at once diverged to the right, presently found a low fence, which she clambered over, and again found a footpath which led to a stile. Crossing that, she could see the footpath now led directly to the Priory—now a grim and austere looking pile in the suddenly dejected landscape—and that it was probably used only by the servants and farmers. A gust of wind brought some swift needles of rain to her cheek; she could see the sad hills beyond the Priory already veiling their faces; she gathered her skirts and ran. The next field was a long one, but beside the further stile was a small clump of trees, the only ones between her and the park. Hurrying on to that shelter, she saw that the stile was already occupied by a tall, but bent figure, holding a long stick in his hand, which gave him the appearance, against the horizon, of the figure of Time leaning on his scythe. As she came nearer she saw it was, indeed, an old man, half resting on his rake. He was very rugged and weather-beaten, and, although near the shelter of the trees, apparently unmindful of the rain that was falling on his bald head, and the limp cap he was holding useless in one hand. He was staring at her, yet apparently unconscious of her presence. A sudden instinct came upon her—it was "Debs!"

She went directly up to him, and with that frank common sense which ordinarily distinguished her, took his cap from his hand and put it on his head, grasped his arm firmly, and led him to the shelter of the trees. Then she wiped the raindrops from his face with her handkerchief, shook out her own dress and wet parasol, and, propping her companion against a tree, said:

"There, Mr. Debs! I've heard of people who didn't know enough to come in when it rained, but I never met one before."

The old man started, lifted his hairy, sinewy arm, bared to the elbow, and wiped his bare throat with the dry side of it. Then a look of intelligence—albeit half aggressive—came to his face. "Wheer beest tha going?" he said.

Something in his voice struck Sadie like a vague echo. Perhaps it was only the queer dialect—or some resemblance to his granddaughter's voice. She looked at him a little more closely, as she said: "To the Priory."

"Whaat?"

She pointed with her parasol to the gray pile in the distance. It was possible that this demented, peasant didn't even understand English.

"The hall? O, ay!" Suddenly his brows knit ominously as he faced her. "An' wassist tha' doin' dresst oop in this foinery? Wheer gettest thee that goawn? Thissen, or thy maester? Nowt, even a n'apron, fit for thy wark as maid at servise; an' parson a gettin' tha' place at hall! So thou'lt be high and moity will tha' thou'lt not walk wi' maids, but trapse by this sen like a slut in the toon—dang tha!"

Although it was plain to Sadie that the old man, in his wandering perception, had mistaken her for his granddaughter in service at the Priory, there was still enough rudeness in his speech for her to have resented it. But, strange to say, there was a kind of authority in it that touched her with an uneasiness and repulsion that was stronger than any other feeling. "I think you have mistaken me for some one else," she said hurriedly, yet wondering why she had ad-

SHE KISSED THE COLD, HARD FOREHEAD WITHOUT A TREMOR.

mitted it, and even irritated at the admission; "I am a stranger here, a visitor at the Priory. I called with Miss Amelyn at your cottage, and saw your other granddaughter; that's how I knew your name."

The old man's face changed. A sad, senile smile of hopeless bewilderment crept into his hard mouth; he plucked his limp cap from his head and let it hang submissively in his fingers as if it were his sole apology. Then he tried to straighten himself and said, "Naw offins, miss, naw offins! If tha knaws mea tha'll knaw I'm grandfeyther to two galls as moight be tha owern age; tha'll tell ee that old Debbs at haaty years 'as warked and nivver lost a day as man or boy; has niver coome oopen 'em for 'ha-porth. An' 'e'll keap out o' warkus till he doy. An' 'ee's put by enow to loy wi' his own feythers in Lanksheer, an not liggen aloane in Parson's choorchyard."

It was part of her uneasiness that, scarcely understanding, nor, indeed, feeling any interest in these maundering details, she still seemed to have an odd comprehension of his character and some reminiscent knowledge of him, as if she were going through the repetition of some unpleasant dream. Even his wrinkled face was becoming familiar to her. Some weird attraction was holding her; she wanted to get away from it as much as she wanted to analyze it. She glanced ostentatiously at the sky, prepared to open her parasol, and began to edge cautiously away.

"Then tha' beant from these pearts?" he said, suddenly.

"No, no!" she said, quickly and emphatically—"no, I'm an American."

The old man started and moved toward her, eagerly, his keen eyes breaking through the film that at times obscured them. "Merrikan! tha baist Merrikan? Then tha knaws ma son John, 'ee war nowt but a bairn when brether Dick took un to Merriky! Naw! Now! that wor fifty years sen!—niver wroate to his old feyther—niver coomed back. 'Ee wor tall-loike, an' thea said 'e feavored mea." He stopped, threw up his head, and with his skinny fingers drew back his long, straggling locks from his sunken cheeks, and stared in her face. The quick transition of fascination, repulsion, shock and indefinable apprehension made her laugh hysterically. To her terror he joined in it, and eagerly clasped her wrists: "Eh lass! tha' knaws John—tha' coomes from un to old grandfeyther. Whorr-u! Eay! but tha' tho't to fool mea, did tha' lass? Whoy I knoawed tha' voice, for a' tha' foine peacock feathers. So tha' be John's gell coom from Ameriky. Dear! a dear! Coom neaur less! let's see what tha's loike. Eh—but thoul't kiss tha' grandfather sewerely?"

A wild terror and undefined consternation had completely overpowered her! But she made a desperate effort to free her wrists, and burst out madly:

"Let me go! How dare you! I don't know you or yours! I'm nothing to you or your kin! My name is Desborough—do you understand—do you hear me, Mr. Debs?—Desborough!"

"So thou'lt call thissen—Des-borough!—wilt tha? Let me tell tha, then, that 'Debs,' 'Debban,' 'Debbrook' and 'Des-borough' are all the seame! Ay! Thy feyther and thy feyther's feyther! Thou'lt be a Des-borough, will tha? Dang tha! And look doon on tha kin, and dress thissen in silks o' shame! Tell 'ee thou'rt an ass, gell! Don't tha' hear? An ass! For all tha bean John's bairn! An ass! That's what tha' beast!"

With flashing eyes and burning cheeks she made one more supreme effort, lifting her arms, freeing her wrists and throwing the old man staggering from her. Then she leaped the stile, turned and fled through the rain. But before she reached the end of the field she stopped! She had freed herself—she was stronger than he—what had she to fear? He was crazy! Yes, he must be crazy, and he had insulted her, but he was an old man—and God knows what! Her heart was beating rapidly—her breath was hurried—but she ran back to the stile.

He was not there. The field sloped away on either side of it. But she could distinguish nothing in the pouring rain above the windswept meadow. He must have gone home. Relieved for a moment she turned and hurried on toward the Priory.

But at every step she was followed, not by the old man's presence, but by what he had said to her, which she could not shake off as she had shaken off his detaining fingers. Was it the ravings of insanity or had she stumbled unwittingly upon some awful secret—was it after all a secret? Perhaps it was something they all knew or would know later. And she had come down here for this. For, back of her indignation, back even of her disbelief in his insanity, there was an awful sense of truth. The names he had flung out, of "Debs," "Debban" and "Debbrook" now flashed upon her as something she had seen before, but had not understood. Until she satisfied herself of this she felt she could not live nor breathe! She loathed the Priory, with its austere exclusiveness as it rose before her; she wished she had never entered it, but it contained that which she must know, and know at once. She entered the nearest door, and ran up the grand staircase. Her flushed face and disordered appearance were easily accounted for by her exposure to the sudden storm. She went to her bedroom, sent her maid to another room to prepare a change of dress, and sinking down before her traveling desk, groped for a document. Ah, there it was—the expensive toy that she had played with! She hastily ran over its leaves to the page she already remembered. And there, among the dashes and perpendicular lines she had jested over last night, on which she had thought was a collateral branch of the line, stood her father's name and that of Richard, his uncle, with the bracketed notes in red ink, "see Debbrook, Daybrook, Debbers and Debs." Yes, this gaunt, half-crazy, overworked peasant, content to rake the dead leaves before the rolling chariots of the Beverdales, was her grandfather; that poorly-clad girl in the cottage—and even the menial in the scullery of this very house that might be hers—were her cousins! She burst into a laugh, and then refolded the document and put it away.

At luncheon she was radiant and sparkling. Her drenched clothes were an excuse for a new and ravishing toilette. She had never looked so beautiful before, and significant glances were exchanged between some of the guests, who believed that the expected proposal had already come. But those who were of the carriage party knew otherwise, and of Lord Algernon's disappointment. Lord Beverdale contented himself with rallying his fair guest on the becomingness of "good works." But he continued, "You're offering a dreadful example to these women, Miss Desborough, and I know I shall never hereafter be able to content them with any frivolous morning amusement at the Priory. For myself, when I am grown gouty and hideous, I know I shall bloom again as a district visitor."

Yet under this surface sparkle and nervous exaltation Sadie never lost consciousness of the gravity of the situation. If her sense of humor enabled her to see one side of its grim irony—if she experienced a wicked satisfaction in accepting the admiration and easy confidence of the high-born guests, knowing that her cousin had assisted in preparing the dinner they were eating, she had never lost sight of the practical effect of the discovery she had made. And she had come to a final resolution. She should leave the Priory at once and abandon all idea of a matrimonial alliance with its heir! Inconsistent as this might seem to her selfish, worldly nature, it was nevertheless in keeping with a certain pride and independence that was in her blood. She did not love Lord Algernon, neither did she love her grandfather; she was equally willing to sacrifice either or both; she knew that neither Lord Algernon nor his father would make her connections an objection, however they might wish to keep the fact a secret—or otherwise dispose of them by pensions or emigration, but she could not bear to know it herself! She never could be happy as the mistress of Scrooby Pirory with that knowledge; she did not idealize it as a principle! Carefully weighing it by her own practical common sense, she said to herself that "it wouldn't pay." The highest independence is often akin to the lowest selfishness; she did not dream that the same pride which kept her grandfather from the workhouse and support by his daughters had kept him from communicating with his own son, now kept her from acknowledging them, even for the gift of a title and domain. There was only one question before her; should she stay long enough to receive the proposal of Lord Algernon and then decline it? Why should she not snatch that single feminine joy out of the ashes of her burnt-up illusion? She knew that an opportunity would be offered that afternoon. The party were to take tea at Broxby hall, and Lord Algernon was to drive her there in his dogcart. Miss Desborough had gone up to her bedroom to put on a warmer cloak, and had rung twice or thrice impatiently for her maid. When the girl made her appearance, apologetic, voluble and excited, Miss Desborough scarcely listened to her excuses, until a single word suddenly arrested her attention. It was "old Debs."

"What are you talking about?" said Sadie, pausing in the adjustment of her hat on her brown hair.

"Old Debs, miss; that's what they call him; an old park keeper, just found dead in a pool of water in the fields; the grandfather of one of the servants here; and there's such an excitement in the servants' hall. The gentlemen all knew it, too, for I heard Lord Algernon say that he was looking very queer lately and might have had a fit; and Lord Beverdale has sent word to the coroner. And only think, the people here are such fools that they daren't touch or move the poor man, and him lyin' there in the rain all the time, until the coroner comes!"

Miss Desborough had been steadily regarding herself in the glass to see if she had turned pale. She had. She set her teeth together until the color partly returned. But she kept her face away from the maid. "That'll do," she said quietly. "You can tell me all later. I have some important news myself, and I may not go out after all. I want you to take a note for me." She went to her table, wrote a line in pencil, folded it, scribbled an address upon it, handed it to the girl, and gently pushed her from the room.

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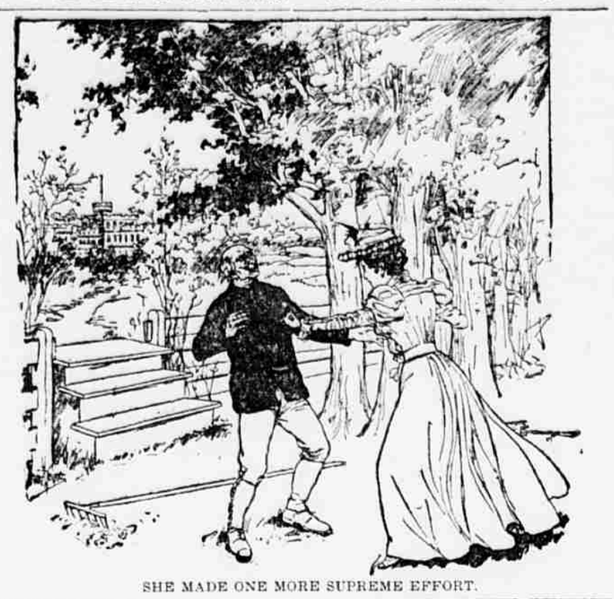
The consul was lingering on the terrace beside one of the carriages; at a little distance a groom was holding the nervous thoroughbred of Lord Algernon's dogcart. Suddenly he felt a touch on his shoulder, and Miss Desborough's maid put a note in his hand. It contained only a line.

"Please come and see me in the library,



SHE MADE ONE MORE SUPREME EFFORT.

but without making any fuss about it—at once—S. D."

The consul glanced around him; no one had apparently noticed the incident. He slipped back into the house and made his way to the library. It was a long gallery, at the further end Miss Desborough stood cloaked, veiled and coquettishly hatted. She was looking very beautiful and animated: "I want you to please do me a great favor," she said with an adorable smile, "as your own countrywoman, you know, for the sake of Fourth of July and pumpkin pie and the old flag! I don't want to go to this circus today. I am going to leave here tonight! I am! Honest Injun! I want you to manage it. I want you to say that as consul you've received important news for me—the death of some relative, if you like—or better, something affecting my property, you know"—with a little satirical laugh—"I guess that would fetch 'em! So go at once."

"But really, Miss Desborough, do let us talk this over before you decide!" implored the bewildered consul. Think what a disappointment to your host and these ladies. Lord Algernon expects to drive you there—he is already waiting! The party was gotten up for you." Miss Desborough made a slight grimace. "I mean you ought to sacrifice something—but I trust there is really nothing serious—to them!"

"If you don't not speak to them I will!" said Miss Desborough firmly. "If you say what I tell you it will come the more plausibly from you. Come! My mind is made up. One of us must break the news! Shall it be you or I?" She drew her cloak over her shoulders and made a step forward.

The consul saw she was determined. "Then wait here till I return, but keep yourself out of sight," he said, and hurried away. Between the library and the terrace he conceived his plan. His perplexity lent him a seriousness which befitted the gravity of the news he had to disclose. "I am sorry to have to tell you," he said, taking Lord Beverdale aside, "that I was the unlucky bearer of some sad news to Miss Desborough this morning, through my consular letters. Some matter concerning the death of a relation of hers, and some wearisome question of property. I thought that it was of little importance, and that she would not take it seriously, but I find I was mistaken. It may even oblige her to catch the London train tonight. I promised to make her excuses to you for the present, and I'm afraid I must add my own to them, as she wishes me to stay and advise her in this matter, which requires some prompt action."

Miss Desborough was right; the magic word "property" changed the slight annoyance on the earl's face to a sympathetic concern. "Dear me! I trust it is nothing really serious," he said. "Of course you will advise her, and, by the way, if my solicitor, Withers, who'll be here tomorrow, can do anything, you know, call him in. I hope she'll be able to see me later. It could not be a near relation who died, I fancy—she has no brothers or sisters, I understand."

"A cousin—I think—an old friend," said the consul, hastily. He heard Lord Beverdale say a few words to his companions, saw with a tinge of remorse, a cloud settle upon Lord Algernon's fresh face, as he appealed in a whisper to old Lady Mesthyn, who leaned forward from the carriage and said: "If the dear child though: I could be of any service, I should only be too glad to stay with her."

"I knew she would appreciate Lady Mesthyn's sympathy," said the ingenious consul quickly, "but I really think the question is more a business one—and—"

"Ah, yes," said the old lady, shaking her head, "it's dreadful of course—but we must all think of that!"

As the carriage drove away the consul hurried back a little viciously to his fair countrywoman. "There!" he said, "I have done it! If I have managed to convey either the idea that you are a penniless orphan, or that I have official information that you are suspected of a dynamite conspiracy—don't blame me! And now," he said, "as I have excused myself on the ground that I must devote myself to this dreadful business of yours, perhaps you'll tell me what it really is."

"Not a word more," said Miss Desborough, "except," she added, checking her smile with a weary gesture, "except that I want to leave this dreadful place at once! There! Don't ask me any more!"

There could be no doubt of the girl's sincerity, nor was it the extravagant caprice of a petted idol. What had happened? He might have believed in a lover's quarrel, but he knew that she and Lord Algernon could have had no private interview that evening. He must, perforce, accept her silence, yet he could not help saying:

"You seemed to like the place so much last night. I say, you haven't seen the priory ghost, have you?"

"The priory ghost," she said quickly, "what's that?"

"The old monk who passes through the cloisters with the sacred oil, the bell and the smell of incense whenever any one is to die here. By jove! it would have been a good story to tell instead of this cock-and-bull one about your property. And there was a death here today. You'd have added the Sybil's gifts to your other charms."

"Tell me about that old man," she said, looking past him out of the window, "I was at his cottage this morning. But, no! first let us go out. You can take me for a walk, if you like. You see I am all ready, and I'm just stifling here."

They descended to the terrace together. "Where would you like to go?" he asked.

"To the village. I may want to telegraph, you know."

They turned into the avenue, but Miss Desborough stopped.

"Is there not a shorter cut across the fields," she asked, "over there?"

"There is," said the consul.

They both turned into the footpath which led to the farm and stile. After a pause she said: "Did you ever talk with that poor old man?"

"No."

"Then you don't know if he really was crazy, as they think?"

"No. But they may have thought an old man's forgetfulness of present things and his habit of communing with the past was insanity. For all that he was a plucky, independent old fellow with a grim purpose that was certainly rational."

"I suppose in his independence he wouldn't have taken favors from these people—or anybody?"

"I should think not."

"Don't you think it was just horrid—their leaving him alone in the rain, when he might have been only in a fit?"

"The doctor says he died suddenly of heart disease," said the consul. "It might have happened at any moment and without warning."

"Ah, that was the coroner's verdict, then," said Miss Desborough, quickly.

"The coroner did not think it necessary to have any inquest after Lord Beverdale's statement. It wouldn't have been very joyous for the Priory party. And I dare say he thought it might not be very cheerful for you."

"How very kind," said the young girl, with a quick laugh. "But do you know that it's about the only thing human, original and striking that has happened in this place since I've been here! And so unexpected, considering how comfortably everything is ordered here beforehand."

"Yet you seemed to like that kind of thing very well, last evening," said the consul, mischievously.

"That was last night," retorted Miss Desborough, "and you know the line, 'Colors seen by candlelight do not look the same by day.' But I'm going to be very consistent today, for I intend to go over to that poor man's cottage again, and see if I can be of any service. Will you go with me?"

"Certainly," said the consul, mystified by his companion's extraordinary conduct, yet apparent coolness of purpose, and hoping for some further explanation. Was she only an inexperienced flirt, who had found herself on the point of a serious entaglement she had not contemplated? Yet even then he knew she was clever enough to extricate herself in some other way than this abrupt and brutal tearing through the meshes. Or was it possible that she really had any intelligence affecting her property? He reflected that he knew very little of the Desboroughs, but, on the other hand, he knew that Beverdale knew them much better, and was a prudent man. He had no right to demand her confidence as a reward for his secrecy—he must wait her pleasure. Perhaps she would still explain; women seldom could resist the triumph of telling the secret that puzzled others.

When they reached the village she halted before the low roof of Debs' cottage. "I had better go in first," she said; "you can come in later, and in the meantime you might go to the station for me and find out the exact time that the express train leaves for the north."

"But," said the astonished consul, "I thought you were going to London?"

"No," said Miss Desborough quietly. "I am going to join some friends at Harrogate."

"But that train goes much earlier than the train south, and—and I'm afraid Lord Beverdale will not have returned so soon."

"How sad!" said Miss Desborough with a faint smile, "but we must bear up under it and I'll write him. I will be here until you return."

She turned away and entered the cottages. The granddaughter she had already seen and her sister, the servant at the Priory, were both chatting comfortably, but ceased as she entered, and both rose with awkward respect. There was little to suggest that the body of their grandfather, already in a rough oak shell, was lying upon trestles beside them.

"You have carried out my orders, I see," said Miss Desborough, laying down her parasol.

"Aye, miss, but it was main harrd gettin' et dooan so soon, and et cooast—

"Never mind the cost. I've given you money enough, I think—and if I haven't I gues I can give you more."

"Aye, miss. About the pason 'ead gi un a funeral for nowt."

"But I understood you to say," said Miss Desborough, with an impatient flash of eye, "that your grandfather wished to be buried with his kindred in the north?"

"Aye, miss," said the girl, apologetically, "an' naw 'ees savit th' munny. Abbut e'd bean tickled 'ad 'ee knowed it. Dear! Dear! 'e niver thowt et 'ud be gi'en by stranger an' not 'es ownt fammaly."

"For all that you needn't tell anybody it was given by me," said Miss Desborough. "And you'll be sure to be ready to take the train this afternoon—without delay." There was a certain peremptoriness in her voice very unlike Miss Amelyn's, yet apparently much more effective with the granddaughter.

"Aye, miss. Then, if tha'll excoose mea, I'll go streight to 'oory oop sexton."

She bustled away. "Now," said Miss Desborough, turning to the other girl, "I shall take the same train, and will probably see you on the platform at York to give my final directions. That's all. Go and see if the gentleman who came with me has returned from the station."

The girl obeyed. Left entirely alone, Miss Desborough glanced around the room and then went quietly up to the unlidded coffin. The repose of death had softened the hard lines of the old man's mouth and brow into a resemblance she now more than ever understood. She had stood thus, only a few years before, looking at the same face in a gorgeously inlaid mahogany casket, smothered amid costly flowers, and surrounded by friends attired in all the luxurious trappings of woe—yet now the same face, that was rigidly upturned to the bare thatch and rafters of that crumbling cottage—herself its only companion. She lifted her delicate veil with both hands and, stooping down, kissed the hard, cold forehead without a tremor. Then she dropped her veil again over her dry eyes, readjusted it in the little, cheap, black-framed mirror that hung against the wall, and opened the door as the granddaughter returned. The gentleman was just coming from the station.

"Remember to look out for me at York," said Miss Desborough, extending her gloved hand. "Goodby till then." The young girl respectfully touched the ends of Miss Desborough's fingers, dropped a curtsey, and Miss Desborough rejoined the consul.

"You have barely time to return to the priory and see to your luggage," said the consul, "if you must go. But let me hope that you have changed your mind."

"I have not changed my mind," said Miss Desborough quietly, "and my luggage is already packed." After a pause, she said thoughtfully, "I've been wondering—"

"What?" said the consul, eagerly.

"I've been wondering if people brought up to speak in a certain dialect, where certain words have their own significance and color and are part of their own lives and experience, if even when they understand another dialect, they really feel any sympathy with it, or the person who speaks it."

"Apropos of?—" asked the consul.

"These people I've just left! I don't think I quite felt with them, and I guess they didn't feel with me."

"But," said the consul, laughingly, "you know that we Americans speak with a decided dialect of our own, and attach the same occult meaning to it. Yet, upon my word, I think that Lord Beverdale—or, shall I say, Lord Algernon?—would not only understand that American word 'guess' as you mean it, but would perfectly sympathize with you."

Miss Desborough's eyes sparkled even through her veil as she glanced at her companion and said:

"I guess not."

As the "tea" party had not yet returned, it fell to the consul to accompany Miss Desborough and her maid to the station. But here he was startled to find a collection of villagers upon the platform, gathered round two young women in mourning and an ominous-looking box. He mingled for a moment with the crowd, and then returned to Miss Desborough's side.

"Really," he said, with a concern that was scarcely assumed, "I ought not to let you go. The omens are most disastrous! You came here to a death; you are going away with a funeral!"

"Then its high time I took myself off," said the lady, lightly.

"Unless, like the ghostly monk, you came here on a mission, and have fulfilled it."

"Perhaps I have. Goodby!"

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In spite of the bright and characteristic letter which Miss Desborough left for her host—a letter which mingled her peculiar shrewd sense with her humorous extravagance of expression—the consul spent a somewhat uneasy evening under the fire of questions that assailed him in reference to the fair deserter. But he kept loyal faith with her—adhering even to the letter of her instructions—and only once was goaded into more active mendacity. The conversation had turned upon "Debs," and the consul had remarked on the singularity of the name. A guest from the north observed, however, that the name was undoubtedly a contraction. "Possibly, it might have been 'Debborough,' or even the same name as our fair friend."

"But didn't Miss Desborough tell you last night that she had been hunting up her people—with a family tree, or something like that?" said Lord Algernon eagerly. "I just caught a word here and there—for you were both laughing."

The consul smiled blandly. "You may well say so—for it was all the most delightful piece of pure invention and utter extravagance. It would have amused her still more if she had thought you were listening and took it seriously!"

"Of course—I see!" said the young fellow with a laugh and a slight rise of color. "I knew she was taking some kind of a rise out of you—and that remark reminded me of it."

Nevertheless, within a year, Lord Algernon was happily married to the daughter of a South African millionaire, whose bridal offerings alone touched the sum of half a million. It was also said that the mother was "impossible" and the father "unspeakable," the relations "inextinguishable," but the wedding was an "occasion," and in the succeeding year of festivity it is presumed that the names of "Debs" and "Desborough" were alike forgotten.

But they existed still in a little hamlet near the edge of a black northern moor, where they were singularly exalted on a soaring shaft of pure marble above the submerged and moss-grown tombstones of a simple country churchyard. So great was the contrast between the modern and pretentious monument and the graves of the humbler forefathers of the village that even the Americans who chanced to visit it were shocked at what they believed was the ostentatious and vulgar pride of one of their own countrywomen. For on its pedestal was inscribed:

Sacred to the Memory
of
JOHN DEBS DESBOROUGH,
Formerly of this parish,
Who departed this life October 20th, 1892,
At Scrooby Priory,
At the age of eighty-two years.
This monument was erected as a loving testimony by his granddaughter,
Sadie Desborough, of New York, U. S. A.

"And evening brings us home."

(THE END.)

SUMMER COMPLAINT.

Not Dangerous When Properly Treated.

Our baby has been continually troubled with colic and cholera infantum since his birth, and all that we could do for him did not seem to give more than temporary relief, until we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Since giving that remedy he has not been troubled. We want to give you this testimonial as an evidence of our gratitude, not that you need it to advertise your meritorious remedy.—G. M. Law, Keokuk, Iowa. For sale by all druggists.

POISONED CANDY IN THE MAIL

One Woman Dead and Another Dying as the Result of Eating Some of It.

DOVER, Del., Aug. 12.—Mrs. J. Polk Deane of this place is dead and her sister, Mrs. J. P. Dunning, is seriously ill, the result of poisoning from eating candy. Mrs. Dunning is the wife of J. Preston Dunning, the well known Associated Press correspondent, now in Porto Rico, and both women are daughters of ex-Congressman John B. Pennington. The candy came through the mails on Wednesday. The postmark on the box was illegible, but it is supposed by Mrs. Dunning to have been sent by a woman friend in San Francisco, named Craven. After opening the box Mrs. Dunning handed it to those sitting on the porch. No unpleasantness was felt by any of the party until they had retired for the night, when Mrs. Deane was taken ill with a violent vomiting spell. Mrs. Dunning, later in the evening, was taken ill with a similar spell. Toward morning Mrs. Deane's daughter was taken sick in the same way, as were also her grandson, Miss Bateman and Miss Millington, but they soon recovered.

Mrs. Deane died last night. Mrs. Dunning's condition today is pronounced serious, with little hope of recovery. The candy remaining uneaten will be analyzed.

GROWTH OF THE IRON INDUSTRY.

Exports Largely Increased, While Imports Are Falling Off.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 12.—The phenomenal growth of our manufacturing industries, both in supplying our own markets and those of other parts of the world, is illustrated by some figures just compiled by the treasury Bureau of Statistics regarding the imports and exports of manufactures of iron and steel. These tables show that the exports of manufactures of iron and steel in the fiscal year 1897-1898 were five times as great as in 1880, more than double those in any year prior to 1896, and 23 per cent greater than in 1897. On the other hand, the imports of manufactured iron and steel in 1898 were in value but one-sixth those of 1880, one-fourth those of 1888 and one-half those of 1896. To quote the official figures, the exports from the United States of all the articles classified as manufactures of iron and steel amounted in 1880 to $14,716,524, in 1890 to $25,542,208, in 1896 to $41,160,877, in 1897 to $57,494,872 and in 1898 to $70,367,527. Meantime the imports of manufactures of iron and steel, which in 1880 were $71,266,699, fell by 1890 to $41,679,501, by 1896 to $25,338,103 and in 1898 to $12,615,913. Thus, while the exports of manufactures of iron and steel are in 1898 five times those of 1880, the imports of the same articles were in 1898 less than one-fifth of those of 1880. American manufacturers have, since 1880, taken possession of five-sixths of that portion of the home market which was held by foreign manufacturers of iron and steel and have at the same time increased their sales in foreign markets 400 per cent.

Taken Along to the Philippines.

Those who have relatives and friends in the several expeditions to the Philippine islands will be pleased to know that a good supply of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has been taken along and more will be procured from the agency in Hong Kong as required. The great success of this remedy in the treatment of bowel complaints has made it standard over the greater part of the civilized world. During the epidemic of cholera in Honolulu it proved more successful than any other treatment. For sale by all druggists.

Bannocks Are Killing Elk.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Aug. 12.—Governor Richards has received information from Deputy Game Warden Pyle that forty Bannock Indians from Idaho, who are killing elk in the vicinity of Jackson's hole, had successfully resisted arrest. On request of Governor Richards, Secretary of the Interior Bliss has issued orders to Fort Washakie authorities to drive the Indians back to their reservation.

Locate a Missing Woman.

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., Aug. 12.—It is believed that the mystery surrounding the disappearance of Mrs. E. G. Harmon from the West Superior hotel on the night of July 23 is now about to be solved. Chief of Police Crumpton today received a message from the chief of police of Oshkosh, stating that a woman answering the description of Mrs. Harmon in every particular had been found in that city wandering about in a demented condition. The woman was taken into custody and will be held until her identity can be fully established by photographs, which will be forwarded from Butte, Mont.

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Hawaiian Company Branching Out.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 12.—The directors of the Hawaiian Commercial company have decided to propose to the stockholders an increase of capital stock from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000. It is declared to be the plan of the directors to increase the output of the plantations and mills and to introduce improved methods of manufacture on the islands.

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The Omaha Bee's

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These are from the work of Mr. F. A. Rinehart, the official photographer of the Exposition and are more artistic and beautiful than his photographs. A photogravure is a work of art which anyone will be glad to frame. They are 10½x7½ inches and about 100 views in all will be published, so that no feature of the Exposition will be omitted.

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2—Northeast Corner of Court.
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4—Main Entrance Agricultural Building.
5—Scene in Streets of All Nations.
6—Grand Court, Looking West.
7—Hagenback's on Children's Day.
8—Grand Court, Looking Southwest.
9—Fine Arts Building.
10—Nebraska Building.
11—Grand Court, Looking East.
12—Section of Fine Arts Bldg.
13—Grand Court at Night.
14—Main Entrance Horticultural Building.
15—Scene on North Midway.
16—Marine Band at Grand Plaza.

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