

THE MARKED CARDS.

By CLINTON ROSS.

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A man's past will catch him sooner or later. They had been five days over the sea, the young man and the girl. He had forgotten whether this was the Atlantic or the sea that sweeps the shores of Elysium. Now, on the fifth day, they were on deck and talking somewhat in this way: "You must walk with me," she called from her chair. "It's a delightful punishment."

"What a compliment!" "Truth's a compliment, eh?" he said, smiling. "The best compliments, I suppose, are those that pretend to be truths, but are lies."

"I am afraid this is getting rather too fast for me," he said. "Wait until I think about it." "To carry out what you have begun you should say to me, 'I can't think about it, for I have to think about you.'"

"Is it useful to say that?" he said, looking down at the girl. "How beautiful you are!" By the rules of conventional conversation it was an utterly inane remark and the girl's laughter rolled out, full and delightful, but her voice was low.

"I am glad you think so." A deeper red made his bronzed cheeks as he realized his error. "You know I do," he said. "Oh, do you? This is the fifth day of our acquaintance. Today we shall be at Sandy Hook."

He drew a long breath and his voice was earnest. "New York, and work, and to see her no more." Two elderly persons wrapped in their ears were watching the two.

"What a remarkable girl Nell Wolverton is!" one was saying. "She's certainly carrying on a remarkable flirtation with the young man. Who is he?" said the other with the severity of position gained by effort.

"Some sort of engineer in the employ of the Winfield company. Mary Winfield introduced him to Nell." "That girl would flirt with anybody. She seems to find all men infinitely amusing. Isn't she handsome?"

"O, dear, how many men have been after that girl! There was the Marquis di Rodiri and the little duke of Sussex, and Freddy Van Brule, and she flirts and laughs at 'em all, just as she does with that young man." "Mary Winfield was watching the two with much the same rancor. This poor young man didn't understand sophisticated young women; it was abominable of Nell Wolverton; she was sorry she had introduced them; she might have known that Nell would play with any man as she would with a cat or a dog."

"O, dear, this Melville was so out of it, so lousy and capable, and such an efficient servant of the Winfield company. But Nell was Nell, and Mary ought to have known better." "If Nell were Nell, she was proving it with a vengeance. She was making Melville tell her of himself, and she was giving him nothing of herself in return. They were seated now, looking out at the froth-white and green in the ship's wake. She was glancing at him again and again with mild interesting eyes. He was forgetting himself and was telling how his father had left him only money enough for school and college, which he had increased by some tutoring; of how he had worked and won a position in a machine shop of the Winfield company; and how he had progressed far and now was near the head of his department and had been sent to London on an important mission and—

A young man came lightly across the deck and bowed and exchanged some remarks with Miss Wolverton and nodded at Melville with a "who-the-devil-are-you?" air and passed on after a moment. Melville's countenance suddenly chilled. This youngster represented what he never had known. The girl by his side understood. "Don't mind Bertie; he's just Bertie."

"O, you know," Melville began, "I'm so out of it that—"

and grasp his sentimentality until it hurt him. "Oh, it's a little story of what might have been years ago in Red Surget gulch, California. My father was out there after gold, like the rest, and he fell in with a man with whom he made a partnership in a general store. Sometimes, in exchange for goods, they took claims. At first they made a lot of money and then they lost nearly every penny in trying to develop a claim that failed. Well, each blamed the other and they decided to separate. They could decide on no other way than to cut the cards. So they sat down one day and cut and some things fell to my father and some to his partner. And the papers were drawn up and the division made. A week after that a claim which had gone to my father's partner began to develop. It proved a find, my father's partner made the beginning of a great fortune that way."

"Well," said the girl. "Now the shanty that served for the store had fallen to my father, not the stock, which went to pay the firm's debts. Three weeks after this my father sat talk-

ing with a mining expert, who spoke of the big find on my father's former partner's lucky claim; and he stated boastfully, to show his value as an expert probably, that he had told my father's partner—we will call him Smith—that the claim was extremely valuable. This set my father to thinking; Smith had believed the claim to be valuable. But my father could not acknowledge that the man had given him a chance, even if he had dishonestly hidden his notion of the claim. That day my father happened in the abandoned store. On the table were the two packs of dirty cards, just as they had been left the day of the division. They had cut in the bare incense room, which hadn't been disturbed since. My father picked up these instruments of his bad luck and he saw that the pack Smith had used had been marked."

"How awful!" the listener said. "And you might have had money, if it hadn't been for that!" "If it hadn't been for Smith's dishonesty, yes, Miss Wolverton. But to return to the story. My father went to Smith, whom he accused, but Smith looked him in the face and laughed. 'You are crazy, man. And you haven't any proof. Who'd believe you?'"

"Was that the end of it?" the girl asked gently. "No, not the end of it. My father could prove nothing indeed. His affairs went from bad to worse. He left California penniless. Later in the year he accumulated the little money he was able to leave me. But it was always a hard struggle for him and my mother, who died shortly after I was born."

"And Smith? That's not the name." Melville hesitated. "No, that's not the name. It's a well known name, but we will let it remain Smith. Everything Smith touched became money; he was accused of dishonesty many times in the course of his career; but nothing ever was proven; he succeeded, and is today one of the powerful men of the country."

"They were silent, the girl grave. "And that's the reason you think you are not in the class of Bertie Towmley. Well, I don't want you to be in that class. 'If you would care that much,'" said he, half lightly, half earnestly.

"O, I like you," she said, cheerily, as she might have said she liked a ferretier. "And the man's dishonesty was really your blessing; it made you do things. O, I know; I know a lot of men, and the men of the Far Westchester set are so tiresome."

"But you must be tiresome. Do you see that line there? That's Sandy Hook; I know it. I have seen it that way a dozen times. And—I must be going below. O, I have been so much interested."

And she went away brightly smiling, and he felt suddenly less like a ferretier. This feeling was increased when he found in the bustle of landing that she had only a cool hand and a distant "So glad to have met you," and no acknowledgment of the fact that he had asked to call, which she plainly had evaded. He felt resentful and a bit of an anarchist. And the next morning when he was reporting to Mr. Winfield his success in London, and being complimented by the company's head, his success seemed cheap; he had a picture before him of a bright, high-bred looking, exquisitely dressed young woman, surrounded by hip-pantly gay persons whose world was not his, and never could be, for when one is making his way ploddingly, with no particular capital, he can't reasonably expect that way to be made before he may be gray and all the desire for pleasure, life's good things, quite gone.

It may be supposed that Miss Wolverton put the young man of the Atlantic out of her mind. Perhaps she had some thoughts of him or else she never would have repeated the story he had told her at a dinner where her father was, most unusually, her escort. At a dinner one owes it as a duty to do

his part. Nell did not care to be lacking and wanted her son not to be as natty as another's and her story as spirited. For she wanted a little strife to make the world she knew hold her steady. Now she couldn't, try as she would, think of another story than the one Melville had told her.

"Mary Winfield introduced me to a very entertaining man on the Lucania—a man who does things, you know?" "What does he do, horses or yachts?" said Bertie Towmley. "O, I say; Nell, you don't mean that serious-faced chap you were mooning about with so much?"

"The very man," Miss Wolverton said, without turning color. And she told Melville's story. "How extraordinary!" gasped Mrs. Pemberton. "You do meet such strange people at sea?"

"Business methods are oftentimes dishonest," said Judge Torbid, pompously. "Yet—"

"Your story isn't funny enough," criticized Bertie Towmley. "Samuel Wolverton—I should say 'Sam,' the great Sam—held his nose in his port; he's a thin, sharp featured, silent man and looking at him one always wonders how he succeeded in possessing such a daughter. Driving home, he said to Nell: 'If I were you I don't think I'd try to tell stories at dinner.'"

"Why, papa?" "It's undignified." "Do you think so?" she said, petulantly. She usually had him well in hand. "What did you say that man's name is?" he asked after a moment. "Burke Melville."

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ARE SANGUINE OF VICTORY South Dakota Citizen Talks of the Present Prospects of the Republican Party There.

Hon. Robert J. Gamble of Yankton, who was nominated for congress by the convention at Mitchell, is in the city visiting the exposition. He declares the prospects for republican success in that state could not be better. In talking of the prospects of the campaign, he said: "Our majority for the entire state ticket will be at least 5,000, and I shall not be surprised to see it go up to 10,000. Last year the total of the republican majority was 2,500, and two years ago we lost about the state ticket only by an accident."

"In this campaign we will have the tremendous advantage of the beautiful prosperity which the state is already enjoying and which is certain to increase. It is a great asset belonging to a party which thrives on the good things of life, instead of being compelled to hope for calamity as a basis of political success. Our people are feeling buoyant, and in every section there are accessions to republican ranks."

"The logic contained in H. L. Loucks' letter to the Mitchell convention, showing how worthless a fusion of populists with the democratic party really must be, so far as promotion of any principle is concerned, is an indication of the dissatisfaction prevalent among a considerable portion of those who have been acting with the third party; and this general dissatisfaction, together with the positive step taken by Mr. Loucks in allying himself again with the republican party, will unquestionably bring on a general vote."

"The hopelessness of the free silver cause will quite surely lead many republicans to return to the party which they left in 1896. A large proportion of them had given credence to the predictions made by Bryan and Pettigrew, as to the terrible money he had never seen her like this, and her pallor frightened him. And then he saw to what she pointed. "Was the story he told me true?" "What if it were?" she said mockingly. "You can't understand, what if it were?" But the father said quietly, with a mastery of himself. "If it were true, that Melville couldn't have succeeded. He hadn't it in him. He would have failed at anything I cut loose from him."

"But you haven't told me whether the story is true." "I won't acknowledge or deny it," he said at last. "What of it? You ought not to trust fault. My money has made you a position as fine as any of 'em."

"Good night," said the girl. "At the door he called to her: 'Nell, you haven't kissed me good night.' 'I can't—tonight.' 'And she was gone. "A woman can't understand business. She'll get over it." But he failed to sleep well that night. She was not at breakfast. He went to her room. She was sleeping with a look that frightened him. On his way down town he stopped at his doctors. "I am troubled with that insomnia." "Mr. Wolverton," said the practitioner, "I have told you again and again that you must let up on work and worry." "I know, I know," said the great man. "By the way, I wish you would see Nell. I am worried about her."

He kept himself busy down town until about 3, and then drove through the park in the parade, a tired-faced man people pointed out. As he entered the house he heard Nell's voice. He paused in the hall and listened. "I am glad to see you, Mr. Melville," she was saying. "I had your note, and came here promptly. I think your conversation was held this afternoon and it was reported that Mr. Bayard was much better, but he was still very ill."

don't believe you saw me," Melville said rather bitterly. "He was thinking how charming she appeared here in her own house. He was praising himself for all that he had thought of her; when her world, of which he had that brief glimpse, had been shut out. "I sent for you," Nell went on, "to ask you why you told me that story when—when you knew that your father's partner—that was—my father."

The listener started, and moved toward the door, and drew back. "At last he heard: "Miss Wolverton—yes, it was so, it is so, and I was a coward to tell you."

"I am glad you told me," Nell said humbly, for this was no longer the proud Miss Wolverton, she wondered at herself, tears were in her eyes, and self-control was far away. "I don't know what made me tell you, and yet I know you have told me. I do know now. You seemed so far out of my reach, and I wanted you to be in my reach. Do you understand?"

"I don't know that I understand," the girl said. "I can't seem to understand." "A—O, you are for the devil, hurt you. I wouldn't have said that. 'Don't,' she said; please don't!" But he was saying: "I knew the reason now. It was—don't you see—didn't you see?"

After a moment the listener heard Nell's voice. "It's best so, if you do, it rights itself. And—I see it clearly, I know now why I didn't want you to be of Bertie Towmley's class. You are a man who does things—and will—a man for a woman to be proud of, and—yes—of course I thought I thought I was flirting with you. But since that night I know it was more."

Presently the portiers was pushed aside. Wolverton was possessed of a certain grim humor and instinct for the management of the quick crises was the measure of his success in affairs. "I am Samuel Wolverton, and you are Burke Melville," he said. "I listened to your conversation. I won't apologize. I am glad of it. It seems to me, Mr. Melville, that your father's son has it back at me now. It seems to me that you told the marked card story to my father and looked at the two, and then went out. 'Mr. Melville, what's it the ministers say? I am not much at going to church. But don't say that when a man has wronged another the best amends he can make is confession of his fault.'"

But although a moment after the young man extended his hand, Wolverton was conscious that his daughter, whom he held his dearest possession, never would be the same to him, that distrust lay between them; that, at the height of his success, Melville's had turned the marked cards against him.

PRESENTLY THE PORTIERE WAS PUSHED ASIDE.



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Dr. William A. Hammond, Washington, D. C., Surgeon-General U. S. Army (retired), formerly Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the University of New York, etc., referring to many cases of disease of the Nervous System in which an excess of Uric Acid in the Blood is often observed, says: "I have tried carbonate of lithia dissolved in water in various proportions, but it certainly does not, in cases to which I BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is such, and the experience of its use so complete, that no doubt BUFFALO LITHIA WATER exists of its great power, not only as a solvent for calculi already in the bladder, but of the diseases of such calculi existing in the blood."

Stated by Dr. George H. Pierce, of Danbury, Conn.

The plate here shown is from a photograph, which forms part of a communication of Dr. GEORGE H. PIERCE, of Danbury, Conn., reporting case of Mr. S.—Stone in the Bladder—to the New England Medical Monthly, November, 1896 (see page 76 of that journal), and representing some of the largest specimens of two ounces and twenty-seven grains dissolved stone discharged by him under the action of BUFFALO LITHIA WATER resulting in the thorough cleansing of the bladder.

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ENGLISH-GERMAN ALLIANCE Report that a Final Agreement Has Been Concluded at London.

SCOPE OF THE TREATY IS NOT GIVEN OUT One Report Has It that It Refers to Action in the Orient—Another that It Relates to Egyptian Affairs.

LONDON, Sept. 2.—A report was current here today that a treaty of alliance between Great Britain and Germany, on the lines of the speech of Mr. Chamberlain, the secretary of state for the colonies, was actually completed yesterday. This is probably an amplification of the gossip relating to the daily visits of Count von Hatzfeldt-Weilenburg, the German ambassador, to the British foreign office during the last fortnight, which have been attributed to a desire on the part of Germany and Great Britain to formulate a common policy in regard to Russia and China. Another explanation of the German ambassador's visits to the foreign office here is that they relate to the mixed tribunals of Egypt, the international agreement on the subject ending in February. Through French and Russian influence the court has already hampered the British plans for the use of the Egyptian savings and the advancement of Egypt. Now it is said, an agreement has been almost reached by which Germany will support the British views relative to the future composition and powers of the mixed tribunals.

It is said that as a quid pro quo for Germany's support in Egypt Great Britain will recognize Germany's claims to utilize Syria as an outlet for its surplus population. Signed This Week.

The Pall Mall Gazette this afternoon says it has received from a source in which it has every confidence information that the Anglo-German agreement was signed this week by Mr. Balfour and the German ambassador in behalf of the respective powers. Continuing, the Pall Mall Gazette says that while the agreement is restricted, it embraces an offensive and defensive alliance in certain eventualities.

The Pall Mall Gazette adds: "This new and momentous departure in our foreign policy comes as a natural development of the European situation." The Pall Mall Gazette then quotes the speech which Mr. Chamberlain made at Birmingham on May 13, last, bidding for a German alliance, and continues: "Latterly it has been evident, from the tone of the semi-official German press, that the two governments have been drawing closer, and finally there were prolonged conferences between Count Hatzfeldt and Mr. Balfour. The departure of Count Hatzfeldt proves that the object of the consultations has been achieved. Besides, Mr. Chamberlain has gone to America, Lord Salisbury is prolonging his absence and Mr. Balfour leaves for his holidays on Saturday. Evidently the ministers do not expect to have to deal with crucial questions of foreign policy."

Mr. Balfour, when questioned on the subject this afternoon, absolutely declined to discuss the reports in circulation regarding an Anglo-German alliance. Count von Hatzfeldt, who was believed to have left London, was again at the foreign office this afternoon. It is reported on the stock exchange that the Anglo-German alliance or understanding relates to the British purchase of Delagoa bay, with Germany assenting. As a result, Kafir and Portuguese securities are booming.

Syria is a division of Asiatic Turkey, which includes Palestine, estimated to cover an area of about 145,000 square miles. It has a population of about 2,550,000, mostly Mohammedans, but including about 350,000 Greek Christians, 200,000 Maronites and Roman Catholics, 175,000 Jews and 45,000 Druses.

Emperor William of Germany has for some time past been planning a trip to Palestine and he is expected to visit Jerusalem this fall, in order to dedicate the German church there and lay the cornerstone of the German school, parsonage and hospital.

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