THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1900.

dimpling and smiling like the girl she hath | marvel if I became as the beasts that perish, I said, tremblingly, her mind doubtiess on the remained to the last. When she came to if I wallowed in every foul pit and knew it strong place behind her where Umphray the door and maw it yawn black before her not? The death of my father was laid to Sparway was concelled. "You have not

you bring me news of him-"

upon the little mantelboard where the company of your son." foreign shells were. The steeple-crowned countenance which lboked down upon ber Philip Stansfield, her husband-that face more fitting than that we should all seek a which most of all things in the world she new land and a new life together?" feared.

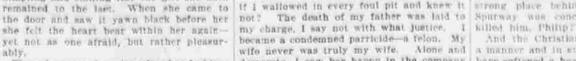
she clutched at a preity neckerchief of a Philip!"

out of her norvelegs fingers she would have are tending both you and he shall be hand- strangely assorted parents, came on board

quietly on the table beside the pititul small work basket, with which, indeed, my mother was ever playing, but never completing any boy? You would not kill him?"

"Sit down, Mary," he cald, "and be

of morning twinkled. This was the yet far-i roturn after a long absence-nevertheless off promise of the day. Captain Standleld I forgive you. My own behavior gives me when in such short space a little faithful had need of haste. Yet upon the streets of no right to be over-rigid."



Tell me of the boy-you have found him- of another, 1 shot at the man and 1 And then all sudden her speech was cut me! I do not blame you. Yet h you will Though he took her meaning well enough.

off as the light of the candle fell on the accompany me over sens you shall have no tall figure which stood resting an elbow cause to regret it. You will travel in the inc still to mollify him, "but-the man you "What?" cried my mother, starting to her hat was thrown upon the table and the feet; "you have not stolen him away ?" was not the kind Englishman's, but that of bay," said my father, quietly,

"Oh, cruel-cruel," moaned my mother, "What-what-what!" she gasped. And "to take from me my boy-my little lad, for any loss."

cherry hue which, with pardonable coquetry, "I presume you will admit that he is mine she had fastened about her neck with a also-my boy, my little lad, and the rest of

passenger. He will sleep in your cabia. And if Captain Philip Stansfield had not He will dine at my table and when we arreached his hand across and taken the candle rive in the country to which my thoughts

dropped it to the ground. But he set it somely provided for. If not-" He paused long enough to give my mother time to gasp, "What will you do with my

"That were equally useless and unprofitable," said my father. "I would sell him

"You would not-you could not-such

things are not possible," cried my mother. "Neverthelees," said Captain Stansfield, "they are done. There are a score of



Then she entered, crying after her fashion: desperate, I saw her happy in the company have softened a heart of stone. "Killed him?" answered my father. "Why wounded-you. What wonder that you hate should I kill my son?"

"I meant not our son," she pleaded, willspake of-back there in the damgeon!"

"I will not slay him-I will not lay a hand on him. He is safe and well in a "He is on board my ship out there in the cellar which will assuredly be opened dur-"What log the day. It belongs to a most respectable magistrate of the town who has dealings with us. He will assuredly let Umphray

Spurway out, and it may be recompense him "This is true-you swear it to me?" said

my mother.

"'It is true-I swear it!" answered Captain little gold brooch wrought in pattern like it," said Captain Stansfield, with some heat. Stansfield. And with this my mother had bracken leaf, and with a begil of green "Now I put it to you plainly. If you ac- perforce to be content. But Philip Stanstone, which Umphray had given her, very company us your son shall go as an honored field said nothing about the all-structive

druggists.

he had placed before the Englishman. The boat's crow were in waiting, and wilbout further adventure these. THY

the slave and pirate ship Corramantee, my father carrying my mother's bundle rolled up in a blue handkerchief spotted with white.

(To be Continued.)

A Frightful Hunder

prepaid by mail, his method, absolutely free, and you can make a free trial of it. Write today without fail, ns you cannot afford to misa this free and generous offer. Mr. M. K. Lyman, a highly esteemed clli-zen of Defray. Fin, says. "The Dr. Rico method is a remarkable cure. I had an old rupture that defied everything, but in three weeks there was no protrasion, and I have remained sound and well ever since. I hearthy recommend Dr. Rice to every suf-ferer." Do not fail to write at once for the free trial and thus cure yourself at home without pain, danger or detention from the day's work. Write at once. Con-mence now, and before the heavy work of spring begins you will be cured sound as a will often cause a horrible burn, scald, cut or bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures fever sores, ulcers, boils, corns, all skin cruptions, Best pile cure on earth. Only 25c a hox. Cure guaranteed, Sold by Kulin & Co., ing begins you will be cured sound as a

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All the while the discerning eye could see that the Fates were giving Thrift the laugh more or less.



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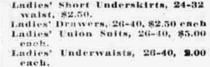
An Article of Underwear

to which is pinned no little slip of complicated directions for washing; which needs no special scap; no particular treatment; which may be soaked with the white goods, and put through the wringer with them; dried any way and dampened down for tomorrow morning.

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Author of "The Stickit Minister," "The Raiders," "The Lilac Sun-Bonnet," "Cleg Kelly," "The Red Axe," Etc.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, UNDER THE NAME OF "LITTLE ANNA MARK." BY R. S. CROCKETT.

(Copyright, 1839, by S. H. Crocketta to make any reply in kind to the man , who shock. Synopsis of Frevious Instailments. had already declared his intention of being

Synopsis of Frevious Installments. Sir James Stansfield of New Milns. in meets in an inn-house his son Philip and his son's paramour, Janet Mark. They guarel-Sir James goes home, taking along his grandson. That night he is murdered by his dissolute son and Janet Mark. Y by his dissolute son and Janet Mark. Y They take his body outside and isy it upon in ice-floc, in the effort to fasten the crime upon other shoulders. But the boy, Philip, has witnessed the crime—he tells his grand-futher's chief tenant. Umphray Spurway. and Spurway succeeds in having the real murderer brought to justice. He is benteneed to be hanged, his woman ac-complied to be transported. Mysteriously his murderer. So he contented himself with replying

murderer brought to justice. He is bentenced to be hanged, his woman ac-complice to be transported. Mysteriously Philip Stansfield escapes the gallows, seeks out his wife, finds her in the company of Bourway, and tries to murder her, but does not quite succeed. She is taken away to Abercairn for cure, leaving her son, young Philip, in charge of Spurway and in the company of little Anna Mark, from whom he learns that in some ways girls are worth ut the some of as boys. For example, in the time of the cattle droving, when Master Spurway bought his winter beaste in the "Mart," Anna beats Philip in helping to triends, even though she beats him at her studies in the school to which they key incle, brings in a new teacher. Dominic Bingrose, a small man with wonderful eyed. Shortly after his coming the countryside schortly after his coming the number of

The sake of robbery. Business calls
Boerlier is shocked and thrilled with a number of bloody and mysterious murders, evidently for the sake of robbery. Business calls
Tumphray Spurway from home in his besence a big packing case, purporting to be full of fine Spanish wool, is delivered to be full of fine Spanish wool, is delivered to be full of fine spacking case, a pair of eyes, the weat of the weaking sheet. That night Philip, playing about it, sees shining through the fauze of the packing case a pair of eyes. He calls Will Bowman, who counts three, then stabs the packing case a pair of eyes, and find Dominte Ringrose inside, apparently dead. Shortly after the house is attacked by robbers, whom Ringrose had meant to let in. They are beaten off, but afterward Philip s mother refines to let him shend the holidays at New Milns. Returning from a day's visit to New Milns. Philip falls in with Saul Mark, Annas gypsy father, who under prutenese of showing that a first.
The day first the ry Morgan's treasure makes in a prisoner. Anna finds out his plight and leds Ummbray Sourway on his treas.

CHAPTER XXIV. Debtor and Creditor.

mantee.

Stansfield stood facing Umphray Phillip chapter tells the story of what befell between them. The hands of the Englishman were tied still behind his back, and as the last

"Sir, I have no regrets for those things which I have done. Nor can anything you may say to me alter my good conscience toward God and man!" Philip Stansfield clapped his hands, "Spoken this time like Peden himself.

dear Umphray; I do not yet despair of you,

him a prisoner. Anna finds out his plight and leads Umphray Spurway on his track. Leaving Spurway imprisoned, Philip Stans-field the elder goes out in Spurway's clock to his wife's house and by threats induces her to go with him aboard the Corra-manics. "Am I not loaded in the eyes of all with

having done the like to the father that begat me?" said Philip Stansfield, rising to his feet, "and, besides, what right have you or any other man to say that my blood is cold? Spurway in the provost's limekiln, and this Devil take you, eir, have you not entrapped my wife's affections that were so precious to me? Have you not made my own son tied still behind his back, and as the tast retreating footstep was heard ascending the darksome passage which leads out into Gregory Partan's close, Captain Philip Stansfield lifted the lantern from the floor on which it had been set and held it close to the face of his victim. There was no sign of fear or yielding there, only the Yorkshireman's usual calm mastery over hate me? Have you not chased me with

Shorter Catechism. But he judged it useless solid metal did not even quiver at the CHAPTER XXV

Hushand and Wife. Philip Stanefield walked briskly eastward great works. Before him a pale bar of uncolored light

lay across the horizon, outlining the hills pleased to compose yourself. If you do not for a slave in the plantations. There are higher up the Firth and fading into the exhibit all the gratitude and joy usually many that would give 60 golden guineas for dark blue in which the thinly sown stars expected from a wife upon her husband's so handsome a lad,"

dealing can effectuate so much. Cheered by Abercairn he walked with more carcless! Then at last my mother's lips formed the



Yorkshireman's usual calm mastery over time and circumstance.

"Yes," said Captain Stansfield, "you are brave man, Umphray Spurway. And only with such do I trouble to deal. I will have a little agreeable conversation with you before we proceed to business. Pray sit down, You will find the edge of the grave very You can lean your back comfortable.

And so saving Philip Stansfield seated tempt at escape.

With equal philosophy the prisoner obeyed. The stone trough (or, as Captain Stansfield called it, grave) was hollowed disposed his great bulk as best he could. He sat down with his feet hanging into the have too long deferred." trough, his back leaning against the dusty wall of the kiln, and looked at his enemy with as much nonchalance as if he had been a customer come to buy woven cloth for the English market.

Captain Stansfield opened the catch of the lantern and measured the candle with his. eve. Then he pulled a handsome gold watch from his fob and consulted the dial.

"We have here candle for a good couple of hours, and about the same time ore day steahs upon us. I think we can settle all quarrels and sink all differences long ere that, Mr. Spurway. Yet there are a goodly array of both. You have long had the top hold, sir, and now, when it is my turn, I wish you to be certified that with that measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. Aha! Master Englishman, 1 also am glib at holy writ. I was bred on the catechisms, shorter and longer. For I was a child of grace, and in my father's house had many advantages such as were hidden from your popish and prelatic eyes. Why, can you even certify me that you know the very beginning of knowledge? Do you know "What is the chief end of men ?"

Well enough did Umphray Spurway know the first question and answer of that marvelous collect of doctrine, the Westminster



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to pay those to whom you were indebted." "I do not choose to bandy words with you Philip Stansfield," the Englishman replied. "My life is in your hand. If you choose to murder me here and now-well, it is within your power!"

Captuin Stansfield looked about the dungeon. The candle was flickering a little, egainst the wall. So! I will content me here guttered up. He took out a pocket knife and coolly opened them with the lesser And so saying Fullip States to the blade. Then he shut the little dott have blade. Then he shut the little door again little door which led into the parsage be-hind, and with great care disposed a couple Mark had flung down as he entered. His of pistols, one on either side of him, so as broad, soft-brimmed hat was lying beside it. A thought came into his head and he

clapped his palm upon his knee with a loud smack "I have it." he said; "this will suit all

perhaps four feet in the rock. Umphray discharge your obligations; me, because it parties-you, because it will enable you to gives me the opportunity to pay a visit I

He went over to where Umphray sat and the brave Englishman made up his mind that his last hour was come. But Captain Stansfield only thrust his hand again into his breast pocket and drew out the minia-

ture. "I will return this," he said, "to the original. There is a right indefeasibly vested in a "husband to prevent other men

arrying about his wife's picture in their bosoms like so many pleces of holy cross. The custom offends alike against religion and morality. I will give this into my wife's hands, and, lest I be denied entrance, I will equip me for the purpose "Mary!"

He drew Umphrays cloak about him and lapped his tall-crowned hat upon his head. "Thus equipped I need fear no rebuff," he band of one wife to make, but a man never knows to what chance he will come in this world."

Umphray Spurway cried out now with fear, though hitherto he had been impassive as marble

"For God's grace, kill me and he done with it," he said; "let your unhappy wife alone. Has she not suffered enough? Kill me and end this farce."

Philip Stansfield watched his enemy coolly is he agonized in his bonds. "Nay." he said, almost gently, "that must not he. For a man of the world, Umphray, your methods are crude. I have a better

plan. I will be absent an hour-sixty minutes and no more. I will leave you a pistol by the check of the door here. It is loaded and primed. If on my return I observe through the secret spyhole that you have successfully used it on yourself (I recommend the roof of the mouth myself; it is the

most certain). I promise you that all scores and joyfully to open to him. are cleared between us. I will do my wife no hurt. But if not, and your brains are side of the house, bent his head a little

still unscattered, I shall know that you down, listening. He knew that foot. He meditate treachery. I will therefore first had listened to it before till he was weary, should let bygones be bygones and return ing. shoet you through the roof, which has been but his ear caught a gladness and youth in arranged for such a contingency, and then it now that had never been there when he I will go back and kill-well, you know knew H. whom I will kill."

"Umphray!"-the answering whisper came "You are a devil!" cried Umphray Spurway, straining at his bonds till the veins is that you? stood out purple on his brow.

"Mary!" Still in a whisper "I am a man of my word," said Captain The chain rattled down and there in the Stansfield with his hand on the low iron door black of the doorway my mother stood, the of the kiln. There is the platol and beside night wind blowing her white gear about it a little priming powder. Come hither, if and the pretty girlish tangle of her hair. you please, Mr. Umphray Spurway. Stand The dark figure wrapped in Umphray with your back to the door and I will sever he cord about your hands. Slowly-go very was shut. The chain was lifted into place. clowly! Do not attempt to turn around or two things will happen which you would give your life to avert. There!"

the rope and the next moment the iron door on his way home! clanned and the holts shot without with a For, at the sight of Umphray in her house himself against the place, overturning the grown conscious of her bare feet and dis-

heart withal.

HE LIFTED THE GLASS AS HIGH AS HIS HEAD, WITH A GESTURE NOT WHOLLY IRONICAL.

| word that had been on them ever since younglings out in the ship yonder who will assurance than Gregory Partan himself. He stopped before that little house at the she had seen Philip Stansfield looking down bring their price when we touch the shore corner of the Vennel. (It is a changehouse at her from the angle of the mantel shelf. of Carolina, all honestly come by, too, and "You are a murderer!" she whispered to be sold for honest gold. It is a lawful now, and I had a glass of very decent Hollands there the last time I was in Aber- hearsely, as if to herself. And again she trade, winked at by the government and

cairn.) He seemed well enough acquainted repeated with yet greater horror on hcr protected by the magistrates." with the locality, for, after standing a while face, "A murderer, "I cannot go-Oh, I cannot! Why tor in the shade contemplating the house Captain Starsfield shrugged his shoulders ture me?" moaned my mother, rocking her-from the other side of the way, Philip with the air of one who pardons the incon-

Stansfield stepped across and tossed a hand- sistencies of women. "I have here something that may prove ful of pebbles up at a window behind which "I thought, Mary, we had agreed to let more powerful argument than the elavery o dim night light burned. My poor mother bygones be bygones. But since you remind your son," he went on with more grimness had been back and forth all night long to me, I have been called by that name-and "What think you of this pretty thing?" watch for the return of Umphray Spurway, | by others. My own son hore testimony And he tossed into her lap the miniatur And so now, rising gladly from the bed upon against me-as did also Jacob the Sup- of herself which he had taken out of Umph-

which, all sleepless, she had cast herself planter-I mean your friend, Umphray ray Spurway's pocket. At sight of it m Spurway, the Englishman, Now, I may down, she approached the window. The lattice was ajar that she might the have been guilty-or I may have been in- instinct whence it had come. For it was nocent. That I have not time to argue, copy of one in her possession which had better hear the clatter of our returning foot-At all events, I was a rude man in those been lost for a time and then again resteps. She could hear a voice calling her in whisper. It made her heart beat-not days, dazed with strong drink and the lust covered. Caleb Cluckaberry had averre

of the ficsh. What I have suffered I blame as young Will Lucy had done in Great ne man for-except myself. And I forgive house Marlow, but still it beat. all who hore testimony against me-save only Umphray Spurway, with whom I have nothing of this!"

Now, if you have been much about the risked my neck to reckon. And I have world and in perilous places, of course it is no news to you that though voices differ as reckened! Then, again, my mother's lips formed out of the breast of Umphray Spurway said. " Tis a sad confession for the hus- nitch as faces, whispers are all alike and erds, spoken hoarsely and with effort, but Your heart can tell you if you know any cannot be distinguished in the dark, differing only as lower or louder, harsher and

still Intelligible words. You have not killed him?" she asked. softer. "You plead for him," he went on, smiling that skills not. Suffice it that I have lef So when, for the second time, my poor bitterly. "I cannot call to mind that you the man shut up in a safe and secret place mother, who knew no harm and thought

one, heard the whisper coming from below ever plead for me when I was in greater not far from here and unless you put a -"Mary"-who can blame her for doing straits. But-there, that also is a bygone, covering upon your head and accompany me what she did, that is, rising hastily and Let us be friends, Mary, so far as we can. on board my ship straightway I will go I have not killed him, and if you will see back and slay this man for the shame h throwing her little flowered petticoat over her night gear. She ran to the window, and eye to eye with me, I promise you my hand has done mine honor in the person of my shall never kill him!" there, in the dim filtered light of stars and wife. I promise it before God!'

the lucent reflection from the sea, she saw My poor mother could say no more, but "I will come-1 will come!" cried my the long cloak and steeple-crowned oldonly watched him as the mouse may eye mother. "I will not let my son be sold into the ravening monster between whose curved captivity. I will go with him!" fashioned hat of Umphray Spurway at the door. Me, whom doub-less she also looked claws it lies holpless. "How touching is the love of a mother

for, she could not see, but she ran gladly "I have no long time to waste, Mary," he for her only child!" said my father, thrust went on, polsing himself easily against the ing the miniature into his pocket and again enough down stairs to open the door, for she doubted not but that the Englishman little table, which creaked under his weight: lifting the blind. had gotten some good news to cheer her "I must hasten and get aboard. And I hope "It is growing light," he said. "Here

not alone. You must come with me, Mary!" Mary, take this cloak. Put the hood over Thus at the door of the sheepfold stood My mother was not more terrified than your head and wrap yourself well in it the wolf, and the lamb within ran quickly before, simply because from his first entry The air is shrewd and bites. Have you any she had touched the ultimate of human fear thing you wish to bring with you?

Captain Stansfield, by the whitewashed and horror. He went on: so, make it into a bundle. I will come and "That is, I hope to convince you that help you. Take few clothes or adornments there are inducaments of weight why you There are plenty of both where you are go

with me. I will not speak words of love And so, talking all the while and as to you. For that, I take it, is over between were encouraging her, Captain Stansfield as, if, indeed, it ever had a beginning. But made my mother put her necessities together you are old enough to be governed in your and take her little money out of the drawer now from just behind the panel-"Umphray, actions by considerations more practical. 1 in the secretaire, where it always lay, as h

mother gave a little shrill cry, knowing by

that he had found it on clearing out the Yet:

"Whose is this?" she murmured. "I know

"So he said," my father went on, calmly

"It was taken by the hands of your husband

reason why he should wear against his

heart the picture of a married woman. Bu

desire your company for several reasons, well knew, Lastly, he went to another First, because I am not the man I was, and cupbcard, and there, among the flounces I desire to be yet more and better than woman's gowns and ancient gear, he found an at present. You can help me to that, a riding coat of his own (for women can "Again, my brother John, Sleekit Jock, never suffer to destroy clothing.) He put hath now the estate, which is our son's. It on, and the two stole out into the broaden For fear of his neck he will send me a full ing twilight of the new day, my father carry Spurway's cleak went past her and the door half of all his receipts. Hitherto there ing my mother's bundle under his arm.

bath been deducted the portion due to you It was characteristic of Philip Stansfeld according to my Lord Advocate Stair's read- that in the streets of the town where hit "Walt only a little-there in the sitting chamber, and I will bring down the light. ing of the law. With that in hand, as well person had once been so well known, an You can tell me all your good news then! as Brother John's molety, I shall be able which was now garrisoned by a troop, of

With a sharp-edged dagger he severed I am sure you have found him-that he is to quit my present mode of life, which, I soldiers, he walked as on his own quartergrant you, is little better than that of a deck, his head erect and his hat set with an ommon pirate. But what would you? 1 air. The sourish black look of the hunged in the dark morning hours, my mother had was the heir to a large fortune, never man was quite gone, and though the ol-checked, never corrected, given the utmost crucity leaped up on occasion, yet

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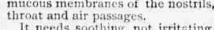
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