CHAPTER I.

The Lady's Dilemma. The lady sat at the open window of her overlooked the churchyard of St. Paul's, front of the fruit shops, of which there are where funerals all day long inclined the many in King street. heart to wholesome meditation. Both in The woman's Christian name was Isabel. the front and at the back there was appar- Her surname was Weyland. She was the ent to the senses the neighborhood of the widow of the late Hon. Ronald Weyland, market; since the time was late June and only brother of the earl of Strathberrick. the season was warm and fine, one perceived in the Scottish peerage, and one of her in the mingled waves of fragrance the majesty's high commissioners for the Hancrushed strawberry of yesterday; the de- aper, who died, unfortunately for his wife. cayed cherry of last week; the trampled when still no more than six and twenty. peas and broken lettuce leaves; the pungent | This bereavement fell upon her three years spring onion; last year's russets, the cab- before the morning when we find her in bage stalks which lay in heaps and all the King street. She had been living the life things which are offered for sale in that of a woman of quality and fashion, without great market. It is not, taken altogether, sufficient means, and her present difficulan exhibarating fragrance, but the residents of King street are accustomed to it; they have it with them all the year round at every season; they no more complain of it than the people near Billingsgate complain of the smell of fish which hangs forever in the air.

The lady was a widow, quite a young widow; not more than four and twenty; the by their shape, by the manner of wearing them, by some feminine cunning which would be difficult to explain-yet it was to be discerned-by an artful touch invisible yet perceptible-by the hand which pats the bow and smooths the strings and introduces some small change into the form; a confession of Christian resignation; perhaps also, though this, be sure, the widow would never allow-she was herself unconscious of it-the thing was due to her dressmakerthe fact that she was at last inclined-the mind sometimes works unconsciously and like a watch is only shown to be at work by the breathing, which in the engine of time is a ticking-to consider, dispassionately, and critically, yet with a certain sympathy any overtures which might be made-should such present themselves-of entering again upon the married state, which is consecrated by holy church yet denounced by poet and satirist as offering fewer prizes than the state lottery.

This morning, however, her face belied her dress. There was no look of Venus in it; there was no softness of possible Her face, comely and attractive, of the soft kind; her cheek like a peach, her eyes large, limpld and full of soft sunshine, was now disturbed and jangled, like a harpischord out of tune, with anxiety and

It was full of care, and care had no bust ness with such a face; it was full of trouble, and trouble was an emotion for which that face was not intended by nature: her lips trembled, and they ought to have smiled; her cheeks, which should have remained soft and touched with the tende hue of the wild rose in June, changed color as her thoughts went wandering here and there, and always came back to the same point. Whatever that was, the tears rolled out and gushed down her cheek. Had there been any young man present of reasonable feeling for the sex he would have cast himself at her feet, crying aloue that her face was made for happiness and that he would himself, at any cost, take upon himself, with no other hope of reward, than to see her once more freed from trouble, all her cares, her anxieties and the consequences, if any, of her follies, if there had been follies; or of her misfor-

tunes, if there had been misfortunes. On her table lay two or three open let ters; she glanced at them from time to time, not as if to derive consolation or hope from their utterances, but as if to hear their reproaches; as if she could not choose but look upon them. The letters in truth, accusing voices; they accused the woman, yet not in words, of follies and extravagances; they warned her, too late, of what may happen to a woman left early in life without a guide and counsellor; a woman who understands nothing-it is a common failing with women-of the simple rules of compound addition and subtraction and therefore goes on spending without comprehension of came when she finds herself at the end of of borrowing, of raising money; of prolongher fortune and with no means apparent of ing credit; some way-else her creditorspaying for her food and dress and lodging. she shuddered and trembled. These letters showed her that she was that unfortunate person-a woman in debt, is left destitute and has no friends who will pay for her. The end of such a offer. of the polite world drop off from the residents and they all become plunged tothose scruples which, outside, raise men and women on a higher level.

If bitterness and self-reproach and husoul, even though they come too late to save from open shame, then, indeed, Isabel Weyplaguey disorders and diseases of the soul. such as vanity, self-conceit, complacency, pride of family, pride of rank, the selfrespect of which is akin to arrogance, and the whole enumerable tribe of cognate all-

The street below was crowded with people; all day long and most of the night there is a full and flowing tide of human life flowing up and down the street, which is not, however, one of the most fashionable resorts of London. In the morning, from 8 o'clock till noon, there are the people of the market, the porters who carry baskets on their heads, the barrow filled with fruit and vegetables, which are carried away to be hawked about the streets of the city and suburbs; after noon there are the people who walk on the plazza, a crowd of welldressed people, yet not like the beaux of the park; they are country people, members Parliament, lawyers, actors of Drury Lane and Covent garden, poets and wits: in the evening they are the people who frequent the coffee houses, the taverns and the gaming tables; later on they are the people was take supper after the play and frink in the night houses among the ribald company of the place. No sooner have the rakes gone away to bed than the market people begin again, so that the whole four and twenty hours there is in King street a continual flocking of people to Covent Garden and a continued noise of footsteps. voices, barrows, drays and carts, with the frequent fights of backney ccachmen, chairmen and the porters of the market.

The woman looked upon the street. beaux walked delicately, their clouded canes hanging from their ruffled wrists; the porheads, rudely pushing their way within the who has dealt with me for so long and until I have been!"

(Copyright, 1901, by Dodd, Mend & Co.) | procession, bawled their wares-fruit from the market, fish from Billinsgate; herbs for medicine; laces, gingerbread, needles and pins, matches, rabbits, poultry, baskets, knives to grind and kettles to mend and the hackney coach rattled over the The lady sat at the open window of her stones; the brewer's dray, with its casks lodging in King street, Covent Garden. It of beer, dragged heavily, grunting and was a lodging over a print shop, the sign of groaning; women with dingle-dump hoops, which, a Silver Quill, argent in gules, dan- fans hanging from their arms and little gled from the front of the house and creaked caps tied modestly under their chins, slowly in the wind. The front room where she sat | walked along the plazza, where they would and lived commanded a fine view of the meet their gallants; old tlemen, their street; the back room in which she slept age betrayed by the shaky knees, stopped in

ties were the result. She looked down upon the dear, delightful epitome of the town; she looked, but she paid small attention; if she noticed the moving panorama at all it was only to ask herself, with a sinking heart, how long it would be before the sight of this free and cheerful life, this contemplation of the world in action which fills the young with weeds which spoke of her condition were so longing, inspires manhood and makes old modified, so to speak, as to betoken a wid- age forget its cares would be finally closed owhood of two years, at least; they signified to her by the shutting of a door-in imagination she heard it slam, and the turning of a key in a lock-in her mind she heard its harsh grating. The thought of this possibility transformed the crowd below her; they were no longer common people, pretenders of fashion, demi reps; they became glorified; happy beyond all expression; en-

could in ordinary circumstances wait your pleasure, but at the present moment my po- same effect. sition is serious, and I know not what may happen to me unless this money is paid. I have the honor to remain, madam, your most obedient and humble servant,

"JOSEPH FULTON." When she had read this letter through for the tenth time she laid it down upon the table, and, with her chin in her hand, she fell into another meditation of a most unpleasant nature.

She was interrupted by the servant of the house, who came to tell her that Mr. Fulton was below and begged the honor of speech

The writer of the letter followed the maid upstairs and entered without further ceremony. He was a man of short stature and of appearance displeasing. Although he was dressed as a citizen of substance and position, his face was marked by intemperance; his short neck lay in folds over his lace cravat; his cheeks were red and swollen; his nose was painted; these are all indications of strong drink. Moreover, his voice was thick and his shoulders unsteady as if, which was, indeed, the case, he had recently come from a tavern. It is not uncommon for a respectable citizen to show signs of drink in the evening-perhaps in the afternoon, but it is not (happily) usual for a man of business to betray this indulgence in the morning. "Madam," he said, "I came to ask if you

have received my letter.' "Sir. I have received it. I have read it Here it is on my table." "And what, madam, may I ask, is your answer?"

"My answer, my answer-Mr. Fulton, I have not yet thought of the answer. The letter only arrived this morning. Perhaps

will fail to meet her just liabilities. I from her dressmaker, a certain Mrs. Bry- lngs and pence. I can no more afford to My father would not consent to the mar- But it might be bruited abroad and it is mer, and was much shorter, yet to the

> "Madam, I am most sorry to trouble you, or any of my customers. I can wait, as a rule, for a long time. But your bill is now, of my business compel me to ask for payment as soon as is convenient to yourself. It is with the greatest reluctance that I press you for payment. Suffer me to call upon you tomorrow about noon. We may perhaps find means to adjust this difficulty quietly and without trouble. I assure you that I have assisted many ladies to get through difficulties and at the same time to pay me their liabilities.

"I remain; madam, with much respect, your obedient servant, Patty Brymer." "The letter is not threatening like the other." Isabel murmured, "but I know the

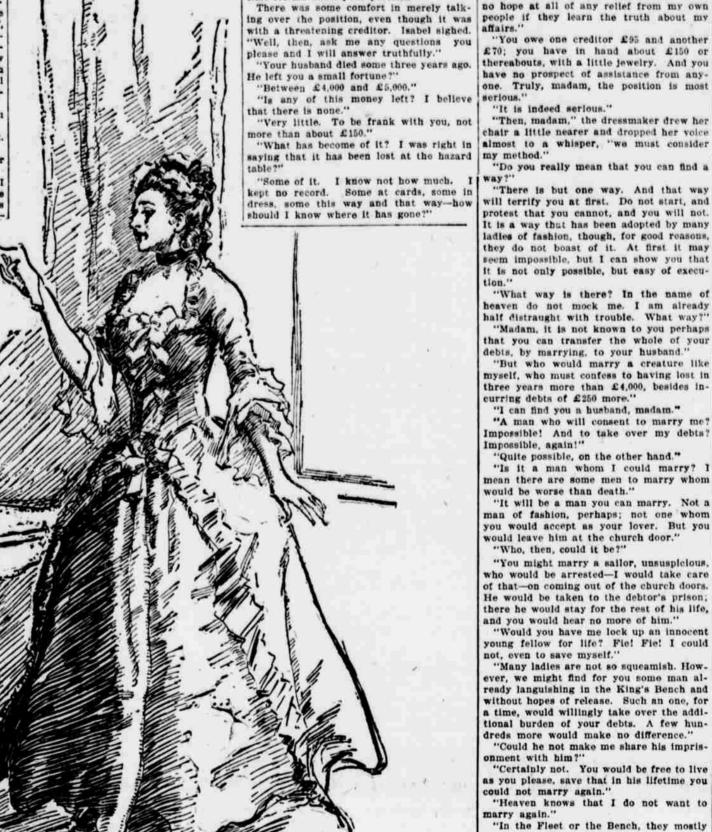
lose this money than you can afford to pay

"Then, I do not understand-" "Madam, I will be plain with you. Let me know exactly the state of your affairs I find, upward of £70; this is too large a and I may be able to help you, but on conbill to run on any longer. The necessities ditions. Believe me, I know the affairs of many women. You will never repent your confidence." "The only help I want is money or time, and that you cannot give me.

"There are other ways beside finding money or time. Let me remind your ladyship that if you do not get help and cannot pay your debts, the end is certain. You can, therefore, do no harm to your affairs by letting me know the truth, and you may find it to your advantage. My reason for offering to help you is nothing in the world but to get payment of my claim."

"Then can you help me to pay your

"That you shall learn presently. Meantime let me know your position-There was some comfort in merely talkplease and I will answer truthfully."



"SHE TOOK UP ONE OF THE LETTERS AND READ IT AGAIN, ALTHOUGH SHE KNEW IT BY HEART." viable beyond all words. Truth to say the ! current of life in King street is a turbid stream at best; there are dens and purlieus about Covent Garden of which men do not speak to women; which women, even with other women, profess not to know either by name or by reputation. But to Isabel, this morning, the street became a sparkling brook, bright and transparent, prattling over pebbles, in comparison with the murky stagnation of the prison which awaited her

For, indeed, the hour had at last arrived; the time certain to those who live beyond their means when the Catchpole threatened and the bailiff murmured and the creditor. a truculent and relentless person, held out his hand and said: "Pay me! I will wait no longer. Pay me! or else-"

"Oh!" she groaned, "I have been a fool. Heavens! What a fool I have been!"

She had, indeed, yet at such a crisis in her affairs self-reproach helped her not. A what her expenditure meant until the day | way had to be found—some way—any way—

She might write to them, she might call upon them and plead with them. If they who cannot pay her debts. Or, if she pays, would forbear she would, perhaps, at some future time-but she had no security to If they would not forbear, if they woman is clear; she must take shelter in took such revenge as was in their power, a prison, where in a short time the man- she would never be able to pay them. ner, the language, the dress, the thoughts | Alas! She was herself the daughter of a city merchant, she knew what was thought and said of the debtor who would not or gether in the ruck of physical wants, could not pay his debts; she knew the physical suffering and the sacrifice of all rage, the thirst for revenge that fills the breast of the tradesman who finds that he Hill be in urgent want of £95?" has made a bad debt. Why, his business his profits, his livelihood, all depended invented or allowed by the law which can be too bad for the defaulting debtor; the land this morning was taking a sovereign prisons are full of poor wretches who would remedy against I know not how many pay if they could, but, being locked up and forbidden to work, cannot pay; she knew that an appeal to the mercy of her creditors would only harden their hearts, while it would only humiliate her with no result.

She thought of flight-but whither? And when her slender stock was gone what should she do next? And again she clasped her hands and

wailed.

She took up one of the letters and read it again, although she knew it by heart. The first was from a draper on Ludgate "Why." she moaned, "I have been a customer of the man ever since I was a Yet he threatens me!" It was true that she had ordered many things of him and had paid for most. But, then, she had not paid for the last things, which were costly. And now he had written to her with words unmistakable.

"Madam: I beg respectfully to call your mmediate attention to the very large account now standing unpaid in my books. find that it is now nothing less than £95 5s 11d. I must, therefore, most reluctantly request you to discharge this debt at once. I cannot believe that the widow of the late Hon. Ronald Weyland and the sister-in-law of Lord Strathmona is unable to pay a bill of £95 only. deed, my own position forbids me to wait I have, therefore, to inform you that if within four and twenty hours I do not receive the money in full. I must take the usual steps and issue a writ. ase the money must be paid in full with costs, and immediately. If it is not paid I shall have to instruct my attorney to proceed as the law permits and directs.

the street oriers, in never-ending this year with no difficulty about payment She took up the second letter. It was

or two-but a day or two." "Permit me to remind you, Mr. Fulton, that when I ordered those things one of the reasons which persuaded me to take was a step on the stair—the sound of a step them was your assurance that I should be allowed six months' credit."

"I do not remember any such assurance," he replied boldly.

"Come, Mr. Fulton, I think if you rack your brains a little you will remember that promise of six months' credit, of which only six weeks have expired. My answer, sir, is that I must take that credit. I want that credit, and I must have it."

"Madam, as regards that promise," his voice grew thicker, "I cannot remember it How, then, can I allow it?"

"Sir"-the lady's temper began to rise "I perceive that you do not intend to remember your promise. I have, therefore nothing more to say-I have no answer to give. You will do what you please. But demand that credit."

The man's manner changed. He became suddenly cringing and he tried to be persuasive. He leaned over the table and es sayed a smile which became a fixed grin. "Madam," he said, "I am most unwilling to press you. But my own affairs-'

"Your own affairs, sir?" "My own affairs, madam." He hesitated and spoke at random. "They are in confusion-I know not what may happen. In fine. I am urgently in want of the money. "Can a substantial citizen of Ludgate

"You mistake, madam." He rose up with dignity. "Every man in business is somemiliation are wholesome correctives for the upon the payment of debts; nothing can be times pressed. It is not the amount-it is the occasion-"

"I must take the credit you promised. am sorry for your position."

"As for my position, it is more than assured. I am a citizen, a freeman of the Drapers company; my affairs are on a large scale. I am considered as the equal of any merchant," he assured her with swelling words and looks,

"I must take that credit," she persisted. "Madam." his face became purple; "I must have that money." He banged the table with his flet. "I say that I must "Alas, I have been a fool! What have that money."

Now here the lady made a great and grievous mistake. For she ought to have referred the question to her attorney; there was nothing unusual in a credit of six months, and, which was more important, the debt would have been found on examination to be due to the man's creditors and not to himself. For, instead of being a prosperous tradesman, as he asserted, he was nothing better than a man of straw who intended to get this money for himself and to defraud his creditors. The man, in a word, might threaten, but he could do nothing. This, however, the lady did not

"Go," she said. "You will do what you The man hesitated. The lady pointed to the door. Her face and manner were

hard and unbending. "You will take the consequences," "Go." Again she pointed to the door. "You will take the consequences of robbing-yes, of robbing-a substantial city

merchant. Madam, a substantial-" The lady rose. He said no more, but van She sank back into her chair, "O!" she

"No, madam, by your leave. Not a month afraid of her than of the man, Fulton. What will she say when I confess the whole to

> She started and turned pale. For there may be a sound of terror to a debtor. There was the step of her dressmaker-the creditor who was going to call at 12. What should she come for but to beg, to accuse and to threaten?

A tap at the door and her visitor turned the handle and came in.

It was in fact, no other than the dressmaker, Mrs. Brymer, author of the short epistle you have heard. Isabel half rose; she gasped out certain words that meant nothing; she sank back in her chair, sick and faint with terror. She had never before been dunned and she knew not what her creditors could do.

The woman was plainly dressed. She was a little won an, and now old. Her face was lined and seamed with a thousand crow's feet. It was the face of a woman much occupied with affairs, shrewd and hard. It was also stamped with the wisdom that comes to some women by experience and affairs. She looked very wise, and as inscrutable as an oracle. She stood in the door for a minute, looking with curiosity at her customer, as if she would learn the whole truth from her face. Then she advanced a step, closed the door softly and rapped the table, not threateningly, but softly, with her knuckles. "Well, madam," she said. Mrs. Weyland inclined her head. She could not speak.

"I am very sorry, madam, to be importu-

"If you can give me time-" Mrs. Brymer-everybody knows her shop n Monmouth street-there is no more celebrated dressmaker in the whole of Londonsmiled quietly. There was no appearance of threatening about the woman, she was not uncivil or disrespectful, but her face expressed her resolution-she was come to get her money.

"You ask for time, madam. Truly, I would give you with pleasure as much time as you please-all the time there is-if you can show me how much the better you would be, if you had it-or how much better I should be. Take time, madam, if you please, but it is not unreasonable to ask what security you have to offer in case give you time."

"No. it is not unreasonable. And yetand yet-oh, Mrs. Brymer, what answer am I to make?" She began to cry again; the tears were real; they were not affected, but if they were designed to soften the dressmaker's heart they were quite useless. A woman has very little sympathy with another woman's tears. Mrs. Brymer took chair and planted it opposite to her cus tomer. Then she sat down firmly and with resolution.

"Now," she said, "I have come for a explanation and a confession! "A confession?" Mrs. Weyland made show of sitting upright with indignation.

"Madam, I know a few things, but not all. I know that you are ruined; you have lost, I believe, the whole of the fortune that your husband left you-it was £4,000-at the card table; you are in debt to others beside myself; if you cannot pay what you owe-but indeed I am sure that you know the terrible alternative."

"Mrs. Brymer," Isabel replied with some dignity, "if you know all this, there is no necessity for you to rehearse it; nor is there any necessity for me to confess my affairs to you."

"They are my own affairs. Your ladyship owes me the sum of £90, with some shill-

"And you have debts. amount of your debts?" "I owe Mr. Fulton, draper, of Ludgate

only large debts. There are also a few trifles. "Oh, Mr. Fulton presses you, does he?" "He presses me and threaens me."

sum of money? "My dresses and a little jewelry, worth-

an elder brother-Lord Stratherrick." "But he is quite ruined; he has gambled away everything-his life interest in his estates, his pictures, his library-every thing is gone. He now lives in a corner of his empty house. He can do nothing for me, even if he was desirous of helping But he is a selfish man, like all

gamblers. "You have friends of your own, however, You are not destitute of friends?

"Mrs. Brymen, I will be quite frank with you. My father, now old, is wealthy. But he is a nonconformist and he is austere. He has never forgiven me for my marriage He considered my husband a profligate, be cause he was a man of quality-my husband, the most sober and sensible of men!

hill, a bill of £155. He said that I might wait for six months, but now he presses I owe you the sum of £90. These are the

"Have you anything besides that small

"Humph! Your husband, however, had

£150 makes him bankrupt." you must harden your heart."

on whom I have brought trouble. Well, then-can you find me such a man-already in prison, to whom another hundred pounds or so of debt will make no difference?" "I can find such a man."

"Then-oh, Mrs. Brymer-it seems dreadful thing to do."

riage, so I ran away and was married in always ill-thought of; nothing but neces-May Fair." sity in fact can justify a gentlewoman in

he will perhaps relent."

"It is indeed serious."

"Do you really mean that you can find a

"There is but one way. And that way

protest that you cannot, and you will not.

It is a way that has been adopted by many

ladies of fashion, though, for good reasons,

they do not boast of it. At first it may

seem impossible, but I can show you that

it is not only possible, but easy of execu-

"What way is there? In the name of

"Madam, it is not known to you perhaps

"But who would marry a creature like

myself, who must confess to having lost in

three years more than £4,000, besides in-

"A man who will consent to marry me?

"Is it a man whom I could marry? I

mean there are some men to marry whom

"It will be a man you can marry. Not a

man of fashion, perhaps; not one whom

you would accept as your lover. But you

"You might marry a sailor, unsusplcious,

who would be arrested-I would take care

of that-on coming out of the church doors.

He would be taken to the debtor's prison;

there he would stay for the rest of his life,

would leave him at the church door."

Impossible! And to take over my debts?

that you can transfer the whole of your

debts, by marrying, to your husband."

"I can find you a husband, madam."

"Quite possible, on the other hand."

curring debts of £250 more."

would be worse than death."

"Who, then, could it be?"

Impossible, again!"

as well; he is more austere than my

causes.

prison?"

off.

sity in fact can justify a gentlewoman in When your father knows your position taking such a step." "What is it?" "You will not like the thought of it at all. "You do not know him. He might re-

But it is the simplest and generally the lent if my misfortune were due to other But I have wasted £4,000 and easiest plan."

"What is it?" Isabel repeated. He is a merchant who looks upon "There are always lying in Newgate men prodigality with horror. I have a brother

condemned to death-" The widow shuddered. "Oh, not that!" father and more unforgiving. He looks to the succession. If he finds out about the "You guess what I would say, then. debts-and the card table-there will be That makes it easier. I could find some no longer any hope for me. He will so one, unmarried, friendless, who would not

My brother would find something in or to live as you please." the bible which would sanktion hardness of "But, oh, the horrid thing! To marry heart. Believe me, Mrs. Brymer, I have a man going to be hanged! To be the no hope at all of any relief from my own widow of a man actually hanged Tyburn!"

people if they learn the truth about my "Why not, since no one would know any "You owe one creditor £95 and another thing about it?" £70; you have in hand about £150 or thereabouts, with a little jewelry. And you

have no prospect of assistance from anycould not!" one. Truly, madam, the position is most ceremony. A bottle of rum would console him for the loss of his bride. Indeed, for "Then, madam," the dressmaker drew her chair a little nearer and dropped her voice

must harden your heart. I have told you what to do. There is a plain choice before you. I can find you a sailor. Once will terrify you at first. Do not start, and get that fellow locked up, with debts of hundreds keeping him there, and you are safe. I can find you a prisoner already hopelessly confined. He would be as good as the sailor. Or there is the condemned felon. He is safest. The only condition I make is that you settle, immediately, my bill in full. Does your ladyship agree! If not, there-but I spare you the truth heaven do not mock me. I am already half distraught with trouble. What way?" You know better than myself what will happen.

Mrs. Weyland looked out into the street.

Mrs. Brymer watched her narrowly. The money due to her was of the greatest importance; she had payments to make and bills to meet, the loss of this money would cause her great embarrassment. But she said no more. She folded her hands in her lap and waited.

and you would hear no more of him." "Would you have me lock up an innocent young fellow for life? Fie! Fie! I could not, even to save myself."

"Many ladies are not so squeamish. However, we might find for you some man already languishing in the King's Bench and without hopes of release. Such an one, for a time, would willingly take over the additional burden of your debts. A few hundreds more would make no difference." "Could he not make me share his impris-

pnment with him?" "Certainly not. You would be free to live as you please, save that in his lifetime you could not marry again.' "Heaven knows that I do not want to

"In the Fleet or the Bench, they mostly lie young. The bad air and the drink kill

Isabel listened with a serious air. The method seemed to offer possibilities of es-

"Truly," she said, "if the additional burden made no difference, I see no reason. Yet there is a reason, too, Mr. Fulton has been here; he has also written; he is in great trouble; he says he must become a bankrupt. I thought that if I paid him all

The dressmaker shrieked. "Pay him all? Pray, madam, what will then become of me? as he can drink he will do anything. Come, I know something of this man Fulton. He drinks; he spends his time in taverns instead of attending to his business. As for your making him a bankrupt, he must indeed be in a poor way of business for a city tradesman, and in Ludgate Hill, if a bill of

"Well, then-if I am not to pay him?-" 'You will pay me instead. I am here, madam, to talk over your misfortunes, not the misfortunes of this draper. There are others, I suppose, who owe him money. Let him apply to them. Believe me, madam,

Isabel sighed. "I am sorry for any one

"There is a third way-the surest of any.

represent the affair to my father that for- know who you are, to whom the promise giveness will be impossible. If I can con- of drink in plenty until the time came ceal the truth perhaps my father may once , would make him quite happy. I would say, more regard me as a daughter."

"It is unfortunate. Would they even consent to see you consigned to a debtor's dered. "And no one would know and you would be quite free-with all your debts "It would be the cause of a final cutting fallen off your back-free to marry again

"To marry a condemned fellow-a murderer-a burglar-a highwayman. Oh, I

"You would marry him only in name. You would leave him in his cell after the that matter, he would expect nothing more than the bottle of rum.'

Still the lady shook her head. "Madam," the temptress repeated, "you

Alas! To leave the free air of the town; the dear delights even of the streets, not to speak of the play, the gardens, the park, the assembly, the card party-how could she live away from them? How could she live in the close air, the dirt, the noise, the conversation of a debtors' prison? She looked at the letters on the table and her lips parted in assent; she thought of the poor wretch jingling his chains in the condemned cell whom she was to marry, and her cheek paled; she thought of her austers father and her brother, and of their wrath, and the relentless justice with which they had already cut her off-and she was ready to assent.

Mrs. Weyland held out her hand. "I ac-

cept," she murmured. The other sighed with relief. She had saved her debt. "You have done well," she said. "Indeed there was nothing else to be done."

"No one is to know," Isabel stipulated with a white face and eyes full of terror. "Certainly not. No one will know. You may make yourself quite easy." Mrs. Brymer rose. "Madam, time presses; we know not when Mr. Fulton will issue his writ.

Perhaps it is already issued." "Are you going to act at once? It is very sudden."

"We must act at once. I have already, madam, in your interest, been up and doing: I have found a young sallor and have promised him a bribe. But-after all-he might be violent; he might break prison and esat the law. I will pass over the sailor." "The poor young man will be looking for his promised wife," said the sympathetic

widow. "He will console himself-never fear. Well, I have also found a man in the King's Bench. He has no hope of release and will consent to anything that will give him a small allowance to live upon. I have also been to Newgate. There is a fellow under sentence who laughed when I proposed such a marriage. For as much rum

Madam, we will go first to the King's Bench. She rose. "I forgot to say that my conditions in return for this service are simply that you pay me my claim in full. That

is all. Do you promise?" "Yes-yes-I promise. O, anything-anything to relieve me of this anxiety.' (To be Continued.)

Sitting Room Drama.

Ohio State Journal: "Who comes there?" called little Willie, the sentry, in threatening tones, as he brought his deadly wooden gun into shooting position.
"A friend!" answered little Tommie from behind the rocking chair. "Advance and give the countersign," hissed the sentry, "or I'll shoot your head

An ominous silence followed this terrible threat, then Tommie said plaintively:
"I've fergot it."
"You can't remember nuthin'," exclaimed Willie in disgust, throwing down his gun. "Cum over here an' I'll whisper it to yer ag'in."



DR. A. D. SEARLES, Lie Most Reliable Specialist in Die

eases of Men.

STRICTURE Cured with a new Home treatment. No pain, no detention from business. URINARYCidney and Bladder Troubles, Weak Back, Burning Urine, Frequency of Urinating, Urine High Col-

bred or with milky sediment on standing. SYPHILIS cured for life and tleansed from the system. Soon every tign and symptom disappears completely and forever. No "BREAKING OUT" of the disease on the skin or face. Treatment tentains no dangerous drugs or injurious

WEAK MEN from Excesses or vio tims of Nervous Desifity or Exhaustion, Wasting Weakness, with early decay in young and middleaged, lack of vim, vigor and strength, with organs impaired and weak. Cure

medicines.

## Dr. SEARLES & SEARLES OMAHA, NEB. SPECIALISTS FOR DISEASES OF MEN

The Secret of Our Unparalleled Success is Told in Two Words:

## ..WE CURE..

Varicocele, Acquired Blood Poison, Nerva ous Debility and all Reflex Complication and Associate Diseases and Weaknesses of Men.

## VARICOCELE

Are you afflicted with Varicocele or its results-Nerrous Debility-and are you nervous, irritable and despondent? Do you lack your old-time energy and ambition! Are you suffering from Vital Weakness, etc.? There is a derangement of the senaltive organs of your Pelvic System, and even though it gives you no trouble at present, it will ultimately unman you, depress your mind, rack your nervous system, unfit you for married life and shorten your existence. Why not be oured before it is too late? WE CAN CURE YOU TO STAY CURED. We have yet to see the case of Variencele we cannot cure. Medicines, Electric Bolts, etc., will never cure. You need expert treatment. We treat thousands of cases where the erdinary physician treats one. Method new, without cutting, pain or loss of time.

CURES GUARANTEED CHARGES LOW Consultation From Treatment by math