## THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1902.

RAILWAY TIME CARD-Continued.

22

URLINGTON&MIS BUT BLINGTON Boute Burlington Route Burlington Routs" - Gen-erai Offices, Northwest Cor-ner Tenth and Farnam Streets. Ticket Office, 1502 Farnam Street, Telephons, Burlington Station, Tenth and Mason cets. Telephone 128. Leave. Arrive. urlington

Lincoln, Hastings and s:40 am a 7:45 pm

Colorado, Utah

a 6:45 am

Plattsmouth & 



Thicago Chicago Limited ...... a 2:45 pm a Daily.

clerk.

rell.

for him."

man for a thou'."



Leave, Arrive, Kansas City Day Ex...a 9:20 am a 6:06 pm Kansas City Night Ex.,al0:30 pm a 6:15 am St. Louis Fiyer, for St. Joseph and St. Louis..a 5:20 pm all:15 am a Dally. row of figures.



Leave. Arrive.

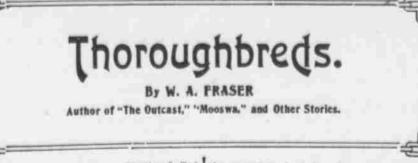
Black Hills, Deadwood, 



phone 629. Leave. Arrive. Fast Omaha-Chicago...a 8:00 am all:20 pm Local Carroll-Omaha...b 4:00 pm a 9:50 am Local Chicago-Omaha. al0:55 am a 8:10 pm Fast Omaha-Chicago...a 4:55 pm a 4:05 pm Fast Mall .......a 8:00 pm a 9:20 am Fast St. Pau......a 7:55 pm a 8:15 am Fast Mall ......a 7:55 pm a 8:30 am Fast Mall ......a 7:50 pm a 8:30 am Rapids Passenger a 5:30 pm Sloux City......b 4:00 pm b 9:50 am Cedar ocal Sloux City.....b 4:00 pm a Daily, b Daily except Sunday.



Sloux City Passenger...a 2:00 pm all:10 am Emerson Local .........................b 5:30 pm b 8:30 am a Daily. b Daily except Sunday.



(Copyright, 1962, by McClure, Phillips & Co.) the uncurtained window, he sprang from his CHAPTER XXXI.

something in his ears. As Farrell had suggested, Crane sought him at his office the next day at 10 o'clock. Farrell and his clerk were busy planning an enterprising campaign, commercial, against the men who had faith in fast. horses, for the coming week at Sheepshead

"Ah!" the bookmaker exclaimed when bered, Allis Porter had come, with the big Crane entered, "you want that badge numsecond last day at Gravesend, and look up the bet of \$1,000 we roped in over Mr. Crane's horse. I want the badge number; wish there had been more like him." "Do you mean Billy Cass?" queried the

wakened him. "Who the devil's Billy Case?" What foolish things dreams were! In his "Why, the stiff that played the Dutchdream he had won just a kiss, and had paid

the price of his love, and now waking, and "You knew him ?" This query from Farin the calm of a conflict passed, he had won over the demon that had tempted him his voice was soft in pity. "Sure thing. He's a reg'lar. Used to bet with the perfume of lilacs. He had striven

in Mullen's book last year when I penciled to the point when further strife became a The clerk had brought a betting sheet by himself a good loser. this time, and ran his finger down a long

CHAPTER XXXII. "That's the bet. A thousand calls three That day he took once more a journey to

on the Dutchman. His badge number was 11,785. Yes, that's the bet; I remember Billy Cass takin' it. You see," he continued, explanatory of his vivid memory. "he's generally a picker-plays a long sho -an' his limit's \$20; so, when he comes next a favorite that day with a cool thou' it give me stoppage of the heart. D-d If I didn't get cold feet. Bet yer life it wasn't Billy's money-not a plunk of it; he had worked an angel, an' was playin' the farmer's stuff for him."

"Are you sure, Mr. Hagen-did you know the man?"

"Know him? All the way; tall, slim, blue eyes, light mustache, hand like a woman. "That's the man," affirmed Farrell, "that's the man, I saw him yesterday." Crane stared. For once in his life the confusion of an unexpected event momentarily unsettled him.

"I thought you identified-which man in the bank did you mean ?"

"I saw three; a short, dark, hairless kid" -Alan Porter, mentally ticked off Crane-"a tall, dark, heavy-shouldered chap, that, judged by his mug, would have made a fair record as a fightin' man-" "Was not that the man you identified as

having made the bet?" interrupted Crane, taking a step forward in his intense eager-Dess.

"Not on your life; it was the slippery looking cove with fishy eves."

"Cass," muttered Crane to himself, "but that's impossible-Cass never left the bank that day; there's some devilish queer mis-

take here." But the name Case was ringing in his

cars. Farrell had identified David Cass in the bank as the man who had bet with him and the clerk asserted that one Billy Cass had made the same bet. Hagen's description of Billy Cass fitted David Cass in a general way. Again, the badge number

registered in Faust's book

connection between the two.

Brookfield.

secrets.

in New York.

C. F. Sussail 11,785, was not Mortimer's number as The next move was to trace

Do you mean it, that you won't prosecute me? Did you say that?' "Not if you confess."

"Thank God-thank you, eir. I'm glad, I'm glad; I've been in hell for days. I haven't slept. Mortimer's eyes have stared at me all through the night, for I liked him-everybody liked him; he was good to me. Oh, God! I should have gone out of my mind with more of it. I didn't steal the vant in its naming of the Delty, but full in turned his face away-what was coming? money; no, no! I didn't mean to steal it; its exultation of soul. Then with quick How could she be happy? How could any-the devil put it into my hands. Before God, transformation the girl collapsed, as Cass one in the world be happy? think that an innocent man was to suffer-

discovered and Mortimer was accused, I if Mortimer were innocent? But calmness had come to him. It seemed | tried to confess-I couldn't. I was a cow-

as though in his sleep the question of ard, a traitor, a Judas. Oh, God!" right or wrong had been settled. He tried The overwrought man threw himself face to remember how he had come to the con- down on the table in front of his grim

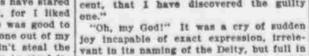
clusion that was alone in his rested mind. accuser, like a child's broken doll, and It must have been before he slept, though wept with great sobs that shook his frame his memory failed him, for, as he slum- as the wind lashes the waters into turmoil. The exultation of righteous victory swept ber. Hagen, get the betling sheet for the gray eyes full of tears, and asked him through Crane's soul. He might have been once again to spare Mortimer humiliation like that. He had been saved from this by for her sake. And he had answered, "He is his love for a good woman. He could not innocent." God! he remembered it, even despise the poor, broken creature who conwe want to locate the man that parted-I now it seemed to thrill through his frame; fessed so abjectly his crime, because all but she had bent over him and kissed him on in deed he also had sinned. The deepest the forehead. Yes, that was what had cry of despair from Cass was because of the

sin he had committed against his friend, against Mortimer. Crane waited until Cass' misery had ex-

hausted itself a little, and when he spoke "I understand. Sit in your chair there

and be a man. Half an hour ago I thought crime; he had lost. But he would prove you a thief. I don't now. You had your that. You fell by the wayside. I don't

think you'll do it again." "No, no, no! I wouldn't go through the who must thank you. You made a man of Brookfield, went to the hotel, secured an hell I've lived in again for all the money me, brought more good into my life than



"Yes."

love Mortimer ?"

I never stole a dollar in my life. But it had done, and huddled in her chair, stricken wasn't that-it wasn't the money-it was to by the sudden conviction that the crime look at Crane-to be exact, Crane's back, love, such faith ?" had been brought home to her brother. Her to have his life wrecked because of my lover was guiltless, but to joy over it was couch with the call of an uncompleted sin. I took it! Then when its loss was a sin, inhuman, for-was not Alan the thief

stepped quickly to the girl's side, put his hand tenderly on her head; her big gray eyes stared up at him full of a shrinking horror.

tender heart will be the death of you yet. But I've got good news for you this time.

for me?"

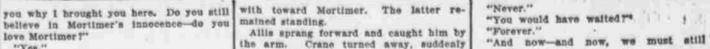
time of weakness. Perhaps all men have must have cost the man to clear his

"Poor little woman," he said, "your big, can't. Neither Mortimer nor Alan took the money-it was Cass." "They are both innocent?" "Yes, both."

herself up from the chair, holding to

the girl as she looked that the eyes she had thought narrow in evil grew big and round, and full of honesty, and soft with gentlenens for her. said, quietly. "I wronged you-"

breath whistling through contracted ridden the gallant chestnut when he strove "It was your doing, Miss Allis; it is I nostrils. A pretty misdirected passion was playing upon him. This was why they had sent for him. The girl he would



the arm. Crane turned away, suddenly discovering that from the window the main "If I were to tell you that he is innocent, that I have discovered the guilty street of Brookfield was a most absorbing study. "I'm so happy," began Allis. Mortimer

joy incapable of exact expression, irrele- shivered in apprehension. Why had Crane

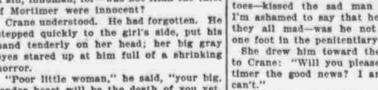
the window.

"Oh, my God, I thank you!" She pulled

Crane nodded his head, and it came to

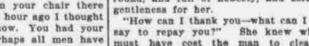
"How can I thank you-what can I do or say to repay you?" She knew what it

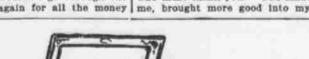
rival's name.



Crane's arm, and looking in his face, said: 'You did this? You found the guilty man

dropped. "Perhaps I ask too much," he







"THE DEVIL VOICES SAID, THIS IS YOUR CHANCE. TAKE IT, NO ONE WILL KNOW."

isolated sitting room upstairs and, with this | in the world. And I'm so glad that it is | had been there for forty years. I will as a hall of justice, followed out with his known; I feel relief."

cerned and that will shield poor Case from correct. people who have no business in this affair." "But how did Cass manage to get the

wife when it seems best to you." "I am almost afraid. You seem so good, so perfect. What am I-what have I done that I should be deemed worthy of such But evidently she was. She stole a quick "You have saved my life, you sought to for his head and shoulders were through save my brother's honor, you gave me, jus a little girl, knowing nothing of aught but The girl-she had to raise on her tip-

wait-

were great beads of perspiration on his had been kind to him; but not yet, not quite

so valiantly.

good act.

"Now I know that you are in- no grinning demon of temptation, nor re-

of thankfulness.

mistake-you are wrong. The boy didn't into his soul and filled him with the joy

ter, and I like men of that stamp. I'm of a postman having a route between Stir-ling and Blairdrummond. He was observed

going to find another position for Mr. Lane to ride a bicycle over his six miles on to ride a bicycle over his six miles on

and give you his place if you'll take it. The week days and to walk the same distance

thomsand dollars you paid in will be re-stored to you. It is yours. We will devise some scheme for clearing up the machine

ter as far as your good name is con- the postman's explanation proved to be

-1

his

"Not forever."

"You wish it that way? You will be my

wife when I am able to make you happy T"

"I am happy now, and I will be your

horses, your love. And what do I give you

Ab, they were surely in love. This self-

Gradually the outer life, past, present

To Ringwood with her drove her knight,

ness. How Lauzanne, the despised, had

saved Ringwood to her father, how he had

won the money for Mortimer, how he had

stood sturdy and true to the mistress who

yet, by-and-by, would Allis tell who had

And about Crane, there was a full meas-

ure of confidence and appreciation of his

Just a span of Fate's hand from these

two happy mortals sat a man all alone in

his chamber. On his table was the dust of

solitariness and with his finger he wrote

in it "Forever." But he looked fearlessly

across the board, for on the other side sat

morse, nor fear. But the fragrance as of

lilacs and of sweet clover coming through

an open window was in his nostrils, and in

his memory was the picture of a face he

loved, made like unto an angel's with grati-

tude, and on his forchead still burned like

a purifying fire a kiss that reached down

(The End.)

QUAINT FEATURES OF LIFE.

Four quarts of milk daily or thereabouts

for twenty years has been the sole diet of

Thomas F. Laubach of Hazleton, Pa. Two

decades ago Mr. Laubach, being then 51

years old, was in very bad health and his

physicians gave up his case. Then he de-

elded to doctor himself and has done so

ever since, absolutely confining his diet

to milk. Now he is one of the healthiest

As an instance of the observance of the

Sabbath in Scotland an English paper tells

on Sunday. An investigation followed and

There is at least one lighthouse in the

and soundest men in town.

. . . . . . .

toes-klased the sad man on the cheek. I'm ashamed to say that he stared. Were in return?" they all mad-was he not standing with

one foot in the penitentiary? abnegation was the manifest evidence. She drew him toward the chair, calling to Crane: "Will you please tell Mr. Morand future, thrust itself assiduously timer the good news? I am too happy, I through the armor of their love sufficiently, and, like mortals, they talked of Mortimer's

A fierce anger surged in Mortimer's deliverance. heart. It was true, then-his disgrace And presently, more sanity creeping into had been too much for Allis. The other their discourse, Allis discovered that she had won; but it was too cruel to kiss him. was not at home, and that the setting sun Crane faced about, and, coming forward, was blinking reproachfully fair into her

held out his hand to the man of distrust. eyes through the open window as he hung "I hope you'll forgive me." for a minute, red-flushed on the purple-Mortimer sprang to his feet, shoving bazed sky line. back his chair violently with his legs, and stood erect, drawn to his full superb and, as they passed none too swiftly by the height, his right hand clenched fiercely at gently hushed fields, they talked of the his side. Shake hands? No, a thousand wonderful necromancy the gods had used to times no! he muttered to himself. set their lives to the sweet music of happi-Crane saw the action and his own hand

Mortimer set his teeth and waited. There

forehead and his broad chest set his

have staked his life on had been brought

over to his rival. Ah-a new thought;

his mind, almost diseased by unjust ac-

cusation, prompted it-perhaps it was to

save him from punishment that Allis had

"But I believed you guilty-" Mortimer

Mortimer staggered back a step, and

"Then Alan-oh, the poor lad! It's a

Crane looked at him in admiration, an

"Nonsense, my dear sir!" he exclaimed,

drily. "Alan did not take the money.

Neither did you. Cass took it, and you

wasted a day of the bank's time covering

the crime for him. I'm not sure that you

shouldn't be prosecuted as an accomplice."

dazed way, looking from Crane to Allis.

"Cass took it?" asked Mortimer in a

"Yes. He has confessed. So you see

he's shead of you in that line. But I've

promised him that no one but our three

selves shall ever know it." He went on,

speaking hurriedly, "I ask you to forgive

me now for my suspicions Your inno-

cence is completely established. You acted

like a hero in trying to shield Alan Por-

thonsand dollars you paid in will be re-

some scheme for clearing up the mat-

CHAPTER XXXIV.

in the unsupervised tele-a-tele.

against his. Love without words, love

greater than words! It was like a fairy

dream, and if either spoke, the gentle

"Shall I pinch your ear to make sure ?"

misery that had passed.

She kissed him.

like

mittee.

caught at the chair to steady himself. He

repeated mechanically the other's words.

"Yes, I've found the guilty man."

consented to become Crane's wife.

You know I'm innocent?"

take the money-I took it."

indulgent smile on his lips.

started.

nocent, I ask-"

to believe in his guilt and had been won

ILLINOIS CENTRAL Railroad-City Ticket Office, 1402 Farnam Street. Telephone, 245, Depot, Tenth and Marcy Sts. Chicago Express Limited ast Mall a10:35 pm eapolis & St. Paul b 7:35 am b10:35 pm Express press reapolis & St. Paul ...a 7:50 pm a 8:05 am Fort Dodge Local from Council Bluffs .......b 4:50 pm a10:00 am Fort Dodge Local from Council Bluffs . a 5:00 ar a Daily. b Daily except Sunday.



Louis Express.....a 5:55 pm a 8:20 am Louise Local (from Juncii Bluffs) .....a 9:15 am a10:30pm

## DOMINION LINE

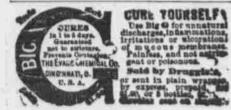
SPECIAL NOTICE. nption of trips by the Mammoth Popular Twin Screw Steamers

"Commonwealth" & "New England." EDITERRANEAN THE From Boston Direct to

GIBRALTAR, GENOA, NAPLES AND veloping Mortimer's innocence. ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.

"New England," Dec. 6; Jan. 17; Feb. 28, "Commonwealth," Jan. 3; Feb. 14; Mch. 28, Also sallings-Boston to Liverpool, Port-land, Me., to Liverpool. For rates, book-lets etc., apply to local agent or

RICHARD MILLS & CO., @ Dearborn St. CHICAGO.



BURNING NEGRO CONFESSES

Admits that He Aided White Man to Murder Two In

## Mississippi.

MEMPHIS, Nov. 1 .- A Sardis, Miss., disp. m. on June 12. patch says: Reports brought here from Darling, Miss., say a mob of 4,000 last night burned a negro for the double murder of E. O. Jackson and a millionaire named Rose.

The negro confessed just before he was burned and implicated a white man who lives near Bridgeport. A posse was formed at once and the

capture of the man was effected last night. He is in custody near the scene of the tragedy, and there is a strong probability of his being lynched.

## EXPRESS RUNS INTO FREIGHT

Conductor and Brakeman Killed in Accident on Northern Pacific Near Fargo.

ST. PAUL, Nov. 1 .- This morning the the Northern Pacific, west bound, ran into to rest; sometimes he raced with swift the rear of an extra freight near Watta siding, a short distance this side of Fargo.

that Conductor Charles H. Goss and Brake-C. Congdon were killed, and Brakoutes man J. man J. M. Ryan was cut about the head but not seriously.

No passengers were injured and Engineer Begman and his fireman who had been

Billy Cass the man who had delivered to usual carefulness a plan he had conceived. him the stolen money. There was still a First he wrote a brief note to Allis Porchance that Mortimer, unfamiliar with better asking her to come in and see him at ting, and possibly knowing of Billy Cass once. One line he wrote made certain the through his brother in the bank-if they girl's coming: "I have important news to were brothers-had used this practical communicate concerning Mr. Mortimer." racing man as a commission agent. That Then he sent the note off with a man in the seemed the most plausible deduction. It buggy.

was practically impossible that David Cass Cass. He pulled out his watch and looked could have got possession of the bill, for it was locked in a compartment, of which at it. It was 3 o'clock. "I think 5 will do," Mortimer had the key. Mortimer had ad- he muttered; "it should be all over by that mitted that the keys were not out of his time.' possession. Another note addressed to Mortimer, ask-

ing him to call at the hotel at 5 o'clock, Sitting in his own chamber, he once more went over, bit by bit, the whole extraordiwent forth. nary entanglement. Mistaken, as it was,

David Cass came, treading on the heels of Farrell's identification at Brookfield must a much-whiskered hostler who had sumhave strongly affected the mind of Allis moned him. Porter. At the time Crane had played an "You sent for me, sir?" he asked Crane. It may have been the stairs-for he honest part in recounting it to the girl.

He had firmly believed, owing to his had come up hurriedly-that put a waver in ambiguous report, that Farrell had meant his voice, or it may have been the premoni-Mortimer; in fact, Cass had not entered tion of trouble. his mind at all. Even yet, Mortimer might "Take a seat, Mr. Cass," Crane answered,

be the guilty man, probably was. Why arranging a chair so that a strong light should, he, Crane, pursue this investigation from the one window fell athwart the visithat might turn, boomerang-like, and act tor's face. disastrously? Mortimer was either a thief The hostler had left the sitting room door

or a hero, there could be no question about that. As a hero, in this case, he was with his back to the window, said to the pretty much of a fool in Crane's eyes, but bank clerk: "Mr. Cass, I am going to be Allis Porter would not look upon it in that light. She would delfy him. Crane would commit diplomatic suicide in de-

taking." He could adopt one of the two plans to Cass' face blanched a bluish white; his get at the truth. He could trace out Billy iaw dropped loosely like the jaw of a man Cass and extort from him the name of his who suddenly had been struck a savage principal, but if startled the latter might blow. His weak, watery, blue eyes opened refuse to divulge anything. Police preswide in terror, he gasped for breath; he sure meant publicity. There was a better essayed to speak, to even give a cry of plan-Crane always found a better plan in pain, but the muscles of his tongue were everything. If David Cass had stolen the paralyzed. His right hand had been restmoney, he must have sent it to his brother. ing on the arm of the chair in which he If that fact were established it would show sat, and as Crane ceased speaking, his arm fell hopelessly by his side, where it That afternoon Crane took a train to dangled like the cloth arm of a dummy. Crane saw all this with fierce satisfac-

A visit to the village postoffice disclosed tion He had planned this sudden accusahidden jewel. As far as Crane was contion with subtle forethought. It even gave cerned the fate of the two men was con- him relief to feel his suffering shifted to tained in an innocent looking entry in the another; he was no longer the assailed of postmaster's records. It was easy for him evil fortune, he was the assaliant. Already o obtain all the information he required; the sustaining force of right was on his the postmaster, with little hesitation, alside; what a dreadful thing it was to squirm and shrink in the toils of crime. lowed him, sub rosa, to delve into official A thought that he might have been like this He learned that David Cass had sent a had he allowed Mortimer to stand accused

letter, with a special delivery stamp on flashed through his mind. He waited for it, to William Cass in New York, at 3:30 his victim to speak. At last Cass found strength to say, David Cass, the unsuspected, was the

Crane, this is a terrible accusation; there thief. Mortimer, condemned, having reis some dreadful mistake-I did not-" stored the money-having taken upon him-Crane interrupted him. The man's deself with almost silent resignation the disfence must be so abjectly hopeless, such a cowardly, weak string of lies, that our grace, was innocent. And all this knowledge was in Crane's possession alone, to use of pity, as he might have ceased to beat as he wished. The fate of his rival was a hound, Crane continued, speaking rapidly, given into his hands, and if he turned down holding the guilty man tight in the grasp

his thumb so, better for Mortimer that he of his fierce denunciation: had been torn by wild beasts in a Roman "You stole that note. You sent it with arena, than to be cast-good name and all a special delivery stamp to your brother. -to the wolves of righteous humanity. Billy Cass, in New York, and he bet As a dog carries home a bone, too large on it for you on my horse, the Dutchfor immediate consumption, Crane took man, on the 13th; and-he lost it. Mortiback this new finding to his den of solitude mer, thinking that Alan Porter had taken the money, replaced it, and you committed

At 8 o'clock he turned the key in his a greater crime than the crime of stealdoor, and, arm in arm with his now coning when you allowed him to be disstant companion, walked fitfully up and honored, allowed him to be accused and down the floor. Sometimes he sat in a big all but convicted of your foolish sin. It second section of No. 3 passenger train on chair that beckoned to him for God's sake is useless to deny it; all this can be proven in court. I have weighed the matspeed; once he threw himself upon his bed, ter carefully and if you confess you will and lay there, staring wide-eyed at the cellnot be prosecuted; if you do not you will The exact damage is not yet known but ing for hours. What mockery! Hours! On be sent to the penitentiary just as sure as reports to General Manager Cooper state the mantlepiece a clock told him that he you are a living man." had ceased his stride for a bare five min-Cass, stricken beyond hope of defence,

rose from his chair, steadying himself with Without decision he had flung himself his hands on the table, leaning far over down; his mind, tortured in its perplexity, it, as though he were drawn physically asked R." was unequal to the task of guiding him. So by the fierce magnetism of his accuser, and

"Well, it is better that the truth has my own free will. In my love for you come out, because everything can be put, and desire to have you with me always, right. I was going to make you pay back the thousand dollars to Mortimer-I was going to drive you from the bank-I was going to let it be known that you had stolen the money, but now I must think. You must have another chance. It's a The

Next he dispatched a messenger for David dangerous thing to wreck lives. money must be paid back to Mortimer." "I'll save and work my fingers off till ) do it."

"You can't. Those dependent upon you would starve. I'll attend to that little matter myself." "And you will let me go without-

"No, you can't go." "My God! I'm to be prosecuted?" "No, you can stay in the bank. I don't

think you'll ever listen to the voices again; it's had husiness." Cass sat and stared at the strange man

who said these things, out of silly, expressionless eyes that were blurred full of lears.'

"Yes, you can go right on, as you have been. It will be understood that the money was found, had been mislaid; I'll think that out. It's nobody's business just now open. Crane closed it carefully, and, sitting I run the bank and you take orders from me. Go back to your desk and stay there. I've got to tell Mortimer and Miss Porter very candid with you; I am going to tell that you made this mistake, but nobody you that I have discovered that you stole else will ever know of it. I was going to the \$1,000 Mortimer has been accused of make you sign a confession, but it is not needed. You might go now; I'm expecting

a visitor soon." Cass rose, his thin legs seeming hopelessly inadequate to the task of carrying his body, and said, "Will you take my hand, sir?"

"Of course, I will. Just do right from this on and forget-no, beter not forget; remember that there is no crime like weak ness; all crime comes from weakness. Be strong and listen to no more voices. But I needn't tell you. I know from this out can trust you further than a man who has never been tried. And see here, Mr. Cass. I think I ought to help you a little to fight against these had voices. When I get time will see if your salary is as much as it should be."

"Poor, weak devil!" mutered Crane then he shivered. Had the imbecile's talk "volces" got on to his nerves? For an hour he waited, then a step sounded on the stairway. Allis was standing just within the hall door.

"Good afternoon, Miss Porter," he said. 'It was good of you to come in. I've got something very important to tell you and it's beter that we have quiet-it doesn't seem quite the usual order of things here. Would you mind coming upstairs to the sitting room, where we can be undisturbed?'

"I don't mind," answered the girl simply. "Have a chair," he said, motioning to the one Cass had lately sat in.

Crane did not take the other seat, but paced restlessly up and down the room; it seemed to cool the fever of his mind.

"I hope it isn't more bad news, Mr. Crane," Allis said, for her companion seemed indisposed to break the silence. "It is-" the girl started-"for me, Crane added, after a little pause, "and yet I am glard." "That sounds strange," Allis commented,

wonderingly. "What I am going to say to you means

the destruction of the dearest hope I have in life, but it can't be helped. Now I wouldn't have it any other way." Suddenly he stopped in his swift pace his own, not guite driven from his sky, but faced the girl and asked, "You are quite a smile hovered on his thin lips. This hapsure you can't love me?" He was walting piness was worth catching.

for an answer. reflected in the other man's face and he "No, I can't. I hate to cause you misery, but I must speak the truth. You have repeated with a dreadful asperity, oh, so "And you've answered it honestly. I know

wearied he should have slept for hours, but, spoke in a voice scarce stronger than the it was foolish in me to ask the impossible. "For a chair-certainly," said Crane, and reported killed were entirely uninjured. as the first glint of sunlight came through treble of a child's: "My God! Mr. Crane! Just one more question, and then I will tell he pushed the one he had been toying You did not doubt?" he queried.

be honest. I did not do this of myself, note?" "Found it on the floor of the vault, he ays.

I almost committed a crime. "I don't see how it could have fallen out I was tempted to conceal the discovery I had of the box, because the three bills were made; I knew that if I cleared Mortimer pinned to the note."

you were lost to me. I struggled with Crane drew forth a pocketbook, and, temptation and fell asleep, still not conopening it, took out the bill that had been quering it. In my sleep I dreamed-I stolen. He examined it closely, holding don't think it was a dream, it was like a it up in front of the window. vision-you came to me, and when I said "I think you are mistaken," he said. that Mortimer was innocent you kissed me There are no pin holes in this bill. "I on the forehead. I woke then, and the see," he continued, "the pin had not gone struggle had ceased-the temptation had

through this one; being detached, in handpassed. I came down here, and Cass has ling the box it slipped out." confessed that he took the money." "It must have " concurred Mortimer. "I

"Would you like it-would you think i remember, in putting the box in the comwrong-it seems so little for me to dopartment, once I had to turn it on its may I kiss you now, as I did in your dge. The bill being loose, as you say, dream, and thank you from the bottom of slipped to the floor, and as the vault was my heart for making me so happy? It all dark I did not notice it." seems like a dream to me now "

"It doesn't matter," added Crape, For answer Crane inclined his head, and must go now. Goodby, Miss Allis." Allis, putting her hand upon his shoulder, Turning to Mortimer, he held out kissed him on the forehead, and through hand.

him went a thrill of great thankfulness, of "Goodby, and long happiness to you joy such as he knew would never have both." he said. "I 'trust you will think come to him had he gained through treachkindly of me and poor Cass. I am sure ery even this small token of conquest. we are sorry for what has been done." "There," he said, taking Allis by the As Crane went down the stairs he wonarm and gently drawing her back to the dered why he had coupled himself with chair; "now I am repaid a thousandfold Cass. Was the difference so slight? for not doing a great wrong. You have they been together in the same boat up beaten me twice within a few days. I to the point of that silly, fantastic dream fancy I should almost be afraid to be your Perhaps they had.

husband, you master me so easily." The girl laughed; not that Crane had said the most brilliant thing she ever With the removal of Crane's presence heard, but because she was happy. If he from the room a strange, awkward rehad said "Frogs are queer creatures," straint came over the two who were leftis quite likely she would have laughed in the man who had suffered so much for just the same happy way.

"That's Mortimer coming." Crane said endeavored so much. suddenly, as a step with more consistency in its endeavor than pertained to the hostler's, sounded, coming up the stairs. "I sent for him," he added, seeing the look of happy confusion on Allis' face. "Come in," he called cheerily, in answer to a knock on the door.

"You sent for me-" Then Mortimer stopped suddenly and stood staring first at dropped from him; a free man, in every lect peculiar to themselves and are very Allis, then at Crane, alternately, back sense of the word, he would straighten daring hunters. himself up and drink of the free air. and forth from one to the other.

Crane turned his back upon the younger man and busied himself wondrously over the manipulations of a chair. A strange him standing there, her undefiled god, her dread crept into Mortimer's heart; smothered him, he felt dizzy Why did smiles on her lips when she must know that there were ashes of gloom in his soul? Why was she alone there with Crane? Was it but another devlish trick of misfortune

that pursued him? "Good afternoon, Miss-" The word stuck in Mortimer's throat and he completed his greeting with a most dreadfully formal bow

The girl laughed outright How droll it was to see a man trying to make himself unhappy when there was nothing but happiness in the world! Through the open window she could hear the birds singing

and through it came the perfume of cloverburied fields; across the floor streamed warm, bright sunlight from a blue sky, in which there was no cloud And from their lives, Mortimer and her own, had been swept the dark cloud-and here in the midst of all this joy was her lover with a long, sad face, trying to reproach her with

a stiff, awkward bow Her laugh twirled Crane about like top. He saw the odd situation; there was something incongruous about Mortimer's stiff attitude. Crane had a big cloud of

words: find that I've been dreaming." Mortimer noticed the distasteful mirth

dignified, "You sent for me, sir-may ask-"

"Yes, it's real," he answered. "Even in dreams happiness is not so positive as this.

way.'

his heart.

world that is not placed on any mariner's chart. It is away out on the Arizona desert and marks the spot where a well supplies pure, fresh water to travelers. It is the only place where water may be had for forty-five miles to the eastward and for at least thirty miles in any other direction. The "house" consists of a tall cottonwood pole, to the top of which a lantern is hoisted every night. The light can be seen for miles across the plain in every direction.

"The top of the morning and the shank of the evening," exclaims the New York Sun, "to Mrs. Augusta Aumussen of The Bronx, who scored 162 at bowling on the day she was \$6. She didn't begin to bowl until she was 72, and we hope she will keep it up until she is 172. A cheery and engaging figure she is, rattling down the pins at 86 and making the beginners stare and gasp. Yet she is only a beginner herself so far as living goes. Wait until she comes to middle age. Saturday Joseph Labouty of Ogdensburg, 103, walked a mile and back to register, and a younger friend, Francis Berrio, 92, went with him. These are the grownup people and the folks in the 80s are still in the infant class."

Had The remnant of a remarkable and hitherts lost tribe of Eskimos has recently been discovered on Southampton island, at the extreme north end of Hudson bay. It is said that until recently these people have never had an opportunity of seeing a white man. Their huts are built of the great jaws of whales, covered with skins. In the middle is an elevation, on which is a stone lamp the woman's sake, and the girl who had used for lighting, heating, cooking, melting snow and drying clothes. The lamp is only He was like a man suddenly thrust into a dish of whale oil, in which is a wick of a new world of freedom. He indulged in a dry moss. Indeed, the whale is the chief means by which these people live, the physical manifestation of its exhilaration. bones being utilized for making plates, cups drinking in a long, deep draft of the clover-Scented air, until his great lungs sighed and sledges, but they also use sledges of with the plethora. It seemed a lifetime wairus tusks, with deer antiers for cross that he had lived in the noisome atmos- pieces. The tribe is almost extinct, as only some sixteen are left. They speak a dianhere of a felon's cell. But now the crime

Allis watched Mortimer curiously; she Thomas Kane of Chicago and Mrs. Joseph was too happy to speak-just to look upon Sylvester had a happy reunion at the latter's home in Waukegan, Wis., last week, hero, with his heroism known and ap- They had seen separated forty years, during which each had concluded the other was plauded. He seemed so great, so noble, Allis look so happy-why were there that anything she might say would be in- dead. While the Kane family lived in Kenosha the father died, leaving three children, sane, tawdry, inconsequent; so she waited, patiently, happy, taking no count of time, two girls and a boy, for the mother to care for. The youngest was Margaret, aged 2, nor the sunshine, nor the lift of the birds, nor even the dissolution of conventionality now Mrs. Sylvester. She was adopted by William Waddell, a farmer at Wadsworth. The ecstatic magnetism of congenial si-Mary was adopted by another family. lence has always a potency, and its spell Thomas remained with his mother. When crept into Mortimer's soul, and laid em-Mary was 18 she located her brother in bargo on his tongue. He crossed over to Chicago and then they bent energies to find Margaret. They were unsuccessful, as Mar-Allis, and, taking her slender hand in his own, crouched down on the floor beside garet had married. In the absence of her chair and looked up into her face just knowledge of the sister's existence they as a great St. Bernard might have done, came to believe her dead. Recently they incapable of articulating the wealth of love accidentally secured a clew to her whereand gratitude and faithfulness that was in abouts and the reunion followed.

> Even then the girl did not speak. She NAMES OF GIVERS UNKNOWN drew the man's strong, rugged head close up to her face, and nestled her cheek

Impossible to Return Money to Children Who Contributed for a

New Battleahin.

gommamer web of it would float away CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 1 .-- It has been mist, and of need they must talk of the ound that no lists were kept by the prin-In the end the girl spoke first, sayingcipals of public schools of those children who contributed to the fund for the batlike a child having a range of but few "You are happy, now, my hero?" tleship American Boy, and attempts to return the money to the donors have proved "Too happy. I almose fear to wake and futile.

W. Rankin Goode, the Cincinnati boy who was at the head of the battleship move-"You might make me sure, but not that ment, now has on hand \$1,500 which was contributed by school children for that purpose. He proposes to turn the money over

to the McKinley Memorial fountain com-