FORSYTH'S HARVEST.

CHAPTER I.

Valentine Forsyth was Commissioner of Police at the Diamond Fields, and he had just returned from a visit to Graham's Town, bringing a young wife back with him, greatly to the astonishment of his numerous friends and acquaintances.

"Fancy old Val falling a victim," said Terence O'Brien, as he lounged on the veranda of the Kimberley Club; "such a wideawake fellow as he always seemed. I can't understand it."

"Don't try to, Terry; it might be too much for you, especially with the thermometer at eighty in the shade," said another man languidly.

"And such a simple little thing as she looked, too," went on Terry, not heeding the interruption; "all bread and butter, white muslin and blue sash—figuratively, of course, I mean."

"Don't trouble to explain yourself. We understand those beautiful flowers of speech which spring from your too fervid Irish fancy. That is the only thing Ireland suffers from in my opinion—too much imagination."

"Oh, drop it, Graham," murmured an exhausted-looking youth, one of the pillars of the civil service, who had just looked in from an afternoon spent in a hot, stuffy court, interpreting native evidence, and who noticed the flash that sprang to O'Brien's eyes. "This isn't the time to discuss politics. Did either of you fellows look at Val just now?"

"I was too much occupied with the bride," said Terry, who recovered his temper as quickly as he lost it. "She had a nice little face of her own. I shall make a point of calling early."

"Yes, I looked at the deluded creature," said the man who had been called Graham, as he took a deep draught of local whisky and soda, "and I never saw a man look so idiotically happy. Why, when he turned round for a moment as they drove past, he positively beamed," and he emptied his glass with an expression of utter disgust.

"Yes, so he did," said the civil service youth with a giggle. "And old Val, too, who never did such a thing as laugh! Why, that weary smile of his would have done for one of Ouida's heroes."

"Ah, well, another good man gone wrong; let's go and knock the balls about a bit while we chant a 'De Profundis' over him. I'm sick of watching the dust flying down the road, and dinner's not to be thought of yet for another hour."

"I'm not so sure," said Terry musingly, when the two men had taken themselves off to the billiard-room, and he was left alone. "I'm not so sure that it's a bad thing to be married in a place like this. Since I came up here I've been losing my native modesty with startling rapidity. With such a free-and-easy lot, St. Kevin himself wouldn't stand a chance. And that reminds me—I wonder how the Borlase will take this? Whew!" and he gave a low, prolonged whistle.

Meanwhile Valentine Forsyth and his young wife had arrived at their destination, a house on the outskirts of the town, standing in a dusty compound, surrounded by a corrugated iron fence, which shone with painful brilliance in the sun.

When he left for his holiday he had had no intention of returning a married man, or even an engaged one, although he had met Angela Ward before, and been strongly attracted by her. The second meeting intensified the impression left by the first, and the calm, impassive man, carried out of himself by this new, strange passion that held him in its thrall, did his wooing in so gentle and tender yet masterful a fashion, that his bride was won before she had scarcely realized her danger. Mrs. Ward was reluctant to part with her only child, especially in so hasty a fashion, but Valentine eventually succeeded in overcoming all obstacles. How could he manage to exist for a year without Angela? He could not expect any more leave for another twelve months. Why could they not have a quiet little wedding now—he did not want any fuss—and go back to Kimberley together? And when Mrs. Ward, as a last resource, asked where he was going to take Angela—she could hardly share his bachelor quarters at the Club—he triumphantly settled that question by saying that he knew of a house that would just suit them, and he was only waiting for her consent to write to his old friend, Dr. Stannard, to take it and get it properly furnished for him.

"Angela won't mind things being a little upside down," he said, looking at her tenderly; "we shall have plenty of time to put them straight later on."

And Angela seemed perfectly content.

"But," remarked Mrs. Ward, recognizing that she had better give in with a good grace, and liking Mr. Forsyth for his own sake, and aware that he would be a good match for her daughter, "have you not any lady friend who would manage this for you? It seems more a woman's work than a man's the furnishing part, at all events."

"Oh, I dare say there are plenty of ladies in Kimberley who would be kind enough to arrange everything for me," he said, with the ghost of a smile, "but I think I'd rather ask old Jim Stannard than any one else."

So it happened that when, after a brief honeymoon, Valentine brought his wife to her new home—which rejoiced in the misnomer of the Retreat, for it stood almost on the highroad, with the bare veldt on one side, and with nothing but two or three sickly lime trees behind which it could make any pretense of "retreating"—it showed rather forcibly the lack of a woman's hand in the interior arrangements.

For a moment, perhaps, contrasting it with the dainty little home of her girlhood, Angela may have been smitten with dismay, but if so she recovered herself almost immediately; and when Dr. Stannard, who had stood ready to welcome them as they drove up, apologized humbly for all the short comings, saying that he was only an unfortunate bachelor and had not had much experience in such matters, she smiled upon him so prettily as she gave him her hand and thanked him for all the trouble he had taken, that he forgave her on the spot for having robbed him of his old chum, and took up the cudgels warmly on her behalf when his lady patients put him through a severe cross-examination the next morning.

"And you think you'll be able to make yourself happy here, darling?" asked Valentine when, dinner over, the doctor had said good night, and he was lying on the veranda on a rug of jackal skins at the feet of his young wife. "I'm afraid you will find it very different from your quiet life at Graham's Town."

"Of course I shall be happy here, you ridiculous boy; are not you here? And I shall enjoy a little life and gayety after leading the existence of a country mouse. You will see, sir, in course of time, your wife may become one of the leaders of Kimberley society."

"The saints forefend!" ejaculated Valentine, looking up with an expression of half real, half comic dismay. It was rather a weary-looking face as a rule, lit up only by a pair of brilliant blue eyes, but to-night it was so softened and beautified by the magic of a pure, absorbing love that his old friends would scarcely have known it. "Let me keep my little white violet from struggling among those full-blown roses. You may

Give to a few friends hand or smile,
Like a generous lady, now and awhile;

but there I draw the line. I have been a wanderer, more or less, all my life, darling," his voice very low and tender, "and I have never known before what it is to have a home—a real home of my own. Let me enjoy it—just you and I together—for a little while."

For answer, with the tears gathering quickly in her eyes, she leaned forward, and with a little protecting gesture—that touch of protection which every true woman feels for the man she loves—kissed him softly on the brow.

CHAPTER II.

Valentine had been married three months, when, one morning early in December, he sat at breakfast with his wife, discussing an invitation which just had been brought to the house by one of Judge Borlase's Kaffir boys.

The heat was already intense, although it was only 8 o'clock, and the breakfast-table had been carried into a shady corner of the veranda, where the lattice-work was covered with creepers and sheltered them from the gaze of the passers-by, and where a little air still relieved the oppressive atmosphere from time to time.

Angela was looking somewhat pale and exhausted as she leaned back in a deck chair, in a white cambric dressing-gown trimmed with a little lace about the throat and round the the full sleeves, which fell back and showed the pretty dippled arms to the elbows. It was the hottest time of the year, and an unusually hot season even for that. The sun blazed away untiringly in a heaven of unclouded blue from the first thing in the morning until just before nightfall, when it dropped with startling rapidity out of sight. Dry, fierce heat and dust storms were the order of the day. Angela sometimes wondered whether there were any use in dusting at all, when, very likely just as it was done, a brown cloud would sweep by and leave nearly a quarter of an inch of fine sand everywhere.

"Suppose we refuse this invitation, darling. You're not looking quite up to the mark, and dancing, with the thermometer somewhere close on a hundred degrees, is next door to madness."

"But this is the first invitation we have had from Mrs. Borlase, Val. You know she has been away. Wouldn't she be offended if we did not go? She and I had quite a long gossip at the Vanderlindes' the other day, and she told me what great friends you and she had always been, and that she hoped very much I should like her too. She looked so pretty and sweet when she said it that I took quite a fancy to her. I think I should like to go if you don't mind."

"Just as you like, of course, dear. I was only afraid of your being knocked up. You must be very careful now with this hot weather. I don't want you to have an attack of 'camp' fever; and newcomers are very apt to get it, especially at this time of the year."

"Have you ever had it, Val?"

"No; I suppose I was pretty well fever-proof when I arrived here. But you see you are not as tough as I am, and though I don't want to frighten you, I should like you to take life as quietly as possible for the next month or two; then we shall begin to cool down a bit. When you have once had that wretched fever you are always liable to get it again; and if your mother comes up in the spring, I don't want her to find you reduced to skin and bone. I shouldn't have the courage to look her in the face."

"Well," with a laugh, "I don't think you need be afraid of that; and if you will take me to Mrs. Borlase's, I'll promise to be very good and quiet afterward."

"All right, darling. When is it—the day after to-morrow? Well, as we are going, you may as well look your best. The Borlase parties are among the most select in Kimberley, I suppose. At all events, there are sure to be some well-dressed women there, and I want my wife to look as good as, or better, than any one else."

"Oh, you vain boy. But I'll do my best. As soon as I have got rid of you I'll have a dress inspection, and arrange my feathers and war-paint."

Valentine was quite satisfied with the result when Angela emerged from her dressing-room on the eventful night and submitted herself to his critical eye for a moment as they stood waiting in the hall for the "spider" to come round. She had put on her wedding-dress—a plain white silk, open a little at the neck and trimmed with tiny ostrich feathers, and the long, severe lines showed to advantage her slender figure and gave it dignity as well as grace. Her golden-brown hair was twisted into a coronet on top of her shapely head, and a diamond star—her husband's wedding gift—glittered among the coils.

"Well, sir, shall I do?" she asked saucily, but a shade of anxiety dimming the brightness of her smiling eyes as Valentine looked at her for a moment without speaking.

"Yes, I think so—I most decidedly think so," he said slowly. "But you are more like a white lily than a violet to-night, and—and I should like to take off that gorgeous gown and see you swinging in the hammock in one of your muslin frocks, and find myself in my arm-chair in my old shooting jacket, instead of dressed like a mute for a funeral," and he looked at his faultless dress-clothes—which, in spite of his disparaging remark, admirably suited his tall, well-proportioned figure—with an expression of tragic disgust.

"Why, Val, I had no idea you had such an objection to going, or I wouldn't have bothered you about it," she cried penitently. "But you never seemed to mind before. I am so sorry."

"There! I was a brute to fly out like that, sweetheart. I don't know what is the matter with me to-night—liver, I suppose; it's always liver in this confounded climate. Let me put on your cloak; there's the cart coming round. I shall enjoy myself well enough, little one, when I get there, so don't look so serious. You'll see your worthy husband spinning round wildly with the rest of the teetotums, only pausing now and again to surreptitiously wipe his heated brow," and laughing gayly he took his wife by the arm and led her down the path.

Judge Borlase's house, which was a Government residence, and replete, as the auctioneers have it, with every modern convenience—or with as many of them at least as were procurable in Kimberley—was on the opposite side of the township, and though the light two-wheeled cart got over the ground pretty quickly, they were more than half an hour on the road. Angela did not mind that. The drive through the fresh night air was delightful after the heat of the day, for, at least, there is one thing for which the inhabitants of the Fields return fervent thanks, and without which they would inevitable all perish—the nights are cool and refreshing.

As they neared their destination they overtook other carts bound in the same direction as themselves, and exchanged pleasant greetings with most of the occupants, for only in a very few cases, when a lady voluntarily endured martyrdom so that her hair should not get disarranged, was any cart seen with the hood up.

There were about forty people in Mrs. Borlase's pretty drawing-room when Valentine entered with his wife on his arm, and this was nearly the full number, for it was not supposed to be a grand or formal affair, but merely one of the Borlase little parties, which were, and justly, more popular than any other similar gatherings in Kimberley.

Their hostess caught sight of them almost before their name was announced, and advanced to meet them with outstretched hands.

"I am delighted to see you," she said, smiling down on Angela. "I was half afraid whether this awful weather might keep you away. We old inhabitants don't mind it so much, you know; we are sun-dried and hardened."

Angela could not help thinking that Mrs. Borlase had not suffered under the process, as far as her personal appearance, at all events, was concerned. She was a "daughter of the gods, divinely tall," and if not "divinely fair," she had some very good "points," of which she perfectly understood how to make the most. In her sea-green gown—a Bond street confection, which put all the other gowns in the room into the shade—and with her lovely white neck and arms and soft, gliding movements, there was something about her faintly suggestive of a mermaid or any other fascinating water-nymph.

She introduced her husband—a stately, fine-looking man, considerably her senior, and evidently, though not obtrusively, her most devoted admirer—to Angela, and brought up one or two other gentlemen who, in spite of the heat, were languidly interested in the pretty bride, and anxious to get on terms of intimacy with her before any one else cut them out, for young married women were at a premium in Kimberley, and "girls" were comparatively nowhere; and then, having done her duty, she took Valentine's proffered arm, and went for a tour round the rooms.

"I have had the refreshments put outside to-night in the marquee," she said, pointing to a tent in the lawn hung round with colored lanterns; "I thought it would be cooler. Come and see what you think of the arrangements."

A little reluctantly, because he could not quite understand his position, and he was, as it were, moving in the dark, Valentine went with his hostess through the open French window on to the lawn.

Steadily determined to keep to the commonplace, and not to be betrayed into leaving the beaten tracks, he judiciously praised everything, criticising the placing of the rout-seats as though it were a matter of vital importance.

"You see," she said, looking up in his face for the first time, "I have had some little tables and just two chairs put about under the trees for those who prefer to take their supper tete-a-tete. Isn't it considerate of me? But, of course, all that does not interest you—now."

"Of course not," he promptly replied, carefully avoiding the glance of those witching blue eyes. "Am I not an old married man, and therefore set apart from all such vanities?"

"You a married man! It seems so strange," she murmured softly. "I could not believe it when I first heard it."

"There, do you hear? That is your favorite waltz they are just striking up," he interrupted hastily. "Shall we have a turn, or are you already engaged?" He wanted to get back to the security of the house.

"No," she said, and if she were vexed she did not show it. She was a wise woman, and knew that everything comes to those who can wait. It is the eager, impulsive creatures who want to snatch things for themselves who come off so badly in this world. "No; I make it a rule not to get engaged beforehand at these little informal affairs; then you have the charm of uncertainty, instead of everything cut and dried on a programme."

They were the most distinguished-looking and the most graceful couple in the room. Their steps suited to perfection; as, indeed, how should they not, considering how often they had floated round in each other's arms to this same waltz.

Angela, waiting a moment, a little hot and giddy, followed them with admiring eyes.

"How well they dance together," she said, turning her partner, who happened to be Terence O'Brien. "And what a lovely woman Mrs. Borlase is!"

"Yes, she is well enough," he replied, rather shortly.

"Don't you admire her?" she said, looking up in surprise at his tone. "I have fallen quite in love with her, she has been so kind to me." Like most people she found talking to Terry easy work; he was young, and bright, and adaptable.

"Kind to you, was she? H'm! The kindness of a cat, perhaps, who rubs herself against you and purrs when she wants you to move out of the way and give her the warmest corner by the fire." And then, before she had time to recover from her astonishment, he had turned her gently round among the dancers again.

When the waltz was half over Mrs. Borlase stopped suddenly. Valentine looked at her in surprise, for he knew that, as a rule, she would go through the whole dance without, as the phrase is, "turning a hair."

"It is too warm," she said; "I am really quite tired. Come outside and make me one of those delicious American drinks. Do you remember that was always a strong point of yours? You have not forgotten it, I hope?"

Seeing that there was no escape, he wisely resigned himself without a murmur.

"She will have it," he thought, "so better get it over," and he offered his arm with an impassive face.

She sat down on a wicker couch that stood on the lawn—a souvenir from Madeira—and having handed her a little tumbler, in which a lump of ice bobbed up and down in the yellow liquid, and something else floated on the top, he seated himself beside her.

"You have brought nothing for yourself," she said, as she put the straw daintily between her teeth and drank a little.

"Thank you, I am not thirsty."

"And since when does a man only drink when he is thirsty—in Kimberley, at least?" she asked, with a laugh.

"It would be a very good thing for Kimberley, if it were so," he rejoined emphatically. "Of course the good folks who prate about the folly of drinking anything between meals don't know what a dust-storm is. When one is careering round, and you feel as though you had swallowed a peck of it, you must have something to take the taste out of your mouth; but that is a very different thing from the 'nips' and 'splits' that go on here all day long without any excuse." If he could keep on in this moralizing vein he might still be safe he thought.

"Yes," she said, sighing softly, "it is not a nice place in many ways, I know that only too well. But we have our living to get, and here we must stop." As a matter of fact no other existence would have suited her half as well. "That is why," still more softly, "I have appreciated your friendship so much—you are so different from the other men here. I amuse myself with them—but with you—" She lingered on the last word, letting her voice drop away, faintly, musically, without finishing the sentence.

"Yes, we have been very good friends," he said in his most matter-of-fact tone, "and I hope we shall be so still." He smiled to himself at the ease with which she had turned the conversation round. "I am sure my wife would join me in this wish were she here."

"Your wife—your wife, Valentine; how strange that word sounds from you—to me!"

"Oh, it's come now, no mistake," he thought desperately, but outwardly he was perfectly calm and composed.

"Yes, you know everything was done in such a hurry, or I should certainly have sent you and the Judge word. I owe you an apology for my rudeness."

"Surely there need be no question of apology from you to me, Val! I was grieved, of course, that you did not make a little difference between me and the rest of the world—that was all. But, of course, I shall have to get accustomed to that now. It is hard lines, though, I won't deny it. When there is one man who understands you, if no one else does—one man who can feel for you and sympathize with you—and he goes and gets married, it is a little hard on the woman who is left behind, is it not, Val?"

His breath came quicker. What a soft, cooing voice it was; and though he did not look up, he could feel that long gaze from the plaintive blue eyes.

"Mrs. Borlase," he began, steadying himself after a moment.

"Mrs. Borlase? It used to be 'Ida' not so along ago." she said.

"Yes, but you know all that must be changed now. There are plenty of men, of course, who think that marriage should leave you almost, if not quite, as free as you were before. I do not hold that opinion. To my idea it brings with it sacred duties and obligations, which," reverently, "please Heaven I will do my best to fulfill."

An ugly sneer disfigured the woman's face for a moment, but he did not see it.

"It never seemed to strike you," she said, "that you might be taking me away from these same duties and obligations when you called for me so often to go riding or driving with you, or when you used to sit with me in this garden for hours at a time."

He might have retorted that if he had not played that part some one else would; but the instincts of a gentleman prevented him.

"It did not strike me at the time," he said gravely, "but that is no excuse for me; I ought not to have done so. I had no right to monopolize you as I did. Will you forgive me? Shall we forget the past and start afresh?"

"Am I the sort of woman, do you think, to forgive and forget?" she asked, rising to her feet with a laugh. And before he could make any reply she had left him.

He sank back on the wicker seat again for a moment.

"She has taken it badly," he thought. "I was half afraid she would. It would have been all right if I had been willing to fall back into my old position; indeed, I am not sure," with a little cynical smile, "that she would not have even enjoyed the change then. There would have been more piquancy in having a married man at her heels than one of the unattached. Well," shrugging his shoulders, "I am sorry; but it was unavoidable. I had to make matters clear to her, even if it was a little brutal. I would not risk giving Angela one unhappy minute for such a matter."

Then he, too, went into the house. But though he tried to convince himself that he had no cause for uneasiness, that Mrs. Borlase's words were only those of an angry woman and would soon be forgotten, he was not quite comfortable.

"What harm could she do me even if she wished?" he asked himself impatiently, annoyed at not being able to forget the affair as speedily as he would have wished. Like most men he had sown his seed with a careless hand; but the harvest was undesired.

He hesitated, as they were driving home, as to whether he should mention what had occurred to Angela, or, at least, give her some idea of the intimacy that had existed between himself and Ida Borlase previous to his marriage. At present she had no idea that they were more than ordinary friends. He shrank from doing so. And when she nestled close up to him, and in answer to his tender inquiries said, "Yes, she had enjoyed herself very, very much, but she was dreadfully tired, and her head ached," he threw his arm round her and decided that the propitious moment had not arrived, and that he was not going to worry her about anything then.

So, with her head on his shoulder, and the moon lighting the road before them until it was nearly as clear as at noonday, they drove home in almost unbroken silence. When they reached the Retreat, and Angela would have jumped down, Valentine caught her in his arms, and, with a happy laugh, carried her indoors.

Valentine was busy at the office the next day, and did not go home to luncheon, but, as was his custom at such times, sent out for some sandwiches and a small bottle of Pontac, and made a hasty meal in his own room.

He had nearly cleared off all his work, and was looking forward to getting home early in time for a cup of tea with Angela, when one of his subordinates came in to say that a Kafir boy was outside with a message for him.

"Show him in," he said hastily, without looking up.

"Will the Baas come home? Miss is ill; got fever," came the laconic announcement the next moment as the door closed, and, looking up with a start, he recognized one of his own boys.

"What did you say?" he almost shouted. "Your mistress is ill?" And he sprang up from his seat. "She was all right this morning."

Then he remembered that she had seemed tired and languid; but he had put it down to the heat and the previous night's dissipation, and without waiting for another word took up his hat and went out.

Stopping the first empty Cape-cart he met, he got in and told the man to drive as quickly as he could to Dr. Stannard's. He knew the deadly swiftness of the "camp" fever; how in a few hours it could change health into wild delirium; and he was anxious to have the doctor on the spot as soon as possible. Of course this might not be a case needing such dispatch—he fervently hoped it was not—but he would not run any risk.

Fortunately he found his old friend at home, and in a few minutes they were on the road again.

"I am glad you called for me," said Jim Stannard in a matter-of-fact tone, for he saw that Valentine was terribly nervous and anxious, though he tried to hide it. "It is as well to take it in time, but I do not suppose there is much cause for alarm. You know nearly every one has it one time or another; you are lucky if you only get it once; and Mrs. Forsyth is young and—and fairly healthy, I should think," but with a swift recollection of the slender, almost fragile, figure and delicately fair face, he felt that this was not the right word to use.

"Yes, as you say, almost every one gets it some time or another," replied Valentine, but this seemed to him poor comfort, after all. We may weep with those that weep, but it is only when our tears are shed for our own woes that the full bitterness enters into them.

As they walked through the dusty garden to the house—the sweet-scented petunias were blooming gayly and arum lilies and other choice flowers stood about in tins on the veranda just as he had left them in the morning—Valentine half expected to see the pretty, white-robed figure come out and welcome him. But, instead, Clara, one of the house servants, came to the door with a grave face.

"How is your mistress?" he asked, and his lips were so dry and there was such a strange lump in his throat that he could scarcely speak.

"I am afraid she is very ill, sir," came the low reply, and without another word he turned into the bedroom, followed by Dr. Stannard.

Angela was lying on the bed, her hair tossed over the pillows, her hands flung out over the lace coverlet, but for the moment so quiet, so motionless, that she might have been in a deep sleep. Valentine stepped strepped softly up and laid his hands lightly on one of hers; it burnt like fire. That light touch was sufficient to rouse her. She opened her eyes and looked round.

"Angela! Angela! don't you know me, my darling?" he asked gently, as the brown eyes, vacant, expressionless, now, and burning with the fierce fever light, looked into his without a glance of recognition. "I am Valentine, and—and—" here the lump rose in his throat and threatened to choke him—"I have come home to take care of my little girl."

Jim Stannard put him gently on one side.

"Pull yourself together, old man; you mustn't break down here," he said with rough kindliness, and laying his finger on Angela's pulse, he looked into her face with keen professional eyes.

"All the flowers are dead," she murmured softly, "the hot wind has shriveled them up, and it is burning me, too—it is burning the life out of me. * * * 'He is like all the other men,' she said. 'Don't look so miserable, pretty child—fidelity is an unknown quantity with a man, at all events—with a man. Oh, yes, he was very fond of me once upon a time; did he not tell you? Only a little while ago, too.' * * * He might have trampled on me, I loved him so dearly, and he has trampled on me—on my heart, which was under his feet; but it is no good, I cannot keep him; he will go away from me soon; that lovely green and white snake will wind herself round and round him and win him back. * * * Poor Val! poor Val! I am not angry, dear, only sorry—sorry for you and for—me."

"What does this mean—anything?" asked Jim Stannard, with averted eyes. "Or is it only delirium?"

"I cannot tell," said Valentine hoarsely. "I——" Then he got up from the bed, where he had sat watching his wife with agonized eyes, and rang the bell sharply. "Has anyone been here to-day, Clara?" he asked when she came to the door.

"No, sir. At least, Mrs. Borlase was here this morning for a little while. The mistress was lying outside in the hammock, and I saw her get off her horse as she was riding past and come up and speak to her."

"Thank you; that will do."

When she had gone Valentine looked across at his friend, and their eyes met.

"The fiend!" he muttered under his breath. And the doctor nodded assentingly.

Hour after hour went by, and the two watchers still sat in the dimly lighted room with the windows thrown wide open to let in the cool night air. Everything had been done that could be done; every remedy tried that might by chance allay the fierceness of the fever and bring even temporary rest to the busy, working brain, but without much success; and Dr. Stannard was more than doubtful of the result. The little hot hands were not still for five minutes together, the throbbing head was tossed restlessly from side to side in a vain search for ease; and the tuneless, unnatural voice babbled on almost unceasingly—now in a dull, monotonous undertone; now with painful shrillness—of her girlhood's home; of green fields and cool, running water, which were always just out of reach; but most of all of Valentine, of the dearly loved husband who was drifting away from her, though she clung to him with desperate fingers and implored him, in tones that wrung the hearts of her listeners, not to go away with that other woman, to love her a little still.

"Yes; that is what rankles," thought the doctor to himself. "I dare not tell him so; but there might be a chance but for that. That wretched woman has done the mischief. Poor Val. He is paying dearly for his little amusement."

It was about 4 o'clock in the morning. Angela had been lying quiet for a little while, gazing before her with blank, unseeing eyes, when she said musingly:

"That was a lovely waltz we had together, Val; do you remember?" Dr. Stannard noticed that her voice was perceptibly weaker, and the pulse under his fingers was beating very feebly. "It was called 'The Last Waltz,' I think, and it was the last. That was very appropriate, was it not?" It was additional torture to the man at her side that she should speak to him by name thus, and for the moment so quietly and reasonably, and yet know nothing of his presence. "It was such a pretty tune, too. How did it go?—the sort of tune that bothers you afterwards. Some of the men sang a verse or two, do you remember? I wonder if I could recollect the words." And in an uncertain voice she began to sing:

After to-night, after to-night,
What will to-morrow be?
You in the light, I in the night,
Out on the boundless sea.

"Out on the boundless sea!" Was not that where she was drifting—the unknown sea of death—alone—in the night—his little child wife, his cherished darling? He was helpless; he could do nothing for her—only watch the black waters creeping up to her closer and closer. His arms were not strong enough to hold her: his love had been too poor a thing to make her happy, even for a few months. She was going away from him, thinking him false—thinking that already he had grown weary of her.

"Oh, Jim, Jim! for heaven's sake!" he cried—a bewildered, appealing cry, wrung from a heart tortured beyond its strength, and seeing no comfort anywhere.

"Hush, Val, dear old fellow; bear up a little longer. It will soon be over now, I am afraid."

"It was a pity you should get tired of me, Val, wasn't it?" Angela went on. "You are a little sorry, I am sure, dear; because you were very fond of me once, I know, and we were very happy. And you were always so gentle and kind, dear; you wouldn't have broken my heart if you could have helped it—if you could have helped it!"

"I can't bear this," said Valentine, looking up with sudden fierceness, and there was a wild strained look in his eyes that was painful to see. "It will drive me mad. Is there nothing you can do—nothing? Won't your boasted science give her one minute of reason, that she may look in my face and know the truth?"

Dr. Stannard hesitated a moment. If there were any chance of recovery he could not do it; but he thought—he knew there was not. Should he not give his friend any comfort there was to give, even though by so doing he might make death a little harder for the dying girl?

"I think I can rouse her," he said, with sudden decision. "Wait a moment."

He took a little bottle from a case that lay on the table, and carefully pouring a few drops into a glass, inserted it between the parched, blackened lips. The effect was almost instantaneous. Angela's eyes softened, and the light of reason came slowly back. She gave a little bewildered look round the room, and then turned to meet Valentine's intent gaze of mingled agony and love.

"Is that you, Val?" she said, in a faint whisper. "I am so tired—so dreadfully tired. Lift me up in your arms, darling: I think I could go to sleep there."

When with infinite tenderness he raised her head on his breast, she gave a soft little sigh of content; the next moment her limbs relaxed and she fell back in his arms—dead.—All the Year Round.

Stub Ends of Thought.

The interest you in others take, that interest they will take in you.

The heart writes its lines on the face.

Man holds woman's good name in higher esteem than she does.

Society establishes an uneven moral standard, demands an equal observance, and casts out the woman who descends to man's level.

Ambition is a kite, which is liable to break the string.

Anybody can make money who wants to bad enough.

There is no defense against a liar.

Jealousy is dangerous selfishness.

When Cupid goes blind he becomes an irresponsible fanatic.

When a man's hoping powers are gone he should seek the cemetery—and find it.

Over the Wire.

The Voice from the Telephone—I wish you'd cut off the heads of one Mrs. Hobson Hobbs, one Mrs. Sarah Jones, two Alphaeus Hardys and a Peter Pinkerton and send them to my house this evening in time for dinner.

The Voice at the Transmitter—Great guns! What?

The Voice from the Telephone—Oh, excuse me. I've got the wrong number. Thought you were Grubby, the chrysanthemum-grower.—Chicago News-Record.

Three Things to Remember.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has the most merit, has won unequaled success, accomplishes greatest cures. Is it not the medicine for you?

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

False Economy

Is practiced by people who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

Berlin Cough Cure.

For coughs and colds and all lung and throat affections this article has superior merit. It is perfectly harmless, gives immediate relief, and cures the worst cases in from two to three days. Indorsed by our best physicians. Try a bottle and you will always keep it. Price, 50 cents a bottle.

C. C. Liniment, the best remedy for aches and pains.

Compound Sulphur Powder, the most perfect laxative and cathartic known. Gives instant relief in cases of constipation, indigestion, piles, biliousness, liver troubles, rheumatism, gravel, etc., etc. A great blood purifier and pleasant to the taste. The W. H. Bone Company, San Francisco, sole proprietors. Kirk, Geary & Co., Sacramento, sole agents.

3 LITTLE GIRLS.

I had three little girls who were attacked with obstinate **ECZEMA** or Blood Trouble, which at first resembled heat, but soon grew to yellow blisters, some of them quite large. One of the children died from the effects of it, but we got Swift's Specific and gave to the other two and they soon got well. S. S. S. forced out the poison promptly. The cure was wonderful.

J. D. RAINS, Marthaville, La.

S.S.S. has no equal for Children. It relieves the system promptly, and assists nature in developing the child's health. Our Treatise mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

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Dr. Humphreys' Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared Remedies, used for years in private practice and for over thirty years by the people with entire success. Every single Specific a special cure for the disease named.

They cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system and are in fact and deed the **Sovereign Remedies of the World.**

NO.	CURES.	PRICES.
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3	**Teething;** Colic, Crying, Wakefulness	.25
4	**Diarrhea,** of Children or Adults......	.25
7	**Coughs,** Colds, Bronchitis............	.25
8	**Neuralgia,** Toothache, Faceache......	.25
9	**Headaches,** Sick Headache, Vertigo..	.25
10	**Dyspepsia,** Biliousness, Constipation.	.25
11	**Suppressed** or **Painful Periods**...	.25
12	**Whites,** Too Profuse Periods........	.25
13	**Croup, Laryngitis,** Hoarseness......	.25
14	**Salt Rheum,** Erysipelas, Eruptions..	.25
15	**Rheumatism,** Rheumatic Pains......	.25
16	**Malaria,** Chills, Fever and Ague......	.25
19	**Catarrh,** Influenza, Cold in the Head.	.25
20	**Whooping Cough**..................	.25
27	**Kidney Diseases**	.25
28	**Nervous Debility**..................	1.00
30	**Urinary Weakness,** Wetting Bed..	.25

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HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK.

SPECIFICS.

A BLAMELESS MEMORY.

Whittier is thus fitly described by Oliver Wendell Holmes in his memorial poem in the *Atlantic Monthly*:

Peaceful thy message, yet for struggling right,
When slavery's gantlet in our face was flung,
While timid weaklings watched the dubious fight
No herald's challenge more defiant rung.

Yet was thy spirit tuned to gentle themes
Sought in the haunts thy humble youth had known,
Our stern New England's hills and vales and streams—
Thy tuneful idyls made them all their own.

The wild flowers springing from thy native sod
Lent all their charms the new-world song to fill—
Gave thee the Mayflower and the golden rod
To match the daisy and the daffodil.

* * * * * * * * *

Best loved and saintliest of our singing train,
Earth's noblest tributes to thy name belong.
A lifelong record closed without a stain,
A blameless memory shrined in deathless song.

SIR EDWIN IN JAPAN.

A missionary in Japan has publicly insinuated that Sir Edwin Arnold's conduct in the Flowery Kingdom was not all that it should have been.

Sir Edwin, when you lingered long
In sunny, flower-bedecked Japan,
Composing, as you said, a song
Whose light should flood a world of wrong,
Were you, dear sir, a naughty man?

That "musmee of brown velvet eyes"
Whose charms you told in dainty verse,
Should not have caused such ardent sighs
As you confessed, and I surmise
You must have been in love, or worse.

Sir Edwin, will you not confess?
You might enlighten us in rhyme,
These charges, if untrue, distress,
But, then, would they be made, unless
You really had a high old time?
—Town Topics.

True Marriage.

A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. I know young persons think love belongs only to the brown hair and plump, round, crimson cheek. So it does for its beginning, just as Mount Washington begins at Boston Bay. But the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of. Youth is the tassel and silken flower of love; age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love, with its prophetic crimson, violet, saffron, purple and gold, with its hopes of days that are to come. Beautiful also is the evening of love, with its glad remembrances and its rainbow side turned toward Heaven as well as earth.—Theodore Parker.

Already some jesters are trying to resurrect the annual sealskin Behring Sea joke. The jokes are very fur-fetched.—Philadelphia Times.

A Dreadful Scourge.

The Case of Mr. Palmer—Pneumonia Carried Him Off Suddenly—Every-one Should Know the Symptoms and be on Guard.

Mr. Wilton R. Palmer of New York City left a circle of friends one afternoon recently, and received their congratulations upon his bright and vigorous appearance. That evening he felt a tickling in the throat, a slight pain across the chest, a chilly sensation, and he coughed once or twice. Next day his nostrils were inflamed, his throat sore, his chest pained him, his bones ached, and he felt sore all over. The day following he was in bed, with physicians shaking their heads, and the third day he was dead from pneumonia, which he failed to take in time.

There are ten thousand men and women in America to-day in the same condition as Mr. Palmer when leaving his friends, but they do not know it. The slightest appearance of the symptoms above named should strike terror to any man or woman. A sudden chill means the beginning of pneumonia; aches and pains throughout the body are the first symptoms. It is necessary to bring about a reaction at once. How, then, is the best way of bringing about a reaction? Ask any physician and he will tell you to use pure whisky. No matter how prejudiced any one may be, pure whisky at such a time is a necessity, but unfortunately there are few pure whiskies in the world, and in fact there is but one that has received the unqualified indorsement of physicians, chemists and the highest authorities, and that is Duffy's Pure Malt. This remarkable whisky, which is sold by all first-class druggists and grocers, will absolutely check the first approach of pneumonia, while at the same time it is certain to build up the wasted system. It deserves to be kept in every household, not only to be used in cases of emergency, but to assist in prolonging life and bringing health and happiness.

The Lack of Snow

On one of the highest peaks of the White Mountains was satisfactorily explained last spring by a farmer who pointed to the roof of his barn, on which was displayed in large letters, "Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry always drives away a cold." It has the same effect on the human system and cures Coughs, Influenza, Bronchitis and all affections of the Throat, Lungs and Chest.

50c. and $1 per bottle. SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Boston, Mass. Sold by all druggists.

PROPOSALS

For the Purchase of Bonds of Tule River Irrigation District.

SEALED PROPOSALS FOR THE PURchase of bonds of Tule River Irrigation District to the amount of ninety ($90,000) thousand dollars will be received by the Board of Directors of said district at their office, in Woodville, in the County of Tulare, State of California, till 10 o'clock A. M. of the SIXTH DAY OF DECEMBER, 1892, at which time and place said board will open the proposals and award the purchase to the highest responsible bidder. Said bonds comprise the entire issue of a series of bonds issued by authority of and pursuant to the provisions of an Act of the Legislature of the State of California, entitled "An Act to provide for the organization and government of irrigation districts, and to provide for the acquisition of water and other property; and for the distribution of water thereby for irrigation purposes," approved March 7, 1887. One hundred and thirty-nine (139) of said bonds are of the denomination of five hundred ($500) dollars each, and two hundred and five (205) of the denomination of one hundred ($100) dollars each. They will be dated October 1, 1892, and bear interest at the rate of six (6) per cent. per annum payable on the 1st day of January and July of each year. Said bonds will be payable in gold coin of the United States in ten (10) series as follows, to wit: At the expiration of eleven (11) years five per cent. of the whole number of said bonds; at the expiration of twelve (12) years six per cent.; at the expiration of thirteen (13) years seven per cent.; at the expiration of fourteen (14) years eight per cent.; at the expiration of fifteen (15) years nine per cent.; at the expiration of sixteen (16) years ten per cent.; at the expiration of seventeen (17) years eleven per cent.; at the expiration of eighteen (18) years thirteen per cent.; at the expiration of nineteen (19) years fifteen per cent., and at the expiration of twenty (20) years sixteen per cent. Coupons for the several payments of interest will be attached to each bond.

None of said bonds will be sold for less than ninety (90) per cent. of the face value thereof. Said board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. All bids should be marked "Proposals for the purchase of bonds," and addressed to Tule River Irrigation District, Woodville, Tulare County, Cal.

By order of the Board of Directors of Tule River Irrigation District.

J. H. GRIMSLEY, President.

W. R. HARRIS, Secretary. n14-20t

CURE YOURSELF

Physician not needed. I will gladly send (sealed) to sufferers a prompt, permanent cure for LOST VITALITY, VARICOCELE, NERVOUS DEBILITY, EMISSIONS, ETC. Enlargement certain. Address with stamp, C. E. TUPPAR, Sportsmen's Goods, Marshall, Mich. FREE

Cures Others

Will cure You, is a true statement of the action of AYER'S Sarsaparilla, when taken for diseases originating in impure blood; but, while this assertion is true of AYER'S Sarsaparilla, as thousands can attest, it cannot be truthfully applied to other preparations, which unprincipled dealers will recommend, and try to impose upon you, as "just as good as Ayer's." Take **Ayer's** Sarsaparilla and **Ayer's** only, if you need a blood-purifier and would be benefited permanently. This medicine, for nearly fifty years, has enjoyed a reputation, and made a record for cures, that has never been equaled by other preparations. AYER'S Sarsaparilla eradicates the taint of hereditary scrofula and other blood diseases from the system, and it has, deservedly, the confidence of the people.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

"I cannot forbear to express my joy at the relief I have obtained from the use of AYER'S Sarsaparilla. I was afflicted with kidney troubles for about six months, suffering greatly with pains in the small of my back. In addition to this, my body was covered with pimply eruptions. The remedies prescribed failed to help me. I then began to take AYER'S Sarsaparilla, and, in a short time, the pains ceased and the pimples disappeared. I advise every young man or woman, in case of sickness resulting from impure blood, no matter how long standing the case may be, to take AYER'S Sarsaparilla."—H. L. Jarmann, 33 William st., New York City.

Will Cure You

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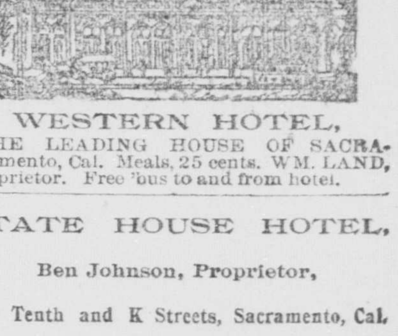

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THE LEADING HOUSE OF SACRAmento, Cal. Meals, 25 cents. WM. LAND, Proprietor. Free 'bus to and from hotel.

STATE HOUSE HOTEL,
Ben Johnson, Proprietor,
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THIS FINE FAMILY HOTEL CONTAINS 140 rooms, and is the most desirably located Hotel in the city, but one block from the State Capitol. Electric cars pass the door. Board and room, $1 25 to $2 per day. Meals, 25 cents.
Special Rates for Families, Theatrical Troupes and Commercial Travelers.
Accommodations first-class.
Free baths. Free 'bus to and from hotel.
B. B. BROWN, Manager.

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CENTRALLY LOCATED AND CONVENient to all places of amusement. The best family hotel in the city. The table always supplied with the best the market affords. Street cars from the depot pass the door every five minutes. Meals, 25 cents.
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THE NEW PLEASANTON,
715 HOWARD STREET, NEAR THIRD, San Francisco, a First-class Lodging Hotel; 200 rooms, en suite and single; gas and running water in each room; best beds in the world. Per day, 50 cents and up; per week, $1 50 and up.
THE NEW GRAND, 246 Third street, between Howard and Folsom, San Francisco; recently refitted and refurnished; 200 sunny rooms, en suite and single. Per day, 25 cents and up, and per week, $1 50 and up.
EMPIRE HOUSE, 636 Commercial street, San Francisco (established 1860); 150 neat and well-kept rooms; cleanest beds. Per day, 25 cents and up; per week, $1 and up.
Houses are open all night.
MWS JACOB HOEGES & CO., Props.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL
—EMPLOYS—
WHITE HELP ONLY.
Meals, 25 Cents.
F. BAYERSDORFER, Proprietor.
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MANSION HOUSE,
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RATES, $1 TO $2 PER DAY; MEALS 25 cents. Weber avenue, opposite Courthouse. VAN NESS & OGULIN, Props.

THE SADDLE ROCK
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FIRST-CLASS HOUSE IN EVERY REspect. Ladies' dining-room separate. Open day and night. BUCKMANN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors. No. 1019 Second street, between J and K, Sacramento.

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RESTAURANT AND OYSTER PARLOR, 712 and 714 K street. Open day and night. J. M. MORRISON and A. M. GAULT, Proprietors.

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FRENCH ROTISSERIE, 613 K STREET, Sacramento. L. FAURE, Proprietor.
Family orders, banquets and wedding parties a specialty.

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GEO. WISSEMANN & CO., PROPRIEtors, 427 K street, near Metropolitan Theater. Family orders, banquets and wedding parties a specialty.

Rockaway Restaurant.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS SERVED IN A first-class manner. Oysters in every style. 304 K street, Sacramento, Cal. D. BECICH, Proprietor.

ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE People's Savings Bank of Sacramento will be held at the office of the bank at half-past 7 o'clock MONDAY EVENING, December 5, 1892. n5-td