

QUITS!

Indeed, they have not grieved me more, your faithfulness and your deceit; The truth is, I was troubled more...

While I was monarch of your heart, My heart from you did never part; When you your lady love did change...

HOW MR. NICHOLSON MISLAID THE BABY.

[London Chapter.] CHAPTER I. Mrs. Nicholson was standing in a dubious attitude, with the study door half open...

"I don't feel quite easy," she said; "I am so afraid she should cry and no one hear her. I wish I had not nursed her out; but all you have to do, coming into the room and speaking impressively..."

"What is it all about, Agatha?" The calm, placid, intelligent face opposite was lifted gently, and the thin finger was slipped on to the page to mark a pause.

"It is baby, John," said Mrs. Nicholson, in a faltering voice, and with wide, angry tears rolling down her cheeks. "Here have I, for the last ten minutes, been begging and imploring of you to remember baby; not to nurse her, I wouldn't trust you, but only to ring the bell if she cries."

"Does that stop her? It seems simple enough. I think even I can do that." But Mrs. Nicholson shook her head, still weeping.

"You may laugh at me or sneer if you like. It is my own baby I would say nothing; I would bear it all; but Emma's, no! With a patient sigh the gentleman at the writing table pushed the book away and lost his place. He looked at her in a bewildered way.

"What is it, Agatha? A baby? O, Emma's baby, of course." "And not one-half, one-hundredth part, one-thousandth part, as valuable in your eyes?" broke in Agatha, with impetuosity.

"Of course," frowning gently, "every one knows that a star, however small—stars are not famous according to their size, my dear, is infinitely more valuable than one half of a baby's head. I mean—hesitantly—speaking from the entirely scientific point of view; but as you were saying—you were saying, were you not—a little doubtfully—something about that unfortunate babe of Emma's?"

"Mrs. Nicholson had dried her eyes, and was confronting him in all the cool splendor of her pretty summer dress, and with all the calm determination of a woman who has made up her mind.

"Yes, I was," she said; "only, once for all, John, if you call it a babe I will leave your house at once and never, never come back; and if you call it unfortunate I shall take a little about the best of wives, and burn it at the kitchen fire. If it is yours, with impassioned irony—"It might indeed be described as unfortunate; but Charles is the best of fathers, and he has always been the best of husbands."

"Yes, yes, my dear," said nothing against Charles; I did not know we were talking about him. We can finish him up to-night, cheerfully. "If this is all you had better go out now, while it is fine, turning his eyes to the dazzling sunlight for an instant and then back to his blotted page.

"You can tell me about Charles, you know, when you come in. The best of husbands! I don't know much about them, I fear, but I know a little about the best of wives, and burn it at the kitchen fire. If it is yours, with impassioned irony—"It might indeed be described as unfortunate; but Charles is the best of fathers, and he has always been the best of husbands."

"What have you used, John—this chair? You have not been to the cupboard? No, peeping into a dark recess, musty with papers. "What else?" "Nothing else, Agatha, here, except," with a nervous smile, "waste-paper basket, and that is empty. You can see for yourself."

"Ah," said Agatha, "here is cook" as a heavy breathing became audible in the passage. "Cook," her voice trembling at sight of the sympathetic face, "your master has not seen the baby—at least he thinks not. He was very busy, but he heard a cry, and he may have taken her up and forgotten. We are looking for her."

velveten of the astronomer's coat; for a minute the lips were pressed to it, then lifted. "Kiss me, John; you are a dear old fellow after all, and I am a fiend."

The sunshine seemed to leave the room with the sweet, bright presence and hovering over the printed page among the symbols and accents of the midsummer day. In the library there was only one shaft of light that came through the high windows and fell across the old velveten coat, and the lady's hands, and the open books, and the handsome, clever, refined face in shadow.

CHAPTER II. It might have been two hours afterwards—painful after events created a confusion in Mr. Nicholson's mind, and the two hours which had been two days—when he came aware of a laugh in the passage by the door. His hand had grown tired with writing, but the pen traveled steadily on; his eyes had grown a little tired, and it was a great relief to raise them for a minute to the locked door behind which he heard the laugh. He rose with a half smile on his grave face and paused, struck by a sudden presentment. Something came back to him, as he stood in the dull light of the dull room, as if a dream or a memory, or was it—the baby? He pushed his papers hurriedly away and walked over to the door and unlocked it, throwing it wide open.

There was nothing in the passage but the yellow sunlight now upon the walls and on the old prints, and Mrs. Nicholson standing in her pretty gray dress, with her slim hands stretched out and the laugh that had disturbed him still upon her lips.

"In the room beyond there was more sunlight on the cradle. "John," cried Mrs. Nicholson, laughing again as if she could not help it, "what have you done with her? Give her to me. You are earning your title to the best of husbands!"

"He looked up in quick perplexity. "What is it, Agatha? What do you want? I have nothing to give you." "Oh, don't, John!" she cried, impatiently; "don't tease! I want baby."

"Well," the same perplexed look creeping over his face, and softening its sternness—"take her," stretching out his hand to the cradle in the sunlight. Agatha's eyes were turned on him for a minute with a look of contempt before which he positively quailed. Then he swept over to the cradle, and tossed out the little pillow, and the sheets with their lace edges, and the pale-blue satin coverlet on to the floor in a soft heap, and stood looking upon the empty cradle, as if she would conjure up the pink face and the flaxen hair of their accustomed places.

Mr. Nicholson had followed her on tiptoes and was stirring the softly shining heap on the floor with his patent leather shoes, as if to show that she had tossed the baby out among them. "Well," said Agatha sharply. "Do you mean to say," she said, putting away her angry vehemence and speaking tearfully, "that you mean to say that you have lost her?"

"I never touched her," he cried hastily, "I never—," he heard her, he would have added, "but again that faint memory, that dreamy, started him. "Upon my honor, Agatha," he said abruptly, leaning down into the cradle, and poking at the mattress with his thin fingers, "upon my honor I can't remember."

"You can't remember?" said Agatha, with slow scorn. "Why, John, she roared! Cook heard her in the kitchen. She came rushing up, and found the cradle empty and baby gone. She thought you had taken her into the study, she told me so, but, oh, John, it was somebody else, and they have stolen her."

"My dear," he said, shaking himself together, and speaking more lightly, "who would steal her—a baby, for instance, that dreamy, started him. "Upon my honor, Agatha," he said abruptly, leaning down into the cradle, and poking at the mattress with his thin fingers, "upon my honor I can't remember."

"You can't remember?" said Agatha, with slow scorn. "Why, John, she roared! Cook heard her in the kitchen. She came rushing up, and found the cradle empty and baby gone. She thought you had taken her into the study, she told me so, but, oh, John, it was somebody else, and they have stolen her."

"My dear," he said, shaking himself together, and speaking more lightly, "who would steal her—a baby, for instance, that dreamy, started him. "Upon my honor, Agatha," he said abruptly, leaning down into the cradle, and poking at the mattress with his thin fingers, "upon my honor I can't remember."

"You can't remember?" said Agatha, with slow scorn. "Why, John, she roared! Cook heard her in the kitchen. She came rushing up, and found the cradle empty and baby gone. She thought you had taken her into the study, she told me so, but, oh, John, it was somebody else, and they have stolen her."

"My dear," he said, shaking himself together, and speaking more lightly, "who would steal her—a baby, for instance, that dreamy, started him. "Upon my honor, Agatha," he said abruptly, leaning down into the cradle, and poking at the mattress with his thin fingers, "upon my honor I can't remember."

"You can't remember?" said Agatha, with slow scorn. "Why, John, she roared! Cook heard her in the kitchen. She came rushing up, and found the cradle empty and baby gone. She thought you had taken her into the study, she told me so, but, oh, John, it was somebody else, and they have stolen her."

think a baby—and such a one, bless her!—is more valuable than all this rubbish." She waved her hand over the table, on which lay the neat manuscript and the rows of mended pens; and Mr. Nicholson moved instinctively a step backward, as if she had an evil eye, and his writings would shrivel up at her scornful glare.

"Cook," said Mrs. Nicholson, with dignity, "married a little by the quiver in her voice, 'you don't understand. Your master is very clever, and his writings are of great value. Of course,' with a pleading look toward, 'baby is our first thought just now. There are no wild beasts here, so she can't be eaten. But she has gone, and before Emma comes this evening she must be found."

"Of course she must," said her husband, plucking up courage from her excreting gentleness. "We will begin systematically, and go through every room in the house." So the search began, that ended an hour later, in the great hall, with three perplexed faces meeting each other at the foot of the stairs, in a silence that Mrs. Nicholson broke.

"It is no use, John; I can not bear it any longer. She is lost!" She flung out her empty hands with a despairing gesture, but her husband caught and held them. "Don't give up, Agatha; it will all come right. If I search the world through, I will find her."

"Or the body," said Cook. Mrs. Nicholson shuddered. The minute's silence was broken by a sudden merry laughter and the tramping of feet. For a minute Agatha raised her head, listening attentively, and then she dropped it with a sigh.

"It is only the rectory boys, John," she said; "they have been in the hall half a day, and I asked them to tea. I can't speak to them, I am too anxious." She would have moved away, but the noise and laughter were in the hall already, and the boys were stumbling up toward her in their merry frolic, during which the tramping thing which was being shovelled from one to the other, and was pushed into Agatha's arms at last, and held there by a pair of rough, sunburned hands.

"What is it? Oh, Jack, what is it?" she cried, bending down and examining to their owner's great surprise, the boy's rough hands. "Don't, I say," said Jack, drawing them away with a curious, shamefaced look. "It's only the baby, Mrs. Nicholson. She was crying in the cradle, so I just got into the room and bagged her. She's been playing in the bay; she nearly got jabbed with a rake, but Jim got it instead. She's a jolly little thing. Did you miss her?"

"Yes, I thought she was lost," said Agatha, gently. "Lost!" with a roar of laughter. "Well, that is good! May we wash our hands for tea? I'm not so dirty, I've been holding her; but Jim's simply mud all over. Here, here you got her!" It is so dark I can't see."

The turbulent tide swept away into the dim distance of stairs and passages, leaving a little group in the twilight of the hall; a tall, dark figure, against which a golden head was leaning, and two arms with a white bundle folded in them. "Kiss her, John," came a soft voice out of the darkness. "I know you would rather not, she's only a baby, not a star; but just as a punishment, because you were so stupid."

The tall figure stooped and laid a dark mustache against the little bundle. "She's very soft," said another voice; "I don't think I ever knew so much about a baby before." "Yes, after a moment's silence a movement on the man's part, as though he were drawing himself up to his full height, with a view to reasserting his dignity. He cleared his throat.

"After all, Agatha," he said stiffly, "I did not lose the baby." "I never said you did," said Agatha; "I only asked you, and you couldn't remember." "Another time" with an evident effort, "I suppose I shall be condemned unheard." "Another time" scornfully. "You may set your mind at rest. Neither I nor Emma is in the least likely to trust you again, at least not with anything of value."

"Then, how about the baby?" with a laugh. "That," said Agatha firmly, "includes the baby." THE TREASURY. Public Debt Statement for December. WASHINGTON, Jan. 2.—The public debt statement shows: Four and one-half per cents. \$ 250,000,000 Four per cents. 787,696,500 Three per cents. 144,130,750 Bonded certificates. 250,000 Navy pension fund. 14,000,000

Total interest-bearing debt. \$ 1,135,127,400 Matured debt. 6,938,222 United States notes. 295,729,750 Certificates of deposit. 24,939,000 Gold and silver certificates. 267,729,441 Fractional currency. 6,971,000 Total without interest. 635,130,000 Total debt. \$ 1,770,257,400

Current Liabilities—Interest due and unpaid. \$ 1,684,814 Debt on which interest has ceased. 6,971,000 Interest thereon. 1,000,000 Gold and silver certificates. 267,729,441 United States notes held for redemption. 219,950,000 Cash balance available. 149,811,929 Total. \$ 452,175,176

Available Assets—Cash in Treasury. \$ 432,475,176 Bonds held for redemption. 61,534,000 Interest payable by the United States. 63,629,512 Principal outstanding. 64,628,512 Bonds secured by the United States. 63,629,512 Interest paid by the United States. 63,629,512

By transportation service. \$ 19,172,341 By cash payments, 5 per cent net. 658,138 Balance interest paid by the United States. \$4,828,935 A DUEL ON HORSEBACK. Singular and Fatal Affray Between Men Returning From a Fair in Georgia. ALBANY, Ga., Jan. 2.—News has just reached here from Colquitt County of a remarkable duel on horseback, in which one of the combatants was shot dead and another was mortally wounded. There had been a reception at the residence of Mr. Lake, at which the leading families of the county were represented. About midnight several persons were mounting their horses for the purpose of returning to their homes. Among the number were Homer and Elijah Carter, and two Chastain brothers. As they rode by, Wright Weekly, who was in the act of mounting, cursed at them and threatened to follow them up and "shoot it out."

the combatants being marked by the pistol flashes. Weekly's brother rode up to him and grasping the reins of his bridle begged him to give up the fight. Just at that moment a bullet sped through Wright's brain, and his horse, turning bare its dead rider back to the door of the house from which the guests had been watching the deadly conflict. The Carter party rode off, one of them, it is said, mortally wounded.

This tragedy grew out of one equally as bloody some years ago. Alfred Carter, a brother of those who took part in this encounter, was assaulted by Richard Baron as he was returning home one dark night. Alfred Carter's widow subsequently married Wright Weekly, much against the will of her late husband's brothers, Elijah and Homer. They have frequently attempted to draw the lady's second husband into ambush, and have at last succeeded in making her a second time a widow by murder.

SEYMOUR ITEMS. Special to the Sentinel. SEYMOUR, Ind., Jan. 2.—The Seymour Daily Democrat, one of the best and newest papers in Southern Indiana, entered on its ninth volume yesterday. The Hotel Jonas and Lynn House gave grand New Year's dinners to their numerous patrons and friends yesterday.

Mrs. Thomas Bottorff, of Hamilton Township, was dangerously kicked by a cow, while milking, Wednesday morning. Near Millport, this county, a few nights ago, two men named Island and Jackson fought a duel, during which the latter, the former stabbed the latter with a knife, injuring him very seriously, if not fatally. The Mitchell District Medical Association has closed, after an interesting session. Many very valuable and instructive papers were read by some of the leading physicians of the State.

Harry Rodenberg gave bond for his appearance at Circuit Court and was released, but Daniel Brown, failing to find bail, was taken to the County Jail to await trial. M. Fitch & Co. manufactured and shipped 12,000 pounds of tulu last month.

New York's Municipal Middle. New York, Jan. 2.—E. Henry Lacombe, who claims to be the legally appointed Corporation Counsel, began proceedings in the Superior Court to-day against Edward T. Wood, Mayor Edison's brother-in-law, who also lays claim to the office of Corporation Counsel, to test his title to the position. Lacombe claims to be legally appointed by Acting Mayor Sanger, while Wood put in a similar claim to the office by appointment of Acting Mayor Kirk. Judge Trux yesterday granted an injunction restraining Wood from entering and taking possession of the office.

Paymaster Smythe Turns Up. WASHINGTON, Jan. 2.—Paymaster W. H. Smythe, who disappeared from Saratoga with \$5,500 of Government funds, appeared at the War Department to-day and voluntarily surrendered himself to the Paymaster General. He turned over \$5,100 of the money carried off by him and his pay for December, \$250, and \$100 was paid for him by a friend, making the full amount, \$5,500. Major Smythe says he went upon a special Christmas and knew nothing of his action until he found himself in New York. He then telegraphed his clerk that he would return immediately. He afterwards, however, concluded to come to Washington and report to the Paymaster General.

The Industrial Situation. BALTIMORE, Jan. 2.—Prospects at the cotton mills in this vicinity are much brighter. All but one of the mills were in operation yesterday. A number which have been running on a small portion of their capacity have been ordered to run at once, and in full operation. Every body is much cheered with the bright prospect.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 2.—Notice of a reduction of 10 to 25 per cent. in the wages of steel workers at Cochocton, O., has been given. Half the workers will strike. The Homestead Steel Works, controlled by Carnegie Bros, will remain idle some time on account of the reduction in wages.

Important Live Stock Sale. LEWISTON, Ky., Jan. 2.—The trotting stallion Alcyon (2:27) by George Wilkes (2:22) dam Alma Mater by Manbrino Patchen, brother of Lady Thorne, (2:18 1/2), has been sold by the widow of the late Dr. A. S. Talbot, who bred him, for \$20,000 to Elmer Smith of Highland Farm, near Lee, Berkeley County, Massachusetts, the same mare who four years ago bought from Dr. Talbot Alcyon. At the same time he paid \$1,000 for a daughter of Alcyon, two years old, out of Winona by Currier's Hambletonian, second dam by Manbrino Chief.

For ten long years Mr. Francis Mann, Hoddie street and Simpson's road, Melbourne, Australia, says he suffered with rheumatic gout until he tried Dr. Jacob's, the wonderful pain-reliever, which cured him.

Bots in horses are not easily destroyed. Their attachment to the stomach is mechanical, and they remain there until the season for their escape arrives. There is no way to prevent the adult bot from depositing the nits from the hide whenever deposited thereon.

Catarrh is a disease so prevalent and of such a distressing and frequently dangerous nature it is not to be wondered that professed cures are constantly submitted to public notice. The good old remedy, Pond's Catarrh Remedy, tested by forty years of the people's approval, stands, however, pre-eminent as a specific in this complaint. Pond's Catarrh Remedy (75 cents) is specially prepared for acute and sensitive cases. Their Nasal Syringe (25 cents) forms a very efficient mode of application. Procure them from your druggist.

Two Oxford Down rams were exhibited at the St. Louis fair which are worthy of special remark. One, "Richester," a two-year-old buck, weighed 425 pounds, and "Baron Campbell," one-year-old, weighed 390 pounds. Both were imported.

Opposed to Strong Drink. "Parker's Tonic is delicious to the palate; it invigorates, but does not promote a love for strong drink; it cures coughs and colds; it purifies the blood, thus curing kidney, liver and lung troubles and rheumatism. It should be kept in every home." G. H. Sherman, photographer, Elgin, Ill. Place it in yours.

Catarrh Can be Cured.

That exceedingly disagreeable and very prevalent disease, catarrh, caused by scrofulous taint in the blood, Hood's Sarsaparilla, by its powerful purifying and vitalizing action upon the blood, speedily removes the cause, and thus effects a radical and permanent cure of catarrh. Those who suffer from the varied symptoms—uncomfortable flow from the nose, offensive breath, ringing and bursting noises in the ears, swelling of the soft parts of the throat, nervous prostration, etc.—should take Hood's Sarsaparilla and be cured.

"I have suffered with catarrh in my head for years, and paid out hundreds of dollars for medicine, but have heretofore received only temporary relief. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and my bow catarrh is nearly cured, the weakness of my body is all gone, my appetite is good—in fact, I feel like another person. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine I have ever taken."—Mrs. A. CUNNINGHAM, Providence, R. I.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

100 Doses One Dollar. Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 per box. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY. For the Cure of Kidney and Liver Complaints, Constipation, and all disorders arising from an impure state of the BLOOD. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is the only one of its kind that has been tried by the people of the United States.

A THRILLING STORY. As Told by a Merchant in Troy, N. Y.—A Father, Wife and Daughter Escaped an Awful Doom. Of the hundreds of accounts of remarkable cures wrought by Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, none have appeared so purely astonishing as the following. The persons mentioned in this story are the most highly respected in the city of Troy, and the story is told by the father who proved interesting to all our readers.—Troy, N. Y.

Dr. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. DEAR SIR—My daughter was afflicted with a severe growth of the kidneys. It was hereditary, and she had resorted to almost every remedy and consulted the most prominent surgeons and physicians. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy was recommended to me by a friend, and I was induced to try it. I had no other recourse, and I was induced to try it. I had no other recourse, and I was induced to try it.

WILLIAM WINDSOR, Corner Canal and Mount streets, Troy, N. Y. THE JUSTICE'S GUIDE. By Thomas M. Clarke. A new and practical treatise for Justices of the Peace, stating their duties and showing them how to execute them, with all the acts relating to the Justice and Constable. About 500 pages, bound in law style, only \$3.00.

THEOBALTYRA. A REMEDY FOR THE BLOOD. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is the only one of its kind that has been tried by the people of the United States.

LADIES' REMEDY. A safe and reliable remedy, and is the only one of its kind that has been tried by the people of the United States.

ASTHMA. German Asthma Cure. A safe and reliable remedy, and is the only one of its kind that has been tried by the people of the United States.

CONSUMPTION. A safe and reliable remedy, and is the only one of its kind that has been tried by the people of the United States.

Business Cards. CHARLES A. NICOLI, ENGRAVER ON WOOD. 85 1/2 East Market street, opposite Postoffice, Indianapolis, Ind.

DENTIST. J. G. FARNSON, 80 1/2 West Washington Street, OVER NEWS OFFICE, Indianapolis.

FAIRBANKS & CO., 26 South Meridian street, FAIRBANKS' STANDARD SCALING, The Hancock Insulator and Soling Windmill.

H. AD HERETH, 74 East Court street.

H. C. STEVENS, NEW WALL PAPER & SHADE HOUSE, 44 East Ohio street, Indianapolis.

S. W. BARRY, SAW MANUFACTURER, 122 and 124 South Pennsylvania street.

SMITH'S CHEMICAL DYE-WORKS, No. 3 Mackintosh's Block, near Postoffice. Clean, bright and repair gentlemen's clothing, ladies' dresses,shawls, scarves, and silk and woolen goods of every description. Dyed and re-dyed. High gloss neatly cleaned at 10 cents per pair. Will do more first-class work for less money than any house of the kind in the city.

WHITNEY & ADAMS, SEWER AND GENERAL CONTRACTORS, Room 21 Thorpe Block, Indianapolis.

W. S. RAWLS, DENTIST, 5 Clayport Block, opposite Bates House. Special attention given to the preservation of the natural teeth. Prices reasonable.

THE JUSTICE'S GUIDE. By Thomas M. Clarke. A new and practical treatise for Justices of the Peace, stating their duties and showing them how to execute them, with all the acts relating to the Justice and Constable. About 500 pages, bound in law style, only \$3.00.

Clark's Law of Real Property in Indiana and Conveyances Manual, \$2.00.

Burns' Railroad Laws of Indiana and digest of Supreme Court Decisions, \$1.00.

Clark's Manual for County Commissioners, Auditors, Township Trustees, Road Superintendents and Road Masters, with the Laws Governing those Officers, \$3.00.

Manual for Constables—A Guide for that Officer, \$1.00.

Second and Fourth Indiana Reports (new editions), \$4.50 each.

Gavin & Ford's Statutes, with Davis Supplement, 3 vols., \$7.50 for set.

Statutes of Indiana, Revision of 1876, 2 vols., \$3.00 for set. Manual for Township Trustees and Road Superintendents, with the laws in force governing these officers, 50 cents. Law of Taxation—Concerning the assessment and collection of taxes, 50c. Law of Sheriff—a Complete Manual for Sheriffs, \$1.00. Circulars for either the above books furnished on application. Address SENTINEL COMPANY, 71 & 74 W. Market St. Obtained, and all Patent Business at home or abroad attended to for Moderate Fees. Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain patents in less time than those remote from Washington. We refer, here, to the Postmaster, the Superintendent of Money Order Division, and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circulars, advice, terms, and references to actual clients in your own State or country, write to C. A. SNOW & CO., Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.